

mony; and the thought would force itself upon me, that they were come forth to mourn over the approaching ruin of their adopted home. Why, I have often wondered, is it that the Jews choose a place like Warsaw, or the Ghetto at Romo, for their especial home? They are miserably poor in Poland; little money is to be made there at the best, and they have been, till lately, cruelly ill-treated by every successive Polish Government; yet they hang on there with a strange tenacity, and, what is more, increase and multiply. At the present day, at least a ninth part of the whole Polish population is of Jewish race, and that part represents fully half the wealth and intelligence of the country.

CORNHILL—NOVEMBER.

A Scotchman in Holland.

Morning broke singularly fine; and when I got on deck, I found that we had crossed the bar, and were fairly in the Maas. At Helvoet sluys we entered the canal, and I gradually began to realize the fact that for the first time in my life I was in the country of William of Orange, Barneveldt, and De Wit; of Tromp and De Ruyter; of Erasmus and Grotius; of Renibraudt and Paul Potter; of Burman and Hemsterhuys.

Having left my traps at the New Bath Hotel at Rotterdam, I strolled out to see the town. After passing fruit shops where the melons look blooming—and cigar shops, where the cigars are both good and cheap—and cheese shops, with cheeses as round as the canon-balls of Admiral Tromp—and after noticing that a painted pole does not indicate a barber's, but a provision store, and that the barber makes his presence known by hanging out three basins—pawabroker's fashion. I have gradually advanced to the great market. Here surrounded by a seedy iron rail, stands a rusty bronze figure in cap and gown, holding in his hands a book. I knew him at once to be the "great Erasmus." The statue was put up in the seventeenth century, and I confess I liked the familiarity, which seemed to be established between it and the urchins of the market. Legends not without poetry in them have gathered around the statue. The people say that Erasmus turns over a leaf of his book when he hears the Cathedral clock of St. Lawrence strike the midnight hour, and that when he comes to the last leaf the end of the world will be at hand.

The Dutch are great people for blood and kindred, and family gatherings; and from all I could hear their domestic life is pure and respectable. The elopement of a Dutch married lady with a dragoon would shock the country very much, like a breach made in the dykes. After twelve and a half years of matrimony a married pair holds its "copper wedding," when a family gathering and a distribution of copper ornaments takes place; at the twenty-fifth anniversary the "silver wedding," with the presents silver, follows; and when the fiftieth year is attained, a similar ceremony, with gold for its symbols, marks the event. There is, indeed, an antique quaintness in some of the Dutch customs of social life, which is irresistably comic. When a Dutch dame lies in, for instance, the happy event is not made known to the world in the meagre fashion of our—"Mrs. Tomkins, of a son." On the contrary, you read in the *Haarlem Courant*, that the Vrow So-and-so has been "very