

Its handsome streets, spacious squares, quaint old houses, splendid park of stately elms and chestnuts, its fishponds and tree-shaded canals, have an air of unsurpassed quiet, comfort, and thrift. Its galleries and museums are exceedingly rich in treasures of art. Nor is it without stirring historic memories. It was with profound interest that I visited the spot where the grand old Arminian, Barneveldt, was executed in his seventy-second year, 1619.



RETURNING FROM MARKET.

In the art gallery one may read the naval history of Holland in the famous battle-pieces which illustrate the career of De Ruyter and of Van Tromp, who, with broom at masthead, swept up the Thames till his guns were heard in London streets. The splendid wig and aristocratic nose of our Dutch sovereign, William III., will also profoundly impress the hero-worshipping mind. The gem of the collection, however, is neither King nor Kaiser, but Paul Potter's

far-famed bull—a magnificent animal, which seems about to step out of the canvas. When it was stolen by Napoleon, the Dutch offered for it 60,000 florins—over \$20,000. The naval, municipal, and royal museums abound in objects of intense artistic or historic interest.

The railway from the Hague to Amsterdam, by way of Leyden and Haarlem, traverses the sand dunes of the Northern Sea, and a broad "polder" reclaimed from the ocean. Leyden is chiefly famous for its three months' siege by the Spaniards in 1574, when 6,000 persons died of famine rather than yield to the hated foe, of whose historic defence the story is so grandly told by Motley. The old town has almost as many canals as streets, and the sluggish water forms a complete double moat. Its university was long one of the most famed in Europe.

Haarlem, too, has its story of cruel siege and brave defence, in which even the women took an active part, and 10,000 of the people perished. But the Spaniards were, at last, victors, and the Protestant clergy and 2,000 citizens were ruthlessly executed. The great organ of the Groote Kerk is one of the finest in the world. This was the chief seat of the tulip mania in 1637, when a single rare bulb sold for \$5,000. In a few months the price fell to \$20.

Amsterdam, the Venice of the North, contrasts very unfavourably with the Queen of the Adriatic. It may be more thrifty, but it is far less poetic. The busy traffic of its canals continually perturbs their muddy waters, which have the colour and consistency of pea-soup, and the tall, dull, red brick houses, through the sinking of the piles on which they rest, lean at various angles as though they would topple over.