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HET

Hollandsch Genootschap van New York.

— *MAALTIJD,* —

Den 8sten van Louwemaand, 1886, ten 7 ure, 's avonds,

in het

Hotel Brunswick,

Hock 5de Laan en 27ste Straat.

THE DE VINNE PRESS.



The First Volume

The Holland Society of New-York

H. B. ...





Commissie tot regeling van den Mulderij.

Konst. B. ROOSEVELT.

Georg. M. VAN HESTEN.

Georg. G. DE WILDE.

Georg. W. VAN SOEST.

Secr. lutt.



FIRST ANNUAL DINNER

— OF —

THE HOLLAND SOCIETY

— OF NEW-YORK —

HOTEL BRUNSWICK.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 8, 1886.

MENU

HUITRES—BLUE POINT Sauternes

POTAGES

Bisque d'Ecrevisses Consommé Van Dyck Sherry

Variés HORS D'OEUVRE Variés
Timbales Morlôt

RELEVÉS

Filets de Bass, Dumont d'Urville Bordeaux
Escalopes de Filet, chéron

ENTRÉES

Alles de Dinde à la Dreux Perrier-Jouet
Ex. Dry Special
Croquettes de Ris de Veau, Parisienne
Cochon de Lait aux Canneberges

LÉGUMES

Pommes Duchesse Laitues braisées Irroy Grand Sec
Flageolets maître d'Hôtel

Holland Punch

RÔTI

Canvas-Back Duck Bourgogne
Cailles au cresson
Cèleri Mayonnaise

ENTREMETS

Ponding Neerlandais Gelée Amsterdam
Glaces de Fantaisies

Gâteaux assortis Dutch Kockjes Liqueurs

PIÈCES MONTÉES

Fromages Fruits & Dessert Mottoes
Café Cigares et Tabac

Gift
Mrs. Julian James
1912



THE FIRST DINNER
OF
THE HOLLAND SOCIETY OF NEW-YORK.

THE Spijskaart, or Bill-of-fare in Dutch, for this occasion, was translated from the French menu of the Hotel Brunswick by the Secretary of The Holland Society, there being now-a-days no such thing as a distinctively Dutch bill-of-fare; the Secretary's labors were kindly revised as to the declensions, and as to a few of the expressions, by several patriotic Hollanders in New-York, but in other respects it is claimed as entirely original and unique. The Hotel's menu, as printed, varied somewhat from the copy furnished for translation.

The blessing of God was invoked by the Rev. Wm. H. Ten Eyck, D. D.

When the toasts were reached, the President of the Society, Judge Hooper C. Van Vorst, responded to the first, to which the motto of the Society "At last a sprout will become a tree" was deemed especially appropriate, in view of the fact that, formed April 30th, 1885, it numbered, at the date of the dinner, over two hundred members.



THE HOLLAND SOCIETY.

When The Holland Society was toasted, Judge HOOPER C. VAN VORST, its President, spoke as follows :

Gentlemen of The Holland Society :

IT is a good thing to have faith, and to take part with earnestness, in the very beginning of a useful institution. Men who act thus, with respect to commercial or political organizations, which in the end succeed, are regarded as sagacious.

The Holland Society was formed within the year past; it holds out no promise of material gain, or political success, and yet we see, by the faces of the honorable men around this board, to what large proportions it has already reached, and how hopeful are its future prospects.

The principles upon which this Society rests, and which form a part of its organic law, are, in themselves, generous and life-giving.



George C. Van Vost

PHOTOGRAPH BY A. J. VAN VOST

“The sprout,” in the language of our motto, “has already become a tree”; and it is a tree which will produce more than leaves. In the proper season we may look for abundant fruit.

You have done well to-night. What remains of the ample repast with which these tables an hour ago were burdened, shows that you are not behind your forefathers in all that indicates excellence at the social board. The Dutch always abound in social and hospitable qualities. The work of this Society is not, however, ended with the dispatch of an annual dinner.

In the words of our charter and constitution, it is our work to collect and preserve information respecting the early history and settlements of the City and State of New-York by the Dutch, and to discover, collect, and preserve all still existing documents and monuments relating to their genealogy and history. We are to perpetuate the memory and foster and promote the principles and virtues of the Dutch ancestors of the members of this Society, and to promote social intercourse among ourselves. We are to cause “to be prepared and published, when the requisite materials have been discovered and procured, collections for a memorial history of the Dutch in America, wherein shall be set forth the part belonging to that element in the growth and development of American character, institutions, and progress.”

Now, we must all agree that these purposes, each and all of them, are worthy of the highest commendation.

The country from which our forefathers came has an eventful, and yet a truly noble, history, and one which challenges our supreme admiration.

We may well strive to perpetuate the virtues of those from whom we are descended—their courage, their inflexible integrity, their patriotism, their love of enlightened liberty, and the great sacrifices they made to secure it. In the category of the moral virtues are placed love of home, love of country, love of the land of our forefathers, a tender regard for the memory of our ancestors, a veneration for their unsullied character and their great achievements.

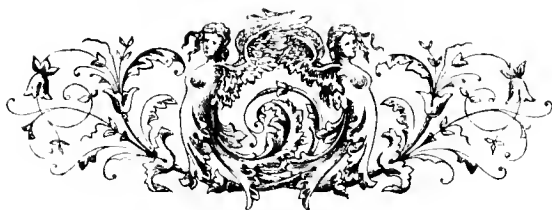
These sentiments are common to humanity, and are highly conservative in their influences over us. They are not mere matters of education; they enter into the very life of true men everywhere.

One who has no country has no patriotism; and one who loves not the memory and deeds of a noble ancestry gives but little promise of an honorable or useful life. A descent from such men is a pledge of our own good conduct as men and citizens.

Who so dastardly as to soil by evil deeds the clear escutcheon of his fathers? Holland and her people, with whom we in the past are closely connected, and to whom we are now linked by strong ties, is worthy of our continued interest and love. It will be the work of this Society to preserve the records still existing among us of their deeds in this City and State, in their early days. This, I am sure, will be a grateful task. We, their descendants, owe tributes of duty to them, and we should do all in our power to keep their memories fresh and green. It is to be greatly feared that life is much too real and earnest with us, and that in the daily conflicts which engage us we are apt to overlook or postpone the claims of the past. Now, every good undertaking which will take it from the immediate present to a

consideration of the past, or the future, must enlarge the mind.

We are to see to it that the tide of new ideas coming over us and the engrossing care of daily pursuits do not absolutely obliterate the memory of the past and render us indifferent to the manners, as well as the memory, of those wise, brave, honest, and prudent men, our forefathers, who did so much toward founding and fashioning the institutions under which we live. If it be a question of the survival of the fittest, we now interpose our claim to the enduring life of the Dutch.





THE second toast, that to the President of the United States, was then drunk standing, and the band played "The President's March."

Judge Van Vorst then read the following letter :

" EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON,

" January 4th, 1886.

" HON. HOOPER C. VAN VORST,

" *President, etc., New-York City.*

" *My Dear Sir :—*The President duly received your recent letter conveying the invitation of The Holland Society to attend its first annual dinner to be held at the Hotel Brunswick on Friday evening, January 8th, and directs me to say that he regrets that his official duties, which make it impracticable for him to leave Washington at this time, will prevent its acceptance.

" Expressing the President's thanks for the courtesy of the invitation, I am,

" Very truly yours,

" DANIEL S. LAMONT,

" *Private Secretary.*"

President Van Vorst also read the following letter from our fellow-member, Hon. Thomas F. Bayard :

“ DEPARTMENT OF STATE, WASHINGTON,
“ December 5th, 1885.

“ Hon. HOOPER C. VAN VORST,

“ *President of the Holland Society of New-York.*

“ *Dear Sir* :—I beg to acknowledge, with many thanks, your invitation to address The Holland Society at its first annual dinner on January 8th, and regret exceedingly that in view of my public duties here I feel constrained to forego the pleasure. Asking you to make expression of my hearty good-will to our Society and the purposes it is designed to promote, I am, very respectfully,

“ Your obedient servant,

“ T. F. BAYARD.”

Also the following from the Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary of the Netherlands :

“ LEGATION OF THE NETHERLANDS,
“ WASHINGTON, D. C., December 29th, 1885.

“ *Sir* :—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of the kind invitation of The Holland Society of New-York to their annual dinner, on January 8th next, and regret exceedingly that the state of my health will not allow of my going to New-York to be present on this occasion.

“It would have afforded me much pleasure to have met so distinguished a company of gentlemen who descend in direct line of Dutchmen, and show that they keep in remembrance the nationality of their forefathers.

“I can now only convey to you my sincere sympathy with your organization, and tender my cordial thanks for the attention shown by you to the Government I represent. The relations of the Netherlands and the United States of America have always been harmonious, and I recognize in your letter a new mark of the friendship existing between the two countries.

“Assuring you of my very high appreciation of the courtesy extended to me by your Society,

“I have the honor to be respectfully, sir,

“Your obedient servant,

“G. DE WECKHERLIN.

“The Hon. HOOPER C. VAN VORST,

“*President of The Holland Society, New-York City.*”

Also telegrams of regret at absence from Dr. Albert Vander Veer, our Vice-President for Albany, and from U. S. Senator Charles H. Van Wyck, of Nebraska, and a cablegram from the United States Commissioner for the Alabama claims :

“LONDON, 50 minutes past 4 P. M.

“January 8th, 1886.

“VAN SICLEN, Holland Society, Hotel Brunswick, New-York. Hearty greetings to assembled diners.

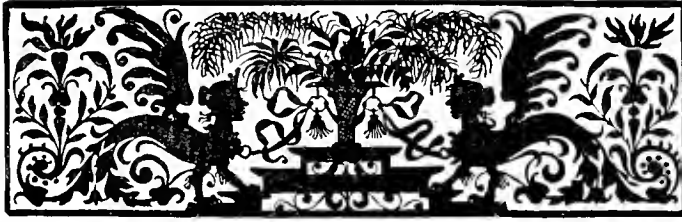
“VAN WAGNER.”

Also letters of regret from Mr. W. H. H. Bogart, of Aurora, N. Y., and the Rev. Dr. Edward P. Terhune, of Brooklyn.

The President then announced the third toast, “Why are we here this evening?” which was responded to by Judge Augustus Van Wyck, of Brooklyn.



Augustus W. Wyck



SPEECH
OF
JUDGE AUGUSTUS VAN WYCK.

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen :

THE matchless Burke once stood speechless in the presence of the dumb walls of his "Alma Mater," appalled with sad memories, revived thereby, of schoolmates dead and departed. And one would think that this presence, so suggestive of a long line of worthy ancestors, dead and gone, would be sufficient to hush us into silence. Our officers have determined otherwise, perhaps wisely so, but be that as it may, like loyal soldiers enlisted in a good cause, we must their commands obey. The toasts present a most varied list of topics, but I venture to predict, at the very threshold of these proceedings, that the responses will disclose only the single text of Holland and our Dutch ancestors. And this is truly comprehensive, for if any one of you will trace your ancestry, doubling up each generation backward,

you will discover that they equal in number the population of this great commonwealth, a subject too broad and large to be dealt with in an after-dinner speech, save in the most casual and general way, passing over individuals and referring to classes only.

The reputation of our progenitors must not suffer from too much modesty on our part, though our utterances should be free from the idle pride and extravagances evinced by the Mikado's Chief Secretary of State, Poooh Bah, in his boastful praise of his troglodyte, pre-adamite and protoplasmic ancestors.

It is a pleasure, of no ordinary nature, to meet here in this hall, hung with trophies of a rich tradition, around the social board, so many of the sons of our fathers, and their appearance reveals that they have been blest with some of the dollars and wampum of their thrifty daddies.

“Why are we here this evening?” Is it an accident? Is it fondness for wine? though it is solemnly recorded on the cold printed pages of history that Cornelius Van Vorst, doubtless an ancestor of your most eminent chairman, when starting on a perilous journey from Pavonia to visit Governor Wouter Van Twiller, carried with him the best of wine. Is it love of frivolity that brings us here, or does some nobler and more philosophical cause prompt this gathering?

It is in response to a most creditable sentiment implanted in the breast of man by the Creator, whether you style him a Divinity, first cause, or evolution; and, with no intention to flatter, the character of this company rather favors the last theory, which stamps you the survival of the fittest of the

Dutch descendants. A sentiment which is the real basis of the physical, moral, intellectual, and social economy of man, the family, and human society. The ambition and instinctive desire to emulate the most commendable attributes of one's ancestors, holding them up for examples to be followed by the living and transmitting them to future generations for their guidance. To-night we meet to celebrate the best qualities of a race that averages high. A people that for eighty long and tedious years waged a bloody and wasting war, under the inspiration of William "The Silent," not for territorial conquest, not for the purpose of humbling a sister nation, or securing the monopoly of the trade of India, East or West, but for the grand cause of civil and religious liberty, and the establishment of a republic that should and did recognize the greatest liberty of action and thought in the individual, consistent with the exercise of equal liberty by his fellow-man.

The influence of this contest was far-reaching, liberalizing Europe and changing the history of the world, and making a possibility, our American Republic. Who can estimate the value thereof? To it the world is largely indebted for a free press, free religion, and free schools, the logical outgrowth of republican government, and so extensively enjoyed by the present generation; and you might as well attempt to calculate the value of the air we breathe, the water we drink, and the Earth we inhabit, as of these; rob a people of them—you will blot out their glories, annihilate their progress, and extinguish their hopes. They were a most heroic people in peace as well as in war, and, by virtue of industry and directness of purpose never surpassed, recovered

and reclaimed from the stormy and angry billows of a turbulent sea the very land upon which they reared a nation that became the mistress of the water highways of the world and its commerce, and learned to love it with an ardor of no common intensity, which is so well evidenced by the motto, "Amor patriæ vincit," on the "Beggar's Sack," the badge of the Hollanders, that decorated the soldiers of liberty, and now adorns the walls of this saloon. And history records no instance of greater moral courage and power than that of your grandsires, twenty thousand strong, confronted by an irresistible army of two hundred thousand under the direction of the wily Louis of France, when they, rather than see their country dishonored and overrun by hostile invaders, surrendered it, not to the French, but to the merciless waves of the mighty deep, with firmness and yet with anguishing pain.

They were an intensely practical people, and migrated to America, possessed of no Quixotic idea of building in a day a Dutch empire in the West; not as refugees from religious intolerance as did the Puritan and Huguenot from England and France; they came not to conquer and despoil the weak as did Cortez in his bloody march from the sea to the halls of the Montezumas, and Pizarro in his perfidy to the unfortunate Incas of Peru; nor in search of the fountain of everlasting youth as did the visionary Ponce de Leon, but they came to challenge new opportunity to work and toil in fresh fields and reap the fruits thereof; in search of fertile lands to cultivate; a good harbor for commerce, so located as to foster trade with the natives; and they found all these, when they selected New-

York and New Jersey, rich lands, the finest harbor in the world at the mouth of the magnificent Hudson, through which and the lakes the abundance of the mighty North and vast West have ever since been poured into the lap of this city.

This imperial city, the metropolis of the continent in commerce and every other respect, attests the wisdom and foresight of your forefathers. The Dutch were a conservative, domestic, and contented people, who did not believe that the glory of power was in the possession thereof, but rather in the use thereof along the line of moral purpose to the beneficent end of shedding the effulgence of the star of progress over the world; and they came from a country of free institutions, and brought with them to New-York the vital spirit of their nation: free communities, the corner-stone of American liberty; the free exercise by all of their religious creeds; toleration, that most luscious fruit of the stately tree of broadened friendship and manly affection; no taxation without consent, the nightmare of the robber knights of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; and love of country, tempered with that high sense of honor, manifested by William of Orange, when he was offered by Charles the hand of Mary, daughter of the Duke of York, and despotic rule over the Netherlands, if he would join the allies, and he replied, "My country trusts me, I will not sacrifice it for any personal interest, but if need be die with it in the last ditch," and then returned to his native land and afterward encouraged his countrymen, telling them that even if their soil, with all its marvels, was buried beneath the briny ocean, all was not lost. Mark yon, all was so buried, but

the French were expelled and Holland was saved. William, with honor, married Mary, and became the much loved ruler of the Netherlands as well as the greatest of the monarchs of England itself. Honor certainly has its rewards.

The early Knickerbockers made friends of the red man by fair dealing, exhibited friendship for their white neighbors, and devoted themselves to agriculture, trade with the natives, and commerce on the sea, and built comfortable homes, churches, and schools. They were under the dominion of The West India Trading Company, the interest of which in them, like that of all soulless corporations, was measured solely by the question of profit; and while England, in furtherance of her fixed colonial policy, was supplying arms and ships of war, and urging the Puritan to seize upon the possession of their Dutch neighbors, the home government became blind to the danger threatened, and England swallowed up the New Netherlands and donated her to the Duke of York; but the Dutch spirit survived, and to them the English governors accorded greater privileges than were conceded to the colonies peopled with the Britons themselves. The liberal commercial policy, great latitude of religious faith, and neighborly feeling of the New Netherlanders attracted to her borders many from the other colonies, and through these different races, living and working under Divine guidance in harmony for the common benefit, each lifted to a higher plane by the aid and presence of the others, to the one ennobling and the other elevating, the seed of free government was sown broadcast over the continent. These subtle forces were silently working out results never

dreamt of by the statesman, philanthropist, or political economist. The law of compensation in nature, animate and inanimate, discloses that every race excels in some respect, and as the blood of Holland, England, Ireland, Scotland, and Sweden and other nations were mixed and conmingled in the veins of the people, mental vigor increased, moral strength advanced, and national prejudices, habits, and customs, that once in their conflict seemed to forbid forever the unification of the American Colonies, were amalgamated; the best traits of each survived and the pernicious ones were wiped out, and a new race was created, "The American," without which this nation, a marvel in the world's history, could never have existed.

Innate diffidence, or some cause other than the want of literary capacity, seems to have deterred and prevented the Dutch of Holland and New Netherlands from writing the history of their own great achievements in the vast field of worldly activities, till the graceful and pleasing pages of Washington Irving's *Knickerbocker*, intended only to be a burlesque and good-natured satire, have been actually accepted by many for serious and truthful history.

And may this Society become the exciting cause of inspiring yet the facile, just, and truthful pen of some Motley, to illustrate the deeds of an ancestry that will never bring the blush of shame to your cheeks, but rather redden them with the flush of just pride.

Gentlemen, as you appreciate the blessings of good government, the priceless heritage of civil and religious liberty, the esteem of mankind, and the

fate of our race for future ages, I implore you to reverence the memory of your fathers, and perpetuate their inflexible virtues and principles, the preserving charm of our glories as well as a most potential force in their creation.



Then was sung the following Drinking-song, Professor Piet Heim Vanderweyde presiding at the piano; the Secretary, who was also the Precentor, sang the first verse in Dutch, and all came in on the chorus; the remaining verses were sung jointly, in mixed Dutch and English, and with some slight disregard of the *ensemble* and of *nuances* of expression, but very successfully.

DRINKLEED.

(HARENGLIED.)

OLD DUTCH MELODY.

ARRANGED FOR

THE HOLLAND SOCIETY OF NEW YORK.

with Dutch and English text.

BY

Pieter Hendrik Vander Weyde.

1885.

DRINK LIED.

(SINGLED)

W. J. M. D. H. 1872
 W. J. M. D. H. 1872
 W. J. M. D. H. 1872

DRINKING SONG

Allegro Moderato And. De. Tempo.

Tenor or Bass
Sol.

Piano

1. My friends come let us
 1. Kom allen den wem men
 2. Man is so joyful
 2. Man is so joyful

1. *Trink aus dem Heldenquell die Milch, die
 die Götter trinken, die Götter trinken,
 die Götter trinken, die Götter trinken,
 die Götter trinken, die Götter trinken.*

2. *Und der macht sich den Namen der Götter,
 der den macht sich den Namen der Götter,
 der den macht sich den Namen der Götter,
 der den macht sich den Namen der Götter.*

3. *Wohl dem, der den Namen der Götter,
 der den macht sich den Namen der Götter,
 der den macht sich den Namen der Götter,
 der den macht sich den Namen der Götter.*

1st Tenor *ff* *ff* *ff*

head er fill of sparkling, wine. But

2nd Tenor *ff* *ff* *ff*

mis sen wij, wat goet ver doet. Maar

1st Bass *ff* *ff* *ff*

drink a toast to those we love. Our

2nd Bass *ff* *ff* *ff*

be dig de zen wij, ha kral. Tot

Piano *ff* *ff* *ff*

ff *ff* *ff* *ff*

we eat drink and sing and laugh ha! ha! ha! ha!

ff *ff* *ff* *ff*

wij wij drinken wij, en lagchen ha! ha! ha!

ff *ff* *ff* *ff*

sweet hearts and our wives. Hip, hip. Hurrah! Hurrah!

ff *ff* *ff* *ff*

hij je vrouw en kind, Hip, Hip. Hoe ra! Hoe ra!

Judge Van Vorst then said that the next toast was to have been handled by an honored member of the Society, Senator Voorhees, but that he had been unable to leave his duties at Washington. The following telegram from the Senator was read:

“WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 7, 1886.

“GEORGE W. VAN SICLEN,
“Secretary Holland Society.”

“It is with deep and painful regret that I find it utterly impossible for me to leave my duties here. I had promised myself great pleasure in meeting The Holland Society, but I cannot honorably be absent from the Senate.

“D. W. VOORHEES.”

There is only one man, continued President Van Vorst, who is capable of successfully tackling two toasts at the same time, and that is Chauncey Depew. He has kindly consented to take this toast, to “The States General of Holland,” and the one to which he was regularly assigned, the “Fatherland.”

A gentleman waving an orange handkerchief proposed three cheers for the Huguenot annex, and they were given with a will, while Mr. Depew bowed profoundly.



SPEECH

OF

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.

GOOD-EVENING, Van, said he, and a roar of laughter drowned the reply, if any was made. Don't all speak at once. (Renewed laughter.) I never knew a Van who wasn't always on hand when there was anything to eat and drink, but this collection beats any that I ever saw before. There is just one thing, by the way, which the Philharmonic Society will never regret; and that is that the Dutch songs attempted here to-night are not the only musical gems of which our city can boast. Gentlemen, one of the most curious psychological conundrums that a man was ever called upon to solve is: Why did Judge Van Wyck, when he asked if we came here to get a full drink, look straight at me? What are we here for? it has been asked. We have the Saint Nicholas Society, a most estimable organization, that for an annual tax of ten dollars gives you four stated banquets, and two dinners at half price. It has a



Yours Very Truly,
Chauncy W. DePue

large and respectable membership, which, in keeping with the thrifty precepts of our ancestors, regularly attends the four free banquets, and is unavoidably detained from being present at the two dinners at half price. I am a lover of old things — old wine, for instance, and old women. Gentlemen, what heart here has not thrilled this evening at that beautiful painting by Mr. Turner, the “Old Dutch Woman Reading her Bible!” How many a gray head here knelt years ago at such a knee! The influence of Dutch women such as that has molded the fate of religious liberty in this whole world! And, gentlemen, I respect the Saint Nicholas Society, for it is a venerable and an ancient one. Why, then, should we form another? I will tell you. It is because you and I have felt our blood on fire when we were present at those dinners, and have heard it said: “This is not a Dutch Society. The pipes are Dutch; the menu is in alleged Dutch; but this is merely a society of old New-York, and includes men of all nationalities, and of no nationality.”

That is why The Holland Society was founded. But still it is asked, What are we here for? We know what we're here for. We've got it. Those fellows over in Delmonico's to-night, at the Merchants' Dinner to Governor Hill, don't know what they are there for, and they never will know until the prizes and offices are distributed. Then they will realize, as many better men have realized before them, that on a January day of a certain temperature many are left, and but few are chosen. The famous question of the patriotic Mr. Flanigan of Texas, in the National Convention at Chicago,—What are we here for if we don't get the offices?—be-

comes reflectively both painful and significant when the gentlemen who are forgotten in the spoils remember that they paid for the dinner.

I went down to the reporters' table before the speech-making commenced,—there were twelve of them there at the time; there isn't one left now,—and I said to them, "Boys, I suppose you have come to hear Senator Voorhees speak on the silver question and Secretary Bayard discuss our diplomatic relations with Austria. I am sorry that they didn't come; but there will be at least one good speech to-night. You had better stay."

But with one accord they answered and spoke unto me, saying: "Chauncey, we've reported that speech seventeen times!" But to come back to the question, Why has not a distinctly Dutch Society been formed before? Because in the Dutch character there are two principles—one, that it is wrong to do wrong, and everybody knows it; the other, that it is so natural to do right that it is expected of every one, and there is no use making a fuss about it.

I tell you, gentlemen, it is to Holland that this country owes her common schools and her love of liberty; to Holland, that heroic little state whose noble Prince said, when offered the hand of King James's daughter, "I cannot sacrifice my honor and my country's honor for the sake of your alliance"; to that heroic little state that stood alone and unsupported among her enemies and listened to the voice of her Prince when he said, "Though our country disappear beneath the sea, if our independence be preserved, all is not lost." And, thank God, the sea *did* roll over her



A DUTCH WOMAN READING HER BIBLE

BY J. VAN DER WOUDE

fields! Her honor and her independence *were* preserved; and her Prince married the daughter of King James, without the exaction of an obligation from him out of keeping with truth and right.

We hear much of the Puritan and of Plymouth Rock. The true Puritan was a bigot and a sectary; fighting to preserve his own religious liberty and to destroy that of every one else; believing conscientiously in the political freedom of himself and the political suppression of everybody else. The Puritans left England and went to Holland. There were four hundred of them, divided into three hundred sects. They went up to the Hague, and there in the Great Congregation they learned that one man's religion was as good as another's. And God in his mercy kept them thirteen years in a state of probation in Holland before he let them land on Plymouth Rock. And in their after lives they did credit to their preceptors, and to the lessons they had learned while in that state of probation. It was the teachings of Holland that rendered the Revolution and the Constitution possible. Those Pilgrim Fathers that journeyed to New England by way of Holland never burned witches or whipped Quakers or disgraced themselves and their religion by other exhibitions of narrow intolerance. It was the Puritans who came after them, straight from England without the softening influence of Holland, who smirched the pages of New England's history.

This, gentlemen, was the country too modest to write her own history; the country that had to wait the coming of a Motley before her story could be fitly told. Her children, the Dutch

settlers of America and their descendants, have too long emulated the modesty of the mother country. We have quietly occupied the back pews while the Yankees and Scotchmen and Irishmen at their annual dinners have claimed everything that is worth claiming in our city and country. Why, gentlemen, there are people who actually believe that there was no demand ever made for civil and religious liberty until the Declaration of Independence; people who are ignorant of the fact that, two centuries before that document was signed, Holland had poured out her blood and treasure for those very principles, thundered them in the face of Europe from her cannons' mouth; flaunted them o'er sea and land upon the Beggars' Sack, and formally enunciated them in words which Jefferson only quoted. Many fondly believe that in America was first founded a Republic of Sovereign States; but the plan in its letter and spirit was copied from the Dutch. By the compact of Utrecht, the seven provinces of the Netherlands formed a free government in 1579 with the sentiment "Unity makes Might," and in 1787 the United States of America were builded upon the same model, and adopted for their motto "E pluribus Unum." The principles of Dutch Liberty were education and toleration. The Puritans found in Holland a school system supported by the state, and the doors of her universities open to students of all creeds and nationalities, at a time when all other seats of learning were closed to those who denied their dogmas in religion or did not commune with their Church. Free thought, free speech, inquiry, discussion, and the open

Bible were unknown except in this little corner of Europe, which its indomitable people had rescued from the sea, and waged perpetual battle with the ocean to keep. The Pilgrims brought the common school from Holland and planted it on Plymouth Rock, and it has been for two hundred years the inspiration of Yankee growth, power, and conquest, and the corner-stone of New England's eloquence, and the source of her boast, that she alone has furnished the brains for American liberty and expansion. But the Knickerbockers' school-master and dominie were already established institutions on Manhattan Island, and their beneficent, civilizing, and humanitarian influences following the Indian trails, the highways of commerce, the Dutchman's own Erie Canal, and the Great Lakes, carried the elements and fructifying forces of freedom into new territories and laid the foundations of sovereign states.

The Jew, the Huguenot, the Puritan, and even persecuted Catholics were welcomed in Holland with hospitality and employment, and unharmed and unmolested could each worship God in his own way, and were only restrained from interfering with their neighbor worshiping God in his way. But in that critical period in the history of the race, when every hope of humanity was lost everywhere in the world, except Holland; when she alone, relying in steadfast faith upon the God above and the waves about her, was sheltering the rights of man against the combined forces of despotism and bigotry, she was not content to simply save liberty; but by the invention of types and the creation of a printing-press, she organized the new crusade against dark-

ness and superstition in church and state, which has ever since been triumphantly marching down the ages, emancipating the mind from the thralldom of ignorance and bigotry, and transferring power from the throne to the people.



Mr. Depew's speech was followed by the Dutch national song, "Wien Neêrlandsch Bloed," sung by the Society and the Precentor in a manner which induced the complimentary remarks with which the Rev. Dr. van Dyke, Jr., began his response to the fifth regular toast, "The Dutch Virtues."

Widened by the Holland Society of New York

Published for
THE HOLLAND SOCIETY OF NEW YORK

Dutch National Song.

Andante.

Voice

1. Let him, my whole old Dutch Land flows, Live to us, old, Free and
 We, Brothers, true, in to our nation, Will sing the old song.

Piano

strong, whose heart for Home and country glows, Now join us in our song. Let
 us, as was with him, who ever in our His Home or Land for us, let

11

him, with us, all the old, us, now, After, sing, in, our, nation, and
 for, us, in, our, Land, who, ever, in, our, We, join, from, our, old, Land, We

sing, as, was, with, him, who, ever, in, our, His, Home, or, Land, for, us, let
 us, as, was, with, him, who, ever, in, our, His, Home, or, Land, for, us, let

Home and Feathers Land! The Saviour of God the dear and good Lord
 Home and Feathers Land! The Land where the willow's sapling grows like a tree.

to our Feathers save The Land where they are raised the first of all
 prairie Land to this! The prairie our Home our truest soil is all our

where they found a grave! We call on God to bless the Land
 He has made for us and for all From Song of the Prairie to this our song of all

near beds of water save the Land where they are raised the first of all
 prairie Land to this! The prairie our Home our truest soil is all our

[REVERE] [4TH VER.]

Home and Feathers Land! The Saviour of God the dear and good Lord
 Home and Feathers Land! The Land where the willow's sapling grows like a tree.



Sincerely yours

Henry Isaac Dyke Jr.



SPEECH

OF

THE REV. DR. HENRY J. VAN DYKE, JR.

Mr. President and Gentlemen :

ONE feature of this dinner reminds me of the sign which I am told is posted in a saloon in Leadville, "Please don't shoot at the musician ; he is doing his level best."

I congratulate you, and every son of a Dutchman, and all sober, conservative, God-fearing, liberty-loving people everywhere, on the fact that the Dutchman is not dead. He has not joined the company of old Grimes and Praise-God-Barebones. The descendants of other stocks may have to meet, from time to time, to mourn with unseemly hilarity the disappearance of their ancestor, and to fire off sky-rockets over his grave. They may have to say to each other, with smiling faces, "The old man is dead ; he was a grand old man. Now let us have a

jolly funeral." But no such melancholy duty falls to our lot to-night. This is no funeral; not even a wake.

"We come to praise the Dutchman, not to bury him."

For he is still alive, and, judging from all appearances, able to sit up and take his gruel.

And if any one shall ask why this is so, why Time and the Mikado and all the rest of it have not been able to obliterate him, and annihilate him, and put him out like a brief candle in an unwholesome atmosphere, I answer it is because of his broad, solid, generous, well-balanced, and decently regulated virtues. Virtue is the only thing that lives long in this world; and virtue itself cannot live very long unless it carries ballast enough to keep it on a level keel, and self-restraint enough to avoid those furies of righteousness which transform it into vice.

I am well aware that in speaking of the Dutch virtues I am departing from the ordinary routine of oratory. The subject has been much neglected. It must be confessed that our ancestors have fared but poorly in the post-prandial and monumental distribution of honors. The Sons of St. Patrick have claimed the wit, and Fame has laughed and allowed the claim. The Sons of St. Andrew have claimed the shrewdness, and no one was sharp enough to dispute with them. The Sons of St. Denis have claimed the graces, and with such politeness that they could not be refused. The Puritan has claimed the virtues so solemnly and grimly that it would need a more than mortal courage to deny him. And what is left for the Dutchman? Nothing, but a good digestion, a large bump of philoprogenitiveness, and

modesty. He is requested to take these and be thankful.

But on an occasion like the present, when the first of these qualities has been proved by the consumption of this dinner, and the second is demonstrated by the presence of so many sons of Holland in the male line, it will be no violation of the third quality to claim in a simple, serene, and moderate way, that in the possession of those virtues which are most agreeable to live with, the virtues which wash best, and wear longest, our Dutch ancestors are unexcelled, unrivalled. How else shall we account for their history? "Nature," says one of their own poets, "has done nothing for Holland, and so the Hollanders had to do everything for themselves." Their country is the mere fag-end of Europe, an alluvium of French rivers, as Napoleon called it, an original collection of sand-banks and mud-flats, less than half as large as New Jersey, fluctuating in size with the ebbing and flowing of the sea, like that old lady down on Long Island who had eaten so many clams that her waist rose and fell with the tide. Their most celebrated mountain is no higher than Trinity steeple, perhaps not quite so high. Their climate is composed of three-parts fog, and three-parts frost, and four-parts odor of Limburger cheese. And yet the Dutch have written their name and their principles large on the page of universal history; have swept the seas with their fleets and planted vast colonies in every part of the habitable globe; have enlightened Europe with their universities, and founded the system of free schools; have kept alive the sacred flame of religious liberty, when every other civilized nation was puffing at it to blow it

out. They have enriched literature with the name of Erasmus, the most illustrious man of his age; and science with the name of Leeuwenhoek, the first of biologists, the discoverer of the capillary circulation of the blood; and law with the name of Grotius, the greatest of jurists; and the art of war with the names of William of Orange, and that old trump van Tromp, unconquerable and irresistible by land and sea. They have discovered, or at least perfected, the art of printing, and adorned the art of painting with the productions of Cuyp and Ruysdael, Paul Potter and Rembrandt. They have solved the problems of commerce, and settled the laws of trade. And finally, within the last year it has been discovered that a Dutchman wrote a good part of "Paradise Lost," and that "Yankee Doodle" is an original Dutch song. Who can deny the truth of those majestic lines which should have been written by one of our greatest poets:

Survey the race of man with all-embracing view,
From England to Japan, from China to Peru;
With comprehensive eye all fields of progress scan,
And everywhere you'll find a Dutchman in the *van*.

Verily these be great deeds for a little people, and they have only been accomplished by the solid strength of the Dutch virtues.

1. The first of these is courage. Dutch courage has been often laughed at. But Philip II. did not laugh at it. He swore. And Louis XIV. did not laugh. He wept and fled. Courage runs in the blood of the descendants of those ancient Frisians who for centuries defied the power of imperial Rome to crush their indomitable spirit. They don't say

much, but they fight like the fiend. They have no lust of conquest, but whoever has tried to conquer them has come back with wet feet and a sore head. For ages they have lived "on a war-footing" with their great enemy the sea, shut up within their hollow land as in a fortress at whose doors the billows are forever bellowing in vain, looking forth from their narrow river-gates upon the cruel and treacherous hosts of the ocean, as the Spartans looked from the Pass of Thermopylæ upon the Persian phalanxes, and defying them with calm and patient heroism. This long, persistent, successful struggle with the most relentless of foes developed and confirmed a spirit of quiet and unconquerable bravery. So that when Spain, in the insatiable greed of her sullen pride, stretched out her dark wings to cover Europe with the shadow of her tyranny and the shame of her Inquisition, Holland alone,—a mere fly-speck in her vast dominions, a mere mud-puddle at the extremity of the continent,—little Holland alone dared to resist her, in a desperate eighty-years' fight for liberty, the like of which the world has never seen before or since. Alva, Requesens, Don John of Austria, Alexander Farnese, all the great captains of oppression, march against her in vain. She resists, she conquers, she is free.

Courage! Witness, ye living walls of Leyden, standing inflexible against the world's assaults and crowned with the glory of a heroism which could neither be beaten, nor starved, nor drowned into a base submission. Witness brave Barendz pushing out into the Arctic Seas, and daring the horrors of black midnight and the frozen death, for love of his country. Witness brave Van Speyk, who in 1831

blew up his ship into glory rather than surrender to his enemy. Witness the very storks of Delft, who were consumed in the burning of the city rather than abandon their helpless fledglings. Witness a thousand splendid pages of history to the quiet, steadfast, indomitable courage of our Dutch ancestors.

2. The second of their virtues is conservatism. This may be briefly defined as the wisdom to know when you've got a good thing and the grit to hold on to it. Its physical counterpart is a talent for sitting down. And who that remembers Irving's description of the ship and the wife of the captain of the *Goede Vrouw*—a hundred feet long, a hundred feet wide, and copper-bottomed—can doubt that sitting down is an exercise for which the Dutch are naturally adapted? They came to this island and saw that it was good and sat down upon it and waited, until now their trading-post is the second commercial capital of the world, and their farms are worth a million dollars an acre. All things come to him who knows how to wait, provided he has something good to wait on. It is a grand thing to be able to make your mind sit down. A restless curiosity is the bane of progress. An itch for novelty is the curse of theology. It is better to be true than it is to be original. A little genuine old-fashioned Christianity would do us more good than a thousand newisms. The world needs not so much a crop of daring and original seekers after truth as it needs plenty of men who will hold fast to the truths already known and the principles already established, and do their duty honestly and quietly in the sphere of life where God has placed them. And for this, in religion, in

politics, and in social morality, our Dutch ancestors were ever famous. When the Dutchman gets religion, you know where to find him.

3. One more virtue belongs peculiarly to our ancestors, and that is liberality. This does not mean indifference, which is the lack of convictions; nor toleration, which is a mere condescension to weakness. Liberality means a broad and healthy spirit, in which the love of truth mingles with the love of freedom, and the fear of the Lord coexists with charity toward men. "Remember," said Charles Sumner, "that with the highest morality is the highest liberty." I shall not dwell upon this virtue of the love of liberty, because I see it has been committed to more eloquent lips. I only desire to say that I believe intolerance is no mark of depth of conviction, but merely a symptom of spiritual dyspepsia. When you see a man ready to persecute in flesh or spirit those who do not believe as he does, you may be sure that his own creed has soured on his stomach. Our ancestors were not much afflicted in that way. And so it came to pass that when all the nations of Europe were divided into hostile camps, Holland was the one sanctuary of a free conscience. And when the New Englanders were smoking and hanging witches, the Dutchman smoked his pipe in peace and hung his hams in the chimney. And when the constitutions of the thirteen original States were framed, the only one in which absolute religious liberty and equality were clearly, distinctly, and forever proclaimed and established was the State of New-York.

Mr. President, it has been said that there are two classes of men in the world; and, by infer-

ence, two classes among the settlers of this country: The Cavalier and the Puritan, the worldling and the other-worldling, the fop and the fanatic, the man of pleasure and the man of prejudice, Adonis and Corporal Pride. If this were true we should be in as sorry a plight as the congregation of that colored preacher who was explaining the journey of life: "My bredren," said he, "dar am onny two roads froo dis wuld. De one am de broad and narrer way dat leadeff to ebberlastin distruction. De oder am de narrer and broad way dat leadeff to eternal dammashun." "If dat am de case," cried one of his hearers, "*dis darky takes to de woods.*" But we are not in such sore straits, for there is another class of men in the world, another class among the settlers of this country, that great class in which I believe, in spite of complainings from one side and sneers from the other, the solid body of our substantial and law-abiding people is still contained, that class which is represented to our minds to-night by the Dutchman. Believing in a religion which is good for two worlds; fearing God and honoring the king without a desire to put his foot on anybody's neck; cultivating the hopes of heaven side by side with the sweet charities and graces of human intercourse; going back, not to the Old Testament and Mount Sinai, but to the New Testament and Christ for the principles of his piety, he abides like a pillar of strength, standing four-square to every wind that blows.

The Puritan, says one who ought to know, is dead. God rest his soul. He never found peace in this world. May he fare better in the next. The Cavalier is vanishing since doublets and rib-

bands went out of fashion. His legs are growing so thin and his head so small that he cannot long endure. But the Dutchman, the broad, solid Dutchman survives,—survives in the spirit of our Constitution,—survives in the liberality which is binding all denominations of Christians into unity, and combining them in those works of practical charity in which Holland and the United States of America stand foremost among modern nations,—survives in a free church, a free press, free thought, and free schools,—the Dutchman survives. And though I do not need to seek any strange oath to affirm it, it is my solid conviction that this is a case of the *survival of the fittest*.



Hon. Robert B. Roosevelt responded to the seventh regular toast.



SPEECH

OF

HON. ROBERT B. ROOSEVELT.

IT is difficult for any resident of New-York of the present day to realize that it is only two hundred and fifty years since this city and island were a howling wilderness, the particular spot on which we are now regaling ourselves being an especially nasty brier patch beneath a dense wood and surrounded by an unhealthy swamp. Although the *Half Moon* entered the bay in the year 1609, and discovered some of the attractions of the Island of Manhattan, and the Indians, appreciating the weakness of our respected ancestors, brought to Hendrick Hudson and his associates offerings of tobacco, nothing toward the practical settlement of the island was accomplished till many years later. Even the first ship, *New Netherland*, in which we fondly suppose that all of our first families, the actual progenitors of The Holland Society, came over, as matter of fact carried its human freight up the river to Fort



Yours truly

Robert Rousewell

Orange. New-York was not founded till May 6, 1626, when Manhattan Island was purchased from the Indians, for the Dutch colonists brought over with them one quality which the other invaders of the New World might have imitated with advantage, the great gift of common honesty. They bought their land and did not steal it. The sprout then planted has become the magnificent and umbrageous tree, with its far-spreading branches, under the shadow of which we pass our daily lives. The sprout long remained a feeble one; the Dutch West India Society had more important matters to attend to than a little plantation amid a savage forest and forest of savages. Holland was then the most enterprising and adventurous nation of the world, and was reaching out its strong arms everywhere that there was an ounce of gold to be dug, an acre of land to be won, or a beaver skin to be purchased. So great was this neglect that the colonists were on the point of returning to their native land under the discouragement of a useless Indian war. With true American independence, by anticipation, they boldly threatened their superiors that if certain reforms were not made they would take themselves, their wives, families, bag and baggage, back to Holland, and let the plantation go to the dogs or the Indians. The meeting which determined on this course of operations was the first Citizens' Association, and is the prototype of all the numerous reform organizations which have since followed. When we review all that reform has since brought upon us we almost wish that the colonists had carried out their threats and left the island to peace and savagery. But the members of the first Committee of Seventy were

promptly given the offices, the country was saved, and all was well. In 1638, when that admirable politician, prototype of so much that is great if not good which has followed him in New-York's public life, Governor William Kieft, came over, he found the public buildings in woful decay and more signs of retrogression than prosperity. In his time fashion lived and moved and had its being on Pearl Street, but in my early memory it had receded to Bowling Green and Greenwich Street. In relating my personal experiences of New-York it is incumbent on me to give the date lest hearers should think I was a hundred or more, so we will say fifty years ago. Then Cortlandt Street, where my family resided, was the outlying confines of respectability; indeed, I have often to remember the names of our neighbors to be quite sure that the early residents of Cortlandt Street were entirely respectable. There were the Strongs and the Remsens, the Carows and the Kermits, who lived on the same block, so while we were on the very rim of the pail we had not quite slopped over. The Bowling Green was the Fifth Avenue of the period. And in self-defense I must say that my grandfather lived in that section. Then we moved to the corner of Fourteenth Street and Broadway, and built the first house on the block. At that time the Broadway stages ran no farther than the corner of Thirteenth Street, stopping at the Corporal's, as it was called. Now that stage line after extending its route, if not its phylaeteries, has passed away under the benign influence of a public-spirited Common Council and a sharp and enterprising common carrier. When I was a lawyer in active practice, though one of the younger brethren

of the bar, the real estate agent, James E. Shaw, applied to me for a loan of \$5,000 on a Fifth Avenue corner lot, and I dismissed him summarily from the office for asking such an extravagant amount on so slight a security, although he insisted that the property would bring \$7,500 under the hammer. Till quite modern days none of the boys used to think of going farther than the neighborhood of what is now Central Park to skate. Many of you are now happily dwelling over the ponds of but a few years ago. And there was excellent shooting along the upper part of Madison Avenue. What a tree our sprout has grown to be! From a little plant of Indian trade, hardly worth the attention of the West India Society, it has become the Banyan of national commerce, on whose branches are supported the mercantile activity and monetary transactions of a continent of business men; and whose far-reaching roots are watered and fertilized by the surging rivers of American industry which pour their Pactolian streams to Europe. Our tree equals most of the municipal trees of the world, and ranks little below the highest and oldest. From nothing it has grown in two centuries and a half to a million and a half of inhabitants. The modest and curiously gabled homes of our ancestors have been replaced by the rows of Fifth Avenue palaces, the strings of wampum have been converted into the hundred-million fortunes of which we now read, and the Company's old stone tavern on the corner of Pearl and Coenties slip has become the Brunswick of to-day.

Our sprout has blossomed equally into the flowers of art and refinement, and all the liberalities of modern wealth. We have the Academy of Design

and the Academy of Music, the Metropolitan Opera House and the Metropolitan Museums of Art and of Natural History, the Astor and Mercantile Libraries, the Cooper Institute, innumerable institutions for the sick and suffering. The little public sheet, the New-York *Gazette*, issued by William Bradford on October 16, 1725, and printed on a half-sheet of foolscap paper, has expanded into the deadly quintuple which every Sunday brings terror into the New-Yorker's household, and supplies the respectable head of the family, his sons and daughters, with a variety of light reading in the matter of murder and divorce for the ensuing week. We have wrenched from the brow of Boston its unfounded claim to be the literary center of the New World; for not only do our own writers receive at last proper consideration, but where there is anything superior in New England it gravitates to New-York as naturally as a Southern black to a hen-roost. We have even expanded in jocosity. The earliest joke on record is that of Wouter Van Twiller. It was of so intricate a character that many historians have failed to appreciate it. A vagrant English vessel, manned and commanded by evil-minded officers and crew, with the wicked purpose of trespassing upon the inherent Dutch prerogative of trading glass beads for beaver-skins with the Indians, came into the harbor of New Amsterdam. Instead of making a disturbance and unpleasantness, the humorous governor tried what wit would do. He invited the commander ashore, and in his presence fired off three cannons to the honor and glory of the Prince of Orange. The befogged Englishman, with that want of appreciation of the refinements of American

humor which exists in the tight little island to the present time, brazenly responded by ordering his gunner to fire off three cannons to the honor of the English king. Thereupon the amiable governor, with a twinkle of merriment in his wise little eye, called for a barrel of wine, and requested all to partake and defiantly drink success to the States General and confusion to their enemies. Still failing to catch the point of the joke, the fat-witted Englishman went on his way up the river and established a trading-post; but he got a better appreciation of the force of Dutch humor when the governor sent a vessel after him, arrested the entire party, and brought them back to the merry sound of the triumphant trumpet, accompanied with much hilarious drinking of strong waters, deprived them of all the peltries they had surreptitiously traded from the Indians, and sent them back to England wiser in the ways and wit of Dutchmen. That was perhaps but a little sprout in the matter of jocosity; but it has expanded into the *Puck* and *Judge* of 1886, whose colored extravagances compel from the most sedate a tribute of laughter; into the last pages of *Harper's Weekly* and *The Graphic*; into the magnificent cartoons of Nast and Keppler; and into those innumerable funny papers which force the most hilarious to shed tears.

Although our goodly tree has borne all this goodly fruit, in some points it has dried up or turned to rot. Such failures are probably due to the unhappy influx of strangers; for I take it to be a self-evident proposition that all that is bad in New-York has been brought there by others. Especially did our good burghers suffer by invasions from the East of

rapacious hordes, who married their daughters and appropriated their possessions. The inventors of the wooden clock and the wooden nutmeg, having first deprived our ancestors of their rightful lands on the banks of the Connecticut River, and thus brought themselves into undesired proximity, could not leave them in the free enjoyment of their virtues and to the natural growth of their principles, but forced all manner of what they called improvements upon them. They crowded themselves forward on every side, till in social life, in public prominence, and, above all, in politics, the old residents of New-York have been pushed into the background and out of sight. The inevitable consequence is that social life, public happiness, and politics have degenerated. In the matter of simple honesty, it may be doubted whether the position is better, and when we think of the late exploits of the American colony of bankers in Canada, the skillful watering of stocks and shearing of lambs in Wall Street, the reputations of our public officials, the curious methods of purveying railroads, and the brilliant operations of the Grants and Wards of finance, it would seem that if our sprout has grown into a tree at all, the tree belongs to the deadly family of the Upas. A careful count of the birthplace of city officials, made some years ago, showed that there was not two per cent. of native New-Yorkers in office.

I have said that Governor William Kieft was our first politician, but his method has been improved upon by those who came after him, and he is the one case of Dutch example which ought to have been avoided. Being required by the law to have a council, he appointed a council of one, and as it was

apparent that this might lead to deadlock if there was a tie vote, and that injury might result to the public service, he reserved two votes to himself, while he allowed only one to his council. He was the first of the bosses who have followed with such remarkable regularity, the only difference being that they reserved all the votes to themselves. The city of New-York has grown in wealth, in power, in size, in art, in literature, in population, but it has not increased in public spirit. We have become a conglomerate or mosaic of bits from all portions of the habitable globe. We have invited all those who are weary and heavy-laden to come unto us, and they have not only come unto us, but they have ruled over us, till there is little of the original Holland left in our public composition. We have the Gentile and the Jew, the heathen and the Christian, exiles from the central Flowery Kingdom, from the shores of Africa, from the wilds of Russia, from the confines of Austria, from France and Germany, and occasionally a few from Ireland; the oppressed of the world have sought our shores, and have concentrated in this cosmopolitan city. It is the one pressing duty of our native-born to take an interest in molding events, to claim a moderate share, at least, in the government of the great city which fortune has given to them, in improving public sentiment and arousing public spirit. The formation of this Society is a favorable augury that as the Dutch are said to have once conquered Holland of old, so the New-Yorkers have at last resolved to reconquer New Amsterdam.



The Rapalje cup was then passed around.

The first European settler on Long Island was George Janse de Rapelje, who settled at the Waalbocht (curve of the basin or bay), on what are now known as the United States Naval Hospital Grounds. The first white child born in the New Netherlands was his daughter, Sarah, on June 9, 1625; in June, 1642, she was married to Hans Hanse Bergen, by whom she had six children. Her first husband died, and she afterward married Tunis Guisbertse Bogart; by him she also had six children. The following inscriptions are engraved on the silver tankard, which was presented to her by her first husband on their marriage. This tankard is now in possession of the Johnson family in Brooklyn.

ON THE OUTER SIDE.

*“Hout daer, jouck vrouw die iek bemin, en anders geen,
Daer myn trouw, my hart, en sin, naest Godt alleen.”*

ON THE INSIDE.

*“Siet mi jre Schepper, vilt vrees en been,
Schept two tot een.”*

Translation by Hon. Martin Kalbfleisch, of Brooklyn.

OUTSIDE.

*“Young woman, the only one I love, next to God,
receive my confidence and heart.”*

INSIDE.

*“Behold the Creator of flesh and blood created two
out of one.”*

The eighth toast was responded to as follows:



William G. Smith



SPEECH

OF

MR. WILLIAM C. DE WITT, OF BROOKLYN.

[AT the point of the dais where Mr. De Witt was seated a large engraving of the Grand Pensionary John De Witt hung upon the wall, and a long shot-gun and other arms and accoutrements carried by members of the family during the French war and in the battles of the Revolution were suspended in front of a mirror.]

Mr. De Witt said:

I AM imbued with a sentiment too delicate for expression by the thoughtful courtesy of the committee in decorating the walls at this end of the hall with the portrait of an illustrious Hollander and the arms and trophies of his kindred, and thus filling me with the pleasantest recollections of the dead, toward whom, however far-stretched the tie of consanguinity, I shall ever strive to bear, without reproach, the love and devotion of a son.

Very much needed, Mr. President, is the Society which you have formed. The Dutch, although the founders and builders of this State, are gradually being swallowed up and lost in the great tides of population which have poured in upon them from other lands. Among the several millions in the State of New-York, we have fallen into a small minority. We are getting few and far between. We are being jostled from the stools of precedence and power in the old households. We are rapidly becoming as strangers in the land of our fathers. It is necessary, therefore, that we should unite in societies such as you have formed, in order that we may maintain our identity, uphold our rights, and preserve the memory of our ancestors.

Nor will the task of forming and supporting such a Society in such a cause be easy. The Dutch are an unostentatious people. They are averse by nature to celebrating themselves. Deeds and not words are the chief objects of their respect and exertion. So prevalent is this characteristic that we ascribe to our fatherland, more than to any other country, the quality of silence in contrast with boastfulness and self-assertion. Silent is the figure of Holland in history; silent her emergence from the sea; silent the growth of her free institutions, embracing, as we have been told, the model of our Declaration of Independence and of our confederated system; silent her acquisition of trade with India and her long commercial supremacy upon the ocean, except when her hostile guns were heard in the streets of London; silent her discovery and settlement of this State, with the *Half Moon* moving up the noiseless waters of the Hudson, amid scenery rivaling in

primal nature the castellated banks of the Rhine; and silent, too, the early Knickerbockers modestly laying the foundations in virtue and sound law of this magnificent triple city, which, crowning the shores of our great bay, will, without the aid of boastful oratory, remain forever the monumental Plymouth Rock of the Dutch.

A Dutchman looks upon his virtues as upon his roses,—safe when held within their natural environments, half lost when blown and given to the winds. To him there is a world of suggestive truth in the lines,

“ The shallows murmur,
But the deeps are dumb.”

But when a race is being outnumbered and overrun in its own land; when its rightful patrimony is being taken away; when its ancestral records are fading,—this sentiment of modesty and silence ceases to be a virtue, and the times demand that the men of the Netherlands should assert and support themselves. Every devoted son of Holland will therefore lend his sympathy and assistance to the needed and appropriate enterprise in behalf of which this Society has been formed; and may success attend you at every step.

Respecting the liberty of conscience, to which sentiment I am assigned to speak, it is no longer necessary to discuss its theological relations. Nobody but a bigot or a fool, in this latter part of the nineteenth century, disputes the right of every man to worship God according to his own convictions; and whatever trials this principle may have undergone in the past, it is now so deeply ingrafted in our

constitutional law and upon the minds and hearts of our people that it is beyond the reach of dangerous assault.

But the subject has an infinitely wider range. We have that within us by which we discern the spiritual laws of the moral and material universe, and this I call conscience. Conscience is the eye of the soul, through which we behold the attributes of the Creator. Conscience is the inner light unfolding the moral law to our understanding. Not an act in our daily lives, not a prompting of our hearts, not a thought in our minds, escapes, in the first instance, the inspection and judgment of this divinity. It distinguishes for us truth from falsehood, virtue from vice, beauty from ugliness, holiness from sin, nobility from meanness, charity from malice, and love from hatred. And Goethe has well said, if some day this inner light shall come out from within us, we shall no longer require any other. It is the lamp of reason, by which human laws are observed and tested. It teaches what is right and what is wrong, upholds justice and abhors oppression, maintains the rights of person, of property, and of reputation; and as it gathers enlightenment it becomes the revivifying source of progressive civilization. Nor am I able to distinguish the power by which we perceive and comprehend the moral law from the power by which we detect and understand the physical laws of the universe. It is the same faculty and may bear the same name. Conscience, therefore, is that intellectual perception by which the wide-ranging achievements of science are made and appreciated. The same inner light which reveals to us the beauties of Christianity discloses to our understanding the mys-

teries of the universe. What a wonderful faculty is this of man! It apprehends divinity, it perceives all the truths of the moral and civil law, it analyzes the globe, weighs and measures the sun, defines the orbits of the planets, intelligently outlines the locality and motion of the stars, and “drags up drowned honors” from the far-off deeps of the sidereal heavens.

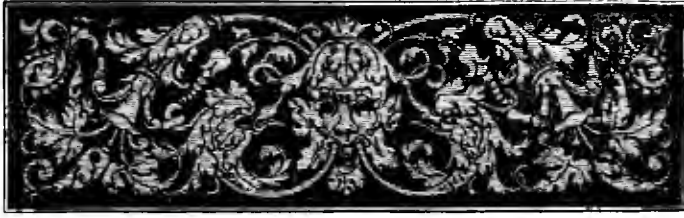
Indeed, such is now the scope and potentiality of the human conscience that it well-nigh demonstrates by itself an affinity and kindredship between man and the Maker of all things. If I find a parchment of Sanscrit in the desert, which at first sight is as unintelligible to me as the hieroglyphics on a teachest, and by inspection at length catch the clew, and, making the interpretation, find a communication clear and plain to my mind, I know at once that I am kindred to its author. And so this quality of conscience, this capacity to discover, perceive, and appreciate all the laws, works, and mysteries of the Creator, moral and physical, and to find in them a perfect harmony and perpetual fountains of knowledge, inherently presents the fatherhood of the Supreme Being, or at least establishes direct connections, fraught with something like kindredship, between the finite being and the inscrutable Master of all life and law. With this full conception of the conscience of the mind, who will deny it liberty? Man’s actions, not his thoughts, are amenable to human laws. To reason, to think, to conceive, according to our capacity, are processes with which government ought not and cannot interfere. And, further still, so long as a man acts according to the dictates of his conscience without interfering with

any right of his fellow-man, he should not be called in question. This is a distinguished principle with the Dutch. They have left its impress upon this community, and to it we owe the cosmopolitan character of the city of New-York. The hospitality which welcomes the stranger from every land; the charity to which a worthy object never appeals in vain; the hatred of the intermeddler and the absence of intrusion upon the sanctity of domestic life; in a word, the freedom and happiness of the people of this city are due in great measure to that wide liberty of conscience inherited from its Dutch founders. And as we turn our eyes toward the fatherland there arises before us, over the sea of time, as over the broad Atlantic, a country which for hundreds of years has been the home of the exile of whatsoever faith, religious or political; where intense piety goes hand in hand with liberty of thought; where Jew and Gentile, Catholic and Protestant, may enjoy equally their respective religions, and where true freedom is so obvious that we hail our mother country at sight as a land of refuge and of benediction for all mankind.

Not vast is the empire of our dear old fatherland, nor marked by many rivers, lofty mountains, and wide expanding plains. But the fountains of her social and political philosophy have sent forth mighty currents, which, overleaping her physical confines, have poured refreshing streams of light and life into every quarter of the civilized globe.







DECORATIONS.

THE walls of the dining-room were decorated by Mr. Charles A. Vanderhoof, who is a member of the Society, and contained groupings of some fifty sketches of Holland scenes, by the eminent artist Kruseman Van Elten, who also sent several charming oil-paintings. Among them "Holland Sand Dunes," "Winter Landscape in Holland," "Dutch Windmills," "Village of Vaassen, Gelderland," and "Huts in the Heather"; also some delicate etchings by Mr. Vanderhoof himself. An especially curious and beautiful picture, kindly lent, among others, by Professor P. H. Vanderweyde, was "The Vegetable Market in Amsterdam, by Candle and Moonlight," by Van Schendel.

A large oil-painting, "A Dutch Woman reading the Bible," by Mr. C. Y. Turner, was greatly admired; it was apostrophized extemporaneously by Mr. Depew, and a reproduction of it appears facing his speech; it was painted in Holland in 1880; the Bible represented in the picture, was also loaned by Mr. Turner; it was printed in Amsterdam in 1643.

Mr. Turner contributed a copy of a "Head, by Rembrandt."

The flags of the Netherlands and of the United States of America were draped together over President Van Vorst's chair, with a fac-simile of the famous emblem, "The Beggars' Sack," bearing on its face the historical dates 1566 (when it was adopted as a badge by the Hollanders who rebelled against the Spanish misrule), 1609 (when the Dutch settled this country), and 1885 (the date of the formation of this Holland Society); also the ancient motto, "*Amor patriæ vincit.*" This, in the form of the face of the medal which was adopted by the Dutch rebels, was worn by William the Silent at the time of his assassination. Motley says that the oath taken by the so-called "Beggars" read to the effect:

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

The following poem, never before published, written by Mrs. Amelia E. Barr, author of "Jan Vedder's Wife," is kindly contributed to this volume by that lady.

"THE BEGGARS OF THE SEA."

We are the "Beggars of the Sea,"
 Strong, gray Beggars from Zealand we;
 We are fighting for Liberty!
 Heave ho! Rip the brown sails free!

Hardy sons of old Zierikzee,
 Fed on the breath of the fresh North Sea,
 Beggars are kings, if free they be:
 Heave ho! Rip the brown sails free!

"True to the wallet!" whatever betide;
 "Long live the Gueux!" the sea will provide
 Graves for the enemy, deep and wide:
 Heave ho! Rip the brown sails free!

"Beggars," but not from the Spaniard's hand;
 "Beggars under the Cross" we stand;
 "Beggars" for love of the Fatherland!
 Heave ho! Rip the brown sails free!

Now, if the Spaniard comes our way,
 What shall we give him, Beggars gray?
 Give him a moment to kneel and pray!
 Heave ho! Rip the brown sails free!

A picture of the old Onderdonk homestead at Flower Hill, Manhasset, L. I., built in 1706 by Andrew Onderdonk, together with an ancient small hair trunk brought from Holland and grown bald in the service of holding papers, were contributed by W. M. Onderdonk, Esq., his great-great-grandson, who now occupies the same house.

Mr. Adrian Van Sinderen, Vice-President of the Society for Brooklyn, drank from a silver tankard having a Luther medal, date, 1717, set in the lid, and brought here by his ancestor, Rev. Ulpianus Van Sinderen.

Dr. Gerardus H. Wynkoop sent the Wynkoop Wapen, or coat of arms, on porcelain.

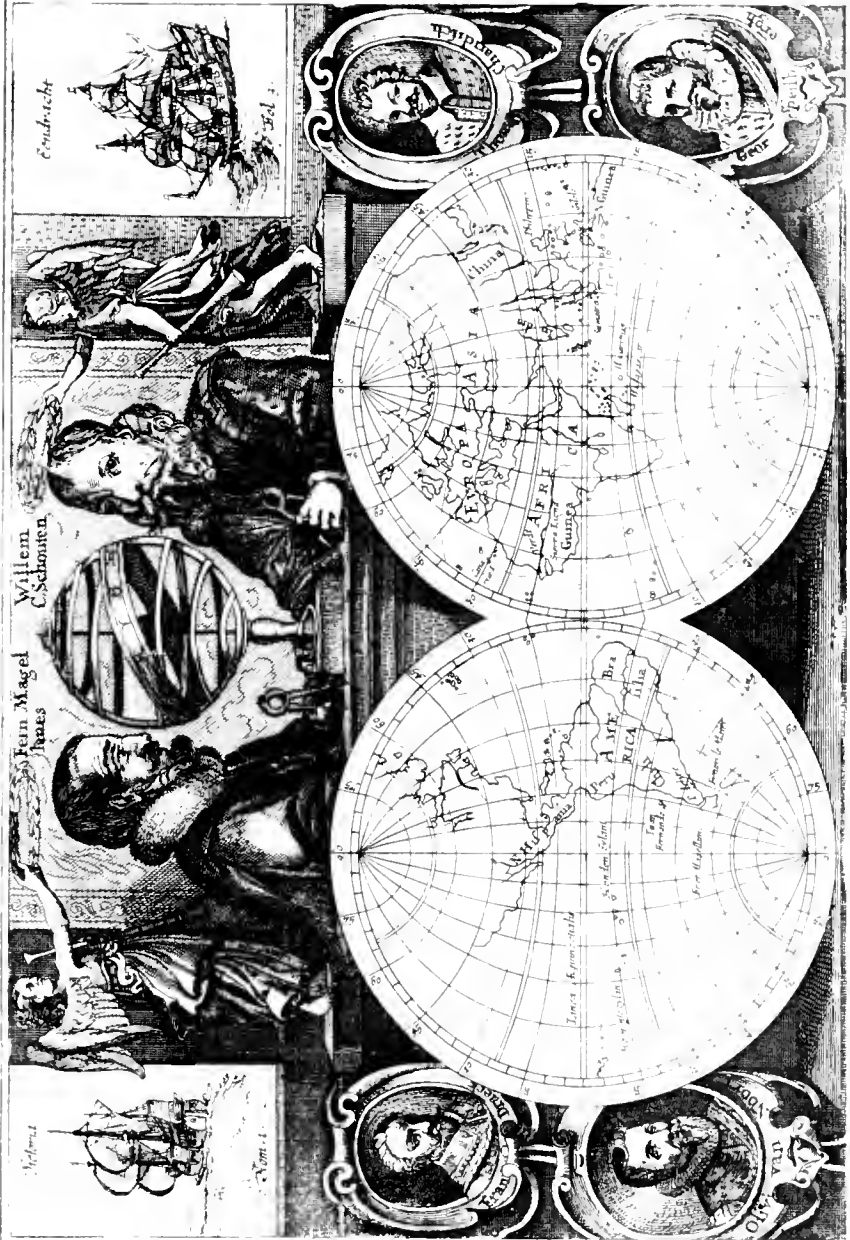
Mr. Bartow W. Van Voorhis showed an ancient corkscrew with engraved silver case and handle, probably three hundred years old, and that must have opened countless bottles.

A very interesting exhibit from Mr. Henry S. Van Beuren was a Bible printed in Spanish in Amsterdam, anno 5486 (Hebrew calendar), to aid in converting the Spaniards to Protestantism.

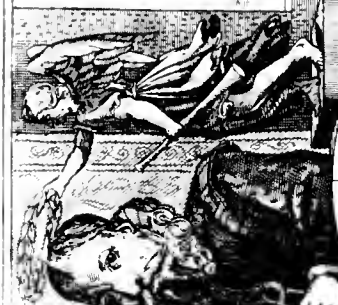
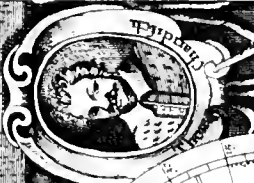
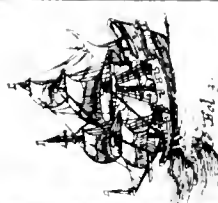
Eight quaint old blue Holland tiles from the collection of Mr. Wm. M. Hoes, hung on the wall. Mr. Hoes also contributed a portrait of his kinsman, Martin Van Buren, painted by Henry Inman.

A portrait of Oliver Van Noort, the first Dutch navigator who sailed around the world, was contributed by his lineal descendant, Hon. Geo. M. Van





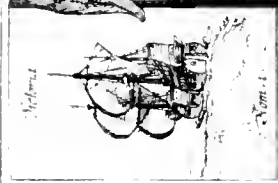
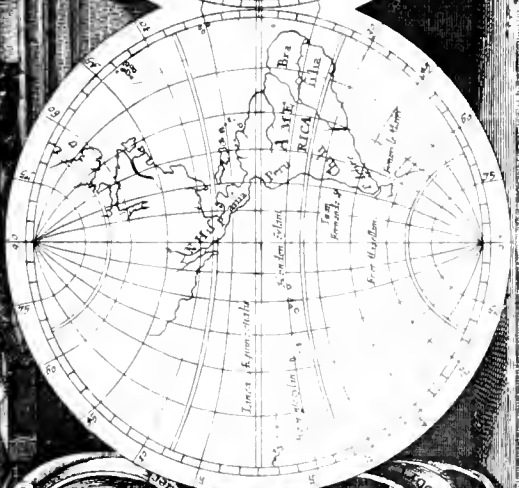
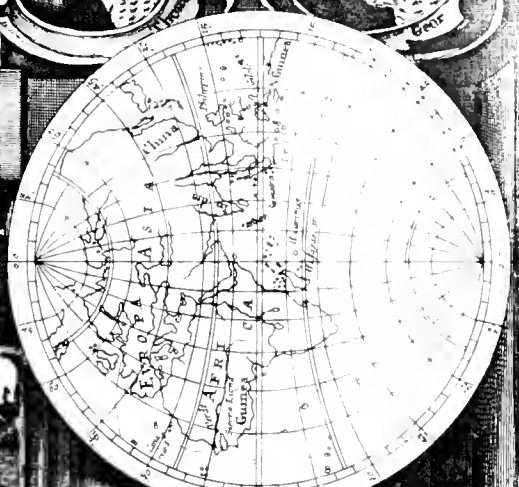
Columbus



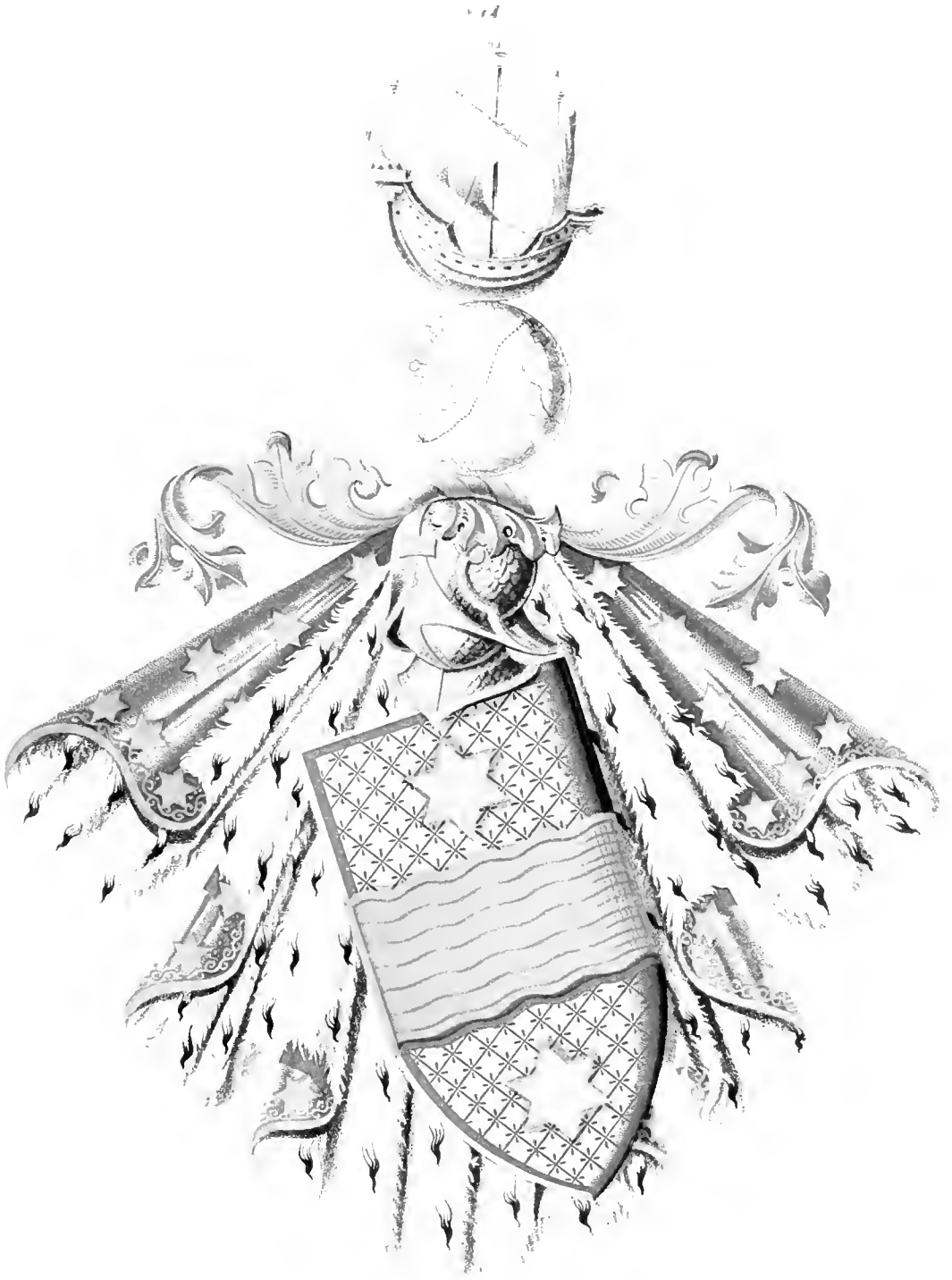
Willelmus Schouten



Ferdinandus Columbus



Columbus



VAN MORT

Nort, in a curious old engraving with the portraits of Magelhans, Schouten, Francis Drake, famous circumnavigators. A reproduction of it is inserted here.

Also the Van Noort coat of arms, which ornamented the dining-hall that evening, and which is described as follows (with the coats of arms of Columbus and of de Gamma), in the

“Jurisprudentia Heroica de Jure Belgarum circa Nobilitatem et Insignia cum Gratia et privilegio ad novennium Alberti et Isabella. Emulgatum 14 Decembri, 1616.” [At page 113.]

“VAN NOORT: d'azur à une fasce ondée flottée d'argent en forme de rivière, accostée de deux estoiles d'or; le globe terraquée en cimier avec un vaisseau sur ce globe, l'écu enveloppé d'un grand manteau d'azur semé d'estoiles d'or.”

With the following relation at page 106:

“Eundem honorem promivitus fuit, & globum terrestrem cimierii loco-habuit Oliverius van Noort, quondam classis Batavica Præfectus generalis, qui tractum Magellanicum primus trajecit, totumque orbem circumnavigavit ut videre est in eju Sepultura in Ecclesia de Schoonhoven in Hollandia cum Epitaphio, quod sic sonat:

“‘Hier rust^s den edelen Herre Olivier Van Noort in syn leven Admiraal ende Capiteyn generael over de eerste vlote, die byt dese Nederlanden door de Straete Magellanes de gheheel wereldt heest onseylt, Sterft den 22 Februarii, 1627.

“‘Hic ille est totum velis qui circuit orbem à Magellam Quartus Oliverius.’”

Mr. Geo. G. De Witt, Jr., exhibited a very fine old engraving, by Visscher, of John De Witt, the Grand

Pensionary of Holland from 1652 to 1672, which is here reproduced.

Also a Dutch musket about eight feet long, made at Amsterdam in the XVIth century, together with an old powder-horn, bullet-pouch, and canteen, the latter made of rawhide. These relics were once the property of Capt. Peter De Witt, who was born at Kingston, N. Y., in 1722. He was the captain of a militia company in Kingston, and served in the French war.

Upon the powder-horn is cut the following quaint inscription:

“ Capt. Peter De Witt, His horn, Oct. 27, 1758. At Ticonderoga July ye 8th there we did quit the field. But at Cateroqua Sept. 8th we made the French dogs yield.”

Mr. Lambert Suydam loaned several old deeds in fine preservation.

One, a deed in Dutch, for land in Brooklyn, L. I., dated May 11, 1703; also several deeds for slaves, a copy of one of which, dated July 31, 1735, from Gertruyda Winkler to his ancestor Lambert Suydam, is here given:

“ **Know all Men** by these presents, That I, *Gertruida Winkler of City of New York*, For and in Consideration of the Sum of *fourty and five Pounds* current money of the Province of *New York* to me in Hand paid, at and before the Enfealing and Delivery of these Presents, by *Lambert Suydam of the Ifland of Nassau, in Kings County, Yoman*, the Receipt whereof I do hereby acknowledge, and my Self to be there-with fully Satisfied & Paid, and thereof, and every Part thereof do hereby Acquit and Discharge the said *Lambert Suydam, his Executors, Ad-*



JOAN DE WIL RAJ...
163

Quia...
Quia...
Quia...
Quia...
Quia...
Quia...
Quia...

ministrators and Assigns, have Granted, Bargained and Sold, and by these Presents do fully, clearly and absolutely Grant, Bargain, Sell and Release unto the said *Lambert Suydam one negro Boy slave named George, aged about fifteen years.*

“To Have and to Hold the said *Negro Slave* unto him the said *Lambert Suydam, his* Executors, Administrators and Assigns for ever. And I the said *Gertruyda Winkler* for my Self, my Executors, Administrators and Assigns do Covenant, Promise and Grant to and with the said *Lambert Suydam, Executors, Administrators and Assigns,* to Warrant and Defend the Sale of the above-named *Negro George* against all Persons whatsoever. *In Witness* whereof I have hercunto set my Hand and Seal this *thirty-first* Day of *July, Anno Domini* One Thousand Seven Hundred and *thirty-five.*

“ Sealed and Delivered in
the Prefence of

“ *Charles Le Roux.*

“ *Gertruyda van Kinswilder,*
“ *Weduwe van Hexman Winkler.*”



Mr. Lawrence Vander Veer, of Rocky Hill, N. J., exhibited a New Testament and Psahms, together with Catechism, published at Dordrecht in 1778, bound in leather, with silver clasps and handles; also a Psalm-book published at Amsterdam in 1752. These volumes have been in his family ever since.

Mr. Robert W. Van Boskerek contributed two paintings of scenes in Holland, and a sketch. The larger of the paintings, a late afternoon effect, representing a windmill and a narrow canal, bordered by trees; this picture is fine in sentiment and pure in

color. The smaller picture, representing a stretch of meadow with sheep near the edge of a wood, was a characteristic bit of Holland, well painted.

Mr. William L. Brower contributed a framed metal plate, a relic of the North Dutch Church.

When the church at the corner of William and Fulton Streets, N. Y., was taken down in the summer of 1875, this interesting relic was brought to light.

Under the pillar which supported the gallery, and nearest the pulpit, was found a metallic plate, twelve inches square, a fac-simile of which is given below :

THIS CHURCH WAS BUILT BY THE CONGREGATION
OF THE REFORMED PROTESTANT DUTCH CHURCH IN
THE CITY OF NEW YORK FOR ENGLISH SERVICE UNDER THE
INSPECTION OF A COMMITTEE OF

ELDERS	DEACONS
PETER MARSCHALK	ISAAC ROSEVELT
PETER LOTT	ADRIAN HANCKER
CORN ^S BOBERT	ANDREW MARSCHALK
THEODORUS VAN WYCK	GARRET ABEEL

ANDREW BREESTED I^R CARPENTER AND PROJECTOR
JOHN STAGG MASTER MASON AND ALEX HATES
THE FIRST STONE WAS LAID JULY 2 1767 BY
M^R LACORUS ROSEVELT SEN ELDER
THE WALLS BUILT TO RECEIVE THE ROOF JUNE 17 1768
THESE PILLARS REARED JUNE 21 1768
THE FIRST ENGLISH MINISTER FOR THE DUTCH
CONGREGATION THE REV^D ARCHIBALD LAIDLIE 1764
PEACE BE WITHEN THIS SACRED PLACE
AND HOLY GIFTS AND HEAVENLY GRACE
TOBIAS VAN ZANDT CLERK GABEEL FECIT

F. Hopkinson Smith kindly loaned four water-color sketches, his own work: "A Hazy Morning, Dordrecht," "Waiting for the Ferry," "Dordrecht,

My dear Mother
 I received your kind letter of the 20th
 and was glad to hear from you
 and to hear that you were all
 well. I am well at present
 and hope these few lines will
 find you all the same. I have
 not much news to write at
 present. I am still in the
 same place and doing the same
 work. I have not much time
 to write at present. I must
 close for this time. I will
 write again soon. I am
 ever your affectionate son
 John Lawrence

My dear Mother
 I received your kind letter of the 20th
 and was glad to hear from you
 and to hear that you were all
 well. I am well at present
 and hope these few lines will
 find you all the same. I have
 not much news to write at
 present. I am still in the
 same place and doing the same
 work. I have not much time
 to write at present. I must
 close for this time. I will
 write again soon. I am
 ever your affectionate son
 John Lawrence

In the honorable City of New York, under the seal of Justice, the
Honorable Court of Judicature of the State of New York

do all to whom these presents shall come hereby: Know ye that
Adrian Hegeman, Gentlemen, having been duly examined and interrogated and
as an Attorney at Law in this Honorable Court, in relation to the said State of this
Honorable Court, do hereby certify that he is a free and lawful Citizen of the
said Court, and there is no such Person as he is alleged to be in this and
other States and the same is true.

Witness my hand and seal the 25th day of May, 1823, in the year of our Lord
1823, in the 21st year of the Independence of the United States.

Adrian Hegeman

1795

B. Herald Street, New York

Adrian Hegeman

With relation to the said State of New York, I hereby certify that
Adrian Hegeman, Gentlemen, having been duly examined and interrogated and
as an Attorney at Law in this Honorable Court, in relation to the said State of this
Honorable Court, do hereby certify that he is a free and lawful Citizen of the
said Court, and there is no such Person as he is alleged to be in this and
other States and the same is true.

Witness my hand and seal the 25th day of May, 1823, in the year of our Lord
1823, in the 21st year of the Independence of the United States.

Adrian Hegeman

Transcribed to Mr. Alfred Sweeney
by
Member of the New York State

ADRIAN HEGEMAN was born, New-York City, September 15, 1773; died, July 21, 1826. Alderman of New-York City, 1805-1808; Member of Assembly from New-York City, 1810; appointed Judge of Marine Court of New-York, February 11, 1821; appointed Chief Justice, April 10, 1823. Lineal descendant of ADRIAN HEGEMAN, born in Amsterdam, Holland, February, 1599, who came to Nieuve Amsterdum, 1640; was Schout of Breucklen, 1661; Schout of the "Five Dutch Towns, 1661-1663. Delegate to Convention, 1664; died April, 1672, at Flatbush on his farm of 118 Acres, bought April 15, 1691.

Holland," "Amsterdam." Picturesque and effective ; quiet and gray in tone.

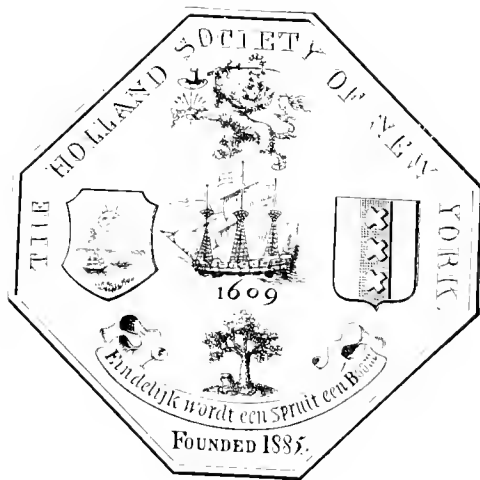
Also a pastel of a Dutch Burgomaster's wife, by Kammerer, 1789. An admirable portrait of a lady of refined appearance and artistic attire.

Also an old brass milk-can, that was probably used to send around milk in the Ark, or else to hold wine for Noah. Such milk-cans are carried, one on each side, chained to a yoke over the shoulders, and are to be seen about Dordrecht and vicinity ; this one was used as a flower-vase at our dinner.

Mr. W. A. Ogden Hegeman contributed two frames of ancient law-papers, framed so as to show both sides of the documents.

And Mr. E. W. Van Voorhis exhibited two copies in Dutch of the New Testament, bound with the Psalms of David set to music, and the Catechism, bound in leather, with silver clasps. One, dated Amsterdam, 1728, was the property of Altje Ryder, wife of Samuel Gerritson, of Gravesend, L. I., and afterward the property of her daughter, Jane Gerritson, who married Lourens Voorhees, of Flatbush, L. I., and contains on its fly-leaves records of births and marriages of the Gerritson and Voorhees families. The other, similarly bound and clasped, and of the same size, belonged to Joris Rapalje, and states in Dutch on a fly-leaf that it was given to him by his grandmother Rapalje in 1752 ; the title-page is dated Dordrecht, 1746, and the fly-leaves contain records of births and deaths of members of the Rapalje family.

Upon all of which memorable dinner, speeches, and exhibits The Holland Society puts its seal.



GENTLEMEN OTHER THAN MEMBERS OF THE
SOCIETY PRESENT AT DINNER.

JAMES MÜHLENBERG BAILEY.	WILLIAM B. PALEN.
CORNELIUS V. BANTA.	JOHN R. PLANTEN, <i>Oct 1881</i>
C. A. BENTON.	Consul-General of the Netherlands.
Judge HENRY W. BOOKSTAVER.	Captain WHEELER POWELL.
IRA D. BURSLEY.	F. E. F. RANDOLPH.
HERMAN CAZAUX.	Dr. E. GUERNSEY RANKIN.
E. BEACH CROWELL.	CHARLES L. RICKERSON.
JAMES R. CUMING.	Rear-Admiral A. C. RHIND,
Ex-Chief Justice CHARLES P. DALY.	U. S. N.
CHARLES W. DARLING.	E. A. SCHULTZE.
JOHN W. DAVIS.	FRANK HOPKINSON SMITH.
HENRY SPINGLER DAVIS.	MILFORD B. STREETER.
M. C. V. B. DAVIS.	W. H. H. STRYKER.
JOHN W. A. DAVIS.	WILLIAM J. VAN ARSDALE.
THEODORE DE WITT.	GEORGE G. VAN BLARCOM.
WILLIAM C. DE WITT.	WILLIAM L. VANDERVOORT.
ELIJAH DU BOIS.	P. H. VANDER WEYDE.
BRYCE GRAY, Jr.	SAMUEL CLINTON VAN DUSEN.
CHARLES ISAAC HUDSON.	KRUSEMAN VAN ELTEN.
RICHARD P. LOUNSBERY.	WILLIAM C. VAN ELTEN.
DAVID E. MEEKER.	WILLIAM C. VAN LENNEP.
EDWARD B. MERRILL.	Colonel NICHOLAS VAN SLYCK.
JOAQUIN MILLER.	WILLIAM W. VAN VALZAIL, M.D.
Colonel T. BAILEY MYERS.	J. A. VAN WINKLE.
	WILLIAM HULL WICKHAM.
	MARK H. WILLIAMS.
	BERNARD ROELKER.

THE HOLLAND SOCIETY.

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1885-1886.

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HOOPER C. VAN VORST.

Vice-Presidents.

ALBANY.

ALBERT VANDER VEER, M. D.

BROOKLYN.

ADRIAN VAN SINDEREN.

KINDERHOOK.

AUGUST W. WYNKOOP.

KINGSTON.

ALPHONSO TRUMBOUR CLEARWATER.

NEW-YORK CITY.

ROBERT BARNWELL ROOSEVELT.

Secretary and Treasurer.

GEORGE WEST VAN SICLEN.

Secretary's address, 146 Broadway, New-York.

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1885.

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GEORGE G. DE WITT, JR.

GEORGE W. VAN SLYCK.

ABRAHAM VAN SANTVOORD.

Committee on Genealogy.

GEORGE M. VAN HOESEN.

AARON J. VANDERPOEL.

DAVID VAN NOSTRAND.

Committee on History and Tradition.

The Rev. Dr. VAN DYKE, JR.

ROBERT B. ROOSEVELT.

LUCAS L. VAN ALLEN.

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1885.

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GEORGE W. VAN SICLEN.
GEORGE W. VAN SLYCK.
PHILIP VAN VOLKENBURGH, JR.
HOOPER C. VAN VORST.
EDGAR B. VAN WINKLE.
BENJAMIN F. VOSBURGH, M. D.
JACOB WENDELL.

MEMBERS OF THE HOLLAND SOCIETY.

JANUARY 8, 1886.

The Holland Society is composed of gentlemen who are descended in the male line from Dutchmen who settled in America before the Revolution.

This includes descendants of other former nationalities whose ancestors had found refuge and a home in Holland and who came here speaking Dutch as their native tongue.

THOMAS F. BAYARD	Washington, D. C.
GERARD BEEKMAN	New-York City.
HENRY RUTGERS BEEKMAN	" "
J. WILLIAM BEEKMAN	" "
JAMES BLEECKER	" "
TUNIS G. BERGEN	Brooklyn, N. Y.
JOHN BOGART	New-York City.
ABRAHAM BOGARDUS	" "
LOUIS VACHER BOORAEM	Jersey City, N. J.
Rev. SYLVESTER DALEY BOOROM	Chaplain U. S. N.
WILLIAM L. BROWER	New-York City.
ALPHONSO TRUMBOUR CLEARWATER	Kingston, N. Y.
Rev. CHARLES KNAPP CLEARWATER	Mt. Vernon, N. Y.
Rev. THEODORE LEDYARD CUYLER, D. D., Brooklyn, N. Y.	
HENRY P. DE GRAAF	New-York City.
ALFRED DE GROOT	Port Richmond, S. I.
WILLIAM DE GROOT	New-York City.
CHAUNCEY MITCHELL DEPEW	" "
EDGAR DE PEYSTER	" "

FREDERICK J. DE PEYSTER	New-York City.
ALFRED DE WITT	“ “
GEORGE G. DE WITT, JR.	“ “
HENRY CLINTON DE WITT	“ “
JEROME DE WITT	Binghanton, N. Y.
PETER DE WITT	New-York City.
THOMAS DUNKIN DE WITT	Pelham Manor, N. Y.
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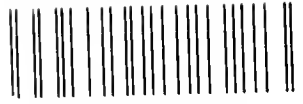
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