

HOLLAND:

ITS

INSTITUTIONS; ITS PRESS, KINGS,
AND PRISONS,

E. MEETER,



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Baron Fagel again -I publish a Republican Paper in the Hague, called The Ooyevaar - My Correspondents - Extensive Circulation – Prosecution -The Horrid Secret between Petrus Jansen and Willem II. for six months silenced with 15,000 Guilders - The Contra Ooyevaar -Tetroode and the Ooyemoer -De Haas -Van Gorcum.

GENERAL FAGEL, whom I had seen in the latter end of September, 1843, appeared to have received very unfavourable reports regarding my behaviour, and my attempts to induce him to judge impartially between Willem II. and his confidants, and me, failed altogether. He was evidently less a representative of his own feelings than of those of the government he served. Secretary Guericke had ascended in the ambassador's favour, and was so bloated with diplomatic pride that he treated cavalierly. With regard to my connection with the Parisian press, I did not find matters as I had expected, and the reflections and considerations which the death of Willem I, and other circumstances created within me, altered my intention of remaining at Paris, or of going to Madrid, and I requested Guericke to put a visa on my passport for London. I knew very well that I should not require that brevet of thralldom in free England; but it was required for my leaving France, where generally a stranger is not allowed to take passage on board foreignbound steamers unless provided with that testimonial. The secretary wrote a few lines about my application to Fagel, who was in his own apartments, and the latter sent his lackey - a new servant who was not yet diplomatised - with the verbal reply, delivered in my presence, that the desired visa could be put upon my passport, but that, the same time, a letter was to be written to Van Rappard, informing him that I had changed my plan de voyage. I thus accidentally learned that even in a foreign country my movements would be subjected to official observation and correspondence, and this caused me finally to decide on returning to Holland, and to try whether could not, in spite of all the machinations and contrivances of my enemies and opponents, put a republican paper on foot in the very place of abode of royalty.

Three months afterwards I was again in Holland, after having performed a pedestrian tour through France and Belgium. During the time I was dependent upon the favour of Willem II. I had not made the acquaintance of any publisher of that town, with the exception of J. Van 't Haaff, who printed my work about the oculist Kremer, and the correspondent of the Amsterdam publishers, Hendrik Frylink, to whose valuable periodical, called Het Leeskabinet, I was for a short time the chief contributor, and both these persons were of opinion that no publisher in the Hague dared to risk the production of an anti-government newspaper.

I found, however, what I desired. In a small, long passage in the centre of the Hague, lived an old man with silver hairs, a middle aged wife, and fourteen children, nearly all daughters, and he was a printer publisher, although on a very small scale. The large family was chiefly dependent

upon the one press Dumée, as he was called, possessed, but that one press was a good one, and he had, moreover, sufficient available type to print a weekly newspaper. It was about this time that a certain John Ronge, an excommunicated Silesian priest, published his brochures regarding popery and true religion, as he understood it, and which caused a great rumour and excitement among continental Christians. I translated these little books for Dumée, and the sale was very profitable to him. He and his wife were of opinion that if I would constantly supply them with manuscript they would fare much better than they had before done, even they should lose, as was to be expected, their customers who were connected with the Government. To make more sure of my position, and to prevent a recurrence of what I had experienced with Bolt, I behaved as if I intended to become a member of the numerous family. I was respected as a guest, and treated as a friend, and they soon felt that their interest had become interwoven with my views.

Having that press at my disposal, I made arrangements to have my reporters in the palaces of the king, the Prince of Orange, and Prince Frederick, and among the entourage of Princess Marianne. Without much difficulty I found some of the servants of these personages willing to report anything of consequence to me. Persons in the service of tyrants are glad of loosening now and then the strings of their secrets and griefs in the bosom of trustworthy persons. It is very rare that unintended attachment and real love bind a slave to his master. A tyrant has no friends, and it is only the money, the providing the means of material existence, adequate to their assumed personal situation in social life, that makes his favourites cling to him. As soon as the idea springs up in person that he, though a servant, is as well and as good a human being as the creature whose words to him are law, the ties of blind abnegation of his own existence in favour of the man who is his superior according to social conventions only, are irremediably broken. I was friendly with my secret correspondents in the palaces, but paid them nothing; in fact they refused to accept any money, and formed in that respect a striking contrast to the hirelings of despotism. Why did I make these arrangements, deeply averse as I was to all *espionage*? Principally out of a spirit of revenge, my actions in private life had been reported, for the greater part falsely and calumniously, and certainly did not return too much by delivering the denunciations of the secrets and whereabouts of such lofty individuals for the edification of the public. The arms of the royal town of the Hague consist of two animals, a bird, and a reptile. The bird is the reverend stork, represented usually with one of its legs an onward and elevated direction; the poor reptile is a meagre snake, twisting its writing limbs into its destroyer's beak. The stork, in Holland, goes by the more sonorous name of *Ooyevaar*; and that was the name I gave to my small hebdomadal paper.

I had a vignette placed at the head of it, representing the feathered biped; but instead of miserably -looking snake, it had rolls of paper in its beak, on which were lithographed the words *grondwet* and *belasting* (constitu-

tion and taxes), and another paper under its foot on which was the word *monsterwet* (monster law). This latter alluded to a law which Van Hall had passed under the name of the law of the gratuitous loan, and which tended to make the good Dutch people pay for the tremendous deficit in the balance of the exchequer plundered by the late Willem I. The *monsterwet* was already execrated by the nation; the constitution and the law taxes were in fair progress of being so at a future period, which I intended to shorten as much possible.

It was in the autumn of 1844 that the republican *Ooyevaar* made its first appearance, and startled the creatures of Government, who could scarcely believe that any person could be so audacious as to publish such a paper under the very nose of the king. The most cunning members of the secret police were sent about to depreciate and to speak slanderously of the libellous print as they called it; but as I had intimated to my readers beforehand that such was likely to happen, the intended effect of their underhand dealings was lost. In the beginning the *Ooyevaar* was clandestinely read, and in private circles, but only a few weeks elapsed before it was admitted into all the *koffijhuizen*. I had no subeditor or contributors at the commencement; but soon as the paper acquired some notoriety, I received numerous contributed articles. Some persons of high standing or in the service of the Government, who, quite in harmony with the character of the Hague, feared that their letters would be opened and read at the post-office, indirectly requested me to pay them a visit, when they would put me in possession of information, the publication of which generally would tend to throw blame on the Government, or to bring the dynasty into disrepute. I will not betray the persons who thus put trust in me, but I may as well make a single exception regarding a political renegade, and say that one of these was the little lawyer Dirk Donker Curtius, who will hereafter appear as his Excellency the Minister of Justice in Holland.

The day of publication of the *Ooyevaar* was Saturday. The *koffijhuizen* were crowded with people at the hour that the delivery took place. It was also anxiously expected at the king's table, and in the dwellings of the highest personages, who were bewildered at my revelations, which could only proceed from persons intimately acquainted with the palaces. More than once I related, in a manner fully comprehensible to them, what they had spoken and done on certain occasions, when they firmly believed themselves to be in circles exclusively devoted to their interests. One of the members of the Orange-Nassaus became afraid of paying his nocturnal visits in the attire of a common civilian, and secretly provided himself with the garb of an insignificant-looking journeyman, with false whiskers: only to throw them aside with curses, when the Saturday arrived, and be discovered that his secret was no secret at all. Distrust and uncomfortable feelings began to pervade the royal circles, and the apprehensions of insecurity banished from them that easiness without which no enjoyment is possible.

Only a small portion of my paper, however, was taken up by that sort of *chronique scandaleuse*, and the principal part of it was devoted to the discussion of political affairs and topics of general or local interest. Its whole tendency was purely republican, but all my articles, whether treating on general or individual matters, were couched in such terms, and, where required, surrounded by so many negative expressions, as my precaution, guided by my experience and an improved tactic of fettered journalism suggested. But, notwithstanding all my precautions, the *arrondissements regtbank* in the Hague, a few months after the *Ooijevaar* made its appearance, commenced the usual game of quenching political vitality, and prosecutions were instituted against me by the customary accusation of libel. The quasi-slandered person in this case was a gamekeeper of the king, called in that country *pluimgraaf*, which means Count of the Feather," a name perhaps invented by the illustrious ancestors of the royal family. Two respectable persons, the one called Tuyt, an inhabitant of Scheveningen, and the other called Staal, living in the Hague, had sent me for insertion in my paper an article signed by both, in which they gave it as their opinion that the *pluimgraaf* had committed perjury, inasmuch as, having been duly sworn, he declared before the judge in the Hague that he had noticed those two persons strolling about the king's grounds without, however, seeing whether they carried a gun, while afterwards he swore to the contrary, and pertinaciously stated that they had a gun, in consequence of which they were sentenced to pay a fine of forty guilders, or the alternative of going to prison for six months. I inserted that article with their signatures, appended to which were a few remarks of my own, in which I carefully avoided committing myself to the *pluimgraaf*.

The District Court of the Hague was not very particular in respect of prosecuting the real authors of the article, and, as I was at all events the editor, it liberally adjudged me six months' imprisonment, to pay a fine of thousand guilders, to ten years' interdiction of civil rights, and other niceties, which condemnation, however, was set aside on appealing to the higher authority of the Provincial Court of South Holland.

About the same time that Staal and Tuyt were fined for poaching, a woman, residing in the Hague, and going by the name of Emma, was condemned for abetting prostitution and debauching young girls. This had been her regular business for more than ten years, but as her house was frequented by royal scions and persons of high rank, no notice was taken of it, until an unhappy father, whose young daughter had been delivered up to bloated voluptuousness, repeatedly complained, and Emma was at last sentenced to six months' imprisonment, the minimum sentence allowed by the law in such cases.

But she never went to prison, although her sentence was confirmed on an appeal being made to the High Council of the Netherlands. The affair was hushed up; the royal clemency made use of its prerogative; and Emma received a full pardon. Although I did not mention a word of this clan-

destine transaction, I was perfectly aware of what was going on; and I put this case before the public, as soon as the two men, sentenced on very doubtful testimony for poaching on the king's grounds, had received a negative reply on their appeal for remission of punishment, in order to make a contrast so striking that it needs must rouse the indignation of every heart containing the slightest feeling of delicacy and honour.

In this instance the inhabitants of the Hague threw off their peculiar etiquette, and loudly cried for very shame; but the high-minded men of the Government would not show any appearance of submitting to justice and reason. Tuyt and Staal were sent to prison and locked up with malefactors, and were not liberated until they had paid the fine.

My journal had not been more than two months in existence, when the unfortunate Marquis de Thouars, to whom the reader has been introduced in preceding pages, sent his footman, who was at the same time his confidant, with some literary contributions for my paper. He placed himself openly and unreservedly on my side, and the fact of such an occurrence by an ex-page of Willem I, and moreover a distant relation of the reigning monarch, caused a new sensation of unpleasantness at court. Two young men, Van Gorcum and De Haas, also offered their service to me, and they, too, had their articles produced with their names appended. Both were possessed of talent and fair judgment, and could have procured for themselves a high reputation where liberty and literature were estimated, and where authors reaped a sufficient reward for their intellectual labours, so as not to be obliged to depend upon subsidiary means of existence.

Van Gorcum did not long continue a contributor to the *Ooijevaar*. He once came to me and told a moving tale of the straitened circumstances of his aged mother, and of his own penury, and entreated me to point out to him the way to get possession of more money than I was able to give him. I told him that I knew of no plan by which he could succeed in obtaining the object he had in view, unless it was by relinquishing his name and position as a journalist of the opposition, and to apply to Van Rappard. He so strongly assured me that only the most serious circumstances could drive him to such a step, and that he would never cease to be a republican, that I communicated to him some *quasi secrets*; by revealing which I told him that, by speaking of me in derogatory terms to the director of the king's cabinet, I had not the slightest doubt of his being handsomely compensated. He did so, and actually received at once a thousand guilders as a gratuity, on condition that he was not to see me again, and to leave the country, which he did without even bidding me adieu.

The weather was very severe in the first month of the year 1845, and continued excessively cold during the latter part of the lengthened winter. On one of those stormy, hazy, snowy, and unpleasant days - it was a Friday, and I believe the 10th of March - I was busily engaged in writing, and had all my attention absorbed in the subject of my demonstrations, when,

noiselessly and unexpectedly, there appeared before me an emaciated and ghastly-looking person, staring around him with deep-sunk eyes, who asked me, in a low, grating voice, whether he was alone with me, or if there was anybody concealed in the room. Turning from the close attention I was paying to the composition upon which I was engaged, I doubted for a moment whether I was not labouring under some hallucination - but no; although he had made his appearance as a phantom, he stood there, the man in reality. His dress was in conformity with his personal appearance, for, although he was shivering with cold, he was attired in summer garments, which bore evident witness of long service. This tatterdemalion had a voluminous bundle of papers under his arm, which he deposited upon my writing-table, at the same time keeping his hand upon it. My astonishment was not abated when I heard him say that his name was Peter Jansen, and that there were only two persons who could save him from destruction - those two being Dirk Donker Curtius and myself. It was the first time that I had knowingly seen this strange individual, and the information I had formerly received about his equivocal connection with the king, and the enormous amounts of money which had been presented to him by the debased monarch, induced me to believe that, if ever my eyes rested on Peter Jansen, I should certainly see him clad in the choicest finery, covered with golden rings, eye-glass, chain, watch, and whatever other articles generally belong to the exhibitions of such sort of people.

If I do not render the exact account, and the bearing and meaning of all the words and explications I heard from the mouth of that wretch, it is because I am afraid that the minuteness with which I should like to render the truth might intrude too much upon common decency. On observing to him that it was quite unpolite to enter my apartment, uninvited, and stealthfully as he had done, he knelt down at my feet, and a sorrowful tone exclaimed that he had made up his mind to see me in whatever manner he could, and that, not finding my old servant, Sypkes, in the passage, he had unceremoniously proceeded to my room. "I am nearly starved," said he, "and so are my wife and child. Serrets of great importance exist between Willem II and myself, and common sense ought to tell him not to leave me destitute as I am; but he has withdrawn his from me, and - but pray look into these papers, they will tell you everything. Do look at them; nobody has yet seen them but Donker Curtius, and he does not seem willing to save me."

I took the papers in my hand as I would have touched a venomous toad, and after having thrown a desultory glance at his financial projects, and the notes which had reference to his private concerns with Willem II^a, I ordered him to stand up and swear to tell me the truth. "After Cats and I," he continued, "had presented some schemes for saving the country from bankruptcy, I one day accidentally met the king, walking alone in the Nachtegaalspad, close to the garden of his palace, when he asked me whether I was the same person who had sent plans of financial reform to him. On my replying in the affirmative, he desired me to see him the next morning at half-past eleven; and delighted at such an invitation, and being,

moreover, rather in want of money, I did not fail to present myself at the royal palace exactly at the appointed time. I was ushered into the receiving-room facing the Kneuterdyk, and after some preliminary common talk, he gently took my hand and pressed it with such a strange sort of trembling nervousness, which appeared as if I was holding the hand of a loving, lustful woman: "Listen, Jansen," said the king; "feel confident that you are a clever and a good man, and I like you very much;" and, drawing me nearer to him, he gave me kiss, and whispered: "Believe me, Jansen, I can make a statesman of you, and a great too; and, see here, Jansen, I shall give you an order on your breast" - (he now pressed me to his heart and kissed me more fondly than before) - "and, if you like it" - (and here he was, while breathing heavily, unfastening the order he wore on his own breast) - "you can have this; only come, Jansen - come, do as I wish." Saying these words, he put his hand forward, and" -

"Begone!" said I. Never have the temerity again to cross my threshold." But folding his hands, and assuming a praying attitude, he continued: "I am guiltless; I did not fall; the attempt was made, but I resisted; that is all. I swear that I am innocent of the crime. Help me, assist me; I am a lost man if you will not do it, and you can do it in a minute. A few lines of your handwriting only will save me."

He then took from his pocket a letter, addressed to his Majesty Willem II, to the effect that, as he had so many times applied to him without receiving an answer, he now, for the last time, wrote this letter, with an intimation that if, on presenting himself at the king's palace on the following Monday, he did not, before twelve o'clock on that day, receive a sum of fifteen thousand guilders, he intended, without delay, publicly to make known all that had passed between them, Under this he requested me only to add, that I would comply with his wishes regarding the publication. I believed, at that moment, in the man's statements; and looking at his features and appearance, so manifestly speaking of his dejectedness and misery, I took compassion upon him, and taking the letter from his hands, I wrote under Jansen's signature as follows: - "Unless the victim of royal heartlessness be assisted, I shall at once give publicity to the affaire - E. MEETER."

Peter Jansen had his apartments in the house at the corner of the Boschkant and Heeregracht, Westside, and in the same house lived a person of the name of Gerritsen, who was my occasional reporter, and on whose faithfulness I could depend. I never saw him in his own house, and was not aware that both parties resided on the same premises. On the following day - Saturday evening - he told me that great joy had been caused at his dwelling by a message having been received by Peter Jansen, requesting him to go to the king's palace the next Monday morning, at eleven o'clock.

He described to me the position in which Jansen was, and had been for many weeks, as destitute in the extreme - the last article they possessed having been taken to the pawn-shop. He informed me at the same time that

Jansen was married to an exmaitresse of a member of the First Chamber of the Staten-general, by whom she had a child, and that Jansen had dissipated the fortune she once possessed. The next Monday he watched Jansen, and saw him enter the palace, and leave it soon afterwards, running towards his lodgings.

He had received the money. The principal articles pawned were at once redeemed, and at two o'clock a vehicle was standing at the door, with the son of Jansen's wife behind it, acting as lacquey, and Mr. and Madame Jansen left for Germany, via Rotterdam. My misplaced commiseration had saved that man from the very brink of beggary and vagrancy; but he never so much as thanked me for the services I had rendered him. I saw him, however, afterwards - about 150 days from the above circumstance - and the fifteen thousand guilders were gone. It had taken him less than half a year to spend that money. The villain had the impudence to accost me in one of the *koffijhuizen* I nightly frequented, and the manner in which he expressed himself raised my anger to such degree that, had I not been providentially prevented from doing so I should have pierced him. The point of my sword, which, concealed in a strong cane, was my constant companion, had nearly reached his breast, when my friend, Van Saazen,^b threw himself on my arm, exactly in time to save me from sealing my fate in the blood of a worthless miscreant. The non-satisfaction of my anger, however, was the cause of a serious nervous attack, which almost put an end to my life., Jansen went about in public places, and to the toyal theatre, to spend his last few guilders, loudly exclaiming that he and Wiliem II were brothers, and more than that, evidently with the object of extorting, this time by such means, new remittances from the king. On this occasion the latter made another fatal step, by taking into his personal confidence the commissary of police, Waldeck, by whose daring tricks Jansen, all on a sudden, disappeared. He was not murdered, but kidnapped, forced into a carriage, and taken to prison in another town - Rotterdam - without either trial, accusation, or legal instrument whatever. The king, of course, had expected that proper care would have been taken, in one way or the other, of that dangerous fellow doing any harm; it happened, however, that the intrigues and selfish speculation of Waldeck caused Willem II to pay, not many months after-wards, a hundred thousand guilders, attended with circumstances which forced the king to restore Jansen to liberty.

The *Ooyevaar* had existed nearly six months when I disagreed with the publisher, Dumée, and his family, about some trifling matter, and I intentionally commenced publishing my paper with another printer, in order to give wider extension to the circulation of liberal ideas. De Haas took the editorship of the old *Ooijevaar*, and started the young one with the publisher Mingelen. My friend, De Haas, wrote his paper in perfect unison with the tone and tactics I had adopted, but he lacked the experience to which I owed higher degree of circumspection and cautiousness, and only a short time had elapsed when he was prosecuted for the usual libel - for libel against such a man as Willem II. The District Tribunal of the Hague gladly

unhesitatingly sentenced him to two years' imprisonment, against which he appealed before the Provincial Court.

The accounts or hints about the private doings of the royal and other personages, published in that part of the *Ooijsaar* which I called *chronique scandaleuse*, induced the king again to have secret police of own. It may also have been that he had got scent of the manner in which he was watched by Van Saazen, and two other friends, and myself, and that fear of personal safety contributed to his taking this step. Who at first was at the head of this personal secret police I am unable to tell, but certain it is that Waldeck had afterwards a hand in it. Connected with the police was the editor of a vile weekly sheet, written in the most coarse language, attacking all sorts of persons in their private affairs and personal doings, His real name was Apeker, but as he had formerly been convicted of felony, he published his pamphlet with the family name of his wife, Van der Ven. Nobody ever spoke about the lampooner but with the greatest contempt ; yet this Apeker was taken into the king's service, and paid for publishing a paper which was called the *Contra-Ooijsaar*. At the head of that production figured a print, representing a large stork, having under one of its wings my publisher, Dumée, and under the other my own person. We were each in company of and collared by a policeman, who appeared to be very angry with us. The nauseating trash contained in that paper could do no harm to the *Ooijsaar*, and the private police was in this, as in all other respects, nothing but expensive and worse than useless to Willem II.

On the other hand, I was attacked by the *S' Gravenhaagsche Nieuwsbode* generally a well-conducted, but an entirely dependent paper, in the service of the police. D'Engelbronner was its principal editor, and Behr, commissary of police in Scheveningen, the sub-editor. The former opened a full volley of invectives and calumnies against me in one of the best constructed leading articles he ever wrote. According to his statements, I surpassed in duplicity and wickedness the late Bulbus, as described by Cicero. He conjured the public to beware of my sly look, as being an index of my penetrating into the secrets of others, which, sooner or later, I certainly would bring to account. The article was evidently carefully concocted in the pandemonium at the ministry of justice; but it had no effect, overreaching; as it did, its mark.

A third enemy was let loose upon me. This was a bookseller of the name of Antonie Van Tetroode, commonly called -Toon Tetroode, than whom a more perfect parody on a respectable man never, very likely, existed. Had that creature been living in England, he would undoubtedly have gone by the name of the little flying Dutchman. Although nearly fifty years of age, and bandylegged, he jumped and danced about the streets of the royal Hague as if he had been a *saltimbanque*, or a clown at Astley's. His gait was nothing but a counterfeit of his character, remarkable for absolute want of steadiness and principle. This miscarriage of human nature was as dirty in his behaviour as paltrous of countenance. He had been sentenced

not less than twentythree or twenty-four times, now for riotous conduct or assault, then for abusive language or slander, and then again for fighting, or spitting in other people's faces. This latter disgusting and mean act was of frequent occurrence with him, and one of his habits. He once publicly spat in the face of the governor of the royal library, a most quiet, inoffensive, and obliging man; in fact, he did not care who it was he covered with his spawl. But he was never harshly dealt with by the judges; a fine of a few guilders or stivers, or three or eight days', or, in very rare instances, a month's imprisonment, was all that he knew beforehand he should receive for his filthy and dastardly abominations.

Such an outcast from respectable society, without a grain of shame or scrupulosity about him; found favour in the eyes of Orange-Nassau. Directly and positively to engage such a scrub in the secret police was not advisable, for he never could have agreed to anything like authority, from which he had to receive instructions. But he could be useful in the irregular force of the police, and it was on this consideration that he often received gratuities when he had wrought mischief against a foe of the government. This same villain had luminous intervals, during which he made pasquinades against men of liberal principles, and panegyrics in favour of his protector, Willem II, or any one of the Nassau family who was likely to pay him for his trouble. He had even times when he would patch together a seemingly good verse;^c and as the productions of his giddy-brained muse were of course dedicated to his royal supporters, I baptized him in my paper the *hoftroubadour*, or the troubadour of the court of his Majesty Willem II. As I generally knew when and for what motives he had received a gift from the royal personages, and more than once alluded to such disgraceful stimulations to Quixotism, ribaldry, and vice, the king got at last tired of him, and left his letter and his application, his prose and his poetry, unheeded. Toon Tetroode could not conceive how his friend Willem II, could forsake him; at all events, would try again, and this time, if possible, deliver a letter into the king's own hands. Knowing that the king intended going to Tilburg, he concealed himself, the day that such was to take place, behind some trees on the road between the Hague and Delft, and, seeing the royal carriage advancing, he, with one of his malapert jumps, approached the windows, and threw his letter on his Majesty's lap. As no bystander had seen him perform this tour, he thought nobody knew of it, and as, moreover, his royal friend had now received the epistle himself, he fancied he was entitled to the right of fostering the brightest expectations in his mind, until the next Saturday, when his letter appeared in *extenso* in the *Ooijvaar*, and caused its readers to roar with laughter. The king had after perusal, torn the letter into a hundred pieces, and, when long out of sight of the troubadour, thrown them into the Delft canal, and on its bank. One of the servants who accompanied him perceived this, and immediately wrote a few lines, which he dropped before a house they were passing, the principal occupiers of which lost no time in collecting the

different pieces, which were duly picked out and arranged, and the contents of the letter faithfully rendered by the *Ooijevaar*.

The publication of the letter startled Willem II, and made the *hoftroubadur* more furious than ever. And thereupon he also started a periodical, published at irregular times, whenever the fancy took him and he had the means to pay the printer. He adorned his pamphlet with the name of *Ooijemoer*, a word fabricated by himself, and which is not to be found in any Dutch dictionary. Moer is the vulgar expression for mother, and raar for father; perhaps he meant to give my *Ooijevaar* a Xantippe for wife.

The publication was a reverberation of its author; it was mean in the extreme. He had the letters composing the names and titles of his royal supporters printed in gold; and in the colours of the Dutch gallows were printed my name, and sometimes those of Van Gorcum, De Haas, Dumée, and Mingelen. I have only to add, that his bombast and balderdash as little injure me in the public opinion, as the well-constructed but too venomous article of referendaris D'Engelbronner, or the base lampoons of Apeker, alias Van Der Ven; and sneered as well at the *S'Gravenhaagsche Nieuwsbode*, as at the *Ooijemoer* and the *Contra-Ooijevaar*.

Meanwhile, and even before I had promoted Toon Tetroode to the office of troubadour at the Dutch court, and before I had considered his peculiar connection with Orange-Nassau of sufficient importance to mention his name in my paper, he had twice attacked and assaulted me. The first time that such happened one evening when he lay in wait behind the corner of a street which I had to pass. He simultaneously spat in my face, and struck me with his fist in the eyes, so quickly and unexpectedly, that I knew only by the peculiar jumps of his bandy legs that it was him I saw running away at the top of his speed. The second time he attacked me was in broad daylight. It blew a heavy gale, and I was going against the wind, with my hands in the pockets of my over-coat, and my head downwards, when I received a most violent blow on my face with a stick, which made the blood spring from my nose. I turned round and saw Tetroode gambolling in the direction of his house, just once turning his face towards me, with his tongue out of his mouth.

The assertion I here give, that I had no redress from these diabolical attacks, may appear apocryphal ; but it is too true. If it requires any proofs, the third attack he made upon me, and the circumstances which attended and followed that fearful occurrence, will amply furnish them. I was returning late on a Saturday night from the printing-office of Mingelen, when, thoughtfully walking the street, Tetroode - evidently under the influence of liquor, for he never had the courage openly to assault me - came jumping from the other side, exclaiming, "Now I shall do for you!" He intended to give me a tremendous blow on my head, but I parried his cane with one stroke and sent it flying into the air. And there he was before me, unarmed and unprotected, and I could easily have slain, or at least inflicted a severe

bodily chastisement on the vile wretch. Full of temerity, inflated by partial drunkenness, he did not directly run away as he was wont to do, but stared impudently in my face, as if he would say, "I dare you to touch me!" Indeed, I knew very well that if I had wounded that man, however slightly it might have been, I should that very night have been lodged in prison. How agitated and excited I was! but I preserved my selfpossession, and left him without noticing him. Proceeding on my way home, I had not advanced a great distance when I saw the cane I had thrown out of his hand; and as it had the appearance, by the lamp, of being mounted with silver, I said to myself :

"Let me throw this stick after him, in order that he may take it home; perchance that little bit of silver may some time or another be of use to the unhappy wife and child of the base spendthrift." Quietly stooping down to take it up, I all at once felt as if a tiger had jumped on my back. It was Tetroode, who had followed on tiptoe and watched his opportunity thus treacherously to assail me. At that time I always allowed my beard to grow, and it was therefore luxuriant and of great length. Grasping my whiskers from behind, he hung upon them with the whole weight of his body. He did more - he repeatedly threw his legs with all his force backwards; and, not satisfied yet, he stretched himself as high as he could, and came with his head over my shoulders, attempting to bite out my eyes. He actually got his teeth in the upper lid of my right eye, which he tore asunder, the blood streaming copiously down my dress and boots. This struggle lasted several minutes, during which I alternately pushed him with my shoulders when he reaching my eyes, or left off pushing when the fearful pain of my cheeks compelled me to desist. I did not utter word; but from his throat there escaped, now and then, a low, roaring noise, as if of unsatisfied rage. Suddenly I felt as if I was under water and had my eyes open; a light yellow and grey hue dimmed my sight - the *protégé* of Willem II had his tongue in my right eye, and, not succeeding in biting it out, he attempted to suck it out of its socket. When I perceived this, a loud cry, not of pain, but of horror, involuntarily burst forth from my breast. That cry attracted a few persons, and I was rescued. On hearing what had happened, a crowd soon assembled, and Tetroode had much difficulty in escaping from the danger of receiving a condign punishment at the hands of the bystanders. A friend of mine, returning home from his *koffijhuis*, arrived on the spot when the treacherous coward had fled. He stopped the effusion of blood as much as possible, and entreated me, for friendship's sake, to step for a moment with into the police-station, and to lay a complaint against my assailant. I did so, and subsequently went to a surgeon, who spent a great part of the night in adjusting the torn pieces of my eyelid, which he entirely covered with straps of adhesive plaister; but some weeks elapsed before it was altogether well.

This case produced some ephemeral sensation, and Tetroode was actually prosecuted and sentenced by the District Tribunal in the Hague to a month's imprisonment. But he did not go to prison any more than the bona-

roba Emma; he received his full pardon, and shortly afterwards, when the most infamous expedients were systematically tried to murder me - shortly afterwards, I say, he was wallowing in debauchery, paid by the extra gratuity he had received for having, in so praiseworthy and courageous a manner, attacked an ungrateful rebel. That a king such as Willem II should shield with his royal protection the very scum of society, may, after all that has been stated, appear very natural; but, with the intense sorrow and the painful feeling of a Dutch patriot, I beg to ask every sensible man, every human being not degraded to a beast, what he thinks of a nation which abides by such monstrosities, nay, which erects statues in honour of the royal performer of such nameless crimes?

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^a Two years or more afterwards, Joseph Dames, proprietor of the *koffijhuis* called the Gouden Kroon, on the Dagelyksche Groenmarkt, in the Hague, had some of these notes, or copies, in his possession, in one of which, according to what Dames told to all his friends, Willem II affirmed that he loved Peter Jansen "better than the finest woman in his kingdom."

^b This noble-minded man was a sworn interpreter the high of the Netherlands, and afterwards nected with the *Nieuwe Rotterdamsche Courant*.

^c He made some poetry in French, addressed to Nicholas le Grand, as he called him, which was presented to the Russian Emperor on his visit to Holland and England in 1844. One of the suits of the emperor told me that, as Tetroode had been the only person in the Hague who had sent printed verses to the emperor, he would have been splendidly rewarded had not two circumstances been against him ; namely, in the first place, his bad repute ; and, secondly, because in some of his adulatory apostrophes he made use of the word Czar, which, as I learned on that occasion, is extremely disliked by the haughty tyrants of the semi-barbarian empire. As it was, he received only fifty guilders, the smallest gratuity the emperor gave to any person a little above a common beggar.