BRECON BRIDGE.

Brecon, built at the confluence of the rivers Hendifha and Usk, has hence its native name, Aberhonddhu (pronounced *Aberhonddy*) Llewelyn, the last independent Prince of the Welsh, was killed in Breconshire.

Low to himself beneath the sun,
While soft his dusky waters run
With ripple on his infant's breath,
As ancient song Usk murmureth
By the bridge of Aberhonddhu.

'Tis not of deeds of old, the song,
Llewelyn's fate, or Gwalia's wrong;
But how, while we have each our day
And then are not, he runs for aye.

He sees the baby dip its feet
Within his limpid waters sweet:
And hears when youth and passion speak
What smiles will fire the maiden's cheek:

Then, manhood's colors tamed to gray,
With his fair child the father gay
And then Old Age who creeps to view
The stream his foot in boyhood knew.

From days before the iron cry
Of Roman legions rent the sky,
To man with wolf held sway in strife,
Usk sees the flow and ebb of life.

As mimic whirlpools on his face
Pile after pile, each other chase,
And grow and intersect and die,
Our little circles eddy by.

But those fair waters run for aye,
Vile to himself, *Where's my day?*
All footsteps lost at last to Death,
His answering song, Usk murmureth
By the bridge of Aberhonddhu.

Cornhill Magazine. F. T. PALGRAVE.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE

SKETCHES OF EASTERN TRAVEL.

NO. XVIII.

Brock—Rotterdam—Delft—William the Silent—Antwerp—Rubens's Cassine—the Antwerp Gallery—Cologne—The Cathedral.

[Communicated for the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.]

THE HAGUE, *Tuesday Evening, June 21st*, 1870.—We got through with Amsterdam today; left it this evening for this place, so famous as the seat of government of Holland during all the eventful periods of its stirring history, and now the residence of the king. We had a busy day in Amsterdam. Our time was occupied in a visit to the Royal Museum, very striking; a visit to the Royal Palace, with an ascent to the top of the tower above it as the highest available spot from which to get a good view of the city, with all the low-lying country around it. Then we were much interested in a visit to a large establishment for the cutting and polishing of diamonds, the whole operation of which we had the opportunity of witnessing. I like to visit such places, for they always furnish some illustration, which are sure to come into play, sooner or later. But the most interesting part of our day's occupation was a visit to the village of Brock (called Brook), so much celebrated as the *element village in the world*. The Dutch, you know, are proverbial as a people for their habits of cleanliness; but nowhere does this flower of the national peculiarity bloom in perfection as in this village. The excursion occupied us four hours, partly by steamboat and partly by carriage. We rode part of the way along the banks of the grand canal which connects Amsterdam with the North Sea. It is a gigantic national undertaking, and, as a result of engineering skill, second only to the canal of Suez. It is a great, substantial ship canal, built through forty-five miles of marsh.

Everything in and about this famous village (except the canals, or ditches, which run through it and around it) is kept as nice and as clean as a new pin. The ditches, indeed, are filthy enough, covered, as they are, with the most luxuriant fertility. It is lined, almost its whole length, with noble old trees, and pursues its noiseless way through splendid farms, from whose fertile fields the busy husbandmen, and husband-women, too, were engaged in gathering in the most abundant crops of hay. We had but a couple of hours to spend at Delft, but that was sufficient. There were just two places we desired to visit there. One was the house in which William the Silent was killed, and the other the church in which his honored remains are reposing.

The palace in which the martyred Prince lived and died is a large old building, now used as a barrack for the soldiers. We visited the hall in which he had been dining on the fatal day, just before his death. We walked down the stairs which he descended, after dinner, for the last time. At the foot of the stairs, on the landing leading to the audience chamber, whither he was going to receive his friends, is a little closet-room. It was here that the wretched minion of the still more wretched and infamous King of Spain had secreted himself, and just as the Prince reached the bottom of the stairs, he opened the door and shot him before there was time for any interference. The spot where the ball struck, on the opposite side of the stairway, is marked by a brass plate, with an inscription in German stating the fact. So perished, in the prime of his days and in the midst of his usefulness, one of the noblest of men and the purest of patriots.

After this we made a pilgrimage to his tomb. It is in the church where all the monarchs of the House of Nassau are buried. A fine, large marble monument is erected over his remains. At one end of the monument is a bronze statue of the Prince in a sitting posture. At the other end a white marble figure represents him as lying reposing on the top of a sarcophagus. And here, too, his faithful dog has been introduced, lying down at the feet of his master. More than 200 years have passed since the death of this truly great and good man, and yet, as in the case of our own lamented Lincoln, who so much resembles it, the mystery of his "taking off" remains as dark and inscrutable as when it first took place.

After this we took the train for Rotterdam. A ride of half an hour brought us there. It is one of the comforts of visiting Holland that so little time is necessary in getting from one place to another.

Rotterdam is a place of great life and enterprise. It has more commerce than any other town in Holland, and more signs of prosperity about it than Amsterdam. Though arriving late in the afternoon, we had time enough, by taking a carriage, to drive through the town before dark, and visit all the chief points of interest connected with it, not neglecting the famous Delft-haven, from which the Pilgrim fathers of our own land sailed forth on their adventurous voyage to found a new empire in the Western world. And thus ended a busy but delightful day. It will leave with us many pleasing recollections of liberty-loving, bravely-Protestant Holland.

ANTWERP, *Thursday Evening, June 23.*—We left Rotterdam at nine o'clock for this place. The first two or three hours of our journey were by steamboat down the river Meuse, on which Rotterdam stands. Our sail ended at a place called Meerdyk. The Meuse is one of the principal outlets by which the waters of Rhine empties itself into the sea. It flows through a low, flat country, in a very winding course and with a very sluggish current. But, like the canals of Holland, this river is teeming with life and activity. The Dutch are a sort of amphibious people. A large part of the population live on the water. When a young man can afford to possess himself of a small canal boat, he marries and takes his wife on board of his boat. That is their home. There they live and bring up their family. The children know no other home than that floating one. As you see the boats passing and repassing on the river, you wonder what they are about. As we meet in almost all of them. Here are clothes hung out to dry, and there are children playing about the deck. The wife is woman of all work. She makes herself "generally useful." At one time, with her arm over the rudder-beam, she may be seen steering the boat. This done she will perform with her shoulder the motion of her body, while her hands are busy knitting. At another time she is occupied in helping her husband to push the boat along with the heavy poles used for this purpose. No wonder the Dutch have always been such excellent sailors, when so many of them are born and brought up on the waters. After leaving the steamboat at Meerdyk we reached Antwerp, after a dusty ride of two hours, by the middle of the afternoon. We had time to go through the town and visit its chief external objects of interest, reserving for to-morrow the paintings in the gallery and the cathedral. The spire of the cathedral is one of the finest in Europe. I think it was Napoleon who admired it so much that he said it ought to be kept in a glass case. As we rode along the banks of the river Scheldt, I looked with great interest on the scenes of those hard-fought battles, described by Motley, in which the Dutch performed such prodigies of valor when fighting for their liberty against the veteran legions of Spain, led on by that splendidly-gifted, but heartless and cruel, Duke of Alva. Antwerp seems has never recovered its trade and commerce from the injury inflicted on it by the oppression of Spain and the horrors of the Inquisition.

COLOGNE, *Friday Evening*, June 24th.—We spent the greater part of yesterday in visiting the Gallery and Cathedral of Antwerp. The choicest productions of Rubens, the great Dutch artist, are found here. He was born, and lived, and was buried in Antwerp. The people of the palace are very proud of him, and have good reason for it. His tomb is one of the churches, and his monument in the public square. The gems among his works here are "The Descent from the Cross," known from copies from chromos and photographs all over the world, and his "Crucifixion." This represents just the moment of time when one of the Roman soldiers is thrusting his spear into the side of the Divine sufferer, and another, with a tut of iron, is breaking the legs of the thieves. All this adds wonderfully to the life and spirit of the scene. But it diverts attention from the central figure, which should absorb the interest of the beholder. Sir Joshua Reynolds said of this picture, that "for composition, action, coloring and expression, it deserves to rank as one of the first paintings in the world." I am indebted to the contrast presented between this and the Van Dyck Descent from the same collection, for the suggestion of a good subject for a sermon, which I have stowed away in my note-book for next winter's use. The Descent from the Cross, and several other of Rubens's best paintings are in the Cathedral. In the afternoon we left Antwerp for Cologne, and arrived about ten o'clock this evening. We had a stupid old fellow for a guide in Antwerp, who afforded no small amusement, in various ways. Thus, on entering a street called Venus street, he—asked him what they gave to such a name as that for? "You see, shentlemen," said he, "*Venus* was a lady, vat lived a good while ago; *a merry* lady, you know, so dey called it for her" I have enjoyed our visit to Holland very much. I have a great fondness for the Dutch, not only for their commendable qualities, but for their long and heroic struggle against the tyrannical and persecuting Spaniards, at the beginning of the Reformation, but also for their continued struggle with nature for the privilege of existence. They occupy a country wrung from the ocean, and maintained by constant effort. The greater part of Holland lies below the level of the sea, and, therefore, they have to live as the people have to do battle continually. They live by the dykes and barriers which keep back the encroachments of the sea. These are kept up with great cost and care. They are all under the care of a Board of Supervision. These men keep constant watch over the dykes. The moment there is any appearance of giving way in any part, the alarm is given, and the people hasten to the spot with all the appliances necessary to prevent a break. Patrick Henry said: "The price of *liberty* is eternal vigilance." With the Dutch it is true that "eternal vigilance is the price of *safety*." Their very existence depends on it. And it is curious to see how, in carrying on this struggle, they have one element against another. They make the wind their ally in doing battle with the water, and, by means of windmills, they drain Holland. Sometimes you may count a dozen, or twenty, in sight at once. These are used for pumping water from the ditches, or other mechanical purposes. There are not less than one thousand of these mills in the country. By their agency the water is raised from one level to another, till it is discharged into the sea. I shall always retain a pleasant recollection of my brief sojourn in Holland.

COLOGNE, *Saturday Evening, June 25.*—We spent this morning at Cologne, but, as we had both been there before, the place seemed familiar. The impression of it from my former visit was that it was a very dirty place. But evidently the Cologuies have turned over a new leaf since then, for their city struck me to-day as having a very clean look; and, being fresh from Holland and from the model village of Brock, I could hardly have been mistaken. We walked round the Cathedral and through its lofty aisles, to enjoy again the effect produced by the grandeur of the size and proportion of the magnificent pile. It is one of the finest buildings of the kind in Europe. Its stained-glass windows are particularly rich and beautiful. It is so long since the building was erected that portions of it are feeling the touch of time's decaying fingers before some other and later have been completed. The towers were never finished; but now the two old work of restoration and completion is going on together. We did not repeat our pilgrimage to the chapel in which are the bones of the eleven thousand famous virgins. That is a thing that may be done once in a life-time, but will hardly bear repeating.

From the Cathedral I went to the railway station to inquire after my shawl bundle. In going from Berlin to Amsterdam last Monday, I left the bundle containing my shawl and overcoat in the car from which we went out, and never thought of it till just as we were starting in the other train. I telegraphed about it on reaching Amsterdam, though with very little expectation of ever seeing again the bundle I had carried so far. However, after a good deal of trouble in making myself understood by the railway officials, a closet was finally unlocked, and there, safely stowed away on one of the shelves, were the missing companions of my voyage. I was very glad to see them again, and shall try to table better care of them hereafter. We left Cologne about two o'clock this afternoon by rail, for Rolandreck, and there took the steamer for this place, where we arrived about ten o'clock. But the afternoon was cold, windy and rainy, which was not very favorable for scenery-seeing. We spend Sunday here, and as the sunset was clear tonight we shall hope for pleasanter weather in finishing our sail up the Rhine on Monday. The best part of the season is still before us.

COBLENTZ, *Sunday Evening, June 26.*—We leave in the morning on our way up the Rhine towards Switzerland. R. N.

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