

The World's Story

U.S. History-Colonies, Netherlands

VOLUME TWO

EVA MARCH TAPPAN

The World's Story

A History of the World in Story, Song and Art

Volume 2
U.S. History-Colonies
Netherlands

Edited by Eva March Tappan

Libraries of Hope

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A History of the World
In Story, Song and Art

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Printed in the United States of America

CONTENTS

U.S. COLONIES

I. THE PLANTING OF THE SOUTHERN COLONIES

THE HUGUENOTS IN FLORIDA . . . . . *George Bancroft* 3
From "History of the United States."

THE LOST COLONY OF ROANOKE ISLAND . *Robert Southey* 16
From "English Seamen."

JOHN SMITH AS A CAPTIVE AMONG THE INDIANS
Captain John Smith 22
From "General History of Virginia."

The Arrival of "The King's MAIDS." . . . . *Mary Johnston* 32
From "To Have and To Hold."

LIFE ON A VIRGINIA PLANTATION *Eva March Tappan* 41
From "Our Country's Story."

HOW OGLETHORPE SAVED GEORGIA FROM SPAIN
From "Colonial Fights and Fighters." *Cyrus Townsend Brady* 48

II. THE SETTLEMENT OF NEW ENGLAND

WHEN GOSNOLD CAME TO CUTTYHUNK . . *John Brereton* 63
From "A Brief and True Relation of the Discovery of the North Part of Virginia."

THE COMING OF THE PILGRIMS *William Elliot Griffis* 73
From "The Romance of American Colonization."

THE CHALLENGE OF THE RATTLESNAKE SKIN
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow 79
From "The Courtship of Miles Standish."

ENDICOTT AND THE RED CROSS *Nathaniel Hawthorne* 89
From "Twice-Told Tales."

HOW PROVIDENCE WON ITS NAME . *George Bancroft* 99
From "History of the United States."

THE INDIAN BIBLE . . . . *Nathaniel Hawthorne* 103
From "Grandfather's Chair."

QUESTIONS THAT THE INDIANS ASKED JOHN ELIOT . 107
From "Life of John Eliot," by Convers Francia.

CONTENTS

III. NEW NETHERLAND AND PENNSYLVANIA

THE FIRST VOYAGE UP THE HUDSON RIVER . *John Fiske* 111
From "The Dutch and Quaker Colonies in America."
HOW FEUDALISM CAME TO NEW NETHERLAND *William Elliot Griffis* 115
SOCIAL LIFE IN NEW NETHERLAND . *William Elliot Griffis* 119
From "The Story of New Netherland."
WOUTER VAN TWILLER, GOVERNOR OF NEW NETHERLAND *Washington Irving* 126
HOW NEW AMSTERDAM BECAME NEW YORK *Washington Irving* 136
From "A History of New York, by Diedrich Knickerbocker."
WILLIAM PENN, FOUNDER OF PENNSYLVANIA *Eva March Tappan* 151
From "American Hero Stories."

IV. STORIES OF THE PURITANS

SUNDAY IN THE NEW ENGLAND COLONIES *Alice Morse Earle* 163
From "Home Life in Colonial Days."
CALLING A MINISTER THREE CENTURIES AGO *Eva March Tappan* 174
THE KING'S MISSIVE . . . . . *John Greenleaf Whittier* 178
HOW CONNECTICUT SAVED HER CHARTER *W. H. Carpenter and T. S. Arthur* 181
From "The History of Connecticut."
SIR WILLIAM PHIPS, TREASURE-SEEKER AND SOLDIER *Charles C. B. Seymour* 186
From "Self-made Men."
WERE THERE WITCHES IN SALEM? . . . *John Fiske* 199
From "New France and New England."

V. "IN GOOD OLD COLONY TIMES"

EVERYDAY LIFE IN THE EARLY COLONIES *George Cary Eggleston* 215
From "Our First Century."
BLACKBEARD, THE LAST OF THE PIRATES *John Fiske* 226
From "Old Virginia and her Neighbours."
JUDGE SEWALL'S COURTSHIP . . . . . *Judge Samuel Sewall* 230
From "The Sewall Papers."
AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY VOYAGE DOWN THE HUDSON RIVER *James K. Paulding* 236
From "The Dutchman's Fireside."
THE DRESS OF A LITTLE BOSTON GIRL IN 1772 *Anna Green Winslow* 244
From "The Diary of Anna Green Winslow."

CONTENTS

THE NETHERLANDS

I. FROM THE ROMAN CONQUEST TO THE REFORMATION

BESIEGING A ROMAN CAMP . . . . . *T. Rice Holmes* 249
From "Cæsar's Conquest of Gaul."

THE REBELLION OF CIVILIS *Caius Cornelius Tacitus* 257

HOW COUNT WILLIAM OF HOLLAND WAS MADE A KNIGHT *From the Old Chronicles* 261
From "History of the People of the Netherlands," by Petrus Johannes Blok.

HOW PHILIP VAN ARTEVELDE WAS MADE GOVERNOR OF GHENT *Sir John Froissart* 265
From "Froissart's Chronicles."

II. HOW HOLLAND WON HER FREEDOM

THE "BEGGARS" OF HOLLAND *John Lothrop Motley* 275

THE SIEGE OF LEYDEN . . . *John Lothrop Motley* 286

ASSASSINATION OF WILLIAM THE SILENT *John Lothrop Motley* 298
From "The Rise of the Dutch Republic."

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY AND THE GLASS OF WATER *John Lothrop Motley* 311
From "History of the United Netherlands." HOW A TURF-BOAT CAPTURED THE CITY OF BREDA *G. T. Hoare* 314
From "True Stories of Brave Deeds."

III. THE PERIOD OF COMMERCIAL GREATNESS

HOW A MUD-HOLE BECAME A GARDEN *William Elliot Griffis* 321
From "Brave Little Holland."

WHEN THE PILGRIM FATHERS WENT TO HOLLAND *William Bradford* 331
From "The Bradford History."

THE ESCAPE OF HUGO DE GROOT *Frederick Spencer Bird* 341
From "The Land of Dykes and Windmills."

THE RETURN OF SPINOZA . *Israel Zangwill* 350
From "Dreamers of the Ghetto."

THE RIVAL TULIP-GROWERS *Alexandre Dumas* 356
From "The Black Tulip."

WHEN WILLIAM III OF ENGLAND CAME HOME TO HIS FATHERLAND . . . *Thomas Babington Macaulay* 368
From "History of England."

CONTENTS

IV. LITTLE STORIES OF NETHERLAND ARTISTS

PETER PAUL RUBENS . . . . . *Theodore Child* 381
From "Young People and Old Pictures."

ANTON VANDYCK . . . . . *Clara Erskine Clement* 384
From "Stories of Art and Artists."

REMBRANDT'S "THE NIGHT WATCH" *Théophile Gautier* 390
From "Travels in Russia."

V. THE NETHERLANDS IN RECENT YEARS

THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION IN HOLLAND
Hendrik Willem Van Loon 399
From "The Fall of the Dutch Republic."

CONTRARY LAND . . . . . *Mary Mapes Dodge* 411

THE FESTIVAL OF SAINT NICHOLAS . . *Mary Mapes Dodge* 418
From "Hans Brinker, or the Silver Skates."

IN AND OUT OF A CAB IN AMSTERDAM . *F. Hopkinson Smith* 428
From "Well-worn Roads of Spain, Holland, and Italy."

THE BELOVED QUEEN WILHELMINA . . *William Elliot Griffis* 436
From "Young People's History of Holland."

I
THE PLANTING OF THE SOUTHERN COLONIES

HISTORICAL NOTE

For some time the French and the English were far more interested in catching fish off the banks of Newfoundland than in planting colonies; but at length a famous French Protestant named Coligny formed the plan of founding a state in America where the Huguenots, or French Protestants, might find refuge from persecution. This was begun in 1565, in Florida; but a few months later, the Spaniard Menendez, who had founded St. Augustine, attacked the little French colony and killed men, women, and children. The next attempt was by Sir Walter Raleigh, who was eager to make an English settlement in America, and in 1585–87 founded two colonies in Virginia. Neither of these colonies survived.

Early in the seventeenth century so many landowners in Great Britain had turned their farms into sheep pastures that fewer laborers were needed; and much interest was aroused in migrating to America. A great trading association, divided into the London Company and the Plymouth Company, was formed for making settlements. The London Company founded in 1607 the colony of Jamestown, in Virginia. English colonies were also established in the Carolinas,—much to the annoyance of the Spaniards of Florida, who were constantly stirring up the Indians to attack them.

At length the idea occurred to General James Oglethorpe, of England, that a strong colony founded between the Carolinas and Florida would greatly strengthen the English position. His colonists were insolvent debtors, whom he had permission to release from their prisons for this purpose. A few years after he had thus founded Savannah, war broke out between England and Spain, and of course between the English of Georgia and the Spaniards of Florida. The English colonists invaded Florida and the Spanish retaliated by an invasion of Georgia, but were driven away by the military skill of General Oglethorpe.

THE HUGUENOTS IN FLORIDA

[1562–1565]

BY GEORGE BANCROFT

COLIGNY had long desired to establish a refuge for the Huguenots, and a Protestant French empire, in America. Disappointed in his first effort, by the apostasy and faithlessness of his agent, Villegagnon, he still persevered; moved alike by religious zeal, and by a passion for the honor of France. The expedition which he now planned was entrusted to the command of John Ribault of Dieppe, a brave man, of maritime experience, and a firm Protestant, and was attended by some of the best of the young French nobility, as well as by veteran troops. The feeble Charles IX conceded an ample commission, and the squadron set sail for the shores of North America. Desiring to establish their plantation in a genial clime, land was first made in the latitude of St. Augustine; the fine river which we call the St. Johns was discovered, and named the River of May. It is the St. Matheo of the Spaniards. The forests of mulberries were admired, and caterpillars readily mistaken for silkworms. The cape received a French name; as the ship sailed along the coast, the numerous streams were called after the rivers of France; and America, for a while, had its Seine, its Loire, and its Garonne. In searching for the Jordan or Combahee, they came upon Port Royal entrance, which seemed the outlet of a magnificent river. The greatest ships of France and the argosies of Venice

could ride securely in the deep water of the harbor. The site for a first settlement is apt to be injudiciously selected; the local advantages which favor the growth of large cities are revealed by time. It was perhaps on Lemon Island, that a monumental stone, engraved with the arms of France, was proudly raised; and as the company looked round upon the immense oaks, which were venerable from the growth of centuries, the profusion of wild fowls, the groves of pine, the flowers so fragrant that the whole air was perfumed, they already regarded the country as a province of their native land. Ribault determined to leave a colony; twenty-six composed the whole party, which was to keep possession of the continent. Fort Charles, the Carolina, so called in honor of Charles IX of France, first gave a name to the country, a century before it was occupied by the English. The name remained, though the early colony perished.

Ribault and his ships arrived safely in France. But the fires of civil war had been kindled in all the provinces of the kingdom; and the promised reinforcements for Carolina were never levied. The situation of the French became precarious. The natives were friendly; but the soldiers themselves were insubordinate; and dissensions prevailed. The commandant at Carolina repressed the turbulent spirit with arbitrary cruelty, and lost his life in a mutiny which his ungovernable passion had provoked. The new commander succeeded in restoring order. But the love of his native land is a passion easily revived in the breast of a Frenchman; and the company resolved to embark in such a brigantine as they could themselves construct. Intoxicated with joy at the thought of returning home, they neglected to

provide sufficient stores; and they were overtaken by famine at sea, with its attendant crimes. A small English bark at length boarded their vessel, and, setting the most feeble on shore upon the coast of France, carried the rest to the Queen of England. Thus fell the first attempt of France in French Florida, near the southern confines of South Carolina. The country was still a desert.

After the treacherous peace between Charles IX and the Huguenots, Coligny renewed his solicitations for the colonization of Florida. The king gave consent; three ships were conceded for the service; and Laudonnière, who, in the former voyage, had been upon the American coast, a man of great intelligence, though a seaman rather than a soldier, was appointed to lead forth the colony. Emigrants readily appeared; for the climate of Florida was so celebrated, that, according to rumor, the duration of human life was doubled under its genial influences; and men still dreamed of rich mines of gold in the interior. Coligny was desirous of obtaining accurate descriptions of the country; and James le Moyne, called De Morgues, an ingenious painter, was commissioned to execute colored drawings of the objects which might engage his curiosity. A voyage of sixty days brought the fleet, by the way of the Canaries and the Antilles, to the shores of Florida. The harbor of Port Royal, rendered gloomy by recollections of misery, was avoided; and after searching the coast, and discovering places which were so full of amenity, that melancholy itself could not but change its humor, as it gazed, the followers of Calvin planted themselves on the banks of the river May. They sang a psalm of thanksgiving, and

gathered courage from acts of devotion. The fort now erected was also named Carolina. The result of this attempt to procure for France immense dominions at the south of our Republic, through the agency of a Huguenot colony, has been very frequently narrated: in the history of human nature it forms a dark picture of vindictive bigotry.

The French were hospitably welcomed by the natives; a monument, bearing the arms of France, was crowned with laurels, and its base encircled with baskets of corn. What need is there of minutely relating the simple manners of the red men; the dissensions of rival tribes; the largesses offered to the strangers to secure their protection of their alliance; the improvident prodigality with which careless soldiers wasted the supplies of food; the certain approach of scarcity; the gifts and the tribute levied from the Indians by entreaty, menace, or force? By degrees the confidence of the natives was exhausted; they had welcomed powerful guests, who promised to become their benefactors, and who now robbed their humble granaries.

But the worst evil in the new settlement was the character of the emigrants. Though patriotism and religious enthusiasm had prompted the expedition, the inferior class of the colonists was a motley group of dissolute men. Mutinies were frequent. The men were mad with the passion for sudden wealth; and a party, under the pretense of desiring to escape from famine, compelled Laudonnière to sign an order, permitting their embarkation for New Spain. No sooner were they possessed of this apparent sanction of the chief than they equipped two vessels, and began a career of piracy against the

Spaniards. Thus the French were the aggressors in the first act of hostility in the New World; an act of crime and temerity which was soon avenged. The pirate vessel was taken, and most of the men disposed of as prisoners or slaves. A few escaped in a boat; these could find no shelter but at Fort Carolina, where Laudonnière sentenced the ringleaders to death.

Meantime, the scarcity became extreme; and the friendship of the natives was entirely forfeited by unprofitable severity. March was gone, and there were no supplies from France; April passed away, and the expected recruits had not arrived; May came, but it brought nothing to sustain the hopes of the exiles. It was resolved to return to Europe in such miserable brigantines as despair could construct. Just then, Sir John Hawkins, the slave-merchant, arrived from the West Indies. He came fresh from the sale of a cargo of Africans, whom he had kidnapped with signal ruthlessness; and he now displayed the most generous sympathy, not only furnishing a liberal supply of provisions, but relinquishing a vessel from his own fleet. Preparations were continued; the colony was on the point of embarking, when sails were descried. Ribault had arrived to assume the command; bringing with him supplies of every kind, emigrants with their families, garden seeds, implements of husbandry, and the various kinds of domestic animals. The French, now wild with joy, seemed about to acquire a home, and Calvinism to become fixed in the inviting regions of Florida.

But Spain had never relinquished her claim to that territory; where, if she had not planted colonies, she had buried many hundreds of her bravest sons. Should the

proud Philip II abandon a part of his dominions to France? Should he suffer his commercial monopoly to be endangered by a rival settlement in the vicinity of the West Indies? Should the bigoted Romanist permit the heresy of Calvinism to be planted in the neighborhood of his Catholic provinces? There had appeared at the Spanish court a bold commander, well fitted for acts of reckless hostility. Pedro Menendez de Aviles had, in a long career of military service, become accustomed to scenes of blood; and his natural ferocity had been confirmed by his course of life. Often, as a naval officer, encountering pirates, he had become inured to acts of prompt and unsparing vengeance. He had acquired wealth in Spanish America, which was no school of benevolence; and his conduct there had provoked an inquiry, which, after a long arrest, ended in his conviction. The nature of his offenses is not apparent; the justice of the sentence is confirmed, for the king, who knew him well, esteemed his bravery, and received him again into his service, remitted only a moiety of his fine. The heir of Menendez had been shipwrecked among the Bermudas; the father desired to return and search among the islands for tidings of his only son. Philip II suggested the conquest and colonization of Florida; and a compact was soon framed and confirmed, by which Menendez, who desired an opportunity to retrieve his honor, was constituted the hereditary governor of a territory of almost unlimited extent.

The terms of the compact are curious. Menendez, on his part, promised, at his own cost, in the following May, to invade Florida with at least five hundred men; to complete its conquest within three years; to explore its

currents and channels, the dangers of its coasts, and the depth of its havens; to establish a colony of at least five hundred persons, of whom one hundred should be married men; to introduce at least twelve ecclesiastics, besides four Jesuits. It was further stipulated that he should transport to his province all kinds of domestic animals. The bigoted Philip II had no scruples respecting slavery; Menendez contracted to import into Florida five hundred negro slaves. The sugar-cane was to become a staple of the country.

The king, in return, promised the adventurer various commercial immunities; the office of governor for life; with the right of naming his son-in-law as his successor, an estate of twenty-five square leagues in the immediate vicinity of the settlement; a salary of two thousand ducats, chargeable on the revenues of the province; and a fifteenth part of all royal perquisites.

Meantime, news arrived, as the French writers assert, through the treachery of the court of France, that the Huguenots had made a plantation in Florida, and that Ribault was preparing to set sail with reinforcements. The cry was raised that the heretics must be extirpated, the enthusiasm of fanaticism was kindled, and Menendez readily obtained all the forces which he required. More than twenty-five hundred persons — soldiers, sailors, priests, Jesuits, married men with their families, laborers, and mechanics, and, with the exception of three hundred soldiers, all at the cost of Menendez — engaged in the invasion. After delays occasioned by a storm, the expedition set sail; and the trade winds soon bore them rapidly across the Atlantic. A tempest scattered the fleet on its passage; it was with only one third part of

his forces that Menendez arrived at the harbor of St. John in Porto Rico. But he esteemed celerity the secret of success; and, refusing to await the arrival of the rest of his squadron, he sailed for Florida. It had ever been his design to explore the coast; to select a favorable site for a fort or a settlement; and, after the construction of fortifications, to attack the French. It was on the day which the customs of Rome have consecrated to the memory of one of the most eloquent sons of Africa, and one of the most venerated of the fathers of the Church, that he came in sight of Florida. For four days, he sailed along the coast, uncertain where the French were established; on the fifth day, he landed, and gathered from the Indians accounts of the Huguenots. At the same time, he discovered a fine haven and beautiful river; and, remembering the saint on whose day he came upon the coast, he gave to the harbor and to the stream the name of St. Augustine. Sailing, then, to the north, he discovered a portion of the French fleet, and observed the nature of the road where they were anchored. The French demanded his name and objects. "I am Menendez of Spain," replied he; "sent with strict orders from my king to gibbet and behead all the Protestants in these regions. The Frenchman who is a Catholic, I will spare; every heretic shall die." The French fleet, unprepared for action, cut its cables; the Spaniards, for some time, continued an ineffectual chase.

It was at the hour of vespers, on the evening preceding the festival of the nativity of Mary, that the Spaniards returned to the harbor of St. Augustine. At noonday of the festival itself, the governor went on shore, to take possession of the continent in the name of his king. The

bigoted Philip II was proclaimed monarch of all North America. The solemn mass of Our Lady was performed, and the foundation of St. Augustine was immediately laid. It is, by more than forty years, the oldest town in the United States. Houses in it are yet standing, which are said to have been built many years before Virginia was colonized.

By the French it was debated whether they should improve their fortifications and await the approach of the Spaniards, or proceed to sea and attack their enemy. Against the advice of his officers, Ribault resolved upon the latter course. Hardly had he left the harbor for the open sea, before there arose a fearful storm, which continued till October, and wrecked every ship of the French fleet on the Florida coast. The vessels were dashed against the rocks about fifty leagues south of Fort Carolina; most of the men escaped with their lives.

The Spanish ships also suffered, but not so severely; and the troops of St. Augustine were entirely safe. They knew that the French settlement was left in a defenseless state: with a fanatical indifference to toil, Menendez led his men through the lakes and marshes and forests that divided the St. Augustine from the St. Johns, and, with a furious onset, surprised the weak garrison, who had looked only towards the sea for the approach of danger. After a short contest the Spaniards were masters of the fort. A scene of carnage ensued; soldiers, women, children, the aged, the sick, were alike massacred. The Spanish account asserts that Menendez ordered women and young children to be spared; yet not till after the havoc had long been raging.

Nearly two hundred persons were killed. A few

escaped into the woods, among them Laudonnière, Challus, and Le Moyne, who have related the horrors of the scene. But whither should they fly? Death met them in the woods; and the heavens, the earth, the sea, and men, all seemed conspired against them. Should they surrender, appealing to the sympathy of their conquerors? "Let us," said Challus, "trust in the mercy of God, rather than of these men." A few gave themselves up, and were immediately murdered. The others, after the severest sufferings, found their way to the seaside, and were received on board two small French vessels which had remained in the harbor. The Spaniards, angry that any should have escaped, insulted the corpses of the dead with wanton barbarity.

The victory had been gained on the festival of St. Matthew; and hence the Spanish name of the river May. After the carnage was completed, mass was said; a cross was raised; and the site for a church selected, on ground still smoking with the blood of a peaceful colony. So willingly is the human mind the dupe of its prejudices; so easily can fanaticism connect acts of savage ferocity with the rites of a merciful religion.

The shipwrecked men were, in their turn, soon discovered. They were in a state of helpless weakness, wasted by their fatigues at sea, half famished, destitute of water and of food. Should they surrender to the Spaniards? Menendez invited them to rely on his compassion; the French capitulated, and were received among the Spaniards in such successive divisions as a boat could at once ferry across the intervening river. As the captives stepped upon the bank which their enemies occupied, their hands were tied behind them;

and in this way they were driven to the slaughter-house. As they approached the fort, a signal was given; and, amidst the sound of trumpets and drums, the Spaniards fell upon the unhappy men who had confided in their humanity, and who could offer no resistance. A few Catholics were spared; some mechanics were reserved as slaves; the rest were massacred, "not as Frenchmen, but as Lutherans." The whole number of the victims of bigotry, here and at the fort, is said by the French to have been about nine hundred; the Spanish accounts diminish the number of the slain, but not the atrocity of the deed. Menendez returned to Spain, impoverished, but triumphant. The French Government heard of the outrage with apathy, and made not even a remonstrance on the ruin of a colony, which, if it had been protected, would have given to its country a flourishing empire in the south, before England had planted a single spot on the new continent. History has been more faithful, and has assisted humanity by giving to the crime of Menendez an infamous notoriety. The first town in the United States sprang from the unrelenting bigotry of the Spanish king. We admire the rapid growth of our larger cities; the sudden transformation of portions of the wilderness into blooming states. St. Augustine presents a stronger contrast, in its transition from the bigoted policy of Philip II to the American principles of religious liberty. Its origin should be carefully remembered, for it is a fixed point from which to measure the liberal influence of time; the progress of modern civilization; the victories of the American mind, in its contests for the interests of humanity.

The Huguenots and the French nation did not share

the indifference of the court. Dominic de Gourgues — a bold soldier of Gascony, whose life had been a series of adventures, now employed in the army against Spain, now a prisoner and a galley-slave among the Spaniards, taken by the Turks with the vessel in which he rowed, and redeemed by the commander of the knights of Malta — burned with a desire to avenge his own wrongs and the honor of his country. The sale of his property and the contributions of his friends furnished the means of equipping three ships, in which, with one hundred and fifty men, he embarked for Florida, not to found a colony, but only to destroy and revenge. He surprised two forts near the mouth of the St. Matheo; and, as terror magnified the number of his followers, the consternation of the Spaniards enabled him to gain possession of the larger establishment, near the spot which the French colony had occupied. Too weak to maintain his position, he, in May, 1565, hastily weighed anchor for Europe, having first hanged his prisoners upon the trees, and placed over them the inscription, "I do not this as unto Spaniards or mariners, but as unto traitors, robbers, and murderers." The natives, who had been ill-treated both by the Spaniards and the French, enjoyed the consolation of seeing their enemies butcher one another.

The attack of the fiery Gascon was but a passing storm. France disavowed the expedition and relinquished all pretension to Florida. Spain grasped at it as a portion of her dominions; and, if discovery could confer a right, her claim was founded in justice. Cuba now formed the center of her West Indian possessions, and everything around it was included within her empire.

Sovereignty was asserted, not only over the archipelagoes within the tropics, but over the whole continent round the inner seas. From the remotest southeastern cape of the Caribbean, along the whole shore to the Cape of Florida, and beyond it, all was hers. The Gulf of Mexico lay embosomed within her territories.

THE LOST COLONY OF ROANOKE ISLAND

[1584–1587]

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY

[THIS colony was sent out by Sir Walter Raleigh in 1587. Croatan, or Croatoan, was an island south of Roanoke Island. It is thought that, owing to the shifting of the sands, it has now become a part of Hatteras or Ocracoke Island. It is possible that the lost colonists may have mingled with the Indian tribe on Croatan Island.

White, the leader of the colony, returned to England at the request of the colonists, in order to make sure that supplies were sent them.

The Editor.]

AFTER many mishaps and a miserable voyage, White reached England in November, at an unlucky time for the colonists whom he had left. The danger of a Spanish invasion was then so imminent, that all the naval strength of the country was required for its defense; and when Raleigh was preparing supplies, which Greenville was to have taken out, that brave officer was ordered not to proceed to sea with them White, however, so urgently represented the necessity of the case that two small pinnaces were dispatched with stores and fifteen planters. Instead of pursuing their voyage they thought proper to cruise for prizes, till two men-of-war from Rochelle disabled and rifled them, and obliged them to put back for England. Raleigh, who had now, it is said, expended forty thousand pounds upon this attempt at colonization, was either unable to persist in the adventure, or impatient of waiting for the slow returns which

could be expected from a country in which neither gold nor silver had been found. He, therefore, assigned over his patent to a company of merchants, giving, at the same time, one hundred pounds "in especial regard and zeal of planting the Christian religion in those barbarous countries, and for the advancement and preferment of the same, and the common utility and profit of the inhabitants."

White was a member of the company. He seems to have done his duty toward the colonists to the utmost of his power, as they had expected from him. Finding that three ships, fitted out for the West Indies at the especial charge of a London merchant, were detained at Plymouth by a general embargo, when they were ready to sail he obtained, through Raleigh's influence, a license for them to proceed on their voyage; in consideration whereof the owner engaged that they should transport a convenient number of passengers, with their furniture and necessaries, and land them in Virginia. In contempt of this engagement, White, who had hoped now to go out with such supplies as his poor countrymen had two years been looking for, was only allowed a passage for himself and his chest. There was no time for him to go to Raleigh with his complaint; "for the ships," he says, "being all in readiness, would have departed before I could have made my return: then both governors, masters, and sailors regarded very smally the goods of their countrymen in Virginia, determined nothing less than to touch at those places, but wholly disposed themselves to seek after purchase and spoil, spending so much time therein that summer was spent before we arrived in Virginia."

They anchored at Hatteras in the middle of August; and seeing a great smoke in the isle of Roanoke, near the place where the colony had been left, White, who had a married daughter among the colonists, was in good hope that some of them were there, looking for his return. The two boats went ashore, leaving orders for the gunners to make ready three guns, "well loaded, and to shoot them off with reasonable space between each shot, to the end that their reports might be heard at the place where they hoped to find some of their people." They were "sore tired before they came to the smoke; and, what grieved them more, when they came there they found neither man nor sign that any had been there lately." On the morrow a second search was made; but one of the boats was swamped, and the captain, with four others of the chiefest men, perished, — a mischance "which did so much discomfort the sailors, that they were all of one mind not to go any farther to seek the planters"; but they yielded to White's persuasion and the authority of the surviving captain, and making for the place where the colonists were left, they overshot it in the dark. Espying then the light of a great fire through the woods, they rowed towards it; "and when we came right over against it," says White, "we let fall our grapnel near the shore, and sounded with a trumpet a call, and after many familiar English tunes of songs, and called to them friendly; but we had no answer. We therefore landed at daybreak, and coming to the fire we found the grass and sundry rotten trees burning about the place." Going from thence to the place where the colony had been left three years before, "all the way we saw in the sand the print of the savages' feet trodden

that very night; and as we entered up the sandy bank, upon a tree on the very brow thereof, were curiously carved these fair Roman letters, CRO, which letters presently we knew to signify the place I should find the planters seated, according to a token agreed upon at my departure; which was, that they should not fail to write or carve on the trees, or posts of the doors, the name of the place where they should be seated, for at my coming away they were prepared to remove from Roanoak fifty miles into the main. Therefore, at my departure, I willed them, that if they should happen to be distressed in any of those places, then they should carve over the letters or name a cross; but we found no such sign of distress. And having well considered of this, we passed toward the place where they were left; but we found the houses taken down, and the place strongly enclosed with a high palisade of great trees, with cortynes and flankers very fort-like; and one of the chief trees or posts, at the right side of the entrance, had the bark taken off, and five feet from the ground, in fair capital letters, was written CROATOAN, without any cross or sign of distress. In the palisade we found many bars of iron, two pigs of lead, four iron fowlers, iron saker shot, and such-like heavy things, thrown here and there, almost overgrown with grass and weeds. We went to see if we could find any of their boats; but could perceive no sign of them, nor of the falcons and small ordnance which were left with them. At our return from the creek, some of our sailors, meeting us, told us they had found where divers chests had been hidden, and long since digged up again and broken up, and much of the goods in them spoiled and scattered about; but nothing left, of such

things as the savages knew any use of, undefaced. Presently Captain Cooke and I went to the place, which was in the end of an old trench made by Captain Amadas, where we found five chests that had been carefully hidden of the planters, and of the same chests three were my own; and about the place many of my things spoiled and broken, and my books torn from the covers, the frames of some of my pictures and maps rotten and spoiled with rain, and my armor almost eaten through with rust. This could be no other but the deed of the savages our enemies at Dasamonguepeuk, who had watched the departure of our men to Croatan, and digged up every place where they suspected anything to be buried. But, although it much grieved me to see such spoil of my goods, yet, on the other side, I greatly joyed that I had found a certain token of their safe being at Croatoan, which is the place where Manteo was born, and the savages of the island our friends."

It was now agreed that they should make for Croatan; but one mishap followed another; and though they left the coast with the intention of wintering in the West Indies, and visiting their countrymen on their return, foul weather compelled them to frame their course first for the Azores, and thence for England. No further attempt was made to relieve the colonists, nor to ascertain their fate. The names of ninety-one men, seventeen women, and nine children, "which safely arrived at Virginia, and remained to inhabit there," and of two infants who were born there, are preserved in Hakluyt; and of these persons nothing was ever afterwards known. No further attempt was made to succor them, nor even to ascertain their fate.

Hakluyt was one of the company to which Raleigh assigned his patent; and to Hakluyt, addressing the journal of his last voyage, his "most well-wishing" and "more deeply engaged friend," White says these "evils and unfortunate events had not chanced if the order set down by Sir Walter Raleigh had been observed, or if my daily and continual petitions for the performance of the same might have taken any place. Yet, seeing it is not my first crossed voyage, I remain contented; and, wanting my wishes, I leave off from prosecuting that whereunto I would to God my wealth were answerable to my will. Thus committing the relief of my discomfortable company, the planters in Virginia, to the merciful help of the Almighty, whom I most humbly beseech to help and comfort them according to His most holy will and their desire, I take my leave."

JOHN SMITH AS A CAPTIVE AMONG THE INDIANS

[1607–1608]

BY CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH

THE savages, having drawn from George Casson whither Captain Smith was gone, prosecuting that opportunity they followed him with three hundred bowmen, conducted by the King of Pamunkey, who in divisions searching the turnings of the river, found Robinson and Emry by the fireside; those they shot full of arrows and slew. Then finding the captain, as is said, that used the savage that was his guide as his shield (three of them being slain and divers others so galled) all the rest would not come near him. Thinking thus to have returned to his boat, regarding them, as he marched, more than his way, he slipped up to the middle in an oozy creek and his savage with him; yet durst they not come to him till, being near dead with cold, he threw away his arms. Then according to their composition, they drew him forth and led him to the fire, where his men were slain. Diligently they chafed his benumbed limbs.

He demanding for their captain, they showed him Opechankanough, King of Pamunkey, to whom he gave a round ivory double compass dial. Much they marveled at the playing of the fly and needle, which they could see so plainly and yet not touch it, because of the glass that covered them. But when he demonstrated by that globe-like jewel, the roundness of the earth and

skies, the sphere of the sun, moon, and stars, and how the sun did chase the night round about the world continually; the greatness of the land and sea, the diversity of nations, variety of complexions, and how we were to them antipodes, and many other suchlike matters, they all stood as amazed with admiration.

Notwithstanding, within an hour after, they tied him to a tree, and as many as could stand about him prepared to shoot him; but the king holding up the compass in his hand, they all laid down their bows and arrows, and in a triumphant manner led him to Orapaks, where he was after their manner kindly feasted, and well used.

Their order in conducting him was thus: Drawing themselves all in file, the king in the midst, had all their pieces and swords borne before him. Captain Smith was led after him by three great savages, holding him fast by each arm: and on each side went in file with their arrows nocked. But arriving at the town [Orapaks] (which was but only thirty or forty hunting houses made of mats), which they remove as they please, as we our tents, all the women and children staring to behold him, the soldiers first all in file performed the form of a *bissone* so well as could be; and on each flank, officers as sergeants to see them keep their orders. A good time they continued this exercise, and then cast themselves in a ring, dancing in such several postures, and singing and yelling out such hellish notes and screeches; being strangely painted, every one his quiver of arrows, and at his back a club; on his arm a fox or an otter's skin, or some such matter for his vambrace; their heads and shoulders painted red, with oil and *pocones* mingled together, which scarlet-like color made an exceeding

handsome show; his bow in his hand, and the skin of a bird with her wings abroad dried, tied on his head, a piece of copper, a white shell, a long feather, with a small rattle growing at the tails of their snakes tied to it, or some such like toy. All this while Smith and the king stood in the midst guarded, as before is said: and after three dances they all departed. Smith they conducted to a long house, where thirty or forty tall fellows did guard him; and ere long more bread and venison was brought him than would have served twenty men. I think his stomach at that time was not very good; what he left they put in baskets and tied over his head. About midnight they set the meat again before him, all this time not one of them would eat a bit with him, till the next morning they brought him as much more; and then did they eat all the old, and reserved the new as they had done the other, which made him think they would fat him to eat him. Yet in this desperate estate to defend him from the cold, one Maocassater brought him his gown, in requital of some beads and toys Smith had given him at his first arrival in Virginia.

Two days after, a man would have slain him (but that the guard prevented it) for the death of his son, to whom they conducted him to recover the poor man then breathing his last. Smith told them that at Jamestown he had a water would do it, if they would let him fetch it, but they would not permit that: but made all the preparations they could to assault Jamestown, craving his advice; and for recompense he should have life, liberty, land, and women. In part of a table book he wrote his mind to them at the fort, what was intended, how they should follow that direction to affright the

messengers, and without fail send him such things as he wrote for. And an inventory with them. The difficulty and danger, he told the savages, of the mines, great guns, and other engines exceedingly affrighted them, yet according to his request they went to Jamestown, in as bitter weather as could be of frost and snow, and within three days returned with an answer.

But when they came to Jamestown, seeing men sally out as he had told them they would, they fled; yet in the night they came again to the same place where he had told them they should receive an answer, and such things as he had promised them: which they found accordingly, and with which they returned with no small expedition, to the wonder of them all that heard it, that he could either divine, or the paper could speak.

Then they led him to the Youthtanunds, the Mattapanients, the Payankatanks, the Nantaughtacunds, and Onawmanients upon the rivers of Rapahanock, and Patawomek; over all those rivers, and back again by divers other several nations, to the king's habitation at Pamunkey: where they entertained him with most strange and fearful conjurations.

> As if near led to hell,
> Amongst the Devils to dwell.

Not long after, early in the morning a great fire was made in a long house, and a mat spread on the one side, as on the other; on the one they caused him to sit, and all the guard went out of the house, and presently came skipping in a great grim fellow, all painted over with coal, mingled with oil; and many snakes' and weasels' skins stuffed with moss, and all their tails tied together,

so as they met on the crown of his head in a tassel; and round about the tassel was as a coronet of feathers, the skins hanging round about his head, back, and shoulders, and in a manner covered his face; with a hellish voice, and a rattle in his hand. With most strange gestures and passions he began his invocation, and environed the fire with a circle of meal; which done, three more such devils came rushing in with the like antic tricks, painted half black, half red; but all their eyes were painted white, and some red strokes like Mutchato's, along their cheeks: round about him those fiends danced a pretty while, and then came in three more as ugly as the rest; with red eyes, and white strokes over the black faces, at last they all sat down right against him; three of them on the one hand of the chief priest, and three on the other. Then all with their rattles began a song, which ended, the chief priest laid down five wheat corns: then straining his arms and hands with such violence that he sweat, and his veins swelled, he began a short oration: at the conclusion they all gave a short groan; and then laid down three grains more. After that, began their song again, and then another oration, ever laying down so many corns as before, till they had twice encircled the fire; that done, they took a bunch of little sticks prepared for that purpose, continuing still their devotion, and at the end of every song and oration, they laid down a stick betwixt the divisions of corn. Till night, neither he nor they did either eat or drink; and then they feasted merrily, with the best provisions they could make. Three days they used this ceremony; the meaning whereof they told him, was to know if he intended them well or no. The circle

of meal signified their country, the circles of corn the bounds of the sea, and the sticks his country. They imagined the world to be flat and round, like a trencher; and they in the midst.

After this they brought him a bag of gunpowder, which they carefully preserved till the next spring, to plant as they did their corn; because they would be acquainted with the nature of that seed.

Opitchapam, the king's brother, invited him to his house, where, with as many platters of bread, fowl, and wild beasts, as did environ him, he bid him welcome; but not any of them would eat a bit with him, but put up all the remainder in baskets.

At this return to Opechancanoughs, all the king's women, and their children flocked about him for their parts; as a due by custom, to be merry with such fragments.

But his waking mind in hideous dreams did oft see wondrous shapes,
Of bodies strange, and huge in growth, and of stupendous makes.

At last they brought him to Meronocomoco, where was Powhatan their emperor. Here more than two hundred of those grim courtiers stood wondering at him, as he had been a monster; till Powhatan and his train had put themselves in their greatest braveries. Before a fire in a seat like a bedstead, he sat covered with a great robe, made of rarowcun [raccoon?] skins, and all the tails hanging by. On either hand did sit a young wench of sixteen or eighteen years, and along on each side the house, two rows of men, and behind them as many women, with all their heads and shoulders painted red; many of their heads bedecked with the

white down of birds; but every one with something; and a great chain of white beads about their necks.

At his entrance before the king, all the people gave a great shout. The queen of Appamatuck was appointed to bring him water to wash his hands, and another brought him a bunch of feathers, instead of a towel to dry them: having feasted him after their best barbarous manner they could, a long consultation was held, but the conclusion was, two great stones were brought before Powhatan: then as many as could laid hands on him, dragged him to them, and thereon laid his head, and being ready with their clubs, to beat out his brains, Pocahontas, the king's dearest daughter, when no entreaty could prevail, got his head in her arms, and laid her own upon him to save him from death: whereat the emperor was contented he should live to make him hatchets, and her bells, beads, and copper; for they thought him as well of all occupations as themselves. For the king himself will make his own robes, shoes, bows, arrows, pots; plant, hunt, or do anything so well as the rest.

They say he bore a pleasant show,
But sure his heart was sad,
For who can pleasant be, and rest,
That lives in fear and dread:
And having life suspected, doth
It still suspected lead?

Two days after [January 7, 1608], Powhatan having disguised himself in the most fearfullest manner he could, caused Captain Smith to be brought forth to a great house in the woods, and there upon a mat by the fire to be left alone. Not long after from behind a mat

that divided the house, was made the dolefulest noise he ever heard; then Powhatan more like a devil than a man, with some two hundred more as black as himself, came unto him and told him now they were friends, and presently he should go to Jamestown, to send him two great guns and a grindstone, for which he would give him the country of Capahowosick, and forever esteem him as his son Nantaquoud.

So to Jamestown with twelve guides Powhatan sent him. That night [January 7, 1608], they quartered in the woods, he still expecting (as he had done all this long time of his imprisonment) every hour to be put to one death or other: for all their feasting. But Almighty God (by his divine Providence) had mollified the hearts of those stern barbarians with compassion. The next morning [January 8] betimes they came to the fort, where Smith having used the savages with what kindness he could, he showed Rawhunt, Powhatan's trusty servant, two demi-culverins and a millstone to carry Powhatan: they found them somewhat too heavy; but when they did see him discharge them, being loaded with stones, among the boughs of a great tree loaded with icicles, the ice and branches came so tumbling down that the poor savages ran away half dead with fear. But at last we regained some confidence with them, and gave them such toys; and sent to Powhatan, his women, and children such presents as gave them in general full content.

POCAHONTAS AND CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH

BY F. C. YOHN

(*American artist*, 1875)

ACCORDING to the account which John Smith wrote of his own life, he had most thrilling adventures. When little more than a boy, he enlisted in the service of the Low Countries, and for a number of years shared in their warfare. Eager for new experiences, he seized the opportunity to join the armies fighting with the Turks, and started for the Holy Land. He was robbed and reduced to beggary; but, worse than this, he was accused by some pilgrims, his fellow voyagers, of being the Jonah whose heresy had brought a violent tempest upon them, and was thrown overboard. He swam to an island and was taken on board a French ship. He soon made generous payment for his rescue by the aid which he rendered in a sharp engagement with a richly laden Venetian vessel. At length he reached Syria, and was at once so helpful in capturing a town from the Turks that he was put in command of a troop of horse. Later, he was seriously wounded and his horse was shot under him. Most famous of all his stories is that of his meeting in single combat three Turkish champions and slaying them all. But in the varying fortunes of war he was taken prisoner and sent to Constantinople. His master abused him so terribly that he struck the man dead and fled to Russia. On his way from Russia to England, he heard of a war with Barbary and started promptly to get his share of the fighting. He became disgusted with both of the contending parties and returned to England, just in time to become interested in the discoveries in the New World, and in December, 1606, he set sail to help found a colony at Jamestown.

The story of the illustration, Smith's rescue by the child Pocahontas, is told in the following extract. Her act was quite in accordance with Indian customs; and, indeed, wild as are Smith's tales of his adventures, they were by no means impossible at that period.



Pocahontas and Captain John Smith

THE ARRIVAL OF "THE KING'S MAIDS"

[1620]

BY MARY JOHNSTON

[It was now thirteen years since the founding of Jamestown. There were few women in the colony, and in order to induce the settlers to make homes for themselves and remain in Virginia, the London Company sent over one hundred and fifty respectable young women who were willing to marry planters. The price of a wife was at first one hundred and twenty pounds of tobacco, later one hundred and fifty pounds. "Jocelyn," the heroine of the story from which the following extract is taken, is a ward of King James I. He has promised her hand to a worthless favorite of his own. She can find no way of escape, and in a moment of reckless despair she takes the name of her servant, becomes one of the "king's maids," and crosses the sea to Virginia.

The Editor.]

A cheer arose from the crowd, followed by a crashing peal of the bells and a louder roll of the drum. The doors of the houses around and to right and left of the square swung open, and the company which had been quartered overnight upon the citizens began to emerge. By twos and threes, some with hurried steps and downcast eyes, others more slowly and with free glances at the staring men, they gathered to the center of the square, where, in surplice and band, there awaited them godly Master Bucke and Master Wickham of Henricus. I stared with the rest, though I did not add my voice to theirs.

THE ARRIVAL OF THE KING'S MAIDS

Before the arrival of yesterday's ship there had been in this natural Eden (leaving the savages out of the reckoning) several thousand Adams, and but some threescore Eves. And for the most part, the Eves were either portly and bustling or withered and shrewish housewives, of age and experience to defy the serpent. These were different. Ninety slender figures decked in all the bravery they could assume; ninety comely faces, pink and white, or clear brown with the rich blood showing through; ninety pairs of eyes, laughing and alluring, or downcast with long fringes sweeping rounded cheeks; ninety pairs of ripe red lips, — the crowd shouted itself hoarse and would not be restrained, brushing aside like straws the staves of the marshal and his men, and surging in upon the line of adventurous damsels. I saw young men, panting, seize hand or arm and strive to pull toward them some reluctant fair; others snatched kisses, or fell on their knees and began speeches out of Euphues; others commenced an inventory of their possessions, — acres, tobacco, servants, household plenishing. All was hubbub, protestation, frightened cries, and hysterical laughter. The officers ran to and fro, threatening and commanding; Master Pory alternately cried "Shame!" and laughed his loudest; and I plucked away a jackanapes of sixteen who had his hand upon a girl's ruff, and shook him until the breath was well-nigh out of him. The clamor did but increase.

"Way for the governor!" cried the marshal. "Shame on you, my masters! Way for His Honor and the worshipful council!"

The three wooden steps leading down from the door of the governor's house suddenly blossomed into crimson

and gold, as His Honor with the attendant councilors emerged from the hall and stood staring at the mob below.

The governor's honest moon face was quite pale with passion. "What a devil is this?" he cried wrathfully. "Did you never see a woman before? Where's the marshal? I'll imprison the last one of you for rioters!"

Upon the platform of the pillory, which stood in the market place, suddenly appeared a man of gigantic frame, with a strong face deeply lined and a great shock of grizzled hair, — a strange thing, for he was not old. I knew him to be one Master Jeremy Sparrow, a minister brought by the Southampton a month before, and as yet without a charge, but at that time I had not spoken with him. Without word of warning he thundered into a psalm of thanksgiving, singing it at the top of a powerful and yet sweet and tender voice, and with a fervor and exaltation that caught the heart of the riotous crowd. The two ministers in the throng beneath took up the strain; Master Pory added a husky tenor, eloquent of much sack; presently we were all singing. The audacious suitors, charmed into rationality, fell back, and the broken line re-formed. The governor and the council descended, and with pomp and solemnity took their places between the maids and the two ministers who were to head the column. The psalm ended, the drum beat a thundering roll, and the procession moved forward in the direction of the church.

With one great final crash, the bells ceased, the drum stopped beating, and the procession entered.

The long service of praise and thanksgiving was well-nigh over when I first saw her.

She sat some ten feet from me, in the corner, and so in the shadow of a tall pew. Beyond her was a row of milkmaid beauties, red of cheek, free of eye, deep-bosomed, and beribboned like Maypoles. I looked again, and saw — and see — a rose amongst blowzed poppies and peonies, a pearl amidst glass beads, a Perdita in a ring of rustics, a nonparella of all grace and beauty! As I gazed with all my eyes, I found more than grace and beauty in that wonderful face, — found pride, wit, determination, finally shame and anger. For, feeling my eyes upon her, she looked up and met what she must have thought the impudent stare of an appraiser. Her face, which had been without color, pale and clear like the sky about the evening star, went crimson in a moment. She bit her lip and shot at me one withering glance, then dropped her eyelids and hid the lightning. When I looked at her again, covertly, and from under my hand raised as though to push back my hair, she was pale once more, and her dark eyes were fixed upon the water and the green trees without the window.

The congregation rose, and she stood up with the other maids. Her dress was of dark woolen, severe and unadorned, her close ruff and prim white coif, would have cried "Puritan," had ever Puritan looked like this woman, upon whom the poor apparel had the seeming of purple and ermine.

Anon came the benediction. Governor, councilors, commanders, and ministers left the choir and paced solemnly down the aisle; the maids closed in behind;

and we who had lined the walls, shifting from one heel to the other for a long two hours, brought up the rear, and so passed from the church to a fair green meadow adjacent thereto. Here the company disbanded; the wearers of gold lace betaking themselves to seats erected in the shadow of a mighty oak, and the ministers, of whom there were four, bestowing themselves within pulpits of turf. For one altar and one clergyman could not hope to dispatch that day's business.

As for the maids, for a minute or more they made one cluster; then, shyly or with laughter, they drifted apart like the petals of a wind-blown rose, and silk doublet and hose gave chase. Five minutes saw the goodly company of damsels errant and would-be bridegrooms scattered far and near over the smiling meadow. For the most part they went man and maid, but the fairer of the feminine cohort had rings of clamorous suitors from whom to choose. As for me, I walked alone; for if by chance I neared a maid, she looked (womanlike) at my apparel first, and never reached my face, but squarely turned her back. So disengaged, I felt like a guest at a mask, and in some measure enjoyed the show, though with an uneasy consciousness that I was pledged to become, sooner or later, a part of the spectacle. I saw a shepherdess fresh from Arcadia wave back a dozen importunate gallants, then throw a knot of blue ribbon into their midst, laugh with glee at the scramble that ensued, and finally march off with the wearer of the favor. I saw a neighbor of mine, tall Jack Pride, who lived twelve miles above me, blush and stammer, and bow again and again to a milliner's apprentice of a girl, not five feet high and all eyes, who

dropped a curtsy at each bow. When I had passed them fifty yards or more, and looked back, they were still bobbing and bowing. And I heard a dialogue between Phyllis and Corydon. Says Phyllis, "Any poultry?"

Corydon. "A matter of twalve hens and twa cocks."

Phyllis. "A cow?"

Corydon. "Twa."

Phyllis. "How much tobacco?"

Corydon. "Three acres, hinny, though I dinna drink the weed mysel'. I'm a Stuart, woman, an' the king's puir cousin."

Phyllis. "What household furnishings?"

Corydon. "Ane large bed, ane flock bed, ane trundle bed, ane chest, ane trunk, ane leather cairpet, sax cawf-skin chairs an' twa-three rush, five pair o' sheets an' auchteen dowlas napkins, sax alchemy spunes" —

Phyllis. "I'll take you."

At the far end of the meadow, near to the fort, I met young Hamor, alone, flushed, and hurrying back to the more populous part of the field.

"Not yet mated?" I asked. "Where are the maids' eyes?"

"By ——!" he answered, with an angry laugh. "If they 're all like the sample I've just left, I'll buy me a squaw from the Paspaheghs!"

I smiled. "So your wooing has not prospered?"

His vanity took fire. "I have not wooed in earnest," he said carelessly, and hitched forward his cloak of sky-blue tuftaffeta with an air. "I sheered off quickly enough, I warrant you, when I found the nature of the commodity I had to deal with."

"Ah!" I said. "When I left the crowd, they were

going very fast. You had best hurry, if you wish to secure a bargain."

"I'm off," he answered; then, jerking his thumb over his shoulder, "If you keep on to the river and that clump of cedars, you will find Termagaunt in ruff and farthingale."

When he was gone, I stood still for a while and watched the slow sweep of a buzzard high in the blue, after which I unsheathed my dagger, and with it tried to scrape the dried mud from my boots. Succeeding but indifferently, I put the blade up, stared again at the sky, drew a long breath, and marched upon the covert of cedars indicated by Hamor.

As I neared it, I heard at first only the wash of the river; but presently there came to my ears the sound of a man's voice, and then a woman's angry "Begone, sir!"

"Kiss and be friends," said the man.

The sound that followed being something of the loudest for even the most hearty salutation, I was not surprised, on parting the bushes, to find the man nursing his cheek, and the maid her hand.

"You shall pay well for that, you sweet vixen!" he cried, and caught her by both wrists.

She struggled fiercely, bending her head this way and that, but his hot lips had touched her face before I could come between.

When I had knocked him down he lay where he fell, dazed by the blow, and blinking up at me with his small ferret eyes. I knew him to be one Edward Sharpless, and I knew no good of him. He had been a lawyer in England. He lay on the very brink of the stream, with one arm touching the water. Flesh and blood could

not resist it, so, assisted by the toe of my boot, he took a cold bath to cool his hot blood.

When he had clambered out and had gone away, cursing, I turned to face her. She stood against the trunk of a great cedar, her head thrown back, a spot of angry crimson in each cheek, one small hand clenched at her throat. I had heard her laugh as Sharpless touched the water, but now there was only defiance in her face. As we gazed at each other, a burst of laughter came to us from the meadow behind. I looked over my shoulder, and beheld young Hamor, — probably disappointed of a wife, — with Giles Allen and Wynne, returning to his abandoned quarry. She saw, too, for the crimson spread and deepened and her bosom heaved. Her dark eyes, glancing here and there like those of a hunted creature, met my own.

"Madam," I said, "will you marry me?"

She looked at me strangely. "Do you live here?" she asked at last, with a disdainful wave of her hand toward the town.

"No, madam," I answered. "I live up river, in Weyanoke Hundred, some miles from here."

"Then, in God's name, let us be gone!" she cried, with sudden passion.

I bowed low, and advanced to kiss her hand.

The finger tips which she slowly and reluctantly resigned to me were icy, and the look with which she favored me was not such an one as poets feign for like occasions. I shrugged the shoulders of my spirit, but said nothing. So, hand in hand, though at arms' length, we passed from the shade of the cedars into the open meadow, where we presently met Hamor and his party.

They would have barred the way, laughing and making unsavory jests, but I drew her closer to me, and laid my hand upon my sword. They stood aside, for I was the best swordsman in Virginia.

LIFE ON A VIRGINIA PLANTATION

[Seventeenth century]

BY EVA MARCH TAPPAN

NOT long after the settlement of Jamestown the colonists learned that the best way to make money from their land was to plant as much of it as possible with tobacco. It was not easy for a man to care for these great farms, or plantations, if his home was far away; therefore each planter built his house on his plantation. That is why, even when Virginia was a century old, there was hardly a village in the country.

Whether large or small, this house was always known as the "great house," to distinguish it from the smaller houses, or cabins, in which the workmen lived. In later times these workmen were negro slaves, but in the earlier days of the colony white men sent over from England were employed. Most of them were "redemptioners," that is, poor men who wished to try their fortune in a new land. When they reached Virginia, some planter was always ready to pay the cost of their passage on condition that they should work for him till the value of their labor had "redeemed" the amount. Some of these redemptioners were well-educated, enterprising men; and in that case they had a good opportunity to become tenants or even to acquire estates of their own.

Guests were always welcome on the plantations, and a visit in those times was not an afternoon call, but a stay of several days or a week or a month.This hospital-

ity was offered as freely to strangers as to friends. A traveler had only to stop his horse at any door, and he was sure of a welcome and a night's entertainment. It was so customary to entertain travelers free of cost that the law forbade even innkeepers to make any charge for food and lodging unless they had told the guest in advance that he would be expected to pay. If a planter was going away from home, he would tell his agent to see that any stranger who might ask for hospitality should be welcomed and given every comfort that the plantation afforded. If we may trust the old stories, it was not always necessary even to ask, for it is said that sometimes a sociable planter would station a servant where he would be most likely to meet travelers and give him orders to invite them to stop and pay a visit.

Such a visit must have been well worth making, for on the larger plantations there was much to see that would interest a stranger. After the earliest days the houses grew larger to suit the hospitable notions of the colonists, and many of them contained expensive furnishings that had been brought across the Atlantic. There was always a hall that was used as a dining-room and general living-room. The walls were sometimes hung with tapestry or built up with oaken panels. There was a long dining-table of course, and a cupboard well filled with china. There was pewter, too, and silver; spoons, forks, saltcellars, candlesticks, and snuffers. There was sure to be at least one great chest, sometimes plain, sometimes carved, full of snowy linen napkins and tablecloths. On one side of the room was a great fireplace in which enormous logs cheerily blazed and roared up the chimney. A sitting-room and parlor usually

opened off the hall, but the hall was the heart of the home, and it was of the hall and the family gathered about the open fire that the homesick Virginian thought when he was on the other side of the ocean.

The kitchen was a little way from the house. There was always a great fireplace, sometimes ten or twelve feet long, with crane and pot-hooks and all sorts of arrangements for roasting and baking and frying. There was room enough in such a fireplace to cook for even the large gatherings of friends that so often came together in this land of visits. Virginia had a most generous supply of food. Oysters, fish, chickens, beef, and venison were exceedingly cheap. Cream and butter and milk were plentiful, and all sorts of fruit and vegetables grew most luxuriantly.

There was much to see outside of the house. A plantation was like a little town, for whatever was needed must either be made on the spot or ordered from England. Most of the large plantations had among the servants carpenters, blacksmiths, tanners, weavers, shoemakers, and coopers. A planter's own men could build sheds and barns and keep them in repair. Hides and wool were raised on the place. The tanners and shoemakers and weavers made shoes and clothes for the negroes, and much of the cloth that was used for common purposes at the "great house." When finer articles were needed, an order went to England. With whole forests of wood at hand, even chairs, tables, boxes, bowls, and wheels came across the ocean, for the time and strength necessary to make these articles would cultivate much more than enough tobacco to pay for importing them.

A very important part of the things ordered from England were articles of dress. These Virginians, colonists though they were, did not propose to give up the London fashions, and they sent for gowns of brocaded silk or satin or velvet, or calico lined with silk — for calico was expensive in those days. They had petticoats of silk, often shot with threads of silver. They had laces of silver and of gold, scarfs of all colors, silk stockings, scarlet sleeves, and crimson mantles. This gorgeousness was not limited to the women, for the men were just as desirous of fine clothes. The coat was of broadcloth, often olive or some other color, and dazzling with buttons of polished silver. Ruffles fell over the hand. The waistcoat was of any color that struck the fancy of the wearer. The breeches were of plush or fine broadcloth. Silver buckles were worn on the shoes. If the day was cool, a handsome mantle of blue or scarlet was thrown over this array. Such was the gala dress of the colonists. Imagine a ballroom glowing with all this brilliancy in the clear, soft light of dozens of myrtle wax candles!

How were children educated on the plantations? There were a few free schools supported, not by the colony, but by individuals. The houses, however, were too far apart for district schools to flourish, but frequently the children on adjoining plantations were taught by some educated man of the neighborhood; perhaps a tutor was engaged to come from England to live in a planter's family and teach his children. When the sons grew older, they were sometimes sent to Cambridge or to Oxford. Virginia had plans only fourteen years after the founding of Jamestown for establishing not only a free school but a university. Indians as well as whites were

to become pupils. Money was raised and a president was chosen. An Indian massacre and the overthrow of the London Company prevented these plans from being carried out immediately; but even then, the college of William and Mary, founded in 1692, was, save for Harvard, the first college in America. A place was chosen for its home which was also to be the capital of the colony. It was named Williamsburg, and the original plan was to lay its streets out in the shape of a "W" and an "M," in honor of the sovereigns of England. The students were always few, but three presidents of the United States have been among them; and governors, judges, and other public officials without number.

So it was that life went on in Virginia in "good old colony times." The planter's wife, with the large house to superintend, was a busy woman. The planter was like a monarch, for on his own plantation his word was law. In one way he had a very easy life, for he was never obliged to do anything for himself that a servant could do for him. On the other hand, there was constant need of the master's watchful eye to prevent the waste and neglect that would soon ruin the wealthiest planter. Mrs. Washington once said that she wished "George" would stay at home and attend to his plantation instead of going off to fight Indians. The planter had to learn how to attend to many things at once, how to decide questions quickly and independently, in short, how to command; and this ability was of the utmost value to the country.

THE PLANTING OF THE COLONY OF MARYLAND

BY FRANK B. MAYER
(*American artist*)

SOON after the founding of Jamestown, Lord Baltimore, a Roman Catholic nobleman of England, planned to found a colony in the New World where members of his Church might be free from the bitter persecutions to which they were exposed in their own land. Charles I gave him a grant of land north of the Potomac, and he named it Maryland. In this domain Lord Baltimore, or rather his son (for he died just before the grant was made out) was almost as free as an absolute monarch; for he could form an assembly of representatives, and whatever laws they chose to make and he chose to sign would go into effect without waiting for the king's approval. There was much opposition to this grant, and absurd rumors arose that the proprietor was not carrying emigrants, but soldiers to help Spain conquer England; and even after the vessels were started, they had to return to assure the authorities that every one on board had taken the oath of allegiance to the king.

On landing in Maryland (1634), an altar was built and mass was celebrated. Then all the Roman Catholics went a little to one side where a great tree had been roughly hewn into a cross. The priests, the governor, the commissioners, and the chief men among the adventurers lifted it upon their shoulders, and walked slowly to the place that had been made ready for it. It was set up, and all knelt around it and recited the Litany of the Sacred Cross. Then Governor Calvert stood beside it and said, "I hereby take possession of Terra Mariæ for our Blessed Saviour and for our sovereign Lord, the King of England."

So it was that Maryland was founded.



The Planting of the Colony of Maryland

HOW OGLETHORPE SAVED GEORGIA FROM SPAIN

[1743]

BY CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

THE Georgia seaboard, even more than that of the Carolinas, is covered with large islands and shoals, access to the main land being had through numerous sounds between the islands. On several of these islands Oglethorpe had erected fortifications, notably Fort William on Cumberland Island, commanding Amelia Sound; but the principal defensive works were on St. Simon's Island, off the mouth of the Altamaha River.

Here some six years before had been established the military settlement of Frederica. As he had named the province Georgia in honor of George II, so he had called the town Frederica, after the worthless and dissipated Frederick, Prince of Wales, who is known to fame as the father of George III, and is the man for whose dog Pope wrote the following verse: —

> "I am his highness' dog at Kew,
> Good reader, pray, whose dog are you?"

These are the principal things for which Frederick is noted.

Georgia was of necessity what we would now call a "buffer" State, between the older northerly colonies and the Spanish settlements in Florida. Oglethorpe had chosen the location of St. Simon's Island with an eye

single to its defensive possibilities. On a high bluff surrounded by thick and impenetrable forests, about midway on the western shore of the island, he had built a fort protected on the land side by a tide-water ditch, and on the river side by a water battery and by another battery of twelve heavy guns so mounted as to command the channel of a navigable river which gave access to the place, for three quarters of a mile. Any attacking ships would be forced to subject themselves to a raking fire for that distance as they came in. In addition they would be compelled to endure an oblique fire from the fort itself.

The intrenchments were strongly built of a material called "tabby," a compound of lime, sand, and shells, which hardened upon exposure into stone-like cement of impenetrable consistency. The fort and the batteries were amply provided with artillery. On one side of the fort before the forests began was an open place used as a parade ground, which was completely commanded by its guns. Back of the fort, the town, surrounded by a rampart, was built. No access to Frederica, built upon the landward or the river shore, was possible from the seaward shore of the island, on account of the character of the beach and certain pathless morasses beyond it. At the lower part of the island and commanding St. Simon's, or Jekyl, Sound, several batteries had been erected and a well-built road laid out connecting Frederica with these works. The road wound about in devious course between impenetrable forests and dangerous marshes. Sometimes it would widen into a meadow or savanna where would be a clearing spacious enough in which to pitch a camp, but presently the

forest and the marsh would approach each other once more and the road resume its character of a narrow pass.

To garrison Frederica, Oglethorpe had his own regiment, which was an efficient body of men, well officered, several companies of Rangers, and a small body of Highlanders from the settlement at Darien, full of warlike courage and zeal as became the children of the fighting Scottish race. In all they amounted to less than eight hundred men. To supplement this force he had his own schooner of fourteen guns and eighty men, two sloops of about the same size and armament, a large merchant ship called the Success, which mounted twenty-two guns, and several smaller craft.

Before attempting any enterprise against the upper coast cities to the northward, it was necessary for the invaders to dispose of this force. It would be dangerous to leave such a post to menace the rear of the Spanish expedition and possibly destroy its communications. Monteano therefore intended to sweep the little English and colonial force off the coast in short order and proceed on his way rejoicing. He thought it would be an easy task. He reckoned without his host, as we shall see.

On the 22d of June, 1743, the commanding officer of Fort William found means to inform Oglethorpe that fourteen Spanish ships had appeared off Amelia Sound. It was the advance of the expected attack. After a smart engagement with the fort they were driven off with some loss and entered Cumberland Sound north of the island and out of range of Fort William, but within easy shooting distance of Fort Andrew. The two forts on Cumberland Island were both small and not provided with large garrisons. Their situation was

critical. Oglethorpe acted promptly; he always did. Embarking two companies of his regiment on his own schooner and the two sloops and taking advantage of a favorable wind, he at once put to sea.

On the evening of the 23d of June he came in sight of the Spanish squadron riding quietly at anchor. Giving them no time to get under way or to make any other preparation for battle, with bold yet calculated courage he dashed at them. Although one of his captains, named Tolson, became panic-stricken at the sight of the odds and bore away from the approaching contest seeking safety in ignominious flight, Oglethorpe, followed by the other sloop, kept right on. The Spaniards were taken by surprise at the audacity of his maneuvers, yet they hurried to their quarters and opened a wild and ineffectual fire upon the approaching English from the guns that bore. Oglethorpe skillfully ran into the smoke banks to leeward and, himself hidden, deliberately poured his broadsides into the huddled mass of the Spanish at short range, with such effect that no less than four of the Spanish vessels afterward foundered in a storm on account of the severe handling they had received.

The two little vessels succeeded in passing the Spanish fleet with little or no loss. Oglethorpe landed immediately on Cumberland Island and, after spiking the guns of Fort St. Andrew, threw some of his soldiers and the garrison of the abandoned work into Fort William. Leaving a promising young Scotsman named Alexander Stewart in command of that work, the general succeeded in regaining St. Simon's Island with his two remaining vessels without further loss. His arrival was a source of

great joy to the soldiers and inhabitants of Frederica, as the boat which had run away had returned bearing the news that Oglethorpe's flotilla had been sunk by the Spaniards and that he had been lost. The cowardly captain was immediately put under arrest for his pusillanimous conduct.

On the 28th of June the united Spanish fleet appeared off St. Simon's Bar. The number of vessels varies in the different accounts, some authorities stating that there were as many as fifty-six. There were at least thirty-six of them, however, the largest being three ships of twenty guns each, although the majority of them were vessels of a sort known as a "half-galley," probably propelled by sweeps as well as sails; some of them were large enough to carry one hundred and twenty men and mount an eighteen-pound gun; although, being built for service in inland streams, they drew but five feet of water. The statements as to the number of soldiers on board range from seven to five thousand. On the 5th of July, the Spaniards, taking advantage of a brisk gale and a heavy flood tide, crossed the bar and engaged the forts at the end of the island. For four hours the battle was severely contested. The Success and the small ships also joined in the encounter and the Spanish made four different attempts to board the Success, which, from her larger size, was necessarily anchored farthest away from the shore. They were repulsed in each instance with heavy loss. They finally abandoned the contest, but they succeeded in passing the forts and entering the river well up toward Frederica.

Oglethorpe acted promptly as usual. Sending his vessels to sea with orders that they proceed to Savannah,

he spiked the guns of the batteries at the lower end of the island and concentrated his forces at Frederica. The Spanish commander, having reconnoitered the water approach to that fort, and after having advanced rather hesitatingly to attack it, which attempt was repulsed with some loss, determined to land his army at Gascoigne's bluff on the island. Some four thousand men, including the Spanish artillery, grenadiers, and dismounted dragoons, and regiments of negroes and mulattoes, took possession of the abandoned forts, erected additional batteries mounting twenty eighteen-pound guns, and made other preparations for the expected conquest.

They had discovered that it was impossible to take the fort by water, and that it was equally impossible to lead an army through the woods. The military road which Oglethorpe had built offered the only practicable mode of access to Frederica. On the 7th of July, Don Manuel sent out a scouting party comprising one hundred and twenty Spaniards, forty Indians, and forty negro grenadiers. They came marching gayly up the road and walked blindly into an ambush which had been prepared with consummate skill by the English commander. In the battle that ensued the greater part of them were killed out of hand. A few only of the Indians and negroes escaped to tell the tale. Oglethorpe took a prominent part in the fighting, engaging the Spanish captain hand to hand and finally killing him. He performed several feats of personal prowess in the encounter which greatly endeared him to his men. The English pursued the flying Spanish for several miles until they came to an open meadow on the edge of which Ogle-

thorpe posted them in anticipation of a return attack. He himself returned post-haste to Frederica to bring up the rest of his men.

Don Manuel, when he heard of the disastrous defeat, immediately sent out a second and much stronger party comprising one hundred grenadiers, two hundred infantry, a small squadron of horse, and a large body of negro troops and Indians, all under the command of Don Antonio Barba, a veteran and experienced soldier. Throwing out scouts, and making use of every precaution, they marched up the road to the place held by the detachment of Oglethorpe's men and a small body of the Highlanders. Notwithstanding their previous success, in some way the regulars became panic-stricken as the Spanish advance appeared in the open, and after exchanging a few futile volleys, they abandoned the field and withdrew.

The retrograde movement soon became a rapid retreat, and they streamed up the road in one of those strange panics which sometimes seizes upon the best of troops. A platoon of the Highlanders under Lieutenant Mackay and a small body of colonial Rangers under Lieutenant Sutherland brought up the rear. Fortunately, they did not share the prevailing fear of their comrades, and after retreating a short distance they resolved to lay an ambuscade for the pursuing Spaniards. They halted, turned about, made a détour, struggled back through the woods until they actually got in the rear of the Spanish forces still advancing up the road. They chose a position where the way narrowed to a width of less than twenty yards and bent into a crescent between a morass and the thick wood, and

there determined to wait an opportunity of dealing a decisive blow, not doubting that the enemy would soon return.

Having learned something of the dangers of the way by their previous disastrous repulse, the Spanish advance had been halted after a short pursuit; and as they thought they had dispersed the force before them, and as they were not strong enough to attack Frederica, they retraced their steps and returned to the open to make a camp. They came back slowly, so that the Georgians had ample time to make proper dispositions. They carefully chose their place and lay concealed in the thick undergrowth awaiting the enemy. Presently the Spaniards came marching along the road. As they reached the spot where the English had been awaiting them and whence the regulars had retreated in terror, imagining that no enemy was anywhere near them, and considering themselves protected by marsh and wood, they entered the defile covered by the guns of the waiting Scots, halted, dismounted, stacked arms and prepared to repose and rest under the shade of the palmetto tree.

The colonists had been cautioned by Mackay, the ranking officer, on no account to fire until he gave the word. It was his desire completely to surround the Spaniards before he began the engagement, but a Spanish horse happening to catch a sight of a Highland bonnet through the trees over the undergrowth — the wearer, in disobedience to orders, having risen to get a better look — shied violently and attracted the attention of his rider, and he at once gave the alarm. The Spaniards awoke to the peril of their situation and sprang to their arms.

Concealment was at an end. Instantly the Highlanders and Rangers fired. The Spaniards, taken at a great disadvantage and seeing the woods on either side of them ablaze with musketry, after a few feeble and ineffectual discharges by such men as could reach their weapons, turned to fly. The officers bravely tried to check their retreat, but unavailingly. Don Antonio Barba was mortally wounded, and many of the officers fell. The Highlanders and Rangers burst out of the woods and charged upon the enemy with bayonet or claymore in hand. This completed the rout. More than two hundred of the Spanish party were killed and wounded on the spot, and many captured before they got out of reach of the little party of scarcely more than fifty Highlanders and Rangers.

Back on the road advancing at the head of the rest of his troops, Oglethorpe met the fleeing soldiers of the regiment and heard the story of their disgraceful retreat. Rallying the men and putting an officer in charge of them with instructions to bring them up at full speed, he galloped on ahead down the road at a great pace. He saw, of course, that the Highlanders and Rangers were not with the rest of the troops, and when he heard the firing he imagined that they had been, or were being, cut down and captured. The Spaniards had openly declared that they would give quarter to neither man nor woman.

In great anxiety Oglethorpe made his way toward the scene of the encounter. What was his joy when he reached the pass to find that not one of his troops had been touched, and that over two hundred of the enemy lay dead and dying before him! Of the remainder of the

Spanish party but few reached the main camp. So fierce had been the attack and pursuit of the colonists, that most of the Spaniards had forsaken the road in their blind attempts to escape. Those who unwittingly plunged into the hideous marsh, of course never succeeded in extricating themselves from its awful depths; while for years afterward hunters ranging the woods would find in lonely spots skeletons which told grim tales of lost Spaniards dying of starvation in the savage wastes of the forest. The encounter was called the battle of Bloody Marsh, and Oglethorpe promoted the two young officers who had commanded the Highlanders and Rangers, on the field. It is noteworthy that this battle was gained by the colonists alone after the men of the regiment recruited in England had fled the field.

Meanwhile the situation of the soldiers in the Spanish camp was growing desperate. Fever and dysentery had broken out, hundreds of the men fell ill, and fresh water was scarce. They were unable properly to care for the many wounded and ill. They had lost over five hundred men in the several battles. They made, however, one more attempt to capture the place, this time by a boat expedition. The attack was gallantly made, but they were beaten off with great loss by the forts and the batteries at Frederica. Several of the Spanish boats were sunk, and Oglethorpe, commanding the boats of the place, pursued the flying Spaniards until he was within range of the guns of their ships.

Dissensions sprang up between them on account of these repeated failures, and the rivalry between the contingents from Cuba and Florida at last developed a dangerous degree of antagonism and discontent.

Learning this situation, Oglethorpe, although the Spaniards still numbered over three thousand effectives, determined to beat up their camp. For the expedition, he chose five hundred of his best troops, notably the Highlanders and Rangers, who had done such valiant work at Bloody Marsh, and with them advanced to the attack on the night of the 12th of July.

A Frenchman in the party, however, gave the alarm to the Spaniards by firing his musket, and before he could be apprehended escaped in the darkness and made his way to the Spanish camp, in which the men immediately stood at their arms. Oglethorpe therefore had to withdraw. But he turned the man's desertion to good account. The traitor revealed to Don Manuel the feebleness of the garrison of Frederica and urged him to attack it in force, when the result would be certain success.

The commander was hesitating when a Spaniard, who had been taken by Oglethorpe and who professed to have escaped from captivity, was brought to him. On his person was found a letter which he confessed to have agreed to deliver to the Frenchman for a sum of money that had been given him. The English general had written this letter to the Frenchman purporting to consider him as his spy; and in it, among other things, urged him to persuade the Spaniards to remain in their camp for three days or more, or until an English fleet with two thousand troops aboard, then on its way, should come down from Charleston. He also stated that Admiral Vernon was about to attack St. Augustine with another fleet. Oglethorpe had bribed the prisoner, and the letter fell into the hands of the Spanish commander

— as Oglethorpe knew it would — instead of being delivered to the Frenchman.

The ruse succeeded perfectly. Instead of the friend whose advice was worth having and who would have helped them, the Spanish officers looked upon the Frenchman as an English spy. They would have hanged him in spite of his protestations of the falsity of Oglethorpe's letter, had not Don Manuel, who entertained some doubt as to the reports, interfered to save his life. The situation of the Spaniards, however, was such that when word was brought them that three ships — South Carolina scouting vessels, — had been seen in the offing, supposing them to indicate the approach of the English fleet, they were filled with terror. Sick, hungry, thirsty, dispirited, they set fire to the fort and, abandoning large quantities of stores and supplies, including their guns, they piled aboard their ships and sailed away. There was no English fleet anywhere near the scene of action and none was coming; no ships were menacing St. Augustine, either.

Oglethorpe at once surmised that they would stop at Fort William and endeavor to strike one effective blow there. He sent expresses, therefore, to the young commander and bade him hold on at all hazards. For two days Ensign Stewart and sixty men sustained a vigorous attack from the Spaniards, whom they finally repulsed. Oglethorpe had followed in the wake of the retreating ships with his own small vessels and annoyed them as much as he could. Shortly after the middle of July the Spaniards abandoned their expedition and the whole armada left the coast, never to return.

The celebrated Whitefield, who was with Oglethorpe

at the time, said of the results of the campaign, "The deliverance of Georgia is such as cannot be paralleled save by some of the incidents of the Old Testament." When the smallness of his force and the overwhelming strength of the Spaniards is considered, the student of history must agree with the theologian. Oglethorpe's defense had been brilliant in the extreme. He had saved the Southern colonies from coming under the evil of Spanish rule. Of the little campaign it is not too much to record, with approval, the phrase which called the narrow road between the wood and the marsh at Frederica "the Thermopylæ of America."

V

THE SETTLEMENT OF NEW ENGLAND

HISTORICAL NOTE

In 1607, the Plymouth Company sent some colonists to Maine, where they attempted to make a settlement at the mouth of the Kennebec River. After one winter, they reported that no Englishmen could live in so cold a country. A few years later, a company of people known as Separatists, because they wished to separate entirely from the Church of England, fled with their pastor, John Robinson, from England to Holland, which permitted more liberty in religious matters than other countries. (See "When the Pilgrim Fathers went to Holland," volume VII.) But to prevent their children from becoming Dutch in language and customs, they sailed, in 1620, for the unknown world across the ocean. They were driven northward by storms, and made their landing at what is now Plymouth, in Massachusetts. Ten years later, nearly one thousand Puritans, or people who wished to remain members of the Church of England, but to purify it, settled in Salem and Boston.

Not all the Massachusetts settlers agreed in their opinions. Roger Williams, pastor of a Salem church and the most famous of the dissenters, was ordered to return to England, but he escaped to his good friends, the Narragansett Indians, and in 1636 founded the town of Providence, in Rhode Island.

In 1633, some Pilgrims from Plymouth went up the Connecticut River, set up on the present site of Windsor a little wooden house that they had brought with them, and opened trade with the Indians. This was the beginning of Connecticut.

WHEN GOSNOLD CAME TO CUTTYHUNK

[1602]

BY JOHN BRERETON

In the morning we found ourselves embayed with a mighty headland.[1] But coming to an anchor about nine of the clock the same day, within a league of the shore, we hoisted out the one half of our shallop; and Captain Bartholomew Gosnold, myself, and three others, went ashore, being a white, sandy, and bold shore; and marching all that afternoon, with our muskets on our necks, on the highest hills which we saw, — the weather very hot, — at length we perceived this headland to be parcel of the main, and sundry islands lying almost round about it. So returning towards evening to our shallop, — for by that time the other part was brought ashore, and set together, — we espied an Indian, a young man of proper stature, and of a pleasing countenance; and, after some familiarity with him, we left him at the seaside, and returned to our ship, where, in five or six hours' absence, we had pestered our ship so with codfish, that we threw numbers of them overboard again. And surely, I am persuaded, that in the months of March, April, and May, there is upon this coast better fishing, and in as great plenty, as in Newfoundland; for the skulls of mackerel, herrings, cod, and other fish, that we daily saw as we went and came from the shore, were wonderful. And besides, the places where we took these

[1] Cape Cod.

cods, and might in a few days have laden our ship, were but in seven fathoms water, and within less than a league from the shore; where, in Newfoundland, they fish in forty or fifty fathoms water, and far off.

From this place we sailed round about this headland almost all the points of the compass, the shore very bold; but, as no coast is free from dangers, so I am persuaded this is as free as any. The land somewhat low, full of goodly woods, but in some places plain. At length we were come amongst many fair islands, which we had partly discerned at our first landing, all lying within a league or two one of another, and the outermost not above five or seven leagues from the main. But coming to an anchor under one of them, which was about three or four leagues from the main, Captain Gosnold, myself, and some others, went ashore; and, going round about it, we found it to be four English miles in compass, without house or inhabitant, saving a little old house made of boughs covered with bark, an old piece of a weir of the Indians to catch fish, and one or two places where they had made fires. The chiefest trees of this island are beeches and cedars, the outward parts all overgrown with low, bushy trees three or four feet in height, which bear some kind of fruits, as appeared by their blossoms; strawberries, red and white, as sweet and much bigger than ours in England; raspberries, gooseberries, whortleberries, and such an incredible store of vines, as well in the woody part of the island, where they run upon every tree, as on the outward parts, so that we could not go for treading upon them; also many springs of excellent sweet water, and a great standing lake of fresh water near the seaside, an English mile in compass, which is

maintained with the springs, running exceedingly pleasantly through the woody grounds, which are very rocky. Here are also in this island great store of deer, which we saw, and other beasts, as appeared by their tracks; as also divers fowls, as cranes, hernshaws, bitterns, geese, mallards, teals, and other fowl in great plenty; also great store of peas, which grow in certain plots all the island over. On the north side of this island we found many huge bones and ribs of whales.

From hence we went to another island to the northwest of this, and within a league or two of the main, which we found to be greater than before we imagined, being sixteen English miles, at the least, in compass; for it containeth many pieces of necks of land, which differ nothing from several islands, saving that certain banks of small breadth do like bridges join them to this island. On the outside of this island are many plain places of grass, abundance of strawberries, and other berries before mentioned. In mid-May we did sow in this island, for a trial, in sundry places, wheat, barley, oats, and peas, which in fourteen days were sprung up nine inches, and more. The soil is fat and lusty, the upper crust of gray color, but a foot or less in depth, of the color of our hemp-lands in England, and being thus apt for these and the like grains. The sowing or setting — after the ground is closed — is no greater labor than if you should set or sow in one of our best prepared gardens in England. This island is full of high timbered oaks, their leaves thrice so broad as ours; cedars, straight and tall, beech, elm, holly, walnut trees in abundance, the fruit as big as ours, as appeared by those we found under the trees, which had lain all the year ungathered; hazel-

nut trees, cherry trees, the leaf, bark, and bigness not differing from ours in England, but the stalk beareth the blossoms or fruit at the end thereof, like a cluster of grapes, forty or fifty in a bunch; sassafras trees, great plenty all the island over, a tree of high price and profit; also divers other fruit-trees, some of them with strange barks of an orange color, in feeling soft and smooth like velvet: in the thickest parts of these woods, you may see a furlong or more round about.

On the northwest side of this island, near to the sea-side, is a standing lake of fresh water, almost three English miles in compass, in the midst whereof stands a plot of woody ground, an acre in quantity, or not above. This lake is full of small tortoises, and exceedingly frequented with all sorts of fowls, before rehearsed, which breed, some low on the banks, and others on low trees about this lake, in great abundance, whose young ones of all sorts we took and ate at our pleasure; but all these fowls are much bigger than ours in England. Also in every island, and almost in every part of every island, are great store of ground-nuts, forty together on a string, some of them as big as hen's eggs: they grow not two inches under ground, the which nuts we found to be as good as potatoes. Also divers sorts of shell-fish, as scallops, mussels, cockles, lobsters, crabs, oysters, and whelks, exceeding good and very great. . . .

Now the next day, we determined to fortify ourselves in a little plot of ground in the midst of the lake above mentioned, where we built our house, and covered it with sedge, which grew about this lake in great abundance; in building whereof we spent three weeks and more. But, the second day after our coming from the

main, we espied eleven canoes or boats, with fifty Indians in them, coming toward us from this part of the main, where we two days before landed; and, being loath they should discover our fortification, we went out on the seaside to meet them. And, coming somewhat near them, they all sat down upon the stones, calling aloud to us, as we rightly guessed, to do the like, a little distance from them. Having sat a while in this order, Captain Gosnold willed me to go unto them to see what countenance they would make; but, as soon as I came up unto them, one of them, to whom I had given a knife two days before in the main, knew me, whom I also very well remembered, and, smiling upon me, spake somewhat unto their lord or captain, which sat in the midst of them, who presently rose up, and took a large beaver-skin from one that stood about him, and gave it unto me, which I requited for that time the best I could. But I, pointing towards Captain Gosnold, made signs unto him that he was our captain, and desirous to be his friend, and enter league with him, which, as I perceive, he understood, and made signs of joy. Whereupon Captain Gosnold, with the rest of his company, being twenty in all, came up unto them, and after many signs of gratulations, — Captain Gosnold presenting their lord with certain trifles which they wondered at and highly esteemed, — we became very great friends, and sent for meat aboard our shallop, and gave them such meats as we had then ready dressed; whereof they misliked nothing but our mustard, whereat they made many a sour face. . . .

So the rest of the day we spent in trading with them for furs, which are beavers, luzernes, martens, otters,

wildcat-skins, — very large and deep fur, — black foxes, coney-skins, of the color of our hares, but somewhat less, deer-skins very large, seal-skins, and other beasts' skins, to us unknown. They have also great store of copper, some very red, and some of a paler color: none of them but have chains, ear-rings, or collars of this metal. They head some of their arrows herewith, much like our broad-arrow heads, very workmanly made. Their chains are many hollow pieces cemented together, each piece of the bigness of one of our reeds, a finger in length, ten or twelve of them together on a string, which they wear about their necks. Their collars they wear about their bodies, like bandoleers, a handful broad, all hollow pieces like the other, but somewhat shorter, four hundred pieces in a collar, very fine and evenly set together. Besides these, they have large drinking-cups, made like skulls, and other thin plates of copper, made much like our boar-spear blades, all which they so little esteem as they offered their fairest collars or chains for a knife or such like trifle; but we seemed little to regard it. Yet I was desirous to understand where they had such store of this metal, and made signs to one of them, with whom I was very familiar, who, taking a piece of copper in his hand, made a hole with his finger in the ground, and withal pointed to the main from whence they came. . . .

Thus they continued with us three days, every night retiring themselves to the furthermost part of our island, two or three miles from our fort; but the fourth day they returned to the main, pointing five or six times to the sun, and once to the main, which we understood [to mean] that, within five or six days, they would come

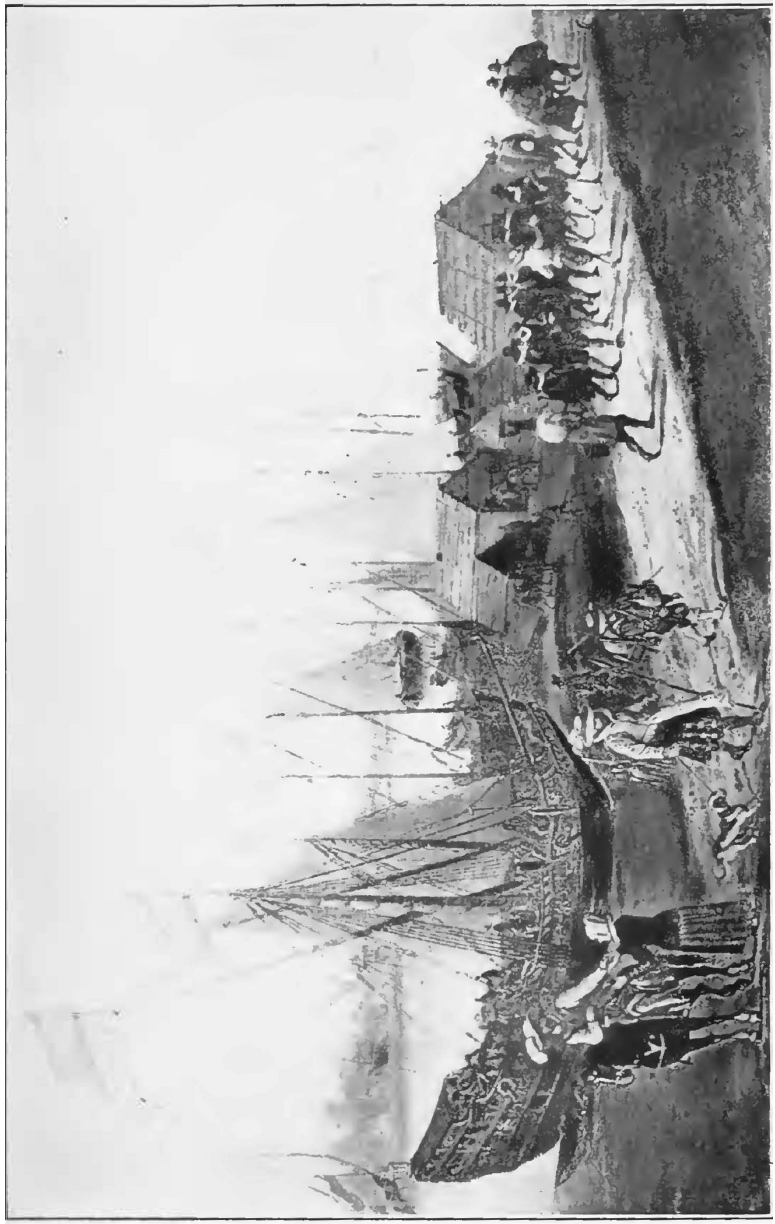
from the main to us again. But, being in their canoes a little from the shore, they made huge cries and shouts of joy unto us; and we with our trumpet and cornet, and casting up our caps into the air, made them the best farewell we could. Yet six or seven of them remained with us behind, bearing us company every day into the woods, and helped us to cut and carry our sassafras, and some of them lay aboard our ship.

These people, as they are exceeding courteous, gentle of disposition, and well conditioned, exceeding all others that we have seen, so for shape of body and lovely favor, I think they excel all the people of America. [They are] of stature much higher than we; of complexion or color much like a dark olive; their eyebrows and hair black, which they wear long, tied up behind in knots, whereon they prick feathers of fowls, in fashion of a coronet. Some of them are black, thin-bearded. They make beards of the hair of beasts; and one of them offered a beard of their making to one of our sailors, for his that grew on his face, which, because it was of a red color, they judged to be none of his own. They are quick-eyed, and steadfast in their looks, fearless of others' harms, as intending none themselves; some of the meaner sort given to filching, which the very name of savages, not weighing their ignorance in good or evil, may easily excuse. Their garments are of deer-skins; and some of them wear furs round and close about their necks. They pronounce our language with great facility; for one of them one day sitting by me, upon occasion I spake smiling to him these words, "How now, sirrah, are you so saucy with my tobacco?" which words, without any further repetition, he suddenly spake so plain

and distinctly, as if he had been a long scholar in the language. Many other such trials we had, which are here needless to repeat.

But after our bark had taken in so much sassafras, cedar, furs, skins, and other commodities, as were thought convenient, some of our company that had promised Captain Gosnold to stay, having nothing but a saving voyage in their minds, made our company of inhabitants, which was small enough before, much smaller; so as Captain Gosnold seeing his whole strength to consist but of twelve men, and they but meanly provided, determined to return for England, leaving this island, which he called Elizabeth's Island,[1] with as many true sorrowful eyes as were before desirous to see it. So the 18th of June, being Friday, we weighed, and with indifferent fair wind and weather came to anchor the 23d of July, being also Friday, in all bare five weeks, before Exmouth.

[1] Now Cuttyhunk.



The Departure of the Pilgrims
from Holland

THE DEPARTURE OF THE PILGRIMS FROM HOLLAND

FROM AN OLD DUTCH PAINTING

THE following account of this departure was written by William Bradford, second governor of Plymouth: —

"And y^{e} time being come that they must departe, they were accompanied with most of their brethren out of y^{e} citie, unto a towne sundrie miles of called Delfes-Haven, wher the ship lay ready to receive them. So they lefte y^{e} goodly & pleasante citie, which had been ther resting place near 12. years; but they knew they were pilgrimes, & looked not much on those things, but lift up their eyes to y^{e} heavens, their dearest cuntrie, and quieted their spirits. When they came to y^{e} place they found y^{e} ship and all things ready; and shuch of their freinds as could not come with them followed after them, and sundrie also came from Amsterdame to see them shipte and to take their leave of them. That night was spent with little sleepe by y^{e} most, but with freindly entertainmente & christian discourse and other reall expressions of true christian love. The next day, the wind being faire, they wente aborde, and their freinds with them, where truly dolefull was y^{e} sight of that sade and mournfull parting; to see what sighs and sobbs and praires did sound amongst them, what tears did gush from every eye, & pithy speeches peirst each harte; that sundry of y^{e} Dutch strangers y^{t} stood on y^{e} key as spectators, could not refraine from tears. Yet comfortable & sweete it was to see shuch lively and true expressions of dear & unfained love. But y^{e} tide (which stays for no man) caling them away y^{t} were loath to departe, their Rev$\bar{e}^{d}$: pastor falling downe on his knees, (and they all with him,) with watrie cheeks com̄-ended them with most fervente praiers to the Lord and his blessing. And then with mutuall imbrases and many tears, they tooke their leaves one of an other; which proved to be y^{e} last leave to many of them."

THE COMING OF THE PILGRIMS

BY WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS

It was resolved that the youngest and the strongest of the Leyden congregation should first go to New Netherland and start a colony. If Providence seemed to approve of their undertaking, then the others, including the middle-aged and the old, would come out also, if they could, — that is, if they were not hindered by their intolerant king and the bigoted people in the London Company, who hated "Brownists." How wonderful and exciting must have been the dreams of the Pilgrim lads and lassies from the day of decision!

It was on July 22, 1620, that the pioneer party left Delfshaven on the Maas River, fourteen miles south of Leyden, in the little ship Speedwell, reaching Southampton a few days later. There they met the larger vessel, the Mayflower, from London. For the first time many of the young folks looked upon old England.

The Leyden church had sent one or two agents over to England to secure a ship and provisions and make agreement about work for the company, shares, payment, etc. Now they found that matters for the colony had been arranged in a very distasteful way, and besides they had to sell off most of their butter and all their beer in order to pay their debts and clear the harbor. Even then they were poorly equipped. However, the two ships started. The Speedwell soon began

to leak, and they had to put in at Dartmouth, and again at Plymouth, losing both time and money. After getting well into the Atlantic, the rascally captain of the Speedwell, who did not want to cross the ocean, declared she was unseaworthy. So, turning back to Plymouth, the weakest of the company were put on the Speedwell and sent back to London, while the strongest and bravest, numbering one hundred and two persons, started on the large ship for a voyage in the stormiest time of the year.

When in mid-ocean the frame of the Mayflower was so strained by the chopping waves and the terrible winds, that one of the great supporting beams of the ship was drawn out of place. Then it seemed as though the vessel would go to pieces. Fortunately, one of the passengers had a piece of Dutch hardware on board, which had been invented some years before. This was called a *dommekratcht*, or, as we say, a "jack screw." By this, the stout beam was forced into place, and being held by an iron band and supported by a post, the ship was made safe again. Then they calked the seams and tried to keep dry and comfortable; but shut up in the foul air by the horrible weather, and then afterwards much exposed to the raw winds and cold, it is not surprising that the seeds of quick consumption were planted in their constitutions.

Expecting first to see Sandy Hook and to disembark near the Hudson River, the Pilgrims made landfall at Cape Cod. Instead of a lovely land robed in the verdure and flowers of late summer or early autumn, they beheld leafless trees through which the chill winds of November roared and whistled, with pines and cedars.

Yet Pilot Coppin, who had been once across the Atlantic, had not made a mistake in his original reckon-ing, but something had carried the Mayflower too far north, just as it had done Verrazzano many years before. What was the mystery? Coppin, and many who like him mistook their course, could not then tell. Foolish people long afterward, with that shameful prejudice against the Dutch which so many Americans have in-herited from Englishmen and their wars, like to think that the pilot of the Mayflower was "bribed by the Dutch."

The truth is, that men did not know anything then about the Gulf Stream, which probably never was understood until after the time of Benjamin Franklin, who was the first to study it philosophically. This great blue stream of warm water flowing northward had disturbed Verrazzano's, as it did Coppin's, calculations. The captain of the Mayflower tried to sail southward around Cape Cod, but could not get the Mayflower through the rough waters, shoals, and quicksands. Thankful to escape shipwreck, the Pilgrims gladly turned back and the Mayflower found anchorage off the point where Provincetown now lies. Here, in the summer of 1897, was unveiled a monument in honor of this historic ship and her heroic passengers.

It was a mixed company on board the Mayflower. In the first place, there were rough sailors; some of them were very profane and heartless. The captain and mates did not care to remain one day longer than necessary on this side of the Atlantic, and they gave their passengers hints that they must soon get ashore. Then, the colonists had expected to settle in New Netherland or

within the limits claimed by the London Virginia Company, but had been compelled by the Gulf Stream, or by Providence, to settle in these northern regions of the Plymouth Company, for which they had no patent. They were, therefore, without any authority or means of government. Some of the uncertain characters on board, who were rather free with their tongues, were already giving out that when on land they were going to do pretty much as they pleased. Perhaps the every-day morality of the Pilgrim Company was a little too severe for them.

It was necessary to agree upon some form of government. So in the cabin of the little ship the leaders met together and in the name of God and as loyal subjects of the superstitious monarch that hated them, and whom they called the "King of France," as well as of Great Britain and Ireland, and even nominated "the defender of the faith," they covenanted and combined themselves together into a civil body politic. They promised all due submission and obedience to such laws and offices as should be enacted. To this document, probably laid upon the lid of a chest, forty-one names out of the sixty-five adult passengers then on the ship were signed. Governor Carver was made head of the colony. This compact, since copied in bronze and cut in stone and made the theme of poetry and oratory, was the natural result of the provisions already made by the company in London.

Several weeks were spent in exploring the country by sending out parties on land and over the waters in the shallop. Among the adventures were the finding of corn, the remains of an old fort, the graves of two Europeans,

and many evidences of the Indians, such as deer traps, deserted wigwams, trails, and old maize fields. They had one skirmish with the Indians, in which no one was hurt. One party spent a Sunday on Clark's Island.

One of the first things done was by the women, who went ashore to wash clothes. Men and boys helped them to build fires, with sweet-smelling juniper or cedar wood, and to bring fresh water from a spring on the beach. Thus was begun the great American Monday wash-day.

It was not until the 21st of December, in the stormy weather, that they landed and began their settlement at what Captain John Smith had already named Plymouth. Here were a brook of fresh water, cultivated land, and a fairly good site for a town, with a hill near by, for a fort, just as at Leyden. On the shore lay a boulder, one of the very few large stones anywhere in the neighborhood, which had taken a ride on some prehistoric glacier or iceberg and had thus been carried down from regions farther north in Canada. This they made their first wharf or landing-place, the tradition being that Mary Allerton was the first woman who stepped upon it.

The men went daily to and from the ship, in the wet and stormy weather, occasionally remaining several days and nights on land, but every day working hard, putting up log houses and covering them with thatch. As in all new colonies, there were great dangers from fire, for evidently these people were not accustomed to build houses and to make good chimneys; but though the roofs were several times burnt off, the log walls remained unhurt. The settlement at Plymouth was a good deal like that in Leyden, with houses in rows, with one wide

street between, and the hill fort, in which they mounted their four little cannon. Their food was rather poor, but they managed to vary it with a few wild ducks and geese. The provisions and stores were landed and put under shelter, late in January, by which time they had roofed the Common House, which was at once filled with the sick and dying. It was not until late in February that their fort was in sufficiently good order to be considered capable of withstanding an attack. No human being of the country visited them until the middle of March.

By this time contagious consumption had broken out, which quickly carried off whole families and diminished their number nearly one half; so that only a few able-bodied men were left. Nevertheless, when the Mayflower went away, not one of the colonists returned in her. Even the ship became a pest-house; for many of the sailors that were living in the germ-infested quarters of the late passengers sickened and died. With such brutal and profane sailors in a floating coffin, it is no wonder that the Pilgrims, even if any of them had a longing to run the risk of imprisonment and death at the hands of their country's rulers, preferred to trust in God and stay on the bleak shores of Massachusetts.

THE CHALLENGE OF THE RATTLESNAKE SKIN

[1621]

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

MEANWHILE the choleric captain[1] strode wrathful away
to the council,
Found it already assembled, impatiently waiting his
coming;
Men in the middle of life, austere and grave in deport-
ment,
Only one of them old, the hill that was nearest to heaven,
Covered with snow, but erect, the excellent Elder of
Plymouth.
God had sifted three kingdoms to find the wheat for this
planting,
Then had sifted the wheat, as the living seed of a nation;
So say the chronicles old, and such is the faith of the
people!
Near them was standing an Indian, in attitude stern
and defiant;
Naked down to the waist, and grim and ferocious in
aspect;
While on the table before them was lying unopened a
Bible,
Ponderous, bound in leather, brass-studded, printed in
Holland,

[1] Miles Standish.

And beside it outstretched the skin of a rattlesnake glittered,
Filled, like a quiver, with arrows; a signal and challenge of warfare,
Brought by the Indian, and speaking with arrowy tongues of defiance.

This Miles Standish beheld, as he entered, and heard them debating
What were an answer befitting the hostile message and menace,
Talking of this and of that, contriving, suggesting, objecting;
One voice only for peace, and that the voice of the Elder,
Judging it wise and well that some at least were converted,
Rather than any were slain, for this was but Christian behavior!
Then out spake Miles Standish, the stalwart Captain of Plymouth,
Muttering deep in his throat, for his voice was husky with anger,
"What! do you mean to make war with milk and the water of roses?
Is it to shoot red squirrels you have your howitzer planted
There on the roof of the church, or is it to shoot red devils?
Truly the only tongue that is understood by a savage
Must be the tongue of fire that speaks from the mouth of the cannon!"

Thereupon answered and said the excellent Elder of Plymouth,
Somewhat amazed and alarmed at this irreverent language:
"Not so thought St. Paul, nor yet the other Apostles;
Not from the cannon's mouth were the tongues of fire they spake with!"
But unheeded fell this mild rebuke on the captain,
Who had advanced to the table, and thus continued discoursing:
"Leave this matter to me, for to me by right it pertaineth.
War is a terrible trade; but in the cause that is righteous,
Sweet is the smell of powder; and thus I answer the challenge!"

Then from the rattlesnake's skin, with a sudden, contemptuous gesture,
Jerking the Indian arrows, he filled it with powder and bullets
Full to the very jaws, and handed it back to the savage,
Saying, in thundering tones: "Here, take it! this is your answer!"
Silently out of the room then glided the glistening savage,
Bearing the serpent's skin, and seeming himself like a serpent,
Winding his sinuous way in the dark to the depths of the forest.

[Captain Standish, with his little army of eight men, led by "Hobomok, friend of the white man," marched to the northward to subdue the outbreak of the Indians.]

After a three days' march he came to an Indian encampment
Pitched on the edge of a meadow, between the sea and the forest;
Women at work by the tents, and warriors, horrid with war-paint,
Seated about a fire, and smoking and talking together;
Who, when they saw from afar the sudden approach of the white men,
Saw the flash of the sun on breastplate and saber and musket,
Straightway leaped to their feet, and two, from among them advancing,
Came to parley with Standish, and offer him furs as a present;
Friendship was in their looks, but in their hearts there was hatred.
Braves of the tribe were these, and brothers, gigantic in stature,
Huge as Goliath of Gath, or the terrible Og, king of Bashan;
One was Pecksuot named, and the other was called Wattawamat.
Round their necks were suspended their knives in scabbards of wampum,
Two-edged, trenchant knives, with points as sharp as a needle.
Other arms had they none, for they were cunning and crafty.
"Welcome, English!" they said, — these words they had learned from the traders

Touching at times on the coast, to barter and chaffer for peltries.
Then in their native tongue they began to parley with Standish,
Through his guide and interpreter, Hobomok, friend of the white man,
Begging for blankets and knives, but mostly for muskets and powder,
Kept by the white man, they said, concealed, with the plague, in his cellars,
Ready to be let loose, and destroy his brother the red man!
But when Standish refused, and said he would give them the Bible,
Suddenly changing their tone, they began to boast and to bluster.
Then Wattawamat advanced with a stride in front of the other,
And, with a lofty demeanor, thus vauntingly spake to the captain:
"Now Wattawamat can see, by the fiery eyes of the captain,
Angry is he in his heart; but the heart of the brave Wattawamat
Is not afraid at the sight. He was not born of a woman,
But on a mountain at night, from an oak tree riven by lightning,
Forth he sprang at a bound, with all his weapons about him,
Shouting, 'Who is there here to fight with the brave Wattawamat?'"
Then he unsheathed his knife, and, whetting the blade on his left hand,

Held it aloft and displayed a woman's face on the handle;
Saying, with bitter expression and look of sinister meaning:
"I have another at home, with the face of a man on the handle;
By and by they shall marry, and there will be plenty of children!"

Then stood Pecksuot forth, self-vaunting, insulting Miles Standish:
While with his fingers he patted the knife that hung at his bosom,
Drawing it half from its sheath, and plunging it back, as he muttered,
"By and by it shall see; it shall eat; ah, ha! but shall speak not!
This is the mighty captain the white men have sent to destroy us!
He is a little man; let him go and work with the women!"

Meanwhile Standish had noted the faces and figures of Indians
Peeping and creeping about from bush to tree in the forest,
Feigning to look for game, with arrows set on their bow-strings,
Drawing about him still closer and closer the net of their ambush.
But undaunted he stood, and dissembled and treated them smoothly;
So the old chronicles say, that were writ in the days of the fathers.

But when he heard their defiance, the boast, the taunt, and the insult,
All the hot blood of his race, of Sir Hugh and of Thurston de Standish,
Boiled and beat in his heart, and swelled in the veins of his temples.
Headlong he leaped on the boaster, and, snatching his knife from its scabbard,
Plunged it into his heart, and, reeling backward, the savage
Fell with his face to the sky, and a fiend-like fierceness upon it.
Straightway there arose from the forest the awful sound of the war-whoop,
And, like a flurry of snow on the whistling wind of December,
Swift and sudden and keen came a flight of feathery arrows.
Then came a cloud of smoke, and out of the cloud came the lightning,
Out of the lightning thunder; and death unseen ran before it.
Frightened the savages fled for shelter in swamp and in thicket,
Hotly pursued and beset; but their sachem, the brave Wattawamat,
Fled not; he was dead. Unswerving and swift had a bullet
Passed through his brain, and he fell with both hands clutching the greensward,
Seeming in death to hold back from his foe the land of his fathers.

There on the flowers of the meadow the warriors lay, and above them,
Silent, with folded arms, stood Hobomok, friend of the white man.
Smiling at length he exclaimed to the stalwart captain of Plymouth:
"Pecksuot bragged very loud, of his courage, his strength, and his stature, —
Mocked the great captain, and called him a little man; but I see now
Big enough have you been to lay him speechless before you!"

Thus the first battle was fought and won by the stalwart Miles Standish.
When the tidings thereof were brought to the village of Plymouth,
And as a trophy of war the head of the brave Wattawamat
Scowled from the roof of the fort, which at once was a church and a fortress,
All who beheld it rejoiced, and praised the Lord, and took courage.



The Graves of the Pilgrims

THE GRAVES OF THE PILGRIMS

BY HENRY BACON

(*American artist*, 1840)

In spite of their noble courage, there must have been hours during the first winter in Plymouth when even the bravest among the Pilgrims felt disheartened. The rough houses which they hastily raised could not protect them from the blasts of a New England winter; they had not proper food or, indeed, any of the comforts of life. Sickness came upon them, and at one time there were only seven well persons in the little colony. Before the end of March, nearly half of the colonists had died. These were buried near the first landing-place; and lest the Indians should count their graves and so discover how few were yet living, grain was sown above them. Longfellow makes Miles Standish say of his wife Rose, who died during that terrible winter: —

"Yonder there, on the hill by the sea, lies buried Rose Standish;
Beautiful rose of love, that bloomed for me by the wayside!
She was the first to die of all who came in the Mayflower!
Green above her is growing the field of wheat we have sown there,
Better to hide from the Indian scouts the graves of our people,
Lest they should count them and see how many already have perished!"

ENDICOTT AND THE RED CROSS

[1634]

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

At noon of an autumnal day, more than two centuries ago, the English colors were displayed by the standard-bearer of the Salem trainband, which had mustered for martial exercise under the orders of John Endicott. It was a period when the religious exiles were accustomed often to buckle on their armor, and practice the handling of their weapons of war. Since the first settlement of New England, its prospects had never been so dismal. The dissensions between Charles the First and his subjects were then, and for several years afterwards, confined to the floor of Parliament. The measures of the king and ministry were rendered more tyrannically violent by an opposition, which had not yet acquired sufficient confidence in its own strength to resist royal injustice with the sword. The bigoted and haughty primate, Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury, controlled the religious affairs of the realm, and was consequently invested with powers which might have wrought the utter ruin of the two Puritan colonies, Plymouth and Massachusetts. There is evidence on record that our forefathers perceived their danger, but were resolved that their infant country should not fall without a struggle, even beneath the giant strength of the king's right arm.

Such was the aspect of the times when the folds of

the English banner, with the Red Cross in its field, were flung out over a company of Puritans. Their leader, the famous Endicott, was a man of stern and resolute countenance, the effect of which was heightened by a grizzled beard that swept the upper portion of his breastplate. This piece of armor was so highly polished that the whole surrounding country had its image in the glittering steel. The central object in the mirrored picture was an edifice of humble architecture with neither steeple nor bell to proclaim it — what nevertheless it was — the house of prayer. A token of the perils of the wilderness was seen in the grim head of a wolf, which had just been slain within the precincts of the town, and according to the regular mode of claiming the bounty, was nailed on the porch of the meeting-house. The blood was still plashing on the doorstep. There happened to be visible, at the same noontide hour, so many other characteristics of the times and manners of the Puritans, that we must endeavor to represent them in a sketch, though far less vividly than they were reflected in the polished breastplate of John Endicott.

In close vicinity to the sacred edifice appeared that important engine of Puritanic authority, the whipping-post — with the soil around it well trodden by the feet of evil-doers, who had there been disciplined. At one corner of the meeting-house was the pillory, and at the other the stocks; and, by a singular good fortune for our sketch, the head of an Episcopalian and suspected Catholic was grotesquely encased in the former machine; while a fellow criminal, who had boisterously quaffed a health to the King, was confined by the legs in the latter. Side by side, on the meeting-house steps, stood

a male and a female figure. The man was a tall, lean, haggard personification of fanaticism, bearing on his breast this label, — A WANTON GOSPELLER, — which betokened that he had dared to give interpretations of Holy Writ unsanctioned by the infallible judgment of the civil and religious rulers. His aspect showed no lack of zeal to maintain his heterodoxies, even at the stake. The woman wore a cleft stick on her tongue, in appropriate retribution for having wagged that unruly member against the elders of the church; and her countenance and gestures gave much cause to apprehend that, the moment the stick should be removed, a repetition of the offense would demand new ingenuity in chastising it.

The above-mentioned individuals had been sentenced to undergo their various modes of ignominy, for the space of one hour at noonday. But among the crowd were several whose punishment would be life long; some, whose ears had been cropped, like those of puppy dogs; others, whose cheeks had been branded with the initials of their misdemeanors; one, with his nostrils slit and seared; and another, with a halter about his neck, which he was forbidden ever to take off, or to conceal beneath his garments. Methinks he must have been grievously tempted to affix the other end of the rope to some convenient beam or bough.

Let not the reader argue, from any of these evidences of iniquity, that the times of the Puritans were more vicious than our own, when, as we pass along the very street of this sketch, we discern no badge of infamy on man or woman. It was the policy of our ancestors to search out even the most secret sins, and expose them

to shame, without fear or favor, in the broadest light of the noonday sun. Were such the custom now, perchance we might find materials for a no less piquant sketch than the above.

Except the malefactors whom we have described, and the diseased or infirm persons, the whole male population of the town, between sixteen years and sixty, were seen in the ranks of the trainband. A few stately savages, in all the pomp and dignity of the primeval Indian, stood gazing at the spectacle. Their flint-headed arrows were but childish weapons compared with the matchlocks of the Puritans, and would have rattled harmlessly against the steel caps and hammered iron breastplates which inclosed each soldier in an individual fortress. The valiant John Endicott glanced with an eye of pride at his sturdy followers, and prepared to renew the martial toils of the day.

"Come, my stout hearts!" quoth he, drawing his sword. "Let us show these poor heathen that we can handle our weapons like men of might. Well for them, if they put us not to prove it in earnest!"

The iron-breasted company straightened their line, and each man drew the heavy butt of his matchlock close to his left foot, thus awaiting the orders of the captain. But, as Endicott glanced right and left along the front, he discovered a personage at some little distance with whom it behooved him to hold a parley. It was an elderly gentleman, wearing a black cloak and band, and a high-crowned hat, beneath which was a velvet skull-cap, the whole being the garb of a Puritan minister. This reverend person bore a staff which seemed to have been recently cut in the forest, and his

shoes were bemired as if he had been traveling on foot through the swamps of the wilderness. His aspect was perfectly that of a pilgrim, heightened also by an apostolic dignity. Just as Endicott perceived him, he laid aside his staff, and stooped to drink at a bubbling fountain which gushed into the sunshine about a score of yards from the corner of the meeting-house. But, ere the good man drank, he turned his face heavenward in thankfulness, and then, holding back his gray beard with one hand, he scooped up his simple draught in the hollow of the other.

"What, ho! good Mr. Williams," shouted Endicott. "You are welcome back again to our town of peace. How does our worthy Governor Winthrop? And what news from Boston?"

"The Governor hath his health, worshipful sir," answered Roger Williams, now resuming his staff, and drawing near. "And for the news, here is a letter, which, knowing I was to travel hitherward to-day, His Excellency committed to my charge. Belike it contains tidings of much import; for a ship arrived yesterday from England."

Mr. Williams, the minister of Salem, and of course known to all the spectators, had now reached the spot where Endicott was standing under the banner of his company, and put the governor's epistle into his hand. The broad seal was impressed with Winthrop's coat of arms. Endicott hastily unclosed the letter and began to read, while, as his eye passed down the page, a wrathful change came over his manly countenance. The blood glowed through it till it seemed to be kindling with an internal heat; nor was it unnatural to suppose

that his breastplate would likewise become red-hot with the angry fire of the bosom which it covered. Arriving at the conclusion, he shook the letter fiercely in his hand, so that it rustled as loud as the flag above his head.

"Black tidings these, Mr. Williams," said he; "blacker never came to New England. Doubtless you know their purport?"

"Yes, truly," replied Roger Williams; "for the governor consulted, respecting this matter, with my brethren in the ministry at Boston; and my opinion was likewise asked. And His Excellency entreats you, by me, that the news be not suddenly noised abroad, lest the people be stirred up unto some outbreak, and thereby give the king and the archbishop a handle against us."

"The governor is a wise man — a wise man, and a meek and moderate," said Endicott, setting his teeth grimly. "Nevertheless, I must do according to my own best judgment. There is neither man, woman, nor child in New England, but has a concern as dear as life in these tidings; and if John Endicott's voice be loud enough, man, woman, and child shall hear them. Soldiers, wheel into a hollow square! Ho, good people! Here are news for one and all of you."

The soldiers closed in around their captain; and he and Roger Williams stood together under the banner of the Red Cross; while the women and the aged men pressed forward, and the mothers held up their children to look Endicott in the face. A few taps of the drum gave signal for silence and attention.

"Fellow soldiers, — fellow exiles," began Endicott, speaking under strong excitement, yet powerfully

restraining it, "wherefore did ye leave your native country? Wherefore, I say, have we left the green and fertile fields, the cottages, or, perchance, the old gray halls, where we were born and bred, the churchyards where our forefathers lie buried? Wherefore have we come hither to set up our own tombstones in a wilderness? A howling wilderness it is! The wolf and the bear meet us within halloo of our dwellings. The savage lieth in wait for us in the dismal shadow of the woods. The stubborn roots of the trees break our ploughshares, when we would till the earth. Our children cry for bread and we must dig in the sands of the seashore to satisfy them. Wherefore, I say again, have we sought this country of a rugged soil and wintry sky? Was it not for the enjoyment of our civil rights? Was it not for liberty to worship God according to our conscience?"

"Call you this liberty of conscience?" interrupted a voice on the steps of the meeting-house.

It was the Wanton Gospeller. A sad and quiet smile flitted across the mild visage of Roger Williams. But Endicott, in the excitement of the moment, shook his sword wrathfully at the culprit — an ominous gesture from a man like him.

"What hast thou to do with conscience, thou knave?" cried he. "I said liberty to worship God, not license to profane and ridicule Him. Break not in upon my speech, or I will lay thee neck and heels till this time to-morrow! Hearken to me, friends, nor heed that accursed rhapsodist. As I was saying, we have sacrificed all things, and have come to a land whereof the Old World hath scarcely heard, that we might make a new world unto ourselves, and painfully seek a path from hence to

heaven. But what think ye now? This son of a Scotch tyrant — this grandson of a Papistical and adulterous Scotch woman, whose death proved that a golden crown doth not always save an anointed head from the block —"

"Nay, brother, nay," interposed Mr. Williams; "thy words are not meet for a secret chamber, far less for a public street."

"Hold thy peace, Roger Williams!" answered Endicott imperiously. "My spirit is wiser than thine for the business now in hand. I tell ye, fellow exiles, that Charles of England, and Laud, our bitterest persecutor, arch-priest of Canterbury, are resolute to pursue us even hither. They are taking counsel, saith this letter, to send over a governor-general, in whose breast shall be deposited all the law and equity of the land. They are minded, also, to establish the idolatrous forms of English Episcopacy; so that, when Laud shall kiss the Pope's toe, as cardinal of Rome, he may deliver New England, bound hand and foot, into the power of his master!"

A deep groan from the auditors — a sound of wrath, as well as fear and sorrow — responded to this intelligence.

"Look ye to it, brethren," resumed Endicott with increasing energy, "if this king and this arch-prelate have their will, we shall briefly behold a cross on the spire of this tabernacle which we have builded, and a high altar within its walls, with wax tapers burning round it at noonday. We shall hear the sacring bell, and the voices of the Romish priests saying the mass. But think ye, Christian men, that these abominations

may be suffered without a sword drawn? without a shot fired? without blood spilt, yes, on the very stairs of the pulpit? No, — be ye strong of hand and stout of heart! Here we stand on our own soil, which we have bought with our goods, which we have won with our swords, which we have cleared with our axes, which we have tilled with the sweat of our brows, which we have sanctified with our prayers to the God that brought us hither! Who shall enslave us here? What have we to do with this mitred prelate, — with this crowned king? What have we to do with England?"

Endicott gazed round at the excited countenances of the people, now full of his own spirit, and then turned suddenly to the standard-bearer, who stood close behind him.

"Officer, lower your banner!" said he.

The officer obeyed; and, brandishing his sword, Endicott thrust it through the cloth, and, with his left hand, rent the Red Cross completely out of the banner. He then waved the tattered ensign above his head.

"Sacrilegious wretch!" cried the high churchman in the pillory, unable longer to restrain himself, "thou hast rejected the symbol of our holy religion!"

"Treason, treason!" roared the royalist in the stocks. "He hath defaced the King's banner!"

"Before God and man, I will avouch the deed," answered Endicott. "Beat a flourish, drummer! — shout, soldiers and people! — in honor of the ensign of New England. Neither pope nor tyrant hath part in it now!"

With a cry of triumph, the people gave their sanction to one of the boldest exploits which our history records

And forever honored be the name of Endicott! We look back through the mist of ages, and recognize in the rending of the Red Cross from New England's banner the first omen of that deliverance which our fathers consummated after the bones of the stern Puritan had lain more than a century in the dust.

HOW PROVIDENCE WON ITS NAME

[1636]

BY GEORGE BANCROFT

["AMONG the settlers who came to Massachusetts, there were some who did not like the way in which things were managed there. Of these dissenters the most famous was Roger Williams, who became pastor of a church at Salem, in 1633. He was one of the noblest men of his time. Some of his opinions were such as very few people then held. He advocated the entire separation of Church from State, declared that no man should be obliged to pay taxes to support a minister, that magistrates had no right to punish Sabbath-breaking or blasphemy, and that a man is responsible for his opinions only to God and his own conscience. He also declared that the King of England could not rightfully give land in America to English settlers, because this land belonged not to the King of England, but to the Indians. The magistrates and clergy of Massachusetts could not endure such opinions, and Williams was ordered to return to England."

John Fiske.]

WINTER was at hand; Williams succeeded in obtaining permission to remain till spring; intending then to begin a plantation in Narragansett Bay. But the affections of the people of Salem revived, and could not be restrained; they thronged to his house to hear him whom they were so soon to lose forever; it began to be rumored that he could not safely be allowed to found a new state in the vicinity; "many of the people were much taken with the apprehension of his godliness"; his opinions were

contagious; the infection spread widely. It was therefore resolved to remove him to England in a ship that was just ready to set sail. A warrant was accordingly sent to him to come to Boston and embark. For the first time he declined the summons of the court. A pinnace was sent for him; the officers repaired to his house; he was no longer there. Three days before, he had left Salem, in winter snow and inclement weather, of which he remembered the severity even in his late old age. "For fourteen weeks, he was sorely tost in a bitter season, not knowing what bread or bed did mean. Often in the stormy night he had neither fire, nor food, nor company; often he wandered without a guide, and had no house but a hollow tree." But he was not without friends. The same scrupulous respect for the rights of others, which had led him to defend the freedom of conscience, had made him also the champion of the Indians. He had already been zealous to acquire their language, and knew it so well that he could debate with them in their own dialect. During his residence at Plymouth, he had often been the guest of the neighboring sachems; and now, when he came in winter to the cabin of the chief of Pokanoket, he was welcomed by Massasoit; and "the barbarous heart of Canonicus, the chief of the Narragansetts, loved him as his son to the last gasp." "The ravens," he relates with gratitude, "fed me in the wilderness." And in requital for their hospitality, he was ever through his long life their friend and benefactor; the apostle of Christianity to them without hire, without weariness, and without impatience at their idolatry; the guardian of their rights; the pacificator, when their rude passions were inflamed; and their unflinching advo-

cate and protector, whenever Europeans attempted an invasion of their soil.

He first pitched and began to build and plant at Seekonk. But Seekonk was found to be within the patent of Plymouth; on the other side of the water, the country opened in its unappropriated beauty; and there he might hope to establish a community as free as the other colonies. "That ever-honored Governor Winthrop," says Williams, "privately wrote to me to steer my course to the Narragansett Bay, encouraging me from the freeness of the place from English claims or patents. I took his prudent motion as a voice from God."

It was in June that the lawgiver of Rhode Island, with five companions, embarked on the stream; a frail Indian canoe contained the founder of an independent state and its earliest citizens. Tradition has marked the spring near which they landed; it is the parent spot, the first inhabited nook of Rhode Island. To express his unbroken confidence in the mercies of God, Williams called the place PROVIDENCE. "I desired," said he, "it might be for a shelter for persons distressed for conscience."

In his new abode, Williams could have less leisure for contemplation and study. "My time," he observes of himself, — and it is a sufficient apology for the roughness of his style, as a writer on morals, — "was not spent altogether in spiritual labors; but, day and night, at home and abroad, on the land and water, at the hoe, at the oar, for bread." In the course of two years, he was joined by others, who fled to his asylum. The land which was now occupied by Williams was within the

territory of the Narragansett Indians; it was not long before an Indian deed from Canonicus and Miantonomoh made him the undisputed possessor of an extensive domain. Nothing displays more clearly the character of Roger Williams than the use which he made of his acquisition of territory. The soil he could claim as his "own, as truly as any man's coat upon his back"; and he "reserved to himself not one foot of land, not one tittle of political power, more than he granted to servants and strangers." "He gave away his lands and other estate to them that he thought were most in want, until he gave away all." He chose to found a commonwealth in the unmixed forms of a pure democracy; where the will of the majority should govern the state; yet "only in civil things"; God alone was respected as the Ruler of conscience. To their more aristocratic neighbors, it seemed as if these fugitives "would have no magistrates"; for everything was as yet decided in convention of the people. This first system has had its influence on the whole political history of Rhode Island; in no state in the world, not even in the agricultural state of Vermont, has the magistracy so little power, or the representatives of the freemen so much.

THE INDIAN BIBLE

[1661–1663]

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

WHAT a task would you think it, even with a long lifetime before you, were you bidden to copy every chapter, and verse, and word in yonder family Bible! Would not this be a heavy toil? But if the task were, not to write off the English Bible, but to learn a language utterly unlike all other tongues, — a language which hitherto had never been learned, except by the Indians themselves, from their mothers' lips, — a language never written, and the strange words of which seemed inexpressible by letters, — if the task were, first to learn this new variety of speech, and then to translate the Bible into it, and to do it so carefully that not one idea throughout the holy book should be changed, — what would induce you to undertake this toil? Yet this was what the apostle Eliot did.

It was a mighty work for a man, now growing old, to take upon himself. And what earthly reward could he expect from it? None; no reward on earth. But he believed that the red men were the descendants of those lost tribes of Israel of whom history has been able to tell us nothing for thousands of years. He hoped that God had sent the English across the ocean, Gentiles as they were, to enlighten this benighted portion of his once chosen race. And when he should be summoned hence,

he trusted to meet blessed spirits in another world, whose bliss would have been earned by his patient toil in translating the word of God. This hope and trust were far dearer to him than anything that earth could offer.

Sometimes, while thus at work, he was visited by learned men, who desired to know what literary undertaking Mr. Eliot had in hand. They, like himself, had been bred in the studious cloisters of a university, and were supposed to possess all the erudition which mankind has hoarded up from age to age. Greek and Latin were as familiar to them as the babble of their childhood. Hebrew was like their mother tongue. They had grown gray in study; their eyes were bleared with poring over print and manuscript by the light of the midnight lamp.

And yet, how much had they left unlearned! Mr. Eliot would put into their hands some of the pages which he had been writing; and behold! the gray-headed men stammered over the long, strange words, like a little child in his first attempts to read. Then would the apostle call to him an Indian boy, one of his scholars, and show him the manuscript which had so puzzled the learned Englishmen.

"Read this, my child," would he say; "these are some brethren of mine, who would fain hear the sound of thy native tongue."

Then would the Indian boy cast his eyes over the mysterious page, and read it so skillfully that it sounded like wild music. It seemed as if the forest leaves were singing in the ears of his auditors, and as if the roar of distant streams were poured through the young Indian's voice. Such were the sounds amid which the language

of the red man had been formed; and they were still heard to echo in it.

The lesson being over, Mr. Eliot would give the Indian boy an apple or a cake, and bid him leap forth into the open air which his free nature loved. The apostle was kind to children, and even shared in their sports sometimes. And when his visitors had bidden him farewell, the good man turned patiently to his toil again.

No other Englishman had ever understood the Indian character so well, nor possessed so great an influence over the New England tribes, as the apostle did. His advice and assistance must often have been valuable to his countrymen in their transactions with the Indians. Occasionally, perhaps, the governor and some of the councilors came to visit Mr. Eliot. Perchance they were seeking some method to circumvent the forest people. They inquired, it may be, how they could obtain possession of such and such a tract of their rich land. Or they talked of making the Indians their servants; as if God had destined them for perpetual bondage to the more powerful white man.

Perhaps, too, some warlike captain, dressed in his buff coat, with a corselet beneath it, accompanied the governor and councilors. Laying his hand upon his sword hilt, he would declare that the only method of dealing with the red men was to meet them with the sword drawn and the musket presented.

But the apostle resisted both the craft of the politician and the fierceness of the warrior.

"Treat these sons of the forest as men and brethren," he would say; "and let us endeavor to make them Chris-

tians. Their forefathers were of that chosen race whom God delivered from Egyptian bondage. Perchance he has destined us to deliver the children from the more cruel bondage of ignorance and idolatry. Chiefly for this end, it may be, we were directed across the ocean."

When these other visitors were gone, Mr. Eliot bent himself again over the half-written page. He dared hardly relax a moment from his toil. He felt that, in the book which he was translating, there was a deep human as well as heavenly wisdom, which would of itself suffice to civilize and refine the savage tribes. Let the Bible be diffused among them, and all earthly good would follow. But how slight a consideration was this, when he reflected that the eternal welfare of a whole race of men depended upon his accomplishment of the task which he had set himself! What if his hands should be palsied? What if his mind should lose its vigor? What if death should come upon him ere the work were done? Then must the red men wander in the dark wilderness of heathenism forever.

Impelled by such thoughts as these, he sat writing in the great chair when the pleasant summer breeze came in through his open casement; and also when the fire of forest logs sent up its blaze and smoke, through the broad stone chimney, into the wintry air. Before the earliest bird sang in the morning the apostle's lamp was kindled; and, at midnight, his weary head was not yet upon its pillow. And at length, leaning back in the great chair, he could say to himself, with a holy triumph, "The work is finished!"

QUESTIONS THAT THE INDIANS ASKED JOHN ELIOT

CAN God understand prayers in the Indian language?

If a father is bad and his son good, will God be offended with the child?

How came the world to be so full of people if they were all once drowned in the flood?

How comes it to pass that the sea water is salt and the land water fresh?

If an Indian should steal goods, and not be punished by the sachem or by any law, and then should restore the goods, would all be well and right, or would God still punish him for his theft?

Are we bound to pay the debts that we formerly incurred by gambling, when they are demanded by such as are not "praying Indians"?

Was the Devil or man made first?

How may one know wicked men, — who are good and who are bad?

If a man should be inclosed in iron a foot thick, and thrown into the fire, what would become of his soul? Could the soul come forth thence or not?

Why did not God give all men good hearts, that they might be good? And why did not God kill the Devil, that made all men so bad, "God having all power"?

How does it happen that, as the English have been in this country so long, some of them no less than twenty-seven years, they have so long neglected to instruct the

natives in the knowledge of God? If they consider it so important, why did they not tell us sooner?

What will become of our children after death, since they have not sinned?

Suppose two men sin, of whom one knows that he sins, and the other does not know it; will God punish both alike?

VI

NEW NETHERLAND AND PENNSYLVANIA

HISTORICAL NOTE

Of the Dutch colony of New Amsterdam (New York) William Elliot Griffis says: "Short as was the Dutch occupation, being only fifty years, from 1614 to 1664, the foundations of the Empire State were laid by them. The republican Dutchmen gave New York its tolerant and cosmopolitan character, insured its commercial supremacy, introduced the common schools, founded the oldest day school and the first Protestant church in the United States, and were pioneers in most of the ideas and institutions we boast of as distinctly American. Almost from the very first, ministers and schoolmasters were active in the settlements, and morality and religion were carefully looked after. Every acre of land occupied was bought from the Indians, according to Dutch law and the West India Company's express order."

In 1681, William Penn wrote the following letter to the colonists on his grant of land: —

"My Friends, — I wish you all happiness here and hereafter. These are to lett you know, that it hath pleased God in his Providence to cast you within my Lott and Care. It is a business, that though I never undertook before, yet God has given me an understanding of my duty and an honest minde to doe it uprightly. I hope you will not be troubled at your chainge and the king's choice; for you are now fixt, at the mercy of no Governour that comes to make his fortune great. You shall be governed by laws of your own makeing, and live a free, and if you will, a sober and industreous People. I shall not usurp the right of any, nor oppress his person. God has furnisht me with a better resolution, and has given me his grace to keep it. In short, whatever sober and free men can reasonably desire for the security and improvement of their own happiness, I shall heartily comply with — I beseech God to direct you in the way of righteousness, and therein prosper you and your children after you. I am your true Friend,

Wm. Penn.

London, 8th of the Month called April, 1681."

THE FIRST VOYAGE UP THE HUDSON RIVER

[1609]

BY JOHN FISKE

NINE days after passing the North Cape, the little Half-Moon put in at the Faroe Islands, and the casks were filled with fresh water. On the 3d of June the sailors were surprised at the force of the current which we call the Gulf Stream. On the 18th of July they arrived in Penobscot Bay, with foremast gone and sails much the worse for wear. Here they anchored and went ashore to cut a pine tree for a new foremast. It took them a week to make the mast and repair their sails, and meanwhile they must have lived like princes, for they caught fifty cod, a hundred lobsters, and one great halibut. They were visited by two French shallops full of Indians, who offered them fine beaver skins in exchange for red cloth. Nine days after leaving Penobscot Bay the Half-Moon anchored near Cape Cod, and another day brought her to Old Stage Harbor, on the south side of that peninsula. On the 18th of August, amid gusts of wind and rain, she was off the Accomet Peninsula and sighted an opening, probably Machipongo Inlet, which Hudson mistook for the James River. "This," he says, "is the entrance into the King's River in Virginia, where our Englishmen are." He made no attempt to visit them, perhaps because he may have been conscious that Dutch explorers upon this coast would be regarded by Englishmen as poachers. Presently turning north-

ward, he entered Delaware Bay on the 28th of August, and several times the Half-Moon struck upon the sands; the current, moreover, set outward with such force as to assure him that he was at the mouth of a large and rapid river. This was not encouraging, for a large river, discharging loads of sand, implied something more than a narrow neck of land behind it. Before daybreak he weighed anchor, and on the 3d of September dropped it again somewhere between Sandy Hook and Staten Island, as Verrazzano had done eighty-five years before.

When the Half-Moon entered the great bay, says the mate's journal, "the people of the country came aboard of us, seeming very glad of our coming, and brought greene tobacco, and gave us of it for knives and beads. They goe in deere skins loose, well dressed. They have yellow copper. They desire cloathes, and are very civil. They have great store of maize of Indian wheat, whereof they make good bread. The countrey is full of great and tall oakes. . . . Some of the people were in mantles of feathers, and some of skinnes of divers of good furres. Some women also came to us with hempe. They did weare about their neckes things of red copper. At night they went on land againe, so wee rode very quiet, but durst not trust them."

It soon appeared that this suspiciousness was well founded. Next day the ship's boat was sent out toward Bergen with five men to make some observations; on their way back they were assailed by a score of Indians in canoes, and one Englishman was killed with an arrow. As the Half-Moon passed on up the river she was occasionally saluted with flights of arrows, and sometimes these volleys were answered by musket shotwith deadly

effect. On the 14th of September the ship passed between Stony and Verplanck's Points and entered upon the magnificent scenery of the Catskills. On the 22d she had probably gone above the site of Troy, and the boat found only seven feet of water, so that progress was stopped. "The people of the mountaynes," says the journal, "came aboord us, wondring at our ship and weapons. We bought some small skinnes of them for trifles. This afternoone, one canoe kept hanging under our sterne with one man in it, which we could not keepe from thence, who got up by our rudder to the cabin window, and stole out my pillow, and two shirts, and two bandeleeres. Our master's mate shot at him . . . and killed him. Whereupon all the rest fled away, some in their canoes, and some leapt out of them into the water. We manned our boats and got our things againe. Then one of them that swamme got hold of our boat, thinking to overthrow it. But our cooke took a sword and cut off one of his hands, and he was drowned. By this time the ebbe was come, and we weighed and got down two leagues." On another occasion there was quite a skirmish, the barbarians swarming by hundreds in their bark canoes and shooting persistently, though with little effect, while the ship's cannon sank them and musketry mowed them down. But the meetings were sometimes more friendly. Somewhere near the site of Catskill, "I sailed to the shore," says Hudson, "in one of their canoes, with an old man, who was the chief of a tribe, consisting of forty men and seventeen women; these I saw there in a house well constructed of oak bark, and circular in shape, so that it had the appearance of being well built, with an arched roof. It con-

tained a great quantity of maize . . . and beans of the last year's growth, and there lay near the house for the purpose of drying, enough to load three ships, besides what was growing in the fields. On our coming into the house, two mats were spread out to sit upon, and immediately some food was served in well-made red wooden bowls; two men were also despatched at once with bows and arrows in quest of game, who soon after brought in a pair of pigeons which they had shot. They likewise killed a fat dog, and skinned it with great haste, with shells which they had got out of the water. They supposed that I would remain with them for the night, but I returned after a short time on board the ship. The land is the finest for cultivation that I ever in my life set foot upon, and it also abounds in trees of every description."

HOW FEUDALISM CAME TO NEW NETHERLAND

[1630]

BY WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS

WE have seen that Dutch colonists for New Netherland were difficult to secure, and that artificial stimulus to emigration was needed. From England good men were driven out by spiritual tyranny, but in Holland conscience was free and the country well off. The ordinary lures — gold, fish, furs, freedom to worship God — which led Spaniards, Frenchmen, some Dutchmen, and many Englishmen beyond sea, did not suffice for the men of the Republic. So "John Company" hit upon a new device, which was nothing less than a reversion to feudalism.

In the Netherlands, the three classes of society were nobles, burghers, or citizens, and the common people. The nobles, who lived mostly in the country, were landowners, and often patroons, that is, patrons, or manor lords of vast estates; but the burghers, who governed the cities, formed the aristocracy, and had great powers. The consuming ambition of the merchants, who were gaining wealth rapidly, was to own land, and thus be like the nobles. This desire could not well be gratified in a small country like Holland. Here the earth had to be rescued by pump, spade, and dike from under the jealous waters, and held only through sleepless vigilance. In America land was plentiful and cheap. It was this

coveted prize that was a lure. By securing and owning great manors in New Netherland, plain burghers might become landed proprietors and rank as nobles.

So, with the threefold idea of enlarging their fortunes, becoming patrons, and developing New Netherland, the directors of the Dutch West India Company, in 1630, enlarged their plans. Reserving Manhattan to the corporation, they issued the charter of "Privileges and Exemptions." This allowed a private person to take up stretches of land sixteen miles long facing a navigable river, or eight miles on either side of one, and extending as far back in the country as might be. Such a promoter, if he planted a colony of at least fifty adults, within four years, was a patroon on a manor, and had feudal rights over colonists. During their decade of bonded service, the tenants could not leave their master, and if they did so, they were to be treated as runaways, and could be arrested. The patroons, though free to trade, must pay at Manhattan five per cent duty on their cargoes.

Here was a selfish scheme for the enrichment of a few monopolists. It was utterly opposed to the spirit of freedom-loving Holland. The company's methods were already bad enough, as the immigrants, on Manhattan, for example, could not own land in fee simple, but were tenants at will. This new scheme simply added another and a rival sovereignty. It was bound to be the source of unnumbered troubles, causing frequent conflicts of jurisdiction between the agents of the company and the patroons, besides anger and irritation among tenants, who were subjected to "the double pressure of feudal exaction and mercantile monopoly." The system, which

was a step backwards, was hated from the first by all self-respecting free settlers. Colonists who settled under patroon and manor were free of all taxes for ten years. They were not freemen, but semi-serfs. The patroon system was one of many Old-World ideas that would not work in America.

In favor of this semi-feudalism, probably suggested by French methods in Canada, it may be said, however, that in all cases above the value of fifty guilders, the tenants on the manors had the right of appeal. Independent farmers, as well as patroons and manor-tenants after discharging their obligations, were encouraged to seek homesteads. Other benefits in the Charter of Exemptions were in favor of the Indians, and of religion and morals, so that, despite objectionable features in the new plan of colonization, there was hope of a large emigration from Patria.

As matter of fact, however, only one of the manors, that of Van Rensselaer, ever became a success. This result was due as much to the high character of the people settling it as to that of the Van Rensselaers, high as this was.

The men who devised this feudal scheme were among the first to take advantage of it. So far forward were Messrs. Godyn and Blommaert, that even before the adoption of the charter in Holland they had bought, through their agent, a manor, that is a *Riddergoed*, or knight's estate, on Delaware Bay. The Indians, by agreement made with pen and ink, were paid for a tract of land thirty-two miles long, from Cape Henlopen to the mouth of the river. This was the first European land title written within the State of Delaware.

Kilian van Rensselaer bought from the Indians, first through Captain Krol and later through Gillis Housett, the land which is now the larger part of the counties of Albany and Rensselaer in New York, making an estate of about a thousand square miles. Hendrik and Alexander van der Capellen, two brothers, and one an ancestor of our nation's friend during the War for Independence, bought land of the Navesink and Raritan Indians. Michael Pauw (in Latin, *Pavonius*, or peacock) secured Staten Island, Hoboken, and what is now Jersey City, calling his domain Pavonia.

Thus was the land seized, not as in Europe, by the might and sword of the border brawler, but by the craft of the pen held by the man in the counting-house. Already in New France, or Canada, the French had set the Dutch the bad example of feudalism; but, at its worst, the Dutch system was much milder in its features than either the British or the Gallic model.

Yet notwithstanding the advantages offered to poor folks, the whole system of patroons and manors was detestable to a free Dutchman. As matter of fact and history, no Dutch village community was ever founded under the charter of 1629.

SOCIAL LIFE IN NEW NETHERLAND

[Seventeenth century]

BY WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS

THE Dutch never took kindly to the axe or the log cabin. In succession to their first creditable houses of bark, after the Iroquois model, they had frame houses of sawn timber, for they very early set up sawmills. But the typical house in New Netherland consisted of two brick walls, gabled and crow-stepped, with the intervening space of timber. Thus they combined the solidity of stone with the interior dryness of the wooden dwelling.

After the first frontier novelties of experience were over, the Dutch shack, dugout, or wooden house was rebuilt of stone or brick. Besides early baking their own clay into stone (*baksteen*), much brick, and probably most of the glazed tiles and material for wall checkering, was brought from Holland as ship's ballast. Thus in the majority of cases the front and rear walls, or gabled ends, were of mineral material, the whole intervening space except the chimney being of wood, and often strengthened with iron rods. One of the gables faced the street, and the other the garden, with a stoop, or porch, at each end, the front one having seats and railings. When such a house got too old, it was common, as I have often seen, "to tear out everything but the frame," and, between the old thick gable ends of brick or stone,

to rebuild with modern timber, in new interior arrangements.

The door was divided crosswise into two parts, upper and lower, the former to let in air and light, and the latter to keep out the pigs, chickens, and marauders of all sorts. The Dutch bisected door goes back to feudal days, when every comer might be challenged before being given entrance. Of similar warlike origin was the projecting second story, which, overlapping by its extension the doorway beneath, allowed the defender above to guard against attack by fire or weapon. In many old Dutch houses in the Mohawk and Hudson valleys this feature served admirably against hostile Indians. In the later frame dwelling, ancient history and survival are suggested by a conventional moulding which reveals the projection of a few inches only. The bricks, near the gables, wrought in the form of crow-steps, or top-pieces serving as chimneys, were laid in curious triangular or checkered patterns, just as one sees in Friesland to-day. Indeed, the keen-eyed visitor to Holland can recognize the original model and features of many an old house in Kingston and Schenectady. The ancestral traits reappear in the domestic architecture of the New World as infallibly as the noses, mouths, eyes, and hair common to the grandparents, parents, and grandchildren in the same towns.

At one point there was a notable departure from the model in Patria, and that was in the windows, which on Manhattan and in old Dorp, for example, were small. In Holland, even though the panes of glass be very small and the house fronts narrow, the window spaces are and were large. This is because in Holland windows

have from mediæval times been taxed by number. Much of the war revenue was thus raised. In New Netherland no such reason existed permanently, and a sash of many panes, being cheaper and less liable to break, was used. Thus the house lights were modest in size as compared with the large windows in Patria.

On the outside, fastened into the bricks, were "ankers," or iron clamps, hammered into figures showing dates. If it were possible to have a weather-vane, cock, arrow, monogram, family crest, or arms on the gable top, it was sure to be there. The blacksmith, or anchor-smith, was an important person in the New Netherland village. He was usually an artist, more or less ambitious, for he made floriated patterns of hinges or braces that might branch out over most of the area of the upper or lower leaf of the door. He enjoyed pounding out colossal figures, 1, 6, or 7, and other digital numerals, for the ornamentation of the house front. He was probably also the maker of the big church-door lock. On his anvil he beat out the key, brazing on the bit or web, rounding on his anvil's beak a bow and forging it to the shank, and filing out the wards. He also was responsible for the church weather-vane, which in frontier days, instead of stamped gilded metal, representing a cock, lamb, beaver, or other emblem of doctrine or virtue, was usually cut or punched out of sheet iron.

The anchor-smith followed mason and carpenter in the building of a house. He equipped the fireplace with a cast-iron jamb, andirons, and the great swinging pot-holder with chain and hangers. Often the iron jamb or back was a casting containing dates, emblems, mottoes,

scriptural or other quotations, proverbs, or poems. Only in late days, when the Dutchmen learned from the Japanese to make Delft ware, and applied their knowledge to tiles, were those miniature Bible panoramas set up to adorn the front and sides, creating a fashion which was borrowed by the New Englanders. Delft tiles served as the picture galleries at which our American painters, Trumbull, Allston, Vanderlyn, and others, received their first impressions and stimulus to art. Often these tiles had on them mere outlines of biblical events, with numbers showing the text which one must look up in order to understand the pictorial allusion. On others the designs were suggestions rather than pictures, mere "lesson helps."

The fireplace was literally the focus of the house and the home. It was big enough usually to accommodate the whole family, should they want all at once to get inside to look up its black throat, to see whether Santa Claus or Kris Kringle were coming. Inside its length, up and down, were usually steps or projections on which the chimney sweep or cleaner, usually a boy not too fat, could steady his feet while brushing or scraping off the soot or the stalactites of pine tar. Hickory was the best fuel, however, and kept the chimney neater. The inner hearth was most often of brick, but the broad outer hearthstone consisted frequently of one slab of noble length and width. The back log, gloried in and celebrated in song and proverb, was so huge that in many cases the house was purposely built against the side of a hill, in order that the kitchen door might be level with the ground. A heavy section of tree trunk, sawed to the right length, was hauled in by a horse, rolled and set as

the background of the fire, while corncobs, brush, and fagots blazed in front.

Here, after the serious work of preparing the food was over, the family sat for rest, worship, chat and gossip, jokes and merriment; and no people were wittier, brighter, or more full of fun than the Dutch. In winter the long evenings were given up to stories, finger games, with lullaby for baby and pipe for papa, and then, at the right time, cider, apples, nuts, and refreshments as desired. For the real old folks the hearth was the place of memory, but for the young it was the seed-bed of dreams. In the darting tongues of the blaze and the deep glow of the embers lad and lassie saw the castles of the future, and the aged pictures of the past.

Carpets and matting were, for the most part, unknown. Instead of these hiders of dirt and holders of germs, the floor was scrubbed until it shone, and then sprinkled with white sand, which was made into fanciful patterns with the end of a broomstick, a custom which one sees in the back country in Holland to-day. Such a floor dressing, swept off and renewed every week, made life for the vermin so disagreeable that they kept out and away. In the homes of the well-to-do, rugs were common.

The "threshold covenant" was an ancient and serious thing with the Dutch. In other words, the front door was opened only on great occasions of joy, or when a bride or a corpse was to cross the line dividing outdoors from indoors. For every-day use, and for everybody in general, the kitchen door was the proper entrance. Often the hallway was from front to rear, the sitting-room being at the back and the parlor in front. In small

houses, numbering fewer apartments than the fingers on one hand, the bedrooms were in the wall, or were like cupboards, shut up during the day and opened at night, and climbed up and into by means of a short step-ladder. In a word, just as one still sees in the old home-land to-day, and recognizes on the canvases, from Ostade to Israels, so, within my remembrance, were the interiors in Dutch America. To the Domine of the congregation it was the matron's pride to show all, from cellar to attic, with the wondrous store of house-linen and table equipment.

The beds were made of hay or straw, corn leaves or silk moss, hair or feathers, sewed into "ticking," — which is an English word of Dutch origin. Sassafras wood was at first much in demand for supposed protection from unwelcome bed mates, securing, it was believed, to each person the exclusive use of his own cuticle. As civilization advanced, the bunk, or box lined with dry leaves, spruce boughs, or pine needles gave way to the four-poster bed, and in later times favorite imported woods were in fashion. Long after Manhattan was swapped off for Surinam, with its forests of mahogany, this timber became plentiful and in fashion for furniture. To take the chill off the pure linen sheets, long-handled brass bed-warmers were used. Polished until their basins shone like gold, these hung on the walls by day as part of the decoration of the room, to become hand-stoves at night. Except what one's own caloric and the thick folds of quilt, blanket, or comfortable furnished, the bed-warmer was usually the only source of heat allowed in the sleeping-chamber, though later luxury allowed wood stoves. As a rule, all the family,

the parents up in the heights of piled feather beds or mattresses, and children in the trundle beds beneath, slept in pure cold air, for the great open chimney was a capital ventilator. "When hearts are light and life is new," slumber after prayers was usually too sudden and too sound to know much of the variations of the thermometer. The Dutchmen took sleep as a serious thing, enjoyed plenty of it, and believed in it as one of life's best blessings. How beautiful is the evening prayer in the liturgy of the Dutch Church, — "Temper our sleep that it be not disorderly, that we remain spotless both in body and soul, nay, that our sleep itself may be to Thy glory."

WOUTER VAN TWILLER, GOVERNOR OF NEW NETHERLAND

BY WASHINGTON IRVING

[THE following burlesque is taken from Irving's "Knickerbocker's History of New York." This book purported to have been written by a mysterious old gentleman named Diedrich Knickerbocker, and is a fascinating mingling of fun and sober history. Wouter Van Twiller was a real Dutchman, who was made governor of New Netherland in the seventeenth century. The biographies describe him as "inexperienced in the art of government, slow in speech, incompetent to decide important affairs, and obstinate in minor matters."

The Editor.]

IT was in the year of our Lord 1629 that Mynheer Wouter Van Twiller was appointed governor of the province of Nieuw Nederlandts, under the commission and control of their High Mightinesses the Lords States General of the United Netherlands, and the privileged West India Company.

This renowned old gentleman arrived at New Amsterdam in the merry month of June, the sweetest month in all the year; when Dan Apollo seems to dance up the transparent firmament — when the robin, the thrush, and a thousand other wanton songsters make the woods to resound with amorous ditties, and the luxurious little boblincon revels among the clover blossoms of the meadows — all which happy coincidence persuaded the

old dames of New Amsterdam, who were skilled in the art of foretelling events, that this was to be a happy and prosperous administration.

The renowned Wouter (or Walter) Van Twiller, was descended from a long line of Dutch burgomasters, who had successively dozed away their lives and grown fat upon the bench of magistracy in Rotterdam; and who had comported themselves with such singular wisdom and propriety, that they were never either heard or talked of — which, next to being universally applauded, should be the object of ambition of all magistrates and rulers. There are two opposite ways by which some men make a figure in the world; one by talking faster than they think; and the other by holding their tongues and not thinking at all. By the first, many a smatterer acquires the reputation of a man of quick parts; by the other, many a dunderpate, like the owl, the stupidest of birds, comes to be considered the very type of wisdom. This, by the way, is a casual remark, which I would not, for the universe, have it thought I apply to Governor Van Twiller. It is true he was a man shut up within himself, like an oyster, and rarely spoke except in monosyllables; but then it was allowed he seldom said a foolish thing. So invincible was his gravity that he was never known to laugh or even to smile through the whole course of a long and prosperous life. Nay, if a joke were uttered in his presence, that set light-minded hearers in a roar, it was observed to throw him into a state of perplexity. Sometimes he would deign to inquire into the matter, and when, after much explanation, the joke was made as plain as a pike-staff, he would continue to smoke his pipe in silence, and at length, knocking out

the ashes would exclaim, "Well! I see nothing in all that to laugh about."

With all his reflective habits, he never made up his mind on a subject. His adherents accounted for this by the astonishing magnitude of his ideas. He conceived every subject on so grand a scale that he had not room in his head to turn it over and examine both sides of it. Certain it is that if any matter were propounded to him on which ordinary mortals would rashly determine at first glance, he would put on a vague, mysterious look; shake his capacious head; smoke some time in profound silence, and at length observe that "he had his doubts about the matter"; which gained him the reputation of a man slow of belief and not easily imposed upon. What is more, it gained him a lasting name: for to this habit of the mind has been attributed his surname of Twiller; which is said to be a corruption of the original *Twijfler*, or, in plain English, *Doubter*.

The person of this illustrious old gentleman was formed and proportioned, as though it had been moulded by the hands of some cunning statuary as a model of majesty and lordly grandeur. He was exactly five feet six inches in height, and six feet five inches in circumference. His head was a perfect sphere, and of such stupendous dimensions that dame Nature, with all her sex's ingenuity, would have been puzzled to construct a neck capable of supporting it; wherefore she wisely declined the attempt, and settled it firmly on the top of his backbone, just between the shoulders. His body was oblong and particularly capacious at bottom; which was wisely ordered by Providence, seeing that he was a man of sedentary habits, and very averse to the idle labor of

walking. His legs were short, but sturdy in proportion to the weight they had to sustain; so that when erect he had not a little the appearance of a beer bottle on skids. His face, that infallible index of the mind, presented a vast expanse, unfurrowed by any of those lines and angles which disfigure the human countenance with what is termed expression. Two small gray eyes twinkled feebly in the midst, like two stars of lesser magnitude in a hazy firmament; and his full-fed cheeks, which seemed to have taken toll of everything that went into his mouth, were curiously mottled and streaked with dusky red, like a spitzenberg apple.

His habits were as regular as his person. He daily took his four stated meals, appropriating exactly an hour to each; he smoked and doubted eight hours, and he slept the remaining twelve of the four-and-twenty. Such was the renowned Wouter Van Twiller — a true philosopher, for his mind was either elevated above, or tranquilly settled below, the cares and perplexities of this world. He had lived in it for years, without feeling the least curiosity to know whether the sun revolved round it, or it round the sun; and he had watched, for at least half a century, the smoke curling from his pipe to the ceiling, without once troubling his head with any of those numerous theories, by which a philosopher would have perplexed his brain, in accounting for its rising above the surrounding atmosphere.

In his council he presided with great state and solemnity. He sat in a huge chair of solid oak, hewn in the celebrated forest of The Hague, fabricated by an experienced timmerman of Amsterdam, and curiously carved about the arms and feet, into exact imitations of

gigantic eagle's claws. Instead of a scepter he swayed a long Turkish pipe, wrought with jasmin and amber, which had been presented to a stadtholder of Holland, at the conclusion of a treaty with one of the petty Barbary powers. In this stately chair would he sit, and this magnificent pipe would he smoke, shaking his right knee with a constant motion, and fixing his eye for hours together upon a little print of Amsterdam, which hung in a black frame against the opposite wall of the council chamber. Nay, it has even been said, that when any deliberation of extraordinary length and intricacy was on the carpet, the renowned Wouter would shut his eyes for full two hours at a time, that he might not be disturbed by external objects — and at such times the internal commotion of his mind was evinced by certain regular guttural sounds, which his admirers declared were merely the noise of conflict, made by his contending doubts and opinions.

It is with infinite difficulty I have been enabled to collect these biographical anecdotes of the great man under consideration. The facts respecting him were so scattered and vague, and divers of them so questionable in point of authenticity, that I have had to give up the search after many, and decline the admission of still more, which would have tended to heighten the coloring of his portrait.

I have been the more anxious to delineate fully the person and habits of Wouter Van Twiller, from the consideration that he was not only the first, but also the best governor that ever presided over this ancient and respectable province; and so tranquil and benevolent was his reign, that I do not find throughout the whole

of it, a single instance of any offender being brought to punishment — a most indubitable sign of a merciful governor, and a case unparalleled, excepting in the reign of the illustrious King Log, from whom, it is hinted, the renowned Van Twiller was a lineal descendant.

The very outset of the career of this excellent magistrate was distinguished by an example of legal acumen, that gave flattering presage of a wise and equitable administration. The morning after he had been installed in office, and at the moment that he was making his breakfast from a prodigious earthen dish, filled with milk and Indian pudding, he was interrupted by the appearance of Wandle Schoonhoven, a very important old burgher of New Amsterdam, who complained bitterly of one Barent Bleecker, inasmuch as he refused to come to a settlement of accounts, seeing that there was a heavy balance in favor of the said Wandle. Governor Van Twiller, as I have already observed, was a man of few words; he was likewise a mortal enemy to multiplying writings — or being disturbed at his breakfast. Having listened attentively to the statement of Wandle Schoonhoven, giving an occasional grunt, as he shoveled a spoonful of Indian pudding into his mouth — whether as a sign that he relished the dish, or comprehended the story — he called unto him his constable, and pulling out of his breeches pocket a huge jackknife, dispatched it after the defendant as a summons, accompanied by his tobacco-box as a warrant.

This summary process was as effectual in those simple days as was the seal ring of the great Haroun Al Raschid among the true believers. The two parties being confronted before him, each produced a book of accounts,

written in a language and character that would have puzzled any but a High Dutch commentator, or a learned decipherer of Egyptian obelisks. The sage Wouter took them one after the other, and having poised them in his hands, and attentively counted over the number of leaves, fell straightway into a very great doubt, and smoked for half an hour without saying a word; at length, laying his finger beside his nose, and shutting his eyes for a moment, with the air of a man who has just caught a subtle idea by the tail, he slowly took his pipe from his mouth, puffed forth a column of tobacco smoke, and with marvelous gravity and solemnity pronounced — that having carefully counted over the leaves and weighed the books, it was found that one was just as thick and as heavy as the other — therefore it was the final opinion of the court that the accounts were equally balanced — therefore Wandle should give Barent a receipt, and Barent should give Wandle a receipt — and the constable should pay the costs.

This decision, being straightway made known, diffused general joy throughout New Amsterdam, for the people immediately perceived that they had a very wise and equitable magistrate to rule over them. But its happiest effect was, that not another lawsuit took place throughout the whole of his administration — and the office of constable fell into such decay that there was not one of those losel scouts known in the province for many years. I am the more particular in dwelling on this transaction, not only because I deem it one of the most sage and righteous judgments on record, and well worthy the attention of modern magistrates; but be-

cause it was a miraculous event in the history of the renowned Wouter — being the only time he was ever known to come to a decision in the whole course of his life.



The Edict of William the Testy

THE EDICT OF WILLIAM THE TESTY

BY GEORGE H. BOUGHTON

(*British-American painter*, 1836–1905)

ACCORDING to "Diedrich Knickerbocker," William Kieft, "William the Testy," Governor of New Netherland, became convinced in his logical mind that the pipe, "the organ of reflection and deliberation of the New Netherlander," was the cause of the frequent criticisms of his government; and he went so far as to issue an edict which forbade the smoking of tobacco anywhere in New Netherland. Irving says: —

"The immediate effect of the edict of William the Testy was a popular commotion. A vast multitude armed with pipes and tobacco-boxes, and an immense supply of ammunition, sat themselves down before the governor's house, and fell to smoking with tremendous violence. The testy William issued forth like a wrathful spider, demanding the reason of this lawless fumigation. The sturdy rioters replied by lolling back in their seats and puffing away with redoubled fury; raising such a murky cloud that the governor was fain to take refuge in the interior of his castle.

"A long negotiation ensued through the medium of Antony the Trumpeter. The governor was at first wrathful and unyielding, but was gradually smoked into terms. He concluded by permitting the smoking of tobacco, but he abolished the fair long pipes used in the days of Wouter Van Twiller, denoting ease, tranquillity, and sobriety of deportment; these he condemned as incompatible with the dispatch of business, in place whereof he substituted little captious short pipes, two inches in length, which, he observed, could be stuck in one corner of the mouth, or twisted in the hat-band; and would never be in the way. Thus ended this alarming insurrection, which was long known by the name of the 'Pipe Plot,' and which, it has been somewhat quaintly observed, did end, like most plots and seditions, in mere smoke."

HOW NEW AMSTERDAM BECAME NEW YORK

[1664]

BY WASHINGTON IRVING

[ENGLAND had no intention of leaving New Amsterdam in the hands of her commercial rivals, the Dutch; and although the two nations were at peace, Charles II sent, in 1664, a fleet under command of Richard Nichols, and demanded the surrender of the colony.

The Editor.]

THE first movement of the governor [Peter Stuyvesant], on reaching his dwelling, was to mount the roof, whence he contemplated with rueful aspect the hostile squadron. This had already come to anchor in the bay, and consisted of two stout frigates, having on board, as "John Joseselyn, Gent.," informs us, "three hundred valiant red-coats." Having taken this survey, he sat himself down and wrote an epistle to the commander, demanding the reason of his anchoring in the harbor without obtaining previous permission so to do. This letter was couched in the most dignified and courteous terms, though I have it from undoubted authority that his teeth were clinched, and he had a bitter, sardonic grin upon his visage all the while he wrote. Having dispatched his letter, the grim Peter stumped to and fro about the town with a most war-betokening countenance, his hands thrust into his breeches pockets, and whistling a Low-Dutch psalm-tune, which bore no small resemblance to the music of a northeast wind, when a

storm is brewing. The very dogs as they eyed him skulked away in dismay; while all the old and ugly women of New Amsterdam ran howling at his heels, imploring him to save them from murder, robbery, and pitiless ravishment!

The reply of Colonel Nicholas, who commanded the invaders, was couched in terms of equal courtesy with the letter of the governor; declaring the right and title of His British Majesty to the province; where he affirmed the Dutch to be merely interlopers; and demanding that the town, forts, etc., should be forthwith rendered into His Majesty's obedience and protection; promising, at the same time, life, liberty, estate, and free trade to every Dutch denizen who should readily submit to His Majesty's Government.

Peter Stuyvesant read over this friendly epistle with some such harmony of aspect as we may suppose a crusty farmer reads the loving letter of John Stiles, warning him of an action of ejectment. He was not, however, to be taken by surprise; but, thrusting the summons into his breeches pocket, stalked three times across the room, took a pinch of snuff with great vehemence, and then, loftily waving his hand, promised to send an answer the next morning. He now summoned a general meeting of his privy councilors, and burgomasters, not to ask their advice, for, confident in his own strong head, he needed no man's counsel, but apparently to give them a piece of his mind on their late craven conduct.

His orders being duly promulgated, it was a piteous sight to behold the late valiant burgomasters, who had demolished the whole British Empire in their harangues,

peeping ruefully out of their hiding-places; crawling cautiously forth, dodging through narrow lanes and alleys; starting at every little dog that barked; mistaking lamp-posts for British grenadiers; and, in the excess of their panic, metamorphosing pumps into formidable soldiers leveling blunderbusses at their bosoms! Having, however, in despite of numerous perils and difficulties of the kind, arrived safely, without the loss of a single man, at the hall of assembly, they took their seats, and awaited in fearful silence the arrival of the governor. In a few moments the wooden leg of the intrepid Peter was heard in regular and stout-hearted thumps upon the staircase. He entered the chamber, arrayed in full suit of regimentals, and carrying his trusty Toledo, not girded on his thigh, but tucked under his arm. As the governor never equipped himself in this portentous manner unless something of martial nature were working within his pericranium, his council regarded him ruefully, as if they saw fire and sword in his iron countenance, and forgot to light their pipes in breathless suspense.

His first words were, to rate his council soundly for having wasted in idle debate and party feud the time which should have been devoted to putting the city in a state of defense. He was particularly indignant at those brawlers who had disgraced the councils of the province by empty bickerings and scurrilous invectives against an absent enemy. He now called upon them to make good their words by deeds, as the enemy they had defied and derided was at the gate. Finally, he informed them of the summons he had received to surrender, but concluded by swearing to defend the province as long as

Heaven was on his side and he had a wooden leg to stand upon; which warlike sentence he emphasized by a thwack with the flat of his sword upon the table that quite electrified his auditors.

The privy councilors, who had long since been brought into as perfect discipline as were ever the soldiers of the great Frederick, knew there was no use in saying a word, — so lighted their pipes, and smoked away in silence, like fat and discreet councilors. But the burgomasters, being inflated with considerable importance and self-sufficiency, acquired at popular meetings, were not so easily satisfied. Mustering up fresh spirit, when they found there was some chance of escaping from their present jeopardy without the disagreeable alternative of fighting, they requested a copy of the summons to surrender, that they might show it to a general meeting of the people.

So insolent and mutinous a request would have been enough to have roused the gorge of the tranquil Van Twiller himself, — what then must have been its effect upon the great Stuyvesant, who was not only a Dutchman, a governor, and a valiant wooden-legged soldier to boot, but withal a man of the most stomachful and gunpowder disposition? He burst forth into a blaze of indignation, — swore not a mother's son of them should see a syllable of it, — that as to their advice or concurrence he did not care a whiff of tobacco for either, — that they might go home, and go to bed like old women; for he was determined to defend the colony himself, without the assistance of them or their adherents! So saying he tucked his sword under his arm, cocked his hat upon his head, and girding up his loins, stumped

indignantly out of the council-chamber, everybody making room for him as he passed.

No sooner was he gone than the busy burgomasters called a public meeting in front of the Stadthouse, where they appointed as chairman one Dofue Roerback, formerly a meddlesome member of the cabinet during the reign of William the Testy, but kicked out of office by Peter Stuyvesant on taking the reins of government. He was, withal, a mighty gingerbread baker in the land, and reverenced by the populace as a man of dark knowledge, seeing that he was the first to imprint New-Year cakes with the mysterious hieroglyphics of the Cock and Breeches, and such like magical devices.

This burgomaster, who still chewed the cud of ill-will against Peter Stuyvesant, addressed the multitude in what is called a patriotic speech, informing them of the courteous summons which the governor had received, to surrender, of his refusal to comply therewith, and of his denying the public even a sight of the summons, which doubtless contained conditions highly to the honor and advantage of the province.

He then proceeded to speak of His Excellency in high-sounding terms of vituperation, suited to the dignity of his station; comparing him to Nero, Caligula, and other flagrant great men of yore; assuring the people that the history of the world did not contain a despotic outrage equal to the present. That it would be recorded in letters of fire, on the blood-stained tablet of history! That ages would roll back with sudden horror when they came to view it! That the womb of Time (by the way, your orators and writers take strange liberties with the womb of Time, though some would have us believe that Time

is an old gentleman) — that the womb of Time, pregnant as it was with direful horrors, would never produce a parallel enormity! — with a variety of other heart-rending, soul-stirring tropes and figures, which I cannot enumerate; neither, indeed, need I, for they were of the kind which even to the present day form the style of popular harangues and patriotic orations, and may be classed in rhetoric under the general title of "RIGMAROLE."

The result of this speech of the inspired burgomaster was a memorial addressed to the governor, remonstrating in good round terms on his conduct. It was proposed that Dofue Roerback himself should be the bearer of this memorial; but this he warily declined, having no inclination of coming again within kicking distance of His Excellency. Who did deliver it has never been named in history, in which neglect he has suffered grievous wrong; seeing that he was equally worthy of blazon with him perpetuated in Scottish song and story by the surname of "Bell-the-Cat." All we know of the fate of this memorial is, that it was used by the grim Peter to light his pipe; which, from the vehemence with which he smoked it, was evidently anything but a pipe of peace.

The glare of day had long dispelled the horrors of the stormy night; still all was dull and gloomy. The late jovial Apollo hid his face behind lugubrious clouds, peeping out now and then for an instant, as if anxious, yet fearful, to see what was going on in his favorite city. This was the eventful morning when the great Peter was to give his reply to the summons of the invaders. Already

was he closeted with his privy council, sitting in grim state, brooding over the fate of his favorite trumpeter, and anon boiling with indignation as the insolence of his recreant burgomasters flashed upon his mind. While in this state of irritation, a courier arrived in all haste from Winthrop, the subtle governor of Connecticut, counseling him, in the most affectionate and disinterested manner, to surrender the province, and magnifying the dangers and calamities to which a refusal would subject him. What a moment was this to intrude officious advice upon a man who never took advice in his whole life! The fiery old governor strode up and down the chamber with a vehemence that made the bosoms of his councilors to quake with awe, — railing at his unlucky fate, that thus made him the constant butt of factious subjects, and jesuitical advisers.

Just at this ill-chosen juncture, the officious burgomasters, who had heard of the arrival of mysterious dispatches, came marching in a body into the room, with a legion of *schepens* and toadeaters at their heels, and abruptly demanded a perusal of the letter. This was too much for the spleen of Peter Stuyvesant. He tore the letter in a thousand pieces, — threw it in the face of the nearest burgomaster, — broke his pipe over the head of the next,—hurled his spitting-box at an unlucky *schepen*, who was just retreating out at the door, and finally prorogued the whole meeting *sine die*, by kicking them downstairs with his wooden leg.

As soon as the burgomasters could recover from their confusion and had time to breathe, they called a public meeting, where they related at full length, and with appropriate coloring and exaggeration, the despotic and

vindictive deportment of the governor; declaring that, for their own parts, they did not value a straw the being kicked, cuffed, and mauled by the timber toe of His Excellency, but that they felt for the dignity of the sovereign people, thus rudely insulted by the outrage committed on the seat of honor of their representatives. The latter part of the harangue came home at once to that delicacy of feeling and jealous pride of character vested in all true mobs, — who, though they may bear injuries without a murmur, yet are marvelously jealous of their sovereign dignity; and there is no knowing to what act of resentment they might have been provoked had they not been somewhat more afraid of their sturdy old governor than they were of St. Nicholas, the English — or the Devil himself.

There is something exceedingly sublime and melancholy in the spectacle which the present crisis of our history presents. An illustrious and venerable little city, — the metropolis of a vast extent of uninhabited country, — garrisoned by a doughty host of orators, chairmen, committeemen, burgomasters, *schepens*, and old women, — governed by a determined and strong-headed warrior, and fortified by mud batteries, palisadoes, and resolutions, — blockaded by sea, beleaguered by land, and threatened with direful isolation from without, while its very vitals are torn with internal faction and commotion! Never did historic pen record a page of more complicated distress, unless it be the strife that distracted the Israelites, during the siege of Jerusalem, — where discordant parties were cutting each other's throats, at the moment when the victorious legions of Titus had toppled down their bulwarks, and

were carrying fire and sword into the very *sanctum sanctorum* of the temple.

Governor Stuyvesant having triumphantly put his grand council to the rout and delivered himself from a multitude of impertinent advisers, dispatched a categorical reply to the commanders of the invading squadron; wherein he asserted the right and title of their High Mightinesses the Lords States General to the province of New Netherlands, and trusting in the righteousness of his cause, set the whole British nation at defiance!

My anxiety to extricate my readers and myself from these disastrous scenes prevents me from giving the whole of this gallant letter, which concluded in these manly and affectionate terms: —

"As touching the threats in your conclusion, we have nothing to answer, only that we fear nothing but what God (who is just as merciful) shall lay upon us; all things being in his gracious disposal, and we may as well be preserved by him with small forces as by a great army; which makes us to wish you all happiness and prosperity, and recommend you to his protection. My lords, your thrice humble and affectionate servant and friend,

"P. STUYVESANT."

Thus having thrown his gauntlet, the brave Peter stuck a pair of horse-pistols in his belt, girded an immense powder-horn on his side, — thrust his sound leg into a Hessian boot, and clapping his fierce little war-hat on the top of his head, — paraded up and down in front of his house, determined to defend his beloved city to the last.

While all these struggles and discussions were prevailing in the unhappy city of New Amsterdam, and while its worthy but ill-starred governor was framing the above-quoted letter, the English commanders did not remain idle. They had agents secretly employed to foment the fears and clamors of the populace; and moreover, circulated far and wide, through the adjacent country, a proclamation, repeating the terms they had already held out in their summons to surrender, at the same time beguiling the simple Nederlanders with the most crafty and conciliating professions. They promised that every man who voluntarily submitted to the authority of His British Majesty should retain peaceful possession of his house, his *vrouw*, and his cabbage-garden. That he should be suffered to smoke his pipe, speak Dutch, wear as many breeches as he pleased, and import bricks, tiles, and stone jugs from Holland, instead of manufacturing them on the spot. That he should on no account be compelled to learn the English language, nor eat codfish on Saturdays, nor keep accounts in any other way than by chalking them down upon the crown of his hat; as is observed among the Dutch yeomanry at the present day. That every man should be allowed quietly to inherit his father's hat, coat, shoe-buckles, pipe, and other personal appendage; and that no man should be obliged to conform to any improvements, inventions, or any other modern innovations; but, on the contrary should be permitted to build his house, follow his trade, manage his farm, rear his hogs, and educate his children, precisely as his ancestors had done before him from time immemorial. Finally, that he should have all the benefits of free trade, and

should not be required to acknowledge any other saint in the calendar than St. Nicholas, who should thence forward, as before, be considered the tutelar saint of the city.

These terms, as may be supposed, appeared very satisfactory to the people, who had a great disposition to enjoy their property unmolested, and a most singular aversion to engage in a contest, where they could gain little more than honor and broken heads, — the first of which they held in philosophic indifference, the latter in utter detestation. By these insidious means, therefore, did the English succeed in alienating the confidence and affections of the populace from their gallant old governor, whom they considered as obstinately bent upon running them into hideous misadventures; and did not hesitate to speak their minds freely, and abuse him most heartily — behind his back.

Like as a mighty grampus when assailed and buffeted by roaring waves and brawling surges, still keeps on an undeviating course, rising above the boisterous billows, spouting and blowing as he emerges, — so did the inflexible Peter pursue, unwavering, his determined career, and rise, contemptuous, above the clamors of the rabble.

But when the British warriors found that he set their power at defiance, they dispatched recruiting officers to Jamaica, and Jericho, and Nineveh, and Quag, and Patchog, and all those towns on Long Island which had been subdued of yore by Stoffel Brinkerhoff; stirring up the progeny of Preserved Fish, and Determined Cock, and those other New England squatters, to assail the city of New Amsterdam by land, while the hostile ships prepared for an assault by water.

The streets of New Amsterdam now presented a scene of wild dismay and consternation. In vain did Peter Stuyvesant order the citizens to arm and assemble on the Battery. Blank terror reigned over the community. The whole party of Short Pipes in the course of a single night had changed into arrant old women, — a metamorphosis only to be paralleled by the prodigies recorded by Livy as having happened at Rome at the approach of Hannibal, when statues sweated in pure affright, goats were converted into sheep, and cocks, turning into hens, ran cackling about the street.

Thus baffled in all attempts to put the city in a state of defense, blockaded from without, tormented from within, and menaced with a Yankee invasion, even the stiff-necked will of Peter Stuyvesant for once gave way, and in spite of his mighty heart, which swelled in his throat until it nearly choked him, he consented to a treaty of surrender.

Words cannot express the transports of the populace, on receiving this intelligence; had they obtained a conquest over their enemies, they could not have indulged greater delight. The streets resounded with their congratulations, — they extolled their governor as the father and deliverer of his country, — they crowded to his house to testify their gratitude, and were ten times more noisy in their plaudits than when he returned, with victory perched upon his beaver, from the glorious capture of Fort Christina. But the indignant Peter shut his doors and windows, and took refuge in the innermost recesses of his mansion, that he might not hear the ignoble rejoicings of the rabble.

Commissioners were now appointed on both sides,

and a capitulation was speedily arranged; all that was wanting to ratify it was that it should be signed by the governor. When the commissioners waited upon him for this purpose, they were received with grim and bitter courtesy. His warlike accouterments were laid aside, — an old Indian night-gown was wrapped about his rugged limbs, a red night-cap overshadowed his frowning brow, an iron-gray beard of three days' growth gave additional grimness to his visage. Thrice did he seize a worn-out stump of a pen and essay to sign the loathsome paper, — thrice did he clinch his teeth, and make a horrible countenance, as though a dose of rhubarb, senna, and ipecacuanha had been offered to his lips; at length, dashing it from him, he seized his brass-hilted sword, and jerking it from the scabbard, swore by St. Nicholas, to sooner die than yield to any power under Heaven.

For two whole days did he persist in this magnanimous resolution, during which his house was besieged by the rabble, and menaces and clamorous revilings exhausted to no purpose. And now another course was adopted to soothe, if possible, his mighty ire. A procession was formed by the burgomasters and *schepens*, followed by the populace, to bear the capitulation in state to the governor's dwelling. They found the castle strongly barricaded, and the old hero in full regimentals, with his cocked hat on his head, posted with a blunderbuss at the garret window.

There was something in this formidable position that struck even the ignoble vulgar with awe and admiration. The brawling multitude could not but reflect with self-abasement upon their own pusillanimous conduct, when they beheld their hardy but deserted old governor,

thus faithful to his post, like a forlorn hope, and fully prepared to defend his ungrateful city to the last. These compunctions, however, were soon overwhelmed by the recurring tide of public apprehension. The populace arranged themselves before the house, taking off their hats with most respectful humility; Burgomaster Roerback, who was of that popular class of orators described by Sallust as being "talkative rather than eloquent," stepped forth and addressed the governor in a speech of three hours' length, detailing, in the most pathetic terms, the calamitous situation of the province, and urging him in a constant repetition of the same arguments and words to sign the capitulation.

The mighty Peter eyed him from his garret window in grim silence, — now and then his eye would glance over the surrounding rabble, and an indignant grin, like that of an angry mastiff, would mark his iron visage. But though a man of most undaunted mettle, — though he had a heart as big as an ox, and a head that would have set adamant to scorn, — yet after all he was a mere mortal. Wearied out by these repeated oppositions, and this eternal haranguing, and perceiving that unless he complied, the inhabitants would follow their own inclination, or rather, their fears, without waiting for his consent, or, what was still worse, the Yankees would have time to pour in their forces and claim a share in the conquest, he testily ordered them to hand up the paper. It was accordingly hoisted to him on the end of a pole; and having scrawled his name at the bottom of it, he anathematized them all for a set of cowardly, mutinous, degenerate poltroons, threw the capitulation at their heads, slammed down the window, and was

heard stumping downstairs with vehement indignation. The rabble incontinently took to their heels; even the burgomasters were not slow in evacuating the premises, fearing lest the sturdy Peter might issue from his den, and greet them with some unwelcome testimonial of his displeasure.

Within three hours after the surrender, a legion of British beef-fed warriors poured into New Amsterdam, taking possession of the fort and batteries. And now might be heard, from all quarters, the sound of hammers made by the old Dutch burghers, in nailing up their doors and windows, to protect their *vrouws* from these fierce barbarians, whom they contemplated in silent sullenness from the garret windows as they paraded through the streets.

Thus did Colonel Richard Nichols, the commander of the British forces, enter into quiet possession of the conquered realm as *locum tenens* for the Duke of York. The victory was attended with no other outrage than that of changing the name of the province and its metropolis, which thenceforth were denominated NEW YORK, and so have continued to be called unto the present day. The inhabitants, according to treaty, were allowed to maintain quiet possession of their property; but so inveterately did they retain their abhorrence of the British nation, that in a private meeting of the leading citizens it was unanimously determined never to ask any of their conquerors to dinner.

WILLIAM PENN, FOUNDER OF PENNSYLVANIA

[1682]

BY EVA MARCH TAPPAN

WHILE La Salle was on the Mississippi River planning a colony that failed, an English Quaker named William Penn, was getting ready to found a colony that was to succeed. Long before this the Quakers had thought of America. "The Puritans have gone to Massachusetts," they said, "and the Roman Catholics have gone to Maryland. Why should not we have a home of our own in the New World?" A number of Quakers crossed the ocean and made little settlements on the banks of the Delaware. Penn said to himself, "What a glorious thing it would be if we could have a country where not only Quakers but every one else could worship God as he thought right!" At last he planned a way in which this might be brought about. King Charles had owed Penn's father a large sum of money, so the young man asked, "Friend Charles, wilt thou give me land in America instead of that money?" The king was more than willing. Land in America was of no great value, he believed, and so he readily gave Penn a piece almost as large as the whole of England. "It shall be called New Wales," said Penn; but the king had the good taste not to like this name. "Then let it be Sylvania," Penn suggested. "Pennsylvania," declared the quick-witted king. Penn thought that might look as if he wished to honor himself,

but the king said, "Oh, no, it is to honor the admiral, your father." So Pennsylvania — Penn's woodland — was written on the maps of the new state.

Just where his settlement was to be, he did not know, but he sent three men across the ocean to find a good place and treat with the Indians. The town was to be named Philadelphia, or the City of Brotherly Love. He had a delightful time planning it. He did not mean to have the houses dropped down anywhere and to have the streets wriggle and twist to go by the houses. His town was to have streets running north and south, cut at right angles by other streets running east and west. Those that went north and south were to be numbered, First Street, Second Street, and so on; those that went east and west were to be named for the trees of the forest, — Chestnut, Walnut, Spruce, and Pine. The river banks were never to be built upon, but always to be open to the people. The streets were made narrow because Penn was not planning for a large city, but for a "green country town." He marked on his plan just where the city hall was to be, where he meant to have open parks, and where his own house was to stand. He wrote a friendly letter to the English and the Swedes who were already settled on his land, telling them he hoped they would not dislike having him as governor, for they should be treated fairly and make whatever laws they thought best. He also wrote to the Indians that he was their friend and that he wanted to live with them in love and peace. He sent his cousin across the ocean to deliver these letters and act as governor until he himself could come. Then he set to work and wrote a businesslike advertisement. It told how much it

would cost to cross the ocean, how much he would sell land for, what kind of country Pennsylvania was, and what things colonists would need. It was not long before ships began to carry settlers to Pennsylvania. It is thought that three thousand came the first year.

These settlers, even the earliest of them, had none of the hard times that the people of Plymouth and Jamestown had to endure. Of course there were no houses; and when the first ship sailed up the beautiful Delaware River, her passengers had to scramble up the bank and shelter themselves as best they could until their houses were built. Some of them made huts of bark. Some dug into the river bank and beat down the earth for floors. For walls they piled up sods, or they cut down branches and small trees and set them up around the floor. For chimneys, they mixed grass and clay together. Some of them drove forked sticks into the ground, laid a pole in the crotches, and hung a kettle on the pole. A fire was built under it, and there the cooking was done. It was a busy time, for while all this was going on, the surveyors were marking off lots as fast as they could. The settlers were in a hurry, for they wanted to build their houses. Some made them of logs, and some had brought the frames with them, each piece marked and numbered, so they could be put up very quickly. The Indians were much interested. They gazed with wonder at a wooden house growing almost as rapidly as a wigwam. They often did more than gaze; they helped those who were in need. On the voyage a man had died, and his widow, with eight or nine children, found herself alone in a strange country. The white people, busy as they were, saw that she had

a cave-house at once, and the Indians hurried to bring venison and corn for her and her little family.

The next year, in 1682, Penn himself came to America. He landed first at Newcastle, and there he took formal possession of his land in the old English fashion; that is, he took a cup of water, a handful of soil, a bit of turf, and a twig. When he saw his new town, he was delighted. The situation, the air, the water, the sky, — everything pleased him, and he wrote his friends most enthusiastic letters. He told them about the nuts and grapes and wheat, about the wild pigeons, the big turkeys, the ducks, and the geese, all free to whoever chose to shoot them. The water was full of fish and the forest abounded with deer. It is no wonder that settlers hurried to Pennsylvania.

Of course the Indians were eager to see the new governor, and very likely a group of them stood on the bank when he first landed. He was quite as eager to meet them, and soon they came together for feasting and a treaty of peace. Penn was exceedingly handsome. His hair was long and lay on his shoulders in curls, as was the fashion of the day. His clothes had not the silver trimmings and the lace that most young men of wealth were used to wear, but he liked to have them of rich material and well made. "He was the handsomest, best-looking, and liveliest of gentlemen," declared a lady who saw him at that time. Tradition says that he and the Indians met under a great elm that stood on the river bank. The deep blue stream was flowing softly by, the blue sky was overhead, the leaves of the elm were gently fluttering, and little birds were peering down curiously between the branches. The chief seated

himself for a council. His wisest men sat close behind him in a half-circle. Behind them sat the younger braves. Penn stood before them and told them about his colony. He said that he wished to be a good friend to the Indians and to treat them kindly. As each sentence was translated to them, they gave a shout of pleasure. At the end they said, "We will never do any wrong to you or your friends"; and Penn declared, "We will live in love as long as the sun gives light." Penn paid the Indians for their land just as the settlers of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and New Netherland had done. He gave them cloth, bells, guns, kettles, axes, scissors, knives, mirrors, shoes, beads, combs, and shirts. Of course all these things together would hardly buy a rod of land in Philadelphia to-day; but they were of great value to the Indians, and they were well pleased with the bargain. They were also well pleased with the governor. He was dignified and courtly in his bearing; but when he spoke to them, he was simple and friendly. He would sit with them and eat of their hominy and roasted acorns as if he were one of them. At college he had been fond of outdoor sports, and there is a story that once when the red men were leaping to show what they could do, he suddenly stepped out and leaped higher and farther than they. The Indians were delighted. "He is a great man," they said, "but when he comes among us, he is our brother." They called him "Onas," the Indian word for pen or quill. "Onas always does what he says he will do," they told the other tribes.

Penn stayed two years in America, but not all the time in Philadelphia. Once he went to Maryland to have a talk with Lord Baltimore about boundaries.

America was so large, and a few miles of wilderness seemed of so little value, that the English kings gave away broad slices of the country without taking much trouble to make sure that no two men had the same piece. Lord Baltimore claimed the very land on which Philadelphia had been settled. It became known that he was on his way to England to lay his claim before the king. Then Penn had to cross the ocean to defend his grant. He expected to return soon, but one trouble after another kept him in England for fifteen years.

At last the time came when he and his wife and children could come to Philadelphia. He built a fine brick house at a place which he named Pennsbury, twenty miles up the river. It was handsomely furnished. There were dishes of silver and china, plush couches, embroidered chairs, satin curtains, and a heavy carpet — perhaps the first one that ever came across the ocean. There were gardens, made beautiful not only with plants brought from England, but with wild flowers of America. Lawns and terraces ran down to the river bank. There was a stable for twelve horses, there was a "coach and four," there was a barge to be rowed by six oarsmen. The Indians came freely to visit him, and he entertained them on his lawn or in the great hall of his handsome house. He roamed over the country on horseback, and was once lost in the woods near Valley Forge as completely as if he had not been on his own ground. Once when he was riding to meeting, he came up with a child who was also going to the same place. The shy little barefoot girl must have been half-afraid but much delighted when the governor caught her up, set her behind him on his great horse, and trotted on to meeting

with her. It would be pleasant if we could think of Penn as spending the rest of his days in the country life that he enjoyed; but he had been in America only two years when he was obliged to return to England. Never again did he see beautiful Pennsbury, his Indian friends, the city that he loved, or the smoothly flowing Delaware.



Penn's Treaty with the Indians

PENN'S TREATY WITH THE INDIANS

BY BENJAMIN WEST

(*American artist*, 1738–1820)

THE painting here reproduced is hung in Independence Hall, Philadelphia. The artist, Benjamin West, was a Pennsylvania boy, who, according to the familiar story, drew before the age of seven a recognizable portrait of his baby sister. His first assistance in the pursuit of art came from some friendly Indians, who gave him a little red and yellow earth. Indigo he begged from his mother, brushes he made for himself. He was quite a boy before he ever saw a box of paints; but at the age of eighteen, he established himself in Philadelphia as a full-fledged portrait-painter, and two years later opened a studio in New York. In 1760 he went to Italy for study, then to England, and here he made his permanent home. He became famous almost at once, was welcomed by lovers of art, and given many commissions for paintings by King George III. For twenty-three years he was president of the Royal Academy, succeeding Sir Joshua Reynolds. It was at that time the custom to paint historical characters in classical costume; but West was original enough and brave enough to lay aside this convention and give his subjects the clothing appropriate to their period. When he was at work upon his Death of General Wolfe, Sir Joshua objected to this new departure; but when the painting was completed, he said, "West has conquered; he has treated his subject as it ought to be treated; I retract my objections. I foresee that this picture will . . . occasion a revolution in art."

The story of the scene pictured in the illustration is told in the text. The artist's grandfather was present at the making of this treaty, and is portrayed among the group of Friends standing near William Penn.

VII
STORIES OF THE PURITANS

HISTORICAL NOTE

"THERE are some who love to enumerate the singularities of the early Puritans. They were opposed to wigs; they could preach against veils; they denounced long hair; they disliked the cross in the banner, as much as the people of Paris disliked the lilies of the Bourbons, and for analogous reasons. They would not allow Christmas Day to be kept sacred; they called neither months, nor days, nor seasons, nor churches, nor inns, by the names common in England; they revived Scripture names at christenings. The grave Romans legislated on the costume of men, and their senate could even stoop to interfere with the triumphs of the sex to which civic honors are denied; the fathers of New England prohibited frivolous fashions in their own dress; and their austerity, checking extravagance even in woman, frowned on her hoods of silk and her scarfs of tiffany, extended the length of her sleeve to the wrist, and limited its greatest width to half an ell. The Puritans were formal and precise in their manners; singular in the forms of their legislation; rigid in the observance of their principles. Every topic of the day found a place in their extemporaneous prayers, and infused a stirring interest into their long and frequent sermons. The courts of Massachusetts respected in practice the code of Moses; the island of Rhode Island enacted for a year or two a Jewish masquerade; in New Haven, the members of the constituent committee were called the seven pillars, hewn out for the house of wisdom. But these are only outward forms, which gave to the new sect its marked exterior. If from the outside peculiarities, which so easily excite the sneer of the superficial observer, we look to the genius of the sect itself, Puritanism was Religion struggling for the People." — *George Bancroft.*

SUNDAY IN THE NEW ENGLAND COLONIES

[Seventeenth century]

BY ALICE MORSE EARLE

THE first building used as a church at the Plymouth colony was the fort, and to it the Pilgrim fathers and mothers and children walked on Sunday reverently and gravely, three in a row, the men fully armed with swords and guns, till they built a meeting-house in 1648. In other New England settlements, the first services were held in tents, under trees, or under any shelter. The settler who had a roomy house often had also the meeting. The first Boston meeting-house had mud walls, a thatched roof, and earthen floor. It was used till 1640, and some very thrilling and inspiring scenes were enacted within its humble walls. Usually the earliest meeting-houses were log houses, with clay-filled chinks, and roofs thatched with reeds and long grass, like the dwelling-houses. At Salem is still preserved one of the early churches. The second and more dignified form of New England meeting-houses was usually a square wooden building with a truncated pyramidal roof, surmounted often with a belfry, which served as a lookout station and held a bell, from which the bell-rope hung down to the floor in the center of the church aisle. The old church at Hingham, Massachusetts, still standing and still used, is a good specimen of this shape. It was built in 1681, and is known as the "Old Ship," and is a comely and dignified building. As more elegant and costly

dwelling-houses were built, so were better meeting-houses; and the third form with lofty wooden steeple at one end, in the style of architecture invented by Sir Christopher Wren, after the great fire of London, multiplied and increased until every town was graced with an example. In all these the main body of the edifice remained as bare, prosaic, and undecorated as were the preceding churches, while all the ambition of both builders and congregation spent itself in the steeple. These were so varied and at times so beautiful that a chapter might be written on New England steeples. The Old South Church of Boston is a good example of this school of ecclesiastical architecture, and is a well-known historic building as well.

The earliest meeting-houses had oiled paper in the windows, and when glass came in it was not set with putty but was nailed in. The windows had what were termed "heavy current side-shutters." The outside of the meeting-house was not "colored," or "stained" as it was then termed, but was left to turn gray and weather-stained, and sometimes moss-covered with the dampness of the great shadowing hemlock and fir trees which were usually planted around New England churches. The first meeting-houses were often decorated in a very singular and grotesque manner. Rewards were paid by all the early towns for killing wolves; and any person who killed a wolf brought the head to the meeting-house and nailed it to the outer wall; the fierce grinning heads and splashes of blood made a grim and horrible decoration. All kinds of notices were also nailed to the meeting-house door where all of the congregation might readily see them, — notices of town-meetings, prohibi-

tions from selling guns to the Indians, notices of intended marriages, vendues, etc. It was the only meeting-place, the only method of advertisement. In front of the church was usually a row of stepping-stones or horse-blocks, for nearly all came on horseback; and often on the meeting-house green stood the stocks, pillory, and whipping-post.

A verse from an old-fashioned hymn reads thus: —

"New England's Sabbath day
Is heaven-like, still, and pure,
When Israel walks the way
Up to the temple's door.
The time we tell
When there to come,
By beat of drum,
Or sounding shell."

The first church at Jamestown, Virginia, gathered the congregation by beat of drum; but while attendants of the Episcopal, Roman Catholic, and Dutch Reformed churches in the New World were in general being summoned to divine service by the ringing of a bell hung either over the church or in the branches of a tree by its side, New England Puritans were summoned, as the hymn relates, by drum, or horn, or shell. The shell was a great conch-shell, and a man was hired to blow it — a mournful sound — at the proper time, which was usually nine o'clock in the morning. In Stockbridge, Massachusetts, the church-shell was afterwards used for many years as a signal to begin and stop work in the haying-field. In Windsor, Connecticut, a man walked up and down on a platform on the top of the meeting-house and blew a trumpet to summon worshipers. Many churches had a church drummer, who stood on the roof

or in the belfry and drummed, a few raised a flag as a summons, or fired a gun.

Within the meeting-house all was simple enough: raftered walls, puncheons and sanded or earthen floors, rows of benches, a few pews, all of unpainted wood, and a pulpit which was usually a high desk overhung by a heavy sounding-board, which was fastened to the roof by a slender metal rod. The pulpit was sometimes called a scaffold. When pews were built, they were square, with high partition walls, and had narrow, uncomfortable seats round three sides. The word was always spelled "pue"; and they were sometimes called "pits." A little girl in the middle of this century attended a service in an old church which still retained the old-fashioned square pews; she exclaimed, in a loud voice, "What! must I be shut in a closet and sit on a shelf?" These narrow, shelf-like seats were usually hung on hinges and could be turned up against the pew-walls during the long psalm-tunes and prayers; so the members of the congregation could lean against the pew-walls for support as they stood. When the seats were let down, they fell with a heavy slam that could be heard half a mile away in the summer time, when the windows of the meeting-house were open. Lines from an old poem read: —

> "And when at last the loud Amen
> Fell from aloft, how quickly then
> The seats came down with heavy rattle,
> Like Musketry in fiercest battle."

A few of the old-time meeting-houses, with high pulpit, square pews, and deacons' seats, still remain in

New England and fully illustrate the words of the poet: —

"Old house of Puritanic wood
Through whose unpainted windows streamed
On seats as primitive and rude
As Jacob's pillow when he dreamed,
The white and undiluted day —"

The seats were carefully and thoughtfully assigned by a church committee called the Seating Committee, the best seats being given to older persons of wealth and dignity who attended the church. Whittier wrote of this custom: —

"In the goodly house of worship, where in order due and fit,
As by public vote directed, classed and ranked the people sit.
Mistress first and good wife after, clerkly squire before the clown,
From the brave coat lace-embroidered to the gray coat shading down."

Many of the plans for "seating the meeting-house" have been preserved; the pews and their assigned occupants are clearly designated. In the early meeting-houses men and women sat on separate sides of the meeting-house, as in Quaker meetings till our own time. Sometimes a group of young women or of young men were permitted to sit in the gallery together. Little girls sat beside their mothers or on footstools at their feet, or sometimes on the gallery stairs; and I have heard of a little cage or frame to hold Puritan babies in meeting. Boys did not sit with their families, but were in groups by themselves, usually on the pulpit and gallery stairs, where tithing-men watched over them. In Salem, in 1676, it was ordered by the town that "all ye boyes of ye towne are appointed to sitt upon ye three paire

of stairs in ye meeting-house, and William Lord is appointed to look after ye boys upon ye pulpitt stairs."

In Stratford the tithing-man was ordered to "watch over youths of disorderly carriage, and see they behave themselves comelie, and use such raps and blows as is in his discretion meet." In Durham any misbehaving boy was punished publicly after the service was over. We would nowadays scarcely seat twenty or thirty active boys together in church if we wished them to be models of attention and dignified behavior; but after the boys' seats were removed from the pulpit stairs they were all turned in together in a "boys' pew" in the gallery. There was a boys' pew in Windsor, Connecticut, as late as 1845, and pretty noisy it usually was. A certain small boy in Connecticut misbehaved himself on Sunday, and his wickedness was specified by the justice of peace as follows: "A Rude and Idel Behaver in the meeting hous. Such as Smiling and Larfing and Intiseing others to the Same Evil. Such as Larfing or Smiling or puling the hair of his nayber Benoni Simkins in the time of Publick Worship. Such as throwing Sister Penticost Perkins on the Ice, it being Saboth day, between the meeting hous and his plaes of abode."

I can picture well the wicked scene; poor, meek little Benoni Simpkins trying to behave well in meeting, and not cry out when the young "wanton gospeller" pulled her hair, and unfortunate Sister Perkins tripped up on the ice by the young rascal.

Another vain youth in Andover, Massachusetts, was brought up before the magistrate, and it was charged that he "sported and played, and by indecent gestures and wry faces caused laughter and misbehavior in the

beholders." The girls were just as wicked; they slammed down the pew-seats. Tabatha Morgus of Norwich "prophaned the Lord's daye" by her "rude and indecent behavior in Laughing and playing in ye tyme of service." On Long Island godless boys "ran Raesses" on the Sabbath and "talked of vane things," and as for Albany children, they played hookey and coasted down hill on Sunday to the scandal of every one evidently, except their parents. When the boys were separated and families sat in pews together, all became orderly in meeting.

The deacons sat in a "Deacons' Pue" just in front of the pulpit; sometimes also there was a "Deaf Pue" in front for those who were hard of hearing. After choirs were established, the singers' seats were usually in the gallery; and high up under the beams in a loft sat the negroes and Indians.

If any person seated himself in any place which was not assigned to him, he had to pay a fine, usually of several shillings, for each offense. But in old Newbury men were fined as high as twenty-seven pounds each for persistent and unruly sitting in seats belonging to other members.

The churches were all unheated. Few had stoves until the middle of this century. The chill of the damp buildings, never heated from autumn to spring, and closed and dark throughout the week, was hard for every one to bear. In some of the early log-built meeting-houses, fur bags made of wolfskins were nailed to the seats; and in winter church attendants thrust their feet into them. Dogs, too, were permitted to enter the meeting-house and lie on their masters' feet. Dog-

whippers or dog-pelters were appointed to control and expel them when they became unruly or unbearable. Women and children usually carried foot-stoves, which were little pierced metal boxes that stood on wooden legs, and held hot coals. During the noon intermission the half-frozen church attendants went to a neighboring house or tavern, or to a noon-house to get warm. A noon-house or "Sabba-day house," as it was often called, was a long low building built near the meeting-house, with horse-stalls at one end and a chimney at the other. In it the farmers kept, says one church record, "their duds and horses." A great fire of logs was built there each Sunday, and before its cheerful blaze noon-day luncheons of brown bread, doughnuts, or ginger-bread were eaten, and foot-stoves were filled. Boys and girls were not permitted to indulge in idle talk in those noon-houses, much less to play. Often two or three families built a noon-house together, or the church built a "Society house," and there the children had a sermon read to them by a deacon during the "nooning"; sometimes the children had to explain aloud the notes they had taken during the sermon in the morning. Thus they throve, as a minister wrote, on the "Good Fare of brown Bread and the Gospel." There was no nearer approach to a Sunday School until this century.

The services were not shortened because the churches were uncomfortable. By the side of the pulpit stood a brass-bound hour-glass which was turned by the tithing-man or clerk, but it did not hasten the closing of the sermon. Sermons two or three hours long were customary, and prayers from one to two hours in length. When the first church in Woburn was dedicated, the minister

preached a sermon nearly five hours long. A Dutch traveler recorded a prayer four hours long on a Fast Day. Many prayers were two hours long. The doors were closed and watched by the tithing-man, and none could leave even if tired or restless unless with good excuse. The singing of the psalms was tedious and unmusical, just as it was in churches of all denominations both in America and England at that date. Singing was by ear and very uncertain, and the congregation had no notes, and many had no psalm-books, and hence no words. So the psalms were "lined" or "deaconed"; that is, a line was read by the deacon, and then sung by the congregation. Some psalms when lined and sung occupied half an hour, during which the congregation stood. There were but eight or nine tunes in general use, and even these were often sung incorrectly. There were no church organs to help keep the singers together, but sometimes pitch-pipes were used to set the key. Bass-viols, clarinets, and flutes were played upon at a later date in meeting to help the singing. Violins were too associated with dance music to be thought decorous for church music. Still the New England churches clung to and loved their poor confused psalm-singing as one of their few delights, and whenever a Puritan, even in road or field, heard the distant sound of a psalm-tune, he removed his hat and bowed his head in prayer.

Contributions at first were not collected by the deacons, but the entire congregation, one after another, walked up to the deacons' seat and placed gifts of money, goods, wampum, or promissory notes in a box. When the services were ended, all remained in the pews until

the minister and his wife had walked up the aisle and out of the church.

The strict observance of Sunday as a holy day was one of the characteristics of the Puritans. Any profanation of the day was severely punished by fine or whipping. Citizens were forbidden to fish, shoot, sail, row, dance, jump, or ride, save to and from church, or to perform any work on the farm. An infinite number of examples might be given to show how rigidly the laws were enforced. The use of tobacco was forbidden near the meeting-house. These laws were held to extend from sunset on Saturday to sunset on Sunday; for in the first instructions given to Governor Endicott by the company in England, it was ordered that all in the colony cease work at three o'clock in the afternoon on Saturday. The Puritans found support of this belief in the Scriptural words, "The evening and the morning were the first day."

A Sabbath day in the family of Rev. John Cotton was thus described by one of his fellow-ministers: "He began the Sabbath at evening, therefore then performed family duty after supper, being longer than ordinary in exposition. After which he catechized his children and servants, and then returned to his study. The morning following, family worship being ended, he retired into his study until the bell called him away. Upon his return from meeting (where he had preached and prayed some hours), he returned again into his study (the place of his labor and prayer), unto his favorite devotion; where having a small repast carried him up for his dinner, he continued until the tolling of the bell. The public service of the afternoon being over, he withdrew for

a space to his pre-mentioned oratory for his sacred addresses to God, as in the forenoon, then came down, repeated the sermon in the family, prayed, after supper sang a Psalm, and toward bedtime betaking himself again to his study he closed the day with prayer. Thus he spent the Sabbath continually."

CALLING A MINISTER THREE CENTURIES AGO

[1652]

BY EVA MARCH TAPPAN

In 1652, the little church in Boston was in sore distress, for their beloved minister, John Cotton, was sick unto death, and who should take his place? Who was so learned, and, withal, so fervent in spirit as he? Who could so wisely instruct the elders, and yet remember the children, for had he not written "Milk for Babes," a little catechism well known in New England?

The poor people knew not what to do, and so, as they had done with many a hard question, they carried this hardest and saddest of all to their pastor, and with heartfelt grief and many tears, asked him whom he would choose to teach them when he should be gone.

This was a question upon which the weary, suffering man had pondered ever since he knew that he must leave his beloved people. Perhaps a dream which, as the old record says, gave no "encouragement unto this business," may yet have given him a thought; for he dreamed of seeing Mr. Norton, the minister of Ipswich, come into Boston riding on a white horse, and he at once advised his people to ask the church of Ipswich to give them Mr. Norton for their pastor.

Now these simple people could not have been good financiers, for they made no effort to get a man to "fill the house." They did not even "hear candidates" a

few months. They seemed anxious only to have a settled pastor and wise teacher as soon as possible; and so, after the death of their beloved minister, they went frankly to the Ipswich church, telling them what Mr. Cotton had said, and begging that they, "being accommodated with such another eminent person as Mr. Rogers, would, out of respect unto the general good of all the people of God throughout the land, so far deny themselves as to dismiss him [Mr. Norton] from themselves."

Now this same church in Ipswich had great regard for Mr. Rogers, and, too, they cared much for the good of the church in Boston; but Mr. Norton was very dear to them, for they loved him in the old-time way that would now be thought sadly out of fashion, and there was much question whether they ought to let him go. They were trying to love their neighbor as themselves, but to give up their dear pastor was to love their neighbor better than themselves, and that was more than was required, at least so thought some of the less spiritually-minded ones among them.

Finally, one of the church said, "Brethren, a case in some things like this was once that way determined: 'We will call the damsel and inquire at her mouth'; wherefore, I propose that our teacher himself be inquired of whether he be inclined to go."

And so they agreed to leave it to Mr. Norton himself; but when the matter was laid before him, he refused to make a choice, and would only say, "Rather than wound my conscience with unlawful compliances, I came to this country; and should you now judge that as good reasons call for my removal to Boston, then will I resign myself."

I am afraid that these good people may seem to us a little "slow," for Mr. Norton does not seem to have at all considered the question of the rival advantages of Boston *versus* Ipswich, or whether the climate of the larger town might not better agree with his health, and so give him more years of usefulness; and neither church seems to have thought of helping the question on to a settlement by offering a larger salary. The matter was slow to arrange itself, for the Boston people had no newer argument than that old one of Bible times, "Let him that hath two coats give to him that hath none"; and to that the church in Ipswich did reply, "But Boston hath one, it hath Mr. Wilson." Then said Mr. Wilson, "But I am old, my voice hath failed me. I can no longer minister publicly in the congregation. I am nothing."

At length the Ipswich people agreed to let Mr. Norton sojourn at Boston for a time until the will of God should be discovered, and to content themselves with the ministrations of Mr. Rogers, Mr. Norton's assistant; but they did not lose their old-fashioned love for their pastor, and when, not long after, Mr. Rogers died, they insisted that the church in Boston should give up Mr. Norton; and there was a council of all the churches called, and they did advise the Ipswich church to "grant Mr. Norton a fair dismission unto the service of Boston," for, after taking prayerful thought of the matter, it had been borne upon their minds that Boston had greater need of this earnest man than Ipswich.

But the spirit of rebellion had seized upon the church of Ipswich, and they said, "Nay, but we will not give Mr. Norton a dismission."

Then was the strong arm of the law stretched forth, for there was no other authority to which these stiff-necked men of Ipswich would bow, and again was a council called, composed of the magistrates and the Governor of the colony, and they did order the church in Ipswich to let Mr. Norton go to Boston. And now must the rebellious church needs yield; which they did with a better grace, since the council had suggested that Mr. Norton had long wished to return to England, and that if the two churches should longer contend, they might so weary him with their strife that perchance they would both lose the profit of his presence. Then gave the church of Ipswich to Mr. Norton a "fair dismission to Boston," and took for their minister Mr. Cobbet, who, as the chronicle tells us, "continued a rich blessing unto them."

Mr. Norton removed to Boston, where he remained many years, to the edification of his hearers. And thus it was that the little church of Boston called a minister three centuries ago.

THE KING'S MISSIVE

[1661]

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

UNDER the great hill sloping bare
To cove and meadow and Common lot,
In his council chamber and oaken chair,
Sat the worshipful Governor Endicott.
A grave, strong man, who knew no peer
In the pilgrim land, where he ruled in fear
Of God, not man, and for good or ill
Held his trust with an iron will.

He had shorn with his sword the cross from out
The flag, and cloven the Maypole down,
Harried the heathen round about,
And whipped the Quakers from town to town.
Earnest and honest, a man at need
To burn like a torch for his own harsh creed,
He kept with the flaming brand of his zeal
The gate of the holy common weal.

His brow was clouded, his eye was stern,
With a look of mingled sorrow and wrath;
"Woe's me!" he murmured: "at every turn
The pestilent Quakers are in my path!
Some we have scourged, and banished some,
Some hanged, more doomed, and still they come,

Fast as the tide of yon bay sets in,
Sowing their heresy's seed of sin.

"Did we count on this? Did we leave behind
The graves of our kin, the comfort and ease
Of our English hearths and homes, to find
Troublers of Israel such as these?
Shall I spare? Shall I pity them? God forbid!
I will do as the prophet to Agag did:
They come to poison the wells of the Word,
I will hew them in pieces before the Lord!"

The door swung open, and Rawson the clerk
Entered, and whispered under breath,
"There waits below for the hangman's work
A fellow banished on pain of death —
Shattuck of Salem, unhealed of the whip,
Brought over in Master Goldsmith's ship
At anchor here in a Christian port,
With freight of the Devil and all his sort!"

Twice and thrice on the chamber floor
Striding fiercely from wall to wall,
"The Lord do so to me and more,"
The governor cried, "if I hang not all!
Bring hither the Quaker." Calm, sedate,
With the look of a man at ease with fate,
Into that presence grim and dread
Came Samuel Shattuck, with hat on head.

"Off with the knave's hat!" An angry hand
Smote down the offense; but the wearer said,

With a quiet smile, "By the king's command
I bear his message and stand in his stead."
In the governor's hand a missive he laid
With royal arms on its seal displayed,
And the proud man spake as he gazed thereat,
Uncovering, "Give Mr. Shattuck his hat."

He turned to the Quaker, bowing low, —
"The king commandeth your friends' release;
Doubt not he shall be obeyed, although
To his subjects' sorrow and sin's increase.
What he here enjoineth, John Endicott,
His loyal servant, questioneth not.
You are free! God grant the spirit you own
May take you from us to parts unknown."

So the door of the jail was open cast,
And, like Daniel, out of the lion's den
Tender youth and girlhood passed,
With age-bowed women and gray-locked men.
And the voice of one appointed to die
Was lifted in praise and thanks on high,
And the little maid from New Netherlands
Kissed in her joy, the doomed man's hands.

HOW CONNECTICUT SAVED HER CHARTER

[1687]

BY W. H. CARPENTER AND T. S. ARTHUR

CHARLES II dying in 1685, his brother, the Duke of York, ascended the English throne as James II. Avaricious and fond of power, the new king hastened to execute a scheme he seems to have long before concocted — the consolidation, and complete subjection to royal authority, of all the New England colonies. Massachusetts having been already deprived of her charter, and Plymouth never possessing one, it only remained to wrest away those of Connecticut and Rhode Island. Charged with certain misdemeanors, the former colony was presently served with three successive writs of *quo warranto*. Alarm and hesitation for a while pervaded the councils of the commonwealth, but it was determined not to surrender the charter. Knowing that the cause was already prejudged against them, the assembly did not deem it worth while to employ counsel. Endeavoring more to elude than to repel the blow aimed at them, they threw themselves upon the king's clemency, and desired that, if their independence was to be taken away, they might be united to Massachusetts rather than to New York. This move eventually saved the charter; inasmuch as James, hastily and erroneously construing it into a surrender of the coveted instrument, at once stayed proceedings on the *quo warranto*, and they were never afterward urged to a judicial decision.

Acting upon the king's construction of the desire Con-

necticut had expressed, Andros, lately appointed governor of New England, in the autumn of 1687, attended by seventy soldiers, set out from Boston, and traveled across the country to Hartford, to assume authority over the colony. Meeting the assembly which was then in session, he demanded the charter. After some parley, it was produced and laid on the clerk's table. A long and earnest debate ensued. The brave old Governor Treat plead feelingly for the liberties of his people, showing with what an outlay of labor, and treasure, and blood, they had been purchased; and how like parting with life it was to surrender the cherished instrument of their security.

Evening came on while the debate was purposely protracted, and an excited throng of resolute farmers and townsmen gathered around the house where the council was assembled. It grew dark, and lights were brought, the charter still lying upon the table. The front windows of the council-chamber were low, and the heat of the weather rendered it necessary to keep them open. Of a sudden, some of the throng outside threw their jackets into the open windows, and thus extinguished the lights. These were speedily rekindled; but the charter had disappeared. In the darkness, Captain Wadsworth, of Hartford, stealing noiselessly from the room, bore the precious document to the concealment of a hollow oak, fronting the house, where it was deposited, not to be brought to light again until happier times. Spared from the axe, on account of its great size, when the forest was first cleared, the "charter oak" long stood as the memento of an anxious period in the history of Connecticut.

Thwarted in all his efforts to recover the abstracted charter, Andros nevertheless assumed the chief authority; and appointing Treat and Fitz-John Winthrop members of his council, with his own hand closed the records of the colonial assembly in these words: "At a general court at Hartford, October 31st, 1687, His Excellency Sir Edmund Andros, captain-general and governor of His Majesty's dominions in New England, by order from His Majesty, took into his hands the government of the colony of Connecticut, it being annexed to Massachusetts, and other colonies under His Excellency's government. FINIS."

But the existence of Connecticut as an independent commonwealth was not to be thus terminated. Yet, for nearly two years, the colonists mourned for their chartered liberties as if they were forever lost. Much, too, they suffered, meanwhile, from the arbitrary measures of the new governor; but still far less than the people of Massachusetts, who were under his immediate supervision. A great deal of the leniency thus shown toward Connecticut was undoubtedly due to the influence and affectionate interference of Treat and Winthrop, who, as members of Andros's council, had the principal management of the colony's affairs.

Yet, though borne with a kind of desponding acquiescence, the administration of Andros was irksome and odious, and ultimately might have aroused a violent outbreak of colonial indignation. But events presently transpired in England, which brought it to a conclusion as abruptly as it had been unexpected. In April, 1689, immediately on receiving rumors that a bloodless revolution had driven James II from his throne, the people

of Boston assembled in arms, and declared in favor of the new sovereign, William, Prince of Orange. The obnoxious Andros, deriving his authority from the deposed James, was seized and confined. A few weeks afterward, the rumors which had induced this action were fully confirmed.

Meanwhile, the charter of Connecticut had been brought from its hiding-place, and Treat again chosen governor. The assembly, convening, on the 13th of June, proclaimed the new sovereign "with great joy and ceremony." "Great was that day" — thus ran their address to the king — "Great was that day when the Lord, who sitteth upon the floods, did divide his and your adversaries like the waters of Jordan, and did begin to magnify you like Joshua, by those great actions that were so much for the honor of God, and the deliverance of the English dominions from popery and slavery." Declaring they had been "surprised by Andros into an involuntary submission to an arbitrary power," they announced that they had "presumed, by the consent of a major part of the freemen, to resume the government," according to the rules of their charter. For this they entreated "His Majesty's most gracious pardon"; and besides, expressed a hope that their former liberties would be confirmed.

This address the king received favorably. With regard to the validity of the Connecticut charter, the opinions of several English lawyers were asked. Replies came, "that the charter, not being surrendered under the common seal, nor that surrender duly recorded," had never been invalidated in any of its powers, and was still good in law. This being the case, William had no

opportunity to renew it; a circumstance for which the Connecticut people could not have been otherwise than thankful, when they saw the charter of Massachusetts restored with many of its important democratic features obliterated or modified.

SIR WILLIAM PHIPS, TREASURE-SEEKER AND SOLDIER

[Latter part of the seventeenth century]

BY CHARLES C. B. SEYMOUR

PHIPS was born on the 2d of February, 1651, at Woolwich, in Maine, a small settlement near the mouth of the river Kennebec. His father was a robust Englishman, a gunsmith by trade, and the parent of no fewer than twenty-six children, all by one mother. At an early age, William (who was one of the youngest) had to look out for himself. The death of his father placed him in the responsible position of head of the family. Until his eighteenth year he gained a scanty income by tending sheep, but his adventurous disposition was not content with the primeval simplicity of this occupation. He longed to become a sailor, and roam through the world. At first he was unable to change occupations with the facility he expected. He could not get a situation as a sailor, so he apprenticed himself to a shipbuilder. It is probable that he learned this lucrative trade in a very thorough manner, for we find him afterward in Boston pursuing it with success, and devoting his leisure hours to reading and writing. In addition to these accomplishments, he found time to make love to a rich widow, and with such success that he married her, in spite of some disparity in age. Immediately after this he went into business as a shipbuilder, and constructed a vessel on Sheepscot River. Having in due time launched the

craft, he engaged to procure a lading of lumber, and return to Boston. He consoled his wife with the assurance that he would some day get the command of a king's ship, and become the owner "of a fair brick house in the Green Lane of North Boston." In those days, brick houses were as aristocratic as marble palaces in our time.

These magnificent visions were not to be immediately realized. Phips and his ship appear to have lived an industrious, plodding sort of life for at least ten years, and without any particularly golden results. He did little jobs at his shipyard, and performed short coasting voyages, all the while dreaming of better times, and sighing that they were still so distant. One day, as he strolled through the crooked streets of Boston, he heard the somber-looking merchants talking to each other about a shipwreck that had occurred near the Bahamas. It was a Spanish vessel, and was known to have money on board. Phips walked straight down to his vessel, shipped a few hands, and sailed for the Bahamas without further delay. It was exactly the sort of enterprise for his ardent nature. He succeeded in finding the wreck, and in recovering a great deal of its cargo, but the value of it scarcely defrayed the expenses of the voyage. He was-told, however, of another and more richly laden vessel which had been wrecked near Port de la Plata more than half a century before, and which was known to contain treasure to an enormous amount. Phips immediately conceived the idea of fishing up this wealth; but, as he was too poor to undertake the operation without assistance, he proceeded to England, while the fame of his recent expedition was new in people's

mouths, and succeeded in persuading the government to go into the matter. He arrived in London in 1684, and before the expiration of the year, was appointed to the command of the Rose-Algier, a ship of eighteen guns and ninety-five men. The first part of the destiny he had marked out for himself was now fulfilled — he was the commander of a king's ship.

When you want to find a thing that has been lost, some knowledge of the locality where the loss occurred is certainly useful; but Phips started with very vague ideas on the subject, extending merely to a general indication of the coast on which the ship had foundered. He was light of heart, however, and full of hope. Perhaps he thought it was all right so long as he had ship and crew. The latter, however, began to grow dissatisfied, and, when they had fished in the depths of old ocean for some time without bringing up anything but seaweed and gravel and bits of rock, they mutinied outright, and demanded that the immediate object of the voyage should be relinquished. They rushed upon the quarter-deck and bullied the commander, but they could not intimidate him. He got the better of them every time they attempted it. On one occasion the ship had been brought to anchor at a small and uninhabited island for the purpose of undergoing some repairs. It was found necessary to lighten the vessel by removing some of her stores to the shore. The ship was then brought down by the side of a rock stretching out from the land, and a bridgeway constructed, so that an easy communication from the shore was established. The crew had a good deal of time to spare while the carpenters were at work, and, like all idle boys, they got into mischief. They

plotted to overthrow Phips and the few men he had with him on board, seize the vessel, and start on a piratical cruise against Spanish vessels in the South Sea. Phips and his adherents, if they objected to this arrangement, were to be put to death. Only one man did they care about saving, and that was the principal ship-carpenter. They thought his services might be useful. To this worthy they imparted their design, informing him, moreover, that if he did not join in its execution, they would put him to instant death. The ship-carpenter was an honest fellow, and in his heart despised these mean traitors. It was necessary to be prudent, however, so he told them that he would give them an answer in half an hour, and, in the mean time, collect his tools. He returned to the ship, and, by pretending to be suddenly sick, found an opportunity of telling the captain what was brewing, in spite of the watchfulness of those around him. Phips was perfectly cool; bade him return with the others, and leave the rest to him. In a brief address he told the few men who were on board what was about to take place, and, finding them loyal, immediately commenced adopting measures of precaution and defense. A few of the ship's guns had been removed with the stores to the land, and planted in such a manner as to defend them. He caused the charges to be drawn from these, and their position reversed, and then he removed all the ammunition to the frigate. The bridge communicating with the land was taken up, and the ship's guns loaded and trained so as to command all approaches to the encampment. When the mutineers made their appearance, they were hailed by Phips, and warned that if they approached the stores they would be

fired upon. Knowing the men, they respected this intimation, and kept at a respectful distance, while Phips and the few faithful fellows he could spare for the purpose removed the stores from the island to the ship under cover of the guns. The prospect of being left on the island with nothing to eat and drink soon brought the mutineers to terms, and they threw down their arms, and begged for permission to return to their duty. This request was granted when suitable precautions had been taken to deprive them of any future ability to do mischief. When Phips touched port, he thought it best for his own safety and for the welfare of the expedition to get rid of his troublesome crew, and ship another less disposed to piracy.

Soon after this, Phips gained precise information of the spot where the Spanish treasure-ship had sunk. He proceeded to it, but, before his explorations were any way complete, he had to return to England for repairs. The English Admiralty pretended to be immensely pleased with his exertions, but would not again entrust him with the command of a national vessel. He had, therefore, to appeal to private individuals. In a short time he had secured the interest of the Duke of Albemarle, who, with a few other gentlemen, fitted out a vessel and gave him the command. A patent was obtained from the king giving to the company an exclusive right to all the wrecks that might be discovered for a number of years. A tender was also provided for navigating shallow water where the ship could not venture. Having manned and equipped his vessel, he started once more for Port de la Plata, and arrived in safety at the reef of rocks where the Spanish vessel was supposed to

lie. A number of Indian divers were employed to go down to the bottom, and the ship's crew dredged in every direction, but with no success. Just as they were leaving the reef one day in despair, a sailor observed a curious sea-plant growing in what appeared to be a crevice of the rock. He told a diver to fetch it for him, and, when the red gentleman came up again, he said that there were a number of ships' guns in the same place. The news was received with incredulity, but in a very little time it was ascertained to be substantially correct. Presently a diver returned with a bar of solid silver in his arms worth two or three hundred pounds sterling, and every one knew that the wreck had been discovered. "Thanks be to God, we are all made!" was all that Phips could say. In the course of a few days treasure was recovered to the amount of a million and a half of dollars.

In 1687 Phips reached England, surrendered his treasure to his employers, paid the seamen their promised gratuity, and took for his own share a nice little fortune of eighty thousand dollars. In consideration of his integrity, King James made the New England sea-captain a knight, and thenceforward he was known as Sir William Phips. He was desired, also, to remain in England, but his heart was on the other side of the Atlantic; so he shipped his fortune, and packed up a golden cup, worth five thousand dollars, which the Duke of Albemarle sent to his wife, and once more returned to his native land. Prior to his departure, he interested himself with the king to obtain a restitution of rights to his fellow countrymen, but without success. He succeeded, however, in gaining a commission as high sheriff

of New England, and returned with the patriotic object of exercising any power he might possess to the advantage of his fellow countrymen.

The first thing he did on his return was to gratify his wife's ambition, and fulfill the other condition of his youthful prediction, namely, to build "a fair brick house in Green Lane." After this he tried to exercise his powers as sheriff, but the governor of the colony opposed him, and in spite of all his efforts, he was unable to enter upon a discharge of the duties entrusted to him by King James. Naturally indignant at this slight of a royal patent, he determined on undertaking another voyage to England, and in 1687 arrived in that country. He found things much changed. His old patron, King James, had been driven from the throne by an indignant people, and William and Mary reigned in his place. From politic motives, the latter were friendly to Phips, sympathized with him, and offered him the governorship of New England; but this he declined. Seeing that there was no other immediate prospect for him, and unwilling to sacrifice his time in unavailing attendance at court, he returned to America in the summer of 1689. An Indian war, fomented by the French, was waging, and, although unfamiliar with military life, Phips volunteered his services. He was not immediately employed, but his patriotism was understood and appreciated. It became necessary to deal the French a severe blow, in order to put a stop to the encouragement they were constantly giving the Indians. For this purpose, the General Court, in January, 1690, issued the following order: "For the encouragement of such gentlemen and merchants of this colony as shall undertake to

reduce Penobscot, St. John's, and Port Royal, it is ordered that they shall have two sloops of war for three or four months at free cost, and all the profits which they can make from our French enemies, and the trade of the places which they may take, till there be other orders given from Their Majesties." This offer was too tempting for Sir William; once more he offered himself, and was invested with the command of all the forces raised for the expedition, and of the shipping and seamen employed therein. Sir William's instructions were too curious to be omitted in this place. He was ordered "to take care that the worship of God be maintained and duly observed on board all the vessels; to offer the enemy fair terms upon summons, which if they obey, the said terms are to be duly observed; if not, you are to gain the best advantage you may, to assault, kill, and utterly extirpate the common enemy, and to burn and demolish their fortifications and shipping; having reduced that place, to proceed along the coast, for the reducing of the other places and plantations in the possession of the French to the obedience of the crown of England." One would scarcely suppose that the worship of God was compatible with the killing and utterly extirpating his creatures.

Phips reached Port Royal on the 11th of May, and achieved an easy victory over the surprised and unprepared garrison. He took possession in the name of the English Government, demolished the fort, and administered the oath of allegiance to those who were prepared to take it. He then appointed a governor, left a small garrison, and set sail on his return, heavily laden with public and private spoils. On his way home he landed

at the various settlements, and took formal possession of the seacoast from Port Royal to Penobscot. The entire province of Acadia was thus subdued, and remained in possession of the English until its restitution in 1697. On his return Sir William was elected to the Board of Assistants.

The extremely successful issue of this first undertaking against the French encouraged the colonists to pitch into their neighbors on a still larger scale; and, accordingly, an expedition against Quebec was fitted out, the command of which was entrusted to Sir William Phips. The fleet sailed on the 9th of August, 1690. It was divided into three squadrons, one of thirteen vessels, and two of nine each. They proceeded to the mouth of the St. Lawrence, and arrived there in safety, but, owing to ignorance of the stream, their progress was very slow, and calculated to afford the enemy every opportunity for preparing elaborate defenses. At length Phips arrived before Quebec, and a messenger was sent on shore with a summons to the governor to surrender. The messenger barely returned with his life. The governor, Frontenac, indignant at the request, flung the letter in his face, and shouted out fiercely that "Sir William Phips and those with him were heretics and traitors, and had taken up with that usurper, the Prince of Orange, and had made a revolution, which, if it had not been made, New England and the French had all been one; and that no other answer was to be expected from him but what should be from the mouth of his cannon."

To attack a fortified city requires something more than mere physical bravery; it demands a high amount of military knowledge, and a thorough perception of

accidental advantage. Phips was entirely ignorant of military tactics, and therefore gave the command of the land forces to an officer who boasted of greater knowledge, himself retaining command of the fleet. After innumerable delays a landing was effected, but the troops were badly supplied with ammunition and provisions, and were hemmed in and starved from the moment they first set foot on the soil. The French, assisted by their Indian allies, harassed them on every side, and decimated their numbers by drawing them into skirmishes which led to no result. Phips carried his ships up to the town, and blazed away at the stone walls; but the stone walls refused to tumble down, and all his powder was expended in vain. The enemy, on the contrary, poured in torrents of effective shot. For five days a state of confusion prevailed, every day making matters worse. The men were exhausted, and dispirited, for they saw that both their commanders were incapable. The cold weather began to freeze their limbs, and wound them more cruelly than the sword. Provisions and ammunitions were growing scarcer and scarcer, and everything save the enemy seemed to wear a look of despair. At length a violent storm arose; many of the vessels were driven from their anchorage, and the remainder availed themselves of the opportunity of getting out of the river as speedily as possible. Thus ended the expedition against Quebec. Misfortunes pursued the fleet even at sea. The weather was so stormy that the vessels could not be kept together. One ship was never heard of after the separation; another was wrecked; and another — a fire-ship — was burned at sea. Four other vessels were blown so far out of their

course that they did not reach Boston for five or six weeks after the arrival of Phips.

The failure of the expedition was a great blow to the Colonial Government. They had fitted it out on credit, depending on plunder for the payment of the soldiers and a nice little profit for themselves. To get out of the difficulty with the best grace possible, they issued paper notes on the faith of the colony. It was all they could do, for there was no money in the treasury. At first it was supposed this ingenious expedient would be successful; but every day the bills sank lower and lower in public credit, and the poor soldiers who had been paid with them could only get fourteen shillings for every pound on their face.

The defeat before Quebec rankled in Phips's mind, and, as there seemed to be no immediate prospect of employment in the colony, he determined on another voyage to England, with the view of inducing the king to fit out a fresh expedition against the French. In this he was disappointed, but his voyage was not without a result. Increase Mather was at that time eagerly agitating the matter of a new charter for the colony, the old one having been taken away in consequence of royal displeasure, and the colony being thus without any legal guaranty of its rights. After much vexatious delay, the king consented to the issuing of another charter on condition that the delegates should name a governor known to the Crown, and yet popular with the people of Massachusetts. If he had wished to nominate Phips, he could not have more accurately described the man. Notwithstanding his Canadian failure, he was still eminently popular at home, and his curious history was well

known abroad. Increase Mather, on behalf of the other agents, consequently nominated Phips, and a commission was accordingly prepared under the great seal, by which Sir William Phips was appointed captain-general and governor-in-chief of the province of Massachusetts Bay in New England. With this document in his pocket, he returned to his native country in May, 1692. On the following Monday he was conducted from his own house to the town-house by a large escort of military and a number of the principal gentlemen of Boston and the vicinity.

Sir William Phips was a very unhappy governor. With every disposition in the world to be lenient, kind, and just, he found that he could not avoid making enemies. The new charter was not considered satisfactory, and Sir William Phips, the principal officer under it, had to bear all the odium it excited. His authority was disputed in the most vexatious way, and an opposition sprung up which daily gained strength. There were other men, too, who wanted to be governor, and their hostility, having a direct object, was of the most active kind. Sir William became cross with the world, and broke out into wild fits of passion, all of which increased his unpopularity. At length the discontents went so far as to petition the Crown that he might be removed, and another governor appointed in his stead. Beside this, two gentlemen, whom Phips had thrashed for disputing his authority, preferred their complaints to the king, and the Lords of the Treasury, together with the Board of Trade, united in the request that the governor might be displaced. The king refused to condemn the governor unheard, but invited him to visit England and defend

himself. Sir William accordingly left Boston on the 17th of November, 1694, and proceeded to London. It was the last time he ever crossed the Atlantic.

On his arrival he was subjected to fresh annoyances, such as being arrested by the assaulted gentlemen before mentioned, and held to heavy bail; but in spite of these, we are assured by Cotton Mather that he was triumphant in his vindication, and received assurances of being restored to office. While these things were going on, he amused himself with two new schemes: one for supplying the English navy with timber and naval stores from the eastern parts of New England, the other for going into the shipwreck-fishing business again. The prosecution of these designs was, however, brought to an unexpected termination. About the middle of February, 1695, he took cold, and was immediately confined to his chamber. Fever ensued, and on the 18th of the month he died. Few men in the world have had more experience than Sir William Phips; yet he was but forty-five years of age. In that brief period he had raised himself from the condition of a ploughboy to the highest office recognized in his country, from poverty to wealth, from insignificance to esteem.

WERE THERE WITCHES IN SALEM?

[1692]

BY JOHN FISKE

[In the seventeenth century belief in witchcraft was universal. Between 1645 and 1647, in two little counties of England, more than one hundred persons were declared guilty of the crime. Twenty years after the days of the Salem excitement, a woman in England was legally convicted of being a witch. It would have been strange, indeed, if the colonists had not believed in witchcraft. The only wonder is that the number of the accused at Salem was so small.

The Editor.]

In 1692, there were circumstances which favored the outbreak of an epidemic of witchcraft. In this ancient domain of Satan there were indications that Satan was beginning again to claim his own. War had broken out with that Papist champion, Louis XIV, and it had so far been going badly with God's people in America. The shrieks of the victims at Schenectady and Salmon Falls and Fort Loyal still made men's blood run cold in their veins; and the great expedition against Quebec had come home crestfallen with defeat. Evidently the Devil was bestirring himself; it was a witching time; the fuel for an explosion was laid, and it needed but a spark to fire it.

That spark was provided by servants and children in the household of Samuel Parris, minister of the church at Salem Village, a group of outlying farms from three to five miles out from the town of Salem. The place was sometimes called Salem Farms, and in later times was

set off as a separate township under the name of Danvers. Any one who has ever visited a small New England village can form some idea of the looks of the place, for the type is strongly characteristic, and from the days of Cotton Mather to the introduction of railroads the changes were not great. On almost any country roadside in Massachusetts you may see to-day just such wooden houses as that in which Samuel Parris dwelt. This clergyman seems to have lived for some years in the West Indies, engaged in commercial pursuits, before he turned his attention to theology. Some special mercantile connection between Salem and Barbadoes seems to have brought him to Salem Village, where he was installed as pastor in 1689. An entry in the church records, dated June 18 of that year, informs us that "it was agreed and voted by general concurrence, that for Mr. Parris his encouragement and settlement in the work of the ministry amongst us, we will give him sixty-six pounds for his yearly salary, — one third paid in money, the other two third parts for provisions, etc.; and Mr. Parris to find himself firewood, and Mr. Parris to keep the ministry-house in good repair; and that Mr. Parris shall also have the use of the ministry-pasture, and the inhabitants to keep the fence in repair; and that we will keep up our contributions . . . so long as Mr. Parris continues in the work of the ministry amongst us, and all productions to be good and merchantable. And if it please God to bless the inhabitants, we shall be willing to give more; and to expect that, if God shall diminish the estates of the people, that then Mr. Parris do abate of his salary according to proportion."

This arrangement was far from satisfying the new

minister, for it only gave him the use of the parsonage and its pasture lands, whereas he was determined to get a fee simple of both. Another entry in the parish book says that it was voted to make over to him that real estate, but this entry is not duly signed by the clerk, and at the time there were parishioners who declared that it must have been put into the book by fraudulent means. Out of these circumstances there grew a quarrel which for utterly ruthless and truculent bitterness has scarcely been equaled even in the envenomed annals of New England parishes. Many people refused to pay their church-rates till the meeting-house began to suffer for want of repairs, and complaints were made to the county court. Matters were made worse by Parris's coarse and arrogant manners, and his excessive severity in inflicting church discipline for trivial offenses. By 1691 the factions into which the village was divided were ready to fly at each other's throats. Christian charity and loving-kindness were well-nigh forgotten. It was a spectacle such as Old Nick must have contemplated with grim satisfaction.

In the household at the parsonage were two colored servants whom Parris had brought with him from the West Indies. The man was known as John Indian; the hag Tituba, who passed for his wife, was half-Indian and half-negro. Their intelligence was of a low grade, but it sufficed to make them experts in palmistry, fortune-telling, magic, second-sight, and incantations. Such lore is always attractive to children, and in the winter of 1691–92 quite a little circle of young girls got into the habit of meeting at the parsonage to try their hands at the Black Art. Under the tuition of the Indian

servants they soon learned how to go into trances, talk gibberish, and behave like pythonesses of the most approved sort. These girls were Parris's daughter Elizabeth, aged nine, and his niece Abigail Williams, aged eleven; Mary Walcott and Elizabeth Hubbard, each aged seventeen; Elizabeth Booth and Susannah Sheldon, each aged eighteen; Mary Warren and Sarah Churchill, each aged twenty. Conspicuous above all in the mischief that followed were two girls of wonderful adroitness and hardihood, Ann Putnam, aged twelve, daughter of Sergeant Thomas Putnam, and Mercy Lewis, aged seventeen, a servant in his family. This Thomas Putnam, who had taken part in the great Narragansett fight, was parish clerk and belonged to an aristocratic family. One of his nephews was Israel Putnam, of Revolutionary fame. Mistress Ann Putnam, the sergeant's wife, was a beautiful and well-educated woman of thirty, but so passionate and high-strung that in her best moments she was scarcely quite sane. She was deeply engaged in the village quarrels; she also played an important part in supporting her daughter Ann and her servant Mercy Lewis in some of the most shocking work of that year. Beside Mrs. Putnam, two other grown women, one Sarah Vibber and a certain Goody Pope, appeared among the sufferers, but were of no great account. The minister withdrew his own daughter early in the proceedings and sent her to stay with some friends in Salem town. The chief manager of the witchcraft business, then, were two barbarous Indians steeped to the marrow in demonolatry, the half-crazed and vindictive Mrs. Putnam, and nine girls between the ages of eleven and twenty.

These girls came to be known as the "Afflicted Children." Their proceedings began at the parsonage about Christmas time, 1691. They would get down on all fours, crawl under chairs and tables, go off into fits, and speak an unintelligible jargon. All this may have been begun in sport. It would doubtless tickle them to find how well they could imitate Indian medicine, and the temptation to show off their accomplishments would be too great to be resisted. Then if they found their elders taking the affair too seriously, if they suddenly saw themselves in danger of getting whipped for meddling with such uncanny matters, what could be more natural than for them to seek an avenue of escape by declaring that they were bewitched and could not help doing as they did? As to these first steps the records leave us in the dark, but somewhat such, I suspect, they must have been. The next thing would be to ask them who bewitched them; and here the road to mischief was thrown open by Mr. Parris taking the affair into his own hands with a great flourish of trumpets, and making it as public as possible. Such was this man's way, as different as possible from Cotton Mather's. Physicians and clergymen, who came from all quarters to see the girls, agreed that they must be suffering from witchcraft. When commanded to point out their tormentors, they first named the Indian hag Tituba, and then Sarah Good and Sarah Osburn, two forlorn old women of the village, who were not held in high esteem. On the last day of February, 1692, these three were arrested, and the examinations began next day. . . . The chief accusations against Sarah Good were that after she had spoken angrily to some neighbors their cattle sickened and died;

that she threw Mary Walcott and other children into convulsions; and that she tried to persuade Ann Putnam to sign her name in a book. It was supposed that such signatures were equivalent to a quitclaim deed surrendering the signer's soul to the Devil; and his agents, the witches, were supposed to go about with that infernal autograph book soliciting signatures. Similar charges were brought against the other prisoners. In their presence the afflicted children raved and screamed. At the indignant denials of the two old white women the violence of these paroxysms became frightful, but when Tituba confessed that she was an adept in witchcraft and had enchanted the girls, their symptoms vanished and perfect calm ensued. As the result of the examination the three prisoners were sent to jail in Boston to await their trial.

The country was now getting alarmed, and the girls began to feel their power. Their next blow was aimed at victims of far higher sort. The wretched Tituba knew human nature well enough to consult her own safety by acting as king's evidence, and in her examination she testified that four women of the village tormented the girls; two of them were Good and Osburn, but the faces of the other two she said she could not see. After Tituba had gone to prison, the girls were urged to give up the names of these other two tormentors. At first they refused, but shortly it began to be whispered in bated breath that some of the most respected and godly persons in the village were leagued with Satan in this horrible conspiracy. About the middle of March the whole community was thunderstruck by the arrest of Martha Corey and Rebecca Nurse. Of these two ladies the for-

mer was about sixty years of age, the latter more than seventy. As they were addressed not as "Mrs.," but as "Goodwife," their position was not exactly aristocratic. It was nevertheless most respectable. They were thoroughly well-bred and well-educated ladies, full of sweet courtesy and simple-hearted kindliness, like the best of farmers' wives in New England villages of to-day. Martha Corey was third wife of Giles Corey, a farmer eighty years old, a man of herculean stature and strength, proud, self-willed, and contentious, but frank and noble, with a rash, unruly tongue. He had been in many a quarrel, and had made enemies. His wife, so far as we know, had not. She was a woman of deep and sincere piety, with as clear and sound a head as could be found anywhere between Cape Cod and Cape Ann. She disbelieved in witchcraft, was inclined to regard it as a mere delusion, and had no sympathy with the excitement which was beginning to turn the village topsy-turvy. She did not flock with the multitude to see the accusing girls, but she reproved her more credulous husband for giving heed to such tomfoolery, and he, with that uncurbed tongue of his, was heard to utter indiscreet jests about his good wife's skepticism. It was probably this that caused her to be selected as a victim. Skeptics must be made to feel the danger of impugning the authority of the accusers and the truth of their tales. Accordingly, Martha Corey, accused by little Ann Putnam, was soon in jail awaiting trial.

The next was Rebecca Nurse. She was one of three sisters, daughters of William Towne of Yarmouth, in England. Her two sisters, who were arrested soon after her, were Mary Easty and Sarah Cloyse. With their

husbands they were all persons held in highest esteem, but an ancient village feud had left a grudge against them in some revengeful bosoms. Half a century before there had been a fierce dispute between parties from Salem and from Topsfield who had settled in the border region between the two townships. The dispute related to the possession of certain lots of land; it had grown more and more complicated, and it had engendered hard feelings between the Putnams on one side and the Eastys and Townes on the other. Besides this, Rebecca Nurse and her husband had become obnoxious to the Putnams and to the Rev. Mr. Parris from reasons connected with the church dispute. There was evidently a method in the madness of the accusing girls. Rebecca Nurse was arrested two days after the committal of Martha Corey. The appearance of this venerable and venerated lady before the magistrates caused most profound sensation. Her numerous children and grandchildren stood high in public esteem, her husband was one of the most honored persons in the community, herself a model of every virtue. As she stood there, delicate and fragile in figure, with those honest eyes that looked one full in the face, that soft gray hair and dainty white muslin kerchief, one marvels what fiend can have possessed those young girls that they did not shamefastly hold their peace. In the intervals of question and answer they went into fits as usual. When the magistrate Hathorne became visibly affected by the lady's clear and straightforward answers, the relentless Mrs. Putnam broke out with a violence dreadful to behold: "Did you not bring the black man with you? Did you not bid me tempt God and die? How oft have you eaten and drunk your own damnation?"

At this outburst, like the horrible snarl of a lioness, the poor old lady raised her hands toward heaven and cried, "O Lord, help me!" Whereupon all the afflicted girls "were grievously vexed." Hathorne thought that their spasms were caused by a mysterious influence emanating from Goodwife Nurse's lifted hands, and so his heart was hardened toward her. Mary Walcott cried out that the prisoner was biting her, and then showed marks of teeth upon her wrist. Thus the abominable scene went on till Rebecca Nurse was remanded to jail to await her trial.

That was on a Thursday morning. The Reverend Deodat Lawson, a fine scholar and powerful preacher, had arrived in the village a few days before, and it was known that he was to preach the afternoon sermon familiar in those days as the Thursday lecture. He had scarcely arrived when two or three of the girls called upon him and drove him nearly out of his wits with their performances. Their victory over him was complete, and the result was seen in that Thursday lecture, which was afterwards printed, and is a literary production of great intensity and power. The arrests of Martha Corey and Rebecca Nurse had destroyed all confidence, everybody distrusted his neighbor, and that impassioned sermon goaded the whole community to madness. If the Devil could use such "gospel women" for his instruments, what safety was there for anybody? Arrests went on with increasing rapidity during the spring and summer, until at least 126 persons, of whom we know the names and something of the family history, were lodged in jail; and these names do not exhaust the number. Among them — to mention only such as were

executed — we may note that John Procter and the venerable George Jacobs had each had one of the accusing girls in his family as a domestic servant, and in both cases personal malice was visibly at work. In the case of George Jacobs it may also be observed that his own granddaughter, to save her own life, confessed herself a witch, and testified against him; afterward she confessed this horrible wickedness. Some, such as Susannah Martin, seem to have owed their fate to mere superstition of the lowest sort. On a rainy day she walked over a good bit of country road without getting her hose or skirts muddy, and it was sagely concluded that such neatness could only have been attained through the aid of the Devil. She was mother of the Mabel Martin about whom Whittier wrote his beautiful poem, "The Witch's Daughter." John Willard incurred his doom for having said it was the accusing girls who were the real witches worthy of the gallows, and John Procter in a similar spirit had said that by the judicious application of a cudgel he could effect a prompt and thorough cure for all the little hussies. People who ventured such remarks took their lives in their hands.

[After nineteen persons had been hanged and one pressed to death under heavy weights, the frenzy abated. "Some high-spirited persons in Andover, on being accused of witchcraft, retorted by bringing an action for defamation of character, with heavy damages. This marked the end of the panic, and from that time people began to be quick in throwing off the whole witchcraft delusion."]

We may suppose that the minister's West Indian servants began by talking Indian medicine and teaching its tricks to his daughter and niece; then the girls of

their acquaintance would naturally become interested, and would seek to relieve the monotony of the winter evenings by taking part in the performances. Their first motives are most likely to have been playful, but there was probably a half-shuddering sense of wickedness, a slight aroma of brimstone, about the affair, which may have made it the more attractive. I feel sure that sooner or later some of those girls would find themselves losing control over their spasms, and thus, getting more than they had bargained for, would deem themselves bewitched by Tituba and John Indian. But, especially if they found themselves taken to task by their parents, the dread of punishment — perhaps of church discipline, wherein Parris was notably severe — would be sure to make them blame the Indians in order to screen themselves. If Cotton Mather's methods had now been followed, the affair would have been hushed, and the girls isolated from each other would have been subjected to quiet and soothing treatment; and thus, no doubt it would all have ended. But when Parris made the affair as public as possible, when learned doctors of divinity and medicine came and watched those girls, and declared them bewitched, what more was needed to convince their young minds that they were really in that dreadful plight? Such a belief must, of course, have added to their hysterical condition. Naturally they accused Tituba, and as for the two old women, Good and Osburn, very likely some of the girls may really have been afraid of them as evil-eyed or otherwise uncanny.

For the rest of the story a guiding influence is needed, and I think we may find it in Mrs. Putnam. She was

one of the Carrs of Salisbury, a family which for several generations had been known as extremely nervous and excitable. There had been cases of insanity among her near relatives. The deaths of some of her own children and of a beloved sister, with other distressing events, had clouded her mind. She had once been the most sparkling and brilliant of women, but was sinking into melancholia at the time when the first stories of witchcraft came from the parsonage and she learned that her little daughter Ann, a precocious and imaginative child, was one of the afflicted. Mrs. Putnam and her husband were both firm believers in witchcraft. I do not think it strange that her diseased mind should have conjured up horrible fancies about Goodwife Nurse, member of a family which she probably hated all the more bitterly for the high esteem in which it was generally held. Mrs. Putnam fell into violent hysterical fits like her daughter, and their bright and active servant Mercy Lewis was afflicted likewise. These three, with the minister's niece, Abigail Williams, and her friend Mary Walcott, were the most aggressive and driving agents in the whole tragedy. I presume Mrs. Putnam may have exercised something like what it is now fashionable to call hypnotic influence over the young girls. She honestly believed that witches were hurting them all, and she naturally suspected foes rather than friends. I see no good reason for doubting that she fully believed her own ghost stories, or that the children believed theirs. In their exalted state of mind they could not distinguish between what they really saw and what they vividly fancied. It was analogous to what often occurs in delirium.

Such an explanation of the witchcraft in Salem Village accounts for the facts much better than any such violent supposition as that of conscious conspiracy. Our fit attitude of mind toward it is pity for all concerned, yet the feelings of horror and disgust are quite legitimate, for the course of the affair was practically the same as if it had been shaped by deliberate and conscious malice. It is on the whole the most gruesome episode in American history, and it sheds back a lurid light upon the long tale of witchcraft in the past. Few instances of the delusion have attracted so much attention as this at Salem, and few have had the details so fully and minutely preserved. It was the last witch epidemic recorded in the history of fully civilized nations.

X

"IN GOOD OLD COLONY TIMES"

HISTORICAL NOTE

"EACH of the thirteen [colonies] had something peculiar in its history to distinguish it from the rest. To begin with, they were established by several different nations. Most of them, it is true, were founded by Englishmen; but New York and New Jersey were settled by the Dutch, and Delaware by the Swedes; while the Carolinas were first explored and named by a French colony. Most of them were founded by small parties of settlers, among whom no great distinctions of rank existed; but two of them, Pennsylvania and Maryland, were founded by a single proprietor in each case, who owned the whole soil; while New York had its 'patroons,' or large landholders with tenants under them. Most of them were founded by those who fled from religious persecution in Europe; yet one of them, Rhode Island, was made up largely from those persecuted in another colony; and another, Maryland, was founded by Roman Catholics. Some had charter governments; some had royal governments without charters; and others were governed by the original proprietors, or those who represented them.

"But, however differently the thirteen colonies may have been founded, or governed, they were all alike in some things. For instance, they all had something of local self-government; that is, each community, to a greater or less extent, made and administered its own laws. Moreover, they all became subject to Great Britain at last, even if they had not been first settled by Englishmen; and, finally they all grew gradually discontented with the British Government, because they thought themselves ill-treated."

Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

EVERYDAY LIFE IN THE EARLY COLONIES

BY GEORGE CARY EGGLESTON

UP to the end of the seventeenth century life and manners in all the colonies were exceedingly simple. Even the families of those who were best-to-do lived in a fashion far ruder and simpler than that which prevails in our time in the remotest farming districts. They had horses and cattle now with many a flock of sheep, but as they had no roads much better than woodland trails, the settlements still clung closely to the coasts and the water-courses which furnished convenient highways.

Because of the lack of land highways, and especially of bridges across streams, there were scarcely any vehicles of any kind in use in the colonies until nearly the end of that century. When a few light carriages did at last come into use they had to be taken to pieces every time a stream was to be crossed. The separate parts were then packed into the rowboats that carried the passengers, while the horses swam at the side or behind the boats.

The problem of the colonists still was to produce grain enough and meat enough to live upon, and so farming was the chief industry of all the colonies, except that in New England fishing, shipbuilding, and commerce oversea supplemented it. The farming implements of that time were of the very rudest character, and most of them were imported at high cost from Europe.

The firearms of the colonists were rude and clumsy.

They were such as we should now deem unfit for use, either in attack or defense. Most of the guns in use were matchlocks. That is to say, they were guns which could be shot off only by touching a coal of fire to the powder in what was called the pan of the gun. Such a gun could be fired only once in a minute or two and seldom so often if the soldier's fuse happened to burn out. For in that case he must run to the nearest fire and relight it before he could again discharge his matchlock. Moreover, the gun itself, instead of being brought to the shoulder as guns are nowadays, was rested in some crotched sticks, and was fired with far greater slowness and difficulty than even large cannon are to-day.

After a while a new kind of gun came into use which was distinctly superior to the matchlock. This was a gun in which there was a spring lock armed with a flint so placed that when the trigger was pulled the flint scraped down over a piece of roughened steel, created a shower of sparks, and ignited the powder in the gun. These flintlock guns continued in use until well into the nineteenth century. The American Revolution and the War of 1812 were fought with flintlocks.

But even such weapons as these were costly and very scarce among the colonists. A good deal of their fighting was, therefore, done with pikes and half-pikes, two forms of spears that were effective only at close quarters. Such weapons were the less effective in fighting Indians for the reason that the Indians rarely allowed themselves to be brought into close quarters. Even in our own day it is the habit of the Indians to fight from a distance, to retreat firing when pressed, and never for one moment to come into hand-to-hand conflict if it is possible to avoid it.

Of course the advantage of the colonists in having firearms while the Indians had only bows, arrows, spears, tomahawks, and battle-axes, was soon lost to them. Laws were made forbidding the sale of firearms to the Indians, but everywhere in the world the greed of gain has always overridden the most wholesome and necessary laws, wherever profit might result from their violation. Even at a time when the very life of the colonists hung in the balance of Indian warfare, there were base traders who gladly made money by selling to the Indians the weapons they needed for the slaughter of the whites, — men, women, and children.

Among the Indians it was the custom to regard the tribe rather than the individual as the unit of society. If any man of one tribe injured any man of any other tribe, the injured man's tribe felt that it had a right to hold that other tribe responsible for the wrong. The Indians applied this rule in their dealings with white men. If a white man cheated an Indian, or killed an Indian, or wronged him in any way, the Indian idea was not to hunt out the offender and punish him, but to make the wrong a cause for war between the tribe to which the injured Indian belonged and all the white men in the region roundabout. It is this peculiarity of the Indian point of view which chiefly accounts for the frequency of Indian wars in those earlier times and for their merciless savagery.

Under such conditions it was necessary for the Englishmen in America to stand always upon their defense. They carried their guns with them always and they fortified their settlements with palisades and in other ways. Among these other methods of defense was the

building of what were called blockhouses. These were made of hewn logs laid closely together and built up in such fashion that the upper story projected beyond the plumb-line of the lower by a foot or two. This prevented scaling by those who might assault the blockhouse. In times of trouble all the settlers gathered in these blockhouses and used them as fortifications from which to fight off the Indian attacks by firing from slits in the walls. If the Indians had been determined war-makers, of course no blockhouse could long have stood their assault. They might have forced their way up to it, and built fires around its base, thus driving its occupants out of it into the open where they might be slaughtered without difficulty. But at no time in American history have the Indians shown themselves to be determined fighters. Their method of warfare has always been to make a dash. If the dash were successful, they slaughtered their victims; if it were unsuccessful, they retired and gave up the fight. The colonists early learned this by experience, and they arranged their defensive works in full recognition of the Indian habit of mind.

One other great difficulty that the early colonists encountered was their total lack of knowledge concerning the climate and soil of the regions in which they had settled. After they had quit hunting for gold and for a northwest passage through the continent, they at last set themselves to farming. They did so, however, with a degree of ignorance which in many cases proved disastrous. They did not know what crops could be successfully cultivated in this country, and so they tried practically everything of which they had ever heard — but chiefly such crops as grow only in warm climates.

In New England they could grow corn, potatoes, turnips, pumpkins, squashes, beans, peas, and the like; but instead of that they tried the cultivation of silk, wine, madder, olives, tea, coffee, cacao — the bean from which chocolate and cocoa are prepared — and many other things that can be grown only in tropical or low subtropical regions.

These attempts, of course, resulted in failures and sometimes even in the impoverishment of those who made them. It was only little by little that such mistakes were corrected and that the colonists learned what crops they could grow with profit upon such lands and in such climates as they had.

Little by little, at the same time, they learned how to live in their new surroundings. The New Englanders learned the use of sleds in winter and of snowshoes. Both they and the Virginians learned how to make the abundant fish and game a profitable food-supply.

In the mean while all the colonists learned much that aided them to live comfortably in the regions in which they had settled. One important thing that they had learned by the middle of the century was how to build houses somewhat, though not very well, suited to the conditions in which they were living. At first they had put up bush shelters or dug holes in the ground. A little later they had built bark wigwams, which did not and could not keep out the cold of winter. A little later still they learned how to build log cabins which they could chink and daub with mud so as to make them fairly comfortable habitations.

There were few sawmills in America in those days. Boards and planks were therefore exceedingly scarce

and costly. Yet with growing prosperity the colonists desired something better than logs with which to build their houses. They had acquired expertness in hewing out planks with a broadax and still more in riving out shingles and clapboards with a frow. Many of their houses, therefore, were built of these rough-hewn planks, and still more of them — some of which are standing even unto this day — were covered with shingles.

About the middle of the century they began to saw out boards and planks with what were known as whipsaws. In order to do this they placed a log upon two high trestles, and with one man standing on top and one below, they sawed out such lumber as they needed. It was a slow and costly method of manufacture, but it was the best and cheapest then known.

There was no such thing as a stove in existence at that time, and of course there was no such thing as a furnace or a steam radiator with which to warm houses. The use of coal as fuel had not yet begun. The only means of domestic heating, and even of cooking, was the great cavernous fireplace, into which large backlogs were rolled and fires built upon and in front of them. These fireplaces were often so large as to admit of settles being placed within them at the sides of the fire for the sake of greater warmth and comfort. In each of them there was hung a crane. This was a bar, sometimes of green wood and sometimes of iron, hung upon hinges, which could be swung outward and inward at pleasure. Pots and kettles were hung upon it over the fire by hooks of varying lengths, while skillets, ovens, and the like, were set upon the vast hearths where live coals were shoveled

under them and upon their lids for purposes of baking. Frying-pans were used simply by setting them upon hot coals in front of the fire. Coffee pots and the like were set upon little three-legged iron rings called trivets, under which coals were placed.

In some houses the fireplaces were built without jambs. There was simply a wall with a broad hearth in front, over which was a hood, leading to the chimney above. Fire was built upon the hearth, and settles surrounded it.

The fire was a fierce one, for wood was plentiful, but it did not warm the room except for a few feet in front of it. There were two reasons for this: First of all, the houses were so ill built as to let the wintry blasts into them freely; in the second place, the chimneys themselves had upward openings so vast that the cold air came down as fast as the hot air rose. As a consequence of these conditions water froze even near the fire, and we have records showing that distinguished New England divines sometimes had to suspend the writing of their sermons because the ink froze in their pens, even when they sat within the fireplace.

As another consequence, all the beds of that time were closely and unwholesomely curtained to keep out draughts, as was the case in England also, and every bed was warmed before it was used by passing a warming-pan filled with hot coals between the sheets. This necessity endured in England till the middle of the nineteenth century, as we learn from Dickens's account of the trial of Bardell *vs.* Pickwick.

Roasting was done in two ways. Sometimes the fowl or the pig or cut of meat to be roasted was thrust

through with an iron rod called a spit, so arranged that it could be turned by a crank. A reflector was placed behind it on the side opposite the fire so as to keep all of the heat within.

Another, a simpler and a more generally employed way of roasting, was by hanging the meats to strings which depended from the ceiling. Under each roast a dripping-pan was placed, and it was usually the task of the boys and girls of the household to twist the strings so that the roasts should continually revolve. The boys and girls were also required to baste the meats as they cooked, with the juices that fell from them into the dripping-pans.

Many houses of that time in New England consisted only of a kitchen, which served also as a living-room, with some sleeping-rooms above it, and in practically all the houses the large kitchen was the family room for all purposes. In Virginia the kitchen was always in a detached building and was occupied by negro servants.

Lack of spaciousness in the rude dwellings of that time led to the invention of devices for making the most of such room as was available. The beds for grown people were raised on long legs, high above the floor, and under each there was a little trundle-bed, on wheels, which could be drawn out at night for the use of the children. There were also beds that folded up against the wall when not in use.

For light, the best of all appliances in use at that time was the ordinary tallow candle of domestic manufacture. In Virginia and the region south of that, torches were often used, made of fat pine sticks which were set up in iron frames or sconces.

In New Amsterdam, later New York, many of the chimneys were built of sticks and mud, and the result was that many fires occurred, until at last this source of danger was removed by an ordinance forbidding the use of wood in the construction of chimneys.

Another precaution against fire in the towns was the employment of chimney sweeps; without their services, which were compelled by law in New York, there was always danger of a conflagration resulting from the ignition of the soot in chimneys. In New England and Virginia this danger was often averted by another and simpler device. When the roofs were deeply covered with snow, or when a drenching rain was falling, great sheaves of straw were thrust up the chimney and set on fire. Thus the accumulated soot in the flues was safely burned away. But in New York and in Charleston, South Carolina, chimneys were swept at regular intervals by those who made a business of the matter. In Charleston, even up to the time of the Civil War of 1861–65, the little negro chimney sweep, with his brooms and bags, was seen, and his musical cry was heard in all the streets.

As there were no such things as friction matches in those days, or for two centuries later, the keeping of "seed fire," by covering the coals with ashes, was an important concern, and when by any accident the seed fire was lost, colonial boys were sent to the nearest neighbor's house — often many miles distant — to borrow a brand with which to rekindle the hearth.

There were very few blankets, such as we now use, in those days. Quilts, stuffed with moss, tow, wool, or whatever else might be available, were generally used

instead. Everybody slept upon feather beds, and the Dutch in New Netherland also used lighter feather beds for a covering, precisely as many French and German people do to this day.

In all the colonies there was a certain kindly neighborliness which in many ways ameliorated and improved the conditions of life. If there was illness in any house, the neighbors volunteered to sit up with the ill person. If there was a death, the neighbors came in, not only to "sit up with the corpse," but to provide a coffin and to take off the shoulders of the stricken family the work of arranging for the funeral. Kindly women went into the house and took charge of all the housekeeping affairs. Kindly men looked after the cattle and horses and did the woodchopping and whatever else there was to be done.

In other and less distressing affairs of life, a like spirit of neighborly kindness lent cheer to existence. If a man was building a house or a barn, he got the timbers ready, and then his neighbors came to help him in the "raising" of the framework. If he had cut the timber from a piece of ground that he wished to cultivate, his neighbors all came to help him burn the brush and the logs.

If a woman had painfully sewed scraps of cloth together to make a quilt, all the women of the neighborhood came joyously to her to help in the "quilting." When the farmer had gathered in his corn, he gave a "husking bee," and all his neighbors worked by torchlight at the corn pile until the last ear was husked.

All these neighborly coöperations were made the occasions of social frolics. When night came after the women had finished the quilting, the beaux came also. There

was a supper and a dance. Kissing games were played and the jollity was unembarrassed by any foolish conventionality.

When the time of the corn-husking came, the women as well as the men took part, and whenever a red ear was found, the finder — woman or man — was entitled to a kiss from the nearest one of the opposite sex. The corn-pile was carefully divided into two equal parts. There was a "choosing-up" between two chiefs so that the number of huskers on the two sides should be equal. Then there was a race to see which side should first finish the husking of its share of the corn. The struggle was often exciting and always interesting. After it was over, there was a supper, and after that a dance. There were apt to be plentiful potations of hard cider or something stronger as an accompaniment to these frolics.

In these and a score of other ways, there was neighborly coöperation, which at once eased the work of the colonists and gave to them the advantage of an enjoyable social intercourse.

BLACKBEARD, THE LAST OF THE PIRATES

[1718]

BY JOHN FISKE

AMONG these corsairs one of the boldest was a fellow whose name appears in court records as Robert Thatch, though some historians write it Teach. He was a native of Bristol in England, and his real name seems to have been Drummond. But the sobriquet by which he was most widely known was "Blackbeard." It was a name with which mothers and nurses were wont to tame froward children. This man was a ruffian guilty of all crimes known to the law, a desperate character who would stick at nothing. For many years he had been a terror to the coast. In June, 1718, he appeared before Charleston harbor in command of a forty-gun frigate, with three attendant sloops, manned in all by more than four hundred men. Eight or ten vessels, rashly venturing out, were captured by him, one after another, and in one of them were several prominent citizens of Charleston, including a highly respected member of the council, all bound for London. When Blackbeard learned the quality of his prisoners, his fertile brain conceived a brilliant scheme. His ships were in need of sundry medicines and other provisions, whereof a list was duly made out and entrusted to a mate named Richards and a party of sailors, who went up to Charleston in a boat, taking along one of the prisoners with a message to Governor Johnson. The message was briefly this, that,

if the supplies mentioned were not delivered to Blackbeard within eight-and-forty hours, that eminent commander would forthwith send to Governor Johnson, with his compliments, the heads of all his prisoners.

It was a terrible humiliation, but the pirate had calculated correctly. Governor and council saw that he had them completely at his mercy. They knew better than he how defenseless the town was; they knew that his ships could batter it to pieces without effective resistance. Not a minute must be lost, for Richards and his ruffians were strutting airily about the streets amid fierce uproar, and, if the mob should venture to assault them, woe to Blackbeard's captives. The supplies were delivered with all possible haste, and Blackbeard released the prisoners, after robbing them of everything they had, even to their clothing, so that they went ashore nearly naked. From one of them he took six thousand dollars in coin. After this exploit Blackbeard retired to North Carolina, where it is said that he bought the connivance of Charles Eden, the governor, who is further said to have been present at the ceremony of the pirate's marriage to his fourteenth wife.

While the arch-villain, thus befriended, was roaming the coast as far as Philadelphia and bringing his prizes into Pamlico Sound, another rover was making trouble for Charleston. Major Stede Bonnet, of Barbadoes, had taken up the business of piracy scarcely two years before. He had served with credit in the army and was now past middle life, with a good reputation and plenty of money, when all at once he must needs take the short road to the gallows. Some say it was because his wife was a vixen, a droll reason for turning pirate.

But in truth there was a moral contagion in this business. The case of William Kidd, a few years before Bonnet, is an illustration. Kidd was an able merchant, with a reputation for integrity, when William III sent him with a swift and powerful ship to chase pirates; and, lo! when with this fine accouterment, he brings down less game than he had hoped, he thinks it will pay better to turn pirate himself. In this new walk of life he goes on achieving eminence, until on a summer day he rashly steps ashore in Boston, is arrested, sent to London, and hanged. Evidently there was a spirit of buccaneering in the air, as in the twelfth century there was a spirit of crusading. And even as children once went on a crusade, so we find women climbing the shrouds and tending the guns of pirate ships. Major Bonnet soon became distinguished in his profession, and committed depredations all the way from Barbadoes to the coast of Maine. Late in the summer of 1718 Governor Johnson learned that there was a pirate active in his neighborhood, and he sent Colonel William Rhett, with two armed ships, to chase him. The affair ended in an obstinate fight at the mouth of Cape Fear River, in the course of which all the ships got aground on sandbars. It was clear that whichever combatant should first be set free by the rising tide would have the other at his mercy, and we can fancy the dreadful eagerness with which every ripple was watched. One of Rhett's ships was first to float, and just as she was preparing to board the pirate, he surrendered. Then it was learned that he was none other than the famous Stede Bonnet. At the last his brute courage deserted him, and the ecstasy of terror with which he begged for life reminds one of the captive in "Rob Roy"

who was hurled into Loch Lomond. But entreaty fell upon deaf ears. It was a gala day at Execution Dock when Bonnet and all his crew were hung in chains.

A few weeks later, while Blackbeard was lurking in Ocracoke Inlet, with ship well armed and ready for some fresh errand, he was overhauled by two stout cruisers sent after him by Governor Spotswood, of Virginia. In a desperate and bloody fight the "Last of the Pirates" was killed. All the survivors of his crew were hanged, and his severed head decorated the bowsprit of the leading ship as she returned in triumph to James River.

Such forceful measures went on till the waters of Carolina were cleared of the enemy, and by 1730 the fear of pirates was extinguished. For year after year the deeds of Kidd and Blackbeard were rehearsed at village firesides, and tales of buried treasures caused many a greedy spade to delve in vain, until with the lapse of time the memory of all these things grew dim and faded away.

JUDGE SEWALL'S COURTSHIP

[1720]

BY JUDGE SAMUEL SEWALL

[JUDGE SEWALL lived in Boston during the last quarter of the seventeenth century and the first quarter of the eighteenth. It was much the fashion to keep diaries, and the judge kept one, from which the following extract is taken. His diary was written for himself alone, and it reveals with a fascinating frankness and a delightful egotism the details of Boston life in his day.

The Editor.]

8r. 21. Friday, My Son, the Minister, came to me p.m. by apointment and we pray one for another in the Old Chamber; more especially respecting my Courtship. About 6. a-clock I go to Madam Winthrop's; Sarah told me her Mistress was gon out, but did not tell me whither she went. She presently order'd me a Fire; so I went in, having Dr. Sibb's *Bowels* with me to read. I read the two first Sermons, still no body came in; at last about 9. a-clock Mr. Jn°. Eyre came in; I took the oportunity to say to him as I had done to Mrs Noyes before, that I hoped my Visiting his Mother would not be disagreeable to him; He answered me with much Respect. When twas after 9. a-clock He of himself said he would go and call her, she was but at one of his Brothers: A while after I heard Madam Winthrop's voice, enquiring something about John. After a good while and Claping the Garden door twice or thrice, she came in. I men-

tion'd something of the lateness; she banter'd me, and said I was later. She receiv'd me Courteously. I ask'd when our proceedings should be made publick: She said They were like to be no more publick than they were already. Offer'd me no Wine that I remember. I rose up at 11 a-clock to come away, saying I would put on my Coat, She offer'd not to help me. I pray'd her that Juno might light me home, she open'd the Shutter, and said twas pretty light abroad; Juno was weary and gon to bed. So I came hôm by Star-light as well as I could. At my first coming in, I gave Sarah five Shillings. I writ Mr. Eyre his Name in his book with the date Octob^{r}. 21. 1720. It cost me 8^{s}. Jehovah jireh! Madam told me she had visited M. Mico, Wendell, and W^{m} Clark of the South [Church].

Octob^{r}. 22. Dâter Cooper visited me before my going out of Town, staid till about Sun set. I brought her going near as far as the Orange Tree. Coming back, near Leg's Corner, Little David Jeffries saw me, and looking upon me very lovingly, ask'd me if I was going to see his Grandmother? I said, Not to-night. Gave him a peny, and bid him present my Service to his Grandmother.

Octob^{r}. 24. I went in the Hackny Coach through the Co$\bar{m}$on, stop'd at Madam Winthrop's (had told her I would take my departure from thence). Sarah came to the door with Katee in her Arms: but I did not think to take notice of the Child. Call'd her Mistress. I told her, being encourag'd by David Jeffries loving eyes, and sweet Words, I was come to enquire whether she could find in her heart to leave that House and Neighbourhood, and go and dwell with me at the South-end; I think she said softly, Not yet. I told her It did not ly in

my Lands to keep a Coach. If I should, I should be in danger to be brought to keep company with her Neighbour Brooker, (he was a little before sent to prison for Debt). Told her I had an Antipathy against those who would pretend to give themselves; but nothing of their Estate. I would a proportion of my Estate with my self. And I supposed she would do so. As to a Perriwig, My best and greatest Friend, I could not possibly have a greater, began to find me with Hair before I was born, and had continued to do so ever since; and I could not find it in my heart to go to another. She comended the book I gave her, Dr. Preston, the Church Marriage; quoted him saying 'twas inconvenient keeping out of a Fashion comonly used. I said the Time and Tide did circumscribe my Visit. She gave me a Dram of Black-Cherry Brandy, and gave me a lump of the Sugar that was in it. She wish'd me a good Journy. I pray'd God to keep her, and came away. Had a very pleasant Journy to Salem. . . .

31.2. At night I visited Madam Winthrop about 6. p.m. They told me she was gon to Madam Mico's. I went thither and found she was gon; so return'd to her house, read the Epistles to the Galatians, Ephesians in Mr. Eure's Latin Bible. After the clock struck 8. I began to read the 103. Psalm. Mr. Wendell came in from his Warehouse. Ask'd me if I were alone: Spake very kindly to me, offer'd me to call Madam Winthrop. I told him, She would be angry, had been at Mrs. Mico's; he help'd me on with my Coat and I came home; left the Gazett in the Bible, which told Sarah of, bid her present my Service to Mrs. Winthrop, and tell her I had been to wait on her if she had been at home.

Nov^{r}. 1. I was so taken up that I could not go if I would.

Nov^{r}. Midweek, went again, and found Mrs Alden there, who quickly went out. Gave her about ½ pound of Sugar Almonds, cost 3^{s}. per £. Carried them on Monday. She seem'd pleas'd with them, ask'd what they cost. Spake of giving her a Hundred pounds per ānum if I dy'd before her. Ask'd her what sum she would give me, if she should dy first? Said I would give her time to Consider of it. She said she heard as if I had given all to my Children by Deeds of Gift. told her 'twas a mistake, Point-Judith was mine &c. That in England I own'd, my Father's desire was that it should go to my eldest Son; 'twas 20£ per annum; she thought 'twas forty. I think, when I seem'd to excuse pressing this, she seemed to think twas best to speak of it; a long winter was coming on. Gave me a Glass or two of Canary.

Nov^{r}. 4th. Friday, Went again, about 7. a-clock; found there Mr. John Walley and his wife: sat discoursing pleasantly. I shew'd them Isaac Moses's [an Indian] Writing. Madam W. served Comfeits to us. After a-while a Table was spread, and Supper was set. I urg'd Mr. Walley to Crave a Blessing; but he put it upon me. About 9. they went away. I ask'd Madam what fashioned Neck-lace I should present her with, She said, None at all. I ask'd her Whereabout we left off last time; mention'd what I had offer'd to give her; Ask'd her what she would give me; She said she could not Change her Condition: She had said so from the beginning; could not be so far from her Children, the Lecture. Quoted the Apostle Paul affirming that a single Life was

better than a Married. I answer'd That was for the present Distress. Said she had not pleasure in things of that nature as formerly: I said, you are the fitter to make me a Wife. If she held in that mind, I must go home and bewail my Rashness in making more haste than good Speed. However, considering the Sup̄er, I desired her to be within next Monday night, if we liv'd so long. Assented. She charg'd me with saying, that she must put away Juno, if she came to me: I utterly deny'd it, it never came into my heart; yet she insisted upon it; saying it came in upon discourse about the Indian woman that obtained her Freedom this Court. About 10. I said I would not disturb the good orders of her House, and came away. She not seeming pleas'd with my Coming away. Spake to her about David Jeffries, had not seen him.

Monday, Nov^{r}. 7th. My Son pray'd in the Old Chamber. Our time had been taken up by Son and Daughter Cooper's Visit; so that I only read the 130th. and 143. Psalm. Twas on the Account of my Courtship. I went to Mad. Winthrop; found her rocking her little Katee in the Cradle. I excus'd my Coming so late (near Eight). She set me an arm'd Chair and Cusheon; and so the Cradle was between her arm'd Chair and mine. Gave her the remnant of my Almonds; She did not eat of them as before; but laid them away; I said I came to enquire whether she had alter'd her mind since Friday, or remained of the same mind still. She said, Thereabouts. I told her I loved her, and was so fond as to think that she loved me; she said she had a great respect for me. I told her, I had made her an offer, without asking any advice; she had so many to advise with, that twas an hindrance.

The Fire was come to one short Brand besides the Block, which Brand was set up in end; at last it fell to pieces, and no Recruit was made: She gave me a Glass of Wine. I think I repeated again that I would go home and bewail my Rashness in making more haste than good Speed. I would endeavour to contain myself, and not go on to solicit her to do that which she could not Consent to. Took leave of her. As came down the steps she bid me have a Care. Treated me Courteously. Told her she had enter'd the 4th year of her Widowhood. I had given her the News-Letter before: I did not bid her draw off her Glove as sometime I had done. Her Dress was not so clean as somtime it had been. Jehovah jireh!

Midweek, 9^{r}. 9th. Dine at Bro^{r}. Stoddard's: were so kind as to enquire of me if they should invite M^{m}. Winthrop; I answere'd No.

AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY VOYAGE DOWN THE HUDSON RIVER

BY JAMES K. PAULDING

CATALINA, accompanied by her father, embarked on board of the good sloop Watervliet, whereof was commander Captain Baltus Van Slingerland, a most experienced, deliberative, and circumspect skipper. This vessel was noted for making quick passages, wherein she excelled the much-vaunted Liverpool packets; seldom being more than three weeks in going from Albany to New York, unless when she chanced to run on the flats, for which, like her worthy owners, she seemed to have an instinctive preference. Captain Baltus was a navigator of great sagacity and courage, having been the first man that ever undertook the dangerous voyage between the two cities without asking the prayers of the church and making his will. Moreover, he was so cautious in all his proceedings that he took nothing for granted, and would never be convinced that his vessel was near a shoal or a sand-bank until she was high and dry aground. When properly certified by ocular demonstration, he became perfectly satisfied, and set himself to smoking till it pleased the waters to rise and float him off again. His patience under an accident of this kind was exemplary; his pipe was his consolation — more effectual than all the precepts of philosophy.

It was a fine autumnal morning, calm, still, clear, and

beautiful. The forests, as they nodded or slept quietly on the borders of the pure river, reflected upon its bosom a varied carpet, adorned with every shade of every color. The bright yellow poplar, the still brighter scarlet maple, the dark-brown oak, and the yet more somber evergreen pine and hemlock, together with a thousand various trees and shrubs, of a thousand varied tints, all mingled in one rich, inexpressibly rich garment, with which nature seemed desirous of hiding her faded beauties and approaching decay. The vessel glided slowly with the current, now and then assisted by a little breeze, that for a moment rippled the surface and filled the sails, and then died away again. In this manner they approached the Overslaugh, a place infamous in all past time for its narrow, crooked channel, and the sand-banks with which it is infested. The vigilant Van Slingerland, in view of possible contingencies, replenished his pipe and inserted it in the buttonholes of his Dutch pea-jacket, to be ready on an emergency.

"Boss," said the ebony Palinurus, who presided over the destinies of the good sloop Watervliet — "boss, don't you tink I'd better put about? I tink we're close to the Overslaugh now."

Captain Baltus very leisurely walked to the bow of the vessel, and, after looking about a little, replied, "A leetle furder, a leetle furder, Brom; no occasion to pe in zuch a hurry pefore you are zure of a ting."

Brom kept on his course, grumbling a little in an undertone, until the sloop came to a sudden stop. The captain then bestirred himself to let go the anchor.

"No fear, boss, she won't run away."

"Very well," quoth Captain Baltus, "I'm zatisfied

now, berfectly zatisfied. We are certainly on de Overslaugh."

"As clear as mud," answered Brom.

The captain then proceeded to light his pipe, and Brom followed his example. Every quarter of an hour a sloop would glide past in perfect safety, warned of the precise situation of the bar by the position of the Watervliet, and adding to the vexation of our travelers at being thus left behind. But Captain Baltus smoked away, now and then ejaculating, "Aye, aye, de more hashte de lesch shpeed; we shall see py and py."

As the tide ebbed, the vessel, which had grounded on the extremity of the sand-bank, gradually heeled on one side, until it was difficult to keep the deck, and Colonel Vancour suggested the propriety of going on shore until she righted again.

"Why, where's de uze, den," replied Captain Baltus, "of daking all tis drouble, boss? We shall pe off in dwo or dree tays at most. It will pe vull-moon tay after domorrow."

"Two or three days!" exclaimed the colonel. "If I thought so, I would go home and wait for you."

"Why, where's de uze den of daking zo much drouble, Golonel? You'd only have to gome pack again."

"But why don't you lighten your vessel, or carry out an anchor? She seems just on the edge of the bank, almost ready to slide into the deep water."

"Why, where's de uze of daking zo much drouble, den? She'll get off herzelf one of deze days, Golonel. You are well off here; notting to do, and de young woman dare can knid you a bair of stogings to bass de dime."

"But she can't knit stockings," said the colonel, smiling.

"Not knid stogings! Py main zoul den what is zhe goot vor? Den zhe must zmoke a bipe; dat is de next pest way of bassing de dime."

"But she don't smoke either, captain."

"Not zmoke, nor knid stogings? Christus! where was zhe prought ub den? I would n't have her vor my wife iv zhe had a whole zloop vor her vortune. I don't know what zhe gan do to bass de dime dill next vull-moon, put go to zleep; dat is de next pest ding to knidding and zmoking."

Catalina was highly amused at Captain Baltus's enumeration of the sum total of her resources for passing the time. Fortunately, however, the next rising of the tide floated them off, and the vessel proceeded gallantly on her way, with a fine northwest breeze, which carried her on with almost the speed of a steamboat. In the course of a few miles they overtook and passed several sloops that had left the Watervliet aground on the Overslaugh.

"You zee, Golonel," said Captain Baltus complacently — "you zee — where's de uze of peing in a hurry, den? Dey have peen at anghor, and we have peen on a zandpank. What's de difference, den, Golonel?"

"But it is easier to get up an anchor, Captain, than to get off a sand-bank."

"Well, zubbose it is; if a man is not in a hurry, what den?" replied Captain Baltus.

At the period of which we are writing, a large portion of the banks of the river, now gemmed with white villages and delightful retreats, was still in a state of na-

ture. The little settlements were "few and far between," and some scattered Indians yet lingered in those abodes which were soon to pass away from them and their posterity forever. The river alone was in the entire occupation of the white man; the shores were still, in many places, inhabited by remnants of the Indian tribes. But they were not the savages of the free wild woods; they had in some degree lost their habits of war and hunting, and seldom committed hostilities upon the whites, from an instinctive perception that they were now at their mercy.

Still, though the banks of the river were for the most part wild, they were not the less grand and beautiful; and Catalina, as she sat on the deck in the evening, when the landscape, bronzed with twilight, presented one unvaried appearance of lonely pomp and majestic repose, could not resist its holy influence. On the evening of the sixth day the vessel was becalmed in the heart of the Highlands, just opposite where West Point now rears its gray stone seminaries, consecrated to science, to patriotism, and glory. It was then a solitary rock, where the eagle made his abode, and from which a lonely Indian sometimes looked down on the vessels gliding past far below, and cursed them as the usurpers of his ancient domain.

The tide ran neither up nor down the river, and there was not a breath of air stirring. The dusky pilot proposed to Captain Baltus to let go the anchor, but the captain saw "no use in being in such a hurry." So the vessel lay still as a sleeping halcyon upon the unmoving mirror of the waters. Baltus drew forth his trusty pipe, and the negro pilot selected a soft plank on the forecas-

tle, on which he, in a few minutes, found that blessed repose which is the prize of labor, and which a thousand times outweighs the suicide luxuries of the lazy glutton, whose sleep is the struggle, not the relaxation, of nature.

[The captain now strove to entertain his passengers by a ghost-story; but was interrupted by the attempts of an owl to steal the chickens from a coop on the deck, and got no further than "Onze tere was an olt woman."]

A hollow murmur among the mountains suddenly interrupted him. "There is the old woman again," said the colonel. "'T is de olt Tuyvel!" said Baltus, starting up and calling all hands to let go the halyards. But, before this could be accomplished, one of those sudden squalls, so common in the highlands in autumn, struck the vessel and threw her almost on her beam ends. The violence of the motion carried Colonel Vancour and Catalina with it, and had they not been arrested by the railings of the quarter-deck, they must inevitably have gone overboard. The Watervliet was, however, an honest Dutch vessel, of a most convenient breadth of beam, and it was no easy matter to capsize her entirely. For a minute or two she lay quivering and struggling with the fury of the squall that roared among the mountains and whistled through the shrouds, until, acquiring a little headway, she slowly luffed up in the wind, righted, and flapped her sails in defiance. The next minute all was calm again. The cloud passed over, the moon shone bright, and the waters slept as if they had never been disturbed. Whereupon Captain Baltus, like a prudent skipper as he was, ordered all sail to be lowered, and the anchor to be let go, sagely observing that it was "high time to look out for squalls."

"Such an accident at sea would have been rather serious," observed the colonel.

"I ton't know what you dink, Golonel," said Baltus, "put, in my opinion, it ton't make much odts wedder a man is trownet in te zea or in a river."

The colonel could not well gainsay this, and soon after retired with his daughter to the cabin.

Bright and early the next morning, Captain Baltus, having looked round in every direction, east, west, north, and south, to see if there were any squalls brewing, and perceiving not a cloud in the sky, cautiously ordered half the jib and mainsail to be hoisted, to catch the little land-breeze that just rippled the surface of the river. In a few hours they emerged from the pass at the foot of the great Donderberg, and slowly opened upon that beautiful amphitheater into which Nature has thrown all her treasures and all her beauties. Nothing material occurred during the rest of the passage. True it is that Skipper Baltus ran the good sloop Watervliet two or three times upon the oyster-banks of the since renowned Tappan Bay; but this was so common a circumstance, that it scarcely deserved commemoration, nor would I have recorded it here but for the apprehension that its omission might at a future period, peradventure, seduce some industrious scribe to write an entirely new history of these adventures, solely to rescue such an important matter from oblivion. Suffice it to say, that at the expiration of ten days from the commencement of the voyage, the good sloop Watervliet arrived safe at Coentics Slip, where all the Albany sloops congregated at that time. This extraordinary passage was much talked of in both cities, and finally found its

way into the "Weekly News-Letter," then the only paper published in the whole New World, as may be seen by a copy now, or lately, in the possession of the worthy Mr. Dustan, of the Narrows. It is further recorded, that some of the vessels which passed the Watervliet as she lay aground on the Overslaugh, did not arrive till nearly a fortnight after her; owing, as Captain Baltus observed, "to der peing in zuch a hurry." After so famous an exploit the Watervliet had always a full freight, and as many passengers as she could accommodate; so that, in good time, this adventurous navigator gave up following the water, and built himself a fine brick house, with the gable end to the street, and the edges of the roof projecting like the teeth of a saw, where he sat on his *stoop* and smoked his pipe, time out of mind.

THE DRESS OF A LITTLE BOSTON GIRL IN 1772

BY ANNA GREEN WINSLOW

[ANNA GREEN WINSLOW, from whose journal the following extracts are taken, was a little girl of twelve years who had been sent from Nova Scotia to Boston to complete her education.

The Editor.]

I. THE "HEDDUS ROLL"

AFTER making a short visit with my Aunt at Mrs Green's, over the way, yesterday towards evening, I took a walk with cousin Sally to see the good folks in Sudbury Street, & found them all well. I had my HEDDUS roll on, aunt Storer said it ought to be made less, Aunt Deming said it ought not to be made at all. It makes my head itch, & ach, & burn like anything Mamma. This famous roll is not made *wholly* of a red *Cow Tail*, but is a mixture of that, & horsehair (very course) & a little human hair of yellow hue, that I suppose was taken out of the back part of an old wig. But D—— made it (our head) all carded together and twisted up. When it first came home, aunt put it on, & my new cap on it, she then took up her apron & mesur'd me, & from the roots of my hair on my forehead to the top of my notions, I mesur'd above an inch longer than I did downwards from the roots of my hair to the end of my chin. Nothing renders a young person more amiable than virtue & modesty without the help of fals hair, red *Cow*

tail, or D—— (the barber). Now all this mamma, I have just been reading over to my aunt. She is pleas'd with my whimsical description & grave (half grave) improvement, & hopes a little fals English will not spoil the whole with Mamma. Rome was not built in a day.

II. A PARTY GOWN

I was dress'd in my yellow coat, black bib & apron, black feathers on my head, my past comb, & all my past garnet marquesett & jet pins, together with my silver plume — my loket, rings, black collar round my neck, black mitts & 2 or 3 yards of blue ribbin, (black and blue is high tast) striped tucker and ruffels (not my best) & my silk shoes compleated my dress.

III. THE BLACK HAT

The black Hatt I gratefully receive as your present, but if Captain Jarvise had arrived here with it about the time he sail'd from this place for Cumberland it would have been of more service to me, for I have been oblig'd to borrow. I wore Miss Griswold's Bonnet on my journey to Portsmouth, & my cousin Sallys Hatt ever since I came home, & now I am to leave off my black ribbins tomorrow, & am to put on my red cloak & black hatt- I hope aunt wont let me wear the black hatt with the red Dominie — for the people will ask me what I have got to sell as I go along street if I do, or, how the folk at New guinie do? Dear mamma, you dont know the fation here — I beg to look like other folk. You dont know what a stir would be made in sudbury street, were I to make my appearance there in my red Dominie & black Hatt. But the old cloak & bonnett together will make

me a decent bonnett for common ocation (I like that) aunt says, its a pitty some of the ribbins you sent wont do for the Bonnet. — I must now close up this Journal. With Duty, Love, & Compliments as due, perticularly to my Dear little brother (I long to see him) & Mrs. Law, I will write to her soon.

I am Hon^{d} Papa & mama,

Yr ever Dutiful Daughter

ANNA GREEN WINSLOW

N.B. My aunt Deming dont approve of my English & has not the fear that you will think her concerned in the Diction.

THE NETHERLANDS

I

FROM THE ROMAN CONQUEST TO THE REFORMATION

HISTORICAL NOTE

THE Low Countries were conquered by Cæsar, but later the German tribes united and drove the Romans to the southward. When Charlemagne's empire fell to pieces, the Netherlands were first ruled by France, then by Germany. In 932, the northern part was given to one Count Dirk, the first "Count of Holland." He and his successors ruled the land until 1299, when the throne fell to the House of Hainault. In order to obtain money for war, William IV of Hainault granted many privileges to the wealthy towns who were willing to become his creditors. This did much to break up feudalism and lessen the power of king and nobles. The next rulers were of the House of Bavaria. During their reign windmills, which had been introduced a century earlier, came into general use; and the method of curing herring was discovered, leading to a valuable trade in the dry fish.

The reign of the House of Burgundy began in the fifteenth century with Philip the Good. Commerce flourished, and free schools, art, and literature met with generous encouragement. The Dutch learned how to refine salt, to weave linen and woolen, and to make handsome jewelry. They strengthened their dikes; and even if the Dutchman Coster did not invent printing, as the Dutch firmly believe, his countrymen were certainly the most enthusiastic practicers of the new art. Charles the Bold did his best to destroy the liberties of the country, and at his death the Dutch called together all the Estates of the Netherlands to decide upon the wisest course. This was the first meeting of the States-General. In 1477, this assembly issued the Great Privilege, the Dutch Magna Charta. Through the marriage of the daughter of Charles the Bold to Maximilian of Austria, in 1482, the land passed into the hands of the Hapsburg family.

BESIEGING A ROMAN CAMP

[54 B.C.]

BY T. RICE HOLMES

[WHENEVER a Roman army made a halt, if for only one night, their camp was always carefully fortified with trench, rampart, and palisade. It was such a camp as this that was attacked by Ambiorix. He had been successful in a previous engagement, and now he induced the Atuatuci and the Nervii to join him in another venture. The Roman leader, Quintus Cicero, was a brother of the orator Cicero.

In substance, this account is taken from the narrative of Cæsar.

The Editor.]

AMBIORIX told the chiefs exultingly of his success. Here was such a chance as they might never have again. Cicero's camp was close by. Why should they not do as he had done, — swoop down upon the solitary legion, win back their independence for good, and take a glorious revenge upon their persecutors? The chiefs caught at the suggestion. The small tribes that owned their sway flocked to join them: the Eburones, flushed with victory, were there to help; and the united host set out with eager confidence for the Roman camp. Their horsemen, hurrying on ahead, cut off a party of soldiers who were felling wood. Not the faintest rumor of the late disaster had reached Cicero; and the Gallic hordes burst upon him like a bolt from the sky. Their first onslaught was so violent that even the disciplined courage

of the Romans barely averted destruction. Messengers were instantly dispatched to carry the news to Cæsar; and Cicero promised to reward them well if they should succeed in delivering his letters. Working all night with incessant energy, the legionaries erected a large number of wooden towers on the rampart, and made good the defects in the fortifications. The Gauls, who meanwhile had been strongly reinforced, returned in the morning to the attack. They succeeded in filling up the trench; but the garrison still managed to keep them at bay.

Day after day the siege continued; and night after night and all night long the Romans toiled to make ready for the morrow's struggle. The towers were furnished with stories and embattled breastworks of wattle-work: sharp stakes, burnt and hardened at the ends, were prepared for hurling at the besiegers, and huge pikes for stopping their rush if they should attempt an assault. Even the sick and the wounded had to lend a hand. Cicero himself was in poor health, but he worked night and day; and it was not till the men gathered round him and insisted on his sparing himself, that he would take a little rest. His complaints, his Epicurean studies, his abortive tragedies were forgotten; he remembered only that he was a Roman general. Meanwhile the Nervian leaders, who had expected an easy triumph, were becoming impatient. They asked Cicero to grant them an interview. Some of them knew him personally; and they doubtless hoped that he would prove compliant. They assailed him with the same arguments that Ambiorix had found so successful with Sabinus. They tried to frighten him by describing the massacre at Atuatuca, and assured him that it was idle to hope

for relief. But they would not be hard upon him. All that they wanted was to stop the inveterate custom of quartering the legions for the winter in Gaul. If he and his army would only go, they might go in peace whithersoever they pleased. Cicero calmly replied that Romans never accepted terms from an armed enemy. They must first lay down their arms: then he would intercede for them with Cæsar; Cæsar was always just, and would doubtless grant their petition.

Disappointed though they were the Gauls were not disheartened. They determined to invest the camp in a scientific manner. From the experience of past campaigns they had got a rough idea of the nature of Roman siege works; and now, with the quickness of their race, they proceeded to imitate them. Some prisoners who had fallen into their hands gave them hints. Having no proper tools, they were obliged to cut the turf with their swords, and use their hands and even their cloaks in piling the sod; but the workers swarmed in such prodigious numbers that in three hours they had thrown up a rampart, ten feet high and nearly three miles in extent. They then proceeded, under the guidance of the prisoners, to erect towers, and to make sappers' huts, ladders, and poles fitted with hooks for tearing down the rampart of the camp. The huts, which were intended to protect the men who had to fill up the trench and demolish the rampart, were partially closed in front, and had sloping roofs, built of strong timbers, so as to resist the crash of any stones which might be pitched on to them, and probably covered with clay and rawhides, as a protection against fire. On the seventh day of the siege there was a great gale. The besiegers took

advantage of it to fling blazing darts and white-hot balls of clay, which lighted on the straw thatch of the men's huts; and the wind-swept flames flew all over the inclosure. With a yell of exultation, the enemy wheeled forward their towers and huts, and planted their ladders: in another moment they were swarming up: but all along the rampart, their dark figures outlined against the fiery background, the Romans were standing ready to hurl them down: harassed by showers of missiles, half scorched by the fierce heat, regardless of the havoc that the flames were making in their property, every man of them stood firm; and hardly one so much as looked behind. Their losses were heavier than on any previous day. The Gauls, too, went down in scores; for those in front could not retreat because of the masses that pressed upon them from behind. In one spot a tower was wheeled right up to the rampart. The centurions of the Third Cohort coolly withdrew their men, and with voice and gesture dared the Gauls to come on: but none dared stir a step: a shower of stones sent them flying; and the deserted tower was set on fire. Everywhere the result was the same. The assailants were the bravest of the Gauls: of death they had no fear: but they had not the heart to hurl themselves upon that living wall; and, leaving their slain in heaps, they sullenly withdrew.

Still the siege went on; and to the wearied and weakened legion its trials daily increased. Letters for Cæsar were sent out in more and more rapid succession. Some of the messengers were caught in sight of the garrison, and tortured to death. There was, however, in the camp a Nervian named Vertico, who, just before the

siege, had thrown himself upon the protection of Cicero, and had been steadfastly true to him. By lavish promises he induced one of his slaves to face the dangers which to the Roman messengers had proved fatal. The letter which he had to carry was fastened to a javelin and concealed by the lashing. He passed his countrymen unnoticed, made his way safely to Samarobriva, and delivered his dispatch. None of the other messengers had arrived; and so close was the sympathy between the peasants and the insurgents that Cæsar had not heard a rumor of the siege. . . .

Everything now depended upon speed. Passing through the Nervian territory, Cæsar learned from some peasants who fell into his hands that Cicero's situation was all but desperate: immediately he wrote a letter in Greek characters assuring him of speedy relief, and offered one of his Gallic horsemen a large reward to deliver it. He told him, in case he should not be able to get into the camp, to tie the letter to the thong of a javelin and throw it inside. Dreading the risk of apprehension, the man did as Cæsar had directed; but the javelin stuck in one of the towers, and remained unnoticed for two days. A soldier then found it and took it to Cicero, who read the letter to his exhausted troops. As they gazed over the rampart, they saw clouds of smoke floating far away over the west horizon, and knew that Cæsar was approaching and taking vengeance as he came.

That night Cæsar received a dispatch from Cicero, warning him that the Gauls had raised the siege, and had gone off to intercept him. Notwithstanding their heavy losses, they numbered, it was said, some sixty

thousand men. Cæsar made known the contents of the dispatch to the troops, and encouraged them to nerve themselves for the approaching struggle. A short march in the early morning brought the legions to a rivulet, running through a broad valley, beyond which the enemy were encamped. Cæsar had no intention of fighting a battle against such heavy odds on unfavorable ground. Cicero was in no danger; and he was therefore not pressed for time. He sent out scouts to look for a convenient place to cross the river. Meanwhile he marked out his camp on a slope, and constructed it on the smallest possible scale in the hope of seducing the enemy to attack him. But the enemy were expecting reinforcements, and remained where they were. At dawn their horsemen ventured across the river, and attacked Cæsar's cavalry, who promptly retreated in obedience to orders. Sitting on their horses, the Gauls could see inside the camp. An attempt was apparently being made to increase the height of the rampart, and to block the gateways. There was every appearance of panic. Cæsar had told his men what to do; and they were hurrying about the camp with a pretense of nervous trepidation. The enemy hesitated no longer; and in a short time they were all across the stream. They had to attack uphill; but that mattered nothing against such craven adversaries. Not even a sentry was standing on the rampart. Criers were sent round the camp to say that if any man cared to come out and join the Gauls, he would be welcome, — till eight o'clock. The gates looked too strong to be forced, though there was really only a mock barricade of sods, which could be knocked over in a moment. The Gauls walked right up

to the ditch, and began coolly filling it up, and actually tearing down the rampart with their hands, — when from right and left and front the cohorts charged: there was a thunder of hoofs; and reeling backward in amazement before a rush of cavalry, they flung away their arms and fled.

Cæsar prudently stopped the pursuit, lest his troops should become entangled in the outlying woods and marches; but about three o'clock that afternoon the legions reached Cicero's camp without the loss of a man. With keen interest Cæsar asked for details of the siege, and gazed with admiring wonder at the enemy's deserted works. When the legion was paraded, he found that not one man in ten was unwounded. Turning to Cicero, he heartily thanked him for the magnificent stand which he had made, and then, calling out, one by one, the officers whom he mentioned as having shown especial bravery, he addressed to them a few words of praise. From some prisoners, who had served under Ambiorix, he gleaned details of the massacre at Atuatuca. Next day he again assembled the men, and described to them what had befallen their comrades. The culpable rashness of a general officer had entailed a disaster; but they must not be downhearted, for Providence and their own good swords had enabled them to repair the loss.

Meanwhile the news of the relief had spread like wildfire. Before midnight it was known in the neighborhood of Labienus's camp, more than fifty miles away. A number of loyal Romans hurried to congratulate the general; and a shout of joy at the gates of his camp told him what had occurred. Indutiomarus, who was on the

point of attacking him, beat a hasty retreat. A large force from the maritime tribes of Brittany and Normandy was advancing against the camp of Roscius, when an express came to warn them of Cæsar's victory, and they precipitately fled.

THE REBELLION OF CIVILIS

[69 A.D.]

BY CAIUS CORNELIUS TACITUS

[ONE race of the people of the Netherlands, the Batavians, lived on an island at the mouth of the Rhine. They were brave and warlike, and finally they became allies of the Romans and joined the Roman armies. For a long while they served the emperors as a bodyguard. Nevertheless, they did not forget their own land and their former freedom, and while Vitellius and Vespasian were contending for the sway of Rome, they seized the opportunity to revolt. Their leader was a Batavian called Civilis. He is said to have made a speech to the Batavians, the substance of which is given in the following extract.

The Editor.]

CIVILIS, under the pretext of a banquet, convened the nobles and bravest of the nation, in a sacred grove; and when he saw that they were warmed with midnight revelry and mirth, he addressed them, first expatiating on the fame and exploits of the Batavians, and then enumerating the wrongs of his countrymen, the depredations of the Romans, and all the other evils of thralldom. Indeed, he said, they were no longer treated as allies, but as bond-slaves. When would a lieutenant-general come to govern them, though with a burdensome retinue, and domineering authority? They were now turned over to prefects and centurions, who, as soon as they have gorged themselves with spoils and blood, are recalled, a fresh set of rapacious creatures sent out, and

the same system of depredation carried on under various names. A levy was just at hand, by which children would be separated in a manner forever from their parents, brothers from brothers. The Romans were never, at any period, in so feeble a condition. Neither had they aught in their winter quarters besides old men and plunder. Let them only lift up their eyes, and they would see no reason to dread their shadowy, unsubstantial legions. On the other hand, they had themselves an efficient force of foot and horse. The Germans were their kinsmen; the Gauls sympathized with them. Not even the Romans' displeasure was to be apprehended in the war he advised: in which, if they failed, they could lay the blame on Vespasian; and if they succeeded, there was no account to be rendered at all.

Having been heard with zealous approbation, he bound them all according to barbarian forms, and by the oaths and imprecations of their country.

[Then followed warfare. The following is an account of one of the engagements.]

Civilis pressed the siege of the Old Camp, keeping strict guard that no secret intelligence of coming succors might reach the garrison. The management of the battering-engines, and other warlike preparations, he delegated to the Batavians; the forces from beyond the Rhine, who demanded the signal for action, he ordered to advance and tear down the rampart; and when they were repulsed, he bade them renew the contest, as he had a redundance of men, and the loss of some of them would not be felt: nor did the night put a period to the effort

The barbarians, having placed heaps of wood around and set fire to them, betook themselves to a repast concurrently with their operations; and as each grew warm with liquor, they rushed with bootless temerity to the assault. For indeed their darts were without effect from the darkness, while the Romans took aim at the barbarian line, which was exposed to full view, and singled out as marks whoever was conspicuous for his valor or the splendor of his decorations. Civilis saw the disadvantage, and ordered the fires to be put out, that all might be enveloped in darkness, and the fight carried on without distinction. Then, indeed, dissonant noises were heard, unforeseen accidents occurred; there was no room for foresight either in striking or avoiding blows; they faced about to the quarter whence the shout proceeded, and directed their weapons thither. Valor could profit nothing; chance confounded all things, and the bravest often fell by the hand of the coward. The Germans fought with blind fury; the Roman soldiers, inured to danger, threw not their poles pointed with iron, nor discharged their massy stones at haphazard. Whenever the sound of the barbarians sapping the foundations of the walls, or of the scaling-ladders applied to the ramparts, presented the enemy to their attack, they drove the assailants down with the bosses of their shields, and followed them up with their javelins. Many who made good their way to the top of the walls they stabbed with daggers. After a night spent in this manner, the day disclosed a new mode of conflict.

The Batavians had reared a turret two stories high, which, as it approached the prætorian gate, where the ground was most even, was shivered to pieces by strong

bars brought forward for the purpose, and beams which were made to impinge upon it: many of those who stood upon it were annihilated; and an attack was made upon the assailants, in their alarm and confusion, by a sudden and successful sally. At the same time more machines were made by the legionary soldiers, who excelled in skill and ingenuity. One in particular struck the enemy with terror and amazement. It was an instrument poised in the air, and having an oscillatory motion, by which, when suddenly let down, one or more of the enemy were borne aloft before the faces of their comrades, and then, by turning the whole mass, were discharged within the camp. Civilis, abandoning the hope of storming the place, again had recourse to a leisurely blockade, employing himself in undermining the fidelity of the legions by messages and promises.

[At length the Gallic allies of Civilis deserted him, and even his own people ceased to trust him. Moreover, they had become completely discouraged and had concluded that it was useless to try to oppose the Romans. There was nothing for him to do but to make the best terms of peace that he could. He and the Roman commander met on a bridge — if it could be called a meeting, for Civilis stood on one end and the Roman general on the other, and the center of the bridge was broken away. Unfortunately, no one knows what they said, for the story stops here. History does not tell what became of Civilis.

The Editor.]

HOW COUNT WILLIAM OF HOLLAND WAS MADE A KNIGHT

[1247]

FROM THE OLD CHRONICLES

[THE theory of the Middle Ages was that the king owned the whole country; but, as he could not cultivate it all or even defend it, he gave large districts of it to his chief men. Each man, when he received a share, knelt before the king with uncovered head, laid his hands in those of his sovereign, and vowed to be his man and to serve him faithfully. Then the king kissed his vassal, or liegeman, and gave him a bit of turf and a twig to indicate that he was to hold the land and what grew upon it. Often when land was granted to a man, he was required to make a small payment of money or produce. This was not rent, but merely an acknowledgment that the property was not his, but his lord's. It was sometimes nothing more than a measure of grain, or a fish or two from some river flowing through the land.

The service required by the king was usually service in war. When there was need of fighting, he had a right to call out his vassals to fight for him. But every vassal divided his land into portions and gave it to people who now became *his* vassals and vowed to be faithful to *him*. Each vassal then called out those who were under him; and they were all obliged to go out to help do battle. This was the feudal system. In short, the lord must protect, and the vassal must serve. It was a tenure of land on condition of service.

The Editor.]

AFTER all had been made ready in the [Cologne] cathedral, the aforesaid Squire William, after a solemn mass,

was brought before the cardinal by the King of Bohemia with the following words: —

"Your Eminence, Gracious Father, we present this chosen squire, respectfully entreating, that Your Reverence will accept his vow, so that he may be worthily received into our knightly community."

The lord cardinal, in full dress, spoke to the squire, starting out from the signification of the word knight:

"Every one who wishes to be called a knight must be constant, noble, generous, spotless, and strong; constant in adversity, noble of birth, generous in honor, spotless in courtly intercourse, strong in manly courage; but before you make your vow, you shall first hear with mature consideration what duties the rule of the order [of knighthood] brings with it. This, then, is the rule of the knightly order. First of all, with pious attention to hear mass daily; for the Catholic faith bravely to throw your life into the breach; to save Holy Church and its servants from assailants; to protect widows, children, and orphans in need; to avoid unrighteous wars; to refuse unjust reward; to accept combat for the deliverance of any innocent person; not to visit tournaments except for exercise in fighting; respectfully to obey the Emperor of the Romans or his representative in temporal matters; to leave the state unimpaired in power; not to alienate the fiefs of kingdom and empire; to live blamelessly before God and man. If you zealously observe and diligently follow these laws of the knightly order, so far as you can or know how, hear then that on earth you will deserve honor for a time, and, after this life, eternal rest in heaven."

When this was said, the lord cardinal laid the squire's

folded hands in a missal upon the Gospel that had just been read, thus speaking: —

"Will you then, in the Lord's name, piously accept the order of knighthood and, to the best of your ability, observe the rule explained to you word by word?"

The squire answered to this: —

"I will."

The lord cardinal now handed the squire the vow, which the squire read in the hearing of all, as follows: —

"I, William, chief of the Holland knighthood, free feudatory of the Holy Empire, swear in presence of my Lord Peter, cardinal deacon of St. George *ad velum aureum* and legate of the Papal See, on this Gospel, which I touch with my hand, to observe the rule of the order of knighthood."

The cardinal answered: —

"May this pious vow be the true deliverance from your sins. Amen."

When this was over, the King of Bohemia gave a loud blow on the squire's neck with these words: —

"To the honor of Almighty God, I ordain you knight and receive you with congratulations into our company. And remember, that the Saviour of the world, in presence of the High Priest Annas, was struck and mocked at before you, in presence of King Herod was covered with a robe and laughed at, and in presence of the whole people was crucified, naked and wounded, on the cross. I counsel you to bear his suffering in mind; I command you to take up his cross; also I admonish you to avenge his death."

When this had all solemnly been accomplished, the young squire began, after a mass, with blare of trumpet,

clangor of bell, and beat of drum, a thrice-repeated combat of arms with the King of Bohemia's son, and afterwards, fighting with the naked sword, he ended his squireship, celebrated with great splendor a feast of three days, and showed his liberality by ample presents to all the noblemen.

HOW PHILIP VAN ARTEVELDE WAS MADE GOVERNOR OF GHENT

[1386]

BY SIR JOHN FROISSART

[TOWARD the end of the fourteenth century, Philip van Artevelde was made governor of Ghent and leader of the people in their war against the Count of Flanders. He was at first successful, but soon King Charles VI of France came to the aid of the count. Philip's army was routed and he himself was slain.

The Editor.]

WHEN Peter du Bois saw Ghent thus weakened in her captains and soldiers, and deserted by her allies; that the principal inhabitants began to tire; he suspected they would readily give up the war, but that, whatever peace or treaty they should enter into with the earl, there would not be any possibility for him to save his life. He therefore called to his recollection John Lyon, who had been his master, and with what art he had worked; he saw plainly he could not do everything himself, not having sufficient weight nor knowledge to govern the town; neither did he wish for the principal command, being solely desirous of leading every mad enterprise: he, in consequence, turned his thoughts to a man, of whom the city of Ghent had not any suspicions, one of sufficient prudence, though his abilities were unknown, for until that day they had not paid any attention to him: his name was Philip van Artevelde, son of Jacob

van Artevelde, who had ruled over all Flanders for seven years. Peter du Bois had heard it related by his master, John Lyon, and the old people of Ghent, that the whole country was never so well governed, feared, loved, and honored, as during the time of Jacob van Artevelde's reign, which lasted for seven years: the inhabitants added, that if Jacob van Artevelde were alive, things would not be in the state they are now in: they should have a peace according to their wishes, and the earl would be too happy to forgive them.

These words made an impression on Peter du Bois: he recollected that Jacob van Artevelde had left a son called Philip, a handsome and agreeable man, to whom the Queen of England, when she was at Ghent and during the time of the siege of Tournay, had stood godmother, and who, from respect to her, had been christened Philip. Peter du Bois came one evening to Philip's house, who resided with his mother, maintaining themselves honorably on their rents. Peter, having arranged in his own mind what he should say, thus opened the matter and the cause of his coming: "If you will listen to me, and follow my advice, I will make you the greatest man in Flanders." "How will you do this?" replied Philip. "I will tell you, for we are at this moment in the utmost want of a leader of a good name and fair character: by this means we shall rouse the men of Ghent, through remembrance of your father's fame; for every one says that Flanders was never so flourishing, nor so much feared, as during his lifetime. I will easily place you, if you be willing, in his situation; and when there, you will govern according to my advice until you shall find yourself master of the business, which you will soon

acquire." Philip, who was arrived at manhood, and naturally wished to advance himself in honor and wealth more than he then possessed, replied, "Peter, you offer me great things; and, if I be placed in the situation you saw, I swear on my faith that I will never act without your advice."

Peter asked, "Can you be cruel and proud? For a great man among the commonalty, and in particular among such as we shall have to do with, will not be thought anything worth if he be not feared and dreaded, and at times renowned for his cruelty. It is thus that the Flemings wish to be governed; and among them men's lives should be no more valued, nor should they have more pity shown to them, than swallows or larks, which are caught in the proper season for the table." "By my troth," answered Philip, "I know well how to act this part." "All then goes well," said Peter. "You are just such a one as I want, and the chief I look for." On saying this, he took leave and departed to his own house. Night passed, and day returned, when Peter du Bois went to a square where there were upward of four thousand of his followers and others, assembled to hear the news, to discuss how matters ought to be carried on, and who should be governor of the town.

The Lord de Harzelle was there, who chiefly conducted the affairs of Ghent, but he would not undertake to do anything out of the town: some named him for governor: others were also nominated. Peter, who was listening attentively, having heard many names, raised his voice and said, "Gentlemen, I have paid every attention to all you have said, and firmly believe that you have been induced, through your love and affection for

the honor and wealth of the town of Ghent, to propose such who are worthy to have a share in the government of this city; but I know one who in no way is thinking of it, and if he would undertake the Government, there could not be any one found of greater abilities, nor of a more propitious name." Peter du Bois was called upon to name him, which he did by saying, "It was Philip von Artevelde, who was christened at the font of St. Peter's in Ghent by that noble queen of England, Philippa, who was his godmother at the time when his father, Jacob von Artevelde, was at the siege of Tournay with the King of England, the Duke of Brabant, the Duke of Gueldres, and the Earl of Hainault; which Jacob von Artevelde, his father, governed the town of Ghent and the country of Flanders better than has ever been done since, from all I hear from those inhabitants who have it strong in their memories: Flanders had been for some time lost, if through his sense and good fortune he had not regained it. Now, it behooves us to love the branches from such a valiant man, in preference to any other person." No sooner had Peter du Bois done speaking than the idea of Philip von Artevelde filled every one's mind, and encouraged them so much that they unanimously cried out, "Let him be sought for: we will not have any one but him for our governor." "No, no," said Peter du Bois: "we will not send for him: it will be much better we go to his house, for we do not at present know how he will take it. We ought not by any means to suffer him to excuse himself from accepting it."

At these words, those present took the road to Philip's house, followed by many others who had been informed of their intentions. When they arrived there, the Lord

de Harzelle, Peter du Bois, Peter la Nuitée, and about ten or twelve of the principal tradesmen, addressed him, saying, "That the good town of Ghent was in the greatest danger for want of a chief, with whom alliances might be formed both at home and abroad, and that all ranks of people in Ghent had given him their voices and chosen him to be their sovereign; for the good remembrance of his name, and the love they had borne to his father, made him more agreeable to them than any one else. For which reasons they entreated him affectionately to take on him the Government of the town, with the management of their affairs both within and without, and they would swear to him obedience and loyalty as completely as to their lord. They likewise engaged to bring every one, how great soever he might be, under his obedience."

Philip, after hearing everything they had to say, made the following prudent reply: "Gentlemen, you require great things from me; and I should imagine you have not weighed the matter so maturely as it ought to have been, when you offer me the government of Ghent. You say, the affection your ancestors had for my father has been your great inducement: when he had performed for them every service in his power, they murdered him. If I should accept the government in the manner you request, and be afterwards murdered, I should gain but a miserable recompense." "Philip," said Peter du Bois, who caught at these words which seemed to make his choice doubtful, "what has passed cannot now be amended: you will act from the advice of your council, and by thus continuing you will ever be so well advised that all mankind shall praise you." Philip answered:

"I should never wish to act otherwise." They then elected him; and conducting him to the market-place, he was there sworn into office; the mayors, sheriffs, and rulers of companies were also sworn to obey him.

In this manner was Philip von Artevelde made sovereign of Ghent. He acquired great popularity at the commencement; for he spoke to every one who had any business with him politely and prudently, so that he was beloved by all.



The Childhood of Charles V

THE CHILDHOOD OF CHARLES V: A READING BY ERASMUS

BY EDUARD JEAN CONRAD HAMMAN

(*Belgian painter.* 1819)

In the year of Columbus's great discovery, Erasmus left the monastery and began life as a scholar; and a scholar he became, one of the first of his times. He refused all advancement in the Church, and at first criticized the Church and welcomed the ideas of Luther and the Reformation. However, he was never a reformer in the Lutheran sense, and remained a Catholic. He believed that the people needed nothing but teaching, and that as they grew wiser, the points which deserved criticism would be amended.

Erasmus was made a counselor in the royal household of Prince Charles, afterwards Charles V, and had to do with the education of the young prince. In his "Christian Prince," which he wrote for Charles, he said: "God has given you an empire without bloodshed; his will is that you preserve it ever free from blood. May it come to pass that through your goodness and wisdom we may at last have a rest from these mad wars. Peace will be made precious to us by the memory of evils past, and our gratitude to you will be double by the misfortunes of other times."

Dr. Emerton says: "All this to Charles of Burgundy, already Most Catholic King of Spain, within a year to be elected Holy Roman Emperor, and destined for the next generation to turn Europe into a battlefield for objects in which no one of his numerous subject peoples had the remotest interest!"

In this picture Charles is shown, at the age of eleven, seated on his throne in the palace of Brussels. Beside him is his guardian, Margaret, daughter of the Emperor Maximilian of Austria. This boy, who was destined to become the most powerful ruler of his age, had inherited the rich provinces of the Netherlands five years before this time; five years later he inherited from his mother the kingdom of Spain with its vast possessions in America; and in 1519, he was elected Emperor of Germany.

II

HOW HOLLAND WON HER FREEDOM

HISTORICAL NOTE

At the death of Ferdinand of Aragon, Charles V of the House of Austria, who had inherited the Netherlands from his father, became also ruler of Spain. His reign was on the whole tolerable to the Netherlands. He had been brought up in their province and they thought of him as one of themselves. With his son, Philip II, to whom Charles resigned his throne in 1556, the case was different. He was a gloomy, conscientious bigot, with neither sympathy nor liking for the liberty-loving Dutch. The doctrines of Martin Luther were making great headway in the country, and to combat them Philip II introduced, or revived, the terrible Inquisition. Moreover, he filled the chief offices with Spaniards and quartered Spanish soldiers upon the people. Disturbances broke out, churches were sacked, and although quiet was at last restored, Philip sent the Duke of Alva with 20,000 veteran troops of Spain to punish the unhappy provinces. Under the merciless rule of Alva and his "Council of Blood," thousands of the Dutch were tortured or put to death and thousands more fled the country. When, in 1568, extraordinary taxes were imposed on the people (the tenth penny from the price of every article sold and the hundredth part of every income), and the Inquisition declared the inhabitants of the Netherlands heretics and at one stroke sentenced them *all* to death with a few named exceptions, the provinces rose in revolt, and embarked on one of the most memorable wars of all history.

In 1579, the southern Catholic provinces, forming what is now Belgium, submitted to Spanish rule. In the same year the seven northern provinces united in what is called the Union of Utrecht. William the Silent, Prince of Orange, the rebel leader, was made hereditary Stadtholder. In 1584, William was assassinated, and his place was taken by his seventeen-year-old son, Maurice of Nassau. Maurice proved to be a skillful general, and he was aided by a brilliant man of business, John of Barneveldt, who managed with the utmost wisdom the financial affairs of the provinces. In 1648, after a struggle of eighty years, the independence of the Dutch Republic was acknowledged.

THE "BEGGARS" OF HOLLAND

[1566]

BY JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY

[THE people of the Netherlands had no desire to match their little strength against the mighty power of Spain, then the foremost nation of Europe, without first exhausting every peaceable means of maintaining their rights. In 1566, a party of nobles decided to present a petition, setting forth their grievances, to the Spanish king's half sister, Margaret, Duchess of Parma, whom he had made regent of the country.

The Editor.]

IT was about six o'clock in the evening, on the third day of April (1566), that the long-expected cavalcade at last entered Brussels. An immense concourse of citizens of all ranks thronged around the noble confederates as soon as they made their appearance. They were about two hundred in number, all on horseback, with pistols in their holsters; and Brederode, tall, athletic, and martial in his bearing, with handsome features and fair curling locks upon his shoulders, seemed an appropriate chieftain for that band of Batavian chivalry. The procession was greeted with frequent demonstrations of applause as it wheeled slowly through the city till it reached the mansion of Orange Nassau. Here Brederode and Count Louis alighted, while the rest of the company dispersed to different quarters of the town.

"They thought that I should not come to Brussels," said Brederode, as he dismounted. "Very well, here I

am; and perhaps I shall depart in a different manner." In the course of the next day, Counts Culemburg and Van der Berg entered the city with one hundred other cavaliers.

On the morning of the 5th of April, the confederates were assembled at the Culemburg mansion, which stood on the square called the Sabon, within a few minutes' walk of the palace. A straight handsome street led from the house along the summit of the hill, to the splendid residence of the ancient Dukes of Brabant, then the abode of the Duchess Margaret. At a little before noon, the gentlemen came forth, marching on foot, two by two, to the number of three hundred. Nearly all were young, many of them bore the most ancient historical names of their country, every one was arrayed in magnificent costume. It was regarded as ominous that the man who led the procession, Philip de Bailleul, was lame. The line was closed by Brederode and Count Louis, who came last, walking arm in arm. An immense crowd was collected in the square in front of the palace, to welcome the men who were looked upon as the deliverers of the land from Spanish tyranny, from the Cardinalists, and from the Inquisition. They were received with deafening huzzas and clappings of hands by the assembled populace. As they entered the council chamber, passing through the great hall, where ten years before the Emperor had given away his crowns, they found the Emperor's daughter seated in the chair of state, and surrounded by the highest personages of the country. The emotion of the duchess was evident, as the procession somewhat abruptly made its appearance; nor was her agitation diminished as she observed among the peti-

tioners many relatives and retainers of the Orange and Egmont houses, and saw friendly glances of recognition exchanged between them and their chiefs.

As soon as all had entered the Senate room, Brederode advanced, made a low obeisance, and spoke a brief speech. He said that he had come thither with his colleagues to present a humble petition to Her Highness. He alluded to the reports which had been rife, that they had contemplated tumult, sedition, foreign conspiracies, and, what was more abominable than all, a change of sovereign. He denounced such statements as calumnies, begged the duchess to name the men who had thus aspersed an honorable and loyal company, and called upon her to inflict exemplary punishment upon the slanderers. With these prefatory remarks he presented the petition. The famous document was then read aloud. Its tone was sufficiently loyal, particularly in the preamble, which was filled with protestations of devotion to both king and duchess. After this conventional introduction, however, the petitioners proceeded to state, very plainly, that the recent resolutions of His Majesty, with regard to the edicts and the Inquisition, were likely to produce a general rebellion. They had hoped, they said, that a movement would be made by the seigniors or by the estates, to remedy the evil by striking at its cause, but they had waited in vain. The danger, on the other hand, was augmenting every day, universal sedition was at the gate, and they had therefore felt obliged to delay no longer, but come forward the first and do their duty. They professed to do this with more freedom, because the danger touched them very nearly. They were the most exposed to the

calamities which usually spring from civil commotions, for their houses and lands situate in the open fields, were exposed to the pillage of all the world. Moreover, there was not one of them, whatever his condition, who was not liable at any moment to be executed under the edicts, at the false complaint of the first man who wished to obtain his estate, and who chose to denounce him to the inquisitor, at whose mercy were the lives and property of all. They therefore begged the duchess regent to dispatch an envoy on their behalf, who should humbly implore His Majesty to abolish the edicts. In the mean time they requested Her Highness to order a general surcease of the Inquisition, and of all executions, until the king's further pleasure was made known, and until new ordinances, made by His Majesty with advice and consent of the States-General duly assembled, should be established. The petition terminated, as it had commenced, with expressions of extreme respect and devoted loyalty.

The agitation of Duchess Margaret increased very perceptibly during the reading of the paper. When it was finished, she remained for a few minutes quite silent, with tears rolling down her cheeks. As soon as she could overcome her excitement, she uttered a few words to the effect that she would advise with her councilors and give the petitioners such answer as should be found suitable. The confederates then passed out from the council chamber into the grand hall; each individual, as he took his departure advancing towards the duchess and makingwhat was called the "caracole," in token of reverence. There was thus ample time to contemplate the whole company, and to count the numbers of the deputation.

After this ceremony had been concluded, there was earnest debate in the council. The Prince of Orange addressed a few words to the duchess, with the view of calming her irritation. He observed that the confederates were no seditious rebels, but royal gentlemen, well born, well connected, and of honorable character. They had been influenced, he said, by an honest desire to save their country from impending danger — not by avarice or ambition. Egmont shrugged his shoulders, and observed that it was necessary for him to leave the court for a season, in order to make a visit to the baths of Aix, for an inflammation which he had in the leg. It was then that Berlaymont, according to the account which has been sanctioned by nearly every comtemporary writer, whether Catholic or Protestant, uttered the gibe which was destined to become immortal, and to give a popular name to the confederacy. "What, madam," he is reported to have cried in a passion, "is it possible that your Highness can entertain fears of these beggars (*gueux*)? Is it not obvious what manner of men they are? They have not had wisdom enough to manage their own estates, and are they now to teach the king and Your Highness how to govern the country? By the living God, if my advice were taken, their petition should have a cudgel for a commentary, and we would make them go down the steps of the palace a great deal faster than they mounted them."

[The duchess finally agreed to send an envoy to Philip, who should lay before him the wishes of the Hollanders. She promised also to order the inquisitors to act "modestly and discreetly" — whatever that might imply; she declared that she could do nothing more.]

Meanwhile the next important step in Brederode's eyes was a dinner. He accordingly invited the confederates to a magnificent repast which he had ordered to be prepared in the Culemburg mansion. Three hundred guests sat down, upon the 8th of April, to this luxurious banquet, which was destined to become historical.

The board glittered with silver and gold. The wine circulated with more than its usual rapidity among the band of noble Bacchanals, who were never weary of drinking the healths of Brederode, of Orange, and of Egmont. It was thought that the occasion imperiously demanded an extraordinary carouse, and the political events of the past three days lent an additional excitement to the wine. There was an earnest discussion as to an appropriate name to be given to their confederacy. Should they call themselves the "Society of Concord," the restorers of lost liberty, or by what other attractive title should the league be baptized? Brederode was, however, already prepared to settle the question. He knew the value of a popular and original name; he possessed the instinct by which adroit partisans in every age have been accustomed to convert the reproachful epithets of their opponents into watchwords of honor, and he had already made his preparations for a startling theatrical effect. Suddenly, amid the din of voices, he arose, with all his rhetorical powers at command. He recounted to the company the observations which the Seigneur de Berlaymont was reported to have made to the duchess, upon the presentation of the request, and the name which he had thought fit to apply to them collectively. Most of the gentlemen then heard the memorable sarcasm for the first time. Great was the

indignation of all that the state councilor should have dared to stigmatize as beggars a band of gentlemen with the best blood of the land in their veins. Brederode, on the contrary, smoothing their anger, assured them with good humor that nothing could be more fortunate. "They call us beggars!" said he; "let us accept the name. We will contend with the Inquisition, but remain loyal to the king, even till compelled to wear the beggar's sack."

He then beckoned to one of his pages, who brought him a leathern wallet, such as was worn at that day by professional mendicants, together with a large wooden bowl, which also formed part of their regular appurtenances. Brederode immediately hung the wallet around his neck, filled the bowl with wine, lifted it with both hands, and drained it at a draught. "Long live the beggars!" he cried, as he wiped his beard and set the bowl down. "*Vivent les gueulx.*" Then for the first time, from the lips of those reckless nobles rose the famous cry, which was so often to ring over land and sea, amid blazing cities, on blood-stained decks, through the smoke and carnage of many a stricken field. The humor of Brederode was hailed with deafening shouts of applause. The count then threw the wallet around the neck of his nearest neighbor, and handed him the wooden bowl. Each guest, in turn, donned the mendicant's knapsack. Pushing aside his golden goblet, each filled the beggars' bowl to the brim, and drained it to the beggars' health. Roars of laughter, and shouts of "*Vivent les gueulx*" shook the walls of the stately mansion, as they were doomed never to shake again. The shibboleth was invented. The conjuration which they had been

anxiously seeking was found. Their enemies had provided them with a spell, which was to prove, in after days, potent enough to start a spirit from palace to hovel, forest or wave, as the deeds of the "wild beggars," and the "beggars of the sea," taught Philip at last to understand the nation which he had driven to madness.

When the wallet and bowl had made the circuit of the table, they were suspended to a pillar in the hall. Each of the company in succession then threw some salt into his goblet, and, placing himself under these symbols of the brotherhood, repeated a jingling distich, produced impromptu for the occasion.

"By this salt, by this bread, by this wallet we swear,
These beggars ne'er will change, though all the world should stare."

This ridiculous ceremony completed the rites by which the confederacy received its name; but the banquet was by no means terminated. The uproar became furious. The younger and more reckless nobles abandoned themselves to revelry which would have shamed heathen saturnalia. They renewed to each other, every moment, their vociferous oaths of fidelity to the common cause, drained huge beakers to the beggars' health, turned their caps and doublets inside out, danced upon chairs and tables. Several addressed each other as Lord Abbot, or Reverend Prior, of this or that religious institution, thus indicating the means by which some of them hoped to mend their broken fortunes.

While the tumult was at its height, the Prince of Orange with Counts Horn and Egmont entered the apartment. They had been dining quietly with Mansfeld, who was confined to his house with an inflamed

eye, and they were on their way to the council chamber, where the sessions were now prolonged nightly to a late hour. Knowing that Hoogstraaten, somewhat against his will, had been induced to be present at the banquet, they had come round by the way of Culemburg House, to induce him to retire. They were also disposed, if possible, to abridge the festivities which their influence would have been powerless to prevent.

These great nobles, as soon as they made their appearance, were surrounded by a crew of "beggars," maddened and dripping with their recent baptism of wine, who compelled them to drink a cup amid shouts of "*Vivent le roi et les gueulx!*" The meaning of this cry they of course could not understand, for even those who had heard Berlaymont's contemptuous remarks, might not remember the exact term which he had used, and certainly could not be aware of the importance to which it had just been elevated. As for Horn, he disliked and had long before quarreled with Brederode, had prevented many persons from signing the Compromise, and, although a guest at that time of Orange, was in the habit of retiring to bed before supper, to avoid the company of many who frequented the house. Yet his presence for a few moments, with the best intentions, at the conclusion of this famous banquet, was made one of the most deadly charges which were afterwards drawn up against him by the Crown. The three seigneurs refused to be seated, and remained but for a moment, "the length of a Miserere," taking with them Hoogstraaten as they retired. They also prevailed upon the whole party to break up at the same time, so that their presence had served at least to put a conclusion to the dis-

graceful riot. When they arrived at the council chamber they received the thanks of the duchess for what they had done.

Such was the first movement made by the members of the Compromise. Was it strange that Orange should feel little affinity with such companions? Had he not reason to hesitate, if the sacred cause of civil and religious liberty could only be maintained by these defenders and with such assistance?

The "beggars" did not content themselves with the name alone of the time-honored fraternity of mendicants in which they had enrolled themselves. Immediately after the Culemburg banquet, a costume for the confederacy was decided upon. These young gentlemen discarding gold lace and velvet, thought it expedient to array themselves in doublets and hose of ashen gray, with short cloaks of the same color, all of the coarsest material. They appeared in this guise in the streets, with common felt hats on their heads, and beggars' pouches and bowls at their sides. They caused also medals of lead and copper to be struck, bearing upon one side the head of Philip; upon the reverse, two hands clasped within a wallet, with the motto, "Faithful to the king, even to wearing the beggar's sack." These badges they wore around their necks, or as buttons to their hats. As a further distinction, they shaved their beards close, excepting the mustaches, which were left long and pendent in the Turkish fashion, that custom, as it seemed, being an additional characteristic of mendicants.

Very soon after these events the nobles of the league dispersed from the capital to their various homes. Bred-

erode rode out of Brussels at the head of a band of cavaliers, who saluted the concourse of applauding spectators with a discharge of their pistols. Forty-three gentlemen accompanied him to Antwerp, where he halted for a night. The duchess had already sent notice to the magistrates of that city of his intended visit, and warned them to have an eye upon his proceedings. "The great beggar," as Hoogstraaten called him, conducted himself, however, with as much propriety as could be expected. Four or five thousand of the inhabitants thronged about the hotel where he had taken up his quarters. He appeared at a window with his wooden bowl, filled with wine, in his hands, and his wallet at his side. He assured the multitude that he was ready to die to defend the good people of Antwerp and of all the Netherlands against the edicts and the Inquisition. Meanwhile he drank their healths, and begged all who accepted the pledge to hold up their hands. The populace, highly amused, held up and clapped their hands as honest Brederode drained his bowl, and were soon afterwards persuaded to retire in great good humor.

THE SIEGE OF LEYDEN

[1574]

BY JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY

THIS city was one of the most beautiful in the Netherlands. Placed in the midst of broad, fruitful pastures, which had been reclaimed by the hand of industry from the bottom of the sea, it was fringed with smiling villages, blooming gardens, fruitful orchards. The ancient, and, at last, decrepit Rhine, flowing languidly towards its sandy death-bed, had been multiplied into innumerable artificial currents, by which the city was completely interlaced. These watery streets were shaded by lime trees, poplars, and willows, and crossed by one hundred and forty-five bridges, mostly of hammered stone. The houses were elegant, the squares and streets spacious, airy, and clean, the churches and public edifices imposing, while the whole aspect of the place suggested thrift, industry, and comfort. Upon an artificial elevation, in the center of the city, rose a ruined tower of unknown antiquity. By some it was considered to be of Roman origin, while others preferred to regard it as a work of the Anglo-Saxon Hengist, raised to commemorate his conquest of England. Surrounded by fruit trees, and overgrown in the center with oaks, it afforded from its mouldering battlements, a charming prospect over a wide expanse of level country, with the spires of neighboring cities rising in every direction. It was from this commanding height, during the long and ter-

rible summer days which were approaching, that many an eye was to be strained anxiously seaward, watching if yet the ocean had begun to roll over the land.

[In 1574, the Spaniards under Don Francis Valdez besieged Leyden, and built so many redoubts around the city that there was no hope of succor coming to it by land. Food was already becoming scarce when Philip offered to pardon his "erring subjects" if they would give up their religion and return to the Roman Catholic Church. Half starving as they were, they refused. William of Orange held the fortress of Poldermaert; between him and the besieged city a precarious communication was kept up by carrier-pigeons and venturesome messengers called "jumpers." The Netherlanders were weak on land, but on the sea they were irresistible, and William believed that the only way to save the city was to break down the dikes, open the sluice-gates, and allow the ocean to roll over the country. Then their fleet could sail over the submerged land and bring relief to the famishing city. The Hollanders agreed. "Better a drowned land than a lost land," they cried. Money, plate, and jewelry poured in that the work might progress. The dikes were pierced and the waters poured over the country. Admiral Boisot with eight hundred "Sea Beggars," as the rebel sailors were called, set out boldly on the new ocean to carry food to Leyden, but when almost within sight of the city the boats ran aground. Eighteen inches of water were needed to float them, and there was no chance of getting it unless the wind should shift to the west and roll the ocean in through the gaps in the dikes.]

Meantime, the besieged city was at its last gasp. The burghers had been in a state of uncertainty for many days; being aware that the fleet had set forth for their relief, but knowing full well the thousand obstacles which it had to surmount. They had guessed its

progress by the illumination from the blazing villages; they had heard its salvos of artillery on its arrival at North Aa; but since then, all had been dark and mournful again, hope and fear, in sickening alternation, distracting every breast. They knew that the wind was unfavorable, and at the dawn of each day every eye was turned wistfully to the vanes of the steeples. So long as the easterly breeze prevailed, they felt, as they anxiously stood on towers and housetops, that they must look in vain for the welcome ocean. Yet, while thus patiently waiting, they were literally starving; for even the misery endured at Harlem had not reached that depth and intensity of agony to which Leyden was now reduced. Bread, malt-cake, horse-flesh, had entirely disappeared; dogs, cats, rats, and other vermin, were esteemed luxuries. A small number of cows, kept as long as possible, for their milk, still remained; but a few were killed from day to day, and distributed in minute proportions, hardly sufficient to support life among the famishing population. Starving wretches swarmed daily around the shambles where these cattle were slaughtered, contending for any morsel which might fall, and lapping eagerly the blood as it ran along the pavement; while the hides, chopped and boiled, were greedily devoured. Women and children, all day long, were seen searching gutters and dunghills for morsels of food, which they disputed fiercely with the famishing dogs. The green leaves were stripped from the trees, every living herb was converted into human food, but these expedients could not avert starvation. The daily mortality was frightful — infants starved to death on the maternal breasts, which famine had parched and

withered; mothers dropped dead in the streets, with their dead children in their arms. In many a house the watchmen, in their rounds, found a whole family of corpses, father, mother, and children, side by side, for a disorder called the plague, naturally engendered of hardship and famine, now came, as if in kindness, to abridge the agony of the people. The pestilence stalked at noonday through the city, and the doomed inhabitants fell like grass beneath its scythe. From six thousand to eight thousand human beings sank before this scourge alone, yet the people resolutely held out — women and men mutually encouraging each other to resist the entrance of their foreign foe — an evil more horrible than pest or famine.

The missives from Valdez, who saw more vividly than the besieged could do, the uncertainty of his own position, now poured daily into the city, the enemy becoming more prodigal of his vows, as he felt that the ocean might yet save the victims from his grasp. The inhabitants, in their ignorance, had gradually abandoned their hopes of relief, but they spurned the summons to surrender. Leyden was sublime in its despair. A few murmurs were, however, occasionally heard at the steadfastness of the magistrates, and a dead body was placed at the door of the burgomaster, as a silent witness against his inflexibility. A party of the more faint-hearted even assailed the heroic Adrian Van der Werf with threats and reproaches as he passed through the streets. A crowd had gathered around him, as he reached a triangular place in the center of the town, into which many of the principal streets emptied themselves, and upon one side of which stood the church of Saint Pancras, with its

high brick tower surmounted by two pointed turrets, and with two ancient lime trees at its entrance. There stood the burgomaster, a tall, haggard, imposing figure, with dark visage, and a tranquil but commanding eye. He waved his broad-leaved felt hat for silence, and then exclaimed in language which has been almost literally preserved, "What would ye, my friends? Why do ye murmur that we do not break our vows and surrender the city to the Spaniards? a fate more horrible than the agony which she now endures. I tell you I have made an oath to hold the city, and may God give me strength to keep my oath! I can die but once; whether by your hands, the enemy's, or by the hand of God. My own fate is indifferent to me, not so that of the city entrusted to my care. I know that we shall starve if not soon relieved; but starvation is preferable to the dishonored death which is the only alternative. Your menaces move me not; my life is at your disposal; here is my sword, plunge it into my breast, and divide my flesh among you. Take my body to appease your hunger, but expect no surrender, so long as I remain alive."

The words of the stout burgomaster inspired a new courage in the hearts of those who heard him, and a shout of applause and defiance arose from the famishing but enthusiastic crowd. They left the place, after exchanging new vows of fidelity with their magistrate, and again ascended tower and battlement to watch for the coming fleet. From the ramparts they hurled renewed defiance to the enemy. "Ye call us rat-eaters and dog-eaters," they cried, "and it is true. So long, then, as ye hear dog bark or cat mew within the walls, ye may know that the city holds out. And when all has perished but

ourselves, be sure that we will each devour our left arm retaining our right to defend our women, our liberty, and our religion, against the foreign tyrant. Should God, in his wrath, doom us to destruction, and deny us all relief, even then will we maintain ourselves forever against your entrance. When the last hour has come, with our own hands we will set fire to the city and perish, men, women, and children together in the flames, rather than suffer our homes to be polluted and our liberties to be crushed." Such words of defiance, thundered daily from the battlements, sufficiently informed Valdez as to his chance of conquering the city, either by force or fraud; but at the same time, he felt comparatively relieved by the inactivity of Boisot's fleet, which still lay stránded at North Aa. "As well," shouted the Spaniards derisively to the citizens, — "as well can the Prince of Orange pluck the stars from the sky as bring the ocean to the walls of Leyden for your relief."

On the 28th of September, a dove flew into the city, bringing a letter from Admiral Boisot. In this dispatch, the position of the fleet at North Aa was described in encouraging terms, and the inhabitants were assured that, in a very few days at farthest, the long-expected relief would enter their gates. The letter was read publicly upon the market-place, and the bells were rung for joy. Nevertheless, on the morrow, the vanes pointed to the east, the waters, so far from rising, continued to sink, and Admiral Boisot was almost in despair. He wrote to the prince, that if the spring-tide, now to be expected, should not, together with a strong and favorable wind, come immediately to their relief, it would be in vain to attempt anything further, and that the expedition

would of necessity, be abandoned. The tempest came to their relief. A violent equinoctial gale, on the night of the 1st and 2d of October, came storming from the northwest, shifting after a few hours full eight points, and then blowing still more violently from the southwest. The waters of the North Sea were piled in vast masses upon the southern coast of Holland, and then dashed furiously landward, the ocean rising over the earth, and sweeping with unrestrained power across the ruined dikes.

In the course of twenty-four hours, the fleet at North Aa, instead of nine inches, had more than two feet of water. No time was lost. The Kirk-way, which had been broken through according to the prince's instructions, was now completely overflowed, and the fleet sailed at midnight, in the midst of the storm and darkness. A few sentinel vessels of the enemy challenged them as they steadily rowed towards Zoeterwoude. The answer was a flash from Boisot's cannon, lighting up the black waste of waters. There was a fierce midnight battle; a strange spectacle among the branches of those quiet orchards, and with the chimney stacks of half-submerged farmhouses rising around the contending vessels. The neighboring village of Zoeterwoude shook with the discharges of the Zealanders' cannon, and the Spaniards assembled in that fortress knew that the rebel admiral was at last afloat and on his course. The enemy's vessels were soon sunk, and their crews hurled into the waves. On went the fleet, sweeping over the broad waters which lay between Zoeterwoude and Zwieten. As they approached some shallows, which led into the great mere, the Zealanders dashed into the sea, and with

sheer strength shouldered every vessel through. Two obstacles lay still in their path — the forts of Zoeterwoude and Lammen, distant from the city five hundred and two hundred and fifty yards respectively. Strong redoubts, both well supplied with troops and artillery, they were likely to give a rough reception to the light flotilla, but the panic, which had hitherto driven their foes before the advancing patriots, had reached Zoeterwoude. Hardly was the fleet in sight when the Spaniards, in the early morning, poured out from the fortress, and fled precipitately to the left, along a road which led in a westerly direction towards The Hague. Their narrow path was rapidly vanishing in the waves, and hundreds sank beneath the constantly deepening and treacherous flood. The wild Zealanders, too, sprang from their vessels upon the crumbling dike and drove their retreating foes into the sea. They hurled their harpoons at them, with an accuracy acquired in many a polar chase; they plunged into the waves in the keen pursuit, attacking them with boat-hook and dagger. The numbers who thus fell beneath these corsairs, who neither gave nor took quarter, were never counted, but probably not less than a thousand perished. The rest effected their escape to The Hague.

The first fortress was thus seized, dismantled, set on fire, and passed, and a few strokes of the oars brought the whole fleet close to Lammen. This last obstacle rose formidable and frowning directly across their path. Swarming as it was with soldiers, and bristling with artillery, it seemed to defy the armada either to carry it by storm or to pass under its guns into the city. It appeared that the enterprise was, after all, to founder

within sight of the long expecting and expected haven. Boisot anchored his fleet within a respectful distance, and spent what remained of the day in carefully reconnoitering the fort, which seemed only too strong. In conjunction with Leyderdorp, the headquarters of Baldez, a mile and a half distant on the right, and within a mile of the city, it seemed so insuperable an impediment that Boisot wrote in despondent tone to the Prince of Orange. He announced his intention of carrying the fort, if it were possible, on the following morning; but if obliged to retreat, he observed, with something like despair, that there would be nothing for it but to wait for another gale of wind. If the waters should rise sufficiently to enable them to make a wide détour, it might be possible, if, in the mean time, Leyden did not starve or surrender, to enter its gates from the opposite side.

Meantime, the citizens had grown wild with expectation. A dove had been dispatched by Boisot, informing them of his precise position, and a number of citizens accompanied the burgomaster, at nightfall, towards the tower of Hengist.—"Yonder," cried the burgomaster, stretching out his hand towards Lammen, "yonder, behind that fort, are bread and meat, and brethren in thousands. Shall all this be destroyed by the Spanish guns, or shall we rush to the rescue of our friends?" "We will tear the fortress to fragments with our teeth and nails," was the reply, "before the relief, so long expected, shall be wrested from us." It was resolved that a sortie, in conjunction with the operations of Boisot, should be made against Lammen with the earliest dawn. Night descended upon the scene, a pitch-

dark night, full of anxiety to the Spaniards, to the armada, to Leyden. Strange sights and sounds occurred at different moments to bewilder the anxious sentinels. A long procession of lights issuing from the fort was seen to flit across the black face of the waters, in the dead of night, and the whole of the city wall, between the Cow-gate and the Tower of Burgundy, fell with a loud crash. The horror-struck citizens thought that the Spaniards were upon them at last; the Spaniards imagined the noise to indicate a desperate sortie of the citizens. Everything was vague and mysterious.

Day dawned at length after the feverish night, and the admiral prepared for the assault. Within the fortress reigned a death-like stillness, which inspired a sickening suspicion. Had the city, indeed, been carried in the night; had the massacre already commenced; had all this labor and audacity been expended in vain? Suddenly a man was descried, wading breast-high through the water from Lammen towards the fleet, while at the same time, one solitary boy was seen to wave his cap from the summit of the fort. After a moment of doubt, the happy mystery was solved. The Spaniards had fled, panic-struck, during the darkness. Their position would still have enabled them, with firmness, to frustrate the enterprise of the patriots, but the hand of God, which had sent the ocean and the tempest to the deliverance of Leyden, had struck her enemies with terror likewise. The lights which had been seen moving during the night were the lanterns of the retreating Spaniards, and the boy who was now waving his triumphant signal from the battlements had alone witnessed the spectacle. So confident was he in the

conclusion to which it led him, that he had volunteered at daybreak to go thither all alone. The magistrates, fearing a trap, hesitated for a moment to believe the truth, which soon, however, became quite evident. Valdez, flying himself from Leyderdorp, had ordered Colonel Borgia to retire with all his troops from Lammen. Thus, the Spaniards had retreated at the very moment that an extraordinary accident had laid bare a whole side of the city for their entrance. The noise of the wall, as it fell, only inspired them with fresh alarm; for they believed that the citizens had sallied forth in the darkness, to aid the advancing flood in the work of destruction. All obstacles being now removed, the fleet of Boisot swept by Lammen and entered the city on the morning of the 3d of October. Leyden was relieved.

The quays were lined with the famishing population as the fleet rowed through the canals, every human being who could stand coming forth to greet the preservers of the city. Bread was thrown from every vessel among the crowd. The poor creatures who for two months had tasted no wholesome human food, and who had literally been living within the jaws of death, snatched eagerly the blessed gift, at last too liberally bestowed. Many choked themselves to death, in the greediness with which they devoured their bread; others became ill with the effect of plenty thus suddenly succeeding starvation; — but these were isolated cases, a repetition of which was prevented. The admiral, stepping ashore, was welcomed by the magistracy, and a solemn procession was immediately formed. Magistrates and citizens, wild Zealanders, emaciated burgher guards, sailors, soldiers, women, children — nearly every living person within the

walls, all repaired without delay to the great church, stout Admiral Boisot leading the way. The starving and heroic city, which had been so firm in its resistance to an earthly king, now bent itself in humble gratitude before the King of kings. After prayers the whole vast congregation joined in the thanksgiving hymn. Thousands of voices raised the song, but few were able to carry it to its conclusion, for the universal emotion, deepened by the music, became too full for utterance. The hymn was abruptly suspended, while the multitude wept like children. This scene of honest pathos terminated, the necessary measures for distributing the food and for relieving the sick were taken by the magistracy. A note dispatched to the Prince of Orange was received by him at two o'clock, as he sat in church at Delft. It was of a somewhat different purport from that of the letter which he had received early in the same day from Boisot; the letter in which the admiral had informed him that the success of the enterprise depended, after all, upon the desperate assault upon a nearly impregnable fort. The joy of the prince may be easily imagined, and so soon as the sermon was concluded, he handed the letter just received to the minister, to be read to the congregation. Thus all participated in his joy, and united with him in thanksgiving.

THE ASSASSINATION OF WILLIAM THE SILENT

[1584]

BY JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY

THE news of Anjou's death had been brought to Delft by a special messenger from the French court. On Sunday morning, the 8th of July, 1584, the Prince of Orange, having read the dispatches before leaving his bed, caused the man who had brought them to be summoned, that he might give some particular details by word of mouth concerning the last illness of the duke. The courier was accordingly admitted to the prince's bedchamber, and proved to be one Francis Guion, as he called himself. This man had, early in the spring, claimed and received the protection of Orange, on the ground of being the son of a Protestant at Besançon, who had suffered death for his religion, and of his own ardent attachment to the Reformed faith. A pious, psalm-singing, thoroughly Calvinistic youth he seemed to be, having a Bible or a hymn-book under his arm whenever he walked the street, and most exemplary in his attendance at sermon and lecture. For the rest, a singularly unobtrusive personage, twenty-seven years of age, low of stature, meager, mean-visaged, muddy complexioned, and altogether a man of no account — quite insignificant in the eyes of all who looked upon him. If there were one opinion in which the few who had taken the trouble to think of the puny, somewhat shambling stranger from

Burgundy at all coincided, it was that he was inoffensive, but quite incapable of any important business. He seemed well educated, claimed to be of respectable parentage, and had considerable facility of speech, when any person could be found who thought it worth while to listen to him; but on the whole he attracted little attention.

Nevertheless, this insignificant frame locked up a desperate and daring character; this mild and inoffensive nature had gone pregnant seven years with a terrible crime, whose birth could not much longer be retarded. Francis Guion, the Calvinist, son of a martyred Calvinist, was in reality Balthazar Gérard, a fanatical Catholic, whose father and mother were still living at Villefans in Burgundy. Before reaching man's estate, he had formed the design of murdering the Prince of Orange, "who, so long as he lived, seemed like to remain a rebel against the Catholic King, and to make every effort to disturb the repose of the Roman Catholic Apostolic religion."

When but twenty years of age, he had struck his dagger with all his might into a door, exclaiming, as he did so, "Would that the blow had been in the heart of Orange!" For this he was rebuked by a bystander, who told him it was not for him to kill princes, and that it was not desirable to destroy so good a captain as the prince, who, after all, might one day reconcile himself with the king.

As soon as the ban against Orange was published, Balthazar, more anxious than ever to execute his long-cherished design, left Dôle and came to Luxemburg. Here he learned that the deed had already been done

by John Jaureguy. He received this intelligence at first with a sensation of relief, was glad to be excused from putting himself in danger, and, believing the prince dead, took service as clerk with one John Duprel, secretary to Count Mansfeld, governor of Luxemburg. Ere long, the ill success of Jaureguy's attempt becoming known, the "inveterate determination" of Gérard aroused itself more fiercely than ever. He accordingly took models of Mansfeld's official seals in wax, in order that he might make use of them as an acceptable offering to the Orange party, whose confidence he meant to gain.

Various circumstances detained him, however. A sum of money was stolen, and he was forced to stay till it was found, for fear of being arrested as the thief. Then his cousin and employer fell sick, and Gérard was obliged to wait for his recovery. At last, in March, 1584, "the weather," as he said, "appearing to be fine," Balthazar left Luxemburg and came to Trèves. While there, he confided his scheme to the regent of the Jesuit College — a "red-haired man" whose name has not been preserved. That dignitary expressed high approbation of the plan, gave Gérard his blessing, and promised him that, if his life should be sacrificed in achieving his purpose, he would be enrolled among the martyrs. Another Jesuit, however, in the same college, with whom he likewise communicated, held very different language, making great efforts to turn the young man from his design, *on the ground of the inconveniences which might arise from the forging of Mansfeld's seals* — adding, that neither he nor any of the Jesuits liked to meddle with such affairs, but advising that the whole matter be laid before the Prince of Parma. It does not appear that this

personage, "an excellent man and a learned," attempted to dissuade the young man from his project by arguments drawn from any supposed criminality in the assassination itself, or from any danger, temporal or eternal, to which the perpetrator might expose himself.

Not influenced, as it appears, except on one point, by the advice of this second ghostly confessor, Balthazar came to Tournay, and held council with a third — the celebrated Franciscan, Father Géry — by whom he was much comforted and strengthened in his determination. His next step was to lay the project before Parma, as the "excellent and learned" Jesuit at Trèves had advised. This he did by a letter, drawn up with much care, and which he evidently thought well of as a composition. One copy of this letter he deposited with the guardian of the Franciscan convent at Tournay; the other he presented with his own hand to the Prince of Parma. "The vassal," said he, "ought always to prefer justice and the will of the king to his own life." That being the case, he expressed his astonishment that no man had yet been found to execute the sentence against William of Nassau, "except the gentle Biscayan, since defunct." To accomplish the task, Balthazar observed, very judiciously, that it was necessary to have access to the person of the prince — wherein consisted the difficulty. Those who had that advantage, he continued, were therefore bound to extirpate the pest at once, without obliging His Majesty to send to Rome for a chevalier, because not one of them was willing to precipitate himself into the venomous gulf, which by its contagion infected and killed the souls and bodies of all poor abused subjects exposed to its influence. Gérard

avowed himself to have been so long goaded and stimulated by these considerations — so extremely nettled with displeasure and bitterness at seeing the obstinate wretch still escaping his just judgment — as to have formed the design of baiting a trap for the fox, hoping thus to gain access to him, and to take him unawares. He added — without explaining the nature of the trap and the bait — that he deemed it his duty to lay the subject before the most serene Prince of Parma, protesting at the same time that he did not contemplate the exploit for the sake of the reward mentioned in the sentence, and that he preferred trusting in that regard to the immense liberality of His Majesty.

Parma had long been looking for a good man to murder Orange, feeling — as Philip, Granville, and all former governors of the Netherlands had felt — that this was the only means of saving the royal authority in any part of the provinces. Many unsatisfactory assassins had presented themselves from time to time, and Alexander had paid money in hand to various individuals — Italians, Spaniards, Lorrainers, Scotchmen, Englishmen, who had generally spent the sums received without attempting the job. Others were supposed to be still engaged in the enterprise, and at that moment there were four persons — each unknown to the others, and of different nations — in the city of Delft, seeking to compass the death of William the Silent. Shag-eared, military, hirsute ruffians — ex-captains of free companies and such marauders — were daily offering their services; there was no lack of them, and they had done but little. How should Parma, seeing this obscure, undersized, thin-bearded, runaway clerk before him,

expect pith and energy from him? He thought him quite unfit for an enterprise of moment, and declared as much to his secret councilors and to the king. He soon dismissed him, after receiving his letters, and it may be supposed that the bombastic style of that epistle would not efface the unfavorable impression produced by Balthazar's exterior. The representations of Haultepenne and others induced him so far to modify his views as to send his confidential councilor, Assonleville, to the stranger, in order to learn the details of the scheme. Assonleville had accordingly an interview with Gérard, in which he requested the young man to draw up a statement of his plan in writing, and this was done upon the 11th of April, 1584.

In this letter Gérard explained his plan of introducing himself to the notice of Orange, at Delft, as the son of an executed Calvinist; as himself warmly, though secretly, devoted to the Reformed faith, and as desirous, therefore, of placing himself in the prince's service, in order to avoid the insolence of the Papists. Having gained the confidence of those about the prince, he would suggest to them the great use which might be made of Mansfeld's signet in forging passports for spies and other persons whom it might be desirous to send into the territory of the royalists. "With these or similar feints and frivolities," continued Gérard, "he should soon obtain access to the person of the said Nassau," repeating his protestation that nothing had moved him to his enterprise "save the good zeal which he bore to the faith and true religion guarded by the Holy Mother Church Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman, and to the service of His Majesty." He begged pardon for having purloined

the impressions of the seals — a turpitude which he never would have committed, but would sooner have suffered a thousand deaths, except for the great end in view. He particularly wished forgiveness for that crime before going to his task, "in order that he might confess, and receive the holy communion at the coming Easter, without scruples of conscience." He likewise begged the Prince of Parma to obtain for him absolution from His Holiness for this crime of pilfering — the more so "as he was about to keep company for some time with heretics and atheists, and in some sort to conform himself to their customs."

From the general tone of the letters of Gérard, he might be set down at once as a simple, religious fanatic, who felt sure that, in executing the command of Philip publicly issued to all the murderers of Europe, he was meriting well of God and his king. There is no doubt that he was an exalted enthusiast, but not purely an enthusiast. The man's character offers more than one point of interest, as a psychological phenomenon. He had convinced himself that the work which he had in hand was eminently meritorious, and he was utterly without fear of consequences. He was, however, by no means so disinterested as he chose to represent himself in letters which, as he instinctively felt, were to be of perennial interest. On the contrary, in his interviews with Assonleville, he urged that he was a poor fellow, and that he had undertaken this enterprise in order to acquire property — to make himself rich — and that he depended upon the Prince of Parma's influence in obtaining the reward promised by the ban to the individual who should put Orange to death.

This second letter decided Parma so far that he authorized Assonleville to encourage the young man in his attempt, and to promise that the reward should be given to him in case of success, and to his heirs in the event of his death. Assonleville, in the second interview, accordingly made known these assurances in the strongest manner to Gérard, warning him, at the same time, on no account, if arrested, to inculpate the Prince of Parma. The councilor, while thus exhorting the stranger, according to Alexander's commands, confined himself, however, to generalities, refusing even to advance fifty crowns, which Balthazar had begged from the governor-general in order to provide for the necessary expenses of his project. Parma had made similar advances too often to men who had promised to assassinate the prince and had then done little, and he was resolute in his refusal to this new adventurer, of whom he expected absolutely nothing. Gérard, however, notwithstanding this rebuff, was not disheartened. "I will provide myself out of my own purse," said he to Assonleville, "and within six weeks you will hear of me." "Go forth, my son," said Assonleville, paternally, upon this spirited reply, "and if you succeed in your enterprise, the king will fulfill all his promises, and you will gain an immortal name beside."

The "inveterate deliberation," thus thoroughly matured, Gérard now proceeded to carry into effect. He came to Delft, obtained a hearing of Villers, the clergyman and intimate friend of Orange, showed him the Mansfeld seals, and was, somewhat against his will, sent to France, to exhibit them to Maréchal Biron, who, it was thought, was soon to be appointed governor of

Cambray. Through Orange's recommendation, the Burgundian was received into the suite of Noël de Caron, Seigneur de Schoneval, then setting forth on a special mission to the Duke of Anjou. While in France, Gérard could rest neither by day nor night, so tormented was he by the desire of accomplishing his project, and at length he obtained permission, upon the death of the duke, to carry this important intelligence to the Prince of Orange. The dispatches having been entrusted to him, he traveled post-haste to Delft, and, to his astonishment, the letters had hardly been delivered before he was summoned in person to the chamber of the prince. Here was an opportunity such as he had never dared to hope for. The arch-enemy to the Church and to the human race, whose death would confer upon his destroyer wealth and nobility in this world, besides a crown of glory in the next, lay unarmed, alone, in bed, before the man who had thirsted seven long years for his blood.

Balthazar could hardly control his emotions sufficiently to answer the questions which the prince addressed to him concerning the death of Anjou, but Orange, deeply engaged with the dispatches, and with the reflections which their deeply important contents suggested, did not observe the countenance of the humble Calvinist exile, who had been recently recommended to his patronage by Villers. Gérard had, moreover, made no preparation for an interview so entirely unexpected, had come unarmed, and had formed no plan for escape. He was obliged to forego his prey when most within his reach, and after communicating all the information which the prince required, he was dismissed from the chamber.

It was Sunday morning, and the bells were tolling for church. Upon leaving the house he loitered about the courtyard, furtively examining the premises, so that a sergeant of halberdiers asked him why he was waiting there. Balthazar meekly replied that he was desirous of attending divine worship in the church opposite, but added, pointing to his shabby and travel-stained attire, that, without at least a new pair of shoes and stockings, he was unfit to join the congregation. Insignificant as ever, the small, pious, dusty stranger excited no suspicion in the mind of the good-natured sergeant. He forthwith spoke of the wants of Gérard to an officer, by whom they were communicated to Orange himself, and the prince instantly ordered a sum of money to be given him. Thus Balthazar obtained from William's charity what Parma's thrift had denied — a fund for carrying out his purpose!

Next morning, with the money he purchased a pair of pistols, or small carabines, from a soldier, chaffering long about the price because the vender could not supply a particular kind of chopped bullets or slugs which he desired. Before the sunset of the following day that soldier had stabbed himself to the heart, and died despairing, on hearing for what purpose the pistols had been bought.

On Tuesday, the 10th of July, 1584, at about half-past twelve, the prince, with his wife on his arm, and followed by the ladies and gentlemen of his family, was going to the dining-room. William the Silent was dressed upon that day, according to his usual custom, in very plain fashion. He wore a wide-leaved, loosely-shaped hat of dark felt, with a silken cord round the crown — such as

had been worn by the Beggars in the early days of the revolt. A high ruff encircled his neck, from which also depended one of the Beggars' medals, with the motto, "*Fidèles au roy jusqu'à la besace*," while a loose surcoat of gray frieze cloth, over a tawny leather doublet, with wide, slashed underclothes, completed his costume. Gérard presented himself at the doorway, and demanded a passport. The princess, struck with the pale and agitated countenance of the man, anxiously questioned her husband concerning the stranger. The prince carelessly observed that "it was merely a person who came for a passport," ordering, at the same time, a secretary forthwith to prepare one. The princess, still not relieved, observed in an undertone that "she had never seen so villainous a countenance." Orange, however, not at all impressed with the appearance of Gérard, conducted himself at table with his usual cheerfulness, conversing much with the burgomaster of Leewarden, the only guest present at the family dinner, concerning the political and religious aspects of Friesland. At two o'clock the company rose from table. The prince led the way, intending to pass to his private apartments above. The dining-room, which was on the ground floor, opened into a little square vestibule, which communicated, through an arched passageway, with the main entrance into the courtyard. This vestibule was also directly at the foot of the wooden staircase leading to the next floor, and was scarcely six feet in width. Upon its left side, as one approached the stairway, was an obscure arch, sunk deep in the wall, and completely in the shadow of the door. Behind this arch a portal opened to the narrow lane at the side of the house. The stairs themselves were

completely lighted by a large window, halfway up the flight. The prince came from the dining-room, and began leisurely to ascend. He had only reached the second stair, when a man emerged from the sunken arch, and, standing within a foot or two of him, discharged a pistol full at his heart. Three balls entered his body, one of which, passing quite through him, struck with violence against the wall beyond. The prince exclaimed in French, as he felt the wound, "O my God, have mercy upon my soul! O my God, have mercy upon this poor people!"

These were the last words he ever spoke, save that when his sister, Catherine of Schwartzburg, immediately afterwards asked him if he commended his soul to Jesus Christ, he faintly answered, "Yes." His master of the horse, Jacob van Maldere, had caught him in his arms as the fatal shot was fired. The prince was then placed on the stairs for an instant, when he immediately began to swoon. He was afterwards laid upon a couch in the dining-room, where in a few minutes, he breathed his last in the arms of his wife and sister.

The murderer succeeded in making his escape through the side door, and sped swiftly up the narrow lane. He had almost reached the ramparts, from which he intended to spring into the moat, when he stumbled over a heap of rubbish. As he rose, he was seized by several pages and halberdiers, who had pursued him from the house. He had dropped his pistols upon the spot where he had committed the crime, and upon his person were found a couple of bladders, provided with a piece of pipe with which he had intended to assist himself across the moat, beyond which a horse was waiting for him. He

made no effort to deny his identity, but boldly avowed himself and his deed. He was brought back to the house, where he immediately underwent a preliminary examination before the city magistrates. He was afterwards subjected to excruciating tortures; for the fury against the wretch who had destroyed the Father of the country was uncontrollable, and William the Silent was no longer alive to intercede — as he had often done before — in behalf of those who assailed his life.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY AND THE GLASS OF WATER

[1586]

BY JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY

[In 1581, the United Netherlands published their Declaration of Independence, and were about to make William the Silent their Count, when he was assassinated. The Spaniards were delighted, for they thought that the Dutch, without him to lead them, could be overcome. The Dutch, however, had no idea of being overcome, and they felt especially courageous, for Queen Elizabeth had agreed to send them help, and she now ordered a fleet of fifty vessels to start for the Netherlands. The Earl of Leicester was in command, and with him was his nephew, Sir Philip Sidney, who was perhaps the best-loved man in England, the knight "without fear and without reproach." He met his death in the battle of Zutphen.

The Editor.]

Sir Philip Sidney, in the last charge, rode quite through the enemy's ranks till he came upon their intrenchments, when a musket-ball from the camp struck him upon the thigh, three inches above the knee. Although desperately wounded in a part which should have been protected by the cuisses which he had thrown aside, he was not inclined to leave the field, but his own horse had been shot under him at the beginning of the action, and the one upon which he was now mounted became too restive for him, thus crippled, to control. He turned reluctantly away, and rode a mile and a half back to the intrenchments, suffering extreme pain, for

his leg was dreadfully shattered. As he passed along the edge of the battlefield his attendants brought him a bottle of water to quench his raging thirst. At that moment a wounded English soldier, who had "eaten his last at the same feast," looked up wistfully in his face, when Sidney instantly handed him the flask, exclaiming, "Thy necessity is even greater than mine." He then pledged his dying comrade in a draught, and was soon afterwards met by his uncle. "Oh, Philip," cried Leicester in despair, "I am truly grieved to see thee in this plight." But Sidney comforted him with manful words, and assured him that death was sweet in the cause of his queen and his country. Sir William Russell, too, all blood-stained from the fight, threw his arms around his friend, wept like a child, and kissing his hand, exclaimed, "Oh! noble Sir Philip, never did man attain hurt so honorably or serve so valiantly as you." Sir William Pelham declared "that Sidney's noble courage in the face of our enemies had won him a name of continuing honor." . . .

He [the Earl of Leicester] describes Sidney's wound as "very dangerous, the bone being broken in pieces"; but said that the surgeons were in good hope. "I pray God to save his life," said the earl, "and I care not how lame he be." Sir Philip was carried to Arnheim, where the best surgeons were immediately in attendance upon him. He submitted to their examination and the pain which they inflicted, with great cheerfulness, although himself persuaded that his wound was mortal. For many days the result was doubtful, and messages were sent day by day to England that he was convalescent — intelligence which was hailed by the queen and people

as a matter not of private but of public rejoicing. He soon began to fail, however. . . . Sidney was first to recognize the symptoms of mortification, which made a fatal result inevitable. His demeanor during his sickness and upon his death-bed was as beautiful as his life. He discoursed with his friends concerning the immortality of the soul, comparing the doctrines of Plato and of other ancient philosophers, whose writings were so familiar to him, with the revelations of Scripture and with the dictates of natural religion. He made his will with minute and elaborate provisions, leaving bequests, remembrances, and rings, to all his friends. Then he indulged himself with music, and listened particularly to a strange song which he had himself composed during his illness, and which he had entitled "La Cuisse Rompue." He took leave of the friends around him with perfect calmness, saying to his brother Robert, "Love my memory. Cherish my friends. Above all, govern your will and affections by the will and word of your Creator; in me beholding the end of this world with all her vanities."

And thus this gentle and heroic spirit took its flight.

HOW A TURF-BOAT CAPTURED THE CITY OF BREDA

[1590]

BY G. T. HOARE

In the year 1590 the large, strongly built city of Breda, on the river Mark, was held by the soldiers of the King of Spain, or rather by Italians paid by him. These men were placed in a castle, surrounded by a deep moat or ditch, at the entrance of the town. While Prince Maurice [son of William of Orange] was anxiously considering how he should gain possession of the place, he was secretly visited by a boatman named Van der Berg, who was employed to supply the castle at Breda with dry turf for fuel, there being no wood or coal in the country. He said that his vessel was so constantly going in and out of the castle, that it was hardly ever searched by the guard, and he proposed that some men should be concealed within it, and thus gain an entrance unperceived. To this plan Prince Maurice gave a ready consent. He chose sixty-eight men, in whose daring and patient determination he knew that he could trust, with four officers to take the command. On the night of the 25th of February they came down at eleven o'clock to the ferry, where the boatman had agreed to meet them. Neither vessel nor man was to be seen, and they walked about for some hours, very cold, disappointed, and angry at Van der Berg for not having kept his promise. On their way back they met him, when he made the

excuse that he had overslept himself. It was too late to attempt anything that night, but it was settled that they should be there the following evening. He seems to have grown afraid of the undertaking, for he did not come at the appointed time, but he sent his nephews, two boatmen who he declared were brave enough to dare any peril. On the 26th the seventy Hollanders went on board the vessel, which appeared to be filled with blocks of turf, and packed themselves closely in the hold, or lower part. The voyage was slow, and most dangerous, for the winter wind, loaded with fog and sleet, blew straight down the river, bringing with it great blocks of ice. It became at length impossible to proceed farther. The patient soldiers, closely wedged together in the little hold, lay from Monday night till Thursday morning, bearing the pangs of hunger, thirst, and bitter cold, without a murmur. On the third morning there seemed no better prospect in store for them, for the east wind still raged with violence. Some food was, however, now quite necessary, so they stole on shore at a lonely place, where they refreshed themselves, and remained till night, when one of the boatmen came to say that the wind had changed and become favorable. Yet it was not till two days later that they ended their adventurous journey, and found themselves in the outer harbor of Breda.

There was no going back now. The little band must either take the strong city and castle, defended by five companies of Italians, or die. The officer of the guard soon came on board to look at the turf, and arrange for its delivery. While he was in the cabin, he could be plainly seen and heard by the men below; the least sound

made by them would have caused their instant discovery and destruction. Happily he stayed only a few moments, and promised to send some soldiers to drag the vessel into the castle dock. Meanwhile, the turf boat struck upon a hidden rock in the river and sprang a leak. Soon the brave fellows in the hold were up to their knees in water. The boatmen worked away at the pumps to keep the vessel from sinking, and before long it was drawn into the inner harbor by a party of Italians from the shore. The deck was soon crowded with laborers unloading the turf, which was much needed, as there had been a great want of fuel. So rapidly did the work proceed that the prisoners began to fear that the daylight would soon shine in upon them, bringing discovery and death. To add to their danger, the whole party began sneezing and coughing, the consequence of the wetting they had received. One officer, whose cough was especially violent, begged his neighbors to stab him to the heart with his sword, lest the noise should betray his companions to the enemy. The bold boatmen, however, rendered this unnecessary by their presence of mind. The elder directed his brother to work the pump with as much clatter as possible, so as to drown the sound of the coughing, whilst he loudly assured the bystanders that the vessel was half full of water. At length he said that he was tired, and it was getting too dark to unload any more, so giving the men some money he bade them go ashore and have some beer, and finish their work the next morning. The captain's servant stayed behind to complain that the turf was not so good as usual; he was sure that his master would not like it. "Ah," replied the boatman coolly, "the best part of the cargo is under-

neath. This is expressly reserved for the captain. He is sure to get enough of it to-morrow."

Before long the boat was left to itself. Shortly before midnight Captain Herangiere, the chief officer of the little band, made a speech to his men, reminding them that the time for retreat was now past. The path to glory lay before them. He bid them strike for their country and for themselves. They were then divided into two parties, one under himself to attack the guardhouse, the other to gain possession of the arsenal belonging to the castle. An arsenal is a place where guns, powder, and shot are stored. With the utmost quietness they stole out of the ship and stood at last on the castle ground. Herangiere went at once to the guardhouse. To the question "Who goes there?" from a soldier on guard hearing footsteps in the darkness, the captain replied, "A friend," and seizing him by the throat, commanded him on pain of death to give no alarm. "How many are there in the fort?" asked Herangiere. "Three hundred and fifty," whispered the frightened sentinel. The Dutchmen, not hearing the reply, eagerly asked, "How many?" "Only fifty," said their captain, leaving out the three hundred, to encourage them with the hope of an easy victory. Meanwhile there was a stir in the guardhouse: the officer of the watch became alarmed, and sprang out. "Who goes there?" asked he, "A friend," said Herangiere once more, striking him dead with one blow.

The rest of the guard now turned out with torches. The attacking party set upon them, and soon drove them back into the guardhouse, through the windows and doors of which they fired upon them. Soon there

was not one of the enemy alive. The other division of the Hollanders had not been idle. They had seized the arsenal, and killed those who defended it. The soldiers remaining in the castle were struck with fear, and fled in disorder into the town, spreading dismay and terror as they ran.

Before dawn a party of the Netherlands troops, whose commander had been informed that the attempt was going to be made, arrived before the gates of the town, and, soon after, Prince Maurice himself, with another large body of soldiers, marched into it. The fight was over. About forty of the enemy's force were killed, but not one man of the attacking party. Thus were five companies of Italian soldiers utterly defeated and put to flight by the patient courage and determination of seventy Hollanders.

III

THE PERIOD OF COMMERCIAL GREATNESS

HISTORICAL NOTE

THE seventeenth century was the golden age of the Dutch Republic. Although its independence was not recognized until 1648, Spain had practically abandoned the struggle forty years before. The wealth and commerce of the Netherlanders increased rapidly. In 1602, the Dutch East India Company was organized, and before many years their oversea possessions included territory in North and South America and a great part of the East Indies.

The Netherlands reached the height of their power and prosperity during the magistracy of Jan de Witt, who was Grand Pensionary (chief executive) of Holland, the richest of the Dutch provinces, from 1650 to 1672. At this time the Republic was the leading sea-power and a great part of the commerce of Europe was carried in her vessels. It was jealousy of the growth of Dutch trade that led England to pass the famous Navigation Acts, which forbade any except English vessels, manned chiefly by English sailors, to bring to England the produce of Asia, Africa, or America.

In 1672, the Netherlands were attacked by Louis XIV, the French king, and the conquest of Holland was averted only by opening the dikes and flooding the country. The Dutch blamed Jan de Witt and his brother Cornelius for the success of the French armies, they were torn to pieces by a mob on the streets of The Hague, and William of Orange was placed at the head of the State. This prince afterwards became King of England through his marriage with the daughter of James II.

During the eighteenth century the power of the Netherlands gradually declined. Long years of peace and prosperity sapped the energy of the people; change and development were hindered by a particularly clumsy form of government, and by the close of the century the prosperity of the once powerful republic had almost vanished.

HOW A MUD-HOLE BECAME A GARDEN

BY WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS

In both the Burgundian and the Spanish eras, the Netherlands formed the richest part of the domains of their rulers. Yet there were no mines, gems, or pearls in the Low Countries. Whence, then, came the wealth, beauty, comforts, and rich revenues? Let us see.

Among the crusaders were men of taste, who loved beauty and were charmed with the lovely things they saw in the East. These lovers of the beautiful brought back seeds either in their brains, in wallets, or in ships' holds. Especially was this true as to flowers and fruits. A taste for gardening was stimulated among the Netherlanders, and their part of the earth received a new embroidery of rich, natural colors. Brilliant blooms, foliage, and perfumes, never before seen or enjoyed in Europe, became common. After the fall of Constantinople, in 1453, Holland grew to be one of the gayest garden-lands of Europe.

The ranunculus, or "little frog" family of plants, the anemones, tulips, hyacinths, narcissus, and others, were acclimated, domesticated, and became the Dutchman's darlings. Especially did the bulbous flowers of the East, like the tulips, find a congenial soil in Holland. Indeed, the tulip not only drove the serious Dutchman mad, but in the sixteenth century all the world went wild over the bulbs of the Haarlem. Even to-day, the polders, or drained lands, left by the pumped-out lake of

Haarlem, is the best for bulbs of any land in the world. Whereas in other parts of the Netherlands farms do not usually pay over four per cent on the money invested, the Haarlem bulb-lands yield a revenue of twelve per cent per annum. New varieties of these brilliant exotics are continually developed. One of the latest, named the Abraham Lincoln, is the direct descendant of an Asiatic ancestor brought westward three centuries ago.

In the sixteenth century, Obel, the botanist of King James I of England, published a book on the history of plants. In it he declared that Holland contained more rare plants than any other country in Europe. Thirty-eight varieties of the anemone or wind-flower, Dutch Paaschblœmen or Easter-bloom, were known.

Dutch captains making voyages to tropical countries were ordered to bring home seeds, bulbs, roots, and cuttings. From their settlements in Brazil, the Hudson River region, South Africa, the Spice Islands, Formosa, Japan, and Asiatic lands, many new plants were introduced first into Holland, and then into all the gardens of the Western world. Hundreds of our common flowers, trees, or vegetables were once oriental exotics which the Dutch chaperoned and brought out into occidental garden-society.

Leyden was one of the first cities in Europe to establish botanical gardens, and Haarlem early led in the floriculture and horticulture. Leyden, for over a century, under the renowned Boerhaave, was the floral capital of Europe. Here first were domesticated varied children of the geranium family, and the Ficoideæ with their fleshy leaves and showy flowers, and other exotics from near the Cape of Good Hope. Amsterdam's was

the first garden in Europe to have the coffee tree. Groningen and Utrecht had great hot-houses. Noordwyk was famous for its roses.

This taste for flowers, introduced at the time of the Crusades, made the Dutch a nation of flower-lovers, skilled gardeners, and inventive farmers. Window-gardening was especially cultivated, until to-day it is a national passion and habit. On the canal-boat, in the floating homes on the inland rivers, the farmhouse, the humble village, and the great city, flowers are everywhere.

The Dutch have always been famous for quick brains and active mental initiative. When their own climate did not agree with an exotic, they made a new climate that did. They invented or greatly improved the green or hot-house. They first made use of forcing pits or beds sided or covered with boards or roofed with glass, by which young plants were early raised from seed and kept from frost and cold until ready for transplanting. No fewer than six thousand exotic plants were catalogued at Leyden during the time of Dr. Boerhaave, who by his books or lectures trained most of the famous doctors of Old and New England and of colonial New York. This renowned physician taught the hot-house men of Europe to adjust the slope of the glass according to the latitude so as to get the maximum power of the sun's rays. One great florist in Haarlem had four green-houses, in which he kept the climates of the Levant, Africa, India, and America. From Holland the science of botany was carried to Sweden. It was at the Dutch University of Harderwyck that Linnæus obtained his degree, and in Holland he wrote the books on which his fame rests.

The plough in its modern form, consisting of several distinct parts, is a Dutch invention. At the government agricultural school at Wageningen, one may see the models of several eras, showing its steady evolution into the wonderful tool of our day. Englishman and Yankee have made many improvements, but for some generations the Dutch plough led the world. Not a few of the more important modern agricultural implements were invented by Dutchmen, as their names in old English works on husbandry clearly prove.

About the time of the truce with Spain, from 1609 to 1620, the Hollanders began to drive a good trade in seeds, bulbs, and flowers. Later they supplied most of the courts of Europe with early fruits. They added greatly to the daily diet of civilized people. They introduced garden vegetables and the artificial grasses into England. They taught the eastern country folks how to drain their fens and raise two crops a year on the same field. By the Dutchman's aid the marshy land which raised sedge and malaria, and compelled two rabbits to fight for one blade of grass, became rich in turnips, mutton, and human beings, quickly doubling in population and value. Most of the early English books on agriculture are by authors with Dutch names, or with the names more or less Anglicized.

The Dutchman's country being far north of the wine and oil line of Europe, and within the beer and butter line, he gave early attention to dairy and hop-field. In all the products of the cow — milk, cream, butter, cheese, meat, hides, and horns — the Dutchman led Europe. He did this because he studied soil and foods most carefully and treated his dumb cattle as if they were his

friends. To-day, the traveler entering Holland in chilly May notices cows and sheep blanketed while in the pastures. In Friesland he sees that the fine breeds of cattle are housed under the same roof, though not in the same room, with their masters. The dwelling and the stable are near to each other, entertainment for man and beast being scrupulously clean, and the latter within easy help of the former. So much attention was paid to the "hens" (which in old English, as in Dutch, meant both sexes), and to eggs and to butter making, that the Duke of Alva imagined that the Dutch would not fight, for, as he thought, they were only "men of butter."

Beer or milk was the everyday drink. In those early days, when modern hot drinks, tea and coffee, were not known, the beer mug stood on the table by the plate of every child as well as adult. The Dutchmen first made use of hops to improve the quality of beer. It was a great day when hops were introduced into England from the Netherlands, and the event was celebrated in street songs. The Pilgrims in the Mayflower were teetotalers, of necessity, during their famous voyage, for all their beer as well as most of their butter had been sold off to pay their debts to their harsh English creditors. In America, until after the Revolution, the New Englanders could never raise crops or stock like their neighbors west of the Hudson. The best farmers and gardeners, as well as stock-raisers, were the New Netherlanders or their descendants in New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Delaware.

In a word, that great movement of European humanity called the "Crusades," and in which the Dutch took a share, was a powerful factor in their development.

Being bright in mind, quick in observation, and active in brain, the Dutchman learned much, and improved upon what he imported. The festivals in honor of the foundation of the Christian Church in a village, celebrated yearly, were called "Kirk-mass" or "Kermis." On these gay and joyful occasions the Dutch cooks exercised all their ingenuity, and many were the novelties to tempt the palate.

Buckwheat, for example, had been used for ages in Asia, where in the form of mush, porridge, or steamed dough, it was eaten by the peoples from India to Japan. The Dutch named it *boekweit*, from which our English word "buckwheat" has been corrupted, because it looks like the beech-mast. After many an experiment in Dutch kitchens, the luscious winter breakfast luxury, which with butter and maple syrup delights so many Americans, was evolved.

One of the direct results of commerce stimulated by the crusades was the gingerbread. Thick, spicy, and aromatic cake was sold in the Netherlands as early as the twelfth century. Gilded, painted, whitened with egg, and cut into all sorts of comical shapes, it was sold by tons at the fair and *kermis*. Our words "cooky" and "cruller," like the honey-cakes of Deventer, muffins, and waffles are of Dutch origin. The *poffertjes*, and other products of the batter-dish and oven or toasting-irons, which were first made popular at the Dutch *kermis*, were imported into other countries with new names. Oriental fruits and nuts, now called by the word *wal* or foreign, as in walnut, Walloon, Wales, Wallabout Bay, etc., were, like hops, borrowed by English-speaking folks from their more advanced and more highly

civilized Dutch neighbors, who vastly improved table resources. The "Dutch oven" made life for the early New Englanders very agreeable.

Next to good food is good clothing. More important in its influence on industry was the introduction of flax. This native of Egypt found a most congenial home in the Netherlands. It was patiently studied by men of science, and cultivated with infinite care by the farmers, with their eyes to its improvement in the quality of the fiber. They were so far successful that Flemish and Dutch flax soon had a name all over Europe. In India, as in America, the plant had been cultivated for its seed, in order to get oil, rather than for its fiber, out of which is made linen. The Dutch from the first paid attention to the development of the stalks, and aimed to secure abundant and delicate floss. Linen manufactories were established, and around these a score of trades sprang up. Spinners and spinsters, webbers, and websters, dyers and bleachers, burrelers, hatchelers, and lace-makers are some of the English names for these.

In this new group of industries, like a white rose in a bouquet, which lights up the whole composition, appeared one that deserves the name of a fine art. Rich and delicate as are the fabrics of the East, lace is European. The nuns invented needle-sculpture or lace.

The stimulus to produce fine yarn for the lace-makers became so great that the flax produce of the southern Netherlands was developed until it was without a rival. In some instances the crop was so precious that in one year it exceeded the value of the ground on which it grew. The cultivation of the new Oriental flowers afforded novel patterns for the lace-makers. While the

cathedral builders and abbey masons made the stone blossom under the chisel, and reared spires and tracery that were like the gossamer of spiders, the nuns wrought with the needle and produced the loveliest works of art in lace. These women of taste and skill did not merely copy flowers and spider webs, but wrought out new forms and most tasteful combinations. The art, which probably arose in Italy, was quickly transferred to the Netherlands.

The oldest form of this art industry is seen in point lace, in which fairy-like webs are woven by the needle over foundation pieces of linen. Exactly how this old point lace was made is not certainly known, for the special art was lost in the sixteenth century. Yet the durability of the work is seen in the fact that many pieces of true point lace yet remain in Europe. The later kinds, though still very expensive, are less artistic. In the first or inventive period, the designer and the worker were one, but later the worker was usually a copyist. After the needle-wrought lace came the pillow-worked, or bobbin lace, and, last of all, in our day, the machine-made lace, when all classes can wear it, because all purses can afford to buy it.

In Italy and the Netherlands, the two countries in which painting and flowers were most cultivated, lace-making reached its acme of proficiency. Where the canvas first bloomed with colors laid on in oil, there the parterres and the flax fields were richest and lace most lovely. The Dutch invented the thimble, thus reinforcing the application of the needle and of linen to a thousand needs of life. The names we still use for the various fabrics and patterns, cambric from Cambrai,

diaper from d'Apres, and various places in the Netherlands, show their geographical origin.

The inventions of the shirt, nightdress, bedtick, pocket handkerchief, tablecloth, napkin, most of them in the thirteenth century and of Netherlandish origin, are landmarks in the history of European civilization. The use and application of starch, also a Dutch invention, was introduced in England in the time of Queen Elizabeth, but Dutch weavers had been brought over as early as 1253. Most of the old names of woolen, hempen, flaxen, and cotton goods come from the Low Countries. Even our word "tick" in bedtick is only a mispronunciation of the Dutch *dekken*, to cover. It was a decided advance in household economy, in cleanliness, and in hygiene when the bed was lifted up from the floor and made snowy with linen and glorious with a canopy. In the evolution of the modern bed, no people have contributed more than the sedentary and home-loving Dutch. In the land where art first glorified domestic life, they studied health, cleanliness, and comfort, until a love for these became a passion.

At first, linen sheets, pillow and bolster cases, pocket handkerchiefs, and shirts were luxuries, and only for kings and nobles. Even then, the inventory or washing list of a queen or emperor in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries would have made a Chinese laundryman laugh because of its scantiness. Instead of being fine and snow-white, the first shirt was probably rough and dark-colored. The problem was to make linen white.

The Dutch raised bleaching to the dignity of a fine art. They persevered until the name "Hollands" all over Europe meant "finest linen, white as snow." Eight

months were required to secure the purest white. The tedious process consisted in spreading out the web or sheets of linen on the grass or bleaching ground, and wetting it several times a day. The grounds around Haarlem were especially fitted for this process. They often looked as if a snow-storm had whitened the earth. The old paintings show how much land was thus occupied. Some virtue in the water, probably its power, in connection with the sea air, of liberating ozone, in addition to the energy of the sun's rays, was supposed to hold the secret of success. Much linen woven in Great Britain was sent to the Netherlands to be blanched. When sold at home it was marked "finest Hollands."

It was not until 1785, when a French chemist discovered chlorine and the virtues of bleaching powder, that the time and space required in the old process were saved, and the Dutch fields became green again. The old Dutch family names of Bleeker, Mangeler, and all the varieties of De Witt, de Witte, de Witt, etc., like the English Dwight, Walker, Webster, etc., are monuments of the long bygone days when the trades of the bleacher, the smoother, and the whitener flourished. The latter tell of those occupations from which our English fathers so generally received their names, while the Dutch, on the contrary, took theirs largely from places, landmarks, and natural objects in the scenery. It was not until the fifteenth century that family names were in use in northern Europe.

WHEN THE PILGRIM FATHERS WENT TO HOLLAND

[1608]

BY WILLIAM BRADFORD

[In 1608, the Separatists, or Pilgrims as they were afterwards called, a branch of the larger body of Puritans, left England on account of the intolerance with which they were treated, and settled at Leyden, to the number of one thousand or more, under their minister John Robinson.

William Bradford, author of the history from which the following selection is taken, was a prominent member of the party, and later when the Pilgrims were settled in the New World served as governor of the colony.

The Editor.]

Being thus constrained to leave their native soil and country, their lands and livings, and all their friends and familiar acquaintance, it was much, and thought marvelous by many. But to go into a country they knew not (but by hearsay), where they must learn a new language, and get their livings they knew not how, it being a dear place and subject to the miseries of war, it was by many thought an adventure almost desperate, a case intolerable, and a misery worse than death. Especially seeing they were not acquainted with trades nor traffic (by which that country doth subsist) but had only been used to a plain country life, and the innocent trade of husbandry. But these things did not dismay them (though they did sometimes trouble them) for their

desires were set on the ways of God and to enjoy his ordinances; but they rested on his providence, and knew whom they had believed.

Yet this was not all, for though they could not stay, yet were they not suffered to go, but the ports and havens were shut against them, so as they were fain to seek secret means of conveyance, and to bribe and fee the mariners, and give extraordinary rates for their passages. And yet were they oftentimes betrayed (many of them), and both they and their goods intercepted and surprised, and thereby put to great trouble and charge, of which I will give an instance or two, and omit the rest.

There was a large company of them purposed to get passage at Boston in Lincolnshire, and for that end had hired a ship wholly to themselves and made agreement with the master to be ready at a certain day, and take them and their goods in, at a convenient place, where they accordingly would all attend in readiness. So, after long waiting and large expenses, though he kept not day with them, yet he came at length and took them in, in the night.

But when he had them and their goods aboard, he betrayed them, having beforehand complotted with the searchers and other officers so to do; who took them, and put them into open boats, and there rifled and ransacked them, searching them to their shirts for money, yea, even the women further than became modesty; and then carried them back into the town, and made them a spectacle and wonder to the multitude, which came flocking on all sides to behold them. Being thus first, by the catch-poll officers, rifled, and stripped of their money,

books, and much other goods, they were presented to the magistrates, and messengers sent to inform the Lords of the Council of them; and so they were committed to ward. Indeed the magistrates used them courteously, and showed them what favor they could; but could not deliver them, till order came from the Council-table. But the issue was that after a month's imprisonment, the greatest part were dismissed, and sent to the places from which they came; but seven of the principal were still kept in prison, and bound over to the Assizes.

The next spring after, there was another attempt made by some of these and others to get over at another place. And it so fell out that they light of a Dutchman at Hull, having a ship of his own belonging to Zealand; they made an agreement with him, and acquainted him with their condition, hoping to find more faithfulness in him than in the former of their own nation. He bade them not fear, for he would do well enough. He was by appointment to take them in between Grimsby and Hull, where was a large common a good way distant from any town. Now against the prefixed time, the women and children, with the goods, were sent to the place in a small barque, which they had hired for that end; and the men were to meet them by land. But it so fell out that they were there a day before the ship came, and the sea being rough and the women very sick, prevailed with the seamen to put into a creek hard by, where they lay on ground at low water. The next morning the ship came, but they were fast and could not stir till about noon.

In the mean time, the ship master, perceiving how the

matter was, sent his boat to be getting the men aboard whom he saw ready, walking about the shore. But after the first boatful was got aboard, and she was ready to go for more, the master espied a great company, both horse and foot, with bills and guns and other weapons; for the country was raised to take them. The Dutchman seeing it, swore his country's oath, "Sacrement," and having the wind fair, weighed his anchor, hoisted sail and away. But the poor men which were got aboard were in great distress for their wives and children, which they saw thus to be taken, and were left destitute of their helps; and themselves also, not having a cloth to shift them with more than they had on their backs, and some scarce a penny about them, all they had being on board the barque. It drew tears from their eyes, and anything they had they would have given to have been ashore again; but all in vain, there was no remedy, they must thus sadly part. And afterwards endured a fearful storm at sea, being fourteen days or more before they arrived at their port, in seven whereof they neither saw sun, moon, nor stars, and were driven near the coast of Norway; the mariners themselves often despairing of life; and once with shrieks and cries gave over all as if the ship had been foundered in the sea, and they sinking without recovery. But when man's hope and help wholly failed, the Lord's power and mercy appeared in their recovery; for the ship rose again and gave the mariners courage again to manage her. And if modesty would suffer me, I might declare with what fervent prayers they cried unto the Lord in this great distress (especially some of them) even without any great distraction, when the water ran into their mouths and ears;

and the mariners cried out, "We sink! we sink!" they cried (if not with miraculous, yet with a great height or degree of divine faith), "Yet, Lord, thou canst save, yet, Lord, thou canst save"; with such other expressions as I will forbear. Upon which the ship did not only recover, but shortly after the violence of the storm began to abate, and the Lord filled their afflicted minds with such comforts as every one cannot understand, and in the end brought them to their desired haven, where the people came flocking, admiring their deliverance, the storm having been so long and sore, in which much hurt had been done, as the master's friends related unto him in their congratulations.

But to return to the others where we left. The rest of the men that were in greatest danger made shift to escape away before the troops could surprise them; those only staying that best might, to be assistant unto the women. But pitiful it was to see the heavy case of these poor women in this distress; what weeping and crying on every side, some for their husbands, that were carried away in the ship as is before related; others not knowing what should become of them and their little ones; others again melted in tears, seeing their poor little ones hanging about them, crying for fear and quaking with cold.

Being thus apprehended, they were hurried from one place to another, and from one justice to another, till in the end they knew not what to do with them; for to imprison so many innocent women and children for no other cause (many of them) but that they must go with their husbands, seemed to be unreasonable, and all would cry out of them; and to send them home again was as difficult, for they alleged, as the truth was, they had no

homes to go to, for they had either sold or otherwise disposed of their houses and livings. To be short, after they had been thus turmoiled a good while and conveyed from one constable to another, they were glad to be rid of them in the end upon any terms; for all were wearied and tired with them. Though in the mean time they (poor souls) endured misery enough; and thus in the end necessity forced a way for them.

But that I be not tedious in these things, I will omit the rest, though I might relate many other notable passages and troubles which they endured and underwent in these their wanderings and travels both a land and sea; but I haste to other things. Yet I may not omit the fruit that came hereby, for by these so public troubles, in so many eminent places, their cause became famous, and occasioned many to look into the same; and their godly carriage and Christian behavior was such as left a deep impression in the minds of many. And though some few shrank at these first conflicts and sharp beginnings (as it was no marvel), yet many more came on with fresh courage and greatly animated others. And in the end, notwithstanding all these storms of opposition, they all got over at length, some at one time and some at another, and some in one place and some in another, and met together again according to their desires, with no small rejoicing.

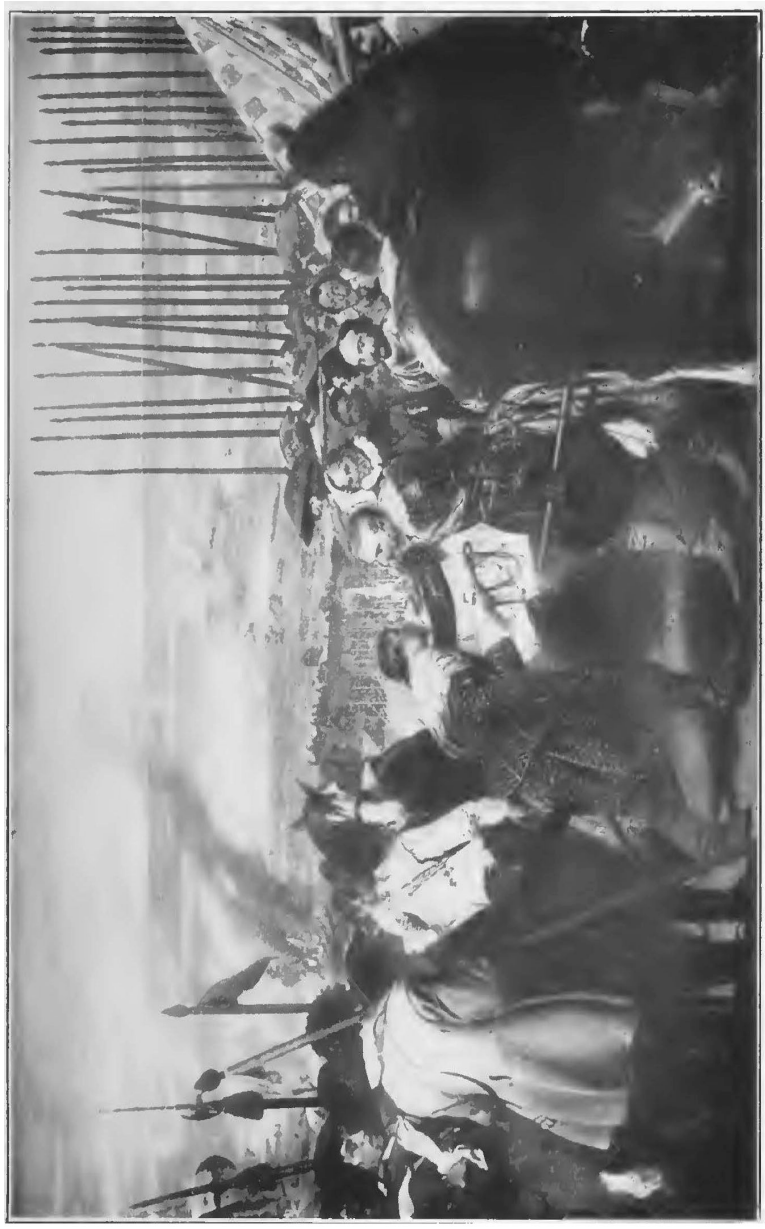
Being now come into the Low Countries, they saw many goodly and fortified cities, strongly walled and guarded with troops of armed men. Also they heard a strange and uncouth language, and beheld the different manners and customs of the people, with their strange fashions and attires; all so far differing from that of their

plain country villages (wherein they were bred, and had so long lived) as it seemed they were come into a new world. But these were not the things they much looked on, or long took up their thoughts; for they had other work in hand, and another kind of war to wage and maintain. For though they saw fair and beautiful cities, flowing with abundance of all sorts of wealth and riches, yet it was not long before they saw the grim and grisly face of poverty coming upon them like an armed man, with whom they must buckle and encounter, and from whom they could not fly; but they were armed with faith and patience against him and all his encounters; and though they were sometimes foiled, yet by God's assistance they prevailed and got the victory.

Now when Mr. Robinson, Mr. Brewster, and other principal members were come over (for they were of the last and stayed to help the weakest over before them), such things were thought on as were necessary for their settling and best ordering of the church affairs. And when they had lived at Amsterdam about a year, Mr. Robinson, their pastor, and some others of best discerning, seeing how Mr. John Smith and his company was already fallen into contention with the church that was there before them, and no means they could use would do any good to cure the same, and also that the flames of contention were like to break out in the ancient church itself (as afterwards lamentably came to pass); which things they prudently foreseeing, thought it was best to remove, before they were any way engaged with the same; though they well knew it would be much to the prejudice of their outward estates, both at present and in likelihood in the future; as indeed it proved to be.

For these and some other reasons they removed to Leyden, a fair and beautiful city, and of a sweet situation, but made more famous by the university wherewith it is adorned, in which of late had been so many learned men. But wanting that traffic by sea which Amsterdam enjoys, it was not so beneficial for their outward means of living and estates. But being now here pitched, they fell to such trades and employments as they best could; valuing peace and their spiritual comfort above any other riches whatsoever. And at length they came to raise a competent and comfortable living, but with hard and continual labor.

Being thus settled (after many difficulties) they continued many years in a comfortable condition, enjoying much sweet and delightful society and spiritual comfort together in the ways of God, under the able ministry and prudent government of Mr. John Robinson, and Mr. William Brewster, who was an assistant unto him in the place of an elder, unto which he was now called and chosen by the church. So as they grew in knowledge and other gifts and graces of the spirit of God, and lived together in peace, and love, and holiness; and many came to them from divers parts of England, so as they grew a great congregation.



The Surrender of Breda

THE SURRENDER OF BREDA

BY DIEGO RODRIGUEZ DE SILVA VELASQUEZ

(*Spanish painter.* 1599–1660)

In 1621, after a truce of twelve years, brave little Holland still refused to yield to Spain, and the war was renewed. Four years later, the Spanish General, Spinola, brought about the surrender of Breda. This town had been taken in 1590 by the stratagem of the turf boat, and now, in 1625, was forced to surrender to Spain. The illustration is a reproduction of one of the most famous of historical paintings. It is often called "The Lances," because of the wilderness of lances at the right. It pictures the moment when the Dutch commander is presenting Spinola with the keys of the surrendered city. He bows submissively before the victorious foe; but Spinola, instead of grasping the keys, lays his hand in friendly wise upon the shoulder of his brave opponent. The figures in the picture are not at all numerous, but yet the idea of a large number of people is given by the masses of troops indicated in the middle distance. Behind Spinola are the Spanish troops with their lances. The background is a wide stretch of flat country, bounded by the distant ocean. Here and there are fortifications. Near the head of the Spanish general's horse stands a man wearing a plumed hat. This represents the artist himself.

THE ESCAPE OF HUGO DE GROOT

[1621]

BY FREDERICK SPENCER BIRD

ONE of the greatest names in Holland, in connection with the literature of his time, is that of Hugo de Groot, or Grotius, as he is commonly called. When a mere youth he is said to have successfully maintained theses in philosophy, mathematics, and jurisprudence. He has left behind him several volumes of Latin poems, theological works, and a standard treatise on international law called "De Jure Belli et Pacis." The story of his escape from the Castle of Loevestein, where he was sentenced to be imprisoned for life, for the part he took in the political and theological disputes which agitated his native country, is well worth recording. In so far that his devoted wife devised and helped to carry out the plan for regaining his freedom, the anecdote reminds one of the Earl of Nithsdale's escape from the Tower of London, in 1715, which was effected by the aid of his countess. A Dutch "Life of Grotius" gives the full particulars, from which I have selected the following: —

The castle of Loevestein is situated on the west side of the island of Bommel, where the waters of the rivers Waal and Maas unite. Both nature and art have combined to render it a place of great strength, as may be seen by its position, and the thick, high walls and double moats by which it is surrounded.

Fortunately for De Groot, his wife had obtained per-

mission to share his confinement with him, though under certain restrictions as to quitting and returning to the castle. De Groot entertained no hopes of being released, and amid "so many doors, locks, warders, walls, and moats" saw no means of escape; but his wife who had exhausted all legitimate efforts at her command to obtain his freedom and soften the hearts of his enemies, at last hit on a plan which, though fraught with great danger of detection, was destined to be completely successful. Books were the chief solace of De Groot in his captivity; and a certain Professor Erpenius was in the habit of occasionally sending a chest containing volumes such as the prisoner liked best to the house of his brother-in-law, one Daetselaer, living at Gorkum, whence it was forwarded to De Groot at Loevestein. This chest was allowed to be carried to and from the castle as often as it was desired that the books should be exchanged. The commander of the fortress at first gave orders that the contents of the chest should be examined each time it passed in or out; but nothing having occurred to excite suspicion that any regulations were being infringed, the order was not regularly carried out, and the chest was frequently allowed to pass without being opened.

This did not escape the notice of Madam de Groot, who immediately devised a plan for releasing her husband by conveying him "as books" from the castle; trusting that Providence would aid the attempt, and that the relaxed vigilance of the warders might afford the much longed-for opportunity for effecting De Groot's deliverance.

She at once communicated her plan to her husband,

who, after some reflection, expressed his willingness to risk the attempt; and they lost no time in making an examination of the chest. At first sight it seemed neither long nor deep enough to hold a man of De Groot's size, but on making a trial, he found he could just lie in it in a cramped position by drawing up his legs and placing his arms straight by his sides. He then tried to discover how long it would be possible for him to remain inside with the lid closed, and whether he would have difficulty in obtaining the necessary supply of air to enable him to breathe freely. To test this, he lay shut up in the chest until the sand in the hourglass had run down twice; then the experiment was deemed satisfactory, and all fears of his being suffocated were removed. Matters being so far arranged, it was decided that Madam de Groot should take into her confidence the wife of Daetselaer, to whose house the chest would have to be conveyed. This she took the first opportunity of doing, and the result was favorable to their plan. She then obtained leave as usual from the governor of the castle, to send away, on a certain day, a chest of books, which she stated her husband desired to exchange for others; and now all that remained to be done was to obtain the coöperation of their faithful maid-servant, Elsje van Houwening, a girl of twenty, who had been allowed to attend her mistress in the fortress. They had every confidence in Elsje's prudence and fidelity, and therefore did not hesitate to communicate their secret to her. She was asked whether she would accompany the chest and endeavor to have it safely conveyed to the house of Daetselaer at Gorkum, and she at once expressed her willingness to undertake the responsible and dangerous

duty. All preparations were quickly made, and at length the eventful day arrived. When he rose in the morning, De Groot prayed earnestly that God would permit the undertaking to be successful, and having breakfasted and embraced his wife, he got into the chest. He was but scantily clad, and there was so little space that his shoes had to be left out. Under his head, to serve as a cushion, the New Testament was placed, and other books were so packed about him as to prevent the possibility of his rolling about when the chest was moved. Madam de Groot again took an affectionate leave of her husband; and who shall say what were the feelings of that devoted woman as she took a parting glance at his face and shut down the lid! Hiding her emotion as well as she could, she locked the chest and gave the key to her maid, who stood ready to start on her anxious journey. Madam De Groot then retired to bed and drew the curtains around her, having previously placed her husband's clothes on a chair close by, so that the warder, on entering, might suppose De Groot to be with her and asleep. A male attendant, who had been deputed to wait on De Groot, was then summoned, and on entering he asked what was wanted.

"I had thought to go myself to Gorkum," said Madam De Groot from behind the bed curtains, "but not feeling well, and the weather being so unsettled, I have decided to send Elsje instead. She will take the chest with her. Call a soldier to help to remove it." The man retired, and shortly afterwards a warder and some soldiers entered. They saw De Groot's clothing on the chair near the bed, and having no suspicions concerning the safety of the prisoner, two or three of them

took hold of the chest to carry it away. The task, however, was not so easy as was expected; and one soldier was heard to say to the others, "What makes the chest so heavy? Is the Arminian [meaning De Groot] inside?" Thereupon Madam De Groot called out, "There are Arminian books inside."

The soldiers then appeared to examine the chest as if to see whether any holes had been bored in it to admit air; and having apparently satisfied themselves that all was right, they again applied themselves to removing it. Half dragging and half lifting it, they contrived to get it down the long staircase and through thirteen doors, which one after the other had to be unbarred and unlocked to allow them to pass with their burden. While the soldiers were resting, one again said to another, "I am sure the Arminian must be inside," on which the wife of one of the men, being present, remarked, "I know that some years ago a *Bergverkooper* [traitor] was carried out of the town in a box, so the Arminian can very well be inside." A soldier then replied that if he thought De Groot was concealed in the chest he would get a gimlet and bore him through the body.

Elsje von Houwening, who had hitherto kept silent, then quickly said, in a tone of affected gayety, "To do that you must get a bore that will reach from here to his chamber." While this brief conversation was taking place, the wife of the governor (who was absent from the castle) made her appearance, and inquired what was the matter. The men remarked that the chest was unusually heavy, and asked her whether they should open it to see what was inside. She inquired whether her husband was generally in the habit of having it opened before it was

taken away. The men answered that it had not been his practice to do so for a long time. Then said the governor's wife, who evidently did not wish to appear more particular than her husband, "Madam de Groot tells me it only contains Arminian books. Take the chest as it is to the ship." The order was obeyed, and the box was then carried down to the water's edge, where a small Dutch vessel lay moored. The skipper, Jan Wouterszoon, was present, and he placed a plank to facilitate the conveyance of the chest on board; but the faithful Elsje perceiving that the wood was thin, and fearing that her master's weight might cause it to break, exclaimed, "What is this! do you intend to use this thin plank to get the box on board? It may break and let it fall into the water, then all will be spoiled. The chest is full of valuable books which have been lent and must be taken great care of. Put a thick plank over the other."

The skipper complied with her request; and to her great relief the chest at last was deposited safely on board. As a preconcerted signal between the maid and her mistress, who was anxiously watching from a window of the castle, the former threw her handkerchief over her head, and waved it once or twice to show that all went well. A sailor observing this, inquired why she did it. She readily replied that some one had dared her to venture on the water in such rough weather — the wind being very high at the time — and it was a signal that she was going. The chest had been placed on deck, but was left unsecured; and with perhaps an excess of caution Elsje said to the skipper, "Make this chest fast. It might fall overboard, in which case the books would not only be spoiled but lost." During the progress of the

voyage the girl was again made anxious by seeing some men sitting on the box, thus pressing down the lid, and, as she feared, depriving its occupant of air. They were also kicking it with their heels — a proceeding that must have been anything but agreeable to De Groot.

She begged them to seat themselves elsewhere, declaring that besides books the chest contained china that would easily break. At last the ship arrived safely at Gorkum. When she was moored the skipper began to discharge the cargo, and other goods were landed before the chest, which might have remained on board a considerable time, had not Elsje persuaded the master to have it speedily removed.

A barrow was obtained, and assisted by his son, the skipper placed the chest on it. They were wheeling it away when the former exclaimed, "Father, there is something alive inside this chest!" On which the skipper turning towards Elsje, who pretended not to have overheard the remark, said, "Do you hear what my son says? He says there is something alive in the chest."

"Yes," replied Elsje, in as careless a tone as she could assume, "books have life."

The matter then dropped and at length the chest, with its precious contents, was deposited at the house of Daetselaer, where it was taken in as privately as possible, by the back entrance.

The carriers having been paid and dismissed, Elsje went in search of the occupants of the house. She found Daetselaer and his wife, with some other persons, in a front room, busily engaged in packing some goods. Going up to the woman, she whispered softly in her ear,

"I have my master here behind in a chest! You must see how you can get him away."

For a moment Vrouw Daetselaer looked both astonished and agitated on hearing the news, and her face became white as a sheet. She, however, soon recovered her presence of mind, and followed Elsje into the room where the chest had been deposited.

Before unlocking it the maid knelt down, and in a loud whisper called, "Master! Master!" several times; but there being no reply she looked around sorrowfully to her companion, and exclaimed, "Alas! my master is dead!" The other woman replied, "Your mistress has done a clever thing. Formerly she had a live husband, now she has but a dead one."

Hearing their conversation, De Groot now tapped the lid of the chest with his hand, and called out, "No, I am not dead. I did not know the voice." The chest was then at once opened. De Groot had lain inside for about two hours, and he came out of it looking like a corpse restored to life. He was then asked to go upstairs, and he ascended, followed by Vrouw Daetselaer and the girl. Observing the agitated manner and pale face of the former, De Groot asked her if she always looked so white. "No sir," she replied, "but I am frightened to see you here. You are no ordinary person. The whole world knows you. I am afraid of getting into trouble, and that my husband will be arrested and set in your place." De Groot answered, "I have prayed so much to God, who has thus far been with me, and I have so heartily thanked Him for permitting me to escape, that, if it be his will, I am ready to return to my chest, and be again conveyed back to prison." The woman, now more

at her ease, replied, "No, we have you here now, and whatever comes of it, we will help you." Seeing that he could hardly stand, she gave him a glass of Spanish wine, which appeared to revive him. He then asked to speak with her husband. She went to fetch him; but on her telling him of the matter, he replied in a fright, "I must know nothing of it. I must neither see nor speak with Mynheer De Groot, or I shall be implicated." She then ran to the house of her brother-in-law, who being let into the secret, obtained a suit of clothes from a laborer, in which De Groot disguised himself, and with the assistance of his kind friends, finally escaped to Antwerp, where he found refuge in the house of a clergyman named Nikolaes Grevinkhoven, who had previously lived in Rotterdam. Madam De Groot, after some time, was permitted to join her husband; and the noble devotion of herself and of her trusty maid, Elsje van Houwening, will long live to be recorded in the annals of the Netherlands.

THE RETURN OF SPINOZA

[About 1653]

BY ISRAEL ZANGWILL

[SPINOZA was a Jewish philosopher of Dutch birth. His lack of faith in Judaism led to his withdrawal from the synagogue. The rabbis brought about his nominal banishment from Amsterdam. Nevertheless, he remained there for several years, though in constant danger, supporting himself by grinding glasses for telescopes.

The Editor.]

ON his homeward way dark looks still met him, but he faced them with cheerful, candid gaze. At the end of the narrow Spuistraat the affairs of the broad market-place engrossed popular attention, and the philosopher threaded his way unregarded among the stalls and the canvas-covered Zealand wagons, and it was not till he reached the Paviljoensgracht — where he now sits securely in stone, penciling a thought as enduring — that he encountered fresh difficulty. There, at his own street door, under the trees lining the canal-bank, his landlord, Van der Spijck, the painter — usually a phlegmatic figure haloed in pipe-clouds — congratulated him excitedly on his safe return, but refused him entry to the house. "Here thou canst lodge no more."

"Here I lodge to-night," said Spinoza quietly, "if there be any law in Holland."

"Law! The folk will take the law into their own hands. My windows will be broken, my doors battered

in. And thou wilt be murdered and thrown into the canal."

His lodger laughed. "And wherefore? An honest optician murdered! Go to, good friend!"

"If thou hadst but stayed at home, polishing thy spy-glasses instead of faring to Utrecht! Customarily thou art so cloistered in that the goodwife declares thou forgettest to eat for three days together — and certes there is little thou canst eat when thou goest not abroad to buy provision! What devil must drive thee on a long journey in this hour of heat and ferment? Not that I believe a word of thy turning traitor, — I'd sooner believe my mahl-stick could turn serpent like Aaron's rod, — but in my house thou shalt not be murdered."

"Reassure thyself. The whole town knows my business with Stoupe; at least I told my bookseller, and 't is only a matter of hours."

"Truly he is a lively gossip."

"Aye," said Spinoza dryly. "He was even aware that a letter from the Royal Society of England awaits me."

Van der Spijck reddened. "I have not opened it," he cried hastily.

"Naturally. But the door thou mayst open."

The painter hesitated. "They will drag thee forth, as they dragged the De Witts from the prison."

Spinoza smiled sadly. "And on that occasion thou wouldst not let me out; now thou wilt not let me in."

"Both proofs that I have more regard for thee than thou for thyself. If I had let thee dash out to fix up on the public wall that denunciation thou hadst written of the barbarian mob, there had been no life of thine to risk

to-day. Fly the town, I beseech thee, or find thicker walls than mine. Thou knowest I would shelter thee had I the power; do not our other lodgers turn to thee in sickness and sorrow to be soothed by thy talk? Do not our own little ones love and obey thee more than their mother and me? But if thou were murdered in our house, how dreadful a shock and a memory to us all!"

"I know well your love for me," said Spinoza, touched. "But fear nothing on my account: I can easily justify myself. There are people enough, and of chief men in the country too, who well know the motives of my journey. But whatever comes of it, so soon as the crowd make the least noise at your door, I will go out and make straight for them, though they should serve me as they have done the unhappy De Witts."

Van der Spijck threw open the door. "Thy word is an oath!"

On the stairs shone the speckless landlady, a cheerful creature in black cap and white apron, her bodice laced with ornamental green and red ribbons. She gave a cry of joy, and flew to meet him, broom in hand. "Welcome home, Heer Spinoza! How glad the little ones will be when they get back from school! There's a pack of knaves been slandering thee right and left; some of them tried to pump Henri, but we sent them away with fleas in their ears — eh, Henri?"

Henri smiled sheepishly.

"Most pertinacious of all was a party of three — an old man and his daughter and a young man. They came twice, very vexed to find thee away, and feigning to be old friends of thine from Amsterdam; at least not the young man — his lament was to miss the celebrated

scholar he had been taken to see. A bushel of questions they asked, but not many pecks did they get out of *me*."

A flush had mantled upon Spinoza's olive cheek. "Did they give any name?" he asked with unusual eagerness.

"It ends in Ende — that stuck in my memory."

"Van den Ende?"

"Or such like."

"The daughter was — beautiful?"

"A goddess!" put in the painter.

"Humph!" said the vrouw. "Give *me* the young man. A cold marble creature is not my idea of a goddess."

"'T is a Greek goddess," said Spinoza with labored lightness. "They are indeed old friends of mine — saving the young man, who is doubtless a pupil of the old. He is a very learned philologist, this Dr. van den Ende: he taught me Latin —"

"And Greek goddesses," flashed the vrouw affectionately.

Spinoza tried to say something, but fell a-coughing instead, and began to ascend to his room. He was agitated: and it was his principle to quit society whenever his emotions threatened to exceed philosophical moderation.

"Wait! I have thy key," cried the goodwife, pursuing him. "And oh! what dust in thy room! No wonder thou art troubled with a phthisis!"

"Thou didst not arrange anything?" he cried in alarm.

"A flick with a feather-brush, as I took in thy letters—

no more; my hand itched to be at thy papers, but see! not one is in order!"

She unlocked his door, revealing a little room in which books and papers mingled oddly with the bedroom furniture and the tools and bench of his craft. There were two windows with shabby red curtains. On nails hung a few odd garments, one of which, the doublet anciently pierced by the fanatic's dagger, merely served as a memento, though not visibly older than the rest of his wardrobe. "Who puts a mediocre article into a costly envelope?" was the philosopher's sartorial standpoint. Over the mantel (on which among some old pipes lay two silver buckles, his only jewelry) was pinned a charcoal sketch of Masaniello in shirt-sleeves, with a net on his shoulder, done by Spinoza himself, and obviously with his own features as model: perhaps in some whimsical moment when he figured himself as an intellectual revolutionary. A portfolio that leaned against a microscope contained black-and-white studies of some of his illustrious visitors, which caught happily their essential features without detail. The few other wall-pictures were engravings by other hands. Spinoza sat down on his truckle-bed with a great sigh of content.

"*Desideratoque acquiescimus lecto*,"[1] he murmured. Then his eye roving around: "My spiders' webs are gone!" he groaned.

"I could not disarrange aught in sweeping *them* away!" deprecated the goodwife.

"Thou hast disarranged *me!* I have learnt all my wisdom from watching spiders!" he said, smiling.

[1] "I rest upon the couch for which I have longed."

"Nay, thou jestest."

"In no wise. The spider and the fly — the whole of life is there. 'T is through leaving them out that the theologies are so empty. Besides, who will now catch the flies for my microscope?"

"I will not believe thou wouldst have the poor little flies caught by the great big spiders. Never did I understand what Pastor Cordes prated of turning the other cheek till I met thee."

"Nay, 't is not my doctrine. Mine is the worship of joy. I hold that the effort to preserve our being is virtue."

"But thou goest to church sometimes?"

"To hear a preacher."

"A strange motive." She added musingly: "Christianity is not then true?"

"Not true for me."

"Then if thou canst not believe in it, I will not."

Spinoza smiled tenderly. "Be guided by Dr. Cordes, not by me."

The goodwife was puzzled. "Dost thou then think I can be saved in Dr. Cordes' doctrine?" she asked anxiously.

"Yes, 't is a very good doctrine, the Lutheran; doubt not thou wilt be saved in it, provided thou livest at peace with thy neighbors."

Her face brightened. "Then I will be guided by thee."

THE RIVAL TULIP-GROWERS

[1672]

BY ALEXANDRE DUMAS

[THE famous "tulip mania" began in France in 1635, but raged more violently in the Netherlands. The usually staid and sensible Dutchmen forgot everything but buying and selling tulip bulbs. The prices given for some of these were most absurd, as high as $5200 being paid for one bulb. At the height of the excitement shares were issued, and speculated in, for a single rare specimen even before the bulb existed. At length the craze for speculation reached such a degree that a proclamation was issued by the Government declaring all contracts concerning tulips to be invalid; and the frenzy came to an end, but not until the wealth of many families had been swept away.

The Editor.]

JUST then the Tulip Society of Haarlem offered a prize for the production of the large black tulip without a spot of color, a thing which had not yet been accomplished, and was considered impossible, as at that time there did not exist a flower of that species approaching even to dark nut-brown. It was, therefore, generally said that the founders of the prize might just as well have offered two millions as a hundred thousand guilders,[1] since no one would be able to gain it.

The tulip-growing world, however, was thrown by it into a state of most active commotion. Some fanciers

[1] In former times the value of the guilder varied according to the period and the place of issue. At present a guilder is worth 40.2 cents.

caught at the idea without believing it practicable; but such is the power of imagination among florists, that, although considering the undertaking as certain to fail, all their thoughts were engrossed by that grand black tulip, which was looked upon as chimerical, as the black swan or the white raven were reputed to be in those days.

Van Baerle was one of the tulip-growers who were struck with the idea; Boxtel thought of it in the light of a speculation. Van Baerle, as soon as the idea had once taken root in his clear and ingenious mind, began slowly the necessary sowings and operations to reduce the tulips, which he had grown already, from red to brown, and from brown to dark brown.

By the next year he had obtained flowers of a perfect nut brown, and Boxtel espied them in the border, whereas he had himself, as yet, only succeeded in producing the light brown.

Boxtel, once more worsted by the superiority of his hated rival, was now completely disgusted with tulip-growing, and, being driven half mad, devoted himself entirely to observation.

The house of his rival was quite open to view; a garden exposed to the sun; cabinets with glass walls, shelves, cupboards, boxes and ticketed pigeon-holes, which could easily be surveyed by the telescope. Boxtel allowed his bulbs to rot in the pits, his seedlings to dry up in their cases, and his tulips to wither in the borders, and henceforward occupied himself with nothing else but the doings at Van Baerle's.

But the most curious part of the operations was not performed in the garden.

It might be one o'clock in the morning, when Van Baerle went up to his laboratory, into the glazed cabinet whither Boxtel's telescope had such easy access; and here, as soon as the lamp illuminated the walls and windows, Boxtel saw the inventive genius of his rival at work.

He beheld him sifting his seeds, and soaking them in liquids which were destined to modify or to deepen their colours. He knew what Cornelius meant, when, heating certain grains, then moistening them, then combining them with others by a sort of grafting — a minute and marvelously delicate manipulation — he shut up in darkness those which were expected to furnish the black color; exposed to the sun or to the lamp those which were to produce red; and placed between the endless reflection of two water-mirrors those intended for white, the pure representation of the limpid element.

This innocent magic, the fruit at the same time of childlike musings and of manly genius — this patient untiring labor, of which Boxtel knew himself to be incapable — made him, gnawed as he was with envy, center all his life, all his thoughts, and all his hopes, in his telescope.

For, strange to say, the love and interest of horticulture, had not deadened in Isaac his fierce envy and thirst of revenge. Sometimes, whilst covering Van Baerle with his telescope, he deluded himself into a belief that he was leveling a never-failing musket at him; and then he would seek with his finger for the trigger to fire the shot which was to have killed his neighbor. But it is time that we should connect with this epoch of the operations of the one, and the espionage of the other, the visit which Cornelius de Witt came to pay to his native town.

THE RIVAL TULIP-GROWERS

[Just at this time Van Baerle receives a visit from his godfather, Cornelius de Witt, brother of the chief magistrate of Holland, who leaves with him a sealed package. The jealous tulip-fancier suspects that this contains political papers, and forms a plot to prevent his rival from developing the precious black tulip. De Witt and his brother were accused of attempting the life of William of Orange. They were not pronounced guilty, but, nevertheless, they were torn in pieces by a furious mob.]

On the 20th of August, 1672, at one o'clock, Cornelius was, therefore, in his dry-room, with his feet resting on the foot-bar of the table, and his elbows on the cover, looking with intense delight on three suckers which he had just detached from the mother bulb, pure, perfect, and entire, and from which was to grow that wonderful product of horticulture, which would render the name of Cornelius Van Baerle forever illustrious.

"I shall find the black tulip," said Cornelius to himself, whilst detaching the suckers. "I shall obtain the hundred thousand guilders offered by the Society. I shall distribute them among the poor of Dort; and thus the hatred which every rich man has to encounter in times of civil wars will be soothed down, and I shall be able, without fearing any harm either from Republicans or Orangists, to keep as heretofore my borders in splendid condition. I need no more be afraid, lest on the day of the riot the shopkeepers of the town, and the sailors of the port, should come and tear out my bulbs, to boil them as onions for the families, as they have sometimes quietly threatened when they happened to remember my having paid two or three hundred guilders for one bulb. It is, therefore, settled I shall give the hundred

thousand guilders of the prize Haarlem to the poor. And yet —"

Here Cornelius stopped, and heaved a sigh.

"And yet," he continued, "it would have been so very delightful to spend the hundred thousand guilders on the enlargement of my tulip-bed, or even on a journey to the East, the country of beautiful flowers. But, alas! these are no thoughts for the present times, when muskets, standards, proclamations, and beating of drums are the order of the day."

Van Baerle raised his eyes to heaven, and sighed again. Then turning his glance towards his bulbs — objects of much greater importance to him than all those muskets, standards, drums, and proclamations, which he conceived only to be fit to disturb the minds of honest people, he said, —

"These are, indeed, beautiful bulbs; how smooth they are, how well formed! there is that air of melancholy about them which promises to produce a flower of the color of ebony. On their skin you cannot even distinguish the circulating veins with the naked eye. Certainly, certainly, not a light spot will disfigure the tulip which I have called into existence. And by what name shall we call this offspring of my sleepless nights, of my labor and my thought? *Tulipa nigra Barlœensis.*

"Yes, Barlœensis; a fine name. All the tulip-fanciers — that is to say all the intelligent people of Europe — will feel a thrill of excitement when the rumor spreads to the four quarters of the globe: The Grand Black Tulip is Found! 'How is it called?' the fanciers will ask, — '*Tulipa nigra Barlœensis!*' 'Why *Barlœensis?*' — 'After its grower, Van Baerle,' will be the answer. 'And

who is this Van Baerle?' — 'It is the same who has already produced five new tulips; the Jane, the John de Witt, the Cornelius de Witt, etc.' Well, this is what I call my ambition. It will cause tears to no one. And people will still talk of my *Tulipa nigra Barlæensis*, when, perhaps, my godfather, this sublime politician, is only known from the tulip to which I have given his name.

"Oh! these darling bulbs!

"When my tulip has flowered," Baerle continued in his soliloquy, "and when tranquillity is restored in Holland, I shall give to the poor only fifty thousand guilders, which, after all, is a goodly sum for a man who is under no obligation whatever. Then, with the remaining fifty thousand guilders, I shall make experiments. With them, I shall succeed in imparting scent to the tulip. Ah! if I succeed in giving it the odor of the rose or the carnation, or, what would be still better, a completely new scent; if I restored to this queen of flowers her natural distinctive perfume, which she has lost in passing from her Eastern to her European throne, and which she must have in the Indian Peninsula at Goa, Bombay, and Madras, and especially in that island which in olden times, as is asserted, was the terrestrial paradise, and which is called Ceylon — oh, what glory! I must say, I would then rather be Cornelius Van Baerle than Alexander, Cæsar, or Maximilian.

"Oh, the admirable bulbs!"

Thus Cornelius indulged in the delights of contemplation, and was carried away by the sweetest dreams.

Suddenly the bell of his cabinet was rung much more violently than usual.

Cornelius, startled, laid his hands on his bulbs, and turned round.

"Who is here?" he asked.

"Sir," answered the servant, "it is a messenger from the Hague."

"A messenger from the Hague! What does he want?"

"Sir, it is Craeke."

"Craeke! the confidential servant of Mynheer John de Witt? Good, let him wait."

"I cannot wait," said a voice in the lobby.

And at the same time forcing his way in, Craeke rushed into the dry-room.

This abrupt entrance was such an infringement on the established rules of the household of Cornelius Van Baerle, that the latter, at the sight of Craeke, almost convulsively moved his hand which covered the bulbs, so that two of them fell on the floor, one of them rolling under a small table, and the other into the fireplace.

"Zounds!" said Cornelius, eagerly picking up his precious bulbs. "What's the matter?"

"The matter, sir!" said Craeke, laying a paper on the large table, on which the third bulb was lying — "the matter is, that you are requested to read this paper without losing one moment."

And Craeke, who thought he had remarked in the streets of Dort symptoms of a tumult similar to that which he had witnessed before his departure from the Hague, ran off without even looking behind him.

"All right! all right! my dear Craeke," said Cornelius, stretching his arm under the table for the bulb; "your paper shall be read, indeed it shall."

Then, examining the bulb which he held in the hollow

of his hand, he said, "Well, here is one of them uninjured. That confounded Craeke! thus to rush into my dry-room; let us now look after the other."

And without laying down the bulb which he already held, Baerle went to the fireplace, knelt down, and stirred with the tip of his finger the ashes, which fortunately were quite cold.

He at once felt the other bulb.

"Well, here it is," he said. And looking at it with almost fatherly affection, he exclaimed, "Uninjured, as the first."

At this very instant, and whilst Cornelius, still on his knees, was examining his pets, the door of the dry-room was so violently shaken, and opened in such a brusque manner, that Cornelius felt rising in his cheeks and his ears the glow of that evil counselor which is called wrath.

"Now, what is it again," he demanded; "are people going mad here?"

"Oh, sir! sir!" cried the servant, rushing into the dry-room, with a much paler face, and with much more frightened mien, than Craeke had shown.

"Well!" asked Cornelius, foreboding some mischief from this double breach of the strict rule of his house.

"Oh, sir, fly! fly, quick!" cried the servant.

"Fly! and what for?"

"Sir, the house is full of the guards of the States."

"What do they want?"

"They want you."

"What for?"

"To arrest you."

"Arrest me? — arrest me, do you say?"

"Yes, sir, and they are headed by a magistrate."

"What's the meaning of all this?" said Van Baerle, grasping in his hands the two bulbs, and directing his terrified glance toward the staircase.

"They are coming up! they are coming up," cried the servant.

"Oh, my dear child, my worthy master!" cried the old housekeeper, who now likewise made her appearance in the dry-room, "take your gold, your jewelry, and fly, fly!"

"But how shall I make my escape, nurse?" said Van Baerle.

"Jump out of the window."

"Twenty-five feet from the ground?"

"But you will fall on six feet of soft soil."

"Yes, but I should fall on my tulips."

"Never mind, jump out."

Cornelius took the third bulb, approached the window, and opened it, but seeing what havoc he would necessarily cause in his borders, and, more than this, what a height he would have to jump, he called out, "Never!" and fell back a step.

In this moment they saw, across the banister of the staircase, the points of the halberds of the soldiers rising.

The housekeeper raised her hands to heaven.

As to Cornelius Van Baerle, it must be stated to his honor, not as a man, but as a tulip-fancier, his only thought was for his inestimable bulbs.

Looking about for a paper in which to wrap them up, he noticed the fly-leaf from the Bible, which Craeke had laid upon the table, took it without, in his confusion, remembering whence it came, folded in it the three bulbs, secreted them in his bosom, and waited.

At this very moment the soldiers, preceded by a magistrate, entered the room.

"Are you Doctor Cornelius Van Baerle?" demanded the magistrate (who, although knowing the young man very well, put his questions according to the forms of justice, which gave his proceedings a much more dignified air).

"I am that person, Master Van Spennen," answered Cornelius, politely bowing to his judge, "and you know it very well."

"Then give up to us the seditious papers which you secrete in your house."

"The seditious papers!" repeated Cornelius, quite dumfounded at the imputation.

"Now don't look astonished, if you please."

"I vow to you, Master Van Spennen," Cornelius replied, "that I am completely at a loss to understand what you want."

"Then I shall put you in the way, Doctor," said the judge; "give up to us the paper which the traitor Cornelius De Witt deposited with you, in the month of January last."

A sudden light came into the mind of Cornelius.

"Halloa!" said Van Spennen, "you begin now to remember, don't you?"

"Indeed I do; but you spoke of seditious papers, and I have none of that sort."

"You deny it then?"

"Certainly I do."

The magistrate turned round, and took a rapid survey of the whole cabinet.

"Where is the apartment you call your dry-room?" he asked.

"The very same where you now are, Master Van Spennen."

The magistrate cast a glance at a small note at the top of his papers.

"All right," he said, like a man who is sure of his ground.

Then turning round towards Cornelius, he continued, "Will you give up those papers to me?"

"But I cannot, Master Van Spennen: those papers do not belong to me, they have been deposited with me as a trust, and a trust is sacred."

"Doctor Cornelius," said the judge, "in the name of the States I order you to open this drawer, and to give up to me the papers which it contains."

Saying this, the judge pointed with his finger to the third drawer of the press, near the fireplace.

In this very drawer, indeed, the papers deposited by the Warden of the Dikes with his godson were lying; a proof that the police had received very exact information.

"Ah! you will not," said Van Spennen, when he saw Cornelius standing immovable and bewildered; "then I shall open the drawer myself."

And, pulling out the drawer to its full length, the magistrate at first alighted on about twenty bulbs, carefully arranged and ticketed, and then on the paper parcel, which had remained in exactly the same state as it was when delivered by the unfortunate Cornelius De Witt to his godson.

The magistrate broke the seals, tore off the envelope, cast an eager glance on the first leaves which met his eye, and then exclaimed with a terrible voice: —

"Well, justice has been rightly informed after all!"

"How," said Cornelius, "how is this?"

"Don't pretend to be ignorant, Mynheer Van Baerle," answered the magistrate, "follow me."

"How 's that, follow you?" cried the Doctor.

"Yes, sir, for in the name of the States I arrest you!"

Arrests were not as yet made in the name of William of Orange, he had not been Stadtholder long enough for that.

"Arrest me?" cried Cornelius, "but what have I done?"

"That's no affair of mine, Doctor, you will explain all that before your judges."

"Where?"

"At The Hague."

Cornelius, in mute stupefaction, embraced his old nurse, who was in a swoon; shook hands with his servants, who were bathed in tears; and followed the magistrate, who put him in a coach, as a prisoner of State, and had him driven at full gallop to The Hague.

WHEN WILLIAM III OF ENGLAND CAME HOME TO HIS FATHERLAND

[1691]

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY

[WILLIAM, Stadtholder of the United Netherlands, married Mary, daughter of James II of England. When James was deposed, William and Mary were called to England and pronounced sovereigns of that country. The English appreciated what William did for them, but they never liked him or understood him, although he was adored by his subjects in Holland.

The Editor.]

THE passage was tedious and disagreeable. During many hours the fleet was becalmed off the Goodwin Sands; and it was not till the fifth day that the soundings proved the coast of Holland to be near. The sea fog was so thick that no land could be seen; and it was not thought safe for the ships to proceed farther in the darkness. William, tired out by the voyage, and impatient to be once more in his beloved country, determined to land in an open boat. The noblemen who were in his train tried to dissuade him from risking so valuable a life; but when they found that his mind was made up, they insisted on sharing the danger. That danger proved more serious than they had expected. It had been supposed that in an hour the party would be on shore. But great masses of floating ice impeded the progress of the skiff: the night came on: the fog grew

thicker: the waves broke over the king and the courtiers. Once the keel struck on a sandbank, and was with difficulty got off. The hardiest mariners showed some signs of uneasiness. But William, through the whole night, was as composed as if he had been in the drawing-room at Kensington. "For shame," he said to one of the dismayed sailors: "are you afraid to die in my company?" A bold Dutch seaman ventured to spring out, and, with great difficulty, swam and scrambled through breakers, ice, and mud, to firm ground. Here he discharged a musket and lighted a fire as a signal that he was safe. None of his fellow passengers, however, thought it prudent to follow his example. They lay tossing in sight of the flame which he had kindled till the first pale light of a January morning showed them that they were close to the island of Goree. The king and his lords, stiff with cold and covered with icicles, gladly landed to warm and rest themselves.

After reposing some hours in the hut of a peasant, William proceeded to The Hague. He was impatiently expected there; for, though the fleet which brought him was not visible from the shore, the royal salutes had been heard through the mist, and had apprised the whole coast of his arrival. Thousands had assembled at Honslaerdyk to welcome him with applause which came from their hearts and which went to his heart. That was one of the few white days of a life, beneficent indeed and glorious, but far from happy. After more than two years passed in a strange land, the exile had again set foot on his native soil; he heard again the language of his nursery; he saw again the scenery and the architecture which were inseparably associated in his mind

with the recollections of childhood and the sacred feeling of home; the dreary mounds of sand, shells, and weeds, on which the waves of the German Ocean broke; the interminable meadows intersected by trenches; the straight canals; the villas bright with paint and adorned with quaint images and inscriptions. He had lived during many weary months among a people who did not love him, who did not understand him, who could never forget that he was a foreigner. Those Englishmen who served him most faithfully served him without enthusiasm, without personal attachment, and merely from a sense of public duty. In their hearts they were sorry that they had no choice but between an English tyrant and a Dutch deliverer. All was now changed. William was among a population by which he was adored, as Elizabeth had been adored when she rode through her army at Tilbury, as Charles the Second had been adored when he landed at Dover. It is true that the old enemies of the House of Orange had not been inactive during the absence of the Stadtholder. There had been, not indeed clamors, but mutterings against him. He had, it was said, neglected his native land for his new kingdom. Whenever the dignity of the English flag, whenever the prosperity of the English trade was concerned, he forgot that he was a Hollander. But, as soon as his well-remembered face was again seen, all jealousy, all coldness was at an end. There was not a boor, not a fisherman, not an artisan, in the crowds which lined the road from Honslaerdyk to The Hague, whose heart did not swell with pride at the thought that the first minister of Holland had become a great King, had freed the English, and had conquered the Irish. It would have been mad-

ness in William to travel from Hampton Court to Westminster without a guard; but in his own land he needed no swords or carbines to defend him. "Do not keep the people off," he cried: "let them come close to me: they are all my good friends." He soon learned that sumptuous preparations were making for his entrance into The Hague. At first he murmured and objected. He detested, he said, noise and display. The necessary cost of the war was quite heavy enough. He hoped that his kind fellow townsmen would consider him as a neighbor, born and bred among them, and would not pay him so bad a compliment as to treat him ceremoniously. But all his expostulations were in vain. The Hollanders, simple and parsimonious as their ordinary habits were, had set their hearts on giving their illustrious countryman a reception suited to his dignity and to his merit; and he found it necessary to yield. On the day of his triumph the concourse was immense. All the wheeled carriages and horses of the province were too few for the multitude of those who flocked to the show. Many thousands came sliding or skating along the frozen canals from Amsterdam, Rotterdam, Leyden, Haarlem, Delft. At ten in the morning of the twenty-sixth of January, the great bell of the Town House gave the signal. Sixteen hundred substantial burghers, well armed, and clad in the finest dresses which were to be found in the recesses of their wardrobes, kept order in the crowded streets. Balconies and scaffolds embowered in evergreen and hung with tapestry, hid the windows. The royal coach, escorted by an army of halberdiers and running footmen, and followed by a long train of splendid equipages, passed under numerous arches rich in carving and paint-

ing, amidst shouts of "Long live the King our Stadtholder." The front of the Town House and the whole circuit of the market-place were in a blaze with brilliant colors. Civic crowns, trophies, emblems of arts, of sciences, of commerce and of agriculture, appeared everywhere. In one place William saw portrayed the glorious actions of his ancestors. There was the silent prince, the founder of the Batavian commonwealth, passing the Meuse with his warriors. There was the more impetuous Maurice leading the charge at Nieuport. A little farther on, the hero might retrace the eventful story of his own life. He was a child at his widowed mother's knee. He was at the altar with Mary's hand in his. He was landing at Torbay. He was swimming through the Boyne. There, too, was a boat amidst the ice and the breakers; and above it was most appropriately inscribed, in the majestic language of Rome, "What dost thou fear? Thou hast Cæsar on board." The task of furnishing the Latin mottoes had been entrusted to two men, who, till Bentley appeared, held the highest place among the classical scholars of that age. Spanheim, whose knowledge of the Roman medals was unrivaled, imitated, not unsuccessfully, the noble consciousness of those ancient legends which he had assiduously studied; and he was assisted by Græ-vius, who then filled a chair at Utrecht, and whose just reputation had drawn to that university multitudes of students from every part of Protestant Europe.

When the night came, fireworks were exhibited on the great tank which washes the walls of the Palace of the Federation. That tank was now as hard as marble; and the Dutch boasted that nothing had ever been seen

even on the terrace of Versailles, more brilliant than the effect produced by the innumerable cascades of flame which were reflected in the smooth mirror of ice. The English lords congratulated their master on his immense popularity. "Yes," said he; "but I am not the favorite. The shouting was nothing to what it would have been if Mary had been with me."

A few hours after the triumphal entry, the king attended a sitting of the States-General. His last appearance among them had been on the day on which he embarked for England. He had then, amidst the broken words and loud weeping of those grave senators, thanked them for the kindness with which they had watched over his childhood, trained his young mind, and supported his authority in his riper years; and he had solemnly commended his beloved wife to their care. He now came back among them the king of three kingdoms, the head of the greatest coalition that Europe had seen during a hundred and eighty years; and nothing was heard in the hall but applause and congratulations.

By this time the streets of The Hague were overflowing with the equipages and retinues of princes and ambassadors who came flocking to the great Congress. First appeared the ambitious and ostentatious Frederic, Elector of Brandenburg, who, a few years later, took the title of King of Prussia. Then arrived the young Elector of Bavaria, the Regent of Würtemberg, the Landgraves of Hesse Cassel and Hesse Darmstadt, and a long train of sovereign princes, sprung from the illustrious houses of Brunswick, of Saxony, of Holstein, and of Nassau. The Marquess of Gastanaga, Governor of the Spanish Netherlands, repaired to the assembly from the vice-

regal Court of Brussels. Extraordinary ministers had been sent by the Emperor, by the kings of Spain, Poland, Denmark, and Sweden, and by the Duke of Savoy. There was scarcely room in the town and the neighborhood for the English lords and gentlemen and the German counts and barons, whom curiosity of official duty had brought to the place of meeting. The grave capital of the most thrifty and industrious of nations was as gay as Venice in the Carnival. The walks cut among those noble limes and elms in which the villa of the Prince of Orange is embosomed were gay with the plumes, the stars, the flowing wigs, the embroidered coats, and the gold-hilted swords of gallants from London, Berlin, and Vienna. With the nobles were mingled sharpers not less gorgeously attired than they. At night the hazard tables were thronged; and the theater was filled to the roof. Princely banquets followed one another in rapid succession. The meats were served in gold; and, according to that old Teutonic fashion with which Shakespeare had made his countrymen familiar, as often as any of the great princes proposed a health, the kettle-drums and trumpets sounded. Some English lords, particularly Devonshire, gave entertainments which vied with those of sovereigns. It was remarked that the German potentates, though generally disposed to be litigious about etiquette, associated, on this occasion, in an unceremonious manner, and seemed to have forgotten their passion for genealogical and heraldic controversy. The taste for wine, which was then characteristic of their nation, they had not forgotten. At the table of the Elector of Brandenburg much mirth was caused by the gravity of the statesmen of Holland, who, sober them-

selves, confuted out of Grotius and Puffendorf the nonsense stuttered by the tipsy nobles of the Empire. One of these nobles swallowed so many bumpers that he tumbled into the turf fire, and was not pulled out till his fine velvet suit had been burned.

In the midst of all this revelry, business was not neglected. A formal meeting of the congress was held at which William presided. In a short and dignified speech, which was speedily circulated throughout Europe, he set forth the necessity of firm union and strenuous exertion. The profound respect with which he was heard by that splendid assembly caused bitter mortification to his enemies both in England and in France. The German potentates were bitterly reviled for yielding precedence to an upstart. Indeed, the most illustrious among them paid to him such marks of deference as they would scarcely have deigned to pay to his Imperial Majesty, mingled with the crowd in his antechamber, and at his table behaved as respectfully as any English lord in waiting. In one caricature the allied princes were represented as muzzled bears, some with crowns, some with caps of state. William had them all in a chain, and was teaching them to dance. In another caricature, he appeared taking his ease in an armchair, with his feet on a cushion, and his hat on his head, while the Electors of Brandenburg and Bavaria, uncovered, occupied small stools on the right and left: the crowd of landgraves and sovereign dukes stood at humble distance; and Gastanaga, the unworthy successor of Alva, awaited the orders of the heretic tyrant on bended knee.

IV

LITTLE STORIES OF NETHERLAND ARTISTS

HISTORICAL NOTE

In the Netherlands were two schools of painting, the Flemish in the southern provinces (or what is now Belgium) and the Dutch in the northern. The Flemish school began with Jan van Eyck, who revolutionized the art of oil painting before his death in 1440, and culminated in Peter Paul Rubens (1577–1640) and his pupil Vandyck.

The golden age of Dutch painters was the seventeenth century. Their art was "bourgeois rather than aristocratic." It centered about the home and aimed at decorating the house. Naturally, then, the smaller panel picture was the favorite. Genre subjects, little scenes from everyday life, were greatly liked, and in these the Dutch painters achieved perfection both in color and in design. The Dutch also inaugurated landscape and animal painting, and in still life their work has never been surpassed.

Among the greatest names in the Dutch school of painting are Rembrandt (1607–1669), Franz Hals (1580–1666), Gerard Terburg (1608–1681), Jan Steen (1626–1679), and Jan van der Meer (1632–1690).



King Philip Presenting Rubens to Velasquez

KING PHILIP PRESENTING RUBENS TO VELASQUEZ

BY LEON Y ESCOSURA

(*Spanish artist.* 1834–1901)

THE visit of Rubens to Spain was paid in the character of an unofficial ambassador to bring about peace between England and Spain. He passed nine months in the latter country, and was much admired by the art-loving Philip IV. The king had a studio prepared for him in the palace, and here he painted several portraits of the sovereign and the royal family. He became a special favorite of the king, who greatly enjoyed seeing him at work and spent much time in his studio.

Velasquez was at the head of the Spanish school of painting and one of the mightiest painters of the world. King Philip was his faithful friend. He took delight in bringing the two painters together, and appointed Velasquez to guide the Fleming among the art treasures of the country.

This illustration represents the meeting of the artists. The scene is the studio of the Spaniard. The king, occupying the center of the foreground, has just presented Rubens, who, hat in hand, is bowing to Velasquez. The Spaniard is giving him courteous greeting. He extends his right hand in welcome; his left still holds his palette. On the easel is a portrait of the infanta, upon which he has been working. At the left stand the infanta and her maid. At the right is the court jester, curled up in a great armchair. Before him is a greyhound, who is apparently quite as much interested in the historic scene as are any of the more famous actors.

PETER PAUL RUBENS

[1577–1640]

BY THEODORE CHILD

PETER PAUL RUBENS (born 1577; died 1640), the greatest of all the Flemish painters, and a master to be classed with the greatest painters of all time, after having been taught Latin and generally well instructed by the Jesuit Fathers, was placed by his mother as a page in the service of Madame Marguerite de Ligne, widow of the Comte de Lalaing. In those days it was the custom for boys and girls to pass a few years in some noble family, where they waited upon the lord and lady of the house, who, in return, attended to the completion of their education in the usages and refinements of social life. But he did not continue long as a page; he wanted to become a painter, and therefore entered the studio of a master. Indeed he had successively three masters, of whom the chief was Otho van Veen, who is said to have given young Rubens a taste for allegory and erudition, to have taught him to love beautiful stuffs and to have still further schooled him in fine manners. We may look upon this Otho van Veen as a specimen of those widely curious and superior men of the sixteenth century who knew something about everything. He had frequented the courts of many princes, he had read everything that was to be read, he had traveled all over Europe, and his artistic tastes and general erudition doubtless gave him great moral influence over his pupil. We

may imagine the worthy man directing the attention of young Rubens to the splendor of some rich brocade, or arranging a drapery of velvet or satin in such a manner that the light played amusingly in the folds and creases. Meanwhile he would doubtless expound to his pupil the secret of suave and elegant manners, the principles of graceful bearing, of appropriate gesture, of clear and pleasing enunciation, impressing upon him the fact that "manners makyth man"; and, when those manners are good, contribute not a little to one's own happiness and to the happiness of all those with whom we may come in contact.

In after life Rubens in every respect did honor to his master's teachings, and became not only a great painter and a model gentleman, but generally a very learned man and withal a great collector of antiquities, of costumes, and beautiful objects of all sorts. It is interesting to note that he communicated these tastes to his son Albert, whose open, intelligent and expressive face we see in the portrait at Dresden. Albert Rubens became distinguished as an antiquary and an authority on the coins and moneys of the past, and wrote in Latin a learned and curious treatise on the "Costume of the Ancients."

When Rubens left the studio of Van Veen in the year 1600, he went, as was the custom, to Italy to complete his studies, and his master gave him a letter to the Archduke Albert and the Infanta Isabella introducing the young man as his favorite pupil. But as a contemporary Italian writer, Bellori, says, young Rubens himself possessed the strongest of recommendations in "the elegance of his bearing, his noble and affable manners, and

the abundance and variety of his conversation." Thanks to these remarkable social qualities Rubens in after life was charged by sovereigns with many delicate diplomatic missions. There is a story told that a disdainful ambassador at the court of Charles I, where Rubens had come on a diplomatic errand, seeing him at work at his easel, one day said with a curl of the lips: —

"I see monsieur the ambassador amuses himself by playing the painter."

"On the contrary," replied Rubens, "being a painter I amuse myself sometimes by playing the ambassador."

Nevertheless, this "prince of painters and of gentlemen," as the English diplomatist, Sir Dudley Carleton, called Rubens, was never happier than when he was living calmly in his splendid house at Antwerp with his wife and children. Furthermore, he was never happier in his art than in the figures that he painted with his wife or his children as models, especially his beautiful second wife, Hélène Fourment, whom he often painted with her little son on her knees.

ANTON VANDYCK

[1599–1641]

BY CLARA ERSKINE CLEMENT

THE greatest painter among the pupils of Rubens was Anton or Anthony Vandyck (or Van Dyck, as it is also spelled). He was born at Antwerp in 1599. His father was a silk-merchant, and his mother was a lady of artistic tastes; though she had twelve children, she yet found time to do much embroidery and tapestry work. She had a daughter named Susannah, and it may have been on account of this child that her finest work was a large piece on which the story of Susannah was represented. She was occupied with this before the birth of Anthony, who was her seventh child, and during his early years she skillfully plied her needle, and wrought her many-colored silks into landscapes and skies, trees and houses, men and animals, with untiring patience and uncommon excellence.

It is easy to understand that this mother must have rejoiced to find that Anthony had artistic talent, and it is probable that it was through her influence that he became a pupil under the artist Heinrich van Balen when he was but ten years old. He was still a boy, not more than seventeen, when he entered the studio of Rubens, just at the time when the great master was devoting himself to his art with his whole soul, and had a large number of young students under his direction.

Vandyck soon became the favorite pupil of Rubens, and was early allowed to do such work as proved that

the great artist even then appreciated the genius of the brilliant and attractive youth, — for such we are told that Vandyck was. Among other things, Rubens entrusted to Vandyck the labor of making drawings from his pictures, to be used by the engravers who made prints after his works, for which there was a great demand at this time. It was necessary that these drawings should be very exact, so that the engravings should be as nearly like the original works as possible; and the fact that Vandyck, when still so young, was chosen for this important task, proves that he must have been unusually skillful and correct in his drawings.

Rubens left his studio but rarely, and when he did so his pupils were in the habit of bribing his old servant to unlock the door of his private room, that they might see what the master had done. The story goes that on one occasion, just at evening, when Rubens was riding, the scholars, as they looked at his work, jostled each other and injured the picture, which was not yet dry. They were filled with alarm, and feared expulsion from the school. After a consultation they begged Vandyck to restore the injured picture. With some hesitation he did so, and to the eyes of the pupils it was so well done that they counted on escaping discovery. The keen eye of the master, however, detected the work of another hand than his own; he summoned all the pupils and demanded an explanation, and when he knew all that had happened, he made no comment. It has even been said that he was so well pleased that he left the picture as Vandyck had restored it. Some writers say that this accident happened to the face of the Virgin and the arm of the Magdelene, in the great picture of the "Descent

from the Cross," now in the Antwerp Cathedral; but we are not at all certain of the truth of this statement.

When Vandyck was ready to go to Italy, he made a farewell visit to Rubens, and presented him with three of his pictures. One of these, "The Romans seizing Christ in the Garden of Gethsemane," Rubens hung in the principal room of his house, and was never weary of praising it. The master returned his pupil's generosity by presenting him with one of his finest horses. Vandyck made his first stop at Savelthem, a village near Brussels. Here he fell in love with a girl named Anna van Ophem, and forgot Italy and his art while gazing in her face and wandering by her side through the fair valley in which she dwelt. But Anna regretted his idleness, and was curious to see the pictures that he could paint. Finally, he yielded to her persuasions, and painted two pictures for the parish church of Savelthem.

One of these was a "Holy Family," in which the Virgin was a portrait of Anna, while Saint Joachim and Saint Anna represented her father and mother. This picture he gave to the church. It has long since disappeared, and it is said that it was used to make grain-bags by French foragers. The second picture, for which he was paid, represented St. Martin of Tours, when he divided his cloak with two beggars. The saint was a portrait of Vandyck himself, and the horse he rode was painted from that which Rubens had given him. The picture was very dear to the people of Savelthem; and when in 1758 they discovered that the parish priest had agreed to sell it, they armed themselves with pitchforks and other homely weapons, and, surrounding the church, insisted that the picture should not be removed.

In 1806, however, they were powerless before the French soldiers; and though they loved their saint as dearly as ever, he was borne away to Paris and placed in the gallery of the Louvre, where he remained until 1815, when he was taken again to Savelthem and restored to his original place. It is also said that in 1850 a rich American offered twenty thousand dollars to any one who would bring this picture to him, no matter how it was obtained. Some rogues tried to steal it, but the watch-dogs of Savelthem barked so furiously that the men of the village were alarmed, and rushed to the church so quickly that the robbers scarcely escaped. Since then a guard sleeps in the church, and St. Martin is undisturbed, and may always be seen there dividing his cloak and teaching the lesson of that Christian charity for which his own life was remarkable.

On one occasion Vandyck was at Haarlem, the home of Franz Hals, a noted Dutch portrait-painter. Vandyck sent for him, saying that a stranger wished his portrait painted, and had but two hours to stay for it. Hals seized a canvas and finished the picture within the given time. Vandyck praised it warmly, and said, "Painting seems such a simple thing that I should like to try what I can do at it." Hals changed places with him, and the visitor painted the second portrait as quickly as the first had been made. When Hals saw the picture, he embraced the painter and cried, "You are Vandyck! No other could do what you have now done!"

Among Vandyck's most distinguished portraits are those of Charles I and his family. Perhaps the most pleasing of these is the picture of the three children of the king,—a subject which Vandyck several times repeated



The Night Watch

THE NIGHT WATCH

BY REMBRANDT VAN RYN

(*Born at Leyden*, 1607. *Died in* 1669)

"THE picture cannot be fully understood without some knowledge of its history. Painted for the hall of the Amsterdam Musketeers, it was to take its place among others by contemporary painters, as a portrait group in honor of the officers of the year, and as a lasting memorial of their services. The other pictures had been stiff groups about a table, and the novelty of Rembrandt's composition displeased some of the members of the guild. Each person who figures in the scene had subscribed a certain sum towards the cost of the picture for his own portrait, and was anxious to get his money's worth. Consequently, there were many who did not at all relish their insignificance in the background, quite overshadowed by the glory of the captain and lieutenant. They thought they would have shown to much better advantage arranged in rows.

"In the following century it was removed to the Town Hall; and in order to fit it into a particular place on the wall, a strip was cut off each side of the canvas. It is the loss of these margins which gives the composition the crowded appearance which so long seemed a strange fault in a great artist like Rembrandt.

"The original colors of the painting grew so dark with the accumulation of smoke in the hall that the critics supposed the scene occurred at night, hence the incorrect name of the Night Watch was given to it. Since the picture was cleaned, in 1889, it is apparent that the incident occurred in the daytime, and if you look carefully you can plainly see the shadow of Captain Cocq's hand on the lieutenant's tunic." (Estelle M. Hurll.)

REMBRANDT'S "THE NIGHT WATCH"

BY THÉOPHILE GAUTIER

"THE NIGHT WATCH," the largest work ever painted by Rembrandt, fills almost the whole of one side of a room [in the Museum at Amsterdam] that might be better lighted. To remedy this, the painting is mounted on a bracket that allows the picture to be drawn from the wall until the right line has been obtained.

Before I speak of this marvel, it may not be out of place to tell under what circumstances it was painted and what is the theme the artist has treated.

If there be anything that confirms the theory I have so often put forth and maintained, namely, that to painters of true genius the subject is a matter of utmost indifference, it is assuredly the wondrous painting in the Museum at Amsterdam. Its name, "The Night Watch," might lead people who have not seen it, to imagine that it represents some mysterious and fantastic scene, a nightmare of shadow and terror such as Rembrandt sketched so well; but there is nothing so poetical about it; the picture merely represents the assembling of the National Guard of the day.

If one looks up Wagenaar, the author of a history of Amsterdam, one finds that the militia was ordered, on May 4, 1642, to be ready for a review that was to take place on the evening of the 19th, under penalty of a twenty-five-gulden fine in case of absence. The object was to receive the Prince of Orange, who was to arrive

accompanied by the daughter of Charles I of England, whom he had just taken in marriage. It surely was impossible to give a painter a more insignificant and more prosaic subject. Modern efforts along this line suffice to indicate what such a subject now brings forth. It must be borne in mind also that it was necessary to put the big-wigs of the militia well in front, and to attain resemblance in the case of each and every one, for most of these faces and portraits, and the queer names of their owners have been preserved.

It may be assumed that all these worthies had not received written summonses to turn out, or else that the use of such notices was unknown to the good city of Amsterdam, for the beat of the drum seems to have surprised them in the midst of their occupations: they are hurrying as though a single minute's delay would involve the twenty-five-gulden fine; they rush forth half dressed; one man is buttoning his jacket, and another is drawing on his gloves as he goes. The whole scene is filled with infinite movement, disorder, and rush. The Spartans under Leonidas did not spring to arms to defend the Thermopylæ with greater courage than these worthy and debonair Dutch citizens going to meet the Prince of Orange.

You are aware of the fanciful taste of the Leyden miller's son in the matter of the costumes he puts on his figures; well, he never was more amazingly startling than in this inoffensive meeting of militia-men. It is true that the costumes of the day lent themselves more readily to painting than do those of our times. The jackets of embroidered leather, the points, the wide-topped boots, the helmets, the breastplates, the neck-

plates, the broad baldrics, the swords with heavy shell guards, all these, even when worn by a militia-man, may furnish opportunities to the brush of a skillful painter. What Rembrandt has made of them is absolutely prodigious; never was the fury of execution carried to such a pitch; there is a temerity in the work of the brush, a craze of impasto of which Decamps' most violent sketches do not give even a faint idea. Some of the gold lace is modelled in full relief; some of the foreshortened fingers have been done at one stroke of the brush, while there are noses that fairly stand out of the canvas. It is at once the strangest thing and one that redounds to the glory of Rembrandt that this execution so incredible in its brutality, is at the same time extremely delicate. It is a finish obtained by fisticuffs and kicks, but such as the most careful painters have never been able to attain. From the chaos of broken touches, from the tumult of shadows and lights, from the masses of color cast on as if at haphazard, there springs supreme harmony.

Rembrandt, who, of all men, assuredly cared least for the Greeks and Romans, and whose mighty triviality accepts unhesitatingly the meanest aspects of nature, does not, on that account, as might easily be believed, lack style and elevation of thought. By means of the peculiar accent he imparts even to the objects he has most faithfully reproduced, by the romantic quaintness of his costumes, and the deep thoughtfulness of even the ugliest faces he paints, he attains a monstrous beauty more easily felt than described. His work has a formidable character that brings it up to the level of all masterpieces. The fantastic and masterly manner in which he handles light and shade, the sublime effects of

chiaroscuro which he evolves, make of him as poetical an artist as ever lived. All he needs to move you and make you thoughtful for a whole day is an old man rising from his armchair, and a star scintillating against a dark background.

These worthy Dutchmen have been provided by his brush with curled-up mustaches and beards, bristling eye-brows, hands on hips, martial poses and hectoring airs. Never did *condottieri*, *landsknechts*, or *Stradiotes* look more surlily grim; Salvator Rosa's brigands look like peaceful citizens by the side of these worthy militiamen. The drummer, in particular, is beating his drum with relentless fierceness, while he casts glances fit to make the earth quake with terror. On the other hand nothing can be more engaging, more fair, more golden than the little maid dressed in yellow seen through an almost inextricable collection of legs and arms.

This painting, so Wagenaar further tells us, adorned, as late as 1764, the court room of the aforesaid militia. What a pleasure it must have been in those days to fail to report for guard duty! A man was summoned before the court, and while he was being tried could gaze undisturbed upon the wondrous painting hung behind the bench of judges. Times have changed indeed! Where is the militia regiment that would dream of ordering a picture of Delacroix and hanging it up in its court-room?



Rembrandt in His Studio

REMBRANDT IN HIS STUDIO

BY JEAN LÉON GÉRÔME

(*French artist.* 1824–1904)

REMBRANDT was at the head of the Dutch school of painting, and was one of the world's greatest artists. He was thoroughly original; his one model was nature, but nature aglow with poetry and reproduced with a strong and virile touch. His portrait-painting was marvelously executed; for here, too, came out the picturesque and also the realistic. In etching he has never been excelled, both because of his artistic excellence and also because of his rare skill in the technicalities of the art and in the use of its tools. The accompanying illustration represents him at this work. Clara Erskine Clement says of him: —

"Rembrandt had a quick eye for all these marvelous effects of light, and he painted just such things as he had seen, and nothing else. In each of his pictures there are particular points upon which to fix the eye; and though the whole is painted with exquisite skill, and the smaller details bear examination just as the blades of grass and the smallest flowers in a landscape do, we have no wish to examine them; the one great interest holds our attention, and we are satisfied with that. The execution of the pictures of Rembrandt is marvelous. He painted some very ugly and even vulgar pictures; he disregarded all rules of costume and of the fitness of things in many ways; he parodied many ideal subjects, and he painted scenes from Scripture history in which he put the exact portraits of the coarse and common people about him. But in spite of all these faults, his simplicity, truthfulness, and earnestness make his pictures masterpieces, and we cannot turn away from them carelessly; they attract us and hold us with a powerful spell."

V

THE NETHERLANDS IN RECENT YEARS

HISTORICAL NOTE

In the days of the American Revolution, the Dutch were the firm friends of the struggling colonists; but they were in difficulties at home. The King of Prussia made an excuse for interfering, and before long Prussia and England were the real rulers of the Dutch Republic. Then came a quarrel with the French, who refused to make any terms with the Netherlands until the Stadtholder, William V, had left the country. He did this, and now was founded the Batavian Republic. In 1807, Napoleon declared the land to be a kingdom and made his brother Louis its sovereign. After the battle of Waterloo, in 1815, and the downfall of Napoleon, the Dutch freed themselves from French rule, formed a constitution, and invited the son of William V to become their monarch. This was done in 1814, and that was when "the Dutch took Holland."

This new ruler bore the title of King William I. He governed both the northern and the southern Netherlands, — that is, Holland and Belgium. It would have needed the wisdom of Solomon to make two such dissimilar countries happy under the same laws. The Hollanders spoke Dutch, were interested in commerce, and were Protestants; the Belgians spoke French, cared little for commerce, but much for manufactures, and were Roman Catholics. The natural result was a separation between the two countries. In 1840, King William resigned in favor of his son, William II, who was succeeded by William III. During the reign of William III, business flourished, Haarlem Lake was drained, new canals and dikes were built, and there was general progress and prosperity. In 1880 his daughter was born, the "little Wilhelmina," who became queen at the age of ten and straightway won the hearts of her people.

THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION IN HOLLAND

BY HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON

WHEN after a few years it seemed that the American colonies were actually going to start a new commonwealth, entirely independent of the mother country, large vistas of new commercial advantages opened themselves to the Dutch merchants.

Up to the beginning of the Revolution the American colonists had been obliged to trade directly with England alone, and England had been careful that the colonists should not enter upon business which would compete with the business of her subjects at home. If they gained their independence, the colonists would then be able to deal with whomever they pleased, and the Republic hoped to get her share of the American trade. During the last thirty years so many old fields of enterprise had been gradually lost to her that a new opening would be extremely welcome.

This practical sentiment was reciprocated in America. Those excellent colonists were at all times infinitely more practical than the European sentimentalist could imagine them to be. They were practical politicians. The theory of their revolution never for a moment allowed them to forget the bread-and-butter side of it. Their hard common sense never allowed them to go off into any extremes which did not stand fundamentally upon a sound basis of "one dollar plus one dollar are two dollars." The French Revolution, with its sublime

indifference to the material side of life and with its exaggerated sentiment about uplifting the whole of the human race to its own ideals, was conducted upon entirely different principles.

The American revolutionists knew what they wanted better than other rebels, either before or after, have known. They did one thing at a time, and did not waste their energies in senseless dreams of the far distant future. For the moment their most imperative need was guns, and materials of war generally. They had no regular fleet and few merchant ships. On the sea they were at the mercy of the English fleet. The Dutch smugglers were, therefore, of great benefit to them in supplying them with the necessities of war. From the small island of St. Eustatius in the Antilles — a possession of the West India Company — a regular smuggling trade was maintained with American ports. The island had a fine harbor and its storehouses were filled with millions of dollars' worth of goods, ready for transportation to forbidden harbors — either Spanish or American.

This trade was quite as detrimental to the interests of England as the American export of mules for South Africa was detrimental to the interests of the late Transvaal Republic. In August of the year 1775, therefore, the British Government instructed its representative in The Hague to address himself to the Estates-General with the request that this smuggling from a Dutch harbor should forthwith be ended.

The Estates-General expressed their regret at the matter and promised to attend to it at once. They promulgated an edict which forbade the export of guns and all materials of war from Dutch harbors for a period of six

months. A fine of one thousand guilders was threatened to be levied upon those who should act contrary to this law. After the first six months this edict was prolonged for another half-year.

As for its practical results, they were nil. There was too much profit in the business to stop it with the mere threat of a fine. Furthermore, all the tricks of this particular trade were well known, and how could the Estates-General surmise that barrels of butter directed to a French port in reality contained powder and were bound for an American harbor? They could have discovered this, of course, if they had really wished, but they hesitated to interfere too seriously with a form of business activity, which, however, objectionable, brought so much gain to many of their fellow citizens and to themselves.

When the British Government noticed how ineffectual the Estates-General had been in preventing a continuation of this detrimental smuggling business, it decided to take matters into its own hands, and to defend its own interests as it thought best. The English fleet in the Caribbean Sea was strengthened with a number of new ships, and all Dutch vessels were searched, and if found to contain contraband of war were brought to English ports and there sold. This did not improve the feeling between the two countries. England resented the Republic's indifference. The Republic resented England's interference. France, however, looked on with interest and rejoiced.

[In her need of soldiers, England now asked Holland for the loan of a certain Scottish brigade which had been in the Dutch service since 1577. The Dutch objected. England might possibly forget to send them back; and moreover, by

waiting a while a larger price might be commanded for their services. Finally the Dutch agreed to grant England's request, *but* on condition that the brigade should not be used outside of Europe! England decided that the troops were not necessary — but she did not forget.]

England had been most unhappy in the choice of her diplomatic representative in The Hague. Sir Joseph Yorke belonged to that class of arrogant British diplomats who at all times and in all countries have by their overbearing behavior done so much to prevent a good understanding between their home country and the land to which they were accredited. He was very honest, and belonged to that order of honest people who always speak the truth when it does most harm and is least called for. He represented a country which was then at the height of its glory, the foremost nation of Europe. But he represented it in a country which was then rapidly going towards the lowest depths it would ever reach. Sir Joseph unfortunately had the bad tact to let the Hollanders continually feel their changed condition, and was very apt to treat the Estates-General as if they existed only by sufferance of His British Majesty.

The tradition of many centuries had established a privileged position for the British minister in The Hague. He was often called upon to be the unofficial adviser of the stadtholders, who were so closely related to the British throne. From the very beginning, however, Sir Joseph could not get along with the friends of the young Stadtholders. The Stadtholder himself, he soon considered a negligible quantity, a man who had to be protected occasionally against his enemies who were also the enemies of England.

The Stadtholder on his side was afraid of the grouchy old Briton, who would address him without any ceremony, who would ask such pertinent questions that it was next to impossible to tell him a lie or to spar for time in which to get up an appropriate answer. Neither did William like to be reminded at all times of his complete dependence upon England for a secure hold upon his own high office. The princess, who had not yet played any political rôle, being too much occupied with her nursery, disliked the Englishman from the beginning and always kept out of his way.

With the Regents Sir Joseph got along even worse. Their High-and-Mightinesses, each one a little potentate in his own small circle, had to be handled with great care. A mistake in the correct title by which they expected to be addressed might cause no end of annoyance. Sir Joseph, who went right ahead, regardless of other people's feelings, was continually stepping on everybody's sensitive toes. Instead of flattering the Regents and cajoling them into complying with his wishes, he used to tell them abruptly what he wanted and then would expect them to do as he desired. Whenever his requests were not immediately granted, he used to rumble with the British thunder and threaten the Republic with the terrible things that might happen if the just demands of His British Majesty's Government should be disregarded.

The Regents retaliated by most exasperating slowness in all their dealings with Sir Joseph. They never said "No." They never gave him a chance to call forth the storm which was to destroy them. But neither did they ever say "Yes." They let His Excellency know that

"the matter was under discussion," and then they gave him a few months in which to cool off his anger — a proceeding which usually had an effect opposite to that intended. In this way the misunderstanding between the two countries was continually increased. On the side of the Republic there was a good deal of insolence and a prejudiced desire to see everything British in as bad a light as possible. On the side of England there was a good deal of just cause for annoyance, but also an insolent disregard of the feelings of its neighbor.

The only person who benefited by all this quarreling was the French minister. D'Affray had been called back and had been succeeded by a young diplomat, the Duke de Vauguyon. Paul François de Guelen, Duke de Vauguyon, son of the former governor of Louis XIV, was only thirty years old when he was sent to The Hague. What he lacked in experience he made up for by a charming personality and by a large personal fortune which he used most liberally for his diplomatic purposes. He never bothered about the Stadtholder. He did not even take the trouble to oppose him, but left him in peace and used all his influence towards establishing a firm friendship with the Regents. To the Regents his palace and his purse were open at all times, and around his excellent dinners he used to collect as many of them as were willing to come.

Van der Capellen and his democratic friends he carefully avoided. It is true that a good many Frenchmen at that moment shared the Republic's popular enthusiasm for the Americans and for everything American, up to the wearing of hats and coats *à l'Américain*. But such enthusiasm was considered a pastime for fashionable

people. For those who were not fashionable the system of "by the grace of God" was considered good enough and was rigorously maintained. Even when in 1778 France entered into a treaty with the Americans, this was done not so much out of an abstract love for those principles which the Americans were supposed to defend as in the hope of earning sweet revenge for the loss of Canada.

His Excellency the French ambassador had not been sent to the Republic for sentimental reasons. His duty was to get the Republic away from England and to force her into an alliance with France. For France needed money, and with the impending expedition to America would soon need more, and the Republic possessed those indispensable funds. De Vauguyon, therefore, took great pains to get into the right relationship with the banking interests of the country. In Amsterdam he had a host of friends. Gradually he established for himself the position of unofficial head of all those among the Regents who opposed the Stadtholder. Outwardly, however, he maintained correct relations with William. For the Prince of Orange was an excellent weapon with which to menace the Regents. Should they show themselves unmanageable, de Vauguyon could always threaten to throw France's influence in favor of their enemy, the Stadtholder.

In one word, the French minister did a very clever piece of balancing between the different parties. Wherever Sir Joseph by his boorishness had made new enemies, De Vauguyon was sure to appear and by the charm of his manner turn the insulted parties into his firm and everlasting friends. Wherever the Dutch mer-

chants were loud in their complaints about the British and denounced their brusque methods of dealing with the smuggling trade, they were informed of the benefits that would result if only they were willing to leave an ally who no longer behaved as such, and throw their fate in with that of magnanimous France.

Circumstances greatly favored the Frenchman. In the West Indies the relations between Dutch and English grew steadily from bad to worse. Not only had England increased her fleet in the Caribbean Sea, but she had also hinted to her merchants at home and abroad that a little privateering at the expense of the Dutch would not be punished with the gallows, and might even be looked upon with favor by the authorities at home. And the patriotic British shipowners from Bristol and Plymouth, and all the many seaports along the English coast, had caught the hint and had started chasing Dutch ships wherever they could find them. The Caribbean Sea was soon full of respectable buccaneers, who stopped and plundered whatever ships fell into their hands in the interest of the mother country. Let us, at least, pay tribute to their impartiality. They took quite as many French, Spanish, and Danish as they did Dutch ships. Whenever they could not find anything on the sea, they were apt to extend their operations to the South American continent. England still refused to recognize the United States as an independent nation, and wherever American ships were found in Dutch harbors the English quietly declared them their prizes.

Upon one occasion an English privateer met an American merchantman going from Surinam to Virginia. The American ship fled and returned to the

coast, where it was captured under the very nose of a Dutch fortress and a Dutch man-of-war. Loud was the wail which the Dutch press made about this "attack upon Dutch sovereignty" and the insult offered to the captain of the Dutch ship, who, when he tried to demand an explanation of the English captain, was told to "get out or take care that he did not get shot, too."

The matter was immediately carried to the attention of Sir Joseph. But His Excellency had waited for just such an occasion to say what was in his mind. The Estates-General, so he told them, might as well know once and for all that the King of England, his august master, had decided that in the future he would exercise what was merely his good right, everywhere and under all conditions. The king, therefore, intended to attack the rebellious Americans wherever His Majesty's arms or fleet could find them, and would inflict due punishment upon all those who either supported said Americans or who gave them hospitality. Finally, His Majesty thought that it would be of much greater advantage to his country to have open and duly recognized enemies than to have so-called allies who provided His Majesty's rebellious subjects with all the contraband of war they needed.

Sir Joseph did not do things by halves. The hint which he gave was broad enough. The Republic in this period of her history was playing a miserable rôle. She openly encouraged the enemies of her ally in order to make some money. She so neglected her fortifications that her harbors were at the mercy of any English cat-boat that ventured to sail across the ocean. When, in consequence of this dishonest policy, the Republic

finally got into trouble, she knew no way to get redress but by allowing her hired scribes to vilify England and to call the British minister a boor.

Meanwhile, everybody in the Republic was asking everybody else: "Why is not something being done?" "Why does not the Stadtholder send out a fleet to protect our interests?" "Are we always going to be at the mercy of this British insolence?" Just that sort of question was asked in Athens when Sparta destroyed its prosperity and in Rome when the Barbarians swooped down upon the outlying provinces.

"Why is not something being done?" As a matter of fact, the Stadtholder did try to do something. There were plans and discussions about sending a fleet of twenty ships to the Caribbean Sea to defend the Dutch colonies and protect the merchantmen against the English privateers. The first question was where to find twenty ships. The second, where to find the sailors with which to man the twenty ships. Not only was there a lack of funds with which to build ships, but the renewed activity in the smuggling business and the high wages paid to the sailors who engaged in it caused a scarcity of men for the fleet which no promise of a high enlistment premium could remedy.

After many months of delay, however, eight ships were made more or less seaworthy and equipped for the trip across the Atlantic. In the last month of 1777, this small fleet, under command of Count Louis van Bylandt, sailed to South America with strict orders to protect only the legitimate trade. Bylandt had no orders to suppress the "illegitimate trade." Therefore, while he defended the Dutch merchantmen against the

English privateers, he did nothing to stop the export of contraband goods to the United States. From an English point of view, therefore, the Dutch fleet was only another insult to Great Britain and had no other purpose than to encourage Mr. George Washington to continue in his rebellious conduct. Chance only prevented an open outbreak at that time. From both sides everything was being done to create mutual ill-will.

As we have seen before, one of the governors of St. Eustatius, the big department store of the American Revolution, had been called back upon a number of complaints by the English and had been replaced by a certain De Graeff. This De Graeff, as we also have had a chance to remark, was a very common individual and saw his only duty in making the greatest profit in the shortest time. As he was a man of great commercial industry and no integrity whatsoever, his activities were all the more detrimental to the reputation of the island of which he happened to be governor.

One of his first acts caused no end of irritation in England. On the 16th of November, 1776, a ship flying the American flag entered the harbor of St. Eustatius. The governor, though he knew that the American colonies were not yet recognized as an independent nation, ordered his men to find a gun that could be fired, and to salute the new flag. Since the American Revolution has been successful and everything has come out as well as the most ardent American patriot could hope, this act of De Graeff is lauded as the first honor which the nations of the world paid to the free and enlightened commonwealth of the West. At that moment, however, the act of De Graeff was a decided breach of

tact committed against a friendly nation, and it is no wonder that England resented it.

When the matter was reported to The Hague, — via London, — Sir Joseph in his usual way made a great ado about it. Even when making the most reasonable complaint he had the unhappy faculty of irritating everybody to the point where they felt that they, and not he, were the persons who had suffered an injustice. In this case, however, the fact could not possibly be denied. The Estates-General followed the only course open to them and ordered De Graeff to be recalled. The investigation of his conduct was dragged along in the customary way. From all sides pressure was being brought to bear upon the authorities not to let such a valuable man be lost. Soon De Graeff complained that his health, after so many years in the tropics, could not stand the strain of the Dutch climate. He was then allowed to return to his old home, and was reinstated as governor of St. Eustatius. Neither England's remonstrance nor Sir Joseph's violence of language had done the slightest good.

Everything remained as before. The Dutch smuggled, the English buccaneered. The Stadtholder grew pale in the face and stammered apologies; Sir Joseph grew red in the face and bellowed revenge. Finally, events took their natural course and war broke out between the Republic and England.

CONTRARY LAND

BY MARY MAPES DODGE

HOLLAND is one of the queerest countries under the sun. It should be called Odd-land or Contrary-land, for in nearly everything it is different from other parts of the world. In the first place, a large portion of the country is lower than the level of the sea. Great dikes or bulwarks have been erected at a heavy cost of money and labor, to keep the ocean where it belongs. On certain parts of the coast it sometimes leans with all its weight against the land, and it is as much as the poor country can do to stand the pressure. Sometimes the dikes give way, or spring a leak, and the most disastrous results ensue. They are high and wide, and the tops of some of them are covered with buildings and trees. They have even fine public roads upon them, from which horses may look down upon wayside cottages. Often the keels of floating ships are higher than the roofs of the dwellings. The stork clattering to her young on the house-peak may feel that her nest is lifted far out of danger, but the croaking frog in neighboring bulrushes is nearer the stars than she. Water-bugs dart backward and forward above the heads of the chimney swallows; and willow trees seem drooping with shame, because they cannot reach as high as the reeds near by.

Ditches, canals, ponds, rivers and lakes are everywhere to be seen. High, but not dry, they shine in the sunlight, catching nearly all the bustle and the business, quite scorning the tame fields stretching damply beside

them. One is tempted to ask, "which is Holland — the shores or the water?" The very verdure that should be confined to the land has made a mistake and settled upon the fish-ponds. In fact the entire country is a kind of saturated sponge or, as the English poet, Butler, called it, —

> "A land that rides at anchor, and is moor'd,
> In which they do not live, but go aboard."

Persons are born, live and die, and even have their gardens on canal-boats. Farmhouses, with roofs like great slouched hats pulled over their eyes, stand on wooden legs with a tucked-up sort of air, as if to say "we intend to keep dry if we can." Even the horses wear a wide stool on each hoof to lift them out of the mire. In short, the landscape everywhere suggests a paradise for ducks. It is a glorious country in summer for barefooted girls and boys. Such wadings! such mimic ship sailing! Such rowing, fishing and swimming! Only think of a chain of puddles where one can launch chip boats all day long, and never make a return trip! But enough. A full recital would set all young America rushing in a body toward the Zuider Zee.

Dutch cities seem at first sight to be a bewildering jungle of houses, bridges, churches and ships, sprouting into masts, steeples and trees. In some cities vessels are hitched like horses, to their owners' doorposts and receive their freight from the upper windows. Mothers scream to Lodewyk and Kassy not to swing on the garden gate for fear they may be drowned! Water-roads are more frequent there than common roads and railways; water-fences, in the form of lazy green ditches, inclose pleasure-ground, polder and garden.

Sometimes fine green hedges are seen; but wooden fences such as we have in America are rarely met with in Holland. As for stone fences, a Dutchman would lift his hands with astonishment at the very idea. There is no stone there, excepting those great masses of rock, that have been brought from other lands to strengthen and protect the coast. All the small stones or pebbles, if there ever were any, seem to be imprisoned in pavements or quite melted away. Boys with strong, quick arms may grow from pinafores to full beards without ever finding one to start the water-rings or set the rabbits flying. The water-roads are nothing less than canals intersecting the country in every direction. These are of all sizes, from the great North Holland Ship Canal, which is the wonder of the world, to those which a boy can leap. Water-omnibuses, called *trekschuiten*,[1] constantly ply up and down these roads for the conveyance of passengers; and water drays, called *pakschuiten*,[1] are used for carrying fuel and merchandise. Instead of green country lanes, green canals stretch from field to barn and from barn to garden; and the farms or *polders*, as they are termed, are merely great lakes pumped dry. Some of the busiest streets are water, while many of the country roads are paved with brick. The city boats with their rounded sterns, gilded

[1] Canal-boats. Some of the first named are over thirty feet long. They look like green houses lodged on barges, and are drawn by horses walking along the bank of the canal. The *trekschuiten* are divided into two compartments, first and second class, and when not too crowded the passengers make themselves quite at home in them; the men smoke, the women knit or sew, while children play upon the small outer deck. Many of the canal-boats have white, yellow, or chocolate-colored sails. This last color is caused by a preparation of tan which is put on to preserve them.

prows and gayly painted sides, are unlike any others under the sun; and a Dutch wagon with its funny little crooked pole, is a perfect mystery of mysteries.

"One thing is clear," cries Master Brightside, "the inhabitants need never be thirsty." But no, Odd-land is true to itself still. Notwithstanding the sea pushing to get in, and the lakes struggling to get out, and the overflowing canals, rivers and ditches, in many districts there is no water fit to swallow; our poor Hollanders must go dry, or drink wine and beer, or send far into the inland to Utrecht, and other favored localities, for that precious fluid older than Adam yet young as the morning dew. Sometimes, indeed, the inhabitants can swallow a shower when they are provided with any means of catching it; but generally they are like the Albatross-haunted sailors in Coleridge's famous poem of "The Ancient Mariner" — they see

> "Water, water everywhere,
> Nor any drop to drink!"

Great flapping windmills all over the country make it look as if flocks of huge sea-birds were just settling upon it. Everywhere one sees the funniest trees, bobbed into fantastical shapes, with their trunks painted a dazzling white, yellow or red. Horses are often yoked three abreast. Men, women and children go clattering about in wooden shoes with loose heels; peasant girls who cannot get beaux for love, hire them for money to escort them to the Kermis; [1] and husbands and wives lovingly *harness* themselves side by side on the bank of the canal and drag their pakschuyts to market.

[1] Fair.

Another peculiar feature of Holland is the *dune* or sand-hill. These are numerous along certain portions of the coast. Before they were sown with coarse reed-grass and other plants, to hold them down, they used to send great storms of sand over the inland. So, to add to the oddities, farmers sometimes dig down under the surface to find their soil, and on windy days *dry* showers (of sand) often fall upon fields that have grown wet under a week of sunshine.

In short, almost the only familiar thing we Yankees can meet with in Holland is a harvest-song which is quite popular there, though no linguist could translate it. Even then we must shut our eyes and listen only to the tune, which I leave you to guess.

"Yanker didee dudel down
Didee dudel lawnter;
Yankee viver, voover, vown,
Botermelk und Tawnter!"

On the other hand, many of the oddities of Holland serve only to prove the thrift and perseverance of the people. There is not a richer, or more carefully tilled garden-spot in the whole world than this leaky, springy little country. There is not a braver, more heroic race than its quiet, passive-looking inhabitants. Few nations have equaled it in important discoveries and inventions; none has excelled it in commerce, navigation, learning and science, — or set as noble examples in the promotion of education, and public charities; and none in proportion to its extent has expended more money and labor upon public works.

Holland has its shining annals of noble and illustrious men and women; its grand, historic records of

patience, resistance and victory; its religious freedom, its enlightened enterprise, its art, its music and its literature. It has truly been called, "the battlefield of Europe," as truly may we consider it the asylum of the world, for the oppressed of every nation have there found shelter and encouragement. If we Americans, who, after all, are homœopathic preparations of Holland stock, can laugh at the Dutch, and call them human beavers, and hint that their country may float off any day at high tide, we can also feel proud, and say they have proved themselves heroes, and that their country will *not* float off while there is a Dutchman left to grapple it.

There are said to be at least ninety-nine hundred large windmills in Holland, with sails ranging from eighty to one hundred and twenty feet long. They are employed in sawing timber, beating hemp, grinding, and many other kinds of work; but their principal use is for pumping water from the lowlands into the canals, and for guarding against the inland freshets that so often deluge the country. Their yearly cost is said to be nearly ten millions of dollars. The large ones are of great power. Their huge, circular tower, rising sometimes from the midst of factory buildings, is surmounted with a smaller one tapering into a cap-like roof. This upper tower is encircled at its base with a balcony, high above which juts the axis turned by its four prodigious, ladder-backed sails.

Many of the windmills are primitive affairs, seeming sadly in need of Yankee "improvements"; but some of the new ones are admirable. They are so constructed that, by some ingenious contrivance, they present their

fans, or wings, to the wind in precisely the right direction to work with the requisite power. In other words, the miller may take a nap and feel quite sure that his mill will study the wind, and make the most of it, until he wakens. Should there be but a slight current of air, every sail will spread itself to catch the faintest breath; but if a heavy "blow" should come, they will shrink at its touch, like great mimosa leaves, and only give it half a chance to move them.

One of the old prisons of Amsterdam, called the Rasphouse, because the thieves and vagrants who were confined there were employed in rasping log-wood, had a cell for the punishment of lazy prisoners. In one corner of this cell was a pump and, in another, an opening through which a steady stream of water was admitted. The prisoner could take his choice, either to stand still and be drowned, or to work for dear life at the pump and keep the flood down until his jailer chose to relieve him. Now it seems to me that, throughout Holland, Nature has introduced this little diversion on a grand scale. The Dutch have always been forced to pump for their very existence and probably must continue to do so to the end of time.

THE FESTIVAL OF SAINT NICHOLAS

BY MARY MAPES DODGE

We all know how, before the Christmas tree began to flourish in the home-life of our country, a certain "right jolly old elf," with "eight tiny reindeer," used to drive his sleigh-load of toys up to our house-tops, and then bound down the chimney to fill the stockings so hopefully hung by the fireplace. His friends called him Santa Claus, and those who were most intimate ventured to say "Old Nick." It was said that he originally came from Holland. Doubtless he did; but, if so, he certainly like many other foreigners changed his ways very much after landing upon our shores. In Holland, St. Nicholas is a veritable saint, and often appears in full costume, with his embroidered robes, glittering with gems and gold, his miter, his crozier and his jeweled gloves. *Here* Santa Claus comes rollicking along, on the 25th of December, our holy Christmas morn. But in Holland, St. Nicholas visits earth on the 5th, a time especially appropriated to him. Early on the morning of the 6th, he distributes his candies, toys and treasures, then vanishes for a year.

Christmas Day is devoted by the Hollanders, to church rites and pleasant family visiting. It is on St. Nicholas's Eve that their young people become half wild with joy and expectation. To some of them it is a sorry time, for the saint is very candid, and if any of them have been bad during the past year, he is quite

sure to tell them so. Sometimes he carries a birch rod under his arm and advises the parents to give them scoldings in place of confections, and floggings instead of toys.

It was well that the boys hastened to their abodes on that bright winter evening, for in less than an hour afterwards, the saint made his appearance in half the homes of Holland. He visited the king's palace and in the selfsame moment appeared in Annie Bouman's comfortable home. Probably one of our silver half dollars would have purchased all that his saintship left at the peasant Bouman's: but a half-dollar's worth will sometimes do for the poor what hundreds of dollars may fail to do for the rich; it makes them happy and grateful, fills them with new peace and love.

Hilda van Gleck's little brothers and sisters were in a high state of excitement that night. They had been admitted into the grand parlor; they were dressed in their best, and had been given two cakes apiece at supper. Hilda was as joyous as any. Why not? St. Nicholas would never cross a girl of fourteen from his list, just because she was tall and looked almost like a woman. On the contrary, he would probably exert himself to do honor to such an august-looking damsel. Who could tell? So she sported and laughed and danced as gayly as the youngest, and was the soul of all their merry games. Father, mother and grandmother looked on approvingly; so did grandfather, before he spread his large red handkerchief over his face, leaving only the top of his scull-cap visible. This kerchief was his ensign of sleep.

Earlier in the evening all had joined in the fun. In the general hilarity, there had seemed to be a difference only in bulk between grandfather and the baby. Indeed

a shade of solemn expectation now and then flitting across the faces of the younger members, had made them seem rather more thoughtful than their elders.

Now the spirit of fun reigned supreme. The very flames danced and capered in the polished grate. A pair of prim candles that had been staring at the Astral lamp began to wink at other candles far away in the mirrors. There was a long bell-rope suspended from the ceiling in the corner, made of glass beads netted over a cord nearly as thick as your wrist. It generally hung in the shadow and made no sign; but to-night it twinkled from end to end. Its handle of crimson glass sent reckless dashes of red at the papered wall turning its dainty blue stripes into purple. Passers-by halted to catch the merry laughter floating, through curtain and sash, into the street, then skipped on their way with a startled consciousness that the village was wide awake. At last matters grew so uproarious that the grandsire's red kerchief came down from his face with a jerk. What decent old gentleman could sleep in such a racket! Mynheer van Gleck regarded his children with astonishment. The baby even showed symptoms of hysterics. It was high time to attend to business. Madame suggested that if they wished to see the good St. Nicholas, they should sing the same loving invitation that had brought him the year before.

The baby stared and thrust his fist into his mouth as Mynheer put him down upon the floor. Soon he sat erect, and looked with a sweet scowl at the company. With his lace and embroideries, and his crown of blue ribbon and whalebone (for he was not quite past the tumbling age) he looked like the king of the babies.

The other children, each holding a pretty willow basket, formed at once in a ring, and moved slowly around the little fellow, lifting their eyes, meanwhile, for the saint to whom they were about to address themselves was yet in mysterious quarters.

Madame commenced playing softly upon the piano; soon the voices rose — gentle youthful voices — rendered all the sweeter for their tremor: —

"Welcome, friend! St. Nicholas, welcome!
Bring no rod for us, to-night!
While our voices bid thee, welcome,
Every heart with joy is light!

"Tell us every fault and failing
We will bear thy keenest railing,
So we sing — so we sing —
Thou shalt tell us everything!

"Welcome, friend! St. Nicholas, welcome!
Welcome to this merry band!
Happy children greet thee, welcome!
Thou art glad'ning all the land!

"Fill each empty hand and basket,
'Tis thy little ones who ask it,
So we sing — so we sing —
Thou wilt bring us everything!"

During the chorus, sundry glances, half in eagerness, half in dread, had been cast towards the polished folding doors. Now a loud knocking was heard. The circle was broken in an instant. Some of the little ones, with a strange mixture of fear and delight, pressed against their mother's knee. Grandfather bent forward, with his chin resting upon his hand; grandmother lifted her spectacles; Mynheer van Gleck, seated by the fireplace,

slowly drew his meerschaum from his mouth, while Hilda and the other children settled themselves beside him in an expectant group.

The knocking was heard again.

"Come in," said Madame, softly.

The door slowly opened, and St. Nicholas, in full array, stood before them. You could have heard a pin drop! Soon he spoke. What a mysterious majesty in his voice! what kindliness in his tones!

"Karel van Gleck, I am pleased to greet thee, and thy honored vrouw Kathrine, and thy son and his good vrouw Annie!

"Children, I greet ye all! Hendrick, Hilda, Broom, Katy, Huygens, and Lucretia! And thy cousins, Wolfert, Diedrich, Mayken, Voost, and Katrina! Good children ye have been, in the main, since I last accosted ye. Diedrich was rude at the Haarlem fair last Fall, but he has tried to atone for it since. Mayken has failed of late in her lessons, and too many sweets and trifles have gone to her lips, and too few stivers to her charity-box. Diedrich, I trust, will be a polite, manly boy for the future, and Mayken will endeavor to shine as a student. Let her remember, too, that economy and thrift are needed in the foundation of a worthy and generous life. Little Katy has been cruel to the cat more than once. St. Nicholas can hear the cat cry when its tail is pulled. I will forgive her if she will remember from this hour that the smallest dumb creatures have feelings and must not be abused."

As Katy burst into a frightened cry, the saint graciously remained silent until she was soothed.

"Master Broom," he resumed, "I warn thee that

boys who are in the habit of putting snuff upon the foot-stove of the schoolmistress may one day be discovered and receive a flogging —"

[Master Broom colored and stared in great astonishment.]

"But thou art such an excellent scholar, I shall make thee no further reproof.

"Thou, Hendrick, didst distinguish thyself in the archery match last Spring, and hit the Doel,[1] though the bird was swung before it to unsteady thine eye. I give thee credit for excelling in manly sport and exercise — though I must not unduly countenance thy boat-racing since it leaves thee too little time for thy proper studies.

"Lucretia and Hilda shall have a blessed sleep to-night. The consciousness of kindness to the poor, devotion in their souls, and cheerful, hearty obedience to household rule will render them happy.

"With one and all I avow myself well content. Goodness, industry, benevolence and thrift have prevailed in your midst. Therefore, my blessing upon you — and may the New Year find all treading the paths of obedience, wisdom and love. To-morrow you shall find more substantial proofs that I have been in your midst. Farewell!"

With these words came a great shower of sugar-plums, upon a linen sheet spread out in front of the doors. A general scramble followed. The children fairly tumbled over each other in their eagerness to fill their baskets. Madame cautiously held the baby down in their midst, till the chubby little fists were filled. Then the bravest

[1] Bull's-eye.

of the youngsters sprang up and burst open the closed doors — in vain they peered into the mysterious apartment — St. Nicholas was nowhere to be seen.

Soon there was a general rush to another room, where stood a table, covered with the finest and whitest of linen damask. Each child, in a flutter of excitement, laid a shoe upon it. The door was then carefully locked, and its key hidden in the mother's bedroom. Next followed good-night kisses, a grand family procession to the upper floor, merry farewells at bedroom doors — and silence, at last, reigned in the Van Gleck mansion.

Early the next morning, the door was solemnly unlocked and opened in the presence of the assembled household, when lo! a sight appeared proving St. Nicholas to be a saint of his word!

Every shoe was filled to overflowing, and beside each stood many a colored pile. The table was heavy with its load of presents — candies, toys, trinkets, books and other articles. Every one had gifts, from grandfather down to the baby.

Little Katy clapped her hands with glee, and vowed, inwardly, that the cat should never know another moment's grief.

Hendrick capered about the room, flourishing a superb bow and arrows over his head. Hilda laughed with delight as she opened a crimson box and drew forth its glittering contents. The rest chuckled and said "Oh!" and "Ah!" over their treasures, very much as we did here in America on last Christmas Day.

With her glittering necklace in her hands, and a pile of books in her arms, Hilda stole towards her parents

and held up her beaming face for a kiss. There was such an earnest, tender look in her bright eyes that her mother breathed a blessing as she leaned over her.

"I am delighted with this book, thank you, father," she said, touching the top one with her chin. "I shall read it all day long."

"Aye, sweetheart," said Mynheer, "you cannot do better. There is no one like Father Cats. If my daughter learns his 'Moral Emblems' by heart, the mother and I may keep silent. The work you have there is the 'Emblems' — his best work. You will find it enriched with rare engravings from Van de Venne."

[Considering that the back of the book was turned away, Mynheer certainly showed a surprising familiarity with an unopened volume, presented by St. Nicholas. It was strange, too, that the saint should have found certain things made by the elder children, and had actually placed them upon the table, labeled with parents, and grandparents' names. But all were too much absorbed in happiness to notice slight inconsistencies. Hilda saw, on her father's face, the rapt expression he always wore when he spoke of Jacob Cats, so she put her armful of books upon the table and resigned herself to listen.]

"Old Father Cats, my child, was a great poet, not a writer of plays like the Englishman, Shakespeare, who lived in his time. I have read them in the German and very good they are — very, very good — but not like Father Cats. Cats sees no daggers in the air; he has no white women falling in love with dusky Moors; no young fools sighing to be a lady's glove; no crazy princes mistaking respectable old gentlemen for rats. No, no. He

writes only sense. It is great wisdom in little bundles, a bundle for every day of your life. You can guide a state with Cats' poems, and you can put a little baby to sleep with his pretty songs. He was one of the greatest men of Holland. When I take you to The Hague I will show you the Kloosterkerk where he lies buried. *There* was a man for you to study, my sons! he was good through and through. What did he say?

> "Oh, Lord, let me obtain this from Thee
> To live with patience, and to die with pleasure!"

"Did patience mean folding his hands? No, he was a lawyer, statesman, ambassador, farmer, philosopher, historian and poet. He was keeper of the Great Seal of Holland! He was a — Bah! there is too much noise here, I cannot talk" — and Mynheer, looking with astonishment into the bowl of his meerschaum — for it had "gone out" — nodded to his vrouw and left the apartment in great haste.

The fact is, his discourse had been accompanied throughout with a subdued chorus of barking dogs, squeaking cats and bleating lambs, to say nothing of a noisy ivory cricket, that the baby was whirling with infinite delight. At the last, little Huygens taking advantage of the increasing loudness of Mynheer's tones, had ventured a blast on his new trumpet, and Wolfert had hastily attempted an accompaniment on the drum. This had brought matters to a crisis, and well for the little creatures that it had. The saint had left no ticket for them to attend a lecture on Jacob Cats. It was not an appointed part of the ceremonies. Therefore when the youngsters saw that the mother looked neither fright-

ened nor offended, they gathered new courage. The grand chorus rose triumphant, and frolic and joy reigned supreme.

Good St. Nicholas! For the sake of the young Hollanders, I, for one, am willing to acknowledge him, and defend his reality against all unbelievers.

IN AND OUT OF A CAB IN AMSTERDAM

BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH

It is raining this morning in Amsterdam. It is a way it has in Holland. The old settlers do not seem to mind it, but I am only a few days from the land of the orange and the olive, and, although these wet, silvery grays and fresh greens are full of "quality," I long for the deep blue skies and clear-cut meadows of Sunny Spain. On this particular morning I am in a cab and in search of a certain fish-market, and cabby is following the directions given him by a very round porter with a very flat cap and a deep bass voice.

There is nothing so comfortable as a cab to paint in if you only know how to utilize its resources. For me, long practice has brought it to a fine art. First, I have cabby take out the horse. This prevents his shaking me when he changes his tired leg. He is generally a spiral-spring-fed beast, and enjoys the relief. Then I take out the cushions. This keeps them dry. Then I close the back and off-side curtains, so as to concentrate the light, prop my easel up against the front seat, spread my palette and brushes on the bare wooden one, hang my rubber water-bottle up to the arm rest, and begin work. (I have even discovered in the bottom of certain cabs such luxuries as knot or auger holes through which to pour my waste water.) I then pass the umbrella-staff to cabby, calling particular attention to the iron spike, and explain how useful it may become in removing the inquisitive small boy from the hind wheel.

One lesson and two boys makes a cabby an expert. This is why I am in a cab and am driving down the Keizersgraacht on this very wet morning in Amsterdam.

Before the fat porter's directions could be fully carried out, however, I caught sight of an old bridge spanning a canal which pleased me greatly, and before my friend on the box could realize the consequences I had his horse out and tied to a wharf post, and the interior of his cab transformed into a studio.

In five minutes I discovered that a cabless horse and a horseless cab presided over by a cabby armed with an umbrella-staff was not an everyday sight in Amsterdam. I had camped on the stone quay some distance from the street and out of everybody's way. I congratulated myself on my location, and felt sure I should not be disturbed. On my left was the canal crowded with market-boats laden with garden-truck; on my right, the narrow street choked with the traffic of the city.

Suddenly the business of Amsterdam ceased. Everybody on the large boats scrambled into smaller ones and sculled for shore. Everybody in the street simultaneously jumped from cart, wagon, and doorstep, and in twenty seconds I was overwhelmed by a surging throng, who swarmed about my four-wheeler and blocked up my only window with anxious, inquiring faces.

I had been in a crowd like this before, and knew exactly what to do. Sphynx-like silence and immobility of face are imperative. If you neither speak nor smile, the mob imbibes a kind of respect for you amounting almost to awe. Those nearest you, who can see a little and want to see more, unconsciously become your champions, and expostulate with those who cannot see any-

thing, cautioning them against shaking the painter and obstructing his view.

This crowd was no exception to the general rule. I noticed, however, one peculiarity. As each Amsterdammer reached my window he would gaze silently at my canvas and then say, "Ah, teekenmeester." Soon the word went around and reached the belated citizens rushing up, who stopped and appeared satisfied, as they all exclaimed, "Ah, teekenmeester."

At last commerce resumed her sway. The street disentangled itself. The market in cabbages again became active, and I was left comparatively alone, always excepting the small boy. The variety here was singularly irritating. They mounted the roof, blocked up the windows, clambered up on the front seat, until cabby became sufficiently conversant with the use of the business end of my umbrella-staff, after which they kept themselves at a respectful distance.

Finally a calm settled down over everything. The rain fell gently and continuously. The spiral-spring beast rested himself on alternate legs, and the boys contemplated me from a distance. Cabby leaned on the off window and became useful as a cup holder, and I was rapidly finishing my first sketch in Holland when the light was shut out, and looking up I saw the head of an officer of police. He surveyed me keenly, — my sketch and my interior arrangements, — and then in a gruff voice gave me an order in Low Dutch. I pointed to my staff-holder, and continued painting. In a moment the officer thrust his head through the off window and repeated his order in High Dutch. I waved him away firmly, and again referred him to cabby.

Then a war began on the outside in which everybody took a hand, and in half a minute more the population of Amsterdam had blocked up the wharf. I preserved my Egyptian exterior, and proceeded unconcernedly to lay a fresh wash over my sky. While thus occupied, I became conscious that the spiral-spring was being united once more to the cab. This fact became positive when cabby delivered up the umbrella-staff and opened the door.

I got out.

The gentleman in gilt buttons was at a white heat. The mass-meeting were indulging in a running fire of criticism, punctuated by loose cabbage leaves and rejected vegetables, which sailed, bomb-like, through the air, and the upshot of the whole matter was that the officer ordered me away from the quay and into a side street.

But why? The streets of Amsterdam were free. I was out of everybody's way, was breaking no law, and creating no disturbance.

At this instant half of a yesterday's cabbage came sailing through the atmosphere from a spot in the direction of a group of wharf-rats, struck the officer's helmet, and rolled it into the canal. A yell went up from the crowd, cabby went down to the water for the headgear, and the owner drew his short sword and charged on the wharf-rats, who suddenly disappeared.

I reëntered my studio, shut the door, and continued my work. I concluded that it was not my funeral.

I remember distinctly the situation at this moment. I had my water-bottle in my hand re-filling the cups, mouth full of brushes, palette on my lap, and easel steadied by one foot. Suddenly a face surmounted by a

wet helmet, and livid with rage, was thrust into mine, and a three-cornered variety of dialect that would produce a sore throat in any one except a Dutchman was hurled at me, accompanied by the usual well-known "move on" gesture.

Remembering the soothing influence exerted on the former mob, I touched my hat to His Excellency, and said, "Teekenmeester." The head disappeared like a shot, and in an instant I was flat on my back in the bottom of the cab, bespattered with water, smeared with paint, and half smothered under a débris of cushions, water-cups, wet-paper, and loose sketches, and in that position was unceremoniously jolted over the stones.

The majesty of the law had asserted itself! I was backed up in a side street!

I broke open the door and crawled out in the rain. His Excellency was standing at the head of the spiral-spring, with a sardonic grin on his countenance.

The mob greeted my appearance with a shout of derision. I mounted the driver's seat and harangued them. I asked, in a voice which might have been heard in Rotterdam, if anybody about me understood English. A shabbily dressed, threadbare young fellow elbowed his way towards me and said he did. I helped him up beside me on the box and addressed the multitude, my seedy friend interpreting. I reviewed the history of old Amsterdam and its traditions; its reputation for hospitality; its powerful colonies scattered over the world; its love for art and artists. Then I passed to the greatest of all its possessions, — the New Amsterdam of the New World, my own city, — and asked them as Amsterdammers, or the reverse, whether they considered I had been

fairly treated in the city of my great-grandfathers — I, a painter and a New Yorker!

I had come three thousand miles to carry home to their children in the New World some sketches of the grand old city they loved so well, and in return I had been insulted, abused, bumped over the stones, and made a laughing-stock.

I would appeal to them as brothers to decide whether these streets of Amsterdam were not always open to her descendants, and whether I was not entitled to use them at all times by virtue of my very birthright. (Another shout went up, but this time a friendly one.) This being the case, I proposed to reoccupy my position and finish my sketch. If I had violated any law it was the duty of the officer to put me under arrest. If not, then I was free to do as I pleased; and if the highly honorable group of influential citizens about me would open their ranks, I would drive the cab back myself to the spot from which I had been so cruelly torn.

Another prolonged shout followed the interpretation, an opening was quickly made, and I had begun to chafe the spiral-spring with my shabby friend's umbrella, when cabby rushed forward, pale and trembling, seizing the bridle, and begged me piteously to desist. My friend then explained that cabby would probably lose his license if I persisted, although I might carry my point and his cab back to the quay.

This argument being unanswerable, a council of war was held, to which a number of citizens who were leaning over the front wheels were invited, and it was decided to drive at once to the nearest police station and submit the whole outrage to the chief.

In two minutes we halted under the traditional green glass lamp so familiar to all frequenters of such places. We saluted the sergeant, and were shown up a winding iron staircase into a small room and up to a long green table, behind which sat a bald-headed old fellow in undress uniform, smoking a short pipe.

My threadbare friend explained the cause of our visit. The old fellow looked surprised, and touched a bell which brought in another smoker in full dress, whose right ear served as a rack for a quill pen, and who used it (the pen not the ear) to take down our statement. Then the chief turned to me and asked my name. I gave it. This he repeated to the secretary. Occupation? Painter. "Teekenmeester," said he to the secretary.

Magic word! I have you at last. Teekenmeester is Dutch for painter.

The chief read the secretary's notes, signed them, and said I should call again in ten days, and he would submit a report.

"Report! What do I want with a report, Your Imperial Highness? It is now four o'clock, and I have but two hours of daylight to finish this sketch. I don't want a report. I want an order compelling the pirate who presides over the cabbage-market district to respect the rights of a descendant of Amsterdam who is peacefully pursuing his avocation." Certainly, he so intended. I was at liberty to replace my cab and finish my sketch. The officer exceeded his instructions.

But how? I did not want either to provoke a riot or get my cabby into trouble. Ah, he understood. Another bell brought an orderly, who conducted us downstairs, opened a side door, called two officers, placed one outside

with cabby and the other inside with me and Threadbare, and we drove straight back to the quay and were welcomed by a shout from my constituents compared to which all former cheering was a dead silence. I looked around for His Excellency, but he was nowhere to be seen.

Verily, the majesty of the law had asserted itself!

I do not think I made much of an impression as a painter in Amsterdam, but I have always had an idea that I could be elected alderman in the cabbage-market district.

THE BELOVED QUEEN WILHELMINA

[Born in 1880]

BY WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS

No sovereign was ever more beloved by her people than the girl queen, Wilhelmina, who, as the nineteenth century drew to a close, was the last scion of the house of Orange; for all other heirs in the direct line had passed away. The close tie of mutual affection between this illustrious family and the Dutch nation is one of the grand things in history. On the eve of the royal inauguration, as Queen Emma announced in dignified and fitting terms her intended abdication in favor of her daughter, so also Wilhelmina wrote what reads like a love letter "to my people," asking for their love and loyalty. The New Church in Amsterdam, as in the case of her three royal ancestors, was the place chosen for her to take her oath of office and to receive the loyal vows of the ministers.

On the morning of inauguration day, September 6, 1898, the festivities were ushered in with music in the air. In most of the large church spires are chimes of bells, numbering from a score to a hundred. The players frequently give concerts up in the air, while every day the bells strike the hours, halves, and quarters, the chimes ringing out a merry tune, a stanza of a hymn, an operatic air, or some patriotic or lullaby song. On the morning of September 5, initiating the "national honeymoon," the carillons in the steeples had begun early.

Amsterdam looked more like fairyland than an ordinary city. The shops were closed, and crowds from all the country round filled the streets with a million of happy people, good natured, and well behaved.

The mother and daughter, "the king's widow" and the queen, left The Hague and arrived in the capital city on the "Y" early in the afternoon. This was the beginning of the "joyous entry." Wilhelmina sat with her mother in an open carriage, smiling to the people and greeting them with wavings of her little lace handkerchief, while their throats became hoarse with shouts of welcome. Arriving at the great square in front of the palace, she rode round, and entering the building soon reappeared on the veranda. Facing her in welcome were ranged the representatives of every branch of the military and naval service, cavalry, infantry, artillery, engineers, marines, and sailors, besides a company of young gentlemen dressed in the uniform of the time of Prince Maurice in the seventeenth century. These looked as gay and bright as a swarm of beetles or butterflies. They were armed with long pikes, and the shotmen had heavy muskets, which, when they fired, they rested on prongs or supports. Their evolutions attracted much attention.

After the queen had greeted her loyal defenders, and saber, rifle, carbine, and pike had been brought to a "present," the military filed out and disappeared. For a few minutes the square was vacant. Then, by the queen's own order and plan, a signal was given and the people flowed in from the seven or eight streets leading into the Dam square, and a mass of perhaps fifty thousand human beings filled the space. Again the queen

appeared on the balcony, greeting them all, smiling and waving her handkerchief, while the myriads shouted their delight.

The next day was the "coronation." Walking from the palace to the New Church, crowded with the élite of the kingdom, the young queen entered and took her seat in the throne chair, a picture of radiant health and loveliness. She was dressed in white, with train skirt, over which, and hung from her shoulders, were four yards of red velvet embroidered with gold. She had a tiara of diamonds on her head, jewels at her waist, and the military cordon of the order of Orange over her breast. On the left stood a sultan, rajahs, and vassal rulers, her dark-skinned subjects from Insulinde, the East Indies, and deputies from the colonies. On the right were her ministers of state and her princely relatives, and in front the members of the States-General, and chosen guests from the Netherlands and from many nations.

Just as the fair young queen rose to read her speech, the clouds broke and the sunlight streamed in through the lofty Orange memorial window, making radiant her graceful form. Her enunciation was made with wonderful clearness, and she was heard all over the house. She said she would make the words of her royal father her own, "The house of Orange can never, no never, do enough for the Netherlands." At this many eyes, even of stern men and gray-haired statesmen, overflowed. When she closed, with eyes and jeweled right hand uplifted to Heaven, with the prayer, "So help me truly, God Almighty," a thrill of joy and hope spread through all hearts. At the signal of the herald, all rose and shouted, "Live the Queen." Mutual oaths of loyalty

and of faithfulness to the constitution were exchanged by the queen and her legislators. The four banners — of the Netherlands, of the house of Orange, of North Holland, and of the city of Amsterdam — dipped in salutation to the sovereign, thus inaugurated, and the impressive ceremony was over. Then followed two weeks of royal and popular festivities and rejoicing.

To honor their queen, the poor people of Amsterdam had contributed their money and bought a golden coach, superbly made and decorated, in which they expected her to ride to the ceremony. She, however, preferred to walk under a canopy the few feet between the doors of the palace and the church, but told them that she would reserve the golden coach until her wedding day. Those who kept carrier pigeons had sent from the cities, towns, villages, and hamlets all over the kingdom, their trained birds to Amsterdam. They were released, all at one moment, on the day given up to popular sports, in presence of the young queen, to carry home the news.

In all the cities and towns there were decorations and celebrations, banquets and merrymaking, with parades of the children, but in Amsterdam and at The Hague, the festivities reached the acme of glory. The streets, bridges, houses, and public buildings were adorned with the red, white, and blue of their rulers. The sailors, the soldiers, the mechanics, and all the different kinds of societies, and even the orphans and companies of boys and girls, wished to have some special arch, trophy, or token of loyalty in some form. The Water Feast at night, as became the country under the sea level, was perhaps the most brilliant of all the outdoor spectacles.

On and over the canals were stretched tens of

thousands of Japanese lanterns and colored lamps. On the bosom of the river, craft of every sort, built on the models of many nations, floated and moved about. Their myriads of lights were reflected in the water, increasing the splendor. In the gardens were thousands more of lamps, set in among the grass and flowers, while in front of the house were varied devices in star and flower, wreath and blazonry, the lion of Holland and the arms of the kingdom, provinces and cities, blossoming in jets of fire.

During the following summer of 1899, the Peace Congress, called by the Czar of Russia and assembling by invitation at The Hague, held its sessions at the House in the Wood, built by Amalia Van Solms, in memory of her husband, Prince Frederick Henry. Principles were discussed and rules laid down which must, in time, mitigate the horrors of war. In the great church at Delft, exercises were held in honor of Grotius, the Dutch scholar whose writings on international law had made the International Court of Arbitration possible. Our ambassador to Germany, Andrew D. White, delivered the oration. In the name of the United States, the Great Pacific Power, a wreath of silver-gilt leaves and palms was laid on the grave of Grotius.

During the war in South Africa between the Britons and the Boers, the Dutch looked on with intense sympathy, but took no part in the strife, they having long ago retired from the active politics of Europe, content to do their part of the world's work in other ways than in war.

At the polls, during the summer of 1900, the Anti-Revolutionary party triumphed over the Liberals, and

Dr. Abraham Kuyper was made premier. He was active in securing peace in South Africa, and the Dutch gave hearty welcome to the Boer generals who visited Holland in 1902.

On the 16th of October, 1900, Wilhelmina wrote another little love letter "aan mijn volk" ("to my people"), announcing her engagement to Duke Hendrik of Mecklenburg-Schwerin. On the 7th of February, 1901, after riding in her golden coach to the great church in The Hague, they were united in marriage according to the ritual of the Reformed Dutch Church by the court chaplain, Dr. Van der Flier. Again for a fortnight the cities of the Netherlands were in festal array by day and illuminated at night while the royal couple celebrated their honeymoon.

In recent years, especially since the celebrations by the Dutch people of the three hundredth anniversary of many a stirring event of the Eighty Years' War of Independence, through the stimulus given to the study of Dutch history by our own historian, Motley, the endowment of chairs of history in the universities, and the formation of historical societies, there has been a revival of patriotic interest in the past. The fruits of this feeling are seen in the numerous statues, tablets, and other works of art which make a tour in the Netherlands so fascinating to the student who would know in detail the long and glorious story of the Dutch People.