

kind of fort or earthwork, guarding a still more important canal. The country was quite flat, as elsewhere in Holland, but very rich, and really quite attractive. All the houses seemed rather fresh and new; not one that could be referred back to a period so remote as that at which the original American Kouenhoven left that quiet spot (1632) and sailed for New Amsterdam and a new world. In fact, one does not see any houses that look so ancient as that, anywhere in the rural districts, so far as I have observed. In walking from the Kouenhoven hotel toward the village of Bilt, I noticed a very spacious, rather old-fashioned farm-house, and made up my mind that it was the oldest-looking one in that neighborhood. Afterwards a young Dutch gentleman told me he knew the place well, and that the spacious, old-fashioned house above mentioned was on what he called the Oude (old) Kouenhoven, while the hotel at which I had stopped was on the Nieuw (new) place of the same name. On the whole I was much pleased with this trip in search of the home of my ancestors, finding the region so very attractive; but I had not time, unfortunately, to hunt up the 'friedhof' or cemetery, in which, possibly, I might have found some trace of them—though that is extremely doubtful."

This "pious pilgrimage" to the ancestral home having been accomplished, he was now ready to leave the continent. Arriving in London, he wrote from there, April 5, 1884:

"We came straight to lodgings here, which prove quite satisfactory, and in which we may perhaps remain until near the first of next month, though our plans for the next six weeks are not fully formed. Our chief remaining anxiety at present, I think, is to get back home in safety and comfort, and to find there our families and friends that are left, in like safety and comfort."

But this great desire of his heart was not to be realized. Frail of constitution, and worn by his years of incessant toil more than his friends had known, with an irregularity and weakness of the heart's action which had long filled his friend and physician, Dr. Favill, with intense anxiety on