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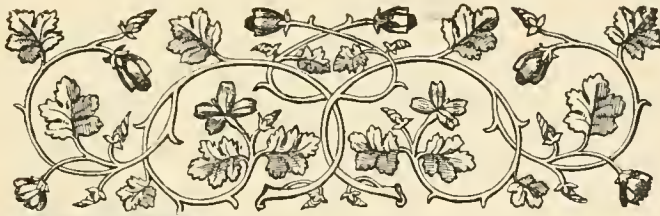
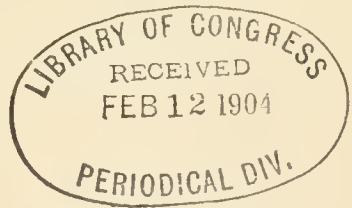
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YEAR BOOK OF THE  
HOLLAND SOCIETY  
OF NEW-YORK, 1887-8



BY THE SECRETARY.

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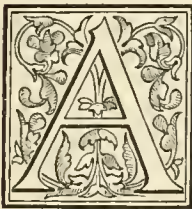


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YEAR BOOK OF  
THE HOLLAND SOCIETY OF NEW-YORK.  
1887—1888.



AT the Annual Meeting of the Society held May 31, 1887, the number of members had increased to 440. A committee was appointed, with W. A. Ogden Hegeman as Chairman, to consider the erection of a proper building for the use of The Holland Society.

The Constitution was amended as to membership so as to read as follows :

“ARTICLE III. MEMBERS.



“*Section 1.* No one shall be eligible as a member unless he be of full age, of respectable standing in society, of good moral character, and a descendant in the direct male line of a Dutchman who was a native or resident of New York or of the American Colonies prior to the year 1675. This shall include those of other former nationalities who found in

Holland a refuge or a home, and whose descendants in the male line came to this country as Dutch settlers, speaking Dutch as their native tongue. This shall also include descendants in the male line of settlers who were born within the limits of Dutch settlements, and descendants in the male line of persons who possessed the rights of Dutch citizenship within Dutch settlements in America, prior to the year 1675; also any descendant in the direct male line of a Dutchman one of whose descendants became a member of this Society prior to June 16, 1886.”

The proposed amendment to Section 1 of Article VII., making the annual meeting take place on St. Nicholas Day, December 6, was, after animated discussion, lost. The Rev. Dr. Henry van Dyke remarked that the seeming antagonism between some of the members of The St. Nicholas Society and of The Holland Society reminded him of the story of the widow with several children who married a widower also with several children, and they afterwards had other children, and when an unusual racket was heard in the nursery, upon being asked what was the cause, she replied: “Oh, it ’s only yourn and mine a-lickin’ of ourn.” This closed the debate.

The regular and the irregular proceedings of the evening were enlivened by glees delightfully rendered by the Schumann Male Quartette, and after the strawberries and punch were served the Society sang its new drinking song, “Here ’s to you, van Vorst.”

In accordance with the established custom of this Society, its meeting did not break up until the day after that upon which it began.



Here's to you, Van Vorst!

OLD DRINKING SONG

Edited for

The Holland Society of New-York

BY ITS SECRETARY,

*With*

Pianoforte Accompaniment

BY

MISS ETHEL D. WOODWARD.

Published by The Holland Society of New-York.

PINKSTER, 1887.

Copyright 1887 by Geo. W. van Siclen.



# Here's to you, van Vorst !

## JOLLY SONG

of

THE HOLLAND SOCIETY OF NEW YORK.

Edited by its Secretary.  
A. D. 1887.

Piano Accompaniment by  
Miss Ethel D. Woodward.

*Allegro con spirito.*

The King will take the Queen, but the Queen will take the

Knave! Then since we're all to - geth - er, boys, we'll

have a mer - ry stave. Here's to you, van Vorst! Here's to



you with all my heart! We'll have an-oth - er glass, my boys! A  
 glass be-fore we part! Here's to you, van Vorst!

The Queen will take the Knave, but  
 the Knave will take the Ten!  
 And since we're all together, boys,  
 we'll keep it up like men.  
 Here's to you, Bob Roosevelt!

The Knave will take the Ten, but  
 the Ten will take the Nine!  
 And since we're all together, boys,  
 we'll drink the best of wine.  
 Here's to you, van Dyke!

The Ten will take the Nine, but  
 the Nine will take the Eight!  
 Though most of us are married, boys,  
 we'll not go home till late.  
 Here's to you, Aaron J.!

The Nine will take the Eight, but  
the Eight will take the Seven!  
You know you told your wives, my boys,  
you'd be home before eleven.  
Here's to you, van Slyck!

The Eight will take the Seven, but  
the Seven will take the Six!  
'Tis well the cellar's full, my boys,  
or we'd be in a fix.  
Here's to you, De Witt!

The Seven will take the Six, but  
the Six will take the Five!  
Whene'er we get together, boys,  
the vintner's trade doth thrive.  
Here's to you, van Hoesen!

The Six will take the Five, but  
the Five will take the Four!  
Before we start for home, my boys,  
we'll all take one glass more.  
Here's to you, van Nest!

The Five will take the Four, but  
the Four will take the Tray!  
To this jolly invitation, boys,  
not one of us says nay.  
Here's to you, de Groot!

The Four will take the Tray, but  
the Tray will take the Deuce!  
And since we're all together, boys,  
we'll never ory a truce.  
Here's to you, van Wyck!

The Tray will take the Deuce, but  
the Ace will take them all!  
And since we're all together, boys,  
we won't go home at all.  
So once more all round!

At a meeting of the trustees of the Society held on Wednesday, March 30, 1887, by invitation of Mr. Philip van Volkenburgh, Jr., at his residence, No. 508 Fifth Avenue, New York, the Special Committee on a Badge for the Society reported through its Chairman, the Rev. Dr. Henry van Dyke, who laid before the trustees a box containing twelve plaster casts of ancient *geuzenpenningen*, procured to be made from originals in the Museum of Antiquities of Amsterdam, Holland, and presented to this Society by our friend, Dr. T. H. Blom Coster, physician to the Queen of The Netherlands; also, a silver facsimile of a crescent badge of the Sea Beggars and two electro-galvanized reproductions of the *geuzenpenning*, presented to The Holland Society by the *Zeuwsche Genootschaap der Wetenschappen te Middleburg*, Holland; also, two designs, one in pencil and one in colors, prepared and submitted by Tiffany & Co., showing the appearance of the proposed badge for this Society. After a full discussion, it was unanimously resolved that this Society do now adopt as its badge the form of the Beggars' Badge shown in the design submitted by Tiffany & Co., having upon its face the bust of Philip II. of Spain, surrounded by the motto, "En tout fidèles au roy," and upon the reverse two beggars' sacks, with two hands clasped in the center, between them the date 1566, surrounded by the motto, "Jusques a porter la besace," with projecting rings from each side and from the base, in which are hung, at the sides miniature porringers, and from the base a gourd in miniature.

The same to be reproduced in silver and suspended by an orange ribbon from a horizontal cross-bar, to be attached to the coat of the wearer, and having

upon its face the words, "Holland Society." Such badges may also be made in gold, if desired by any member.

The Committee on the Publication of Church Records, through Mr. Theodore M. Banta, Chairman, made a report, and on motion the sum of \$500 was appropriated, to be used by the said Committee at their discretion in the measures preliminary to publication, and the Treasurer was instructed to honor all drafts of the Chairman on the order of said Committee.

The Secretary reported the following cablegrams :

NEW YORK, February 19, 1887.

To his Majesty the King of The Netherlands,  
The Hague, Holland :

Congratulations upon your seventieth birthday from The Holland Society of New York, whose members are descended in the direct male line from Dutchmen who settled in the United States of America before Sixteen Hundred and Seventy-five.

VAN VORST, *President*.      VAN SICLEN, *Secretary*.

'S GRAVENHAGE, February 19, 1887.

To van Vorst, President Holland Society,  
N. Y., U. S. :

His Majesty thanks the members of The Holland Society of New York for their congratulations.

The Aide-de-Camp,  
DUMENÇEAU.

The matter of the proposed statue to a representative Dutchman was then discussed. It was unani-



mously resolved that the statue to be erected by this Society be that of a typical Dutchman, and not a portrait of any individual.

Mr. Chauncey M. Depew, as Chairman of the Committee having such proposed statue in charge, then agreed to confer with the President as to the membership and appointment of such Committee.

At this meeting, on motion of Judge Geo. M. van Hoesen, it was resolved that the Secretary of The Holland Society, Mr. Geo. W. van Sieten, be and he hereby is appointed the special representative of this Society, to proceed to Holland in the summer of 1887 for the purpose of cultivating more close and friendly relations with our Fatherland and its people.

The President, Judge Hooper C. van Vorst, then delivered the following eulogy upon Aaron J. Vanderpoel, our late Trustee, who died suddenly in Paris, in August, 1887:

*Fellow-Trustees of The Holland Society:*

This Society, young as it is, has not escaped the arrows of the "insatiate Archer," and Death, which moves with impartial step, has already entered the dwellings of some of our members and filled them with sorrow.

In the beginning of the summer now ended, when its leaves were yet fresh and green, our esteemed friend and associate member of the Board of Trustees, Aaron J. Vanderpoel, sought relief from the labors of his great profession, to whose demands none was ever more faithful, by a journey over the sea to Holland, the land of his forefathers; but be-

fore the trees had put on their golden dress which autumn gives, or their leaves had become "sere and yellow," his spirit had returned to God who gave it. His devoted wife, clinging to the "strong staff and the beautiful rod," in which she trusted,— alas! now broken,— returned home, filled with grief inconsolable, bringing with her the casket containing his sacred dust.

The earthly career of our dear friend is ended, and he has entered into his everlasting rest.

Now, whilst we may regret that so good, useful, and honorable a life has been so untimely cut off, and before it had given out all the fullness of a matured and well-rounded intellect, we may yet be thankful that he lived amongst us, and has left to us so many tokens of goodness and virtue.

He was in truth a distinguished advocate, and his brethren of the law have already given an appropriate expression of their sorrow at his death.

We of The Holland Society may well deplore his loss. He was one of its founders, and present at the first meeting of those who originated this institution, and he was always interested in its continued development.

Mr. William M. Hoes then read the following memorial of Aaron J. Vanderpoel:

The death of Aaron J. Vanderpoel, which occurred at Paris, France, August 22d, 1887, has created a vacancy in many a circle and association, but in no organization can his absence be more keenly appreciated and sincerely mourned than in this, his beloved Holland Society.

Mr. Vanderpoel had so long been identified with the civil, social, and legal activities of this great metropolis that at every turn his many devoted friends are involuntarily reminded of their loss.

The call to cease his great labors, from which he was then enjoying a short respite, came to him suddenly, when in the midst of his loving family and without protracted pain this loving husband and father, wise counselor, respected citizen, devoted friend, and noble-hearted man was called away.

Mr. Vanderpoel's ancestral history is contained among the archives of this Society; the testimony of his great worth in his many spheres of active life has been preserved in the records of memorial meetings and mortuary services, and does not require to be extended here.

Born of Holland parentage, our lamented friend was naturally endowed with a strong physical and mental constitution, amiable disposition, and good old Dutch common sense.

No more familiar presence frequented the legal arena than that of this great champion and upholder of the law, who, while dealing hard blows to an adversary, yet never struck below the belt. The universal feeling of affection and regard entertained toward him by his younger legal brethren forms not the least of the many tributes tendered to his memory. One of a family of jurists, the domain of law naturally claimed our friend's services, and in the year 1846 he began that laborious practice of his profession which, with unremitting zeal, eminent ability, unswerving integrity, and great success, he carried on for over forty years.

Amid all the ceaseless occupation incident to his

busy life, those who were privileged to enjoy his charming home circle can testify that he never failed in devotion to home and kindred, and withal found time to gratify his social and literary tastes.

Roaming over his fertile acres at Kinderhook, with family and dumb pets, afforded him intense pleasure, and when in the course of his extended journeyings near his country home, some gable-ended relic of his forefathers yielded, from unfrequented room or dusty garret, a vellum-covered volume or quaint article of furniture, the keen enjoyment our friend showed in making the capture proved that the loving disposition and antiquarian tastes of this unassuming man were strong within him.

Tradition runs that in the early part of the year 1885 two or three legal Vans were, as opposing counsel, conducting a double-headed litigation before august tribunals, presided over by other eminent Vans, and in the brief intermission from conflict accorded for refreshment, the warring counselors and grave judges, appreciating the extremely Dutch tone of the conflict, so far at least as they were concerned, resolved that after the battle was over the survivors would try and crystallize the Van element in some substantial form. This happy thought of our present worthy Secretary was communicated to our late friend, Mr. Vanderpoel, who at once approved the suggestion with all the enthusiasm of his warm disposition and immediately embarked in the undertaking. Accordingly, on February 21, 1885, Aaron J. Vanderpoel, Hooper C. van Vorst, Lucas L. van Allen, George M. van Hoesen, George W. van Slyck, and George W. van Sielen met by invitation at the house of the latter, and, amid the enjoyment

of the Dutch hospitality, discussed more fully the proposed Van Society.

We are told that Mr. Vanderpoel entered most heartily into the project, and became at once thoroughly interested in carrying out the same, in some form, and he invited a large number of Vans to meet at his house on March 14, 1885.

In the evening the assembled Vans adopted the plan, and the bold signature of our departed friend was the first appended to the articles of incorporation, and he and forty other worthy Dutchmen were then duly certified by the genial brother of the Common Pleas, and The Holland Society thus came into existence.

In all subsequent business and social meetings, our friend was seldom absent, and ever ready with advice and encouragement.

He journeyed with us to Kingston in that pilgrimage in September, 1886, and upon the mountain-top, on that memorable occasion, in concluding his address in response to the toast, "Dutch Women," he said, "Gratitude and loving respect to Dutch women should be inscribed on the banner of our Society."

At the second annual gathering of this Society, in January, 1887, our departed friend, in the course of a beautiful address in response to the toast, "The President of the United States," quoted a sentiment which we can now truly apply to him: "I am a Dutchman, and so think nothing which concerns the Dutch of unconcern to me."

Our friend was present at the farewell given by the steamship company upon the Dutch steamer *Edam*, upon which he sailed soon after for Holland with our Secretary, and the same steamer a few



weeks later brought to these shores his lifeless remains.

After appropriate church services here, which were very largely attended, the body of our friend was taken to Kinderhook, and there laid at rest.

Truly, we can all say, in thinking of him, we have not many such friends to lose.

In commemoration of the invaluable aid and co-operation of Aaron J. Vanderpoel, as one of the founders and the devoted friend of this Society, and its first Vice-President for Kinderhook, and in testimony of the esteem and affection of his fellow-members, it is

*Resolved*, that the foregoing Minute be adopted, and placed upon the records of this Society, and that an attested copy be forwarded to the widow and family of our deceased friend and associate.

On motion, the Secretary was instructed to enter the said Eulogy and Memorial in full upon the Minutes, and to transmit engrossed copies of the same to the family of the deceased.

The Secretary determined to take a steamer of the Dutch line, the Netherlands American Steam Navigation Company, directly to Amsterdam, upon his visit to Holland, which determination on his part was the cause of a very graceful courtesy on the part of the officers of that line, expressed in the following invitation which was sent to the members of The Holland Society :

## NETHERLANDS AMERICAN STEAM NAVIGATION CO.

WEEKLY MAIL-SERVICE ROTTERDAM  
AMSTERDAM -NEW-YORK.

NEW-YORK, JUNE 3D, 1887.

Zeer Geachte Heer:

The Nederlandsch Amerikaansche Stoomvaart Maatschappij begs to request the pleasure of your company at a dinner, which will be tendered to Geo. W. van Siclen, Esq., on June 28th, 1887, at 6 o'clock, P. M., on board the Company's Steamship Edam, at her pier, foot of York Street, Jersey City (next to P. R. R. Depot, Cortlandt or Desbrosses Street Ferry).

At such an early hour the formality of a dress-suit is respectfully waived.

The favor of an early answer will greatly oblige,  
Yours very respectfully,

NETHERLANDS AMERICAN  
STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY,

W. H. VAN DEN TOORN, GEN'L AG'T.

All of the seventy gentlemen who were able to accept this invitation will always remember it as another of those pleasant occasions which belong to the history of our Holland Society.

At the meeting of the Trustees, held, by invitation of Mr. George G. De Witt, Jr., at the Union League Club, December 22, 1887, the Committee on the new Form of Certificate of Membership presented a design in colors, and the general form of the certificate presented by said Committee was approved, and it was referred back to the said Committee for amendment, with power to cause the same to be engraved and published.

The Committee on Publication of the Records of the Dutch Churches, through Mr. Theodore M. Banta, Chairman, reported progress, and the report was approved, and the additional sum of \$500 appropriated for copying and other expenses, subject to the order of said Committee.

Mr. William M. Hoes presented to the Society a full set of Valentine's Manual, and the thanks of the Society were specially presented to him for his interesting and valuable gift.

A communication was received from Mr. Isaac C. De Bevoise, presenting to this Society the old communion cup of the Reformed Dutch Church of Bushwick; the gift was accepted, and the thanks of the Society specially tendered to Mr. De Bevoise for this venerable and valuable historical relic.

The designs and etchings for the Spijskaart of the Third Annual Dinner are by our friend, Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith.

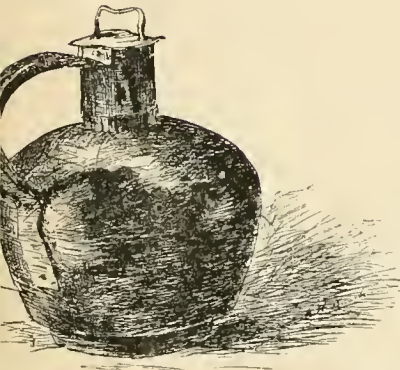
In introducing the speakers and announcing the toasts the President, ex-Judge Van Vorst, spoke as follows:





The Holland Society of New-York

*“Eindelijk wordt een Spruit een Boom.”*



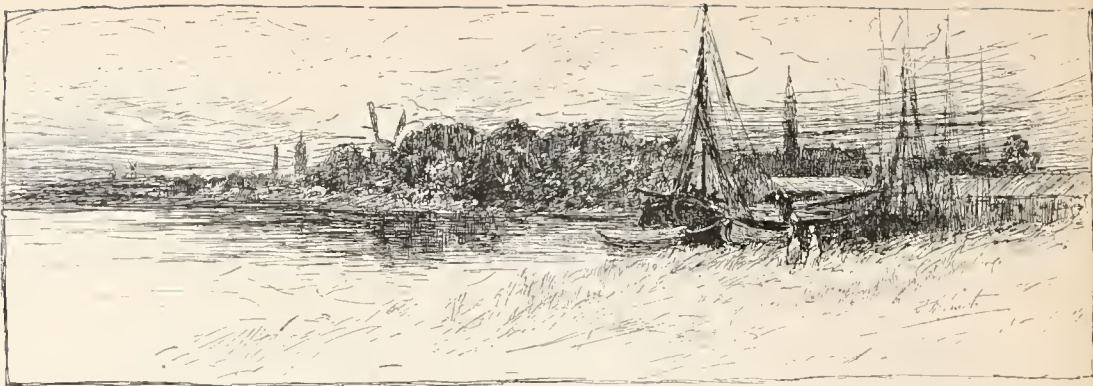
RECORD

\* ANNUAL \* DINNER \*



Hotel Brunswick, January 10, 1888





## == Spijskaart ==

De Weleerwaarde Heer Theo. L. Cuyler, Th. D. zal bidden over tafel.

*"Eet wat gaar is, Drink wat klaar is, Spreek wat waar is."*

### Blauwe Landtongsche Oesters.

*Sauterneswijn van 1874.*

### Soep.

HELDER SCHILDPADSOEP.

### Zijschoteljes.

*Topaasche sereese.*

HARINGEN. KAVIAAR. OLIJVEN. SELDERIJ. RADJIS.  
PAUKENVORM ROTHSCHILD.

### Gekruide Gerechten.

JONG KIP HEILBOT IN MAAGDE STIJL.

GEKOOKTE PARIJZER AARDAPPELEN.

*Roodewijn.*

OSSEHAAS, BALZAC STIJL.

*Pontet Canet.*

AARDAPPELEN BENEDICTINORUM.

SNIJBOONEN, ENGELSCHER STIJL.

*Champagnewijn.*

### Voorgerechten.

*Bijzonder Perrier Jouët.*

*Irroy, Buitengewoon droog.*

SNIPPEN IN BUSJES, MET PERIGUEUX SAUS.

*Louis Roederer,*

DOPERWTEN MET BOTER.

*Grand vin Sec.*

ARTISJOKKEN IN DUBARRY STIJL.

KREEFT IN NEWBURGSCHER STIJL MET PADDENSTOELLEN.

SORBET, AFRIKAANSCHER STIJL.

### Gebraad.

KANEFASRUG EENDVOGELS MET GELEI VAN AALBESSEN.

BROODJES, ST. HUBERT STIJL.

GEKRUIDE SELDERIJ-SLA.

*Bourgognewijn.*

### Woude Stukken.

KALKOEN VAN BEENDEREN ONDAAN, RENAISSANCE STIJL.

VERSIERDE YORKSCHE HAM.

OSSETONG, MONTPELLIER STIJL.

### Zoete Gerechten.

HOLLANDSCHE PODDING.

IJS IN VERSCHILLENDE FIGUREN.

GELEI VAN CURAÇAO.

KOEKJES. ULEVELLEN.

### Gemonteerde Stukken.

VRUCHTEN.

NAGERECHT.

MOKKA KOFFIE.

*Likieren.*

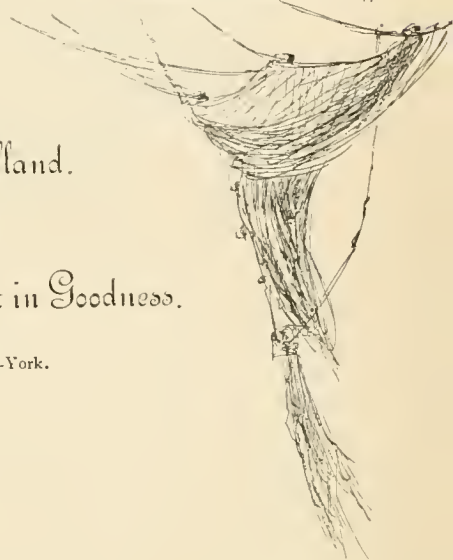
GOUDSCHE PIJPEN, EN AMSTERDAMSCHER TABAK, "HET WAPEN DER NEDERLANDEN," GEBRACHT VAN HOLLAND DOOR DEN SECRETARIS.

*Fransche brandewijn van Robin, een en dertig jaaren oud.*



≡ Heil-Dronken ≡

1. The Scholars, Artists and Warriors of Holland.  
Hon. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.  
*Music.* *Vlaggelied.*
2. New Amsterdam, growing in Greatness but not in Goodness.  
Hon. ABRAM S. HEWITT,  
Mayor of the City of New-York.  
*Music.* *Wij leven vrij.*
3. The Dutchman and the Yankee.  
Hon. GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.  
*Music.* *Yankee Doodle.*
4. Holland. "Oranje boven!"  
Mr. GEORGE W. VAN SICLEN,  
Secretary of The Holland Society of New-York.  
*Music.* *Al is ons Landje nog zoo klein.*
5. Early Dutch Explorers and Geographers.  
Ex-Chief-Judge CHARLES P. DALY,  
President of the New-York Geographical Society.  
*Music.* *De Kabels loos.*
6. Rev. GEO. D. HULST, D. D., will present to The Holland Society, on behalf of our fellow-member, Mr. ISAAC C. DE BEVOISE, the old Communion Cup, A. D. 1708, of the Reformed Protestant Dutch Church of Bushwick, L. I., the motto inscribed upon which is,  
"EET WAT GAER IS, DRINCK WAT KLAER IS, SPREECK WAT WAER IS."  
*Music.* *Wien Neerlandsch Bloed.*
7. Vondel, the Dutch Shakespeare.  
Hon. JOHN VAN VOORHIS,  
of Rochester, New-York.  
*Music.* *Noach en de Wijn.*
8. Our Nation's Debt to Holland.  
Mr. WARNER VAN NORDEN,  
of New-York.  
*Music.* *Die Zilvervloot.*
9. The New Jersey Hollander.  
Hon. J. WOODHULL BEEKMAN,  
of Perth Amboy.  
*Music.* *Haringlied.*





Commissie tot regeling van den Maaktijd.

A. D. 1888.

ROBERT B. ROOSEVELT, *Voorzitter.*

GEORGE M. VAN HOESEN.

CHARLES A. VANDERHOOF.

GEORGE G. DE WITT, JR.

ROBERT W. VAN BOSKERCK.

GEORGE W. VAN SICLEN, *Secretaris.*







# Holland Society Dinner

AT THE

HOTEL BRUNSWICK, N. Y.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 10, 1888

Blue Point Oysters

Sauternes 1874

## Potage

Clear Green Turtle Soup

Topaz Sherry

## Hors d'œuvre

Herrings

Caviar

Olives

Celery

Radishes

Timbales Rothschild

Topaz Sherry

## Reliés

Young Chicken Halibut à la Vierge

Boiled Parisienne Potatoes

Sauternes 1874

Tenderloin of Beef Balzac

Bénédictine Potatoes

String Beans à l'Anglaise

Pontet Canet

## Entrées

Soupe en caisse, sauce Périgueux

French Peas au beurre

Artichoke à la Dubarry

Pontet Canet

Lobster à la Newburg with mushrooms

Perrier-Jouët Special

Duminy Extra Dry, "Cuvée," 1884

## Sorbet à l'Africain

Cigarettes

Troy Extra Dry

## Rôti

Canvas-back Duck with currant jelly

Burgundy

Pain St. Hubert

Celery Salad mayonnaise

Duminy Extra Dry, "Cuvée," 1884

Louis Roederer, Grand Vin Sec

## Pièces Froides

Boned Turkey Renaissance

York Ham Historic

Tongue Montpellier

Troy Extra Dry

## Entremets Sucrés

Holland Pudding

Fancy Ice Cream

Curacao Jelly

Petits Fours

Mottoes

Perrier-Jouët Special

Louis Roederer, Grand Vin Sec

## Pièces Montées

Fruit

Dessert

Caté Moka

Liqueurs

Cognac Robin, 30 years old

Cigars



# Varieties

## SONG OF THE FLAG.

THE FLAG OF THE DUTCH REPUBLIC  
WAS THE  
ARCHETYPE  
OF THE FLAG OF THE  
UNITED STATES

OF AMERICA

English Words by  
Mrs. AMELIA E. BARR

ARRANGED FOR PIANO FORTE BY

Piet Hein Vander Weyde

FOR The Holland Society of  
New York

JANUARY 10<sup>th</sup>

1888

New York,  
Wm. A. Pond & Co.

25, Union Square.





# VLAGGELIED.

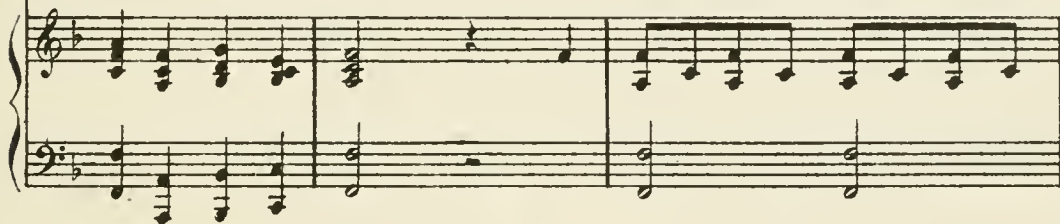
(SONG OF THE FLAG.)

Arranged for Pianoforte,  
for The Holland Society, by  
Piet Hein Van der Weyde.

Translated by the Secretary.  
English words by Mrs Amelia E. Barr.



1. O Flag of the Ne - ther - lands,
  2. Thou art blue as the skies and
  3. O Flag, we sa - lute thee.
- 1 O schit - tren - de kleu - ren van



are not our hearts All flag-bearers, sa - cred to thee? To our  
red as the dawn, Thou art white as the noon - day light, Fi -  
Free - dom salutes thee! And not the faint fawn - ing of slaves.

Ne - der - lands vlag, wat wap - pert gij fier langs den vloed! Hoe



song and our shout, O ban - ner, fly out! Fly  
 - del - i - ty gave thee her beau - ti - ful blue, And  
 Flag we sa - lute thee, and we will up - hold thee Tho  
*klopt ons het har - te van vreugd en ont - zag, wan -*

out o'er the land and the sea! Un -  
 Pi - e - ty bound thee in white. Then  
 thou shouldst sink un - - der the waves. When the  
*-neer het uw ba - nen be - groeck! Ont-plooi u, ont*

-fold thee, un - fold thee, in - vin - ci - ble Flag. Re -  
 Faith and Fi - del - i - ty went to the field Where the  
 hearts of the na - tions are fierce with wrong And the  
*plooi u, waai uit uu, bij nacht en bij dag: Gij*

- mem - ber. re - mem - ber thy brave younger years, When  
 blood of thy he - roes, thy he - roes was shed; And  
 mouth of the sword, of the sword is red, From an  
*blijft ons het tee - ken, o hei - ti - ge vlag, van*

men cry - ing "Free - dom!" died un - der thee, brave. Mid  
 there, where the sword was the breath of the Lord, They  
 o - cean of blood we would lift thee, pure As the  
*trouw en van vroom - heid, van vroom heid en moed, van*

Refrain.

storm - ing and clash - ing of spears. Flag of Fi - del - i - ty.  
 gave thee thy rib - bon of red,  
 hea - ven a - bove our head.  
*trouw en van vroom - heid en moed.*

Pi - e - ty. Cou - rage, Thy Blue, White and Red. we sa - lute!

2. Of is niet dat Blaauw in zijn smetlooze pracht,  
Der trouw onzer vaders gewijd ?  
Of tuigt niet dat rood van hun manlijke kracht,  
En moed in zoo menigen strijd ?  
Of wijst niet, of wijst niet die blankheid, zoo rein en zoo zacht,  
Op vroomheid, die zegen van Gode verwacht,  
Den zegen, die eenig, die eenig gedijt,  
Den zegen, die eenig gedijt ?

3. Waai uit dan, o vlag:— zij een tolk onzer beê,  
Om trouw en om vroomheid en moed.  
De wereld ontzie u op golven en ree;  
Maardaaldet gij ooit op den vloed —  
Wij heffen, wij heffen uw wit uit de schuimende zee,  
En voeren naar't blauw van den hemel u mee.  
Al kleurt zich, al kleurt zich uw rood met ons bloed,  
Al kleurt zich uw rood met ons bloed.







SPEECH OF  
EX-JUDGE HOOPER C. VAN VORST.



THE choice of the 10th of January by the Committee who have had in charge all the arrangements for this social gathering of The Holland Society was not intended to commemorate any special event in Dutch history. In fact, it would be difficult to choose any day in the year which is not marked by some important action or event mentioned in the Chronicles of the eighty years' struggle for national life and liberty which was carried on with such courage and sacrifice by the people of Holland and their natural allies in their contests with Spain under Philip the Second. And there are actions and events which have transpired upon this Western Continent and in our State and City in the early days of our history, during the settlement and occupation of the Dutch, worthy of commemoration. But it so happens that just three hundred and six years and six months ago this very evening, and at this hour, that great soldier and statesman, William, Prince of Orange,



who had struggled so long, and in the end successfully, and who had brought upon himself the intense hatred of the Spanish King, entered upon his eternal reward. Struck down by the hand of an assassin, engaged for the service by the Spanish King, he died a martyr to the cause of enlightened liberty. But in the pages of our own Motley his life is embalmed and treasured up to a life beyond life. Not only his own country, but England, the United States, and political and religious freedom everywhere on the globe, owes a debt of gratitude to William the Silent. The freedom of the nineteenth century was blood-bought, and with the sacrifices of the sixteenth.

It is a noble work to keep alive and celebrate the actions of a brave and enlightened people in their struggle for Independence. That is a grateful duty which posterity owes to its ancestors and it is a part of the work of The Holland Society.

Founded about four years ago, this Society, which has the constituents of a true life, has now a membership of about five hundred.

It has already entered upon a special branch of its work in collecting materials for a history of the actions of our forefathers upon this Continent, and particularly in this State and City. The records of the early Dutch Churches in this State and New Jersey contain many facts bearing upon our colonial history and that of Dutch families which have not been published. These records are being transcribed so as to be preserved for all time. All sources of reliable knowledge will be thoroughly investigated and the results reached printed. The mission of The Holland Society appeals to the patriotism and ancestral love of the descendants of the Dutch settlers of this country.







Yours very truly,  
Chauncy W. DePue.

In the end the work of this Society will find expression in the erection of a building, in this City, of appropriate design and architecture, in which its membership will be accommodated and where its records and treasures of books, documents, and works of art will be preserved.

Although our membership has been largely increased, the Society has been forced to record during the year the deaths of several of our number. Their names and memory form a part of our treasures.

It is not invidious, I am sure, to speak of the late Aaron J. Vanderpoel, one of the six founders of this Society and a Vice-President. He was deeply interested in our work from the beginning and, notwithstanding his large professional business, gave to it his best services. He visited Holland last summer, attracted there by the love of the land of his forefathers, and died suddenly in Paris on his way homeward.

But I must close. I turn for a moment only to the pleasure and enjoyment of this occasion. The officers tender to you to-night their kindest congratulations in this early season of the year. The Committee, I am sure, are to be commended for this choice entertainment, and, when I look around and see the faces of the graceful and persuasive speakers by whom you are to be addressed, I am sure that you will say that "the Governors of the feast have kept the best wine until now."



Chauncey M. Depew responded to the toast to "The Scholars, Artists, and Warriors of Holland."



SPEECH OF MR. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.



JUST as he rose somebody facetiously called out "Hewitt," and Mr. Depew, glancing over the fumes of the two or three hundred clay pipes, said: "He will have his turn, and then perhaps I shall wish I had never been born." Speaking to the toast, Mr. Depew said:

"I have already delivered an address to-night to the railroad men, and my only regret is that it was so diametrically the opposite pole of the kind of address I have to deliver here, that I could not reflect it here, or could not have spoken there the speech that I intended to speak here.

"The cosmopolitan character of the Dutch and the hospitality they dispensed on this island to all nationalities is exhibited here to-night. Among the gentlemen who are to respond is my friend the Mayor, of pure English descent; Judge Daly, of pure Irish, and my friend George William Curtis, of pure Puritan descent. We have got 'em all, and we have taken 'em all in.

"Now the Dutch actually furnish half the genius that runs this city. Only a week ago the 'business

men' of New York met the Governor of the State at the Hoffman House. In looking over the list of these 'business men' I found that their offices were at the City Hall and the Court-house, and that their business was to run this municipality, where the taxpayers furnish the money and they furnish the experience.

"Men of most races," Mr. Depew went on, "are contented to celebrate one birthday in a year. But that does n't satisfy a Dutchman. On the 6th of December he gets himself together and takes a horizontal view of what he is, has, and hopes to be, and it so rouses him that January 10 he takes another look at himself and gets inspiration for Easter Day, when again he gathers himself together for another horizontal view of the best fellow in the world. He talks to himself and about himself, like the old farmer who talked to himself because he liked to talk to an intelligent man and liked to have an intelligent man for a listener. A short time ago, when the business men met the Governor at Delmonico's, that astute, adroit, expert politician, Governor Hill, paid his respects to me by wishing the dinner abolished, and with it the after-dinner speeches. I have since understood what that wish meant. The dinners to-night, to-morrow night, and next night, at the White House, where the fair bride is receiving the guests of the nation, postpones for four years the prospects of a bachelor administration. And now the Governor turns to a Republican Legislature for relief and asks it to abolish the dinner! Mayor Hewitt owes to the dinner his office, for which he gave up the United States Senatorship, and would have given up the Presidency if he could. And so he turns in

his distress to the Republican Legislature and asks it to abolish the dinner!

“My friend Mayor Hewitt owes everything to the Dutch examples which preceded him in the greatest office in this country, Mayor of the City of New-York, that office for which De Witt Clinton resigned a United States Senatorship and would have resigned the Presidency if he could. Mayor Havemeyer once said: ‘Nobody comes into this office; nobody comes to speak to me. The crowd on Broadway move on and take no notice. Why? Because they know a Dutchman is in the chair. He is attending to their business and they can attend to their own.’

“Mayor Hewitt, I think, has followed that good example, and has attended to the affairs of this municipality so closely that he has become the best Mayor, not a Dutchman, we ever had. As time goes on the municipal bible of the municipal statesman of the future will be The Epistles of Hewitt to Gotham.

“A month ago I had the temerity to go down to Boston and make an address on Forefathers’ Day. I made sure that the forefather had that genial hospitality which, if my ancestor had known, he would not have hated him as he did. But I discovered, on the other hand, that while he liked to have the mythical virtues and greatness which have attached to the Puritan attributed to him, he did n’t like to hear the facts. And when I had mildly stated that he sang through his nose, when I had in the most catholic and chastening spirit alluded to the fact that the influences of civilization all around had evolved him out until he became one of the great factors of modern liberty, what was my reward? I received a postal card from Cambridge which stated that my speech on the evolution of the Puritan simply showed that



I was a specimen, and a magnificent one, of suspended development.

“Holland,” continued Mr. Depew, “has been a refuge for all nations for many years. It has proved a haven for the poet, for art, and for liberty, and if it had not been for the glorious stand made by the Hollanders for religious and political liberty in the sixteenth century, I doubt very much if there would ever have been any freedom in Great Britain or any independence in what is now the United States.

“The mottoes of all other nations suggest blood, that of Holland alone speaks peace. ‘God made the sea; we have made the shore.’ So they did; pushing it out against the might of old ocean, while behind them rose a mighty land, a temple of learning and industry, and a cradle of the faith. And those men were dubbed by the haughty king of Spain the ‘Beggars of the Sea.’ That meanest of all titles William of Orange took and made it the one title that has outlived knight-errantry. The beggar of the sea has become the apostle of the rights of man.”\*

Mayor Hewitt was then introduced as the Mayor of New Amsterdam, the President insinuating that if he was not a Dutchman his mother was.

The Mayor, addressing the Society as fellow-citizens of New Amsterdam, said :

\* NOTE.—Mr. Depew delivered, without notes, a most admirable speech upon the topic assigned him, and closed with a most eloquent peroration. It is therefore deeply to be regretted that the stenographer who was specially hired by the Society and detailed to take in full Mr. Depew’s speech and that of Mr. Hewitt lost all his notes, and finally confessed to having been overcome by the too great hospitality of the Dutch. These imperfect fragments are all of the two speeches that can be culled from the public press. The issue of this volume has been long delayed in the hope of finding or obtaining more, which would more worthily reproduce their excellent matter.



SPEECH OF MAYOR ABRAM S. HEWITT.



THINK you will agree with me that it is a fortunate thing for this city that Mr. Depew did not carry out his original intention of not being born. I have never known him to change in any purpose he has formed, however, so I conclude that he could not help it. If this misfortune had occurred to us, I am sure that you would never realize what punishment after death means,—which is, being compelled to listen to the Mayor of New-York after the President of the New-York Central Railroad.

He seems to have been somewhat disturbed by the references made to his Presidential prospects, on a recent occasion, by the Governor of the State, but he did n't give a true explanation of it—he is so modest. The truth is that the Governor referred to Depew because he is the only man of whom the Governor is afraid. I have been hoping that in a moment of weakness Mr. Depew might utter some sentiments which, after a Burchard fashion, might give the Democrats a chance. But he is on his guard. All

that he has said about Holland will do him no harm in this country. I am rather afraid that his remarks as to the nasal acquirements of Massachusetts people may possibly cost him a few votes, but I think that will be compensated for by the English-speaking people, whose language, you know, came from the Dutch, and the detestation of the latter for everything that passes through the nose and their admiration of everything that passes to the mouth.

I am billed to speak on "New Amsterdam: growing in greatness but not in goodness." I am sorry that the Committee, of which my ancient friend Robert B. Roosevelt is Chairman, takes such a gloomy view of the situation. But then he is a "four-sitter," as the Dutchmen call it (*voorzitter*),—that is, it takes four chairs to accommodate him. I must dissent from the proposition of the toast. There is no growth in greatness without a growth in goodness. At no period in its history has the commonwealth been so good as it is to-day. At last it is recognized in this City that wealth has its responsibilities. [Mayor Hewitt then referred to many hospitals and libraries recently established in the city.] At no time [he continued] has the moral tone of New York been so high—has it been so dangerous to propose unsound doctrines in morals and politics. You talk about the pavements. I find that one hundred years ago your Dutch ancestors had no pavements. They had double the percentage of criminals and paupers we have to-day. The rate of taxation was higher then than now. We are to be the greatest city on the globe, and with our greatness will come greater goodness. Read my five columns of statistics on the sub-

ject to-morrow. I'll have five columns more for you next week and five the week following; for I know that, powerful as the Dutch digestion is, it could n't stand them all at once.



Response of Hon. George William Curtis to the toast, "The Dutchman and the Yankee."





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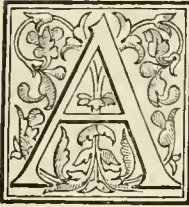
*George William Curtis -*





ADDRESS OF

HON. GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.



AS a Yankee of the Yankees I have long wished to dine with the Dutchmen to offer them my share of thanks for their ancient hospitality to the Pilgrim Fathers. That hospitality, indeed,— which at this table I seem for the first time fully to comprehend, —was so charming and seductive that it threatened to make the Pilgrim children Dutchmen instead of Yankees, if they had not been wise enough to heed Horace Greeley's advice, long before it was uttered, "Go West, young man; go West." But when, after that long and desolate voyage, they reached the stern and rockbound American coast, the warm vision of the old Dutch hospitality hung in the wintry air, and, remembering the goodly and pleasant Dutch city they had left behind, they instinctively turned to plant themselves on Hudson's river near New Amsterdam. But Cape Cod, foreseeing their coming from the beginning, and stretching out into the ocean to secure the precious, sea-

tossed waif, interposed its reefs and breakers, and with its arm of sand gathered the Pilgrims to its breast of stone and ice, nourished them upon the east wind and Calvinistic theology, upon plain living and high thinking; and so the Pilgrims settled in New England instead of New-York, and became Yankees instead of Dutchmen.

They had been drawn to Holland by natural affinity. Themselves the bravest of Englishmen, their scholars knew that Tacitus had called the Batavians the bravest of Germans, and, deprived in England of what they believed to be their natural English rights, they came to Holland to become better Englishmen. An acute observer tracing their descent would have said, with the clear insight of the old lady contemplating the Siamese twins, "Brothers, I presume."

The Puritans have been riddled with ridicule for demanding freedom for their own consciences and not for those of other people. But they know that freedom, like charity and other virtues, begins at home. That is what made them Yankees. Therefore the original Yankee, in leaving Holland, made free to take with him the two chief treasures of his foster country,—a free church and a free school. It seems an ungrateful return for the Dutch hospitality; but, with prophetic instinct, he knew that what the poet says of love is true of freedom:

True love in this differs from gold and clay,  
That to divide is not to take away.

He carried off the prize, but he left Holland as rich as he found her; nay, he left her richer. No, sir;

I repel the sly insinuation of your smile, not because he went away, but richer by the consciousness that in the freedom of the church and school she had helped to establish upon a rock the freedom of the freest empire in the world.

The Dutchman I am sure, therefore, will be just to the Yankee. It is because he was trained in modest and thrifty Holland that he has never wanted more than the best of everything, and, like the urchin who beat his grandfather at checkers, he has been always willing to give the Dutchman the smaller half until he was ready to take the whole for himself. This has been constantly his generous policy. The Dutchmen warmed New-York for the Yankee. But, determined to be more than literal in his gratitude, it appears that in the great race for fame and fortune the Yankee has repaid him with compound interest by making it exceedingly hot for the Dutchman! In that noble rivalry, however, he has been but mindful of Bacon's wisdom: "He that seeketh to be eminent among able men hath a great task. But he that plots to be the only figure among eiphers is the decay of a whole age."

Suppose Cape Cod had been less enamored of the Pilgrims and they had settled upon the Hudson, what would have been the result? The result would have come a little sooner, that is all. The conservatism of the New Netherland would have been a little earlier leavened by the radicalism of New England; the radicalism of New England would have been sooner softened and humanized by the genial genius of Holland. One thing, I think, might have happened. Captain Myles Standish might not have

filled the snakeskin with powder and flung it truec-  
lently to the Indian. The Yankee burning of the  
Pequot fort, the tragedy of King Philip's war,—  
indeed, the whole Puritan Indian policy would prob-  
ably have been greatly modified had the sagacious  
and humane methods of the Dutchmen in dealing  
with the Indians been known to Massachusetts Bay.  
There are many great names and great events in the  
annals of New-York, but it is the pride of its early  
history that the problem with which very few Amer-  
ican statesmen of to-day seem able to cope was  
treated successfully more than two centuries ago by  
Arent Van Curler. His weapons in dealing with the  
Indians were not the torch, and powder and shot.  
They were good faith, and justice and humanity.  
To the Indian mind he identified these qualities with  
the white skin, so that when the English succeeded  
the Dutch the Indians always called the English  
governor, whoever he might be, by the name of their  
first white friend, the Dutch Curler. Our national  
Indian policy would have been more honorable and  
more American if it had been that of the Dutchmen  
in New-York.

Arent Van Curler leads the van of the great Van  
family of many names, which has been so illustrious  
and serviceable to the state. From Van Curler, the  
commissary of Rennsalaer Wyck more than two  
and a half centuries ago, down to Van Voorst, the  
upright judge and your beloved chief magistrate  
to-day, is a long and honorable line. Mayor Hewitt  
says, and says truly, that there are not enough Vans  
in office. He is reproached with appointing so many  
O's and Mac's, and never a Van. But he answers  
that it is not his fault; it is the fault of the Vans

themselves. There are not enough of them. Indeed, we may say of him in Dryden's line :

He wheeled in air and stretched his Vans in vain.

There are not enough of them to fill the offices — and they the only people among us of which that can be truthfully said.

The Dutch element in our civil life has been prudence, sound judgment, and tenacity. In the ship of state, which has quite sail enough when she is lurching with a surplus cargo amid gales from every point of the compass seeking to scatter it, good Dutch sense is the solid ballast which keeps her from being thrown upon her beam ends. The Dutchman is held to be more practical than poetic, and Grotius, with his ponderous tomes of international law rather than his tragedies, is held to be the characteristic figure of the Dutch literary genius. But we may well remember here that at the time when as Wendell Phillips says the air of New England was black with sermons, it was in New Netherland that our first and purely literary impulse, gay, joyous, tender, and charming, was quickened; and that the touching figure of Rip Van Winkle, beloved of children and loitering with them in the fields and by the streams, the sharp contrast of Major Jack Downing, and Sam Slick, and Solon Shingle, was the first distinctive and familiar creation of our literature. And at this table, gentlemen, I like to think that the great debt of New England and of America to Holland is nobly acknowledged and illustrated in those monumental works of our literature, in which Yankee genius, glowing with sympathy and admiration, tells the splendid



story of the Dutch achievements for fatherland, for liberty, and the world—Motley's histories of the Dutch Republic and the United Netherlands.

But whether we became Americans through the Dutch or the Yankee line, we are all the children of a contest which began long ago; in which your ancestors and mine stood side by side, which still continues, in which our children will engage, and of which America is the most illustrious scene. If we would exhaustively define the word America, I think we should say Fair Play. It is the Dutch struggle for fair play which Motley describes. It was to find fair play that the Puritan fled to Holland, and both Dutchmen and Puritans, crossing the sea, stood together to secure fair play on Long Island in disaster, and at Saratoga in triumph. The original Yankee did not bring it in its fullness to New England, but the *Mayflower* that brought him was full of its seed. He could not shake it off. The Puritan was strong, but the spirit of fair play was stronger, and when he stamped his iron heel upon the Quaker and the Baptist it merely stamped the glorious seed into the earth and planted it deeper for a future harvest. Its growth is the substance of our history. Fair play has prevailed over ecclesiastical despotism. Fair play has abolished personal slavery. The new questions of corporations and monopolies, of capital and labor, of free trade and protection, are only new forms of the old struggle of Liberty, the good old cause of fair play. Nowhere to-day is the prospect of that cause fairer than here; nowhere can encouragement be greater than at this very table. Let the past forecast the future. Need we doubt what is to come? Need we doubt that



what we have done we can do? You are Dutchmen and I am a Yankee, and we both gladly own that it is the united genius of New England and the New Netherlands which has made the New-York of our love and pride. I raise my battle-cry of Plymouth Rock; raise you your glorious *Oranje Boven!* and in that sign we shall conquer.



Speech of the Secretary of the Society, Mr. George W. Van Sieten, in response to the toast to "Holland."



SPEECH OF  
GEORGE W. VAN SICLEN.



ORANJE BOVEN! ORANJE BOVEN!  
ORANJE BOVEN! That was the war-cry of your forefathers, under which they achieved victory. Let me hear you utter it—three times. Now!

[The three hundred gentlemen present sprang to their feet and took up the cry, "ORANJE BOVEN! ORANJE BOVEN! ORANJE BOVEN!"]

Was it not a happy omen, when your Secretary last summer returned to the land of his forefathers, after an absence of more than two hundred and fifty years, that, as the steamship neared the shore, a group of peasants came running down, waving their hats and shouting, and the words that came as greeting were the words of that old war-cry, "ORANJE BOVEN! ORANJE BOVEN! ORANJE BOVEN!"

It thrilled my heart, and as I stood on the deck it seemed that the air and the skies parted, and I saw the spirits of our forefathers in deadly combat with the Spaniards, and there fell upon my ear, like the echo of a memory, "*Oranje Boven! Oranje Boven! Oranje Boven!*"

The citizens of Amsterdam have been wise enough and courageous enough to build a canal, the Ymuiden, as large as a river, from their city directly to the sea, up which we sailed to the locks of granite built by those patient Hollanders, and which are not so strong to withstand the storms of the North Sea as the national character developed by the same sturdy people to resist tyranny and repress anarchy.

Your Secretary went back to Holland on the same old line established by Hendrick Hudson in the year 1609, and from which have been naturally evolved, after the *Spotted Cow*, the *Golden Beaver*, and the *Hope*, the iron steamships of the Netherlandsch Amerikaansche Stoomvaart Maatschaappij.

You will understand better the esteem and respect in which The Holland Society of New-York is held in The Netherlands when I tell you that the news of the arrival of the steamer in the offing had been telegraphed to Amsterdam and to Leiden, and that the first man to board the vessel was Mr. Felix Driessen, the Secretary of the Third October Association of Leiden, who had been thus notified, and had hastened by express to greet the Secretary of this Society as a mark of that esteem and honor.

You are many of you members of that Third October Association, and all of you should join it. It is, you know, a society to commemorate the relief of Leiden from the siege, A. D. 1572, when the bony arms of its famished defenders, outstretched for bread, formed an arch over the long canal, up which came the boats of the Beggars of the Sea, who, under Admiral Boisot, had cut the dykes, and had come in with the sea and the north wind to their rescue.

At Leiden I was privileged to enjoy glimpses of the home life of the Dutch, being taken through some of their houses, from the bottom to the top, and being entertained most hospitably and sumptuously. Besides being shown the interesting museums and galleries, I stood on the spot where a stone declares that John Robinson lived. Here it was that the Puritans learned all the good traits they have shown, except their own original honesty and sturdiness of purpose. Here they lived twelve years; and when they started for America, in the language of William Bradford, familiar, doubtless, to our friend the President of the New England Society, who is present, "They left y<sup>e</sup> goodlie and pleasaunt citie which had been their resting-place near twelve years; but they knew they were pilgrims, and looked not much on these things, but lift up their eyes to y<sup>e</sup> heavens, their best countrie, and quieted their spirits."

At Leiden I visited a house that is often overlooked, the "Gemeenlandshuis van Rynland" (the House of the Republic), where are kept all the records of all the work that has been done on the canals and the land drainage of the country. In honor of the representative of this Society, the old clerks opened their vaults and their boxes, and showed me receipts on parchment for labor performed as far back as A. D. 1152. This autograph letter of George Washington, adorning the wall at this dinner, is one hundred years old, and is an antiquity in this country, but the parchment receipts they put in my hands were seven hundred years old.

In Holland there are two states, the water state and the civil state, an *imperium in imperio*. The duty

of its Signal Service is not so much to report the winds and the storms as the depth of the water at certain fixed points in the canals. When you look at the morning paper you do not find, with the hour of the moon's rising or of the sun's setting, the time of high tide or low tide, but in place of this a statement of the depth of water in the canals at certain bridges, that the boatmen may know whether or not their boats can pass. The water that is accumulated by drainage and from rain, and that which necessarily enters from the ocean every time the locks are opened to allow vessels to pass in and out from the sea, is pumped back again into the ocean by steam pumps near Leiden, thus maintaining an average depth throughout the country. These canals are of the greatest advantage for intercommunication, and are covered with boats, especially with small steam propellers, by means of which you can travel everywhere in Holland, and at a very low rate.

I hired one of these boats myself for a day in the city of Amsterdam. Amsterdam, you know, is built on ninety-six islands, and its streets, almost without exception, are water-ways. We started at three o'clock in the afternoon, and traveled continuously through different streets, visiting most quaint and picturesque nooks, lowering our hinged smokestack to run under bridges, with an occasional stop at some lock to put our toll in a wooden shoe which the lock-keeper reached down to us, winding in and out among smaller craft and sailing vessels and canal-boats until ten o'clock in the evening, and we had not seen the whole of the city.

It was a Danish and not a Dutch king of England who told his courtiers that the sea could not be

stayed. The Dutch king of England was William III., who had been better taught. It was the Dutchman who followed him to England just two hundred years ago, A. D. 1688, who dyked and drained the marshes of the even country.

It took the Dutch eighty years to exclude the waves of Spanish tyranny, and four hundred years to conquer the sea; but they succeeded in both cases. They developed not only the existing "waterstaat," protected by the great dyke of the Helder, but also the civil state, protected by the great northern dyke of liberty of conscience.

It would take too long to tell all that I saw in Holland as your representative last summer. One of the most delightful entertainments that were proffered me in that capacity was a trip by steamer from Rotterdam down the Rhine to Briel; and I desire to tender, on behalf of this Society, our most hearty thanks to Messrs. J. V. Wierdsma and Otto Reuchlin, of Rotterdam, merchants, who proffered this great courtesy. The cabin of the steamer, the *Maas Nymph*, was lined with tree ferns, and palms, and flowering plants, and superb bouquets were provided for the ladies of our party. Our fellow-member, Aaron J. Vanderpoel, at my urgent solicitation, remained over with his family, delaying his journey to Germany in order to enjoy this excursion, and many times through the day I heard him say, "Is not this a perfect day!" "Was there ever a more delightful day!"

The people at Briel had been told beforehand that the representative of this Society would visit them on their market-day, and the streets were thronged. We landed where the Water Beggars landed when



they captured the city from the Spaniards; we visited the old church, and the Asylum for Sailors' Orphans, and in the street a deputation of citizens stepped out and addressed your Secretary, and presented papers of historical interest, "van de burgerij van Briel aan den burgerij van Amerika."

On our way from Briel to Dordrecht a dinner was served to us, of the quality and proportions of which you may judge somewhat when I tell you that four quart bottles stood at the plate of each man, and a fresh-caught Rhine salmon was served as one of the courses. At Dordrecht we were taken through the city in open carriages, driving especially through old streets where carriages are seldom seen. Many houses there bore date early in the sixteenth century, and one we saw marked A. D. 1496, the time when Columbus discovered America!

From Dordrecht we passed over to the river Maas, and so back to Rotterdam, and there, at the entrance of the Hotel des Bains, I looked for the last time upon the happy face and received for the last time the hearty grasp of the hand of my friend Aaron J. Vanderpoel.

You remember the time-honored witticism about Briel—that when Alva lost Briel he lost his spectacles. Briel has become the spectacles through which Holland looks abroad. When a Dutchman looks you in the eye,—and he always does that,—it is the spirit of a Water Beggar, independent of the world.

Holland is the land of charity. You see no beggars. Their "poor-houses" are tracts of land, as at Willemsoord, Ommerschans, and elsewhere, where

paupers are supplied with tools and stock, and made self-supporting.

Holland has solved the Irish land question. The *beklem-regt* is the right to occupy a farm at a fixed annual rent which the landlord can never increase. This right descends to the heir, and can be devised and sold, but only to one person; it is indivisible. Every time, however, that it passes by inheritance, or by will, the landlord receives one or two years' rent. The buildings belong to the tenant, and he may take them away. He pays all the taxes. If the tenant defaults, his creditors can cause the *beklem-regt* to be sold; but the claims of the landlord must first be paid by the buyer.

This custom began in the province of Groningen, but is likely to spread all over The Netherlands. Under it, the tenant farmers become the richest and most influential members of the community. Their rent does not increase as the reward of their industry. The laborer enjoys the fruit of his labor. Labor and capital are united, and friends.

Dutchmen are nothing if not religious. Whatever their faults, they are sincere in their worship of God; and truly the land would seem to have reaped the reward promised by the Psalmist:

“Soo sullen uwe schueren met overvloet vervullet worden; ende uwe persknypen van most overloopen.”

(So shall your barns be bursting with plenty and your presses overflow with new wine.)

“De velden zijn bekleet met kudden ende de dalen zijn bedeckt met koorn; sy juychen oock singense.”

(The fields are covered with kine, and the valleys stand so thick with corn that they laugh and sing.)





Chas. P. Saly

Stand on the great dyke of the Helder, or sail over the drowned lands, or the sunken cities of the Zuider Zee, and you cannot help feeling that Holland herself may some time be overflowed by the ocean. This may happen; but the principles of political liberty, freedom of conscience, and free public instruction, of which she is the mother, will never again be quenched.

The flag of The Netherlands is the prototype of our American flag, and well may we apostrophize it in the language of the "Vlaggelied," so admirably versified in English by Mrs. Amelia E. Barr:

O Flag of The Netherlands! Are not our hearts  
 All flag-bearers, sacred to thee?  
 To our song and our shout, O banner, fly out,  
 Fly out o'er the land and the sea!  
 Unfold thee, unfold thee, invincible Flag!  
 Remember thy brave younger years,  
 When men crying "Freedom!" died under thee, glad,  
 'Mid clashing and storming of spears.

Thou art blue as the skies, and red as the dawn,  
 Thou art white as the noonday light;  
 Fidelity gave thee her beautiful blue,  
 And Piety bound thee in white.  
 Then Faith and Fidelity went to the field  
 Where the blood of thy heroes was shed;  
 And there, where the sword was the breath of the Lord,  
 They gave thee thy ribbon of red.



Speech of ex-Chief-Justice Charles P. Daly, in response to the toast to "The Early Dutch Explorers and Geographers."



SPEECH OF  
EX-CHIEF-JUSTICE CHARLES P. DALY.



T would seem, from the programme, that I am expected to respond to this toast as the President of the American Geographical Society, and, with whatever responsibility that may imply, I will begin by saying that what the people of The Netherlands have achieved as geographical explorers and geographers has never been adequately acknowledged by other countries, and if they have said much about it themselves it has been in a language that is seldom read beyond their own limits, except by such Dutch scholars as our friend Mr. Van Sielen.

Mr. President, although not the first, the Dutch were among the earliest explorers of the Arctic. They were explorers in that ice-bound region while still involved in their great struggle with Spain for independence. In the year that that great soldier, Prince Maurice, crowned a succession of victories by the taking of Groningen,—in that year, 1594, the merchants of Middleburgh and of Amsterdam sent out an expedition for the discovery of a passage around





*Joanni Mauritio Nassovio etc. Comiti Palatino Rhenano. Ducis palatini  
 Hanc ipsius Comitis Effigiem a Gerardo van Noordt scult ad n. v. deo. t. n. et. Petro Gutman  
 d. n. v. v. c. a. l. h. a. e. p. r. i. m. a. Expressam deicali corporata. inde idem. Petrus Schöner A. 1647  
 cum Priv.*



the Arctic to the Indies, at the north-east, and two years afterward, in 1596, the merchants of the latter city sent out another expedition under William Barentz for the same purpose; a voyage that, for the perseverance exhibited, the fortitude displayed, and the suffering endured, is one of the most striking in the history of Arctic adventure. Barentz succeeded in getting around Nova Zembla, and farther north than had then been reached, when he had to abandon his vessel; and he and his companions passed a winter attended by great suffering in a hut they had erected in a little bay on the north-east coast of that desolate land, from which they subsequently succeeded in escaping in open boats, by a journey of 1600 miles, over an ice-encumbered and stormy sea, under many trials, and with the loss of their commander. In 1871, after a lapse of 275 years, a Swedish navigator, Captain Karlsen, succeeded for the first time afterward in getting around Nova Zembla. He sailed into the little bay where Barentz and his crew had wintered, and found the hut exactly as Barentz had left it. Neither man nor animal in that long lapse of time had entered it. The sleeping-berths were there, the clock hung on the wall, a flute was found that still gave out a few notes, and there were drinking-vessels upon the table; and, as this evening is a festive meeting, I may here mention a touching incident recorded by De Veer, the chronicler of the voyage, that these poor fellows, in the midst of their intense suffering, asked the captain to let them make merry on Twelfth Night, with a little sack and two pounds of meal; an indulgence bringing to their minds the assemblage of friends, wives, and children, then in

the enjoyment of that festive night in their far-off homes in Holland.

Having failed to discover a north-east passage, these persevering Dutchmen then set to work to discover one at the north-west, and it is to Henry Hudson, sailing in the service of the Dutch along the coast of North America in search of that passage, that we owe the discovery of our bay, the site of our city, and the river that is now called after him. He was not, it is true, a Dutchman, and was only then incidentally in the service of Holland, but it is to be borne in mind that the two voyages he had previously made in the service of his countrymen had not been successful; that the London company that had employed him refused to send him out again on a third venture, and that it was to the intelligent appreciation alike of his abilities and of his plans by the Dutch East India Company that he was enabled to make his third and celebrated voyage in 1609 that led to the founding of this, the third greatest city of modern times, which, with the river that rolls by it, has forever perpetuated his name.

The establishment of the Dutch East India Company a year after Barentz's voyage, that is, in 1595, opened up for the people of The Netherlands a new field, alike for geographical discovery and commercial enterprise. You will remember, Mr. President, that Pope Alexander VI. issued a bull dividing a large part of the earth on the South Atlantic between the Portuguese and the Spaniards; by which edict all other nations were shut off from reaching India, either by the way of the Cape of Good Hope or through the Straits of Magellan. The Dutch were among the first to take that bull by the horns. In







M<sup>r</sup>. WOUTER SCHOUTEN VAN HAERLEM

*Dit Schouten die de gloed van sijderfen en kreesf  
Heeft of het hoofte gevoelt, die nimmer heeft gebeeft  
Op kommerlyke tocht in berch, of bosch, of baren*

*Geen oernaem kan sijn deugt, noch dienst evenaren  
De print toont mier de schez van SCHOUTEN, niet sijn daden  
Die hem wil nader sien, door lesf desf bladen.*



1598, Oliver Van Noort (ancestor of George M. Van Nort, of your Society), with four vessels fitted out by Dutch merchants, fought his way alike against Spaniards and Portuguese, in what at that time was figuratively called "a stream of blood," until he passed triumphantly through the Straits of Magellan, and then, fighting his way equally along the coasts of Chili and Peru, completed, in three years, a voyage in which he circumnavigated the globe and vindicated the freedom of the seas; a policy which Holland stoutly maintained by the expeditions she afterward sent out under Mahu, Spelbergen, and others, until, by the possessions she acquired in what was then called the Spice Islands, also in Japan, and by the founding of Batavia in Java, she became one of the chief maritime powers in the East.

About 1615, Mr. President, there lived in Amsterdam a rich merchant, Isaac Le Maire, who was not only a merchant but a geographer. This man conceived the idea that a passage might be found through the continent of South America south of the Straits of Magellan. It was supposed, in fact, believed at that time, that a great region of land stretched uninterruptedly from the southern shores of the Straits of Magellan to the Antarctic pole and over it, and this supposed continent will be found carefully laid down, with its presumed extent, in the maps and atlases of that period.

Le Maire evidently did not share in this general belief. He consulted an experienced pilot, Walter Schouten, of the little town of Hoorn, now one of the dead cities of the Zuider Zee, and the result of this conference was their mutual belief that such a passage could be found, which, if discovered, would

be free of the privileges secured to the Dutch East India Company, and give to the people of Holland a route of their own to the Indies, distinct from the routes that had been discovered by the Portuguese and the Spaniards. Schouten took command of the expedition, and, reaching the Straits of Magellan, he sailed past them to the south along Terra del Fuego, until he came to an opening now named the Straits of Le Maire, which led him into an open ocean, where, as he described it, whales and other sea-monsters were so numerous as to embarrass the passage of the vessel, while great sea-mews, with wings stretching a fathom across, flew screaming around them. He followed closely the outline of the land, until it finally terminated in a promontory or projection jutting out into the sea, which he named after his native town, Cape Horn. The southern extremity of South America was thus reached, and the result of this Dutch enterprise has been perpetuated in this well-known name of Cape Horn.

The Dutch did not discover the Cape of Good Hope, but they did more, they settled it and held it until it was transferred to the English, about the beginning of the present century. They not only did this, but their descendants, the Boers, became the permanent inhabitants, not only of Cape Colony, but the colonizers of the territories that have since been added to it, now known as Natal, the Transvaal, and the Orange Free State—the gold and diamond fields of South Africa. The English are and have been only the governors and temporary residents, leaving and returning to England when they had bettered their condition; but the Boers have

remained, and have been for a century the real working population that have settled and developed this large portion of South Africa; and how completely its settlement and civilization is due to them may be judged when I state that the census taken last year showed that of the 50,000 whites in the Transvaal 45,000 were members of the Dutch Church.

It has been said that Australia was known to the Portuguese before it was discovered by the Dutch. However that may be, the Dutch were the first to land upon this great island, or, as it is now sometimes called, "the fifth continent of the world." A Dutch vessel sailed in 1606 for a thousand miles along its south-western shore, the crew occasionally landing and mixing with its savage inhabitants, and from that time to 1627 this discovery in 1606 was followed up by those Dutch navigators, Hertoge, Zeachen, Jan Edles, de Neutz, and de Witt, who successively surveyed the whole of its western and northern coast; from whose labors and from those of the Dutch navigators who followed them it received the name of New Holland, which it bore until the present century, when the English changed it to Australia.

The poet Campbell, in his well-known lines on La Perouse, after alluding to the fact that the Strait which he discovered was called after him, closed the poem with these felicitous lines :

Fair Science, on the ocean's azure robe,  
Still writes his name in picturing the globe;  
And wreaths, what fairer wreath could glory twine,  
His watery course, a world-encircling line.

This poetical tribute might, with equal justice, be paid to many Dutch circumnavigators. It will suf-

rice to name one, Captain Tasman, who first thoroughly circumnavigated Australia and very much reduced its supposed extent, and who discovered the great island lying south of it, which, after the then Dutch governor in the East Indies, he called Van Diemen's Land; a name it bore until the English, greatly to their credit, recently, in honor of its Dutch discoverer, changed it to Tasmania. The honor was well deserved, for it has been said by an English writer that few voyages, after that of Magellan, had contributed so much to the perfection of geography as that of Tasman.

I might dwell upon what was accomplished by those Dutch navigators, Jaques L'hermite and Cornelius Van Houtman in Java and the Straits of Malacca, Roggeveen in the West Indies, and Hendrick Brower in Chili, saying nothing of that hopeless but persistent navigator off the Cape of Good Hope, the Flying Dutchman; but time presses, and I have yet to say a few words upon the other branch of this toast.

It is one thing, Mr. President, to explore the unknown parts of the earth, and another to gather together all the information thus obtained and to classify and arrange it scientifically, and this is a department in which the Dutch have been especially distinguished.

The first atlas, or work in which maps of the different parts of the world were brought together and arranged so as to represent the whole of the earth's surface in one publication for easy use and reference, was the work, in 1570, of Abraham Ortelius, a native of Antwerp; and the next, in 1585, in which the term atlas was for the first time used, was by his

contemporary and friend, Mercator, who was born in Ruppelmonde, in Flanders. Mercator, by which he is now known, is merely the Latin form of his name as he used it in his publications, his real name being Gerard Kaufman, the equivalent of our word merchant. He was not only a great geographer, but as a cartographer he surpassed all his predecessors; as well by the greater exactness with which he represented the different parts of the earth's surface upon maps as by his introduction, in marine charts, of what is known as Mercator's projection. By this great invention, or great discovery, he solved the mathematical problem, to put it in plain language, of the most effectual way for a vessel to sail the nearest to a straight line over a round surface like that of our globe; and this projection of Mercator's, as perfected and more fully carried out by his English successor, Wright, is the one which every seaman now uses in directing his course over the ocean. I stated in the beginning that the labors of the Dutch geographers had never been adequately appreciated in other countries, and I may here mention a striking illustration of it. Some years ago I said to an eminent English admiral, who was dining at my house, that it would probably interest him to hear a paper that was to be read the next evening, before the American Geographical Society, upon the life and labors of Mercator, adding that I had suggested the preparation of such a paper to a member of the society, who was very competent to undertake it, as so little respecting Mercator was to be found in the English language. The admiral stared at me with a look of surprise, and then said, "What! Was there such a man as Mercator? I always sup-



posed that Mercator's projection meant the merchant's projection;" and he had been using that projection during the whole of his life upon the sea. It was said long ago of Ortelius and of Mercator that the world is indebted to their united labors for releasing geography from the yoke of Ptolemy, in which it was bound for more than thirteen centuries. But while Mercator and Ortelius are the principal names, there were many other eminent Dutch cartographers,—Blauew, Jansen, De Witt, Vooght, Vischer, Van de Beste,—but, without enumerating all their names, it will be sufficient to say that the American Geographical Society has what is regarded as the finest and largest collection of early atlases of any institution in the world, and more than two-thirds of the volumes in that collection are by Dutch cartographers.

About the middle of the seventeenth century there lived in Amsterdam a physician named Bernard Varens, better known by his Latin name of Varenus. But little has been ascertained respecting the personal history of this remarkable man beyond the fact that, in the practice of his art, he was considered one of the most eminent physicians of that city. In addition to his acquirements as a physician, he had, as far as they were then known, a widely extended knowledge of the natural sciences, and was a mathematician. This practicing physician devoted his leisure moments to studying and reflecting upon the physical features of the earth, and in 1650 he published what he denominated a general geography, explaining the nature and properties of the earth: a work that justly entitles him



to be called the father of physical geography, and which produced a greater revolution in that science than had been effected by Ortelius or Mercator. He separated from geography, as then understood, what has become in our day, not only from what is already known but in the problems that are yet to be unravelled, the higher and the more important branch of geography. In doing this it is remarkable how much he saw in advance of his time. For instance, that the diversity of temperature over the earth's surface, combined with the motion of the earth upon its axis, is the cause of the winds; that the motion and direction of the currents of the ocean are produced by the pressure of the winds upon the surface of the sea; that the ocean is of an equal level all over the globe; his observations upon its depth and unequal saltiness; upon mountain systems, the formation of continents; the origin and distribution of islands; the cause of the Gulf Stream, and many other things. I say it is remarkable, because the active discussion which was carried on a few years ago as to the cause of oceanic currents elicited nothing more satisfactory than the reason given by Varenus; and you will remember, Mr. President, that when the Suez Canal was projected, one of the chief reasons urged against it, and especially by engineers, was that there was a difference of level between the Mediterranean and the Southern Ocean. The canal was cut, and it was found, as Varenus said more than two hundred years ago, that the level of the sea is everywhere the same. "It is," said Humboldt, "the permanent glory of Varenus that he fixed the attention of Newton," referring to the fact that Newton thought

so highly of his work that he caused it to be reprinted in England, and enriched it by his own contributions.

It has been conjectured that Varenius was not a Dutchman, because he said that he was born in a town that had been destroyed in a war. But all that this shows is that the place of his birth is unknown. But it is known that he lived in Amsterdam; that he was one of its most eminent physicians; that he matured and published his great work in that city, and that he died there at a comparatively early age; and this being all that is known about him, these facts are sufficient to warrant me in classifying him among the geographers of Holland.

I think, Mr. President, that I have now said enough to show that no toast is more worthy of being honored in an assemblage of the descendants of the Dutch, than the Geographical Explorers and Geographers of The Netherlands.



Speech of Rev. George Duryee Hulst, D. D., in presenting to The Holland Society, on behalf of our fellow-member, Mr. Isaac C. De Bevoise, the old communion cup, A. D. 1708, of the Reformed Protestant Dutch Church of Bushwick, L. I.



## SPEECH OF

REV. GEORGE DURYEE HULST, D. D.

*Mr. President, and Brethren of The Holland Society :*



HERE is but one subject upon which to speak to-night—Holland, in the glory of her many-sided greatness; a greatness which we, her children, in the ardor of our love, can hardly exaggerate, and which we can have no nobler ambition than to know and appreciate. I do not exactly see how I am to speak upon this subject, in view of the one placed before my name upon the programme. A brother in the ministry, seeing one of his deacons arise in prayer-meeting to make the accustomed prosy speech, endeavored to avoid the inevitable by saying, “Brother Van Amsterdam, will you please lead us in prayer?” The good brother stood a moment, and then said, “I was about to make a few remarks, but perhaps I can throw them into the form of a prayer.” I may, perhaps, be able to tell what I would have said had my subject given me any sort of an opportunity.

If I were allowed so to do, I might tell of Father William, Prince of Orange, a Bismarck in diplomacy, a Wellington in war, a Washington in character, a Lincoln in tenderness and humanity. I might tell of Erasmus, prince among scholars, or of olden Barneveldt and Hensius, greatest among diplomatists. I might tell of the poet Vondel,—of whom another speaks to-night,—who, being plagiarized into English, made the plagiarist one of the two great poets of the English world. I might tell of Rembrandt, who has had but two or three peers in the history of art. I might tell of Holland's theologians. Theology has, in its history, gone along two lines; to one of these Arminius gave his name, and the orthodox of Holland gave the final formulation to the other, and they built doctrinal dykes, not less marvelous than those which hold back the material floods from devouring their land. A Scotch Presbyterian (and what a Scotchman thinks he don't know of theology is not worth knowing) confessed to me his opinion that the formularies of Dordrecht were the only instance of inspiration since the time of the holy apostles!

I might tell how many fathers of science, art, and philosophy Holland finds among her children—Grotius, father of international law; Leeuwenhoek, father of microscopy; Swammerdam, father of my own "hobby," entomology; Coster, father of printing; Boorhave, father of modern medicine; Spinoza, one of the fathers of philosophy; Arminius, father of modern liberal theology. In our tenderness we speak of Holland as the *motherland*; in view of the above, and many more, she surely has a

right, above all other countries, to be called the *fatherland!*

I might tell you of a people of whom there was never to be written a story of cowardice and distrust of God, in words like these:

What sought they thus afar

\* \* \* \* \*

Freedom to worship God.

They, like all nations worthy of freedom, fought for it, won it, and held it, in spite of the gory iron hand of Spain!

I might tell, had it not already been better told, how a few years' residence in Holland softened the Puritans into Pilgrims, and how, by the same means, Roger Williams learned to think for himself, and to understand the proper relations of church and state, as realized in the formation of the commonwealth of Rhode Island.

In the realm of morals, I might tell how Dutchmen anticipated the reforms which now deeply disturb our politicians. In Holland the first temperance society known in history was organized. It may be of interest to-night to know that by the law of that society no member was allowed to drink more than fourteen great horns of beer at one sitting! You see also by this, our fathers were in favor of high license—and it was very high license, indeed!

But what has this to do with my subject? You must bear in mind, dear friends, the clergy in these days must be allowed a freedom of logical application unknown in the times of Dordrecht. A theological

student, caught in the current of the age, spoke to a pious but coy maiden: "Don't you think we ought to obey the Bible?" Of course, she did. "Well, don't you see, here it says, 'Greet one another with a holy kiss,' and here, 'Go thou and do likewise!'" She was a Dutch girl and pious, and she saw and felt the point. He, however, was not Dutch, for no Dutch theologian, not even a student, would have gone so far out of his way to make an application to any text when there were two heads only!

But, briefly now, to my subject. I hold in my hand a cup, with a history written in human hearts and lives,—a history part of earth and part of heaven! It is one of the old communion cups of the Reformed Protestant Dutch Church, of Bushwick, Brooklyn, N. Y. It is given into the custody of this Society by Mr. Isaac De Bevoise, to whom it belongs by inheritance, whose ancestor, Carolus De Beauvois, was the first schoolmaster on Long Island. From this cup his ancestors and mine, for nearly two hundred years, drank the wine of the Holy Communion, and with them the Duryees, the Wyckoffs, the Meseroles, the Johnsons, and many others whose names are in honor among us in this generation.

The commercial value of this cup is but little, but as we think of its history—how out of its use souls have risen to take hope in God and in His Son, and to live a nobler life—we recall the lines:

Oh, the riches Love doth inherit!  
 Oh, the alchemy that doth change  
 Dross of body and dregs of spirit  
 Into sanctities rare and strange!



This cup is given to this Holland Society as a proper custodian. Loving the motherland and its history, she will regard that which has been held sacred by the children, and which has had so much to do with what was highest and holiest in their lives. Loving, she will reverence—loving, she will care for and preserve this sacred memento.

Just one thing more. On this cup is engraved a motto. It is as follows :

Drinck wat klaer is,  
Spreeck wat waer is,  
Eet wat gaer is.

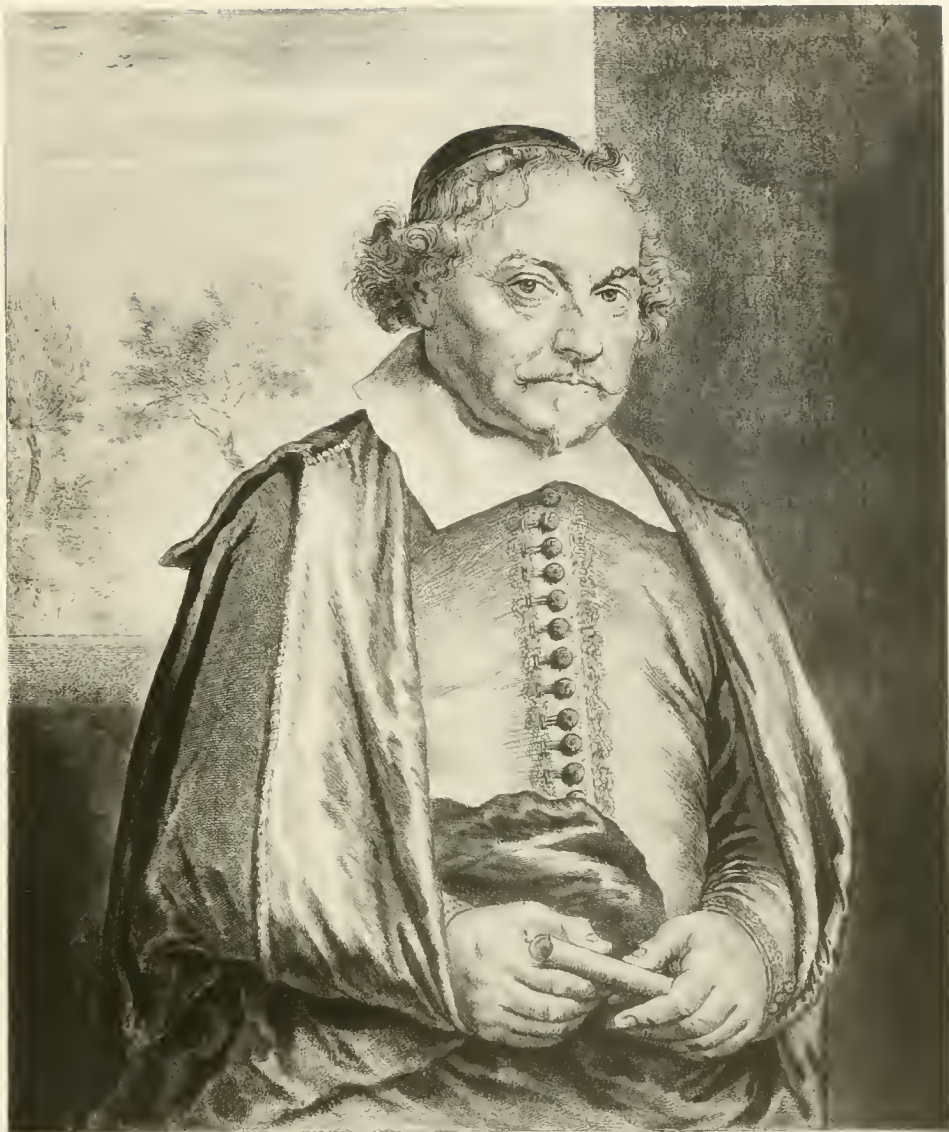
Which, literally translated, is, “Drink what is pure ; speak what is true ; eat what is well prepared.”

Could you find a better summary of religion than this? Theology and religion are not by any means the same, but the Dutch were great in both. What a beautiful paraphrase is this of the apostle’s summary of duty, “Glorify God in your body, and in your spirit, which are God’s.” Ah, these men had the true idea of religion. They could lay down dogmas, and, if need be, die for them ; but their religion was the religion found in the words, “Whether ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all for the glory of God.” Theirs was not the religion of convent, cell, or cloister, but the religion of country, of society, and of home. Theirs was not the life of the ascetic or the eremite, but the religion taught and exemplified by Him who graced the marriage feast in Cana, and by His first miracle sanctified innocent joys ; who sat down to meat with Simon the Pharisee and Zaccheus the publican, and

with them enjoyed the good things of life; who, as man among men, became known, as He was, as “the friend of publicans and sinners”; who, while true God, was at the same time to all and among all “Immanuel,—God with us!”



Speech of Hon. John Van Voorhis, in response to the toast, “Vondel, the Dutch Shakespeare.”



*A. Jansson*  
*1687*

*Philippus de Algor, in summa auctoritate  
Pauli et Gregorij Regis etc. etc.*

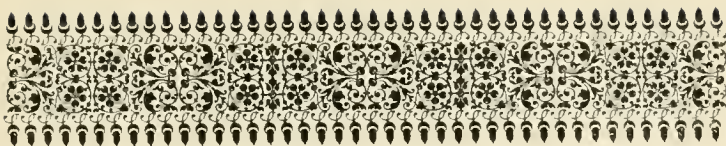




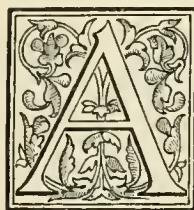


*John Van Voorhis*





SPEECH OF  
HON. JOHN VAN VOORHIS.



S members of The Holland Society of New York, it is our pleasure, I have no doubt, as well as our duty, to see to it, so far as we can, that injustice is not done to the memory of the great men of the fatherland.

Among these men, as a poet, Joost van den Vondel stands preëminent. Born near the close of the sixteenth century, his life covers seventy-nine years of the seventeenth, including that period known as the golden age of Dutch literature.

His works, the best editions of which comprise twenty-one volumes, have never been published in English translations, and therefore he is little known to those who do not read the Dutch language. Nevertheless, he was one of the great poets of the world. He excelled in every department: in fugitive poetry as well as in satire, in the ode and in the epic, but above all in tragedy.

Longfellow says of Vondel: "He lived for immortality, and knew well that a grateful nation would

not judge him by the places he had occupied, but by the excellence of his productions."

He died at the great age of ninety-two years, and was buried in pomp by his countrymen. A medal was struck in his honor, and, a hundred years later, a simple monument was erected to his memory in one of the churches at Amsterdam, bearing no inscription but his name.

He was the great national poet of Holland. His supremacy was recognized in 1653, at the feast of St. Luke at Amsterdam, when above one hundred poets and painters and lovers of the arts, saluted him as their chief, and placed on his head the laureate's crown.

"The name of Vondel," says Longfellow, "is still honored in Holland, as that of Shakespeare is in England, and all the efforts of criticism have served only to augment the brightness of a reputation which covers more than two centuries of glory."

Ever since the time of Milton, the British have claimed the right of eminent domain in the universe of literature. On account of, and allied to, his genius, they affect superiority to every other nation of the earth.

This arrogance of the English shows itself everywhere. It is not long since a lord chief-justice of England refused to give any consideration to an American decision, because in America, he said, the judges are elected by the people, and their terms were therefore short, when in fact the judge who pronounced the decision, had been upon the bench many years longer than the lord chief-justice himself.

It is not strange, therefore, that the name of Vondel should rarely appear in English books, and

then only for the briefest mention. This colossal egotism of the English nation finds no justification in the truth of history. English scholars, as a class, know absolutely nothing of the Dutch poets from a study of their works.

There is no department of scholarship or learning in which the Dutch, in the seventeenth century, did not excel.

A great and free commonwealth, powerful and rich, Holland was preëminently the literary country of Europe. The University of Leyden, then the most famous seat of learning in the world, gathered there eminent men from all countries of Europe, both as professors and students. The names of such men as Scaliger and Arminius, Grotius and Descartes, and many more as eminent as they, are intimately and inseparably connected with this university.

Richelieu declares "there were but three consummate scholars of the age," and he locates two of them in Holland. Salmasius and Grotius were indeed paragons of scholarship.

In arts and in arms, Holland was no less conspicuous. Rubens, Rembrandt, and Vandyke were Dutchmen. The greatest captain and the greatest admirals of the period were Dutchmen. As a lawyer and statesman, Barneveldt had no peer in Europe.

Dutch ships vexed every sea, and brought to Holland not only the wealth of commerce, but also a wealth of knowledge, from all parts of the earth.

It was under these conditions that Vondel achieved his fame. While it is literally true that the Dutch language was and is almost unknown out of Holland, there was one man at least, in England, who

knew Vondel and read his books. That man was John Milton.

In 1654 Vondel published a tragedy, entitled "Lucifer." Eleven years later Milton reproduced that tragedy, with modifications, in the form of an epic poem, entitled "Paradise Lost." He gave the Dutch poet no credit. In 1660 Vondel published an epic poem called "Samson." Eleven years later Milton reproduced that poem, with modifications, in the form of a tragedy and under the name of "Samson Agonistes." He gave the Dutch poet no credit. In 1664, and more than a year before the appearance of "Paradise Lost," Vondel published, as a sequel to his "Lucifer," a play entitled "Adam in Banishment." Four years afterwards Milton, as a sequel to his "Paradise Lost," wrote his "Paradise Regained."

Vondel was in advance of Milton in these three great works, and Milton followed in his footsteps. The original was Vondel; the imitator, or more properly the copyist, was Milton.

The "Paradise Lost" has been pronounced by Macaulay the greatest epic poem of the world, if it had only been the first. Surely the man from whom it was borrowed deserves some credit.

That Milton appropriated Vondel's "Lucifer" in constructing "Paradise Lost" is established beyond a reasonable doubt by two kinds of evidence: There is the intrinsic evidence furnished by a comparison of the two poems; and there is the extrinsic evidence showing that Milton knew the Dutch language and literature, and must have read Vondel's "Lucifer" and other poems.

Vondel's "Lucifer" and Milton's "Paradise Lost" treat of the same subject, viz., the revolt of the angels and the fall of man.

Milton has somewhat inverted Vondel's order and plot. He has, in his own estimation, "bettered what he borrowed." That is all that can be said. The gorgeous imagery and lofty diction of Vondel furnish the chief graces of Milton's great poem.

The labor of comparing these two great poems of these great poets has recently been performed with considerable faithfulness, ability, and success by an English scholar, Mr. George Edmunston, of Oxford. Mr. Edmunston seems to have entered upon the inquiry somewhat out of a desire to do justice to Vondel, but more particularly to work out what he regarded as a curiosity in literature. He made copious translations from four of Vondel's works, viz., "The Lucifer," "John the Messenger," "Adam in Banishment," and "Samson," and shows with great clearness, learning, and skill how Milton borrowed from them all. His book entitled "Milton and Vondel" was published in London in 1885.

The intrinsic evidence which the two poems furnish can be seen not only by their general, inwrought, and all-pervading identity, but by a comparison of an unlimited number of parallel passages. This occasion will permit but the barest reference to this great subject, and I will give only a sample or two of such passages.

In the "Lucifer," Apollion tells what prospect met his eyes as he comes toward the earth:

From hence I saw a lofty hill emerge,  
Whereout a waterfall, source of four streams,  
Foams down a glade. Precipitant I strike  
My oblique course headlong, and come to rest  
Upon the mountain's brow, from whence one gains  
A prospect clear far o'er the nether world,  
Her happy fields and rich luxuriance.







Vondel's portraiture of Adam and Eve, as compared with Milton's, presents something more than casual resemblance:

No creature hath on high mine eye so pleased,  
 As these below. Who can so deftly soul  
 With body knit, and twofold angels mold  
 From clay and bone? Their body's shapely frame  
 Proclaims the Maker's art, which in the face,  
 The mirror of the mind, is chiefly shown.  
 Each limb with wonder strikes, but in the glance  
 I saw the image of the soul revealed.  
 Their form displays each loveliness that here  
 One singly finds. From human eyes a gleam  
 Divine darts forth. The face's lineaments  
 Express the reasoning soul. While the dumb beasts,  
 Of reason void, looked downward to their feet,  
 Man proudly lifts alone his head to Heaven  
 In lofty praise toward God, who made him thus.

\* \* \* \* \*

Both man and wife are shaped with equal grace,  
 Perfect from head to foot. Adam of right  
 In valor's traits and dignity of form  
 Excels, as ruler of the earth, elect.  
 But all a bridegroom lists in Eve is found—  
 Fineness of limb, a softer flesh and skin,  
 A kindlier tint, and eyes of ravishment.

\* \* \* \* \*

There shines no seraph bright in heavenly courts  
 Like Eve amidst her hanging hair, a screen  
 Of golden beams, which from the head streams down  
 In waves of light, and falls upon her back.

If Milton had not read this, he had not read anything in Vondel's "Lucifer."

In various parts of the fourth and seventh books of the "Paradise Lost" are found such passages as these:

Two of far nobler shape, erect and tall,  
 God-like erect, with native honor clad  
 In naked majesty, seemed lords of all,

And worthy seemed; for in their looks divine  
The image of their glorious Maker shone.

\* \* \* \* \*

Not equal, as their sex not equal seemed;  
For contemplation he and valour formed,  
For softness she and sweet attractive grace.

His fair large front and eye sublime declared  
Absolute rule. . . .  
She as a veil down to the slender waist  
Her unadorned golden tresses wore  
Dishevelled, but in wanton ringlets waived.

\* \* \* \* \*

Creatures of other mold, earth-born perhaps,  
Not spirits, yet to heavenly spirits bright  
Little inferior, whom my thoughts pursue  
With wonder and could love; so lively shines  
In them Divine resemblance, and such grace  
The hand that formed them on their shape hath poured.

And remarkably correspondent with the last part  
of the citation from Vondel is this, from the seventh  
book of the "Paradise Lost":

There wanted yet the master-work, the end  
Of all yet done — a creature, who not prone  
And brute as other creatures, but endued  
With sanctity of reason, might erect  
His stature, and upright, with front serene,  
Govern the rest, self-knowing, and from thence  
Magnanimous to correspond with heaven. . . .

\* \* \* \* \*

And worship God supreme, who made him chief  
Of all his works.

These correspondences are perfectly clear in a  
thousand citations which might be made,— citations  
of single lines, or even phrases. It is necessary  
for the present purpose only to give a specimen or  
two. Those who desire to pursue the matter further  
must read Mr. Edmunston's book and investigate  
for themselves.

Milton puts into the mouth of Satan this :

Here we may reign secure ; and, in my choice,  
To reign is worth ambition, though in Hell ;  
Better to reign in Hell than serve in Heaven.

While Vondel puts this into the mouth of his fiend :

Rather would I be  
The first prince of some lower court than in  
The Blessed Light the second, or e'en less.

So, too, Vondel's "Lucifer" declares his purpose :

My mind is bent  
Upon a weighty stroke, that shall not miss  
Its certain aim, to pluck the battle plumes  
From Michael's wings.

While in the "Paradise Lost" Satan taunts Abdiel  
in this fashion :

But well thou com'st  
Before thy fellows, ambitious to win  
From me some plume.

Vondel :

Is it no help, that in your train you draw  
A third part of the spirits ?

Milton :

Art thou that traitor angel, art thou he  
Who . . . . .  
Drew after him the third part of Heaven's sons ?

Vondel's host appear

With stars bespangled over all their backs.

Milton's,

As with stars, their bodies all  
And wings were set with eyes.

Milton describes the great battle in much the same  
way with Vondel ; the aims of the leaders, among the  
fiends and the unfallen angels, are the same in both

poems. And even this curious description of a fallen angel, after he has actually fallen, is copied by Milton:

Just as bright day to murky night is changed,  
 So was his beauteous person, in its fall  
 Down sinking, altered to deformity,  
 Too hideous. That bright face to cruel snout,  
 The teeth to fangs sharpened for gnawing steel,  
 The feet and hands to fourfold claws, the skin  
 Of pearly fairness to a dusky hide,  
 The back with bristles rough, two dragon wings  
 Spreads forth. In short, the Archangel, whom but uow  
 All angels honored, is transfigured quite,  
 A medley of seven beasts, each horrible.

The transformation of Milton's angel is thus set forth:

His visage drawn he felt too sharp and spare,  
 His arms clung to his ribs, his legs entwining  
 Each other till, supplanted, down he fell  
 A monstrous serpent on his belly prone.

\* \* \* \* \*

Dreadful was the din  
 Of hissing through the hall, thick swarming now  
 With complicated monsters, head and tail,  
 Scorpion and asp, &c. . . . .  
 But still greatest he in the midst,  
 Now dragon grown.

The Eve of Vondel reproaches her husband:

Another rib lies nearer to your heart,  
 That God may fashion you another wife,  
 Such as you like.

Milton's Adam answers:

Should God create another Eve, and I  
 Another rib afford, yet loss of thee  
 Would never from my heart.

If, however, it could be established that Milton was unacquainted with the Dutch language, or had never read Vondel's "Lucifer," or heard it read, it

might be urged that it is possible that two great minds might so run in the same channel, that each of them would produce a "Paradise Lost," or a "Lucifer." But no such conjecture can be entertained. Milton did know the Dutch language, and he had read Vondel's "Lucifer," and other works. Milton had solicited an introduction to Hugo Grotius, the tutor and lifelong friend of Vondel. This introduction was made by Lord Scudamore, the English ambassador at Paris, when Milton was about thirty years of age. Grotius was a great Latin scholar, and wrote his works in Latin. Milton was the best Latin scholar in England. Milton was greatly pleased with his Dutch acquaintance. Vondel had already dedicated several of his works to Hugo Grotius. He had already acquired a great reputation in Holland. It can be scarcely doubted that the published works of Vondel were the subject of conversation between these two literary giants. Presumably that acquaintance continued until the death of Grotius. Milton was as familiar with Dutch politics, and with all the gossip at the Hague, as any man in Holland.

The English Government had more important relations with Holland than with any other country. The business of the two countries all came under the eye of Milton, as the secretary for foreign tongues. He had carried on a pamphleteering war with Salmasius, a professor at Leyden University, and another with Alexander Moore in Holland. This controversy, on the part of Milton, took the form of a personal and vituperative attack upon the private character of each of his adversaries. These pamphlets show, on the part of Milton, an intimate knowledge of

Dutch affairs. A character so famous in Holland as Vondel, could not escape his observation.

All this occurred while Milton was serving the English Government as secretary for foreign tongues, and as such had charge of the translation of all dispatches to and from foreign governments. Once in each week he gave an entertainment to the foreign ambassadors in London.

It is a matter of history that Roger Williams visited England and remained there from 1651 to 1654, where he formed an intimate acquaintance with Milton, and read Dutch to him.

Mark Pattison, who wrote a biography of Milton, states that he has no doubt that Milton was acquainted with the Dutch language, and that he had read Vondel's "Lucifer."

The conclusion is irresistible that Milton was acquainted with the Dutch language, and that he read Vondel's works.

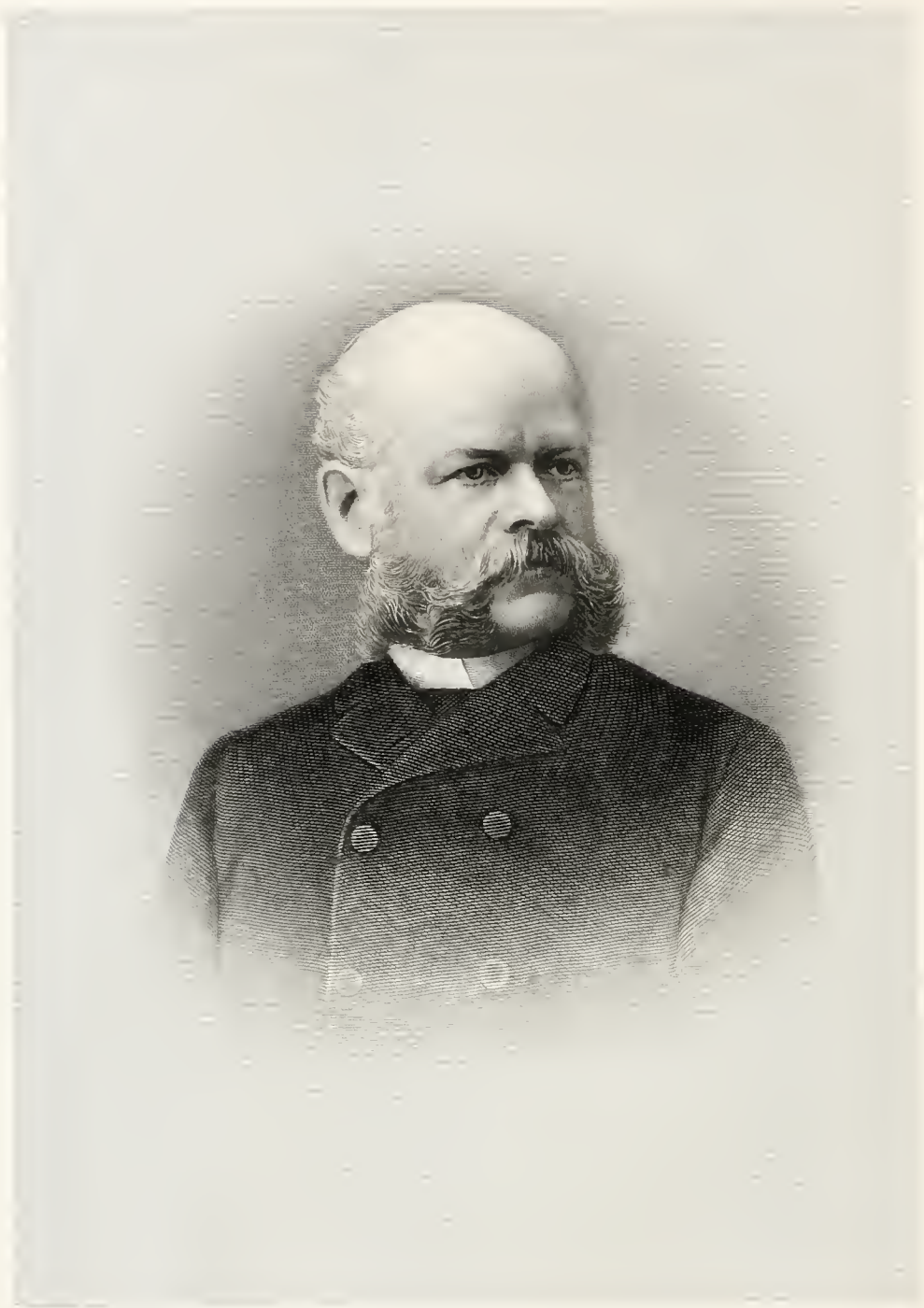
A comparison of Vondel's "Samson" with Milton's "Samson Agonistes" confirms the correctness of this conclusion.

Milton has put on record a code of literary ethics of his own. By this code he claimed the right to borrow from anybody, if only he bettered what he borrowed. May not this code have been made to suit his own case? He would, without doubt, claim that he bettered what he borrowed from Vondel. His "Doctrine of Divorce" and "Tetrachordon" show, that he was capable of making a code of morals, also, to suit his own convenience.

When Vondel's works shall be published in English translations, and thus become accessible to







WILLIAM F. JOY, N. Y.

English readers, then I have no doubt full justice will be done to Holland's great poet. Full justice will also then be meted out to Milton. Then it will be seen that the greater genius was the Dutchman, and not the Englishman.



In response to the toast, "Our Nation's Debt to Holland," Mr. Warner Van Norden delivered the following address :



SPEECH OF  
MR. WARNER VAN NORDEN



It is an interesting historical fact that modern civilization is indebted for all that we prize most highly to three of the smallest of countries, each of them less extensive than many American counties. From Judea we received the Christian religion. The philosophy of Greece laid the foundation for all modern speculation, and her art has never been surpassed; while to Holland we must ascribe civil and religious liberty.

Doubtless England has done much for us in emancipating the race from kingly tyranny, but 't is to Holland that the world owes England itself. The distinguished English historian Freeman tells us that the Anglo-Saxon race found its earlier home on "the wild Frisian shore," and that the English race is but the Dutch transplanted from Holland. This greatest of England's historians calls Holland the first home of the Anglo-Saxon, England the second, and America the third.

What do we owe Holland? At our beginning as a nation we had before us the example and stimulus of a successful, heroic, and beneficent revolution. This was the event of a most daring rebellion and the triumph of an eighty years' struggle against the most formidable empire of earth. The Hollanders were a race of peace-loving, industrious burghers, and they successfully defied a colossal tyranny that dominated half the world. Only our own revolution parallels that sublime agonistic throes of a nation coming to light and life, and our own conflict falls far behind in self-denials, perseverance, and splendid personal heroism; and it is quite possible that without that stimulus and example our own revolution would have failed.

While other nations have learned little by little through many centuries, we entered at once upon the full possession of all our rights. England has waged the war in behalf of the rights of man for seven hundred years, ever since the days of Magna Charta, and has not yet learned the full lesson. Italy has groped her way through the darkness of a thousand years of fratricidal strife and tyranny, and is only just emerging into the light; while France and Spain, after generations of suffering, are but now spelling out the A B C of the alphabet of freedom. But we, with the glorious example of Holland before us, like Minerva from the head of Jupiter, sprang into national existence in the full vigor of manhood, and in the possession of every right and faculty for a vigorous life.

During that eighty years' struggle, Holland not only fought and vanquished Spain, created an invincible army, devised a new system of war, organ-

ized expeditions to the North and South Poles and to the Indies and North America, but she founded two universities, and organized a system of common schools. *Here* the common school was found by the Puritans during their thirteen years' stay, and from thence they brought it to Plymouth, and for its splendid system of education for the people, this country is indebted, not to England nor to Puritan, but to our ancestral Holland.

The Republic of Holland was founded upon the Bible. The first Reform Church in the United States was organized within the Fort on the Battery, and it still exists—not only the oldest in the Union, but also one of the most prosperous; and from that little beginning, churches of this persuasion have sprung and multiplied until the great Presbyterian family now numbers, in this country, more than the whole population of England in the day of Queen Elizabeth. The early Dutch emigrant brought his Bible with him, and that Bible has been the cornerstone of this Republic.

Restricting now our thought to local indebtedness, let me add that the prosperity of New-York, as a city, is largely owing to the Dutch perseverance and thrift, and to the traditions and example of a remarkably industrious, shrewd, and virtuous citizenship, who left behind a numerous progeny with wealth, brains, and culture. I might consume much of your time recounting the names and deeds of honest burghers from the Stuyvesants and Bogarduses of old, down to the eminent citizens of the same or like names who still grace all grand social occasions, and control vast landed and commercial properties.



But I prefer the larger bearings of my theme, and then turn again to marvel over the greatness of Holland. When we come to muse upon the future of this mighty land of ours, and to picture the vast population which will here make its home, and to reflect that in these fertile States the Anglo-Saxon race will find its leadership and its most perfect development, we cannot but look back in amazement to the little country whence came blessed influences which have occasioned so great results. And we thoughtfully recall the words of William the Silent, at the siege of Leyden, "That not only the liberties of Holland and the cause of religion were dependent upon them, but the issues would be felt by unborn generations."

According to Tacitus, the Batavians were the bravest of the Germans. The Batavian cavalry became famous throughout the Roman Republic. In the days of her greatest power, Rome had soldiers from every part of the world. There were native Italians, Greeks, and barbarians; each land contributed its quota of hardy and daring warriors, from the steppes of Asia to the pillars of Hercules, from Scandinavia to Ethiopia; but of the long array, the chosen and trusted men who alone were counted worthy to compose the Emperor's body-guard were from Batavia, the ancestors of the Hollander of to-day, and because, in that, as in all things, they were *faithful*.

So, in later years, to their descendants of Netherlands was committed by an All-Wise Providence a sacred trust. To them it was appointed to guard and defend the Genius of Liberty. And we, who proudly boast of these heroic ancestors, inherit that

sacred trust to-day. And in acknowledging the great debt that we, as a nation, owe to Holland, there is no way to pay it more acceptably than by handing down to *our* posterity, unabridged, the Christian civilization and civil liberty which we ourselves have inherited from the fathers.



Speech of J. Woodhull Beekman in response to the toast, "The New Jersey Hollander."





JOHN WOODHULL BEEKMAN.

ARYOTYPE, F. MIERSTADT, N. Y.



SPEECH OF  
J. WOODHULL BEEKMAN.

*Mr. President and Gentlemen of The Holland Society:*



WING to the position I occupy upon the addition to the bill of fare, it is hardly necessary for me to state that I hail from the neighboring State of New Jersey, a State that in the minds of some evil-disposed persons occupies a very questionable position in the great galaxy of our American Union. These evil-disposed and slanderously inclined persons of whom I speak have even gone so far as to assert that the State of New Jersey was out of the Union.

Standing here to-night, a citizen of that State, a descendant of a New Jersey Hollander, I refute that assertion, and take the broad geographical ground that as long as New Jersey is flanked by Staten Island, so recently brought into public notice by Buffalo Bill and the Wild West, there is no danger of her drifting out of the American Union into the broad expanse of the Atlantic Ocean; and if, in the

misty future, through some political upheaval, volcanic action, or other disaster, the State of New Jersey should be hurled from our common Union out upon the broad bosom of the stormy Atlantic, I feel assured that on that unfortunate day there will be found on board enough Jersey Hollanders with the sailor instinct, the descendants of a maritime nation, to take charge of the craft, and steer the ship of state direct for the dyke-bedecked shores of the old faderland.

Now the great question arises in every inquisitive mind, Who is a New Jersey Hollander? And the answer as readily suggests itself to every inventive mind, A Hollander who settled in New Jersey, or a descendant of such a Hollander. And as one question naturally suggests another, the next question would arise, How did he get there? Now, profane history tells us (as I can find nothing in sacred history relating to the New Jersey Dutch) that when that English navigator, Hendrick Hudson, in the employ of the West India Company, with a crew half English and half Dutch (who, by the way, did nothing but quarrel from the time they left the shores of Holland until they got back again), in the *Half Moon*, discovered and sailed up the Hudson River to a point somewhere below Albany, the Dutch, by reason of that discovery, claimed all that country lying between where the southerly line of Connecticut now is, or thereabouts, on the north, and the line of Maryland on the south, and as far west as their Dutch cupidity would allow them to go; and that, I suppose, must have been co-extensive with the country, having, no doubt, a presentiment, even at that early day, that the future New Amsterdam would produce a great



newspaper editor, who would be advising the future young Dutchmen of the male gender to betake themselves to occidental emigration. Within that territory was embraced the present State of New Jersey.

I do not think that, previous to the conquest of New Amsterdam by the English, there were many Hollanders in New Jersey, except a few, perhaps, who settled among the Swedes in south Jersey, and those who came with Michael Pauw, the only patroon that New Jersey can boast of, and settled at Hoboken and vicinity, then called Pavonia. After that irascible old gentleman, Peter Stuyvesant, called by the metallic name of "Silver Leg," on account of the amount of bullion he decorated his wooden leg with, surrendered Fort Nassau, Fort Orange, and New Amsterdam to the English invader, a great many Hollanders, not willing perhaps to live in close proximity with their conquerors, fled the country, and came to New Jersey, where a considerable portion settled at Communipaw, where they soon made the wilderness to blossom as a rose, raising cabbages, and were it not for the Communipaw Dutchmen, I have grave doubts if you New-Yorkers would ever have known what a decent cabbage was.

These Hollanders also settled along the rivers, for, like the muskrats, they stuck to the valleys, Raritan and Passaic, in the counties of Somerset, Bergen, Passaic, parts of Middlesex, Monmouth, and Hunterdon, a considerable number coming from Albany and settling in New Brunswick, where the street on which they mostly lived still bears the name of Albany. They built their houses with the gables to the street, and kept up the Dutch custom of the old men sitting

evenings on the stoop smoking, the women knitting, and the young folks courting.

As you travel through the counties of which I speak, you will still find standing the quaint old Dutch farmhouses, with the long, sloping roofs and overhanging eaves; and, whatever you might say of the early Dutch, you must admit, as you look upon these old Dutch homes, nestling beneath some sheltering hill, that they had an eye for the picturesque and the beautiful. These New Jersey Hollanders kept up the good old Dutch customs, similar to the customs in the State of New York, which have been described so often that I will not detain you by again relating them. They stuck to the Dutch language, and were strict Calvinists mostly, feeding their children's religious appetites with the Heidelberg Catechism, and were somewhat bigoted, I must admit. I once heard of a New Jersey Dutchman who overtook with his team a Catholic priest and asked him to ride. After the reverend gentleman got aboard, the Dutchman, with Dutch inquisitiveness, asked him his business. He said he was a Catholic priest, on his way to establish a parish. The Dutchman immediately stopped his wagon, and told him that he must get out, as he could not allow any heretic to ride with him.

Perhaps the early Hollanders should not be criticised, after all, for their bigotry, owing to the times, and the persecutions their forefathers had endured at the hands of fanatical Spain on account of their religion. Fortunately for the peace of the world, those twin giants, Education and Civilization, have broken down forever intolerance, bigotry, and fanaticism.

It was no unusual thing among these Jersey Dutch people for cousins to marry each other, utterly re-

gardless of the effect it might have upon the brains of their posterity.

As I came across the great meadows to-day, lying between Newark and Jersey City, I thought, what a splendid place for a Holland settlement! The soil was so well adapted for pile-driving and dyke-building, to say nothing of the various water-courses that wander hither and thither over that mosquito-laden vicinity, that would afford to the most enterprising Dutchman all the canal facilities that any reasonable Hollander would or could want, with very little expense, and where windmills could be advantageously used.

These New Jersey Hollanders (I now speak of the rural Dutch) had a great way of building their houses back in the fields, away from the road. I often wondered why, and have come to the conclusion that it arose from Dutch stinginess, to get clear of company; for after one had let down half a dozen bars, opened half a dozen gates, and driven away half a dozen dogs in reaching the house, it would be a long time before he would try that Dutchman's hospitality again. The rural Dutch lived a quiet life. They generally had large farms, and kept a number of negro slaves. The hogs would eat up the grain, the negroes would eat the hogs, and the unfortunate Dutch farmer would come out at the end of the year as poor as he started.

It is said that a New Jersey Dutchman was the inventor of Jersey lightning, an electric fluid that has a world-wide reputation; its influence would disturb the harmony of the most peaceful family, and make a man so far forget himself as to abuse his mother-in-law.

But, gentlemen, it is growing late while I have wandered on in this rambling way; besides, you should not expect too much of a New Jersey Hollander in response to a toast. It reminds me of a watch-meeting held by some of our colored brothers in the far South. They had met at the church to watch the Old Year out and the New Year in, and the only watch in the crowd (which was a Waterbury watch) was owned and held by Brother Johnson, who was appointed time-keeper. When the preacher asked him what time it was, he told him that it was eleven o'clock. "Now yer go right along with the sarvices. When de time comes, I lets yer know." So the preacher preached another sermon, and they sang a lot of hymns, and then he called out to Brother Johnson for the time. He looked at the watch and responded, "De time am ten minutes past eleben. Yer 'tend to de sarvices, and I lets yer know." The preacher continued preaching, they kept up the singing, and Brother Johnson still sat with the watch in his hand, silently watching the time, until a faint glimmer in the east proclaimed the breaking of the day. The preacher came in haste from the pulpit, and called to Brother Johnson for "de time." He looked at the watch, and said it was "ten minutes past eleben." The preacher said, "Dat watch am stopped for sartain." Brother Johnson placed the watch at his ear, and broke out, "Dar, I tol' yer so! Yer can't place any 'liance w'atsom-ever in one of dem dar water-power watches."

Now, when you call on a Jersey Dutchman to respond to a toast, you will find him like one of "dem dar water-power watches." You can't place "any 'liance" on his sticking to the subject.

Now, my friends, it matters little whether we are New Jersey Hollanders or New-York Hollanders or Hollanders of sister States, let us look with pride upon the achievements of our faderland — that little country on the border of the cold and bleak North Sea, that country that gave to the world William the Silent, that country that struck the first great blow at the infamous feudal system of Europe, that country that in its long struggle with fanatical Spain gave to humanity the first great lesson in civil and religious liberty.



AMONG the many works of art which were kindly lent by their owners to decorate the dining-hall were copies of pictures by Rembrandt, made by Mr. Thomas W. Shields; and one of Frans Hals, copied by Mr. J. Carrol Beckwith, which hangs in the town hall at Haarlem, and represents the banquet of the officers of the St. George's Archers, in 1627; and a companion Frans Hals hanging in the same gallery, a group of old Dutchwomen representing the Governing Board of some charity, copied by Mr. William M. Chase.

Among other interesting relics framed and hung upon the wall of the dining-room was the following autograph letter of George Washington. It belongs to Seymour van Santvoord, Esq., of Troy, N. Y., a member of the Society.

“To the Minester Elders and Deacons of the Reformed Prodistant Dutch Churteh of the Town of Schenectady.

*Gentelmen*: I sincearly thank you for your Congratulations on my arrival in this place

Whilst I join you in adoring that supream being to whome alone can be attrebuted the signal successes of our Arms I cannot but Express gratitude to you Gentlemen for so distinguished a testemony of your Regard

May the same providence that has hitherto in so Remarkable a manner Evinced the Justice of our Cause lead us to a speady and honourable peace and may Its attendant blessings soon Restore this our Florishing place to its former prosperity

SCHENECTADY

June 30th 1782

“G. WASHINGTON”







*Wesley C. Van Vost*

ARTOTYPE E. BIERSTADT, N. Y.







*Arrou Vanderpool*



AN ACCOUNT OF THE FORMATION OF  
THE HOLLAND SOCIETY.

BY JUDGE GEORGE M. VAN HOERSEN.



GEORGE WEST VAN SICLEN was the first to propose the formation, and the most active in promoting the organization, of The Holland Society. In the year 1880, Mr. Van Sienen appeared as counsel for one party, and Mr. Lucas L. Van Allen, as counsel for the other party, in a series of litigations, one branch of which was in the Supreme Court, while another branch was in the Court of Common Pleas for the City and County of New York. In the Supreme Court Mr. Aaron J. Vanderpoel was called in as associate counsel with Mr. Van Sienen, the hearing came on before Judge Hooper C. Van Vorst, an able and a just judge. In the Court of Common Pleas the hearing was before another judge of Batavian descent. The conjunction of Dutch lawyers and Dutch judges suggested to Mr. Van Sienen the thought that the cataclysm of immigration had not entirely submerged the founders of the State, and

that an union of the descendants of the pioneers who first raised the flag of The Netherlands over the waters of the Hudson would bring with it pleasure of friendly intercourse among people who had to bind them together the sentiment engendered by a common pride in their origin, and might be made the means of augmenting the wholesome influence that the integrity, the wisdom, the tolerance, the industry, and the thrift of the Dutch have never ceased to exercise upon the policy of the State. It was by no means certain, however, that the descendants of a people who had lost their ancient language, that men who had no grievance that united them against a common foe, who had become bone of the bone, and flesh of the flesh, of a nation they fondly loved, who were contented with the past, proud of the present, and confident of the future, who were in their own land, and not sojourners in a strange place, could be so moved by a mere sentiment as to lead them to form and maintain a society in memory of their forefathers — whom momentous events rather than the efflux of time had sent to the shade which envelops the remote ancestors of every people.

Desirous to know whether the views he entertained were shared by others, Mr. Van Sielen invited Messieurs Van Vorst, Aaron J. Vanderpoel, Lucas L. Van Allen, George W. Van Slyck and George M. Van Hoesen to meet him at his house and confer as to the feasibility of forming an association of the descendants of the early Dutch settlers of New Netherland. The gentlemen just named met at the house of Mr. Van Sielen on the 21st day of February, 1885, and determined to make an effort to establish a society, every member of which should be descended





George C. Van Noesen.







*Lucas L. Van Allen*  
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in the direct male line from a Dutchman of New Netherland. A temporary organization was formed by choosing Judge Van Vorst as Provisional President, and Mr. Van Sielen as Provisional Secretary, and it was resolved to invite a number of gentlemen whose patronymies gave proof of their eligibility to membership to the next meeting, which was held at the house of Mr. Aaron J. Vanderpoel, March 21, 1885. At that meeting the following named gentlemen were present: Messieurs Hooper C. Van Vorst, George W. Van Sielen, Lucas L. Van Allen, Robert Van Boskerck, S. O. Vanderpoel, M. D., Aaron J. Vanderpoel, A. B. Van Dusen, F. F. Vanderveer, George M. Van Hoesen, David Van Nostrand, John R. Van Nostrand, Gilbert S. Van Pelt, Richard Van Santvoord, M. D., Abraham Van Santvoord, Cornelius Van Santvoord, Robert B. Van Vleck, George Van Wagenen, and Edgar B. Van Winkle.

Letters of approval and regret of absence were also received from the following gentlemen: Messieurs William Van Alstyne, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Henry S. Van Duzer, Henry J. Van Dyke, Jr., D. D., Henry H. Van Dyck, Henry D. Van Orden, James J. Van Rensselaer, Kiliaen Van Rensselaer, Henry Van Schaick, Philip Van Volkenburgh, William Van Wyck, Henry S. Van Buren, Thomas S. Van Volkenburgh, Cornelius Van Brunt, Charles R. Van Hoesen, A. V. W. Van Vechten, and Alfred Van Santvoord.

To the gratification of all, it was found that the changes that had been wrought by the mighty movements of two centuries, though they had turned the Dutch colonist into the most patriotic of Americans, had left untouched in him the affection for

Holland, the pride in the achievements of her heroic age, and the sympathy with the principles at stake in her glorious struggle for civil and religious liberty which were prominent characteristics of the Dutch settlers of New Netherland. The proposition to form a society was warmly welcomed, and steps were immediately taken to perfect the organization.

Various names were proposed for the Society, but "The Holland Society" was chosen because it was simple, and it required no explanation to demonstrate its appositeness.

As it was the design of its founders that the Society should be representative of the men who lived in New Netherland under the dominion of the Dutch, it was resolved not to admit to membership the descendants of those who came to New-York subsequently to 1675, the time at which the ascendancy of the English was finally established; and as it is a familiar fact that men usually look to the paternal side in determining to what stock they are to ascribe their origin, it seemed proper to admit no one who cannot prove his descent in the direct male line from a man who, acknowledging allegiance to Holland, was settled in New Netherland.

The desire to prove eligibility to membership has stimulated researches into family history that would never have been made if the Society had not been formed; and in establishing his right to belong to The Holland Society, a member proves that from the very dawn of our country's existence his fathers have tended the tree beneath whose branches sixty millions of Americans repose; and his heart swells with pardonable pride in his origin as he recalls the truth that America derives from Holland, the land





*Geo. W. Van Dyck*







Geo. W. Van Dieren

of his ancestors, the three ideas that have made the United States the most happy and the most prosperous of nations: liberty of conscience, for with the Dutch it was not necessary to be a member of a particular church in order to possess the right of self-government; the free-school system, which qualifies man for liberty regulated by law; and lastly the duty as well as the expediency of giving a warm welcome to the exile and the stranger. To these ideas, and not to the boasted energy and enterprise of the people of any locality, is the wonderful growth of the country to be attributed, and those who know that the world is governed by ideas perceive the masterful influence of the Dutch upon every epoch of our national life. As the mind turns from the present greatness of the State of New York to the humble beginning of the Colony of New Netherland, how striking is the significance of the motto of our Society, *Eindelijk wordt een spruit een boom.*



BADGE  
OF  
THE HOLLAND SOCIETY OF NEW-YORK.

Adopted March 30th, 1887.



THE most significant medal, from an historical point of view, which was ever struck in Holland is the so-called "Beggar's Medal." It is the memorial of the very first steps of that march towards civil and religious liberty in which the men of The Netherlands, after heroic struggles, finally led the world. And, therefore, it is a most appropriate token for us to wear, who have received in largest measure, in this New Republic, the benefits of the noble conflict of our Dutch forefathers.



In Bizot's "Medallic History of the Republic of Holland," published at Amsterdam in 1690, the place of honor is given to this famous "Genzenpenning." The following description of its origin is translated from that work, with a few additions from the accounts given by Prof. J. W. Kitchin, of Oxford :

"In the year 1565, immediately after the decrees of the Council of Trent were promulgated, Philip II. determined to put them in force throughout his dominions. Accordingly he now made a more vehement attack upon the reformers; and then it was, in 1566, that the Netherland nobles, led by Count Brederode, signed the famous 'Compromise,' with which the open rebellion of the provinces begins. Margaret of Parma was Philip's Regent in the Low Countries. Before her Brederode appeared with the Protest against the Inquisition and other innovations which the King proposed to introduce into Holland. He was accompanied by three hundred noblemen, who had bound themselves together for the preservation of the Liberties of the Provinces. The Duchess of Parma appeared to be much disturbed at the sight of such a multitude of noble remonstrants, but the Count of Barlemont, who stood beside her, begged her not to be alarmed, 'For,' said he, in French, 'they are only beggars.'

"The next day, the 6th of April, 1566, as the confederates were sitting together at dinner, and talking of a name for their new Party, they remembered Barlemont's sneer, and cried out, 'Vivent les Gueux' ('Hurrah for the Beggars!'). When dinner was over, Brederode, having hung a beggar's wallet around his neck, filled a wooden bowl with wine and drank the health of the company, declaring that, for his part, he

was ready to sacrifice life, property, everything, in defence of his country's freedom. The room rang with applause,—‘Hurrah for the Beggars!’ The cup was passed from hand to hand. Every man drank the same toast and made the same pledge of devotion. And thus it was that the name of the Gueux, or Beggars, which has become famous throughout Europe, had its origin at a social feast; for it often happens that the most important and serious affairs begin amid jests and laughter.

“Soon afterward the men of the new party appeared at Brussels, dressed in coarse gray cloth, with wooden cups attached to their belts, AND WITH THIS MEDAL HANGING ABOUT THEIR NECKS.”

One of these medals was worn by William of Orange at the time of his assassination.

The following is the description, translated by the Secretary, Mr. Geo. W. van Sielen, from van Loon's “Nederlandsche Penningen”:

“The nobles assembled several times in different places to find methods to protect the liberties of their country from the perils which menaced them from all sides. Those who showed themselves most zealous and most ardent upon these occasions were Henri de Brederode; Louis of Nassau, brother of the Prince of Orange; Florent de Pallant, Count of Culembourg; and William, Count of Bergen. They pushed the affair so far that meetings were held, first in Breda, and afterward at Hoogstraten.

“At the latter place several discontented nobles projected an alliance, which, going from hand to hand, was in a short time accepted and signed by more than four hundred persons, all of whom promised to be in Brussels on a certain day. To give

greater *éclat* to this league, Henri de Brederode, as chief of the confederates, found it convenient to make his entry into that city on the 3d of April, A. D. 1566, accompanied by Count Louis of Nassau and many nobles, followed by a great number of servants. The fourth day of that month was employed in preparations and in awaiting the Counts of Bergen and of Culembourg. Although the following day these lords had not yet arrived, the confederates did not delay in demanding an audience. It was granted to them, and the Princess Regent appointed the hour of noon to avoid the tumultuous concourse of the populace.

“The time named being near, Brederode and Count Louis were seen to leave the residence of Culembourg and to walk with a decent gravity toward the court, preceded by more than three hundred gentlemen, of whom they themselves formed the last rank. When they arrived before the Duchess, Brederode spoke for all, and, having finished his harangue, he presented to Her Highness a petition signed in the name of all that illustrious troop. In this petition, after having represented their obedience and their fidelity to the King, they declared that, notwithstanding the hatred that their procedure would very likely draw upon them, they would risk, in the service of the King, showing to Her Highness the dangerous condition of affairs, and warning her, if the protection of the Inquisition were continued, of the terrible consequences which they foresaw would shake the state to its foundations. They demanded, secondly, that the edict of the King relating to the Inquisition, and relating to religion in general, be reformed by the Assembly of the States-General, and that, while awaiting this, the execution of this edict should be suspended, as a pro-

tection against the sad evils of which they were already, and of which they would be more and more the fertile source.

“The Regent, hiding as well as possible the uneasiness and indignation which this affair caused her, received the petition, and replied to the supplicants that she would examine into their demands with the Lords of the Council, and that in a short time she would let them know her decision. With this response the confederate lords returned to Culembourg’s residence in the same order and with the same gravity with which they had left it.

“After the Regent had deliberated on the petition of the nobles, that Princess replied the following day in writing that she would represent to the King their first demand in the most favorable manner possible, but that she was obliged to refuse absolutely the second, because the matter was not in her power.

“While this affair was thus treated at the palace of the Princess, the populace insulted the confederate nobles by the opprobrious epithet of *gueux*, which those who understood French badly changed into *geuzen*, which afterward became very common as the name of a party or sect. Others say that the author of this soubriquet was the Baron of Barlemont, who, seeing the Regent surprised at the sight of so many nobles, tried to encourage her by saying, ‘*Ce ne sont que des gueux.*’ However that may be, this name was received by the nobles as a precious epithet, and soon became the most honorable title of that illustrious league.

“The 6th of April, Brederode, being at dinner with other lords of his party at Culembourg’s, put around his neck a wallet, and filling with wine a

wooden cup, like that worn by the beggars, made all the guests follow his example. He declared to them at the same time that, while always remaining faithful to his King, not only would he risk everything in defense of the liberties of the country, although he might be reduced to carrying a wallet, but he was even ready to give up his life in so good a cause. All those who were at the feast, having in turn taken the wallet and the cup, made the same declaration one after the other, in the midst of a continual cry of '*Vivent les gueux!*'

"Several of these nobles appeared the next day in the streets dressed in gray frieze, and carrying at the girdle, as a badge of honor, a small wallet and a little wooden cup or calabash.

"Then (A. D. 1566) as now (A. D. 1732) the wooden bowl was in Brabant, like the wallet, a distinctive mark, and, so to speak, a livery of beggars. Furnished with this necessary utensil of their profession they went certain days of the week to the cloisters, where, after having taken part in the catechizing, they each received, according as he had answered well or badly, a portion of soup left over by the monks.

"It was by this low and despised method that the Professor, Thomas Stapleton, was able to reach the highest degree of erudition, notwithstanding his poverty and low birth. Sure, thanks to his porringer, of victuals which were absolutely necessary to him, he applied himself first to the languages, and afterwards to the higher sciences, with such success that he was honored with the most distinguished professorship in the University of Louvain. He never forgot his porringer. In the feasts which they



gave when he was elevated to this important charge, not only did he then cause the first toast to be drunk in that cup, then ornamented with a foot of silver, but he desired that after his death it should be added to the rich ornaments of his marble tomb, as an example and as a beacon for other distinguished men of genius, the meanness of whose extraction might seem to condemn them to darkness.

“The reader must pardon me this digression, which I would not have made but from the same motive which caused this great man to parade his beggar’s bowl.

“The gourd or bottle had its origin from the usage made of it by the pilgrims—that class of people who, to perform a penance or to fulfill certain vows, undertake a journey to the distant shrine of some saint, like that of St. James in Spain or of Loretto in Italy. They are obliged to go there begging by the way, and they carry this bottle-gourd, or calabash, attached to the girdle for the purpose of carrying water for their use when they have to traverse dry and arid parts of the country. For this reason these allied nobles made use of both the porringer and the wallet as an emblem of poverty and to turn into pleasantry the name of beggars which had been given to them with so much indignity. This is not all. These lords, wishing to engrave on each other’s memory the vow which each had made to defend the privileges of the country, even to carrying the wallet, took pride in wearing on the breast certain medals attached to ribbons, and very often joined with a porringer and a gourd.”

The form adopted by The Holland Society is a facsimile of an original Beggar’s Medal in the collection



of Mr. Daniel Parish, of New York City, which was kindly placed at the disposal of the Committee. It shows on its face the armed bust of Philip II. of Spain, with the first half of the motto, "EN TOUT FIDELLES AU ROY," and on the reverse two wallets, between the straps of which are two hands joined, with the remainder of the motto, "JUSQUES A PORTER LA BESACE," together with the date, 1566, the figures of which are, however, separated, one in each corner formed by the crossed hands and wallets. Two porringers and a gourd are attached as pendants to the medal.

Plaster casts of originals of various sizes, in the Museum of Antiquities in Amsterdam, were kindly presented to the Society by Dr. T. H. Blom Coster, physician to the Queen of The Netherlands.

The die, which has been cut by Tiffany and Co., is the property of the Society. The badges can only be obtained through Mr. Abraham van Santvoord, Treasurer, 55 Broadway, New-York.

HENRY VAN DYKE,	} <i>Committee.</i>
H. S. VAN DUZER,	
WILLIAM M. HOES,	



## Decrology

FROM PINKSTER, 1887, TO PINKSTER, 1888.

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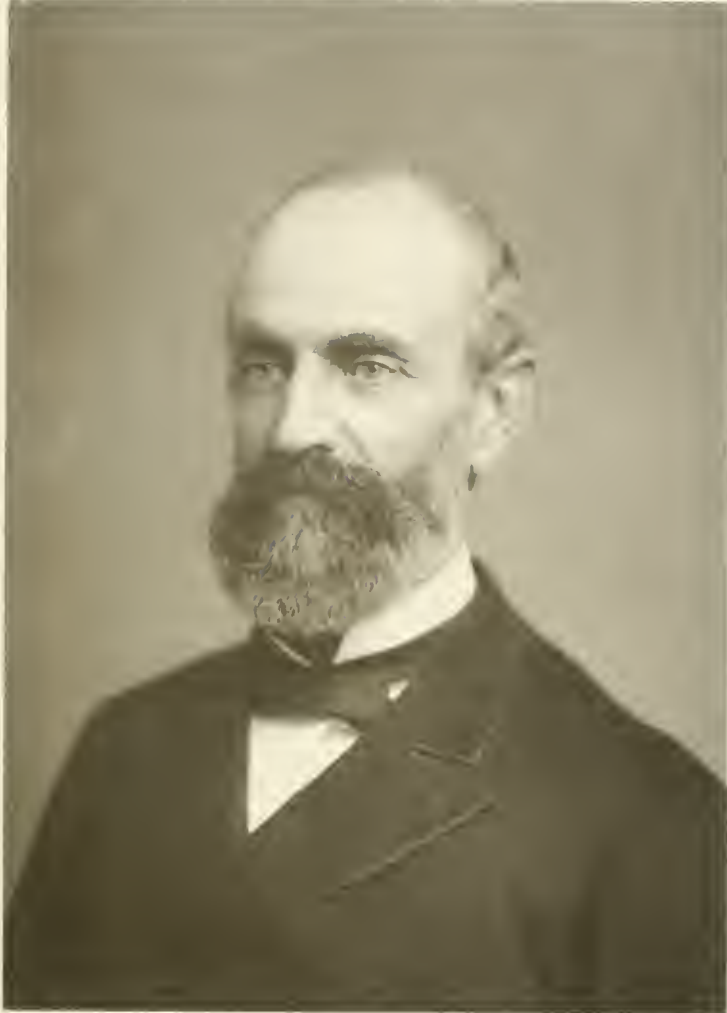
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[Died April 27th, 1887.]





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MAY 29, 1889.

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*Section 1.* No one shall be eligible as a member unless he be of full age, of respectable standing in society, of good moral character, and the descendant in the direct male line of a Dutchman who was a native or resident of New-York or of the American colonies prior to the year 1675. This shall include those of other former nationalities who found in Holland a refuge or a home, and whose descendants in the male line came to this country as Dutch settlers, speaking Dutch as their native tongue. This shall also include descendants in the male line of Dutch settlers who were born within the limits of Dutch settlements, and descendants in the male line of persons who possessed the rights of Dutch citizenship within Dutch settlements in America, prior to the year 1675; also any descendant in the direct male line of a Dutchman, one of whose descendants became a member of this Society prior to June 16, 1886.

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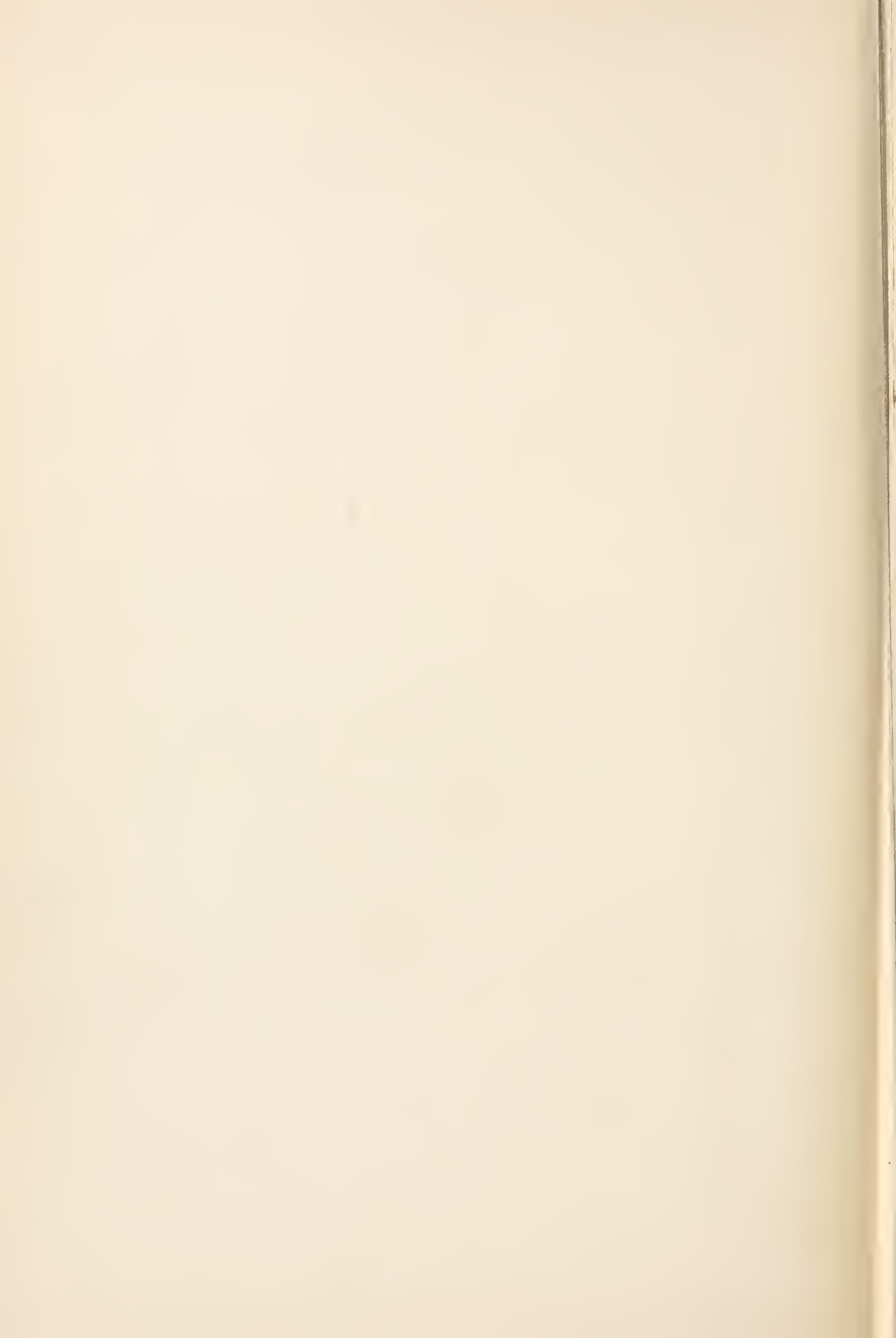
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