

Year Book

of

The Holland Society
of New-York.



1886-7.



Class Eng _____

Book 1077 _____
2d ed.

SMITHSONIAN DEPOSIT





YEAR BOOK OF THE
HOLLAND SOCIETY
OF NEW-YORK, 1886-87



BY THE SECRETARY.



Handwritten scribbles at the top of the page.





D. Van Nostrand



YEAR BOOK OF
THE HOLLAND SOCIETY OF NEW-YORK.

1886—1887.

THE Trustees have thought it best to continue the history of our Holland Society from year to year, and to include the interesting incidents of the preceding twelve months, be they many or few, with the account of our annual dinner.

The dinner of 1886 took place on January 8th, and has been fully reported in the next preceding volume published by the Society.

David Van Nostrand died June 14th, 1886, and the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the surviving members of The Holland Society learn with the deepest regret of the death of our fellow-member, a Trustee, and one of the founders of the Society, David Van Nostrand, a liberal, honest, kind, patriotic, and wise man.

Mr. Van Nostrand was so deeply interested in our Society that he talked of it on the day of his death,

“MY DEAR VAN: Awfully sorry I can’t sing or read music. Honest and true, I am not joking.

“Yours, VAN.”

As there were at that time over one hundred and twenty Vans in the Society, the Secretary was at a loss to whom to attribute the last-mentioned reply. He therefore issued the following letter :

“*To all the Vans in The Holland Society :*

“GENTLEMEN: Which of you sent me this?

“‘My Dear Van: Awfully sorry I can’t sing or read music. Honest and true, I am not joking.

“‘Yours, Van.’

“Your bewildered SECRETARY.”

Here the Secretary reckoned without his host, for he received, among others, the following replies :

“I never did. VAN.”

“I am not the Van who sent that to you.

“Yours, VAN.”

“THE BEWILDERED SECRETARY

vs.

“THE VANS OF THE HOLLAND SOCIETY :

“The undersigned is not the Van who abridged his name, and wrote the brief, honest, and true note which has bewildered the Secretary, wherefore he humbly prays that he may be relieved of suspicion and of the charge, and your petitioner, while he cannot sing, read music, or sound the pitch, will ever pray as long as it may be necessary.

“VAN.”

“MY DEAR SIR: I am not the author, although he truthfully describes my qualifications, or rather lack of them.

“Sincerely yours, VAN.”

“MY DEAR GEORGE: As the above fits my case exactly, if no one else fathers it, charge it to me.

“Yours cordially,
VAN.”

“*To the Bewildered Secretary:*

“SIR: I don’t know. Did you write it and send it to yourself?

“Yours honestly and truly,
VAN.”

“MY DEAR SIR: As one of the Vans of The Holland Society, I assure you that I did not send you the statement that I could not sing, etc., for like little George, your namesake, I cannot lie.

“Yours, VAN.”

“Thou canst not say I did it. Thine,

“ONE OF THE VANS.”

“Not guilty.

“VAN.”

“MY DEAR VAN: All I can do to extricate you from your state of bewilderment is to aver that I am not that Van. The unknown Van is ‘awfully sorry he can’t sing.’ I can with equal sincerity say that you and all the other Vans would be awfully sorry if you were compelled to hear me sing. I won’t insist on it.

“Truly yours,
VAN.”

“MY DEAR VAN: Yours received. I am not the Van for whom you are on the war-path. I am glad I am not, for I have no hair on my head to spare to the scalping-knife. However, the particular Van you are after echoes my sentiments exactly.

“VAN.”

“MY DEAR SECRETARY: I am the Van.

“Yours,

“VAN.”

The male quartette has not yet been formed.

Learning that the citizens of Leiden, Holland, had formed an Association for the purpose of celebrating the 3d of October, the anniversary of the relief of the Siege of Leiden in 1573 (when, after the Burgomaster van der Werf had offered himself for food to his fellow-citizens, the Beggars of the Sea with Admiral Boisot at their head broke down the dykes, inundated the country, and sailed their ships up to the walls of the city, driving away the Spaniards), your Secretary entered into communication with the officers of that Association, the result of which was a contribution from The Holland Society of New-York toward the celebration in the mother country, and the creation of a warm fraternal feeling between those who before were strangers to each other in name, though not in blood.

The interesting letter from the 3d October Society was printed and distributed to the members of The Holland Society, and is reproduced here.

“ THE HOLLAND SOCIETY OF NEW-YORK.

President,
JUDGE HOOPER C. VAN VORST,
County Court House.

Secretary,
MR. GEO. W. VAN SICLEN,
No. 146 Broadway.

“ NEW-YORK, July 31, 1886.

“ WELEDEL GEBOREN HEER: On June 22d a letter was addressed, on behalf of our Society, to the Committee in Holland having charge of the celebration of the Anniversary of the Relief of Leyden, requesting information as to the programme, and suggestions as to how we might join in the celebration. On July 26th your Secretary received the following answer, which he has translated and now places before you.

“ As opinions differ whether it would be better to send to the Leyden Celebration, on behalf of this Society, a good piece of fireworks, such as the Coat of Arms of New-York City or of the United States, or a sum of money for tickets for beer, will you please give me your views upon that point by return mail?

“ Den lezers heil,

“ GEO. W. VAN SICLEN,
“ Secretary.”

“ ‘ 3D OCTOBER ASSOCIATION.

“ ‘ LEIDEN, July 10, 1886.

“ *To the Trustees of The Holland Society of New-York:*

“ GENTLEMEN: The Directors of the 3d October Association have with the greatest pleasure taken cognizance of your esteemed letter of June 22d, and appreciate highly your interest in the next celebration of the festival of the 3d of October, which is for each right-minded Netherlander a never-to-be-forgotten anniversary.

“It did our Netherland hearts good to discover that our brethren in the Far West, however great the distance that separates them from the old Fatherland, acknowledge with thankfulness that the valiant deeds of our forefathers have laid the foundation of the noble and beautiful principles of freedom which thrive so luxuriantly in great America.

“We therefore satisfy your request, and unfold to you fully the plans for the next festival, as follows:

“We do not need to assure you that the tricolor of the Fatherland, and the Orange pennant, will fly from all public buildings and from most private dwellings.

“At 9 o'clock in the forenoon the band of the Leiden Militia on duty will play for some time from the City Hall Tower.

“At 10 o'clock the fountain by the Fishmarket will play, and the chimes will be rung from the City Hall Tower.

“From 10 to 12 o'clock there will be a distribution of herring and white bread to a great number of poor women, and of cigars and tickets for beer to an equally large number of poor men of the city.

“At 1 o'clock in the afternoon there will start from the Nautical School, the abode of the youthful descendants of our Water-Beggars, a procession in which all the Leiden Societies, with their banners, will take part, escorted by two bands of music, that of the Leiden Militia on duty, and that of the 4th Regiment of infantry in garrison at Leiden, playing lively popular marches and national airs, which will pass through Leiden's streets and squares, halting before the Town Hall, the statue of van der Werf at the Ruins, before the Academy, the Student Society of Minerva, etc., until about 5 o'clock.

“At half-past 9 in the evening a concert will be given by the members of the Societies in the Garden of Zomerzorg, followed by fireworks on the adjoining

parade-ground, so placed that all the indigent populace shall also be able to see them well, and winding up with a set piece representing the Siege and Relief of Leiden, wherewith at the same time the official celebration will end.

“ This programme, provisional with the Directors, will be submitted, and will certainly be adopted by the approval of the General Meeting called for the 16th July inst., at the Town Hall.

“ At that meeting your very welcome letter will be read.

“ We inclose herewith a copy of the Rules of our Association, to the end that you may thereby become acquainted with our arrangements.

“ To your question, how can you best aid our Association, we think we may remark, that the more ample the funds over which the Directors can have control, the more brilliant will be the festival.

“ Every material aid, small or large, will be welcome to us, and, in anticipation, we are grateful therefor.

“ We close with the sincere wish that the good example of our brethren over the sea may have a favorable effect on all who hear of it, and that you will always go on, in spite of distance and of foreign surroundings, bearing warm hearts for your Fatherland, the land of freedom and of good faith.

“ To the readers, happiness !

“ THE DIRECTORS OF THE 3D OCTOBER ASSOCIATION.

“ N. BROUWER,
“ *First President.*

“ E. A. O. WAS,
“ *First Secretary.*”

On the 3d of October, 1886, the following cablegram was sent by The Holland Society :

“3d October Association.

“BROUWER, *President*, Leiden, Holland,

“Vivent les Gueux !

“The Holland Society of New-York,

“VAN VORST, *President*,

“VAN SICLEN, *Secretary.*”

To which the following reply was received :

“The Holland Society of New-York,

“VAN VORST, *President* :

“The citizens of Leiden, assembled before the pyrotechnic display, greet The Holland Society with a loud Hurrah ! for our brothers in America !

“BROUWER, *President*,

“WAS, *Secretary.*”

There was carried in the procession in Leiden that day a very handsome banner, surmounted by a Goddess of Liberty, flanked by the arms of Leiden and a United States shield, the banner inscribed, “Hulde aan onze Broeders in Amerika”; and the eighth set piece of fireworks that evening was entitled, “Greeting to our brothers in America,” the whole celebration concluding with the American national hymn.

All of this expression of kindly feeling has been the result of the warm interest taken by The Holland Society of New-York in this celebration in their Fatherland. Later, a very handsome, large, colored photograph of the aforesaid banner, handsomely framed in bronze; also a large photograph of the statue of van der Werf in Leiden, were sent on the steamer *Zaandam*, all expenses and duty being paid,



BANNER CARRIED IN PROCESSION

AT

Leiden, Holland, 5 October 1866.

as a gift of the 3d-October-Vereeniging of Leiden to The Holland Society of New-York. A reproduction of this photograph is here inserted.

Vivent les Gueux !

It had been planned to celebrate in this country the anniversary of the Relief of Leiden, and to that end the Consistory of the Reformed Church in Twenty-first street, New-York, had kindly granted the use of their consistory-room, and the Rev. William R. Duryee, D. D., of Jersey City, had consented to address the Society; but various obstacles intervened, and it was finally determined, at what may be called a synod of The Holland Society, composed of fourteen clergymen, its members, convened around the Secretary's dining-table, to celebrate that anniversary in the old Dutch Church at Kingston, New-York.

When this determination became known, Mr. Samuel D. Coykendall, a member of the Society residing at Rondout, New-York, invited the whole Society, at that time two hundred and fifty-six members, to become his guests at Kingston, at the Hotel Kaaterskill, upon this occasion, on condition, however, that the actual date of the celebration be made somewhat earlier, as the season would close in that mountain region before the 3d of October.

This change of date was, of course, acceded to, and Mr. Coykendall's royal invitation accepted, and the Society, with several invited guests, to the number of one hundred and eighty-four, were entertained with princely hospitality by Mr. Coykendall on the 14th and 15th of September, the Hotel Kaaterskill being, indeed, kept open by its proprietor, at Mr. Coykendall's expense, some four or five days after the

close of the season, its retinue of servants retained, and a separate room placed at the disposal of each member of the Society during our visit.

The following committee had this pilgrimage in charge and admirably performed their duty, but the great success was certainly due to the liberality and hospitality of Mr. Coykendall.

COMMITTEE ON KINGSTON PILGRIMAGE.

REV. J. G. VAN SLYKE, D. D., *Chairman*,
 REV. SYLVESTER D. BOOROM, U. S. N.,
 REV. PAUL D. VAN CLEEF, D. D.,
 REV. CHARLES K. CLEARWATER,
 REV. THEO. L. CUYLER, D. D.,
 REV. JOSEPH R. DURYEE, D. D.,
 REV. HENRY J. VAN DYKE, SR., D. D.,
 REV. HENRY J. VAN DYKE, JR., D. D.,
 REV. WILLIAM H. TEN EYCK, D. D.,
 REV. EVERT VAN SLYKE, D. D.,
 REV. DAVID N. VANDERVEER, D. D.,
 REV. ISAAC VAN WINKLE, A. M.,
 A. T. CLEARWATER,
 SAMUEL D. COYKENDALL,
 LOUIS B. VAN GAASBEEK,
 AUGUSTUS SCHOONMAKER,
 GEORGE W. VAN SICLEN, *Secretary*.

The members were duly notified, and provided with copies of the following marching orders. In accordance therewith the special train of the West Shore Railroad was in readiness at Weehawken at the hour appointed.

“THE HOLLAND SOCIETY OF NEW-YORK.

President,
JUDGE HOOVER C. VAN VORST,
County Court House.

Secretary,
MR. GEO. W. VAN SICLEN,
No. 146 Broadway.

“NEW-YORK, Sept. 9, 1886.

“MIJN WAARDE HEER: Send me \$1.75, or return the inclosed railroad ticket.

“Inclosed find badge to wear at Kingston. [When the Rev. Dr. van Dyke, Jr., gets back from Holland, he will doubtless have one of the old pins of the Beggars, adopted A. D. 1556, and worn by William of Orange when he was assassinated. That is to be our Society badge.]

“Take the 9:30 A. M. train on West Shore Railroad, at foot of West 42d street (or Jay street at 9:10), on Tuesday, September 14th instant.

“The West Shore management has kindly put the rate for us at \$1.75 for the round trip—just half rate.

“That is all the expense you will be put to on this excursion.

“At 7:30 P. M. we shall dine at the Hotel Kaaterskill as the guests of our fellow-member, Mr. Samuel D. Coykendall, of Rondout.

“This will take all night.

“The Presidents of the St. Nicholas Society of New-York, St. Nicholas of Brooklyn, St. George’s, New England, Huguenot, St. David’s, St. Andrew’s, St. Patrick’s, the German and the Lutheran Societies, Société Française, and of the Chamber of Commerce, have been invited, and are expected to be present as our guests and to respond to the health of their respective societies, which we shall drink fraternally.

“We shall also have a toast or two of our own.

“A Glee Club will be provided.

“You will please practice up a little on our own Holland Society Herring Drinking Song, and see if we

cannot give it a little more light and shade than at our Annual Dinner last January.

“ We shall breakfast with Mr. Coykendall Wednesday, 15th, and reach 42d street at 2:30 P. M. [Gentlemen who may be obliged to reach the city earlier can take 5:30 A. M. train, arriving in New-York at 10:30.]

“ Owing to the distance to be traveled and the shortness of time, the Committee and Mr. Coykendall desire to waive full dress, and to suggest to members and guests to wear any dress convenient and agreeable.

“ The Secretary has received notice from about one hundred members. If you have not yet informed him whether you are going, please notify him now, at once, yes or no, that arrangements may be made for your accommodation.

“ Den lezers heil,

“ GEO. W. VAN SICLEN,
“ *Secretary.*”

“ THE HOLLAND SOCIETY OF NEW-YORK.

“ PILGRIMAGE TO KINGSTON.

“ SEPTEMBER 14th, 1886.

“ 9:30 A. M., West 42d street. Special train from Weehawken through to Kingston in two hours and twenty minutes. All cars smokers.

“ Get overcoats and hand-bags checked through at once in special “cloak-car” at Weehawken.

“ 11:50 A. M., Kingston.

“ Horse-cars will be provided to the

“ 1:00 P. M. Loan Exhibition of Dutch Relics ;

“ 2:00 P. M. Welcome to the old Dutch Church by our fellow-member, Rev. John Garnsey van Slyke, D. D., its pastor ;

“ Historical Address by General George H. Sharpe.

“3:00 P. M., or promptly on conclusion of exercises at the church, take special train provided by our fellow-member, Mr. Samuel D. Coykendall, on the Ulster and Delaware Railroad to Phœnicia. This train will go no farther. Get overcoats and hand-bags.

“Take special train, provided by Mr. Coykendall, on Stony Clove Railroad to Hotel Kaaterskill. Enjoy the scenery until dinner.

“7:30 P. M., Dinner.

“SEPTEMBER 15th.

“3:00 A. M., Bed.

“8:30 A. M., Breakfast.

“10:00 A. M., Mr. Coykendall's Special Whirlwind Train down Stony Clove to Kingston.

“11:55 A. M., West Shore Railroad Regular Train to New-York; West 42d street, at 2:30 P. M. [Gentlemen obliged to reach the city earlier can take regular 5:30 A. M. train from Hotel Kaaterskill, and reach 42d street at 10:30 A. M.; but Mr. Coykendall hopes that all who can will breakfast with him at 8:30.]

“The railroad tickets specially issued for this trip are good only on 14th and 15th instant.

“GEO. W. VAN SICLEN,

“*Secretary.*”

The trip from New-York to Kingston, 88 miles, was safely made in 1 hour and 42 minutes, the quickest run on that road up to that date. The New-York members were hardly in the conveyances provided to take them to Crosby Hall, when the train from Albany also arrived with some thirty members from that place and vicinity.

After a bountiful lunch, all repaired to the chapel of the First Reformed Church, where the Rev. A. H.

Huizinga, pastor of the Reformed Church at New Paltz, opened the exercises with the following invocation :

“O Heere, onze God ; God van Abraham, Izak, en Jakob ; God van onze vaderen ; en in Jezus Christus onze God en Vader: wij zien op tot U die in de Hemelen woont en smeeken U om uwen zegen. Wij bidden U dat in al onze verhandelingen ons begin, onze voortgang, en ons einde mooge verstrekken tot eer van Uwen naam en tot uitbreiding van Uw Koninkrijk. Wij danken U dat Gij eeuwen geleden onze voorvaderen hier gebracht hebt, en wij bidden U dat wij hun voorbeeld mogen volgen om getrouw te zijn in het bevorderen van het welzijn van Kerk en Staat. Wij vragen het van U met de vergiffenis van onze zonden om Jezus wil. Amen.”

The chapel of the First Reformed Church at Kingston is a handsome one. It was appropriately decorated for this occasion. Upon one side of the platform was a large map of the original village of Kingston, then known as Wiltwyck ; there was also a map of the place when it was surrounded by a stockade. Near by was the old bell of the Kingston Academy, referred to in one of the speeches. The coat of arms of the Prince of Orange, which is the coat of arms of the church, was in the vestibule. Over the handsome mahogany bookcase was the motto, “Eendraght maakt macht,” the interpretation of which is, “In union there is strength.”

After the invocation, the Rev. Dr. J. G. van Slyke, D. D., the pastor of the church, made the following address :



SPEECH

OF

REV. DR. J. G. VAN SLYKE.

Fellow-Members of The Holland Society:

IT is my privilege, to-day, as Pastor of this church, to give you greeting and welcome to Kingston. I trust you feel already that you are welcome, and know, by a better assurance than words can give, that old Esopus feels honored by your coming. I believe that you could make your pilgrimage to scarcely a spot in this country more directly identified with the heroic days of Holland than this old colonial city of Kingston. While there are strains of Huguenot blood mingled with many of our families, a fact which does not abate our pride, yet it is blood which came to us circuitously, the noble blood of France coursing toward us mostly through the modifying channels of Holland. Accordingly, we claim the honor of being a peculiarly Dutch town, and it is our boast that we have retained in pure and unadulterated virtue many of the characteristics which were imported from the

Mother Country into this valley of the Hudson two centuries and a half ago. This church, which opens her doors to you, claims a distinction which does not belong even to the Collegiate Dutch churches of Manhattan Island, and by a peculiar history stands identified more closely with Holland than any other of the early churches of this country. When every other church of our communion had for a long time been associated with an American Synod, this church retained its relations to the Classis of Amsterdam, and after a period of independency and isolation, it finally allied itself with its American sisterhood as late as the year 1808. We still have three or four members whose life began before that date. I trust you will not regard it as a lapse of indelicacy if I add that the first Voorleser, *i. e.*, virtually a curate, to whose efforts the church owes its origin and primary impulse, was a man of my own name, and a direct ancestor, a fact which may be adopted by The Holland Society as illustrating that the Dutch know how to maintain the "Apostolic Succession." The articles which are grouped in yonder room do not, of course, exhaust the resources of Kingston's chests and garrets. I regret that we have not gathered a larger supply, but these must suffice to-day, as samples of what remains behind, and as tokens of our right to be called genuine Dutchmen. As it is a part of my privilege to welcome you, it is also a part to introduce to you our distinguished fellow-townsmen General George H. Sharpe, who comes prepared, to-day, to illuminate the history of Kingston, and tell us, as he can most felicitously do, why we glory in this inheritance of the sons and daughters of Holland. General Sharpe will now address you.

Connected with the chapel of the First Reformed Dutch Church, with folding-doors open, was a classroom, in which were exhibited a large number of interesting relics, kindly lent for the occasion by various residents of Kingston, and descendants of the old Dutch settlers. Among them were the following:

Loaned by First Reformed Church, Kingston, N. Y.

Church records in Dutch and English, commencing with the year 1660, comprising a complete record of the baptisms, marriages, etc., from that date.

Set of silver communion cups, with inscription in Dutch, one bearing the date of 1683, and the other November 21, 1711. These cups have been in continuous use since those dates, and have served many generations of communicants.

Coat of arms of William, Prince of Orange (on enlarged scale and in colors), it being also the coat of arms of the First Reformed Church.

Loaned by Rev. Cornelius Van Santvoord D. D.

Old Holland table, brought over by his great-great-grandmother.

Loaned by Augustus Schoonmaker.

Dutch and English dictionary; very old.

Loaned by Cornelius Hoornbeek Van Gaasbeek.

Original patent (in Dutch), Governor Petrus Stuyvesant to Margaret Hendricks, wife of Thomas Chambers, lands in Wiltwyck (Kingston), dated May 12, 1664 (a note states that the patent is to

date as from November 8, 1653), with seal of the Province of New Netherlands.

Original patent, Governor Richard Nicolls to Thomas Chambers, lands in Esopus (Kingston). Dated May 21, 1667.

Original patent, Governor Richard Nicolls to Thomas Chambers, lands in Esopus. Dated May 21, 1667. (This patent confirms to Thomas Chambers the land granted to him by Governor Stuyvesant in a Dutch grant dated November 8, 1653.)

Original patent, Governor Richard Nicolls to Thomas Chambers, lands in Esopus. Dated June 27, 1667.

Original patent, Governor Francis Lovelace to "the late Dutch Governor," Petrus Stuyvesant,— "house lot in the Towne at Esopus." Dated October 8, 1668.

Deed, Judith Stuyvesant, widow of Petrus Stuyvesant, to Thomas Chambers, Bowery and land in Esopus (including lot in above patent). Dated October 8, 1680. (This instrument is witnessed by Nicolas Bayard and N. W. Stuyvesant.)

Commission of Thomas Chambers as Captain of the Foot Company in Kingston. Dated April 1, 1669, and signed and sealed by Governor Francis Lovelace.

Appointment of Thomas Chambers as surveyor-general of the highways Hurley and Marbleton, of Kingston. Dated September 24, 1669.

Deed, Jan Hendrickson and Anne his wife to Thomas Chambers. Dated October 5, 1686.

Original manorial patent or grant of the "Lordship and Manor of Foxhall," to Major Thomas Chambers. Dated October 28, 1686, signed by Gov-

ernor Thomas Dongan, and approved by the Council. (This grant covers all his previous patents, and erects them into "one Lordship and Manor," with all manorial privileges, etc.)

Last will and testament of Thomas Chambers, devising the above "Lordship and Manor" to Abraham Van Gaasbeek, providing he assume the name of Chambers. Dated April 5, 1694. Probated May 23, 1713, in the Prerogative Court of the Province of New-York.

Tax list of "the Freeholders, Residents, Inhabitants, and Sojourners of the Manor of Foxhall." Dated January 21, 1712.

Release of quit rents, Manor of Foxhall, from Trustees of Kingston to Colonel Abraham Gaasbeek Chambers. Dated March 2, 1716. Signed by the Trustees, and corporate seal of Kingston attached.

Tripartite agreement, release, and deed, "between Abraham Gaasbeek Chambers, Lord of the Manor of Foxhall, William Smith, Jr., and John Lewis." Dated March 23, 1749.

Exemplification, relating to the Manor of Foxhall, with seal of the Supreme Court of the Province of New-York. Dated April 24, 1750.

Deed, Abraham Gaasbeek Chambers to his son, Thomas Van Gaasbeek. Dated December 3, 1750.

Deed, Abraham Gaasbeek Chambers to his eldest son, Thomas Van Gaasbeek. Dated April 3, 1752.

Commission, Jacob Van Gaasbeek, as Second Lieutenant of Captain John Elmendorf's Company of Grenadiers, Ulster County. Dated March 8, 1773, and signed by Governor William Tryon.

Loaned by Nathaniel Booth.

Certificate of "Freeman and Citizen of the City of New-York" to John Taylor. Dated May 12, 1698, and signed by Wm. Merritt, Mayor, with the seal of the city attached.

Certificate as to conveyance of lands in Pennbury, Pa., dated Philadelphia, Pa., August 12, 1741. Signed by George Thomas, Governor, and the great seal of the province attached.

Indenture of John Jones to Thomas Lepper, of New-York City, as a servant for two years. Dated January 25, 1748.

Map of Braddoek's campaign and defeat, 1755. Laid down by Christopher Gist.

Commission of John Nicholson as Escheator-General of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. Dated October 2, 1787, and signed by Benjamin Franklin, President of the Council, with seal of the State.

Last will of Daniel Hasbronck, New Paltz, January 24, 1752.

Mannission of a slave girl by Moses Cantine, of Kingston, N. Y. Dated January 1, 1796.

Dutch family Bible, Dordrecht, 1736.

Album of colonial script and currency.

Loaned by Mrs. W. T. Van Buren.

Silver tankard, once the property of Anneke Janse, with the initials "E. B." upon it, being those of her second husband, Everardus Bogardus.

Loaned by Thomas Beekman.

Collection of old documents.

Dutch family Bible, Dordrecht, 1644.

Loaned by Miss Wackerhagen.

Toasting-irons, sugar-nippers, waffle-iron — all very old.

Ancient Dutch Bible.

Old snuff-box.

Loaned by R. W. Decatur.

Martin Luther's German translation of the Bible.
1532.

Loaned by H. C. Rosencransé.

Cabinet of curiosities in two cases.

Loaned by Mrs. N. A. Reardon.

Dutch family Bible, Dordrecht, 1644.

Loaned by Rev. Cornelius Van Santvoord, D. D.

Portrait of Miss Cathalina Post, painted in 1750. The subject of the portrait was an ancestress of the Rev. C. Van Santvoord, D. D.

No card.

The States Bible, 1637.

Loaned by Henry W. Tibbals.

Baptismal robe, used in the Van Gaasbeek family for many generations.

Loaned by John E. Duflon.

Silver epaulette, found on the battle-field of Bunker Hill.

Loaned by J. Scott Smith.

Volume of poems of the Dutch poet, Jacob Cats, finely illustrated, 1648.

Ancient punch-bowl from Holland.

Loaned by C. H. Van Gaasbeek, Jr.

Diploma University of Leyden to Dom. Laurentius Van Gaasbeek, second pastor of the Dutch Reformed Church, Kingston. Dated Leyden, Holland, May 25, 1674, with great seal of the University.

Dutch family Bible, Dordrecht, 1741.

Loaned by Robert Wilson.

Silver spoon, made in Amsterdam. Very ancient.

Loaned by Mrs. George Wynkoop.

Sword used by Colonel C. D. Wynkoop in Revolutionary War.

Dutch family Bible, Dordrecht, 1702.

Loaned by Dr. Hyman Roosa.

Old British sword, left by the British at the burning of Kingston, in 1777.

Brace and bit used in Wynkoop family one hundred and fifty years ago.

Old box for papers, brought from Holland in 1659 by Albertus Hyman Roosa.

Old Dutch Bible and hymn-book.

Specimens of colonial money.

Bill for one year's schooling from Cornelius Wynkoop to the great-grandfather of Hyman Roosa.

Loaned by Mrs. Abraham Pells.

Dutch family Bible, Dordrecht, 1686. Containing the family record of Wessel Ten Broeck and his descendants.

Loaned by D. M. DeWitt.

Two volumes of MSS. letters, in Dutch and English, one dated 1779, and the other 1759-1774.

Loaned by H. H. Pitts.

A large horn comb for ornamenting the head. One hundred and fifty years old.

Loaned by James G. Jackson.

Journal of the proceedings of the General Assembly of the Colony of New-York, 1770.

Old Dutch brick, imported from Holland.

Ancient boot-jack (evidently a fat man's friend).

Cannon-ball of the Revolution.

Loaned by George H. Sharpe.

The old bell of the Kingston Academy.

Loaned by Mrs. H. Chipp, Jr.

Commission of Abraham Van Steenbergh as First Lieutenant military company of Kingston. Dated April 15, 1758, and signed by James Delancy.

Loaned by J. Beckman.

Dutch family Bible, Dordrecht, 1741.

Loaned by Hon. A. T. Clearwater.

Engraving of the old Dutch church.

An officer's sword, with lion's head hilt, brought by Jacob Klaarwater (Clearwater) from Holland in 1651.

Testament and Psalms of David in Dutch, Dordrecht, 1778.

Dutch dictionary, bound in vellum, Amsterdam, 1708.

Spice mortar, made from a knot of a hickory tree, with pestle made of pine knot, presented to Dr. Jacobus Helme by an Esopus chieftain, about 1760.

Butter bowl and ladle, presented to the same doctor by an Indian chieftain.

Map made by General Clinton.

Loaned by Louis Bevier Van Gausbeek.

Portrait of Ann MacArthur Ledyard, wife of Dr. Isaac Ledyard, of Revolutionary times.

Dutch family Bible, Dordrecht, 1741. Containing the family record of Direk Hoornbeek.

Two ancient Holland chairs.

Miscellaneous Dutch books, of very old dates.

Original patent, Governor Thomas Dongan to Leonard Beekwith, lands in "Mum bak house" (Rochester, Ulster County). Dated March 24, 1685, and having the seal of the Province attached.

Mortgage, Leonard Beekwith to Edward Antill, of the above property. Dated June 15, 1686.

Transfer of the above mortgage from Edward Antill to Frederick Phillipps. Dated December 16, 1686.

- Deed, Leonard Beekwith to Frederiek Phillipps, of the same property. Dated March 30, 1687.
- Deed, Philip French and Anne French, as heirs of Frederiek Phillipps, to Cornelius Hoorbeek, of the same property. Dated April 19, 1735.
- Deed, Henrius Beekman, Jochem Schoonmaker, and Moses DePuy, trustees of Rochester, to Antony Hoorbeek, two hundred aeres of land in Rochester. Dated September 22, 1703.
- Deed, Jannetje Swits, to Cornelius Wynkoop, lands in Rochester. Dated August 7, 1738.
- Deed, Jonathan Westbrook to Cornelius Hoorbeek, lands in Rochester. Dated January 30, 1734.
- Deed, Cornelius Vernooy, Cornelius Hoorbeek, and Tobias Hoorbeek, trustees of Rochester, to Cornelius Hoorbeek. Lands in Rochester. Dated September 26, 1735.
- Deed, Cornelius de Lamater to Cornelius Hoorbeek, lands in Rochester. Dated April 19, 1760.
- Deed, Phillippus Swartwoudt to Henrius Hoorbeek, lands in Rochester. Dated June 23, 1763.
- Deed, Philip Hoorbeek to Jonas Hasbrouek, lands in Rochester. Dated January 20, 1776.
- Deed, Jaecobus Wynkoop and Janneke his wife to Henrius H. Hoorbeek, lands in Rochester. Dated June 23, 1763.
- Deed, Trustees of Kingston to Direk Schepmoes, land in Kingston. Dated February 13, 1688.
- Deed, Jaecobus Wynkoop and Janneke his wife to Henrius Hoorbeek, lands in Rochester. Dated June 2, 1763.
- Deed, Jaecobus Wynkoop to Thomas Van Steenbergh, lands in Rochester. Dated April 26, 1723.

Deed, Jacobus Wynkoop to Cornelius Wynkoop, lands in Rochester. Dated June 18, 1733.

Deed, Johannis Ooesterhoudt and Anna his wife, John Schoonmaker and Gretie his wife, Cornelius DeWitt and Sara his wife, to Cornelius Hoornbeek. Lands in Rochester. Dated April 3, 1745.

Loaned by Charles Burhans.

Four Dutch tiles from old Schryver tavern, Kingston.

Loaned by Mrs. N. Elmendorf.

Dutch family Bible, Dordrecht, 1702.

Loaned by Mrs. Margaret DeWitt Smith.

Coat of arms of Andries DeWitt. Mr. Vanderlyn, artist.

Silver medal, struck off in honor of the grand pensionary of Holland, John DeWitt and his brother, Cornelius DeWitt.

Loaned by Charles Broadhead.

Dutch family Bible, Dordrecht, 1702.

No card.

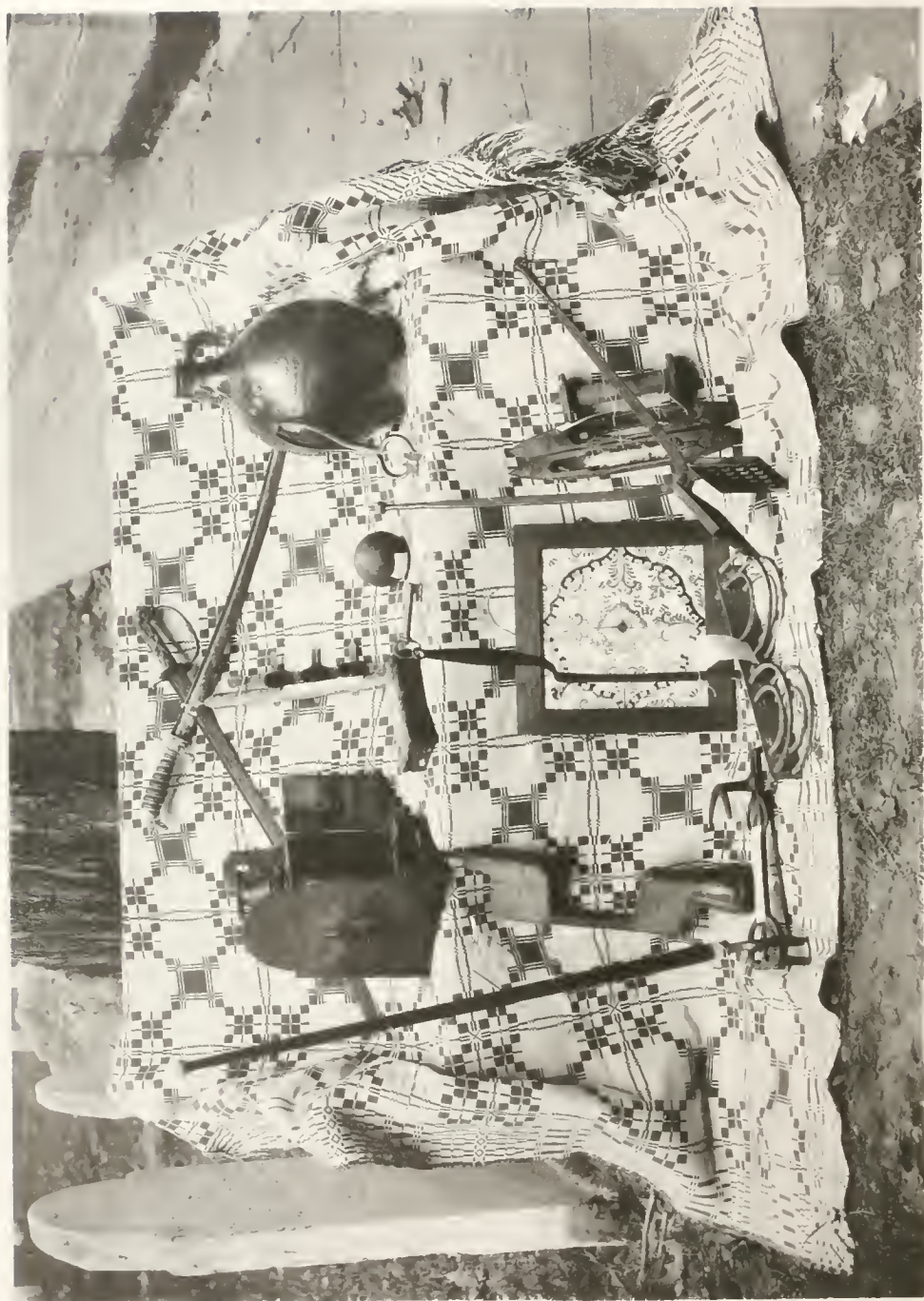
Old Dutch distaff, or spinning-wheel of the olden time.

Loaned by Mrs. Kate Wynkoop.

Dutch family Bible, Dordrecht, 1741.

Loaned by Jacob Markle.

Old Dutch wooden clock, with bell and striker; very old.



KINGSTON RELICS.

Loaned by H. B. De Puy.

Old flint-lock gun, over seven feet in length, and two hundred years old.

Loaned by Mrs. John C. F. Hoes.

Old Dutch chairs, very fine specimens of ancient carving, and believed to be over two hundred years old.

Loaned by James Elmendorf Ostrander.

Dutch family Bible, with family record of Conrad Elmendorf.

Loaned by James H. Everett.

Old map of the city of New-York.

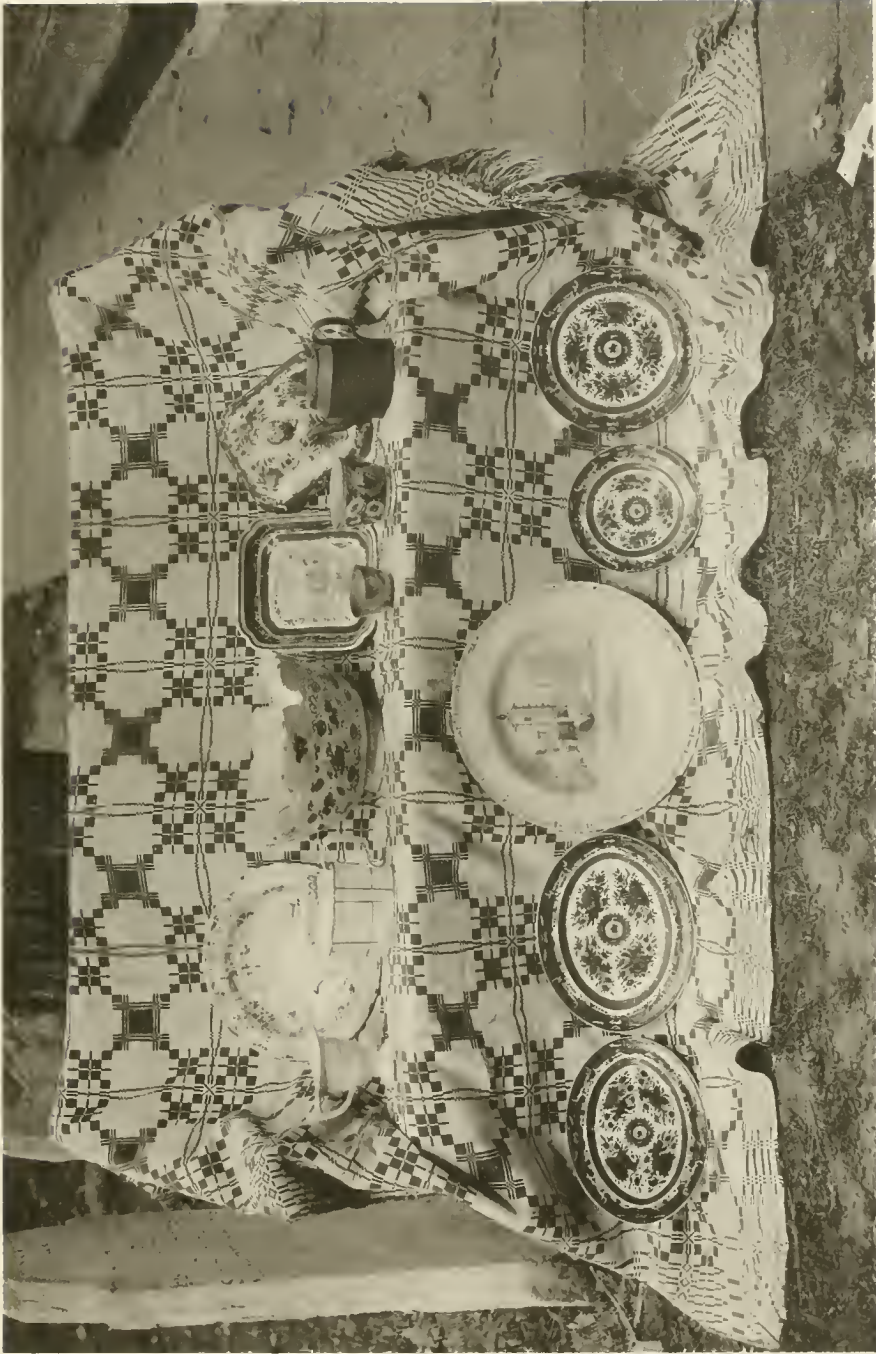
I

THIS group of articles selected from the Loan Collection was taken at the side of the church, and some of the ancient tombstones are seen in the background. The jug at the right is a Graybeard Jug, brought from Holland by William Beekman in 1647. On the left is a very old Dutch clock, with wooden works, and miniature bell on top, brought from Holland at a very early period. Of the two swords, one was found after the retreat of the British after the burning of Kingston; the other is the sword carried by Colonel C. D. Wynkoop in the Revolutionary War. The brick in the center is a Holland brick, imported at a very early date, and was taken from an old Dutch house that

was torn down. The cannon-ball is a memento of the Revolution. The crude brace and bit at the left of the lower tier was in use in the Wynkoop family over one hundred and fifty years ago. In the center are four Dutch tiles framed, taken from an ancient house which in 1669 was referred to by Governor Lovelace as the "Dominie's or State House," and put down on the Rev. John Miller's map, made in 1695, as "the house where the Governor is entertained." It afterward passed into the possession of Colonel Abraham Hasbrouek, and was occupied by him after his arrival in Kingston. These tiles were taken from this house when it was torn down some years ago. In the foreground is an ancient Dutch toasting-iron and also an old waffle-iron.

II

THE two unique teapots and the milk-pitcher in this group are very beautiful specimens of ancient ware; they were handed down in the Van Gaasbeek family, and are the property of Sara Van Gaasbeek, a maiden lady eighty years old, who prizes them very highly. The four smaller pieces in the lower tier, and the dish with cover at the right above, are of the beautiful Orange Ware, genuine Holland china, and have been in the possession of the Van Santvoord family for generations; loaned by Rev. Cornelius Van Santvoord. On the right is a small bowl, two hundred years old, handed down in the Swart family, loaned by H. W. Tibbals. The little cup next on the left is a silver punch-cup, made with a hammer over a die; it is over two hundred years old; loaned by Abra-



E BIERSTADT, N

KINGSTON RELICS.

ARTOTYPE,



185101

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KINGSTON RELICS.



ARTOTYPE

KINGSTON RELICS.

BIENSTADT N. Y.

ham Van Steenbergh. The punch-bowl in the center is an ancient one, and was brought from Holland. The large plate in the center speaks for itself; there is to be seen on it a landscape in the fatherland, which, with the quaint Dutch architecture of the building, attests its origin.

III

THIS picture has for its background the chapel-door of the First Reformed Church. On the lower step and at each side are two chairs brought from Holland, and which have been in the possession of the Jansen family for generations. Between the chairs is seen the old church-chest. It was brought over from Holland in 1676, to be used for the safe keeping of the church-records. An inscription and the date are carved on its front. At the end can be seen the chain by which it was to be kept from being carried away, and in front the key which secured its contents. On top of the chest is an old Dutch family Bible, selected at random from the collection. The mirror in the center came from Holland, and is believed to be over two hundred years old; it originally formed a part of the wedding outfit of an ancestor of the late Rev. John C. F. Hoes, D. D. The chairs on either side of the mirror were also brought from Holland over two hundred years ago. The mirror and chairs descended to Dr. Hoes in a direct line from his ancestors.

VII

THE background for this group is an old-time bedspread, of which there were three or four in the

collection. In the center is a flint-lock gun; this gun is over seven feet in length, and is claimed to be over two hundred years old. Attached to the old gun is an immense powder-horn, two feet eight inches in length; it was worn by a patriot soldier at the storming of Stony Point; loaned by Isaac Post. On the right is a distaff, or old-fashioned spinning-wheel; an article of furniture very familiar to our great-grandmothers. To the left is an ancient saw-frame, once the property of Teunis Swart. In the foreground are two mahogany spoon and fork holders, that were handed down in the family of Mrs. George N. Van Deusen, by whom they were loaned.

VIII. PORTRAIT OF DOMINE JOHANNES WEECKSTEIN.

(Loaned by C. H. Van Gaasbeek, Jr.)

THIS portrait, with its Holland frame, was brought to this country by the domine himself when he came over in 1681 from Holland to become pastor of the church at Esopus (Kingston). It was painted by M. Naiveu in 1678, as appears by the artist's signature in the lower left-hand corner. The portrait represents the domine dressed in his ministerial robes, sermon in hand, and is a fine specimen of Dutch art. Domine Weeckstein was the third pastor of the Dutch Church at Kingston, and was a brother-in-law of its second pastor, Domine Laurentius Van Gaasbeek. He arrived with his family in Kingston September 11, 1681. Unaccustomed to so severe a climate, his health soon became affected, and he was forced to suspend full church services for nearly two years. After a pastorate of six years, he died March



DOMINE WEECKSTEIN.



Col. CORNELIUS D. WYNKOOP, A.D. 1742.

16, 1687, and was buried, according to the custom of the day, beneath the church in which he had preached.

IX. PORTRAIT OF COLONEL CORNELIUS D. WYNKOOP.

THIS portrait of Colonel Wynkoop was painted in 1742. Mr. Wynkoop was eight years old when it was taken, and he is seen dressed in the costume of the times in which he lived. Across the portrait is seen the sword that he carried throughout the Revolutionary War. Colonel Wynkoop was born March 5, 1734. He was appointed, June 30, 1775, major of the Third Regiment, under command of Colonel James Clinton. He was promoted to be colonel of the same regiment April 11, 1776, and served with distinction in the war. His death was a melancholy one, he being killed by mistake by one of his slaves, who intended to kill another slave. The portrait is in possession of George Wynkoop, of Hurley, N. Y., a grandson of the colonel.

X. PORTRAIT OF MISS CATHALINA POST.

THIS old portrait, painted about 1750, shows some signs of its age. The subject, Miss Cathalina Post, is seen dressed in the quaint Dutch costume of long ago, the high-heeled shoes being particularly noticeable. (A pair similar to those represented in the picture have been handed down and are still in possession of a family of Kingston.) It was taken when she was about fourteen years of age. Cathalina Post married Zeger Van Santvoord, son of the Rev. Cornelius Van Santvoord, pastor of the Dutch Church at Schenee-

tady, N. Y., who died 1752. Zeger Van Santvoord was the great-grandfather of the Rev. Cornelius Van Santvoord, D D., of Kingston, who now owns this family portrait, formerly in possession of C. Z. Van Santvoord of Schenectady until his death in 1845.



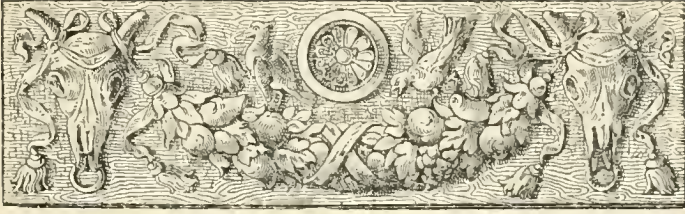
General George H. Sharpe then delivered the following oration:



Miss CATHALINA POST



General GEORGE H. SHARPE



ORATION

OF

GENERAL GEORGE H. SHARPE.

IS this The Holland Society of New-York? Is this a fraternity composed of lineal representatives of Dutchmen on the paternal side? Is a Holland Society peripatetic? Does it leave New-York in a special train, catch a hurried luncheon, and then arrange to pass the afternoon in discussion, contemplating also a supper and speech-making in the evening, which, according to the programme of the secretary, is to last all night? Are these the descendants of William the Silent?

As your faces are set toward the highest parts of the Kaatskills, we remember that your names and lineage give you peculiar privileges there, and we can only hope that in your transformed natures you will respect the repose of Domine Van Schaick, Brom Dutcher, the Schoolmaster Van Bummel, and Nicholas Vedder.

You will not expect from me a discussion of Dutch character or even a careful study of the traits of

those Hollanders who originally settled this county. That will be done in the future of your Society by a lineal descendant of those Hollanders, on the paternal side. I shall try briefly, to-day, to tell you something of the place and of the manners of the early people whose homes you are now visiting, and if I use in part the results of studies that have served me before, I beg to say that I am especially honored by your invitation to present them to a larger and greatly distinguished audience.

The history of this county begins to be interesting at the earliest stages of American history.

The Duke of York was Duke of Albany in Scotland and Earl of Ulster in Ireland, and when, in after years, this town was divided, a royal governor named the portion which was cut off from it because he was Baron Lovelace, of Hurley. I may add that, the title of Lovelace of Hurley having become extinct, that of Lovelace was again created in 1838, in favor of William Lord King, who married Ada, the only child of George Gordon, Lord Byron.

Visited by Dutchmen in 1614, and again in 1620, it was in the very earliest colonial history one of the strong places of the province of New-York.

The British Museum contains the report of the Rev. John Miller, written in the year 1695, who, after "having been nearly three years resident in the province of New-York, in America, as chaplain of His Majesty's forces there, and constantly attending the governor, had the opportunity of observing many things of considerable consequence in relation to the Christians and Indians, and had also taken the drafts of all the cities, towns, forts, and churches of any note within the same." These are his own words, and he

adds that in the province of New-York "the places of strength are chiefly three, the city of New-York, the city of Albany, and the town of Kingstone, in Ulster." I have copied the map of the stockade inclosure which made the fortified boundaries of the town. The east, north, and west fronts ran along elevations overlooking the lowlands and having a varying altitude of from twenty to thirty feet. The inclosure comprehended about twenty-five acres of land. There were salients, or horn works at each of the four angles, with a circular projection at the middle of the westerly side, where the elevation was less than on the northerly and easterly sides. The church standing upon the ground where we now are was inclosed with a separate stockade, to be used as the last resort in case of disaster, and projecting from this separate fortification, a strong block-house commanded and enfiladed the approaches to the southerly side, which was a plain.

The local history is of continued and dramatic interest. The Indian wars were signalized by a great uprising and attack here, which were known as the war of 1663, when a considerable number of the inhabitants were killed, a still larger number were taken prisoners, and about one-fourth of the houses were burned to the ground. Reënforcements were sent by the governor-general from New Amsterdam, followed by his personal presence, when the Indians were driven back to the mountains, and, after a tedious campaign, their villages were destroyed and the prisoners recaptured.

When the next great crisis in our history came, Kingston bore a conspicuous part. It was the scene of the formation of the State Government. The Con-

stitution was here discussed and adopted. George Clinton was called from the Highlands, where, as a brigadier-general of the Continental army, he was commanding all the forces upon the Hudson River, which were opposing the attempt of Sir Henry Clinton to reach the northern part of the State and relieve Burgoyne, hemmed in by Gates at Saratoga. He was the ideal war governor—unbuckling his sword in the court-room that he might take the oath of office, and returning, immediately after the simple form of his inauguration, to his command upon the river. The court-house, standing opposite to us, and rebuilt upon its old foundations, and occupying, substantially, the same superficies of ground with its predecessor, recalls the dramatic scene, when surrounded by the Council of Safety, and in a square formed by two companies of soldiers, he was proclaimed governor by Egbert Dumond, the sheriff of the county, reading his proclamation from the top of a barrel, and closing it with the words, "God save the people," which for the first time took the place of "God save the King." The only building in any way connected with the civil foundation of this great State, the Senate House of 1777, is still standing, and presents the same appearance that it did at the time of its erection, prior to the year 1690. It was subsequently occupied by General Armstrong, who, while residing here for the better education of his children in Kingston Academy, was appointed Minister to France. Aaron Burr, then in attendance upon court, spent an evening with General Armstrong at his house, and, having observed the merit of sundry sketches, made inquiry with regard to and interested himself in the fate of John Vanderlyn, who afterward painted the "Landing of Columbus," in the Capi-

tol, and "Marius upon the Ruins of Carthage," which attracted the attention of the first Napoleon, and established Vanderlyn's fame.

There are more than forty blue limestone houses, of the general type found in Holland, standing to-day, which were built long before the revolutionary period, and many of them before the year 1700. The Hoffmans are still intrenched in the grim stronghold which dominated and secured the most perilous hornwork of the old stockade during the wars of the seventeenth century, and the descendant of John Van Keuren occupies the house in the cellar of which his ancestor came into the world, while the British troops were tramping the floors above, and the burning rafters were startling the ears of the agonizing mother.

The old Kingston Academy appears to us precisely as it did to our great-grandfathers, with the exception of the removal of the small cupola which contained the bell, for it existed long before its incorporation by the regents of the university, in 1795, and was throughout the whole period of the Revolutionary War the only academic institution of the first rank in this State where a classical education could be obtained.

You may here recall the figure of Edward Livingston, Secretary of State, and brother of the Chancellor; Stephen Van Rensselaer, the old patroon; Abraham Van Vechten, afterward Attorney-general, and the father of the New-York bar; John C. Spencer, Secretary of the Navy; and Thomas J. Oakley, Chief-justice of your Superior Court. From it have also gone some of the fathers of the Dutch Church. The Rev. Dr. Westbrook; the Rev. Dr. Ostrander; the Rev. Jacob Brodhead, father of the historian; the

Rev. Dr. Van Vechten, of Schenectady, who married a daughter of the great John Mason; the Rev. Wilhelmus Eltinge, and lastly, the Rev. Thomas DeWitt, the chiefest of all these apostles. The discipline was severe in those old days, and all intercourse between tutors and scholars took place in Latin. "*Licetne mihi exire?*" asked a student who wished to retire, when the emphatic "*Imo,*" or, more frequently, "*Non*" was returned to him. When the roll was called, those present answered "*Adsum,*" and for one who was playing hookey, "*Abest*" was shouted by a comrade.

The vacant lots and streets about the academy were encumbered by enormous quantities of wood, as each student brought a load with him at the commencement of the fall term, which went to form a common stock for the winter use. The academy commencement was generally held about the middle of September, and it was a gala day here. The students marched in a body to Bogardus' Hotel, in an upper room of which, known as the Free Masons' room, they were awaited by the board of trustees. After a formal introduction to the board, salvers were brought in and the students were invited to take a glass of wine. A procession was then formed under the ringing of the three bells of the town, those of the court-house, the academy, and the Dutch church. On arriving at the academy, the ranks of the students were opened, and the trustees passed through, and on being seated in the large upper room, an address in Latin was delivered by one of the trustees, to the great edification of those who had Dutch preached to them throughout the rest of the year. Then followed the public examination of the classes, after which dramatic entertainments were given at the court-house.

Here, I find that in the early days of this century, Cato and Douglas were played to admiring houses — John C. Spencer appearing, at one time, as young *Norval*, Peter S. Wynkoop as *Randolph*, and Clarissa Cantine as *Lady Randolph*. “The Road to Ruin” was among the comedies presented, and if the avenue leading to Hurley was in a condition resembling that of our day, it is plain to see that the title of the play was chosen in no Pickwickian sense. In the evening a grand ball was given at DeWall’s, on North Front street, and this was generally attended by the gentry of Hudson, Catskill, Rhinebeck, and Poughkeepsie, relatives and friends of the students.

When the old building was abandoned for the larger and more ambitious quarters now occupied by the academy, the bell was removed to the cupola of the new building, where it has lately given place to the exasperating tones of a steamboat bell, which evidences our progress in more clangorous if not higher education.

The political importance of the old village attained its culminating point when, at the conclusion of the war, this place was considered among those that were offered as the future capital of the nation. I have the original draft of the governor’s letter, presented to me by Judge George W. Clinton, late vice-chancellor of the university, in these words :

KINGSTON, 20th March, 1783.

SIR: I have the honor to transmit to Your Excellency an Act of the Corporation of Kingston, and Joint Resolutions of both Houses of the Legislature of this State, respecting a fixed Residence and an exempt Jurisdiction for the accommodation of Con-

gress. These Papers are accompanied by a Map which will point out the situation and extent of the Corporate Lands.

Their Charter rights are ample, and their Title unexceptionable.

Without entering into the Merits of the Proposition as it Respects the Honorable Congress of this State, it is my duty to declare, that the zealous and Uniform Efforts of the Inhabitants of Kingston in the Cause of Liberty, and the Calamities which they have suffered from the Vengeance of Britain, avowedly for their distinguished Patriotism, entitles them to consideration; and it is with great pleasure that I Submit their wishes to the Attention of Congress.

I have the Honor to be Sir
 With great Esteem & Respect
 Your Excellencies
 Most Obedt Servt

GEO. CLINTON.

To His Excellency
 The President of Congress.

I find no record of the names of the streets within the palisaded inclosure, until a recent period, but it is believed that each street was known from the name of its principal resident. From very early times, however, the northerly and easterly streets were respectively known as North Front and East Front, until the latter was changed to Clinton Avenue. It is difficult to understand the taste which removes an historical name, marking the line of the old boulevard, which, for one hundred years, was a rampart against Indian and savage foes.

The houses were all built of blue limestone, in the main consisted of one story, and were thus effectually protected by the stockade from the missiles of the enemy. There were some mansions of large dimensions,

and most of these, upon being fired by the British, at the time of the Vaughn expedition, crumbled into ruin on account of the intensity of the heat produced by the mass of wood-work. The smaller ones generally escaped with the loss of the doors and window-frames, and, being rebuilt from the old walls, present to-day substantially the same appearance they did in ante-revolutionary times. Of one of these larger houses this story is preserved by tradition: It belonged to Mollie Elmendorf, a wealthy heiress, who fled with her colored servant to Hurley when the British were marching on the town. Word came by a messenger that the village was burned, and from him particulars were asked by one and another, as their interest dictated the question, each fain to believe that his own property had escaped. With dignified reserve Mollie Elmendorf remained silent until all had satisfied their curiosity, when, beckoning to the messenger, she asked if her house had been burned. Upon an affirmative reply, an old colored female servant, who stood behind her mistress, spoke up with warmth and contradicted the assertion that Mollie Elmendorf's mansion had made part of the conflagration, insisting that such could not be the case, as she had the key of the house in her pocket.

Though the houses were small, the tendencies of our Dutch ancestors provided the means for a large hospitality. One of the most considerable buildings, presenting to-day its appearance of a century and a half ago, was DeWall's, on North Front street. DeWall was a native Hollander, and he here maintained a species of Almack's for the accommodation of the wealthy. It was a sort of club-house, which, from time to time, was engaged by those desiring to give large

entertainments. The upper floor was devoted to the purpose of a spacious ball-room, and the lower was divided into dressing-rooms and rooms for private entertainments. This house was the scene of assemblies or balls, which were given sometimes by individuals and sometimes by the young people, dividing the expense among each other. And these were very frequent during the winter. DeWall provided the music as well as the more material part of the entertainment. No gentleman was admitted except in dress-coat, white stockings, and pumps, unless he maintained the knee-breeches and silk stockings of an earlier day. A salver with refreshments was handed around after each dance, and these consisted of cake and some substantials, with two kinds of wine — Malaga, a sweet wine, for the ladies, and Teneriffe, a species of Madeira. Added to these, when the gentlemen retired to other rooms below, they partook of gin sling, which our ancestors very much affected — and which, forsooth, oftentimes very much affected our ancestors.

The most considerable building was, of course, the Dutch church, standing within a few feet of the site of the present edifice, with a great row of poplar-trees girdling the graveyard. It ran lengthwise along the street, and nearly upon it, and faced the parsonage, which was on the other side. It was a massive and imposing stone structure, a right-angled parallelogram in form, with hipped roof, and was entered through an auxiliary building on its front, called the doop-house, whose roof was in the form of a widely extended and inverted V. At the center of the outside of the north end of the church, and separate from it in structure, arose the bell-tower, an imposing square column of

stone, and supporting an open cupola, within which hung the sweet-toned bell, brought from Holland, that we hope may still call our children's children to the worship of the God of their fathers. Within there were three aisles, one running through the center to the space in front of the pulpit, which faced the door, and the other two along each side, having between them and the wall but a single elevated seat, facing inward. Upon these side seats, reached by a single step, and in the galleries, the men always sat, the women occupying the body of the church. In the earlier days the men brought their muskets with them to the house of God, and it is for this reason that the custom prevails in this country, differing from that in Europe, whereby men occupy the outer seats of the pews, as they did in those old times, in order that they might rapidly reach the door to repel a sudden attack of the savages.

About midway, on the westerly side of the church, was situated the magistrate's pew, surmounted by a canopy, which was not removed until the year 1808. The elders and deacons sat in positions similar to those now occupied in the Dutch church on either side of the pulpit, and the clerk's desk was placed on a raised dais, a little to the right of the pulpit, and facing the congregation. The church was without artificial warmth during all seasons, and the women arrived, in inclement weather, with their footstoves in their hands, the wealthier ones being followed by colored servants bearing the same. Then, at the close of the ringing of the bell, when the minister entered, he handed his hat to the clerk, and ascended the pulpit. The first prayer or invocation followed, after which the clerk, reaching for a long wand or stick, in the

end of which was a slit, and putting into it the notices which were to be read to the congregation, raised the wand, and, from the floor below, handed them to the domine reaching out from the pulpit.

The first preaching in English was under the ministry of the Rev. Dr. Gosman, who was called in 1808, and was continued amid the murmurings of those who held in strong affection the Holland tongue and litany of their sires. For a long period, however, and even within my own recollection, the close of the service and the pronounciation of the benediction was followed by an immediate resumption of the Dutch language by the congregation passing down the aisles and issuing from the doors.

Nor was there a lack of incidents arising from the change in the language. One Sunday Dr. Gosman's sermon was on the subject of faith, founded upon the thrilling story of Thomas, called Didymus, in the twentieth chapter of St. John's Gospel. As the doctor proceeded he grew eloquent and rhetorical, and, applying to his hearers the reproachful experience which the incredulity of Thomas brought upon him, he exclaimed with fervor: "And now, my brethren, the injunction comes to each of us, Thomas, be not faithless, but believing." In the gallery sat two brothers, of one of whom the Christian name was Thomas, and he was following the comfortable Dutch custom of taking a nap. Dr. Gosman continued to warm with his subject, and at the end of paragraph after paragraph of illustration, he cried, in ringing tones: "And now, my brethren, we are asked, Thomas, believest thou me?" Our sleeping friend in the gallery was confusedly roused by the constant repetition of his name, and, at length, made an effort to

respond. Only half wakened from his dreams, he muttered: "Wat begeert-u van mij, Dr. Gosman?" His brother, dismayed at the unseemly interruption, shook him and said: "Wees stil, man, wees stil! Hij spreekt niet van u hij spreekt van Thomas Didymus."

The clerk also acted as precentor, and led the singing, and the legends tell us that at one time this officer's courage received a severe test. The domine gave out the 119th Psalm to be sung, and then resumed his seat without stating what part of the same was to be used. The clerk looked despairingly at the congregation and then imploringly at the pulpit, but no help came from either. He still hesitated in presence of the mighty task before him, and heaved a long sigh, which is said to have been distinctly audible throughout the whole church. The domine was lost in reflection or prayer, and the clerk at last took off his coat, which he deliberately folded and hung over the back of his desk. With another heavy sigh, he then proceeded manfully to sing through the entire 119th Psalm, until the minister's attention was happily arrested and the error corrected, to the relief of the congregation and of the precentor, who devoutly believed that his time had come.

The old citizens inhabiting all these homesteads were prudent, economical, and frugal people, of a strong religious character, and simple and unostentatious in their lives. They were farmers to a greater or less degree, each having a portion of the lowlands or the fields on the Arm Bouwery. Near every residence was a barn, and as every householder owned cows, these were seen issuing forth in large numbers to the meadows in the morning, and their returning bells made the evening hour melodious. Besides the

smaller shops or stores, the more considerable citizens, like the old houses of Florence and Pisa, were engaged in extensive trade, purchasing cereals and other large products from the surrounding country, and forwarding them, in bulk, to New-York, with the yield of their own broad acres. In the larger houses, where dinner was served, as in the others, at noon, it remained upon the table for three or four hours, the first joints being followed by others, so that all the friends and retainers from a distance could refresh themselves before setting out upon their return home.

The produce was, of course, forwarded to New-York by sloops, and those from this place always entered and lay at Coenties Slip. Besides these freights, the sloops carried passengers, and as nothing but the passage was provided by the skipper, each voyager took with him his own bed, bedding, and provisions, and where the travelers were relatives or familiar acquaintances, a mess was formed, and the table supplies were turned into a common stock. Arriving in New-York, those who chose resided on the vessel during their stay. The returning sloops brought cargoes which consisted mainly of cloths, flannels, coffee, tea, iron, nails, leather, furniture, and kitchen utensils, and salt, sugar, and rum in large quantities. The announcement of the arrival of a sloop at The Strand (now Rondout) was an event in the village. The news was communicated from mouth to mouth, and was of more importance than the arrival, to-day, of a steamer at Sandy Hook. Friends were expected to arrive as passengers, and perhaps relatives and other visitors with them. Accounts were looked for of the produce shipped to New-York, and the

returning cargoes were sure to enrich the cellars of the Dutch burghers with rum, molasses, and sugar, and to gladden the hearts of the Dutch damsels with the latest novelties in petticoats. Then everybody bustled about the village, and citizens as well as merchants prepared their teams and hurried to The Strand to welcome the vessel and her cargo.

The farmers raised their own flax, and from it made their linen, homespun garments, and ropes. A cobbler went with his kit from house to house, remaining at one for days, at another for weeks, until the entire foot-gear of the family was placed in thorough repair for another year's use. The larders were well supplied. Each householder fattened his own pigs and beeves, and poultry of all kinds was plentiful; and besides the smaller game which abounded in the vicinity, an abundant supply of venison was brought from beyond the Catskills, and sold in open market on the streets.

There were four meals,—an early breakfast, dinner at noon, tea at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and a hot supper at 8 in the evening; and this brought about the reunion of the whole family, with invited friends. A large number of colored people were maintained by every householder whose means justified it, and these generally took the family name and made kind and attached servants.

The boys were divided into Kinderhookers and Wolverhookers. The Kinderhookers were said to be so called because the southern portion of the village was thought to be very prolific in children, and the Wolverhookers were stigmatized as savages by their rivals, because on cold winter nights the howling of the wolves could be heard in North Front street from the woods above the Brabant farms. When a Wolver-

hooker strayed into the bounds of the enemy, the rallying cry was raised, there was a gathering of the Kinderhooker clan, and he was driven within his own limits or until he met a sufficient force to keep the field; and at times a large body invaded the hostile territory, seeking and accepting battle.

There were no public amusements. Family dinners were frequent, and there was much tea-drinking. The young people were fond of dancing, and promoted parties to that end. When De Wall's house and ball-room were burned, early in this century, he was assisted in the immediate rebuilding by a public subscription. A general observance was had of all religious festivals. New Year's Day received little attention, but Christmas was the prominent festival of the year. Communion was administered on that day in the Dutch church, whether it fell upon Sunday or not, and during Christmas week there were family dinners and reunions. Pinkster was the favorite holiday among the colored people, who were so numerous that, added to another local peculiarity, it was a colloquial saying abroad, concerning Kingston, that every other house was a barn, and every other white man a negro. Refreshments were provided at funerals, as many of the attendants came a long distance, a large table being set in the principal room within the house, and in mild weather under the trees without. Mulled wine was generally served, and after it pipes and tobacco, until the procession was ready to move. Then, as there was no hearse, the body was placed upon the bier and carried by the appointed bearers to the burial ground, where they also completed the sepulture by filling up the grave. After a short pause, the

sexton stepped forward, uncovered, and returned thanks to all present for their assistance, beginning his set phrase with the words, "Vrienden en Messieurs," one Dutch and the other French, and so, perhaps, had the Holland and Huguenot blood been commingled in the body committed to the dust.

This Dutch and Huguenot community, gentlemen, is proud of the formation of The Holland Society.

We hope that you will not only make pilgrimages to the homes of your ancestors, but that you will seek to establish their true fame. We believe that the number of Dutchmen who have written our history are altogether too few. We know that the Reformation followed by collisions between English *dissenters* and the Anglican hierarchy colonized New England, and we also know that the Reformation *emanipating* the Low Countries led to the settlements on the Hudson. We remember that if the English gave our fathers the idea of popular representation, the United Provinces give us the model of a Federal Union. We remember that your forefathers came here, not flying from intolerance in their own land, but that they came from a country where the principle of religious liberty had been established for a hundred years. We remember that they burned no witches, that they expelled no Quakers, and that the directors of the West India Company wrote to Peter Stuyvesant these magnificent words: "Let every peaceful citizen enjoy freedom of conscience. This maxim has made your city the asylum for fugitives from every land; tread in its steps and you shall be blessed." We remember that the *Mayflower* sailed from Holland; and when we look upon our material prosperity, we reflect that it was the offspring of

James Clinton and Mary De Witt that gave us the Erie Canal.

Stand by your inheritance, gentlemen, and the Huguenots will stand by you.

You need not magnify it, but uphold it with the faith reposed in the pure mistress of his heart by a Huguenot ancestor, and expressed in the rugged simplicity of the language before the revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

Si le roi m'avait donné
 Paris, sa grand' ville,
 Et qu'il me fallût quitter
 L'amour de ma mie,
 Je dirais au roi Henri :
 Reprenez votre Paris,
 J'aime mieux ma mie, Ô gai !
 J'aime mieux ma mie.

La rime n'est pas riche, et le style en est vieux :
 Nais ne voyez-vous pas que cela vaut bien mieux
 Que ces colifichets dont le bon sens murmure,
 Et que la passion parle là toute pure ?

Si le roi m'avait donné
 Paris, sa grand' ville,
 Et qu'il me fallût quitter
 L'amour de ma mie,
 Je dirais au roi Henri :
 Reprenez votre Paris,
 J'aime mieux ma mie, Ô gai !
 J'aime mieux ma mie.

The Rev. A. H. Huizinga then pronounced the benediction, as follows :

Jehovah zegene U en behoede U ! Jehovah doe zijn aangezicht over U lichten en zij U genadig ! Jehovah verheffe zijn aangezicht over U en geve U vrede !



THE TAPPEN HOMESTEAD, KINGSTON, N. Y.

Among the many interesting houses in Kingston, pictures of a few were taken for this Society, and they are now inserted.

IV. THE TAPPEN HOMESTEAD, KINGSTON, N. Y.

THIS large, square mansion is located at the point of a triangle, formed by the junction of Greene and Crown streets. It is a two-story stone house, built of blue limestone, after the Esopus fashion, and is a fine specimen of the stone houses of Kingston. It is built in a substantial manner, and is in a well-preserved condition after two centuries of continuous use. It is laid down on the map of Kingston made by the Rev. John Miller, in 1695. The house was not originally of its present size, but bears evidence of having been added to at different times, probably having been enlarged when the wood-work was replaced after the fire of 1777. This house was the homestead of the Tappen family, and John Tappen here published for many years the "Ulster Plebeian," one of the first newspapers in Ulster county.

V. THE OLD DUTCH REFORMED CHURCH, KINGSTON, N. Y.

THE first permanent settlement of Esopus (Kingston) was made in the year 1652. It is true that in the year 1614 a fort was erected by the Dutch at the mouth of the Rondout Kill, contemporaneous with the building of the forts on Castle Island, near Albany, and at New Amsterdam. The fort was built as a trading post. In 1623 we find that a party of

Dutch traders spent the whole season there, trading on their own account, and then returning to Holland. Some families and individuals may have located at Esopus prior to 1652, but there is nothing on record to show that they did. If any settlement was made, it was totally abandoned during the Indian wars of 1644 and 1645. In 1652 the first permanent settlers arrived; they had previously located on the manor of Rensselaerwyck. The little band of settlers at Esopus were welcomed by the Indians, and soon had their homes erected and their fields in cultivation. In 1655, at the outbreak of the Indian raid at Hoboken and Staten Island, they fled from their fields, leaving their homes at the mercy of the savages, but returned in the fall of the same year on the declaration of peace. Surrounded by dangers and engrossed in the labor of making a new settlement, they did not forget God. It was their custom to assemble at one of their houses on the morning of the Lord's day, when prayer was offered and other devotions entered into. In the spring of 1658 "there were between sixty and seventy Christians" at Esopus. They had no ordained minister,—a "voorleeser," or reader, had been appointed to read the services. The first reader was Jacob van Slyke, from Catskill; the second was Andries van Der Sluys, who was appointed by Governor Stuyvesant. Frequent appeals for a regularly ordained minister were forwarded to the Classis at Amsterdam. No one was sent in answer to these appeals until August 17, 1659, when Hermannus Blom arrived, and preached two sermons, to the delight of the people. A call or petition for him to become their pastor was made out and signed the same day. Blom returned to Holland for ordination by the



ARTOTYPE

THE DUTCH REFORMED CHURCH, KINGSTON, N. Y.

E. BECKSTADT N. Y.

Classis of Amsterdam, which took place February 16, 1660. He arrived at Esopus for the second time, September 5, 1660, and preached his first sermon on the 15th of the same month. During the year 1661 a log edifice was erected, "substantial and convenient." This was the first church building in which the services of the church were held. It was located on the north-east corner of Main and Wall streets. Domine Blom's pastorate was a successful and prosperous one, the membership increasing from sixteen to sixty in three years. The massacre and burning of Wiltwyck (Kingston) occurred in 1663. The young church suffered considerably in consequence of that event and of the Indian war that followed. When peace was declared the church commenced anew its career of prosperity, only again to be sorely afflicted. September, 1666, Domine Blom's wife suddenly died, and the domine was so disconsolate that in January, 1667, he asked his release from the church, which was reluctantly granted. After six years and a half of faithful labor as first pastor in Esopus, Domine Blom returned to Holland. For the next eleven years the church remained without a regular pastor. The ministers from New Amsterdam and Albany occasionally visited Esopus during the interval, performing marriages and baptizing children, as the records of the church fully attest. Their "voorleeser," or reader, conducted the services on Sundays and feast days. In the spring of 1678 Petrus Tesschenmaker, a candidate for the ministry, supplied the pulpit, and continued to preach until the arrival of Domine Van Gaasbeek in September, 1678. In response to a request of the consistory, addressed to the Classis of Amsterdam, approved by Governor

Andros, October 8, 1677, Domine Laurentius Van Gaasbeek was sent out as pastor of the church at Esopus. Domine Van Gaasbeek was graduated at the renowned University of Leyden, May 25, 1674. He was both a clergyman and a physician, and was called the "Domine Doctor." He, with his family, arrived in Esopus September 8, 1678, and he preached his first sermon the 15th of the same month. He was zealous and faithful in the discharge of his duties, and awakened a corresponding spirit in the church, and a blessing attended their efforts, so that in one year the membership increased to one hundred and eighty members. During his pastorate a new and substantial stone church was erected, forty-five by sixty feet, on the north-east corner of Wall and Main streets; it was in true Holland style, with highly colored and painted window glass, bearing the coat of arms of William, Prince of Orange. This building was completed and dedicated about January 1, 1680. Domine Van Gaasbeek was not long permitted to preach in this edifice, for he was very soon taken sick with a fever, and went to New-York for medical treatment, where he died, February, 1680. He was succeeded by his brother-in-law, Domine Johannes Weeckstein, who was sent over by the Classis of Amsterdam. He arrived with his family in Esopus September 11, 1681, and preached his first sermon on the 18th of the same month. After a faithful and successful pastorate of six years he died, March 17, 1687. After passing through these vicissitudes, the church was ministered to by a succession of able and talented ministers, and has continued down to the present time its prosperous career, being the parent tree from which several other churches were the off-

shoots. During the pastorate of Domine Petrus Vas (1710–1752), the church was granted a charter from King George, bearing date of November 17, 1719. Near the close of his pastorate a new, substantial, and commodious church was erected near the site of the former church, and was dedicated by Domine George William Mancius, November 29, 1752. This church building was in continuous use until October 16, 1777, when it was burned, together with all the houses in Kingston except one, by the British soldiers under Major-General Vaughn. In a few years the church was rebuilt, and the people were again worshiping in it. During the pastorate of the Rev. John Gosman (1808–1835) a new brick church was erected on the south-east corner of Wall and Main streets (now known as St. Joseph's Roman Catholic Church); it was dedicated August 20, 1833. This edifice was in continuous use until 1852, when, during the ministry of the Rev. John C. F. Hoes (1845–1867), the present commodious and imposing edifice was erected, and dedicated September 28, 1852. In 1882 a commodious chapel was added to the church, built in architectural consonance with the main building, and adding greatly to its beauty and symmetry. At the same time the church building was put in thorough repair, and newly furnished at a great expense, reflecting much credit on the Building Committee and the pastor, the Rev. J. G. van Slyke, under whose superintendence the work was completed.

From a mural tablet erected in the church we take the following list of the pastors of the church, with their dates of service.

PASTORS OF THE FIRST REFORMED CHURCH
OF KINGSTON, N. Y.

HERMANUS BLOM	1660-1667
LAURENTIUS VAN GAASBEEK	1678-1680
JOHANNES WEECKSTEIN	1681-1687
LAURENTIUS VAN DEN BOSCH	1687-1689
JOHN PETRUS NUCELLA	1695-1704
HENRICUS BEYS	1706-1708
PETRUS VAS	1710-1752
GEORGE WILHELMUS MANCIUS	1732-1762
HERMANUS MEYER, D. D.	1763-1772
GEORGE JACOB LEONARD DOLL	1775-1808
JOHN GOSMAN, D. D.	1808-1835
JOHN LILLIE, D. D.	1836-1841
JOHN HARDENBURGH VAN WAGENEN	1841-1844
JOHN CANTINE FARRELL HOES, D. D.	1845-1867
DAVID NEWLAND VAN DER VEER	1867-1876
JOHN GARNSEY VAN SLYKE, D. D.	1876-

VI. THE "SENATE-HOUSE," KINGSTON, N. Y.

THIS venerable building is located on the west side of Clinton Avenue, corner of North Front street; it is one-story, built of blue limestone in the "Esopus fashion," and at the time of its erection was no doubt considered a spacious and commodious mansion; the ceilings are high for buildings of its kind, and the rooms are spacious. The "Senate-house" was erected during the latter part of the seventeenth century by Wessel Ten Broeck, one of the prominent settlers of Esopus, who married (as his second wife) in 1695 Laurentia Kellenaar, widow of Thomas Chambers, lord of the Manor of Foxhall. Her oldest daughter, Jacomyntje Van Gaasbeek, by a former husband, Domine Laurentius Van Gaasbeek, married Wessel Ten Broeck's eldest son, Wessel, Jr.,



ANTOTYPE

THE OLD SENATE HOUSE, KINGSTON, N. Y.

L. HERSTADT N. Y.

who was born to him by a previous wife, Maria Ten Eyck. Their son, Wessel, third, married his cousin, Blandina Van Gaasbeek, daughter of Abraham Gaasbeek Chambers. Abraham Van Gaasbeek, brother of the above Blandina, married Sara Ten Broeck. The "Senate-house" passed from the possession of one to the other of these families until in the middle of the eighteenth century it came into the possession of the last-named Abraham Van Gaasbeek, who owned and occupied it during its use by the first Senate of the State of New-York. The history of its occupancy and use by that body is as follows: The first constitution of the State of New-York was adopted April 20, 1777, the convention then sitting at the inn of Captain Evert Bogardus, a stone building which stood on the north-west corner of Fair street and Maiden lane, Kingston, N. Y. When rebuilt after the fire of 1777, it was called the "Constitution-house." It was torn down in 1856 to make room for a private residence. The first election under this constitution was held July 9, 1777. The newly chosen Legislature was to meet at Kingston on the 1st of August. For various reasons, it did not meet until September, on the 9th of which month a quorum of the Senate was present, and that body was duly organized. The Assembly organized the following day. The Senate sat at the house of Abraham Van Gaasbeek, as appears from an entry in the "Journal of the Provincial Convention," vol. I., page 1101. The Senate continued its sessions at this house until October 7th, when it adjourned for the day. The news of the reduction of Fort Montgomery in the Highlands was received that day, and the next day so many members were called away by their military

duties and for the protection of their families that the Legislature did not convene again until January 5, 1778, at Poughkeepsie. On the 16th of October, 1777, this house was burned, with all the other houses in Kingston except one, by the British under Major-General Vaughn. Soon after this event the wood-work of the house was replaced, and the building presents substantially the same appearance that it did before the fire. The house was already one hundred years old when occupied by the Senate. It was afterward owned and occupied by Peter Van Gaasbeek, son of the above Abraham. He was a prominent politician, a friend of Alexander Hamilton and Aaron Burr, and member of the Third United States Congress. On his death, the house descended to his only daughter, Sarah. For a short period, during the first part of the present century, General Armstrong, United States Senator, Secretary of War, etc., resided in this house, and during his residence there he received his appointment as Minister to France. Upon the death of Sarah Van Gaasbeek, she devised the house to Charles R. Westbrook, son of the Rev. Cornelius D. Westbrook, and brother of the late Judge T. R. Westbrook. It is now the residence of the Hon. Marius Schoonmaker. It ought to be purchased by the State of New-York and preserved for its historical associations.*

XI. THE DEDERICK HOUSE.

THIS old house was selected as showing an old stone house, with gable end to the street; it was undoubt-

* Such a law has been passed by the State legislature in 1887.



THE DEDERICK HOUSE, KINGSTON, N. Y.

J. H. B. N. Y.

1881-1884



ARTOTYPE,

THE HASBROUCK HOMESTEAD, KINGSTON, N. Y.

E. BIERSTADT, N. Y.

edly built at a very early period, and well represents the smaller class of houses erected by the Dutch. It does not possess the steep, pitched roof of earlier date; these roofs have almost wholly disappeared, and have been replaced with others less steep. The house has the old-fashioned double doors, the top half of the door opening independent of the lower half. For over fifty years it was occupied by the village schoolmaster, William H. Dederick. His aged form seen on the stoop always reminded one of the past; his store of knowledge of the early history of the State and county was unbounded, and it was his delight to relate anecdotes of the early times.

XII. THE HASBROUCK HOMESTEAD.

THE Hasbrouck homestead, while not one of the oldest houses in Kingston, is still a representative house, and was erected long before the Revolutionary War. It was built by a descendant of Abraham Hasbrouck, who with his brother Jean came to this country in 1670 and 1675; they were of Huguenot descent, and with ten others were the original patentees of New Paltz. Colonel Abraham Hasbrouck, grandson of the above Abraham, removed to Kingston in 1735, and soon after erected this house. During his occupancy of the house, and a year or two before the burning of Kingston, it was destroyed by fire. The wood-work was replaced, and it became the residence of his son, Judge Jonathan Hasbrouck, first judge of Ulster county. Upon his death, at the age of eighty-three years, the house passed to his son, the Hon. Abraham Bruyn Hasbrouck, LL. D., who

for ten years (1840-1850) was President of Rutgers College. Upon retiring from this position in 1850, Mr. Hasbrouck returned to this homestead, where he spent the remainder of his life among his books and in his literary pursuits, which were his delight. He died at the ripe age of eighty-eight. His daughter Caroline is the wife of General George H. Sharpe.

At the close of the exercises in the chapel, the guests boarded a special train on the Ulster and Delaware Railroad, and journeyed through the Esopus Valley to Phoenicia, where a special Stony Clove and Catskill Mountain train was in waiting, which took the party through the famous Notch, where ice can be found all the year round, and where the cave with the wonderful echo is situated.

On arriving at the Hotel Kaaterskill, the travelers were met by Manager Paige, the various points of interest were seen in the gloaming, rooms were assigned, and after a brief resting-time dinner was served at 7:30 P.M. The following is a fac-simile of the bill of fare and list of toasts laid before each guest.

The Secretary desires to say that he spent one of the most pleasant evenings of his life in preparing this bill of fare, and in dissecting Washington Irving's caricature, and in fitting the excerpts (which are all literal) in their respective appropriate places.

The Rev. Henry J. van Dyke, Sr., D. D., was unavoidably absent, and grace was said by the Rev. Paul D. van Cleef, D. D.

It is only just to say that a finer dinner and better wines were never served, even at Dehnonico's or the Hotel Brunswick. Mr. Geo. R. Hardinge, the proprietor of the hotel, at the request of Mr. Coykendall



John C. F. Hoels -

XIII. PORTRAIT OF THE REV. DR. HOES.

The Rev. John Cantine Farrell Hoes, D. D., was descended from Jan Tysse Hoes, one of the original Patentees of Kinderhook, and was born in that place on the 13th of July, 1811. He was the oldest son of the late Peter I. Hoes (whose sister was the wife of ex-President Martin Van Buren), and grandson, on his mother's side, of Judge Peter Swart, of Schoharie County, who rendered eminent service as an officer in the Revolutionary War, and subsequently in our legislative councils at the State and National Capitols. He received his early education at the old Kinderhook Academy, was graduated from Amherst College in 1832, and studied theology at Princeton Seminary. He was ordained as a minister of the Dutch Church by the Classis of Cayuga, April 22, 1836, and at the same time was installed as pastor of the Dutch Church of Chittenango, N. Y. In 1837 he accepted a unanimous call to the Dutch Church of Ithaca, N. Y., where he labored with conspicuous success until 1845, when he accepted a call to the Dutch Church of Kingston, N. Y., extended to him "on the unanimous recommendation of its Great Consistory." He occupied this field until January 7, 1867, a period of more than twenty-one years, in the course of which large numbers were added to the church and the present elegant edifice was erected, largely as the result of his personal efforts. The degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred on Dr. Hoes, in 1852, by Union College. He was President of the Board of Trustees of the old Kingston Academy from 1854 to 1864, and in 1867 was

elected President of the Board of Superintendents of the Theological Seminary of the Reformed Dutch Church at New Brunswick, N. J. From 1854 until his death he was a Life Director of the American Bible Society, and from 1839 was a Life Director of the American Tract Society, and to their interests he was warmly attached.

Dr. Hoes died on the 9th of February, 1883, and was buried in the Wiltwyck Rural Cemetery, in Kingston.

He left behind him a name whose memory can never fade in the community where he lived, and his virtues are deeply enshrined in the hearts of those who knew him best and loved him most.



DINNER

TO

THE HOLLAND SOCIETY OF NEW-YORK,

TENDERED BY

MR. SAMUEL D. COYKENDALL,

"He bore on his shoulders a stout keg, that seemed full of liquor, and made signs for Rip to approach and assist him with the load. Rip complied with his usual alacrity, and, mutually relieving each other, they clambered up."

AT THE

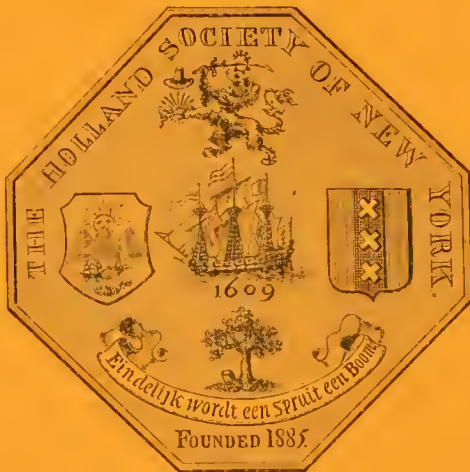
HOTEL KAATERSKILL,

"On a fine autumnal day, Rip had unconsciously scrambled to one of the highest parts of the Kaatskill Mountains."

ON THE OCCASION OF THE SOCIETY'S VISIT TO KINGSTON, N. Y.

"And there were some of the houses of the original settlers standing within a few years, built of small yellow bricks brought from Holland, having latticed windows and gable fronts, surmounted with weathercocks."

SEPTEMBER 14, 1886.



REGULAR TOASTS.

"But it would have been worth any statesman's money to have heard the profound discussions which sometimes took place."

1. THE DUTCHMEN OF KINGSTON.

"His father had once seen them in their old Dutch dresses, playing at nine-pins in a hollow of the mountain."

Hon. Alphonso Trumbour Clearwater,
VICE-PRESIDENT FOR KINGSTON.

"Alas! gentlemen, I am a poor, quiet man, a native of the place."

2. OUR SISTER SOCIETIES.

"As he approached the village he met a number of people, but none whom he knew, which somewhat surprised him, for he had thought himself acquainted with every one in the country round."

The Presidents of those Societies,

ALL OF WHOM HAVE BEEN INVITED.

"Well—who are they? Name them," Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired, "Where's Nicholas Vedder?" "Where's Brom Dutcher?" "Where's Van Bummel, the schoolmaster?"

3. THE HOLLAND SOCIETY OF NEW-YORK.

"Though these folks were evidently amusing themselves, yet they maintained the gravest faces, the most mysterious silence, and were, withal, the most melancholy party of pleasure he had ever witnessed."

Judge Hooper C. Van Vorst, President.

"He would never refuse to assist a neighbor."

4. DUTCH WOMEN.

"At this critical moment a fresh, comely woman passed through the throng."

Hon. Aaron J. Vanderpoet,

VICE-PRESIDENT FOR KINDERHOOK.

"Certain it is that he was a great favorite among all the good wives of the village."

5. THE DUTCH SOLDIER.

"The still solitudes had echoed and re-echoed with the reports of his gun."

Brevet Major-General Stewart Van Vliet, U. S. A.

"There was one who seemed to be the commander. He was a short, square-built old fellow, with thick, bushy hair."

6. THE RELIEF OF LEYDEN.

"What was to be done?"

Rev. J. Howard Suydam, D. D.

"Reverenced as one of the patriarchs of the village and a chronicler of the old times before the war."

IRREGULAR TOASTS.

"Surely," thought Rip, "I have not slept here all night."

"These mountain beds do not agree with me. And if this frolic should lay me up with a fit of rheumatism, I shall have a blessed time with Dame Van Winkle."

He recalled the occurrences before he fell asleep. The strange man with the keg of liquor—the mountain raving—the wild retreat among the rocks—the woe-begone party—"Oh! that wicked fagon!" thought Rip.

To make a long story short, the company broke up, and returned to the more important concerns of the election.

As he was about to descend, he heard a voice from a distance hallooing, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!"

spared no expense nor trouble, and the result could not have been surpassed anywhere.

After the excellent dinner, the President, Judge Hooper C. van Vorst, rapped for order and spoke as follows :

It is a very agreeable duty which has been assigned to me, to announce the toasts. I am not responsible for all that Mr. Van Sielen has undertaken to write and print upon this orange-colored paper [referring to the quotations from Washington Irving, on the printed *menu*]. There is much of it that I subscribe to, and some that I do not. Now, for instance, I subscribe to the propriety of having the first toast of the evening, "The Dutchmen of Kingston." That we all respond to because we have to-day experienced so much of the genuine hospitality and kindness of the Dutchmen of Kingston. That, gentlemen, we can never forget. That I agree to. But when he speaks of our distinguished friend, Alphonso Clearwater,— I thought it was Klaarwater,— it must have been a mistake ; when he speaks of our distinguished friend as "a poor man," I cannot subscribe to that when I consider the gains so distinguished a lawyer must have received in a great practice during many years. Or, when he attributes to him the quality of being a "quiet man"—although William, the distinguished savior of Holland, was called William the Silent,— Mr. Clearwater does not belong to that category, I assure you ; lawyers never do. They will be heard. He is a native of this vicinity, and he is on his "native heath," and I have no doubt that he will disabuse any idea that he is a quiet man, and will prove to you clearly — clear as water, and as he is "*aqua*

pura,"—that the Dutchmen of Kingston are worthy of all consideration. I take great pleasure in introducing the Hon. Alphonso Trumbour Clearwater, the distinguished District Attorney of the County of Ulster.





ADDRESS

OF

HON. A. T. CLEARWATER.

Mr. President and Gentlemen of The Holland Society:

I ASSURE you that, notwithstanding the aspersions cast upon my demeanor by the distinguished President of The Holland Society, I am "a quiet man." Unlike our honored President, and like a true Dutchman, I indorse all that the industrious Secretary of this Society has put upon this bill of fare and list of regular toasts. You know, gentlemen, that one of the distinguishing characteristics of the Dutch is truthfulness; and when the Secretary of this Society [quoting from the bill of fare] said that my father had once seen Hendrick Hudson "and his pirate crew in their old Dutch dresses, playing at nine-pins in a hollow of the mountain," I assure you the Secretary stated the absolute truth. And when he also said to you of the Vice-President of this Society for Kingston, that he was "a poor, quiet man, and a native of

this place," he characterized the Vice-President with photographic accuracy. But I am not to speak to you of The Holland Society or of its distinguished President and its illustrious Secretary. That pleasing duty is delegated to the honorable and venerable President himself, and he can best account to you for the slanders that he has cast upon the good name of the Secretary. I, gentlemen, am to speak to you, but briefly, of the Dutchmen of Kingston, and if, according to the good old Dutch saying, "the proof of the pudding is the chewing of the string," you have chewed the string to-night, and you know whether the Dutchmen of Kingston are good Dutchmen or no. Boston, it has been said, is the "Hub of the Universe." That is one of those pleasing fictions that my distinguished friend upon my right, the President of the New-England Society, will endeavor to have you believe when he comes to respond for that society. Philadelphia, it has been said, is the "Cradle of American Independence." But I say to you that in Kingston, in 1664, was held the first popular election ever held upon American soil. On the eighteenth day of March, 1664, Petrus Stuyvesant — of whose good fame and of whose marvelous career every Dutchman is so conversant that for me to speak of it would be to relate a twice-told tale — sent out an order convening a General Assembly, to be held upon the tenth day of April following, and on the thirty-first day of March, 1664, the inhabitants of Wiltwyck, now Kingston, elected by popular election two delegates — Thomas Chambers and Gysbert Van Imborch — to represent Kingston in the General Assembly, called by the governor of the province. That was the first popular election held, not only in New Netherland, but

in America, and notwithstanding what my eloquent friend would have you believe regarding New England, or my friend Van Rensselaer would have you believe regarding New-York, it was Kingston Dutchmen that first in America set the example of popular elections and of representation by the people for the people. And they only did what was done by their ancestors in 1446, when Philip the Bold of Burgundy was the nominal sovereign of the Netherlands; they insisted that there should be no taxation without consent. But it is not wise, upon an occasion such as this, to be serious. It was said by the President of the St. Nicholas Society at its last annual dinner, that its membership and its members were all "full," and although the membership of The Holland Society is not "full," none of its members are fools. With true Dutch frugality they have looked upon the wine when it was red, and abstemiously abstained from partaking of the contents of the wine-cup to-night. The original name of Kingston, as many of you know, was Wiltwyck, which signified "The Indian Gift." When Stuyvesant was brought to Esopus, by the Indian wars of 1663, he called together a conference of the Esopus sachems, and they presented to him the land in the vicinity of Kingston, and he named it Wiltwyck. After that, in 1677, Captain Salisbury, representing Stuyvesant, made a treaty with the Esopus Indians. I have said to you that one of the distinguishing characteristics of the Dutchman was truthfulness, and another was honesty. You know that, unfortunately, our friends in New England, over the border, cheated the Pequods and Passamaquoddys out of their land, but the Dutch of Esopus paid honestly for what they bought. I hold in my

hand a copy, written in Dutch, of the original treaty, made on the twenty-seventh day of April, 1677, between the Esopus Indians and the Dutchmen of Kingston, and this treaty, as my friend Planten, Consul-General of the Netherlands, will state to you,— and he has carefully translated it for our benefit,— will show that the Dutchmen of Kingston paid, in good Dutch rum, for every foot of land they had of the Esopus Indians. Frugality was another characteristic of Kingston Dutchmen. As you all know, among the very few lions we have in Kingston, one is the Dutch church, and another is the old Senate-house. To-day, as I stood within the old Senate-house — in which the first constitution of the State of New-York was adopted — with John Jay, the President of the Huguenot Society of America, with our own President, and with the President of the New-England Society, John Jay, the grandson of that John Jay who drafted the first constitution of the State of New-York, said to me: “Mr. Clearwater, in this very room, one hundred and nine years ago, my grandfather drew that draft of the first constitution of the State, which I have in my possession. The constitution was adopted on the thirtieth day of July, 1777, on Sunday night. With true Dutch frugality, you see, they put in the Sunday. They notified the Village Committee of Kingston, a committee composed of Kingston Dutchmen, that on the Tuesday following, at 12 o’clock, noon, that constitution would be published in the front of the court-house, and they asked the committeemen to make suitable and elaborate preparations for that important event. And the Kingston Dutchmen, with true Dutch notions of what elaboration meant and frugality meant, got a hogshhead, and

on top of that they put a platform, and R. Berrian, the secretary of the Provincial Congress, mounted the platform, and with due solemnity announced to the assembled multitude the first constitution of the State of New-York. As another instance of Dutch frugality, let me state that three or four years ago I had occasion to serve upon a building committee of that church. We had occasion to excavate for foundations, and we found that those Dutchmen had buried one another three deep, one below the other in that sacred ground. Without detaining you further, let me close the little I have had to say regarding the Dutchmen of Kingston by proposing to you the health of one of the most royal of the Dutchmen of Kingston, our host, Samuel D. Coykendall.

After the applause had died away in a measure, Mr. Coykendall said :

Mr. President and Gentlemen : It gives me very great pleasure to welcome to the home of Rip Van Winkle this distinguished company of Dutchmen, the officers and members of The Holland Society of New-York, and their invited guests. More than two and a half centuries ago, within sight of this mountain, and where the city of Kingston now stands, the ancestors of many gentlemen present here to-night formed one of the earliest American settlements; and in honoring that historic place with the first annual visit of The Holland Society, you have paid a compliment to the Kingston Dutchmen which is heartily appreciated. And we trust, gentlemen, that your visit here will prove so agreeable that you will be induced to repeat it at some future time.

To the toast, "Our Sister Societies," Mr. Kiliaen van Rensselaer responded for the St. Nicholas Society of New-York, Mr. David Rees for St. David's, General Horace Barnard for the Sons of the Revolution, Mr. Charles F. Wingate for the Twilight Club of New-York, and Hon. Jacob F. Miller for the Martin Luther Society.



Ex-Judge Horace Russell, for the New-England Society, spoke as follows :



SPEECH

OF

EX-JUDGE HORACE RUSSELL.

IT is the most agreeable duty, gentlemen, that I have as yet had to perform as President of the New-England Society, the oldest of the societies which endeavor to perpetuate the memory of an honored ancestry, to welcome to the sisterhood of societies that one which, although the youngest, yet represents the oldest of those who colonized America. I may say this occasion is educational in its character. It has enabled me to know who are the genuine, simon-pure, yard-wide, all-wool, fast-colors Dutch Society. But for this occasion I might have made the mistake of supposing that that Society which is called the St. Nicholas, or Santa Claus, or some such name, was the genuine representative of the Dutch of America. I know now they are a modern institution, endeavoring to steal the trade-mark of a much more

aged organization. And yet, I am not without a certain embarrassment, if a New-Englander can ever be said to be embarrassed,—which I doubt,—when I stand in the presence of all these Dutchmen, and I remember that I am, probably, the only Yankee present. In the faces before me, I see many men who have posed as Yankees, and who, individuals like myself, wear the badge of The Holland Society. They tell me they are Yankees on their mothers' side. Notwithstanding their pretensions to be members of the New-England Society, I must insist that I am the only member of that Society here present. And I can distinguish myself very much as the Irishman is said to have done, in what is known as the first original Irish bull. He said: 'You see a lot of cows lying down in a field, and one of them is standing up; that is the bull.'" Continuing, the speaker said it was a great deal to know who were the genuine representatives of America. "We Yankees have an aphorism that all 'deacons are good, but there is odds in deacons.' And so we all agree that all Dutchmen are good, but there is odds in Dutchmen. They are entitled to be considered the representatives of the Dutch in America who date their ancestry back to 1600 or 1520,—I don't know which,—but it is the Dutch who are the oldest, and who represent, by their ancestry and in themselves, the Dutch who first colonized this fair province of the State of New-York. Not the St. Nicholas Society, although far be it from me to detract from that organization, for many of the members here to-night can not only claim to be members of the St. Nicholas Society, by reason of having descended from ancestry dating

one hundred years back, but members also of The Holland Society, who can date their ancestry three hundred years back. The New-England Society deems itself most fortunate in being able to welcome into the sisterhood of societies a genuine Holland Society, representatives of those people who first colonized America, who first planted here in America the seeds which have resulted in all that America is to-day, and which may justly claim,—and I, of the New-England Society, am proud to say it,—may justly claim to have planted here the seeds which have germinated and which have resulted in the best fruits we now see in the American Republic. The New-England Society cannot forget that they who founded New-England, and who planted the seeds of all that has resulted in the civilization of America, sailed, not from England, but from Holland. They sailed, not from an English port to an English port, but from a Holland port to a Holland colony. They obtained in Holland a toleration and sympathy which they could not obtain in their own country, and when they set sail from that country, it was to have the toleration and sympathy, which they could only find in a Dutch colony planted in New-York, and it was in New-York that sentiment first took shape which made this country resolve to free itself from the mother country. We cannot regard the possibilities of the future of America without sentiments of gratitude to Almighty God that he planted on this continent a race mixed, derived from all nationalities, homogeneous in character, to develop this new country, whose future only the pens of poets can portray and only the wildest enthusi-

asts can imagine." In closing, he said: "It is a most gratifying thing for me to be present and celebrate with you the virtues of our common ancestors, and endeavor, so far as I can, to pay respect to their memory."



Judge Augustus van Wyck responded to the toast "The St. Nicholas Society of Brooklyn," in the absence of the gentleman who had been selected to do so, as follows :



Augustus Van Wyck



SPEECH
OF
JUDGE AUGUSTUS VAN WYCK.

Mr. President and fellow-Dutchmen :

YOUR worthy secretary promised most solemnly that I should not be called upon to speak at this banquet. So you can readily see how badly I have been treated, and I now appeal to your generosity to right me if in any way I shall be harmed by such a breach of faith. But rest assured that it affords me supreme pleasure to mingle here to-night in the ocean spirit of liberty, toleration, gallantry, and good-fellowship of our noble Holland ancestors, rekindled by the charming speeches of those who have preceded me, and revived by this gathering of their descendants, to do their memory honor, in this palatial "Hotel Kaaterskill," adorning the spiring summit of this stately old mountain, which rose in its majesty as a grand sentinel, clothed in sweetly scented, beautifully tinted,

and gracefully bending foliage of early autumn, and waved its head in cordial welcome, just two hundred and seventy-seven years ago this day, to the Dutch ship *Half Moon*, as she silently glided over yonder silver stream, the mighty river named after her commander, Hendrick Hudson. This sentinel has ever since watched over the sleep of the Rip Van Winkles and the intelligent activities of the New Netherlanders, who have made the Hudson Valley, from New Amsterdam to Fort Orange, New-York to Albany, the garden spot, blessed with the greatest wealth and culture, of all America. To make fitting response on such an occasion as this would require intent communion with the thoughts and deeds suggested in a retrospect of over two centuries. This you do not expect of one suddenly substituted for an absent orator. I once heard a Frenchman, Dan Dougherty of Philadelphia, lecture on oratory and orators; he divided them into two classes,—those advertised by name to speak, and those included in the words “and others will address the meeting.” The former were always prepared, and of them much was required; the latter were never prepared, and of them nothing was expected. I belong to the latter class, for my name is nowhere on this printed list of speakers. The newspapers the other day stated that a natural-gas well had been discovered up here in Ulster county. Now, down in Brooklyn we have artificial gas, which is measured out to us through a muddy water meter, and there are constant complaints about the bills. Thank good luck, you have up here natural gas which flows through a “Clearwater” meter, and that too without any bills. Your honorable chairman said that the

toast assigned me was a simple and little one, and that I was at liberty to talk upon any subject and not even touch that this evening, and that the kindly spirit of your officers would let me off with very few words. This relieves me very much as the old farmer was, who had always opposed lawyers holding office, believing them to be the ruin of the country. Finally his son John became a lawyer and then a candidate for the legislature: the old man heartily supported him. His excuse for so doing was that John was not enough of a lawyer to hurt. So this toast is not enough of a toast to frighten me, but puts me somewhat at ease among you brothers to-night. This Society has a disagreeable way of publishing all speeches, which causes much uneasiness to one unexpectedly called upon. He dislikes to have his desultory thoughts circulated outside of the banquet-hall, or to repeat his best thoughts which already have been so made familiar to his hearers. At the last Holland Society dinner you invited me to answer the toast, "Why are we here this evening?" That was a twelve-dollar dinner, carriage hire extra, each gentleman paying for himself, and it was a hard question to answer. But if you ask, Why are we here to-night? I will tell you that the princely hospitality of Mr. Coykendall answers the question. We appreciate this tribute to our ancestors, and enjoy greatly the pleasant incidents thereto. Doubtless you all feel like the Irishman, who, in the great home rule campaign of Gladstone, found himself in Dublin town, full of hope and enthusiasm. He exclaimed, "Hurrah for Ireland," when a Scotchman near him said, "Hurrah for hell." "That is right, my friend; every man for

his own country!" he responded. And so we stand here to-night to hurrah for Netherlands old and new. While listening to others trace the line of descent, it reminded me of a school-day occurrence, when we would have at any risk broiled chicken. There was some difficulty in catching the fowl in question, roosting on a tree right under the window of our teacher. We finally hit upon a device — a long pole forked at the end to catch the rooster just under the throat and raise him gently off his feet, and, thus choked, bring him down slowly without a squeak. Our love for broiled chicken was the parent of this discovery. Rumor reports that a similar affection having been denied this luxury at a mountain house, was the paternity of this grand hotel in which we now hold forth. I do love the man who loves broiled chicken. The rapid disappearance of chickens from this festive board for several hours calls to mind the old negro preacher's exposition of the miracle of the loaves and fishes. He exclaimed in stentorian voice to his congregation that the twelve disciples eat and eat of them till there was nothing left but twelve baskets-full of fish-bones, and that the miracle was that such an enormous dinner did not burst all twelve of them wide open. Great is the miracle that some of those around me have not found their tension stretched to the last degree. The presence of the clergy in such large numbers to-night is most gratifying and suggests a lecture of a very eminent physician to his students upon that type of sore throat which he characterized "clerical sore throat," and so stubborn that it would yield to no treatment except a trip to the German Spa, expenses paid by the congregation. I am most happy to announce that the

balmy air of the Catskills and the sumptuous feast of Kaaterskill House, expenses paid by our generous host, will cure it to a certainty. To brother Coykendall we all return thanks, and the clergy and judiciary at least will attend his next dinner.

In the name of the St. Nicholas Society of Brooklyn, composed of a modest yet respectful posterity, who are confident of the deserved merit of their ancestors, I proclaim to all that the Dutch of the Old and New World have done well and fully their part in that development which has by degrees made this the most fruitful era of the highest civilization yet touched,—a development that has been truly progressive and wondrous indeed in answer to the ever-increasing demands of man, as a living, breathing, seeing, hearing, thinking, speaking, social, and dying free-agent, measured by the age of the individual, slow, but by the age of all time, swift; from the savage to the cultured gentleman; cave to modern home; foot to horse; oar to sail; and from these to Titan steam-driving, moving palaces, over and through mountains and across the waters of the briny deep and the unsalted seas of the interior; courier to electricity harnessed as a messenger; the music of the human voice audible only a few feet and lost forever to vocal sound transmitted to startling distances through the telephone and preservable for ages in the phonograph; the fickle sun-picture of objects reflected upon the water-mirror to the likeness transferred and transfixed upon substances in enduring form; garments of skins of wild animals fastened with thongs to the machine made and sewed fabrics; substances in native form to those changed and shaped by man at his will for his use by mechanical

and chemical action ; marble rough to marble chiseled in statues perfect ; the healing ingredients and sweet perfumes separated from poisons and loathsome odors ; conjurer, to skilled physician and surgeon ; muscle unassisted to gun-powder, steam, and electricity obedient to the will of man ; adobe architecture to imposing cathedrals and proud capitals ; brute force to persuasive reasoning ; thoughts spoken to thoughts written and printed for exchange with the living and those of the future ; superstitions debasing to the philosophy of the materialists and idealist, and from these to the philosophy of an *ego* and *non ego*, the thing knowing and the thing known of ; intellect buried in ignorance to intellect set at liberty ; multiplicity of warring gods of passionate vile to one Supreme Divinity, all-knowing, all-powerful, and always present, regulating the action of the subtle forces of nature by laws of uniform order and offering immortal felicity to the spirit of man ; conscience buried in ignorance and immorality, to conscience cultured, moral, and free, the tribunal before which every thought and act of man must pass in judgment of approval or condemnation, and through which the mysteries of God, self, and the world must be discerned and detected.

The St. Nicholas Society bids me convey to you its hope that The Holland Society will faithfully perform its voluntarily assumed task, a duty long neglected, of seeing that written history shall truthfully record the thoughts and deeds of their ancestors, which have aided so much in bringing about this progress. Though remember that their modesty and sense of justice would be greatly wounded if less than full justice should be done to other races for their share in this great work.

Hon. John Jay, President of the Huguenot Society of America, came to Kingston with The Holland Society, but was unable to remain over for the dinner, sending the following letter:

“KINGSTON, Sept. 14, 1886.

“GEO. W. VAN SICLEN, ESQ.,

“*Secretary.*

“*My Dear Sir:* Will you allow me to express my cordial thanks to The Holland Society of New-York for their kind invitation to the President of the Huguenot Society of America to join in to-day's excursion, and to add my sincere regrets that I am prevented by an imperative engagement from remaining until its conclusion? I have enjoyed the visit to the ancient town, formed by Hollanders and Huguenots two hundred and seventy years ago, and where their descendants assisted to frame the first State Constitution.

“It is pleasant to remember that the same harmony that exists to-day among them has prevailed since Minuit, the Huguenot, was the Governor of New Amsterdam, in 1726, and that, however France and Holland might fight, there was no war between the Dutchmen and Huguenots in America.

“How often the blood has mingled in the veins of their descendants, adding, as Dr. Vermilye said, ‘the sparkle of France with Dutch worth,’ the genealogical records of our two Societies would show. What they have together done for the Christian civilization of our land it will be for future historians to point out. The admirable arrangements of this fête go to illustrate the high standard of excellence which marks the Dutchmen of New-York, and it seems worthy of note that in the management of the road by which we so pleasantly came, and of that of the Central, across the river, our two Societies are represented—the Dutchmen by Vanderbilt and the

Huguenots by Depew. With renewed thanks and
regrets, Yours truly,

“JOHN JAY.”

The President of the Society of the Cincinnati wrote as follows :

“MR. GEO. W. VAN SICLEN,

“*Secretary of The Holland Society :*

“*Dear Sir :* I am very sorry to be obliged to decline the invitation of The Holland Society to accompany them on a trip to Kingston, on Tuesday, 14th instant. For more than a fortnight I have been confined to my house, moving about my room with great difficulty, and am without the slightest probability of being able to leave home even for a very short time or distance by next week. With cordial thanks for the courteous invitation which you have been pleased to extend to me,

“Yours sincerely,

“HAMILTON FISH.”

The following letter was received from the Secretary of State of the United States, who is a member of The Holland Society :

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 10, 1886.

“*Dear Mr. Secretary :* I am greatly obliged for the invitation to become the guest of the Society on the 14th instant, at Kingston—which promises to all concerned a great enjoyment. As my duties stand, however, I do not feel warranted in leaving Washington just now, and must, therefore, forego the pleasure tendered me.

“Yours truly,

“THOS. F. BAYARD.”

The following letter was received from Hon. B. H. Field, President of the New-York Historical Society:

“September 11, 1886.

“MR. GEO. W. VAN SICLEN,

“*Secretary, etc.*

“*Dear Sir:* I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of the very polite invitation of The Holland Society of New-York to accompany it, as its guest, representing the New-York Historical Society, on a trip to Kingston, N. Y., on Tuesday, Sept. 14, 1886.

“I deeply regret my inability to be present on that occasion. As President of the Historical Society, and in response to be present as its representative, I beg to extend its best wishes for the continued success and prosperity of The Holland Society of New-York, in prosecuting its noble work of cherishing the memory of the forefathers of the State, and perpetuating the example of their many virtues.

“BENJ. H. FIELD,

“*President.*”

Letters of regret at their inability to attend were also received from Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, President of the St. Nicholas Society of New-York; Mr. R. J. Cortis, President of St. George's Society, and Hon. Augustus Schoonmaker, who was absent at the White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia.

James M. Brown, President of the Chamber of Commerce, State of New-York, sent the following:

“September 9, 1886.

“GEO. W. VAN SICLEN, ESQ.,

“*Secretary.*

“*Dear Sir:* I am in receipt of your letter of the 7th instant, inviting me to accompany The Holland

Society of New-York as its guest on a trip to Kingston, on Tuesday, the 14th instant. I regret that business engagements, which cannot be deferred, will prevent my leaving the city at that time. Be pleased to express to Judge Van Vorst, your President, and to the members of the Society, my appreciation of the courtesy, and state the reasons which prevent the acceptance of the invitation.

“Yours truly,

“JAMES M. BROWN.”

T. W. Brumm, President of the German Society of the City of New-York, wrote :

“NEW-YORK, Sept. 12, 1886.

“GEO. W. VAN SICLEN, ESQ.,

“*Secretary of The Holland Society.*

“*My Dear Sir:* I beg to acknowledge receipt of your kind invitation to the President of the German Society of the City of New-York, to accompany your Society on a trip to Kingston, New-York, on the 14th instant. In reply, I regret exceedingly to be unable to attend, but it gives me much pleasure to avail of this opportunity to express to you, in the name of the Society which I represent, my best wishes for the prosperity of The Holland Society. Both Germans and Hollanders, as early settlers in this country, have always had common interests here, thus continuing in the New World the mutuality of interests which, on the Continent, binds Holland and Germany as the gateway to the Rhine and Western Germany. Allow me to present to your Society the English centennial reports of the German Society, also, a centennial publication of same in the new home, which gives a history of German settlements in the United States and also a history

of the German Society, among whose members we had the honor to count many well-known names of early Dutch settlers.

“Yours sincerely,

“T. W. BRUNN.”

The following telegram was also received from Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt:

“NEW-YORK, September 11, 1886.

“HON. A. T. CLEARWATER: Your letter received to-day. I regret extremely important engagements in New-York on the 14th, made just previous to receipt of invitation, will prevent me from joining The Holland Society in their excursion to Kingston.

“CORNELIUS VANDERBILT.”

The following letter was also received from Hon. Charles P. Daly, President of the New-York Geographical Society:

“NEW-YORK, September 13, 1886.

“*Dear Sir:* Owing to my absence from the city, I did not get your invitation until Saturday, and have come to town to-day upon a professional engagement, which will extend over several days, and so put it out of my power to avail myself of the invitation you have so kindly extended to me. I have rarely received an invitation which I regretted so much my inability to accept. The excursion would have been to me a very attractive one, alike from the natural beauty of the scenery through which you are to pass, and its associations upon such an occasion. It would also have afforded me great pleasure to have replied to the toast assigned me and

have shown how much the world owes to the geographers and cartographers of Holland.

“Very truly yours,

“CHARLES P. DALY.

“GEO. W. VAN SICLEN, ESQ.,

“*Secretary of The Holland Society of New-York.*”

President Van Vorst then responded to the toast, “The Holland Society of New-York,” saying, among other things, “What the Holland Society can accomplish was evinced this evening. Since my connection with the Society, I have been brought into communication with the gentleman who occupies the supreme position in the Consulate of the Netherlands, in the city of New-York, who is himself a Dutchman, and who, from the moment the organization of the Society was contemplated, has taken an interest in it, furthered its advancement, and taken pains to send to the other side, to our friends in Holland, some account of its organization and its purpose; and has brought our Society prominently before the institutions of Holland which deserve to be considered by us.” Judge Van Vorst spoke of the kindness and hospitality with which he [the speaker] was received in Albany, at the Bi-Centennial celebration, and he was glad to observe that there was present a large delegation of the members of the Society who resided in Albany. There he met Dr. Coster, who had been commissioned by the city of Amsterdam and the Hague to represent the Dutch cities at that celebration. Dr. Coster came bearing in his hands gifts of great value, evidencing the interest which the cities of the Old World which he represented took in the institutions in this

country, presenting a very valuable portfolio of engravings, representing nearly all the distinguished men whose names adorned the pages of Dutch history; also volumes of rare and scarce books.

President Van Vorst then introduced Mr. John R. Planten, Consul-General of the Netherlands. Mr. Planten addressed the members of the Society, saying that he felt very proud in having been able to assist in some little way the purposes set forth in the formation of the Society, giving praise to the Secretary for putting the records in an acceptable form for preservation, which, when sent abroad, called forth that spontaneous response alluded to. Referring to the purchase made by the Dutchmen of Kingston from the Indians, he said: "Besides the barrel of gin, there was one blanket, a shirt, a piece of bread, and enough wool to make a pair of stockings, showing the Dutch not only gave the barrel of gin, which, probably, was the amount demanded, but gave other articles in the way of good measure. I hope that the next meeting will be as pleasant as the one we have had to-night."

In concluding his remarks, Mr. Planten presented to the Society an interesting pamphlet, a printed copy of a poem in Dutch, "The Frisians Rejoicing, expressed in song by J. Bus Brouwer. Dedicated to the students of the Franeker University, when, generously supported by Franeker's citizens, they celebrated, displaying fireworks, Holland's recognition of American Independence, on June 17, 1782."

The President then, in happy terms, alluded to the Secretary of The Holland Society, saying that the members of the Society knew his worth, and that the President could bear witness to the earnestness

and zeal, intelligence and fidelity, the Secretary had exercised in regard to putting into motion the necessary means to insure the success of the Society. In conclusion he said: "I trust you will all join me in a toast to the health of George West Van Sieten." The toast was drunk standing, and Mr. Van Sieten responded as follows:





Geo. W. Van Dicken

President and First Secretary of the G. G. L. A. S. SOCIETY of New York

Mr. President and Gentlemen:

TACITUS says that north-east of the mouths of the Rhine, in a country of woods and sand-dunes, there lived a people whom the Romans could not conquer.

From that people you are all descended.

When I looked at New-York City, founded by our ancestors, now flooded by thousands of Italians, Poles, Englishmen, Frenchmen, Irishmen, and I conceived the idea of this Dutch Society, I felt like one of those old Batavians, who, stepping forth alone from the forest, and seeing before him the hosts of Gauls, Scythians, Lusitanians, and of the various nationalities arrayed under the Roman eagles, elashed his spear against his shield,—when from every side, clashing their spears against their shields, forth came his kinsmen, and he found himself surrounded, as I am, by strong friends.



The toast of “Dutch Women” was responded to by Hon. Aaron J. Vanderpoel, of Kinderhook, one of the vice-presidents of The Holland Society, as follows:



SPEECH

OF

HON. AARON J. VANDERPOEL.

THE toast to which I am called upon to respond must, in view of the exclusive provisions of our by-laws as to membership, strike the fair sex as rather out of place. We have taken especial care to exclude them, and no matter how pure may be the Dutch blood in the veins of the mother, he who presents himself for membership in this honorable Society finds his credentials only in being the direct descendant of a New Amsterdam father. His New Amsterdam mother was only allowed to marry a Dutchman. How different it is with the men! Is it not another illustration of the truth of the oft-repeated assertion that so long as the making of the laws is intrusted solely to the men, women will be curtailed of most valuable rights? A man may marry a Yankee, an Irish, French, Italian, or Russian woman, or a woman of any other nationality, as many times as he, in pursuing his matrimonial hunts,



Aaron Vanderpool

can find any one who will have him; all his good boys to the latest generation are made welcome. I never have been able to fully appreciate this exclusiveness. After God had created man, the great work was not finished until he had given to Adam Eve, to be bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh; to be his equal in all things; to bear with him his joys and sorrows; to rejoice in his success, and endure with him his misfortunes. And when the New-England Primer couplet taught us, in the days of our childhood,—

“In Adam’s fall
We sinned all,”

applying as it did to New-England mothers as well as to Dutch mothers, Eve was omitted because the poet could not work out the only proper rhyme, according to his poetical capacity.

Whatever may be said of the women of other nationalities, the Dutch women have always been found equal in intelligence, in virtue, in courage, and in industry to the men. We have read in the pages of Motley, and in other histories, of the great achievements of the Hollanders in war, in peace, and in diplomacy. Their trials and struggles have been almost beyond belief. Erasmus excited astonishment when he wrote: “I know a people who live on tops of trees, like rooks.”

Yet it was literally so. No rock-bound coast protected the ocean front of Holland from the waves of the turbulent North Sea. The home was often below the ocean level. It presents, by the grace of God, the greatest exhibition of human skill in battling with the forces of nature found in the history of the human

race. Other countries and other people present us instances of individual works of genius and skill and energy in repelling the attacks of the sea, but Holland shows us an almost entire coast-line, founded and worked out by well-directed physical labor. Did not the Dutch women have a hand in all this great work? Did they not, while founding a nation, and securing for it a country, contribute their half to the work? Was it ever said that in their sphere anything was lacking which would give and assure success to the great work? Do we not look to the mothers of the land when we wish to study the history of a man or of a people? Do they not give, not merely the talent but the molding of character to the youth and to the people, who are to give by their genius and works great results? Study the lives of Washington, Napoleon, DeWitt, and a thousand other heroes. During the long struggles of the Netherlands with Charles V. and Philip II. history is full of the stories of the brave women and their great works in repelling invaders and in molding the republic. When that church was founded in which most of us, members of this Society, were born and reared, woman's influence and woman's work were in active sympathy. What sufferings and privations they underwent! You never heard of the Dutch women spending all night at the taverns guzzling Hollands. After the great battle in which Van Tromp and DePeyster defeated the English and French, they paid the glorious tribute to Dutch women by nailing a broom to the mast-head, and not a sword or gun.

We may say truly of our Dutch women that while they were small in goods, they were great in courage, great in self-denial, great in all Christian virtues; and

whether the country needed moral defense in internal affairs, or physical defense against outward forces of nature, or foreign foes in arms, the Dutch woman was true to her duty and to her work.

She utilized to the best advantage for her country, her people, and posterity the talents which the kind Providence had committed to her keeping.

Gratitude and loving respect to Dutch women should be inscribed on the banner of our Society.



Brevet Major-General Stewart van Vliet, U. S. A.,
then spoke for "The Dutch Soldier."



SPEECH
OF
MAJOR-GENERAL STEWART VAN VLIET.

Mr. President and Gentlemen of The Holland Society:

IT always affords me great pleasure to meet Dutchmen around the festive board, for where they are you will find good eating and drinking.

There is also another source of pleasure, particularly to a person called on to speak, and one who, like myself, is not accustomed to the field of oratory, and that is, no true Dutchman can see after four o'clock.

An audience in such a condition might mistake my remarks for the short, crisp sentences of an Evarts, or the glowing eloquence of our rehabilitated friend Van Depew.

I am half inclined, Mr. President, to follow the example of others, and steer as far away from the



Brevet Major General STEWART VAN VLIET, U. S. A

toast as possible, and would do so were it anything else than what it is.

The Dutch soldier, a name which has gone through the civilized world as a synonym for indomitable bravery and an undying love of country—the Dutch soldier may not be braver or bolder than the soldiers of other civilized nations, for all true soldiers are trained to obedience, to fight, to look on danger and death with indifference. We have seen amongst ourselves that volunteers coming suddenly from the walks of private life and subjected to discipline, and participating in a few hard-fought battles, become some of the best soldiers in the world. The Dutch soldier in his heroic defense of his country against the invasion of the Spanish troops, acknowledged to be the best in Europe, won the admiration of the world. But we must not confine our admiration only to the Dutch soldier, for the whole people of Holland, women and children, evinced the same heroic bravery. It is not necessary to go into detail. I will only refer to the defense of Leyden when besieged by the flower of the Spanish army. History does not point out where greater bravery and devotion to country were shown—not only by the men, but by the women and children. In that memorable siege, when provisions became exhausted, women plunged daggers into their own hearts to give their bodies as food for the brave defenders of their city. Mr. President, to simply refer on this occasion to a tithe of the brave deeds and acts of the people of Holland would far exceed the time allowed me, for our Secretary notified me very decidedly that I must sacrifice my reputation as a speaker in five minutes. I do not think, Mr. President, that it is exactly in good taste to be too serious

on such a festive occasion as this. Therefore, referring again to the siege of Leyden, history impels me to state, that notwithstanding the heroism of its defenders, it was finally saved by cold water. I hope our prohibition friends will make a note of this fact. It is said that the world is indebted to the Dutch for its civil and religious liberty. These are relative terms. The man who has amassed a fortune out of a bank or city treasury, by close attention to business, will hardly appreciate civil liberty when he has to go to Canada to spend his money. Nor will religious liberty be highly extolled by those who are consigned to an eternity of punishment, even if they were heathen and never heard of the Revised Edition. Our Dutch ancestors did not leave all their courage and virtues in Holland when they came to this country. No doubt you have all heard of their terrific assault on the Danish fort on the banks of the Delaware, and its capture after three days' fighting. You have also heard of the fierce war carried on against the Northern enemy from New-England, and I have been told that the waters of the Connecticut River ran crimson with the blood of the perfidious Yankee. The same gentleman who told me that he saw the discoloration of the waters of the Connecticut, gave me the origin of the common expression, "Dutch courage." One day, a Yankee having loaded himself up to the muzzle with the Yankee's favorite beverage, New-England rum, rushed into the streets shouting, "I fite the Dutch!" He did not mean that he wanted to fight a Dutchman, for he had had enough of that, but he intended to convey the meaning that he was as brave as a Dutchman.

The Dutch are not to be extolled for their bravery only; they possess other qualities. Go, Mr. President, to our police courts, our prisons, our institutions of charity, and you will find no Dutchmen among their inmates. It was the boast of old Dutch writers, that a Dutchman was never found on a scaffold unless at an *auto da fé*.

Mr. President, I will occupy no more of the valuable time of this Society, and will conclude by thanking you all for the attention you have given me.



The Rev. J. Howard Suydam, D. D., responded to the toast of "The Relief of Leyden." He said:



SPEECH

OF

REV. J. HOWARD SUYDAM, D. D.

UPON my return from a visit abroad I was, upon an occasion similar to the present, invited to speak upon the subject of "Art in Europe," and to limit my remarks to five minutes. The absurdity of the request almost finds its parallel this evening, as I am asked to respond to the toast, "The Relief of Leyden," in a five or ten minute address. The occasion for presenting this subject for remark at this time arises from the fact that, on October 3d next, the citizens of that venerable historic city of Leyden will celebrate the three hundred and eleventh anniversary of its relief, and its deliverance from its powerful and persistent foes; in connection with another fact, especially gratifying, that this Society, acting upon a happy suggestion, has forwarded a purse of gold to the authorities of that city to aid in the proper celebration of the event. It may seem somewhat strange that we, three thousand five



J. Howard Suydam.

hundred miles distant in space, and removed by the immigration of our fathers to this land by more than two hundred years of time, should still take such a deep interest in that little old home across the sea. There is, I think, the trace of a disposition to ancestral homage in all of us, though we may not, like the Chinese, make it a form of worship. When I visited Holland, I felt quite at home there, although I could not speak the language. As the farmers took their places on the long benches outside the country taverns, I saw reproduced what I had been accustomed to see in the western towns of Long Island, and I could name over many of my old neighbors in New-Lots, Flatbush, Gravesend, etc., whose general contour was constantly before me in the neighborhood of Amsterdam, Zaandam, and Haarlem. In the subject before us, there is sentiment added to heredity,—sentiment which includes moral principle, physical courage, heroic endurance, mingled with the loftiest patriotism and the deepest sense of religious obligation, so that we, Americans, descendants from Holland, standing in the old original thirteen States, with the settlers of Jamestown, in this respect next to the aboriginal Indian, may claim, even at this remote time, a proprietary possession in the Holland of the past, somewhat similar to our possession of a right to these United States. Each of us can say, “Both are mine”; which reminds me of the story that is told, that near Baltimore there is a cemetery, in which are three gravestones, standing in a row, erected by a man, yet living, who has had and lost two wives. His own stands between the others. On one is carved a hand, with a finger pointing to the empty place between, and beneath is inscribed the one word, “Mine.” On

the other is a similar carving and the inscription, "Mine, too," while on the stone at the head of the space of the expected occupant, there are two hands crossed, pointing in either direction, and underneath it is the inscription, "Both are mine."

So we can, each member of this Society, say of America and of Holland to-night, Both are mine.

The Siege of Leyden was one of the most striking events in history, if we take into consideration the sufferings of the people, their persistent refusal to accept the pardon of the nominal King of the Provinces, and the mode of their relief. The consequences proved that it was one of the pivotal points in the course of political liberty, and of the cause of religion in pure and untrammelled form. William of Orange wrote to the besieged that they must hold out until relief should come, "since not only the liberties of Holland and the cause of religion were dependent upon it, but the issues would be felt by unborn generations." The relief secured the liberties of Holland, and granted to its inhabitants freedom to worship God; and we, in this larger, purer republic, are enjoying the issues of that memorable event. Of course, I have not the time to present to your minds, so that you may recall the picture of the time and the circumstances. Yet, we may do well to remember that there were, in reality, two sieges of Leyden, each of about six months' duration. The first was raised that Valdez, who was in command of the Spanish forces there, might go to the assistance of Avila, who had gone out to meet Louis of Nassau, who was entering Holland with a small army of German mercenaries, for the purpose of reënforcing his brother William. Avila did meet him, and so utterly defeated him that

neither his remains nor the remains of those associated with him could be identified. Valdez returned, and began the second siege of Leyden in May, and this was raised by the coöperation of the soldiers of William, the sailors of Admiral Boisot, and the providence of God in making the winds and the sea their effective allies. The besieged were told to remain steadfast for two months, and that then help would surely come. The time passed and no relief came. Another month passed—still no relief. Occasionally a carrier-dove would convey to those within the walls a message, urging them to stand firm, that relief was surely coming. The besieged were reduced to great straits. The meat was consumed; so, too, were the leaves off the trees; the flour was almost gone; dogs, cats, and vermin furnished food, as long as they could be secured, and, to complete their misery, a plague broke out and destroyed a thousand of the inhabitants. They were implored by Valdez to accept a pardon. The condition was that they should return to the arms of the Mother Church. They spurned the offer, and hung over the walls the inscription :

Fistula dulce canit, volucrem cum decipit auceps.

At times a few were disposed to despair. Once they dropped a dead body on the steps of the Burgomaster's house, as a suggestive hint. But old Van Der Werf met the people in the little square and said: "No, I will not surrender. It will be worse than death. There, take this body and feed off of my flesh. To this you are welcome, but you must not expect me to surrender Leyden to the Spaniards." At length the relief came. What the Campbell Highlanders were to Lucknow, what the veterans of the Potomac were

to the battle of Gettysburg, Admiral Boisot and his Water-Beggars were to starve Leyden. The city was built upon ground recovered from the sea. The land lying between the city and the ocean had all been reclaimed. Deliberately, and with the consent of the owners, the sea was let in through the dykes, to furnish a waterway for boats to the city walls, seven miles distant. Bonds were issued to meet the expense. Ladies gave freely of their plate and their jewelry. On the 3d of August, the dykes were cut in sixteen places. Then two months more of siege! What suffering there was! There was an old tower, called the Tower of Hengist, in the city, to which the people repaired every day to watch if yet the waters were coming, and what progress they were making. The Spaniards cried tauntingly to those on the walls, "Go up to your tower, ye beggars, and tell us if ye can see the ocean coming over the dry land to your relief." But it did come. Redoubt after redoubt was taken by those daredevil sailors of Boisot and the two thousand five hundred soldiers who accompanied them. Fierce battles were fought, and accompanied by fiendish ferocity. A story is told that a man opened a Spaniard's breast, took out his heart, bit it, and then threw it to a dog, exclaiming, "Ah! it is too bitter." At length a great wind arose, and blew a gale for two days, from the north-west; the water became of sufficient depth to float the vessels nearly to the gates of the city. A tower and a portion of the wall fell, as by accident, or by the command of God. It produced a panic in the city, and also in the last fortress held by Valdez. The Spanish general and his army thought it prudent to retire, and they stole away in the night. Deliverance had come. Then the people,

with the soldiers and sailors, marched in procession to the great church, and, first of all, rendered thanks to God. William came from his sick-bed, at Rotterdam, and was greeted as the people's savior. This was on October 3, 1575. As a manifesto of further gratitude, the people of Holland and Zeeland resolved to found a University. It was done forthwith. It became famous, so that for a time Leyden was called the Athens of the West. Many eminent scholars are counted among its professors, such as Grotius, Boerhave, Arminius, and Gomarus. English gentlemen resorted here to complete their education, of whom I may mention Fielding and Goldsmith as excellent representatives. Theology had here a field of contest, and one cannot think of the great Methodist Church of to-day without associating it in doctrine with the name of the great Arminius of Leyden, although he was not strictly the father of the peculiar views which bear his name. Nor can we think of the equally great Reformed Church, in Europe and in America, without recalling this same University of Leyden, and look upon Gomarus as the powerful advocate of the Augustinian or Calvinistic theology. But times have changed. If there should to-day be a reconstruction of creeds, it would be impossible to frame their articles with the bony exactness of those of the Synod of Dort, or of the Belgic confession of faith. Though the truth might be well articulated, yet the joints would be well covered, as in the Heidelberg Catechism, with the soft, pink flesh of true Christian charity. And we cannot think of Leyden, without at the same time connecting with it one of the most marvelous developments of science in modern times. It was Currans who

discovered or invented the Leyden jar. Afterward came the Englishman Gilbert with his electrical experiments. Then Volta with his battery. Then Franklin with his theories and practical applications. Then Morse with the telegraph. Then Edison the wizard. On one occasion Dr. Franklin said that he understood that flies preserved in wine would revive again after an indefinite period. A bottle of wine was forwarded to him from Virginia, containing three flies. With these he tried the experiment, and, it is said, two of the three came to life. Whereupon the old philosopher said that he would like to be preserved in a barrel of alcohol for a hundred years, and then come out and look around and see what progress had been made. What he would have seen in the line of electricity, traced back to himself, and, on one of its lines at least, also to Leyden,—electricity as a motive power, as a vehicle of thought over continents, and under the ocean making a girdle around the world, as a pathway for language by the human voice, as an illuminator, converting night into day, and, with the physician, also used to explore the interior anatomy of the human frame! Nor can we think of Leyden without associating it with that noble band of Pilgrims, who there sought a place of refuge, before they made their departure to the rocky shores of New England, that they might have freedom to worship God. Beneath its cathedral to-day lie the bones of John Robinson. The Relief of Leyden stands for human rights, and as such we see there some of the power which has operated to break down oppression everywhere, to lower the barriers of caste, and to make a man, because he is a man, to insist upon his God-given privileges. It also stands as the

representative of a successful protest against all hierarehical usurpation. It led the way for the suppression of the Inquisition. In what it signified may be found the principles of our own government. It had to do with the French Revolution. It has to do to-day with Bulgaria and struggling Ireland. The French people have embodied the idea in that magnificent gift of the colossal statue in the harbor of New-York, which they have named "Liberty Enlightening the World." As that majestic form, the head encircled with burning stars, and an outstretched arm lifting aloft a torch fired by the lightning, indicates to the myriads of immigrants entering our harbor, opportunity, prosperity, freedom,—civil and religious, such as dwelt only in the imagination in their old homes of caste and poverty,—so may we trace all this meaning in the Relief of Leyden, on October 3, 1575. Permit me, Mr. President and gentlemen, to close my remarks by offering the following resolution :

Resolved, That The Holland Society of New-York, in session at Hotel Kaaterskill, September 14, 1886, send greeting to the citizens of Leyden, and express their hearty appreciation of the perpetuation of the memory of the great event, whereby, in the language of the illustrious William of Orange, the liberties of Holland and of unborn generations were secured.

The resolution was carried unanimously, and by a rising vote.

The chairman then introduced Kiliaen Van Rensselaer as the representative of the St. Nicholas Society of New-York. Mr. Van Rensselaer said there was

no disguising the fact that the St. Nicholas Society was the oldest in America, as it celebrated its fiftieth anniversary a few months ago. He referred, in an amusing way, to the number of Vans present, and wittily answered the remarks of several members. The President introduced Jacob F. Miller, President of the Martin Luther Society. Mr. Miller spoke at length of Luther, what he had accomplished, saying at the close: "The Germans and the Dutch, with their persistence, with their unwillingness to submit to anything that is contrary to their belief in what is right, and prosecuting it to the end, had made free government possible. Let us follow their example with their free churches and free schools, and America is safe."

The President introduced Charles F. Wingate, who spoke for the Twilight Club. He said the Twilight Club was a young club, being only four years old, but it had had one hundred and seven dinners. It has five hundred members. It was devoted first and last to the gospel of relaxation, and its members highly appreciated all such gatherings as this, which has been so successful throughout.

Horace Barnard spoke for the Society of the Sons of the Revolution, and Mr. Rees for the St. David's Society.

The speeches were interspersed throughout with songs by a quartet, brought from New-York by Mr. Coykendall. The singers were as follows:

First Tenor, ALFRED WILKIE.

Second Tenor, JULIAN JORDAN.

First Basso, J. D. SHAW.

Second Basso, W. W. PARKER.

Director, W. E. TAYLOR.

DRINKLIED.

(HARINGLIED.)

OLD DUTCH MELODY.

ARRANGED FOR

THE HOLLAND SOCIETY OF NEW YORK.

with Dutch and English text.

BY

Pieter Hendrik Van der Weyde.

1886.

DRINKLIED.

(HARINCLIED)

Note. As the salt Dutch Herring provokes thirst, the Herring song is often followed by a

DRINKING SONG.

Old Dutch tune.

Allegro Moderato

Tenor or Bass Solo

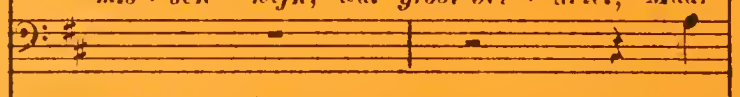
Piano

1. My friends come let us
 1. Kom vrien - den neem een
 2. Man is a jol - ly
 2. Man is tot vro - lijk.

drink a · gain, This li · quid from the nec · tar vine, For
un · der glas, Van't god · de · lij · ke drui · ven · sap, Want
an · i · mal, For he is boss of' laud and sea, And
heid ge · neigd, Want hij is buas van land en zee, Hij

wa · ter makes you dumb and stu · pid, learn this from the
wa · ter maakt U stom en dom, Dat leert gij van de
drinks and sings and laughs and loves, the girls in gen · e ·
eet en drinkt en laght en kust, de vrou · wen hij be ·

fish · es; They can not sing nor laugh nor drink This
vis · schen; Zij zin · gen niet, zij lag · chen niet, En
· ral, Let us re · joice there · fore and now, We
· mint, Laet ons daar · voor recht vro · lijk zijn, En

1st Tenor.2nd Tenor.1st Bass.2nd Bass.

Piano.



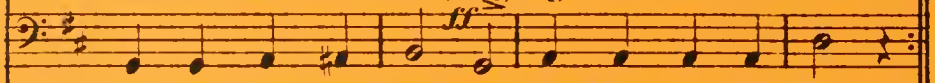
we eat drink and sing and laugh ha! ha! ha! ha!



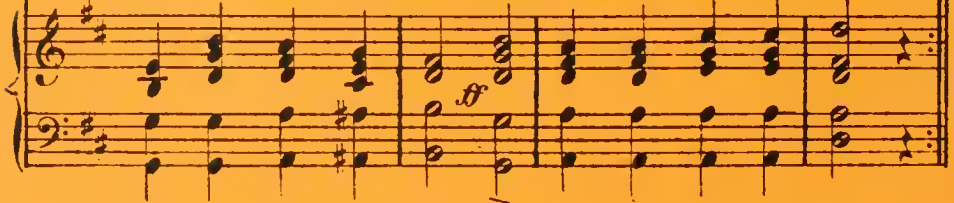
wij, wij drin-ken wijn, en lag-chen ha! ha! ha!



sweethearts and our wives, Hip, hip Hur-rah! Hur-rah!



lijf, je vrouw en kind, Hip, Hip, Hoe-ra! Hoe-ra!



These gentlemen rendered the following selections, among others:

Glee—"Mynheer Van Donk" *Bishop.*

Quartette—"Two Roses" *Werner.*

Duet—"I Pescatori" *Gabussi.*

Messrs. Jordan and Parker.

Quartette—"Hail, Smiling Morn"

Song—"Two Grenadiers" *Schumann.*

W. W. Parker.

Song—"Let Me Like a Soldier Fall" *Wallacc.*

Alfred Wilkie.

Quartette—"Health to the Fairest" *Zollner.*

At the proper time The Holland Society itself rendered with unctious its "Drinklied."

In accordance with the programme, the company broke up at three A. M. The view from the hotel piazza at that hour, in the light of a full moon, was so enchantingly beautiful that it would be wrong to omit mention of it here. It was thoroughly enjoyed by the members of the Society.

At 5.30 the following morning (No! the same morning), a special train, provided by Mr. Coykendall, brought down to Kingston, and so to New-York, those gentlemen who were unable to stay longer. Later an excellent breakfast was served to the Society, and a special train, chartered by Mr. Coykendall, brought the members to Kingston, where another special train was unexpectedly found waiting to bring them to New-York City.

Thus closed one of the most successful excursions ever planned or carried out.

Among the gentlemen present were the following additional guests, not members of the Society:

HORACE BARNARD, representing the Sons of the Revolution.
 EVI DE WITT, New Milford, Pa.
 JUDGE CHARLES DONOHUE, Supreme Court, New-York.
 BERTHOLD FERNOW, N. Y. State Library, Albany.
 JUDGE ERNEST HALL, City Court of New-York.
 REV. A. U. HUIZINGA, D. D.
 JOHN JAY, President of the Huguenot Society of America.
 LIEUT.-COL. WALTER MACFARLAND, U. S. A.
 JACOB F. MILLER, President of the Martin Luther Society.
 S. N. D. NORTH, Albany.
 SIDNEY F. RAWSON, New-York.
 HOWELL C. REES, Secretary of St. David's Society.
 CHARLES L. RICKERSON, New-York.
 HORACE RUSSELL, President of the New-England Society.
 GEN. GEO. H. SHARPE, Kingston, N. Y.
 GEO. M. SNYDER, New-York.
 ALEX. J. THOMSON, Scheuectady.
 CHAS. F. WINGATE, Secretary of the Twilight Club, N. Y.

The matter of a suitable badge for the Society has been under consideration by the Trustees for some time. It was determined to adopt what was known as the Beggars' Badge, the one adopted by the Dutch who rebelled against Philip of Spain in A. D. 1556, and which was worn by William of Orange at the time of his assassination.

The particular form, material, and details of this have been referred to a committee, consisting of the Rev. Dr. Henry J. van Dyke, Jr., and Messrs. Wm. M. Hoes, and Henry S. van Duzer. Plaster casts of varieties of this ancient medal, preserved in the

Museum of Antiquities at Amsterdam, Holland, have been made by Dr. T. H. Blom Coster, of that city, and kindly presented by him to the Society.

Learning through Mr. John R. Planten, Consul-General of the Netherlands, of the desire of The Holland Society to obtain an old *geuzenpenning*, the *Zeeuwseh Geenootschap der Wetenschappen te Middelburg*, Zeeland, Holland, through Mr. W. Polman Kruseman, their Secretary, have most kindly presented us a copy in silver of the crescent of the Sea Beggars, and also two electro-galvanic plated facsimiles of the Beggars' Badge.

The Society has also been the recipient of the generous gift from Mr. F. Nagtglas, Secretary of the Antiquarian Society, Utrecht, Holland, of an ancient silver medal, that badge of the Zeeland sailors, or Beggars of the Sea, which illustrates the intensity of the antagonism at that time prevailing, the motto on one side being, "Liever Turcx dan Paus,"—that is, "Rather Turk than Papist"; and on the reverse, "En despit de la mes,"—"In spite of the mass." The sincerity of this motto was evidently still further enforced by the shape of the badge, that of the Turkish crescent.



The following description is translated by the Secretary from Gerard van Loon's "History of the Medals

and Coins of the Netherlands," published at the Hague in 1732:

"The misfortunes with which the Spanish general had menaced Utrecht soon fell upon the inhabitants of Leyden. Coming by way of Utrecht and Haarlem, he arrived, May 26, 1574, before Leyden, with between seven and eight thousand soldiers. All the garrison the city could muster for its defense consisted of a few freebooters by profession and a few volunteers raised among the citizens, and commanded by Colonel Jan van der Does, Lord of Nordwyck. The command was offered to this gentleman after the death of Allard, who had been killed while reconnoitering the enemy at the beginning of the siege.

"The place was poorly supplied with provisions and with all that is necessary to make a long resistance. No one had expected the return of the Spaniards, and all the citizens, delighted with their first deliverance, had neglected to take better care for the future against a dearth which had already thrown them into great misery. To remedy this sad indolence, the magistrates of Leyden, after the siege had lasted a month, examined into the quantity of provisions in the city, but found there only two hundred and twenty tons of wheat to serve for the nourishment of four thousand persons. To make this small supply last as long as possible, it was resolved that they would give daily to those who bore arms a pound of bread, and half a pound to the other inhabitants.

"The 10th of July they determined to imitate the measures which had been followed during the first siege, and to have struck off, under the supervision of the same directors, coins to meet the present exigency, of the value of twenty-eight and fourteen stuyvers, and also small change of copper of the value of a half-stuyver. The larger of these coins had on its face the Lion of Holland, holding in one paw an unsheathed sword and in the other the shield of

Leyden, with the motto, 'Hæc libertatis ergo. 1574' ('Liberty is the cause of this'); and on the reverse, 'Gott behoede Leyden' ('God save Leyden'). Another coin of the same size had this different motto on the face, 'Pugno pro patria' ('I fight for my country'); and on the reverse, 'Nummus obses. urb. Lugdun. sub gub. ill. prin. aura. cus.' ('Piece of money of the city of Leyden during the siege struck under the government of the most illustrious prince of Orange'). The smallest coins had for motto, 'Heere ontfermt Holland, ende salicht Leyden' ('God have pity on Holland, and save Leyden').

"While those within were taking all these precautions, the besiegers worked without cessation to shut off all entrance to the city. Soon there could be counted sixty forts, shutting it in in all directions, and cutting off absolutely all food from the besieged. To press them still more, the enemy sought to prevent their enjoyment of several kitchen-gardens which were near the ramparts. With this in view, they raised two forts on the paved road of Rynebourg, which augmented the misery of the inhabitants to such a point that, animated by despair, they made vigorous sorties to capture these two works. They carried them, and reëntered the city with the booty which they had taken and with the small quantity of grain which they had carried off from the neighboring farms.

"This little success served more to increase the courage of the besieged than to supply their pressing needs. Soon all the grain was consumed, and to prolong their sad life, the citizens had no other resources than cabbages, carrots, and a few other vegetables, and a small quantity of meat.

"At the commencement of the siege, there were in the city, besides beasts of burden, more than a thousand horned cattle. Some were killed every day, and there were distributed by lot, every four days, a few pounds to each person, for a fixed price.

“ Besides this famine, and the maladies of which it was the source, those in the city had also to combat the stratagems of Baldez, who, by coaxing letters, endeavored to persuade them to submit to the king, whose elemency he depicted to them in the liveliest colors. He counseled them in the most insinuating manner to rather have recourse to the bounty of a prince from whom they might expect benefits of all kinds than to deliver themselves to a wretched obstinacy, nourished by the hope of an impossible deliverance, and thus to precipitate certain death.

“ These letters had such an effect on several persons who suffered from the famine that they urged the magistrates to accept such equitable offers. The 27th of August several freebooters, who composed part of the garrison, had the insolence to go to the city hall and demand food or their discharge. They obtained the latter, as it was impossible to give them anything to live on; and the fire of sedition, until this time hidden, so to speak, under ashes, commenced to burn with violence. Fifteen citizens, among others, presented themselves before the magistrates, and speaking, so they said, in the name of three hundred others, insisted, in rude terms, upon having something to nourish them.

“ These persons, rendered desperate by their terrible situation, were nevertheless appeased by the noble firmness of the magistrates, who, giving them good words, also traced terrible but faithful portraits of the cruelty of the Spaniards. This heroic constancy shone in such thorny conjunctures in all those who governed the city, but most brilliantly in the burgomaster, Peter van der Werf.

“ When he also was urged by some of the citizens to treat with the Spaniards, he made this magnanimous answer: ‘ I have made a vow, my dear fellow-citizens, which I hope to keep inviolate, trusting in God, the Author of all good gifts. I know that some day I shall certainly die, but that the choice of the

kind of death is not in my power. If I must die, it is nothing to me whether it be by your hands or by those of the enemy. Will my taking off perhaps be of some use to you? Very well, here is my body. You are masters of it. Cut it in pieces, if you wish, distribute it among yourselves, and nourish yourselves with it as far as possible.'

"This speech, full of paternal tenderness for the people, of firmness, proof against all attacks, of Christian patience, so struck these complaining citizens that they retired in confusion, shame written on their faces. This splendid utterance has rendered this magistrate more famous and has contributed more to immortalize his glory than the medals which were struck in his honor. One of the latter bore on its face the bust of the burgomaster, with the legend, 'Petrus Adriani Werfius natus Leidæ 1529, obiit 1604' ('Peter van der Werf, son of Adrian, born at Leyden 1529, died 1604'), and on the reverse an inscription of which the following is a translation: 'This is van der Werf, that hero of Leyden, whose invincible patience turned Spanish tyranny away from the ramparts of his country. When courage was attacked by pestilence and famine, and the mutinous people refused further delay, he offered his own flesh and blood to appease them.'

"Conduct so full of self-sacrifice and intrepidity gave new life to the citizens overwhelmed by misery. On his side, the Prince of Orange contributed greatly to reanimate the downcast hearts of his countrymen. Instructed from time to time by letters from the magistrates as to the extremity to which the city was reduced, he took pains to console them, to praise their firmness, to exhort them to perseverance, to recommend to them patience. He did not stop at words: he thought of means to raise the siege, and represented strongly the danger which menaced the city to the Estates of Holland; who, seeing all other methods useless, on July 24 took the resolution to

surrender to the waves the lowlands of their province. At the beginning of August they made in sixteen places large breaches in the dyke of Yssel; also in the dykes of the Meuse, between Rotterdam and Delfthaven; they opened also the locks in these last two places, as well as in Schiedam and in Westland.

“Thus they opened the country to the waves of the sea in order to drive out the Spaniards, and they resolved, at an expense of six or seven hundred thousand florins in broken dykes, ruined country-houses, and fields rendered useless, to save all Holland in saving the city of Leyden.

“Soon the water rose twelve hands high above the levee which separates Rhinland from the territory of Delft, which set everything in motion at Delfthaven, Rotterdam, and Tergau, to bring together arms and soldiers and to equip galleys, rafts, and boats, to be used in transporting corn. In the midst of these occupations there came from Zeeland, in the beginning of September, Admiral Louis Boisot, with a fleet of seven vessels and a goodly number of single and double swivels, not to speak of other artillery. Among the troops that he brought were eight hundred sailors, who, although maimed, most of them, in other battles, and having but one arm or one leg, were accustomed to neither give nor receive quarter. The ferocity which appeared in the bearing of this furious band showed itself also in all their conduct. A proof of this is seen in the crescent of silver which is pictured here, and which they wore in their hats; apparently, these crescents have given place to those of the same metal which Dutch sailors of to-day attach to their ear-rings. On one side are these words in Dutch: ‘LIEVER TURCX DAN PAUSCH’ (‘Rather Turk than Papist’). They justified their adoption of this device by maintaining that the Turks did not force consciences as did the Pope, and that they kept their word better than he did. On the other side was this inscription in French: ‘EN DESPIT DE LA MESSE’ (‘In spite of the mass’).

“This ferocious troop was distributed on two hundred flatboats, which were equipped at Delfthaven, Rotterdam, and elsewhere; they had swivels and other pieces of artillery at the prow and at the sides, and they were propelled by eighteen rowers. Then it was that they undertook to cut the levees and dykes, which are found in the interior of the country, which was not accomplished without several hot skirmishes. The liveliest took place near the village of Zoetermeer, where the enemy succeeded in stopping the fleet, which was obliged to seek another route. It passed onward to Benthuysen, and entered the little lake of Nordaa, where with several cannon-shots they notified the besieged of their approach.

“The latter, however, found themselves in the most overwhelming misery, and, so to speak, in the crucible of the harshest trial, groaning under several inflictions, each of which would suffice to destroy a whole people. They were war, discord, pestilence, and famine. We might add a fifth torture—the adroit snares which the enemy continually offered in their letters to the besieged. Many of the latter had not tasted bread in seven weeks. For a hogshead of corn they offered one hundred francs; they gave for a pound of butter—if they could find it—fifteen stuyvers, four for a pint of milk, two for an egg, one and a half for an apple or a pear; for a carrot, a stuyver, and for a cabbage-stump, twopence. The rich people ate horseflesh with the same appetite with which they had formerly eaten mutton, and the young ladies, forgetting all their delicacy, killed and ate their little dogs. Cats and rats were the game of the common people; they swallowed bits of skin, and carrots boiled in sour milk; they made different dishes of cabbage-stalks, leaves of the pear-tree, and twigs of the vine—all boiled with salt and starch. Infants of the tenderest age were nourished on the entrails of horses, and women in child-bed were obliged to be content with a quarter of a biscuit in twenty-four

hours. They picked up from among refuse the skin of stale fish, and bones gnawed by the dogs; they even dipped up from stinking gutters the curdled blood of slaughtered beasts, and drank it with avidity.

“Death was depicted on every countenance. A great number of the citizens died on their arms or while burying their friends. Pestilence at last made the most cruel ravages, so that during the siege it carried off nearly six thousand persons.

“While this noble multitude thus struggled with death, all Holland was at prayer to obtain from God a greater abundance of water, which could be the only succor of that city reduced to the last extremity. Those on the fleet, however, were indefatigable in seeking for means to help forward the vessels, which were stopped by the low water. It is true that several times, in order to get the larger boats over the most shallow places, the sailors threw themselves in the water, not only to diminish the weight of the boats, but also to raise them on their shoulders; but, it not being possible to bring all the fleet to the city by so extraordinary a method, the Spaniards commenced to ridicule the whole enterprise.

“God, nevertheless, resolved to save that unfortunate city, caused to rise exactly with the highest tide an impetuous wind from the north-east, which blew the waves over the land, and which, turning finally eight points toward the south, caused them to advance directly in the line of the fleet. Thus, instead of nine inches of water, they found more than two feet in depth over the land, and with the greatest haste went on with the enterprise. This advantage was seconded by the loss of an important post, named Kerkweg, which was seized by the sailors of the Prince, and this filled with such fright the Spaniards, intrenched in their forts, that they abandoned the latter, thinking only how to save their lives. As soon as they had quitted, among others, their strongest fort, which was near Lamme, Boisot turned with his fleet toward

the Vliet, or the great canal which is between Delft-haven and Leyden, and entered the city October 3, at eight o'clock in the morning.

“His arrival inspired the people with inexpressible joy, and drove them to the greatest excesses. The arms and the bodies stretched out to seize the provisions which were thrown from the boats made an arch over the whole length of the canal. They pushed each other into the water, and even threw themselves there voluntarily, to be near the boats, which were full of provisions. The crowded multitude blocked up the streets, while all voices united in shouting cries of joy, which broke on the air from all directions; the bells sounded to call to the churches the people and the magistrates, to redouble and sanctify their joy in giving thanks to God for so marvelous a deliverance. The leaders of the relief were honored, as well by the states of Holland as by the city, with chains of gold and with medals representing the history of the siege.

“One of these medals had on its face a representation of Jerusalem besieged by the army of Sennacherib, King of Assyria, with the inscription, ‘UT SANHERIB A JERUSALEM. 2 REGUM, 19’ (‘Like Sennacherib before Jerusalem. 2 Kings, 19’). This Assyrian monarch had besieged the city of Jerusalem in the fourteenth year of the reign of Hezekiah, King of Judah, which was the four thousandth year of the world according to the Julian period. Proud of the grandeur of his army, he had vaped threats against the people of Israel, and blasphemed against the living God, as unable to deliver his city; but during one night one hundred and eighty-five thousand of his soldiers were killed by the angel of God, which obliged him with shame to raise the siege. To bring this event on a parallel with the deliverance of Leyden, the reverse of that medal represented in the distance this latter city, with the Spaniards abandoning the blockade, driven

from their forts by the approach of the water and the fleet of the Prince, and the reverse has the following inscription: 'SIC HISPANI A LEYDA NOCTU FUGERUNT 3 OCTO. 1574' ('Thus the Spaniards fled in the night from before Leyden, October 3d, 1574').

"When divine service was ended, the flames from bonfires commenced to rise toward heaven, and the cannon, theretofore employed in repelling the enemy, now served only to announce to the neighboring cities the raising of the siege. By an excess of good fortune, the next day a south-east wind rose, and drove the water out of the meadows, and that was followed by a vigorous north wind, by which they were forced to return to the bosom of the ocean.

"In order to honor all that was instrumental in the saving of the city, the magistrates sought to immortalize the pigeons which had served as letter-carriers between the besieged and the Prince of Orange, and with this in view they had them preserved and stuffed after death, and placed them in the City Hall, with wings extended and still holding in their claws the same quills in which the letters which they had carried had been concealed. By this it appears that the people of Leyden thought themselves under the same obligation to these winged carriers that the Romans had been under toward those birds whose vigilance had preserved the capital, whose bluffs were scaled by the Gauls while the dogs slept. Even the owners of these animals were honored by the magistrates with new coats-of-arms, composed of those of the city with several pigeons added. Finally, to perpetuate the remembrance of so signal a favor of Heaven, the city council resolved to celebrate forever the anniversary of this event with solemn acts of beneficence, and by calling to arms the companies of citizen soldiery. From the same motive, there has been introduced in later times the custom of giving to each magistrate who attends the assemblage of the council a medal which

represented the woful miseries of their ancestors, their incorruptible fidelity, and their invincible courage, as calculated to excite a generous emulation in the hearts of those who have followed such noble predecessors.

“These medals have on their faces the Lion of Holland, a naked sword in his right paw, and in the left, the arms of Leyden, with the inscription, ‘NUMMUS SENATORIUS’ (‘Counsellor’s Medal’), and on the reverse the inscription,

‘PRUDENS PARENTUM CLADIBUS ET FIDE
VIRTUTE DISCAT PERTINACI
POSTERITAS PATRIAM TUERI’

(‘Let posterity, grown prudent through the misfortunes and the faithfulness of their ancestors, learn to defend their country with an obstinate valor’).

“The Prince of Orange himself arrived in the city the second day after the raising of the siege. He there gave illustrious proof of his eloquence. He eulogized the firmness and courage with which the magistrates and citizens had sustained themselves in the midst of so much misery; he held up their conduct to future centuries as the finest of models, and he exhorted the people so happily delivered to walk constantly in a path so glorious.

“From the time of the first siege, that is to say the 2d of February of this year, the Prince had remonstrated with the Estates of Holland, claiming that the instruction which the youth of the country sought in foreign universities was very likely to attach them to the interests of Spain, and that consequently it would be useful to found a university in Leyden. This proposition had pleased the Estates. The Act of Establishment had been published in Delfthaven, in the name of King Philip, on the 6th of the same month, but the final execution of this design had been arrested by the second siege of that city, so that

this new university was not inaugurated until the 8th of February, 1575. This ceremony was accompanied with many solemnities, and honored with the presence of the deputies of the Estates of the Province. Thus began that illustrious school which has since produced so many great geniuses and so many men learned in all the sciences, whose erudition has been most useful and glorious to the country. Not content with having recompensed by this new establishment the constancy and fidelity which the people of Leyden had shown in the two sieges, the Prince, the nobles, and the cities honored still more this new university with various important prerogatives, and enriched it with handsome revenues drawn from the Abbey of Egmont. In addition, the youth, after having passed some time in study in this university, acquired in three different manners the right to put their knowledge to profit, and to exercise the professions of which they might be adjudged capable.

“These three methods have this in common: no one can arrive at the degree of Doctor until, after divers trials, his ability has been put to proof by the professors, in the assembly called the Academic Senate. It is not until one has given sufficient proof of his progress that he loses the title of *Student* to take that of *Candidate*; he is then allowed to compose his theses, which are called *Inaugurals*, and to have them printed after they have been examined by the *Promoter*. But the three methods of taking the degree differ above all in the manner of defending these theses, and in the formalities which follow them. It is for the *Candidate* to choose, at least when it relates to the two most common methods. According to the one which costs the least, and which for that reason alone is most usual, the doctor’s degree is conferred in full Academic Senate, but with closed doors, after the candidate has defended his theses against all the professors who have cared to combat them. The second method consists

in the candidate defending publicly his theses in the Auditorium against the attacks of all the world; and then, for a limited time, it is permitted to all who may desire it, to argue against the future doctor.

“The third method, which exacts the greatest cost, is the least common. This is when the candidate demands, or when there is offered to him because of his extraordinary ability, the honor of receiving publicly the title of Doctor, after having disputed and harangued in public. This is called taking his degree *with the bonnet, or in the manner of our ancestors*. At the appointed hour, advertised by handbills, the Rector-Magnificus, the other professors, the magistrates of the city of Leyden, and the candidate already clothed in the Doctor’s robe, assemble in the chamber of the Academic Senate, and from thence enter in procession to the Auditorium, and with the sound of many instruments and many voices they place themselves at their different desks. The Promoter mounts to the most elevated seat, the candidate takes the lowest, and the former delivers a harangue suitable to the circumstances and intended to eulogize the future Doctor. Before delivering the peroration of his discourse he asks the candidate to mount and place himself by his side. While he gives him the praises which he merits, he puts before him first the closed books, and then the open books, and explains to him all that appears mysterious about this ceremony; then he covers his head with the Doctor’s bonnet, which is of silk or velvet. It is thus that is given him the right to teach everywhere with his head covered, and if he is to be a Doctor of Laws, to plead with covered head before whatsoever tribunal it may be. To end the ceremony, he puts a ring on his finger, and on his neck a chain of gold with a medal. Finally the new Doctor descends from the chair, and places himself between the Rector-Magnificus and the Promoter, and, decorated with all these ornaments and followed by the professors and

the magistrates, he is conducted through the principal streets of the city to his house, where he shows his recognition of this illustrious company by giving them a superb feast.

“On the medal of gold with which the burgomasters honor such a promotion, appears the Lion, with a naked sword in one paw and the arms of the city in the other, with the inscription, ‘VIRTUTIS AVITAE PRAEMIUM ACADEMIA’ (‘The university is the recompense of the valor of our ancestors’), and beneath the Lion, ‘DONUM CONSULUM LEYDENSIUM’ (‘A present from the Burgomasters of Leyden’); on the reverse is Pallas, Goddess of Wisdom, in one hand her lance and ægis, and in the other a hat, the emblem of the privilege of teaching with the head covered. Beneath her is a vacant space for the name of the new Doctor. The inscription is as follows: ‘The bonnet is a precious recompense for the labor of study’—

‘PRETIUM NON VILE LABORUM PILEUS.’”

There was a notable gathering at the residence of Dr. Albert Vander Veer, Vice-President of The Holland Society for Albany, on the evening of January 19, 1887, the occasion being a reception tendered by that gentleman to Judge Hooper C. van Vorst, of New-York, President, and to Mr. Geo. W. Van Sicten, of New-York, Secretary, of The Holland Society. The guests included members of the Society from places as far south as Kingston and New-York, as far west as Amsterdam, and as far north as Saratoga—judges of the Appellate and Supreme courts, distinguished divines, prominent members of the medical and legal

professions, and many of Albany's most prominent citizens. Choice floral decorations graced the spacious parlors in which the reception was held, and draped above the portal between them was an old Dutch flag, the distinguishing feature of the decorations.

The guests began to arrive shortly after nine o'clock, and were received in the front parlor by the host. So great a proportion of the assemblage were members of the Society that the reception partook largely of the nature of a reunion. The host had spared no pains to make the event a memorable one, and the reception will be remembered by all as one of the most brilliant in the history of the Society.

The dining-room was a triumph of the florist's and of the caterer's art that was calculated to delight the eye as its contents were the palate. The sideboard was banked with rare flowers, and beautiful floral pieces graced the tables. The center-piece was a most elaborate silver affair, garnished with flowers and flanked by heavy silver candelabra. The supper was served by Clarke, and was a gastronomic masterpiece that matched well the general tone of the reception. The formal greetings over, the guests gave themselves up to the enjoyment of the evening, each after his own bent, and legal lights and distinguished representatives of the clergy in the same group discussed The Holland Society, whose interests had brought them together, and with brief backward glances at its growth discussed its brilliant future, as foreshadowed by its present condition. The entire entertainment was a reproduction of the true Dutch hospitality of the olden time, with such accessory improvements as time brings to everything, but

losing nothing of its old-time warmth. The guests other than members of the Society were:

Judge CHARLES ANDREWS.	Mr. WORTHINGHAM FROTH-
Dr. WM. H. BAILEY.	INGHAM.
Dr. O. D. BALL.	Mr. ANTHONY GOULD.
Hon. WM. BARNES.	Mr. CLIFFORD D. GREGORY.
Rev. W. W. BATTERSHALL.	Mr. GEO. STUART GREGORY.
Dr. HERMAN BENDELL.	Dr. WM. H. HAILES.
Dr. JOHN M. BIGELOW.	Dr. LORENZO HALE.
Dr. JAMES P. BOYD.	Mr. S. S. HATT.
Mr. W. HOWARD BROWN.	Mr. D. CADY HERRICK.
Mr. IRVING BROWNE.	Rev. JOHN McC. HOLMES.
Rev. T. M. A. BURKE.	Mr. WALTER F. HURCOMB.
Mr. DUNCAN CAMPBELL.	Lieut.-Governor JONES.
Mr. ISAAC A. CHAPMAN.	Dr. D. L. KATHAN.
Rev. J. WILBUR CHAPMAN.	Mr. HENRY KELLY.
Hon. NORTON CHASE.	Rev. RALPH WOOD KENYON.
Dr. R. D. CLARK.	Mr. WILLIAM KIDD.
Mr. VERPLANCK COLVIN.	Mr. J. HOWARD KING.
Dr. D. H. COOK.	Mr. RUFUS H. KING.
Dr. GEO. W. COOK.	Mr. WILLIAM J. KLINE.
Mr. M. COONEY.	Mr. CHARLES R. KNOWLES.
Dr. JOSEPH D. CRAIG.	Dr. U. B. LA MOURE.
Dr. WILLIAM H. CRAIG.	Dr. E. E. LARKIN.
Mr. W. W. CRANNELL.	Dr. JOSEPH LEWI.
Mr. JOHN M. CRAPO.	Dr. MORRIS J. LEWI.
Dr. C. M. CULVER.	Rev. JAMES M. LUDDEN.
Dr. F. C. CURTIS.	Mr. ARCHIBALD McCLURE.
Dr. E. CUTTER.	Mr. WM. H. McCLURE.
Judge GEO. F. DANFORTH.	Rt. Rev. FRANCIS McNEIRNY.
Mr. P. DEMING.	Hon. J. W. McNAMARA.
Mr. LEWIS DIETZ.	Dr. H. G. McNAUGHTON.
Mr. E. P. DURANT.	Mr. JAMES H. MANNING.
Judge ROBERT EARL.	Mr. ANDREW E. MATHER.
Rev. J. H. ENDERS.	Dr. ALFRED MERCER.
Mr. DUDLEY FARLIN.	Dr. C. S. MERRILL.
Dr. J. D. FEATHERSTON-	Mr. ERNEST J. MILLER.
HAUGH.	Mr. PEYTON F. MILLER.
Dr. T. FEATHERSTONHAUGH.	Judge THEODORE MILLER.
Judge FRANCIS FINCH.	Mr. N. C. MOAK.
Dr. D. FLEISCHMAN.	Dr. GEO. S. MUNSON.
Dr. S. H. FREEMAN.	Mr. JOHN G. MYERS.

Rev. WALTER D. NICHOLAS.	Mr. WM. N. STRONG.
Mr. S. N. D. NORTH.	Gen. FREDERICK TOWNSEND.
Hon. JOHN C. NOTT.	Hon. WM. C. TRAPHAGAN.
Dr. H. M. PAINE.	Dr. T. M. TREGO.
Mr. ROBERT PENNIE.	Dr. WILLIS G. TUCKER.
Mr. EDWIN O. PERRIN.	Dr. T. F. C. VAN ALLEN.
Mr. JOHN S. PERRY.	Judge THOMAS J. VAN AL-
Dr. T. KIRK PERRY.	STYNE.
Hon. JAMES F. PIERCE.	Mr. FRANK VAN BENTHUYSEN.
Mr. JESSE C. POTTS.	Mr. MARTIN VAN BUREN.
Mr. JAMES H. PRATT.	Mr. RICHARD VANDENBERGH.
Judge CHARLES A. RAPALLO.	Dr. JOHN H. VAN RENSSELAER.
Gen. JOHN F. RATHBONE.	Dr. E. VAN SLYKE.
Rev. J. LIVINGSTON REESE.	Mr. JAMES ALBERT VAN
Professor O. D. ROBINSON.	VOAST.
Mr. S. W. ROSENDALE.	Mr. WM. J. WALKER.
Dr. S. A. RUSSELL.	Rev. JOHN WALSH.
Dr. R. H. SABIN.	Dr. S. B. WARD.
Mr. EDWIN SAFFORD.	General J. M. WARNER.
Rev. MAX SCHLESINGER.	Professor HENRY P. WARREN.
Mr. OSGOOD H. SHEPARD.	Mr. HIRAM L. WASHBURN, Jr.
Rev. WM. S. SMART.	Mr. JAMES D. WASSON.
Dr. CHARLES H. SMITH.	Dr. ALBERT B. WATKINS.
Hon. HORACE D. SMITH.	Hon. EDWARD WEMPLE.
Rev. H. C. STANTON.	Mr. H. M. WENDELL.
Rev. H. A. STARKS.	Dr. L. B. WINNE.
Mr. R. J. STAUNTON, U. S. N.	Major J. O. WOODWARD.
Mr. GEO. L. STEDMAN.	Mr. C. C. WOOLWORTH.
Mr. GEO. B. STEELE.	Mr. R. J. WORTMAN.
Dr. W. O. STILLMAN.	

By an amendment to the constitution adopted at the annual meeting of the Society, held June 15, 1886, the date prior to which the ancestor of each member must have been a native or resident of New-York, or of the American colonies, was fixed at A. D. 1675.

Late in the fall of 1886, a special committee was appointed to procure, edit, and publish all the ancient records of all the old Dutch churches in the United

States. The committee has begun its labors, and it is hoped that an installment of its work will be published during the next year.

The following gentlemen compose the committee:

Mr. THEO. M. BANTA, *Chairman*.
 The Rev. HENRY J. VAN DYKE, Jr., D. D.
 Mr. THOMAS E. VERMILYE, 3d.
 Mr. WM. M. HOES.
 Mr. GARRET A. VAN ALLEN.

At the Trustees' meeting held in December, 1886, it was determined to erect a statue to some representative or ideal Dutch settler, to be placed on some proper site in the City of New-York.

Mr. Chauncey M. Depew was appointed chairman of a special committee to take in hand and to accomplish this work.

The design and the etchings for the title-page of the following Spijskaart, for the second annual dinner of The Holland Society, were the work of our fellow-member, Mr. Charles A. Vanderhoof, the dinner which crowns that design being the outcome of the sailing of the Dutch ship from the dykes and windmills of Holland to New Amsterdam, which has developed into the cities of New-York and Brooklyn, joined by the Brooklyn Bridge.

“Eindelijk wordt een Spruit een Boom.”

HET
Hollandsch Genootschap van New York.

— MAALTIJD, —

*Den 27ste van Louwmaand, 1887, ten 7 ure, s'avonds,
 in de*

Hotel Brunswick,

Hock 5de Laan en 27ste Straat.

THE SECOND ANNUAL DINNER OF THE HOLLAND SOCIETY OF NEW YORK




Eindelijk wordt een Spruit een Boom.



Hotel Brunswick  January 27th
NEW YORK

SPIJSKAART.

De Weeerwaarde Heer HENRY J. VAN DYKE, JR., Th. D., zal bidden over tafel



Blauwe Landtongsche Oesters.

Santerneswijn.

Soepen.

DIKKE SOEP VAN GARNALEN.
VOLMAAKTE SOEP IN RUBENS STIJL.

Zijschoteljes.

SELDERIJ. OLIJVEN. RADISJ. *Sereese sek.*
LYONSCHÉ WORST. PAUKENVORM ST. HONORÉ.

Visch.

GESTREEPTE BAARS IN VILLARET STIJL.

Gekruide Gerechten.

OSSEHAAS IN MÉDICIS STIJL. *Bordeauxwijn.*

Voorgerechten.

GEBAKKEN KAPOEN IN MAINTENON STIJL.
LAND-SCHILDPAAD, MARYLAND STIJL.
KLEINE ASPICS VAN ZEEKREEFT, BAGRATION STIJL.

Groenten.

AARDAPPELEN CHAMOUNIX. *Champagnewijn.*
FRANSCHÉ ERWTEN. *Perrier Jouté.*
EIERPLANT IN DE PAN GEBAKKEN. *Irroy Grand Extra Sec.*

Gebraad.

KANEFASRUG EENDVOGELS. *Sorbet Condorcet.*
KWARTELS OP RUSTBED. *Bougronjewijn.*
GEKRUIDE SELDERIJ-SLÁ.

Zoete Gerechten.

MONTE CARLO PODDING. EILAND GELEI VAN LIKEUR.
IJS IN VERSCHILLENDE FIGUREN. ALLERHANDE KOEKJES.
HOLLANDSCHE PRAUWEL IN ZEESCHELVORM.

Gemonteerde Stukken.

VRUCHTEN EN NAGERECHT.

Fransche Brandewijn van Robin, dertig jaren oud.

KOFFIE. PIJPEN EN TABAK. LIKEUREN.

HEIL-DRONKEN.

"Graue hoben en blaazw onder,
Die het andres meent, die haalt de donder."

The Sword of William the Silent, which is exhibited at this meeting, is kindly lent for the occasion by its present owner, Mr. Wm. Waldorf Astor.

President Hooper C. Van Vorst will present, on behalf of The Holland Society, to Mr. Samuel D. Coykendall, of Rondout, a copy of the First Dinner Book of The Holland Society, illustrated by the artist, David E. Cronin.

1. THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

Mr. Aaron J. Vanderpoel.

Vice-President of The Holland Society for Kinderhook.

Music. *Wii seven urn.*

2. WILLIAM THE SILENT.

The inscription on his monument holds good with the members of The Holland Society,"

"A grateful people to the Father of their Fatherland."

Mr. Wm. Waldorf Astor.

Music. *Wilhelmus van Nassauwen.*

3. THE DUTCHMAN'S FIRESIDE.

Rev. William R. Durvee, D. D., of Communiplate.

Music. *Al is ons Lande nog zoo klein.*

4. JOHN VAN OLDEN BARNEVELDT.

"A good conscience is paradise."

Mr. Chauncey M. Depew.

Music. *De kabet's los!*

5. THE LEIDEN JAR.

Albert Vander Veer, M. D.,

Vice-President of The Holland Society for Rensselaerway.

Music. *Die Zilvervloot.*

BY THE SOCIETY AND THE VOORZANGER.

6. THE DUTCH GOVERNORS OF NEW-YORK.

Mr. Alphonso Trumbour Clearwater,

Vice-President of The Holland Society for Esopus.

Music. *Roach en de Wijn.*

7. THE DUTCH FOUNDERS OF AMERICA.

Mr. Tunis G. Bergen, of Brooklyn.

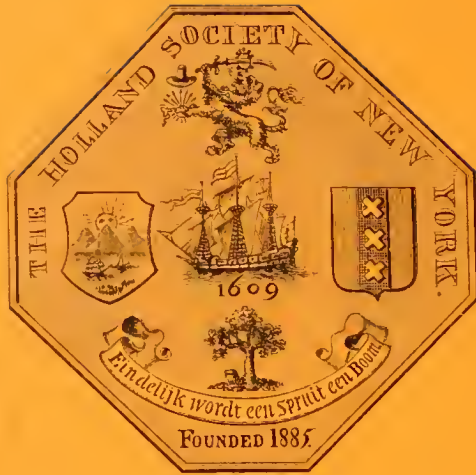
Music. *Wien Neerlandsch Bloed.*

The old engravings shown upon the walls at this dinner were given to the Society by Dr. T. H. Blom Coster, of Amsterdam, physician to Her Majesty the Queen of the Netherlands, upon his visit to America in July, 1886, as a delegate from Holland to the Albany Bi-Centennial.

The music played upon this occasion was sent to the Society by Mr. E. A. O. Was, Secretary of the 3d-October-Association of Leiden, Holland, and was arranged for the orchestra of the Hotel Brunswick by its leader, Herr Max Schwab.

"Oost. West 't huis best."

HOME, SWEET HOME.



Commissie tot regeling van den Maaktijd.

A. D. 1887.

ROBERT B. ROOSEVELT.

CHARLES A. VANDERHOOF.

GEORGE M. VAN HOESEN.

ROBERT W. VAN BOSKERCK.

GEORGE G. DE WITT, JR.

GEORGE W. VAN SICLEN, *Secretaris.*





Holland Society Dinner

AT THE

HOTEL BRUNSWICK, N. Y.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 27, 1887

Blue Point Oysters

Sauernes 1874

Potages

Bisque of Shrimps

Consommé Rubens

Topaz Sherry

Hors d'œuvre

Celery

Olives

Radishes

Lyon Sausage

Dutch Herrings

Timbales St. Honoré

Topaz Sherry

Reliés

Striped Bass Villaret

Tenderloin of Beef à la Médicis

Sauernes 1874

Entrées

Braised Capon à la Maintenon

Terrapin Maryland style

Small Aspics of Lobster Bagration

St. Julien

Perrin-Jouet Special

Légumes

Potatoes Chamouille

French Peas

Fried Egg Plant

Sorbet Condorcet

"Rhedwials" Cigarettes

Rôti

Canvas-back Duck

Rôtes de Genêts sur canapé

Burgundy

Celery Mayonnaise

Irroy Extra Dry

Entremets Sucrés

Monte Carlo Pudding

Island Liqueur Jelly

Neapolitan Ice Cream

Petits Fours

Conques Hollandaise

Irroy Extra Dry

Pièces Montées

Fruit

Dessert

Coffee

Liqueurs

Coanac Robm 30 years old

Cigars



THE SECOND ANNUAL DINNER
OF
THE HOLLAND SOCIETY OF NEW-YORK.

This took place on January 27th, 1887, at the Hotel Brunswick, New-York City.

The Rev. Dr. Henry J. van Dyke, Jr., said grace.



When the cloth was removed, Judge Hooper C. Van Vorst, President of the Society, spoke as follows:



SPEECH

OF

JUDGE HOOPER C. VAN VORST.

Gentlemen of The Holland Society :

IF everything which The Holland Society does is as complete as its performance about this board tonight, its success is assured. The thoroughness of your work, in the dispatch of the dishes which have been set before us, is beyond criticism. Man's success in life depends much upon what he eats and drinks. The writings of some scholars have been said to smell of the midnight oil. Others again taste more of wine than oil. The writings of one celebrated author were said to have reminded the reader of the old port of which he was a generous partaker. The fact that the gentleman who was supposed to have made the best speech at the last dinner of The Holland Society was seen to eat or drink nothing the whole evening, does not affect the case, for that speech had been prepared long beforehand, and under



Wesley C. Van Vost

ARTOTYPE, E. BIERSTADT, N. Y.

the influence of a good digestion, and was, in fact, in type before he rose to speak. The Dutchman's success is doubtless attributable to the fact that his food was regular and substantial. This Society, during the past year, has made substantial progress in the work which it has undertaken. It has added by purchase and through gifts to its collection of books and manuscripts relating to the early history of the State, and to the part taken by our ancestors in framing the institutions under which we live. Arrangements have been made for the translation of the records of some of the early Dutch churches, heretofore practically inaccessible. Doctor Coster, who represented certain Holland municipalities at the Albany celebration in July last, was led to visit this country and to take part in that celebration, with some students from Leyden University, by the publications of this Society. He presented to us valuable books relating to both Holland and this country, and, also, a portfolio of engravings representing men who have figured in Dutch history, and who are distinguished as artists and writers.

This Society was represented at the Albany celebration, and it received every attention from the members resident there, many of whom, I am glad to see, are with us to-night. Doctor Coster's visit to this country, also, awakened in us an interest in the celebration of the anniversary of the Siege of Leyden, which took place last fall. Through the liberality of the members of this Society, a fund was raised and forwarded to Leyden, through Doctor Coster, to aid in that celebration. The gift was highly prized and has been suitably recognized by the gentlemen abroad who had charge of that affair. These courtesies

between the two countries tend to arouse and keep alive a mutual interest.

During the year we have sustained a severe loss in the death of one of the founders of this Society, Mr. David Van Nostrand. No one of our members took a deeper interest in the welfare or had a more intelligent idea of the objects of our Society. We deplore the death of a good man, a useful and highly respected citizen; and his widow, in memory of the interest of her husband in The Holland Society, has expressed a desire to contribute annually a sum of money for the increase of our library, and an additional sum toward our building fund, when we are ready to build.

The Society during the past year has been the subject of marked distinction at the hands of two of her members. Lately, in the city of Albany, where many of our members reside, Doctor Vander Veer, the Vice-President of the Society in that locality, tendered a reception to it through its chief executive officers. The occasion was designed, among other things, to secure a reunion of the members residing in Albany and its vicinity. That result was reached in a very happy manner. The reception was largely attended by citizens of Albany representing its very best interests.

In September last our fellow-member, Mr. Coykendall, of Rondout, extended to the Society a notable hospitality. We were invited to Kingston-on-the-Hudson, a place filled with objects of historical interest. In the Dutch Church at that place, of which one of our vice-presidents, the Reverend Dr. van Slyke, is pastor, a historical address was delivered by General Sharpe. In the evening of that day the members

were entertained by Mr. Coykendall at the Kaaterskill House. The pleasure and interest of the occasion can never be forgotten by those of us who had the good fortune to be there and to visit the Catskill Mountains as the guests of Mr. Coykendall. Knowing that that gentleman would protest against any mention here of his friendly action toward his fellow-members, yet, it is but due that the event should take its place among the records of this Society. And, in this connection, it becomes my pleasant duty to present Mr. Coykendall on behalf of the Society a volume containing the proceedings of the last annual dinner of this Society, embellished by the pen and pencil of an accomplished artist, and which is probably a marvel of what may be accomplished in that way. I trust that Mr. Coykendall will now come forward, so that all may see him, to accept this book as a gift from his fellow-members in recognition of his generous and princely hospitality.

The book presented to Mr. Coykendall was bound by The Bradstreet Company in the best manner, in crushed red levant lined with orange satin, and contained, with others, the following illustrations, by the artist, David E. Cronin, skillfully placed upon the broad margins, and scattered through its pages: the Netherlands coat-of-arms, with fruit, wine flasks and glasses, on the title-page; pen-and-ink sketches of a Dutchman in knee-breeches pouring a glass of wine, on the French menu; a Dutchman in ancient armor, facing the portrait of Judge Van Vorst; a beautiful tree and a sprout, on page 11; a pen-and-ink sketch of the old fort on the Battery, N. Y., page 12; a cab-

inet gem of Dutch vessels by moonlight, also a pen-and-ink portrait of Admiral Van Tromp, page 13; pen-and-ink portraits of President Cleveland, Secretary Bayard, William III., of the King of the Netherlands, and Emma, Queen of the Netherlands, pages 14, 15, and 16; a pen-and-ink portrait of Burke, page 17; a pen-and-ink sketch, on page 18, of the ancestor of Judge Van Vorst starting on his journey from Pavo-
 nia with a gift to Governor Van Twiller; pen-and-ink portrait of William the Silent, on page 19; pen-and-ink portraits of Louis of France and William of Orange, on pages 20 and 21, with a water-color vignette of Florida, on page 20; a portrait, in water-color, of Queen Mary, page 22; and a water-color of New Amsterdam, looking southward, page 23; pen-and-ink portraits of Grotius and Erasmus, page 24; pen-and-ink full-length portrait of Chauncey M. Depew in wooden shoes, on top of a windmill, page 26; beautiful pen-and-ink ideals of Dutch women, page 27; an ideal of the true Puritan, to match the description, on page 29; a very fine pen-and-ink portrait of Jefferson, page 30; a pen-and-ink ideal school-master, page 31; a water-color ideal Huguenot, also water-color portrait of Cnyp, and a very fine pen-and-ink cathedral tower, page 32; a charming pen-and-ink fancy of knights and heralds trooping forth from an open helmet, page 33; a pen-and-ink sketch of a Dutchman "able to sit up and take his gruel," page 34; "The Seas with their Fleets," water-color, page 35; very fine pen-and-ink portraits of Rembrandt, Alva, Don John, and Alexander Farnese, pages 36, 37, also of Irving, page 38; with storks of Delft, and the pipe of peace and hams in the chimney, pages 38 and 39; an ideal cavalier, page 41; a most graceful pen-and-ink group of Indians looking down from the Pali-

sades upon the *Half Moon*, page 42; "The Fifth Avenue of the period," and gabled roofs, also admirable portrait of Wouter Von Twiller, pages 44, 45, 46; four exquisite pen-and-ink ideals of "their daughters," and one of Paul Potter, pages 48 and 49; the Palisades, page 52; a pen-and-ink and a water-color of castles on the Rhine, page 53; water-color portrait of Goethe, page 54, and pen-and-ink of Philip II., page 56; a very fine pen-and-ink of three so-called "beggars," page 58; besides a great many vignettes and decorations in pen-and-ink and in water-colors scattered through the volume.

The portraits have been copied from old books and engravings in the Astor Library; and all the work is of the finest description, standing examination with the magnifying glass, while its delicacy, grace, and poetic fitness reflect the highest credit upon the artist.

Mr. Cronin also painted a special title-page, representing Stony Clove, with a railroad train running up, and the Hotel Kaaterskill at the top, with the inscription, "To Samuel D. Coykendall, as a slight token of the esteem of his fellow-members of The Holland Society of New-York, September, 1886. Hooper C. Van Vorst, President. Geo. W. Van Sielen, Secretary."

The whole gift is one that cannot be duplicated; one which our friend will be happy to receive and to possess and to hand down to his children; one worthy of being presented in behalf of this Society.



Mr. Aaron J. Vanderpoel, responding to the toast, "The President of the United States," spoke as follows:



SPEECH
OF
AARON J. VANDERPOEL.

THE gentleman who at the last general election was elevated to the office of President of the United States, and in whom many of us around this festive board recognize not merely an official, but a personal friend, expresses himself on occasions like this with so much intelligence and straightforwardness that his absence is felt and regretted. When we read his pen-productions, his clear mode of expressing his ideas makes us feel there must be a big streak of Holland blood in him. However men may think of his political tenets, it is clear that, in carrying them out, he acts on the belief that he is right, and that, being right, it is his duty to act upon them most loyally, whether it be in offense or defense.

If it had been his good fortune to be with us tonight, he would have said, "It is not proper for me to refer to my own acts. My acts and the carrying out of my principles are subject to the view and criticism of political foes and friends; they must pass the

ordeal of the judgment of more than 50,000,000 of people." So, in responding to the toast, I do not mean to refer further to the present President of the United States.

The request to me to respond to this toast was accompanied by the suggestion that I should present to the Society a brief notice of a citizen of our State—the first of the descendants of pure Holland blood who filled the office of President of the United States.

Martin Van Buren was also the first Governor of the State of New-York who was strictly of Holland descent on the paternal side. His mother was likewise of Dutch parentage. Mr. Van Buren prided himself on his Dutch descent, and on his birthplace, that purely Dutch settlement Kinderhook, and his biographers tell us that during his brief mission as Minister to England, he attended one of the soirées of Queen Adelaide. She inquired of him how far back he could trace his ancestry. "As far back as Kinderhook," he urbanely replied.

As I have said, Mr. Van Buren was proud of his Dutch ancestry—Dutch was the language of his father's household. He was familiar with the history of the Netherlanders, with their struggles to save their homes from the elements of nature which were always threatening. He gloried in their long and brave battles in the open fields, and in their wonderful resistance of sieges and consequent sufferings.

When the opportunity was presented to him as President to appoint a *chargé d'affaires* to the Netherlands, he selected his old friend, Harmanus Bleeker, of Albany, a man who did not need an interpreter when presented to the Court to which he was accredited. Mr. Van Buren, if living, could, in speaking

to this Society, adopt the free translation expressed by another old Dutchman, the first Attorney-General under our State Constitution, and successively Judge of the Supreme Court and Judge of the Circuit Court of the United States—Egbert Benson.

“Homo sum, nemini nihil a me alienum puto.”

(I am a Dutchman, and so think nothing which concerns the Dutch of unconcern to me.)

The parents of Mr. Van Buren could give to him only the limited educational advantages afforded by the village school; yet his expressions by tongue or pen were characterized by simplicity of style and accuracy.

We trace him through the offices of Surrogate, State Senator, Attorney-General, Regent of the University, Delegate to the Convention of 1821, Governor, Secretary of State, Minister to Great Britain, Vice-President, and President. These honors successively following during a period of thirty years, when party controversies were severe, prove him worthy of his Dutch descent. Such honors as he attained in his life as a lawyer and in his political career could only be achieved by severe training.

This idea has been so well expressed by one who knew him well, that I ask permission to quote:

“The key to Mr. Van Buren’s rare supremacy in his political life lay in sedulous and patient toil with which his intellectual powers, strong by nature, were tempered and polished in the slow processes of his professional career.”

His succession to the Presidency marked an important era in the history of our government. He gave expression to this idea in his inaugural address as



M. VAN BUREN

President, when he said: "Unlike all who have preceded me, the Revolution which gave us existence as one people was achieved at the period of my birth, and while I contemplate with grateful reverence that memorable event, I feel that I belong to a later age, and that I may not expect my countrymen to weigh my actions with the same kind and partial hand."

Mr. Vanderpoel reviewed the characteristics of the earlier Presidents, and concluded that "each man has, by the light of history, been the right man in the right place, in the then existing condition of public affairs, to develop and sustain the health and progress of this people."

Among other remarks, he said: "It is a noble trait of the true Hollander to act only on well-matured plans. The 'sober second thought' only developed a national trait." "Humor was natural, but wit came from the other branch—the Huguenot branch—of the members of our Society."

The President of our Society is the best type of the true Hollander.

Our friend Depew is a type of what the graft may develop.

Mr. Vanderpoel's speech was one of great historical interest, and abounded with witty sentences. It is to be regretted that fuller notes of it have not been obtainable.



The toast to "William the Silent" was drunk standing and in silence.

Mr. William Waldorf Astor then responded, as follows:



SPEECH
OF
WILLIAM WALDORF ASTOR.

IT is an evidence of the power of a great character, that after the lapse of ages, and when the world has moved far on upon the highway of progress, the sight and the touch of some relic of a man we venerate bring him and the period in which he lived vividly to mind. And I think the sword before us speaks to you to-night with an eloquence as lofty and as thrilling as any words of human utterance.

Across the historic distance of three centuries we behold the stately figure of William the Silent. We see him in his studious youth; we follow him to the Council Chambers of the States General; we walk with him amid the perils of the battle-field; we mark the horrors of the Spanish invasion; we know how he felt for the anguish of the defenseless;—we can measure his difficulties and his hopes, and our hearts throb at the story of that struggle which never ceased until he had made his country free, and of



W. WALDORF ASTOR

ARTOTYPE, E. BIERSTADT N. Y.

that pure and ardent love for his native land which continued until his generous heart ceased to beat. The teaching of his life is that same devotion to principle which so many of our own countrymen, from Washington to Grant, have woven into the history of the United States.

It is a fortunate thing for a country when its great men spring from the people, and not from a privileged class. William the Silent, though a prince, was essentially a man of the people. His qualities were the qualities of the Dutch nation intensified and exalted by genius. He was brave, because it was in the spirit of his countrymen to rise superior to extreme adversity. He was honest, because honesty is as much a badge of the Dutchman as is his thrift. He put from him all personal ambitions, because he shared the unselfish patriotism of the men who had made him dictator, and in this, as in the other circumstances of his career, he is the only ruler in the whole world's history who can fitly be likened to George Washington.

A society like this renders a valuable service to the community when it preserves and cherishes and instills into the minds and the hearts of the young the memory and the example of purity and valor and honor. And I doubt not, gentlemen, that you will be greatly favored in so excellent a work, for, as an old Dutch proverb says, "GOD BEGUNSTIGDT HET GOED MAN'S VOORNEMEN." ("God prospers the good man's resolve!")

The Rev. William Rankin Duryee, D. D., of Jersey City, responded to the toast, "The Dutchman's Fireside," as follows:



SPEECH

OF THE

REV. WILLIAM RANKIN DURYEE, D. D.

Mr. President and Gentlemen :

THE glow of three hundred homes seems concentrated and transferred to the "Brunswick" tonight. Under the genial influence, who could refuse such a toast? The Dutchman's Fireside! No cold comfort there, gentlemen! Any man who sits long beside it may be sure of a toast somehow, and the only care should be that it is not too dry.

We may often wonder at the power exerted in fixing distinctive characteristics on at least two of our Middle Atlantic States by the few thousands of Hollanders who colonized them two and a half centuries ago. For only forty years did they exercise any political power, and that under a form alien to the freer air of the Batavian Republic beyond the sea. The state religion was planted and has indeed en-



Rev. Wm. R. DURYEE, D.D.

dured, but without any very wide extension, owing to the extreme reluctance of the Hollanders to give up the Dutch language in their religious services — a reluctance expressed to the very close of the last century. But there was a distinctive influence which all students of history acknowledge, and which I trace to two characteristics for which the Dutch were especially noted. One was commercial energy and integrity. They could equal, if they did not surpass, every other colony in the way with which they “pushed” business. New-York City, from the Battery to Spuyten Duyvil, is itself their monument. Here they laid the enduring foundation of a commercial metropolis, and engraved upon the corner-stone Industry, Honesty, and Business Freedom. Their descendants must see to it that the superstructure never shames the fathers.

But when old Governor Stuyvesant yielded his reluctant sword to Colonel Nicholl in 1664, the Dutch influence did not cease, nor was it confined merely to the warehouse or counting-room. The wrathful hero, gentleman and statesman as he really was, though often misrepresented, stumped his way to his distant “Bouerie,” and if he could not command the old fort, he knew he could rule, not as governor but lieutenant-governor, in his own home. From that hour children and children’s children went out to exert their force in the varied relations of life. And the people imitated their governor; for, like all Germanic races, the Batavian believed in home. If you want a contrast to the fabled Wandering Jew, take the Contented Dutchman. The Flying Dutchman was a mere hobgoblin, invented to teach children the awful nature of restlessness, and to keep

them in the ways of the fathers. The Dutchman's Connecticut neighbors gave another contrast, for did not one of their native poets, "to the manner born," describe them in later days as

"Wandering through the Southern countries, teaching
The A, B, C, from Webster's spelling-book,
Gallant and godly, making love and preaching,
And gaining by what they call 'hook or crook,'
But which the moralists call over-reaching,
A decent living. The Virginians look
Upon them with as favorable eyes
As Gabriel on the devil in Paradise" ?

The old Hollander usually agreed with the Virginians! He had, as they say of a good horse on the Haarlem road, "great staying qualities." The Dutch build their homes to last. How well we know the ancient type as we still find it along the Mohawk and Hudson, the Kaaterskill, the Hackensack, and the Raritan. The long low building, blending with the green around it or the gray behind it, with the double doors opening into the broad hall running through the house, the upper one to be thrown back with a suspicious face and a broomstick in hand for the peddler, but both to be opened widely for the suffering, though a stranger, or for the friend or kinsman. Then the broad rooms to the right and left with their low ceilings and dark Flemish furniture, the annex kitchen on one side, where the laugh of old family servants showed that slavery there wore its sunniest aspect and was hardly as dark as some would paint it, the long sloping roof giving rooms beneath for youngsters who crowded fast into the world, but never too fast for their parents' love to welcome. Behind were the garden and the farm where untiring industry

planted and reaped the fruits of the soil. These were the abodes of comfort beyond the ordinary, springing from that industry and a contentment with the simpler pleasures of life. The Rev. Robert Lowell, in his sketches of an "old Dutch town" on the Mohawk, says the people's ideas could be gained from their favorite hymn which began,

"Religious comfort will not grow
In Nature's barren soil,"

and I suppose the youngsters thought the last line referred to New England! Then the writer adds that the first question of their favorite catechism was, "What is thy only comfort in life and death?"

These homes were the abodes of virtue springing from a simple but determined faith in the divine character of words written in Bibles, like this old Bensen Bible I hold up to you, which Mr. Vanderpoel has presented to the Society,—Bibles, between whose Testaments were sometimes found the names of ancestors who for that same faith had died in the dungeons of the Spanish Inquisition or starved behind the walls of leaguered Leyden. They were the abodes of affection, flashing in the lovelight of eyes of men and women whom, in their passionate youth, God had joined together, and into whose simple hearts it never entered that a divorce court on earth could separate; affection which united brothers of as brave a nature and sturdy a build, and sisters of as fair a face, as could be found in the colonies. It was in these homes that the calm judgment was formed not soon to be changed, against which impulsive fanaticism and passion stormed in vain, as the wintry winds beat in vain against the old gray walls outside. It

was from these homes the men and women came who were to be leaders in keeping New-York the Empire colony as she was afterward the Empire State of the Union. Yet no one sang the Dutchman's Fireside. James K. Paulding's capital story with the title of my toast, printed sixty years ago, a few references in Cooper, and the graceful tale which Mrs. Barr wrote last year and dedicated to this Society,—these are about the only books which give this fireside a place in American literature. But what of that! Ethnologists tell us when they compare human skulls that the strongest people in mental capacity are distinguished by long heads and small chins. When I mark where the Dutchman chose his home, along the coast open from Plymouth Rock to Jamestown, when I see how his farm cuts up into building lots in modern days, and how little his family tell the reporters, I am convinced that the old Hollander must be said to have had the longest head and the smallest chin of any of the ancient colonists.

And, like the Vestal altar of Rome, the Dutchman's Fireside still glows with undying flame. A scholar of Leyden, some centuries ago, after much comparison and reflection, wrote a ponderous volume to prove that the language used in the garden of Eden was undoubtedly Dutch,—or something which sounded like it. You may smile at that, but many a man who has felt the warmth of a home, like those of which I speak, has imagined himself about as near Paradise as he was likely to be in this world, especially if a pair of bright eyes were glowing on the other side of the hearthstone. They once proposed in Puritan days to burn a Dutch girl at Hartford as a witch!

Think of it! Mistress Judith Varlett came safely back, however, to New Amsterdam, and married Nicholas Bayard; and many a young New Englander, when her fair descendants and others of like ancestry were about him, has revised the judgment of his cold-blooded fathers, sometimes even swinging to the opposite extreme and turning the *witches* into *angels*.

Yes, the Dutchman's Fireside still can be found, for the true descendant of such ancestry still *believes in home*. He believes in owning it himself. He don't want the earth, but he means to have that section of it on which his fireside is found. He thinks he knows how to get it as his fathers before him, not by extortion, but by personal industry, self-control, and contentment with the rewards given by God to all really honest work. He wants no theories which would rob him of that proprietorship, either by a feudal lordship against which the early colonists fretted and fought, or by yielding his own rights to what in modern phrase is called the "Community"—which usually means the worst knaves and loafers among men. He will resist, in spite of his proverbial patience, when his individual liberty is assailed, for he attacks no man for gaining the best he can for himself. And history shows that his opponents had better leave him alone. What the "Beggars of the Sea" did when they starved in the hold of the ship which captured Brill, or clambered like cats on the decks of Spanish galleons with their swords in their teeth and crescents on their caps above the motto "Rather Mahomet than the Pope," what in later days the Willets, Schuylers, Fishes, Livingstons could do against those who would strike down the individual in state, or church, or business, their children can

do again. If the worst comes to the worst in the renewal of old battles under modern names, be sure the martyrs to sincerity, at least, will not be all on one side.

But, Mr. President and gentlemen, I recall the fact that William *the Silent* is the hero of the hour, and I must beg your pardon that I have proved such a degenerate son. But to sit at the Dutchman's Fireside is apt to warm one's heart, and, perhaps through the accompaniments, to loosen one's tongue. Only one thing I know can stop the talking. Let me ask you to rub your hands before the blaze of a chestnut log. Said a conductor of a train to an old Hollander who had taken his pipe into the wrong car, "See here, my friend, no smoking allowed here!" "Yaas," was the reply, "dat is a goot rule. I nefer makes no noise ven I smokes!" And so let me practice what he preached.

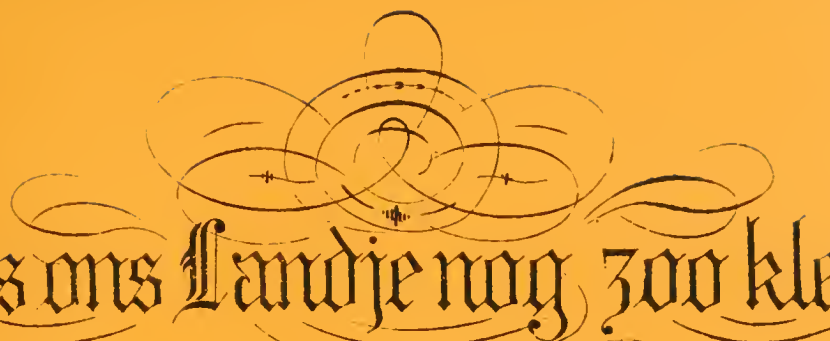
The fourth regular toast should have been responded to by Mr. Chauncey M. Depew, but the Secretary was obliged to read the following letter instead:

"NEW-YORK CENT. AND HUDSON RIVER R. R. Co.,
GRAND CENTRAL DEPOT.

"CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, *President*.

"NEW-YORK, Jan. 26, 1887.

"*My Dear Mr. Van Sicten*: I am driven to death, and have not as yet had time to give a moment's thought to the speech. I am afraid I can give it only such preparation as the dinner and previous speakers permit. I am engaged for to-night, and to-morrow



Alis ons Landje nog zoo klein.

Oranje boven al!

Melody composed A.D. 1672.

Arranged with accompaniment for the

PIANO FORTE

FOR THE

HOLLAND SOCIETY OF NEW YORK.

Jan. 27th 1887.

BY

PIET HEIN VAN DER WEYDE.

Published by THE HOLLAND SOCIETY, *of New York.*

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ORANJE BOVEN AL!

Melody composed A. D. 1672.

Arranged with accompaniment
for the Piano Forte by

Piet Hein Van der Weyde.

The first system of music is a piano introduction. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 6/8. The melody in the treble staff begins with a quarter note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and then a series of eighth notes. The bass staff provides a rhythmic accompaniment with a steady eighth-note pattern.

The second system of music contains the first two lines of the song. It features a vocal line in the treble clef and a piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The lyrics are:

1.2. Al is ons Landje nog zoo klein, toch zalt ons ei - gen

3.4. Al is ons Landje nog zoo klein, toch zal het, al - toos

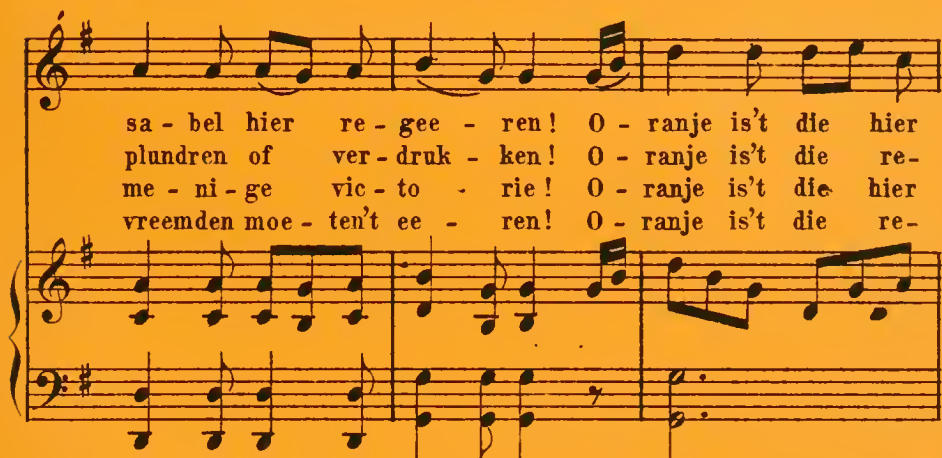
The third system of music contains the final two lines of the song. It features a vocal line in the treble clef and a piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The lyrics are:

Holland zijn, en al is ons Landje nog zoo klein, toch zalt ons

roemryk zijn, en al is ons Landje nog zoo klein, toch zal het



1. Hol - land zijn. Geen Prais zalt a - nex - ee - ren, geen
 2. Hol - land zijn. Geen Franchman't bin - nen ruk - ken, ons
 3. roem - rijk zijn! Gij vind in zijn his - to - rie zoo
 4. roem - rijk zijn! De da - den zul - len't lee - ren, de



sa - bel hier re - gee - ren! O - ranje is't die hier
 plundren of ver - druk - ken! O - ranje is't die re -
 me - ni - ge vic - to - rie! O - ranje is't die hier
 vreemden moe - ten't ee - ren! O - ranje is't die re -



we - zen zal! O - ran - je bo - ven al!
 gee - ren zal! O - ran - je bo - ven al!
 we - zen zal! O - ran - je bo - ven al!
 gee - ren zal! O - ran - je bo - ven al!

we have a meeting of the Presidents and Counsel of all our companies on the Inter-State-Commerce Bill. If I can write anything in the interval I will do so. If not, the other speakers who prepare can go down to immortality, while my epitaph in the morning papers will be, 'and Mr. Depew followed with some remarks.'

“Ever yours truly,

“CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.”



The Rev. Dr. Henry J. van Dyke, Jr., being called upon by the President to respond in Mr. Depew's place, spoke as follows :



REMARKS

OF THE

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

DEAR VAN: It is rather embarrassing to be called at ten minutes' notice to fill the shoes of Chauncey M. Depew, and it is no reflection upon the size of those covers of his large understanding, to say that I shall not be able to do anything more than "rattle around in them." The President has requested me to say that this is Mr. Depew's speech; you will recognize the sentiments, you will also recognize the merry jests,—he deserves all the credit for it, and my part is only to spoil it in the delivery.

On looking at the list of toasts, I discover that if our great master in the art of discourse had not gone on a strike, he would have addressed you on the subject of "John of Barneveld." He would have drawn a speaking-picture of that heroic heretic, that martyr for principle. He would have described his loyal adherence to conviction in the face of scorn,

persecution, poverty, imprisonment, and death; and thus you would have had before your imagination a companion figure worthy to stand beside the terse, graphic, glowing portrait of "Silent William," which has been sketched for you to-night in words so choice and magical that their subject seemed to stand visibly before us in a blaze of glorious light. Thus, in the person of "John of Barneveld," Mr. Depew would have illustrated the truth that "a good conscience is Paradise," while in his own person he proved the kindred truth that "a good digestion is great gain."

Then your orator would have done, what I have been vainly struggling to accomplish in a graceful way,—he would have tacked on to this heroic theme a subject of great practical importance. It is the same to which I ventured to allude at the last St. Nicholas dinner,—the subject of a duty which the Sons of Holland have neglected.

Neglect of duty is not a Dutch habit. Holland has never been in the way of coming short of her opportunities and obligations. She has conquered the ocean, written her name high on the honor-rolls of art and literature, exercised an influence entirely out of proportion to her size, and played in the great drama of history the glorious rôle of "Liberty Enlightening the World!"

Nor have the Sons of Holland failed to do "as well as could be expected." They have founded the second greatest city of modern civilization. They have left an impress of breadth and solidity in every State with which they have come in contact. They have just succeeded in establishing the most successful society for the consumption of dinners that

exists to-day in New-York. But one thing they have left undone. Look abroad in the cities of Old Holland, and you will see a multitude of memorial statues to great men. Look around you in our own city, and you will see that heroes of almost every nationality are represented in bronze or marble. The Frenchmen have their brave dandy Lafayette. The Scotchmen have their Burns, rolling his eyes in the agony of poetic composition or colic. The Germans have their Beethoven scowling at the performances of the band on the mall. The New Englanders have their shiny little Puritan. It reminds us of the Groves of Blarney:

“Statues growing in that noble place are
Of heathen goddesses most rare,
Homer, Plutarch, and Nebuchadnezzar,
All standing naked in the open air.”

But, gentlemen, WHERE IS THE DUTCHMAN? Is he not worthy of a place among the heroes? Does he not represent something? Indeed, he does. He stands for liberty and liberality, faith and freedom, piety and prudence, the convictions which make life heroic and the virtues which make life happy; he stands for business integrity, social stability, religious fidelity, old-fashioned hospitality, and the broadest human charity. There are these things in which we still believe. We applaud them with hearty vigor whenever they are mentioned. *Let us concentrate our enthusiasm.* Let us embody our ideal. When we see how long our “representative ancestor” has waited for a statue, let The Holland Society say, “Our Dutch is up,” and let us set up the Dutchman.

The following letters were also read:

“ BOSTON, Jan. 10, 1887.

“ *George W. Van Siclen, Esq.*

“*My Dear Sir:* The very kind and cordial invitation you send me on behalf of The Holland Society of New-York, warms every drop of Batavian blood in my veins. I heard a great deal of my Dutch ancestors in my early years. There was a Dutch Family Bible in the family, which was to be the property of the first of us children who could read a chapter in it. My sister Mary had the start of me by half a dozen years or more, and so I lost my chance of trying for the Bible. My forefather Evert Jansen Wendell was among the early settlers of Albany, and his arms, as I have often mentioned with a certain satisfaction, were stained on one of the windows of the old Dutch Church of that city. I never meet a Schuyler, or a Cuyler, or a Van Rensselaer without claiming relationship with the owner of the name.

“All this would make it very pleasant for me to be with you, but I regret that imperative reasons detain me at home, and that I can only thank my kind friends who are of the same national connection for their very polite and hospitable invitation.

“Very truly yours,

“OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.”

“ BOSTON, Jan. 22, 1887.

“MY DEAR SIR: If I were in the flower instead of being in the brown leaf I could hardly resist your appeal. I have no doubt that I should sit down at once and write a ballad of the Schenectady Wendell who, when the town was burned and the inhabitants were massacred, had a horse and a blanket

brought him by a friendly Indian, and escaped in the darkness of that terrible night. But from me, just now, you can hardly hope for anything more than kind wishes and cousinly greetings; you may be assured that these are with you, warmed by all the drops of Holland blood that run in my veins.

“ Believe me,

“ Very truly yours,

“ OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES,

“ A lineal descendant of Evert Jansen Wendell, ‘ Regirenden Diaconen ’ (if that is right) of the ‘ Old Dutch Church ’ at Albany.

“ *Mr. Geo. W. Van Sicken, Secretary Holland Society.*”



The next regular toast was responded to as follows, by Dr. Albert Vander Veer, of Albany, who said :



ALBERT VANDER VEER, M.D.

ARTOTYPE E BIERSTADT N. Y.



SPEECH

OF

DR. ALBERT VANDER VEER.

Mr. President and Gentlemen of The Holland Society :

NOT many years ago, in crossing the Atlantic, I had for my companion, in the berth above me, a young and energetic American, who, after the first and second days' sickness had passed by, developed a very great fondness for the late suppers given on board the Cunarder. The third night, just as the lights were turned down, he came tumbling out of his bed, crying, "Matches, matches! emigrants, quick, quick!" and in all making a very great noise. After some little effort and annoyance, I succeeded in rousing him, and when fully awake he retired, and had a quiet night of it. On the next morning he was fully warned that if he again partook of a late meal, I would not be responsible for the results. But the very same thing was repeated, and as he tumbled

over me and out of our state-room, I said to myself, the night-steward will care for and return him in due time, which he did, after the young man had wandered through the ladies' cabin to the other side of the steamer, where he had been thoroughly awakened while entering the state-room of a Catholic clergyman. On relating the incident to a group of our friends on deck the next morning, a fair, prim, elderly maiden lady, from the Island of Manhattan, holding up her innocent hands at the end, exclaimed in earnestness, "What would I have done had he come into my room?"

Gentlemen, the Secretary of our grand Society has been in my mental state-room within the past ten days, and left behind him a toast which has given me more nightmare than ever results from the eating late at night of the pickled oysters or Welsh rare-bit furnished so freely by our famous ocean steamers.

Fearing that I might omit some portion of my response to this toast, "The Land of the Leyden Jar and Dr. Blom Coster," I have brought the original manuscript with me and will read from it at such a time as you may desire.

The immensity of this toast, Mr. President, is appalling. It takes us back to the days of that good Dutchman Cuneus, who in 1746, in the course of his experiments, discovered the principle of the Leyden jar or Leyden phial, which was destined to worry the brain of many a school-boy and to be the great assistant of our noted philosophers and electricians, even up to and beyond the time of Faraday.

Its motive power has been equaled only by that of our own worthy Secretary, and if I may be allowed to digress, his has only been equaled by that of a

certain citizen of Albany, formerly from Dublin. I am sure, Mr. President, you will remember the late famous Justice John O. Cole, of the Albany Police Court, and I think there is hardly an Albanian present here to-night who does not remember seeing him in early life. Before him was brought on one occasion a very well-dressed Irishman, who had been arrested on the charge of vagrancy, and so well did the officer of the law present his case that Justice Cole was about to pronounce sentence, when the prisoner desired to be heard, and after getting from Judge Cole the definition of a vagrant, said: "Sure, an' that's not me; I am no vagrant. I have my duties. Sure, sir, my wife is a wet nurse, and I furnish the motive power." Mr. President, when I look about me and see the number of Vans and comrades who have come here this night so that this large hall is filled to its utmost, and as I have seen it only once before, and that on the occasion of my own profession's giving a dinner of hearty welcome to the great Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, I am led to ask the question, "Why are we here?" Yonder is one, to my right and left are others, men mighty in the profession of theology. Are they here to listen to some great discussion upon the points of religion in which they are so earnestly interested? Is the doctrine of Calvin to receive its last final blow? Is there to be some easier way suggested for them to reach poor unfortunate sinners as the most of us are? I exclaim, "Nay, nay! it is not for this purpose!"

As for yourself, Mr. President, and those of your associates in your profession who are here this evening, have you come to listen to some debate upon

International Law ? Are you here to open your ears to the argument of some noted jurist ? Have we the spirit of a Webster here, that in a way not known to us laymen will make itself heard and bring out the applause that its living owner commanded, and leave behind the wisdom that his words expressed ? Nay, nay ! it is not this that brings you here !

And you business men, that leaving your offices, your warehouses, your counting-rooms and vaults,—have you assembled to learn of the markets for the morrow ? Will you go hence to bull or bear the prices of stocks on the knowledge you acquire this night ? Nay, nay ! I repeat most emphatically, nay !

We have among us one from my own profession, and many others only a little below him on the ladder of medical fame and curative skill, but one who is known this great land over, whose writings have found their way into the offices of sixty thousand and more practitioners of this country, whose book on one class of human ills alone has been translated into many foreign languages, and is being studied this night by many an earnest student. Think you he is here to learn something from this toast that would naturally dwell upon the great Boerhaave, Albert von Haller, and other noted sons of Holland, and of that Leyden, the siege of which we had so eloquently described to us last summer at our gathering at the Hotel Kaaterskill ? No, no, gentlemen, we are here, divines, lawyers, business men, physicians, one and all, for one purpose only, and that is in memory to do honor to that dear old Holland who, never failing in her love toward us, sent us during the past year so noble a representative as the good, grand-bearing, upright, courteous Dr. T. H. Blom Coster, from Leyden University.

Mr. President, a year ago, at our annual dinner, you listened with pleasure to the record Holland had made in the ages past in her liberal and wise treatment of all fugitives seeking her shores. That same liberal spirit was continued ever in the investigations in medicine. It was there human anatomy first received recognition ; it was there surgery became a living branch of our profession. I might relate to you many of its early struggles—take, for instance, the operation of opening into the stomach for the removal of foreign bodies. But a few days ago the papers were circulating the report of a case that had occurred in Cincinnati, where a celebrated surgeon had made an opening into a boy's stomach for the removal of some foreign body, and it was commented upon as a remarkable operation, which indeed it is.

Nearly two hundred and fifty years ago, however, a Dutch surgeon of Leyden removed from the intestines of a Dutchman, by incision into his side, a knife that had slipped from his fingers into his stomach. The patient recovered, and his picture, with that of the surgeon, also the knife, are to be seen in the repository of the Anatomy School at Leyden.

Another wonderful exhibition of Dutch courage is shown by the smith at Amsterdam, Jean le Dot, who in the seventeenth century cut himself in the median line above the pubic bone, and took out of his bladder a stone as large as a hen's egg. The stone, the knife, and the man's portrait may be seen this day in the Museum at Leyden. From this operation, so boldly performed, has developed one of the most successful of modern operations for the removal of large stones from the bladder.

I hold in my hand a volume, published in Amsterdam in 1672, on the examination of the human urine,

which contains some very remarkable statements, many of which are exceedingly truthful.

(Here followed several quotations.)

Gentlemen, I must stop or I shall weary you, or perhaps I might run on into a medical lecture—but the remark of my old friend, the colored preacher of Blackville, rings in my ears. After he had delivered a very serious sermon to his congregation on their many sins, he closed by saying: “Brethren, I am very much impressed with this subject; I have a personal interest in it. The fact is, I can preach more wisdom in three minutes than I can practice in three years.”

Finally, gentlemen, the replies to toasts are very much like Mr. Lincoln’s story of his young physician. Mr. Lincoln became very much interested in a young doctor who had located in his town, and at last concluded to employ him in treating a member of his own family. At the evening call, the young man prescribed a dose of pills to act upon the liver and bowels. Meeting Mr. Lincoln on his way to his office the next morning, the doctor anxiously inquired as to the action of the medicine, and was told, “Splendidly, some thirty times.” “Dear me!” exclaimed the doctor, “I must hurry to the house or the patient will die.” Mr. Lincoln restrained him, calmly saying, “Doctor, don’t worry, twenty-nine times was wind.”



Hon. A. T. Clearwater, District Attorney of Ulster County, responded to “The Dutch Governors of New-York.”

DE ZILVERVLOOT.

(A.D. 1626.)

A Song of the Beggars of the Sea.

The Music arranged for

The Holland Society of New York,

BY

PIET HEIN VAN DER WEYDE.

English translation by

GEO. W. VAN SICLEN.

Secretary of The Holland Society.

Jan. 27th 1887.



Published by THE HOLLAND SOCIETY, *of New York.*

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The Song of the Silver Fleet.

(A.D. 1626.)

SONG OF THE DUTCH SAILORS.

“THE WATER BEGGARS.”

English translation by Geo. W. Van Siclen.

The Music arranged with accompaniment by Piet Hein Van der Weyde.



1. Heb je van de Zil - ve - ren Vloot wel ge hoord? de
2. Zei toen niet Piet Hein, met een aal - wae - rig woord: Wel
3. Klommen niet de jon - gens als kat - ten in't wand, "En
4. Kwam er nu nog een - maal zoo'n Zil - ve - ren Vloot, Zeg,
1. Tell me have you heard from the Sil - ver Fleet, The
2. Did not Pi - et Hein say with a bad naughty word, Well,
3. Did not the lads climb in the rig - ging like cats? And
4. Should an - oth - er Sil - ver Fleet come a - gain Say



Zil - ve - ren Vloot van Spanje? Die had er veel Spaan - sehe
 Jon - get - jes of O ran je Ko klim 'reis aan dit en
 voch - ten ze niet als leeuwen? Ze maak - ten de Span - jers
 zou je - lui nog zoo kloppen? of zoudt gy u vei - lig en
Sil - ver Fleet from Ca - diz With ma - ny a Span - ish doub -
come my O - range young masters, Come, climb me that Span - ish
did - n't they fight with - out fal - ter? They drove the Span - iards be -
would we be quick in at - tacking? Or seek safe - ty be - low, from the

mat - ten aan boord en ap - pel - tjes van O - ran - je! Piet
 dat Spaansche boord, en rol me de mat ten van Span - je! Piet
 duch tig te schand, tot in Span - je klonk hun schreeuwen; Piet
 bui ten schot, maar stil in je hang - mat stop pen? Wel
- loon on board And o - ranges' sweet for the la - dies? Piet
ship on board And roll me those Span - ish pi - as - tres? Piet
- low like rats, Till you could hear them squeal at Gib - ral - tar. Piet
lead - en rain And hide in our ham - mock sack - ing? Well,

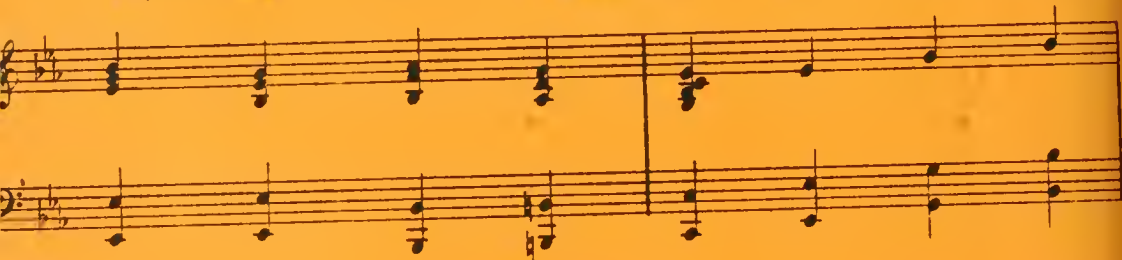
Hein, Piet Hein, Piet Hein zijn naam is klein, zijn
 Neer - lands bloed dat bloed heeft nog wel moed! Al
 Hein, Piet Hein, 'Tis true his name's not fine, But his
 Hol - land blood and Hol - land grit will tell. Al -



da - den ben - nen groot. zijn da - den ben - nen groot: die heeft ge -
 ben - nen we niet groot. Al ben - nen we niet groot, We zou' en
deeds are known to fame. His deeds are known to fame. He cap - tured
though not known to fame. Al - though not known to fame, We'd cap - ture



- won - nen de Zil - ve - ren Vloot, die heeft ge -
 win - nen een Zil - ve - ren Vloot. We zou' en
that fleet in spite of his name, He cap - tured
that fleet and win a great name, We'd cap - ture



- won - nen, ge - won - nen de Zil - ver Vloot.
 win - nen, nog win - nen een Zil - ver Vloot.
that fleet, he cap - tured that fleet in spite of his name.
that fleet, we'd cap - ture that fleet and win a great name.





A. J. Brewster



SPEECH

OF

HON. A. T. CLEARWATER.

WHEN I was invited by the accomplished vocalist who devotes the time he spares from the study of music to discharging the duties imposed by our Constitution upon the Secretary of this Society to respond to this toast, I was at a loss to determine whether the invitation was extended because I happened to be the Vice-President for the original Dutch settlement which was the first capital of the State under the Constitution, or by way of a bribe to induce me to learn the Dutch song which accompanied it.

Having heard you sing the song, I now know the invitation was meant only as a bribe, and am consoled solely by the reflection that you could not possibly have sung it any worse even without my assistance.

An Englishman, sailing under the Dutch flag in search of a north-west passage to the Indies, entered the spacious harbor of New-York, explored the mighty

river which bears his name, and reported his discoveries to those merchant princes of Holland, the directors of the Dutch West India Company.

With the unerring sagacity of Dutchmen, they grasped the opportunity fortune had thus presented, and subsequently dispatched Peter Minuit, the first Dutch Governor of New-York, to rule in their name over this new empire in the West.

On the 6th of May, 1626, Minuit, with the sturdy honesty of his race, concluded a fair bargain with the Indian sachems for Manhattan Island, and paid them with a choice collection of glass beads, brass buttons, and looking-glasses of the aggregate value of sixty Dutch guilders, or a trifle less than the price of three of the tickets for this dinner.

The honesty as well as the diplomacy of this action was in striking contrast with that of the progenitors of the members of the New England Society who had colonized lands in the vicinity of Massachusetts Bay.

Foreseeing, as it were, the great commercial future of Manhattan, Minuit immediately built a warehouse of stone, covered it with a roof of thatched reeds, hoisted the flag of the Dutch West India Company, and began trade. This building, though sadly destitute of the Gothic-Elizabethan and Neo-Jacobean architectural refinements of its successors, contained better Dutch rum than is sold under the broad seal of your excise commissioners to-night.

Minuit was succeeded by the invincible Wouter Van Twiller who, true to the enlightened policy of the Dutch, brought with him to Nieuw Amsterdam a clergyman and a school-master. The minister, Dominie Bogardus, married that charming Dutch woman,

Anetje Jans, whose descendants are still among us in the full enjoyment of their legacy of great expectations.

Thus the two first Dutch Governors of New-York founded its commerce, its churches, and its common schools, and gave the first impetus to that spirit of speculation which enables the horns of its Bulls and the paws of its Bears to make sad havoc with the soft fleece of its Lambs.

Willem Kieft came out as the successor of Van Twiller. Following the example of Minuit, he bought Long Island of the Indians, and paid for it in the bead and button currency of the day. The pestiferous English came down from the valley of the Connecticut to dispute his rights of ownership, claiming that land belonged to all men alike. Kieft, filled with a profound contempt for this doctrinaire notion, issued his warrant, and summarily arresting the whole invading colony, speedily stamped out the first "George" movement on this continent.

He built a commodious church at the request of Dominie Bogardus, and established the first marine telegraph by planting a high pole on the eastern headland of the Narrows, on which a flag was hoisted whenever a vessel appeared in the lower bay.

Empowered by the Dutch West India Company to fix the number of his council, he appointed Doctor de la Montagnie, a distinguished Huguenot; and realizing the importance of always having a majority in the council chamber, with remarkable prudence he gave one vote to the doctor and reserved two for himself.

He was succeeded by Stuyvesant, the greatest, wisest, and last of the Directors General of the Dutch

West India Company. The son of a clergyman in Friesland, he had a taste for war. "A proud, scholarly-looking man, he bore himself with the air of a prince, and was always faultlessly dressed after the most approved European standard. He had been Governor of Curaçao, of which the Dutch West India Company had despoiled Spain, and had lost a leg in an attack upon St. Martin, then held by Portugal. He insisted upon the education of every child in the colony, and urged that all youths be instructed, not only in reading and writing, but in the knowledge and fear of God." He waged successful warfare upon the Indians, and concluded advantageous treaties of peace. He was an admirable exponent of the liberal commercial policy of the Dutch, and of their great latitude in matters of religious faith, and there was a symmetry and manliness in his career that has captivated the imagination and won the approval of the best of men.

Such, briefly, were the Dutch Governors of New-York, who, unfortunately for their fame, are principally known to the world through the burlesque and caricature of Irving.

"Two generations," said that prince of after-dinner speakers, Chauncey M. Depew, at the semi-centennial anniversary of the St. Nicholas Society, "two generations have been laughing at a marionette whose antics have concealed the most important figure in the preservation of civil and religious liberty," and this statement is no exaggeration of the truth.

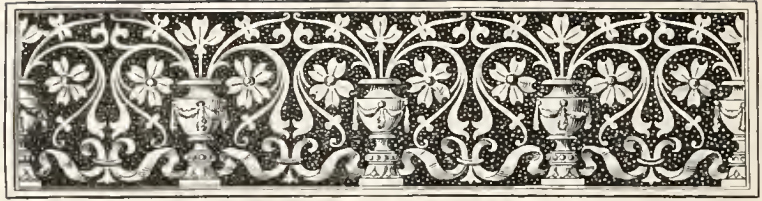
The Dutch Governors of New-York encouraged that spirit of liberality which afterward made it the refuge of the oppressed of every race and of every faith.

Massachusetts frowned upon the Cavalier; Rhode Island regarded the Catholic with distrust; the Puritan was looked upon with disdain in Virginia, and the Huguenot made unwelcome in Maryland. But, in New-York, under the broad polity of the Dutch, Puritan and Cavalier, Catholic, Huguenot, and Hebrew, were all welcomed, and worshiped God each after his own fashion, with none to molest or make them afraid.

And, now, gentlemen, let me close this trifling tribute to the memory of the Dutch Governors of the State by assuring you, that although The Holland Society has never contributed a Dutch Governor to New-York, it proposes to contribute a Dutch President to the United States.



The toast, "The Dutch Founders of America," was responded to by Tunis G. Bergen, of Brooklyn.



SPEECH
OF
TUNIS G. BERGEN.

Mr. President and Dutchmen :

IT is evident that the Dutch have taken Holland again. That glorious fact shines through all the toasts thus far. But *how much Holland* the Dutch have taken it is impossible to say. It looks too much like water.

Making my *début*, as it were, among the *débris*, with the crumbs of brilliant speeches all about me, I am somewhat disconcerted. I dare not quote the old stories again. For the *chestnut* tree does not grow in Holland. Tulips are all that is left me.

But that the Dutch founded America is no chestnut,—at least, if you believe the ordinary school history usually written by a Yankee. On those pages you will generally find in abundance the gaudy flowers of Puritan boasts of the number of times the



James L. Bergen

Yankees founded America. They generally treat the Cavaliers of Virginia with cold scorn; pass hastily over Penn and the Quakers; serve up the French with calm derision, and dismiss the Spaniards with contempt. Of the Dutch, they generally say they were a simple people who accidentally got hold of some good lands in America, and then obstinately sat down and held on to them against all the Yankee protests.

In fact, the number of times the Yankees tried, by hook or by crook, to take possession of the New Netherlands, or part of those lands, would fill a good-sized volume.

The only way they ever did get a foothold here was by intruding upon us in swarms as fugitives from their own barren shores, and by sheer force of numbers marrying the Dutch daughters—and then administering upon their estates.

But, more seriously, Mr. President, the Dutch brought to America some of the elements of our country's greatness and security, which no other people were able to bring.

In an age when nations were governed, more or less, with political tyranny, and the masses of their people were bound in ignorance, and the most intelligent of them steeped in religious intolerance and fanaticism, the Dutch alone, of all America's colonists, brought with them from their fatherland the principles of constitutional liberty, public education, and religious freedom. The germs which they planted here have grown to become the greatest timbers which support our Republic.

Think of the country the Dutch founders of America came from! The world knows part of its history

now by heart. What nature denied them they made for themselves and only thanked their spades for a soil. What the greatest powers on earth refused them they fought for, and carved out their liberty with a sword. The canvas of their ships was only rivaled in fame by the canvas of their paintings. Where nearly every peasant could read, the land had scarcely a pauper or a fop.

The carriers of the world, the treasurers of Europe, the bankers of nations, they were the originators of modern free political constitutions, and founded colonies more in the spirit of commonwealths than of traders' stations. To-day, the Indies of the Dutch, in their government of the natives, are almost as unlike the India of the English as the rule of our President is unlike that of the Czar.

After thirty, forty, nay fifty years of battling for their rights against the powers of Europe, there came a truce. It seemed to be a time well earned for rest. But, right in the beginning of that lull in the storm of war, the Dutch ships anchored off Manhattan. The desire to enlarge their opportunities, and at the same time to secure a stronghold as against Spain, filled their ships with settlers and materials.

Patriotism and commerce united in giving the impetus to the Dutch founders of America.

Think of them for a moment! They were the only settlers of America who brought a republic with them. They were not fugitives; they were settlers, statesmen, merchants, ship-builders. They came not for refuge; they came for enterprise. The Spaniards came for gold, the Fountain of Youth, and El Dorado; the French for glory and conquest. The Puritans came simply to reproduce a sect; they were

fugitives; they fled from one religious tyranny to find a place where they could set up another.

The Dutch landed on these shores, with their goods and weapons, their books, their Bibles, almost as heavy as their muskets, with massive lids and heavy clasps ready for defense, their free constitutions, their public education and their religious tolerance.

The school-master and the minister disembarked with the farmer, the merchant, and the soldier.

Twenty years after the Dutch landed on Manhattan there were people of nearly twenty different nationalities in the New Netherlands, and so many different forms of religious worship, that a Puritan divine said, "It was a nest of foul birds"; and another Puritan divine anathematized New Netherlands as "The harbor for all heresies."

You see, New-York was always a cosmopolitan city.

But one of the most notable facts in the history of the Dutch founders of America was the smallness of their numbers. We think much of our ancestors, the Dutch founders of America; but do any of you know how many they were? It may astonish some of you to know that in all the period of Dutch occupation of the New Netherlands, the population consisted of only about two hundred and fifty families. The whole province under Dutch rule contained only about seven thousand people, while, in the same time, the population of New England swelled up to one hundred and twenty thousand.

But the achievements of Holland were always gained by the quality of her people, not by their numbers. If, when you consider England to-day

with her colonies, *one* Englishman rules over *three* natives of India and the Isles, and rules despotically too, you also consider little Holland and her colonies, you will find that even to-day *one* Dutchman guides the destinies of *six* natives of the tropics and the Southern Seas.

We are small in numbers. This Association, probably, represents all the families of the Dutch founders; so that we are not only united by ties of good fellowship, but of kinship as well. In fact, I suppose we are all cousins.

The Dutch are few, it is true. They had only one William the Silent; but the world has produced no other. That Dutchman is without a peer.

Descendants of the Dutch, who fought with William of Orange! we look upon his sword, as I take it in my hands to-night, with reverent feelings. Let us hold fast that blade, which was never sullied with a spot of dishonor; whose every inch is true; whose edge is the terror of tyranny; whose sheen is the halo of patriotism; whose hilt was grasped by the grandest hero of modern times, and lay its naked steel upon our hearts, and *swear* that the virtues of the Dutch founders of America shall not die out in our Republic!



After the foregoing toasts were responded to, Mr. John R. Planten, Consul-General of the Netherlands in New-York, offered greetings from the Fatherland, in the following words:



JOHN RUTGER PLANTEN

Major, General, and Colonel

ARTOTYPE E BIERSTADT N. Y.



SPEECH

OF

JOHN R. PLANTEN.

Mr. President and Members of The Holland Society :

FELLOW-CITIZENS by descent, I beg to offer you the most cordial greetings from our Fatherland, our kindred native soil, the land of Dams and Dykes, of that glorious little country which, though small in extent, yet so vastly important in the historic events of the world at large, not only in the past, but that even to this day it commands the admiration of the world. Nor can it be gainsaid that its influence, exerted in the formation of this the greatest Republic of the world, and the founding of this Empire State, whose citizens you are, and I, by adoption, co-heirs of all the happiness enjoyable here, jointly impresses us with the full truth so aptly stated by one of your members very recently, when he quoted: "How far this little candle throws its beams."

In having our thoughts called this evening to the good and true, whose deeds of noble worth you ever

extol and purpose to place on historic record, so that we of to-day may learn to know more fully, and the generations to follow shall keep aglow, the veneration which we pride to leave them as ancestral heirloom, which it is alike our duty and privilege not to *allow* longer to remain buried, but to set them out boldly, serving as beacon light to guide, encourage, and direct the future, for verily our forefathers—

“ Builded better than they knew ;
Their little sprout to greatness grew.”

One of Holland's poets describes an event of importance that took place three hundred years ago in its history thus :

“ Europe, astounded, saw the marvel rise ;
This land of marshes, where the river sank
Into the soil, and the low surface lay
Beneath the ocean's bosom ; saw it rise
And wax to greatness, till it claimed a rank
Among her proudest and her fairest realms ;
A very jewel sparkling in her Crown ! ”

I hold these words of old were also prophetic and fully applicable to what Holland has done for these United States ; for has not this country astounded all Europe, yea, all the globe, by its wonderful progress, developing wild lands of the past into fertile fields, thus becoming the granary, as it were, of the world, offering a home to millions of people, in material growth expanded, till by its vastness it commands the admiration of humanity, ranking it among the proudest and fairest realms of earth ; while the New-York of to-day—the New Amsterdam of old—is the very jewel sparkling in the diadem of these United States ?

What more fitting, therefore, than that your Society should place on record in history the full truth of what the Holland element of the past contributed to these grand results, thus fixing the memories of past events to the glorious outcome of the present. And, while you welcome *all* nationalities, the commingling of which helped to educate and enlighten, making us conscious that, united as we are under *this* government,

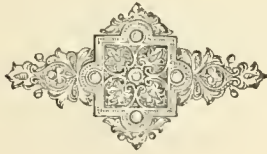
“We are linked to one another,
And are bound by mutual ties,”

yet may we not hope that

“New-York’s pride shall ever be
In its Holland ancestry ”

from whom these words of praise seem to reëcho to us to-night :

“Of you, descendants, we are proud,
True heirs of freedom’s glorious dower ;
For never has your knee been bowed
In homage to a mortal power” ?



GUESTS, OTHER THAN MEMBERS OF THE SOCIETY,
 AT THE DINNER, JANUARY 27, 1887.

DAVID D. ACKER.	Col. E. A. MCALPIN.
ROBERT ADAMS.	DAVID E. MEEKER.
J. P. ALEXANDER.	EDWARD E. MERRELL.
Rev. WILLIAM ARMISTON, D. D.	GEORGE MONTAGUE.
W. WALDORF ASTOR.	Judge HENRY A. MOORE.
CHARLES W. BANGS.	WILLIAM MURRAY.
FRANCIS S. BANGS.	CARLISLE NORWOOD, Jr., President of the St. Nicholas Society.
THOMAS BYRNES.	WILLIAM PALEN.
EDWARD BEACH CROWELL.	WILLIAM E. PEARSON.
JAMES R. CUMING, Prest. of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick.	JOHN R. PLANTEN, Consul-General for The Netherlands.
Ex-Chief-Justice CHARLES P. DALY.	RICHARD E. PURDY.
Rev. Dr. DAVIS.	CHARLES L. RICKERSON.
MOSES J. DE WITT.	Ex-Judge HORACE RUSSELL, President of the New England Society.
THEODORE DE WITT.	EDWIN A. SCHULTZ.
GEORGE W. DILKS.	J. HOPKINSON SMITH.
Judge CHARLES DONOHUE.	HENRY V. STEERS.
Rev. WILLIAM R. DURYEE, D. D.	LEONARD K. STORRS.
JAMES FLEMMING.	MILFORD B. STREETER.
Rev. T. S. HASTINGS, D. D.	C. P. TUCKER, M. D.
LOUIS P. HENOP.	THEODORE LANGDON VAN NORDEN.
CHARLES H. ISHAM.	J. K. VAN SLYKE.
ABRAM KLING.	J. S. VAN SLYKE.
DANIEL W. VAN WAGENEN.	



ARTOTYPE,

NEAR THE HAGUE HOLLAND.

By Robert W. The Society of American Artists

E. BERSTADT, N. Y.

The walls of the large dining-hall of the Hotel Brunswick were elaborately and beautifully decorated with pictures, Delft ware, and bric-à-brac.

Among the pictures were a large painting, "Near the Hague," and a smaller work, "Willows at Dordrecht," both by Robert W. Van Boskerek, member of The Holland Society, the former representing a large Dutch windmill by a stream, with a very fine cloudy sky.

Mr. Van Boskerek also loaned for the occasion two old Dutch bed-quilts, of white pattern on a dark-blue ground. The quilts were prominent features of the decorations, being hung from a chandelier over the President's chair. Mr. Van Boskerek also loaned a lot of fine old Delft plates, jars, etc., and a photograph of Rembrandt's "Anatomy Lesson."

Mr. Kruseman Van Elten kindly loaned his large picture, "The Heart of Holland," and two of his fine etchings, both Dutch subjects.

From Mr. William M. Chase were two pastel drawings, and from Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith two water-color paintings.

To Mr. Smith we were also indebted for a number of old porcelain and copper mugs, a warming-pan, two sconces, a copper vessel for holding water, one of the Dutch milk-cans which were placed on the table, and some fine Delft plates.

From Mr. George G. De Witt, Jr., we had the following interesting pictures, etc.: two oil-portraits of fine quality, in antique carved black frames; engravings of J. De Witt and Admiral Van Tromp; photograph of head, by Denner; brass milk-cans; a number of large porcelain mugs with silver tops,

which, hung with those loaned by Mr. Smith, on rows of pegs, were an effective part of the decorations.

We are indebted to the following gentlemen for the loan of valuable pictures :

From Mr. Wm. De Groot, a portrait from life of Chancellor Livingston, presented by the Chancellor himself to a friend.

From Mr. A. G. Bogert, a painting by Tait of the Bogert Homestead, at Englewood, N. J.

From Dr. D. B. St. John Roosa, his great-grandfather's commission.

From Mr. Herman W. Vander Poel, a very fine painting, by H. Ten Kate of the Hague, of Peter Cornelissen Hooft (1581-1647), the celebrated Dutch dramatist, historian, and poet, reciting to his friends.

Messrs. Knoedler & Co. very kindly loaned for the occasion to Mr. Van Boskerck, five water-color paintings and one oil-painting, by the modern Dutch artists, Israels, Artz, Mauve, and Ter Meulen.

The members of the Dutch school of painting to-day, though few in numbers, occupy a very prominent position in the art world, combining in their works fine sentiment, truthful color, and the most artistic treatment.

To Mr. Wm. M. Hoes we are indebted for the loan of two large frames of Dutch tiles.

Mr. Charles Y. Turner's "Etching of a Head by Rembrandt," a very striking piece of reproductive etching, was a noticeable work.

From Chas. W. Vanderhoof, of the Dinner Committee, a charcoal drawing of the Old Dutch Church at Sleepy Hollow; and a water-color painting, by Chas. H. Platt, of some Dutch river-boats.

Decrology

TO MAY 1ST, 1887,

STEPHEN MELANCTHON OSTRANDER,
OF BROOKLYN.

JAMES WESTERVELT QUACKENBUSH,
OF HACKENSACK.

JOHN D. VAN BUREN,
OF NEWBURGH.

DAVID VAN NOSTRAND,
OF NEW-YORK.

BARTOW WHITE VAN VOORHIS,
OF NEW-YORK.

JOHN VAN VORST, M. D.,
OF JERSEY CITY.

JOHN THURMAN VAN WYCK,
OF NEW-YORK.

THEODORIC ROMEYN WESTBROOK,
OF KINGSTON.

AUGUSTUS W. WYNKOOP,
OF KINDERHOOK.

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1886-1887.

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ABRAHAM VAN SANTVOORD.

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LUCAS L. VAN ALLEN.

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Term expires in 1887.

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EDGAR B. VAN WINKLE.
FRED. J. DE PEYSTER.

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Term expires in 1890.

WILLIAM M. HOES.
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ALEXANDER T. VAN NEST.

MEMBERS OF THE HOLLAND SOCIETY.

MAY 20th, 1887.

The Holland Society of New-York is composed of gentlemen who are descended in the male line from Dutchmen who settled in America before A. D. 1675.

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.

NEWTON AMERMAN	New-York City.
CORNELIUS VREELAND BANTA	" "
JOHN BANTA	" "
THEODORE MELVIN BANTA	" "
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GERARD BEEKMAN	New-York City.
HENRY M. T. BEEKMAN	Jersey City, N. J.
HENRY RUTGER BEEKMAN	New-York City.
J. WILLIAM BEEKMAN	" "
JOHN WOODHULL BEEKMAN	Perth Amboy, N. J.
TUNIS G. BERGEN	Brooklyn, N. Y.
VAN BRUNT BERGEN	Bay Ridge, L. I.
Rev. CORNELIUS RYCKMAN BLAUVELT	Nyaek, N. Y.
DAVID J. BLAUVELT	" "
JAMES HENRY BLAUVELT	" "
ABRAHAM BOGARDUS	New-York City.
JOHN BOGART	" "
ALBERT GILLIAM BOGERT	" "
CHARLES EDMUND BOGERT	" "
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JOHN VAN VORST BOORAEM	Brooklyn, N. Y.
LOUIS VACHER BOORAEM	Jersey City, N. J.
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THEOPHILUS ANTHONY BROUWER	“ “
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BLOOMFIELD BROWER	New-York City.
CHARLES DE HART BROWER	“ “
JOHN LEFOY BROWER	“ “
OGDEN BROWER	“ “
WILLIAM LEVERICH BROWER	“ “
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WILLIAM DE GROOT	New-York City.
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CHAUNCEY MITCHELL DEPEW	New-York City.
EDGAR DE PEYSTER	“ “
FREDERIC J. DE PEYSTER	“ “
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EDWARD WILSON DITMARS	“ “
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WILLIAM JOHN FRYER, Jr.	New-York City.
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ROBERT GOELET	“ “
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LEONARD GANSEVOORT HUN	“ “
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THOMAS HUN	“ “
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CLARENCE VAN STEENBURGH KIP	" "
GEORGE GOELET KIP	" "
IRA ANDRUSS KIP	" "
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CHARLES B. LANSING	" "
EDWARD YATES LANSING	" "
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JOSEPH ALEXANDER LANSING	" "
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HOWARD OSTERHOUDT	Kingston, N. Y.
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ABRAHAM POLHEMUS	" "
HENRY DITMAS POLHEMUS	Brooklyn, N. Y.
HENRY M. POLHEMUS	New-York City.
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JAMES SUYDAM POLHEMUS	" "
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JOHN J. RIKER	“ “
JOHN LAWRENCE RIKER	“ “
DANIEL BENNETT ST. JOHN ROOSA, M. D.	“ “
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HENRY EVERITT ROOSEVELT	“ “
NICHOLAS LATROBE ROOSEVELT	“ “
ROBERT BARNWELL ROOSEVELT	“ “
ROBERT BARNWELL ROOSEVELT, Jr.	“ “
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ARTHUR RYERSON	Chicago, Ill.
MARTIN JOHN RYERSON	Bloomington, N. J.
ROBERT COLFAX RYERSON	Caldwell, N. J.
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EDWARD SCHENCK	New-York City.
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JACOB MAUS SCHERMERHORN, Jr.	Syracuse, N. Y.
SIMON J. SCHERMERHORN	Schenectady, N. Y.
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AUGUSTUS SCHOONMAKER	Kingston, N. Y.
Capt. CORNELIUS MARIUS SCHOONMAKER, } U. S. N. }	“ “
FREDERICK WILLIAM SCHOONMAKER	New-York City.
GEORGE BEEKMAN SCHOONMAKER	“ “
LUCAS ELMENDORF SCHOONMAKER	“ “
WILLIAM DAVIS SCHOONMAKER	“ “
ARENT HENRY SCHUYLER	“ “
GARRET LANSING SCHUYLER	“ “
GEORGE WASHINGTON SCHUYLER	Ithaca, N. Y.
MONTGOMERY ROOSEVELT SCHUYLER	New-York City.

HIRAM EDWARD SICKELS	Albany, N. Y.
ALLEN LEE SMIDT	New-York City.
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AUGUSTUS W. WYNKOOP*	Kinderhook, N. Y.
GERARDUS HILLES WYNKOOP, M. D.	New-York City.
JAMES DAVIS WYNKOOP	“ “

* Deceased.

DESCRIPTION OF THE SEAL
OF
THE HOLLAND SOCIETY OF NEW-YORK.

In chief, the arms of the Netherlands, a lion rampant, holding in dexter paw a curved sword partly unsheathed and encircled with a wreath of laurel of seven leaves, showing seven states; in sinister paw, a bunch of seven arrows tied, also symbolical of the unity of seven states, and supporting the liberty-hat.

In fess sinister, the arms of the city of Amsterdam granted by Count William to the city in the year 1242.

Gules a pale sable, thereon three Latin crosses in saltire argent.

In fess point, a war ship of the period of 1609, sailing west.

In dexter, the arms of the State of New-York.

In base, a tree (the device of the princes of Nassau, and signifies that this vigorous sapling derived its glory from the parent branches), and underneath, the motto, "Eindelijk wordt een Spruit een Boom."

Around the upper half of the seal, the title of the Society.

The shape of the seal is similar to that of coins used in Holland about 1574, and later, and the other emblems are copied from coins and medals used

there subsequent to the Confederation of the seven United Provinces of the Netherlands.

The motto rendered in Latin is "Tandem fit surculus arbor," and is taken from a medal of the period of 1605.



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