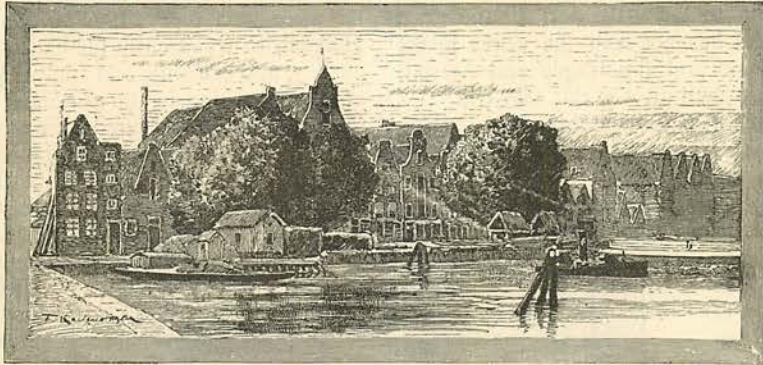


A TRIP TO DUTCHMAN'S LAND.



THE TEERTUINEN, AMSTERDAM.

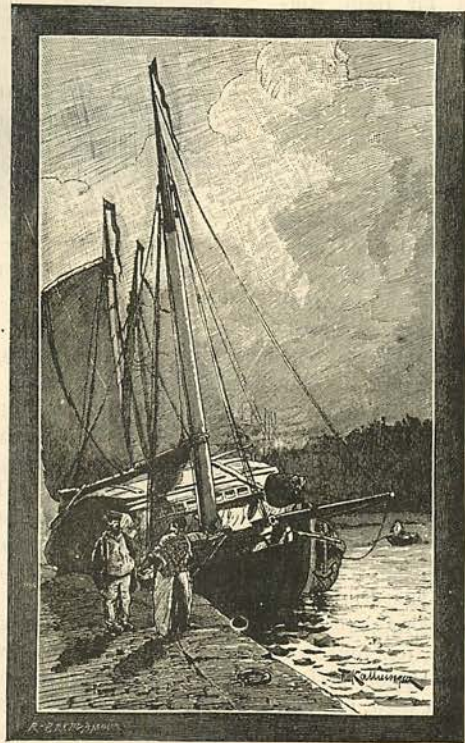


EASTWARD HO!
To the land of quaint costumes and waterways, of flat plains beneath the sea-level, and marvellous ponderous dykes that hold back the sea from devouring country and people. There are several ways of reaching Holland; but for our short trip perhaps the best is to go down to St. Katherine's Wharf, and board one of the

steamers running direct to Rotterdam. The run down the Thames is pleasant, and to those who dread the choppy grey waves of the North Sea, there is this comforting thought, that by this route we get but little more of the sea than by the Harwich route, and the change from rail to steamer is saved.

The contrast of life from England to Rotterdam is perhaps more striking than from England to Havre or any of the French coast towns. And yet as one strolls along beneath the rows of trees that line the quays, or "boomjes," as they are called, the busy sea-life reminds one of our own sea-girt island. It is pleasant in Rotterdam to take a stroll up along these quays by the side of the noble river Meuse, or Maas, as it is here called, and so on into the pleasant park, where the hum of the distant town, the noise of the ship-building, and the whistles of the in and outgoing ocean steamers, and other like sounds of busy life, are mixed with the wind's rustle in the foliage of pleasant trees, that shelter artistic statues, or hide from view a good band that is playing choice music. From this park any of the wide streets may be taken that strike into the town; and in this stroll,

at one *coup*, with a little foreknowledge from a plan of the city, a good idea of the whole of Rotterdam may be gleaned. A little steamer runs from the park to the boomjes; and this means of transit perhaps gives a better opportunity of seeing the picturesque barges, painted in bright colours, that lie alongside the quay, well laden with hay or straw or other produce, forming foregrounds that all artists love for outline and colour; especially when the "Captain" has brought up unconsciously before a background of green trees,



DUTCH CANAL BARGE.

and a quaint windmill, with restful arms, in the distance.

The principal sight for strangers in Rotterdam, after the town and its waterways, is the museum, or picture gallery. Holland is famous for its pictures; and no one can claim at all to know the work of the great Dutch masters, who has not seen the works in the galleries of Rotterdam and the Hague and Amsterdam, all of which we shall meet in this easy trip.

The museum of Rotterdam contains some striking pictures. The sketch of Van Dyck for the family group of Charles I. will interest as a bit of our own history. Then we shall notice some of the works of Cuyp—as his "Eating Mussels," and "River Scene by Evening Light." The light and shade and effect of the clear-obscure in those pictures is very remarkable. The paintings of Rysdale, or Ruisdale, too, are very charming, his "Corn-field" being especially noteworthy. It is well to see this gallery at Rotterdam before the other Dutch galleries.

Not far from Rotterdam, and on the rail to the Hague, lies the calm little village of Delft—a pleasant contrast and resting-place after the brisk noisiness of Rotterdam. Its canals form charming studies, with their high-arched bridges all shaded with pleasant trees, and its sixteenth-century buildings also sheltered by thickly-foliaged trees. There is one church here that holds the remains of a noble enemy of England in bygone years: he who hoisted the broom at his masthead as a sign he had swept the sea clean of the English—Admiral Tromp. A monument is erected to him in the Oude Kerk here at Delft, with a representation of his last and, to himself, fatal battle against the English. The monument to William of Orange, in the Nieuwe Kerk, is also of interest.

But we must reserve a goodly space for Amsterdam in this article, and so now again take the train onward for the Hague. The quietude of this capital—as it may be called, for here was once the seat of Government—is almost equal to that of Delft. The visitor may stroll about in its great square court-yards, sur-

rounded by palatial Jacobean buildings, with but few sounds to disturb him. Here again the great attraction is the famous picture-gallery, and it is one to which a good deal of time should be allotted. The marvellous "School of Anatomy" of Rembrandt alone far more than repays one for the whole journey to Holland, so wondrously life-like is it. We note the anxiety, and curiosity, and study depicted on the faces of those listening to the anatomist who is lecturing—the dead, livid body lying before him with all the sad

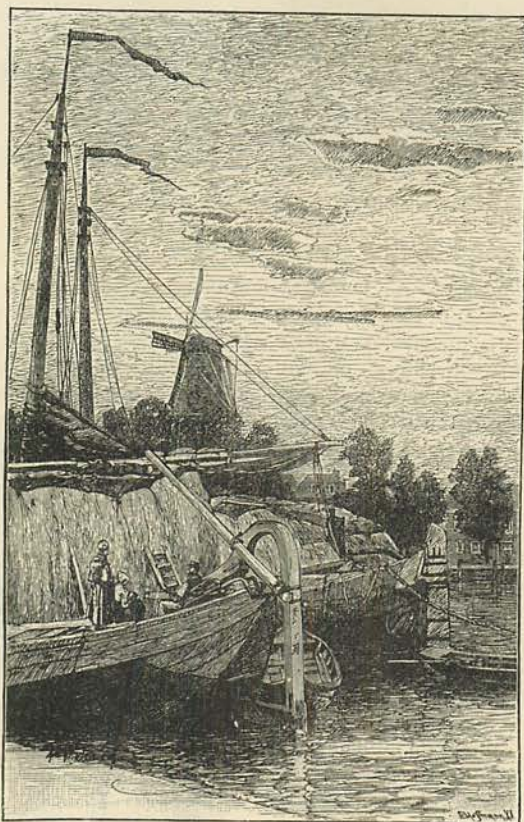
horror of death—he, the doctor, looking intelligently satisfied in his knowledge. This is one of those pictures which seem to sweep away all new-fangled notions of art, and tell the student what power may be shown by him who paints things as they are. The work of Paul Potter in this gallery is also very striking; his celebrated "Bull" is here, and is marvellously true to nature; the bull's face is full of intelligence, and seems standing out of the picture. There is also some very extraordinary work by Hondekoeter, the powerful "plumage" painter, whose birds and fowls are so life-like. Snyders and Van Dyck, Jordans and Gerard Dow, and a number of other masters of the Dutch schools, are seen here at their best.

An interesting evening may be spent near

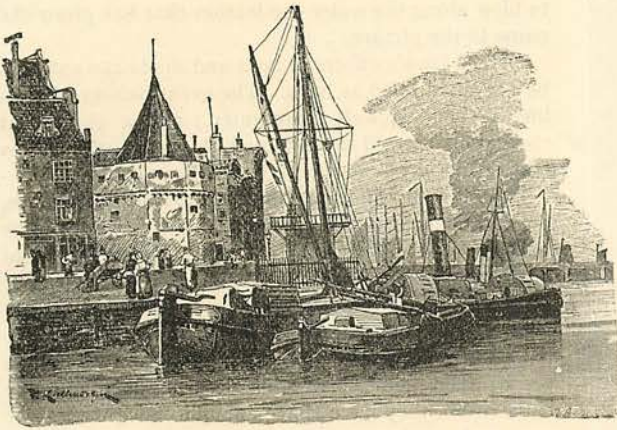
the Hague at the curious fishing-village of Scheveningen, where sea-side life, with bathing, and music, and all the gaieties of a fashionable sea-side resort, are to be found alongside of the quaint fisher-folk in the quaintest of costumes, who await the return, or watch the sailing forth, of their stiffly-built, broad-beamed fishing-craft.

En route from the Hague to Amsterdam, a break of at least an hour or two should be made at Haarlem, if but to see the statue, in the market-place, to Coster, who, it is said, was the first inventor of printing, thus dethroning Guttenberg. The costumes here also are good, the head-dresses being very brilliant, of gold and silver.

By spending some little time thus at Haarlem, probably Amsterdam is not reached till the evening,



HAY-LOADED BARGES.



SCHRIËRSECK GATE IN AMSTERDAM.

and this is best; for the entry into the capital by night is by far the most agreeable way to obtain a pleasant first impression of the town. Leaving the railway station, in doubt as to how far away your hotel may be, the cab rattles on over steep bridges, with many lights reflected in the still sheen of the dark water, or perhaps rows of houses of very varied types, that seem in the dim light of night to stand *in* the water, and, in spite of the strong contrast of architecture, draw one's mind far south to the canals of Venice.

The cab moves on, boxing the compass, sometimes going due north, and then tacking over some little bridge and going due south; bridge succeeds bridge, and canal succeeds canal, until all idea of direction is entirely lost, and one gives up attempting to trace where one is being driven; until a little open space is reached, a wider bridge is passed, and to the sound of a pleasant carrillon, that rings musically out in the sharp night air, we tumble out at length at our hotel.

Thus entering Amsterdam an exalted idea of its quaintness and its peculiarity is gained, that still clings to the mind even when some of it is dispelled by a clear day-view of the town.

At night one imagines, what a town to explore! how easily we shall get lost amidst these facsimile canals. But in the daytime it is soon apparent that Amsterdam is a remarkably easy town to—may we say?—"work," from a tourist point of view.

To most tourists two days would be ample time in which to see and know Amsterdam. If one of these days should be Sunday, the villagers from surrounding districts would be seen coming into the town, attired in their holiday costume, which is often extremely picturesque, especially the head-dresses. The back hair is held up by silver or gold plates and brought round to the front; over the ears are twisted gold wires, which project in pyramidal form beyond

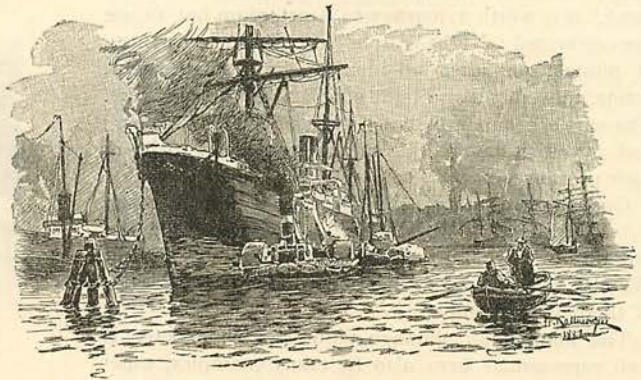
the face (preventing sidelong glances), and from which hang, swinging backwards and forwards, little trinkets of varied shapes.

The dress of some of the charities is very singular: in our illustrations one of the girls is seated sewing; and in one institution the lads wear coats all black on the right side of the body, and all red on the left, the girls being dressed in red and black dresses, with white caps, and red stripes on their shawls.

Perhaps the principal thing to be seen at Amsterdam is—Amsterdam; not special parts of the town or buildings within it, but the city as a whole. Pleasant it is to wander about its innumerable alleys and over its countless bridges, or along under the lines of the trees that border the greater canals, and so to study the people whose forefathers built up this wonderful city upon a foundation of sand and water. If one is tired of the close streets of the town, a tram or a short walk leads to the banks of the Y, from whence run numerous little steamers to sundry pleasant and curious little trips, and where the fresh salt air blows in from the rolling "Zuider Zee." Here also are the great docks with shipping, flying the flags of all nations, forming a pretty and bright foreground to the old town beyond, with its church towers overtopping the quaint houses that line the docks, scarcely two of which are of the same shape, and very few of which are upright—some leaning most extravagantly, as though about to lie quietly down.

After the town itself, here also, in point of interest come the picture galleries, especially that of the Trippenhuis, and the Van Hoop collection. The latter collection is only a small one, but has some charming examples; and it is best to take this or any of the private collections before the Trippenhuis. The eye becomes dainty and refuses to enjoy anything after the masterpieces in that collection.

In the Van Hoop collection, after the gallery has been seen, a door is shown in the wall, hid by pictures; and in this inner room are but five or six paintings, but on the left-hand side is an awful picture



IN AMSTERDAM HARBOUR.



CANAL SCENE IN AMSTERDAM.

by Rembrandt: it is the half-figure of a corpse, from which the doctor, who is standing at the side, has lifted the skull-cap and laid bare the brain, and with a beautifully calm and expressive face is explaining the anatomy to an unseen audience. The picture is too realistic and horrible to be seen by every one, and hence its position in this inner room.

The Trippenhuis is but just across the canal in the same street, and here a wonderful collection of the finest works of the great masters in the Dutch School may be studied. As we said of the "School of Anatomy," it is worth a journey to Amsterdam but to see the celebrated "Night Watch." Copies, or engravings, or photographs give no idea of the intense vigour, action, movement, and light of this marvellous picture. The whole group are living, energetic, earnest men; and as you sit before the canvas, you seem to be in their presence.

Opposite is another strikingly life-like portrait group—"The Shooters," by Van Helste, almost as extraordinary for expression and soulful life as the "Night Watch," each face bearing its owner's idiosyncracies of thought and temper.

The marvellous plumage painter, Hondekoeter, is well represented here also by many examples, especially the noted "Floating Feather." One is tempted

to blow along the water the feather that has given the name to the picture.

Gerard Dow's effects of light and shade can nowhere be so well studied as here. The great painter of still-life, Weenix, is well represented; and a glimpse at the catalogue will quickly tell the lover of pictures that the gallery is of the highest interest.

Passing from the Trippenhuis to the Dam and Palace, the Exchange can be reached. At the back of this building is a little scene thoroughly characteristic of all Amsterdam. A rather wide canal flows, or rather stagnates, up to its walls, and just beyond is a bridge. Near this the inhabitants of an adjoining house have longed for a garden; but the question was how to get it, when their very walls descend deep into the canal?—but they have space enough, though a watery one, and so they get their garden by driving piles into the canal, building a stage upon them, filling this stage with mould, and planting their trees and flowers and bulbs. Beneath the stage, amidst the slimy piles, floats refuse of every description, but their little garden looks bright from their windows, and rewards them with stray whiffs of sweet perfume for their ingenuity and care. The Palace is worthy of a visit, if only for the fine bits of sculpture that it contains, but as an historical building it is almost sans interest. For obtaining a good idea of the peculiarities of Amsterdam, the view from the tower repays one for the climb. Separated from the Palace by "Moses and Aaron Street," stands the Nieuwe Kerk, the principal church in the city; but the churches here are not treasuries of art, and scarcely of history, for they have been spoiled of all that makes the great churches of France and Germany so interesting.

The strange and, to English eyes, irreverential practice of keeping the hats on during service prevails here.

"We do as we like," remarked one Dutchman, when asked if it was the usual custom.



THE VILLAGE OF DELFT.

From this centre of the Dam trams run to the pleasant Vondels Park; but to those who would study the town, the better way is to strike in the direction on foot, and forego all riding.

The Vondels Park is a charming resort, well laid out, where the tired sight-seer may rest the eye with flowers and trees, and pleasant sheets of water, and refresh the body with a little dinner at the restaurant that overlooks the park, whilst his ear is pleased with some good music from the band stationed near.

From the Vondels Park a good stroll may be had across the Amstel River, and round to the Zoological Gardens, and so on again to the docks, or by one of the straight lines of streets back again to the Dam.

By this route, the whole round of Amsterdam has been encircled; and by taking some of the smaller alleys instead of the main streets or canals, perhaps some picturesque touches of Dutch life may be met with.

Owing to the currency, this Dutch easy trip can scarcely be done so reasonably as our French runs; but by cutting the time short (and all we have described could be well seen in ten days), the amounts given in the Breton trip need not be exceeded. To those who would know and be interested in the strange and sad history of the Dutch nation, we would only mention the works of Motley upon the subject, books which also are of value for Belgian tours.

JAMES BAKER.



PREPARING TO FACE THE WINTER.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.

HAVE I ever done or said anything in these papers, I wonder, to merit the title of iconoclast? I trust not. And yet, being a writer for the "general public," I have never hesitated to cry down any popular custom that militated against the welfare of my readers. I have had many a "cut," for instance, against self-doctoring and an overweening faith in physic, and many a quiet "dig" at quackery; but rest and recreation I have always upheld as tending to length of life, to health, and to happiness.

Rest and recreation? Yes; and it is to enjoy these blessings that so many of us went to the sea-side, to the cool, quiet, green country, or "away, away to the mountain brow," during the holiday season which has lately passed away, to come again another year. But do we always get recreation when we go in search of it? Do we all seek for it in the practical way? The answer to both these questions is "NO!"

Mind, however, that holiday folks are not all equally unwise. Many—a large percentage, indeed, of those who have gone away—come back thoroughly recreated, refreshed, and strong, with a fund of strength to enable them to stand the wear and tear of the coming winter. In my present paper I am not addressing those sons and daughters of wisdom. "The whole have no need of a physician."

Robert Minton—let me call him—went to the sea-side (Scarborough) last summer. He visited me to say good-bye before he went, and I noticed that he did not look well, but he had only just risen from desk drudgery, so I made every allowance.

"I'm going to enjoy myself thoroughly," he said.

"Well," I replied, "live quietly, at all events, or you will come back worse than you are now."

"I'm as right as a trivet," he said; "only a bit cut up with the spring work. The sea air will work wonders for me. *Au revoir.*"

I gave my shoulders a little shrug as the gate closed behind him, and said to myself, "We'll see."

To be sure the air of Scarborough would have done quite a deal to pull him together, had he gone in for a proper course of exercise—lounging, light reading, early rising, bathing, and plain food, with no physic. But he did not, and I knew he would not. He went in for gaiety, all thoughts of which he really ought to have left at home. He did *not* retire early; he did *not* live on plain diet; and, instead of rest, he chose excitement, so the glorious ozone-laden breezes could not keep pace with Minton. When he returned to town, after six weeks of this style of career, he was a wreck, and I had to use means, dietetic and therapeutic, to prop him up.

There are many different kinds of Mintons. One of the most thoughtless is the Continental travelling