THE

HUGUENOT ELEMENT

AMONG THE DUTCH.

BY

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"Out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation."—Rev., v: 9.

When we apply the spectroscope to the rays of the sun, certain fine lines of light of different colors appear, which indicate to the practiced eye the presence of various mineral vapors in the atmosphere of the great luminary. If in the analysis the iron predominates in quantity, other substances are yet seen to have contributed a proportionate measure to the intensity, and brilliancy, and power of those rays which are the controlling force of the world. Nor can we fail to perceive how widely this principle of combining the best results of different substances, to produce one greater result, enters into the processes of nature. The tree collects its energies from many sources of the earth and air, has searched many materials for the beautiful blush and the fine flavor of the peach. So that garden and that bouquet are the best and most beautiful that contain the choicest varieties, the well assorted productions of many climes. On the other hand, how sluggish and poor the life of the nation to which white winged commerce brings not, as to a nest, those commodities of the outside world which may there be assimilated into energy for the brain, vital force in the blood, and strong tissue for the muscle of its people! How different Solomon's temple would have been without the sailors and workmen of Tyre, the cedar wood and fir wood of her distant forests; the gold of Parvaim and Ophir; the arts of Egypt and Assyria; the lilies, and lions, and oxen, the pomegranates and palm trees, and brazen cherubim, the whole copious ornamentation of that cunning workman, Hiram!

The Church of Jesus Christ is being made up in the same way "out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation." No one people, no one nation is or will be permitted to claim a monopoly of contribution to her glory. Our great Centennial Exhibition, now in progress, where Chinese and Japanese from the gateway of the East, the mighty inventive genius of the West, and so many nationalities of different complexions and grades of advancement are vying together in peaceful competitive display, is not so large and various a combination of materials as will compose the Church and its glory when it shall be seen complete in heaven. We have occasionally heard a rich brogue or accent in the pulpit, and foreign turns of thought and expression, which added greatly to the charm and effect of the sermon or prayer; just as a child's lisp or a woman's voice have sometimes given a new touch of tenderness and beauty to the Lord's prayer. And this same variety, these effects of diverse training, experience, nurture, God is now working into the consummate glory of heaven. Ah! there, too, they shall hear them speak every man in his own language, "every man in his own tongue wherein he was born"—the dear "mother tongue;" and the great assembly shall be perpetually reminded of the largeness and freeness of His grace in Christ Jesus. "Out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation!" In the history of the Church's development thus far, how many names, each name a power, come up in illustration of this thought! What fine fruitage of grace Africa presents in Monica and Augustine, devoted mother, time honored son! But Ambrose, by whose help that son is at length ripened into fruitage of grace, is a branch from distant Gaul. And so, as the ages proceed, and notwithstanding the darkness of some of them, we find the "good seed, the children of the kingdom," ever more widely scattered; and producing among different people and tongues such kings of thought and kingly souls as Bernard, and Luther, and Calvin, and Wesley, and Edwards,

> "The dead but sceptred sovereigns, who still rule
> Our spirits from their urns."

And ultimately, all these "nations of the saved," gathered along the banks of the river, "clear as crystal," shall yield united tribute to the glory of the one King and the one kingdom.

But our subject leads us on into yet other fields illustrative of the thought with which we have commenced. We see the Church,

itself thus made up, furnishing the elements of national greatness. What a country is ours! Here are united States, but one flag, one glory, one nation. The beams our country sends forth as the morning, to signal upon the mountain tops the approach of a liberating day for nations long subjected to darkness of misrule and tyranny, are the emanant lustre of our central, supreme sun. When, however, with the spirit of analytic research, we examine that lustre which enfolds us Americans, as well as the world over which it outreaches, we again discover generic internal differences. From no single source is this great light fed, from no single element was it kindled. To find its beginning we must go back to the Reformation and the Church in different countries. The incipiency of this flame, the gathering and preparation of the materials of which it was principally to be composed, was there.

The pilgrims and Puritans of England have been celebrated by many chroniclers, as they grandly deserved to be. The important influence of Holland and the Dutch has not been unrecognized. But how few, comparatively, know the story of the Huguenots of France, or what a good "leaven" the Huguenot element was in Holland or has been among ourselves. It is my part in this course of sermons to sketch the history of this element, particularly "among the Dutch;" to show how nobly it reinforced, by characteristics of its own, that other early ingredient of our country's greatness.

Scientists have remarked that the shells of the *teredo*, found in the fossil wood about Brussels, give out, when newly extracted from the soil, a strong scent of the ocean. But that ocean, they tell us, was one belonging to the far distant aeocene era, of which these shells are themselves the fossils and relics. The name Huguenot, likewise, is to-day only a fossil of the past, but one still odorous of the ocean, happily no longer existent, whose surges ultimately brought it to these shores. You cannot exhume or mention it without being reminded (if a historian) of long and dire persecution for conscience sake, of *auto da fes*, and St. Bartholomew, and the Dragonnades. It was amid such scenes of intense suffering, perpetually driven and hunted, that the Huguenot got his name and the characteristics that are still fragrantly associated with it. The name itself dates back to 1560, and is said by the Sieur de Castelnau, who lived in those times, to have come from a small piece of French money. When at the outset of the religious wars of that period the Protestants fled, the country people called them in derision "poor fellows, not worth a Hugue-

not;" and the title, thus originally given, was ultimately assumed by themselves, just as Methodist was by the Methodists. D'Aubigné, however, connects it with *Eidesgenossen* (confederates, oath mates), the name of a German-Swiss patriot political party, which was subsequently in France corrupted into *Huguenot*, and which implied that the French Protestants were both foreign, republican and heretical—three things well adapted to bring down upon them the ire of king and Catholic; and this is now the commonly accepted derivation. But whatever gave rise to the name, or whatever the stigma it was intended to express, it is certain that French Protestantism was not foreign in its origin, and nothing then new. Heretical it was, as a purely Bible Christianity always must be to the church of Rome; republican only so far as this, that liberty of conscience, with God's Word as the alone rule of faith and practice, leads to a higher manhood and a sober liberty of thought in matters civil as well as religious. If, in the onward roll of ideas and their accompanying events, Church and State, tyrannical kingly power and other such evils, go down amid noise and confusion, doubtless it may be properly traced to Protestantism—that is, to the Bible and freedom of conscience—just as we trace the Rhine and Rhone over many dangerous rapids and cascades back to their source in the pure and limpid Alpine glacier. Therefore far seeing Pope and priest, as well as king, did well to bestir themselves, buckle on their fury, and greet this rising sect with the danger boding cry, "Art thou a king, then?" If, however, we seek its origin, apparently how harmless! Lefebre, Doctor of the Sorbonne and good Catholic, has replaced literature, philosophy and the old scholastic theology with some lectures right out of the Bible. What harm in that! It was before Luther's conversion or Zwingle's in Switzerland—before 1512. The age was astir with literary achievement, as the morning is alive and vocal with the early melody of birds; but no movement of dawn was visible anywhere over the moral world. Who could fear or dream of a Reformation beginning in Paris, because an old college professor had introduced there the study of the Bible? But soon Lefebre is himself stung by the truth he is handling and exhibiting—the doctrine of justification by faith. It inflames first his heart and then his tongue; and that eloquent tongue conveys the truth to others. Lefebre is a trough at which others are eagerly drinking, and among them, especially, one who will go fast and far—Farel, of Dauphiny, under the Alps (the home of so

many of the future exiles), the pioneer missionary and eminent reformer of France.

Thus begun in Paris, and at the very centre of literature, the Reformation is not long in spreading. It enters the Court, and numbers the king's sister, the brightest womanly star of her day, Margaret of Valois, among its adherents. It affects the nobility; then it transfers itself, with the persecuted and venerable Lefebre, to Meaux, and gets down among the artisans and wool combers of that city, and enters with its transforming power the adjacent villages. Even the bishop is, for a time, the earnest colaborer of Lefebre and Farel. And so the good work goes on and widens, taking root throughout France; much helped, after 1521, by Luther's work and writings. Not, however, meanwhile, without persecution. Instead of Pharisees we have merely to read priests and monks, and the scenes of the Acts of the Apostles are everywhere repeated, only with worse violence. Nothing can be more touching than the public whipping on three successive days, then the branding of John Leclerc, wool comber of Meaux, in 1523. The heroic victim himself is silent amid the hooting crowd; but as the iron penetrates the burning flesh, one female shriek is heard, that could no longer be repressed; then, immediately, the exclamation, "Glory be to Jesus Christ and His witnesses;" and then his mother passes out of the awed and opening throng, with faltering step, to her home. "Not one of her enemies," says Beza, "dared put forth his hand against her." She will not say differently, nor will he fail, when, a year or two later, this same son meets death by slow fire, after having had his hand cut off, his nose torn away with hot pincers, his arms, breasts and whole body lacerated with cruel burnings—the first of that long succession, in France, of martyrs for Jesus. Or, shall we not rather call his mother the first and greatest, pierced, as she was, by every blow before it reached him, and bravely bearing the pain of life long after life and pain had left him?

Let us come down to 1560. Neither the fires of piety nor of persecution have burned low with the lapse of years. The one feeds the other. If at any time the flame of piety lulls, there is always some monk or doctor of the Sorbonne ready to stir it up again with fresh persecutions, to give some martyr the chance to show his burning zeal and the power of Divine grace. A spark in the embers is enough for the quick eye of these devoted agents of the Pope. Hence, of the blood of the martyr, which is "the

seed of the Church," there is plenty. Neither the appeals of his sister, Margaret, nor Calvin's efforts, can prevent the king himself from joining in. He is afraid "that if he suffers his people to change their religion" (*i. e.*, to exercise freedom of conscience) "they will soon change their prince." Thus, Church and *State* are united, and the air is hot; so hot that many are already obliged to escape for their lives into other countries. And yet everywhere there is zeal, activity, growth. Head winds and side winds seem only to combine to blow the ship onward. There are churches and pastors. The New Testament, translated by Lefebre, and printed copiously by means of funds from Lyons, and Meaux, and Metz, as well as tracts by Farel, are being circulated by *colporteurs* everywhere. And what a host—by his letters, commentaries and other works—is Calvin, the greatest of French Reformers, to whom the world itself is indebted! And in 1540, to give an impulse to the Gospel, as yet unattained by it, comes Clement Marot. Although no longer professing Protestantism, which he has renounced, and only wishing to improve public taste, he is induced, by the Hebrew Professor of the Sorbonne, to translate into French verse some of David's Psalms. This he did with at first twenty, and afterwards thirty more of the Psalms. Being in ballad measure and sweetly worded, their effect was wonderful. King, queen, heir apparent and court, are soon humming or singing, each his or her favorite psalm, to some favorite ballad tune. Other classes follow the fashion till Marot's Psalms have become national.

Especially was Calvin impressed with their power. Therefore he persuaded Beza to translate the remaining one hundred, and had them all bound up together, with music adapted to each Psalm. Thus they passed into the congregations of the Reformed, were interspersed during their service, and were sung by all, men, women and boys together. It was the introduction of congregational singing, in the pure vernacular of Christian thought and feeling, instead of the old Latin and choral music of the Romish church. Even where Marot's Psalms had begun to be used by the Romanists, they were speedily resigned to the Reformed. What a power—music for the people! What a gift for Calvin and his fellow Christians of France and Geneva to send or carry into Germany, Holland, England! What a heritage of blessing to leave to the world! It was the first direct influence exerted by French Protestantism upon the church life of other countries

Not, however, the only one of this period, so far as Holland was concerned. The model of the Dutch Church in its form of government, and as it has come down to us, was the French. In each church was a Consistory, or body of Elders. Above this was a body of Ministers and Elders—substantially our Classis, but called a Colloquy or Conference. Then contiguous Colloquys were united into Provincial Synods. And above all, and uniting all by delegates from each Synod, was the National or General Synod.

Thus far we have been busy with the Huguenot element in France itself, up to the point where its influence has manifestly diverged into Holland. Our work now is to trace it in connection with that country.

In 1565, despite persecution, we find the Reformed Church of France embracing a fourth part of the kingdom; containing over two thousand churches, some of them with ten thousand members; numbering among its members illustrious princes, lords, soldiers and men of letters—holding its National Synod even in Paris. But alliance with rank and greatness led to wars, partly religious and partly political—in which the white cloth uniform of the Huguenot soldiery, and the white velvet of their generals, were alike dyed with blood which was not the blood of martyrdom. They showed, however, their high qualities. They knelt in prayer on the battle field. They were cool and steadfast even in defeat. They sought no concealment of flowing blood, as the ancient Spartans did, through a livery of scarlet. Amid the demoralization of war they maintained a high tone of virtue. No nobler soul has ever shone in the forefront of stirring times, no purer Christian than their leader, brave old Admiral Coligni. We pass over these times; and over the dire day of St. Bartholomew, August 24, 1572, which witnessed Coligni's death; when the matins of the great bell of Notre Dame awoke in the streets of Paris that fearful sleuth hound cry, "kill! kill!" O you Huguenots! O you Huguenots! The blood that France then tasted was that of her own children, torn to pieces because they were Huguenots. But the thirst then communicated, although dormant for a while, will break out again in a *mania a potu.* Ultimately we shall see it during the Revolution, rending her sons and daughters with indiscriminate fury.

The Edict of Nantes, signed April 13, 1598, ended these scenes with toleration to the Protestants. Nor were they again arrayed

in arms till Richelieu's time, who broke their political consequence at the famous siege of Rochelle. Henceforth they "browsed on weeds" politically and socially, but were legally tolerated till the Revocation of the Edict in 1685, by Louis XIV. They were then one million in twenty millions. The air was again hot with persecution. Such scenes occurred as have been eloquently portrayed by Bungener, in his "Priest and Huguenot," when the "booted missionaries" were tracking them everywhere. They could endure it no longer. That fearful blunder and crime of Louis XIV precipitated them upon Holland (particularly) in such vast numbers, that it was said "Holland was full." They were of all ranks—gentlemen and merchants, schoolmasters, professors and clergymen, soldiers and shepherds, noble ladies and servant girls. It is important, therefore, to consider them as they were at home. For just what France lost Holland gained as a part of its own riches. They indeed "borrowed" no "jewels" when they fled. It was singly, or by families, and in poverty. Still, no more destructive exodus could have occurred. They left behind them the loom, but took the skill that had laden it with fabrics; they left the field, but deprived of its best cultivator; the pulpit, but without a voice from God to man; they left France despoiled of her industries and commerce, and bereft of her best citizens. The Huguenot at home was hated, but why? Separated by his faith, as a Calvinist, from many practices of the Romish church, which to him were perpetual symbols of that church's unbelief in the one finished offering of Christ for salvation, he stood in the eyes of a church that would and could allow no dissent, and of a community devoted to the church, the worst thing that could be said of him, a man tainted with heresy. Had he been only an Atheist or Infidel the offence would have been passable. But he was a man of a different stamp. He had positive principles and would not conform. He attended no masses, invoked neither Virgin nor saints, had no belief in relics or indulgences, performed no penances, nor went to confession. He was a man who thought for himself, ventured to interpret the Bible for himself, and exalted it above Pope or Councils as the alone authority. In all this he was immovable, as his Huguenot ancestors had been; and, therefore, to the church a rock of offence, menace and danger, and in the community a mark for dislike, partly inherited and partly personal. And yet, personally, the Huguenot should have been honored and loved. If he attended no church *fêtes*

and festivals, never joined in the gaiety of church holidays, and his demeanor was grave, it was only the outer surface under which flowed many deep virtues and waters of sympathy. Of a different stock from the blunt Puritan, his manners were mild and noted for courtesy. He governed himself, and trained his family also to order, neatness, the Bible virtues and refinements of life. "Patient as a Huguenot" had passed into a proverb. As a class, it was the most industrious, intelligent and orderly portion of the people. But this character itself, with the comforts and success it brought, was a cause of antipathy among other classes. The very virtues of the Huguenot were turned against him. He had no right to anything, no right to be prosperous, because he was a Huguenot. And when Louis XIV, out of his own bigotry and desire to be absolute, at last revoked the Edict of Nantes, and let slip the dogs of malice and persecution, it was so popular an act that all classes applauded and proclaimed him a saint.

Could it be that such an element should exist in so compact and congenial a country as Holland and produce no marked effect? In reality they at once laid down at the feet of their benefactor all the trophies of their industry. Holland received them (for the most part) poor; they made her rich. The manufacture of silks, linens, woolens, hats, paper and books, passed from France into her possession, and changed expensive imports into lucrative exports. So that, if they came to their new home as the poor bride, without a jewel on her fingers save the chaste wedding ring that marked an enduring union, there was in the nimble fingers themselves, so skilful with the distaff and spindle, ample dowry for the present, large legacy for the future. Material wealth, however, was not the only or the best blessing they brought to Holland. They were the bolted wheat of their own nation; men and women who had been tutored into religious habits by long suffering; men and women who also combined intelligence and culture with piety. In France they had always been particular about education; and in their adopted country it is their just praise to say that they brought down education to the masses and made it popular. If it had been before a feast for the gods, they now made it a savory meal for the humblest of men. The truth is, they found literature and learning imprisoned in Latin, and accessible to only the few. Women were almost entirely excluded from the gates of this isolated and guarded enclo

sure. But many of the refugees were fine writers; and by the introduction of French in place of the Latin, which made all literature as recluse as a monk, national history, theology and science speedily dropped down and were liberated to the comprehension and enjoyment of great numbers. In this respect education and culture (its nearest relatives) had no reason to mourn when Latin became a dead language. It is true, the change elevated it to a pedestal of glory, where it would stand in Parian purity and changeless elegance, while the living tongue soon became corrupted by, and a corrupter of the Dutch. But the impetus was given. The many schools the Huguenots founded, and the houses of education for both boys and girls, with knowledge unlocked before them, remained a privilege of Holland and a memento of their coming.

And so, in one other respect their influence should here be noted, upon the pulpit and preaching of Holland—the source of our own earlier ministry. The preaching there had become too didactic, and in the effort to instruct, had lost force and fervor. But the Huguenot preachers soon injected French vivacity and fire into its veins, and turned Dutch phlegm into blood eloquence. Who has not heard of "Saurin's Sermons?" What, however, is the best sermon in the book, with all its imagery, brilliancy, fine method, purity of style, or the elevation and power of its thoughts to that same sermon (or any other) uttered by Saurin himself? And they had the man, settled at the Hague, the centre of influence; of whom one asked, who heard him for the first time, "is this a man or an angel who is speaking to us?" And so all were captivated by his melodious and resonant voice, his noble countenance, his ardor, as well as his sermons and wonderful prayers. They had Claude, too; if not so gifted in manner, and voice, and appearance, the man to draw students and have his influence rebound from the lips of others, preachers made by him; and whom a single "Essay on the Composition of a Sermon" has made known down to our own day. Nor has the history failed to pay tribute, as a perfect orator, to Du Bosc, of Rotterdam, so sweetly surnamed the "preacher of grace," and of whom Louis XIV exclaimed, "I have just listened to the man who speaks the best of all my kingdom; it is certain, at least, that I never heard one speak so well." When he was exiled, Denmark, Holland and England disputed the honor of giving him shelter. He died young, it is true, only four years after his coming to Rotterdam. But if such was the meteor in its short blaze, what must have been the light and in-

fluence of the two hundred fixed stars, the pastors whom France so recklessly shook from her own heavens to illuminate Holland? The peers, some of them of Bossuet and Massillon and Bourdaloue, all of them burning with a kindred and radiating warmth, they changed the whole spirit of the Dutch pulpit. They taught it fervor and simplicity of appeal; they taught the rodent rat, gnawing away at the roots of things (which some of the Dutch preachers too much resembled), to leave the deep, and hard, and dry, and to come out into more friendly sympathy and companionship with men. Both preacher and pastor felt the effect of their example. Easy and affable with rich and poor, they converted the pulpit from dulness to eloquence, and the pastorate from official routine to living intercourse. Such was another feature of the good they did to Holland.

But that good broadens in its results, as we shall see, if we consider it nationally and politically.

When Wesley (six years old) was pulled through the window of his father's burning rectory, by a man standing on another man's shoulders, and immediately the roof fell in, doubtless there was a Providence in it, but one as yet shut up in the bud. No one saw what was in or would come out of the circumstance, though his father was properly thankful for the preservation of all his eight children. And when absolutist King Louis was ejecting that herd of Huguenots, little did he dream what would come of it. Had he planted an acorn he would have known what fruit to expect. But here the result was a secret, shut up in the bosom of Sovereign wisdom. His own act, however, was the "cake of barley bread that tumbled into the host of Midian, and came unto a tent and overturned it." That it did so much was no fancy of one telling "his dream." In Holland, at the time, was one William the Silent, Prince of Orange. His head was a hive of plans, which contained honey for Holland and England, but stings for Louis and James. But there was, also, a party opposed to the Prince, secretly formed by France, and undermining his plans. Things were just then at the critical moment which involved, as a later event, the victory of Popery or Protestantism in England, the downfall of James, and the blessings to liberty, religion and the world, which have followed. It was at such a moment that the Huguenots came, in Providence, to reinforce the Prince by the story of their wrongs, by their numbers and their talents—to man his fleet, strengthen his army, help his embarkation for England;

and, at the battle of the Boyne, furnish the regiments and the general that decided the day for Protestant ascendancy. Little Holland (may we not say) was the bud whose petals, for the time, enclosed all this; the Huguenots being, as it were, the fructifying stamens standing round the centre of all—a Providence whose slowly ripening seeds would be seeds of good to men.

It is, however, individuals who, under Providence, shape history. It is the individual ancestor of strong character who impresses his image on his race; just as we see a nose or a lip of peculiar form repeating themselves through many generations. And though we cannot always answer the question, "Whose is this image and supercription," we know the law. When, therefore, we consider the character and numbers of these refugees in Holland, can it be wrong to conclude that there is much called Dutch—more than it is usual to suppose—which, up the stream, came from a Huguenot source? Especially does the conclusion strengthen when we find, among many such changes, the French Leblanc altered into its synonyme De Witt, and in English, Dwight; the Chevaliers becoming De Ruyter; the Dumoulins, Van der or Ver Meulen; and names so thoroughly Dutch as De Groot derived from Legrand, Van den Berg from Dumont (from the mountain), and Van den Bogaard from Dujardin (from the garden). Where are they, these precious spots (the mountain, the garden), the record of which has thus come down from father to son, preserved in the amber of a name? Nowhere in Holland. Somewhere among the long left hills and valleys of France. The pleasant reality has long ago faded into a mere name—faded as have so many other pleasant things: our childhood, youth and early homes, "from" which we have ever since been departing. Some of us carry our symbols with us, woven into the texture of our very names—strangers and pilgrims. They are symbols of movement, and change, and departings. Our ancestors departed and sought shelter among the dykes of Holland. Another roll of the wave of time and their descendants are in America. There will come yet another wave, long, surging, irresistible, before which the dykes of time itself will give way. Then the symbolism of a name will again be fulfilled in a final departing—it is Ver miglio (Vermilye), "from" the midst.

It only remains for us now to complete this sketch with an account of the Huguenots "among the Dutch" of our own country.

When one is grown and the character of his manhood has developed itself, we like to go back, if we can, and con his childhood and youth. Who were his parents, what relatives or friends of note witnessed the christening scene, who or what influences nursed him into growth, who taught him, and things like these, are interesting fragments. We dip into the past with zest, and trace its connection with the present. Of course there is an element of sadness about it, as we discover what time has been doing with the past itself, once so graceful and vigorous. It strikes one with a certain sense of sadness to stand on the shore and see the ships go silently seaward, till the latest lingerer is at length lost to view below the horizon. But what is this to the changes that have taken place even between youth and manhood? What is it for sadness to the sight of old families dying out, old mansions, once generous and grand, turned into boarding houses, or only awaiting, like some deserted hulk on the shore, the hour of inevitable destruction?* What is it, in view of that plaintive utterance, whether applied to families or communities, "And Joseph died and all his brethren and all that generation." Yet, on the other hand, there is great pleasure in recalling the youthful beginnings of energetic and dignified manhood. The parents may lie in the old churchyard, the schoolmaster be dead, and the surroundings be all different; but that manhood, we well know, would not have been what it is in its expanded glory, separate from the soil that produced it.

Such feelings mingle as we turn back from the present of our country to its youthful beginnings, as we trace it through the stripling state to the auguries of the cradle. Its baptism was under the blessing of Almighty God. There were present as witnesses and as sponsors, to whom its youth was to be entrusted, the elect of various nations; and to them God gave solemn charge, as concerning another Moses, "Take this child and nurse it for me." We cannot follow them all in their relation to its destinies during the period of incipient growth—a period prolonged as a patriarch's youth, and to be succeeded (as we hope) by a patriarch's longevity. To attempt it of one of them may be the vain attempt to "curdle a long life into an hour." But the Huguenot (our theme) was there as one selected of Providence, and doing

* It is understood that the fine old manor house of the Van Rensselaers in Albany, built in 1765, is soon to be taken down, and the place of so many hospitalities to be given up to business purposes.

his part in the nursing of this young child. To-day the Huguenot has no recognition or influence as a distinct and separate element in the land. This is well, doubtless, even if in some respects to be regretted: for we want no divisions—no Irish, no Germans, no Dutch, no North, no South—only one country, and all Americans. It lives, however, an element time honored and respected everywhere; but only (we must content ourselves with saying) as the old nurse whose children have married into other names, and who herself lives lovingly cherished for past services in the family whose glory from the beginning she has aided and shared. It is to those services we must turn if we would do justice to the Huguenot. And first, to look for a moment outside the Dutch, and to mention but an item or two, what a power has been Faneuil Hall, immortalized as the "cradle of liberty"—the gift of a Huguenot! Its vane is a grasshopper, after his armorial crest—quick in motion, bold, fruitful, pervasive, like the thoughts and the speech that have been wont to come from this hall of liberty. What would Maine be without the institution that commemorates the munificence, the regard for learning and the name of Bowdoin, a Huguenot? Or, to go South, could our history spare, without being incomplete, the name and the deeds of Marion the swamp fox of Carolina, or Horry, or Huger, or Laurens? Can we read without pride of the princely loan, during the Revolution, of $220,000 by Gabriel Manigault, when the treasury of the country was in deep distress for means to carry on the war? Can we doubt the excellence and patriotism of the stock, numerically small, that furnished three out of seven of the Presidents of the Continental Congress—Jay, Laurens and Boudinot? It was a Huguenot voice—that of Duché—which opened that Congress with prayer; a Huguenot (Laurens) who drew the articles of capitulation at Yorktown; Huguenots (two, at least, of the four) who signed the treaty of Paris; and a Huguenot (Boudinot) who, as President of Congress, set thereto the seal of peace and independence to America. And thirty years later, in 1814, and again signing a treaty of peace, of this same stock we have James Bayard and Albert Gallatin.

But to return to the Dutch. This carries us back to the earliest times of New York, New Amsterdam. And at once we are struck with a difference between the colony there located and that which formed the nucleus of New England. The one homogeneous, the other heterogeneous; the one landlocked in its sympathies as the bay of Boston, the other stretching out arms of

access and welcome to the world, like the harbor and anchorage of New York. In 1623 the colony first assumed shape of permanency; and in 1643 eighteen different languages were said, by its Director-General, to be spoken among the inhabitants. Thus, even at that early date, New York resembled one of those islands of the South Sea, where birds of distinct tribes build along the streets of the same feathery metropolis, where the air resounds with the din and jargon of their dissonant voices, but where (tolerant if not akin) the same nest receives and shelters a diverse brood. Nor can we doubt that it was the wisest policy, under the circumstances, this spirit of tolerance and hospitality which they imported direct from Holland, and which characterized New York. For, like a great drag net spread out over the countries, it drew to its shores—as they drew in the fish from the surrounding rivers—just the men and women that were needed to build up this vast emporium. Among them, and next to the Dutch in wealth and numbers, were the Huguenots. They came from Holland and from France. Came, many of them, with the cinders of persecution still on their garments; and many of them, too, disguised as to their lineage by names that were Dutch. And they came early. Peter Minuit, for six years the first Governor, was a Huguenot. The first child born among the colonists was the daughter of George Rapelye, a Huguenot. "Kill! kill!" cried Charles the Ninth, at the massacre of St. Bartholomew; but the Lord said differently as to some of them. So the Rapelyes escaped into Holland. And, since the Lord seems to be still the guardian of the family, here is yet safe deliverance and a child for them, after all perils, on distant shores, in a new home, in which that child is to be, and to bear the honor of being the first born. It was the beginning of a large Huguenot increase, both by births and by emigration; an increase so large and withal respectable that a Huguenot was practically associated with the Governor in the conduct of affairs, and that public documents were printed in French as well as in Dutch.

If now we dwell more particularly upon the character of these Huguenots, we shall find them how admirably adapted to the work they had to do! That character is indicated somewhat in the fact that when, in 1628, the first minister, Michaelius, gave form and being to the first church of the colony, Minuit, the governor, was one of the two elders selected, and in the fact that, at the first communion, of fifty communicants a large part were

Huguenots. Indeed, the religious element in this nobly Christian people does not seem, as we trace them, to have lost its strength by transplantation. What a beautiful picture is that afforded, even many years later, by their habits of Sunday service! It is at the old church du St. Esprit. Every street around is filled with wagons and carts. They started Saturday afternoon, and have come from New Rochelle, twenty-three miles distant, filled with women and children. All that distance the men have walked beside them, from time to time beguiling the way and the night by a song out of that old ancestral favorite, Marot's Psalms. Somewhere in the outskirts a frugal morning meal has been eaten, the dust of the long travel has been removed, and now, with similar companies from Long Island, Staten Island and intermediate places, they await the bell to begin their Sabbath devotions. They will pass the day in hearing what they love—the plain, familiar Gospel in French—in singing the low, plaintive music, set in minor key, to Marot's Psalms, and in prayers, and then return at night, as they came, to their homes. How different is the vigorous and persistent religious spirit thus indicated, which change and hardship have not impaired—which neither heat nor cold have thus far been able to subdue—which, in a remote trading settlement, without other outward aid at first than prayers in a grist-mill, nevertheless maintains itself in life—how different from what has been since seen in California and in other colonies of the world! It is one of the marvels of Providence that this country was settled just when it was, and by whom it was—by men such as the Puritans, and Hollanders, and Huguenots, whose religion the temperature of outward circumstances could not kill, because, like the frozen spider, it had life still beating at the heart.

Piety, however, was not the only quality which distinguished these Huguenots of New York. If that lay deepest in the centre, and was the vital one, there were branching veins which contributed much to their worth in the community. They were every way a more graceful force, acting upon the life of the colony, than the Dutch. In becoming Huguenots they had not ceased to be French. They had made no attempt to slough off that heritage, which was as dear to them as their religion. We must remember that none of them had left France voluntarily. They had been torn up by the roots, and had yielded to the push of persecution. But when that stern pressure was removed, they yearned for the

old soil. If they had been grave and sedate when necessity demanded it, so soon as its grasp was relaxed they reverted to the old type. They were French all over. How French (and how charming) is that little incident related of one—a venerable emigrant of New Rochelle—who daily wandered to the shore, turned in the direction of France, and there (with a few others who by degrees joined him) poured out his morning prayers and sang one of Marot's psalms! Therefore, in our analysis of their influence "among the Dutch," we should consider how they differed from them, and what they contributed of their own. They loved dress, we find, more than the plain dressing Hollanders. They were French. Similarly, their temperament was more gay colored, vivacious and cheerful. Hence, they never could be induced to imitate the domestic manners of the Dutch. The Dutchman's house was swept, scrubbed, sanded and closed for the week—except an open front door and the kitchen. He plodded, and cultivated sobriety; whilst, on the other hand, the Huguenot, with equal neatness and good order, blended the urbanity and refinements and enjoyments of life. We have only to run back over the previous history to see what was ancestral in his case, to know what he brought to the infant colony. By heredity there was culture based upon a character "good, amiable and affable." Mental culture, religious culture, social culture, industry and a careful sense of duty, had come down to him as a part of his faith, and as a habit of life which, with chivalric faithfulness, he should keep up and transmit to his children. It was an heirloom as sacred to the Huguenot as the old family Bible, which reminded him continually of his ancestors, their faith and sufferings, and of his own duty. It was all a trust, which he could not get rid of, if he would; for his own character was an heirloom. It had received a polish and a grace of outline and had been inlaid with social virtues, set deep in the grain, which he could neither remove nor conceal.

And not only did the Huguenots enrich the colony with a finer social element, numerous enough to make itself felt in the future, but they added a graceful skill, connected with energy and industry, to the employments of life. From what New York is now can we contract our imagination to what it was then? It extends to Wall street, with woods to Chambers street. Its houses and buildings are few and crudely constructed. Not a wharf reaches a hand span into the river in hope and expectation of com-

merce. A wind mill and a grist mill are its industries. Its orchards are the primitive pine, and its gardens the wild vine and thorn. How much there is to be done to transform this rude beginning into the rising and then the glorious city! Even the graceful touch of a hand will now bear fruit; if it be only the planting of a pear tree, it may bear fruit two hundred years afterwards. And it was just in the direction of useful and ornamental industry that the Huguenots excelled. They shirked no labor of any kind, but honestly bent their backs to the burden, whatever it was. Yet they differed very usefully from the hard working but generally less refined and versatile Dutch. If they brought with them few or no old pictures, the masterpieces of others, to embellish a wall, they had themselves the happy art of embellishing on a larger scale; of introducing new arts and employments, of making privation cheerful with comforts, and of clothing nature herself, hitherto all primitive, with new and graceful productions. We must not suppose that, because tiles, and bricks, and nails and other such articles of use came from Holland, the colonists needed no genius for construction. They needed it every day. Besides, they were constructing here something very different from anything in Holland—something which would be the growth of new circumstances, new soil, and a combined people. It was they who in every sphere were making and shaping, by their industry, intelligence and skill, the institutions, the employments, even the fruitage of the city and neighborhood which they occupied. Do we remember that our most delicious fruits—the apple, the pear, the peach and others—are not indigenous, but foreign? They all had to be planted by some hand before the world could taste, or the colonists themselves, the choice American varieties. Nature, too, had first to be subdued by incessant labor before she would wear as a habit the flowered robes and the cultured ornaments of the orchard and garden. And in these very matters the Huguenot was an acquisition. He was especially skilful in agriculture. Flowers and fruits, vines and trees, orchards and gardens grew up under his dexterous care. The quince can be traced directly to him. He was like the bumble bee, replacing, as its given work, the stems of common grass with the beautiful red clover, the germs of which, with winged industry, it conveys from flower to flower and field to field.

It is not necessary to follow "the Huguenots among the Dutch" with any particularity after this period. The germs of the great

city were all there. Henceforth there will be expansion and growth, but in what direction has already—within the first fifty years—been substantially decided. The same forces — Dutch, Huguenots and others—will be at work upon it, upon its political, religious, commercial and social life, with energies unspent. In time both Dutch and Huguenot will drop their almost obsolete languages and speak a common English. It has, therefore, come to pass that, beyond a name or a family tradition, or the old Bible, there is little to indicate who of us were originally Dutch, or Huguenot, or English. We are Americans, who have left the sources of our several streams for the noble bay which includes us all. Sometimes the secret peeps in a look or betrays itself in a trait. But blood is thicker than water; and the Huguenot blood, unless the principles of heredity fail, is not one to wash out easily or fade out quickly with time. All the great elements—religion, intelligence, integrity, energy—have been here combined to make it strong, self-asserting, lasting. Accordingly, wherever a Huguenot name has survived the fate of time and the mixture of race, we have been apt to find it in honorable connections. Sometimes a street tells us of one that was considered worthy of perpetuity, as Jay, Desbrosses, Lispenard, Bleecker, Delancey. The name of John Pintard, a man of many charities, and the founder of the N. Y. Historical Society, is still cherished among the membership of that society; whilst in its present president, Mr. De Peyster, runs the same old blue blood of the Huguenots. The name of Gallaudet, with its blessed associations, lives over again in his son, a resident of New York. Law, the judiciary, statesmanship, worth, were all eminent in John Jay; his honors and his usefulness were national. Of those who settled on Staten Island the names of La Tourette, Bedell, Disosway, Guion, Seguine and others still continue familiar and respected. Mamaroneck has had her Bishop, De Lancey. And in the Dutch Church, of fragrant memory for pulpit and platform eloquence, for poetic gifts, sparkling wit and geniality, there lingers the name of Bethune; whilst in the living pulpits are also the Huguenot names Lefevre, De Witt (Leblanc), Demarest, Dubois, Denis Wortman, Duryea, Bevier and others. The Huguenot Crispell (of New Paltz), like another Claude, still teaches the Hollander of the West theology, and trains a rising ministry.

And if we go to New Paltz or Kingston, where the stock still retains, in large measure, its purity of descent from sire to son,

we shall find the Huguenot blood not yet stagnant from age, nor yet lacking its ancient qualities. With all its French fire it was never feverish. The Huguenot took hold of truth with tough and tenacious muscle, just as he worked. It was not his character to run into extravagancies either of thought or action. The history of both Dutch and Huguenot Protestantism is singularly free from some of those eccentricities which marked Germany and England, and New England. Elastic in gloom and suffering, yielding to no comet alarms or frenzy of witches, on the other hand it was Huguenot nature to be cheerful, patient and steady. Along the Wallkill they have, from the beginning, illustrated these traits. The fields have blossomed under their industry, and the valley has fattened and prospered. The bell, which has succeeded the horn, still summons, though from a loftier steeple, an obedient and worshipful people, devoted to the same faith and the same church order. Neat and virtuous households yet attest the presence of women of the old stock, though time has, perhaps, thrown into less frequent use among them the name, once held and honored by so many, of Petronella. And if we seek for the old Huguenot culture among the homes of this ancestry at New Paltz and Kingston, it will not be hard to find its accomplished representatives. Passing from Petronella Hasbrouck (of Kingston), and from Judge Hasbrouck, I need only mention, as a fitting finish to this recital, one later name, of one honored as he is now venerable, the former beloved President of Rutgers College, Abraham Bruyn Hasbrouck.

In conclusion. Tersely and beautifully the Bible expresses a natural sentiment, when it says, "The glory of children are their fathers." A religious, an intelligent, an industrious and honest parentage and ancestry is a great blessing. This is something which no law of primogeniture and no reverse of fortune can take away. It is to be heir to a stimulating inheritance. As the motive to be honest as they were, and religious as they were, is great, so is the disgrace of disgracing those who have built up for us such an example. And surely those of us who can claim to be Huguenots have ample reason to be proud of the long lineage. We are in duty bound, by a noble imitation of their virtues, to be God fearing and Bible loving. Picked by Providence for a great work, tested by almost superhuman suffering, grand in endurance and in the quality of their virtues, they became, with God's other chosen ones, the massive base on which was to be

reared this temple of liberty. If this temple, to which the nations are already flocking, ever falls, it will not be because of weakness or rottenness at the foundation. It will be because the walls and pillars are not equal to the weight and strain of a complete building. It will be with us, who are the descendants of these chosen ones, that the fault will lie. We will, however, hope better things for our country, toward which in the past God's providences have been so manifest. We would rather think of it as a fruitful Nile, pouring its undiminished waters for centuries into the same sea with other great nations. We would rather think of travellers like Livingstone, or Baker, or Stanley, in the future exploring from a populous delta, through banks lined with free and prosperous communities, all speaking the same language and worshipping the same God, up to its sources—and there, standing reverently, able to say this great lake is the Puritan, this smaller but still noble one is the Huguenot. And then (we would have them say), as the end of the whole glorious problem, their source—whether Puritan, Dutch or Huguenot—the source from which they derived all their virtues, is that great watershed, bringing its blessings directly from the mountains and clouds of heaven—the Bible!