American Travelers in Holland Through Two Centuries

HERBERT H. ROWEN

TRAVELERS have been coming to Holland from the United States since long before KLM carried them to Schiphol in jumbo jets, hundreds at a time, to explore a bit of Amsterdam and then journey on to other lands. Most were tourists, but some were people with business in the Netherlands—merchants and managers, diplomats, of course, and students, artists, and scholars. Some deeply admired what they saw, some held their noses, literally or figuratively, and most suffered some baffledom and boredom. Only a very few among them left a record of their impressions in print, but their number is still big enough so that we can venture to take what they wrote as characteristic of what the others, less literate and less articulate, felt and thought.[1]

Few, very few of these accounts have inherent literary merit. Herman Melville left only sketchy notes[2] and Henry Wadsworth Longfellow had a tortured stay, during which his letters discuss only professional matters and finally the death of his wife after miscarriage.[3] But we do have the letters of William Cullen Bryant, original not in what they say but in their prose style, precise but not precious.[4] Most of the visitors were just tourists, who went dutifully where the guidebooks told them to go. They were seldom adventurous. They are of interest to us not for the unexpected insight, the fresh understanding, the intense personalism and personality of a Huizinga in America, but for what they reveal about the travelers themselves as well as about Holland.

Let us not fool ourselves, however. The triteness of phrase that we meet so often in these accounts comes not just out of commitment to the obvious but also from recourse to guidebooks. Until the mid-nineteenth century these were the handbooks for travelers put out by John Murray of London; then they became the ubiquitous Baedekers. Yet we may assume that the tourists who set down reports of their

trips, when they drew upon the guidebooks, had not been struck by any inappropriateness in the descriptions they copied out and adapted, usually without credit.

Actually, after 1865, the ordinary American picture of Holland was shaped most strongly not by formal guidebooks but by a book for boys and girls written by a woman who had never been to the country and would not go there for many years afterward. I speak, obviously, of *Hans Brinker, or, The Silver Skates,* by Mary Mapes Dodge. It is a work at once artful and artless. It combines virtually every element of the common picture of Holland—at least every element proper for a child's knowledge—-with a simple, heartrending, melodramatic tale with a happy ending. Everything is neatly arranged, every piece of information given a place in the plot. But the human vision is simple in the extreme, and the plot depends upon coincidences so incredible one does not know whether to weep or smile. It all works, however: character, situation, and information are all made memorable, and the book continues to be republished down to our own day, when the real Holland has changed so immensely from that which Mrs. Dodge first saw in her imagination.[5] It was also common for the visitors from America after mid-century to have read the histories of John Lothrop Motley. On occasion, drawing upon the knowledge of the Dutch past acquired from Motley or lesser works, they would comment upon the historical significance of a place or a building.

These tourists from beyond the ocean were invariably well-to-do. Their European journeys lasted from three or four months to two or even three years, and they would usually spend two to three weeks in Holland. They came mainly from the states of the eastern seaboard, although voyagers from Indiana and even from distant Utah, still a territory, recorded their experiences. They were all white, virtually all Protestant—and some emphatically so. All were educated, although not all to college level, and a few had classical culture at their fingertips. A fair number had Dutch ancestors, but none, to my knowledge, knew any Dutch except a scholar or two. Even those who knew German found the "Dutch dialect," as they called it, a puzzle. Until the twentieth century, those who possessed French found it was spoken mainly by the "higher classes," but when popular education went beyond the ABC's during the second half of the nineteenth century, travelers began to meet daughters of tongue-tied shopkeepers with a command of school-taught French. A few visitors stayed long enough to pick up a few phrases of Dutch, a very few learned it well enough to read fluently and easily and speak understandably. The others, in an epoch before group travel with tour guides had been invented, were dependent upon those who spoke English or another shared language, and upon hired guides.

Over the two centuries we find a common picture of Holland.[6] It was, to use the inspired pun of one traveler in a way he did not intend, as platitudinous as the Dutch landscape itself: monotonous, repetitive, without surprise. It was overwhelmingly an external picture, of things seen and not what lay behind them. These Americans were visitors in quest of the "quaint" and the "picturesque"—by which they meant as different as possible from what they were familiar with, but without discomfort to either flesh or spirit. They were seldom interested in things political, social, economic, or intellectual.

Flatness—the long landscapes under the high skies—was, unremarkably, the first thing the visitors noted. Then came the canals, the dikes, and the windmills. They were surprised to find fields separated not by fences, as at home, but by drainage ditches. They noted how thickly populated by cows the fields were, and if they ventured to visit farmsteads, how well cared for the cows were. In the towns they at once saw, again, the canals that served as streets, and too often they smelled the odors that came up from the slow, stagnant waters. They were not much taken with the old houses, especially those that leaned far out over the streets, and they wondered whether it was the fault of bad workmanship or the result of building upon piles in swampland not drained wholly dry. As good Protestants, they visited the churches. But, with the exception of dogmatically precise Presbyterians, they were shocked to see buildings stripped of all interior decoration, with clear glass in the Gothic windows. These Dutch Calvinist churches were not "picturesque," like the Catholic churches they liked in Italy and France, Austria and the Rhineland. They did not see the beauty that we find in de Witte and Sanredam: theirs was an age that would have been bewildered by Mondrian and Rietveld.

The tourists had little real contact with ordinary folk. Not that this mattered much to them. They were persons of substance who had not crossed three thousand miles of water to see poor people—unless, of course, they wore quaint local costumes, clattered about in *klompen,* and were inoffensive. American onlookers generally found the *kermissen* unpretty affairs: the people enjoying themselves in their own way were too vulgar for them. And they liked children if they were pretty and well-mannered, not if they were inquisitive and boisterous, and least of all if they were demanding beggars. The Americans found in general that the Dutch had the characteristics they expected—a passion for cleanliness of home and street that most admired, but a few found fanatical; and a passion for smoking, especially in public, that all abhorred (at least all who mentioned it). It was generally remarked, too, that the people were hard-working, phlegmatic, and sober (a few disagreed, observing intemperance: but these may have been prohibitionists for whom a single beer or gin was one too much).

This picture of the Dutch people was not so much untrue as too limited. And that it had to be when both lack of time and lack of a common language inhibited knowledge. But, more than that, there was not really much interest in the people except as a touristic sight.

The towns visited were almost all very much alike. For those who came across the North Sea or from Belgium, the first city they saw was usually Rotterdam. For those who descended the Rhine, it was Nijmegen or more usually Arnhem. These went on to Utrecht and Amsterdam, and then came south, reversing the route taken by those who landed at Rotterdam. The typical tourist, however, went from Rotterdam up to Delft and then to The Hague. Next came Leiden and Haarlem, Amsterdam and perhaps Broek and Zaandam, even Volendam and Marken. On the way back some went to Utrecht en route to Germany; it was seldom that any went up to Leeuwarden and Groningen, in the north, or down to Flushing and Middelburg, in the south. And that was all. Ventures into other places were so unusual that they are worthy of individual notice, not only for the descriptions and comments but also for the reasons which took the tourists off the well-trod trails.

For those who came to Rotterdam from Antwerp by water, a dull voyage through a bleak countryside all the way to an ugly Moerdijk was followed first by typically Dutch polderland and then by the teeming port—the two faces of Holland, agricultural and commercial. They saw the old city as it existed until May 10, 1940, and they were enchanted by the *Boompjes,* the wharfside street lined with trees. After the railroads were built in the middle of the nineteenth century, travelers from the south took "the cars," entering Rotterdam much as they do today, riding on a high embankment from which they looked *down* upon the city. To look *down* at pasture and town from canal and from railway was a genuinely new experience. In Rotterdam what the visitors found most surprising was the network of canals crisscrossing the city that enabled ships to doek at the doors of warehouses mahy blocks inland. Sightseeing was limited: the statue of Erasmus, much admired (but how much read?); and the church of St. Lawrence (which these Protestants invariably called a "cathedral," like all other big churches). Some climbed to the bell tower—the Eurotower of its day—to view the far-stretching countryside.

From Rotterdam our friends went, by canalboat and later by train, to Delft. On the way their impression of the Dutch countryside, gained between Moerdijk and Rotterdam, was confirmed and Consolidated. It was more of the same, to be sure, but they continued to be charmed, and it was not until they had gone farther north that they would begin to yearn for the variety of hills and mountains. In Delft they saw only a sleepy little town where the age of Dutch

grandeur lingered, little changed from the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries because modemity had passed it by. They looked in at the Prinsenhof, displayed their knowledge of history when they saw the holes made by Balthasar Gérard's bullets, and sighed at the fate of heroic William the Silent. They noticed that the canals in Delft did not smell, or at least they remembered that they didn't when they encountered the evil-smelling *grachten* of other towhs. But they stayed in Delft only for a few hours.

They stayed longer, usually for several days, at The Hague a few miles on. If they called it the "seat of government" and not the "capital," we may be sure that they were consulting their guidebooks sedulously, for what American to this day can conceive of a capital that is *not* the seat of government? They found The Hague very much to their taste. It was "elegant" and "charming"—the words recur constantly, and though we may hear the echo of the guidebooks in these words, they obviously spoke the viewers' admiration. Men of property although all good republicans, these tourists observed the good taste of the homes of diplomats and nobility which clustered about the royal court. They rode out to Huis ten Bosch, were enraptured by its paintings, and thought it quite a nice place for a Queen to live in, not too royal, as it were. One visitor was especially pleased to see in the Queen's apartment, open to tourists while she was away, a triumph of American industrial ingenuity—a Singer sewing machine, with all the signs of being much used.

The visitors took in the obligatory Mauritshuis museum, which they usually called the "national gallery." Some were thankful for its humane dimensions, especially so, no doubt, if they had already trod the interminable if glorious *longueurs* of the Louvre. Two pictures impressed them most of all, Paul Potter's "The Young Bull" and Rembrandt's "Anatomy Lesson." The meticulous naturalism of Potter's brush and the directness of his subject made it a work of art after their own hearts, and they enjoyed too the good-natured jokes they could make about the danger of wearing red while viewing it. They were more strained by the shocking power of Rembrandt's painting, but were as often repelled as fascinated. It was realistic enough to gain their respect, but they wanted art that pleased without shattering their complacency. The other painters they mention are pretty much those we would expect—usually the lesser lights of the Golden Age by our judgment, but occasionally Hals and Steen, never Vermeer until the end of the century and seldom even thereafter. All in all, there is something paradoxical in the attitude of these visitors: they repeat incessantly that seeing "the pictures" was one of the principal reasons why they had come from afar to this little country, yet it is clear that they enjoyed only the simplest kind of art. To be able to say that they

had seen the great Dutch paintings seems to have been more important to them than actually to see the canvases for themselves.

None of our travelers who came to The Hague missed seeing Scheveningen. The approach by Scheveningse Weg enraptured them. The long ride across the dunes between the rows of trees, opening up to a view of the sea and the shore, had a dramatic touch they enjoyed. They found Scheveningen itself two utterly disparate communities. The bathing resort was very much of a kind with Atlantic City, although the "bathing machines" trundled up to the very edge of the beach was something they had not seen before. Those with a gift of eye described the extraordinary straightness of shoreline up and down the coast as compared to the curving beaches of New Jersey and Massachusetts. The visitors were intrigued by the sight of fishing smacks that did not come in to moor at wharves but were dragged up on the beaches. Most of the visitors paid an obedient visit to the fishing village a bit to the south. They found it colorful and picturesque, but wished the children had been less insistent beggars. The more thoughtful realized how harsh the poverty of these fisherfolk was, and how striking the contrast therefore between them and the affluent bathers.

After The Hague and Scheveningen, they made the short journey up to Leiden and Haarlem. Their interest in both towns was limited. They knew from Motley or earlier histories a little of their past significance, and looked, more bored than not, upon city scènes that seemed much like what they had already seen. Leiden's industrial past was a closed book to all but a few, and her university, lacking visual impact, drew little attention. Only the rare scholar ventured into the halls and library and called upon the professors. Haarlem was a bit more interesting. The church of St. Bavo was externally impressive, but what held the attention of all visitors was the great organ inside. They listened to the organist play at his public concerts, and some, informed by their guidebooks that he would put on a special show for those who paid for it, got an hour of dazzling effects for thirteen guilders. Most wonderful, they thought, was a musical thunderstorm, and they repeated with amusement the story that it caused the milk in the farms nearby to go sour. They were also amazed at the *vox humana* for its true-to-life quality. There was even less musical sophistication than artistic subtlety among these Americans, for we know that some Americans did come to study art, but none came to study music. From Haarlem the visitors' route went straight on to Amsterdam, although in the decades during and immediately after the drainage of the Haarlemmermeer, some stopped to see the huge pumping stations and the massive dikes.

Amsterdam itself was something of a surprise. They knew that

it was the "Venice of the North," but they did not anticipate its dankness and bleakness compared to the Queen of the Adriatic. Unlike The Hague, it was neither elegant nor charming; and it did not possess the vigorous intensity of port life that they had seen in Rotterdam. They had become accustomed by this time to canals in the streets and all the numberless little details that caught sightseers' fancy everywhere in Holland. Amsterdam was the biggest city in the country and yet held the least interest for them. A few visited the navy yards where ships were built for the fleet, but the huge forges and cutting machines were hardly distinctively Dutch. A few visited the charitable institutions of which there were so many, and which drew the tourists' respectful admiration; but again they were not distinctively an Amsterdam feature. There were few monuments to which they were sent by the guidebooks. There was, of course, the royal palace on the Dam square, which was open to the public most of the time; but this huge pile of stone in neoclassical style was. not what they had come thousands of miles to see.

There was less picturesqueness in the people on the streets than elsewhere in Holland; they looked more like folks at home than those in the smaller towns where progress had not yet penetrated. Those who ventured into the Jewish quarter noted that the omnipresent fanatical Dutch cleanliness was absent there, and the smells of the canals were compounded by odors from the homes. Wisecracks about hooked noses told the story of prejudice brought over from home', and we really ask much of these tourists if we expect them to have been interestéd in deeper understanding of such complex issues as poverty, inter-ethnic relations, and immigration.

The culmination of the visit for almost all was a tour of the "picture gallery," or, after its construction, the Rijksmuseum. As was already the case in the Mauritshuis, they trooped mainly to the well-advertised, world-famous pictures, but generally found the work of the Dutch Golden Age rather dull. They were impressed by Rembrandt's "Night Watch," but it was really van der Helst's painting of the civic guard celebrating the conclusion of the Peace of Munster which they thought was the best thing in the museum. By this time we begin to hear rumblings of dissatisfaction with tramping the galleries, and relief about going to see "quaint" places again.

And what could have been quainter than Broek and Zaandam, a few miles to the north across the IJ? Broek was an inhabited dollhouse, fastidiously cleansed but barred to the hurly-burly of ordinary activities. Most of our Americans were charmed, as they now are at Madurodam; but a small number wondered whether this was the charm of life or of inanition. Reactions were much the same at Zaandam, except that there the massed windmills added interest, and

one could visit Czar Peter's little house. Those who went on to Marken and Volendam found tourist traps, all the quaintness Consolidated and commercialized with a primitive Disneyification.

Returning to Amsterdam, they resumed their journey, which was now nearing an end. A delightful trip down the Vecht, past the luxuriance of summer homes, to Utrecht. A climb perhaps up the free-standing high tower of the cathedral to see far into the distance all about, as some had down at Rotterdam; a glance down at the distinctive canals a floor below street level—and that was all. Upstream to Germany, stopping at Arnhem perhaps, and admiring its relaxed air as a resort town for the wealthy of Amsterdam—so like the resort towns with which the tourists were familiar back home. And then, past Nijmegen, out of the Netherlands.

Thus far we have merged into a single picture the reactions of numerous writers, taking from each what was common to most, and paying little attention to the distinctively individual. Reduced to a few words, it is a picture that is not too complimentary to either side. The Americans for the most part sought the "picturesque" and the "quaint," but not the significant. They did not see that the Dutch nation was slowly moving through the great reorganization of its political, social, and economic life in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. The Dutch for their part had little concern for these visitors from afar. Some did go out of their way to be courteous and helpful; others, who made their living off foreign gapers, treated Americans as they treated all other tourists, milking them of their money. We find significance only when we move from the run-of-the-mill tourist to those who were unusual in some way, either in their personal qualities of knowledge and penetration or because they came on business or for renewal of family contacts. And then we find unexpected rewards.

Perhaps the liveliest and least inhibited of all the travelers' tales is the very first. Elkanah Watson came to Holland in 1784 when he was only twenty-six years of age, but he was already an accomplished traveler. An apprentice merchant when he had gone to France in 1779, he had been confirmed there in his American patriotism, his republicanism, and his distaste for the ways of old regime Europe.[7] Going to England after the conclusion of peace, he crossed over to Holland in May 1784, "without any view of business" but to "rub myself a little bright among the Mynheers and Mavrouws." Admitting "total ignorance" of the country and the people, he had hunted the bookstores of London for "some good description of that artificial country," but was astounded to find none factual or thoughtful enough for him. The ten letters written while in Holland the next month, and a retrospective one from London on his return, provide the main content of his rare work, *A Tour in Holland in MDCCLXXXIV,*

signed simply "By an American."[8] It is the prototype of the accounts that were to follow during the next two centuries, and one of the best. Many of the elements comprising the general picture we have described are already in its pages, and need not be repeated here. But it is worth our while to pick up some of the individual touches.

Watson was intensely curious, with "greedy eyes" not easy to "glut." He was observant and intelligent: the "quiet and hush" he experienced in Amsterdam an hour before midnight he connected with its slackened prosperity and decline of population. He was sharply aware of what we today call "cultural relativism." Seeing fishermen's daughters in Scheveningen not only guarding male bathers' clothes but toweling them dry as they left the water, he was surprised by the girls' "perfect *sang froid."* Then he reflected "how far custom and habit may reconcile us to any thing."[9]

Unlike most of his successors, who were sedately married, he was an unattached bachelor whose animal spirits did not cease to bubble while he was in Holland. He did not mind telling of his roving eye, and perhaps more, to the obvious discomfiture of his son when editing the old man's memoirs. Upon his arrival Watson found the women of the common class to be so ill-favored that their husbands were "in no *great danger* of wearing horns any more than the sheep." He was not unwilling to bestow horns, apparently, upon husbands of more genteel womenfolk. He reports several flirtations, at least one of which may have gone beyond words and smiles. He was a member of a party of revelers, including a "lovely Miss P——" from America, that followed up a nighttime stroll through the "best streets" of Amsterdam with a visit to the most notorious "spillhouse," or licensed brothel, in the city, to be amused by the sight of sex on sale. Five minutes' view of it was all he could stomach: the "devoted wretches"—a most curious term for harlots—made him think of a slaughterhouse "where calves and sheep are hung up for the highest bidder."[10]

His aesthetic senses were strong. Visiting Huis ten Bosch with John Adams, he found the paintings in the main salon "a luxurious feast for the eyes," since, he said, he had been "born with a painter's soul." Music, too, held him in its spell. We may wonder what the good burghers of Rotterdam thought when they saw this stranger stop in the middle of the street to listen to the ringing of the church chimes. Music was briefly triumphant over religious and ethnic prejudice. Chancing into an Amsterdam synagogue during Saturday services, he was fascinated by the "angelick shrill" of a boy soprano and the magnificent voice of an elderly basso. But the communicants themselves looked like "shabby theives *[sic]* and pickpockets."[11]

During his month's stay, he observed the rising conflict between Orangists and Patriots. His sympathies were, of course, on the side of

those who had been friends of America, not England, but his comments reflect both his ingrained republicanism and the explanations of the political situation given him by Adams and John Luzac, the scholarly editor of the *Gazette de Leyde*.[12] It is not these judgments, however, which make Elkanah Watson's *Tour in Holland* a memorable work, but its freshness, its candor, and its undaunted intelligence.

During the next quarter century American tourism in the Netherlands, barely begun, came to a virtual halt. Aaron Burr, in exile after his acquittal on charges of treason, made two trips to Holland in 1811, hoping to convert his holdings in the Holland Land Company into ready cash. His letters are commonplace in their observations, and deserve our attention only because we have a propensity to take more seriously the ordinary words of important people than the more penetrating perceptions of ordinary people.[13]

The end of the Napoleonic wars brought a new nood of American tourists to Europe. It was still a "serious affair," however, not "an every day occurrence," as one visitor to Holland recalled forty years later her journey as a twenty-year-old.[14] Only three years after the conclusion of peace, a professor of chemistry and physics at "New-York Institution," John Griscom by name, crossed the Atlantic to discover what the "unabated spirit of enterprize" was achieving in Europe. It is an unusually insightful report that Griscom gives us; he was obviously no dryasdust academic but well informed about economic and social life. The Netherlands did better in his account of social and intellectual matters than in economic. He observed a people still wealthy despite the damage inflicted by the recent wars, and with general industriousness. Yet there was substantial poverty, alleviated by charitable institutions that practiced "the principles of true and genuine charity" better than anywhere else he had been: by this he meant finding a just balance between excessive indulgence and "too great a destitution." As a scientist, he was pleased to discover a "taste for science" and "diffusion of learning" far more general than he had expected in so commercial a society. At Haarlem he went to see the Teylerian Museum, whose importance for the history of science he noted. As a teacher, he was pleased by the extent of public support of education, remarking that Dutch schools used the system of monitor teaching by older pupils long before it was introduced in England.[15]

Griscom was followed a few years later by a visitor who called himself "The Practical Tourist," because his concern was "pursuing scientific investigations, for the purpose of promoting useful results." Zachariah Allen noted both economic strength and weakness in his trip through Holland in 1825. If Leiden was once "what Manchester now is," it had become a "monument" to the "fluctuating destiny" of an industrial and commercial city. And in Amsterdam he was surprised

to find not a single collection of building materials for house construction during his rambles on the streets. In flooded North Holland after a fierce storm, he saw great suffering and the great efforts of the people to alleviate it. He was impressed by the immense labors of reclamation, with English steam engines in use as well as the traditional windmills. He had similarly mixed feelings about the Dutch political scène. The electoral system was insufficiently democratic, and the King had no "very definite" limitations upon his powers. Yet William I himself was "quite a republican" in manners, and his levees were very like those of an American President (this was the age of Monroe and Quincy Adams, not yet of Jackson).[16]

Not surprisingly, it was a diplomat who displayed a close interest in and understanding of political developments quite lacking in ordinary tourists. Alexander Hill Everett, the secretary of the American embassy in The Hague in these years between the creation of the kingdom of the United Netherlands and the Belgian breakaway, published in 1822 a general survey of European conditions, although without putting his name on the title page. He saw and regretted the "cordial hatred" between the Dutch and the Belgians. On the surface, he saw no rational explanation for such "malignant feelings" between peoples of "nearly the same . . . origin and language." But, delving deeper, he discerned the conflicting interests of Belgian industry and agriculture and Dutch trade. Therefore, he anticipated that "the downfall of this ill cemented fabric would probably be the first result of a new convulsion in Europe." He foresaw even worse. Despite his admiration for the Dutch constitution and people, it was "a decayed and decaying nation," economically, intellectually, and, not least, demographically. He feared a time would come when there would be too few Dutch to maintain their country against the inroads of the sea.[17]

The man who more than any other embodies the spiritual relationship of America and Holland, John Lothrop Motley, was not captured by his Dutch interest until he was well along in life. Returning from his post as secretary of the American legation in St. Petersburg in 1842, he had thought of spending a few weeks in the Netherlands, but was easily satisfied with a trip to Belgium. He made his first trip in 1851 and found the country "stronger and more wonderful" than he had expected. It was the polder character of the country that caught his imagination, although the terms in which he described it were quite traditional, if a bit more florid than most tourists could manage. He came back in 1853, already engaged in archival research for his first history. He got to know The Hague very well, finding it in winter "the prettiest town in Europe." On this trip he avoided making more than casual acquaintances, although

these were of the highest circles. On his return in 1858, however, he found himself a celebrity and compelled even to be a guest of Queen Sophia. His depiction of a dinner at the Queen's is unique among travelers' tales, and the primary interest of his letters from this time on for our study lies not in the portrait of the country, but in his social life. His acquaintance with the Queen, as we know, ripened into warm friendship, and she placed the Kleine Loo, at The Hague, at his disposal during a working visit in 1871. He then moved to the house on the Kneuterdijk from which Jan de Witt had ridden to his death almost two centuries before. He traveled a bit, notably to Friesland and Groningen, but felt old age coming upon him. (He was not yet sixty years old.) Leaving in 1872, he returned in 1876 to stay with the Queen as her personal guest at Huis ten Bosch, then her summer residence. Both were dead a year later.[18] This relationship of royal person and commoner did both them and their countries genuine honor.

Visitors who brought with them some special body of knowledge and interests were among those whose pictures of Holland are still the most informative and perceptive. This was the case with George E. Waring, Jr., a Connecticut Yankee who, I think, would have won Mark Twain's respect for his competence and lack of pretentiousness. His book, *A Farmer's Vacation,* is a collection of letters written during a visit to Denmark, the Netherlands, France, and the Channel Islands in 1875, and originally published in *Scribners Monthly.* Waring was mainly interested in European farming at its best, although he did some sightseeing on the way; his curiosity was directed by a sharp intelligence, a knowledge of his chosen field of activity, and an openness to new ideas. He was humorously critical of the "proper feeling of superiority" with which he, like other Americans, came to the country, ready to accept the "oddities and provincialisms" of a people who did not have the advantage of being born American. It was a feeling chastened as soon as he entered the country and "entirely and forever laid" by the time he left, some weeks later, to go to France.

Waring entered the Netherlands as no ordinary tourist did, and indeed still does not do, "by its back door," that is, from East Friesland in Germany into Groningen. Groningers today may complain that their province is a neglected, distant corner of their country, but what Waring found was a land of wealth, with "a most skilful and industrious people" tilling soil of "unequalled richness," thanks to what he called "the transforming hand of the Dutch Wizard of Drainage." There was none of the all too visible neglect and backwardness he had just seen in East Friesland. At first glance, the country he viewed on the train from Nieuwe Schans to Groningen was like that of the American western prairie: a "broad windy stretch of flat country,

without much wood, and lying open to the gales," and with some of the "same bleak, unhomelike air." But these were prairies cultivated with the care of suburban market gardens.

He found the Dutch cities quite different from what the guidebooks had led him to expect. Groningen was a city nowhere near as strange as it had been painted, indeed with an air very much like that of Philadelphia, with just enough "novelty and quaintness" to add spice. Leeuwarden was "the cleanest large town" he had seen anywhere. Amsterdam too, against the testimony of the guidebooks, was anything but "the Venice of the North," rather a quite workaday city. His main interest was not in seeing the sights most tourists thronged, to, but such things as the street life of early morning as the city began its work and the interior arrangements of a wind-powered flour mill, far more "ingenious and practical" than he had connected with the idea of a Dutch windmill.

He devoted a whole chapter to the Dutch art of drainage, to which in praise he gave the Dutch name of *"Droogmakerij."* Everyone knew about Dutch skill in drainage works, but "their knowledge is of that sort which gives an impression rather fanciful than real." He described the work and the problems of the *waterstaat,* or hydraulic administration as he called it: the respect paid to its authority even during political crises on the one hand; the conflicts over the proper level of water between poldermasters and drainage organizations on the other. He examined the great Haarlemmermeer polder in detail, admiring both the stupendous engineering works and the *polderjongens,* or earthwork builders, who might not be the best of men "viewed from the moral stand-point," but deserve "praise and respect" for their vigor, industry, and courage.

Noting that his examination of Dutch farming itself had been too cursory to have direct practical utility for adaptation to American conditions, he still felt it would pay more sustained and careful study. He understood, as very few of his fellow visitors had, that the loss of Holland's trading supremacy had been made up for by an astounding growth of agriculture.[19]

I come now to the culminating figure in my account of Americans in Holland. What John Adams was to American diplomats in the Netherlands, William Elliot Griffis was to American travelers, the one without peer. He was entitled to the vanity implicit in the title of his book, *The American in Holland,* published in 1899, for no American in the nineteenth and even the first quarter of the twentieth century had a richer knowledge and understanding of the Netherlands and none conveyed his vision more extensively and more effectively to his fellow countrymen. I take special pride in his accomplishment, because Griffis was a graduate of Rutgers College, where I have had the

honor to be a member of the faculty for the past eighteen years. This college, which from very small beginnings has become the state university of New Jersey, was the first and is still the most eminent institution of higher education founded by Dutchmen in America. Griffis came to Rutgers in 1865, just past his twenty-second birthday (the Civil War had occupied the normal years of college attendance). Bom in the city of Philadelphia not far to the south of New Brunswick, he was attracted to Rutgers by its Dutch heritage, not because he himself had any Dutch ancestry, but because he was curious about the people who had been among the first settlers in Pennsylvania and its neighboring states to the north. Most of the eighty-one students at Rutgers in 1865 were Dutch-descended, and the friends he formed introduced him to the lives of their families at homes in upper New Jersey and New York, which still bore a strong Dutch imprint. Motley's work became some of his favorite reading. Upon graduation, he went to the Netherlands in September 1869, at the end of a summer tour of Europe with his sister. It was the first of eleven trips, the last in 1926, two years bef ore his death.[20]

On his return to the United States after the first trip, he was recruited to teach in Japan, which had just entered its Meiji period, and during a stay of three and a half years from 1870 to 1874 he helped to shape the modern educational system of Japan, and it is this accomplishment which makes him not merely an observer and commentator, but a historical figure in his own right.[21]

When Griffis next came to Holland, it was almost twenty-two years after his first visit, and he had become a respected clergyman, first Dutch Reformed and then Congregationalist, with an increasingly rationalist bent. He made four additional trips before he wrote *The American in Holland.* The picture of the Netherlands he paints in this book is a composite of his experience and judgments during these first five journeys. During these trips, Griffis visited all eleven of the provinces and many towns and villages. Some were places of veritable pilgrimage because of their historical associations with the United States in its colonial period. Amsterdam called up "cradle memories" of the founders of New England and New Netherland. He went to Leiden to chat with the liberal Calvinist theologian Professor Abraham Kuenen, as he had in Amsterdam with the sternly Calvinist political leader and founder of the Free University, Dr. Abraham Kuyper. Haarlem and nearby Bloemendaal drew him because of memories of visits to their Manhattan namesakes, Harlem and Bloomingdale. In Haarlem he observed that the design of its Meat House, built with red brick and white marble in alternating stripes, was followed by the architects of many recent New York churches, in a style the populace called "zebra" or "beefsteak." He saw quickly, too, the correspondence

between the internal design of the church at Beverwijk and that of early Dutch churches in America. In Franeker and Leeuwarden, he learned how much the Frisians in the 1780's had contributed to Dutch recognition of American independence.[22]

He made a "sentimental journey" to Harlingen, because one of his best friends at Rutgers came from Harlingen, New Jersey (which is just three miles north of my own home). He also saw men making what was anything but a "sentimental journey." These were troops of German farm laborers, the tragic *"Hollandgängers,"* crossing the frontier from East Friesland to work in the fields during the hay and barley harvest, using snaths of ancient design, not modern scythes. Griffis also observed the use of the rich clay of the *terpen,* or ancient mounds, to make the sandy soils for miles around fertile. Like Waring two decades earlier, he saw how "unremitting toil" had rescued the countryside of Groningen from swampland, saving it from "the dragon of malaria and the ghosts of sterility."[23]

In Groningen, Griffe admired not only the "charm" of St. Martin's church after its restoration in 1895, but also a splendid" new Roman Catholic church. "Most of the elegant new church buildings in the Netherlands," he remarked, "belong to the Roman form of the faith. It is unfortunate, as it is unchristian, that the various sectarians boycott one another, each helping his own." This is the first clear reflection of *verzuiling*—the encompassing organization of Dutch society and politics according to religious-ideological affiliation—that I have found in the travel accounts of American visitors.

I do not know whether we should include under the rubric of *verzuiling* the distinctive garb of Catholic priest and Protestant dominie in the Netherlands. Both "dress in the hue of the crow," Griffe observed, but "by their uniform one may know their sect." They were alike, however, in the probable presence of an umbrella in their hands and in the nearly certain presence of a cigar on their lips. As cigar smokers, they were equal. They might differ about theology, church government, and the validity of "orders," but on the contention that tobacco "is not a luxury but a necessity, the Reformed and the irreformable will face the world in unity."

Griffis' moderation toward Catholicism was illustrated during a visit to a professor of English at the Bishop's College in Roermond. His host was joined by his two brothers, who ran a prosperous religious wood-carving establishment and were also fluent in English. He was surprised that the unnamed professor (who has been identified for me by Dr. Gerhard Beekelaar of Nijmegen as H. J. H. Oor) met so easily with a heretic and Protestant. Griffis was interested in learning about the Dutch province of Limburg; they wanted his religious opinions. "The age-old questions, stereotyped before one of us was born," were

discussed with good humor and mutual respect, although it was evident that the three brothers had seldom had such a "free frank talk" with a Protestant. They told him in turn what he wanted to know about Limburg.[24]

Describing the royal inauguration of 1898, at which he was both a reporter for American magazines and a guest honored beyond his expectations, he correctly noted the absence of any coronation proper or a specifically religious ceremony of a single denomination. He pinned down the fault of American (and British) journalists who could not teil the difference between Wilhelmina's enthronement and the coronation of the Russian Czar. A national exhibition of women's work on this occasion in The Hague impressed him as showing great progress in the "women's century" that had been, and anticipating even greater in the next. But would our modern feminist be wholly happy with his conclusion—that "although every town and village proves how good a helpmeet for the man the Dutch woman is, there is no Wellesley or Vassar College here yet."[25] Nor would there be! But Dutch universities are wide open to women nowadays, so in that respect his hope has been made good in the spirit if not the letter.

During this visit, war broke out between the United States and Spain. Griffis reported the uncertainty and even the hostility of Dutch opinion toward the United States, but also the influence of the editor of the *Algemeen Handelsblad* of Amsterdam in swinging opinion to the American side. But, before he left, he had an experience for which only the Dutch word *aardig* is adequate. To his surprise, while attending a performance of music-hall entertainment in Rotterdam, a singing demonstration of Dutch-American friendship was given by seven girls equipped with electric lights. It came to a rousing end with the singing of "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean" and "Wien Nederlandsen Bloed" to thunderous applause.[26]

All in all, Griffis' pre-eminence as an observer and reporter upon the Netherlands cannot be doubted. His admiration is unstinted, but he does not conceal faults. "It is undoubtedly true that there are in Dutch civilization many points of superiority over ours, and we have yet to learn many excellent things from the quiet Hollanders." He was willing to accept criticism for the Dutch, especially when they did it so "wisely" as in Dr. Cohen Stuart's *Door Amerika.* But he would not concede that Americans were behind: to the contrary, theirs was a "nobler progress," because they had not been afraid to profit by what "Holland and mother England had taught."[27]

World War I brought an interruption of tourist travel and the parallel production of travel books. During the interbellum period, when travel resumed more massively than ever, travel books were going out of style. The changed character of travel in the age of the

automobile was reflected in books about travel by car. One of the best of these was by a Pittsburgh physician, J. J. Buchanan, and his trip in Holland—part of a general European tour—was notable for his willingness to venture into places not easy to reach in the age of canalboat or that of railways.[28] Of a quite different character is a work by the well-known Dutch-American author Hendrik Willem van Loon. *An Indiscreet Itinerary* is short, chatty, charming, and relatively well informed: van Loon, though not much of a historian, was an excellent journalist, and he knew the Netherlands intimately because it was his first home. In truth, he does not strictly belong to our group of American travelers, except that his book has so much good sense in it that it would be a pity to exclude it.[29]

World War II did not bring a complete halt to American travel in Holland, not at least until American entry. We do have a striking picture of the Netherlands in the immediate aftermath of the German invasion of May 1940. It came from the pen of a diplomatic officer in the United States embassy in Berlin, sent to the Low Countries and France only a month after the German victory in the West. His name was George F. Kennan, and the qualities which were to make him so famed an ambassador and so powerful a historian after the war were already present. His picture of The Hague and Rotterdam in June 1940 is vivid and eloquent. His fear that a permanent German domination of Europe would break the back of the Dutch economy and the Dutch spirit, and that the country would collapse back into swampland, echoed the forebodings of his fellow diplomat Everett a century earlier. But he pondered, too, on what he had seen, and reflected that "if there was anything in this war that made any sense to me at all, it was the resistance that had produced the ruins of Rotterdam."[30]

Almost four years later, a work appeared for a special audience that belongs to our subject even though it was not a book about past travels, but for travelers-to-be. This was the *Civil Affairs Handbook, The Netherlands* prepared by the United States Army for eventual troops in a liberated Holland. The picture of the Netherlands in this book possesses a richness of detail and a command of significance lacking even in the earlier academic handbooks; although its English is quite idiomatic, it was the work of a Dutch scholar, Bertus H. Wabeke, resident in America. Economics, demography, politics, social structure, and social attitudes—all are clearly depicted. It is dense with respect for the Dutch people and their institutions. The spirit of *Hans Brinker,* the cloying traditional interest in the quaint and the picturesque, is totally absent. The six mimeographed volumes may well be one of the best summaries of the Netherlands that had ever been done, and they deserve our admiration not only for the occasion of

their preparation, but also for the quality of mind and judgment that pervades them.[31]

In the postwar world, travel increased irhmensely, but the works in which Americans now gave voice to their vision of Holland changed in character. Sociological understanding rather than the discovery of the cute became the aim.

The two works that reflect this concern are neither of them by professional sociologists. The first, *The Light in Holland,* published in 1970, was actually by a writer who had become binational, British and American, during the war. For Anthony Bailey had been evacuated to the United States when the blitz came to Britain and then returned, finally taking up residence in America and making his career as a novelist and journalist. The formal purpose of Bailey in *The Light in Holland* was to study in the densely crowded society of the Netherlands how the massed billions of the future world might live in the limited space allotted to them by geography. To do this, he went to live for an extended period in Holland, first in Katwijk and then in Amsterdam. His report, as one would expect of a work that originally appeared in the pages of the sleek *New Yorker* magazine, is not at all formal sociology. Bailey did his homework with hard, dry facts, but remembered that "figures and statistics about growth-rates and densities have always to be tempered with impressions and feelings."

The large picture Bailey paints of a quintessentially small country is one of a land where physical privacy is difficult to maintain and is not even sought, where deliberation, responsibility, and self-sacrifice are emphasized, and yet where social privacy must be defended. This is expressed in the system of *verzuiling,* which makes possible the maintenance of harmony in a thickly settled community. The book is full of little touches that delight. In the end, unfortunately, it does not satisfy. The *New Yorker* touch—writing light as meringue, exquisite control, seriousness but not to the point of straining the reader's attention—ultimately makes one unsure just what the picture means. The original theme has been lost: we really do not know whether Holland in the late ig6o's was the foreshadowing of the world's future or just the Dutch at the peak moment of their welfare state.[32]

Dutchness, not Dutch exemplification of universality, was very much the subject of a work published only a year later that is prosaic by comparison with Bailey's sprightly style, but conveys an understanding that comes from more than a bit of living, a bit of studying, and a gift of writing. W. Z. Shetter is an academic to the core, the foremost student of the Dutch language in the United States. His knowledge of the Netherlands comes from sustained study, repeated visits, command of the language and the literature, and wide-ranging interests. What he

does in *The Pillars of Society* is to combine his understanding of Dutch character as revealed in the language usage of the Dutch with the sociological studies of *verzuiling,* most of all that of the Dutch-American scholar Arend Lijphart. To these he brings as well his own experiences and his own conclusions. He emphasizes on the one hand that Dutch society imprints upon its members the necessity for far-reaching tolerance in order to be able to maintain one's own characteristic religious-ideological identity; and on the other that the Dutch are far more alike than *verzuiling* might make one think, and most of all so in the intense formalism of their social life.[33]

At the end of our journey through memory, we find that we are also at the end of an epoch. The need to travel by imagination, through the books of those who have actually been there, has diminished almost to the vanishing point. The modern traveler sees with his own eyes, although how well he sees, as always, depends upon the richness of the mind behind the eyes. Americans, I suspect, will come less and less to Holland to look for the quaint and the picturesque, and if they do, a changing Holland will provide less and less of it to them. That is the future, however, and historians can only teil the story of the past. But that story hints that in the future as in the past there will be an affinity of affection between the two peoples.

NOTES

1 For this paper I have examined well over a hundred travel accounts. Many told of itineraries that went directly from England to France, and then on to Italy, Germany, and the Levant, and these serve merely to remind us that the Low Countries, and especially the northern part, the Netherlands in formal language that everyone called Holland, were backwaters of tourist interest. I have found nearly half a hundred, however, in which the journey extended up to Amsterdam, and less than half a dozen that were devoted to Holland alone, or to Holland and Belgium together. To these I have added several volumes of general correspondence which are not travel books as such, although many travelers' accounts were in fact merely reprinted letters to individuals or newspapers.

2 Herman Melville, *Journal of a Visit to Europe and the Levant, October 11, 1856-May 6, 1857,* ed. Howard C. Horsford (Princeton, N.J., 1955).

3 [Henry Wadsworth Longfellow], *The Letters of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow,* Vol. I: *1814-1836* (Cambridge, Mass., 1966), pp. 521-31.

4 William Cullen Bryant, *Letters of a Traveller; or, Notes of Things Seen in Europe and America* (2nd ed.; New York, 1850), pp. 226-33.

5 Mary Mapes Dodge, *Hans Brinker, or, The Silver Skates,* intro, by May Lamberton Becker (reprint ed.; Cleveland and New York, 1946).

6 This picture being drawn from all the works studied rather than constructed from them one by one, the reader is referred once and for all to the bibliography at the end of the paper.

7 [Elkanah Watson], *Men and Times of the Revolution; or, Memoirs of Elkanah Watson, including Journals of Travels in Europe and America, from 1777 to 1831, with His Correspondence with Public Men and Reminiscences and Incidents of the Revolution,* ed. Winslow C. Watson (New York, 1856), pp. 17-18, 75, 100.

8 [Elkanah Watson], *A Tour in Holland in MDCCLXXXIV.* By an American (Worcester, Mass., 1790), pp. 194-230.

9 *Ibid.,* pp. 30, 40, 76, 105.

10 *Ibid.,* pp. 20, 26, 56-60, 130-32, 137-38.

11 *Ibid.,* pp. 43, 78-79, 116-19.

12 *Ibid.,* pp. 88-89, 103.

13 [Aaron Burr], *The Private Journals of Aaron Burr, during his residence of four years in Europe; with Selections from his correspondence,* ed. Matthew L. Davis (2 vols.; New York, 1858), II, 58, 67-68, 164-88, 222-32.

14 M.G., *Here and There: A Miscellany;* for private circulation (Dresden, 1869).

15 John Griscom, *A Year in Europe. Comprising a Journal of Observations in England, Scotland, lreland, France, Switzerland, the North of Italy, and Holland. In 1818 and 1819* (2 vols.; New York, 1823), II, 135-85.

16 Zachariah Allen, *The Practical Tourist, or Sketches of the State of the Useful Arts, and of Society, Scenery, etc. etc. in Great-Britain, France and Holland* (2 vols.; Providence, R.I., 1832), I, 202-3, 211-12, 217-25, 237.

17 [Alexander Hill Everett], *Europe: or a General Survey of the Present Situation of the Principal Powers; with Conjectures on their prospects.* By a Citizen of the United States (Boston, 1822), pp. 16, 240-45.

18 [John Lothrop Motley]. *The Correspondence of John Lothrop Motley, D.C.L.,* ed. George William Curtis (2 vols.; New York, 1889), II, 95, 106, 122, 125-27, 158-59, 210-14, 301-26, 331-37, 350, 354, 391-93-

19 George E. Waring, Jr., *A Farmers Vacation. Reprinted (with Additions) from Scribner's Monthly* (Boston, 1876), pp. 13-121.

20 William Elliot Griffis, *The American in Holland: Sentimental Rambles in the Eleven Provinces of the Netherlands* (Boston and New York, 1899), pp. 356-70.

21 Edward R. Beauchamp, *An American Teacher in Early Meiji Japan* (Honolulu, 1976).

22 Griffis, *The American in Holland,* pp. 22-75, 86-87.

23 *Ibid.,* pp. 98, 101, 107.

24 *Ibid.,* pp. 111-12, 164-65, 260-62.

25 *Ibid.,* pp. 377-78, 381-82.

26 *Ibid.,* pp. 373-75.

27 *Ibid.,* pp. 199-200.

28 J. J. Buchanan, *Take Your Own Car Abroad and Find Your Own Europe: A Book on Modern Independent Motor Car Travel* (Pittsburgh, 1930), pp. 243-67.

29 Hendrik Willem van Loon, *An Indiscreet Itinerary, or How the Un-*

conventional Traveler Should See Holland, by One who Was Actually Born There and Whose Name Is (New York, 1933).

30 George F. Kennan, *Memoirs, 1925-1950* (Boston, 1967), pp. 124-27.

31 Headquarters, [U.S.] Army Service Forces, *Civil Affairs Handbook, The Netherlands. Section 1, Geographical and Social Background.* 5 April 1944. Army Service Forces Manual, M-357-1.

32 Anthony Bailey, *The Light in Holland* (New York, 1970).

33 William Z. Shetter, *The Pillars of Society: Six Centuries of Civilization in the Netherlands* (The Hague, 1971).

WORKS CONSULTED

Addresses Made at the Annual Meetings of the Netherlands Society of Philadelphia. Bellevue-Stratford Hotel, 1913 to 1930. [Philadelphia, c. 1930]

ABRAHAMSON, S. S. *Holland and Our Friends the Dutch.* Amsterdam, c. 1910.

ALLEN, Grant. *The European Tour.* New York, 1899.

[ALLEN, Richard L.] *Last Letters of Richard L. Allen.* New York, 1871.

ALLEN, Zachariah. *The Practical Tourist, or Sketches of the State of the Useful Arts, and of Society, Scenery, bc. irc. in Great-Britain, Trance and Holland.* 2 vols.; Providence, R.I., 1832.

ALLEN, Harrie Trowbridge. *Travels in Europe and the East: During the Years 1858-1859 and 1863-1864.* Printed for private circulation. New Haven, 1879.

ARMSTRONC, Frank. *Travels in European Countries.* Terre Haute, Ind., 1893.

BAILEY, Anthony. *The Light in Holland.* New York, 1970.

BELLOWS, Henry W. *The Old World in lts New Face: Impressions of Europe in 1867-1868.* 2 vols.; New York, 1869.

BENEDICT, Erastus C. *A Run through Europe.* New York, 1860.

BENEDICT, E. L. *Stories of Persons and Places in Europe.* New York and London, 1887.

[BRANDEIS, Louis D.] *Letters of Louis D. Brandeis.* Ed. Melvin I. Urofsky and David W. Levy. Vol. I. Albany, N.Y., 1971.

BRYANT, William Cullen. *Letters of a Travelier; or, Notes of Things Seen in Europe and America.* 2nd ed.; New York, 1850.

BUCHANAN, J. J. *Take Your Own Car Abroad and Find Your Own Europe: A Book of Modern Independent Motor Car Travel.* Pittsburgh, 1930.

BUCKHAM, George. *Notes from the Journal of a Tourist.* 2 vols.; New York, 1890.

[BURR, Aaron.] *The Private Journals of Aaron Burr, during his residence of four years in Europe; with Selections from his correspondence.* Ed. Matthew L. Davis. 2 vols.; New York, 1858.

BUSCH, Noel F. *Lost Continent?* New York, 1945.

CHILD, Theodore. *Summer Holidays: Travelling Notes in Europe.* New York, 1889.

COLMAN, Henry. *European Life and Manners; in Familiar Letters to Friends. 2* vols.; Boston, 1849.

COWIE, Donald. *Holland: The Land and the People.* South Brunswick, N.J., and New York, 1974.

[CROWNINSHIELD, Clara.] *The Diary of Clara Crowninshield: A European Tour with Longfellow, 1835-1836.* Ed. Andrew Hilen. Seattle, 1956.

DAY, Henry. *A Lawyer Abroad: What to See and How to See.* New York, 1874.

DODGE, Robert. *Diary, Sketches and Reviews, during an European Tour, in the Year 1847.* New York, 1850.

DODGE, Mary Mapes. *Hans Brinker, or, The Silver Skates.* Intro, by May Lamberton Becker. Reprint ed.; Cleveland and New York, 1946.

DUDLEY, Lucy Bronson. *"A Writer's Inkhorn."* New York, 1910.

DULLES, Foster Rhea. *Americans Abroad: Two Centuries of European Travel.* Ann Arbor, Mich., 1964.

DURBIN, John P. *Observations in Europe, Principally in France and Great Britain.* 2 vols.; New York, 1844.

EDWARDS, George Wharton. *Holland of To-day.* New York, 1909.

[EVERETT, Alexander Hill.] *Europe: or a General Survey of the Present Situation of the Principal Powers; with Conjectures on their prospects.* By a Citizen of the United States. Boston, 1822.

FALKNER, W. C. *Rapid Ramblings in Europe: What I Saw at London, Paris, Genoa, . . . Wiesbaden, Amsterdam, Rotterdam, The Hague, and on the Alps and Rhine.* Philadelphia, 1884.

FIELD, Henry M. *From the Lakes of Killarney to the Golden Horn. 4 th* ed.; New York, 1877.

———. *Summer Pictures: From Copenhagen to Venice.* New York, 1859.

FISK, Wilbur. *Travels in Europe; viz., in England, Ireland, Scotland, France, Italy, Switzerland, Germany, and the Netherlands.* 6th ed.; New York, 1843.

FORNEY, John W. *Letters from Europe.* Philadelphia, 1867.

G„ M. *Here and There: A Miscellany.* For private circulation. Dresden, 1869.

GRIFFIS, William Elliot. *The American in Holland: Sentimental Rambles in the Eleven Provinces of the Netherlands.* Boston and New York, 1899.

———. *Brave Little Holland and What She Taught Us.* Boston and New York, 1894.

GRISCOM, John. *A Year in Europe: Comprising a Journal of Observations in England, Scotland, Ireland, France, Switzerland, the North of Italy, and Holland. In 1818 and 1819.* 2 vols.; New York, 1823.

HALL, Mrs. Herman J. *Two Travelers in Europe: A Unique Story told by One of Them, What They Saw and How They Lived while Traveling among the Half-Civilized Peoples of Morocco, the Peasants of Italy and France, as well as the Educated Classes of Spain, Greece, and Other Countries.* Springfield, Mass., 1898.

HOLDEN, S. J. *A Summer Jaunt through the Old World: A Record of an Excursion made to and through Europe, by the Tourjée Educational Party of i8j8.* Boston, 1879.

HOWELL, Charles Fish. *Around the Clock in Europe: A Travel-Sequence.* New York, 1912.

HUBBELL, Orrin Z. *A University Tramp.* Elkhart, Ind., 1889.

KENNAN, George F. *Memoirs, 192 5-1950.* Boston, 1967.

KING, Horatio. *Sketches of Travel, or Twelve Months in Europe.* Washington, D.C., 1878.

KIRKLAND, [Caroline Matilda]. *Holidays Abroad; or Europe from the West.* New York, 1849.

[LILIENTHAL, David E.] *The Journals of David E. Lilienthal.* Vol. IV. New York, 1969.

[LONGFELLOW, Henry Wadsworth.] *The Letters of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.* Vol. I: *1814-1836.* Ed. Andrew Hilen. Cambridge, Mass., 1966.

LOON, Hendrik Willem van. *An Indiscreet Itinerary, or How the Unconventional Traveler Should See Holland, by One who Was Actually Bom There and Whose Name Is.* New York, 1933.

MACGAVOCK, Randal W. *A Tennessean Abroad or Letters from Europe, Africa, and Asia.* New York, 1854.

MARTIN, Edward Sandford. *Abroad with Jane.* Privately printed, 1918.

MELVILLE, Herman. *Journal of a Visit to Europe and the Levant, October 11, 1856-May 6, 185J.* Ed. Howard C. Horsford. Princeton, N.J., 1955.

MITCHELL, Donald Grant [pseud. Ik. Marvel]. *Fresh Gleanings: or, A New Sheaf from the Old Fields of Continental Europe.* New York, 1851.

MONTGOMERY, James Eglinton. *Our Admiral's Flag Abroad. The Cruise of Admiral D. G. Farragut, commanding the European Squadron in 1867-68, in ihe Flag-Ship Franklin.* New York, 1869.

MOORE, Waker W. *A Year in Europe.* 3rd ed.; Richmond, Va., 1905.

[MOTLEY, John Lothrop.] *The Correspondence of John Lothrop Motley, D.C.L.* Ed. George William Curtis. 2 vols.; New York, 1889.

OSBORNE, Albert B. *Finding the Worth-While in Europe.* New York, 1913.

POE, Charles Hamilton. *A Southerner in Europe, Being Chiefiy Some Old World Lessons for New World Needs as Set Forth in Fourteen Letters of Foreign Travel.* 3rd ed.; Raleigh, N.C., 1910.

[ROOSEVELT, Theodore.] *The Letters of Theodore Roosevelt.* Ed. Elting E. Morison. Vol. VII. Cambridge, Mass., 1954.

SCHOONMAKER, Frank. *Come with Me through Belgium and Holland.* New York, 1928.

SHETTER, William Z. *The Pillars of Society: Six Centuries of Civilization in the Netherlands.* The Hague, 1971.

SINGLETON, Esther. *A Guide to Great Cities for Young Travelers and Others: Northwestern Europe.* New York, 1910.

[SMITH, George A., et al.] *Correspondence of Palestine Tourists; comprising a Series of Letters of George A. Smith, Lorenzo Snow, Paul A. Schettler, and Eliza R. Snow, of Utah. Most Written while Traveling in Europe, Asia, and Africa. In the years 1872 and 1873.* Salt Lake City, 1875.

SMITH, H. Lyle [pseud. A. Piller, Doctor]. *Mary and I Go to Europe. An Unbiased Account (E. ir O.E.) of a Little Journey in the World during the Months of June, July and August, 1896.* Hudson, N.Y., 1898.

SMITH, Ffrancis] Hopkinson. *Well-Worn Roads of Spain, Holland, and Italy: Traveled by a Painter in Search of the Picturesque.* Boston and New York, 1887.

STAVER, Mary Wiley. *Fifty Years After: A School Girl Abroad Fifty Years Ago.* Bethlehem, Pa., 1899.

STEVENSON, Burton E. *The Spell of Holland: The Story of a Pilgrimage to the Land of Dykes and Windmills.* Boston, 1911.

TERHUNE, William L. *My Friend, the Captain: or, Two Yankees in Europe. A Descriptive Story of a Tour of Europe.* New York, 1898.

THWING, Edward P. *Outdoor Life in Europe, or Sketches of Seven Summers Abroad.* New York, 1888.

TOPLIFF, Samuel. *Topliff's Travels: Letters from Abroad in the Years 1828 and 1829.* Ed. Ethel Stanwood Bolton. Boston, 1906.

TOUSEY, Sinclair. *Papers from over the Water: A Series of Letters from Europe.* New York, 1869.

[UNITED States Army] Headquarters, Army Service Forces, *Civil Affairs Handbook, The Netherlands. Section 1, Geographical and Social Background.* 5 April 1944. Army Service Forces Manual, M-357-1.

[UTRECHT, University of.] *Jaarboek der Rijksuniversiteit te Utrecht, 1908-1909.* Utrecht, 1909.

WALLER, Mary E. *Through the Gates of the Netherlands.* Boston, 1914.

WARING, George E., Jr. *A Farmer's Vacation. Reprinted (with Additions) from Scribner's Monthly.* Boston, 1876.

[Watson, Elkanah.] *Men and Times of the Revolution; or, Memoirs of Elkanah Watson, including Journals of Travels in Europe and America, from I"J7J to 1831, with His Correspondence with Public Men and Reminiscences and Incidents of the Revolution.* Ed. Winslow C. Watson. New York, 1856.

———, *A Tour in Holland in MDCCLXXXIV.* By an American. Worcester, Mass., 1790.

[WOODS, Matthew.] *Rambles of a Physician: or, a Midsummer Dream.* 2 vols.; Philadelphia, 1889.

Dutch Travelers in the United States

A Tale of Energy and Ambivalence

J. W. SCHULTE NORDHOLT

THE title of this paper indicates, more accurately than I had initially expected, what it really is about. It is about travelers that we are talking, not about tourists. Let me try to define the difference between the two. The purpose of the tourist is to escape from reality, to find peace in some dreamlike landscape, some Shangri-La. The traveler, on the other hand, is on a voyage of discovery; it is not a dream he is looking for, but a new reality. The tourist wants to comprehend his world, encompass it, store it somewhere, preferably in his camera. The traveler is overwhelmed; he sees only a part, his quest never ends. The tourist wants to recognize, the traveler to discover. The tourist sails on a lake, the traveler on the ocean. The tourist looks for the past, the traveler for the future.

Forgive me for starting with such bold generalizations. The tentative conclusion that I want to draw from them, with excuses to my dear friend Professor Herbert Rowen, is that American travelers in Holland were mostly tourists, but that Dutch tourists in the United States were travelers. In America there was something to be discovered. It was a country with an aureole of mystery, a mythological margin. A country without limits and without history, a gigantic shape in time and space. It had something unreal, and it was at the same time of current interest. It might be far away beyond the horizon, yet it was, in the belief of most visitors, the land of the future. What happened in America was bound to happen later on in Europe, in Holland.

That is why travelers were more involved in America than in any