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THE RISE OF THE DUTCH REPUBLIC

THE RISE

OF THE

DUTCH REPUBLIC

BY JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. I

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PREFACE.

THE rise of the Dutch Republic must ever be regarded as one of the leading events of modern times. Without the birth of this great commonwealth, the various historical phenomena of the sixteenth and following centuries must have either not existed, or have presented themselves under essential modifications. Itself an organised protest against ecclesiastical tyranny and universal empire, the Republic guarded with sagacity, at many critical periods in the world's history, that balance of power which, among civilised states, ought always to be identical with the scales of Divine justice. The splendid empire of Charles the Fifth was erected upon the grave of liberty. It is a consolation to watch afterwards the gradual but triumphant resurrection of its spirit. From the handbreadth of territory called the province of Holland rises a power which wages eighty years' warfare with the most potent empire upon earth, and which, during the progress of the struggle, becoming itself a mighty state, and binding about its own slender form a zone of the richest possessions of earth from pole to tropic, finally dictates its decrees to the empire of Charles.

So much is each individual state but a member of one great international commonwealth, and so close is the relationship between the whole human family, that it is impossible for a nation, even while struggling for itself, not to acquire something for all mankind. The maintenance of the right by the little provinces of Holland and Zealand in the sixteenth, by Holland and England united in the seventeenth, and by the United States of America in the eighteenth centuries, forms but a single chapter in the great volume of human fate; for the so-called revolutions of Holland, England, and America are all links of one chain.

To the Dutch Republic, even more than to Florence at an earlier day, is the world indebted for practical instruction in that great science of political equilibrium, which must always become more and more important as the various states of the civilised world are pressed

more closely together, and as the struggle for pre-eminence becomes more feverish. Courage and skill in political and military combinations enabled William the Silent to overcome the most powerful and unscrupulous monarch of his age. The same hereditary audacity and fertility of genius placed the destiny of Europe in the hands of William's great-grandson, and enabled him to mould into an impregnable barrier the various elements of opposition to the overshadowing monarchy of Louis XIV. As the schemes of the Inquisition and the unparalleled tyranny of Philip, in one century, led to the establishment of the Republic of the United Provinces, so, in the next, the revocation of the Nantes Edict and the invasion of Holland were avenged by the elevation of the Dutch stadholder upon the throne of the stipendiary Stuarts.

To all who speak the English language, the history of the great agony through which the Republic of Holland was ushered into life must have peculiar interest, for it is a portion of the records of the Anglo-Saxon race—essentially the same, whether in Friesland, England, or Massachusetts.

A great naval and commercial commonwealth, occupying a small portion of Europe, but conquering a wide empire by the private enterprise of trading companies, girdling the world with its innumerable dependencies in Asia, America, Africa, Australia—exercising sovereignty in Brazil, Guiana, the West Indies, New York, at the Cape of Good Hope, in Hindostan, Ceylon, Java, Sumatra, New Holland—must always be looked upon with interest by Englishmen, as in a great measure the precursor in their own scheme of empire. For America the spectacle is one of still deeper import. The Dutch Republic originated in the opposition of the rational elements of human nature to sacerdotal dogmatism and persecution—in the courageous resistance of historical and chartered liberty to foreign despotism. "To maintain," not to overthrow, was the device of the Washington of the sixteenth century, as it was the aim of our own hero and his great contemporaries.

The great Western Republic, therefore—in whose Anglo-Saxon veins flows much of that ancient and kindred blood received from the nation once ruling a noble portion of its territory, and tracing its own political existence to the same parent spring of temperate human liberty—must look with affectionate interest upon the trials of the elder commonwealth. These pages recite the achievement of Dutch independence, for its recognition was delayed till the acknowledgment was superfluous and ridiculous. The existence of the Republic is properly to be dated from the Union of Utrecht in

1581, while the final separation of territory into independent and obedient provinces, into the commonwealth of the United States and the Belgian provinces of Spain, was in reality effected by William the Silent, with whose death, three years subsequently, the heroic period of the history may be said to terminate. At this point these pages close. Another series, with less attention to minute details, and carrying the story through a longer range of years, will paint the progress of the Republic in its palmy days, and narrate the establishment of its external system of dependencies and its interior combinations for self-government and European counterpoise. The lessons of history and the fate of free states can never be sufficiently pondered by those upon whom so large and heavy a responsibility for the maintenance of rational human freedom rests.

I have only to add, that this work is the result of conscientious research, and of an earnest desire to arrive at the truth. I have faithfully studied all the important contemporary chroniclers and later historians—Dutch, Flemish, French, Italian, Spanish, or German, Catholic and Protestant, Monarchist and Republican, have been consulted with the same sincerity. The works of Bor (whose enormous but indispensable folios form a complete magazine of contemporary state papers, letters, and pamphlets, blended together in mass, and connected by a chain of artless but earnest narrative), of Meteren, De Thou, Burgundius, Heuterus, Tassis, Viglius, Hoofd, Haraeus, Van der Haer, Grotius—of Van der Vynckt, Wagenaer, Van Wyn, De Jonghe, Kluit, Van Kampen, Dewez, Kappelle, Bakhuyzen, Groen van Prinsterer—of Ranke and Raumer, have been as familiar to me as those of Mendoza, Carnero, Cabrera, Herrera, Ulloa, Bentivoglio, Perez, Strada. The manuscript relations of those Argus-eyed Venetian envoys who surprised so many courts and cabinets in their most unguarded moments, and daguerreotyped their character and policy for the instruction of the crafty Republic, and whose reports remain such an inestimable source for the secret history of the sixteenth century, have been carefully examined—especially the narratives of the caustic and accomplished Badovaro, of Suriano, and Michele. It is unnecessary to add that all the publications of M. Gachard—particularly the invaluable correspondence of Philip II. and of William the Silent, as well as the "Archives et Correspondance" of the Orange Nassau family, edited by the learned and distinguished Groen van Prinsterer, have been my constant guides through the labyrinth of Spanish and Netherland politics. The large and most interesting series of pamphlets known as "The Duncan Collection" in the Royal Library at the Hague has also

afforded a great variety of details by which I have endeavoured to give colour and interest to the narrative. Besides these, and many other printed works, I have also had the advantage of perusing many manuscript histories, among which may be particularly mentioned the works of Pontus Payen, of Renom de France, and of Pasquier de la Barre; while the vast collection of unpublished documents in the Royal Archives of the Hague, of Brussels, and of Dresden, has furnished me with much new matter of great importance. I venture to hope that many years of labour, a portion of them in the archives of those countries whose history forms the object of my study, will not have been entirely in vain; and that the lovers of human progress, the believers in the capacity of nations for self-government and self-improvement, and the admirers of disinterested human genius and virtue, may find encouragement for their views in the detailed history of an heroic people in its most eventful period, and in the life and death of the great man whose name and fame are identical with those of his country.

No apology is offered for this somewhat personal statement. When an unknown writer asks the attention of the public upon an important theme, he is not only authorised, but required, to show that by industry and earnestness he has entitled himself to a hearing. The author, too, keenly feels that he has no further claims than these, and he therefore most diffidently asks for his work the indulgence of his readers.

I would take this opportunity of expressing my gratitude to Dr. Klemm, Hofrath and Chief Librarian at Dresden, and to Mr. Von Weber, Ministerial-rath and Head of the Royal Archives of Saxony, for the courtesy and kindness extended to me so uniformly during the course of my researches in that city. I would also speak a word of sincere thanks to Mr. Campbell, Assistant-Librarian at the Hague, for his numerous acts of friendship during the absence of his chief, M. Holtrop. To that most distinguished critic and historian, M. Bakhuyzen van den Brinck, Chief Archivist of the Netherlands, I am under deep obligations for advice, instruction, and constant kindness during my residence at the Hague; and I would also signify my sense of the courtesy of Mr. Charter-Master de Schwane, and of the accuracy with which copies of MSS. in the archives were prepared for me by his care. Finally, I would allude in the strongest language of gratitude and respect to M. Gachard, Archivist-General of Belgium, for his unweared courtesy and manifold acts of kindness to me during my studies in the Royal Archives of Brussels.

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RISE OF THE DUTCH REPUBLIC.

HISTORICAL INTRODUCTION.

I.

THE north-western corner of the vast plain which extends from the German Ocean to the Ural Mountains, is occupied by the countries called the Netherlands. This small triangle, enclosed between France, Germany, and the sea, is divided by the modern kingdoms of Belgium and Holland into two nearly equal portions. Our earliest information concerning this territory is derived from the Romans. The wars waged by that nation with the northern barbarians have rescued the damp island of Batavia, with its neighbouring morasses, from the obscurity in which they might have remained for ages, before anything concerning land or people would have been made known by the native inhabitants. Julius Cæsar has saved from oblivion the heroic savages who fought against his legions in defence of their dismal homes with ferocious but unfortunate patriotism; and the great poet of England, learning from the conqueror's Commentaries the name of the boldest tribe, has kept the Nervii, after almost twenty centuries, still fresh and familiar in our ears.

Tacitus, too, has described with singular minuteness the struggle between the people of these regions and the power of Rome, overwhelming, although tottering to its fall; and has, moreover, devoted several chapters of his work upon Germany to a description of the most remarkable Teutonic tribes of the Netherlands.

Geographically and ethnographically, the Low Countries belong both to Gaul and to Germany. It is even doubtful to which of the two the Batavian island, which is the core of the whole country, was reckoned by the Romans. It is, however, most probable that all the land, with the exception of Friesland, was considered a part of Gaul.

Three great rivers—the Rhine, the Meuse, and the Scheld—had deposited their slime for ages among the dunes and sandbanks heaved up by the ocean around their mouths. A delta was thus formed, habitable at last for man. It was by nature a wide morass, in which oozy islands and savage forests were interspersed among lagoons and shallows; a district lying partly below the level of the ocean at its higher tides, subject to constant overflow from the rivers, and to frequent and terrible inundations by the sea.

The Rhine, leaving at last the regions where its storied lapse, through so many ages, has been consecrated alike by nature and art—by poetry and eventful truth—flows reluctantly through the basalt portal of the Seven Mountains into the open fields which extend to the German Sea. After entering this vast meadow, the stream divides itself into two branches, becoming thus the two-horned Rhine of Virgil, and holds in these two arms the island of Batavia.

The Meuse, taking its rise in the Vosges, pours itself through the Ardennes wood, pierces the rocky ridges upon the south-eastern frontier of the Low Countries, receives the Sambre in the midst of that picturesque anthracite basin where now stands the city of Namur, and then moves toward the north, through nearly the whole length of the country, till it mingles its waters with the Rhine.

The Scheld, almost exclusively a Belgian river, after leaving its fountains in Picardy, flows through the present provinces of Flanders and Hainault. In Cæsar's time it was suffocated before reaching the sea in quicksands and thickets, which long afforded protection to the savage inhabitants against the Roman arms, and which the slow process of nature and the untiring industry of man have since converted into the archipelago of Zealand and South Holland. These islands were unknown to the Romans.

Such were the rivers which, with their numerous tributaries, coursed through the spongy land. Their frequent overflow, when forced back upon their currents by the stormy sea, rendered the country almost uninhabitable. Here, within a half-submerged territory, a race of wretched ichthyophagi dwelt upon *terpen*, or mounds, which they had raised, like beavers, above the almost fluid soil. Here, at a later day, the same race chained the tyrant Ocean and his mighty streams into subserviency, forcing them to fertilise, to render commodious, to cover with a beneficent network of veins and arteries, and to bind by watery highways with the furthest ends of the world, a country disinherited by nature of its rights. A region, outcast of ocean and earth, wrested at last from both domains their richest treasures. A race, engaged for generations in stubborn conflict with the angry elements, was unconsciously educating itself for its great struggle with the still more savage despotism of man.

The whole territory of the Netherlands was girt with forests. An extensive belt of woodland skirted the sea-coast, reaching beyond the mouths of the Rhine. Along the outer edge of this barrier, the dunes cast up by the sea were prevented by the close tangle of thickets from drifting further inward, and thus formed a breastwork which time and art were to strengthen. The groves of Haarlem and the Hague are relics of this ancient forest. The Badahuenna Wood, horrid with Druidic sacrifices, extended across the eastern line of the vanished lake of Flevo. The vast Hercynian forest, nine days' journey in breadth, closed in the country on the German side, stretching from the banks of the Rhine to the remote regions of the Dacians, in such vague immensity (says the conqueror of the whole country), that no German, after travelling sixty days, had ever reached, or even heard of, its commencement. On the south, the famous groves of Ardennes, haunted by faun and satyr, embowered the country, and separated it from Celtic Gaul.

Thus inundated by mighty rivers, quaking beneath the level of the ocean, belted about by hirsute forests, this low land, nether land, hollow land, or Holland, seemed hardly deserving the arms of the all-accomplished Roman. Yet foreign tyranny, from the earliest ages, has coveted this meagre territory as lustfully as it has sought to wrest from their native possessors those lands with the fatal gift of beauty for their dower; while the genius of liberty has inspired as noble a resistance to oppression here as it ever aroused in Grecian or Italian breasts.

II.

It can never be satisfactorily ascertained who were the aboriginal inhabitants. The record does not reach beyond Cæsar's epoch, and he found the territory on the left of the Rhine mainly tenanted by tribes of the Celtic family. That large division of the Indo-European group which had already

overspread many portions of Asia Minor, Greece, Germany, the British Islands, France, and Spain, had been long settled in Belgic Gaul, and constituted the bulk of its population. Checked in its westward movement by the Atlantic, its current began to flow backwards towards its fountains, so that the Gallic portion of the Netherland population was derived from the original race in its earlier wanderings, and from the later and refluent tide coming out of Celtic Gaul. The modern appellation of the Walloons points to the affinity of their ancestors with the Gallic, Welsh, and Gaelic family. The Belgæ were in many respects a superior race to most of their blood-allies. They were, according to Cæsar's testimony, the bravest of all the Celts. This may be in part attributed to the presence of several German tribes, who, at this period, had already forced their way across the Rhine, mingled their qualities with the Belgic material, and lent an additional mettle to the Celtic blood. The heart of the country was thus inhabited by a Gallic race, but the frontiers had been taken possession of by Teutonic tribes.

When the Cimbri and their associates, about a century before our era, made their memorable onslaught upon Rome, the early inhabitants of the Rhine island of Batavia, who were probably Celts, joined in the expedition. A recent and tremendous inundation had swept away their miserable homes, and even the trees of the forest, and had thus rendered them still more dissatisfied with their gloomy abodes. The island was deserted of its population. At about the same period a civil dissension among the Chatti—a powerful German race within the Hercynian forest—resulted in the expatriation of a portion of the people. The exiles sought a new home in the empty Rhine Island, called it "*Bet-auw*," or "good-meadow," and were themselves called, thenceforward, Batavia, or Batavians.

These Batavians, according to Tacitus, were the bravest of all the Germans. The Chatti, of whom they formed a portion, were a pre-eminently warlike race. "Others go to battle," says the historian, "these go to war." Their bodies were more hardy, their minds more vigorous, than those of other tribes. Their young men cut neither hair nor beard till they had slain an enemy. On the field of battle, in the midst of carnage and plunder, they, for the first time, bared their faces. The cowardly and sluggish only remained unshorn. They wore an iron ring, too, or shackle, upon their necks until they had performed the same achievement, a symbol which they then threw away as the emblem of sloth. The Batavians were ever spoken of by the Romans with entire respect. They conquered the Belgians, they forced the free Frisians to pay tribute, but they called the Batavians their friends. The tax-gatherer never invaded their island. Honourable alliance united them with the Romans. It was, however, the alliance of the giant and the dwarf. The Roman gained glory and empire, the Batavian gained nothing but the hardest blows. The Batavian cavalry became famous throughout the Republic and the Empire. They were the favourite troops of Cæsar, and with reason, for it was their valour which turned the tide of battle at Pharsalia. From the death of Julius down to the times of Vespasian, the Batavian legion was the imperial body-guard, the Batavian island the basis of operations in the Roman wars with Gaul, Germany, and Britain.

Beyond the Batavians, upon the north, dwelt the great Frisian family occupying the regions between the Rhine and Ems. The Zuyder Zee and the Dollart, both caused by the terrific inundations of the thirteenth century, and not existing at this period, did not then interpose boundaries between kindred tribes All formed a homogeneous nation of pure German origin.

Thus the population of the country was partly Celtic, partly German. Of these two elements, dissimilar in their tendencies and always difficult to blend,

the Netherland people has ever been compounded. A certain fatality of history has perpetually helped to separate still more widely these constituents, instead of detecting and stimulating the elective affinities which existed. Religion, too, upon all great historical occasions, has acted as the most powerful of dissolvents. Otherwise, had so many valuable and contrasted characteristics been early fused into a whole, it would be difficult to show a race more richly endowed by nature for dominion and progress than the Belgo-Germanic people.

Physically the two races resembled each other. Both were of vast stature. The gigantic Gaul derided the Roman soldiers as a band of pigmies. The German excited astonishment by his huge body and muscular limbs. Both were fair, with fierce blue eyes, but the Celt had yellow hair floating over his shoulders, and the German long locks of fiery red, which he even dyed with woad to heighten the favourite colour, and wore twisted into a war-knot upon the top of his head. Here the German's love of finery ceased. A simple tunic fastened at his throat with a thorn, while his other garments defined and gave full play to his limbs, completed his costume. The Gaul, on the contrary, was so fond of dress that the Romans divided his race respectively into long-haired, breeched, and gowned Gaul (Gallia comata, braccata, togata). He was fond of brilliant and parti-coloured clothes, a taste which survives in the Highlander's costume. He covered his neck and arms with golden chains. The simple and ferocious German wore no decoration save his iron ring, from which his first homicide relieved him. The Gaul was irascible, furious in his wrath, but less formidable in a sustained conflict with a powerful foe. "All the Gauls are of very high stature," says a soldier who fought under Julian (Amm. Marcel. xv. 12. 1). "They are white, golden-haired, terrible in the fierceness of their eyes, greedy of quarrels, bragging and insolent. A band of strangers could not resist one of them in a brawl, assisted by his strong, blue-eyed wife, especially when she begins, gnashing her teeth, her neck swollen, brandishing her vast and snowy arms, and kicking with her heels at the same time, to deliver her fisticuffs, like bolts from the twisted strings of a catapult. The voices of many are threatening and formidable. They are quick to anger, but quickly appeased. All are clean in their persons; nor among them is ever seen any man or woman, as elsewhere, squallid in ragged garments. At all ages they are apt for military service. The old man goes forth to the fight with equal strength of breast, with limbs as hardened by cold and assiduous labour, and as contemptuous of all dangers, as the young. Not one of them, as in Italy is often the case, was ever known to cut off his thumbs to avoid the service of Mars."

The polity of each race differed widely from that of the other. The government of both may be said to have been republican, but the Gallic tribes were aristocracies, in which the influence of clanship was a predominant feature; while the German system, although nominally regal, was in reality democratic. In Gaul were two orders, the nobility and the priesthood, while the people, says Cæsar, were all slaves. The knights or nobles were all trained to arms. Each went forth to battle, followed by his dependents, while a chief of all the clans was appointed to take command during the war. The prince or chief governor was elected annually, but only by the nobles. The people had no rights at all, and were glad to assign themselves as slaves to any noble who was strong enough to protect them. In peace the Druids exercised the main functions of government. They decided all controversies, civil and criminal. To rebel against their decrees was punished by exclusion from the sacrifices —a most terrible excommunication, through which the criminal was cut off from all intercourse with his fellow-creatures.

With the Germans the sovereignty resided in the great assembly of the people. There were slaves, indeed, but in small number, consisting either of prisoners of war or of those unfortunates who had forfeited their liberty in games of chance. Their chieftains, although called by the Romans princes and kings, were, in reality, generals chosen by universal suffrage. Elected in the great assembly to preside in war, they were raised on the shoulders of martial freemen, amid wild battle-cries and the clash of spear and shield. The army consisted entirely of volunteers, and the soldier was for life infamous who deserted the field while his chief remained alive. The same great assembly elected the village magistrates, and decided upon all important matters both of peace and war. At the full of the moon it was usually convoked. The nobles and the popular delegates arrived at irregular intervals; for it was an inconvenience arising from their liberty, that two or three days were often lost in waiting for the delinquents. All state affairs were in the hands of this fierce democracy. The elected chieftains had rather authority to persuade than power to command.

The Gauls were an agricultural people. They were not without many arts of life. They had extensive flocks and herds, and they even exported salted provisions as far as Rome. The truculent German, Ger-mann, Heer-man, War-man, considered carnage the only useful occupation, and despised agriculture as enervating and ignoble. It was base, in his opinion, to gain by sweat what was more easily acquired by blood. The land was divided annually by the magistrates, certain farms being assigned to certain families, who were forced to leave them at the expiration of the year. They cultivated as a common property the lands allotted by the magistrates, but it was easier to summon them to the battlefield than to the plough. Thus they were more fitted for the roaming and conquering life which Providence was to assign to them for ages, than if they had become more prone to root themselves in the soil. The Gauls built towns and villages. The German built his solitary hut where inclination prompted. Close neighbourhood was not to his taste.

In their system of religion the two races were most widely contrasted. The Gauls were a priest-ridden race. Their Druids were a dominant caste, presiding even over civil affairs, while in religious matters their authority was despotic. What were the principles of their wild theology will never be thoroughly ascertained, but we know too much of its sanguinary rites. The imagination shudders to penetrate those shaggy forests, ringing with the death-shrieks of ten thousand human victims, and with the hideous hymns chanted by smoke-and-blood-stained priests to the savage gods whom they served.

The German, in his simplicity, had raised himself to a purer belief than that of the sensuous Roman or the superstitious Gaul. He believed in a single, supreme, almighty God, All-Vater or All-Father. This divinity was too sublime to be incarnated or imaged, too infinite to be enclosed in temples built with hands. Such is the Roman's testimony to the lofty conception of the German. Certain forests were consecrated to the unseen God, whom the eye of reverent faith could alone behold. Thither, at stated times, the people repaired to worship. They entered the sacred grove with feet bound together, in token of submission. Those who fell were forbidden to rise, but dragged themselves backwards on the ground. Their rites were few and simple. They had no caste of priests, nor were they, when first known to the Romans, accustomed to offer sacrifice. It must be confessed that, in a later age, a single victim, a criminal or a prisoner, was occasionally immolated. The purity of their religion was soon stained by their Celtic neighbourhood. In the course of the Roman dominion it became contaminated, and at last profoundly depraved. The fantastic intermixture of Roman mythology with the

gloomy but modified superstition of Romanised Celts was not favourable to the simple character of German theology. The entire extirpation, thus brought about, of any conceivable system of religion, prepared the way for a true revelation. Within that little river territory, amid those obscure morasses of the Rhine and Scheld, three great forms of religion—the sanguinary superstition of the Druid, the sensuous polytheism of the Roman, the elevated but dimly groping creed of the German—stood for centuries face to face, until, having mutually debased and destroyed each other, they all faded away in the pure light of Christianity.

Thus contrasted were Gaul and German in religious and political systems. The difference was no less remarkable in their social characteristics. The Gaul was singularly unchaste. The marriage state was almost unknown. Many tribes lived in most revolting and incestuous concubinage; brethren, parents, and children having wives in common. The German was loyal as the Celt was dissolute. Alone among barbarians, he contented himself with a single wife, save that a few dignitaries, from motives of policy, were permitted a larger number. On the marriage day the German offered presents to his bride—not the bracelets and golden necklaces with which the Gaul adorned his fair-haired concubine, but oxen and a bridled horse, a sword, a shield, and a spear—symbols that thenceforward she was to share his labours and to become a portion of himself.

They differed, too, in the honours paid to the dead. The funerals of the Gauls were pompous. Both burned the corpse, but the Celt cast into the flames the favourite animals, and even the most cherished slaves and dependents of the master. Vast monuments of stone or piles of earth were raised above the ashes of the dead. Scattered relics of the Celtic age are yet visible throughout Europe in these huge but unsightly memorials.

The German was not ambitious at the grave. He threw neither garments nor odours upon the funeral pyre, but the arms and the war-horse of the departed were burned and buried with him. The turf was his only sepulchre, the memory of his valour his only monument. Even tears were forbidden to the men. "It was esteemed honourable," says the historian, "for women to lament, for men to remember."

The parallel need be pursued no further. Thus much it was necessary to recall to the historical student concerning the prominent characteristics by which the two great races of the land were distinguished: characteristics which time has rather hardened than effaced. In the contrast and the separation lies the key to much of their history. Had Providence permitted a fusion of the two races, it is possible, from their position, and from the geographical and historical link which they would have afforded to the dominant tribes of Europe, that a world-empire might have been the result, different in many respects from any which has ever arisen. Speculations upon what might have been are idle. It is well, however, to ponder the many misfortunes resulting from a mutual repulsion, which, under other circumstances and in other spheres, has been exchanged for mutual attraction and support.

It is now necessary to sketch rapidly the political transformations undergone by the country from the early period down to the middle of the sixteenth century—the epoch when the long conflict commenced out of which the Batavian Republic was born.

III.

The earliest chapter in the history of the Netherlands was written by their conqueror. Celtic Gaul is already in the power of Rome; the Belgic tribes,

alarmed at the approaching danger, arm against the universal tyrant. Inflammable, quick to strike, but too fickle to prevail against so powerful a foe, they hastily form a league of almost every clan. At the first blow of Cæsar's sword, the frail confederacy falls asunder like a rope of sand. The tribes scatter in all directions. Nearly all are soon defeated, and sue for mercy. The Nervii, true to the German blood in their veins, swear to die rather than surrender. They, at least, are worthy of their cause. Cæsar advances against them at the head of eight legions. Drawn up on the banks of the Sambre, they await the Roman's approach. In three days' march Cæsar comes up with them, pitches his camp upon a steep hill sloping down to the river, and sends some cavalry across. Hardly have the Roman horsemen crossed the stream, than the Nervii rush from the wooded hill-top, overthrow horse and rider, plunge in one great mass into the current, and, directly afterwards, are seen charging up the hill into the midst of the enemy's force. "At the same moment," says the conqueror, "they seemed in the wood, in the river, and within our lines." There is a panic among the Romans, but it is brief. Eight veteran Roman legions, with the world's victor at their head, are too much for the brave but undisciplined Nervii. Snatching a shield from a soldier, and otherwise unarmed, Cæsar throws himself into the hottest of the fight. The battle rages foot to foot and hand to hand; but the hero's skill, with the cool valour of his troops, proves invincible as ever. The Nervii, true to their vow, die, but not a man surrenders. They fought upon that day till the ground was heaped with their dead, while, as the foremost fell thick and fast, their comrades, says the Roman, sprang upon their piled-up bodies, and hurled their javelins at the enemy as from a hill. They fought like men to whom life without liberty was a curse. They were not defeated, but exterminated. Of many thousand fighting men went home but five hundred. Upon reaching the place of refuge where they had bestowed their women and children, Cæsar found, after the battle, that there were but three of their senators left alive. So perished the Nervii. Cæsar commanded his legions to treat with respect the little remnant of the tribe which had just fallen to swell the empty echo of his glory, and then, with hardly a breathing pause, he proceeded to annihilate the Aduatici, the Menapii, and the Morini.

Gaul being thus pacified, as, with sublime irony, he expresses himself concerning a country some of whose tribes had been annihilated, some sold as slaves, and others hunted to their lairs like beasts of prey, the conqueror departed for Italy. Legations for peace from many German races to Rome were the consequence of these great achievements. Among others, the Batavians formed an alliance with the masters of the world. Their position was always an honourable one. They were justly proud of paying no tribute, but it was, perhaps, because they had nothing to pay. They had few cattle, they could give no hides and horns like the Frisians, and they were therefore allowed to furnish only their blood. From this time forth their cavalry, which was the best of Germany, became renowned in the Roman army upon every battlefield of Europe.

It is melancholy, at a later moment, to find the brave Batavians distinguished in the memorable expedition of Germanicus to crush the liberties of their German kindred. They are for ever associated with the sublime but misty image of the great Hermann, the hero, educated in Rome, and aware of the colossal power of the Empire, who yet, by his genius, valour, and political adroitness, preserved for Germany her nationality, her purer religion, and perhaps even that noble language which her late-flowering literature has rendered so illustrious—but they are associated as enemies, not as friends.

Galba, succeeding to the purple upon the suicide of Nero, dismissed the

Batavian lifeguards, to whom he owed his elevation. He is murdered. Otho and Vitellius contend for the succession, while all eyes are turned upon the eight Batavian regiments. In their hands the scales of empire seem to rest. They declare for Vitellius, and the civil war begins. Otho is defeated; Vitellius acknowledged by Senate and people. Fearing, like his predecessors, the imperious turbulence of the Batavian legions, he too sends them into Germany. It was the signal for a long and extensive revolt, which had well-nigh overturned the Roman power in Gaul and Lower Germany.

IV.

Claudius Civilis was a Batavian of noble race, who had served twenty-five years in the Roman armies. His Teutonic name has perished, for, like most savages who become denizens of a civilised state, he had assumed an appellation in the tongue of his superiors. He was a soldier of fortune, and had fought wherever the Roman eagles flew. After a quarter of a century's service, he was sent in chains to Rome and his brother executed, both falsely charged with conspiracy. Such were the triumphs adjudged to Batavian auxiliaries. He escaped with life, and was disposed to consecrate what remained of it to a nobler cause. Civilis was no barbarian. Like the German hero Arminius, he had received a Roman education, and had learned the degraded condition of Rome. He knew the infamous vices of her rulers; he retained an unconquerable love for liberty and for his own race. Desire to avenge his own wrongs was mingled with loftier motives in his breast. He knew that the sceptre was in the gift of the Batavian soldiery. Galba had been murdered, Otho had destroyed himself, and Vitellius, whose weekly gluttony cost the empire more gold than would have fed the whole Batavian population and converted their whole island-morass into fertile pastures, was contending for the purple with Vespasian, once an obscure adventurer like Civilis himself, and even his friend and companion in arms. It seemed a time to strike a blow for freedom.

By his courage, eloquence, and talent for political combinations, Civilis effected a general confederation of all the Netherland tribes, both Celtic and German. For a brief moment there was a united people, a Batavian commonwealth. He found another source of strength in German superstition. On the banks of the Lippe, near its confluence with the Rhine, dwelt the Virgin Velleda, a Bructerian weird woman, who exercised vast influence over the warriors of her nation. Dwelling alone in a lofty tower, shrouded in a wild forest, she was revered as an oracle. Her answers to the demands of her worshippers concerning future events were delivered only to a chosen few. To Civilis, who had formed a close friendship with her, she promised success, and the downfall of the Roman world. Inspired by her prophecies, many tribes of Germany sent large subsidies to the Batavian chief.

The details of the revolt have been carefully preserved by Tacitus, and form one of his grandest and most elaborate pictures. The spectacle of a brave nation, inspired by the soul of one great man and rising against an overwhelming despotism, will always speak to the heart from generation to generation. The battles, the sieges, the defeats, the indomitable spirit of Civilis, still flaming most brightly when the clouds were darkest around him, have been described by the great historian in his most powerful manner. The high-born Roman has thought the noble barbarian's portrait a subject worthy his genius

The struggle was an unsuccessful one. After many victories and many overthrows, Civilis was left alone. The Gallic tribes fell off, and sued for peace. Vespasian, victorious over Vitellius, proved too powerful for his old

comrade. Even the Batavians became weary of the hopeless contest; while fortune, after much capricious hovering, settled at last upon the Roman side. The imperial commander, Cerialis, seized the moment when the cause of the Batavian hero was most desperate to send emissaries among his tribe, and even to tamper with the mysterious woman whose prophecies had so inflamed his imagination. These intrigues had their effect. The fidelity of the people was sapped; the prophetess fell away from her worshipper, and foretold ruin to his cause. The Batavians murmured that their destruction was inevitable, that one nation could not arrest the slavery which was destined for the whole world. How large a part of the human race were the Batavians? What were they in a contest with the whole Roman empire? Moreover, they were not oppressed with tribute. They were only expected to furnish men and valour to their proud allies. It was the next thing to liberty. If they were to have rulers, it was better to serve a Roman emperor than a German witch.

Thus murmured the people. Had Civilis been successful, he would have been deified; but his misfortunes at last made him odious in spite of his heroism. But the Batavian was not a man to be crushed, nor had he lived so long in the Roman service to be outmatched in politics by the barbarous Germans. He was not to be sacrificed as a peace-offering to revengeful Rome. Watching from beyond the Rhine the progress of defection and the decay of national enthusiasm, he determined to be beforehand with those who were now his enemies. He accepted the offer of negotiation from Cerialis. The Roman general was eager to grant a full pardon, and to re-enlist so brave a soldier in the service of the Empire.

A colloquy was agreed upon. The bridge across the Nabalia was broken asunder in the middle, and Cerialis and Civilis met upon the severed sides. The placid stream by which Roman enterprise had connected the waters of the Rhine with the lake of Flevo flowed between the imperial commander and the rebel chieftain.

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Here the story abruptly terminates. The remainder of the Roman's narrative is lost, and upon that broken bridge the form of the Batavian hero disappears for ever. His name fades from history: not a syllable is known of his subsequent career; everything is buried in the profound oblivion which now steals over the scene where he was the most imposing actor.

The soul of Civilis had proved insufficient to animate a whole people, yet it was rather owing to position than to any personal inferiority that his name did not become as illustrious as that of Hermann. The German patriot was neither braver nor wiser than the Batavian, but he had the infinite forests of his Fatherland to protect him. Every legion which plunged into those unfathomable depths was forced to retreat disastrously or to perish miserably. Civilis was hemmed in by the ocean; his country, long the basis of Roman military operations, was accessible by river and canal. The patriotic spirit which he had for a moment raised had abandoned him; his allies had deserted him; he stood alone and at bay, encompassed by the hunters, with death or surrender as his only alternative. Under such circumstances, Hermann could not have shown more courage or conduct, nor have terminated the impossible struggle with greater dignity or adroitness.

The contest of Civilis with Rome contains a remarkable foreshadowing of the future conflict with Spain, through which the Batavian Republic, fifteen centuries later, was to be founded. The characters, the events, the amphibious battles, desperate sieges, slippery alliances, the traits of generosity, audacity, and cruelty, the generous confidence, the broken faith, seem so

closely to repeat themselves, that history appears to present the self-same drama played over and over again, with but a change of actors and of costume. There is more than a fanciful resemblance between Civilis and William the Silent, two heroes of ancient German stock, who had learned the arts of war and peace in the service of a foreign and haughty world-empire. Determination, concentration of purpose, constancy in calamity, elasticity almost preternatural, self-denial, consummate craft in political combinations, personal fortitude and passionate patriotism, were the heroic elements in both. The ambition of each was subordinate to the cause which he served. Both refused the crown, although each, perhaps, contemplated, in the sequel, a Batavian realm of which he would have been the inevitable chief. Both offered the throne to a Gallic prince, for Classicus was but the prototype of Anjou, as Brinno of Brederode, and neither was destined, in this world, to see his sacrifices crowned with success.

The characteristics of the two great races of the land portrayed themselves in the Roman and the Spanish struggle with much the same colours. The Southrons, inflammable, petulant, audacious, were the first to assault and to defy the imperial power in both revolts; while the inhabitants of the Northern provinces, slower to be aroused, but of more enduring wrath, were less ardent at the commencement, but alone steadfast at the close of the contest. In both wars the Southern Celts fell away from the league, their courageous but corrupt chieftains having been purchased with imperial gold to bring about the abject submission of their followers; while the German Netherlands, although eventually subjugated by Rome, after a desperate struggle, were successful in the great conflict with Spain, and trampled out of existence every vestige of her authority. The Batavian Republic took its rank among the leading powers of the earth; the Belgic provinces remained Roman, Spanish, Austrian property.

V.

Obscure but important movements in the regions of eternal twilight, revolutions, of which history has been silent, in the mysterious depths of Asia, outpourings of human rivers along the sides of the Altai Mountains, convulsions up-heaving remote realms and unknown dynasties, shock after shock throbbing throughout the barbarian world, and dying upon the edge of civilisation, vast throes which shake the earth as precursory pangs to the birth of a new empire—as dying symptoms of the proud but effete realm which called itself the world; scattered hordes of sanguinary, grotesque savages pushed from their own homes, and hovering with vague purposes upon the Roman frontier, constantly repelled and perpetually reappearing in ever-increasing swarms, guided thither by a fierce instinct or by mysterious laws—such are the well-known phenomena which preceded the fall of Western Rome. Stately, externally powerful, although undermined and putrescent at the core, the death-stricken empire still dashed back the assaults of its barbarous enemies.

During the long struggle intervening between the age of Vespasian and that of Odoacer, during all the preliminary ethnographical revolutions which preceded the great people's wandering, the Netherlands remained subject provinces. Their country was upon the highroad which led the Goths to Rome. Those low and barren tracts were the outlying marches of the Empire. Upon that desolate beach broke the first surf from the rising ocean of German freedom which was soon to overwhelm Rome. Yet, although the ancient landmarks were soon well-nigh obliterated, the Netherlands still remained faithful to the Empire, Batavian blood was still poured out for its defence.

By the middle of the fourth century, the Franks and Allemanians—alle-

männer, all-men—a mass of united Germans, are defeated by the Emperor Julian at Strasburg, the Batavian cavalry, as upon many other great occasions, saving the day for despotism. This achievement, one of the last in which the name appears upon historic record, was therefore as triumphant for the valour as it was humiliating to the true fame of the nation. Their individuality soon afterwards disappears, the race having been partly exhausted in the Roman service, partly merged in the Frank and Frisian tribes who occupy the domains of their forefathers.

For a century longer, Rome still retains its outward form, but the swarming nations are now in full career. The Netherlands are successively or simultaneously trampled by Franks, Vandals, Alani, Suevi, Saxons, Frisians, and even Sclavonians, as the great march of Germany to universal empire, which her prophets and bards had foretold, went majestically forward. The fountains of the frozen North were opened, the waters prevailed, but the ark of Christianity floated upon the flood. As the deluge assuaged, the earth had returned to chaos; the last pagan empire had been washed out of existence, but the faltering infancy of Christian Europe had begun.

After the wanderings had subsided, the Netherlands are found with much the same ethnological character. The Frank dominion has succeeded the Roman, the German stock preponderates over the Celtic, but the national ingredients, although in somewhat altered proportions, remain essentially as before. The old Belgæ, having become Romanised in tongue and customs, accept the new empire of the Franks. That people, however, pushed from its hold of the Rhine by thickly-thronging hordes of Gepidi, Quadi, Sarmati, Heruli, Saxons, Burgundians, moves towards the south and west. As the empire falls before Odoacer, they occupy Celtic Gaul with the Belgian portion of the Netherlands, while the Frisians, into which ancient German tribe the old Batavian element has melted, not to be extinguished, but to renew its existence, the "free Frisians," whose name is synonymous with liberty, nearest blood relations of the Anglo-Saxon race, now occupy the northern portion, including the whole future European territory of the Dutch republic.

The history of the Franks becomes, therefore, the history of the Netherlands. The Frisians struggle, for several centuries, against their dominion, until eventually subjugated by Charlemagne. They even encroach upon the Franks in Belgic Gaul, who are determined not to yield their possessions. Moreover, the pious Merovingian *fainéans* desire to plant Christianity among the still pagan Frisians. Dagobert, son of the second Clotaire, advances against them as far as the Weser, takes possession of Utrecht, founds there the first Christian church in Friesland, and establishes a nominal dominion over the whole country.

Yet the fêeble Merovingians would have been powerless against rugged Friesland, had not their dynasty already merged in that puissant family of Brabant, which long wielded their power before it assumed their crown. It was Pepin of Heristal, grandson of the Netherlander, Pepin of Landen, who conquered the Frisian Radbod (A.D. 692), and forced him to exchange his royal for the ducal title.

It was Pepin's bastard, Charles the Hammer, whose tremendous blows completed his father's work. The new Mayor of the Palace soon drove the Frisian chief into submission, and even into Christianity. A bishop's indiscretion, however, neutralised the apostolic blows of the mayor. The pagan Radbod had already immersed one of his royal legs in the baptismal font, when a thought struck him. "Where are my dead forefathers at present?" he said, turning suddenly upon Bishop Wolfran. "In hell, with all other unbelievers," was the imprudent answer. "Mighty well," replied Radbod,

removing his leg; "then will I rather feast with my ancestors in the halls of Woden, than dwell with your little starveling band of Christians in heaven." Entreaties and threats were unavailing. The Frisian declined positively a rite which was to cause an eternal separation from his buried kindred, and he died, as he had lived, a heathen. His son, Poppo, succeeding to the nominal sovereignty, did not actively oppose the introduction of Christianity among his people, but himself refused to be converted. Rebelling against the Frank dominion, he was totally routed by Charles Martell in a great battle (A.D. 750), and perished with a vast number of Frisians. The Christian dispensation, thus enforced, was now accepted by these Northern pagans. The commencement of their conversion had been mainly the work of their brethren from Britain. The monk Wilfred was followed in a few years by the Anglo-Saxon Willibrod. It was he who destroyed the images of Woden in Walcheren, abolished his worship, and founded churches in North Holland. Charles Martell rewarded him with extensive domains about Utrecht, together with many slaves and other chattels. Soon afterwards he was consecrated Bishop of all the Frisians. Thus rose the famous episcopate of Utrecht. Another Anglo-Saxon, Winfred, or Bonifacius, had been equally active among his Frisian cousins. His crozier had gone hand-in-hand with the battleaxe. Bonifacius followed close upon the track of his orthodox coadjutor Charles. By the middle of the eighth century, some hundred thousand Frisians had been slaughtered, and as many more converted. The hammer which smote the Saracens at Tours was at last successful in beating the Netherlanders into Christianity. The labours of Bonifacius through Upper and Lower Germany were immense; but he too received great material rewards. He was created Archbishop of Mayence, and, upon the death of Willibrod, Bishop of Utrecht. Faithful to his mission, however, he met, heroically, a martyr's death at the hands of the refractory pagans at Dokkum. Thus was Christianity established in the Netherlands.

Under Charlemagne, the Frisians often rebelled, making common cause with the Saxons. In 785 A.D. they were, however, completely subjugated, and never rose again until the epoch of their entire separation from the Frank empire. Charlemagne left them their name of free Frisians and the property in their own land. The feudal system never took root in their soil. "The Frisians," says their statute book, "shall be free as long as the wind blows out of the clouds and the world stands." They agreed, however, to obey the chiefs whom the Frank monarch should appoint to govern them, according to their own laws. Those laws were collected, and are still extant. The vernacular version of their Asega book contains their ancient customs, together with the Frank additions. The general statutes of Charlemagne were, of course, in vigour also; but that great legislator knew too well the importance attached by all mankind to local customs to allow his imperial capitulars to interfere, unnecessarily, with the Frisian laws.

Thus again the Netherlands, for the first time since the fall of Rome, were united under one crown imperial. They had already been once united, in their slavery, to Rome. Eight centuries pass away, and they are again united, in subjection, to Charlemagne. Their union was but in forming a single link in the chain of a new realm The reign of Charlemagne had at last accomplished the promise of the sorceress Velleda and other soothsayers. A German race had re-established the empire of the world. The Netherlands, like the other provinces of the great monarch's dominion, were governed by crown-appointed functionaries, military and judicial. In the north-eastern, or Frisian portion, however, the grants of land were never in the form of revocable benefices or feuds. With this important exception, the

whole country shared the fate and enjoyed the general organisation of the empire.

But Charlemagne came an age too soon. The chaos which had brooded over Europe since the dissolution of the Roman world was still too absolute. It was not to be fashioned into permanent forms even by his bold and constructive genius. A soil, exhausted by the long culture of pagan empires, was to lie fallow for a still longer period. The discordant elements out of which the Emperor had compounded his realm did not coalesce during his lifetime. They were only held together by the vigorous grasp of the hand which had combined them. When the great statesman died, his empire necessarily fell to pieces. Society had need of further disintegration before it could begin to reconstruct itself locally. A new civilisation was not to be improvised by a single mind. When did one man ever civilise a people? In the eighth and ninth centuries there was not even a people to be civilised. The construction of Charles was, of necessity, temporary. His empire was supported by columns which fell prostrate almost as soon as the hand of their architect was cold. His institutions had not struck down into the soil. There were no extensive and vigorous roots to nourish, from below, a flourishing empire through time and tempest.

Moreover, the Carlovingian race had been exhausted by producing a race of heroes like the Pepins and the Charleses. The family became soon as contemptible as the ox-drawn, long-haired "do-nothings" whom it had expelled; but it is not our task to describe the fortunes of the Emperor's ignoble descendants. The realm was divided, subdivided, at times partially reunited, like a family farm, among monarchs incompetent alike to hold, to delegate, or to resign the inheritance of the great warrior and lawgiver. The meek, bald, fat, stammering, simple Charles or Louis, who successively sat upon his throne—princes whose only historic individuality consists in these insipid appellations—had not the sense to comprehend, far less to develop, the plans of their ancestor.

Charles the Simple was the last Carlovingian who governed Lotharingia, in which were comprised most of the Netherlands and Friesland. The German monarch, Henry the Fowler, at that period called King of the East Franks, as Charles of the West Franks, acquired Lotharingia by the treaty of Bonn, Charles reserving the sovereignty over the kingdom during his lifetime. In 925 A.D., however, the Simpleton having been imprisoned and deposed by his own subjects, the Fowler was recognised King of Lotharingia. Thus the Netherlands passed out of France into Germany, remaining still provinces of a loose, disjointed empire.

This is the epoch in which the various dukedoms, earldoms, and other petty sovereignties of the Netherlands became hereditary. It was in the year 922 that Charles the Simple presented to Count Dirk the territory of Holland by letters patent. This narrow hook of land, destined in future ages to be the cradle of a considerable empire, stretching through both hemispheres, was thenceforth the inheritance of Dirk's descendants. Historically, therefore, he is Dirk I. Count of Holland.

Of this small sovereign and his successors, the most powerful foe for centuries was the Bishop of Utrecht, the origin of whose greatness has been already indicated. Of the other Netherland provinces, now hereditary, the first in rank was Lotharingia, once the kingdom of Lothaire, now the dukedom of Lorraine. In 965 it was divided into Upper and Lower Lorraine, of which the lower duchy alone belonged to the Netherlands. Two centuries later, the Counts of Louvain, then occupying most of Brabant, obtained a permanent hold of Lower Lorraine, and began to call themselves Dukes of Brabant.

The same principle of local independence and isolation which created these dukes, established the hereditary power of the counts and barons who formerly exercised jurisdiction under them and others. Thus arose sovereign Counts of Namur, Hainault, Limburg, Zutphen, Dukes of Luxemburg and Gueldres, Barons of Mechlin, Marquesses of Antwerp, and others; all petty autocrats. The most important of all, after the house of Lorraine, were the Earls of Flanders; for the bold foresters of Charles the Great had soon wrested the sovereignty of their little territory from his feeble descendants, as easily as Baldwin with the iron arm had deprived the bald Charles of his daughter. Holland, Zealand, Utrecht, Overyssel, Groningen, Drenthe, and Friesland (all seven being portions of Friesland in a general sense), were crowded together upon a little desolate corner of Europe; an obscure fragment of Charlemagne's broken empire. They were afterwards to constitute the United States of the Netherlands, one of the most powerful republics of history. Meantime, for century after century, the Counts of Holland and the Bishops of Utrecht were to exercise divided sway over the territory.

Thus the whole country was broken into many shreds and patches of sovereignty. The separate history of such half-organised morsels is tedious and petty. Trifling dynasties, where a family or two were everything, the people nothing, leave little worth recording. Even the most devout of genealogists might shudder to chronicle the long succession of so many illustrious obscure.

A glance, however, at the general features of the governmental system now established in the Netherlands, at this important epoch in the world's history, will show the transformations which the country, in common with other portions of the Western world, had undergone.

In the tenth century the old Batavian and later Roman forms have faded away. An entirely new polity has succeeded. No great popular assembly asserts its sovereignty, as in the ancient German epoch; no generals and temporary kings are chosen by the nation. The elective power had been lost under the Romans, who, after conquest, had conferred the administrative authority over their subject provinces upon officials appointed by the metropolis. The Franks pursued the same course. In Charlemagne's time the revolution is complete. Popular assemblies and popular election entirely vanish. Military, civil, and judicial officers—dukes, earls, margraves, and others—are all king's creatures, *knegten des konings*, *pueri regis*, and so remain till they abjure the creative power and set up their own. The principle of Charlemagne, that his officers should govern according to local custom, helps them to achieve their own independence, while it preserves all that is left of national liberty and law.

The counts, assisted by inferior judges, hold diets from time to time—thrice, perhaps, annually. They also summon assemblies in case of war. Thither are called the great vassals, who, in turn, call their lesser vassals, each armed with "a shield, a spear, a bow, twelve arrows, and a cuirass." Such assemblies, convoked in the name of a distant sovereign, whose face his subjects had never seen, whose language they could hardly understand, were very different from those tumultuous mass-meetings, where boisterous freemen, armed with the weapons they loved the best, and arriving sooner or later, according to their pleasure, had been accustomed to elect their generals and magistrates, and to raise them upon their shields. The people are now governed, their rulers appointed, by an invisible hand. Edicts issued by a power, as it were, supernatural, demand implicit obedience. The people, acquiescing in their own annihilation, abdicate not only their political but their personal rights. On the other hand, the great source of power diffuses less and less of light and warmth. Losing its attractive and controlling influence, it becomes gradually

eclipsed, while its satellites fly from their prescribed bounds, and chaos and darkness return. The sceptre, stretched over realms so wide, requires stronger hands than those of degenerate Carlovingians. It breaks asunder. Functionaries become sovereigns, with hereditary, not delegated, right to own the people, to tax their roads and rivers, to take tithings of their blood and sweat, to harass them in all the relations of life. There is no longer a metropolis to protect them from official oppression. Power, the more subdivided, becomes the more tyrannical. The sword is the only symbol of law, the cross is a weapon of offence, the bishop is a consecrated pirate, and every petty baron a burglar; while the people, alternately the prey of duke, prelate, and seignor, shorn and butchered like sheep, esteem it happiness to sell themselves into slavery, or to huddle beneath the castle walls of some little potentate, for the sake of his wolfish protection. Here they build hovels, which they surround from time to time with palisades and muddy entrenchments; and here, in these squalid abodes of ignorance and misery, the genius of Liberty, conducted by the spirit of Commerce, descends at last to awaken mankind from its sloth and cowardly stupor. A longer night was to intervene, however, before the dawn of day.

The crown-appointed functionaries had been, of course, financial officers. They collected the revenue of the sovereign, one-third of which slipped through their fingers into their own coffers. Becoming sovereigns themselves, they retain these funds for their private emolument. Four principal sources yielded this revenue: royal domains, tolls and imposts, direct levies, and a pleasantry called voluntary contributions or benevolences. In addition to these supplies were also the proceeds of fines. Taxation upon sin was, in those rude ages, a considerable branch of the revenue. The old Frisian laws consisted almost entirely of a discriminating tariff upon crimes. Nearly all the misdeeds which man is prone to commit were punished by a money-bote only. Murder, larceny, arson, rape—all offences against the person were commuted for a definite price. There were a few exceptions, such as parricide, which was followed by loss of inheritance; sacrilege and the murder of a master by a slave, which were punished with death. It is a natural inference that, as the royal treasury was enriched by these imposts, the sovereign would hardly attempt to check the annual harvest of iniquity by which his revenue was increased. Still, although the moral sense is shocked by a system which makes the ruler's interest identical with the wickedness of his people, and holds out a comparative immunity in evil-doing for the rich, it was better that crime should be punished by money rather than not be punished at all. A severe tax, which the noble reluctantly paid and which the penniless culprit commuted by personal slavery, was sufficiently unjust as well as absurd, yet it served to mitigate the horrors with which tumult, rapine, and murder enveloped those early days. Gradually, as the light of reason broke upon the dark ages, the most noxious features of the system were removed, while the general sentiment of reverence for law remained.

VI.

Five centuries of isolation succeed. In the Netherlands, as throughout Europe, a thousand obscure and slender rills are slowly preparing the great stream of universal culture. Five dismal centuries of feudalism, during which period there is little talk of human right, little obedience to divine reason. Rights there are none, only forces; and, in brief, three great forces, gradually arising, developing themselves, acting upon each other, and upon the general movement of society.

The sword—the first, for a time the only force: the force of iron. The

"land's master" having acquired the property in the territory and in the people who feed thereon, distributes to his subalterns, often but a shade beneath him in power, portions of his estate, getting the use of their faithful swords in return. Vavasours subdivide again to vassals, exchanging land and cattle, human or other, against fealty, and so the iron chain of a military hierarchy, forged of mutually independent links, is stretched over each little province. Impregnable castles, here more numerous than in any other part of Christendom, dot the level surface of the country. Mail-clad knights, with their followers, encamp permanently upon the soil. The fortunate fable of divine right is invented to sanction the system; superstition and ignorance give currency to the delusion. Thus the grace of God, having conferred the property in a vast portion of Europe upon a certain idiot in France, makes him competent to sell large fragments of his estate, and to give a divine, and, therefore, most satisfactory title along with them; a great convenience to a man who had neither power, wit, nor will to keep the property in his own hands. So the Dirks of Holland get a deed from Charles the Simple, and although the grace of God does not prevent the royal granter himself from dying a miserable discrowned captive, the conveyance to Dirk is none the less hallowed by Almighty fiat. So the Roberts and Guys, the Johns and Baldwins, become sovereigns in Hainault, Brabant, Flanders, and other little districts, affecting supernatural sanction for the authority which their good swords have won and are ever ready to maintain. Thus organised, the force of iron asserts and exerts itself. Duke, count, seignor and vassal, knight and squire, master and man, swarm and struggle amain. A wild, chaotic, sanguinary scene. Here bishop and baron contend centuries long, murdering human creatures by ten thousands, for an acre or two of swampy pasture; there doughty families, hugging old musty quarrels to their heart, buffet each other from generation to generation; and thus they go on, raging and wrestling among themselves, with all the world, shrieking insane war-cries which no human soul ever understood—red caps and black, white hoods and grey, Hooks and Kabblejaws, dealing destruction, building castles and burning them, tilting at tourneys, stealing bullocks, roasting Jews, robbing the highways, crusading—now upon Syrian sands against Paynim dogs, now in Frisian quagmires against Albigenses, Stedingers, and other heretics—plunging about in blood and fire, repenting, at idle times, and paying their passage through purgatory with large slices of ill-gotten gains placed in the ever-extended dead-hand of the Church; acting, on the whole, according to their kind, and so getting themselves civilised or exterminated, it matters little which. Thus they play their part, those energetic men-at-arms; and thus one great force, the force of iron, spins and expands itself, century after century, helping on, as it whirls, the great progress of society towards its goal, wherever that may be.

Another force—the force clerical—the power of clerks, arises: the might of educated mind measuring itself against brute violence; a force embodied, as often before, as priestcraft—the strength of priests: craft meaning, simply, strength in our old mother-tongue. This great force, too, develops itself variously, being sometimes beneficent, sometimes malignant. Priesthood works out its task, age after age: now smoothing penitent deathbeds, consecrating graves, feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, incarnating the Christian precepts in an age of rapine and homicide, doing a thousand deeds of love and charity among the obscure and forsaken—deeds of which there shall never be human chronicle, but a leaf or two, perhaps, in the recording angel's book; hiving precious honey from the few flowers of gentle art which bloom upon a howling wilderness; holding up the light of science over a stormy sea; treasuring in convents and crypts the few fossils of antique learning which become

visible, as the extinct Megatherium of an elder world reappears after the Gothic deluge; and now, careering in helm and hauberk with the other ruffians, bandying blows in the thickest of the fight, blasting with bell, book, and candle its trembling enemies, while sovereigns at the head of armies grovel in the dust, and offer abject submission for the kiss of peace; exercising the same conjury over ignorant baron and cowardly hind, making the fiction of apostolic authority to bind and loose, as prolific in acres as the other divine right to have and hold; thus the force of cultivated intellect, wielded by a chosen few and sanctioned by supernatural authority, becomes as potent as the sword.

A third force, developing itself more slowly, becomes even more potent than the rest: the power of gold. Even iron yields to the more ductile metal. The importance of municipalities, enriched by trade, begins to be felt. Commerce, the mother of Netherland freedom, and eventually its destroyer—even as in all human history the vivifying becomes afterwards the dissolving principle—commerce changes insensibly and miraculously the aspect of society. Clusters of hovels become towered cities; the green and gilded Hanse of commercial republicanism coils itself around the decaying trunk of feudal despotism. Cities leagued with cities throughout and beyond Christendom—empire within empire—bind themselves closer and closer in the electric chain of human sympathy, and grow stronger and stronger by mutual support. Fishermen and river raftsmen become ocean adventurers and merchant princes. Commerce plucks up half-drowned Holland by the locks and pours gold into her lap. Gold wrests power from iron. Needy Flemish weavers become mighty manufacturers. Armies of workmen, fifty thousand strong, tramp through the swarming streets. Silk-makers, clothiers, brewers, become the gossips of kings, lend their royal gossips vast sums, and burn the royal notes of hand in fires of cinnamon wood. Wealth brings strength, strength confidence. Learning to handle crossbow and dagger, the burghers fear less the baronial sword, finding that their own will cut as well, seeing that great armies —flowers of chivalry—can ride away before them fast enough at Battles of Spurs and other encounters. Sudden riches beget insolence, tumults, civic broils. Internecine quarrels, horrible tumults, stain the streets with blood, but education lifts the citizens more and more out of the original slough. They learn to tremble as little at priestcraft as at swordcraft, having acquired something of each. Gold in the end, unsanctioned by right divine, weighs up the other forces, supernatural as they are. And so, struggling along their appointed path, making cloth, making money, making treaties with great kingdoms, making war by land and sea, ringing great bells, waving great banners, they, too—these insolent, boisterous burghers—accomplish their work. Thus, the mighty power of the purse develops itself, and municipal liberty becomes a substantial fact. A fact, not a principle; for the old theorem of sovereignty remains undisputed as ever. Neither the nation in mass, nor the citizens in class, lay claim to human rights. All upper attributes—legislative, judicial, administrative—remain in the landmaster's breast alone. It is an absurdity, therefore, to argue with Grotius concerning the unknown antiquity of the Batavian Republic. The republic never existed at all till the sixteenth century, and was only born after long years of agony. The democratic instincts of the ancient German savages were to survive in the breasts of their cultivated descendants, but an organised, civilised republican polity had never existed. The cities, as they grew in strength, never claimed the right to make the laws or to share in the government. As a matter of fact, they did make the laws, and shared, beside, in most important functions of sovereignty, in the treaty-making power especially. Sometimes

by bargains, sometimes by blood, by gold, threats, promises, or good hard blows, they extorted their charters. Their codes, statutes, joyful entrances, and other constitutions were dictated by the burghers and sworn to by the monarch. They were concessions from above; privileges, private laws; fragments, indeed, of a larger liberty, but vastly better than the slavery for which they had been substituted; solid facts instead of empty abstractions, which, in those practical and violent days, would have yielded little nutriment; but they still rather sought to reconcile themselves, by a rough, clumsy fiction, with the hierarchy which they had invaded, than to overturn the system. Thus the cities, not regarding themselves as representatives or aggregations of the people, became fabulous personages, bodies without souls, corporations which had acquired vitality and strength enough to assert their existence. As persons, therefore—gigantic individualities—they wheeled into the feudal ranks and assumed feudal powers and responsibilities. The city of Dort, of Middleburg, of Ghent, of Louvain, was a living being, doing fealty, claiming service, bowing to its lord, struggling with its equals, trampling upon its slaves.

Thus, in these obscure provinces, as throughout Europe in a thousand remote and isolated corners, civilisation builds itself up, synthetically and slowly. Thus, impelled by great and conflicting forces, now obliquely, now backward, now upward, yet, upon the whole, onward, the new society moves along its predestined orbit, gathering consistency and strength as it goes: society, civilisation, perhaps, but hardly humanity. The people has hardly begun to extricate itself from the clods in which it lies buried. There are only nobles, priests, and, latterly, cities. In the Northern Netherlands, the degraded condition of the mass continued longest. Even in Friesland, liberty, the dearest blessing of the ancient Frisians, had been forfeited in a variety of ways. Slavery was both voluntary and compulsory. Paupers sold themselves that they might escape starvation. The timid sold themselves that they might escape violence. These voluntary sales, which were frequent, were usually made to cloisters and ecclesiastical establishments, for the condition of Church slaves was preferable to that of other serfs. Persons worsted in judicial duels, shipwrecked sailors, vagrants, strangers, criminals unable to pay the money-bote imposed upon them, were all deprived of freedom; but the prolific source of slavery was war. Prisoners were almost universally reduced to servitude. A free woman who intermarried with a slave condemned herself and offspring to perpetual bondage. Among the Ripuarian Franks, a free woman thus disgracing herself was girt with a sword and a distaff. Choosing the one, she was to strike her husband dead; choosing the other, she adopted the symbol of slavery, and became a chattel for life.

The ferocious inroads of the Normans scared many weak and timid persons into servitude. They fled, by throngs, to church and monastery, and were happy, by enslaving themselves, to escape the more terrible bondage of the sea-kings. During the brief dominion of the Norman Godfrey, every free Frisian was forced to wear a halter around his neck. The lot of a Church slave was freedom in comparison. To kill him was punishable by a heavy fine. He could give testimony in court, could inherit, could make a will, could even plead before the law, if law could be found. The number of slaves throughout the Netherlands was very large; the number belonging to the bishopric of Utrecht, enormous.

The condition of those belonging to laymen was much more painful. The Lyf-eigene, or absolute slaves, were the most wretched. They were mere brutes. They had none of the natural attributes of humanity, their life and death were in the master's hands, they had no claim to a fraction of their own labour or its fruits, they had no marriage, except under condition of the in-

famous *jus primæ noctis.* The villagers, or villeins, were the second class, and less forlorn. They could commute the labour due to their owner by a fixed sum of money, after annual payment of which, the villein worked for himself. His master, therefore, was not his absolute proprietor. The chattel had a beneficial interest in a portion of his own flesh and blood.

The Crusades made great improvement in the condition of the serfs. He who became a soldier of the cross was free upon his return, and many were adventurous enough to purchase liberty at so honourable a price. Many others were sold or mortgaged by the crusading knights, desirous of converting their property into gold before embarking upon their enterprise. The purchasers or mortgagees were in general churches and convents, so that the slaves thus alienated obtained at least a preferable servitude. The place of the absent serfs was supplied by free labour, so that agricultural and mechanical occupations, now devolving upon a more elevated class, became less degrading, and, in process of time, opened an ever-widening sphere for the industry and progress of freemen. Thus a people began to exist. It was, however, a miserable people, with personal but no civil rights whatever. Their condition, although better than servitude, was almost desperate. They were taxed beyond their ability, while priest and noble were exempt. They had no voice in the apportionment of the money thus contributed. There was no redress against the lawless violence to which they were perpetually exposed. In the manorial courts, the criminal sat in judgment upon his victim. The functions of highwayman and magistrate were combined in one individual.

By degrees, the class of freemen, artisans, traders, and the like, becoming the more numerous, built stronger and better houses outside the castle gates of the "land's master," or the burghs of the more powerful nobles. The superiors, anxious to increase their own importance, favoured the progress of the little boroughs. The population thus collected began to divide themselves into guilds. These were soon afterwards erected by the community into bodies corporate: the establishment of the community, of course, preceding the incorporation of the guilds. Those communities were created by charters or *Keuren* granted by the sovereign. Unless the earliest concessions of this nature have perished, the town charters of Holland or Zeland are nearly a century later than those of Flanders, France, and England.

The oldest *Keur*, or act of municipal incorporation, in the provinces afterwards constituting the republic, was that granted by Count William the First of Holland and Countess Joanna of Flanders, as joint proprietors of Walcheren, to the town of Middelburg. It will be seen that its main purport is to promise, as a special privilege to this community, *law*, in place of the arbitrary violence by which mankind in general were governed by their betters.

"The inhabitants," ran the charter, "are taken into protection by both Counts. Upon fighting, maiming, wounding, striking, scolding; upon peace-breaking, upon resistance to peacemakers and to the judgment of Schepens; upon contemning the Ban, upon selling spoiled wine, and upon other misdeeds, fines are imposed for behoof of the Count, the city, and sometimes of the Schepens. . . . To all Middelburgers one kind of law is guaranteed. Every man must go to law before the Schepens. If any one being summoned and present in Walcheren does not appear, or refuses submission to sentence, he shall be banished with confiscation of property. Schout or Schepen denying justice to a complainant shall, until reparation, hold no tribunal again. . . . A burgher having a dispute with an outsider (buiten mann), must summon him before the Schepens. An appeal lies from the Schepens to the Count. No one can testify but a householder. All alienation of real estate must take place before the Schepens. If an outsider has a complaint against a burgher,

the Schepens and Schout must arrange it. If either party refuses submission to them, they must ring the town-bell and summon an assembly of all the burghers to compel him. Any one ringing the town-bell, except by general consent, and any one not appearing when it tolls, are liable to a fine. No Middelburger can be arrested or held in durance within Flanders or Holland, except for crime."

This document was signed, sealed, and sworn to by the two sovereigns in the year 1217. It was the model upon which many other communities, cradles of great cities, in Holland and Zeland were afterwards created.

These charters are certainly not very extensive, even for the privileged municipalities which obtained them, when viewed from an abstract standpoint. They constituted, however, a very great advance from the standpoint at which humanity actually found itself. They created, not for all inhabitants, but for great numbers of them, the right, not to govern themselves, but to be governed by law. They furnished a local administration of justice. They provided against arbitrary imprisonment. They set up tribunals where men of burgher class were to sit in judgment. They held up a shield against arbitrary violence from above and sedition from within. They encouraged peacemakers, punished peace-breakers. They guarded the fundamental principle, *ut sua tenerent*, to the verge of absurdity; forbidding a freeman without a freehold from testifying—a capacity not denied even to a country slave. Certainly all this was better than fist-law and courts manorial. For the commencement of the thirteenth century, it was progress.

The Schout and Schepens, or chief magistrate and aldermen, were originally appointed by the sovereign. In process of time, the election of these municipal authorities was conceded to the communities. This inestimable privilege, however, after having been exercised during a certain period by the whole body of citizens, was eventually monopolised by the municipal government itself, acting in common with the deans of the various guilds.

Thus organised and inspired with the breath of civic life, the communities of Flanders and Holland began to move rapidly forward. More and more they assumed the appearance of prosperous little republics. For this prosperity they were indebted to commerce, particularly with England and the Baltic nations, and to manufactures, especially of wool.

The trade between England and the Netherlands had existed for ages, and was still extending itself, to the great advantage of both countries. A dispute, however, between the merchants of Holland and England, towards the year 1275, caused a privateering warfare, and a ten years' suspension of intercourse. A reconciliation afterwards led to the establishment of the English wool staple at Dort. A subsequent quarrel deprived Holland of this great advantage. King Edward refused to assist Count Florence in a war with the Flemings, and transferred the staple from Dort to Bruges and Mechlin.

The trade of the Netherlands with the Mediterranean and the East was mainly through this favoured city of Bruges, which already, in the thirteenth century, had risen to the first rank in the commercial world. It was the resting-place for the Lombards and other Italians, the great entrepot for their merchandise. It now became, in addition, the great market-place for English wool, and the woollen fabrics of all the Netherlands, as well as for the drugs and spices of the East. It had, however, by no means reached its apogee, but was to culminate with Venice, and to sink with her decline. When the overland Indian trade fell off with the discovery of the Cape passage, both cities withered. Grass grew in the fair and pleasant streets of Bruges, and seaweed clustered about the marble halls of Venice. At this epoch, however, both were in a state of rapid and insolent prosperity.

The cities, thus advancing in wealth and importance, were no longer satisfied with being governed according to law, and began to participate, not only in their own, but in the general government. Under Guy the First of Flanders, the towns appeared regularly, as well as the nobles, in the assembly of the provincial estates (1286–1289 A.D.). In the course of the following century, the six chief cities, or capitals, of Holland (Dort, Harlem, Delft, Leyden, Gouda, and Amsterdam) acquired the right of sending their deputies regularly to the Estates of the provinces. These towns, therefore, with the nobles, constituted the parliamentary power of the nation. They also acquired letters patent from the Count, allowing them to choose their burgomasters and a limited number of councillors or senators (Vroedschappen).

Thus the liberties of Holland and Flanders waxed daily stronger. A great physical convulsion in the thirteenth century came to add its influence to the slower process of political revolution. Hitherto there had been but one Friesland, including Holland and nearly all the territory of the future republic. A slender stream alone separated the two great districts. The low lands along the Vlie, often threatened, at last sank in the waves. The German Ocean rolled in upon the inland lake of Flevo. The stormy Zuyder Zee began its existence by engulfing thousands of Frisian villages, with all their population, and by spreading a chasm between kindred peoples. The political as well as the geographical continuity of the land was obliterated by this tremendous deluge. The Hollanders were cut off from their relatives in the east by as dangerous a sea as that which divided them from their Anglo-Saxon brethren in Britain. The deputies to the general assemblies at Aurich could no longer undertake a journey grown so perilous. West Friesland became absorbed in Holland. East Friesland remained a federation of rude but self-governed maritime provinces, until the brief and bloody dominion of the Saxon dukes led to the establishment of Charles the Fifth's authority. Whatever the nominal sovereignty over them, this most republican tribe of Netherlanders, or of Europeans, had never accepted feudalism. There was an annual congress of the whole confederacy. Each of the seven little states, on the other hand, regulated its own internal affairs. Each state was subdivided into districts, each district governed by a Griet-mann (great-man, select-man) and assistants. Above all these district officers was a Podestà, a magistrate identical in name and functions with the chief officer of the Italian republics. There was sometimes but one Podestà; sometimes one for each province. He was chosen by the people, took oath of fidelity to the separate estates, or, if Podestà-general, to the federal diet, and was generally elected for a limited term, although sometimes for life. He was assisted by a board of eighteen or twenty councillors. The deputies to the general congress were chosen by popular suffrage in Easter-week. The clergy were not recognised as a political estate.

Thus, in those lands which a niggard nature had apparently condemned to perpetual poverty and obscurity, the principle of reasonable human freedom, without which there is no national prosperity or glory worth contending for, was taking deepest and strongest root. Already, in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, Friesland was a republic, except in name; Holland, Flanders, Brabant, had acquired a large share of self-government. The powerful commonwealth, at a later period to be evolved out of the great combat between centralised tyranny and the spirit of civil and religious liberty, was already foreshadowed. The elements of which that important republic was to be compounded were germinating for centuries. Love of freedom, readiness to strike and bleed at any moment in her cause, manly resistance to despotism, however overshadowing, were the leading characteristics of the

race in all regions or periods, whether among Frisian swamps, Dutch dykes, the gentle hills and dales of England, or the pathless forests of America. Doubtless, the history of human liberty in Holland and Flanders, as everywhere else upon earth where there has been such a history, unrolls many scenes of turbulence and bloodshed; although these features have been exaggerated by prejudiced historians. Still, if there were luxury and insolence, sedition and uproar, at any rate there was life. Those violent little commonwealths had blood in their veins. They were compact of proud, self-helping, muscular vigour. The most sanguinary tumults which they ever enacted in the face of day, were better than the order and silence born of the midnight darkness of despotism. That very unruliness was educating the people for their future work. Those merchants, manufacturers, country squires, and hard-fighting barons, all pent up in a narrow corner of the earth, quarrelling with each other and with all the world for centuries, were keeping alive a national pugnacity of character, for which there was to be a heavy demand in the sixteenth century, and without which the fatherland had perhaps succumbed in the most unequal conflict ever waged by man against oppression.

To sketch the special history of even the leading Netherland provinces during the five centuries which we have thus rapidly sought to characterise is foreign to our purpose. By holding the clue of Holland's history, the general maze of dynastic transformations throughout the country may, however, be swiftly threaded. From the time of the first Dirk to the close of the thirteenth century, there were nearly four hundred years of unbroken male descent, a long line of Dirks and Florences. This iron-handed, hot-headed, adventurous race, placed as sovereign upon its little sandy hook, making ferocious exertions to swell into larger consequence, conquering a mile or two of morass or barren furze, after harder blows and bloodier encounters than might have established an empire under more favourable circumstances, at last dies out. The countship falls to the house of Avennes, Counts of Hainault. Holland, together with Zeland, which it had annexed, is thus joined to the province of Hainault. At the end of another half century the Hainault line expires. William the Fourth died childless in 1355. His death is the signal for the outbreak of an almost interminable series of civil commotions. Those two great parties known by the uncouth names of Hook and Kabblejaw come into existence, dividing noble against noble, city against city, father against son, for some hundred and fifty years, without foundation upon any abstract or intelligible principle. It may be observed, however, that, in the sequel, and as a general rule, the Kabbeljaw, or codfish party, represented the city or municipal faction, while the Hooks (fish-hooks), that were to catch and control them, were the nobles; iron and audacity against brute number and weight.

Duke William of Bavaria, sister's son of William the Fourth, gets himself established in 1354. He is succeeded by his brother Albert; Albert, by his son William. William, who had married Margaret of Burgundy, daughter of Philip the Bold, dies in 1417. The goodly heritage of these three Netherland provinces descends to his daughter Jacqueline, a damsel of seventeen. Little need to trace the career of the fair and ill-starred Jacqueline. Few chapters of historical romance have drawn more frequent tears. The favourite heroine of ballad and drama, to Netherlanders she is endued with the palpable form and perpetual existence of the Iphigenias, Mary Stuarts, Joans of Arc, or other consecrated individualities. Exhausted and broken-hearted, after thirteen years of conflict with her own kinsmen, consoled for the cowardice and brutality of three husbands by the gentle and knightly spirit of the fourth, dispossessed of her father's broad domains, degraded from the rank of

sovereign to be lady forester of her own provinces by her cousin, the bad Duke of Burgundy, Philip, surnamed "the Good," she dies at last, and the good cousin takes undisputed dominion of the land (1437).

VII.

The five centuries of isolation are at an end. The many obscure streams of Netherland history are merged in one broad current. Burgundy has absorbed all the provinces which, once more, are forced to recognise a single master. A century and a few years more succeed, during which this house and its heirs are undisputed sovereigns of the soil.

Philip the Good had already acquired the principal Netherlands before dispossessing Jacqueline. He had inherited, beside the two Burgundies, the counties of Flanders and Artois. He had purchased the county of Namur, and had usurped the duchy of Brabant, to which the duchy of Limburg, the marquisate of Antwerp, and the barony of Mechlin had already been annexed. By his assumption of Jacqueline's dominions he was now lord of Holland, Zeland, and Hainault, and titular master of Friesland. He acquired Luxemburg a few years later.

Lord of so many opulent cities and fruitful provinces, he felt himself equal to the kings of Europe. Upon his marriage with Isabella of Portugal, he founded, at Bruges, the celebrated order of the Golden Fleece. What could be more practical or more devout than the conception? Did not the Lamb of God, suspended at each knightly breast, symbolise at once the woollen fabrics to which so much of Flemish wealth and Burgundian power was owing, and the gentle humility of Christ, which was ever to characterise the order? Twenty-five was the limited number, including Philip himself as grand master. The chevaliers were emperors, kings, princes, and the most illustrious nobles of Christendom; while a leading provision, at the outset, forbade the brethren, crowned heads excepted, to accept or retain the companionship of any other order.

The accession of so potent and ambitious a prince as the good Philip boded evil to the cause of freedom in the Netherlands. The spirit of liberty seemed to have been typified in the fair form of the benignant and unhappy Jacqueline, and to be buried in her grave. The usurper, who had crushed her out of existence, now strode forward to trample upon all the laws and privileges of the provinces which had formed her heritage.

At his advent, the municipal power had already reached an advanced stage of development. The burgher class controlled the government, not only of the cities, but often of the provinces, through its influence in the Estates. Industry and wealth had produced their natural results. The supreme authority of the sovereign and the power of the nobles were balanced by the municipal principle which had even begun to preponderate over both. All three exercised a constant and salutary check upon each other. Commerce had converted slaves into freemen, freemen into burghers, and the burghers were acquiring daily a larger practical hold upon the government. The town councils were becoming almost omnipotent. Although with an oligarchical tendency, which at a later period was to be more fully developed, they were now composed of large numbers of individuals who had raised themselves, by industry and intelligence, out of the popular masses. There was an unquestionable republican tone to the institutions. Power actually, if not nominally, was in the hands of many who had achieved the greatness to which they had not been born.

The assemblies of the Estates were rather diplomatic than representative. They consisted, generally, of the nobles and of the deputations from the

cities. In Holland, the clergy had neither influence nor seats in the parliamentary body. Measures were proposed by the Stadholder, who represented the sovereign. A request, for example, of pecuniary accommodation, was made by that functionary, or by the Count himself in person. The nobles then voted upon the demand, generally as one body, but sometimes by heads. The measure was then laid before the burghers. If they had been specially commissioned to act upon the matter, they voted, each city as a city, not each deputy individually. If they had received no instructions, they took back the proposition to lay before the councils of their respective cities, in order to return a decision at an adjourned session or at a subsequent diet. It will be seen, therefore, that the principle of national popular representation was but imperfectly developed. The municipal deputies acted only under instructions. Each city was a little independent state, suspicious not only of the sovereign and nobles, but of its sister cities. This mutual jealousy hastened the general humiliation now impending. The centre of the system waxing daily more powerful, it more easily unsphered these feebler and mutually repulsive bodies.

Philip's first step upon assuming the government was to issue a declaration, through the council of Holland, that the privileges and constitutions, which he had sworn to as Ruward, or guardian, during the period in which Jacqueline had still retained a nominal sovereignty, were to be considered null and void, unless afterwards confirmed by him as Count. At a single blow he thus severed the whole knot of pledges, oaths, and other political complications by which he had entangled himself during his cautious advance to power. He was now untrammelled again. As the conscience of the smooth usurper was, thenceforth, the measure of provincial liberty, his subjects soon found it meted to them more sparingly than they wished. From this point, then, through the Burgundian period, and until the rise of the republic, the liberty of the Netherlands, notwithstanding several brilliant but brief luminations, occurring at irregular intervals, seemed to remain in almost perpetual eclipse.

The material prosperity of the country had, however, vastly increased. The fisheries of Holland had become of enormous importance. The invention of the humble Beukelzoon of Biervliet had expanded into a mine of wealth. The fisheries, too, were most useful as a nursery of seamen, and were already indicating Holland's future naval supremacy. The fishermen were the militia of the ocean, and their prowess was attested in the war with the Hanseatic cities, which the provinces of Holland and Zeland, in Philip's name, but by their own unassisted exertions, carried on triumphantly at this epoch. Then came into existence that race of cool and daring mariners who, in after-times, were to make the Dutch name illustrious throughout the world—the men whose fierce descendants, the "Beggars of the Sea," were to make the Spanish empire tremble—the men whose later successors swept the seas with brooms at the masthead, and whose ocean-battles with their equally fearless English brethren often lasted four uninterrupted days and nights.

The main strength of Holland was derived from the ocean, from whose destructive grasp she had wrested herself, but in whose friendly embrace she remained. She was already placing securely the foundations of commercial wealth and civil liberty upon those shifting quicksands which the Roman doubted whether to call land or water. Her submerged deformity as she floated, mermaid-like, upon the waves, was to be forgotten in her material splendour. Enriched with the spoils of every clime, crowned with the divine jewels of science and art, she was, one day, to sing a siren song of freedom, luxury, and power.

As with Holland, so with Flanders, Brabant, and the other leading pro-

vinces. Industry and wealth, agriculture, commerce, and manufactures were constantly augmenting. The natural sources of power were full to overflowing, while the hand of despotism was deliberately sealing the fountain.

For the house of Burgundy was rapidly culminating and as rapidly curtailing the political privileges of the Netherlands. The contest was, at first, favourable to the cause of arbitrary power; but little seeds were silently germinating, which, in the progress of their development, were one day to undermine the foundations of tyranny and to overshadow the world. The early progress of the religious reformation in the Netherlands will be outlined in a separate chapter. Another great principle was likewise at work at this period. At the very epoch when the greatness of Burgundy was most swiftly ripening, another weapon was secretly forging, more potent in the great struggle for freedom than any which the wit or hand of man has ever devised or wielded. When Philip the Good, in the full blaze of his power. and flushed with the triumphs of territorial aggrandisement, was instituting at Bruges the order of the Golden Fleece, "to the glory of God, of the blessed Virgin, and of the holy Andrew, patron saint of the Burgundian family," and enrolling the names of the kings and princes who were to be honoured with its symbols, at that very moment an obscure citizen of Harlem, one Lorenz Coster, or Lawrence the Sexton, succeeded in printing a little grammar by means of movable types. The invention of printing was accomplished, but it was not ushered in with such a blaze of glory as heralded the contemporaneous erection of the Golden Fleece. The humble setter of types did not deem emperors and princes alone worthy his companionship. His invention sent no thrill of admiration throughout Christendom; and yet. what was the good Philip of Burgundy, with his knights of the Golden Fleece, and all their effulgent trumpery, in the eye of humanity and civilisation, compared with the poor sexton and his wooden types?[1]

Philip died in February 1467. The details of his life and career do not belong to our purpose. The practical tendency of his government was to repress the spirit of liberty, while especial privileges, extensive in nature but limited in time, were frequently granted to corporations. Philip in one day conferred thirty charters upon as many different bodies of citizens. These were, however, grants of monopoly, not concessions of rights. He also fixed the number of city councils or Vroedschappen in many Netherland cities, giving them permission to present a double list of candidates for burgomasters and judges, from which he himself made the appointments. He was certainly neither a good nor great prince, but he possessed much administrative ability. His military talents were considerable, and he was successful in his wars. He was an adroit dissembler, a practical politician. He had the sense to comprehend that the power of a prince, however absolute, must depend upon the prosperity of his subjects. He taxed severely the wealth, but he protected the commerce and the manufactures of Holland and Flanders. He encouraged art, science, and literature. The brothers John and Hubert Van Eyck were attracted by his generosity to Bruges, where they painted many pictures. John was even a member of the Duke's council. The art of oil-painting was carried to great perfection by Hubert's scholar, John of Bruges. An incredible number of painters, of greater or less merit, flourished at this epoch in the Netherlands, heralds of that great school which, at a subsequent period, was to astonish the world with brilliant colours, pro-

[1] The question of the time and place to which the invention of printing should be referred has been often discussed. It is not probable that it will ever be settled to the entire satisfaction of Holland and Germany. The Dutch claim that movable types were first used at Harlem, fixing the time variously between the years 1423 and 1440. The first and very faulty editions of Lorenz are religiously preserved at Harlem.

found science, startling effects, and vigorous reproductions of nature. Authors, too, like Olivier de la Marche and Philippe de Comines, who, in the words of the latter, "wrote not for the amusement of brutes and people of low degree, but for princes and other persons of quality;" these and other writers, with aims as lofty, flourished at the court of Burgundy, and were rewarded by the Duke with princely generosity. Philip remodelled and befriended the University of Louvain. He founded at Brussels the Burgundian library, which became celebrated throughout Europe. He levied largely, spent profusely, but was yet so thrifty a housekeeper as to leave four hundred thousand crowns of gold, a vast amount in those days, besides three million marks' worth of plate and furniture, to be wasted like water in the insane career of his son.

The exploits of that son require but few words of illustration. Hardly a chapter of European history or romance is more familiar to the world than the one which records the meteoric course of Charles the Bold. The propriety of his title was never doubtful. No prince was ever bolder, but it is certain that no quality could be less desirable at that particular moment in the history of his house. It was not the quality to confirm a usurping family in its ill-gotten possessions. Renewed aggressions upon the rights of others justified retaliation and invited attack. Justice, prudence, firmness, wisdom of internal administration, were desirable in the son of Philip and the rival of Louis. These attributes the gladiator lacked entirely. His career might have been a brilliant one in the old days of chivalry. His image might have appeared as imposing as the romantic forms of Baldwin Bras de Fer or Godfrey of Bouillon, had he not been misplaced in history. Nevertheless, he imagined himself governed by a profound policy. He had one dominant idea—to make Burgundy a kingdom. From the moment when, with almost the first standing army known to history, and with coffers well filled by his cautious father's economy, he threw himself into the lists against the crafty Louis, down to the day when he was found dead, naked, deserted, and with his face frozen into a pool of blood and water, he faithfully pursued this thought. His ducal cap was to be exchanged for a kingly crown, while all the provinces which lay beneath the Mediterranean and the North Sea, and between France and Germany, were to be united under his sceptre. The Netherlands, with their wealth, had been already appropriated, and their freedom crushed. Another land of liberty remained; physically the reverse of Holland, but stamped with the same courageous nationality, the same ardent love of human rights. Switzerland was to be conquered. Her eternal battlements of ice and granite were to constitute the great bulwark of his realm. The world knows well the result of the struggle between the lord of so many duchies and earldoms and the Alpine mountaineers. With all his boldness, Charles was but an indifferent soldier. His only merit was physical courage. He imagined himself a consummate commander, and, in conversation with his jester, was fond of comparing himself to Hannibal. "We are getting well Hannibalised to-day, my lord," said the bitter fool, as they rode off together from the disastrous defeat of Gransen. Well "Hannibalised" he was, too, at Gransen, at Murten, and at Nancy. He followed in the track of his prototype only to the base of the mountains.

As a conqueror, he was signally unsuccessful; as a politican, he could outwit none but himself; it was only as a tyrant within his own ground that he could sustain the character which he chose to enact. He lost the crown, which he might have secured, because he thought the Emperor's son unworthy the heiress of Burgundy; and yet, after his father's death, her marriage with that very Maximilian alone secured the possession of her paternal inheritance. Unsuccessful in schemes of conquest and in political intrigue, as an oppressor

of the Netherlands he nearly carried out his plans. Those provinces he regarded merely as a bank to draw upon. His immediate intercourse with the country was confined to the extortion of vast requests. These were granted with ever-increasing reluctance by the Estates. The new taxes and excises, which the sanguinary extravagance of the Duke rendered necessary, could seldom be collected in the various cities without tumults, sedition, and bloodshed. Few princes were ever a greater curse to the people whom they were allowed to hold as property. He nearly succeeded in establishing a centralised despotism upon the ruins of the provincial institutions. His sudden death alone deferred the catastrophe. His removal of the supreme court of Holland from the Hague to Mechlin, and his maintenance of a standing army, were the two great measures by which he prostrated the Netherlands. The tribunal had been remodelled by his father: the expanded authority which Philip had given to a bench of judges dependent upon himself, was an infraction of the rights of Holland. The court, however, still held its sessions in the country; and the sacred privilege—*de non evocando*—the right of every Hollander to be tried in his own land, was, at least, retained. Charles threw off the mask; he proclaimed that this council—composed of his creatures, holding office at his pleasure—should have supreme jurisdiction over all the charters of the provinces; that it was to follow his person, and derive all authority from his will. The usual seat of the court he transferred to Mechlin. It will be seen, in the sequel, that the attempt, under Philip the Second, to enforce its supreme authority, was a collateral cause of the great revolution of the Netherlands.

Charles, like his father, administered the country by stadholders. From the condition of flourishing self-ruled little republics, which they had, for a moment, almost attained, they became departments of an ill-assorted, ill-conditioned, ill-governed realm, which was neither commonwealth nor empire, neither kingdom nor duchy, and which had no homogeneousness of population, no affection between ruler and people, small sympathies of lineage or of language.

His triumphs were but few, his fall ignominious. His father's treasure was squandered, the curse of a standing army fixed upon his people, the trade and manufactures of the country paralysed by his extortions, and he accomplished nothing. He lost his life in the forty-fourth year of his age (1477), leaving all the provinces, duchies, and lordships, which formed the miscellaneous realm of Burgundy, to his only child, the Lady Mary. Thus already the countries which Philip had wrested from the feeble hand of Jacqueline had fallen to another female. Philip's own granddaughter, as young, fair, and unprotected as Jacqueline, was now sole mistress of those broad domains.

VIII.

A crisis, both for Burgundy and the Netherlands, succeeds. Within the provinces there is an elastic rebound, as soon as the pressure is removed from them by the tyrant's death. A sudden spasm of liberty gives the whole people gigantic strength. In an instant they recover all, and more than all, the rights which they had lost. The cities of Holland, Flanders, and other provinces call a convention at Ghent. Laying aside their musty feuds, men of all parties—Hooks and Kabbeljaws, patricians and people—move forward in phalanx to recover their national constitutions. On the other hand, Louis the Eleventh seizes Burgundy, claiming the territory for his crown, the heiress for his son. The situation is critical for the Lady Mary. As usual in such cases, appeals are made to the faithful commons. Oaths and pledges are showered upon the people, that their loyalty may be refreshed and grow

green. The congress meets at Ghent. The Lady Mary professes much, but she will keep her vow. The deputies are called upon to rally the country around the Duchess, and to resist the fraud and force of Louis. The congress is willing to maintain the cause of its young mistress. The members declare, at the same time, very roundly, "that the provinces have been much impoverished and oppressed by the enormous taxation imposed upon them by the ruinous wars waged by Duke Charles from the beginning to the end of his life." They rather require "to be relieved than additionally encumbered." They add that, "for many years past, there has been a constant violation of the provincial and municipal charters, and that they should be happy to see them restored."

The result of the deliberations is the formal grant by Duchess Mary of the "Groot Privilegie," or Great Privilege, the Magna Charta of Holland. Although this instrument was afterwards violated, and indeed abolished, it became the foundation of the republic. It was a recapitulation and recognition of ancient rights, not an acquisition of new privileges. It was a restoration, not a revolution. Its principal points deserve attention from those interested in the political progress of mankind.

"The Duchess shall not marry without consent of the Estates of her provinces. All offices in her gift shall be conferred on natives only. No man shall fill two offices. No office shall be farmed. The 'Great Council and Supreme Court of Holland' is re-established. Causes shall be brought before it on appeal from the ordinary courts. It shall have no original jurisdiction of matters within the cognisance of the provincial and municipal tribunals. The Estates and cities are guaranteed in their right not to be summoned to justice beyond the limits of their territory. The cities, in common with all the provinces of the Netherlands, *may hold diets as often and at such places as they choose. No new taxes shall be imposed but by consent of the provincial Estates.* Neither the Duchess nor her descendants shall *begin either an offensive or defensive war without consent of the Estates.* In case a war be illegally undertaken, the Estates are not bound to contribute to its maintenance. In all public and legal documents, the Netherland language shall be employed. The commands of the Duchess shall be invalid if conflicting with the privileges of a city. The seat of the Supreme Council is transferred from Mechlin to the Hague. No money shall be coined, nor its value raised or lowered, but by consent of the Estates. Cities are not to be compelled to contribute to requests which they have not voted. The sovereign shall come in person before the Estates to make his request for supplies."

Here was good work. The land was rescued at a blow from the helpless condition to which it had been reduced. This summary annihilation of all the despotic arrangements of Charles was enough to raise him from his tomb. The law, the sword, the purse, were all taken from the hand of the sovereign and placed within the control of Parliament. Such sweeping reforms, if maintained, would restore health to the body politic. They gave, moreover, an earnest of what was one day to arrive. Certainly, for the fifteenth century, the "Great Privilege" was a reasonably liberal constitution. Where else upon earth, at that day, was there half so much liberty as was thus guaranteed? The congress of the Netherlands, according to their Magna Charta, had power to levy all taxes, to regulate commerce and manufactures, to declare war, to coin money, to raise armies and navies. The executive was required to ask for money in person, could appoint only natives to office, recognised the right of disobedience in his subjects if his commands should conflict with law, and acknowledged himself bound by decisions of courts of justice. The cities appointed their own magistrates, held diets at their own pleasure, made their

local bylaws and saw to their execution. Original cognisance of legal matters belonged to the municipal courts, appellate jurisdiction to the supreme tribunal, in which the judges were appointed by the sovereign. The liberty of the citizen against arbitrary imprisonment was amply provided for. The *jus de non evocando*, the *habeas corpus* of Holland, was re-established.

Truly, here was a fundamental law which largely, roundly, and reasonably recognised the existence of a people with hearts, heads, and hands of their own. It was a vast step in advance of natural servitude, the dogma of the dark ages. It was a noble and temperate vindication of natural liberty, the doctrine of more enlightened days. To no people in the world more than to the stout burghers of Flanders and Holland belongs the honour of having battled audaciously and perennially in behalf of human rights.

Similar privileges to the great charter of Holland are granted to many other provinces, especially to Flanders, ever ready to stand forward in fierce vindication of freedom. For a season all is peace and joy; but the Duchess is young, weak, and a woman. There is no lack of intriguing politicians, reactionary councillors. There is a cunning old king in the distance, lying in wait, seeking what he can devour. A mission goes from the Estates to France. The well-known tragedy of Imbrecourt and Hugonet occurs. Envoys from the states, they dare to accept secret instructions from the Duchess to enter into private negotiations with the French monarch against their colleagues—against the great charter—against their country. Louis betrays them, thinking that policy the more expedient. They are seized in Ghent, rapidly tried, and as rapidly beheaded by the enraged burghers. All the entreaties of the Lady Mary, who, dressed in mourning garments, with dishevelled hair, unloosed girdle, and streaming eyes, appears at the townhouse and afterwards in the market-place, humbly to intercede for her servants, are fruitless. There is no help for the juggling diplomatists. The punishment was sharp. Was it more severe and sudden than that which betrayed monarchs usually inflict? Would the Flemings, at that critical moment, have deserved their freedom had they not taken swift and signal vengeance for this first infraction of their newly-recognised rights? Had it not been weakness to spare the traitors who had thus stained the childhood of the national joy at liberty regained?

IX.

Another step, and a wide one, into the great stream of European history. The Lady Mary espouses the Archduke Maximilian. The Netherlands are about to become Habsburg property. The Ghenters reject the pretensions of the Dauphin, and select for husband of their Duchess the very man whom her father had so stupidly rejected. It had been a wiser choice for Charles the Bold than for the Netherlanders. The marriage takes place on the 18th of August 1477. Mary of Burgundy passes from the guardianship of Ghent burghers into that of the Emperor's son. The crafty husband allies himself with the city party, feeling where the strength lies. He knows that the voracious Kabbeljaws have at last swallowed the Hooks, and run away with them. Promising himself future rights of reconsideration, he is liberal in promises to the municipal party. In the meantime he is governor and guardian of his wife and her provinces. His children are to inherit the Netherlands and all that therein is. What can be more consistent than laws of descent regulated by right divine? At the beginning of the century, good Philip dispossesses Jacqueline, because females cannot inherit. At its close, his granddaughter succeeds to the property, and transmits it to her children. Pope and Emperor maintain both positions with equal logic. The policy and promptness of Maximilian are as effective as the force and fraud of Philip.

The Lady Mary falls from her horse and dies. Her son, Philip, four years of age, is recognised as successor. Thus the house of Burgundy is followed by that of Austria, the fifth and last family which governed Holland, previously to the erection of the republic. Maximilian is recognised by provinces as governor and guardian during the minority of his children. Flanders alone refuses. The burghers, ever prompt in action, take personal possession of the child Philip, and carry on the government in his name. A commission of citizens and nobles thus maintain their authority against Maximilian for several years. In 1488 the Archduke, now King of the Romans, with a small force of cavalry, attempts to take the city of Bruges, but the result is a mortifying one to the Roman king. The citizens of Bruges take him. Maximilian, with several councillors, is kept a prisoner in a house on the market-place. The magistrates are all changed, the affairs of government conducted in the name of the young Philip alone. Meantime, the Estates of the other Netherlands assemble at Ghent, anxious, unfortunately, not for the national liberty, but for that of the Roman king. Already Holland, torn again by civil feuds, and blinded by the artifices of Maximilian, has deserted, for a season, the great cause to which Flanders has remained so true. At last, a treaty is made between the Archduke and the Flemings. Maximilian is to be regent of the other provinces; Philip, under guardianship of a council, is to govern Flanders. Moreover, a congress of all the provinces is to be summoned annually, to provide for the general welfare. Maximilian signs and swears to the treaty on the 16th May 1488. He swears also to dismiss all foreign troops within four days. Giving hostages for his fidelity, he is set at liberty. What are oaths and hostages when prerogative and the people are contending? Emperor Frederic sends to his son an army under the Duke of Saxony. The oaths are broken, the hostages left to their fate. The struggle lasts a year, but, at the end of it, the Flemings are subdued. What could a single province effect, when its sister states, even liberty-loving Holland, had basely abandoned the common cause? A new treaty is made (Oct. 1489). Maximilian obtains uncontrolled guardianship of his son, absolute dominion over Flanders and the other provinces. The insolent burghers are severely punished for remembering that they had been freemen. The magistrates of Ghent, Bruges, and Ypres, in black garments, ungirdled, bare-headed, and kneeling, are compelled to implore the despot's forgiveness, and to pay three hundred thousand crowns of gold as its price. After this, for a brief season, order reigns in Flanders.

The course of Maximilian had been stealthy but decided. Allying himself with the city party, he had crushed the nobles. The power thus obtained he then turned against the burghers. Step by step he had trampled out the liberties which his wife and himself had sworn to protect. He had spurned the authority of the "Great Privilege," and all other charters. Burgomasters and other citizens had been beheaded in great numbers for appealing to their statutes against the edicts of the regent, for voting in favour of a general congress according to the unquestionable law. He had proclaimed that all landed estates should, in lack of heirs male, escheat to his own exchequer. He had debased the coin of the country, and thereby authorised unlimited swindling on the part of all his agents, from stadholders down to the meanest official. If such oppression and knavery did not justify the resistance of the Flemings to the guardianship of Maximilian, it would be difficult to find any reasonable course in political affairs save abject submission to authority.

In 1493, Maximilian succeeds to the imperial throne, at the death of his father. In the following year his son, Philip the Fair, now seventeen years of age, receives the homage of the different states of the Netherlands. He swears to maintain only the privileges granted by Philip and Charles of Bur-

gundy, or their ancestors, proclaiming null and void all those which might have been acquired since the death of Charles. Holland, Zeland, and the other provinces accept him upon these conditions, thus ignominiously, and without a struggle, relinquishing the Great Privilege and all similar charters.

Friesland is, for a brief season, politically separated from the rest of the country. Harassed and exhausted by centuries of warfare, foreign and domestic, the free Frisians, at the suggestion or command of Emperor Maximilian, elect the Duke of Saxony as their Podestà. The sovereign prince, naturally proving a chief magistrate far from democratic, gets himself acknowledged, or submitted to, soon afterwards, as legitimate sovereign of Friesland. Seventeen years afterward, Saxony sells the sovereignty to the Austrian house for 350,000 crowns. This little country, whose statutes proclaimed her to be "free as the wind as long as it blew," whose institutions Charlemagne had honoured and left unmolested, who had freed herself with ready poniard from Norman tyranny, who never bowed her neck to feudal chieftain, nor to the papal yoke, now driven to madness and suicide by the dissensions of her wild children, forfeits at last her independent existence. All the provinces are thus united in a common servitude, and regret, too late, their supineness at a moment when their liberties might yet have been vindicated. Their ancient and cherished charters are at the mercy of an autocrat, and liable to be superseded by his edicts.

In 1496, the momentous marriage of Philip the Fair with Joanna, daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella of Castile and Aragon, is solemnised. Of this union, in the first year of the century, is born the second Charlemagne, who is to unite Spain and the Netherlands, together with so many vast and distant realms, under a single sceptre. Six years afterwards (September 25, 1506), Philip dies at Burgos. A handsome profligate, devoted to his pleasures, and leaving the cares of state to his ministers, Philip, "croit-conseil," is the bridge over which the house of Habsburg passes to almost universal monarchy, but, in himself, is nothing.

X.

Two prudent marriages, made by Austrian archdukes within twenty years, have altered the face of the earth. The stream, which we have been tracing from its source, empties itself at last into the ocean of a world-empire. Count Dirk the First, lord of a half-submerged corner of Europe, is succeeded by Count Charles the Second of Holland, better known as Charles the Fifth, King of Spain, Sicily, and Jerusalem, Duke of Milan, Emperor of Germany, dominator in Asia and Africa, autocrat of half the world. The leading events of his brilliant reign are familiar to every child. The Netherlands now share the fate of so large a group of nations, a fate, to these provinces, most miserable. The weddings of Austria Felix[1] were not so prolific of happiness to her subjects as to herself. It can never seem just or reasonable that the destiny of many millions of human beings should depend upon the marriage settlements of one man with one woman, and a permanent prosperous empire can never be reared upon so frail a foundation. The leading thought of the first Charlemagne was a noble and a useful one, nor did his imperial scheme seem chimerical, even although time, wiser than monarchs or lawgivers, was to prove it impracticable. To weld into one great whole the various tribes of Franks, Frisians, Saxons, Lombards, Burgundians, and others, still in their turbulent youth, and still composing one great Teutonic family; to enforce the mutual adhesion of naturally coherent masses, all of one lineage, one language, one history, and which were only beginning to exhibit their tendencies

[1] Bella gerant alii, tu felix Austria nube," etc. etc.

to insultation, to acquiesce in a variety of local laws and customs, while an iron will was to concentrate a vast but homogeneous people into a single nation; to raise up from the grave of corrupt and buried Rome a fresh, vigorous, German, Christian empire; this was a reasonable and manly thought. Far different the conception of the second Charlemagne. To force into discordant union tribes which, for seven centuries, had developed themselves into hostile nations, separated by geography and history, customs and laws, to combine many millions under one sceptre, not because of natural identity, but for the sake of composing one splendid family property, to establish unity by annihilating local institutions, to supersede popular and liberal charters by the edicts of a central despotism, to do battle with the whole spirit of an age, to regard the souls as well as the bodies of vast multitudes as the personal property of one individual, to strive for the perpetuation in a single house of many crowns which accident had blended, and to imagine the consecration of the whole system by placing the Pope's triple diadem for ever upon the imperial head of the Habsburgs:—all this was not the effort of a great constructive genius, but the selfish scheme of an autocrat.

The union of no two countries could be less likely to prove advantageous or agreeable than that of the Netherlands and Spain. They were widely separated geographically, while in history, manners, and politics, they were utterly opposed to each other. Spain, which had but just assumed the form of a single state by the combination of all its kingdoms, with its haughty nobles descended from petty kings, and arrogating almost sovereign power within their domains, with its fierce enthusiasm for the Catholic religion, which, in the course of long warfare with the Saracens, had become the absorbing characteristic of a whole nation, with its sparse population scattered over a wide and stern country, with a military spirit which led nearly all classes to prefer poverty to the wealth attendant upon degrading pursuits of trade—Spain, with her gloomy, martial, and exaggerated character, was the absolute contrast of the Netherlands.

These provinces had been rarely combined into a whole, but there was natural affinity in their character, history, and position. There was life, movement, bustling activity everywhere. An energetic population swarmed in all the flourishing cities which dotted the surface of a contracted and highly cultivated country. Their ships were the carriers for the world; their merchants, if invaded in their rights, engaged in vigorous warfare with their own funds and their own frigates; their fabrics were prized over the whole earth; their burghers possessed the wealth of princes, lived with royal luxury, and exercised vast political influence; their love of liberty was their predominant passion. Their religious ardour had not been fully awakened; but the events of the next generation were to prove that in no respect more than in the religious sentiment were the two races opposed to each other. It was as certain that the Netherlanders would be fierce reformers, as that the Spaniards would be uncompromising persecutors. Unhallowed was the union between nations thus utterly contrasted.

Philip the Fair and Ferdinand had detested and quarrelled with each other from the beginning. The Spaniards and Flemings participated in the mutual antipathy, and hated each other cordially at first sight. The unscrupulous avarice of the Netherland nobles in Spain, their grasping and venal ambition, enraged and disgusted the haughty Spaniards. This international malignity furnishes one of the keys to a proper understanding of the great revolt in the next reign.

The provinces, now all united again under an emperor, were treated, opulent and powerful as they were, as obscure dependencies. The regency over them

was intrusted by Charles to his near relatives, who governed in the interest of his house, not of the country. His course towards them upon the religious question will be hereafter indicated. The political character of his administration was typified, and, as it were, dramatised, on the occasion of the memorable insurrection at Ghent. For this reason, a few interior details concerning that remarkable event seem requisite.

XI.

Ghent was, in all respects, one of the most important cities in Europe. Erasmus, who, as a Hollander and a courtier, was not likely to be partial to the turbulent Flemings, asserted that there was no town in all Christendom to be compared to it for size, power, political constitution, or the culture of its inhabitants. It was, said one of its inhabitants at the epoch of the insurrection, rather a commonwealth than a city. The activity and wealth of its burghers were proverbial. The bells were rung daily, and the drawbridges over the many arms of the river intersecting the streets were raised, in order that all business might be suspended while the armies of workmen were going to or returning from their labours. As early as the fourteenth century, the age of the Arteveldes, Froissart estimated the number of fighting men whom Ghent could bring into the field at eighty thousand. The city, by its jurisdiction over many large but subordinate towns, disposed of more than its own immediate population, which has been reckoned as high as two hundred thousand.

Placed in the midst of well-cultivated plains, Ghent was surrounded by strong walls, the external circuit of which measured nine miles. Its streets and squares were spacious and elegant, its churches and other public buildings numerous and splendid. The sumptuous church of Saint John or Saint Bavon, where Charles the Fifth had been baptised, the ancient castle whither Baldwin Bras de Fer had brought the daughter of Charles the Bold, the city hall with its graceful Moorish front, the well-known belfry, where for three centuries had perched the dragon sent by the Emperor Baldwin of Flanders from Constantinople, and where swung the famous Roland, whose iron tongue had called the citizens, generation after generation, to arms, whether to win battles over foreign kings at the head of their chivalry, or to plunge their swords in each others' breasts, were all conspicuous in the city, and celebrated in the land. Especially the great bell was the object of the burghers' affection, and, generally, of the sovereign's hatred; while to all it seemed, as it were, a living historical personage, endowed with the human powers and passions which it had so long directed and inflamed.

The constitution of the city was very free. It was a little republic in all but name. Its population was divided into fifty-two guilds of manufacturers and into thirty-two tribes of weavers; each fraternity electing annually or biennially its own deans and subordinate officers. The senate, which exercised functions legislative, judicial, and administrative, subject, of course, to the grand council of Mechlin and to the sovereign authority, consisted of twenty-six members. These were appointed partly from the upper class, or the men who lived upon their means, partly from the manufacturers in general, and partly from the weavers. They were chosen by a college of eight electors, who were appointed by the sovereign on nomination by the citizens. The whole city, in its collective capacity, constituted one of the four estates (Membra) of the province of Flanders. It is obvious that so much liberty of form and of fact, added to the stormy character by which its citizens were distinguished, would be most offensive in the eyes of Charles, and that the delinquencies of the little commonwealth would be represented in the most glaring colours by all those quiet souls who preferred the tranquillity of despot-

ism to the turbulence of freedom. The city claimed, moreover, the general provisions of the "Great Privilege" of the Lady Mary, the Magna Charta, which, according to the monarchical party, had been legally abrogated by Maximilian. The liberties of the town had also been nominally curtailed by the "calf skin" (Kalf Vel). By this celebrated document, Charles the Fifth, then fifteen years of age, had been made to threaten with condign punishment all persons who should maintain that he had sworn at his inauguration to observe any privileges or charters claimed by the Ghenters before the peace of Cadsand.

The immediate cause of the discontent, the attempt to force from Flanders a subsidy of four hundred thousand caroli, as the third part of the twelve hundred thousand granted by the states of the Netherlands, and the resistance of Ghent in opposition to the other three members of the province, will, of course, be judged differently, according as the sympathies are stronger with popular rights or with prerogative. The citizens claimed that the subsidy could only be granted by the unanimous consent of the four Estates of the province. Among other proofs of this their unquestionable right, they appealed to a muniment, which had never existed, save in the imagination of the credulous populace. At a certain remote epoch, one of the Counts of Flanders, it was contended, had gambled away his countship to the Earl of Holland, but had been extricated from his dilemma by the generosity of Ghent. The burghers of the town had paid the debts and redeemed the sovereignty of their lord, and had thereby gained, in return, a charter called the Bargain of Flanders (Koop van Flandern). Among the privileges granted by this document was an express stipulation that no subsidy should ever be granted by the province without the consent of Ghent. This charter would have been conclusive in the present emergency, had it not laboured under the disadvantage of never having existed. It was supposed by many that the magistrates, some of whom were favourable to government, had hidden the document. Lieven Pyl, an ex-senator, was supposed to be privy to its concealment. He was also, with more justice, charged with an act of great baseness and effrontery. Deputed by the citizens to carry to the Queen Regent their positive refusal to grant the subsidy, he had, on the contrary, given an answer, in their name, in the affirmative. For these delinquencies, the imaginary and the real, he was inhumanly tortured and afterwards beheaded. "I know, my children," said he, upon the scaffold, "that you will be grieved when you have seen my blood flow, and that you will regret me when it is too late." It does not appear, however, that there was any especial reason to regret him, however sanguinary the punishment which had requited his broken faith

The mischief being thus afoot, the tongue of Roland and the easily-excited spirits of the citizens soon did the rest. Ghent broke forth into open insurrection. They had been willing to enlist and pay troops under their own banners, but they had felt outraged at the enormous contribution demanded of them for a foreign war, undertaken in the family interests of their distant master. They could not find the "Bargain of Flanders," but they got possession of the odious "calf skin," which was solemnly cut in two by the dean of the weavers. It was then torn in shreds by the angry citizens, many of whom paraded the streets with pieces of the hated document stuck in their caps, like plumes. From these demonstrations they proceeded to intrigues with Francis the First. He rejected them, and gave notice of their overtures to Charles, who now resolved to quell the insurrection at once. Francis wrote, begging that the Emperor would honour him by coming through France; "wishing to assure you," said he, "my lord and good brother, by this letter, written and signed by my hand, upon my honour, and on the

faith of a prince, and of the best brother you have, that in passing through my kingdom every possible honour and hospitality will be offered you, even as they could be to myself." Certainly the French king, after such profuse and voluntary pledges, to confirm which he, moreover, offered his two sons and other great individuals as hostages, could not, without utterly disgracing himself, have taken any unhandsome advantage of the Emperor's presence in his dominions. The reflections often made concerning the high-minded chivalry of Francis, and the subtle knowledge of human nature displayed by Charles upon the occasion, seem, therefore, entirely superfluous. The Emperor came to Paris. "Here," says a citizen of Ghent at the time, who has left a minute account of the transaction upon record, but whose sympathies were ludicrously with the despot and against his own townspeople, "here the Emperor was received as if the God of paradise had descended." On the 9th of February 1540 he left Brussels; on the 14th he came to Ghent. His entrance into the city lasted more than six hours. Four thousand lancers, one thousand archers, five thousand halberdmen and musketeers composed his bodyguard, all armed to the teeth and ready for combat. The Emperor rode in their midst, surrounded by "cardinals, archbishops, bishops, and other great ecclesiastical lords," so that the terrors of the Church were combined with the panoply of war to affright the souls of the turbulent burghers. A brilliant train of "dukes, princes, earls, barons, grand masters, and seignors, together with most of the Knights of the Fleece," were, according to the testimony of the same eye-witness, in attendance upon his Majesty. This unworthy son of Ghent was in ecstasies with the magnificence displayed upon the occasion. There was such a number of "grand lords, members of sovereign houses, bishops, and other ecclesiastical dignitaries, going about the streets, that," as the poor soul protested with delight, "there was nobody else to be met with." Especially the fine clothes of these distinguished guests excited his warmest admiration. It was wonderful to behold, he said, "the nobility and great richness of the princes and seignors, displayed as well in their beautiful furs, martins, and sables, as in the great chains of fine gold which they wore twisted round their necks, and the pearls and precious stones in their bonnets and otherwise, which they displayed in great abundance. It was a *very triumphant thing* to see them thus richly dressed and accoutred."

An idea may be formed of the size and wealth of the city at this period from the fact that it received and accommodated sixty thousand strangers, with their fifteen thousand horses, upon the occasion of the Emperor's visit. Charles allowed a month of awful suspense to intervene between his arrival and his vengeance. Despair and hope alternated during the interval. On the 17th of March, the spell was broken by the execution of nineteen persons, who were beheaded as ringleaders. On the 29th of April he pronounced sentence upon the city. The hall where it was rendered was open to all comers, and graced by the presence of the Emperor, the Queen Regent, and the great functionaries of court, church, and state. The decree, now matured, was read at length. It annulled all the charters, privileges, and laws of Ghent. It confiscated all its public property, rents, revenues, houses, artillery, munitions of war, and in general everything which the corporation or the traders, each and all, possessed in common. In particular, the great bell Roland was condemned and sentenced to immediate removal. It was decreed that the four hundred thousand florins, which had caused the revolt, should forthwith be paid, together with an additional fine by Ghent of one hundred and fifty thousand, besides six thousand a year for ever after. In place of their ancient and beloved constitution, thus annihilated at a blow, was promulgated a new form of municipal government of the simplest kind,

according to which *all officers* were in future to be appointed by himself, and the guilds to be reduced to half their number, shorn of all political power, and deprived entirely of self-government. It was, moreover, decreed that the senators, their pensionaries, clerks, and secretaries, thirty notable burghers, to be named by the Emperor, with the great dean and second dean of the weavers, all dressed in black robes, without their chains, and bare-headed, should appear upon an appointed day, in company with fifty persons from the guilds, and fifty others, to be arbitrarily named, *in their shirts, with halters upon their necks.* This large number of deputies, as representatives of the city, were then to fall upon their knees before the Emperor, say in a loud and intelligible voice, by the mouth of one of their clerks, that they were extremely sorry for the disloyalty, disobedience, infraction of laws, commotions, rebellion, and high treason, of which they had been guilty, promise that they would never do the like again, and humbly implore him, for the sake of the Passion of Jesus Christ, to grant them mercy and forgiveness.

The third day of May was appointed for the execution of the sentence. Charles, who was fond of imposing exhibitions, and prided himself upon arranging them with skill, was determined that this occasion should be long remembered by all burghers throughout his dominions who might be disposed to insist strongly upon their municipal rights. The streets were alive with troops, cavalry and infantry in great numbers keeping strict guard at every point throughout the whole extent of the city; for it was known that the hatred produced by the sentence was most deadly, and that nothing but an array of invincible force could keep these hostile sentiments in check The senators in their black mourning robes, the other deputies in linen sheets, bareheaded, with halters on their necks, proceeded, at the appointed hour, from the senate-house to the imperial residence. High on his throne, with the Queen Regent at his side, surrounded by princes, prelates, and nobles, guarded by his archers and halberdiers, his crown on his head and his sceptre in his hand, the Emperor, exalted, sat. The senators and burghers, in their robes of humiliation, knelt in the dust at his feet. The prescribed words of contrition and of supplication for mercy were then read by the pensionary, all the deputies remaining upon their knees, and many of them crying bitterly with rage and shame. "What principally distressed them," said the honest citizen, whose admiration for the brilliant accoutrement of the princes and prelates has been recorded, "was to have the halter on their necks, which they found hard to bear, and, if they had not been compelled, they would rather have died than submit to it."

As soon as the words had been all spoken by the pensionary, the Emperor, whose cue was now to appear struggling with mingled emotions of reasonable wrath and of natural benignity, performed his part with much dramatic effect. "He held himself coyly for a little time," says the eye-witness, "without saying a word; deporting himself as though he were considering whether or not he would grant the pardon for which the culprits had prayed." Then the Queen Regent enacted her share in the show. Turning to his Majesty, "with all reverence, honour, and humility, she begged that he would concede forgiveness, in honour of his nativity, which had occurred in that city."

Upon this the Emperor "made a fine show of benignity," and replied "very sweetly," that in consequence of his "fraternal love for her, by reason of his being a gentle and virtuous prince, who preferred mercy to the rigour of justice, and in view of their repentance, he would accord his pardon to the citizens."

The Netherlands, after this issue to the struggle of Ghent, were reduced, practically, to a very degraded condition. The form of local self-govern

ment remained, but its spirit, when invoked, only arose to be derided. The supreme court of Mechlin, as in the days of Charles the Bold, was again placed in despotic authority above the ancient charters. Was it probable that the lethargy of provinces, which had reached so high a point of freedom only to be deprived of it at last, could endure for ever? Was it to be hoped that the stern spirit of religious enthusiasm, allying itself with the keen instinct of civil liberty, would endue the provinces with strength to throw off the Spanish yoke?

XII.

It is impossible to comprehend the character of the great Netherland revolt in the sixteenth century without taking a rapid retrospective survey of the religious phenomena exhibited in the provinces. The introduction of Christianity has been already indicated. From the earliest times, neither prince, people, nor even prelates, were very dutiful to the Pope. As the papal authority made progress, strong resistance was often made to its decrees. The bishops of Utrecht were dependent for their wealth and territory upon the good will of the Emperor. They were the determined opponents of Hildebrand, warm adherents of the Hohenstaufers—Ghibelline rather than Guelph. Heresy was a plant of early growth in the Netherlands. As early as the beginning of the twelfth century, the notorious Tanchelyn preached at Antwerp, attacking the authority of the Pope and of all other ecclesiastics, scoffing at the ceremonies and sacraments of the Church. Unless his character and career have been grossly misrepresented, he was the most infamous of the many impostors who have so often disgraced the cause of religious reformation. By more than four centuries, he anticipated the licentiousness and greediness manifested by a series of false prophets, and was the first to turn both the stupidity of a populace and the viciousness of a priesthood to his own advancement—an ambition which afterwards reached its most signal expression in the celebrated John of Leyden.

The impudence of Tanchelyn and the superstition of his followers seem alike incredible. All Antwerp was his harem. He levied, likewise, vast sums upon his converts, and whenever he appeared in public, his apparel and pomp were befitting an emperor. Three thousand armed satellites escorted his steps and put to death all who resisted his commands. So grovelling became the superstition of his followers, that they drank of the water in which he had washed, and treasured it as a divine elixir. Advancing still further in his experiments upon human credulity, he announced his approaching marriage with the Virgin Mary, bade all his disciples to the wedding, and exhibited himself before an immense crowd in company with an image of his holy bride. He then ordered the people to provide for the expenses of the nuptials and the dowry of his wife, placing a coffer upon each side of the image, to receive the contributions of either sex. Which is the most wonderful manifestation in the history of this personage—the audacity of the impostor, or the bestiality of his victims? His career was so successful in the Netherlands that he had the effrontery to proceed to Rome, promulgating what he called his doctrines as he went. He seems to have been assassinated by a priest in an obscure brawl about the year 1115.

By the middle of the twelfth century, other and purer heresiarchs had arisen. Many Netherlanders became converts to the doctrines of Waldo. From that period until the appearance of Luther, a succession of sects—Waldenses, Albigenses, Perfectists, Lollards, Poplicans, Arnaldists, Bohemian Brothers—waged perpetual but unequal warfare with the power and depravity of the Church, fertilising with their blood the future field of the

Reformation. Nowhere was the persecution of heretics more relentless than in the Netherlands. Suspected persons were subjected to various torturing but ridiculous ordeals. After such trial, death by fire was the usual, but, perhaps, not the most severe form of execution. In Flanders, monastic ingenuity had invented another most painful punishment for Waldenses and similar malefactors. A criminal whose guilt had been established by the hot iron, hot ploughshare, boiling kettle, or other logical proof, was stripped and bound to the stake; he was then flayed, from the neck to the naval, while swarms of bees were let loose to fasten upon his bleeding flesh and torture him to a death of exquisite agony.

Nevertheless heresy increased in the face of oppression. The Scriptures, translated by Waldo into French, were rendered into Netherland rhyme, and the converts to the Vaudois doctrine increased in numbers and boldness. At the same time the power and luxury of the clergy was waxing daily. The bishops of Utrecht, no longer the defenders of the people against arbitrary power, conducted themselves like little popes. Yielding in dignity neither to king nor kaiser, they exacted homage from the most powerful princes of the Netherlands. The clerical order became the most privileged of all. The accused priest refused to acknowledge the temporal tribunals. The protection of ecclesiastical edifices was extended over all criminals and fugitives from justice—a beneficent result in those sanguinary ages, even if its roots were sacerdotal pride. To establish an accusation against a bishop, seventy-two witnesses were necessary; against a deacon, twenty-seven; against an inferior dignitary, seven; while two were sufficient to convict a layman. The power to read and write helped the clergy to much wealth. Privileges and charters from petty princes, gifts and devises from private persons, were documents which few, save ecclesiastics, could draw or dispute. Not content, moreover, with their territories and their tithings, the churchmen perpetually devised new burthens upon the peasantry. Ploughs, sickles, horses, oxen, all implements of husbandry, were taxed for the benefit of those who toiled not, but who gathered into barns. In the course of the twelfth century, many religious houses, richly endowed with lands and other property, were founded in the Netherlands. Was hand or voice raised against clerical encroachment, the priests held ever in readiness a deadly weapon of defence: a blasting anathema was thundered against their antagonist, and smote him into submission. The disciples of Him who ordered His followers to bless their persecutors and to love their enemies invented such Christian formulas as these:—"In the name of the Father, the Son, the Holy Ghost, the blessed Virgin Mary, John the Baptist, Peter and Paul, and all other saints in heaven, do we curse and cut off from our communion him who has thus rebelled against us. May the curse strike him in his house, barn, bed, field, path, city, castle. May he be cursed in battle, accursed in praying, in speaking, in silence, in eating, in drinking, in sleeping. May he be accursed in his taste, hearing, smell, and all his senses. May the curse blast his eyes, head, and his body, from his crown to the soles of his feet. I conjure you, devil, and all your imps, that you take no rest till you have brought him to eternal shame; till he is destroyed by drowning or hanging, till he is torn to pieces by wild beasts, or consumed by fire. Let his children become orphans, his wife a widow. I command you, devil, and all your imps, that even as I now blow out these torches, you do immediately extinguish the light from his eyes. So be it—so be it. Amen. Amen." So speaking, the curser was wont to blow out two waxen torches which he held in his hands, and, with this practical illustration, the anathema was complete.

Such insane ravings, even in the mouth of some impotent beldame, were

enough to excite a shudder, but in that dreary epoch, these curses from the lips of clergymen were deemed sufficient to draw down celestial lightning upon the head, not of the blasphemer, but of his victim. Men who trembled neither at sword nor fire cowered like slaves before such horrid imprecations, uttered by tongues gifted, as it seemed, with superhuman power. Their fellow-men shrank from the wretches thus blasted, and refused communication with them as unclean and abhorred.

By the end of the thirteenth century, however, the clerical power was already beginning to decline. It was not the corruption of the Church, but its enormous wealth, which engendered the hatred with which it was by many regarded. Temporal princes and haughty barons began to dispute the right of ecclesiastics to enjoy vast estates, while refusing the burthen of taxation, and unable to draw a sword for the common defence. At this period, the Counts of Flanders, of Holland, and other Netherland sovereigns, issued decrees forbidding clerical institutions from acquiring property by devise, gift, purchase, or any other mode. The downfall of the rapacious and licentious knights-templar in the provinces and throughout Europe was another severe blow administered at the same time. The attacks upon Church abuses redoubled in boldness as its authority declined. Towards the end of the fourteenth century, the doctrines of Wicklif had made great progress in the land. Early in the fifteenth, the executions of Huss and Jerome of Prague produced the Bohemian rebellion. The Pope proclaims a crusade against the Hussites. Knights and prelates, esquires and citizens, enlist in the sacred cause throughout Holland and its sister provinces; but many Netherlanders, who had felt the might of Ziska's arm, come back feeling more sympathy with the heresy which they had attacked than with the Church for which they had battled.

Meantime, the restrictions imposed by Netherland sovereigns upon clerical rights to hold or acquire property become more stern and more general. On the other hand, with the invention of printing, the cause of Reformation takes a colossal stride in advance. A Bible which before had cost five hundred crowns, now costs but five. The people acquire the power of reading God's Word, or of hearing it read, for themselves. The light of truth dispels the clouds of superstition, as by a new revelation. The Pope and his monks are found to bear very often but faint resemblance to Jesus and His apostles. Moreover, the instinct of self-interest sharpens the eye of the public. Many greedy priests, of lower rank, had turned shopkeepers in the Netherlands, and were growing rich by selling their wares, exempt from taxation, at a lower rate than lay hucksters could afford. The benefit of clergy, thus taking the bread from the mouths of many, excites jealousy; the more so as, besides their miscellaneous business, the reverend traders have a most lucrative branch of commerce from which other merchants are excluded. The sale of absolutions was the source of large fortunes to the priests. The enormous impudence of this traffic almost exceeds belief. Throughout the Netherlands, the price current of the wares thus offered for sale was published in every town and village. God's pardon for crimes already committed, or about to be committed, was advertised according to a graduated tariff. Thus, poisoning, for example, was absolved for eleven ducats, six livres tournois. Absolution for incest was afforded at thirty-six livres, three ducats. Perjury came to seven livres and three carlines. Pardon for murder, if not by poison, was cheaper. Even a parricide could buy forgiveness at God's tribunal at one ducat, four livres, eight carlines. Henry de Montfort, in the year 1448, purchased absolution for that crime at that price. Was it strange that a century or so of this kind of work should produce a Luther? Was it unnatural

that plain people, who loved the ancient Church, should rather desire to see her purged of such blasphemous abuses, than to hear of St. Peter's dome rising a little nearer to the clouds on these proceeds of commuted crime?

At the same time, while ecclesiastical abuses are thus augmenting, ecclesiastical power is diminishing in the Netherlands. The Church is no longer able to protect itself against the secular arm. The halcyon days of ban, book, and candle are gone. In 1459, Duke Philip of Burgundy prohibits the churches from affording protection to fugitives. Charles the Bold, in whose eyes nothing is sacred save war and the means of making it, lays a heavy impost upon all clerical property. Upon being resisted, he enforces collection with the armed hand. The sword and the pen, strength and intellect, no longer the exclusive servants or instruments of priestcraft, are both in open revolt. Charles the Bold storms one fortress, Doctor Grandfort of Groningen batters another. This learned Frisian, called "the light of the world," friend and compatriot of the great Rudolph Agricola, preaches throughout the provinces, uttering bold denunciations of ecclesiastical error. He even disputes the infallibility of the Pope, denies the utility of prayers for the dead, and inveighs against the whole doctrine of purgatory and absolution.

With the beginning of the sixteenth century, the great Reformation was actually alive. The name of Erasmus of Rotterdam was already celebrated; the man who, according to Grotius, "so well showed the road to a reasonable reformation." But if Erasmus showed the road, he certainly did not travel far upon it himself. Perpetual type of the quietist, the moderate man, he censured the errors of the Church with discrimination and gentleness, as if Borgianism had not been too long rampant at Rome, as if men's minds throughout Christendom were not too deeply stirred to be satisfied with mild rebukes against sin, especially when the mild rebuker was in receipt of livings and salaries from the sinner. Instead of rebukes, the age wanted reforms. The sage of Rotterdam was a keen observer, a shrewd satirist, but a moderate moralist. He loved ease, good company, the soft repose of princely palaces, better than a life of martyrdom and a death at the stake. He was not of the stuff of which martyrs are made, as he handsomely confessed on more than one occasion. "Let others affect martyrdom," he said; "for myself I am unworthy of the honour." And at another time, "I am not of a mind," he observed, "to venture my life for the truth's sake; all men have not strength to endure the martyr's death. For myself, if it came to the point, I should do no better than Simon Peter." Moderate in all things, he would have liked, he said, to live without eating and drinking, although he never found it convenient to do so, and he rejoiced when advancing age diminished his tendency to other carnal pleasures in which he had moderately indulged. Although awake to the abuses of the Church, he thought Luther going too fast and too far. He began by applauding—ended by censuring the monk of Wittenberg. The Reformation might have been delayed for centuries had Erasmus and other moderate men been the only reformers. He will long be honoured for his elegant Latinity. In the republic of letters, his efforts to infuse a pure taste, a sound criticism, a love for the beautiful and the classic, in place of the owlish pedantry which had so long flapped and hooted through mediæval cloisters, will always be held in grateful reverence. In the history of the religious Reformation, his name seems hardly to deserve the commendations of Grotius.

As the schism yawns more and more ominously throughout Christendom the Emperor naturally trembles. Anxious to save the state, but being no antique Roman, he wishes to close the gulf, but with more convenience to himself. He conceives the highly original plan of combining Church and

Empire under one crown. This is Maximilian's scheme for Church reformation. An hereditary papacy, a perpetual pope-emperor, the Charlemagne and Hildebrand systems united and simplified—thus the world may yet be saved. "Nothing more honourable, nobler, better, could happen to us," writes Maximilian to Paul Lichtenstein (16th Sept. 1511), "than to reannex the said popedom—which properly belongs to us—to our empire. Cardinal Adrian approves our reasons and encourages us to proceed, being of opinion that we should not have much trouble with the cardinals. It is much to be feared that the Pope may die of his present sickness. He has lost his appetite, and fills himself with so much drink that his health is destroyed. As such matters cannot be arranged without money, we have promised the cardinals, whom we expect to bring over, 300,000 ducats, which we shall raise from the Fuggers, and make payable in Rome upon the appointed day."

These business-like arrangements he communicates, two days afterwards, in a secret letter to his daughter Margaret, and already exults at his future eminence, both in this world and the next. "We are sending Monsieur de Gurce," he says, "to make an agreement with the Pope, that we may be taken as coadjutor, in order that, upon his death, we may *be sure of the papacy*, and afterwards of *becoming a saint*. After my decease, therefore, you will be *constrained to adore me*, of which *I shall be very proud*. I am beginning to work upon the cardinals, in which affair two or three hundred thousand ducats will be of great service." The letter was signed, "From the hand of your good father, Maximilian, *future Pope*."

These intrigues are not destined, however, to be successful. Pope Julius lives two years longer: Leo the Tenth succeeds; and, as Medici are not much prone to Church reformation, some other scheme, and perhaps some other reformer, may be wanted. Meantime, the traffic in bulls of absolution becomes more horrible than ever. Money must be raised to supply the magnificent extravagance of Rome. Accordingly, Christians throughout Europe are offered, by papal authority, guarantees of forgiveness for every imaginable sin, "even for the rape of God's mother, if that were possible," together with a promise of life eternal in paradise, all upon payment of the price affixed to each crime. The Netherlands, like other countries, are districted and farmed for the collection of this papal revenue. Much of the money thus raised remains in the hands of the vile collectors. Sincere Catholics, who love and honour the ancient religion, shrink with horror at the spectacle offered on every side. Criminals buying paradise for money, monks spending the money thus paid in gaming houses, taverns, and brothels; this seems, to those who have studied their Testaments, a different scheme of salvation from the one promulgated by Christ. There has evidently been a departure from the system of earlier apostles. Innocent conservative souls are much perplexed; but, at last, all these infamies arouse a giant to do battle with the giant wrong. Martin Luther enters the lists, all alone, armed only with a quiver filled with ninety-five propositions, and a bow which can send them all over Christendom with incredible swiftness. Within a few weeks the ninety-five propositions have flown through Germany, the Netherlands, Spain, and are found in Jerusalem.

At the beginning, Erasmus encourages the bold friar. So long as the axe is not laid at the foot of the tree which bears the poisonous but golden fruit, the moderate man applauds the blows. "Luther's cause is considered odious," writes Erasmus to the Elector of Saxony, "because he has, at the same time, attacked the bellies of the monks and the bulls of the Pope." He complains that the zealous man had been attacked with railing, but not with arguments. He foresees that the work will have a bloody and turbulent

result, but imputes the principal blame to the clergy. "The priests talk," said he, "of absolution in such terms that laymen cannot stomach it. Luther has been for nothing more censured than for making little of Thomas Aquinas; for wishing to diminish the absolution traffic; for having a low opinion of mendicant orders, and for respecting scholastic opinions less than the Gospels. All this is considered intolerable heresy."

Erasmus, however, was offending both parties. A swarm of monks were already buzzing about him for the bold language of his Commentaries and Dialogues. He was called Erasmus for his errors—Arasmus because he would plough up sacred things—Erasinus because he had written himself an ass—Behemoth, Antichrist, and many other names of similar import. Luther was said to have bought the deadly seed in his barn. The egg had been laid by Erasmus, hatched by Luther. On the other hand, he was reviled for not taking side manfully with the reformer. The moderate man received much denunciation from zealots on either side. He soon clears himself, however, from all suspicions of Lutheranism. He is appalled at the fierce conflict which rages far and wide. He becomes querulous as the mighty besom sweeps away sacred dust and consecrated cobwebs. "Men should not attempt everything at once," he writes, "but rather step by step. That which men cannot improve they must look at through the fingers. If the godlessness of mankind requires such fierce physicians as Luther, if man cannot be healed with soothing ointments and cooling drinks, let us hope that God will comfort, as repentant, those whom He has punished as rebellious. If the dove of Christ—not the owl of Minerva—would only fly to us, some measure might be put to the madness of mankind."

Meantime the man, whose talk is not of doves and owls, the fierce physician, who deals not with ointments and cooling draughts, strides past the crowd of gentle quacks to smite the foul disease. Devils, thicker than tiles on house-tops, scare him not from his work. Bans and bulls, excommunications and decrees, are rained upon his head. The paternal Emperor sends down dire edicts, thicker than hail upon the earth. The Holy Father blasts and raves from Rome. Louvain doctors denounce, Louvain hangmen burn the bitter blasphemous books. The immoderate man stands firm in the storm, demanding argument instead of illogical thunder; shows the hangmen and the people too, outside the Elster gate at Wittenberg, that papal bulls will blaze as merrily as heretic scrolls. What need of allusion to events which changed the world —which every child has learned—to the war of Titans, uprooting of hoary trees and rock-ribbed hills, to the Worms Diet, Peasant wars, the Patmos of Eisenach, and huge wrestlings with the devil?

Imperial edicts are soon employed to suppress the Reformation in the Netherlands by force. The provinces, unfortunately, are the private property of Charles, his paternal inheritance; and most paternally, according to his view of the matter, does he deal with them. Germany cannot be treated thus summarily, not being his heritage. "As it appears," says the edict of 1521, "that the aforesaid Martin is not a man, but a devil under the form of a man, and clothed in the dress of a priest, the better to bring the human race to hell and damnation, therefore all his disciples and converts are to be punished with death and forfeiture of all their goods." This was succinct and intelligible. The bloody edict, issued at Worms, without even a pretence of sanction by the Estates, was carried into immediate effect. The papal Inquisition was introduced into the provinces to assist its operations. The bloody work for which the reign of Charles is mainly distinguished in the Netherlands now began. In 1523, July 1st, two Augustine monks were burned at Brussels, the first victims to Lutheranism in the provinces. Erasmus observed, with a sigh,

that 'two had been burned at Brussels, and that the city now began strenuously to favour Lutheranism."

Pope Adrian the Sixth, the Netherland boatmaker's son and the Emperor's ancient tutor, was sufficiently alive to the sins of churchmen. The humble scholar of Utrecht was at least no Borgia. At the diet of Nuremberg, summoned to put down Luther, the honest Pope declared roundly, through the Bishop of Fabriane, that "these disorders had sprung from the sins of men, more especially *from the sins of priests and prelates*. Even in the holy chair," said he, "many horrible crimes have been committed. Many abuses have grown up in the ecclesiastical state. The contagious disease, spreading from the head to the members—from the Pope to lesser prelates—has spread far and wide, so that scarcely any one is to be found who does right, and who is free from infection. Nevertheless, the evils have become so ancient and manifold, that it will be necessary to go step by step."

In those passionate days, the ardent reformers were as much outraged by this pregnant confession as the ecclesiastics. It would indeed be a slow process, they thought, to move step by step in the Reformation, if between each step a whole century was to intervene. In vain did the gentle pontiff call upon Erasmus to assuage the stormy sea with his smooth rhetoric. The sage of Rotterdam was old and sickly; his day was over. Adrian's head, too, languishes beneath the triple crown but twenty months. He dies 13th September 1523, having arrived at the conviction, according to his epitaph, that the greatest misfortune of his life was to have reigned.

Another edict, published in the Netherlands, forbids all private assemblies for devotion, all reading of the Scriptures, all discussions within one's own doors concerning faith, the sacraments, the papal authority, or other religious matter, under penalty of death. The edicts were no dead letter. The fires were kept constantly supplied with human fuel by monks who knew the art of burning reformers better than that of arguing with them. The scaffold was the most conclusive of syllogisms, and used upon all occasions. Still the people remained unconvinced. Thousands of burned heretics had not made a single convert.

A fresh edict renewed and sharpened the punishment for reading the Scriptures in private or public. At the same time, the violent personal altercation between Luther and Erasmus upon predestination, together with the bitter dispute between Luther and Zwingli concerning the real presence, did more to impede the progress of the Reformation than ban or edict, sword or fire. The spirit of humanity hung her head, finding that the bold reformer had only a new dogma in place of the old ones, seeing that Dissenters, in their turn, were sometimes as ready as Papists with axe, fagot, and excommunication. In 1526, Felix Mants, the Anabaptist, is drowned at Zurich, in obedience to Zwingli's pithy formula—*Qui iterum mergit mergatur*. Thus the Anabaptists, upon their first appearance, were exposed to the fires of the Church and the water of the Zwinglians.

There is no doubt that the Anabaptist delusion was so ridiculous and so loathsome as to palliate, or at least render intelligible, the wrath with which they were regarded by all parties. The turbulence of the sect was alarming to constituted authorities, its bestiality disgraceful to the cause of religious reformation. The leaders were among the most depraved of human creatures, as much distinguished for licentiousness, blasphemy, and cruelty, as their followers for grovelling superstition. The evil spirit driven out of Luther seemed, in orthodox eyes, to have taken possession of a herd of swine. The Germans, Muncer and Hoffmann, had been succeeded, as chief prophets, by a Dutch baker, named Matthiszoon, of Harlem; who announced himself as Enoch. Chief of this man's disciples was the notorious John Boccold of

Leyden. Under the government of this prophet, the Anabaptists mastered the city of Munster. Here they confiscated property, plundered churches, violated females, murdered men who refused to join the gang, and, in brief, practised all the enormities which humanity alone can conceive or perpetrate. The prophet proclaimed himself King of Sion, and sent out apostles to preach his doctrines in Germany and the Netherlands. Polygamy being a leading article of the system, he exemplified the principle by marrying fourteen wives. Of these, the beautiful widow of Matthiszoon was chief, was called the Queen of Sion, and wore a golden crown. The prophet made many fruitless efforts to seize Amsterdam and Leyden. The armed invasion of the Anabaptists was repelled, but their contagious madness spread. The plague broke forth in Amsterdam. On a cold winter's night (February 1535), seven men and five women, inspired by the Holy Ghost, threw off their clothes and rushed naked and raving through the streets, shrieking, "Wo, wo, wo! the wrath of God, the wrath of God!" When arrested, they obstinately refused to put on clothing. "We are," they observed, "the naked truth." In a day or two, these furious lunatics, who certainly deserved a madhouse rather than the scaffold, were all executed. The numbers of the sect increased with the martyrdom to which they were exposed, and the disorder spread to every part of the Netherlands. Many were put to death in lingering torments, but no perceptible effect was produced by the chastisement. Meantime the great chief of the sect, the prophet John, was defeated by the forces of the Bishop of Munster, who recovered his city, and caused the "King of Sion" to be pinched to death with red-hot tongs.

Unfortunately the severity of government was not wreaked alone upon the prophet and his mischievous crew. Thousands and ten thousands of virtuous, well-disposed men and women, who had as little sympathy with Anabaptistical as with Roman depravity, were butchered in cold blood under the sanguinary rule of Charles in the Netherlands. In 1533, Queen Dowager Mary of Hungary, sister of the Emperor, Regent of the provinces, the "Christian widow" admired by Erasmus, wrote to her brother that "in her opinion all heretics, whether repentant or not, should be prosecuted with such severity as that error might be at once extinguished, care being only taken that the provinces were not entirely depopulated." With this humane limitation, the "Christian widow" cheerfully set herself to superintend as foul and wholesale a system of murder as was ever organised. In 1535 an imperial edict was issued at Brussels, condemning all heretics to death; repentant males to be executed with the sword, repentant females to be buried alive, the obstinate of both sexes to be burned. This and similar edicts were the law of the land for twenty years, and rigidly enforced. Imperial and papal persecution continued its daily deadly work with such diligence as to make it doubtful whether the limits set by the Regent Mary might not be overstepped. In the midst of the carnage, the Emperor sent for his son Philip, that he might receive the fealty of the Netherlands as their future lord and master. Contemporaneously a new edict was published at Brussels (29th April 1549), confirming and re-enacting all previous decrees in their most severe provisions. Thus stood religious matters in the Netherlands at the epoch of the imperial abdication.

XIII.

The civil institutions of the country had assumed their last provincial form in the Burgundo-Austrian epoch. As already stated, their tendency, at a later period a vicious one, was to substitute fictitious personages for men. A chain of corporations was wound about the liberty of the Netherlands; yet that liberty had been originally sustained by the system in which it one day

might be strangled. The spirit of local self-government, always the life-blood of liberty, was often excessive in its manifestations. The centrifugal force had been too much developed, and, combining with the mutual jealousy of corporations, had often made the nation weak against a common foe. Instead of popular rights there were state rights; for the large cities, with extensive districts and villages under their government, were rather petty states than municipalities. Although the supreme legislative and executive functions belonged to the sovereign, yet each city made its bylaws, and possessed, beside, a body of statutes and regulations, made from time to time by its own authority and confirmed by the prince. Thus a large portion, at least, of the nation shared practically in the legislative functions, which, technically, it did not claim; nor had the requirements of society made constant legislation so necessary, as that to exclude the people from the work was to enslave the country. There was popular power enough to effect much good, but it was widely scattered, and, at the same time, confined in artificial forms. The guilds were vassals of the towns, the towns vassals of the feudal lord. The guild voted in the "broad council" of the city as one person; the city voted in the Estates as one person. The people of the United Netherlands was the personage yet to be invented. It was a privilege, not a right, to exercise a handiwork or to participate in the action of government. Yet the mass of privileges was so large, the shareholders so numerous, that practically the towns were republics. The government was in the hands of a large number of the people. Industry and intelligence led to wealth and power. This was great progress from the general servitude of the eleventh and twelfth centuries, an immense barrier against arbitrary rule. Loftier ideas of human rights, larger conceptions of commerce, have taught mankind, in later days, the difference between liberties and liberty, between guilds and free competition. At the same time it was the principle of mercantile association, in the middle ages, which protected the infant steps of human freedom and human industry against violence and wrong. Moreover, at this period, the tree of municipal life was still green and vigorous. The healthful flow of sap from the humblest roots to the most verdurous branches indicated the internal soundness of the core, and provided for the constant development of exterior strength. The road to political influence was open to all, not by right of birth, but through honourable exertion of heads and hands.

The chief city of the Netherlands, the commercial capital of the world, was Antwerp. In the north and east of Europe, the Hanseatic league had withered with the revolution in commerce. At the south, the splendid marble channels, through which the overland India trade had been conducted from the Mediterranean by a few stately cities, were now dry, the great aqueducts ruinous and deserted. Verona, Venice, Nuremberg, Augsburg, Bruges, were sinking; but Antwerp, with its deep and convenient river, stretched its arm to the ocean, and caught the golden prize as it fell from its sister cities' grasp. The city was so ancient that its genealogists, with ridiculous gravity, ascended to a period to centuries before the Trojan war, and discovered a giant, rejoicing in the classic name of Antigonus, established on the Scheld This patriarch exacted one-half the merchandise of all navigators who passed his castle, and was accustomed to amputate and cast into the river the right hands of those who infringed this simple tariff. Thus *Handwerpen*, hand-throwing, became *Antwerp*, and hence, two hands in the escutcheon of the city were ever held up in heraldic attestation of the truth. The giant was, in his turn, thrown into the Scheld by a hero named Brabo, from whose exploits Brabant derived its name; "*de quo Brabonica tellus.*" But for these antiquarian researches, a simpler derivation of the name would seem *an*

t' werf, "on the wharf." It had now become the principal entrepôt and exchange of Europe. The Fuggers, Velsens, Ostetts, of Germany, the Gualterotti and Bonvisi of Italy, and many other great mercantile houses, were there established. No city, except Paris, surpassed it in population, none approached it in commercial splendour. Its government was very free. The sovereign, as Marquis of Antwerp, was solemnly sworn to govern according to the ancient charters and laws. The stadholder, as his representative, shared his authority with the four estates of the city. The Senate of eighteen members was appointed by the stadholder out of a quadruple number nominated by the Senate itself and by the fourth body, called the Borgery. Half the board was thus renewed annually. It exercised executive and appellate judicial functions, appointed two burgomasters, and two pensionaries or legal councillors, and also selected the lesser magistrates or officials of the city. The board of ancient or ex-senators held their seats *ex officio*. The twenty-six ward masters, appointed, two from each ward, by the Senate on nomination by the wards, formed the third estate. Their especial business was to enrol the militia, and to attend to its mustering and training. The deans of the guilds, fifty-four in number, two from each guild, selected by the Senate from a triple list of candidates presented by the guilds, composed the fourth estate. This influential body was always assembled in the broad council of the city. Their duty was likewise to conduct the examination of candidates claiming admittance to any guild and offering specimens of art or handiwork, to superintend the general affairs of the guilds and to regulate disputes.

There were also two important functionaries, representing the king in criminal and civil matters. The Vicarius capitalis, Scultetus, Schout, Sheriff, or Margrave, took precedence of all magistrates. His business was to superintend criminal arrests, trials, and executions. The Vicarius civilis was called the Amman, and his office corresponded with that of the Podestà in the Frisian and Italian republics. His duties were nearly similar in civil to those of his colleague in criminal matters.

These four branches, with their functionaries and dependents, composed the commonwealth of Antwerp. Assembled together in council, they constituted the great and general court. No tax could be imposed by the sovereign, except with consent of the four branches, all voting separately.

The personal and domiciliary rights of the citizen were scrupulously guarded. The Schout could only make arrests with the Burgomaster's warrant, and was obliged to bring the accused, within three days, before the judges, whose courts were open to the public.

The condition of the population was prosperous. There were but few poor, and those did not seek, but were sought by the almoners. The schools were excellent and cheap. It was difficult to find a child of sufficient age who could not read, write, and speak at least two languages. The sons of the wealthier citizens completed their education at Louvain, Douay, Paris, or Padua.

The city itself was one of the most beautiful in Europe. Placed upon a plain along the banks of the Scheld, shaped like a bent bow with the river for its string, it enclosed within its walls some of the most splendid edifices in Christendom. The world-renowned church of Nôtre Dame; the stately Exchange, where five thousand merchants daily congregated, prototype of all similar establishments throughout the world; the capacious mole and port, where twenty-five hundred vessels were often seen at once, and where five hundred made their daily entrance or departure, were all establishments which it would have been difficult to rival in any other part of the world.

From what has already been said of the municipal institutions of the country it may be inferred that the powers of the Estates-general were limited. The

members of that congress were not representatives chosen by the people, but merely a few ambassadors from individual provinces. This individuality was not always composed of the same ingredients. Thus Holland consisted of two members or branches—the nobles and the six chief cities; Flanders of four branches—the cities, namely, of Ghent, Bruges, Ypres, and the "freedom of Bruges;" Brabant, of Louvain, Brussels, Bois le Duc, and Antwerp, four great cities, without representation of nobility or clergy; Zeland, of one clerical person, the Abbot of Middleburg, one noble, the Marquis of Veer and Vliessingen, and six chief cities; Utrecht, of three branches—the nobility, the clergy, and five cities. These and other provinces, constituted in similar manner, were supposed to be actually present at the diet when assembled. The chief business of the States-general was financial; the sovereign, or his stadholder, only obtaining supplies by making a request in person, while any single city, as branch of a province, had a right to refuse the grant.

XIV.

Education had felt the onward movement of the country and the times. The whole system was, however, pervaded by the monastic spirit, which had originally preserved all learning from annihilation, but which now kept it wrapped in the ancient cerecloths, and stiffening in the stony sarcophagus of a bygone age. The University of Louvain was the chief literary institution in the provinces. It had been established in 1423 by Duke John IV. of Brabant. Its government consisted of a president and senate, forming a close corporation, which had received from the founder all his own authority, and the right to supply its own vacancies. The five faculties of law, canon law, medicine, theology, and the arts, were cultivated at the institution. There was, besides, a high school for undergraduates, divided into four classes. The place reeked with pedantry, and the character of the university naturally diffused itself through other scholastic establishments. Nevertheless, it had done and was doing much to preserve the love for profound learning, while the rapidly advancing spirit of commerce was attended by an ever-increasing train of humanising arts.

The standard of culture in those flourishing cities was elevated compared with that observed in many parts of Europe. The children of the wealthier classes enjoyed great facilities for education in all the great capitals. The classics, music, and the modern languages, particularly the French, were universally cultivated. Nor was intellectual cultivation confined to the higher orders. On the contrary, it was diffused to a remarkable degree among the hard-working artisans and handicraftsmen of the great cities.

For the principle of association had not confined itself exclusively to politics and trade. Besides the numerous guilds by which citizenship was acquired in the various cities, were many other societies for mutual improvement, support, or recreation. The great secret architectural or masonic brotherhood of Germany, that league to which the artistic and patient completion of the magnificent works of Gothic architecture in the middle ages is mainly to be attributed, had its branches in Nether Germany, and explains the presence of so many splendid and elaborately-finished churches in the provinces. There were also military sodalities of musketeers, crossbowmen, archers, swordsmen in every town. Once a year these clubs kept holiday, choosing a king, who was selected for his prowess and skill in the use of various weapons. These festivals, always held with great solemnity and rejoicing, were accompanied by many exhibitions of archery and swordsmanship. The people were not likely, therefore, voluntarily to abandon that privilege and duty of freemen, the right to bear arms, and the power to handle them.

Another and most important collection of brotherhoods were the so-called

guilds of rhetoric, which existed, in greater or less number, in all the principal cities. These were associations of mechanics, for the purpose of amusing their leisure with poetical effusions, dramatic and musical exhibitions, theatrical processions, and other harmless and not inelegant recreations. Such chambers of rhetoric came originally in the fifteenth century from France. The fact that in their very title they confounded rhetoric with poetry and the drama, indicates the meagre attainments of these early "Rederykers." In the outset of their career they gave theatrical exhibitions. "King Herod and his Deeds" was enacted in the cathedral at Utrecht in 1418. The associations spread with great celerity throughout the Netherlands, and as they were all connected with each other, and in habits of periodical intercourse, these humble links of literature were of great value in drawing the people of the provinces into closer union. They became, likewise, important political engines. As early as the time of Philip the Good, their songs and lampoons became so offensive to the arbitrary notions of the Burgundian government, as to cause the societies to be prohibited. It was, however, out of the sovereign's power permanently to suppress institutions which already partook of the character of the modern periodical press combined with functions resembling the show and license of the Athenian drama. Viewed from the standpoint of literary criticism, their productions were not very commendable, and perhaps smacked of the hammer, the yardstick, and the pincers. Yet, if the style of these lucubrations was often depraved, the artisans rarely received a better example from the literary institutions above them. It was not for guilds of mechanics to give the tone to literature, nor were their efforts in more execrable taste than the emanations from the pedants of Louvain. The "Rhetoricians" are not responsible for all the bad taste of their generation. The gravest historians of the Netherlands often relieved their elephantine labours by the most asinine gambols, and it was not to be expected that these bustling weavers and cutlers should excel their literary superiors in taste or elegance.

Philip the Fair enrolled himself as a member in one of these societies. It may easily be inferred, therefore, that they had already become bodies of recognised importance. The rhetorical chambers existed in the most obscure villages. The number of yards of Flemish poetry annually manufactured and consumed throughout the provinces almost exceeds belief. The societies had regular constitutions. Their presiding officers were called kings, princes, captains, archdeacons, or rejoiced in similar high-sounding names. Each chamber had its treasurer, its buffoon, and its standard-bearer for public processions. Each had its peculiar title or blazon, as the Lily, the Marigold, or the Violet, with an appropriate motto. By the year 1493, the associations had become so important, that Philip the Fair summoned them all to a general assembly at Mechlin. Here they were organised, and formally incorporated under the general supervision of an upper or mother society of rhetoric, consisting of fifteen members, and called by the title of "Jesus with the balsam flower."

The sovereigns were always anxious to conciliate these influential guilds by becoming members of them in person. Like the players, the rhetoricians were the brief abstract and chronicle of the time, and neither prince nor private person desired their ill report. It had, indeed, been Philip's intention to convert them into engines for the arbitrary purposes of his house, but fortunately the publicly-organised societies were not the only chambers. On the contrary, the unchartered guilds were the most numerous and influential. They exercised a vast influence upon the progress of the religious reformation and the subsequent revolt of the Netherlands. They ridiculed, with their farces and their satires, the vices of the clergy. They dramatised tyranny for

public execration. It was also not surprising that among the leaders of the wild Anabaptists who disgraced the great revolution in Church and State by their hideous antics should be found many who, like David of Delft, John of Leyden, and others, had been members of rhetorical chambers. The genius for mummery and theatrical exhibitions, transplanted from its sphere, and exerting itself for purposes of fraud and licentiousness, was as baleful in its effects as it was healthy in its original manifestations. Such exhibitions were but the excrescences of a system which had borne good fruit. These literary guilds befitted and denoted a people which was alive, a people which had neither sunk to sleep in the lap of material prosperity, nor abased itself in the sty of ignorance and political servitude. The spirit of Liberty pervaded these rude but not illiterate assemblies, and her fair proportions were distinctly visible, even through the somewhat grotesque garb which she thus assumed.

The great leading recreations which these chambers afforded to themselves and the public were the periodic jubilees which they celebrated in various capital cities. All the guilds of rhetoric throughout the Netherlands were then invited to partake and to compete in magnificent processions, brilliant costumes, living pictures, charades and other animated, glittering groups, and in trials of dramatic and poetic skill, all arranged under the superintendence of the particular association which in the preceding year had borne away the prize. Such jubilees were called "Land-jewels."

From the amusements of a people may be gathered much that is necessary for a proper estimation of its character. No unfavourable opinion can be formed as to the culture of a nation whose weavers, smiths, gardeners, and traders found the favourite amusement of their holidays in composing and enacting tragedies or farces, reciting their own verses, or in personifying moral and æsthetic sentiments by ingeniously-arranged groups or gorgeous habiliments. The cramoisy velvets and yellow satin doublets of the court, the gold-brocaded mantles of priests and princes, are often but vulgar drapery, of little historic worth. Such costumes thrown around the swart figures of hard-working artisans, for literary and artistic purposes, have a real significance, and are worthy of a closer examination. Were not these amusements of the Netherlanders as elevated and humanising as the contemporary bull-fights and autos-da-fé of Spain? What place in history does the gloomy bigot merit who, for the love of Christ, converted all these gay cities into shambles, and changed the glittering processions of their land-jewels into fettered marches to the scaffold?

Thus fifteen ages have passed away, and in the place of a horde of savages, living among swamps and thickets, swarm three millions of people, the most industrious, the most prosperous, perhaps the most intelligent under the sun. Their cattle, grazing on the bottom of the sea, are the finest in Europe, their agricultural products of more exchangeable value than if nature had made their land to overflow with wine and oil. Their navigators are the boldest, their mercantile marine the most powerful, their merchants the most enterprising in the world. Holland and Flanders, peopled by one race, vie with each other in the pursuits of civilisation. The Flemish skill in the mechanical and in the fine arts is unrivalled. Belgian musicians delight and instruct other nations. Belgian pencils have, for a century, caused the canvas to glow with colours and combinations never seen before. Flemish fabrics are exported to all parts of Europe, to the East and West Indies, to Africa. The splendid tapestries, silks, linens, as well as the more homely and useful manufactures of the Netherlands, are prized throughout the world. Most ingenious, as they had already been described by the keen-eyed Cæsar, in imitating the arts of other nations, the skilful artificers of the country at Louvain, Ghent, and other places, reproduce the shawls and silks of India with admirable accuracy.

Their national industry was untiring; their prosperity unexampled; their love of liberty indomitable; their pugnacity proverbial. Peaceful in their pursuits, phlegmatic by temperament, the Netherlanders were yet the most belligerent and excitable population of Europe. Two centuries of civil war had but thinned the ranks of each generation without quenching the hot spirit of the nation.

The women were distinguished by beauty of form and vigour of constitution. Accustomed from childhood to converse freely with all classes and sexes in the daily walks of life, and to travel on foot or horseback from one town to another without escort and without fear, they had acquired manners more frank and independent than those of women in other lands, while their morals were pure and their decorum undoubted. The prominent part to be sustained by the women of Holland in many dramas of the revolution would thus fitly devolve upon a class enabled by nature and education to conduct themselves with courage.

Within the little circle which encloses the seventeen provinces are 208 walled cities, many of them among the most stately in Christendom, 150 chartered towns, 6300 villages, with their watch-towers and steeples, besides numerous other more insignificant hamlets; the whole guarded by a belt of sixty fortresses of surpassing strength.

Thus in this rapid sketch of the course and development of the Netherland nation during sixteen centuries, we have seen it ever marked by one prevailing characteristic, one master-passion—the love of liberty, the instinct of self-government. Largely compounded of the bravest Teutonic elements, Batavian and Frisian, the race ever battles to the death with tyranny, organises extensive revolts in the age of Vespasian, maintains a partial independence even against the sagacious dominion of Charlemagne, refuses in Friesland to accept the papal yoke or feudal chain, and, throughout the dark ages, struggles resolutely towards the light, wresting from a series of petty sovereigns a gradual and practical recognition of the claims of humanity. With the advent of the Burgundian family, the power of the commons has reached so high a point, that it is able to measure itself, undaunted, with the spirit of arbitrary rule, of which that engrossing and tyrannical house is the embodiment. For more than a century the struggle for freedom, for civic life, goes on; Philip the Good, Charles the Bold, Mary's husband Maximilian, Charles V., in turn, assailing or undermining the bulwarks raised, age after age, against the despotic principle. The combat is ever renewed. Liberty, often crushed, *rises again and again from her native earth with redoubled energy.* At last, in the sixteenth century, a new and more powerful spirit, the genius of Religious Freedom, comes to participate in the great conflict. Arbitrary power, incarnated in the second Charlemagne, assails the new combination with unscrupulous, unforgiving fierceness. Venerable civic magistrates, haltered, grovel in sackcloth and ashes; innocent religious reformers burn in holocausts. By the middle of the century, the battle rages more fiercely than ever. In the little Netherland territory, Humanity, bleeding, but not killed, still stands at bay and defies the hunters. The two great powers have been gathering strength for centuries. They are soon to be matched in a longer and more determined combat than the world had ever seen. The Emperor is about to leave the stage. The provinces, so passionate for nationality, for municipal freedom, for religious reformation, are to become the property of an utter stranger; a prince foreign to their blood, their tongue, their religion, their whole habits of life and thought.

Such was the political, religious, and social condition of a nation who were now to witness a new and momentous spectacle

PART I.

PHILIP THE SECOND IN THE NETHERLANDS.

1555–1559.

CHAPTER I.

Abdication of Charles resolved upon—Brussels in the sixteenth century—Hall of the palace described—Portraits of prominent individuals present at the ceremony—Formalities of the abdication—Universal emotion—Remarks upon the character and career of Charles—His retirement at Juste.

On the 25th day of October 1555, the Estates of the Netherlands were assembled in the great hall of the palace at Brussels.[1] They had been summoned to be the witnesses and the guarantees of the abdication which Charles V. had long before resolved upon, and which he was that day to execute. The Emperor, like many potentates before and since, was fond of great political spectacles. He knew their influence upon the masses of mankind. Although plain, even to shabbiness, in his own costume, and usually attired in black,[2] no one ever understood better than he how to arrange such exhibitions in a striking and artistic style. We have seen the theatrical and imposing manner in which he quelled the insurrection at Ghent, and nearly crushed the life for ever out of that vigorous and turbulent little commonwealth. The closing scene of his long and energetic reign he had now arranged with profound study, and with an accurate knowledge of the manner in which the requisite effects were to be produced. The termination of his own career, the opening of his beloved Philip's, were to be dramatised in a manner worthy the august character of the actors, and the importance of the great stage where they played their parts. The eyes of the whole world were directed upon that day towards Brussels; for an imperial abdication was an event which had not, in the sixteenth century, been staled by custom.

The gay capital of Brabant, of that province which rejoiced in the liberal constitution known by the cheerful title of the "Joyful Entrance," was worthy to be the scene of the imposing show. Brussels had been a city for more than five centuries, and at that day numbered about one hundred thousand inhabitants.[3] Its walls, six miles in circumference, were already two hundred years old.[4] Unlike most Netherland cities, lying usually upon extensive plains, it was built along the sides of an abrupt promontory. A wide expanse of living verdure, cultivated gardens, shady groves, fertile cornfields, flowed round it like a sea. The foot of the town was washed by the little river Senne, while the irregular but picturesque streets rose up the steep sides of the hill like the semicircles and stairways of an amphitheatre. Nearly in the

[1] Eml. Van Meteren, Historien der Nederlanden, f. f. 16. Pieter Bor, Nederlandshe Oorlogen, i. f. 3.

[2] Illiberalior quoque quam tantum decebat Cæsarem est habitus—vestitus fere popularis, colore atro oblectabatur. Ponti Heuteri Rerum Austriacarum Hist. (Lovanii, 1643), xiv. 346a.

[3] Lud. Guicciardini, Belgii Descript. (Amst. 1600) p. 110, sqq.

[4] Lud. Guicciardini, Belgii Descript. (Amst. 1600) p. 110, sqq. Compare Les Delices des Pays Bas, par le Père Griffet (Liege, 1769), i. 192, sqq.

heart of the place rose the audacious and exquisitely embroidered tower of the townhouse, three hundred and sixty-six feet in height, a miracle of needle-work in stone, rivalling in its intricate carving the cobweb tracery of that lace which has for centuries been synonymous with the city, and rearing itself above a façade of profusely decorated and brocaded architecture. The crest of the elevation was crowned by the towers of the old ducal palace of Brabant, with its extensive and thickly-wooded park on the left, and by the stately mansions of Orange, Egmont, Aremberg, Culemburg, and other Flemish grandees, on the right.[1] The great forest of Soignies, dotted with monasteries and convents, swarming with every variety of game, whither the citizens made their summer pilgrimages, and where the nobles chased the wild boar and the stag, extended to within a quarter of a mile of the city walls.[2] The population, as thrifty, as intelligent, as prosperous as that of any city in Europe, was divided into fifty-two guilds of artisans, among which the most important were the armourers, whose suits of mail would turn a musket-ball; the gardeners, upon whose gentler creations incredible sums were annually lavished; and the tapestry-workers, whose gorgeous fabrics were the wonder of the world.[3] Seven principal churches, of which the most striking was that of St. Gudule, with its twin towers, its charming façade, and its magnificently-painted windows, adorned the upper part of the city. The number seven was a magic number in Brussels, and was supposed at that epoch, during which astronomy was in its infancy and astrology in its prime, to denote the seven planets which governed all things terrestrial by their aspects and influences.[4] Seven noble families, springing from seven ancient castles, supplied the stock from which the seven senators were selected who composed the upper council of the city. There were seven great squares, seven city gates, and upon the occasion of the present ceremony it was observed by the lovers of wonderful coincidences that seven crowned heads[5] would be congregated under a single roof in the liberty-loving city.

The palace where the States-general were upon this occasion convened had been the residence of the Dukes of Brabant since the days of John the Second, who had built it about the year 1300. It was a spacious and convenient building, but not distinguished for the beauty of its architecture. In front was a large open square, enclosed by an iron railing; in the rear an extensive and beautiful park, filled with forest trees, and containing gardens and labyrinths, fishponds and game preserves, fountains and promenades, racecourses and archery grounds.[6] The main entrance to this edifice opened upon a spacious hall, connected with a beautiful and symmetrical chapel. The hall was celebrated for its size, harmonious proportions, and the richness of its decorations.[7] It was the place where the chapters of the famous order of the Golden Fleece were held.[8] Its walls were hung with a

[1] Guicciardini. Le Père Griffet, ubi sup.
[2] Ibid.
[3] Guicciardini, p. 120.
[4] Guicciardini, p. 111. Le Père Griffet.
[5] Em. Van Meteren, i. f. 17. Le Père Griffet, i. 19 6. Vander Vynckt Nederl. Beroerten (Amst. 1823), i. 109. Guicciardini, 110.
[6] Guicc., 116, sqq. Griffet, i. 196, sqq.
[7] Recoeil, par forme de Memoires des actes et choses les plus notables quy sont advennes ês Pays Bas, mis et redigées par escript par Pasquier de la Barre, natif de Tournay. (MS. in the Royal Archives of Brussels, f. 5.) This very curious manuscript, which we shall often have occasion to cite in the course of this volume, was discovered a few years since among some account-books in the archives of Belgium. Its author was procureur-général at Tournay, until deprived of his office, in February 1567, by Noircarmes. The MS. is full of curious and important details for the eventful year 1566.—Vide Gachard, Notice d'un Manuscrit concernant l'Hist. de Tournay. Com. Roy. d'Hist., t. i. No. 1, 2eme Serie du Compte Rendu.
[8] Four days before the abdication, namely, on the 21st October, Charles had held a council of the Fleece, at which eleven knights had been present. To these personages he had made the first formal communication of his intention of conceding all his realms to his son. At the same he intimated that, being chief of the Order of the Golden Fleece, as sovereign of Burgundy and the Netherlands, he wished to divest himself of that dignity in favour of Philip. The King then retired from the council. The knights held a formal discussion upon the subject, concluding by approving unanimously the appointment. Philip then re-entered the apartment, and was congratulated upon his new office.—Inventaire de la Toison d'Or; Brussels Archives MS., tom. i.

magnificent tapestry of Arras, representing the life and achievements of Gideon the Midianite, and giving particular prominence to the miracle of the "fleece of wool," vouchsafed to that renowned champion,[1] the great patron of the Knights of the Fleece. On the present occasion there were various additional embellishments of flowers and votive garlands. At the western end a spacious platform or stage, with six or seven steps, had been constructed, below which was a range of benches for the deputies of the seventeen provinces.[2] Upon the stage itself there were rows of seats, covered with tapestry, upon the right hand and upon the left. These were respectively to accommodate the knights of the order and the guests of high distinction.[3] In the rear of these were other benches, for the members of the three great councils.[4] In the centre of the stage was a splendid canopy, decorated with the arms of Burgundy, beneath which were placed three gilded arm-chairs.[5] All the seats upon the platform were vacant, but the benches below, assigned to the deputies of the provinces, were already filled. Numerous representatives from all the states but two—Gelderland and Overyssel—had already taken their places. Grave magistrates, in chain and gown, and executive officers, in the splendid civic uniforms for which the Netherlands were celebrated, already filled every seat within the space allotted. The remainder of the hall was crowded with the more favoured portion of the multitude which had been fortunate enough to procure admission to the exhibition. The archers and halberdiers of the bodyguard kept watch at all the doors.[6] The theatre was filled—the audience was eager with expectation—the actors were yet to arrive. As the clock struck three, the hero of the scene appeared. Cæsar, as he was always designated in the classic language of the day, entered, leaning on the shoulder of William of Orange.[7] They came from the chapel, and were immediately followed by Philip the Second and Queen Mary of Hungary. The Archduke Maximilian, the Duke of Savoy, and other great personages, came afterwards, accompanied by a glittering throng of warriors, councillors, governors, and Knights of the Fleece.[8]

Many individuals of existing or future historic celebrity in the Netherlands, whose names are so familiar to the student of the epoch, seemed to have been grouped as if by premeditated design upon this imposing platform, where the curtain was to fall for ever upon the mightiest emperor since Charlemagne, and where the opening scene of the long and tremendous tragedy of Philip's reign was to be simultaneously enacted. There was the Bishop of Arras, soon to be known throughout Christendom by the more celebrated title of Cardinal Granvelle, the serene and smiling priest whose subtle influence over the destinies of so many individuals then present, and over the fortunes of the whole land, was to be so extensive and so deadly. There was that flower of Flemish chivalry, the lineal descendant of ancient Frisian kings, already distinguished for his bravery in many fields, but not having yet won those two remarkable victories which were soon to make the name of Egmont like the sound of a trumpet throughout the whole country. Tall, magnificent in costume, with dark flowing hair, soft brown eye, smooth cheek, a slight moustache, and features of almost feminine delicacy; such was the gallant and ill-fated Lamoral Egmont.[9] The Count of Horn, too, with bold, sullen face, and fan-shaped beard—a brave, honest, discontented, quarrelsome,

[1] De la Barre MS., ubi sup. Judges, chap. vi.
[2] Gachard, Analectes Belgiques (Paris, 1830), p. 90–106.
[3] Ibid.
[4] Ibid.
[5] Ibid., ubi sup.
[6] Ibid. Compare Pont. Heut., xiv. 336.
[7] Gachard, Analectes Belgiques, ubi sup. Van Meteren, i. 16.
[8] Gachard, Anal. Belg., ubi sup. Pont. Heut., xiv. 336. Wilhelmus Godelaevus, Historiola de Abdicatione Imperii à Carolo V., etc., etc. Apud Schardii Rer. Germ. Scriptores, tom. ii. 638–654.
[9] In the royal gallery at Amsterdam there are very good original portraits of Egmont, Horn, Alva, Orange, and all his brothers, besides many other contemporary pictures.

unpopular man; those other twins in doom—the Marquis Berghen and the Lord of Montigny; the Baron Berlaymont, brave, intensely royal, insatiably greedy for office and wages, but who, at least, never served but one party; the Duke of Arschot, who was to serve all, essay to rule all, and to betray all—a splendid seignor, magnificent in cramoisy velvet, but a poor creature, who traced his pedigree from Adam,[1] according to the family monumental inscriptions at Louvain, but who was better known as grand-nephew of the Emperor's famous tutor Chièvres; the bold, debauched Brederode, with handsome, reckless face and turbulent demeanour; the infamous Noircarmes, whose name was to be covered with eternal execration, for aping towards his own compatriots and kindred as much of Alva's atrocities and avarice as he was permitted to exercise; the distinguished soldiers Meghen and Aremberg—these, with many others whose deeds of arms were to become celebrated throughout Europe, were all conspicuous in the brilliant crowd. There, too, was that learned Frisian, President Viglius, crafty, plausible, adroit, eloquent—a small, brisk man, with long yellow hair, glittering green eyes, round, tumid, rosy cheeks, and flowing beard.[2] Foremost among the Spanish grandees, and close to Philip, stood the famous favourite, Ruy Gomez, or, as he was familiarly called, "Re y Gomez"[3] (King and Gomez), a man of meridional aspect, with coal-black hair and beard, gleaming eyes, a face pallid with intense application, and slender but handsome figure;[4] while in immediate attendance upon the Emperor was the immortal Prince of Orange.

Such were a few only of the most prominent in that gay throng, whose fortunes, in part, it will be our duty to narrate; how many of them passing through all this glitter to a dark and mysterious doom!—some to perish on public scaffolds, some by midnight assassination; others, more fortunate, to fall on the battlefield—nearly all, sooner or later, to be laid in bloody graves!

All the company present had risen to their feet as the Emperor entered. By his command, all immediately afterwards resumed their places. The benches at either end of the platform were accordingly filled with the royal and princely personages invited with the Fleece Knights, wearing the insignia of their order, with the members of the three great councils, and with the governors. The Emperor, the King, and the Queen of Hungary, were left conspicuous in the centre of the scene. As the whole object of the ceremony was to present an impressive exhibition, it is worth our while to examine minutely the appearance of the two principal characters.

Charles the Fifth was then fifty-five years and eight months old; but he was already decrepit with premature old age. He was of about the middle height, and had been athletic and well proportioned. Broad in the shoulders, deep in the chest, thin in the flank, very muscular in the arms and legs, he had been able to match himself with all competitors in the tourney and the ring, and to vanquish the bull with his own hand in the favourite national amusement of Spain. He had been able in the field to do the duty of captain and soldier, to endure fatigue and exposure, and every privation except fasting.[5] These personal advantages were now departed. Crippled

[1] Amplius ibi, res mirandæ: marmorea principum Croyorum monument, ibi genealogiam Ducum de Aresschot ab Adamo usque ad præsentes," etc.—Guicciardini, p. 108 (art. Lovanium).

[2] Vita Viglii ab Aytta Zuichemi ab ipso Viglio Scripta. Apud Hoyack v. Papendrecht, i. 1–33. Levensbeschryving beroemede Ned. Mannen und Vrouwen, iv. 75–82. Prosopographia Viglii. Ex. Suf. Petri Decade xii. de Script. Frisiæ *apud Hoynck*.

[3] "Ma il titolo principale che gli vien dato è di Re i Gomez et non di Rui Gomez, perche non par che sia stato mai alcun uomo del mondo con alcun principe di tanta autorita et cosi amato dal suo signor com egli da questo Re."—Relazione del Cl. Fed. Badovaro Ritornato ambasciatore della Ser. Rep Venetiana, l'anno 1557. MS. Bibl. de Bourgogne, No. 6085 bis.

[4] "Ruy Gomez—d'eta di 39 anni, di mediocre statura, ha occhi pieni di sp'o, di pelo e barba nero e riccio, di sottil ossatura, di gagliarda complessione, ma par debole forse per l'incredibile fatiche che egli sostiene, le quale lo fanno molto pallido," etc.—Badovaro MS.

[5] Pont. Heut., xiv. 346a. Compare Relazione di Marino Cavalli in Alberi, ser. i. vol. ii. 209; Badovaro Relazione, MS.

"Hostem non semel propria manu feriens."—Pont. Heut.

"Ha amazzato il toro," etc.—Marino Cavalli.

in hands, knees, and legs, he supported himself with difficulty upon a crutch, with the aid of an attendant's shoulder.[1] In face he had always been extremely ugly, and time had certainly not improved his physiognomy. His hair, once of a light colour, was now white with age, close-clipped and bristling; his beard was grey, coarse, and shaggy. His forehead was spacious and commanding; the eye was dark blue, with an expression both majestic and benignant. His nose was aquiline but crooked. The lower part of his face was famous for its deformity. The under lip, a Burgundian inheritance, as faithfully transmitted as the duchy and county, was heavy and hanging: the lower jaw protruding so far beyond the upper, that it was impossible for him to bring together the few fragments of teeth which still remained, or to speak a whole sentence in an intelligible voice. Eating and talking, occupations to which he was always much addicted, were becoming daily more arduous, in consequence of this original defect, which now seemed hardly human, but rather an original deformity.[2]

So much for the father. The son, Philip the Second, was a small meagre man, much below the middle height, with thin legs, a narrow chest, and the shrinking, timid air of an habitual invalid.[3] He seemed so little, upon his first visit to his aunts, the Queens Eleanor and Mary,[4] accustomed to look upon proper men in Flanders and Germany, that he was fain to win their favour by making certain attempts in the tournament,[5] in which his success was sufficiently problematical. "His body," says his professed panegyrist, "was but a human cage, in which, however brief and narrow, dwelt a soul to whose flight the immeasurable expanse of heaven was too contracted."[6] The same wholesale admirer adds, that "his aspect was so reverend, that rustics who met him alone in a wood, without knowing him, bowed down with instinctive veneration."[7] In face he was the living image of his father,[8] having the same broad forehead and blue eye, with the same aquiline, but better proportioned, nose. In the lower part of the countenance, the remarkable Burgundian deformity was likewise reproduced. He had the same heavy, hanging lip, with a vast mouth and monstrously protruding lower jaw.[9] His complexion was fair, his hair light and thin, his beard yellow, short and pointed.[10] He had the aspect of a Fleming, but the loftiness of a Spaniard.[11] His demeanour in public was still, silent, almost sepulchral. He looked habitually on the ground when he conversed, was chary of speech, embarrassed, and even suffering in manner.[12] This was ascribed partly to a natural haughtiness, which he had occasionally endeavoured to overcome, and partly to

[1] Pont. Heut., xiv. 339.

[2] Pont. Heut., xiv. 346. Badovaro MS.—"Ha il fronte spatioso, gli occhi celesti, il naso aquilino alquanto torto, la mascella inferiore lunga e larga onde avviene che ella non può con giungere i denti et nel finir le parole non è ben intesa. Ha pochi denti dinanti et fracidi, le carni belle, la barba corta, spinosa et canuta."

Comp. Gasp. Contarini apud Alberi, ser. i. vol. ii. p. 60: "Tutta la mascella inferiore e tanto lungha che *non pare naturale ma pare posticcia*, onde avviene che non può, chiudendo la bocca congiungere le denti inferiori con li superiori, ma gli rimane spazio della grossezza d'un dente, onde nel parlare, massime nel finire della clausula, balbutiare qual che parola la quale spesso non s'intende molto bene."

[3] Badovaro MS.—"E di statura piccolo et membri minuti—la sua complessione è flemmatica et malenconcia."—Relazione del Mag. M. Giovan. Michele, Venuto Ambasc. d'Inghilterra, d'anno 1557. "—— infermo e valetudinario non solo, perche sia naturalmente debile, et persona di poca, anzi di nessuno exercitio," etc.—MS. Bib. de Bourg., No 6093

[4] "Aunque les parecio pequeño de cuerpo—acostumbradas a ver los Alemannes," etc.—Cabrera. Vita de Felipe Segundo. Rey de España (Mad. 1619), lib. i. 12.

[5] Cabrera, ubi sup.

[6] "Como si fuera el cuerpo umana jaula que por mas breve i mas estrecha no la abita animo a cuyo buelo sea pequeña la redondar del cielo."—Cabrera, i. 12.

[7] "—— que de los rusticos que ni le conoscieron ni vieron en compañia e solo en una selva, juzgandole degno de toda veneracion, era saludado con reverencia."—Cabrera, i. 4

[8] "L'istessa imagine e intento dell' Imperatore suo padre, conformissimo di carne et di faccia et lineamente con quella bocca et labro pendente più dall altro et con tutte l'altre qualita del Imp, ma da minor statura."—Michele MS.

[9] Michele MS. and Badovaro MS.—"Il labro di sotto grosso che gli desdice al quanto—front grande e bella, gl'occhi di color celeste et assai grande," etc., etc.

[10] "Porta la barba corta, pontuta è di pelo bianco et biondo et ha apparenza di fiamengo ma altiero perche sta su le maniere di Spagnuolo."—Badovaro MS.

[11] Badovaro MS.

[12] "Ma non guarda ordinariamente chi negotia e' tien gli occhi bassi in terra."—Badovaro MS.

habitual pains in the stomach, occasioned by his inordinate fondness for pastry.[1]

Such was the personal appearance of the man who was about to receive into his single hand the destinies of half the world; whose single will was, for the future, to shape the fortunes of every individual then present, of many millions more in Europe, America, and at the ends of the earth, and of countless millions yet unborn.

The three royal personages being seated upon chairs placed triangularly under the canopy,[2] such of the audience as had seats provided for them now took their places, and the proceedings commenced. Philibert de Bruxelles, a member of the privy council of the Netherlands, arose at the Emperor's command, and made a long oration.[3] He spoke of the Emperor's warm affection for the provinces, as the land of his birth; of his deep regret that his broken health and failing powers, both of body and mind, compelled him to resign his sovereignty, and to seek relief for his shattered frame in a more genial climate.[4] Cæsar's gout was then depicted in energetic language, which must have cost him a twinge as he sat there and listened to the councillor's eloquence. "'Tis a most truculent executioner," said Philibert: "it invades the whole body, from the crown of the head to the soles of the feet, leaving nothing untouched. It contracts the nerves with intolerable anguish, it enters the bones, it freezes the marrow, it converts the lubricating fluids of the joints into chalk; it pauses not until, having exhausted and debilitated the whole body, it has rendered all its necessary instruments useless, and conquered the mind by immense torture."[5] Engaged in mortal struggle with such an enemy, Cæsar felt himself obliged, as the councillor proceeded to inform his audience, to change the scene of the contest from the humid air of Flanders to the warmer atmosphere of Spain. He rejoiced, however, that his son was both vigorous and experienced, and that his recent marriage with the Queen of England had furnished the provinces with a most valuable alliance.[6] He then again referred to the Emperor's boundless love for his subjects, and concluded with a tremendous, but superfluous, exhortation to Philip on the necessity of maintaining the Catholic religion in its purity. After this long harangue, which has been fully reported by several historians who were present at the ceremony, the councillor proceeded to read the deed of cession, by which Philip, already sovereign of Sicily, Naples, Milan, and titular King of England, France, and Jerusalem, now received all the duchies, marquisates, earldoms, baronies, cities, towns, and castles of the Burgundian property, including, of course, the seventeen Netherlands.[7]

As De Bruxelles finished, there was a buzz of admiration throughout the assembly, mingled with murmurs of regret that, in the present great danger upon the frontiers from the belligerent King of France and his warlike and restless nation, the provinces should be left without their ancient and puissant defender.[8] The Emperor then rose to his feet. Leaning on his crutch, he beckoned from his seat the personage upon whose arm he had leaned as he entered the hall. A tall, handsome youth of twenty-two came forward—a man whose name from that time forward, and as long as history shall endure, has been and will be more familiar than any other in the mouths of Netherlanders.

[1] "Si come la natura ha fatto Sua M. di corpo debole così l'ha fatto al quanto d'animo timido—et quanto agli effetti delle temperanza elle eccede nel mangiare qualità di cibi, spetialmente intorno à pasticci."—Badovaro MS.

"—— e pastisce doglie di stomaco e dei fianchi."—Ibid.

"—— spessissimo sotto posto alle dolori di stomacho."—Giov. Michele MS.

[2] Godelaevus, De Abdicatione, etc., p. 640.

[3] Gachard, Anal. Belg., 81-100. P. Bor, i. 2.

[4] Bor, i. 3, 4. Pont. Heut., xiv. 336-338. Godelaevus, 640, 642.

[5] Pont. Heut., 336.—The historian was present at the ceremony, and gives a very full report of the speeches, all of which he heard. His imagination may have assisted his memory in the task. The other reporters of the councillor's harangue have reduced this pathological flight of rhetoric to a very small compass.

[6] Pont. Heut., ubi sup.

[7] Godelaevus, 640, 641.

[8] Pont. Heut., xiv. 338, sqq.

At that day he had rather a Southern than a German or Flemish appearance. He had a Spanish cast of features, dark, well chiselled, and symmetrical. His head was small and well placed upon his shoulders. His hair was dark brown, as were also his moustache and peaked beard. His forehead was lofty, spacious, and already prematurely engraved with the anxious lines of thought. His eyes were full, brown, well opened, and expressive of profound reflection.[1] He was dressed in the magnificent apparel for which the Netherlanders were celebrated above all other nations, and which the ceremony rendered necessary. His presence being considered indispensable at this great ceremony, he had been summoned but recently from the camp on the frontier, where, notwithstanding his youth, the Emperor had appointed him to command his army in chief against such antagonists as Admiral Coligny and the Duc de Nevers.[2]

Thus supported upon his crutch and upon the shoulder of William of Orange,[3] the Emperor proceeded to address the States, by the aid of a closely-written brief which he held in his hand.[4] He reviewed rapidly the progress of events from his seventeenth year up to that day. He spoke of his nine expeditions into Germany, six to Spain, seven to Italy, four to France, ten to the Netherlands, two to England, as many to Africa, and of his eleven voyages by sea. He sketched his various wars, victories, and treaties of peace, assuring his hearers that the welfare of his subjects and the security of the Roman Catholic religion had ever been the leading objects of his life. As long as God had granted him health, he continued, only enemies could have regretted that Charles was living and reigning; but now that his strength was but vanity, and life fast ebbing away, his love for his dominion, his affection for his subjects, and his regard for their interests, required his departure. Instead of a decrepit man with one foot in the grave, he presented them with a sovereign in the prime of life and the vigour of health. Turning toward Philip, he observed, that for a dying father to bequeath so magnificent an empire to his son was a deed worthy of gratitude, but that when the father thus descended to the grave before his time, and by an anticipated and living burial sought to provide for the welfare of his realms and the grandeur of his son, the benefit thus conferred was surely far greater. He added, that the debt would be paid to him, and with usury, should Philip conduct himself in his administration of the provinces with a wise and affectionate regard to their true interests. Posterity would applaud his abdication should his son prove worthy of his bounty; and that could only be by living in the fear of God, and by maintaining law, justice, and the Catholic religion in all their purity, as the true foundation of the realm. In conclusion, he entreated the Estates, and, through them, the nation, to render obedience to their new Prince, to maintain concord and to preserve inviolate the Catholic faith; begging them, at the same time, to pardon him all errors or offences which he might have committed towards them during his reign, and assuring them that he should unceasingly remember their obedience and affection in his every prayer to that Being to whom the remainder of his life was to be dedicated.[5]

Such brave words as these, so many vigorous asseverations of attempted performance of duty, such fervent hopes expressed of a benign administration in behalf of the son, could not but affect the sensibilities of the audience,

[1] The most satisfactory portrait of the Prince, during the early part of his career, is one belonging to the private collection of the late King of Holland, William IV., at the Hague.

[2] Apologie ou Défense de très Illustre Prince Guillaume, Prince d'Orange.—Sylvius, 1581, pp. 29, 30, 31.

"Surgens igitur, et in pede stans, dextra ob imbecillitatem scipioni, sinistra humero Gulielmi Nassauvii Aurantii principis."—Pont. Heut., 338.

[4] "Et membranula eorum quæ ad senatum referre statuisset capite continente memoriam adjuvans."—Godelaevus, 642.

[5] Pont. Heut., xiv. 338, 339. Godelaevus, 640–642. Gachard, Anal. Belg., 8.–103. Compare Bor, i. 4. 5; Van Meteren, i. 16; Fam. Strada de Bello Belgico (Rom. 1653), i. 9. 7.

already excited and softened by the impressive character of the whole display. Sobs were heard throughout every portion of the hall, and tears poured profusely from every eye. The Fleece Knights on the platform and the burghers in the background were all melted with the same emotion. As for the Emperor himself, he sank almost fainting upon his chair as he concluded his address. An ashy paleness overspread his countenance, and he wept like a child.[1] Even the icy Philip was almost softened as he rose to perform his part in the ceremony. Dropping upon his knees before his father's feet, he reverently kissed his hand. Charles placed his hands solemnly upon his son's head, made the sign of the cross, and blessed him in the name of the Holy Trinity.[2] Then raising him in his arms, he tenderly embraced him, saying, as he did so, to the great potentates around him, that he felt a sincere compassion for the son on whose shoulders so heavy a weight had just devolved, and which only a lifelong labour would enable him to support.[3] Philip now uttered a few words expressive of his duty to his father and his affection for his people. Turning to the orders, he signified his regret that he was unable to address them either in the French or Flemish language, and was therefore obliged to ask their attention to the Bishop of Arras, who would act as his interpreter.[4] Antony Perrenot accordingly arose, and in smooth, fluent, and well-turned commonplaces, expressed at great length the gratitude of Philip towards his father, with his firm determination to walk in the path of duty, and to obey his father's counsels and example in the future administration of the provinces.[5] This long address of the prelate was responded to at equal length by Jacob Maas, member of the Council of Brabant, a man of great learning, eloquence, and prolixity, who had been selected to reply on behalf of the States-general, and who now, in the name of these bodies, accepted the abdication in an elegant and complimentary harangue.[6] Queen Mary of Hungary, the "Christian widow" of Erasmus,[7] and Regent of the Netherlands during the past twenty-five years, then rose to resign her office, making a brief address expressive of her affection for the people, her regrets at leaving them, and her hopes that all errors which she might have committed during her long administration would be forgiven her. Again the redundant Maas responded, asserting in terms of fresh compliment and elegance the uniform satisfaction of the provinces with her conduct during her whole career.[8]

The orations and replies having now been brought to a close, the ceremony was terminated. The Emperor, leaning on the shoulders of the Prince of Orange and of the Count de Buren,[9] slowly left the hall, followed by Philip, the Queen of Hungary, and the whole court; all in the same order in which they had entered, and by the same passage into the chapel.[10]

It is obvious that the drama had been completely successful. It had been a scene where heroic self-sacrifice, touching confidence, ingenuous love of duty, patriotism, and paternal affection, upon one side; filial reverence, with a solemn regard for public duty and the highest interests of the people, on the other, were supposed to be the predominant sentiments. The happiness of the Netherlands was apparently the only object contemplated in the great transaction. All had played well their parts in the past, all hoped the best in the times which were to follow. The abdicating Emperor was looked upon as a hero and a prophet. The stage was drowned in tears. There is

[1] Pont. Heut., Meteren, ubi sup.
[2] Godelaevus, 642.
[3] Ibid.
[4] Ibid. Pont. Heut., 340. Meteren, i. 16. Bor, i. 5, 6.
[5] Gachard, Anal. Belg., ubi sup. Pont. Heut., Bor, ubi sup. Godelaevus reports the Bishop's speech in six folio columns, of the most flowing commonplace. De Abdicat., 642, sqq.
[6] Gachard, Pont. Heut., Bor, ubi sup. Godelaevus, De Abdicat., 642, sqq.
[7] Het Leven Van Desiderius Erasmus. Nederl Mannen en Vrouwen, i. 274.
[8] Pont. Heut., Godelaevus, Bor, Meteren, ubi sup
[9] Godelaevus, 645.
[10] Gachard, Anal. Belg

not the least doubt as to the genuine and universal emotion which was excited throughout the Assembly. "Cæsar's oration," says Secretary Godelaevus, who was present at the ceremony, "deeply moved the nobility and gentry, many of whom burst into tears; *even* the illustrious Knights of the Fleece were melted."[1] The historian, Pontus Heuterus, who, then twenty years of age, was likewise among the audience, attests that "most of the assembly were dissolved in tears; uttering the while such sonorous sobs as compelled his Cæsarean Majesty and the Queen to cry with them. My own face," he adds, "was certainly quite wet."[2] The English envoy, Sir John Mason, describing in a despatch to his Government the scene which he had just witnessed, paints the same picture. "The Emperor," he said, "begged the forgiveness of his subjects if he had ever unwittingly omitted the performance of any of his duties towards them. And here," continues the envoy, "he broke into a weeping, whereunto, besides the dolefulness of the matter, I think, he was moche provoked by seeing the whole company to do the lyke before; there beyng in myne opinion not one man in the whole assemblie, stranger or another, that dewring the time of a good piece of his oration poured not out as abundantly teares, some more, some lesse. And yet he prayed them to beare with his imperfections, proceeding of his sickly age, and of the mentioning of so tender a matter as the departing from such a sort of dere and loving subjects."[3]

And yet, what was the Emperor Charles to the inhabitants of the Netherlands that they should weep for him? His conduct towards them during his whole career had been one of unmitigated oppression. What to them were all these forty voyages by sea and land, these journeyings back and forth from Friesland to Tunis, from Madrid to Vienna? The interests of the Netherlands had never been even a secondary consideration with their master. He had fulfilled no duty towards them; he had committed the gravest crimes against them. He had regarded them merely as a treasury upon which to draw; while the sums which he extorted were spent upon ceaseless and senseless wars, which were of no more interest to them than if they had been waged in another planet. Of five millions of gold annually which he derived from all his realms, two millions came from these industrious and opulent provinces, while but a half million came from Spain and another half from the Indies.[4] The mines of wealth which had been opened by the hand of industry in that slender territory of ancient morass and thicket,[5] contributed four times as much income to the imperial exchequer as all the boasted wealth of Mexico and Peru. Yet the artisans, the farmers, and the merchants, by whom these riches were produced, were consulted about as much in the expenditure of the imposts upon their industry as were the savages of America as to the distribution of the mineral treasures of their soil. The rivalry of the houses of Habsburg and Valois, this was the absorbing theme during the greater part

[1] "Commovit ea Cæsaris oratio Proceres et multi in profusissimas eruperunt lachrymas *etiam* illustres aurei Velleris equites."—Godel., 642.

[2] Pont. Heut., xiv. 336–339.

[3] Extracts from this despatch are given by J. W. Burgon, *Life and Times of Sir Thomas Gresham*, work which contains various documents, both rare and important.

[4] "Di tutti questi Suoi Regni ha Sua M. cinque millioni d'oro d'intrata in tempo di pace, cioé mez della Spagna, mez dalle Indie, uno da Milano et da Sicilia, *un altro di Fiandra et dalli paesi bassi un altro.*"—Relazione del Cl. M. Mich. Suriano. MS. Bib. de Bourg., No. 12, 871.

"Le rendite de S. M. (dalli paesi bassi) sono al presente da un millione et 150 scudi—ma in poco più da cinque anni vengono ad haver contribuito i Fiammenghi di straordinario quasi otto millioni d'oro e tutto il peso si fuo dir vien portato dalla Fiandra Brabantia, Olanda e Zelanda."—Badovaro MS.

[5] Badovaro estimated the annual value of butter and cheese produced in those meadows which Holland had rescued from the ocean at 800,000 crowns, a sum which, making allowance for the difference in the present value of money from that which it bore in 1557, would represent nearly eight millions (MS. Relazione). In agriculture, commerce, and manufactures, the Netherlanders were the foremost nation in the world. The fabrics of Arras, Tournay, Brussels, Louvain, Ghent, Bruges, were entirely unrivalled. Antwerp was the great commercial metropolis of Christendom. "Aversa," says Badovaro, "e stimata la maggiore piazza del Mondo—si può credere quanto sia la somma si afferma passare 40 millioni d'oro l'anno quelli che incontanto girano."

of the reign which had just been so dramatically terminated. To gain the empire over Francis, to leave to Don Philip a richer heritage than the Dauphin could expect, were the great motives of the unparalleled energy displayed by Charles during the longer and the more successful portion of his career. To crush the Reformation throughout his dominions was his occupation afterward, till he abandoned the field in despair. It was certainly not desirable for the Netherlanders that they should be thus controlled by a man who forced them to contribute so largely to the success of schemes, some of which were at best indifferent, and others entirely odious to them. They paid 1,200,000 crowns a year regularly; they paid in five years an extraordinary subsidy of eight millions of ducats, and the states were roundly rebuked by the courtly representatives of their despot, if they presumed to inquire into the objects of the appropriations, or to express an interest in their judicious administration.[1] Yet it may be supposed to have been a matter of indifference to them whether Francis or Charles had won the day at Pavia; and it certainly was not a cause of triumph to the daily increasing thousands of religious reformers in Holland and Flanders, that their brethren had been crushed by the Emperor at Mühlberg. But it was not alone that he drained their treasure and hampered their industry. He was in constant conflict with their ancient and dearly-bought political liberties. Like his ancestor Charles the Bold, he was desirous of constructing a kingdom out of the provinces. He was disposed to place all their separate and individual charters on a Procrustean bed, and shape them all into uniformity, simply by reducing the whole to a nullity. The difficulties in the way, the stout opposition offered by burghers whose fathers had gained these charters with their blood, and his want of leisure during the vast labours which devolved upon him as the autocrat of so large a portion of the world, caused him to defer indefinitely the execution of his plan. He found time only to crush some of the foremost of the liberal institutions of the provinces in detail. He found the city of Tournay a happy, thriving, self-governed little republic in all its local affairs; he destroyed it liberties, without a tolerable pretext, and reduced it to the condition of a Spanish or Italian provincial town.[2] His memorable chastisement of Ghent for having dared to assert its ancient rights of self-taxation is sufficiently known to the world, and has been already narrated at length.[3] Many other instances might be adduced, if it were not a superfluous task, to prove that Charles was not only a political despot, but most arbitrary and cruel in the exercise of his despotism.

But if his sins against the Netherlands had been only those of financial and political oppression, it would be at least conceivable, although certainly not commendable, that the inhabitants should have regretted his departure. But there are far darker crimes for which he stands arraigned at the bar of history, and it is indeed strange that the man who had committed them should have been permitted to speak his farewell amid blended plaudits and tears. His hand planted the Inquisition in the Netherlands. Before his day it is idle to say that the diabolical institution never had a place there. The isolated cases in which inquisitors had exercised functions proved the absence and not the presence of the system, and will be discussed in a later chapter. Charles introduced and organised a Papal Inquisition, side by side with those terrible "placards" of his invention, which constituted a masked Inquisition even more cruel than that of Spain. The execution of the system was never permitted to languish. The number of Netherlanders who were burned, strangled, beheaded, or buried alive, in obedience to his edicts, and for the offences of reading the Scriptures, of looking askance at a graven image, or

[1] Postea. Granvelle's Complaints.
[2] Extraits des Registres des Conseaux de Tournay, 1474–1581, par M. Gachard (Brux., 1846), pp. 8–13.
[3] Introduction to this work.

of ridiculing the actual presence of the body and blood of Christ in a wafer, have been placed as high as one hundred thousand by distinguished authorities, and have rarely been put at a lower mark than fifty thousand.[1] The Venetian envoy Navigero estimated the victims in the provinces of Holland and Friesland alone at thirty thousand, and this in 1546,[2] ten years before the abdication, and five before the promulgation of the hideous edict of 1550!

The edicts and the Inquisition were the gift of Charles to the Netherlands, in return for their wasted treasure and their constant obedience. For this his name deserves to be handed down to eternal infamy, not only throughout the Netherlands, but in every land where a single heart beats for political or religious freedom. To eradicate these institutions after they had been watered and watched by the care of his successor was the work of an eighty years' war, in the course of which millions of lives were sacrificed. Yet the abdicating Emperor had summoned his faithful Estates around him, and stood up before them in his imperial robes for the last time, to tell them of the affectionate regard which he had always borne them, and to mingle his tears with theirs.

Could a single phantom have risen from one of the many thousand graves where human beings had been thrust alive by his decree, perhaps there might have been an answer to the question propounded by the Emperor amid all that piteous weeping. Perhaps it might have told the man who asked his hearers to be forgiven if he had ever unwittingly offended them, that there was a world where it was deemed an offence to torture, strangle, burn, and drown one's innocent fellow-creatures. The usual but trifling excuse for such enormities cannot be pleaded for the Emperor. Charles was no fanatic. The man whose armies sacked Rome, who laid his sacrilegious hands on Christ's vicegerent, and kept the infallible head of the Church a prisoner to serve his own political ends, was *then* no bigot. He believed in nothing, save that when the course of his imperial will was impeded, and the interests of his imperial house in jeopardy, pontiffs were to succumb as well as Anabaptists. It was the political heresy which lurked in the restiveness of the religious reformers under dogma, tradition, and supernatural sanction to temporal power, which he was disposed to combat to the death. He was too shrewd a politician not to recognise the connection between aspirations for religious and for political freedom. His hand was ever ready to crush both heresies in one. Had he been a true son of the Church, a faithful champion of her infallibility, he would not have submitted to the peace of Passau so long as he could bring a soldier to the field. Yet he acquiesced in the Reformation for Germany, while the fires for burning the reformers were ever blazing in the Netherlands, where it was death even to allude to the existence of the peace of Passau. Nor did he acquiesce only from compulsion, for long before his memorable defeat by Maurice, he had permitted the German troops, with whose services he could not dispense, regularly to attend Protestant worship performed by their own Protestant chaplains. Lutheran preachers marched from city to city of the Netherlands under the imperial banner, while the subjects of those patrimonial provinces were daily suffering on the scaffold for their nonconformity. The influence of this garrison-preaching upon the progress of the Reformation in the Netherlands is well known. Charles hated Lutherans, but he required soldiers, and he thus helped by his own policy to disseminate what, had he been the fanatic which he perhaps became

[1] "Nam post carnificata hominum *non minus centum millia*, ex quo tentatum an posset incendium hoc sanguine restingui tanta multitudo per Belgicam insurrexerat, ut publica interdum supplicia quoties insignior reus, aut atrociores cruciatus seditione impedirentur."—Hugonis Grotii Annal., lib. i. 17 (Amst. 1658).

[2] Relazione di Cl. Bernardo Navigero, 1546. Correspondence of Charles the Fifth, by Rev. W. Bradford (London, 1850), p. 472. Doubtless these statistics are inaccurate; but the very exaggeration indicates the wholesale character of the massacres.

in retirement, he would have sacrificed his life to crush. It is quite true that the growing Calvinism of the provinces was more dangerous, both religiously and politically, than the Protestantism of the German princes, which had not yet been formally pronounced heresy, but it is thus the more evident that it was political rather than religious heterodoxy which the despot wished to suppress.

No man, however, could have been more observant of religious rites. He heard mass daily. He listened to a sermon every Sunday and holiday. He confessed and received the sacrament four times a year. He was sometimes to be seen in his tent at midnight on his knees before a crucifix with eyes and hands uplifted. He ate no meat in Lent, and used extraordinary diligence to discover and to punish any man, whether courtier or plebeian, who failed to fast during the whole forty days.[1] He was too good a politician not to know the value of broad phylacteries and long prayers. He was too nice an observer of human nature not to know how easily mint and cummin could still outweigh the "weightier matters of law, judgment, mercy, and faith;" as if the founder of the religion which he professed, and to maintain which he had established the Inquisition and the edicts, had never cried woe upon the Pharisees. Yet there is no doubt that the Emperor was at times almost popular in the Netherlands, and that he was never as odious as his successor. There were some deep reasons for this, and some superficial ones; among others, a singularly fortunate manner. He spoke German, Spanish, Italian, French, and Flemish, and could assume the characteristics of each country as easily as he could use its language. He could be stately with Spaniards, familiar with Flemings, witty with Italians. He could strike down a bull in the ring like a matador at Madrid, or win the prize in the tourney like a knight of old; he could ride at the ring with the Flemish nobles, hit the popinjay with his crossbow among Antwerp artisans, or drink beer and exchange rude jests with the boors of Brabant. For virtues such as these, his grave crimes against God and man, against religion and chartered and solemnly-sworn rights, have been palliated, as if oppression became more tolerable because the oppressor was an accomplished linguist and a good marksman.

But the great reason for his popularity, no doubt, lay in his military genius. Charles was inferior to no general of his age. "When he was born into the world," said Alva, "he was born a soldier,"[2] and the Emperor confirmed the statement and reciprocated the compliment when he declared that "the three first captains of the age were, himself first, and then the Duke of Alva and Constable Montmorency."[3] It is quite true that all his officers were not of the same opinion, and many were too apt to complain that his constant presence in the field did more harm than good, and "that his Majesty would do much better to stay at home."[4] There is, however, no doubt that he was both a good soldier and a good general. He was constitutionally fearless, and he possessed great energy and endurance. He was ever the first to arm when a battle was to be fought, and the last to take off his harness.[5] He commanded in person and in chief, even when surrounded by veterans and crippled by the

[1] "—— Ha Sua M. in tutti i suoi ragionamenti et atti esteriori mostrate haver la fede catt. in somma osservanza, et in tutta la vita sua ha udita la messe ogni giorno et gran tempo due et hora tre——et le prediche nei giorni solenni, et in tutte le cose le feste [illegible] et communicarsi ogni anno quatro volte——e quando alla si ritrova al Ingolstadt et avicinata al exercito degli protestanti, *fu veduta* mezza notte nel suo padiglione in ginocchioni avanti un crocifisso con le mani quinte et la *quadragesima innanzi fece una diligenza estraordinaria per intendere chi nelle corte*, magnava carne, etc., etc.—Badovaro MS.

[2] "Pero acuerdesele à V. E. que es hijo de tal padre, qui en naciendo en el mundo nacio soldado." —Carta del Duque de Alba al S. Don Juan de Austria. Documentos ineditos para la Historia de España, vol. iii. 273–283.

[3] Brantôme, Hommes Illustres et Grands Capitaines Estrangers; art. Charles Quint.

[4] Relazione di B. Navigero—apud Bradford Correspondence, p. 450.

[5] "—— E poi aversi voluto trovar presente alle vere e essere stato il primo ad armarsi et ultimo à spogliarsi ha dimostrato in somma d'esser gran capitano d'effetti grandi," etc., etc.—Badovaro MS

gout. He was calm in great reverses. It was said that he was never known to change colour except upon two occasions—after the fatal destruction of his fleet at Algiers, and in the memorable flight from Innspruck. He was of a phlegmatic, stoical temperament, until shattered by age and disease; a man without a sentiment and without a tear. It was said by Spaniards that he was never seen to weep, even at the death of his nearest relatives and friends, except on the solitary occasion of the departure of Don Ferrante Gonzaga from court.[1] Such a temperament was invaluable in the stormy career to which he had devoted his life. He was essentially a man of action, a military chieftain. "Pray only for my health and my life," he was accustomed to say to the young officers who came to him from every part of his dominions to serve under his banners, "for so long as I have these I will never leave you idle; at least in France. I love peace no better than the rest of you. I was born and bred to arms, and must of necessity keep on my harness till I can bear it no longer."[2] The restless energy and magnificent tranquillity of his character made him a hero among princes, an idol with his officers, a popular favourite everywhere. The promptness with which, at much personal hazard, he descended like a thunderbolt in the midst of the Ghent insurrection; the juvenile ardour with which the almost bedridden man arose from his sickbed to smite the Protestants at Mühlberg; the grim stoicism with which he saw sixty thousand of his own soldiers perish in the wintry siege of Metz; all ensured him a large measure of that applause which ever follows military distinction, especially when the man who achieves it happens to wear a crown. He combined the personal prowess of a knight of old with the more modern accomplishments of a scientific tactician. He could charge the enemy in person like the most brilliant cavalry officer, and he thoroughly understood the arrangements of a campaign, the marshalling and victualling of troops, and the whole art of setting and maintaining an army in the field.[3]

Yet, though brave and warlike as the most chivalrous of his ancestors, Gothic, Burgundian, or Suabian, he was entirely without chivalry. Fanaticism for the faith, protection for the oppressed, fidelity to friend and foe, knightly loyalty to a cause deemed sacred, the sacrifice of personal interests to great ideas, generosity of hand and heart; all those qualities which unite with courage and constancy to make up the ideal chevalier, Charles not only lacked but despised. He trampled on the weak antagonist, whether burgher or petty potentate. He was false as water. He inveigled his foes who trusted to imperial promises by arts unworthy an emperor or a gentleman.[4] He led about the unfortunate John Frederic of Saxony, in his own language, "like a bear in a chain," ready to be slipped upon Maurice should "the boy" proved ungrateful. He connived at the famous forgery of the prelate of Arras, to which the Landgrave Philip owed his long imprisonment; a villany worse than many for which humbler rogues have suffered by thousands upon the gallows.[5] The contemporary world knew well the history of his frauds, on scale both colossal and minute, and called him familiarly "Charles qui triche."[6]

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[1] "—— Ho da Spagnuoli sentito che ne per alcun accidente di morte di congionta di sangue ne di gran ministri suoi cari e stata veduta piangere, se non alla partita delle corte di Don Ferrante Gonzaga."—Badovaro MS.

[2] Brantôme, Grands Capitaines; art. Charles Quint.

[3] "Ella ha——messosi ad imprese non solo pericolose a difficile ma che tenerano dell impossibile—— ma nel sostenerli ha mostrato gran intelligenza e nel fare apparecchio delle cose degli eserciti, nell ordine di metter gli insieme, vedergli marciare, far le battalie finite," etc., etc.—Badovaro MS.

[4] "In rebus agendis tractandisque," says one of his greatest contemporary admirers, "simulator egregius, fidei liberioris, privati commodi perquam studiosus, atque ut uno verbo dicam alter avus maternus Ferdinandus Catholicus."—Pont. Heut., xiv. 346a.

[5] De Thou, Histoire Universelle (Londres, 1734), i. 567, 599.—Compare Groen Van Prinsterer, Archives et Correspondance Inédite de la Maison d'Orange Nassau (Leide, 1838), t. v. 63, 65, 66. E. H. Pfeilschmidt, Vor Dreihundert Jahren. Blätter der Erinnerung an Kurfürst Moritz Von Sachsen (Dresden, 1852), p. 10. Vide Postea.

[6] Brantôme, art. Charles Quint.

The absolute master of realms on which the sun perpetually shone, he was not only greedy for additional dominion, but he was avaricious in small matters, and hated to part with a hundred dollars.[1] To the soldier who brought him the sword and gauntlets of Francis the First, he gave a hundred crowns, when ten thousand would have been less than the customary present; so that the man left his presence full of desperation. The three soldiers who swam the Elbe, with their swords in their mouths, to bring him the boats with which he passed to the victory of Mühlberg, received from his imperial bounty a doublet, a pair of stockings, and four crowns apiece.[2] His courtiers and ministers complained bitterly of his habitual niggardliness, and were fain to eke out their slender salaries by accepting bribes from every hand rich enough to bestow them. In truth, Charles was more than anything else a politician, notwithstanding his signal abilities as a soldier. If to have founded institutions which could last be the test of statesmanship, he was even a statesman; for many of his institutions have resisted the pressure of three centuries. But those of Charlemagne fell as soon as his hand was cold, while the works of many ordinary legislators have attained to a perpetuity denied to the statutes of Solon or Lycurgus. Durability is not the test of merit in human institutions. Tried by the only touchstone applicable to governments, their capacity to ensure the hightest welfare of the governed, we shall not find his polity deserving of much admiration. It is not merely that he was a despot by birth and inclination, nor that he naturally substituted, as far as was practicable, the despotic for the republican element, wherever his hand can be traced. There may be possible good in despotisms, as there is often much tyranny in democracy. Tried, however, according to the standard by which all governments may be measured, those laws of truth and divine justice which all Christian nations recognise, and which are perpetual, whether recognised or not, we shall find little to venerate in the lifework of the Emperor. The interests of his family, the security of his dynasty, these were his end and aim. The happiness or the progress of his people never furnished even the indirect motives of his conduct, and the result was a baffled policy and a crippled and bankrupt empire at last.

He knew men, especially he knew their weaknesses, and he knew how to turn them to account. He knew how much they would bear, and that little grievances would sometimes inflame more than vast and deliberate injustice. Therefore he employed natives mainly in the subordinate offices of his various states, and he repeatedly warned his successor that the haughtiness of the Spaniards, and the incompatibility of their character with the Flemish, would be productive of great difficulties and dangers.[3] It was his opinion that men might be tyrannised more intelligently by their own kindred, and in this perhaps he was right. He was indefatigable in the discharge of business, and if it were possible that half a world could be administered as if it were the private property of an individual, the task would have been perhaps as well accomplished by Charles as by any man. He had not the absurdity of supposing it possible for him to attend to the details of every individual affair in every one of his realms; and he therefore intrusted the stewardship of all specialities to his various ministers and agents. It was his business to know men and to deal with affairs on a large scale, and in this he certainly was superior to his successor. His correspondence was mainly in the hands of Granvelle the elder, who analysed letters received, and frequently wrote all but the signatures of the answers. The same

[1] "Ad alcuni della corte di S. M. ho inteso dire ella haver paruto natura tale che nel *dare cento scudi ha considerato troppo minutamente*," etc.—Badovaro MS. [2] Badovaro MS. [3] Apologie d'Orange, 47, 48.

minister usually possessed the imperial ear, and farmed it out for his own benefit. In all this there was of course room for vast deception, but the Emperor was quite aware of what was going on, and took a philosophic view of the matter, as an inevitable part of his system.[1] Granvelle grew enormously rich under his eye, by trading on the imperial favour and sparing his Majesty much trouble. Charles saw it all, ridiculed his peculations, but called him his "bed of down."[2] His knowledge of human nature was, however, derived from a contemplation mainly of its weaknesses, and was therefore one-sided. He was often deceived, and made many a fatal blunder, shrewd politician though he was. He involved himself often in enterprises which could not be honourable or profitable, and which inflicted damage on his greatest interests. He often offended men who might have been useful friends, and converted allies into enemies. "His Majesty," said a keen observer who knew him well, "has not in his career shown the prudence which was necessary to him. He has often offended those whose love he might have conciliated, converted friends into enemies, and let those perish who were his most faithful partisans."[3] Thus it must be acknowledged that even his boasted knowledge of human nature and his power of dealing with men was rather superficial and empirical than the real gift of genius.

His personal habits during the greater part of his life were those of an indefatigable soldier. He could remain in the saddle day and night, and endure every hardship but hunger. He was addicted to vulgar and miscellaneous incontinence.[4] He was an enormous eater. He breakfasted at five, on a fowl seethed in milk and dressed with sugar and spices. After this he went to sleep again. He dined at twelve, partaking always of twenty dishes. He supped twice: at first, soon after vespers, and the second time at midnight or one o'clock, which meal was, perhaps, the most solid of the four. After meat he ate a great quantity of pastry and sweatmeats, and he irrigated every repast by vast draughts of beer and wine.[5] His stomach, originally a wonderful one, succumbed after forty years of such labours. His taste, but not his appetite, began to fail, and he complained to his majordomo that all his food was insipid. The reply is, perhaps, among the most celebrated of facetiæ. The cook could do nothing more unless he served his Majesty a pasty of watches. The allusion to the Emperor's passion for horology was received with great applause. Charles "laughed longer than he was ever known to laugh before, and all the courtiers (of course) laughed as long as his Majesty."[6] The success of so sorry a jest would lead one to suppose that the fooling was less admirable at the imperial court than some of the recorded quips of Tribaulet would lead us to suppose.

The transfer of the other crowns and dignitaries to Philip was accomplished a month afterwards in a quiet manner.[7] Spain, Sicily, the Balearic Islands, America, and other portions of the globe, were made over without more display than an ordinary *donatio inter vivos*. The Empire occasioned some difficulty. It had been already signified to Ferdinand that his brother was to

[1] Relazione di Navigero, apud Bradford, p. 445.

[2] "Nous avons perdu," wrote the Emperor to Philip, on the elder Granvelle's death, "un bon lit de repos."—Dom l'Evesque, Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire du Card. de Granvelle (Paris, 1753), i. 180.

[3] Badovaro MS.

[4] "—— et è stato ne piaceri venerei di non temperata voluntá in ogni parte dove si è trovata con donne di grande et anco di piccola conditione."—Badovaro MS.

[5] "Nel magnare ha sempre S. M. ecceso, et fino al tempo che ella parti di Fiandra per Spagna, la matrina svegliate che alla era, pigliava una scatola di pistochi, Cappone con latte, zuccaro e spetiarie, dopo il quale tornava a riposare. A mezzo giorno desinava molto varieta di vivande, e poco di po vespro me rendava, et ad una hora di notte se n'andava à cena, magnando cose tutte da generare humori grossi e viscosi."—Badovaro MS. Compare Navigero, Relazione, apud Bradford, p. 365.

[6] "—— una nuova vivanda di pasticci di orologii, il che mosse á quel maggior e piu lungo riso *che mai sia stato in lei* et cosi *risero quelli di camera*," etc., etc.—Badovaro MS.

[7] Godelaevus, 645, sqq. Van Meteren, i. 17. Bor, § 6, sqq.

resign the imperial crown in his favour, and the symbols of sovereignty were accordingly transmitted to him by the hands of William of Orange.[1] A deputation, moreover, of which that nobleman, Vice-Chancellor Seld, and Dr. Wolfgang Haller, were the chiefs, was despatched to signify to the electors of the Empire the step which had been thus resolved upon. A delay of more than two years, however, intervened, occasioned partly by the deaths of three electors, partly by the war which so soon broke out in Europe, before the matter was formally acted upon.[2] In February 1553, however, the electors having been assembled in Frankfort, received the abdication of Charles, and proceeded to the election of Ferdinand.[3] That Emperor was crowned in March, and immediately despatched a legation to the Pope to apprise him of the fact. Nothing was less expected than any opposition on the part of the Pontiff. The querulous dotard, however, who then sat in St. Peter's chair, hated Charles and all his race. He accordingly denied the validity of the whole transaction without sanction previously obtained from the Pope, to whom all crowns belonged. Ferdinand, after listening, through his envoys, to much ridiculous dogmatism on the part of the Pope, at last withdrew from the discussion with a formal protest, and was first recognised by Caraffa's successor, Pius IV.[4]

Charles had not deferred his retirement till the end of these disputes. He occupied a private house in Brussels, near the gate of Louvain, until August of the year 1556. On the 27th of that month, he addressed a letter from Ghent to John of Osnabruck, president of the Chamber of Spiers, stating his abdication in favour of Ferdinand, and requesting that in the interim the same obedience might be rendered to Ferdinand as could have been yielded to himself.[5] Ten days later, he addressed a letter to the Estates of the Empire, stating the same fact; and on the 17th September 1556, he set sail from Zeland for Spain.[6] These delays and difficulties occasioned some misconceptions. Many persons, who did not admire an abdication, which others, on the contrary, esteemed as an act of unexampled magnanimity, stoutly denied that it was the intention of Charles to renounce the Empire. The Venetian envoy informed his Government that Ferdinand was only to be lieutenant for Charles, under strict limitations, and that the Emperor was to resume the government so soon as his health would allow.[7] The Bishop of Arras and Don Juan de Manrique had both assured him, he said, that Charles would not, on any account, definitely abdicate.[8] Manrique even asserted that it was a mere farce to believe in any such intention.[9] The Emperor ought to remain to protect his son, by the resources of the Empire, against France, the Turks, and the heretics. His very shadow was terrible to the Lutherans,[10] and his form might be expected to rise again in stern reality from its temporary grave. Time has shown the falsity of all these imaginings; but views thus maintained by those in the best condition to know the truth, prove how difficult it was for men to believe in a transaction which was then so extraordinary, and how little consonant it was in their eyes with true propriety. It was necessary to ascend to the times of Diocletian, to find an example of a similar abdication of empire on so deliberate and extensive a scale, and the great English historian of the Roman Empire has compared the two acts with each other. But there seems a vast difference between the cases. Both emperors were distinguished soldiers; both were merciless persecutors of defenceless Christians; both

[1] Godelaevus, 646, sqq. Pont. Heut., xiv. 645, sqq. Meteren, 17.
[2] Godelaevus, 646, sqq.
[3] Ibid.
[4] Ibid., 654, sqq.
[5] Ibid., 654.
[6] Godelaevus, 645, sqq.
[7] Badovaro.
[8] Ibid.
[9] "—— che era cosa di burla a crederlo."—Ibid.
[10] "Parendoloro che solo l'ombra sua sia da Luterani temuta."—Ibid.

exchanged unbounded empire for absolute seclusion. But Diocletian was born in the lowest abyss of human degradation—the slave and the son of a slave. For such a man, after having reached the highest pinnacle of human greatness, voluntarily to descend from power, seems an act of far greater magnanimity than the retreat of Charles. Born in the purple, having exercised unlimited authority from his boyhood, and having worn from his cradle so many crowns and coronets, the German Emperor might well be supposed to have learned to estimate them at their proper value. Contemporary minds were busy, however, to discover the hidden motives which could have influenced him, and the world, even yet, has hardly ceased to wonder. Yet it would have been more wonderful, considering the Emperor's character, had he remained. The end had not crowned the work; it not unreasonably discrowned the workman. The earlier, and indeed the greater part of his career, had been one unbroken procession of triumphs. The cherished dream of his grandfather,[1] and of his own youth,[2] to add the Pope's triple crown to the rest of the hereditary possessions of his family, he had indeed been obliged to resign. He had too much practical Flemish sense to indulge long in chimeras, but he had achieved the empire over formidable rivals, and he had successively not only conquered, but captured, almost every potentate who had arrayed himself in arms against him. Clement and Francis, the Dukes and Landgraves of Cleves, Hesse, Saxony, and Brunswick, he had bound to his chariot wheels; forcing many to eat the bread of humiliation and captivity during long and weary years. But the concluding portion of his reign had reversed all its previous glories. His whole career had been a failure. He had been defeated, after all, in most of his projects. He had humbled Francis, but Henry had most signally avenged his father. He had trampled upon Philip of Hesse and Frederic of Saxony, but it had been reserved for one of that German race, which he characterised as "dreamy, drunken, and incapable of intrigue," to outwit the man who had outwitted all the world, and to drive before him, in ignominious flight, the conqueror of the nations. The German lad who had learned both war and dissimulation in the court and camp of him who was so profound a master of both arts, was destined to eclipse his teacher on the most august theatre of Christendom. Absorbed at Innspruck with the deliberations of the Trent Council, Charles had not heeded the distant mutterings of the tempest which was gathering around him. While he was preparing to crush for ever the Protestant Church with the arms which a bench of bishops were forging, lo! the rapid and desperate Maurice, with long red beard streaming like a meteor in the wind, dashing through the mountain passes at the head of his Lancers—arguments more convincing than all the dogmas of Granvelle! Disguised as an old woman,[3] the Emperor had attempted, on the 6th April, to escape in a peasant's waggon from Innspruck into Flanders. Saved for the time by the mediation of Ferdinand, he had, a few weeks later, after his troops had been defeated by Maurice at Füssen, again fled at midnight of the 22d May, almost unattended, sick in body and soul, in the midst of thunder, lightning, and rain, along the difficult Alpine passes from Innspruck into Carinthia. His pupil had permitted his escape, only because, in his own language, "for such a bird he had no convenient cage."[4] The imprisoned princes now owed their liberation, not to the Emperor's clemency, but to his panic. The peace of Passau, in the following August, crushed the whole fabric of the Emperor's toil, and laid the foundation of the Protestant Church. He had smitten the Protestants

[1] Introduction to this work.

[2] Brantôme, Hommes Illustres, etc.; art. Charles Quint. Bayle, Dict. Hist. et Crit.; art. Charles Quint.

[3] "—— in ärmlicher, man sagt, sogar in Frauentracht."—Pfeilschmidt, Vor Dreihundert Jahren, p. 56.

[4] "—— für einen solchen Vogel," sagte er, "habe er keinen Käfig."—Pfeilschmidt, 58.

at Mühlberg for the last time. On the other hand, the man who had dealt with Rome as if the Pope, not he, had been the vassal, was compelled to witness, before he departed, the insolence of a pontiff who took a special pride in insulting and humbling his house, and trampling upon the pride of Charles, Philip, and Ferdinand. In France, too, the disastrous siege of Metz had taught him that in the imperial zodiac the fatal sign of Cancer had been reached. The figure of a crab, with the words "plus citra," instead of his proud motto of "plus ultra," scrawled on the walls where he had resided during that dismal epoch, avenged more deeply, perhaps, than the jester thought, the previous misfortunes of France.[1] The Grand Turk, too, Solyman the Magnificent, possessed most of Hungary, and held at that moment a fleet ready to sail against Naples, in co-operation with the Pope and France.[2] Thus the infidel, the Protestant, and the Holy Church were all combined together to crush him. Towards all the great powers of the earth he stood, not in the attitude of a conqueror, but of a disappointed, baffled, defeated potentate. Moreover, he had been foiled long before in his earnest attempts to secure the imperial throne for Philip. Ferdinand and Maximilian had both stoutly resisted his arguments and his blandishments. The father had represented the slender patrimony of their branch of the family, compared with the enormous heritage of Philip, who being, after all, but a man, and endowed with finite powers, might sink under so great a pressure of empire as his father wished to provide for him.[3] Maximilian also assured his uncle that he had as good an appetite for the crown as Philip, and could digest the dignity quite as easily.[4] The son, too, for whom the Emperor was thus solicitous, had already, before the abdication, repaid his affection with ingratitude. He had turned out all his father's old officials in Milan, and had refused to visit him at Brussels, till assured as to the amount of ceremonial respect which the new-made king was to receive at the hands of his father.[5]

Had the Emperor continued to live and reign, he would have found himself likewise engaged in mortal combat with that great religious movement in the Netherlands which he would not have been able many years longer to suppress, and which he left as a legacy of blood and fire to his successor. Born in the same year with his century, Charles was a decrepit, exhausted man at fixty-five, while that glorious age, in which humanity was to burst for ever the cerements in which it had so long been buried, was but awakening to a consciousness of its strength.

Disappointed in his schemes, broken in his fortunes, with income anticipated, estates mortgaged, all his affairs in confusion, failing in mental powers, and with a constitution hopelessly shattered, it was time for him to retire. He showed his keenness in recognising the fact that neither his power nor his glory would be increased should he lag superfluous on the stage where mortification instead of applause was likely to be his portion. His frame was indeed but a wreck. Forty years of unexampled gluttony had done their work. He was a victim to gout, asthma, dyspepsia, gravel. He was crippled in the neck, arms, knees, and hands. He was troubled with chronic cutaneous eruptions. His appetite remained, while his stomach, unable longer to perform the task still imposed upon it, occasioned him constant suffering. Physiologists, who know how important a part this organ plays in the affairs of life, will perhaps see in this physical condition of the Emperor

[1] Histoire du Duc d'Albe, i. 369 (ed. Paris, 1698).
[2] Cabrera, i. 32.
[3] "—— Principem Philippum hominem esse finitasque habere vires atque ingenium captumque tantum humanum."—Pont. Heut., xii. 302.
[4] Brantôme, i. 49, 50.
[5] Dom l'Evesque, Mem. de Granv. i. 24–26.—"Cet embarras," says the Benedictine, "fut la veritable cause de son abdication et de sa retraicte dans le Convent de Juste. La politique s'épuiseroit en vain à en chercher une autre."

a sufficient explanation, if explanation were required, of his descent from the throne. Moreover, it is well known that the resolution to abdicate before his death had been long a settled scheme with him. It had been formally agreed between himself and the Empress that they should separate at the approach of old age, and pass the remainder of their lives in a convent and a monastery. He had, when comparatively a young man, been struck by the reply made to him by an aged officer, whose reasons he had asked for earnestly soliciting permission to retire from the imperial service. It was, said the veteran, that he might put a little space of religious contemplation between the active portion of his life and the grave.[1]

A similar determination, deferred from time to time, Charles had now carried into execution. While he still lingered in Brussels, after his abdication, a comet appeared, to warn him to the fulfilment of his purpose.[2] From first to last, comets and other heavenly bodies were much connected with his evolutions and arrangements. There was no mistaking the motives with which this luminary had presented itself. The Emperor knew very well, says a contemporary German chronicler, that it portended pestilence and war, together with the approaching death of mighty princes. "My fates call out,"[3] he cried, and forthwith applied himself to hasten the preparations for his departure.

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The romantic picture of his philosophical retirement at Juste, painted originally by Sandoval and Siguenza, reproduced by the fascinating pencil of Strada, and imitated in frequent succession by authors of every age and country, is unfortunately but a sketch of fancy. The investigations of modern writers have entirely thrown down the scaffolding on which the airy fabric, so delightful to poets and moralists, reposed. The departing Emperor stands no longer in a transparency robed in shining garments. His transfiguration is at an end. Every action, almost every moment of his retirement, accurately chronicled by those who shared his solitude, have been placed before our eyes, in the most felicitous manner, by able and brilliant writers.[4] The Emperor, shorn of the philosophical robe in which he had been conventionally arrayed for three centuries, shivers now in the cold air of reality.

So far from his having immersed himself in profound and pious contemplation, below the current of the world's events, his thoughts, on the contrary, never were for a moment diverted from the political surface of the times. He read nothing but despatches; he wrote or dictated interminable ones in reply, as dull and prolix as any which ever came from his pen. He manifested a succession of emotions at the course of contemporary affairs, as intense and as varied as if the world still rested in his palm. He was, in truth, essentially a man of action. He had neither the taste nor talents which make a man great in retirement. Not a lofty thought, not a generous sentiment, not a profound or acute suggestion in his retreat has been recorded from his lips. The epigrams which had been invented for him by fabulists have been all taken away, and nothing has been substituted save a few dull jests exchanged with stupid friars. So far from having entertained and even expressed that

[1] Strada, i. 18. [2] Godelaevus, 645.

[3] "—— ingens et lucidum sydus—flammiferum crinem trahens in octavo libræ gradu conspici cœptum—at Carolus sciens hujus visione magnorum principum interitus—eo conspecto. His inquit indiciis, *me mea fata vocant*," etc.—Godelaevus, 645.

[4] Stirling, The Cloister Life of Charles V. (London, 1853). Bakhuyzen van den Brink, Analyse d'un Manuscrit Contemporain sur la Retraite de Charles Quint (Bruxelles, 1850). The works of Mignet and Pichot on the same subject (Paris, 1854), and particularly the late publication of M. Gachard, Retraite et Mort de Charles Quint (Bruxelles, 1854), in which last work the subject may be considered to have been fairly exhausted, and in which the text of Siguença, and of the anonymous manuscript discovered by M. Bakhuyzen in the *greffe* of the Court of Appeals at Brussels, are placed in full before the reader, so far as they bear on the vexed question as to the celebration by the Emperor of his own obsequies.

sentiment of religious toleration for which he was said to have been condemned as a heretic by the Inquisition, and for which Philip was ridiculously reported to have ordered his father's body to be burned, and his ashes scattered to the winds,[1] he became in retreat the bigot effectually, which during his reign he had only been conventionally. Bitter regrets that he should have kept his word to Luther, as if he had not broken faith enough to reflect upon in his retirement; stern self-reproach for omitting to put to death, while he had him in his power, the man who had caused all the mischief of the age; fierce instructions thundered from his retreat to the inquisitors to hasten the execution of all heretics,—including particularly his ancient friends, preachers, and almoners, Cazalla and Constantine de Fuente; furious exhortations to Philip—as if Philip needed a prompter in such a work—that he should set himself to "cutting out the root of heresy with rigour and rude chastisement;"—such explosions of savage bigotry as these, alternating with exhibitions of revolting gluttony, with surfeits of sardine omelettes, Estramadura sausages, eel pies, pickled partridges, fat capons, quince syrups, iced beer, and flagons of Rhenish, relieved by copious draughts of senna and rhubarb, to which his horror-stricken doctor doomed him as he ate—compose a spectacle less attractive to the imagination than the ancient portrait of the cloistered Charles. Unfortunately it is the one which was painted from life.

CHAPTER II.

Sketch of Philip the Second—Characteristics of Mary Tudor—Portrait of Philip—His Council—Rivalry of Ruy Gomez and Alva—Character of Ruy Gomez—Queen Mary of Hungary—Sketch of Philibert of Savoy—Truce of Vaucelles—Secret treaty between the Pope and Henry II.—Rejoicings in the Netherlands on account of the peace—Purposes of Philip—Re-enactment of the edict of 1550—The King's dissimulation—"Request" to the provinces—Infraction of the truce in Italy—Character of Pope Paul IV.—Intrigues of Cardinal Caraffa—War against Spain resolved upon by France—Campaign in Italy—Amicable siege of Rome—Peace with the Pontiff—Hostilities on the Flemish border—Coligny foiled at Douay—Sacks Lens—Philip in England—Queen Mary engages in the war—Philip's army assembled at Givet—Portrait of Count Egmont—The French army under Coligny and Montmorency—Siege of St. Quentin—Attempts of the Constable to relieve the city—Battle of St. Quentin—Hesitation and timidity of Philip—City of St. Quentin taken and sacked—Continued indecision of Philip—His army disbanded—Campaign of the Duke of Guise—Capture of Calais—Interview between Cardinal de Lorraine and the Bishop of Arras—Secret combinations for a league between France and Spain against heresy—Languid movements of Guise—Foray of De Thermes on the Flemish frontier—Battle of Gravelines—Popularity of Egmont—Enmity of Alva.

PHILIP THE SECOND had received the investiture of Milan and the crown of Naples previously to his marriage with Mary Tudor.[2] The imperial crown he had been obliged, much against his will, to forego. The archduchy of Austria, with the hereditary German dependencies of his father's family, had been transferred by the Emperor to his brother Ferdinand, on the occasion of the marriage of that prince with Anna, only sister of King Louis of Hungary.[3] Ten years afterwards, Ferdinand (King of Hungary and Bohemia since the death of Louis, slain in 1526 at the battle of Mohacz) was elected King of the Romans, and steadily refused all the entreaties afterwards made to him in behalf of Philip to resign his crown and his succession to the Empire in favour of his nephew. With these diminutions, Philip had now received all the dominions of his father. He was king of all the Spanish kingdoms and of both the Sicilies. He was titular king of England, France,

[1] Brantôme, Œuvres Complètes (Paris, 1822), i. 32.

[2] Pont. Heut., xix. Godelaevus, 645.

[3] Pont. Heut., viii. 197.

and Jerusalem. He was "absolute dominator" in Asia, Africa, and America; he was Duke of Milan and of both Burgundies, and hereditary sovereign of the seventeen Netherlands.[1]

Thus the provinces had received a new master. A man of foreign birth and breeding, not speaking a word of their language, nor of any language which the mass of the inhabitants understood, was now placed in supreme authority over them, because he represented, through the females, the "good" Philip of Burgundy, who a century before had possessed himself by inheritance, purchase, force, or fraud, of the sovereignty in most of those provinces. It is necessary to say an introductory word or two concerning the previous history of the man to whose hands the destiny of so many millions was now intrusted.

He was born in May 1527, and was now, therefore, twenty-eight years of age. At the age of sixteen he had been united to his cousin, Maria of Portugal, daughter of John III. and of the Emperor's sister, Donna Catalina. In the following year (1544) he became father of the celebrated and ill-starred Don Carlos, and a widower.[2] In 1548, he had made his first appearance in the Netherlands. He came thither to receive homage in the various provinces as their future sovereign, and to exchange oaths of mutual fidelity with them all.[3] Andrew Doria, with a fleet of fifty ships, had brought him to Genoa, whence he had passed to Milan, where he was received with great rejoicing. At Trent he was met by Duke Maurice of Saxony, who warmly begged his intercession with the Emperor in behalf of the imprisoned Landgrave of Hesse. This boon Philip was graciously pleased to promise,[4] and to keep the pledge as sacredly as most of the vows plighted by him during this memorable year. The Duke of Aerschot met him in Germany with a regiment of cavalry and escorted him to Brussels. A summer was spent in great festivities, the cities of the Netherlands vying with each other in magnificent celebrations of the ceremonies by which Philip successively swore allegiance to the various constitutions and charters of the provinces, and received their oaths of future fealty in return. His oath to support *all* the constitutions and privileges was without reservation, while his father and grandfather had only sworn to maintain the charters granted or confirmed by Philip and Charles of Burgundy.[5] Suspicion was disarmed by these indiscriminate concessions, which had been resolved upon by the unscrupulous Charles to conciliate the goodwill of the people. In view of the pretensions which might be preferred by the Brederode family in Holland, and by other descendants of ancient sovereign races in other provinces, the Emperor, wishing to ensure the succession to his sisters in case of the deaths of himself, Philip, and Don Carlos without issue, was unsparing in those promises which he knew to be binding only upon the weak. Philip's oaths were therefore without reserve, and the light-hearted Flemings, Brabantines, and Walloons received him with open arms. In Valenciennes the festivities which attended his entrance were on a most gorgeous scale, but the "joyous entrance" arranged for him at Antwerp was of unparalleled magnificence.[6] A cavalcade of the magistrates and notable burghers, "all attired in cramoisy velvet," attended by lackeys in splendid liveries, and

[1] Pont. Heut., x. 240. [2] Cabrera, i. 8.
[3] Meteren, 13. Wagenaer, Vaderlandsche Historie (Amst., 1770), iv. 294, sqq.
[4] Meteren, i. 13.
[5] The oath which he took in Holland was—"Well and truly to maintain all the privileges and freedoms of the nobles, cities, communities, subjects (lay and clerical) of the province of Holland and West Friesland, to them granted by my ancestors, Counts and Countesses of Holland; and moreover their customs, traditions, usages, and rights (gewoonte, herkomen, usantien en rechten), all and several which they now have and use." The oath in Brabant was—"To support *all* the privileges," etc., etc.; and the same form, without conditions and exceptions, was adopted in the other provinces; whereas his father and grandfather had sworn only to maintain the limited privileges conceded by the usurping house of Burgundy.—Vide Groot, Plakkaat Boek, iv. 3, iii. 20; Blyde, Inkommst v. Filip, apud Mieris, Nederl. Voorst, iii. 222; Wagenaer, Vaderl. Hist., iv. 294–297, and v. 328–341.
[6] Meteren, i. f. 13.

followed by four thousand citizen soldiers in full uniform, went forth from the gates to receive him. Twenty-eight triumphal arches, which alone, according to the thrifty chronicler, had cost 26,800 Carolus guldens, were erected in the different streets and squares, and every possible demonstration of affectionate welcome was lavished upon the Prince and the Emperor.[1] The rich and prosperous city, unconscious of the doom which awaited it in the future, seemed to have covered itself with garlands to honour the approach of its master. Yet icy was the deportment with which Philip received these demonstrations of affection, and haughty the glance with which he looked down upon these exhibitions of civic hilarity, as from the height of a grim and inaccessible tower. The impression made upon the Netherlanders was anything but favourable, and when he had fully learned the futility of the projects on the Empire which it was so difficult both for his father and himself to resign, he returned to the more congenial soil of Spain. In 1554 he had again issued from the peninsula to marry the Queen of England, a privilege which his father had graciously resigned to him. He was united to Mary Tudor at Winchester on the 25th July of that year, and if congeniality of tastes could have made a marriage happy, that union should have been thrice blessed. To maintain the supremacy of the Church seemed to both the main object of existence; to execute unbelievers, the most sacred duty imposed by the Deity upon anointed princes; to convert their kingdoms into a hell, the surest means of winning heaven for themselves. It was not strange that the conjunction of two such wonders of superstition in one sphere should seem portentous in the eyes of the English nation. Philip's mock efforts in favour of certain condemned reformers, and his pretended intercessions in favour of the Princess Elizabeth, failed entirely of their object. The Parliament refused to confer upon him more than a nominal authority in England. His children, should they be born, might be sovereigns; he was but husband of the Queen; of a woman who could not atone by her abject but peevish fondness for himself, and by her congenial bloodthirstiness towards her subjects, for her eleven years' seniority, her deficiency in attractions, and her incapacity to make him the father of a line of English monarchs. It almost excites compassion even for Mary Tudor when her passionate efforts to inspire him with affection are contrasted with his impassiveness. Tyrant, bigot, murderess though she was, she was still woman, and she lavished upon her husband all that was not ferocious in her nature. Forbidding prayers to be said for the soul of her father,[2] hating her sister and her people, burning bishops, bathing herself in the blood of heretics, to Philip she was all submissiveness and feminine devotion. It was a most singular contrast, Mary the Queen of England and Mary the wife of Philip. Small, lean, and sickly, painfully near-sighted, yet with an eye of fierceness and fire; her face wrinkled by care and evil passions still more than by time; with a big man's voice, whose harshness made those in the next room tremble;[3] yet feminine in her tastes, skilful with her needle, fond of embroidery work, striking the lute with a touch remarkable for its science and feeling, speaking many languages, including Latin, with fluency

[1] Meteren, i. f. 13. [2] De Thou, ii. 419.

[3] "E la regina Maria di statura piccola—di persona magra et delicata—adesso cavate qualche crespe causate più dagli affanni che dall eta—ha gli occhi vivi che inducono non solo reverenza ma timore verso chi li move, se bene la vista molto corta non potendo leggere ne far altro se non si mette con la vista vicinissima a quello che voglia leggere o ben discernere—ha la voce grossa et alta quassi d'uomo, si che quando parla e sempre sentita gran pezzo di lontano."—Relazione di Giov. Michele, Venuto Ambr. d'Inghilterra, 1557; MS. The envoy sums up the personal attractions of her Majesty by observing that, "—— even at her present age, she is not entirely to be abhorred for her ugliness, without any regard to her rank of Queen." "In somma e donna honesta ne mai per brutezza etiam in questa età non considerato il grádo di regina d'essire abhorrita." As the Venetian was exceedingly disposed to be complimentary, it must be confessed that the eulogy does not appear redundant. Compare Cabrera—"Era la Regna pequeña de cuerpo, flaca, con vista corta en vivos ojos que ponian acatamiento—grave—mesurada—la voce gruesa mas que de muger:" iv. 210.

and grace;[1] most feminine, too, in her constitutional sufferings, hysterical of habit, shedding floods of tears daily at Philip's coldness, undisguised infidelity, and frequent absences from England[2]—she almost awakens compassion, and causes a momentary oblivion of her identity.

Her subjects, already half maddened by religious persecution, were exasperated still further by the pecuniary burthens which she imposed upon them to supply the King's exigencies, and she unhesitatingly confronted their frenzy, in the hope of winning a smile from him. When at last her chronic maladies had assumed the memorable form which caused Philip and Mary to unite in a letter to Cardinal Pole, announcing not *the expected* but the *actual* birth of a prince, but judiciously leaving the date in blank,[3] the momentary satisfaction and delusion of the Queen was unbounded. The false intelligence was transmitted everywhere. Great were the joy and the festivities in the Netherlands, where people were so easily made to rejoice and keep holiday for anything. "The Regent, being in Antwerp," wrote Sir Thomas Gresham to the lords of council, "did cause the great bell to ringe to give all men to understand that the news was trewe. The Queene's highness' mere merchants caused all our Inglishe ships to shoote off with such joy and triumph, as by men's arts and pollicey coulde be devised—and the Regent sent our Inglishe maroners one hundred crownes to drynke."[4] If bell-ringing and cannon-firing could have given England a Spanish sovereign, the devoutly-wished consummation would have been reached. When the futility of the royal hopes could no longer be concealed, Philip left the country, never to return till his war with France made him require troops, subsidies, and a declaration of hostilities from England.

The personal appearance of the new sovereign has already been described. His manner was far from conciliatory, and in this respect he was the absolute reverse of his father. Upon his first journey out of Spain, in 1548, into his various dominions, he had made a most painful impression everywhere. "He was disagreeable," says Envoy Suriano, "to the Italians, detestable to the Flemings, odious to the Germans."[5]

The remonstrances of the Emperor and of Queen Mary of Hungary at the impropriety of his manners had produced, however, some effect, so that on his wedding journey to England he manifested much "gentleness and humanity, mingled with royal gravity."[6] Upon this occasion, says another Venetian, accredited to him, "he had divested himself of that Spanish haughtiness which, when he first came from Spain, had rendered him so odious."[7] The famous ambassador, Badovaro, confirms the impression. "Upon his first journey," he says, "he was esteemed proud, and too greedy for the imperial succession; but now 'tis the common opinion that his humanity and modesty are all which could be desired."[8] These humane qualities, however, it must be observed, were exhibited only in the presence of ambassadors and grandees, the only representatives of "humanity" with whom he came publicly and avowedly in contact.

He was thought deficient in manly energy. He was an infirm valetudinarian,

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[1] "E instrutta di cinque lingue—quatiro d'essi parla —Nella latina farria sempre ognuno con le risposte che da et con i proposite che tiene intendentissima oltre l'esercitio di lavorare d'ago in ogni sorte di ricamo, anco della musica—specialmente sonar di manacordi et di liuto—incanta per la velocita del mano e per la maniera di sonare."—Michele MS.

[2] Michele, Relazione MS.—"Per rimedio non basta indogli los fogarsi come adesso usa con le lagrime et col piangere."

[3] Burgon (Life and Times of Sir T. Gresham) communicates the letter from the State Paper Office.—"Whereas it hath pleased Almighty God of His infinite goodness to adde unto the great number of other His benefites bestowed upon us the gladding of us with the happy deliverie of a prince:" i. 171.

[4] Burgon, i. 169.

[5] "Fu poco grato ad Italiani ingratissimo a Fiamenghi et a Tedeschi odioso."—Suriano, Relazione MS.

[6] Suriano MS.

[7] "Havendo persa quella altezza—con la quale usci la prima volta di Spagna et riusci cosi odiosi."—Michele MS.

[8] "Nel p. passagio suo in Spagna per Italia, Germania et Fiandra era stimata superba et troppo cupida d'essere coadjutore dell' imperio ma hora è comune opinione che ella habbia in se tutta quelle humanità et modestia che dir si possa."—Badovaro MS.

and was considered as sluggish in character as deficient in martial enterprise, as timid of temperament as he was fragile and sickly of frame.[1] It is true that, on account of the disappointment which he occasioned by his contrast to his warlike father, he mingled in some tournaments in Brussels, where he was matched against Count Mansfeld, one of the most distinguished chieftains of the age, and where, says his professed panegyrist, "he broke his lances very much to the satisfaction of his father and aunts."[2]

That learned and eloquent author, Estelle Calvete, even filled the greater part of a volume, in which he described the journey of the Prince, with a minute description of these feasts and jousts,[3] but we may reasonably conclude that to the loyal imagination of his eulogist Philip is indebted for most of these knightly trophies. It was the universal opinion of unprejudiced contemporaries, that he was without a spark of enterprise. He was even censured for a culpable want of ambition, and for being inferior to his father in this respect; as if the love of encroaching on his neighbour's dominions and a disposition to foreign commotions and war, would have constituted additional virtues had he happened to possess them. Those who were most disposed to think favourably of him remembered that there was a time when even Charles the Fifth was thought weak and indolent,[4] and were willing to ascribe Philip's pacific disposition to his habitual cholic and side-ache, and to his father's inordinate care for him in youth.[5] They even looked forward to the time when he should blaze forth to the world as a conqueror and a hero. These, however, were views entertained by but few; the general and the correct opinion, as it proved, being, that Philip hated war, would never certainly acquire any personal distinction in the field, and when engaged in hostilities would be apt to gather his laurels at the hands of his generals rather than with his own sword. He was believed to be the reverse of the Emperor. Charles sought great enterprises; Philip would avoid them. The Emperor never recoiled before threats; the son was reserved, cautious, suspicious of all men, and capable of sacrificing a realm from hesitation and timidity. The father had a genius for action; the son a predilection for repose. Charles took "all men's opinions, but reserved his judgment," and acted on it, when matured, with irresistible energy; Philip was led by others, was vacillating in forming decisions, and irresolute in executing them when formed.[6]

Philip, then, was not considered, in that warlike age, as likely to shine as a warrior. His mental capacity in general was likewise not very highly esteemed. His talents were, in truth, very much below mediocrity. His mind was incredibly small. A petty passion for contemptible details characterised him from his youth, and, as long as he lived, he could neither learn to generalise, nor understand that one man, however diligent, could not be minutely acquainted with all the public and private affairs of fifty millions of other men. He was a glutton of work. He was born to write despatches, and to scrawl comments[7] upon those which he received. He often remained at the council-

[1] "Si come la natura l'ha fatta di corpo debole cosi l'ha fatta al quanto d'animo timido."—Badovaro MS. "Non promette quella grandezza et generalita d'animo et vivezza di spirito che si convenga ad un principe potente come lui—e infermo e valetudinario—da natura abhorrisce molto la guerra, et andare en persona ne mai egli vi si ridurra se non per gran necessita."—Michele MS. "La natura la qual inclina piu alla quiete ch' all' essercitio piu al riposo ch' al travaglio," etc.—Suriano MS.

[2] "Arrojo los troços muy en alto con vozeria del pueblo, regocijo del Emperador e de las Reynas—rompiéndo sus lanzas con gallardia i destreza, *agradados de su valor* y majestad estavan co *rasen su padre y tiaz*."—Cabrera, i. 12.

[3] V. Cabrera, i. 12, 13.

[4] "Era havuto per sapido et adormentato."—Michele MS.

[5] Michele MS.

[6] Suriano MS.

[7] The character of these apostilles, always confused, wordy, and awkward, was sometimes very ludicrous; nor did it improve after his thirty or forty years' daily practice in making them. Thus, when he received a letter from France in 1589, narrating the assassination of Henry III., and stating that "the manner in which he had been killed was that a Jacobin monk had given him a pistol-shot in the head" (la façon que l'on dit qu'il a eté tuè, sa eté par un Jacobin qui luy a donnè d'un cou de pistolle dans la tayte), he scrawled the following luminous comment upon the margin. Underlining the word, "pistolle," he observed "this is per

board four or five hours at a time, and he lived in his cabinet.[1] He gave audiences to ambassadors and deputies very willingly, listening attentively to all that was said to him, and answering in monosyllables.[2] He spoke no tongue but Spanish, and was sufficiently sparing of that, but he was indefatigable with his pen. He hated to converse, but he could write a letter eighteen pages long when his correspondent was in the next room, and when the subject was, perhaps, one which a man of talent could have settled with six words of his tongue. The world, in his opinion, was to move upon protocols and apostilles. Events had no right to be born throughout his dominions without a preparatory course of his obstetrical pedantry. He could never learn that the earth would not rest on its axis while he wrote a programme of the way it was to turn.[3] He was slow in deciding, slower in communicating his decisions. He was prolix with his pen, not from affluence, but from paucity of ideas. He took refuge in a cloud of words, sometimes to conceal his meaning, oftener to conceal the absence of any meaning, thus mystifying not only others but himself. To one great purpose, formed early, he adhered inflexibly. This, however, was rather an instinct than an opinion, born with him, not created by him. The idea seemed to express itself through him, and to master him, rather than to form one of a stock of sentiments which a free agent might be expected to possess. Although, at certain times, even this master-feeling could yield to the pressure of a predominant self-interest—thus showing that even in Philip bigotry was not absolute—yet he appeared on the whole the embodiment of Spanish chivalry and Spanish religious enthusiasm, in its late and corrupted form. He was entirely a Spaniard. The Burgundian and Austrian elements of his blood seemed to have evaporated, and his veins were filled alone with the ancient ardour which in heroic centuries had animated the Gothic champions of Spain. The fierce enthusiasm for the Cross, which in the long internal warfare against the Crescent had been the romantic and distinguishing feature of the national character, had degenerated into bigotry. That which had been a nation's glory now made the monarch's shame. The Christian heretic was to be regarded with a more intense hatred than even Moor or Jew had excited in the most Christian ages, and Philip was to be the latest and most perfect incarnation of all this traditional enthusiasm, this perpetual hate. Thus he was likely to be single-hearted in his life. It was believed that his ambition would be less to extend his dominions than to vindicate his title of the Most Catholic King. There could be little doubt entertained that he would be at least dutiful to his father in this respect, and that the edicts would be enforced to the letter.

He was by birth, education, and character a Spaniard, and that so exclusively, that the circumstance would alone have made him unfit to govern a country so totally different in habits and national sentiments from his native land. He was more a foreigner in Brussels, even, than in England. The gay, babbling, energetic, noisy life of Flanders and Brabant was detestable to him. The loquacity of the Netherlanders was a continual reproach upon his taciturnity. His education had imbued him, too, with the antiquated international hatred of Spaniard and Fleming, which had been strengthening in

haps some kind of *knife*; and as for 'tayte,' it can be nothing else but head, which is not tayte, but tête, or teyte, as you very well know" (quiza de alguna manera de cuchillo, etc., etc.)—Gachard, Rapport à M. le Minist. de l'Intérieur, prefixed to Corresp. Philippe II., vol. i., xlix., note 1. It is obvious that a person who made such wonderful commentaries as this, and was hard at work eight or nine hours a day for forty years, would leave a prodigious quantity of unpublished matter at his death.

[1] Michele MS.

[2] Badoaro MS.

[3] "De Koning," says one of the most profound and learned of modern historical writers, Bakhuysen van den Brink, "Filipe el prudente, zoo als hij zich gaarne hoorde noemen, beherrschte niet zijn bureau, maar zijn bureau beherrschte hem—Nooit heeft hij begrepen, dat de geschiedenis niet stil stond, om op zijne beslissing te wachten, maar altoos meende hij, dat de gebeurtenissen haar regt om te gebeuren verkregen door zijne hand teekening of parapie"—Het Huwelijk van W. Van Oranje met Anna v. Saxen (Amst. 1853), p. 108.

the metropolis, while the more rapid current of life had rather tended to obliterate the sentiment in the provinces.

The flippancy and profligacy of Philip the Handsome, the extortion and insolence of his Flemish courtiers, had not been forgotten in Spain, nor had Philip the Second forgiven his grandfather for having been a foreigner. And now his mad old grandmother, Johanna, who had for years been chasing cats in the lonely tower where she had been so long imprisoned, had just died;[1] and her funeral, celebrated with great pomp by both her sons, by Charles at Brussels and Ferdinand at Augsburg, seemed to revive a history which had begun to fade, and to recall the image of Castilian sovereignty which had been so long obscured in the blaze of imperial grandeur.

His education had been but meagre. In an age when all kings and noblemen possessed many languages, he spoke not a word of any tongue but Spanish,[2] although he had a slender knowledge of French and Italian, which he afterwards learned to read with comparative facility. He had studied a little history and geography, and he had a taste for sculpture, painting, and architecture.[3] Certainly if he had not possessed a feeling for art, he would have been a monster. To have been born in the earlier part of the sixteenth century, to have been a king, to have had Spain, Italy, and the Netherlands as a birthright, and not to have been inspired with a spark of that fire which glowed so intensely in those favoured lands and in that golden age, had indeed been difficult.

The King's personal habits were regular. He slept much, and took little exercise habitually, but he had recently been urged by the physicians to try the effect of the chase as a corrective to his sedentary habits.[4] He was most strict in religious observances; as regular at mass, sermons, and vespers as a monk; much more, it was thought by many good Catholics, than was becoming to his rank and age.[5] Besides several friars who preached regularly for his instruction, he had daily discussions with others on abstruse theological points.[6] He consulted his confessor most minutely as to all the actions of life, inquiring anxiously whether this proceeding or that were likely to burthen his conscience.[7] He was grossly licentious. It was his chief amusement to issue forth at night disguised, that he might indulge himself in the common haunts of vice. This was his solace at Brussels in the midst of the gravest affairs of state.[8] He was not illiberal, but, on the contrary, it was thought that he would have been even generous, had he not been straitened for money at the outset of his career. During a cold winter, he distributed alms to the poor of Brussels with an open hand.[9] He was fond of jests in private, and would laugh immoderately, when with a few intimate associates, at buffooneries, which he checked in public by the icy gravity of his deportment.[10] He dressed usually in the Spanish fashion, with close doublet, trunk hose, and short cloak, although at times he indulged in the more airy fashions of France and Burgundy, wearing buttons on his coats and feathers in his hat.[11] He was not thought at that time to be cruel by nature, but was usually spoken of, in the conventional language appropriated to monarchs, as a prince "clement, benign, and debonnaire."[12] Time was to show the justice of his claims to such honourable epithets.

[1] De Thou, ii. 661.

[2] Michele MS. "Nella sua lingua parla raramente et l'usa sempre," says Badovaro concisely: MS.

[3] Badovaro MS. [4] Ibid.

[5] "Attentissimo alle messi, alli vesperi et alle prediche com' un religioso molto piu che allo stato et età sua à molti pare che si convenga."—Michele MS.

[6] "Oltre certi frati theologi predicanti huomini di stimo, anco altri che ogni di trattano con lui," etc.—Michele MS.

[7] Michele MS. Badovaro MS.—"Dal suo confessore vuole intendere se il far quella et questa cosa puo aggravar la sua conscienza," etc.

[8] "Nelle piaceri delle donne è incontinente, prendendo dilettatione d' andare in maschera la notte et nei tempi de negotii gravi," etc., etc.—Badovaro MS.

[9] Badovaro MS. [10] Ibid.

[11] Badovaro MS. Compare Suriano MS.—"Et veste con tanta politezza e con tanto giuditio che non si puo veder alcuna cosa piu perfetta."

[12] Vide, *e.g.*, Archives et Correspondance de la M. d'O., ii. 443, 447 (note 1), 448, 487.

The court was organised during his residence at Brussels on the Burgundian, not the Spanish model,[1] but of the one hundred and fifty persons who composed it, nine-tenths of the whole were Spaniards; the other fifteen or sixteen being of various nations, Flemings, Burgundians, Italians, English, and Germans.[2] Thus it is obvious how soon he disregarded his father's precept and practice[3] in this respect, and began to lay the foundation of that renewed hatred to Spaniards which was soon to become so intense, exuberant, and fatal throughout every class of Netherlanders. He esteemed no nation but the Spanish; with Spaniards he consorted, with Spaniards he counselled, through Spaniards he governed.[4]

His council consisted of five or six Spanish grandees, the famous Ruy Gomez, then Count of Melito, afterwards Prince of Eboli; the Duke of Alva, the Count de Feria, the Duke of Franca Villa, Don Antonio Toledo, and Don Juan Manrique de Lara. The "two columns," said Suriano, "which sustain this great machine, are Ruy Gomez and Alva, and from their councils depends the government of half the world."[5] The two were ever bitterly opposed to each other. Incessant were their bickerings, intense their mutual hate; desperate and difficult the situation of any man, whether foreigner or native, who had to transact business with the Government. If he had secured the favour of Gomez, he had already earned the enmity of Alva. Was he protected by the Duke, he was sure to be cast into outer darkness by the favourite.[6] Alva represented the war party, Ruy Gomez the pacific policy more congenial to the heart of Philip. The Bishop of Arras, who in the opinion of the envoys was worth them all for his capacity and his experience, was then entirely in the background, rarely entering the council except when summoned to give advice in affairs of extraordinary delicacy or gravity.[7] He was, however, to reappear most signally in course of the events already preparing. The Duke of Alva, also to play so tremendous a part in the yet unborn history of the Netherlands, was not beloved by Philip.[8] He was eclipsed at this period by the superior influence of the favourite, and his sword, moreover, became necessary in the Italian campaign which was impending. It is remarkable that it was a common opinion even at that day that the Duke was naturally hesitating and timid.[9] One would have thought that his previous victories might have earned for him the reputation for courage and skill which he most unquestionably deserved. The future was to develop those other characteristics which were to make his name the terror and wonder of the world.

The favourite, Ruy Gomez da Silva, Count de Melito, was the man upon whose shoulders the great burthen of the state reposed. He was of a family which was originally Portuguese. He had been brought up with the King, although some eight years his senior, and their friendship dated from earliest youth. It was said that Ruy Gomez, when a boy, had been condemned to death for having struck Philip, who had come between him and another page with whom he was quarrelling.[10] The Prince threw himself passionately at his father's feet, and implored forgiveness in behalf of the culprit with such energy that the Emperor was graciously pleased to spare the life of the future prime minister.[11] The incident was said to have laid the foundation of the remarkable affection which was supposed to exist between the two, to an extent never

[1] Badovaro MS.
[2] Ibid.
[3] Apolog. d'Orange, 47, 48
[4] Suriano MS.
[5] "—— Queste sono le colonne con che si su tenta questa gran' macchina, et dal consiglio di questo dipende il governo di mezzo l' mondo," etc.—Suriano MS.
[6] Suriano MS.
[7] "Ma non val tanto a cun degli altri ne tutti insieme quanto Mon. d'Arras solo."—Suriano MS.
[8] Suriano MS. Badovaro MS.—"Il re intrinsecamente non amava il Duca."—Badovaro.
[9] "Nella guerra," says Badovaro, "mostra timidita et poca intelligenza,"——"e di puochissimo cuore."—MS. "—— Troppo reservato et cauto et quasi timido nell imprese," says Suriano, MS.
[10] Badovaro MS
[11] Ibid.

witnessed before between king and subject. Ruy Gomez was famous for his tact and complacency, and omitted no opportunity of cementing the friendship thus auspiciously commenced. He was said to have particularly charmed his master, upon one occasion, by hypocritically throwing up his cards at a game of hazard played for a large stake, and permitting him to win the game with a far inferior hand.[1] The King, learning afterwards the true state of the case, was charmed by the grace and self-denial manifested by the young nobleman. The complacency which the favourite subsequently exhibited in regard to the connection which existed so long and so publicly between his wife, the celebrated Princess Eboli, and Philip, placed his power upon an impregnable basis, and secured it till his death.

At the present moment he occupied the three posts of valet, state councillor, and finance minister.[2] He dressed and undressed his master, read or talked him to sleep, called him in the morning, admitted those who were to have private audiences, and superintended all the arrangements of the household.[3] The rest of the day was devoted to the enormous correspondence and affairs of administration, which devolved upon him as first minister of state and treasury. He was very ignorant. He had no experience or acquirement in the arts either of war or peace, and his early education had been limited.[4] Like his master, he spoke no tongue but Spanish, and he had no literature. He had prepossessing manners, a fluent tongue, a winning and benevolent disposition. His natural capacity for affairs was considerable, and his tact was so perfect that he could converse face to face with statesmen, doctors, and generals, upon campaigns, theology, or jurisprudence, without betraying any remarkable deficiency. He was very industrious, endeavouring to make up by hard study for his lack of general knowledge, and to sustain with credit the burthen of his daily functions. At the same time, by the King's desire, he appeared constantly at the frequent banquets, masquerades, tourneys, and festivities, for which Brussels at that epoch was remarkable. It was no wonder that his cheek was pale, and that he seemed dying of overwork. He discharged his duties cheerfully, however, for in the service of Philip he knew no rest. "After God," said Badovaro, "he knows no object save the felicity of his master."[5] He was already, as a matter of course, very rich, having been endowed by Philip with property to the amount of twenty-six thousand dollars yearly, and the tide of his fortunes was still at the flood.[6]

Such were the two men, the master and the favourite, to whose hands the destinies of the Netherlands were now intrusted.

The Queen of Hungary had resigned the office of Regent of the Netherlands, as has been seen, on the occasion of the Emperor's abdication. She was a woman of masculine character, a great huntress before the Lord, a celebrated horsewoman, a worthy descendant of the Lady Mary of Burgundy. Notwithstanding all the fine phrases exchanged between herself and the eloquent Maas at the great ceremony of the 25th of October, she was, in reality, much detested in the provinces,[7] and she repaid their aversion with abhorrence. "I could not live among these people," she wrote to the Emperor, but a few weeks before the abdication, "even as a private person, for it would be impossible for me to do my duty towards God and my Prince. As to governing them, I take God to witness that the task is so abhorrent to me, that I would rather earn

[1] Brantôme; art. Philippe II.

[2] "—— Ha tre carichi del somigliar di corpo, del consiglier di stato et di contatore maggiore."—Badovaro MS.

[3] "Ha cura di vestire e spoliare sua M. di dormir nella sua camera, di sopravedere alle cose di camera—et introduttione delle persone," etc.—Badovaro MS.

[4] Badovaro MS.

[5] "Perchè dopo Iddio non ha altro oggetto che la felicità sua."

[6] Badovaro MS. Suriano MS.

[7] "Regina Maria—donna di Valore—ma è odiata da popoli."—Badovaro MS.

my daily bread by labour than attempt it."[1] She added, that a woman of fifty years of age, who had served during twenty-five of them, had a right to repose, and that she was, moreover, "too old to recommence and learn her A, B, C."[2] The Emperor, who had always respected her for the fidelity with which she had carried out his designs, knew that it was hopeless to oppose her retreat. As for Philip, he hated his aunt, and she hated him,[3]—although, both at the epoch of the abdication and subsequently, he was desirous that she should administer the government.[4]

The new Regent was to be the Duke of Savoy. This wandering and adventurous potentate had attached himself to Philip's fortunes, and had been received by the King with as much favour as he had ever enjoyed at the hands of the Emperor. Emanuel Philibert of Savoy, then about twenty-six or seven years of age, was the son of the late unfortunate duke, by Donna Beatrice of Portugal, sister of the Empress. He was the nephew of Charles, and first cousin to Philip. The partiality of the Emperor for his mother was well known, but the fidelity with which the family had followed the imperial cause had been productive of nothing but disaster to the Duke. He had been ruined in fortune, stripped of all his dignities and possessions. His son's only inheritance was his sword. The young Prince of Piedmont, as he was commonly called in his youth, sought the camp of the Emperor, and was received with distinguished favour. He rose rapidly in the military service. Acting always upon his favourite motto, "Spoliatis arma supersunt," he had determined, if possible, to carve his way to glory, to wealth, and even to his hereditary estates, by his sword alone.[5] War was not only his passion, but his trade. Every one of his campaigns was a speculation, and he had long derived a satisfactory income by purchasing distinguished prisoners of war at a low price from the soldiers who had captured them, and were ignorant of their rank, and by ransoming them afterwards at an immense advance.[6] This sort of traffic in men was frequent in that age, and was considered perfectly honourable. Marshal Strozzi, Count Mansfeld, and other professional soldiers, derived their main income from the system.[7] They were naturally inclined, therefore, to look impatiently upon a state of peace as an unnatural condition of affairs which cut off all the profits of their particular branch of industry, and condemned them to both idleness and poverty. The Duke of Savoy had become one of the most experienced and successful commanders of the age, and an especial favourite with the Emperor. He had served with Alva in the campaigns against the Protestants of Germany, and in other important fields. War being his element, he considered peace as undesirable, although he could recognise its existence. A truce he held, however, to be a senseless paradox, unworthy of the slightest regard. An armistice, such as was concluded on the February following the abdication, was, in his opinion, only to be turned to account by dealing insidious and unsuspected blows at the enemy, some portion of whose population might repose confidence in the plighted faith of monarchs and plenipotentiaries. He had a show of reason for his political and military morality, for he only chose to execute the evil which had been practised upon himself. His father had been beggared, his mother had died of spite and despair, he had himself been reduced from the rank of a sovereign to that of a mercenary soldier, by spoliations made in time of truce. He was reputed a man of very decided abilities, and was distinguished for headlong

[1] Papiers d'Etat du Cardinal Granvelle, iv. 476.—"Et peus affirmer à V. M. et prendre Dieu en temoing que les gouverner m'est tant abornible que j'aymerois mieux gaigner ma vie que de m'y mectre." [2] Ibid.

[3] "Et il Re di Spagna odia lei, et lei lui."—Badovaro MS.

[4] Gachard, Retraite et Mort, etc., i., xl., xli. 341, 357, 477.

[5] Brantôme, Œuvres, i. 351, sqq.

[6] Ibid.

[7] De Thou. iii., liv., xix 162, sqq.

bravery. His rashness and personal daring were thought the only drawbacks to his high character as a commander. He had many accomplishments. He spoke Latin, French, Spanish, and Italian with equal fluency, was celebrated for his attachment to the fine arts, and wrote much and with great elegance.[1] Such had been Philibert of Savoy, the pauper nephew of the powerful Emperor, the adventurous and vagrant cousin of the lofty Philip, a prince without a people, a duke without a dukedom; with no hope but in warfare, with no revenue but rapine; the image, in person, of a bold and manly soldier, small, but graceful and athletic, martial in bearing, "wearing his sword under his arm like a corporal,"[2] because an internal malady made a belt inconvenient, and ready to turn to swift account every chance which a new series of campaigns might open to him With his new salary as governor, his pensions, and the remains of his possessions in Nice and Piedmont, he had now the splendid annual income of one hundred thousand crowns, and was sure to spend it all.[3]

It had been the desire of Charles to smooth the commencement of Philip's path. He had for this purpose made a vigorous effort to undo, as it were, the whole work of his reign, to suspend the operation of his whole political system. The emperor and conqueror, who had been warring all his lifetime, had attempted, as the last act of his reign, to improvise a peace. But it was not so easy to arrange a pacification of Europe as dramatically as he desired, in order that he might gather his robes about him, and allow the curtain to fall upon his eventful history in a grand hush of decorum and quiet. During the autumn and winter of 1555, hostilities had been virtually suspended, and languid negotiations ensued. For several months armies confronted each other without engaging, and diplomatists fenced among themselves without any palpable result. At last the peace commissioners, who had been assembled at Vaucelles since the beginning of the year 1556, signed a treaty of truce rather than of peace, upon the 5th of February.[4] It was to be an armistice of five years, both by land and sea, for France, Spain, Flanders, and Italy throughout all the dominions of the French and Spanish monarchs. The Pope was expressly included in the truce, which was signed on the part of France by Admiral Coligny and Sebastian l'Aubespine; on that of Spain, by Count de Lalain, Philibert de Bruxelles, Simon Renard, and Jean Baptiste Sciceio, a jurisconsult of Cremona.[5] During the previous month of December, however, the Pope had concluded with the French monarch a treaty by which this solemn armistice was rendered an egregious farce. While Henry's plenipotentiaries had been plighting their faith to those of Philip, it had been arranged that France should sustain, by subsidies and armies, the scheme upon which Paul was bent to drive the Spaniards entirely out of the Italian peninsula.[6] The King was to aid the Pontiff, and in return was to carve thrones for his own younger children out of the confiscated realms of Philip. When was France ever slow to sweep upon Italy with such a hope? How could the ever-glowing rivalry of Valois and Habsburg fail to burst into a general conflagration, while the venerable vicegerent of Christ stood thus beside them with his fan in his hand?

For a brief breathing space, however, the news of the pacification occasioned much joy in the provinces. They rejoiced even in a temporary cessation of that long series of campaigns from which they could certainly derive no advantage, and in which their part was to furnish money, soldiers, and battlefields, without prospect of benefit from any victory, however brilliant,

[1] "Parla poco, dice corse buone et e accorte et sagace molto, tiene chiusi i suoi pensieri et ha fama di tener cosi quei che li sono detti segretamente"—Badovaro MS.

[2] Brantôme, i. 358.

[3] Badovaro MS.

[4] De Thou, iii. 14, sqq. Meteren, i. 17.

[5] Ibid. Ibid.

[6] De Thou, iii. xvii. Meteren, i. 17, sqq.

or any treaty, however elaborate. Manufacturing, agricultural, and commercial provinces, filled to the full with industrial life, could not but be injured by being converted into perpetual camps. All was joy in the Netherlands, while at Antwerp, the great commercial metropolis of the provinces and of Europe, the rapture was unbounded. Oxen were roasted whole in the public squares; the streets, soon to be empurpled with the best blood of her citizens, ran red with wine; a hundred triumphal arches adorned the pathway of Philip as he came thither; and a profusion of flowers, although it was February, were strewn before his feet.[1] Such was his greeting in the light-hearted city, but the countenance was more than usually sullen with which the sovereign received these demonstrations of pleasure. It was thought by many that Philip had been really disappointed in the conclusion of the armistice, that he was inspired with a spark of that martial ambition for which his panegyrists gave him credit, and that, knowing full well the improbability of a long suspension of hostilities, he was even eager for the chance of conquest which their resumption would afford him. The secret treaty of the Pope was, of course, not so secret but that the hollow intentions of the contracting parties to the truce of Vaucelles were thoroughly suspected—intentions which certainly went far to justify the maxims and the practice of the new governor-general of the Netherlands upon the subject of armistices. Philip, understanding his position, was revolving renewed military projects while his subjects were ringing merry bells and lighting bonfires in the Netherlands. These schemes, which were to be carried out in the immediate future, caused, however, a temporary delay in the great purpose to which he was to devote his life.

The Emperor had always desired to regard the Netherlands as a whole, and he hated the antiquated charters and obstinate privileges which interfered with his ideas of symmetry. Two great machines, the Court of Mechlin and the Inquisition, would effectually simplify and assimilate all these irregular and heterogeneous rights. The civil tribunal was to annihilate all diversities in their laws by a general cassation of all their constitutions, and the ecclesiastical court was to burn out all differences in their religious faith. Between two such millstones it was thought that the Netherlands might be crushed into uniformity. Philip succeeded to these traditions. The father had never sufficient leisure to carry out all his schemes, but it seemed probable that the son would be a worthy successor, at least in all which concerned the religious part of his system. One of the earliest measures of his reign was to re-enact the dread edict of 1550. This he did by the express advice of the Bishop of Arras, who represented to him the expediency of making use of the popularity of his father's name to sustain the horrible system resolved upon.[2] As Charles was the author of the edict, it could be always argued that nothing new was introduced; that burning, hanging, and drowning for religious differences constituted a part of the national institutions; that they had received the sanction of the wise Emperor, and had been sustained by the sagacity of past generations. Nothing could have been more subtle, as the event proved, than this advice. Innumerable were the appeals made in subsequent years upon this subject to the patriotism and the conservative sentiments of the Netherlanders. Repeatedly they were summoned to maintain the Inquisition, on the ground that it had been submitted to by their ancestors, and that no change had been made by Philip, who desired only to maintain church and crown in the authority which they had enjoyed in the days of his father "of very laudable memory."

Nevertheless, the King's military plans seemed to interfere for the moment with this cherished object. He seemed to swerve, at starting, from pursuing

[1] Meteren, i. 17, 599

[2] Papiers d'Etat du Card. Granvelle, ix. 478, 479.

the goal which he was only to abandon with life. The edict of 1550 was re-enacted and confirmed, and all office-holders were commanded faithfully to enforce it upon pain of immediate dismissal.[1] Nevertheless, it was not vigorously carried into effect anywhere. It was openly resisted in Holland, its proclamation was flatly refused in Antwerp, and repudiated throughout Brabant.[2] It was strange that such disobedience should be tolerated, but the King wanted money. He was willing to refrain for a season from exasperating the provinces by fresh religious persecution at the moment when he was endeavouring to extort every penny which it was possible to wring from their purses.[3]

The joy, therefore, with which the pacification had been hailed by the people was far from an agreeable spectacle to the King. The provinces would expect that the forces which had been maintained at their expense during the war would be disbanded, whereas he had no intention of disbanding them. As the truce was sure to be temporary, he had no disposition to diminish his available resources for a war which might be renewed at any moment. To maintain the existing military establishment in the Netherlands, a large sum of money was required, for the pay was very much in arrear. The King had made a statement to the provincial Estates upon this subject, but the matter was kept secret during the negotiations with France. The way had thus been paved for the "Request" or "Bede," which he now made to the Estates assembled at Brussels in the spring of 1556. It was to consist of a tax of one per cent. (the hundredth penny) upon all real estate, and of two per cent. upon all merchandise; to be collected in three payments. The request, in so far as the imposition of the proposed tax was concerned, was refused by Flanders, Brabant, Holland, and all the other important provinces; but, as usual, a moderate, even a generous, commutation in money was offered by the Estates. This was finally accepted by Philip, after he had become convinced that at this moment, when he was contemplating a war with France, it would be extremely impolitic to insist upon the tax. The publication of the truce in Italy had been long delayed, and the first infractions which it suffered were committed in that country. The arts of politicians, the schemes of individual ambition, united with the short-lived military ardour of Philip to place that monarch in an eminently false position, that of hostility to the Pope. As was unavoidable, the secret treaty of December acted as an immediate dissolvent to the truce of February.

Great was the indignation of Paul Caraffa when that truce was first communicated to him by the Cardinal de Tournon on the part of the French Government.[4] Notwithstanding the protestations of France that the secret league was still binding, the Pontiff complained that he was likely to be abandoned to his own resources, and to be left single-handed to contend with the vast power of Spain.

Pope Paul IV., of the house of Caraffa, was, in position, the well-known counterpart of the Emperor Charles. At the very moment when the conqueror and autocrat was exchanging crown for cowl, and the proudest throne of the universe for a cell, this aged monk, as weary of scientific and religious seclusion as Charles of pomp and power, had abdicated his scholastic pre-eminence, and exchanged his rosary for the keys and sword. A pontifical Faustus, he had become disgusted with the results of a life of study and abnegation, and immediately upon his election appeared to be glowing with mundane passions, and inspired by the fiercest ambition of a warrior. He had rushed from the cloister as eagerly as Charles had sought it. He panted for the tempests of

[1] Bor, i. 12.
[2] Ibid., i. 15.
[3] Bor, i. 15, sqq.
[4] De Thou, iii. 16, liv., xvii. Meteren, Bor.

the great external world as earnestly as the conqueror who had so long ridden upon the whirlwind of human affairs sighed for a haven of repose.[1] None of his predecessors had been more despotic, more belligerent, more disposed to elevate and strengthen the temporal power of Rome. In the Inquisition he saw the grand machine by which this purpose could be accomplished,[2] and yet found himself for a period the antagonist of Philip I The single circumstance would have been sufficient, had other proofs been wanting, to make manifest that the part which he had chosen to play was above his genius. Had his capacity been at all commensurate with his ambition, he might have deeply influenced the fate of the world; but fortunately no wizard's charm came to the aid of Paul Caraffa, and the triple-crowned monk sat upon the pontifical throne, a fierce, peevish, querulous, and quarrelsome dotard, the prey and the tool of his vigorous enemies and his intriguing relations. His hatred of Spain and Spaniards was unbounded. He raved at them as "heretics, schismatics, accursed of God, the spawn of Jews and Moors, the very dregs of the earth."[3] To play upon such insane passions was not difficult, and a skilful artist stood ever ready to strike the chords thus vibrating with age and fury. The master-spirit and principal mischief-maker of the papal court was the well-known Cardinal Caraffa, once a wild and dissolute soldier, nephew to the Pope. He inflamed the anger of the Pontiff by his representations that the rival house of Colonna, sustained by the Duke of Alva, now viceroy of Naples, and by the whole Spanish power, thus relieved from the fear of French hostilities, would be free to wreak its vengeance upon their family.[4] It was determined that the court of France should be held by the secret league. Moreover, the Pope had been expressly included in the treaty of Vaucelles, although the troops of Spain had already assumed a hostile attitude in the south of Italy. The Cardinal was for immediately proceeding to Paris, there to excite the sympathy of the French monarch for the situation of himself and his uncle. An immediate rupture between France and Spain, a rekindling of the war flames from one end of Europe to the other, were necessary to save the credit and the interests of the Caraffas. Cardinal de Tournon, not desirous of so sudden a termination to the pacific relations between his country and Spain, succeeded in detaining him a little longer in Rome.[5] He remained, but not in idleness. The restless intriguer had already formed close relations with the most important personage in France, Diana of Poitiers.[6] This venerable courtesan, to the enjoyment of whose charms Henry had succeeded, with the other regal possessions, on the death of his father, was won by the flatteries of the wily Caraffa, and by the assiduities of the Guise family. The best and most sagacious statesmen, the Constable and the Admiral, were in favour of peace, for they knew the condition of the kingdom. The Duke of Guise and the Cardinal Lorraine were for a rupture, for they hoped to increase their family influence by war. Coligny had signed the treaty of Vaucelles, and wished to maintain it, but the influence of the Catholic party was in the ascendant. The result was to embroil the Catholic king against the Pope and against themselves. The Queen was as favourably inclined as the mistress to listen to Caraffa, for Catherine de Medici was desirous that her cousin, Marshal Strozzi, should have honourable and profitable employment in some fresh Italian campaigns.

In the meantime an accident favoured the designs of the papal court. An

[1] "Qu'alors et en ce même temps il se fit d'estranges metamorphoses plus qu'il ne s'en soit dans celles d'Ovide. Que le plus grand mondain et ambitieux guerrier se voua et se rendit religieux et le Pape Paul IV. Caraffe, qui avoit esté le plus austere theatin, devot et religieux, se rendit ambitieux mondain et guerrier."—Brantôme; art. Charles Quint.

[2] De Thou, iii. 19.

[3] "Heretici, scismatici, et maladetti di Dio, seme de Giudei et de Marrani feccia del mondo."—Navigero, Relazione, MS. Bib. de Bourg. No. 6079.

[4] De Thou, iii. 19, sqq.

[5] Ibid.

[6] Ibid., ubi sup.

open quarrel with Spain resulted from an insignificant circumstance. The Spanish ambassador at Rome was in the habit of leaving the city very often at an early hour in the morning upon shooting excursions, and had long enjoyed the privilege of ordering the gates to be opened for him at his pleasure. By accident or design, he was refused permission upon one occasion to pass through the gate as usual. Unwilling to lose his day's sport, and enraged at what he considered an indignity, his excellency, by the aid of his attendants, attacked and beat the guard, mastered them, made his way out of the city, and pursued his morning's amusement.[1] The Pope was furious, and Caraffa artfully inflamed his anger. The envoy was refused an audience, which he desired for the sake of offering explanations, and the train being thus laid, it was thought that the right moment had arrived for applying the firebrand. The Cardinal went to Paris post haste. In his audience of the King, he represented that his Holiness had placed implicit reliance upon his secret treaty with his Majesty; that the recently-concluded truce with Spain left the Pontiff at the mercy of the Spaniard; that the Duke of Alva had already drawn the sword; that the Pope had long since done himself the pleasure and the honour of appointing the French monarch protector of the papal chair in general and of the Caraffa family in particular, and that the moment had arrived for claiming the benefit of that protection. He assured him, moreover, as by full papal authority, that in respecting the recent truce with Spain his Majesty would violate both human and divine law. Reason and justice required him to defend the Pontiff, now that the Spaniards were about to profit by the interval of truce to take measures for his detriment. Moreover, as the Pope was included in the truce of Vaucelles, he could not be abandoned without a violation of that treaty itself.[2] The arts and arguments of the Cardinal proved successful; the war was resolved upon in favour of the Pope.[3] The Cardinal, by virtue of powers received and brought with him from his Holiness, absolved the King from all obligation to keep his faith with Spain. He also gave him a dispensation from the duty of prefacing hostilities by a declaration of war. Strozzi was sent at once into Italy with some hastily-collected troops, while the Duke of Guise waited to organise a regular army.

The mischief being thus fairly afoot, and war let loose again upon Europe, the Cardinal made a public entry into Paris as legate of the Pope. The populace crowded about his mule as he rode at the head of a stately procession through the streets. All were anxious to receive a benediction from the holy man who had come so far to represent the successor of St. Peter, and to enlist the efforts of all true believers in his cause. He appeared to answer the entreaties of the superstitious rabble with fervent blessings, while the friends who were nearest him were aware that nothing but gibes and sarcasms were falling from his lips. "Let us fool these poor creatures to their hearts' content, since they will be fools," he muttered; smiling the while upon them benignantly, as became his holy office.[4] Such were the materials of this new combination; such was the fuel with which this new blaze was lighted and maintained. Thus were the great powers of the earth—Spain, France, England, and the Papacy—embroiled, and the nations embattled against each other for several years. The preceding pages show how much national interests or principles were concerned in the struggle thus commenced, in which thousands were to shed their life-blood, and millions to be reduced from peace and comfort to suffer all the misery which famine and rapine can inflict. It would no doubt have increased the hilarity of Caraffa, as he made his triumphant entry into Paris, could the idea have been suggested to his mind that the sentiments or

[1] De Thou, iii., liv. xvii. 19, sqq.
[2] Ibid., iii. 23–29.
[3] De Thou, iii. 23–29. Bor, i. 15.
[4] Ibid., iii. 29, xvii.

the welfare of the people throughout the great states now involved in his meshes could have any possible bearing upon the question of peace or war. The world was governed by other influences. The wiles of a cardinal—the arts of a concubine—the snipe-shooting of an ambassador—the speculations of a soldier of fortune—the ill-temper of a monk—the mutual venom of Italian houses—above all, the perpetual rivalry of the two great historical families who owned the greater part of Europe between them as their private property—such were the wheels on which rolled the destiny of Christendom. Compared to these, what were great moral and political ideas, the plans of statesmen, the hopes of nations? Time was soon to show. Meanwhile, government continued to be administered exclusively for the benefit of the governors. Meanwhile a petty war for paltry motives was to precede the great spectacle which was to prove to Europe that principles and peoples still existed, and that a phlegmatic nation of merchants and manufacturers could defy the powers of the universe, and risk all their blood and treasure, generation after generation, in a sacred cause.

It does not belong to my purpose to narrate the details of the campaign in Italy; neither is this war of politics and chicane of any great interest at the present day. To the military minds of their age, the scientific duel which now took place upon a large scale between two such celebrated captains as the Dukes of Guise and Alva was no doubt esteemed the most important of spectacles; but the progress of mankind in the art of slaughter has stripped so antiquated an exhibition of most of its interest, even in a technical point of view. Not much satisfaction could be derived from watching an old-fashioned game of war, in which the parties sat down before each other so tranquilly, and picked up piece after piece, castle after castle, city after city, with such scientific deliberation as to make it evident that, in the opinion of the commanders, war was the only serious business to be done in the world; that it was not to be done in a hurry, nor contrary to rule; and that when a general had a good job upon his hands, he ought to know his profession much too thoroughly to hasten through it before he saw his way clear to another. From the point of time, at the close of the year 1556, when that well-trained, but not very successful soldier, Strozzi, crossed the Alps, down to the autumn of the following year, when the Duke of Alva made his peace with the Pope, there was hardly a pitched battle, and scarcely an event of striking interest. Alva, as usual, brought his dilatory policy to bear upon his adversary with great effect. He had no intention, he observed to a friend, to stake the whole kingdom of Naples against a brocaded coat of the Duke of Guise.[1] Moreover, he had been sent to the war, as Ruy Gomez informed the Venetian ambassador, "with a bridle in his mouth."[2] Philip, sorely troubled in his mind at finding himself in so strange a position as this hostile attitude to the Church, had earnestly interrogated all the doctors and theologians with whom he habitually took counsel whether this war with the Pope would not work a forfeiture of his title of the Most Catholic King.[3] The Bishop of Arras and the favourite both disapproved of the war, and encouraged with all their influence the pacific inclinations of the monarch.[4] The doctors were, to be sure, of opinion that Philip, having acted in Italy only in self-defence, and for the protection of his states, ought not to be anxious as to his continued right to the title on which he valued himself so highly.[5] Nevertheless, such ponderings and mis-

[1] De la Roca, Resultas de la Vida del Duque de Alba, p. 66.

[2] "—— Et come mi disse il S. Ruy Gomez non si mancherà a tal fine di usare supplicationi humili à S. Santità, mandandogli il Duca d'Alva colla coreggia al collo per pacificarla."—Badovaro MS

[3] Michele, Relatione MS.

[4] Badovaro MS. "—— Non fu d'opinione che si comincia la guerra col pontefice," etc., etc.
Compare Suriano MS. "—— Non fu mai d'opinione che si movesse la guerra con il papa per non metter in pericolo le cose d'Italia," etc.

[5] Michele MS.

givings could not but have the effect of hampering the actions of Alva. That general chafed inwardly at what he considered his own contemptible position. At the same time, he enraged the Duke of Guise still more deeply by the forced calmness of his proceedings. Fortresses were reduced, towns taken, one after another, with the most provoking deliberation, while his distracted adversary in vain strove to defy, or to delude him into trying the chances of a stricken field.[1] The battle of Saint Quentin, the narrative of which belongs to our subject, and will soon occupy our attention, at last decided the Italian operations. Egmont's brilliant triumph in Picardy rendered a victory in Italy superfluous, and placed in Alva's hand the power of commanding the issue of his own campaign.[2] The Duke of Guise was recalled to defend the French frontier, which the bravery of the Flemish hero had imperilled, and the Pope was left to make the best peace which he could. All was now prosperous and smiling, and the campaign closed with a highly original and entertaining exhibition. The Pontiff's puerile ambition, sustained by the intrigues of his nephew, had involved the French monarch in a war which was contrary to his interests and inclination. Paul now found his ally too sorely beset to afford him that protection upon which he had relied when he commenced, in his dotage, his career as a warrior. He was, therefore, only desirous of deserting his friend, and of relieving himself from his uncomfortable predicament, by making a treaty with his Catholic Majesty upon the best terms which he could obtain. The King of France, who had gone to war only for the sake of his Holiness, was to be left to fight his own battles, while the Pope was to make his peace with all the world. The result was a desirable one for Philip. Alva was accordingly instructed to afford the holy father a decorous and appropriate opportunity for carrying out his wishes. The victorious general was apprised that his master desired no fruit from his commanding attitude in Italy and the victory of Saint Quentin, save a full pardon from the Pope for maintaining even a defensive war against him.[3] An amicable siege of Rome was accordingly commenced, in the course of which an assault or "camiciata" on the holy city was arranged for the night of the 26th August 1557. The Pontiff agreed to be taken by surprise, while Alva, through what was to appear only a superabundance of his habitual discretion, was to draw off his troops at the very moment when the victorious assault was to be made.[4] The imminent danger to the holy city and to his own sacred person thus furnishing the Pontiff with an excuse for abandoning his own cause, as well as that of his ally, the Duke of Alva was allowed, in the name of his master and himself, to make submission to the Church and his peace with Rome.[5] The Spanish general, with secret indignation and disgust, was compelled to humour the vanity of a peevish but imperious old man. Negotiations were commenced, and so skilfully had the Duke played his game during the spring and summer, that when he was admitted to kiss the Pope's toe, he was able to bring a hundred Italian towns in his hand as a peace-offering to his Holiness.[6] These he now restored with apparent humility and inward curses, upon the condition that the fortifications should be razed, and the French alliance absolutely renounced. Thus did the fanaticism of Philip reverse the relative position of himself and his antagonist. Thus was the vanquished Pontiff allowed almost to dictate terms to the victorious general. The King who could thus humble himself to a dotard, while he made himself the scourge of his subjects, deserved that the bull of excommunication which had been prepared should be ful-

[1] De Thou, iii. 129, liv. xviii.
[2] Ibid., iii. 125.
[3] De la Roca, Resultas de la Vida, etc., p. 68.
[4] De Thou, iii. 127–129, xviii. Cabrera, lib. iv. c. xi. 166–168. Compare Llorente, Hist. Critique de l'Inquisit., ii. 179–183; De la Roca, 68–72.
[5] De Thou. Cabrera, ubi sup.
[6] Ibid., iii. 128.

minated. He, at least, was capable of feeling the scathing effects of such anathemas.

The Duke of Guise, having been dismissed with the Pontiff's assurance that he had done little for the interests of his sovereign, less for the protection of the Church, and least of all for his own reputation, set forth with all speed for Civita Vecchia, to do what he could upon the Flemish frontier to atone for his inglorious campaign in Italy. The treaty between the Pope and the Duke of Alva was signed[1] on the 14th September (1557), and the Spanish general retired for the winter to Milan. Cardinal Caraffa was removed from the French court to that of Madrid, there to spin new schemes for the embroilment of nations and the advancement of his own family. Very little glory was gained by any of the combatants in this campaign. Neither Spain, France, nor Paul IV. came out of the Italian contest in better condition than that in which they entered upon it. In fact, each of them was a loser. France had made an inglorious retreat, the Pope a ludicrous capitulation, and the only victorious party, the King of Spain, had, during the summer, conceded to Cosmo de Medici the sovereignty of Sienna. Had Venice shown more cordiality towards Philip, and more disposition to sustain his policy, it is probable that the Republic would have secured the prize which thus fell to the share of Cosmo.[2] That astute and unprincipled potentate, who could throw his net so well in troubled water, had successfully duped all parties—Spain, France, and Rome. The man who had not only not participated in the contest, but who had kept all parties and all warfare away from his borders, was the only individual in Italy who gained territorial advantage from the war.

To avoid interrupting the continuity of the narrative, the Spanish campaign has been briefly sketched until the autumn of 1557, at which period the treaty between the Pope and Philip was concluded. It is now necessary to go back to the close of the preceding year.

Simultaneously with the descent of the French troops upon Italy, hostilities had broken out upon the Flemish border. The pains of the Emperor in covering the smouldering embers of national animosities so precipitately, and with a view rather to scenic effect than to a deliberate and well-considered result, were thus set at nought, and within a year from the day of his abdication, hostilities were reopened from the Tiber to the German Ocean. The blame of first violating the truce of Vaucelles was laid by each party upon the other with equal justice, for there can be but little doubt that the reproach justly belonged to both. Both had been equally faithless in their professions of amity. Both were equally responsible for the scenes of war, plunder, and misery which again were desolating the fairest regions of Christendom.

At the time when the French court had resolved to concede to the wishes of the Caraffa family, Admiral Coligny, who had been appointed governor of Picardy, had received orders to make a foray upon the frontier of Flanders. Before the formal annunciation of hostilities, it was thought desirable to reap all the advantage possible from the perfidy which had been resolved upon.

It happened that a certain banker of Lucca, an ancient gambler and debauchee, whom evil courses had reduced from affluence to penury, had taken up his abode upon a hill overlooking the city of Douay. Here he had built himself a hermit's cell. Clad in sackcloth, with a rosary at his waist, he was accustomed to beg his bread from door to door. His garb was all, however, which he possessed of sanctity, and he had passed his time in contemplating the weak points in the defences of the city with much more minuteness than those in his own heart. Upon the breaking out of hostilities in Italy, the

[1] Suriano MS.

instincts of his old profession had suggested to him that a good speculation might be made in Flanders by turning to account as a spy the observations which he had made in his character of a hermit.[1] He sought an interview with Coligny, and laid his propositions before him. The noble Admiral hesitated, for his sentiments were more elevated than those of many of his contemporaries. He had, moreover, himself negotiated and signed the truce with Spain, and he shrank from violating it with his own hand before a declaration of war. Still he was aware that a French army was on its way to attack the Spaniards in Italy; he was under instructions to take the earliest advantage which his position upon the frontier might offer him; he knew that both theory and practice authorised a general, in that age, to break his fast, even in time of truce, if a tempting morsel should present itself;[2] and, above all, he thoroughly understood the character of his nearest antagonist, the new governor of the Netherlands, Philibert of Savoy, whom he knew to be the most unscrupulous chieftain in Europe. These considerations decided him to take advantage of the hermit banker's communication.

A day was accordingly fixed, at which, under the guidance of this newly-acquired ally, a surprise should be attempted by the French forces, and the unsuspecting city of Douay given over to the pillage of a brutal soldiery. The time appointed was the night of Epiphany, upon occasion of which festival it was thought that the inhabitants, overcome with sleep and wassail, might be easily overpowered (6th January 1557). The plot was a good plot, but the Admiral of France was destined to be foiled by an old woman. This person, apparently the only creature awake in the town, perceived the danger, ran shrieking through the streets, alarmed the citizens while it was yet time, and thus prevented the attack.[3] Coligny, disappointed in his plan, recompensed his soldiers by a sudden onslaught upon Lens in Arthois, which he sacked and then levelled with the ground. Such was the wretched condition of frontier cities, standing, even in time of peace, with the ground undermined beneath them, and existing every moment, as it were, upon the brink of explosion.[4]

Hostilities having been thus commenced, the French Government was in some embarrassment. The Duke of Guise, with the most available forces of the kingdom, having crossed the Alps, it became necessary forthwith to collect another army. The place of rendezvous appointed was Pierrepoint, where an army of eighteen thousand infantry and five thousand horse were assembled early in the spring.[5] In the meantime, Philip, finding the war fairly afoot, had crossed to England for the purpose (exactly in contravention of all his marriage stipulations) of cajoling his wife and browbeating her ministers into a participation in his war with France. This was easily accomplished. The English nation found themselves accordingly engaged in a contest with which they had no concern, which, as the event proved, was very much against their interests, and in which the moving cause for their entanglement was the devotion of a weak, bad, ferocious woman for a husband who hated her. A herald sent from England arrived in France disguised, and was presented to King Henry at Rheims. Here, dropping on one knee, he recited a list of complaints against his Majesty on behalf of the English Queen, all of them fabricated or exaggerated for the occasion, and none of them furnishing even a decorous pretext for the war which was now formally declared.[6] The French monarch expressed his regret and surprise that the firm and amicable relations secured by treaty between the two countries should thus, without sufficient cause, be

[1] De Thou, iii. 78, liv. xviii. P. C. Hoofd, Nederl. Historien (Amsterdam, 1642), i. 7.
[2] Brantôme; art. Duc de Savoie.
[3] De Thou, Hoofd, ubi sup.
[4] De Thou, iii. 148, liv. xviii.
[5] Hoofd, 1. v. De Thou, iii. 144.
[6] Ibid. Ibid.

violated. In accepting the wager of warfare forced upon him, he bade the herald, Norris, inform his mistress that her messenger was treated with courtesy only because he represented a lady, and that had he come from a king, the language with which he would have been greeted would have befitted the perfidy manifested on the occasion. God would punish this shameless violation of faith, and this wanton interruption to the friendship of two great nations. With this the herald was dismissed from the royal presence, but treated with great distinction, conducted to the hotel of the English ambassador, and presented, on the part of the French sovereign, with a chain of gold.[1]

Philip had despatched Ruy Gomez to Spain for the purpose of providing ways and means, while he was himself occupied with the same task in England.[2] He stayed there three months. During this time he "did more," says a Spanish contemporary, "than any one could have believed possible with that proud and indomitable nation. He caused them to declare war against France with fire and sword, by sea and land."[3] Hostilities having been thus chivalrously and formally established, the Queen sent an army of eight thousand men, cavalry, infantry, and pioneers, who, "all clad in blue uniform,"[4] commanded by Lords Pembroke and Clinton, with the three sons of the Earl of Northumberland, and officered by many other scions of England's aristocracy, disembarked at Calais, and shortly afterwards joined the camp before Saint Quentin.[5]

Philip meantime had left England, and, with more bustle and activity than was usual with him, had given directions for organising at once a considerable army. It was composed mainly of troops belonging to the Netherlands, with the addition of some German auxiliaries. Thirty-five thousand foot and twelve thousand horse had, by the middle of July, advanced through the province of Namur, and were assembled at Givet under the Duke of Savoy, who, as Governor-general of the Netherlands, held the chief command.[6] All the most eminent grandees of the provinces, Orange, Aerschot, Berlaymont, Meghem, Brederode, were present with the troops, but the life and soul of the army upon this memorable occasion was the Count of Egmont.

Lamoral, Count of Egmont, Prince of Gavere, was now in the thirty-sixth year of his age,[7] in the very noon of that brilliant life which was destined to be so soon and so fatally overshadowed. Not one of the dark clouds which were in the future to accumulate around him had yet rolled above his horizon. Young, noble, wealthy, handsome, valiant, he saw no threatening phantom in the future, and caught eagerly at the golden opportunity which the present placed within his grasp of winning fresh laurels on a wider and more fruitful field than any in which he had hitherto been a reaper. The campaign about to take place was likely to be an imposing if not an important one, and could not fail to be attractive to a noble of so ardent and showy a character as Egmont. If there were no lofty principles or extensive interests to be contended for, as there certainly were not, there was yet much that was stately and exciting to the imagination in the warfare which had been so deliberately and pompously arranged. The contending armies, although of moderate size, were composed of picked troops, and were commanded by the flower of Europe's chivalry. Kings, princes, and the most illustrious paladins of Christendom, were arming for the great tournament, to which they had been summoned by herald and trumpet; and the Batavian hero, without a crown or even a country,

[1] De Thou, Hoofd, ubi sup.
[2] Documentos Ineditos para la Hist. de España, x. 487.
[3] Ibid.
[4] Meteren, l. 18.
[5] Meteren, ubi sup. Hoofd, l. 8.
[6] Ibid. Ibid., ubi sup. De Thou, lib. liv. xix.
[7] He was born in 1522. Levensb. der Nederl. Man. en. vr. V.; art. Egmond.

but with as lofty a lineage as many anointed sovereigns could boast, was ambitious to distinguish himself in the proud array.

Upon the north-western edge of the narrow peninsula of North Holland, washed by the stormy waters of the German Ocean, were the ancient castle, town, and lordship whence Egmont derived his family name, and the title by which he was most familiarly known. He was supposed to trace his descent through a line of chivalrous champions and crusaders up to the pagan kings of the most ancient of existing Teutonic races. The eighth century names of the Frisian Radbold and Adgild[1] among his ancestors were thought to denote the antiquity of a house whose lustre had been increased in later times by the splendour of its alliances. His father, united to Françoise de Luxemburg, Princess of Gavere, had acquired by this marriage, and transmitted to his posterity, many of the proudest titles and richest estates of Flanders. Of the three children who survived him, the only daughter was afterwards united to the Count of Vaudemont, and became mother of Louise de Vaudemont, queen of the French monarch Henry the Third. Of his two sons, Charles, the elder, had died young and unmarried, leaving all the estates and titles of the family to his brother. Lamoral, born in 1522, was in early youth a page of the Emperor. When old enough to bear arms he demanded and obtained permission to follow the career of his adventurous sovereign. He served his apprenticeship as a soldier in the stormy expedition to Barbary, where, in his nineteenth year, he commanded a troop of light horse, and distinguished himself under the Emperor's eye for his courage and devotion, doing the duty not only of a gallant commander, but of a hardy soldier.[2] Returning unscathed by the war, flood, or tempest of that memorable enterprise, he reached his country by the way of Corsica, Genoa, and Lorraine, and was three years afterwards united (in the year 1545) to Sabina of Bavaria, sister of Frederic, Elector Palatine. The nuptials had taken place at Spiers, and few royal weddings could have been more brilliant. The Emperor, his brother Ferdinand, King of the Romans, with the Archduke Maximilian, all the imperial electors, and a concourse of the principal nobles of the Empire, were present on the occasion.

In the following year, Charles invested him with the order of the Fleece at a chapter held at Utrecht. In 1553 he had been at the Emperor's side during the unlucky siege of Metz; in 1554 he had been sent at the head of a splendid embassy to England to solicit for Philip the hand of Mary Tudor, and had witnessed the marriage in Winchester Cathedral the same year. Although one branch of his house had, in past times, arrived at the sovereignty of Gueldres, and another had acquired the great estates and titles of Buren, which had recently passed, by intermarriage with the heiress, into the possession of the Prince of Orange, yet the Prince of Gavere, Count of Egmont, was the chief of a race which yielded to none of the great Batavian or Flemish families in antiquity, wealth, or power. Personally, he was distinguished for his bravery, and although he was not yet the idol of the camp which he was destined to become, nor had yet commanded in chief on any important occasion, he was

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[1] Levensbe. beroemd. Nederl., v. I.

[2] "Pour avoir esté nourry toute sa vie entre les armes, soubs ce grand guerrier Charles le Quint, n'estant eagè que dix sept ans ou dix huit ans, quand il commença son premier apprentissage au voyage de Thunis, conduisant une compaignie de cavaillerie legere où il fit l'office non seulement de capitaine mais aussy de tres hardy soldat."—De la Guerre Civile des Pays Bas, par Pontus Payen, MS.

We shall often have occasion to cite this manuscript in the course of this volume. It is remarkable that so valuable and interesting a fragment of contemporaneous history should have remained unpublished. Its author, Pontus Payen, Seigneur des Essarts, was of the royal party, and a very determined Catholic. He was in close relations with many important personages of the times which he describes, and his work contains striking sketches, characteristic anecdotes, minute traits, which show the keen observer of men and things. More than any Netherlander of his day, he possessed the dramatic power of setting before the eyes of his readers the men and scenes familiar to himself. His work is full of colour and invaluable detail. There are several copies extant in the different libraries of the Netherlands. The one which I have used is that in the Royal Library of the Hague (Fonds Gerard B. 103).

accounted one of the five principal generals in the Spanish service.[1] Eager for general admiration, he was at the same time haughty and presumptuous, attempting to combine the characters of an arrogant magnate and a popular chieftain. Terrible and sudden in his wrath, he was yet of inordinate vanity, and was easily led by those who understood his weakness. With a limited education, and a slender capacity for all affairs[2] except those relating to the camp, he was destined to be as vacillating and incompetent a statesman as he was prompt and fortunately audacious in the field. A splendid soldier, his evil stars had destined him to tread, as a politician, a dark and dangerous path, in which not even genius, caution, and integrity could ensure success, but in which rashness alternating with hesitation, and credulity with violence, could not fail to bring ruin. Such was Count Egmont as he took his place at the head of the King's cavalry in the summer of 1557.

The early operations of the Duke of Savoy were at first intended to deceive the enemy. The army, after advancing as far into Picardy as the town of Vervins, which they burned and pillaged, made a demonstration with their whole force upon the city of Guise. This, however, was but a feint, by which attention was directed and forces drawn off from Saint Quentin, which was to be the real point of attack. In the meantime, the Constable of France, Montmorency, arrived upon the 28th July (1557), to take command of the French troops. He was accompanied by the Maréchal de Saint André and by Admiral Coligny. The most illustrious names of France, whether for station or valour, were in the officers' list of this select army. Nevers and Montpensier, Enghien and Condé, Vendôme and Rochefoucauld, were already there, and now the Constable and the Admiral came to add the strength of their experience and lofty reputation to sustain the courage of the troops. The French were at Pierrepoint, a post between Champagne and Picardy, and in its neighbourhood. The Spanish army was at Vervins, and threatening Guise. It had been the opinion in France that the enemy's intention was to invade Champagne, and the Duc de Nevers, governor of that province, had made a disposition of his forces suitable for such a contingency. It was the conviction of Montmorency, however, that Picardy was to be the quarter really attacked,[3] and that Saint Quentin, which was the most important point at which the enemy's progress by that route towards Paris could be arrested, was in imminent danger. The Constable's opinion was soon confirmed by advices received by Coligny. The enemy's army, he was informed, after remaining three days before Guise, had withdrawn from that point, and had invested Saint Quentin with their whole force.

This wealthy and prosperous city stood upon an elevation rising from the river Somme. It was surrounded by very extensive suburbs, ornamented with orchards and gardens, and including within their limits large tracts of a highly cultivated soil.[4] Three sides of the place were covered by a lake thirty yards in width, very deep at some points, in others rather resembling a morass, and extending on the Flemish side a half mile beyond the city.[5] The inhabitants were thriving and industrious; many of the manufacturers and merchants were very rich, for it was a place of much traffic and commercial importance.[6]

[1] Suriano MS.

[2] "—— Peu versè aux lettres, grossier et ignorant en matière d'estat, police civile," etc.—Pontus Payen MS.

[3] De Thou, iii. 149, xix.

[4] "Batalla de San Quintin, Copiada de un codice MS. de la Bib. del Escorial."—Documentos Ineditos, ix. 490.

The manuscript thus published in the Madrid collection of documents is by an anonymous writer, but one who was present at the siege, which he has well described. His sketch is, however, entitled as above, "The Battle of St. Quintin," and its most remarkable feature is, that he does not once mention the name of Egmont as connected with that action. Certainly national rivalry could no further go.

[5] Documentos Ineditos, 491, 492.

[6] Ibid.

Teligny was in the city with a detachment of the Dauphin's regiment; Captain Brueuil was commandant of the town. Both informed Coligny of the imminent peril in which they stood. They represented the urgent necessity of immediate reinforcements both of men and supplies. The city, as the Admiral well knew, was in no condition to stand a siege by such an army, and dire were the consequences if so important a place should fall. It was still practicable, they wrote, to introduce succour, but every day diminished the possibility of affording effectual relief. Coligny was not the man to let the grass grow under his feet after such an appeal in behalf of the principal place in his government. The safety of France was dependent upon that of Saint Quentin. That bulwark overthrown, Paris was within the next stride of an adventurous enemy. The Admiral instantly set out, upon the 2d of August, with strong reinforcements. It was too late. The English auxiliaries, under Lords Pembroke, Clinton, and Grey, had in the meantime effected their junction with the Duke of Savoy, and appeared in the camp before Saint Quentin. The route by which it had been hoped that the much-needed succour could be introduced was thus occupied and rendered impracticable. The Admiral, however, in consequence of the urgent nature of the letters received from Brueuil and Teligny, had outstripped, in his anxiety, the movements of his troops, and had flown before his army. He now shut himself up in the city,[1] determined to effect its deliverance by means of his skill and experience, or at least to share its fate.

A few days were passed in making ineffectual sorties, ordered by Coligny for the sake of reconnoitring the country, and of discovering the most practicable means of introducing supplies. The Constable, meantime, who had advanced with his army to La Fère, was not idle. He kept up daily communications with the beleaguered Admiral, and was determined, if possible, to relieve the city. There was, however, a constant succession of disappointments. Moreover, the brave but indiscreet Teligny, who commanded during a temporary illness of the Admiral, saw fit, against express orders, to make an imprudent sortie. He paid the penalty of his rashness with his life. Meantime the garrison was daily growing weaker. Coligny sent out of the city all useless consumers, quartered all the women in the cathedral and other churches, where they were locked in, lest their terror and their tears should weaken the courage of the garrison; and did all in his power to strengthen the defences of the city, and sustain the resolution of the inhabitants. Affairs were growing desperate. It seemed plain that the important city must soon fall, and with it most probably Paris. One of the suburbs was already in the hands of the enemy. At last Coligny discovered a route by which he believed it to be still possible to introduce reinforcements. He communicated the results of his observations to the Constable. Upon one side of the city the lake or morass was traversed by a few difficult and narrow pathways, mostly under water, and by a running stream which could only be passed in boats. The Constable, in consequence of this information received from Coligny, set out from La Fère upon the 8th of August, with four thousand infantry and two thousand horse. Halting his troops at the village of Essigny, he advanced in person to the edge of the morass, in order to reconnoitre the ground and prepare his plans. The result was a determination to attempt the introduction of men and supplies into the town by the mode suggested. Leaving his troops drawn up in battle array, he returned to La Fère for the remainder of his army and to complete his preparations. Coligny in the meantime was to provide boats for cross

[1] De Thou, iii. 231, xix. Hoofd. i. 6. [2] Ibid., iii. 154. Meteren i. 18.

ing the stream. Upon the 10th August, which was the festival of St. Laurence, the Constable advanced with four pieces of heavy artillery, four culverines, and four lighter pieces, and arrived at nine o'clock in the morning near the Faubourg d'Isle, which was already in possession of the Spanish troops. The whole army of the Constable consisted of twelve thousand German, with fifteen companies of French infantry, making in all some sixteen thousand foot, with five thousand cavalry in addition. The Duke of Savoy's army lay upon the same side of the town, widely extended, and stretching beyond the river and the morass. Montmorency's project was to be executed in full view of the enemy. Fourteen companies of Spaniards were stationed in the faubourg. Two companies had been pushed forward as far as a water-mill which lay in the pathway of the advancing Constable. These soldiers stood their ground for a moment, but soon retreated, while a cannonade was suddenly opened by the French upon the quarters of the Duke of Savoy. The Duke's tent was torn to pieces, and he had barely time to hurry on his cuirass, and to take refuge with Count Egmont.[1] The Constable, hastening to turn this temporary advantage to account at once, commenced the transportation of his troops across the morass. The enterprise was, however, not destined to be fortunate. The number of boats which had been provided was very inadequate; moreover, they were very small, and each, as it left the shore, was consequently so crowded with soldiers, that it was in danger of being swamped. Several were overturned, and the men perished. It was found also that the opposite bank was steep and dangerous. Many who had crossed the river were unable to effect a landing, while those who escaped drowning in the water, lost their way in the devious and impracticable paths, or perished miserably in the treacherous quagmires. Very few effected their entrance into the town, but among them was Andelot, brother of Coligny, with five hundred followers. Meantime, a council of officers was held in Egmont's tent. Opinions were undecided as to the course to be pursued under the circumstances. Should an engagement be risked, or should the Constable, who had but indifferently accomplished his project, and had introduced but an insignificant number of troops into the city, be allowed to withdraw with the rest of his army? The fiery vehemence of Egmont carried all before it.[2] Here was an opportunity to measure arms at advantage with the great captain of the age. To relinquish the prize, which the fortune of war had now placed within reach of their valour, was a thought not to be entertained. Here was the great Constable Montmorency, attended by princes of the royal blood, the proudest of the nobility, the very crown and flower of the chivalry of France, and followed by an army of her bravest troops. On a desperate venture he had placed himself within their grasp. Should he go thence alive and unmolested? The moral effect of destroying such an army would be greater than if it were twice its actual strength. It would be dealing a blow at the very heart of France, from which she could not recover. Was the opportunity to be resigned without a struggle of laying at the feet of Philip, in this his first campaign since his accession to his father's realms, a prize worthy of the proudest hour of the Emperor's reign? The eloquence of the impetuous Batavian was irresistible, and it was determined to cut off the Constable's retreat.[3]

Three miles from the Faubourg d'Isle, to which that general had now advanced, was a narrow pass or defile, between steep and closely-hanging hills. While advancing through this ravine in the morning, the Constable had observed that the enemy might have it in their power to intercept his return at that point. He had therefore left the Rhinegrave, with his company of mounted carabineers, to guard the passage. Being ready to commence his retreat, he

[1] Hoofd, i. 8. Meteren, i. 18. De Thou, iii. 187.

[2] Hoofd, i. 8. Meteren, i. 18.

[3] Hoofd. Meteren, ubi supra.

now sent forward the Duc de Nevers, with four companies of cavalry, to strengthen that important position, which he feared might be inadequately guarded. The act of caution came too late. This was the fatal point which the quick glance of Egmont had at once detected. As Nevers reached the spot, two thousand of the enemy's cavalry rode through and occupied the narrow passage. Inflamed by mortification and despair, Nevers would have at once charged those troops, although outnumbering his own by nearly four to one. His officers restrained him with difficulty, recalling to his memory the peremptory orders which he had received from the Constable to guard the passage, but on no account to hazard an engagement until sustained by the body of the army. It was a case in which rashness would have been the best discretion. The headlong charge which the Duke had been about to make might possibly have cleared the path and have extricated the army, provided the Constable had followed up the movement by a rapid advance upon his part. As it was, the passage was soon blocked up by freshly-advancing bodies of Spanish and Flemish cavalry, while Nevers slowly and reluctantly fell back upon the Prince of Condé, who was stationed with the light horse at the mill where the first skirmish had taken place. They were soon joined by the Constable with the main body of the army. The whole French force now commenced its retrograde movement. It was, however, but too evident that they were enveloped. As they approached the fatal pass through which lay their only road to La Fère, and which was now in complete possession of the enemy, the signal of assault was given by Count Egmont. That general himself, at the head of two thousand light horse, led the charge upon the left flank. The other side was assaulted by the Dukes Eric and Henry of Brunswick, each with a thousand heavy dragoons, sustained by Count Horn, at the head of a regiment of mounted gendarmerie. Mansfeld, Lalain, Hoogstraaten, and Vilain, at the same time made a furious attack upon the front. The French cavalry wavered with the shock so vigorously given. The camp followers, sutlers, and pedlers, panic-struck, at once fled helter-skelter, and in their precipitate retreat carried confusion and dismay throughout all the ranks of the army. The rout was sudden and total. The onset and the victory were simultaneous. Nevers, riding through a hollow with some companies of cavalry, in the hope of making a detour and presenting a new front to the enemy, was overwhelmed at once by the retreating French and their furious pursuers. The day was lost, retreat hardly possible, yet, by a daring and desperate effort, the Duke, accompanied by a handful of followers, cut his way through the enemy and effected his escape. The cavalry had been broken at the first onset and nearly destroyed. A portion of the infantry still held firm, and attempted to continue their retreat. Some pieces of artillery, however, now opened upon them, and before they reached Essigny, the whole army was completely annihilated. The defeat was absolute. Half the French troops actually engaged in the enterprise lost their lives upon the field. The remainder of the army was captured or utterly disorganised. When Nevers reviewed, at Laon, the wreck of the Constable's whole force, he found some thirteen hundred French and three hundred German cavalry, with four companies of French infantry remaining out of fifteen, and four thousand German foot remaining of twelve thousand. Of twenty-one or twenty-two thousand remarkably fine and well-appointed troops, all but six thousand had been killed or made prisoners within an hour. The Constable himself, with a wound in the groin, was a captive. The Duke of Enghien, after behaving with brilliant valour, and many times rallying the troops, was shot through the body, and brought into the enemy's camp only to expire. The Duc de Montpensier, the Marshal de Saint André, the Duc de Longueville, Prince Ludovic of Mantua, the Baron Corton, La Roche du Mayne, the Rhinegrave, the Counts de Rochefoucauld,

d'Aubigni, de Rochefort, all were taken. The Duc de Nevers, the Prince of Condé, with a few others, escaped; although so absolute was the conviction that such an escape was impossible, that it was not believed by the victorious army. When Nevers sent a trumpet, after the battle, to the Duke of Savoy, for the purpose of negotiating concerning the prisoners, the trumpeter was pronounced an impostor, and the Duke's letter a forgery; nor was it till after the whole field had been diligently searched for his dead body without success, that Nevers could persuade the conquerors that he was still in existence.[1]

Of Philip's army but fifty lost their lives.[2] Lewis of Brederode was smothered in his armour, and the two Counts Spiegelberg and Count Waldeck were also killed. Besides these, no officer of distinction fell. All the French standards and all their artillery but two pieces were taken and placed before the King, who the next day came into the camp before Saint Quentin. The prisoners of distinction were likewise presented to him in long procession. Rarely had a monarch of Spain enjoyed a more signal triumph than this which Philip now owed to the gallantry and promptness of Count Egmont.[3]

While the King stood reviewing the spoils of victory, a light horseman of Don Henrico Manrique's regiment approached, and presented him with a sword. "I am the man, may it please your Majesty," said the trooper, "who took the Constable; here is his sword; may your Majesty be pleased to give me something to eat in my house."

"I promise it," replied Philip; upon which the soldier kissed his Majesty's hand and retired.[4] It was the custom, universally recognised in that day, that the king was the king's captive, and the general the general's, but that the man, whether soldier or officer, who took the commander-in-chief, was entitled to ten thousand ducats.[5] Upon this occasion the Constable was the prisoner of Philip, supposed to command his own army in person. A certain Spanish Captain Valenzuela, however, disputed the soldier's claim to the Constable's sword. The trooper advanced at once to the Constable, who stood there with the rest of the illustrious prisoners. "Your excellency is a Christian," said he; "please to declare upon your conscience and the faith of a cavalier whether 'twas I that took you prisoner. It need not surprise your excellency that I am but a soldier, since with soldiers his Majesty must wage his wars." "Certainly," replied the Constable, "you took me and took my horse, and I gave you my sword. My *word*, however, I pledged to Captain Valenzuela." It appearing, however, that the custom of Spain did not recognise a pledge given to any one but the actual captor, it was arranged that the soldier should give two thousand of his ten thousand ducats to the captain. Thus the dispute ended.[6]

Such was the brilliant victory of Saint Quentin, worthy to be placed in the same list with the world-renowned combats of Crecy and Agincourt. The Flemish frontier was saved for the time from the misery which was now to be inflicted upon the French border. This was sufficient to cause the victory to be hailed as rapturously by the people as by the troops. From that day forth the name of the brave Hollander was like the sound of a trumpet to the army. "Egmont and Saint Quentin" rang through every mouth to the furthest extremity of Philip's realms.[7] A deadly blow was struck to the very heart of

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[1] De Thou, iii. 161, 162, xix.

[2] Ibid.

[3] Hoofd, i. 8, 9. Meteren, i. 18, sqq. De Thou, iii. 157–160. Bor, i. 16. The Netherland accounts generally give at least four thousand killed of the French army. A cotemporary proclamation for a thanksgiving, issued by the Government fourteen days after the battle, states, however, the number of killed, wounded, and prisoners on the French side at forty-eight "companies" of infantry and five thousand cavalry.—Van Wyn, Byvoegsels en Anmerkingen op Wagenaar Vaderl. Hist. (Amst. 1792), vi. 13–15.

[4] Batalla de San Quintin, Documentos, Ineditos, ix. 496.

Es cosa muy antiqua entre gente de guerra que el general es del general y el Rey del Rey: pues a quiem le prende le dan 10,000 ducados."—Documentos Ineditos, ix. 496.

[6] Ibid., ix. 496, 497.

[7] Hoofd, i. 9.

France. The fruits of all the victories of Francis and Henry withered. battle, with others which were to follow it, won by the same hand, were soon to compel the signature of one of the most disastrous treaties which had ever disgraced the history of France.

The fame and power of the Constable faded—his misfortunes and captivity fell like a blight upon the ancient glory of the house of Montmorency—his enemies destroyed his influence and his popularity.[1] On the other hand, the exultation of Philip was as keen as his cold and stony nature would permit. The magnificent palace-convent of the Escorial, dedicated to the saint on whose festival the battle had been fought, and built in the shape of the gridiron on which that martyr had suffered, was soon afterwards erected in pious commemoration of the event.[2] Such was the celebration of the victory. The reward reserved for the victor was to be recorded on a later page of history.

The coldness and caution, not to say the pusillanimity, of Philip, prevented him from seizing the golden fruits of his triumph. Ferdinand Gonzaga wished the blow to be followed up by an immediate march upon Paris.[3] Such was also the feeling of all the distinguished soldiers of the age. It was unquestionably the opinion, and would have been the deed, of Charles, had he been on the field of Saint Quentin, crippled as he was, in the place of his son. He could not conceal his rage and mortification when he found that Paris had not fallen, and is said to have refused to read the despatches which recorded that the event had not been consummated.[4] There was certainly little of the conqueror in Philip's nature, nothing which would have led him to violate the safest principles of strategy. He was not the man to follow up enthusiastically the blow which had been struck. Saint Quentin, still untaken, although defended by but eight hundred soldiers, could not be left behind him ; Nevers was still in his front, and although it was notorious that he commanded only the wreck of an army, yet a new one might be collected, perhaps in time to embarrass the triumphant march to Paris. Out of his superabundant discretion, accordingly, Philip refused to advance till Saint Quentin should be reduced.[5]

Although nearly driven to despair by the total overthrow of the French in the recent action, Coligny still held bravely out, being well aware that every day by which the siege could be protracted was of advantage to his country. Again he made fresh attempts to introduce men into the city. A fisherman showed him a submerged path, covered several feet deep with water, through which he succeeded in bringing one hundred and fifty unarmed and half-drowned soldiers into the place. His garrison consisted barely of eight hundred men, but the siege was still sustained, mainly by his courage and sagacity, and by the spirit of his brother Andelot. The company of cavalry belonging to the Dauphin's regiment had behaved badly, and even with cowardice, since the death of their commander Teligny. The citizens were naturally weary and impatient of the siege. Mining and countermining continued till the 21st August. A steady cannonade was then maintained until the 27th. Upon that day, eleven breaches having been made in the walls, a simultaneous assault was ordered at four of them. The citizens were stationed upon the walls, the soldiers in the breaches. There was a short but sanguinary contest, the garrison resisting with uncommon bravery. Suddenly an entrance was effected through a tower which had been thought sufficiently strong, and which had been left unguarded. Coligny, rushing to the spot, engaged the enemy

[1] De Thou, iii. 160. [2] Hoofd, i. 9.
[3] De Thou, iii. 162.
[4] Brantôme, i. ii. Hist. du Duc d'Albe, ii. 140. The statement is, however, not corroborated by the contemporary letters of Charles. See Gachard, Retraite et Mort de Charles Quint, i. 169, 199. Compare Stirling, Cloister Life, 121, 122.
[5] De Thou, iii. 162. Hoofd, i. 9.

almost single-handed. He was soon overpowered, being attended only by four men and a page, was made a prisoner by a soldier named Francisco Diaz, and conducted through one of the subterranean mines into the presence of the Duke of Savoy, from whom the captor received ten thousand ducats in exchange for the Admiral's sword. The fighting still continued with great determination in the streets, the brave Andelot resisting to the last. He was, however, at last overpowered, and taken prisoner. Philip, who had, as usual, arrived in the trenches by noon, armed in complete harness, with a page carrying his helmet, was met by the intelligence that the city of Saint Quentin was his own.[1]

To a horrible carnage succeeded a sack and a conflagration still more horrible. In every house entered during the first day, every human being was butchered. The sack lasted all that day, and the whole of the following, till the night of the 28th. There was not a soldier who did not obtain an ample share of plunder, and some individuals succeeded in getting possession of two, three, and even twelve thousand ducats each.[2] The women were not generally outraged, but they were stripped almost entirely naked, lest they should conceal treasure which belonged to their conquerors, and they were slashed in the face with knives, partly in sport, partly as a punishment for not giving up property which was not in their possession. The soldiers even cut off the arms of many among these wretched women,[3] and then turned them loose, maimed, and naked, into the blazing streets; for the town, on the 28th, was fired in a hundred places, and was now one general conflagration. The streets were already strewn with the corpses of the butchered garrison and citizens; while the survivors were now burned in their houses. Human heads, limbs, and trunks were mingled among the bricks and rafters of the houses, which were falling on every side.[4] The fire lasted day and night without an attempt being made to extinguish it, while the soldiers dashed like devils through flame and smoke in search of booty. Bearing lighted torches, they descended into every subterranean vault and receptacle, of which there were many in the town, and in every one of which they hoped to discover hidden treasure.[5] The work of killing, plundering, and burning lasted nearly three days and nights. The streets, meanwhile, were encumbered with heaps of corpses, not a single one of which had been buried since the capture of the town. The remains of nearly all the able-bodied male population, dismembered, gnawed by dogs,[6] or blackened by fire, polluted the midsummer air. The women, meantime, had been again driven into the cathedral, where they had housed during the siege, and where they now crouched together in trembling expectation of their fate.[7]

On the 29th August, at two o'clock in the afternoon, Philip issued an order that every woman, without an exception, should be driven out of the city into the French territory.[8] Saint Quentin, which seventy years before had been a Flemish town, was to be reannexed, and not a single man, woman, or child who could speak the French language, was to remain another hour in the place. The tongues of the men had been effectually silenced. The women, to the number of three thousand five hundred, were now compelled to leave the cathedral and the city.[9] Some were in a starving condition;

[1] De Thou, iii. 164–172. Hoofd, i. 10. Meteren, l. 18. Documentos Ineditos, ix. 497–513.

[2] Documentos Ineditos, ix. 513, 599.

[3] "Y porque digesen donde tenian los dineros, las daban cuchillados por cara y cabeza y à muchas cortaron los brazos."—Documentos Ineditos, ix. 513, 599.

[4] Documentos Ineditos, ix. 515. "—— Quemaron en las casas gran cantitad de personas y muchas dellas se vieron despues de metado el fuego entre los ladrillos que de ellos son hechas todas las mejores casas, muchas cabezas de hombres quemados y huesos."

[5] Documentos Ineditos, ix. 512.

[6] "—— Y en muchos faltaban los pedazos que los comian los perros de noche, y algunos olian mal," etc. Ibid.

[7] Documentos Ineditos, 519, 594.

[8] Ibid

[9] Ibid.

others had been desperately wounded; all, as they passed through the ruinous streets of what had been their home, were compelled to tread upon the unburied remains of their fathers, husbands, or brethren. To none of these miserable creatures remained a living protector—hardly even a dead body which could be recognised; and thus the ghastly procession of more than three thousand women, many with gaping wounds in the face, many with their arms cut off and festering, of all ranks and ages, some numbering more than ninety years, bareheaded, with grey hair streaming upon their shoulders, others with nursing infants in their arms, escorted by a company of heavy-armed troopers, left for ever their native city. All made the dismal journey upon foot, save that carts were allowed to transport the children between the ages of two and six years.[1] The desolation and depopulation were now complete. "I wandered through the place, gazing at all this," says a Spanish soldier who was present, and kept a diary of all which occurred, "and it seemed to me that it was another destruction of Jerusalem. What most struck me was, to find not a single denizen of the town left who was or who dared to call himself French. How vain and transitory, thought I, are the things of this world! Six days ago what riches were in the city, and now remains not one stone upon another."[2]

The expulsion of the women had been accomplished by the express command of Philip, who, moreover, had made no effort to stay the work of carnage, pillage, and conflagration. The pious King had not forgotten, however, his duty to the saints. As soon as the fire had broken out, he had sent to the cathedral, whence he had caused the body of Saint Quentin to be removed, and placed in the royal tent.[3] Here an altar was arranged, upon one side of which was placed the coffin of that holy personage, and upon the other the head of the "glorious Saint Gregory" (whoever that glorious individual may have been in life), together with many other relics brought from the church.[4] Within the sacred enclosure many masses were said daily,[5] while all this devil's work was going on without. The saint who had been buried for centuries was comfortably housed and guarded by the monarch, while dogs were gnawing the carcases of the freshly-slain men of Saint Quentin, and troopers were driving into perpetual exile its desolate and mutilated women.

The most distinguished captives upon this occasion were, of course, Coligny and his brother. Andelot was, however, fortunate enough to make his escape that night under the edge of the tent in which he was confined. The Admiral was taken to Antwerp. Here he lay for many weeks sick with a fever. Upon his recovery, having no better pastime, he fell to reading the Scriptures.[6] The result was his conversion to Calvinism,[7] and the world shudders yet at the fate in which that conversion involved him.

Saint Quentin being thus reduced, Philip was not more disposed to push his fortune. The time was now wasted in the siege of several comparatively unimportant places, so that the fruits of Egmont's valour were not yet allowed to ripen. Early in September, Le Catelet was taken. On the 12th of the same month the citadel of Ham yielded, after receiving two thousand shots from Philip's artillery, while Nojon, Chanley, and some other places of lesser importance, were burned to the ground. After all this smoke and fire upon the frontier, productive of but slender consequences, Philip disbanded his army and retired to Brussels. He reached that city on the 12th October.

[1] "Cierto a los piadosos hacia demasiada lastima vellas ir, ver 3500 mugeres.—Muchas dellas llevaban *cortados los brazos*, y muches *con cuchilladas*.—Y habia entre ellas mugeres de mas *de noventa* años, *sin cofias las canas de fuera, llenas de sangre* Las que daban a mamar llevaban sus criaturas en brazos," etc. etc.—Documentos Ineditos, ix. 516.

[2] Documentos Ineditos, ix. 519. [3] Ibid. 524.

[4] Ibid. [5] Ibid.

[6] Meteren, i. 18. [7] Ibid.

The English returned to their own country.[1] The campaign of 1557 was closed without a material result, and the victory of Saint Quentin remained for a season barren.

In the meantime the French were not idle. The army of the Constable had been destroyed, but the Duke de Guise, who had come post haste from Italy after hearing the news of Saint Quentin, was very willing to organise another. He was burning with impatience, both to retrieve his own reputation, which had suffered some little damage by his recent Italian campaign, and to profit by the captivity of his fallen rival the Constable. During the time occupied by the languid and dilatory proceedings of Philip in the autumn, the Duke had accordingly recruited in France and Germany a considerable army. In January (1558) he was ready to take the field. It had been determined in the French cabinet, however, not to attempt to win back the places which they had lost in Picardy, but to carry the war into the territory of the ally. It was fated that England should bear all the losses, and Philip appropriate all the gain and glory, which resulted from their united exertions. It was the war of the Queen's husband, with which the Queen's people had no concern, but in which the last trophies of the Black Prince were to be forfeited. On the 1st January 1558, the Duc de Guise appeared before Calais. Marshal Strozzi had previously made an expedition in disguise to examine the place. The result of his examination was that the garrison was weak, and that it relied too much upon the citadel. After a tremendous cannonade, which lasted a week, and was heard in Antwerp, the city was taken by assault.[2] Calais had been originally won after a siege which had lasted a twelvemonth, had been held two hundred and ten years, and was now lost in seven days. Seven days more, and ten thousand discharges from thirty-five great guns sufficed for the reduction of Guines.[3] Thus the last vestige of English dominion, the last substantial pretext of the English sovereign to wear the title and the lilies of France, was lost for ever. King Henry visited Calais, which after two centuries of estrangement had now become a French town again, appointed Paul de Thermes governor of the place, and then returned to Paris to celebrate soon afterwards the marriage of the Dauphin with the niece of the Guises, Mary, Queen of Scots.[4]

These events, together with the brief winter campaign of the Duke, which had raised for an instant the drooping head of France, were destined before long to give a new face to affairs, while it secured the ascendancy of the Catholic party in the kingdom. Disastrous eclipse had come over the house of Montmorency and Coligny, while the star of Guise, brilliant with the conquest of Calais, now culminated to the zenith.

It was at this period that the memorable interview between the two ecclesiastics, the Bishop of Arras and the Cardinal de Lorraine, took place at Peronne. From this central point commenced the weaving of that widespread scheme in which the fate of millions was to be involved. The Duchess Christina de Lorraine, cousin of Philip, had accompanied him to Saint Quentin. Permission had been obtained by the Duc de Guise and his brother, the Cardinal, to visit her at Peronne. The Duchess was accompanied by the Bishop of Arras, and the consequence was a full and secret negotiation between the two priests.[5] It may be supposed that Philip's short-lived military ardour had already exhausted itself. He had mistaken his vocation, and already recognised the false position in which he was placed. He was contending against the monarch in whom he might find the surest ally against

[1] Hoofd, i. 10. De Thou, iii. 171–174. xix.
[2] Meteren, i. 10. De Thou, iii. 202–209. xx. Hoofd, i. 11. Bor, i. 16.
[3] Meteren, De Thou, Hoofd, Bor, ubi sup.
[4] De Thou, iii. 214.
[5] Ibid., 223. Hoofd, i. 12

the arch-enemy of both kingdoms and of the world. The French monarch held heresy in horror, while, for himself, Philip had already decided upon his life's mission.

The crafty Bishop was more than a match for the vain and ambitious Cardinal. That prelate was assured that Philip considered the captivity of Coligny and Montmorency a special dispensation of Providence, while the tutelar genius of France, notwithstanding the reverses sustained by that kingdom, was still preserved. The Cardinal and his brother, it was suggested, now held in their hands the destiny of the kingdom and of Europe. The interests of both nations, of religion, and of humanity, made it imperative upon them to put an end to this unnatural war, in order that the two monarchs might unite hand and heart for the extirpation of heresy. Philip placed full reliance upon the wisdom and discretion of the Cardinal. It was necessary that these negotiations should for the present remain a profound secret; but in the meantime a peace ought to be concluded with as little delay as possible —a result which, it was affirmed, was as heartily desired by Philip as it could be by Henry. The Bishop was soon aware of the impression which his artful suggestions had produced. The Cardinal, inspired by the flattery thus freely administered, as well as by the promptings of his own ambition, lent a willing ear to the Bishop's plans.[1] Thus was laid the foundation of a vast scheme, which time was to complete. A crusade with the whole strength of the French and Spanish crowns was resolved upon against their own subjects. The Bishop's task was accomplished. The Cardinal returned to France, determined to effect a peace with Spain. He was convinced that the glory of his house was to be enhanced, and its power impregnably established, by a cordial co-operation with Philip in his dark schemes against religion and humanity. The negotiations were kept, however, profoundly secret. A new campaign and fresh humiliations were to precede the acceptance by France of the peace which was thus proffered.

Hostile operations were renewed soon after the interview at Peronne. The Duke of Guise, who had procured five thousand cavalry and fourteen thousand infantry in Germany,[2] now, at the desire of the King, undertook an enterprise against Thionville,[3] a city of importance and great strength in Luxemburg, upon the river Moselle. The assault was made upon the 22d June, and the garrison capitulated immediately afterwards.[4] It was a siege conducted in a regular and business-like way, but the details possess no interest. It was, however, signalised by the death of one of the eminent adventurers of the age, Marshal Strozzi. This brave but always unlucky soldier was slain by a musket-ball while assisting the Duke of Guise—whose arm was at that instant resting upon his shoulder—to point a gun at the fortress.[5]

After the fall of Thionville, the Duc de Guise loitered seventeen days, making no exertions to follow up the success which had attended him at the opening of the campaign. The good fortune of the French was neutralised by the same languor which had marked the movements of Philip after the victory of Saint Quentin. The time which might have been usefully employed was wasted by the Duke in trivial business or in absolute torpor. This may have been the result of a treacherous understanding with Spain, and the first fruits of the interview at Peronne. Whatever the cause, however, the immediate consequences were disaster to the French nation, and humiliation to the crown.

It had been the plan of the French cabinet that Marshal de Thermes, who,

[1] De Thou, iii. 223-227, xx.
[2] Hoofd, i. 12.
[3] De Thou, iii. 229.
[4] De Thou, iii. 229-235. Meteren, i. 19. Hoofd, i. 12, 13.
[5] Meteren, i. 19.

upon the capture of Calais, had been appointed governor of the city, should take advantage of his position as soon as possible. Having assembled an army of some eight thousand foot and fifteen hundred horse,[1] partly Gascons and partly Germans, he was accordingly directed to ravage the neighbouring country, particularly the county of Saint Pol. In the meantime, the Duc de Guise, having reduced the cities on the southern frontier, was to move in a northerly direction, make a junction with the Marshal, and thus extend a barrier along the whole frontier of the Netherlands.

De Thermes set forth from Calais in the beginning of June with his newly organised army. Passing by Gravelines and Bourbourg, he arrived before Dunkerk on the 2d of July. The city, which was without a garrison, opened negotiations, during the pendency of which it was taken by assault and pillaged. The town of Saint Winochsberg shared the same fate. De Thermes, who was a martyr to the gout, was obliged at this point temporarily to resign the command to D'Estonteville, a ferocious soldier, who led the predatory army as far as Niewport, burning, killing, ravishing, plundering, as they went. Meantime Philip, who was at Brussels, had directed the Duke of Savoy to oppose the Duc de Guise with an army which had been hastily collected and organised at Maubeuge, in the province of Namur. He now desired, if possible, to attack and cut off the forces of De Thermes before he should extend the hand to Guise, or make good his retreat to Calais.

Flushed with victory over defenceless peasants, laden with the spoils of sacked and burning towns, the army of De Thermes was already on its homeward march. It was the moment for a sudden and daring blow. Whose arm should deal it? What general in Philip's army possessed the requisite promptness and felicitous audacity? who but the most brilliant of cavalry officers, the bold and rapid hero of St. Quentin? Egmont, in obedience to the King's command, threw himself at once into the field. He hastily collected all the available forces in the neighbourhood. These, with drafts from the Duke of Savoy's army, and with detachments under Marshal Bignicourt from the garrisons of Saint Omer, Bethune, Aire, and Bourbourg, soon amounted to ten thousand foot and two thousand horse.[2] His numbers were still further swollen by large bands of peasantry, both men and women, maddened by their recent injuries, and thirsting for vengeance. With these troops the energetic chieftain took up his position directly in the path of the French army. Determined to destroy De Thermes with all his force, or to sacrifice himself, he posted his army at Gravelines, a small town lying near the seashore, and about midway between Calais and Dunkerk. The French general was putting the finishing touch to his expedition by completing the conflagration at Dunkerk, and was moving homeward, when he became aware of the lion in his path. Although suffering from severe sickness, he mounted his horse and personally conducted his army to Gravelines. Here he found his progress completely arrested. On that night, which was the 12th July, he held a council of officers. It was determined to refuse the combat offered, and, if possible, to escape at low tide along the sands towards Calais. The next morning he crossed the river Aa below Gravelines. Egmont, who was not the man, on that occasion at least, to build a golden bridge for a flying enemy, crossed the same stream just above the town, and drew up his whole force in battle array. De Thermes could no longer avoid the conflict thus resolutely forced upon him. Courage was now his only counsellor. Being not materially outnumbered by his adversaries, he had at least an even chance of cutting his way through all obstacles, and of saving his army and his trea-

[1] Bor, i. 16. Meteren, i. 19. Compare Hoofd, i. 13; De Thou, iii. 238. liv. xx.

[2] Meteren, i. 19. Compare De Thou, iii. 239, xx: Bor, i. 16: Hoofd, i. 14.

sure. The sea was on his right hand, the Aa behind him, the enemy in front. He piled his baggage and waggons so as to form a barricade upon his left, and placed his artillery, consisting of four culverines and three falconets, in front. Behind these he drew up his cavalry, supported at each side by the Gascons, and placed his French and German infantry in the rear.

Egmont, on the other hand, divided his cavalry into five squadrons. Three of light horse were placed in advance for the first assault—the centre commanded by himself, the two wings by Count Pontenals and Henrico Henriquez. The black hussars of Lazarus Schwendi and the Flemish gendarmes came next. Behind these was the infantry, divided into three nations, Spanish, German, and Flemish, and respectively commanded by Carvajal, Monchausen, and Bignicourt. Egmont, having characteristically selected the post of danger in the very front of battle for himself, could no longer restrain his impatience. "The foe is ours already," he shouted; "follow me, all who love their fatherland." With that he set spurs to his horse, and having his own regiment well in hand, dashed upon the enemy. The Gascons received the charge with coolness, and, under cover of a murderous fire from the artillery in front, which mowed down the foremost ranks of their assailants, sustained the whole weight of the first onset without flinching. Egmont's horse was shot under him at the commencement of the action. Mounting another, he again cheered his cavalry to the attack. The Gascons still maintained an unwavering front, and fought with characteristic ferocity. The courage of despair inflamed the French, the hope of a brilliant and conclusive victory excited the Spaniards and Flemings. It was a wild, hand-to-hand conflict—general and soldier, cavalier and pikeman, lancer and musketeer, mingled together in one dark, confused, and struggling mass, foot to foot, breast to breast, horse to horse—a fierce, tumultuous battle on the sands. For a long time it was doubtful on which side victory was to incline, but at last ten English vessels unexpectedly appeared in the offing, and ranging up soon afterwards as close to the shore as was possible, opened their fire upon the still unbroken lines of the French. The ships were too distant, the danger of injuring friend as well as foe too imminent, to allow of their exerting any important influence upon the result. The spirit of the enemy was broken, however, by this attack upon their seaward side, which they had thought impregnable. At the same time a detachment of German cavalry which had been directed by Egmont to make its way under the downs to the southward, now succeeded in turning their left flank. Egmont, profiting by their confusion, charged them again with redoubled vigour. The fate of the day was decided. The French cavalry wavered, broke their ranks, and in their flight carried dismay throughout the whole army. The rout was total; horse and foot, French, Gascon, and German, fled from the field together. Fifteen hundred fell in the action, as many more were driven into the sea, while great numbers were torn to pieces by the exasperated peasants, who now eagerly washed out their recent injuries in the blood of the dispersed, wandering, and wounded soldiers.[1] The army of De Thermes was totally destroyed, and with it the last hope of France for an honourable and equal negotiation. She was now at Philip's feet, so that this brilliant cavalry action was, in regard to the extent both of its immediate and its permanent results, one of the most decisive and striking that have ever been fought. The French army engaged was annihilated. Marshal de Thermes, with a wound in the head, Senarpont, Annibault, Villefon, Morvilliers, Chanlis, and many others of high rank, were prisoners. The French monarch had not much heart to set about the organisation of

[1] Meteren, i. 19. Hoofd, i. 13, 14, 15. Bor i. 16, 17. Compare Cabrera, iv. 21; De Thou, iii. 231–241.

another army,[1] a task which he was now compelled to undertake. He was soon obliged to make the best terms which he could, and to consent to a most unfavourable treaty.

The Marshal de Thermes was severely censured for having remained so long at Dunkerk and in its neighbourhood. He was condemned still more loudly for not having at least effected his escape beyond Gravelines during the night which preceded the contest. With regard to the last charge, however, it may well be doubted whether any nocturnal attempt would have been likely to escape the vigilance of Egmont. Touching his delay at Dunkerk, it was asserted that he had been instructed to await in that place the junction with the Duc de Guise which had been previously arranged.[2] But for the criminal and then inexplicable languor which characterised that commander's movements after the capture of Thionville, the honour of France might still have been saved.

Whatever might have been the faults of De Thermes or of Guise, there could be little doubt as to the merit of Egmont. Thus within eleven months of the battle of Saint Quentin had the Dutch hero gained another victory so decisive as to settle the fate of the war, and to elevate his sovereign to a position from which he might dictate the terms of a triumphant peace.[3] The opening scenes of Philip's reign were rendered as brilliant as the proudest days of the Emperor's career, while the provinces were enraptured with the prospect of early peace. To whom, then, was the sacred debt of national and royal gratitude due but to Lamoral of Egmont? His countrymen gladly recognised the claim. He became the idol of the army, the familiar hero of ballad and story, the mirror of chivalry, and the god of popular worship. Throughout the Netherlands he was hailed as the right hand of the Fatherland, the saviour of Flanders from devastation and outrage, the protector of the nation, the pillar of the throne.[4]

The victor gained many friends by his victory, and one enemy. The bitterness of that foe was likely, in the future, to outweigh all the plaudits of his friends. The Duke of Alva had strongly advised against giving battle to De Thermes. He depreciated the triumph after it had been gained by reflections upon the consequences which would have flowed had a defeat been suffered instead.[5] He even held this language to Egmont himself after his return to Brussels. The conqueror, flushed with his glory, was not inclined to digest the criticism, nor what he considered the venomous detraction of the Duke. More vain and arrogant than ever, he treated his powerful Spanish rival with insolence, and answered his observations with angry sarcasms, even in the presence of the King.[6] Alva was not likely to forget the altercation, nor to forgive the triumph.

There passed, naturally, much bitter censure and retort on both sides at court between the friends and adherents of Egmont and those who sustained the party of his adversary. The battle of Gravelines was fought over daily, amid increasing violence and recrimination, between Spaniard and Fleming, and the old international hatred flamed more fiercely than ever. Alva continued to censure the foolhardiness which had risked so valuable an army on a single blow. Egmont's friends replied that it was easy for foreigners, who had nothing at risk in the country, to look on while the fields of the Netherlands were laid waste, and the homes and hearths of an industrious population made desolate, by a brutal and rapacious soldiery. They who dwelt in the

[1] De Thou, iii. 241, xx.
[2] Hoofd, i. 15. De Thou, ubi sup.
[3] Hoofd, De Thou, ubi sup. [4] Hoofd, i. 15. Meteren, i. 19. Bor, i. 17. Hoofd, i. 15.
[5] "—— Et provenoit la ditte ennemitié principalement à cause de la Bataille de Grevelinge, qu'il donna contra son advis et propos haultains et superbes qu'il (Egmont) lui tint estant de retour victorieux en la ville de Bruxelles en la presence du Roy."—Pontus Payen MS., 378, 379.

provinces would be ever grateful to their preserver for the result.[1] They had no eyes for the picture which the Spanish party painted of an imaginary triumph of De Thermes and its effects. However the envious might cavil, now that the blow had been struck, the popular heart remained warm as ever, and refused to throw down the idol which had so recently been set up.

CHAPTER III.

Secret negotiations for peace—Two fresh armies assembled, but inactive—Negotiations at Cercamp—Death of Mary Tudor—Treaty of Cateau Cambresis—Death of Henry II.—Policy of Catherine de Medici—Revelations by Henry II. to the Prince of Orange—Funeral of Charles V. in Brussels—Universal joy in the Netherlands at the restoration of peace—Organisation of the government by Philip, and preparations for his departure—Appointment of Margaret of Parma as Regent of the Netherlands—Three Councils—The Consulta—The Stadholders of the different provinces—Dissatisfaction caused by the foreign troops—Assembly of the Estates at Ghent to receive the parting instructions and farewell of the King—Speech of the Bishop of Arras—Request for three millions—Fierce denunciation of heresy on the part of Philip—Strenuous enforcement of the edicts commanded—Reply by the States of Arthois—Unexpected conditions—Rage of the King—Similar conduct on the part of the other provinces—Remonstrance in the name of the States-general against the foreign soldiery—Formal reply on the part of the crown—Departure of the King from the Netherlands—Autos-da-fé in Spain.

THE battle of Gravelines had decided the question. The intrigues of the two cardinals at Peronne having been sustained by Egmont's victory, all parties were ready for a peace. King Henry was weary of the losing game which he had so long been playing, Philip was anxious to relieve himself from his false position, and to concentrate his whole mind and the strength of his kingdom upon his great enemy, the Netherland heresy, while the Duke of Savoy felt that the time had at last arrived when an adroit diplomacy might stand him in stead, and place him in the enjoyment of those rights which the sword had taken from him, and which his own sword had done so much towards winning back. The sovereigns were inclined to peace, and as there had never been a national principle or interest involved in the dispute, it was very certain that peace would be popular everywhere, upon whatever terms it might be concluded.

Montmorency and the Prince of Orange were respectively empowered to open secret negotiations.[2] The Constable entered upon the task with alacrity, because he felt that every day of his captivity was alike prejudicial to his own welfare and the interests of his country.[3] The Guises, who had quarrelled with the Duchess de Valentinois (Diane de Poitiers), were not yet powerful enough to resist the influence of the mistress; while, rather to baffle them than from any loftier reasons, that interest was exerted in behalf of immediate peace. The Cardinal de Lorraine had by no means forgotten the eloquent arguments used by the Bishop of Arras; but his brother, the Duc de Guise, may be supposed to have desired some little opportunity of redeeming the credit of the kingdom, and to have delayed the negotiations until his valour could secure a less inglorious termination to the war.

A fresh army had, in fact, been collected under his command, and was already organised at Pierrepoint. At the same time, Philip had assembled a large force, consisting of thirty thousand foot and fifteen thousand cavalry, with which he had himself taken the field, encamping towards the middle of August upon the banks of the river Anthies, near the border of Picardy.[4] King Henry, on the other hand, had already arrived in the camp at Pierrepoint, and had reviewed as imposing an army as had ever been at the disposal of

[1] Meteren, Bor, Hoofd, ubi sup.
[2] Apologie du P. d'Orange, 49.
[3] De Thou, iii. 240, xx.
[4] Bor, i. 27. Hoofd, i. 16. Meteren, i. 20.

a French monarch. When drawn up in battle array, it covered a league and a half of ground, while three hours were required to make its circuit on horseback.[1] All this martial display was only for effect. The two kings, at the head of their great armies, stood looking at each other while the negotiations for peace were proceeding. An unimportant skirmish or two at the outposts, unattended with loss of life, were the only military results of these great preparations. Early in the autumn all the troops were disbanded, while the commissioners of both crowns met in open congress at the Abbey of Cercamp, near Cambrey, by the middle of October. The envoys on the part of Philip were the Prince of Orange, the Duke of Alva, the Bishop of Arras, Ruy Gomez de Silva, the President Viglius; on that of the French monarch, the Constable, the Marshal de Saint André, the Cardinal de Lorraine, the Bishop of Orleans, and Claude l'Aubespine.[2] There were also envoys sent by the Queen of England, but as the dispute concerning Calais was found to hamper the negotiations at Cercamp, the English question was left to be settled by another congress, and was kept entirely separate from the arrangements concluded between France and Spain.[3]

The death of Queen Mary, on the 17th November,[4] caused a temporary suspension of the proceedings. After the widower, however, had made a fruitless effort to obtain the hand of her successor, and had been unequivocally repulsed,[5] the commissioners again met in February 1559, at Cateau Cambresis. The English difficulty was now arranged by separate commissioners, and on the 3d of April a treaty between France and Spain was concluded.[6]

By this important convention, both kings bound themselves to maintain the Catholic worship inviolate by all means in their power, and agreed that an œcumenical council should at once assemble to compose the religious differences and to extinguish the increasing heresy in both kingdoms. Furthermore, it was arranged that the conquests made by each country during the preceding eight years should be restored. Thus all the gains of Francis and Henry were annulled by a single word, and the Duke of Savoy converted, by a dash of the pen, from a landless soldier of fortune into a sovereign again. He was to receive back all his estates, and was, moreover, to marry Henry's sister Margaret, with a dowry of three hundred thousand crowns. Philip, on the other hand, now a second time a widower, was to espouse Henry's daughter Isabella, already betrothed to the Infant Don Carlos, and to receive with her a dowry of four hundred thousand crowns. The restitutions were to be commenced by Henry, and to be completed within three months. Philip was to restore his conquests in the course of a month afterwards.

Most of the powers of Europe were included by both parties in this treaty: the Pope, the Emperor, all the Electors, the republics of Venice, Genoa, and Switzerland, the kingdoms of England, Scotland, Poland, Denmark, Sweden; the duchies of Ferrara, Savoy, and Parma, besides other inferior principalities. Nearly all Christendom, in short, was embraced in this most amicable compact, as if Philip were determined that, henceforth and for ever, Calvinists and Mohammedans, Turks and Flemings, should be his only enemies.

The King of France was to select four hostages from among Philip's subjects, to accompany him to Paris as pledges for the execution of all the terms of the treaty. The royal choice fell upon the Prince of Orange, the Duke of Alva, the Duke of Aerschot, and the Count of Egmont.

Such was the treaty of Cateau Cambresis.[7] Thus was a termination put to a war between France and Spain which had been so wantonly undertaken.

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[1] De Thou, iii. 244, xx.
[2] Bor, Hoofd, Meteren, ubi sup. De Thou, iii. 250,
[3] Ibid. Ibid.
[4] Ibid. Ibid.
[5] De Thou, iii. 254.
[6] Bor, Meteren, Hoofd, De Thou.
[7] De Thou, iii. 350-355. Hoofd, i. 29, 20. Bor, i. 17, 18. Meteren, i. 23.

Marshal Monluc wrote that a treaty so disgraceful and disastrous had never before been ratified by a French monarch.[1] The accumulated plunder of years, which was now disgorged by France, was equal in value to one-third of that kingdom. One hundred and ninety-eight fortified towns were surrendered, making, with other places of greater or less importance, a total estimated by some writers as high as four hundred.[2] The principal gainer was the Duke of Savoy, who, after so many years of knight-errantry, had regained his duchy, and found himself the brother-in-law of his ancient enemy.

The well-known tragedy by which the solemnities of this pacification were abruptly concluded in Paris bore with it an impressive moral. The monarch who, in violation of his plighted word and against the interests of his nation and the world, had entered precipitately into a causeless war, now lost his life in fictitious combat at the celebration of peace. On the 10th of July, Henry the Second died of the wound inflicted by Montgomery in the tournament held eleven days before.[3] Of this weak and worthless prince, all that even his flatterers could favourably urge was his great fondness for war, as if a sanguinary propensity, even when unaccompanied by a spark of military talent, were of itself a virtue. Yet with his death the kingdom fell even into more pernicious hands, and the fate of Christendom grew darker than ever. The dynasty of Diane de Poitiers was succeeded by that of Catherine de Medici; the courtesan gave place to the dowager; and France—during the long and miserable period in which she lay bleeding in the grasp of the Italian she-wolf and her litter of cowardly and sanguinary princes—might even lament the days of Henry and his Diana. Charles the Ninth, Henry the Third, Francis of Alençon, last of the Valois race—how large a portion of the fearful debt which has not yet been discharged by half a century of revolution and massacre was of their accumulation!

The Duchess of Valentinois had quarrelled latterly with the house of Guise, and was disposed to favour Montmorency. The King, who was but a tool in her hands, might possibly have been induced, had he lived, to regard Coligny and his friends with less aversion. This is, however, extremely problematical, for it was Henry the Second who had concluded that memorable arrangement with his royal brother of Spain to arrange for the Huguenot chiefs throughout both realms a "Sicilian Vespers" upon the first favourable occasion. His death and the subsequent policy of the Queen-Regent deferred the execution of the great scheme till fourteen years later. Henry had lived long enough, however, after the conclusion of the secret agreement to reveal it to one whose life was to be employed in thwarting this foul conspiracy of monarchs against their subjects. William of Orange, then a hostage for the execution of the treaty of Cateau Cambresis, was the man with whom the King had the unfortunate conception to confer on the subject of the plot.[4] The Prince, who had already gained the esteem of Charles the Fifth by his habitual discretion, knew how to profit by the intelligence and to bide his time; but his hostility to the policy of the French and Spanish courts was perhaps dated from that hour.[5]

Pending the peace negotiations, Philip had been called upon to mourn for his wife and father. He did not affect grief for the death of Mary Tudor, but he honoured the Emperor's departure with stately obsequies at Brussels. The ceremonies lasted two days (the 29th and 30th December 1558).

If the mourning for the dead Emperor was but a mummery and a masquerade, there was, however, heartiness and sincerity in the rejoicing which now burst forth like a sudden illumination throughout the Netherlands upon

[1] De Thou. Meurasii, Gulielmus Auriacus (Leyd., 1621), p. 6.
[2] Hoofd, i. 20. De Thou, iii. 20. Joan. Meurasii, Gul. Aur., p. 6.
[3] De Thou, iii. 367.
[4] Apologie d'Orange, 53, 54.
[5] Ibid.

the advent of peace. All was joy in the provinces, but at Antwerp, the metropolis of the land, the enthusiasm was unbounded. Nine days were devoted to festivities. Bells rang their merriest peals, artillery thundered, beacons blazed, the splendid cathedral spire flamed nightly with three hundred burning cressets, the city was strewn with flowers and decorated with triumphal arches; the Guilds of Rhetoric amazed the world with their gorgeous processions, glittering dresses, and bombastic versification; the burghers all, from highest to humblest, were feasted and made merry; wine flowed in the streets, and oxen were roasted whole; prizes on poles were climbed for, pigs were hunted blindfold, men and women raced in sacks; and, in short, for nine days long there was one universal and spontaneous demonstration of hilarity in Antwerp and throughout the provinces.[1]

But with this merry humour of his subjects the sovereign had but little sympathy. There was nothing in his character or purposes which owed affinity with any mood of this jocund and energetic people. Philip had not made peace with all the world that the Netherlanders might climb up poles or ring bells, or strew flowers in his path for a little holiday time, and then return to their industrious avocations again. He had made peace with all the world that he might be free to combat heresy; and this arch-enemy had taken up its stronghold in the provinces. The treaty of Cateau Cambresis left him at liberty to devote himself to that great enterprise. He had never loved the Netherlands; a residence in these constitutional provinces was extremely irksome to him, and he was therefore anxious to return to Spain. From the depths of his cabinet he felt that he should be able to direct the enterprise he was resolved upon, and that his presence in the Netherlands would be superfluous and disagreeable.

The early part of the year 1559 was spent by Philip in organising the government of the provinces, and in making the necessary preparations for his departure. The Duke of Savoy, being restored to his duchy, had, of course, no more leisure to act as Regent of the Netherlands; and it was necessary, therefore, to fix upon his successor in this important post at once. There were several candidates. The Duchess Christina of Lorraine had received many half promises of the appointment, which she was most anxious to secure; the Emperor was even said to desire the nomination of the Archduke Maximilian, a step which would have certainly argued more magnanimity upon Philip's part than the world could give him credit for; and besides these regal personages, the high nobles of the land, especially Orange and Egmont, had hopes of obtaining the dignity. The Prince of Orange, however, was too sagacious to deceive himself long, and became satisfied very soon that no Netherlander was likely to be selected for Regent. He therefore threw his influence in favour of the Duchess Christina, whose daughter, at the suggestion of the Bishop of Arras, he was desirous of obtaining in marriage. The King favoured for a time, or pretended to favour, both the appointment of Madame de Lorraine and the marriage project of the Prince.[2] Afterwards, however, and in a manner which was accounted both sudden and mysterious, it appeared that the Duchess and Orange had both been deceived, and that the King and bishop had decided in favour of another candidate, whose claims had not been considered before very prominent.[3] This was the Duchess Margaret of Parma, natural daughter of Charles the Fifth.[4] A brief sketch of this important personage, so far as regards her previous career, is reserved for the following chapter. For the present it is sufficient to state the fact of the nomination. In order to

[1] Meteren, i. 23, 24.

[2] Vide Bakhuyzen v. d. Brink. Het Huwelijk van W. van Oranje, 7 sqq. Reiffenberg, Correspondance de Marguerite d'Autriche (Bruxelles, 1842), p. 272.

[3] Bakhuyzen, p. 8. Compare Flor. Vander Haer, De Initiis Tumultuum Belgicorum (Lovanni, 1640), i. p. 127. Strada de Bel. Belg., i. 34, 35-42; Meteren, i. 24.

[4] Strada, Vander Haer, Meteren, ubi sup.

afford a full view of Philip's political arrangements before his final departure from the Netherlands, we defer until the same chapter an account of the persons who composed the boards of council organised to assist the new Regent in the government. These bodies themselves were three in number: a state and privy council and one of finance.[1] They were not new institutions, having been originally established by the Emperor, and were now arranged by his successor upon the same nominal basis upon which they had before existed. The finance council, which had superintendence of all matters relating to the royal domains and to the annual budgets of the government, was presided over by Baron Berlaymont.[2] The privy council, of which Viglius was president, was composed of ten or twelve learned doctors, and was especially intrusted with the control of matters relating to law, pardons, and the general administration of justice. The state council, which was far the most important of the three boards, was to superintend all high affairs of government, war, treaties, foreign intercourse, internal and interprovincial affairs. The members of this council were the Bishop of Arras, Viglius, Berlaymont, the Prince of Orange, Count Egmont, to which number were afterwards added the Seigneur de Glayon, the Duke of Aerschot, and Count Horn.[3] The last-named nobleman, who was Admiral of the provinces, had, for the present, been appointed to accompany the King to Spain, there to be specially intrusted with the administration of affairs relating to the Netherlands.[4] He was destined, however, to return at the expiration of two years.

With the object, as it was thought, of curbing the power of the great nobles, it had been arranged that the three councils should be entirely distinct from each other, that the members of the state council should have no participation in the affairs of the two other bodies; but, on the other hand, that the finance and privy councillors, as well as the Knights of the Fleece, should have access to the deliberations of the state council.[5] In the course of events, however, it soon became evident that the real power of the government was exclusively in the hands of the consulta, a committee of three members of the state council, by whose deliberations the Regent was secretly instructed to be guided on all important occasions. The three, Viglius, Berlaymont, and Arras, who composed the secret conclave or cabinet, were in reality but one. The Bishop of Arras was in all three, and the three together constituted only the Bishop of Arras.

There was no special governor or stadholder appointed for the province of Brabant, where the Regent was to reside and to exercise executive functions in person. The stadholders for the other provinces were, for Flanders and Artois, the Count of Egmont; for Holland, Zeland, and Utrecht, the Prince of Orange; for Gueldres and Zutfen, the Count of Meghem; for Friesland, Groningen, and Overyssel, Count Aremberg; for Hainault, Valenciennes, and Cambray, the Marquis of Berghen; for Tournay and Tournaisis, Baron Montigny; for Namur, Baron Berlaymont; for Luxemburg, Count Mansfeld; for Ryssel, Douay, and Orchies, the Baron Courèires.[6] All these stadholders were commanders-in-chief of the military forces in their respective provinces. With the single exception of Count Egmont, in whose province of Flanders the stadholders were excluded from the administration of justice,[7] all were likewise supreme judges in the civil and criminal tribunal.[8] The military force of the Netherlands in time of peace was small, for the provinces were jealous of the presence of soldiery. The only standing army which then legally existed in the Netherlands were the Bandes d'Ordonnance, a body of mounted

[1] Meteren, 24. Hoofd, i. 23.
[2] Meteren, Hoofd, Vander Vynckt.
[3] Hoofd, i. 23. Meteren, i. 24.
[4] Vander Vynckt, i. 240
[5] Hoofd, Meteren, ubi sup.
[6] Meteren, i. 24. Hoofd, i. 22.
[7] Hoofd, 22.
[8] Meteren, 24.

gendarmerie, amounting in all to three thousand men, which ranked among the most accomplished and best-disciplined cavalry of Europe.[1] They were divided into fourteen squadrons, each under the command of a stadholder or of a distinguished noble. Besides these troops, however, there still remained in the provinces a foreign force, amounting in the aggregate to four thousand men.[2] These soldiers were the remainder of those large bodies which year after year had been quartered upon the Netherlands during the constant warfare to which they had been exposed. Living upon the substance of the country, paid out of its treasury, and as offensive by their licentious and ribald habits of life as were the enemies against whom they were enrolled, these troops had become an intolerable burthen to the people. They were now disposed in different garrisons, nominally to protect the frontier. As a firm peace, however, had now been concluded between Spain and France, and as there was no pretext for compelling the provinces to accept this protection, the presence of a foreign soldiery strengthened a suspicion that they were to be used in the onslaught which was preparing against the religious freedom and the political privileges of the country. They were to be the nucleus of a larger army, it was believed, by which the land was to be reduced to a state of servile subjection to Spain. A low, constant, but generally unheeded murmur of dissatisfaction and distrust upon this subject was already perceptible throughout the Netherlands,[3] a warning presage of the coming storm.

All the provinces were now convoked for the 7th of August (1559), at Ghent, there to receive the parting communication and farewell of the King.[4] Previous to this day, however, Philip appeared in person upon several solemn occasions, to impress upon the country the necessity of attending to the great subject with which his mind was exclusively occupied.[5] He came before the great council of Mechlin,[6] in order to address that body with his own lips upon the necessity of supporting the edicts to the letter, and of trampling out every vestige of heresy, wherever it should appear, by the immediate immolation of all heretics, whoever they might be.

He likewise caused the Estates of Flanders to be privately assembled, that he might harangue them upon the same great topic. In the latter part of July he proceeded to Ghent, where a great concourse of nobles, citizens, and strangers had already assembled. Here, in the last week of the month, the twenty-third chapter of the Golden Fleece was held with much pomp, and with festivities which lasted three days. The fourteen vacancies which existed were filled with the names of various distinguished personages. With this last celebration the public history of Philip the Good's ostentatious and ambitious order of knighthood was closed. The subsequent nominations were made *ex indultu apostolico*, and without the assembling of a chapter.[7]

The Estates having duly assembled upon the day prescribed, Philip, attended by Margaret of Parma, the Duke of Savoy, and a stately retinue of ambassadors and grandees, made his appearance before them. After the customary ceremonies had been performed, the Bishop of Arras arose and delivered, in the name of his sovereign, an elaborate address of instructions and farewells. In this important harangue, the States were informed that the King had convened them in order that they might be informed of his intention of leaving the Netherlands immediately. He would gladly have remained longer in his beloved provinces, had not circumstances compelled his departure. His father had come hither for the good of the country in the year 1543, and had never returned to Spain except to die.

[1] Meteren, 24.
[2] Ibid. Ibid, 24.
[3] Joach. Hopperus, Recueil et Memorial des Troubles des Pays Bas (apud Hoynckt, ii) p. 20.
[4] Bor, i. 19. Meteren. Meteren, 24.
[5] Joach. Hopperus. Compare Gachard, Collection des Documents Inédits concernant l'Histoire de la Belgique (Bruxelles, 1833), i. 323-337.
[6] Vander Vynckt, i. 235.

Upon the King's accession to the sovereignty he had arranged a truce of five years, which had been broken through by the faithlessness of France. He had, therefore, been obliged, notwithstanding his anxiety to return to a country where his presence was so much needed, to remain in the provinces till he had conducted the new war to a triumphant close. In doing this he had been solely governed by his intense love for the Netherlands, and by his regard for their interests. All the money which he had raised from their coffers had been spent for their protection. Upon this account his Majesty expressed his confidence that the Estates would pay an earnest attention to the "Request" which had been laid before them, the more so, as its amount, three millions of gold florins, would all be expended for the good of the provinces. After his return to Spain he hoped to be able to make a remittance. The Duke of Savoy, he continued, being obliged, in consequence of the fortunate change in his affairs, to resign the government of the Netherlands, and his own son, Don Carlos, not yet being sufficiently advanced in years to succeed to that important post, his Majesty had selected his sister, the Duchess Margaret of Parma, daughter of the Emperor, as the most proper person for Regent. As she had been born in the Netherlands, and had always entertained a profound affection for the provinces, he felt a firm confidence that she would prove faithful both to their interests and his own. As at this moment many countries, and particularly the lands in the immediate neighbourhood, were greatly infested by various "new, reprobate, and damnable sects;" as these sects, proceeding from the foul fiend, father of discord, had not failed to keep those kingdoms in perpetual dissension and misery, to the manifest displeasure of God Amighty; as his Majesty was desirous to avert such terrible evils from his own realms, according to his duty to the Lord God, who would demand reckoning from him hereafter for the well-being of the provinces; as all experience proved that change of religion ever brought desolation and confusion to the commonweal; as low persons, beggars, and vagabonds, under colour of religion, were accustomed to traverse the land for the purpose of plunder and disturbance; as his Majesty was most desirous of following in the footsteps of his lord and father; as it would be well remembered what the Emperor had said to him upon the memorable occasion of his abdication; therefore his Majesty had commanded the Regent Margaret of Parma, for the sake of religion and the glory of God, *accurately and exactly to cause to be enforced the edicts and decrees made by his imperial Majesty, and renewed by his present Majesty, for the extirpation of all sects and heresies.* All governors, councillors, and others having authority, were also instructed to do their utmost to accomplish this great end.[1]

The great object of the discourse was thus announced in the most impressive manner, and with all that conventional rhetoric of which the Bishop of Arras was considered a consummate master. Not a word was said on the subject which was nearest the hearts of the Netherlanders—the withdrawal of the Spanish troops.[2] Not a hint was held out that a reduction of the taxation,

[1] See the speech in Bor, i. 19-21. Compare Gachard, Docum. Ined., i. 313-322.

[2] Bentivoglio, Guerra di Fiandra, i. 9 (Opere, Parigi, 1648), gives a different report, which ends with a distinct promise on the part of the King to dismiss the troops as soon as possible: "—— In segno di che spetialmente havrebbe quanto prima e fatti uscire i presidij stranieri dalle fortezze e levata ogn' insolita contributione al paese." It is almost superfluous to state that the cardinal is no authority for speeches, except, indeed, for those which were never made. Long orations by generals upon the battlefield, by royal personages in their cabinets, by conspirators in secret conclave, are reported by him with much minuteness, and none can gainsay the accuracy with which these harangues, which never had any existence, except in the author's imagination, are placed before the reader. Bentivoglio's stately and graceful style, elegant descriptions, and general acquaintance with his subject, will always make his works attractive, but the classic and conventional system of inventing long speeches for historical characters has fortunately gone out of fashion. It is very interesting to know what an important personage really did say or write upon remarkable occasions; but it is less instructive to be told what the historian thinks might have been a good speech or epistle for him to utter or indite.

under which the provinces had so long been groaning, was likely to take place; but, on the contrary, the King had demanded a new levy of considerable amount. A few well-turned paragraphs were added on the subject of the administration of justice — "without which the republic was a dead body without a soul"—in the Bishop's most approved style, and the discourse concluded with a fervent exhortation to the provinces to trample heresy and heretics out of existence, and with the hope that the Lord God, in such case, would bestow upon the Netherlands health and happiness.[1]

After the address had been concluded, the deputies, according to ancient form, requested permission to adjourn, that the representatives of each province might deliberate among themselves on the point of granting or withholding the request for the three millions.[2] On the following day they again assembled in the presence of the King, for the purpose of returning their separate answers to the propositions.[3]

The address first read was that of the Estates of Artois.[4] The chairman of the deputies from that province read a series of resolutions, drawn up, says a contemporary, "with that elegance which characterised all the public acts of the Artesians, bearing witness to the vivacity of their wits."[5] The deputies spoke of the extreme affection which their province had always borne to his Majesty and to the Emperor. They had proved it by the constancy with which they had endured the calamities of war so long, and they now cheerfully consented to the request, so far as their contingent went. They were willing to place at his Majesty's disposal, not only the remains of their property, but even the last drop of their blood.

As the eloquent chairman reached this point in his discourse, Philip, who was standing with his arm resting upon Egmont's shoulder, listening eagerly to the Artesian address, looked upon the deputies of the province with a smiling face,[6] expressing by the unwonted benignity of his countenance the satisfaction which he received from these loyal expressions of affection, and this dutiful compliance with his request.[7]

The deputy, however, proceeded to an unexpected conclusion, by earnestly entreating his Majesty, as a compensation for the readiness thus evinced in the royal service, forthwith to order the departure of all foreign troops then in the Netherlands. Their presence, it was added, was now rendered completely superfluous by the ratification of the treaty of peace so fortunately arranged with all the world.

At this sudden change in the deputy's language, the King, no longer smiling, threw himself violently upon his chair of state, where he remained, brooding with a gloomy countenance upon the language which had been addressed to him. It was evident, said an eye-witness, that he was deeply offended. He changed colour frequently, so that all present "could remark, from the working of his face, how much his mind was agitated."[8]

The rest of the provinces were even more explicit than the deputies of Artois. All had voted their contingents to the request, but all had made the withdrawal of the troops an express antecedent condition to the payment of their respective quotas.[9]

The King did not affect to conceal his rage at these conditions, exclaiming bitterly to Count Egmont and other seigniors near the throne, that it was very

[1] Bor, ubi sup.
[2] Pontus Payen MS., 14-18.
[3] Ibid. [4] Ibid.
[5] "—— En termes fort elegans comme sont ordinairement les actes et depeches qui se font aus assemblées desdicts etats rendans bon tesmoignage de la vivacité des esprits d'Artois."—Pontus Payen MS., 14-18.
[6] Ibid. [7] Ibid.
[8] Ibid. [9] Ibid.

easy to estimate, by these proceedings, the value of the protestations made by the provinces of their loyalty and affection.[1]

Besides, however, the answers thus addressed by the separate States to the royal address, a formal remonstrance had also been drawn up in the name of the States-general, and signed by the Prince of Orange, Count Egmont, and many of the leading patricians of the Netherlands. This document, which was formally presented to the King before the adjournment of the assembly, represented the infamous "pillaging, insults, and disorders" daily exercised by the foreign soldiery; stating that the burthen had become intolerable, and that the inhabitants of Marienburg, and of many other large towns and villages, had absolutely abandoned their homes rather than remain any longer exposed to such insolence and oppression.[2]

The King, already enraged, was furious at the presentation of this petition. He arose from his seat, and rushed impetuously from the assembly, demanding of the members as he went, whether he too, as a Spaniard, was expected immediately to leave the land, and to resign all authority over it.[3] The Duke of Savoy made use of this last occasion in which he appeared in public as Regent violently to rebuke the Estates for the indignity thus offered to their sovereign.[4]

It could not be forgotten, however, by nobles and burghers, who had not yet been crushed by the long course of oppression which was in store for them, that there had been a day when Philip's ancestors had been more humble in their deportment in the face of the provincial authorities. His great-grandfather, Maximilian, kept in durance by the citizens of Bruges; his great-grandmother, Mary of Burgundy, with streaming eyes and dishevelled hair, supplicating in the market-place for the lives of her treacherous ambassadors, were wont to hold a less imperious language to the delegates of the States.

This burst of ill-temper on the part of the monarch was, however, succeeded by a different humour. It was still thought advisable to dissemble, and to return rather an expostulatory than a peremptory answer to the remonstrance of the States-general. Accordingly, a paper of a singular tone was, after the delay of a few days, sent into the assembly. In this message it was stated that the King was not desirous of placing strangers in the government—a fact which was proved by the appointment of the Duchess Margaret; that the Spanish infantry was necessary to protect the land from invasion; that the remnant of foreign troops only amounted to three or four thousand men, who claimed considerable arrears of pay, but that the amount due would be forwarded to them immediately after his Majesty's return to Spain. It was suggested that the troops would serve as an escort for Don Carlos when he should arrive in the Netherlands, although the King would have been glad to carry them to Spain in his fleet, had he known the wishes of the Estates in time. He would, however, pay for their support himself, although they were to act solely for the good of the provinces. He observed, moreover, that he had selected two seigniors of the provinces, the Prince of Orange and Count Egmont, to take command of these foreign troops, and he promised faithfully that, in the course of three or four months at furthest, they should all be withdrawn.[5]

On the same day in which the Estates had assembled at Ghent, Philip had addressed an elaborate letter to the grand council of Mechlin, the supreme court of the provinces, and to the various provincial councils and tribunals of

[1] Pontus Payen MS., 14–18. Compare Vander Haer, i. 108–110; Wagenaer, Vaderl. Hist., vi. 52.

[2] Meteren, i 24. Bor, i. 22. Wagenaer, vi. 48–52. "Remonstrance addressée au roy par les etats generaulx pour le renvoi des troupes etrangeres et pour que les affaires fussent administrées de l'avis des seigneurs."—Gachard, Documents Inédits, i. 323–328.

[3] Wagenaer, vi. 52. Compare Vander Haer, "Subiratum de sede regem surrexisse et eo digresso," etc.—viii. 110.

[4] Vander Haer, ubi sup.

[5] "Reponse du Roy à la Remontrance," etc.—Documents Inédits, i. 326–329.

the whole country.[1] The object of the communication was to give his final orders on the subject of the edicts, and for the execution of all heretics in the most universal and summary manner. He gave stringent and unequivocal instructions that these decrees for burning, strangling, and burying alive, should be fulfilled to the letter. He ordered all judicial officers and magistrates "to be curious to inquire on all sides as to the execution of the placards," stating his intention that "the utmost rigour should be employed without any respect of persons," and that not only "the transgressors should be proceeded against, but also the judges who should prove remiss in their prosecution of heretics."[2] He alluded to a false opinion which had gained currency, that the edicts were only intended against Anabaptists. Correcting this error, he stated that they were to be "enforced against all sectaries, without any distinction or mercy, who might be spotted merely with the errors introduced by Luther."[3]

The King, notwithstanding the violent scenes in the assembly, took leave of the Estates at another meeting with apparent cordiality. His dissatisfaction was sufficiently manifest, but it expressed itself principally against individuals. His displeasure at the course pursued by the leading nobles, particularly by the Prince of Orange, was already no secret.

Philip, soon after the adjournment of the assembly, had completed the preparations for his departure. At Middelburg he was met by the agreeable intelligence that the Pope had consented to issue a bull for the creation of the new bishoprics which he desired for the Netherlands.[4] This important subject will be resumed in another chapter: for the present we accompany the King to Flushing, whence the fleet was to set sail for Spain. He was escorted thither by the Duchess Regent, the Duke of Savoy, and by many of the most eminent personages of the provinces.[5] Among others, William of Orange was in attendance to witness the final departure of the King, and to pay him his farewell respects. As Philip was proceeding on board the ship which was to bear him for ever from the Netherlands, his eyes lighted upon the Prince. His displeasure could no longer be restrained. With angry face he turned upon him, and bitterly reproached him for having thwarted all his plans by means of his secret intrigues. William replied with humility that everything which had taken place had been done through the regular and natural movements of the States. Upon this the King, boiling with rage, seized the Prince by the wrist, and shaking it violently, exclaimed in Spanish, "No los Estados, ma vos, vos, vos!"—Not the Estates, but you, you, you!—repeating thrice the word "vos," which is as disrespectful and uncourteous in Spanish as "toi" in French.[6]

After this severe and public insult, the Prince of Orange did not go on board his Majesty's vessel, but contented himself with wishing Philip, from the shore,[7] a fortunate journey. It may be doubted, moreover, whether he would not have made a sudden and compulsory voyage to Spain had he ventured his person in the ship, and whether, under the circumstances, he would have been likely to effect as speedy a return. His caution served him then as it was destined to do on many future occasions, and Philip left the Nether-

[1] Lettre de Phil. II. au grand conseil de Malines par laquelle il lui fait connaître son intention sur le fait de la religion et de l'extirpation des heresies, 8 Août 1559.—Documents Inédits, i. 332–339.

[2] "—— Que vous soyez curieulx pour vous enquerir si à tous costelz l'execution se fera contre ceulx qui y contre viendront laquelle execution nous entendons et voulons se face avec toute rigueur et sans y respecter personne qui que ce soit, et de proceder non seullement contre les transgresseurs mais aussi contre les juges qui vouldroient user de dissimulation et connivance," etc., etc. 335

[3] "—— Contre ceulx qui pourroient estre seullement entachez des articles et erreurs introduitz et soustenus par le dict Luthere."—337.

[4] Hopper, Rec. et. Mem., c. ii. p. 21.

[5] Vander Vynckt, i. 140.

[6] Mémoires de l'Aubery du Maurier (Maurier, 1680), p. 9, who relates the anecdote upon the authority of his father, who had it from a gentleman present at the scene, a friend of the Prince of Orange.

[7] Ibid.

lands with this parting explosion of hatred against the man who, as he perhaps instinctively felt, was destined to circumvent his measures and resist his tyranny to the last.

The fleet, which consisted of ninety vessels, so well provisioned that, among other matters, fifteen thousand capons were put on board, according to the Antwerp chronicler,[1] set sail upon the 26th August (1559), from Flushing.[2] The voyage proved tempestuous, so that much of the rich tapestry and other merchandise which had been accumulated by Charles and Philip was lost. Some of the vessels foundered; to save others it was necessary to lighten the cargo, and "to enrobe the roaring waves with the silks," for which the Nether lands were so famous; so that it was said that Philip and his father had impoverished the earth only to enrich the ocean.[3] The fleet had been laden with much valuable property, because the King had determined to fix for the future the wandering capital of his dominions in Spain. Philip landed in safety, however, at Laredo, on the 8th September.[4] His escape from imminent peril confirmed him in the great purpose to which he had consecrated his existence. He believed himself to have been reserved from shipwreck only because a mighty mission had been confided to him; and lest his enthusiasm against heresy should languish, his eyes were soon feasted, upon his arrival in his native country, with the spectacle of an *auto-da-fé*.

Early in January of this year, the King being persuaded that it was necessary everywhere to use additional means to cheek the alarming spread of Lutheran opinions, had written to the Pope for authority to increase, if that were possible, the stringency of the Spanish Inquisition. The Pontiff, nothing loath, had accordingly issued a bull directed to the Inquisitor-general, Valdez, by which he was instructed to consign to the flames all prisoners whatever, even those who were not accused of having "relapsed."[5] Great preparations had been made to strike terror into the hearts of heretics by a series of horrible exhibitions, in the course of which the numerous victims, many of them persons of high rank, distinguished learning, and exemplary lives, who had long been languishing in the dungeons of the holy office, were to be consigned to the flames.[6] The first *auto-da-fé* had been consummated at Valladolid on the 21st May (1559), in the absence of the King, of course, but in the presence of the royal family and the principal notabilities, civil, ecclesiastical, and military. The Princess Regent, seated on her throne close to the scaffold, had held on high the holy sword. The Archbishop of Seville, followed by the ministers of the Inquisition and by the victims, had arrived in solemn procession at the "cadahalso," where, after the usual sermon in praise of the holy office and in denunciation of heresy, he had administered the oath to the Infante, who had duly sworn upon the crucifix to maintain for ever the sacred Inquisition and the apostolic decrees. The Archbishop had then cried aloud, "So may God prosper your Highnesses and your estates;"[7] after which the men and women who formed the object of the show had been cast into the flames.[8] It being afterwards ascertained that the King himself would soon be enabled to return to Spain, the next festival was reserved as a fitting celebration for his arrival. Upon the 8th October, accordingly, another *auto-da-fé* took place at Valladolid. The King, with his sister and his son, the high officers of state, the foreign ministers and all the nobility of the kingdom, were present, together with an immense concourse of soldiery,

[1] Meteren, i. 25. [2] Ibid. [3] Meteren, i. 25. Hoofd, i. 27. Compare Cabrera, 235.
[4] Bor, i. 22.
[5] "Had the King and the Inquisitor never committed any other evil," says Llorente, "this alone would be sufficient to consign their names to eternal infamy."
[6] Cabrera, v. 235, sqq. Llorente, Hist. Crit. de l'Inquis., ii. xviii.
[7] Cabrera, iv. 250. [8] Ibid.

clergy, and populace. The sermon was preached by the Bishop of Cuença. When it was finished, Inquisitor-general Valdez cried with a loud voice, "O God, make speed to help us!"[1] The King then drew his sword. Valdez, advancing to the platform upon which Philip was seated, proceeded to read the protestation: "Your Majesty swears by the cross of the sword, whereon your royal hand reposes, that you will give all necessary favour to the holy office of the Inquisition against heretics, apostates, and those who favour them, and will denounce and inform against all those who, to your royal knowledge, shall act or speak against the faith."[2] The King answered aloud, "I swear it," and signed the paper. The oath was read to the whole assembly by an officer of the Inquisition. Thirteen distinguished victims were then burned alive before the monarch's eyes, besides one body which a friendly death had snatched from the hands of the holy office, and the effigy of another person who had been condemned, although not yet tried or even apprehended. Among the sufferers was Carlos de Sessa, a young noble of distinguished character and abilities, who said to the King as he passed by the throne to the stake, "How can you thus look on and permit me to be burned?" Philip then made the memorable reply, carefully recorded by his historiographer and panegyrist, "I would carry the wood to burn my own son withal, were he as wicked as you."[3]

In Seville, immediately afterwards another *auto-da-fé* was held, in which fifty living heretics were burned, besides the bones of Doctor Constantine Ponce de la Fuente, once the friend, chaplain, and almoner of Philip's father. This learned and distinguished ecclesiastic had been released from a dreadful dungeon by a fortunate fever. The holy office, however, not content with punishing his corpse, wreaked also an impotent and ludicrous malice upon his effigy. A stuffed figure, attired in his robes, and with its arms extended in the attitude which was habitual with him in prayer, was placed upon the scaffold among the living victims, and then cast into the flames, that bigotry might enjoy a fantastic triumph over the grave.

Such were the religious ceremonies with which Philip celebrated his escape from shipwreck, and his marriage with Isabella of France, immediately afterwards solemnised. These human victims, chained and burning at the stake, were the blazing torches which lighted the monarch to his nuptial couch."[4]

[1] "Domine adjuva nos."—Cabrera, v. 235.
[2] Ibid.
[3] "Yo traeré lena para quemar a mi hijo si fuere tan malo como vos."—Cabrera, v. 236.
[4] Hoofd, i. 27. Meteren, i. 25. Bor, i. 23. De Thou, iii. 410–413, xxiii. Cabrera, iv. 209, and v. 235, 299. Compare Llorente (Hist. Crit. de l'Inquis., ii. xviii. xx. and xxi.), who has corrected many errors made by preceding historians.

PART II.

ADMINISTRATION OF THE DUCHESS MARGARET.

1559–1567.

CHAPTER I.

Biographical sketch and portrait of Margaret of Parma—The State Council—Berlaymont—Viglius—Sketch of William the Silent—Portrait of Anthony Perrenot, afterwards Cardinal Granvelle—General view of the political, social, and religious condition of the Netherlands—Habits of the aristocracy—Emulation in extravagance—Pecuniary embarrassments—Sympathy for the Reformation, steadily increasing among the people, the true cause of the impending revolt—Measures of the Government—Edict of 1550 described—Papal Bulls granted to Philip for increasing the number of Bishops in the Netherlands—Necessity for retaining the Spanish troops to enforce the policy of persecution.

MARGARET OF PARMA newly appointed Regent of the Netherlands, was the natural daughter of Charles the Fifth, and his eldest-born child. Her mother, of a respectable family called Van der Genst, in Oudenarde, had been adopted and brought up by the distinguished house of Hoogstraaten. Peculiar circumstances, not necessary to relate at length, had palliated the fault to which Margaret owed her imperial origin, and gave the child almost a legitimate claim upon its father's protection. The claim was honourably acknowledged. Margaret was in her infancy placed by the Emperor in the charge of his paternal aunt, Margaret of Savoy, then Regent of the provinces. Upon the death of that princess, the child was intrusted to the care of the Emperor's sister, Mary, Queen Dowager of Hungary, who had succeeded to the government, and who occupied it until the abdication. The huntress-queen communicated her tastes to her youthful niece, and Margaret soon outrivalled her instructress. The ardour with which she pursued the stag, and the courageous horsemanship which she always displayed, proved her, too, no degenerate descendant of Mary of Burgundy. Her education for the distinguished position in which she had somewhat surreptitiously been placed, was at least not neglected in this particular. When, soon after the memorable sack of Rome, the Pope and the Emperor had been reconciled, and it had been decided that the Medici family should be elevated upon the ruins of Florentine liberty, Margaret's hand was conferred in marriage upon the Pontiff's nephew Alexander. The wretched profligate who was thus elected to mate with the Emperor's eldest-born child, and to appropriate the fair demesnes of the Tuscan republic, was nominally the offspring of Lorenzo de Medici by a Moorish slave, although generally reputed a bastard of the Pope himself. The nuptials were celebrated with great pomp at Naples, where the Emperor rode at the tournament in the guise of a Moorish warrior. At Florence splendid festivities had also been held, which were troubled with omens believed to be highly unfavourable. It hardly needed, however, preternatural appearances in heaven or on earth to proclaim the marriage ill-starred which united a child of twelve years with a worn-out debauchee of twenty-seven. Fortunately for Margaret, the funereal portents

proved true. Her husband, within the first year of their wedded life, fell a victim to his own profligacy, and was assassinated by his kinsman, Lorenzino de Medici. Cosmo, his successor in the tyranny of Florence, was desirous of succeeding to the hand of Margaret, but the politic Emperor, thinking that he had already done enough to conciliate that house, was inclined to bind to his interest the family which now occupied the papal throne. Margaret was accordingly, a few years afterwards, united to Ottavio Farnese, nephew of Paul the Third. It was still her fate to be unequally matched. Having, while still a child, been wedded to a man of more than twice her years, she was now, at the age of twenty, united to an immature youth of thirteen. She conceived so strong an aversion to her new husband, that it became impossible for them to live together in peace. Ottavio accordingly went to the wars, and in 1541 accompanied the Emperor in his memorable expedition to Barbary.

Rumours of disaster by battle and tempest reaching Europe before the results of the expedition were accurately known, reports that the Emperor had been lost in a storm, and that the young Ottavio had perished with him, awakened remorse in the bosom of Margaret. It seemed to her that he had been driven forth by domestic inclemency to fall a victim to the elements. When, however, the truth became known, and it was ascertained that her husband, although still living, was lying dangerously ill in the charge of the Emperor, the repugnance which had been founded upon his extreme youth changed to passionate fondness. His absence, and his faithful military attendance upon her father, caused a revulsion in her feelings, and awakened her admiration. When Ottavio, now created Duke of Parma and Piacenza, returned to Rome, he was received by his wife with open arms. Their union was soon blessed with twins, and but for a certain imperiousness of disposition which Margaret had inherited from her father, and which she was too apt to exercise even upon her husband, the marriage would have been sufficiently fortunate.[1]

Various considerations pointed her out to Philip as a suitable person for the office of Regent, although there seemed some mystery about the appointment which demanded explanation. It was thought that her birth would make her acceptable to the people; but perhaps the secret reason with Philip was, that she alone, of all other candidates, would be amenable to the control of the churchman in whose hand he intended placing the real administration of the provinces. Moreover, her husband was very desirous that the citadel of Piacenza, still garrisoned by Spanish troops, should be surrendered to him. Philip was disposed to conciliate the Duke, but unwilling to give up the fortress. He felt that Ottavio would be flattered by the nomination of his wife to so important an office, and be not too much dissatisfied at finding himself relieved for a time from her imperious fondness. Her residence in the Netherlands would guarantee domestic tranquillity to her husband, and peace in Italy to the King. Margaret would be a hostage for the fidelity of the Duke, who had, moreover, given his eldest son to Philip to be educated in his service.

She was about thirty-seven years of age when she arrived in the Netherlands, with the reputation of possessing high talents and a proud and energetic character.[2] She was an enthusiastic Catholic, and had sat at the feet of Loyola, who had been her confessor and spiritual guide. She felt a greater horror for heretics than for any other species of malefactors, and looked up to her father's bloody edicts as if they had been special revelations from on high. She was most strenuous in her observance of Roman rites, and was accustomed

[1] Strada, i. 35-44. [2] Ibid., i. 42.

to wash the feet of twelve virgins every Holy Week, and to endow them in marriage afterwards.[1] Her acquirements, save that of the art of horsemanship, were not remarkable.

Carefully educated in the Machiavellian and Medicean school of politics, she was versed in that "dissimulation" to which liberal Anglo-Saxons give a shorter name, but which formed the main substance of statesmanship at the court of Charles and Philip. In other respects her accomplishments were but meagre, and she had little acquaintance with any language but Italian. Her personal appearance, which was masculine, but not without a certain grand and imperial fascination, harmonised with the opinion generally entertained of her character. The famous moustache upon her upper lip[2] was supposed to indicate authority and virility of purpose, an impression which was confirmed by the circumstance that she was liable to severe attacks of gout, a disorder usually considered more appropriate to the sterner sex.[3]

Such were the previous career and public reputation of the Duchess Margaret. It remains to be unfolded whether her character and endowments, as exemplified in her new position, were to justify the choice of Philip.

The members of the State Council, as already observed, were Berlaymont, Viglius, Arras, Orange, and Egmont.

The first was likewise chief of the finance department. Most of the Catholic writers describe him as a noble of loyal and highly honourable character. Those of the Protestant party, on the contrary, uniformly denounce him as greedy, avaricious, and extremely sanguinary. That he was a brave and devoted soldier, a bitter Papist, and an inflexible adherent to the royal cause, has never been disputed. The Baron himself, with his four courageous and accomplished sons, were ever in the front ranks to defend the crown against the nation. It must be confessed, however, that fanatical loyalty loses most of the romance with which genius and poetry have so often hallowed the sentiment, when the "legitimate" prince for whom the sword is drawn is not only an alien in tongue and blood, but filled with undisguised hatred for the land he claims to rule.

Viglius van Aytta van Zuichem was a learned Frisian, born, according to some writers, of "boor's degree, but having no inclination for boorish work."[4] According to other authorities, which the President himself favoured, he was of noble origin; but whatever his race, it is certain that, whether gentle or simple, it derived its first and only historical illustration from his remarkable talents and acquirements. These in early youth were so great as to acquire the commendation of Erasmus. He had studied in Louvain, Paris, and Padua, had refused the tutorship of Philip when that prince was still a child, and had afterwards filled a professorship at Ingolstadt. After rejecting several offers of promotion from the Emperor, he had at last accepted in 1542 a seat in the council of Mechlin, of which body he had become president in 1545. He had been one of the peace commissioners to France in 1558, and was now president of the Privy Council, a member of the State Council, and of the inner and secret committee of that board, called the Consulta. Much odium was attached to his name for his share in the composition of the famous edict of 1550. The rough draught was usually attributed to his pen, but he complained bitterly, in letters written at this time, of injustice done him in this respect, and maintained that he had endeavoured, without success, to induce the Emperor to mitigate the severity of the edict. One does not feel very strongly inclined to accept his excuses, however, when

[1] Strada, i. 42.

[2] "Nec deerat aliqua mento superiorique labello barbula, ex qua virilis ei non magis species quam auctoritas conciliabatur."—Strada, i. 42.

[3] Strada, i. 42.

[4] Levensbesch, Nederl. Mon. en Vrouwen 'n. 75.

his general opinions on the subject of religion are remembered. He was most bigoted in precept and practice. Religious liberty he regarded as the most detestable and baleful of doctrines; heresy he denounced as the most unpardonable of crimes.

From no man's mouth flowed more bitter or more elegant commonplaces than from that of the learned president against those blackest of malefactors, the men who claimed within their own walls the right to worship God according to their own consciences. For a common person, not learned in law or divinity, to enter into his closet, to shut the door, and to pray to Him who seeth in secret, was, in his opinion, to open wide the gate of destruction for all the land, and to bring in the Father of Evil at once to fly away with the whole population, body and soul. "If every man," said he to Hopper, "is to believe what he likes in his own house, we shall have hearth gods and tutelar divinities[1] again, the country will swarm with a thousand errors and sects, and very few there will be, I fear, who will allow themselves to be enclosed in the sheepfold of Christ. I have ever considered this opinion," continued the president, "the most pernicious of all. They who hold it have a contempt for all religion, and are neither more nor less than atheists. This vague, fireside liberty should be by every possible means extirpated; therefore did Christ institute shepherds to drive His wandering sheep back into the fold of the true Church; thus only can we guard the lambs against the ravening wolves, and prevent them being carried away from the flock of Christ to the flock of Belial. Liberty of religion, or of conscience, as they call it, ought never to be tolerated."[2]

This was the cant with which Viglius was ever ready to feed not only his faithful Hopper, but all the world beside. The president was naturally anxious that the fold of Christ should be intrusted to none but regular shepherds, for he looked forward to taking one of the most lucrative crooks into his own hand, when he should retire from his secular career.

It is now necessary to say a few introductory words concerning the man who, from this time forth, begins to rise upon the history of his country with daily increasing grandeur and influence. William of Nassau, Prince of Orange, although still young in years, is already the central personage about whom the events and the characters of the epoch most naturally group themselves, destined as he is to become more and more with each succeeding year the vivifying source of light, strength, and national life to a whole people.

The Nassau family first emerges into distinct existence in the middle of the eleventh century. It divides itself almost as soon as known into two great branches. The elder remained in Germany, ascended the imperial throne in the thirteenth century in the person of Adolph of Nassau, and gave to the country many electors, bishops, and generals. The younger and more illustrious branch retained the modest property and petty sovereignty of Nassau, Dillenbourg, but at the same time transplanted itself to the Netherlands, where it attained at an early period to great power and large possessions. The ancestors of William, as Dukes of Gueldres, had begun to exercise sovereignty in the provinces four centuries before the advent of the house of Burgundy.[3] That overshadowing family afterwards numbered the Netherland Nassaus among its most stanch and powerful adherents. Engelbert the Second was distinguished in the turbulent councils and in the battlefields of Charles the Bold, and was afterwards the unwavering supporter of Maximilian in court

[1] "—— lares lemuresque," etc.—Ep. ad. Hopp., 421.

[2] Viglii Epist. ad Joach. Hopperum, pp. 421, 422. Compare Vit. Viglii ab ipso Viglio Script. (apud. Hoynck, i.) 1–33; Viglii Epist. Select. ad Diversos, cxlviii.; Levensb. Nederl. Man. en Vrouw., iv. 75–80; Vander Vynckt, i. 127.

[3] Apologie d'Orange, 42.

and camp. Dying childless, he was succeeded by his brother John, whose two sons, Henry and William of Nassau, divided the great inheritance after their father's death. William succeeded to the German estates, became a convert to Protestantism, and introduced the Reformation into his dominions. Henry, the eldest son, received the family possessions and titles in Luxembourg, Brabant, Flanders, and Holland, and distinguished himself as much as his uncle Engelbert in the service of the Burgundo-Austrian house. The confidential friend of Charles the Fifth, whose governor he had been in that Emperor's boyhood, he was ever his most efficient and reliable adherent. It was he whose influence placed the imperial crown upon the head of Charles.[1] In 1515 he espoused Claudia de Chalons, sister of Prince Philibert of Orange, "in order," as he wrote to his father, "to be obedient to his imperial Majesty, to please the King of France, *and more particularly for the sake of his own honour and profit.*"[2] His son, Réné de Nassau-Chalons, succeeded Philibert. The little principality of Orange, so pleasantly situated between Provence and Dauphiny, but in such dangerous proximity to the seat of the "Babylonian captivity" of the Popes at Avignon, thus passed to the family of Nassau. The title was of high antiquity. Already in the reign of Charlemagne, Guillaume au Court-Nez, or "William with the short nose," had defended the little town of Orange against the assaults of the Saracens. The interest and authority acquired in the demesnes thus preserved by his valour became extensive, and in process of time hereditary in his race. The principality became an absolute and free sovereignty,[3] and had already descended, in defiance of the Salic law, through the three distinct families of Orange, Baux, and Chalons.

In 1544, Prince Réné died at the Emperor's feet in the trenches of Saint Dizier. Having no legitimate children, he left all his titles and estates to his cousin-german, William of Nassau, son of his father's brother William, who thus at the age of eleven years became William the ninth of Orange. For this child, whom the future was to summon to such high destinies and such heroic sacrifices, the past and present seemed to have gathered riches and power together from many sources. He was the descendant of the Othos, the Engelberts, and the Henries of the Netherlands, the representative of the Philiberts and the Rénés of France; the chief of a house, humbler in resources and position in Germany, but still of high rank, and which had already done good service to humanity, by being among the first to embrace the great principles of the Reformation.

His father, younger brother of the Emperor's friend Henry, was called William the Rich—he was, however, only rich in children. Of these he had five sons and seven daughters by his wife Juliana of Stolberg. She was a person of most exemplary character and unaffected piety. She instilled into the minds of all her children the elements of that devotional sentiment which was her own striking characteristic, and it was destined that the seed sown early should increase to an abundant harvest. Nothing can be more tender or more touching than the letters which still exist from her hand, written to her illustrious sons in hours of anxiety or anguish, and to the last recommending to them, with as much earnest simplicity as if they were still little children at her knee, to rely always in the midst of the trials and dangers which were

[1] "—— C'est lui qui a mis la couronne imperiale sur la teste de l'Empereur, ... il persuada les electeurs de preferer l'Empereur au Roi de France, ... et comme il est notoire à un chacun que ceste couronne imperiale a esté le pont qui par apres a faict passage à l'Empereur pour tant de conquestes," etc. —Apologie, 23.

[2] "—— Om gecoirsam te zyn der Keis. Maj. ende ooc om te wille te zyn den Conic van Vrancryk ende sonderling om myner eeren en de prouffyts wille."—Arnoldi, Hist. Denk., p. 187. Groen v. Prinsterer, Archives, etc., i. 64,* note 2.

[3] "—— Et moins m'a il (l'Empereur) peu favoriser en mon principaulté d'Orange, ou il n'avoit rien à veoir ni lui ni prince quelconque, le tenant en souveraineté nuë et absoluë, ce que peu d'autres seigneurs pourront dire."—Apologie, 15.

to beset their paths through life, upon the great hand of God. Among the mothers of great men, Juliana of Stolberg deserves a foremost place, and it is no slight eulogy that she was worthy to have been the mother of William of Orange and of Lewis, Adolphus, Henry, and John of Nassau.

At the age of eleven years, William having thus unexpectedly succeeded to such great possessions, was sent from his father's roof to be educated in Brussels. No destiny seemed to lie before the young Prince but an education at the Emperor's court, to be followed by military adventures, embassies, viceroyalties, and a life of luxury and magnificence. At a very early age he came, accordingly, as a page into the Emperor's family. Charles recognised, with his customary quickness, the remarkable character of the boy. At fifteen, William was the intimate, almost confidential friend of the Emperor, who prided himself, above all other gifts, on his power of reading and of using men. The youth was so constant an attendant upon his imperial chief, that even when interviews with the highest personages and upon the gravest affairs were taking place, Charles would never suffer him to be considered superfluous or intrusive. There seemed to be no secrets which the Emperor held too high for the comprehension or discretion of his page. His perceptive and reflective faculties, naturally of remarkable keenness and depth, thus acquired a precocious and extraordinary development. He was brought up behind the curtain of that great stage where the world's dramas were daily enacted. The machinery and the masks which produced the grand delusions of history had no deceptions for him. Carefully to observe men's actions, and silently to ponder upon their motives, was the favourite occupation of the Prince during his apprenticeship at court. As he advanced to man's estate, he was selected by the Emperor for the highest duties. Charles, whose only merit, so far as the provinces were concerned, was in having been born in Ghent, and that by an ignoble accident, was glad to employ this representative of so many great Netherland houses in the defence of the land. Before the Prince was twenty-one he was appointed general-in-chief of the army on the French frontier, in the absence of the Duke of Savoy. The post was coveted by many most distinguished soldiers—the Counts of Buren, Bossu, Lalaing, Aremberg, Meghem, and particularly by Count Egmont;[1] yet Charles showed his extraordinary confidence in the Prince of Orange by selecting him for the station, although he had hardly reached maturity, and was, moreover, absent in France. The young Prince acquitted himself of his high command in a manner which justified his appointment.

It was the Prince's shoulder upon which the Emperor leaned at the abdication; the Prince's hand which bore the imperial insignia of the discrowned monarch to Ferdinand at Augsburg. With these duties his relations with Charles were ended, and those with Philip began. He was with the army during the hostilities which were soon after resumed in Picardy; he was the secret negotiator of the preliminary arrangement with France, soon afterwards confirmed by the triumphant treaty of April 1559. He had concluded these initiatory conferences with the Constable Montmorency and Marshal de Saint André with great sagacity, although hardly a man in years, and by so doing he had laid Philip under deep obligations. The King was so inexpressibly anxious for peace that he would have been capable of concluding a treaty upon almost any terms. He assured the Prince that "the greatest service he could render him in this world was to make peace, and that he desired to have it at any price whatever, so eager was he to return to Spain."[2] To the envoy Suriano, Philip had held the same language. "Oh, Ambassador," said

[1] Apologie d'Orange, 29. [2] Ibid., 49.

he, "I wish peace on any terms, and if the King of France had not sued for it, I would have begged for it myself."[1]

With such impatience on the part of the sovereign, it certainly manifested diplomatic abilities of a high character in the Prince that the treaty negotiated by him amounted to a capitulation by France. He was one of the hostages selected by Henry for the due execution of the treaty, and while in France made that remarkable discovery which was to colour his life. While hunting with the King in the Forest of Vincennes, the Prince and Henry found themselves alone together, and separated from the rest of the company. The French monarch's mind was full of the great scheme, which had just secretly been formed by Philip and himself, to extirpate Protestantism by a general extirpation of Protestants. Philip had been most anxious to conclude the public treaty with France, that he might be the sooner able to negotiate that secret convention by which he and his Most Christian Majesty were solemnly to bind themselves to massacre all the converts to the new religion in France and the Netherlands. This conspiracy of the two Kings against their subjects was the matter nearest the hearts of both. The Duke of Alva, a fellow-hostage with William of Orange, was the plenipotentiary to conduct this more important arrangement. The French monarch, somewhat imprudently imagining that the Prince was also a party to the plot, opened the whole subject to him without reserve. He complained of the constantly-increasing numbers of sectaries in his kingdom, and protested that his conscience would never be easy nor his state secure until his realm should be delivered of "that accursed vermin." A civil revolution, under pretext of a religious reformation, was his constant apprehension, particularly since so many notable personages in the realm, and even princes of the blood, were already tainted with heresy. Nevertheless, with the favour of Heaven, and the assistance of his son and brother Philip, he hoped soon to be master of the rebels. The King then proceeded, with cynical minuteness, to lay before his discreet companion the particulars of the royal plot, and the manner in which all heretics, whether high or humble, were to be discovered and massacred at the most convenient season. For the furtherance of the scheme in the Netherlands, it was understood that the Spanish regiments would be exceedingly efficient. The Prince, although horror-struck and indignant at the royal revelations, held his peace and kept his countenance. The King was not aware that, in opening this delicate negotiation to Alva's colleague and Philip's plenipotentiary, he had given a warning of inestimable value to the man who had been born to resist the machinations of Philip and of Alva. William of Orange earned the surname of "the Silent" from the manner in which he received these communications of Henry without revealing to the monarch, by word or look, the enormous blunder which he had committed. His purpose was fixed from that hour. A few days afterwards he obtained permission to visit the Netherlands, where he took measures to excite, with all his influence, the strongest and most general opposition to the continued presence of the Spanish troops,[2] of which forces, much against his will, he had been, in conjunction with Egmont, appointed chief. He already felt, in his own language, that "an Inquisition for the Netherlands had been resolved upon, more cruel than that of Spain, since it would need but to look askance at an image to be cast into the flames."[3] Although having as yet no spark of religious sympathy for the reformers, he could not, he said, "but feel compassion for so many virtuous men and women thus devoted to

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1 "—— Se ben era cosi poco honorevole fu gran cosa quella ch' io serissi al Settembre passato che mi disse S. M., nell' esercito con queste parole ò simili; Imbasciatore, io voglio pace in ogni modo e s'il Re di Francia no l'havesse domandata, la domanderei io."—Suriano MS.

2 Pontus Payen MS., 8–13.

3 Apologie, 54.

massacre,"[1] and he determined to save them if he could! At the departure of Philip he had received instructions, both patent and secret, for his guidance as stadholder of Holland, Friesland, and Utrecht. He was ordered "most expressly to correct and extirpate the sects reprobated by our Holy Mother Church; to execute the edicts of his Imperial Majesty, renewed by the King, with absolute rigour. He was to see that the judges carried out the edicts *without infraction, alteration, or moderation*, since they were there to enforce, not to make or to discuss, the law." In his secret instructions he was informed that the execution of the edicts was to be with all rigour, and without any respect of persons. He was also reminded that, whereas some persons had imagined the severity of the law "to be only intended against Anabaptists, on the contrary, the edicts were to be enforced on Lutherans and all other sectaries without distinction."[2] Moreover, in one of his last interviews with Philip, the King had given him the names of several "excellent persons suspected of the new religion," and had commanded him to have them put to death. This, however, he not only omitted to do, but, on the contrary, gave them warning, so that they might effect their escape. "thinking it more necessary to obey God than man."[3]

William of Orange, at the departure of the King for Spain, was in his twenty-seventh year. He was a widower; his first wife, Anne of Egmont, having died in 1558. after seven years of wedlock. This lady, to whom he had been united when they were both eighteen years of age, was the daughter of the celebrated general Count de Buren, and the greatest heiress in the Netherlands. William had thus been faithful to the family traditions, and had increased his possessions by a wealthy alliance. He had two children. Philip and Mary. The marriage had been more amicable than princely marriages arranged for convenience often prove. The letters of the Prince to his wife indicate tenderness and contentment.[4] At the same time he was accused, at a later period, of "having murdered her with a dagger."[5] The ridiculous tale was not even credited by those who reported it, but it is worth mentioning, as a proof that no calumny was too senseless to be invented concerning the man whose character was from that hour forth to be the mark of slander, and whose whole life was to be its signal, although often unavailing, refutation.[6]

Yet we are not to regard William of Orange, thus on the threshold of his great career, by the light diffused from a somewhat later period. In no historical character more remarkably than in his is the law of constant development and progress illustrated. At twenty-six he is not the "*pater patriæ*," the great man struggling upward and onward against a host of enemies and obstacles almost beyond human strength, and along the dark and dangerous path leading through conflict, privation, and ceaseless labour to no repose but death. On the contrary, his foot was hardly on the first step of that difficult ascent which was to rise before him all his lifetime. He was still among the primrose paths. He was rich, powerful, of sovereign rank. He had only the germs within him of what was thereafter to expand into moral and intellectual greatness. He had small sympathy for the religious reformation of which he was to be one of the most distinguished champions. He was a Catholic nominally and in outward observance. With doctrines he troubled himself but little. He had given orders to enforce conformity to the ancient Church, not with bloodshed, yet with comparative strictness, in his principality of Orange.[7] Beyond the com-

[1] Apologie, 53.
[2] Archives et Correspondance, i. 41, 42.
[3] Apologie, 80.
[4] Archives et Correspondance, i. 1–29.
[5] Wilhelms von Oranien Ehe mit Anna v. Sachsen, von Dr. K. W. Böttiger (Leiprig, 1836).
[6] For the history of William of Orange up to the period of Philip's departure from the Netherlands, see Groen v. Prinsterer, 1–30 and 54*; Gachard, Corresp. de Guillaume le Taciturne (Bruxelles), tome i.; Apologie d'Orange, 1–54; Vander Haer, cap. xv. 183, sqq. Compare Strada, ii. 75–84; Bentivoglio, Guerra di Fiandra, i. 5, 6; Hooft, i. 22; Joan Meursii, Gulielmus Auriacus, 1–7; Levensbesch. Nederl. Man. en Vrouwen, vi. 172–179.
[7] Archives et Correspondance, i 303*.

pliance with rites and forms, thought indispensable in those days to a personage of such high degree, he did not occupy himself with theology. He was a Catholic, as Egmont and Horn, Berlaymont and Mansfeld, Montigny and even Brederode, were Catholic. It was only tanners, dyers, and apostate priests who were Protestants at that day in the Netherlands. His determination to protect a multitude of his harmless inferiors from horrible deaths did not proceed from sympathy with their religious sentiments, but merely from a generous and manly detestation of murder. He carefully averted his mind from sacred matters. If, indeed, the seed implanted by his pious parents were really the germ of his future conversion to Protestantism, it must be confessed that it lay dormant a long time. But his mind was in other pursuits. He was disposed for an easy, joyous, luxurious, princely life. Banquets, masquerades, tournaments, the chase, interspersed with the routine of official duties, civil and military, seemed likely to fill out his life. His hospitality, like his fortune, was almost regal. While the King and the foreign envoys were still in the Netherlands, his house, the splendid Nassau palace of Brussels, was ever open. He entertained for the monarch, who was, or who imagined himself to be, too poor to discharge his own duties in this respect, but he entertained at his own expense.[1] This splendid household was still continued. Twenty-four noblemen and eighteen pages of gentle birth officiated regularly in his family. His establishment was on so extensive a scale that upon one day twenty-eight master cooks were dismissed, for the purpose of diminishing the family expenses, and there was hardly a princely house in Germany which did not send cooks to learn their business in so magnificent a kitchen.[2] The reputation of his table remained undiminished for years. We find at a later period that Philip, in the course of one of the nominal reconciliations which took place several times between the monarch and William of Orange, wrote that his head cook being dead, he begged the Prince to "make him a present of his chief cook, Master Herman, who was understood to be very skilful."[3]

In this hospitable mansion the feasting continued night and day. From early morning till noon, the breakfast-tables were spread with wines and luxurious viands in constant succession, to all comers, and at every moment.[4] The dinner and supper were daily banquets for a multitude of guests. The highest nobles were not those alone who were entertained. Men of lower degree were welcomed with a charming hospitality which made them feel themselves at their ease.[5] Contemporaries of all parties unite in eulogising the winning address and gentle manners of the Prince. "Never," says a most bitter Catholic historian, "did an arrogant or indiscreet word fall from his lips. He upon no occasion manifested anger to his servants, however much they might be in fault, but contented himself with admonishing them graciously, without menace or insult. He had a gentle and agreeable tongue, with which he could turn all the gentlemen at court any way he liked. He was beloved and honoured by the whole community."[6] His manner was graceful, familiar, caressing, and yet dignified. He had the good breeding which comes from the heart, refined into an inexpressible charm from his constant intercourse, almost from his cradle, with mankind of all ranks.

It may be supposed that this train of living was attended with expense. Moreover, he had various other establishments in town and country, besides his almost royal residence in Brussels. He was ardently fond of the chase, particularly of the knightly sport of falconry. In the country he "consoled

[1] Apologie, 26, 27.
[2] Vander Haer, 182.
[3] Corresp. de Guill. le Tacit., ii. 89.
[4] Vander Haer, 182.
[5] "A la vérité c'estoit un personage d'une merveilleuse vivacité d'esprit, lequel sur tous autres tenoit table magnifique, où les petits compagnons estoyent autant bienvenus que les grands."—Pontus Payen MS.
[6] Pontus Payen MS.

himself by taking every day a heron in the clouds." [1] His falconers alone cost him annually fifteen hundred florins, after he had reduced their expenses to the lowest possible point.[2] He was much in debt, even at this early period and with his princely fortune. "We come of a race," he wrote carelessly to his brother Louis, "who are somewhat bad managers in our young days, but when we grow older, we do better, like our late father: sicut erat in principio, et nunc, et semper et in secula seculorum. My greatest difficulty," he adds, "as usual, is on account of the falconers." [3]

His debts already amounted, according to Granvelle's statement, to eight or nine hundred thousand florins.[4] He had embarrassed himself, not only through his splendid extravagance, by which all the world about him were made to partake of his wealth, but by accepting the high offices to which he had been appointed. When general-in-chief on the frontier, his salary was three hundred florins monthly; "not enough," as he said, "to pay the servants in his tent," [5] his necessary expenses being twenty-five hundred florins, as appears by a letter to his wife.[6] His embassy to carry the crown to Ferdinand, and his subsequent residence as a hostage for the treaty in Paris, were also very onerous, and he received no salary, according to the economical system in this respect pursued by Charles and Philip. In these two embassies or missions alone, together with the entertainments offered by him to the court and to foreigners after the peace at Brussels, the Prince spent, according to his own estimate, one million five hundred thousand florins.[7] He was, however, although deeply, not desperately involved, and had already taken active measures to regulate and reduce his establishment. His revenues were vast, both in his own right and in that of his deceased wife. He had large claims upon the royal treasury for service and expenditure. He had, besides, ample sums to receive from the ransoms of the prisoners of St. Quentin and Gravelines, having served in both campaigns. The amount to be received by individuals from this source may be estimated from the fact that Count Horn, by no means one of the most favoured in the victorious armies, had received from Leonor d'Orleans, Duc de Longueville, a ransom of eighty thousand crowns.[8] The sum due, if payment were enforced, from the prisoners assigned to Egmont, Orange, and others, must have been very large. Granvelle estimated the whole amount at two millions; adding, characteristically, "that this kind of speculation was a practice" which our good old fathers, lovers of virtue, would not have found laudable.[9] In this the churchman was right, but he might have added that the "lovers of virtue" would have found it as little "laudable" for ecclesiastics to dispose of the sacred offices in their gift for carpets, tapestry, and annual payments of certain percentages upon the cure of souls.[10] If the profits respectively gained by military and clerical speculators in that day should be compared, the disadvantage would hardly be found to lie with those of the long robe.

Such, then, at the beginning of 1560, was William of Orange—a generous, stately, magnificent, powerful grandee. As a military commander, he had acquitted himself very creditably of highly important functions at an early age. Nevertheless, it was the opinion of many persons that he was of a timid tem-

[1] Letter to Count Louis de Nassau. Archives, etc., i. 179.
[2] Archives et Correspondance, i. 196.
[3] Ibid.
[4] Papiers d'Etat, vii. 51. Archives, etc., i. 38.
[5] Apologie, 27.
[6] Archives et Correspondance, i. 16.
[7] Apologie, 27.
[8] "—— De rançons des prisonniers françois, prisonniers prins aux batailles de S. Quintin et Gravelinges qui porterent à une infinité des deniers, entre lesquels Messire Leonor d'Orleans, Duc de Longueville, paia comptant au Compte de Hornes quatrevingt mil escus—pensez maintenant si le Compte d'Egmont avoit eu moyen de faire ses besoignes," etc.—Pontus Payen MS.
[9] "—— Chose à la vérité mal séanté, et que nos bons vieux pères, amateurs de la vertu, n'eussent trouvé louable."—Archives et Correspondance, i. 38.
[10] V. Gachard, Correspondance de Philippe II. sur les affaires des Pays-Bas (Bruxelles, 1848), i. 328.

perament.[1] He was even accused of having manifested an unseemly panic at Philippeville, and of having only been restrained by the expostulations of his officers from abandoning both that fortress and Charlemont to Admiral Coligny, who had made his appearance in the neighbourhood, merely at the head of a reconnoitring party.[2] If the story were true, it would be chiefly important as indicating that the Prince of Orange was one of the many historical characters, originally of an excitable and even timorous physical organisation, whom moral courage and a strong will have afterwards converted into dauntless heroes. Certain it is that he was destined to confront open danger in every form, that his path was to lead through perpetual ambush, yet that his cheerful confidence and tranquil courage were to become not only unquestionable but proverbial.[3] It may be safely asserted, however, that the story was an invention, to be classed with those fictions which made him the murderer of his first wife, a common conspirator against Philip's crown and person, and a crafty malefactor in general, without a single virtue. It must be remembered that even the terrible Alva, who lived in harness almost from the cradle to the grave, was, so late as at the period with which we are now occupied, censured for timidity, and had been accused in youth of flat cowardice.[4] He despised the insinuation, which for him had no meaning. There is no doubt, too, that caution was a predominant characteristic of the Prince. It was one of the chief sources of his greatness. At that period, perhaps at any period, he would have been incapable of such brilliant and dashing exploits as had made the name of Egmont so famous. It had even become a proverb, "the counsel of Orange, the execution of Egmont;"[5] yet we shall have occasion to see how far this physical promptness which had been so felicitous upon the battlefield was likely to avail the hero of St. Quentin in the great political combat which was approaching.

As to the talents of the Prince, there was no difference of opinion. His enemies never contested the subtlety and breadth of his intellect, his adroitness and capacity in conducting state affairs, his knowledge of human nature, and the profoundness of his views. In many respects it must be confessed that his surname of the Silent, like many similar appellations, was a misnomer. William of Orange was neither "silent" nor "taciturn," yet these are the epithets which will be for ever associated with the name of a man who, in private, was the most affable, cheerful, and delightful of companions, and who on many great public occasions was to prove himself, both by pen and by speech, the most eloquent man of his age. His mental accomplishments were considerable. He had studied history with attention, and he spoke and wrote with facility Latin, French, German, Flemish, and Spanish.

The man, however, in whose hands the administration of the Netherlands was in reality placed was Anthony Perrenot, then Bishop of Arras, soon to be known by the more celebrated title of Cardinal Granvelle. He was the chief of the Consulta, or secret council of three, by whose deliberations the Duchess Regent was to be governed. His father, Nicholas Perrenot, of an obscure family in Burgundy, had been long the favourite minister and man of business to the Emperor Charles. Anthony, the eldest of thirteen children, was born in 1517. He was early distinguished for his talents. He studied at Dôle, Padua, Paris, and Louvain. At the age of twenty he spoke seven languages with perfect facility, while his acquaintance with civil and ecclesiastical laws was considered prodigious. At the age of twenty-three he became

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[1] "—— D'un naturel craintif, comme il avoit souventes fois monstré durant la guerre de France."—Pontus Payen MS.

[2] Pontus Payen MS.

[3] "Soevis tranquillus in undis," was the motto often engraved upon the medals struck at different periods in his honour.

[4] Badovaro MS. Suriano MS.

[5] Pontus Payen MS.

a canon of Liege Cathedral. The necessary eight quarters of gentility produced upon that occasion have accordingly been displayed by his panegyrists in triumphant refutation of that theory which gave him a blacksmith for his grandfather.[1] At the same period, although he had not reached the requisite age, the rich bishopric of Arras had already been prepared for him by his father's care. Three years afterwards, in 1543, he distinguished himself by a most learned and brilliant harangue before the Council of Trent, which display so much charmed the Emperor, that he created him councillor of state. A few years afterwards he rendered the unscrupulous Charles still more valuable proofs of devotion and dexterity by the part he played in the memorable imprisonment of the Landgrave of Hesse and the Saxon Dukes. He was thereafter constantly employed in embassies and other offices of trust and profit.

There was no doubt as to his profound and varied learning, nor as to his natural quickness and dexterity. He was ready-witted, smooth and fluent of tongue, fertile in expedients, courageous, resolute. He thoroughly understood the art of managing men, particularly his superiors. He knew how to govern under the appearance of obeying. He possessed exquisite tact in appreciating the characters of those far above him in rank and beneath him in intellect. He could accommodate himself with great readiness to the idiosyncrasies of sovereigns. He was a chameleon to the hand which fed him. In his intercourse with the King, he coloured himself, as it were, with the King's character He was not himself, but Philip; not the sullen, hesitating, confused Philip, however, but Philip endowed with eloquence, readiness, facility. The King ever found himself anticipated with the most delicate obsequiousness, beheld his struggling ideas change into winged words without ceasing to be his own. No flattery could be more adroit. The Bishop accommodated himself to the King's epistolary habits. The silver-tongued and ready debater substituted protocols for conversation, in deference to a monarch who could not speak. He corresponded with Philip, with Margaret of Parma, with every one. He wrote folios to the Duchess when they were in the same palace. He would write letters forty pages long to the King, and send off another courier on the same day with two or three additional despatches of identical date. Such prolixity enchanted the King, whose greediness for business epistles was insatiable. The painstaking monarch toiled, pen in hand, after his wonderful minister in vain. Philip was only fit to be the Bishop's clerk, yet he imagined himself to be the directing and governing power. He scrawled apostilles in the margins to prove that he had read with attention, and persuaded himself that he suggested when he scarcely even comprehended. The Bishop gave advice and issued instructions when he seemed to be only receiving them. He was the substance while he affected to be the shadow. These tactics were comparatively easy, and likely to be triumphant, so long as he had only to deal with inferior intellects like those of Philip and Margaret. When he should be matched against political genius and lofty character combined, it was possible that his resources might not prove so all-sufficient.

His political principles were sharply defined in reality, but smoothed over by a conventional and decorous benevolence of language, which deceived vulgar minds. He was a strict absolutist. His deference to arbitrary power was profound and slavish. God and "the master," as he always called Philip, he professed to serve with equal humility. "It seems to me," said he, in a letter of this epoch, "that I shall never be able to fulfil the obligation of slave which I owe to your Majesty, to whom I am bound by so

[1] Dom l'Evesque, Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire du Cardinal Granvelle (Paris, 1753), ii. 146-293. Compare Strada, ii. 60

firm a chain;—at any rate, I shall never fail to struggle for that end with sincerity."[1]

As a matter of course, he was a firm opponent of the national rights of the Netherlands. He had strenuously warned Philip against assembling the States-general before his departure for the sake of asking them for supplies. He earnestly deprecated allowing the constitutional authorities any control over the expenditure of the government, and averred that this practice under the Regent Mary had been the cause of endless trouble.[2] It may easily be supposed that other rights were as little to his taste as the claim to vote the subsidies, a privilege which was in reality indisputable. Men who stood forth in defence of the provincial constitutions were, in his opinion, mere demagogues and hypocrites, their only motive being to curry favour with the populace. Yet these charters were, after all, sufficiently limited. The natural rights of man were topics which had never been broached. Man had only natural wrongs. None ventured to doubt that sovereignty was heaven-born, anointed of God. The rights of the Netherlands were special, not general; plural, not singular; liberties, not liberty; "privileges," not maxims. They were practical, not theoretical; historical, not philosophical. Still, such as they were, they were facts, acquisitions. They had been purchased by the blood and toil of brave ancestors; they amounted—however open to criticism upon broad humanitarian grounds, of which few at that day had ever dreamed—to a solid, substantial dyke against the arbitrary power which was ever chafing and fretting to destroy its barriers. No men were more subtle or more diligent in corroding the foundation of these bulwarks than the disciples of Granvelle. Yet one would have thought it possible to tolerate an amount of practical freedom so different from the wild social speculations which, in later days, have made both tyrants and reasonable lovers of our race tremble with apprehension. The Netherlanders claimed, mainly, the right to vote the money which was demanded in such enormous profusion from their painfully-acquired wealth; they were also unwilling to be burned alive if they objected to transubstantiation. Granvelle was most distinctly of an opposite opinion upon both topics. He strenuously deprecated the interference of the States with the subsidies, and it was by his advice that the remorseless edict of 1550, the Emperor's ordinance of blood and fire, was re-enacted as the very first measure of Philip's reign.[3] Such were his sentiments as to national and popular rights by representation. For the people itself—"that vile and mischievous animal called the people,"[4] as he expressed it—he entertained a cheerful contempt.

His aptitude for managing men was very great; his capacity for affairs incontestable; but it must be always understood as the capacity for the affairs of absolutism. He was a clever scheming politician, an adroit manager; it remained to be seen whether he had a claim to the character of a statesman. His industry was enormous. He could write fifty letters a day with his own hand. He could dictate to half a dozen amanuenses at once, on as many different subjects, in as many different languages, and send them all away exhausted.

He was already rich. His income from his see and other livings was estimated in 1557 at ten thousand dollars; his property in ready money, "furniture, tapestry, and the like," at two hundred and fifty thousand dollars.[5] When

[1] "Y jamas me parecera que bastaria para que yo puedo cumplir con la obligacion de esclavo en que me ha puesto V. M. atando me con tan firme catena; à lo menos sè que no me falta ny me faltarà—de acertar en las cosas del servicio . . . . . con limpieza y amor," etc.—Papiers d'Etat, vi. 96.

[2] Papiers d'Etat, vi. 27.

[3] Ibid., ix. 478, 479.

[4] "—— tan ruin animal como es el pueblo."—Papiers d'Etat, vii. 367.

[5] "Vive honoratamente—la puo fare, havendo tre t'entrata temporale chi se ritrova nelle Borgogna e

it is considered that, as compared with our times, these sums represent a revenue of a hundred thousand, and a capital of two millions and a half in addition, it may be safely asserted that the prelate had at least made a good beginning. Besides his regular income, moreover, he had handsome receipts from that simony which was reduced to a system, and which gave him a liberal profit, generally in the shape of an annuity, upon every benefice which he conferred. He was, however, by no means satisfied. His appetite was as boundless as the sea; he was still a shameless mendicant of pecuniary favours and lucrative offices. Already, in 1552, the Emperor had roundly rebuked his greediness. "As to what you say of getting no 'merced' nor 'ayuda de costa,'" said he, "'tis merced and ayuda de costa quite sufficient when one has fat benefices, pensions, and salaries, with which a man might manage to support himself."[1] The bishop, however, was not easily abashed, and he was, at the epoch which now occupies us, earnestly and successfully soliciting from Philip the lucrative abbey of Saint Armand. Not that he would have accepted this preferment, "could the abbey have been annexed to any of the new bishoprics;"[2] on the contrary, he assured the King that "to carry out so holy a work as the erection of those new sees, he would willingly have contributed even out of his own miserable pittance."[3] It not being considered expedient to confiscate the abbey to any particular bishop, Philip accordingly presented it to the prelate of Arras, together with a handsome sum of money in the shape of an "ayuda de costa" beside. The thrifty bishop, who foresaw the advent of troublous times in the Netherlands, however, took care in the letters by which he sent his thanks to instruct the King to secure the money upon crown property in Arragon, Naples, and Sicily, as matters in the provinces were beginning to look very precarious.[4]

Such, at the commencement of the Duchess Margaret's administration, were the characters and the previous histories of the persons into whose hands the Netherlands were intrusted. None of them have been prejudged. Their characters have been sketched, not according to subsequent developments, but as they appeared at the opening of this important epoch.

The aspect of the country and its inhabitants offered many sharp contrasts, and revealed many sources of future trouble.

The aristocracy of the Netherlands was excessively extravagant, dissipated, and already considerably embarrassed in circumstances. It had been the policy of the Emperor and of Philip to confer high offices, civil, military, and diplomatic, upon the leading nobles, by which enormous expenses were entailed upon them, without any corresponding salaries. The case of Orange has been already alluded to, and there were many other nobles less able to afford the expense, who had been indulged with these ruinous honours. During the war, there had been, however, many chances of bettering broken fortunes. Victory brought immense prizes to the leading officers. The ransoms of so many illustrious prisoners as had graced the triumphs of Saint Quentin and Gravelines had been extremely profitable. These sources of wealth had now been cut off; yet, on the departure of the King from the Netherlands, the luxury increased instead of diminishing. "Instead of one court," said a contemporary, "you would have said that there were fifty."[5] Nothing could be more sumptuous than the mode of life in Brussels. The household of Orange has been already painted. That of Egmont was almost as magnificent. A rivalry in hospitality and in display began among the highest nobles, and ex-

quelle del vescovado et altri benefitij piu di 10,000 scudi di entrata, e tra gioje, argento, tappezzerie con altri mobili e denari contanti piu di 250,000 scudi, et e opinione dè giuditiosi che riuscira Cardinale," etc. —Badovaro MS.

[1] Groen v. Prinsterer, Archives, etc., i. 289.

[2] Papiers d'Etat, vi. 31.

[3] "—— Mas que de la miseria que yo tengo holgaria que se tomasse para cumplimento de tan sancta obra."—Ibid.

[4] Papiers d'Etat, vi. 21.

[5] Pontus Payen MS.

tended to those less able to maintain themselves in the contest. During the war there had been the valiant emulation of the battlefield; gentlemen had vied with each other how best to illustrate an ancient name with deeds of desperate valour, to repair the fortunes of a ruined house with the spoils of war. They now sought to surpass each other in splendid extravagance. It was an eager competition who should build the stateliest palaces, have the greatest number of noble pages and gentlemen in waiting, the most gorgeous liveries, the most hospitable tables, the most scientific cooks. There was also much depravity as well as extravagance. The morals of high society were loose. Gaming was practised to a frightful extent. Drunkenness was a prevailing characteristic of the higher classes. Even the Prince of Orange himself, at this period, although never addicted to habitual excess, was extremely convivial in his tastes, tolerating scenes and companions not likely at a later day to find much favour in his sight. "We kept Saint Martin's joyously," he wrote, at about this period, to his brother, "and in the most jovial company. Brederode was one day in such a state that I thought he would certainly die, but he has now got over it."[1] Count Brederode, soon afterwards to become so conspicuous in the early scenes of the revolt, was, in truth, most notorious for his performances in these banqueting scenes. He appeared to have vowed as uncompromising hostility to cold water as to the Inquisition, and always denounced both with the same fierce and ludicrous vehemence. Their constant connection with Germany at that period did not improve the sobriety of the Netherland nobles. The aristocracy of that country, as is well known, were most "potent at potting." "When the German finds himself sober," said the bitter Badovaro, "he believes himself to be ill." Gladly, since the peace, they had welcomed the opportunities afforded for many a deep carouse with their Netherland cousins. The approaching marriage of the Prince of Orange with the Saxon princess—an episode which will soon engage our attention—gave rise to tremendous orgies. Count Schwartzburg, the Prince's brother-in-law, and one of the negotiators of the marriage, found many occasions to strengthen the bonds of harmony between the countries by indulgence of these common tastes. "I have had many princes and counts at my table," he wrote to Orange, "where a good deal more was drunk than eaten. The Rhinegrave's brother fell down dead after drinking too much malvoisie; but we have had him balsamed and sent home to his family."[2]

These disorders among the higher ranks were in reality so extensive as to justify the biting remark of the Venetian: "The gentlemen intoxicate themselves every day," said he, "and the ladies also; but much less than the men."[3] His remarks as to the morality, in other respects, of both sexes were equally sweeping, and not more complimentary.

If these were the characteristics of the most distinguished society, it may be supposed that they were reproduced with more or less intensity throughout all the more remote but concentric circles of life, as far as the seductive splendour of the court could radiate. The lesser nobles emulated the grandees, and vied with each other in splendid establishments, banquets, masquerades, and equipages. Their estates, in consequence, were mortgaged deeply and more deeply; then, after a few years, sold to the merchants, or rich advocates and other gentlemen of the robe, to whom they had been pledged. The more closely ruin stared the victims in the face, the more heedlessly did they plunge into excesses. Many of the nobles being thus embarrassed, and some even desperate in their condition, it was thought that they were desirous of creating disturbances in the commonwealth, that the payment of their just debts might be avoided, that their

[1] Archives et Correspondance, i. 185.
[2] Ibid., i. 93.
[3] "—— Ma nel bere s imbriacono ogni giorno, et le donne ancora, ma molto meno degli nomini," etc.

mortgaged lands might be wrested by main force from the low-born individuals who had become possessed of them, that, in particular, the rich abbey lands held by idle priests might be appropriated to the use of impoverished gentlemen, who could turn them to so much better account.[1] It is quite probable that interested motives such as these were not entirely inactive among a comparatively small class of gentlemen. The religious reformation in every land of Europe derived a portion of its strength from the opportunity it afforded to potentates and great nobles for helping themselves to Church property. No doubt many Netherlanders thought that their fortunes might be improved at the expense of the monks, and for the benefit of religion. Even without apostasy from the mother Church, they looked with longing eyes on the wealth of her favoured and indolent children. They thought that the King would do well to carve a round number of handsome military commanderies out of the abbey lands, whose possessors should be bound to military service after the ancient manner of fiefs, so that a splendid cavalry, headed by the gentlemen of the country, should be ever ready to mount and ride at the royal pleasure, in place of a horde of lazy epicureans, telling beads and indulging themselves in luxurious vice[2]

Such views were entertained, such language often held. These circumstances and sentiments had their influence among the causes which produced the great revolt now impending. Care should be taken, however, not to exaggerate that influence. It is a prodigious mistake to refer this great historical event to sources so insufficient as the ambition of a few great nobles and the embarrassments of a larger number of needy gentlemen. The Netherland revolt was not an aristocratic, but a popular, although certainly not a democratic movement. It was a great episode—the longest, the darkest, the bloodiest, the most important episode in the history of the religious reformation in Europe. The nobles, so conspicuous upon the surface at the outbreak, only drifted before a storm which they neither caused nor controlled.

For the state of the people was very different from the condition of the aristocracy. The period of martyrdom had lasted long, and was to last longer; but there were symptoms that it might one day be succeeded by a more active stage of popular disease. The tumults of the Netherlands were long in ripening; when the final outbreak came, it would have been more philosophical to inquire, not why it had occurred, but how it could have been so long postponed. During the reign of Charles, the sixteenth century had been advancing steadily in strength as the once omnipotent Emperor lapsed into decrepitude. That extraordinary century had not dawned upon the earth only to increase the strength of absolutism and superstition. The new world had not been discovered, the ancient world reconquered, the printing-press perfected, only that the Inquisition might reign undisturbed over the fairest portions of the earth, and chartered hypocrisy fatten upon its richest lands. It was impossible that the most energetic and quick-witted people of Europe should not feel sympathy with the great effort made by Christendom to shake off the incubus which had so long paralysed her hands and brain. In the Netherlands, where the attachment to Rome had never been intense, where in the old times the Bishops of Utrecht had been rather Ghibelline than Guelph, where all the earliest sects of dissenters—Waldenses, Lollards, Hussites—had found

[1] Pontus Payen MS.

[2] "—— Ne tenoient autres propos à table que de reformer, l'estat, ecclesiastique, signamment les riches abbayes, scavoir vous convient, leur ostant les grands biens qui estoyent cause, si qu'ils disoyent, de leur mauvaise vie et les eriger en croisades que l'on pourroit conferer à une infinité des pauvres gentilhommes, qui seraient tenus de faire service . . . au lieu d'ung tas de faineans vivans à l'epicurienne, l'on auroit toujours une belle cavallerie à la main . . . au proffict du roy et soulagement du pays," etc., etc.—Pontus Payen MS.

numerous converts and thousands of martyrs, it was inevitable that there should be a response from the popular heart to the deeper agitation which now reached to the very core of Christendom.

The people were numerous, industrious, accustomed for centuries to a state of comparative civil freedom, and to a lively foreign trade, by which their minds were saved from the stagnation of bigotry. It was natural that they should begin to generalise, and to pass from the concrete images presented them in the Flemish monasteries to the abstract character of Rome itself. The Flemings, above all their other qualities, were a commercial nation. Commerce was the mother of their freedom, so far as they had acquired it in civil matters. It was struggling to give birth to a larger liberty—to freedom of conscience. The provinces were situated in the very heart of Europe. The blood of a world-wide traffic was daily coursing through the thousand arteries of that water-inwoven territory. There was a mutual exchange between the Netherlands and all the world; and ideas were as liberally interchanged as goods. Truth was imported as freely as less precious merchandise. The psalms of Marot were as current as the drugs of Molucca or the diamonds of Borneo. The prohibitory measures of a despotic government could not annihilate this intellectual trade, nor could bigotry devise an effective quarantine to exclude the religious pest which lurked in every bale of merchandise, and was wafted on every breeze from East and West.

The edicts of the Emperor had been endured, but not accepted. The horrible persecution under which so many thousands had sunk had produced its inevitable result. Fertilised by all this innocent blood, the soil of the Netherlands became as a watered garden, in which liberty, civil and religious, was to flourish perennially. The scaffold had its daily victims, but did not make a single convert. The statistics of these crimes will perhaps never be accurately adjusted; but those who love horrible details may find ample material. The chronicles contain the lists of these obscure martyrs; but their names, hardly pronounced in their lifetime, sound barbarously in our ears, and will never ring through the trumpet of fame. Yet they were men who dared and suffered as much as men can dare and suffer in this world, and for the noblest cause which can inspire humanity. Fanatics they certainly were not, if fanaticism consists in show without corresponding substance. For them all was terrible reality. The Emperor and his edicts were realities; the axe, the stake were realities; and the heroism with which men took each other by the hand and walked into the flames, or with which women sang a song of triumph while the gravedigger was shovelling the earth upon their living faces, was a reality also.

Thus the people of the Netherlands were already pervaded, throughout the whole extent of the country, with the expanding spirit of religious reformation. It was inevitable that sooner or later an explosion was to arrive. They were placed between two great countries, where the new principles had already taken root. The Lutheranism of Germany and the Calvinism of France had each its share in producing the Netherland revolt, but a mistake is often made in estimating the relative proportion of these several influences. The Reformation first entered the provinces, not through the Augsburg, but the Huguenot gate. The fiery field-preachers from the South of France first inflamed the excitable hearts of the kindred population of the south-western Netherlands. The Walloons were the first to rebel against and the first to reconcile themselves with papal Rome, exactly as their Celtic ancestors, fifteen centuries earlier, had been foremost in the revolt against imperial Rome, and precipitate in their submission to her overshadowing power. The Batavians, slower to be moved, but more steadfast, retained the impulse which they

received from the same source which was already agitating their "Welsh" compatriots. There were already French preachers at Valenciennes and Tournay, to be followed, as we shall have occasion to see, by many others. Without undervaluing the influence of the German Churches, and particularly of the garrison-preaching of the German military chaplains in the Netherlands, it may be safely asserted that the early Reformers of the provinces were mainly Huguenots in their belief. The Dutch Church became, accordingly, not Lutheran, but Calvinistic, and the founder of the commonwealth hardly ceased to be a nominal Catholic before he became an adherent to the same creed.

In the meantime, it is more natural to regard the great movement, pyschologically speaking, as a whole, whether it revealed itself in France, Germany, the Netherlands, England, or Scotland. The policy of governments, national character, individual interests, and other collateral circumstances, modified the result; but the great cause was the same, the source of all the movements was single. The Reformation in Germany had been adjourned for half a century by the Augsburg religious peace, just concluded. It was held in suspense in France through the Machiavellian policy which Catherine de Medici had just adopted, and was for several years to prosecute, of balancing one party against the other, so as to neutralise all power but her own. The great contest was accordingly transferred to the Netherlands, to be fought out for the rest of the century, while the whole of Christendom was to look anxiously for the result. From the East and from the West the clouds rolled away, leaving a comparatively bright and peaceful atmosphere, only that they might concentrate themselves with portentous blackness over the soil of the Netherlands. In Germany, the princes, not the people, had conquered Rome, and to the princes, not the people, were secured the benefits of the victory—the spoils of churches, and the right to worship according to conscience. The people had the right to conform to their ruler's creed, or to depart from his land. Still, as a matter of fact, many of the princes being reformers, a large mass of the population had acquired the privilege for their own generation and that of their children to practise that religion which they actually approved. This was a fact, and a more comfortable one than the necessity of choosing between what they considered wicked idolatry and the stake—the only election left to their Netherland brethren. In France, the accidental splinter from Montgomery's lance had deferred the Huguenot massacre for a dozen years. During the period in which the Queen Regent was resolved to play her fast and loose policy, all the persuasions of Philip and the arts of Alva were powerless to induce her to carry out the scheme which Henry had revealed to Orange in the Forest of Vincennes. When the crime came at last, it was as blundering as it was bloody—at once premeditated and accidental, the isolated execution of an inter-regal conspiracy, existing for half a generation, yet exploding without concert, a wholesale massacre, but a piecemeal plot.

The aristocracy and the masses being thus, from a variety of causes, in this agitated and dangerous condition, what were the measures of the Government?

The edict of 1550 had been re-enacted immediately after Philip's accession to sovereignty. It is necessary that the reader should be made acquainted with some of the leading provisions of this famous document, thus laid down above all the constitutions as the organic law of the land. A few plain facts, entirely without rhetorical varnish, will prove more impressive in this case than superfluous declamation. The American will judge whether the wrongs inflicted by Laud and Charles upon his Puritan ancestors were the severest that a people has had to undergo, and whether the Dutch Republic does not track its source to the same high religious origin as that of our own commonwealth.

"No one," said the edict,[1] "shall print, write, copy, keep, conceal, sell, buy, or give in churches, streets, or other places, any book or writing made by Martin Luther, John Ecolampadius, Ulrich Zwinglius, Martin Bucer, John Calvin, or other heretics reprobated by the Holy Church; . . . . nor break, nor otherwise injure the images of the Holy Virgin or canonised saints; . . . . nor in his house hold conventicles or illegal gatherings, or be present at any such in which the adherents of the above-mentioned heretics teach, baptize, and form conspiracies against the Holy Church and the general welfare. . . . . Moreover, we forbid," continues the edict, in name of the sovereign, "all lay persons *to converse or dispute concerning* the Holy Scriptures, openly or secretly, especially on any doubtful or difficult matters, or *to read, teach,* or *expound* the *Scriptures*, unless they have duly studied theology and been approved by some renowned university; . . . . or to preach, secretly or openly, or to *entertain* any of *the opinions* of the above-mentioned heretics; . . . . on pain, should any one be found to have contravened any of the points above mentioned, as perturbators of our state and of the general quiet, to be punished in the following manner." And how were they to be punished? What was the penalty inflicted upon the man or woman who owned a hymn-book, or who hazarded the opinion in private that Luther was not quite wrong in doubting the power of a monk to sell for money the license to commit murder or incest; or upon the parent, not being a Roman Catholic doctor of divinity, who should read Christ's Sermon on the Mount to his children in his own parlour or shop? How were crimes like these to be visited upon the transgressor? Was it by reprimand, fine, imprisonment, banishment, or by branding on the forehead, by the cropping of the ears or the slitting of nostrils, as was practised upon the Puritan fathers of New England for *their* nonconformity? It was by a sharper chastisement than any of these methods. The Puritan fathers of the Dutch Republic had to struggle against a darker doom. The edict went on to provide—"That such perturbators of the general quiet are to be executed, to wit: the men with the sword and the women to be buried alive, if they *do not* persist in their errors; if they do persist in them, then they are to be executed with fire; all their property in both cases being confiscated to the crown."

Thus the clemency of the sovereign permitted the *repentant* heretic to be beheaded or buried alive, instead of being burned.

The edict further provided against all misprision of heresy by making those who failed to betray the suspected liable to the same punishment as if suspected or convicted themselves. "We forbid," said the decree, "all persons to lodge, entertain, furnish with food, fire, or clothing, or otherwise to favour any one holden or notoriously suspected of being a heretic; . . . . and any one failing to denounce any such, we ordain shall be liable to the above-mentioned punishments."

The edict went on to provide, "that if any person, being not convicted of heresy or error, but greatly suspected thereof, and *therefore condemned* by the spiritual judge to abjure such heresy, or by the secular magistrate to make public fine and reparation, shall again become suspected or tainted with heresy, *although it should not appear that he has contravened* or violated *any one of our above-mentioned commands*—nevertheless, we do will and ordain that such person shall be considered as relapsed, and, as such, be *punished with loss of life* and property, *without any hope* of moderation or mitigation of the above-mentioned penalties."

Furthermore, it was decreed that "the spiritual judges, desiring to proceed

[1] The text of the edict is given by Bor, i. 7-12.

against any one for the crime of heresy, shall request any of our sovereign courts or provincial councils to appoint any one of their college, or such other adjunct as the council shall select, to preside over the proceedings to be instituted against the suspected. All who know of any person tainted with heresy are required to denounce and give them up to all judges, officers of the bishops, or others having authority on the premises, on pain of being punished according to the pleasure of the judge. Likewise, all shall be obliged, who know of any place where such heretics keep themselves, to declare them to the authorities, on pain of being held as accomplices, and punished as such heretics themselves would be if apprehended."

In order to secure the greatest number of arrests by a direct appeal to the most ignoble, but not the least powerful, principle of human nature, it was ordained "that *the informer*, in case of conviction, should be entitled to one-half the property of the accused, if not more than one hundred pounds Flemish; if more, then ten per cent. of all such excess."

Treachery to one's friends was encouraged by the provision, "that if any man being present at any secret conventicle, shall afterwards come forward and betray his fellow-members of the congregation, he shall receive full pardon."

In order that neither the good people of the Netherlands, nor the judges and inquisitors, should delude themselves with the notion that these fanatic decrees were only intended to inspire terror, not for practical execution, the sovereign continued to ordain—"To the end that the judges and officers may have no reason, under pretext that the penalties are too great and heavy, and only devised to terrify delinquents, to punish them less severely than they deserve, that the culprits be really punished by the penalties above declared; forbidding all judges to alter or moderate the penalties in any manner, *forbidding any one*, of whatsoever condition, to *ask of us* or of any one having authority, *to grant pardon*, or to present any petition in favour of such heretics, exiles, or fugitives, on penalty of being declared for ever incapable of civil and military office, and of being arbitrarily punished besides."

Such were the leading provisions of this famous edict, originally promulgated in 1550 as a recapitulation and condensation of all the previous ordinances of the Emperor upon religious subjects. By its style and title it was a perpetual edict, and, according to one of its clauses, was to be published forever once in every six months, in every city and village of the Netherlands. It had been promulgated at Augsburg, where the Emperor was holding a diet, upon the 25th of September. Its severity had so appalled the Dowager Queen of Hungary, that she had made a journey to Augsburg expressly to procure a mitigation of some of its provisions.[1] The principal alteration which she was able to obtain of the Emperor was, however, in the phraseology only. As a concession to popular prejudice, the words "spiritual judges" were substituted for "inquisitors," wherever that expression had occurred in the original draft.[2]

The edict had been re-enacted by the express advice of the Bishop of Arras immediately on the accession of Philip. The prelate knew the value of the Emperor's name; he may have thought, also, that it would be difficult to increase the sharpness of the ordinances. "I advised the King," says Granvelle, in a letter written a few years later, "to make no change in the placards, but to proclaim the text drawn up by the Emperor, republishing the whole as the King's edict, with express insertion of the phrase, 'Carolus,' &c. I recommended this lest men should calumniate his Majesty as wishing to introduce novelties in the matter of religion."[3]

[1] Viglii Epist. ad Diversos, cxlviii. Brandt, Historie der Reformatie in en omtrent de Nederlanden (Amst., 1677), i. 163, b. iii. Grotii Ann., i. 17.

[2] Brandt, Reformatie, ubi sup. Bor, i. 7–28.

[3] Papiers d'Etat, ix. 478, 470.

This edict, containing the provisions which have been laid before the reader, was now to be enforced with the utmost rigour; every official personage, from the stadholders down, having received the most stringent instructions to that effect under Philip's own hand. This was the first gift of Philip and of Granvelle to the Netherlands; of the monarch who said of himself that he had always, "from the beginning of his government, followed the path of clemency, according to his natural disposition, so well known to all the world;"[1] of the prelate who said of himself, "that he had ever combated the opinion that anything could be accomplished by terror, death, and violence."[2]

During the period of the French and Papal war, it has been seen that the execution of these edicts had been permitted to slacken. It was now resumed with redoubled fury. Moreover, a new measure had increased the disaffection and dismay of the people, already sufficiently filled with apprehension. As an additional security for the supremacy of the ancient religion, it had been thought desirable that the number of bishops should be increased. There were but four sees in the Netherlands,—those of Arras, Cambray, Tournay, and Utrecht. That of Utrecht was within the archiepiscopate of Cologne; the other three were within that of Rheims.[3] It seemed proper that the prelates of the Netherlands should owe no extra-provincial allegiance. It was likewise thought that three millions of souls required more than four spiritual superintendents. At any rate, whatever might be the interest of the flocks, it was certain that those broad and fertile pastures would sustain more than the present number of shepherds. The wealth of the religious houses in the provinces was very great. The abbey of Afflighem alone had a revenue of fifty thousand florins, and there were many others scarcely inferior in wealth.[4] But these institutions were comparatively independent both of King and Pope. Electing their own superiors from time to time, in nowise desirous of any change by which their ease might be disturbed and their riches endangered, the honest friars were not likely to engage in any very vigorous crusade against heresy, nor for the sake of introducing or strengthening Spanish institutions, which they knew to be abominated by the people, to take the risk of driving all their disciples into revolt and apostasy. Comforting themselves with an Erasmian philosophy, which they thought best suited to the times, they were as little likely as the Sage of Rotterdam himself would have been, to make martyrs of themselves for the sake of extirpating Calvinism. The abbots and monks were, in political matters, very much under the influence of the great nobles, in whose company they occupied the benches of the upper house of the States-general.

Dr. Francis Sonnius had been sent on a mission to the Pope for the purpose of representing the necessity of an increase in the Episcopal force of the Netherlands. Just as the King was taking his departure the commissioner arrived, bringing with him the Bull of Paul the Fourth dated May 18, 1559. This was afterwards confirmed by that of Pius the Fourth in January of the following year.[5] The document stated[6] that "Paul the Fourth, slave of slaves, wishing to provide for the welfare of the provinces and the eternal salvation of their inhabitants, had determined to plant in that fruitful field several new bishoprics. The enemy of mankind being abroad," said the Bull, "in so many forms at that particular time, and the Netherlands, then under the sway of that beloved son of his Holiness, Philip the Catholic, being compassed about with heretic and schismatic nations, it was believed that the eternal welfare of the land was in great danger. At the period of the original establishment of cathedral churches, the provinces had been sparsely peopled; they had now

[1] Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., ix. 46.
[2] Archives, etc., 187*.
[3] Wagenaer, vi. 62, 63.
[4] Bor, i. 23.
[5] Ibid., i. 24, sqq.
[6] See the document in Bor, i. 24-26

become filled to overflowing, so that the original ecclesiastical arrangement did not suffice. *The harvest was plentiful, but the labourers were few.*"

In consideration of these and other reasons, three archbishoprics were accordingly appointed. That of Mechlin was to be principal, under which were constituted six bishoprics, those, namely, of Antwerp, Bois le Duc, Rurmond, Ghent, Bruges, and Ypres. That of Cambray was second, with the four subordinate dioceses of Tournay, Arras, Saint Omer, and Namur. The third archbishopric was that of Utrecht, with the five sees of Haarlem, Middelburg, Leeuwarden, Groningen, and Deventer.[1]

The nomination to these important offices was granted to the King, subject to confirmation by the Pope. Moreover, it was ordained by the Bull that "each bishop should appoint *nine additional prebendaries*, who were to assist him in the matter of the *Inquisition* throughout his bishopric, *two of whom were themselves to be inquisitors.*"

To sustain these two great measures, through which Philip hoped once and for ever to extinguish the Netherland heresy, it was considered desirable that the Spanish troops still remaining in the provinces should be kept there indefinitely.[2]

The force was not large, amounting hardly to four thousand men, but they were unscrupulous, and admirably disciplined. As the entering wedge, by which a military and ecclesiastical despotism was eventually to be forced into the very heart of the land, they were invaluable. The moral effect to be hoped from the regular presence of a Spanish standing army during a time of peace in the Netherlands could hardly be exaggerated. Philip was therefore determined to employ every argument and subterfuge to detain the troops.

CHAPTER II.

Agitation in the Netherlands—The ancient charters resorted to as barriers against the measures of Government—"Joyous Entrance" of Brabant—Constitution of Holland—Growing unpopularity of Anthony Perrenot, Archbishop of Mechlin—Opposition to the new bishoprics by Orange, Egmont, and other influential nobles—Fury of the people at the continued presence of the foreign soldiery—Orange resigns the command of the legion—The troops recalled—Philip's personal attention to the details of persecution—Perrenot becomes Cardinal de Granvelle—All the power of government in his hands—His increasing unpopularity—Animosity and violence of Egmont towards the Cardinal—Relations between Orange and Granvelle—Ancient friendship gradually changing to enmity—Renewal of the magistracy at Antwerp—Quarrel between the Prince and Cardinal—Joint letter of Orange and Egmont to the King—Answer of the King—Indignation of Philip against Count Horn—Secret correspondence between the King and Cardinal—Remonstrances against the new bishoprics—Philip's private financial statements—Penury of the exchequer in Spain and in the provinces—Plan for debasing the coin—Marriage of William the Silent with the Princess of Lorraine circumvented—Negotiations for his matrimonial alliance with Princess Anna of Saxony—Correspondence between Granvelle and Philip upon the subject—Opposition of Landgrave Philip and of Philip the Second—Character and conduct of Elector Augustus—Mission of Count Schwartzburg—Communications of Orange to the King and to Duchess Margaret—Characteristic letter of Philip—Artful conduct of Granvelle and of the Regent—Visit of Orange to Dresden—Proposed "note" of Elector Augustus—Refusal of the Prince—Protest of the Landgrave against the marriage—Preparations for the wedding at Leipzig—Notarial instrument drawn up on the marriage day—Wedding ceremonies and festivities—Entrance of Granvelle into Mechlin as Archbishop—Compromise in Brabant between the abbeys and bishops.

THE years 1560 and 1561 were mainly occupied with the agitation and dismay produced by the causes set forth in the preceding chapter.

Against the arbitrary policy embodied in the edicts, the new bishoprics and the foreign soldiery, the Netherlanders appealed to their ancient constitutions.

[1] Bor, i. 24–26. Bentivoglio, i. 10. [2] Pontus Payen MS

These charters were called "handvests" in the vernacular Dutch and Flemish, because the sovereign made them fast with his hand. As already stated, Philip had made them faster than any of the princes of his house had ever done, so far as oath and signature could accomplish that purpose, both as hereditary prince in 1549, and as monarch in 1555. The reasons for the extensive and unconditional manner in which he swore to support the provincial charters have been already indicated.

Of these constitutions, that of Brabant, known by the title of the *joyeuse entrée blyde inkomst*, or blythe entrance, furnished the most decisive barrier against the present wholesale tyranny. First and foremost, the "joyous entry" provided, "that the prince of the land should not elevate the clerical state higher than of old has been customary and by former princes settled; unless by consent of the other two Estates, the nobility and the cities."[1]

Again, "the prince can prosecute no one of his subjects, nor any foreign resident, civilly or criminally, except in the ordinary and open courts of justice in the province, where the accused may answer and defend himself with the help of advocates."[2]

Further, "the prince shall appoint no foreigners to office in Brabant."[3]

Lastly, "should the prince, by force or otherwise, violate any of these privileges, the inhabitants of Brabant, after regular protest entered, are discharged of their oaths of allegiance, and, as free, independent, and unbound people, may conduct themselves exactly as seems to them best."[4]

Such were the leading features, so far as they regarded the points now at issue, of that famous constitution which was so highly esteemed in the Netherlands, that mothers came to the province in order to give birth to their children, who might thus enjoy, as a birthright, the privileges of Brabant. Yet the charters of the other provinces ought to have been as effective against the arbitrary course of the government.[5] "No foreigner," said the constitution of Holland, "is eligible as councillor, financier, magistrate, or member of a court. Justice can be administered only by the ordinary tribunals and magistrates. The ancient laws and customs shall remain inviolable. Should the prince infringe any of these provisions, no one is bound to obey him."[6]

These provisions from the Brabant and Holland charters are only cited as illustrative of the general spirit of the provincial constitutions. Nearly all the provinces possessed privileges equally ample, duly signed and sealed. So far as ink and sealing-wax could defend a land against sword and fire, the Netherlands were impregnable against the edicts and the renewed Episcopal Inquisition. Unfortunately, all history shows how feeble are barriers of paper or lambskin, even when hallowed with a monarch's oath, against the torrent of regal and ecclesiastical absolutism. It was on the reception in the provinces of the new and confirmatory Bull concerning the bishoprics, issued in January 1560, that the measure became known and the dissatisfaction manifest. The discontent was inevitable and universal. The ecclesiastical establishment, which was not to be enlarged or elevated but by consent of the Estates, was suddenly expanded into three archiepiscopates and fifteen bishoprics.

The administration of justice, which was only allowed in free and local courts, distinct for each province, was to be placed, so far as regarded the most important of human interests, in the hands of bishops and their creatures, many of them foreigners, and most of them monks. The lives and property of the whole population were to be at the mercy of these utterly irresponsible

[1] Die Blyde Inkomste dem Hertochdom v. Brabant, by Philippus, Conink v. Hispanien, solennlick geschworen. Gedruckt tot Cuelen, 1564. Compare Bor, i. 19; Meteren, i. 28.

[2] Ibid.

[3] Ibid.

[4] Ibid. Compare Apologie d'Orange, 69, 70.

[5] Bor, ubi sup. Meteren, 28, 29.

[6] Ibid. Ibid.

conclaves. All classes were outraged. The nobles were offended because ecclesiastics, perhaps foreign ecclesiastics, were to be empowered to sit in the provincial Estates and to control their proceedings, in place of easy, indolent, ignorant abbots and friars, who had generally accepted the influence of the great seigniors.[1] The priests were enraged because the religious houses were thus taken out of their control and confiscated to a bench of bishops, usurping the places of those superiors who had formerly been elected by and among themselves. The people were alarmed because the monasteries, although not respected nor popular, were at least charitable[2] and without ambition to exercise ecclesiastical cruelty; while, on the other hand, by the new episcopal arrangements, a force of thirty new inquisitors was added to the apparatus for enforcing orthodoxy already established. The odium of the measure was placed upon the head of that churchman, already appointed Archbishop of Mechlin, and soon to be known as Cardinal Granvelle. From this time forth, this prelate began to be regarded with a daily increasing aversion. He was looked upon as the incarnation of all the odious measures which had been devised; as the source of that policy of absolutism which revealed itself more and more rapidly after the King's departure from the country. It was for this reason that so much stress was laid by popular clamour upon the clause prohibiting foreigners from office. Granvelle was a Burgundian; his father had passed most of his active life in Spain, while both he and his more distinguished son were identified in the general mind with Spanish politics. To this prelate, then, were ascribed the edicts, the new bishoprics, and the continued presence of the foreign troops. The people were right as regarded the first accusation. They were mistaken as to the other charges.

The King had not consulted Anthony Perrenot with regard to the creation of the new bishoprics. The measure, which had been successively contemplated by Philip "the Good," by Charles the Bold, and by the Emperor Charles, had now been carried out by Philip the Second without the knowledge of the new Archbishop of Mechlin. The King had for once been able to deceive the astuteness of the prelate, and had concealed from him the intended arrangement until the arrival of Sonnius with the Bulls. Granvelle gave the reasons for this mystery with much simplicity. "His Majesty knew," he said, "that I should oppose it, as it was more honourable and lucrative to be one of four than one of eighteen."[3] In fact, according to his own statement, he lost money by becoming Archbishop of Mechlin and ceasing to be Bishop of Arras.[4] For these reasons he declined, more than once, the proffered dignity, and at last only accepted it from fear of giving offence to the King, and after having secured compensation for his alleged losses. In the same letter (of 29th May 1560) in which he thanked Philip for conferring upon him the rich abbey of St Armand, which he had solicited, in addition to the "merced" in ready money concerning the safe investment of which he had already sent directions, he observed that he was now willing to accept the archbishopric of Mechlin; notwithstanding the odium attached to the measure, notwithstanding his feeble powers, and notwithstanding that, during the life of the Bishop of Tournay, who was then *in rude health*, he could only receive three thousand ducats of the revenue, giving up Arras and gaining nothing in Mechlin; notwithstanding all this, and a thousand other things besides,

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[1] Papiers d'Etat, v. 309.

[2] Hoofd, i. 29. 30. Bor. i. 19. Meteren, i. 28.

[3] "—— Et l'on a voulu persuader aucuns que je fusse auteur de ceste nouvellité——et par sa lettre sa M. me dit que l'on me faisoit grand tort, confessant que en ceste negotiation elle s'estoit cachè de moy ——d'aultant que les aultres et trois evesques que nous estions lors et moy le contredisions, comme il estoit vrayssemblable, pour que il est plus honorable estre un de quatre que ung de dix-sept."—Memoir of Granvelle in Groen v Prinst., Archives, etc., i. 76. See also Archives, etc, viii. 54.

[4] "—— Et quant au prouffit je feroy apparoir qu'an revenu que je y ay receu perte notable." Ibid.

he assured his Majesty that "since the royal desire was so strong that he should accept, he would consider nothing so difficult that he would not at least attempt it."[1] Having made up his mind to take the see and support the new arrangements, he was resolved that his profits should be as large as possible. We have seen how he had already been enabled to indemnify himself. We shall find him soon afterwards importuning the King for the abbey of Afflighem, the enormous revenue of which the prelate thought would make another handsome addition to the rewards of his sacrifices. At the same time, he was most anxious that the people, and particularly the great nobles, should not ascribe the new establishment to him, as they persisted in doing. "They say that the episcopates were devised to gratify my ambition," he wrote to Philip two years later; "whereas your Majesty knows how steadily I refused the see of Mechlin, and that I only accepted it in order not to live in idleness, doing nothing for God and your Majesty."[2] He therefore instructed Philip, on several occasions, to make it known to the government of the Regent, to the seigniors, and to the country generally, that the measure had been arranged without his knowledge; that the Marquis Berghen had known of it first, and that the prelate had, in truth, been kept in the dark on the subject until the arrival of Sonnius with the Bulls. The King, always docile to his minister, accordingly wrote to the Duchess the statements required, in almost the exact phraseology suggested; taking pains to repeat the declaration on several occasions, both by letter and by word of mouth, to many influential persons.[3]

The people, however, persisted in identifying the Bishop with the scheme. They saw that he was the head of the new institutions; that he was to receive the lion's share of the confiscated abbeys, and that he was foremost in defending and carrying through the measure in spite of all opposition. That opposition waxed daily more bitter, till the Cardinal, notwithstanding that he characterised the arrangement to the King as "a holy work,"[4] and warmly assured Secretary Perez that he would contribute his fortune, his blood, and his life to its success,[5] was yet obliged to exclaim in the bitterness of his spirit, "Would to God that the erection of these new sees had never been thought of! Amen! Amen!"[6]

Foremost in resistance was the Prince of Orange. Although a Catholic, he had no relish for the horrible persecution which had been determined upon. The new bishoprics he characterised afterwards as parts "of one grand scheme for establishing the cruel Inquisition of Spain; the said bishops to serve as inquisitors, burners of bodies, and tyrants of conscience: two prebendaries in each see being actually constituted inquisitors."[7] For this reason he omitted no remonstrance on the subject to the Duchess, to Granvelle, and to the King. His efforts were seconded by Egmont, Berghen, and other influential nobles. Even Berlaymont was at first disposed to side with the opposition, but upon the argument used by the Duchess, that the bishoprics and prebends would furnish excellent places for his sons and other members of the aristocracy, he began warmly to support the measure.[8] Most of the labour, however, and all the odium of the business fell upon the Bishop's shoulders. There was still a large fund of loyalty left in the popular mind, which not even forty years of the Emperor's dominion had consumed, and which Philip was destined to draw upon as prodigally as if the treasure had been inexhaustible. For these reasons it still seemed most decorous to

[1] Papiers d'Etat, vi. 96, 98.
[2] Ibid., v. 552–562.
[3] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 207.
[4] "Tan sancta obra."—Papiers d'Etat, vi. 3.
[5] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 189.
[6] Papiers d'Etat, vi. 341: "—— Plugièra à Dios que jamas se huviera pensado en esta erection destas yglesias. Amen! Amen!"
[7] Apologie, 92, 93.
[8] Papiers d'Etat, vi. 332.

load all the hatred upon the minister's back, and to retain the consolatory formula that Philip was a prince, "clement, benign, and debonair."

The Bishop, true to his habitual conviction, that words, with the people, are much more important than things, was disposed to have the word "inquisitor" taken out of the text of the new decree. He was anxious at this juncture to make things pleasant, and he saw no reason why men should be unnecessarily startled. If the Inquisition could be *practised* and the *heretics burned*, he was in favour of its being done comfortably. The word "inquisitor" was unpopular, almost indecent. It was better to suppress the term and retain the thing. "People are afraid to speak of the new bishoprics," he wrote to Perez, "on account of the clause providing that of nine canons one shall be inquisitor. Hence people fear the Spanish Inquisition."[1] He therefore had written to the King to suggest instead, that the canons or graduates should be obliged to assist the bishop, according as he might command. Those terms would suffice, because, although not expressly stated, it was clear that the bishop was an *ordinary inquisitor; but it was necessary to expunge words that gave offence.*[2]

It was difficult, however, with all the Bishop's eloquence and dexterity, to construct an agreeable Inquisition. The people did not like it in any shape, and there were indications, not to be mistaken, that one day there would be a storm which it would be beyond human power to assuage. At present the people directed its indignation only upon a part of the machinery devised for their oppression. The Spanish troops were considered as a portion of the apparatus by which the new bishoprics and the edicts were to be forced into execution. Moreover, men were weary of the insolence and the pillage which these mercenaries had so long exercised in the land. When the King had been first requested to withdraw them, we have seen that he had burst into a violent passion. He had afterwards dissembled. Promising, at last, that they should all be sent from the country within three or four months after his departure, he had determined to use every artifice to detain them in the provinces. He had succeeded, by various subterfuges, in keeping them there fourteen months; but it was at last evident that their presence would no longer be tolerated. Towards the close of 1560 they were quartered in Walcheren and Brill. The Zelanders, however, had become so exasperated by their presence that they resolutely refused to lay a single hand upon the dykes, which, as usual at that season, required great repairs.[3] Rather than see their native soil profaned any longer by these hated foreign mercenaries, they would see it sunk for ever in the ocean. They swore to perish—men, women, and children together—in the waves, rather than endure longer the outrages which the soldiery daily inflicted. Such was the temper of the Zelanders that it was not thought wise to trifle with their irritation. The Bishop felt that it was no longer practicable to detain the troops, and that all the pretexts devised by Philip and his Government had become ineffectual. In a session of the State Council, held on the 25th October 1560,[4] he represented in the strongest terms to the Regent the necessity for the final departure of the troops. Viglius, who knew the character of his countrymen, strenuously seconded the proposal. Orange briefly but firmly expressed the same opinion, declining any longer to serve as commander of the legion, an office which, in conjunction with Egmont, he had accepted provisionally, with the best of motives, and on the pledge of Philip that the soldiers should be withdrawn. The Duchess urged that the order should at least be deferred until

[1] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 200.

[2] "Pues aunque no se diga, claro es que el obispo es inquisidor ordinario, sino que es menester quitar las palabras que ofenden."—Correspondance de Philippe II., i 200.

[3] Bor, i. 18–22. Strada, iii. 87.

[4] See a procès verbal of this session in Gachard, Documents Inédits, i. 330, 331.

the arrival of Count Egmont, then in Spain, but the proposition was unanimously negatived.[1]

Letters were accordingly written, in the name of the Regent, to the King. It was stated that the measure could no longer be delayed; that the provinces all agreed in this point, that so long as the foreigners remained not a stiver should be paid into the treasury; that if they had once set sail, the necessary amount for their arrears would be furnished to the Government; but that if they should return, it was probable that they would be resisted by the inhabitants with main force, and that they would only be allowed to enter the cities through a breach in their wall.[2] It was urged, moreover, that three or four thousand Spaniards would not be sufficient to coerce all the provinces, and that there was not money enough in the royal exchequer to pay the wages of a single company of the troops.[3] "It cuts me to the heart," wrote the Bishop to Philip, "to see the Spanish infantry leave us; but go they must. Would to God that we could devise any pretext, as your Majesty desires, under which to keep them here! We have tried all means humanly possible for retaining them, but I see no way to do it without putting the provinces in manifest danger of sudden revolt."[4]

Fortunately for the dignity of the Government, or for the repose of the country, a respectable motive was found for employing the legion elsewhere. The important loss which Spain had recently met with in the capture of Zerby, made a reinforcement necessary in the army engaged in the southern service. Thus, the disaster in Barbary at last relieved the Netherlands of the pest which had afflicted them so long.[5] For a brief breathing space the country was cleared of foreign mercenaries.

The growing unpopularity of the royal government, still typified, however, in the increasing hatred entertained for the Bishop, was not materially diminished by the departure of the Spaniards. The edicts and the bishoprics were still there, even if the soldiers were gone. The churchman worked faithfully to accomplish his master's business. Philip, on his side, was industrious to bring about the consummation of his measures. Ever occupied with details, the monarch, from his palace in Spain, sent frequent informations against the humblest individuals in the Netherlands. It is curious to observe the minute reticulations of tyranny which he had begun already to spin about a whole people, while, cold, venomous, and patient, he watched his victims from the centre of his web. He forwarded particular details to the Duchess and Cardinal concerning a variety of men and women, sending their names, ages, personal appearance, occupations, and residence, together with directions for their immediate immolation.[6] Even the inquisitors of Seville were set to work to increase, by means of their branches or agencies in the provinces, the royal information on this all-important subject. "There are but few of us left in the world," he moralised in a letter to the Bishop, "who care for religion. 'Tis necessary, therefore, for us to take the greater heed for Christianity. We must lose our all, if need be, in order to do our duty; for in

[1] See a procès verbal of this session in Gachard, Documents Inédits, i. 330, 331.

[2] Archives et Correspondance, i. 62.

[3] Meteren, i. 24. Bor, i. 18–22. Strada, iii. 87–89.

[4] "En el alma siento ver partir la infanteria Espaffola."—Papiers d'Etat, vi. 25.

"Conferi con su Alt. sobre el negocio de la quedada aqui de los Espaffoles, y se han intendado todas las vias humanamente possibiles, mas enfin no veo forma ny camino que, sin poner estos estados en manifiesto peligro de subita rebuelta, se puede diferir la execucion de su yda, si el tiempo lo consiente."—Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., i. 61.

[5] Meteren, i. 24. Bor, i. 18–22. Strada, iii. 87–89.

[6] Strada, iv. 142: "— — Gubernatricem doceret rationem haereticos intercipiendi; eorum tanquam vestigia et cubilia ipse monstraret: etiam *indice (quos habeo regiis litteris inclusos) ea diligentia confectos*, ita cujusque conditione *vicinia, ætate, statura ad unguem explicatis*." The Jesuit can hardly find words strong enough to express his admiration for the diligence thus displayed by the King; "ut miro profecto sit," he continues, "principem in tam multas distractum diversumque regnorum curas, huic rei *quasi per otium vacasse:* inquirendisque *hominibus plerumq. obscuris, sollicitudine* etiam in *privato cive admiranda* cogitationem manumque flexisse." Compare Hoofd, i. 38.

fine," added he, with his usual tautology, "it is right that a man should do his duty."[1]

Granvelle—as he must now be called, for his elevation to the cardinalship will be immediately alluded to—wrote to assure the King that every pains would be taken to ferret out and execute the individuals complained of.[2] He bewailed, however, the want of heartiness on the part of the Netherland inquisitors and judges. "I find," said he, "that all judicial officers go into the matter of executing the edicts with reluctance, which I believe is caused by their fear of displeasing the populace. When they do act, they do it but languidly, and when these matters are not taken in hand with the necessary liveliness, the fruit desired is not gathered. We do not fail to exhort and to command them to do their work.[3] He added that Viglius and Berlaymont displayed laudable zeal, but that he could not say as much for the Council of Brabant. Those councillors were "for ever prating," said he, "of the constitutional rights of their province, and deserved much less commendation."[4]

The popularity of the churchman, not increased by these desperate exertions to force an inhuman policy upon an unfortunate nation, received likewise no addition from his new elevation in rank. During the latter part of the year 1560, Margaret of Parma, who still entertained a profound admiration of the prelate, and had not yet begun to chafe under his smooth but imperious dominion, had been busy in preparing for him a delightful surprise. Without either his knowledge or that of the King, she had corresponded with the Pope, and succeeded in obtaining, as a personal favour to herself, the Cardinal's hat for Anthony Perrenot.[5] In February 1561, Cardinal Borromeo wrote announce that the coveted dignity had been bestowed.[6] The Duchess hastened, with joyous alacrity, to communicate the intelligence to the Bishop, but was extremely hurt to find that he steadily refused to assume his new dignity, until he had written to the King to announce the appointment, and to ask his permission to accept the honour.[7] The Duchess, justly wounded at his refusal to accept from her hands the favour which she, and she only, had obtained for him, endeavoured in vain to overcome his pertinacity. She represented that although Philip was not aware of the application or the appointment, he was certain to regard it as an agreeable surprise.[8] She urged, moreover, that his temporary refusal would be misconstrued at Rome, where it would certainly excite ridicule, and very possibly give offence in the highest quarter.[9] The Bishop was inexorable. He feared, says his panegyrist, that he might one day be on worse terms than at present with the Duchess, and that then she might reproach him with her former benefits.[10] He feared also that the King might, in consequence of the step, not look with satisfaction upon him at some future period, when he might stand in need of his favours.[11] He wrote, accordingly, a most characteristic letter to Philip, in which he informed him that he had been honoured with the Cardinal's hat. He observed that many persons were already congratulating him, but that before he made any demonstration of accepting or refusing, he waited for his Majesty's orders, upon his will he wished ever to depend. He also had the coolness, under the circumstances, to express his conviction that "*it was his Majesty who had secretly procured this favour from his Holiness.*"[12]

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1 "—— Y quan pocos ay ya en el mundo que curen della religion y assi los pocos que quedamos es menester que tengamos mas cuydado de la Christiandad y si fuere menester lo perdamos todo por hazer en esto lo que devemos; pero en fin es bien que hombre haga lo que deve."—Papiers d'Etat, vi. 149.

2 Papiers d'Etat, vi. 208–210. 3 Ibid.

4 "Con alegar à cada passo su joyeuse entrée."—Ibid.

5 Strada, iii. 92. Dom l'Evesque, Mémoires, i. 263–264.

6 Papiers d'Etat, vi. 296, 297.

7 Strada, iii. 93. Dom l'Evesque, i. 258.

8 Strada, Dom l'Evesque, ubi sup.

9 Dom l'Evesque, i. 258.

10 Ibid. 11 Ibid.

12 Papiers d'Etat, vi. 296, 297.

The King received the information very graciously, observing in reply, that although he had never made any suggestion of the kind, he had "often thought upon the subject."[1] The royal command was of course at once transmitted, that the dignity should be accepted. By special favour, moreover, the Pope dispensed the new Cardinal from the duty of going to Rome in person, and despatched his chamberlain, Theophilus Friso, to Brussels, with the red hat and tabbard.[2]

The prelate having thus reached the dignity to which he had long aspired, did not grow more humble in his deportment, or less zealous in the work through which he had already gained so much wealth and preferment. His conduct with regard to the edicts and bishoprics had already brought him into relations which were far from amicable with his colleagues in the council. More and more he began to take the control of affairs into his own hand. The Consulta, or secret committee of the State Council, constituted the real government of the country. Here the most important affairs were decided upon without the concurrence of the other seigniors, Orange, Egmont, and Glayon, who, at the same time, were held responsible for the action of Government. The Cardinal was smooth in manner, plausible of speech, generally even-tempered, but he was overbearing and blandly insolent. Accustomed to control royal personages under the garb of extreme obsequiousness, he began, in his intercourse with those of less exalted rank, to omit a portion of the subserviency while claiming a still more undisguised authority. To nobles like Egmont and Orange, who looked down upon the son of Nicolas Perrenot and Nicola Bonvalot as a person immeasurably beneath themselves in the social hierarchy, this conduct was sufficiently irritating. The Cardinal, placed as far above Philip, and even Margaret, in mental power as he was beneath them in worldly station, found it comparatively easy to deal with them amicably. With such a man as Egmont it was impossible for the churchman to maintain friendly relations. The Count, who, notwithstanding his romantic appearance, his brilliant exploits, and his interesting destiny, was but a commonplace character, soon conceived a mortal aversion to Granvelle. A rude soldier, entertaining no respect for science or letters, ignorant and overbearing, he was not the man to submit to the airs of superiority which pierced daily more and more decidedly through the conventional exterior of the Cardinal. Granvelle, on the other hand, entertained a gentle contempt for Egmont, which manifested itself in all his private letters to the King, and was sufficiently obvious in his deportment. There had also been distinct causes of animosity between them. The governorship of Hesdin having become vacant, Egmont, backed by Orange and other nobles, had demanded it for the Count de Roeulx, a gentleman of the Croy family, who, as well as his father, had rendered many important services to the crown.[3] The appointment was, however, bestowed, through Granvelle's influence, upon the Seigneur d'Helfault,[4] a gentleman of mediocre station and character, who was thought to possess no claims whatever to the office. Egmont, moreover, desired the abbey of Trulle for a poor relation of his own; but the Cardinal, to whom nothing in this way ever came amiss, had already obtained the King's permission to appropriate the abbey to himself.[5] Egmont was now furious against the prelate, and omitted no opportunity of expressing his aversion, both in his presence and behind his back. On one occasion, at least, his wrath exploded in something more than words. Exasperated by Granvelle's polished insolence in reply to his own violent language, he drew his dagger upon him in the presence

[1] Dom l'Evesque, i. 256–264. Papiers d'Etat, vi. 302, 303.
[2] Dom l'Evesque.
[3] Pontus Payen MS.
[4] Ibid.
[5] Dom l'Evesque, Mémoires, i. 231.

of the Regent herself, "and," says a contemporary, "would certainly have sent the Cardinal into the next world had he not been forcibly restrained by the Prince of Orange and other persons present, who warmly represented to him that such griefs were to be settled by deliberate advice, not by choler." [1] At the same time, while scenes like these were occurring in the very bosom of the State Council, Granvelle, in his confidential letters to Secretary Perez, asserted warmly that all reports of a want of harmony between himself and the other seigniors and councillors were false, and that the best relations existed among them all. It was not his intention, before it should be necessary, to let the King doubt his ability to govern the council according to the secret commission with which he had been invested.

His relations with Orange were longer in changing from friendship to open hostility. In the Prince the Cardinal met his match. He found himself confronted by an intellect as subtle, an experience as fertile in expedients, a temper as even, and a disposition sometimes as haughty as his own. He never affected to undervalue the mind of Orange. "'Tis a man of profound genius, vast ambition—dangerous, acute, politic," he wrote to the King at a very early period. The original relations between himself and the Prince had been very amicable. It hardly needed the prelate's great penetration to be aware that the friendship of so exalted a personage as the youthful heir to the principality of Orange, and to the vast possessions of the Chalons-Nassau house in Burgundy and the Netherlands, would be advantageous to the ambitious son of the Burgundian councillor Granvelle. The young man was the favourite of the Emperor from boyhood; his high rank and his remarkable talents marked him indisputably for one of the foremost men of the coming reign. Therefore it was politic in Perrenot to seize every opportunity of making himself useful to the Prince. He busied himself with securing, so far as it might be necessary to secure, the succession of William to his cousin's principality. It seems somewhat ludicrous for a merit to be made not only for Granvelle but for the Emperor, that the Prince should have been allowed to take an inheritance which the will of René de Nassau most unequivocally conferred, and which no living creature disputed.[2] Yet, because some of the crown lawyers had propounded the dogma that "the son of a heretic ought not to succeed," it was gravely stated, as an immense act of clemency upon the part of Charles the Fifth, that he had not confiscated the whole of the young Prince's heritage. In return, Granvelle's brother Jerome had obtained the governorship of the youth, upon whose majority he had received an honourable military appointment from his attached pupil. The prelate had afterwards recommended the marriage with the Count de Buren's heiress, and had used his influence with the Emperor to overcome certain objections entertained by Charles that the Prince, by this great accession of wealth, might be growing too powerful.[3] On the other hand, there were always many poor relations and dependants of Granvelle eager to be benefited by Orange's patronage, who lived in the Prince's household, or received handsome appointments from his generosity.[4] Thus, there had been great intimacy, founded upon various benefits mutually conferred; for it could hardly be asserted that the debt of friendship was wholly upon one side.

When Orange arrived in Brussels from a journey, he would go to the Bishop's before alighting at his own house.[5] When the churchman visited the Prince,

[1] Pontus Payen MS. Vander Haer alludes to, but discredits a similar story, according to which Egmont gave the Cardinal, publicly, a box on the ear. "Ut ——igi sermonibus diu fama valuerit, quæ Cardinalem ab Egmondane alapâ percussum mentiretur."—i. 180, 181. De Initiis Tum. Belg.

[2] Apologie d'Orange, 15–20.

[3] Pontus Payen MS.

[4] "—— Vous eussiez veu lors à sa maison un Abbé de Saverney frère dudt. Cardinal le servir de maistre d'hotel, un Bordet son cousin, son grand ecuyer autre une infinité de communications secretes et familières.'—Pontus Payen MS.

[5] Hoofd, i. 21 12.

he entered his bed-chamber without ceremony before he had risen; for it was William's custom through life to receive intimate acquaintances, and even to attend to important negotiations of state, while still in bed.

The show of this intimacy had lasted longer than its substance. Granvelle was the most politic of men, and the Prince had not served his apprenticeship at the court of Charles the Fifth to lay himself bare prematurely to the criticism or the animosity of the Cardinal with the recklessness of Horn and Egmont. An explosion came at last, however, and very soon after an exceedingly amicable correspondence between the two upon the subject of an edict of religious amnesty which Orange was preparing for his principality, and which Granvelle had recommended him not to make too lenient.[1] A few weeks after this, the Antwerp magistracy was to be renewed. The Prince, as hereditary burgrave of that city, was entitled to a large share of the appointing power in these political arrangements, which at the moment were of great importance. The citizens of Antwerp were in a state of excitement on the subject of the new bishops. They openly, and in the event successfully, resisted the installation of the new prelate for whom their city had been constituted a diocese. The Prince was known to be opposed to the measure, and to the whole system of ecclesiastical persecution. When the nominations for the new magistracy came before the Regent, she disposed of the whole matter in the secret consulta, without the knowledge, and in a manner opposed to the views, of Orange. He was then furnished with a list of the new magistrates, and was informed that he had been selected as commissioner along with Count Aremberg, to see that the appointments were carried into effect. The indignation of the Prince was extreme. He had already taken offence at some insolent expressions upon this topic which the Cardinal had permitted himself. He now sent back the commission to the Duchess, adding, it was said, that he was not her lackey, and that she might send some one else with her errands. The words were repeated in the State Council. There was a violent altercation—Orange vehemently resenting his appointment merely to carry out decisions in which he claimed an original voice. His ancestors, he said, had often changed the whole of the Antwerp magistracy by their own authority. It was a little too much that this matter, as well as every other state affair, should be controlled by the secret committee of which the Cardinal was the chief. Granvelle, on his side, was also in a rage. He flung from the council-chamber, summoned the Chancellor of Brabant, and demanded, amid bitter execrations against Orange, what common and obscure gentleman there might be whom he could appoint to execute the commission thus refused by the Prince and by Aremberg. He vowed that in all important matters he would, on future occasions, make use of nobles less inflated by pride, and more tractable than such grand seigniors. The Chancellor tried in vain to appease the churchman's wrath, representing that the city of Antwerp would be highly offended at the turn things were taking, and offering his services to induce the withdrawal, on the part of the Prince, of the language which had given so much offence. The Cardinal was inexorable and peremptory. "I will have nothing to do with the Prince, Master Chancellor," said he, "and these are matters which concern you not." Thus the conversation ended, and thus began the open state of hostilities between the great nobles and the Cardinal, which had been brooding so long.[2]

On the 23d July 1561, a few weeks after the scenes lately described, the Count of Egmont and the Prince of Orange addressed a joint letter to the King. They reminded him in this despatch that they had originally been

[1] Correspondance de Guill. le Tacit., ii. 15–22.
[2] Bakh. v. d. Brink, Het Huwelijk van W. v. Oranje, etc., pp. 47, 48.

reluctant to take office in the State Council, on account of their previous experience of the manner in which business had been conducted during the administration of the Duke of Savoy. They had feared that important matters of state might be transacted without their concurrence. The King had, however, assured them, when in Zeland, that all affairs would be uniformly treated in full council. If the contrary should ever prove the case, he had desired them to give him information to that effect, that he might instantly apply the remedy. They accordingly now gave him that information. They were consulted upon small matters: momentous affairs were decided upon in their absence. Still they would not even now have complained had not Cardinal Granvelle declared that all the members of the State Council were to be held responsible for its measures, whether they were present at its decisions or not. Not liking such responsibility, they requested the King either to accept their resignation or to give orders that all affairs should be communicated to the whole board, and deliberated upon by all the councillors.[1]

In a private letter, written some weeks later (August 15), Egmont begged Secretary Erasso to assure the King that their joint letter had not been dictated by passion, but by zeal for his service. It was impossible, he said, to imagine the insolence of the Cardinal, or to form an idea of the absolute authority which he arrogated.[2]

In truth, Granvelle, with all his keenness, could not see that Orange, Egmont, Berghen, Montigny, and the rest, were no longer pages and young captains of cavalry, while he was the politician and the statesman.[3] By six or seven years the senior of Egmont, and by sixteen years of Orange, he did not divest himself of the superciliousness of superior wisdom, not unjust nor so irritating when they had all been boys. In his deportment towards them, and in the whole tone of his private correspondence with Philip, there was revealed, almost in spite of himself, an affectation of authority, against which Egmont rebelled, and which the Prince was not the man to acknowledge. Philip answered the letter of the two nobles in his usual procrastinating manner. The Count of Horn, who was about leaving Spain (whither he had accompanied the King) for the Netherlands, would be intrusted with the resolution which he should think proper to take upon the subject suggested. In the meantime, he assured them that he did not doubt their zeal in his service.[4]

As to Count Horn, Granvelle had already prejudiced the King against him. Horn and the Cardinal had never been friends. A brother of the prelate had been an aspirant for the hand of the Admiral's sister, and had been somewhat contemptuously rejected.[5] Horn, a bold, vehement, and not very good-tempered personage, had long kept no terms with Granvelle, and did not pretend a friendship which he had never felt. Granvelle had just written to instruct the King that Horn was opposed bitterly to that measure which was nearest the King's heart—the new bishoprics. He had been using strong language, according to the Cardinal, in opposition to the scheme, while still in Spain. He therefore advised that his Majesty, *concealing, of course, the source* of the information, and speaking, as it were, out of the royal mind itself, should expostulate with the Admiral upon the subject.[6] Thus prompted, Philip was in no gracious humour when he received Count Horn, then about to leave Madrid for the Netherlands, and to take with him the King's promised answer to the communication of Orange and Egmont. His Majesty had rarely been known to exhibit so much anger towards any person as he manifested upon that occasion. After a few words from the Admiral, in which he expressed his

[1] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 195, 196.
[2] Ibid. [3] Bakhuyzen, 44, 45.
[4] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 197.
[5] La Déduction de l'Innocence du Comte de Hornes.
[6] Papiers d'Etat, vi. 338.

sympathy with the other Netherland nobles, and his aversion to Granvelle, in general terms, and in reply to Philip's interrogatories, the King fiercely interrupted him: "What! miserable man!" he vociferated; "you all complain of this Cardinal, and always in vague language. Not one of you, in spite of all my questions, can give me a single reason for your dissatisfaction."[1] With this the royal wrath boiled over in such unequivocal terms that the Admiral changed colour, and was so confused with indignation and astonishment that he was scarcely able to find his way out of the room.[2]

This was the commencement of Granvelle's long mortal combat with Egmont, Horn, and Orange. This was the first answer which the seigniors were to receive to their remonstrances against the churchman's arrogance. Philip was enraged that any opposition should be made to his coercive measures, particularly to the new bishoprics, the "holy work" which the Cardinal was ready to "consecrate his fortune and his blood" to advance. Granvelle fed his master's anger by constant communications as to the efforts made by distinguished individuals to delay the execution of the scheme. Assonville had informed him, he wrote, that much complaint had been made on the subject by several gentlemen at a supper of Count Egmont's. It was said that the King ought to have consulted them all, and the state councillors especially. The present nominees to the new episcopates were good enough, but it would be found, they said, that very improper personages would be afterwards appointed. The Estates ought not to permit the execution of the scheme. In short, continued Granvelle, "*there is the same kind of talk which brought about the recall of the Spanish troops.*"[3] A few months later, he wrote to inform Philip that a petition against the new bishoprics was about to be drawn up by "the two lords." They had two motives, according to the Cardinal, for this step: first, to let the King know that he could do nothing without their permission; secondly, because in the States assembly they were then the *cocks of the walk.*[4] They did not choose, therefore, that in the clerical branch of the Estates anybody should be above the abbots, whom they could frighten into doing whatever they chose.[5] At the end of the year, Granvelle again wrote to instruct his sovereign how to reply to the letter which *was about to be* addressed to him by the Prince of Orange and the Marquis Berghen on the subject of the bishoprics. They would tell him, he said, that the incorporation of the Brabant abbeys into the new bishoprics was contrary to the constitution of the "Joyful Entrance." Philip was, however, to make answer that he had consulted the universities, and those learned in the laws, and had satisfied himself that it was entirely constitutional. He was therefore advised to send his command that the Prince and Marquis should use all their influence to promote the success of the measure.[6] Thus fortified, the King was enabled not only to deal with the petition of the nobles, but also with the deputies from the Estates of Brabant, who arrived about this time at Madrid. To these envoys, who asked for the appointment of royal commissioners, with whom they might treat on the subject of the bishoprics, the abbeys, and the "Joyful Entrance," the King answered proudly, "that in matters which concerned the service of God, he was his own commissioner."[7] He afterwards, accordingly, recited to them, with great accuracy, the lesson which he had privately received from the ubiquitous Cardinal.

[1] "Quoi malheureux! Vous vous plaignez tous de cet homme, et n'y a personne quoy que je demande qui m'en saiche dire la cause."—Papiers d'Etat, viii. 443.

[2] Papiers d'Etat, viii. 443. [3] Ibid., vi. 261.

[4] "Como son los gallos de los estados."—Papiers d'Etat, vi. 307.

"No querrian que en el primer braço entre el de los prelados huviesse quien entendiesse y las osasse contradecir, que hazen de los abades frayles lo que quieren, poniendo les miedo."—Papiers d'Etat, vi. 307.

[5] Papiers d'Etat, vi. 463, 464.

[7] "Yo les mandè responder que por ser del servicio de Dios, lo queria yo mesmo."—Papiers d'Etat, vi. 504.

Philip was determined that no remonstrance from great nobles or from private citizens should interfere with the thorough execution of the grand scheme on which he was resolved, and of which the new bishoprics formed an important part. Opposition irritated him more and more, till his hatred of the opponents became deadly; but it, at the same time, confirmed him in his purpose. "'Tis no time to temporise," he wrote to Granvelle; "we must inflict chastisement with full rigour and severity. These rascals can only be made to do right through fear, and not always even by that means."[1]

At the same time, the royal finances did not admit of any very active measures, at the moment, to enforce obedience to a policy which was already so bitterly opposed. A rough estimate, made in the King's own handwriting, of the resources and obligations of his exchequer, a kind of balance-sheet for the years 1560 and 1561, drawn up much in the same manner as that in which a simple individual would make a note of his income and expenditure, gave but a dismal picture of his pecuniary condition. It served to show how intelligent a financier is despotism, and how little available are the resources of a mighty empire when regarded merely as private property, particularly when the owner chances to have the vanity of attending to all details himself. "Twenty millions of ducats," began the memorandum,[2] "will be required to disengage my revenues. But of this," added the King, with whimsical pathos for an account-book, "we will not speak at present, as the matter is so entirely impossible."[3] He then proceeded to enter the various items of expense which were to be met during the two years; such as so many millions due to the Fuggers (the Rothschilds of the sixteenth century), so many to merchants in Flanders, Seville, and other places, so much for Prince Doria's galleys, so much for three years' pay due to his guards, so much for his household expenditure, so much for the tuition of Don Carlos and Don Juan d'Austria, so much for salaries of ambassadors and councillors—mixing personal and state expenses, petty items and great loans, in one singular jumble, but arriving at a total demand upon his purse of ten millions nine hundred and ninety thousand ducats.

To meet this expenditure he painfully enumerated the funds upon which he could reckon for the two years. His ordinary rents and taxes being all deeply pledged, he could only calculate from that source upon two hundred thousand ducats. The Indian revenue, so called, was nearly spent; still it might yield him four hundred and twenty thousand ducats. The quicksilver mines would produce something, but so little as hardly to require mentioning. As to the other mines, they were equally unworthy of notice, being so very uncertain, and not doing as well as they were wont. The licenses accorded by the crown to carry slaves to America were put down at fifty thousand ducats for the two years. The product of the "crozada" and "cuarta," or money paid to him in small sums by individuals, with the permission of his Holiness, for the liberty of abstaining from the Church fasts, was estimated at five hundred thousand ducats. These and a few more meagre items only sufficed to stretch his income to a total of one million three hundred and thirty thousand for the two years, against an expenditure calculated at near eleven millions. "Thus, there are nine millions, less three thousand ducats, deficient," he concluded, ruefully (*and making a mistake in his figures in his own favour of six hundred and sixty-three thousand* besides), "which I may look for in the sky, or try to raise by inventions already exhausted."[4]

[1] "—— En las de la religion no se sufre temporizar sino castigarlos con todo rigor y serenidad, que estos vellacos sino es por miedo no hazen cosa buena y aun con el, no todas vezes."—Papiers d'Etat, vi. 421.

[2] The document is in the Papiers d'Etat de Granvelle (vi. 156–165), and is entitled, "Memorial de las Fiananças de España en los años 1560 et 1561."

[3] "—— Pero desto non se tracta agora como de cosa tam impossibile."—Papiers d'Etat, vi. 156–165.

[4] "Que se han de buscar del ayre y de invenciones que estan va tan buscadas como allà."—Ibid.

Thus the man who owned all America and half of Europe could only raise a million ducats a year from his estates. The possessor of all Peru and Mexico could reckon on "nothing worth mentioning" from his mines, and derived a precarious income mainly from permissions granted his subjects to carry on the slave-trade, and to eat meat on Fridays. This was certainly a gloomy condition of affairs for a monarch on the threshold of a war which was to outlast his own life and that of his children; a war in which the mere army expenses were to be half a million florins monthly, in which about seventy per cent. of the annual disbursements was to be regularly embezzled or appropriated by the hands through which it passed, and in which for every four men on paper, enrolled and paid for, only one, according to the average, was brought into the field.[1]

Granvelle, on the other hand, gave his master but little consolation from the aspect of financial affairs in the provinces. He assured him that "the government was often in such embarrassment as not to know where to look for ten ducats."[2] He complained bitterly that the States would meddle with the administration of money matters, and were slow in the granting of subsidies. The Cardinal felt especially outraged by the interference of these bodies with the disbursement of the sums which they voted. It has been seen that the States had already compelled the Government to withdraw the troops, much to the regret of Granvelle. They continued, however, to be intractable on the subject of supplies. "These are very vile things," he wrote to Philip, "this authority which they assume, this audacity with which they say whatever they think proper; and these impudent conditions which they affix to every proposition for subsidies."[3] The Cardinal protested that he had in vain attempted to convince them of their error, but that they remained perverse.

It was probably at this time that the plan for debasing the coin, suggested to Philip some time before by a skilful chemist named Malen, and always much approved of both by himself and Ruy Gomez, recurred to his mind. "Another and an extraordinary source of revenue, although perhaps not a very honourable one," wrote Suriano, "has hitherto been kept secret; and, on account of differences of opinion between the King and his confessor, has been discontinued." This source of revenue, it seemed, was found in "a certain powder, of which one ounce mixed with six ounces of quicksilver would make six ounces of silver." The composition was said to stand the test of the hammer, but not of the fire. Partly in consequence of theological scruples, and partly on account of opposition from the States, a project formed by the King to pay his army with this kind of silver was reluctantly abandoned. The invention, however, was so very agreeable to the King, and the inventor had received such liberal rewards, that it was supposed, according to the envoy, that in time of scarcity his Majesty would make use of such coin without reluctance.[4]

It is necessary before concluding this chapter, which relates the events of the years 1560 and 1561, to allude to an important affair which occupied

[1] Simon Styl, De Opkomst en Bloei der Vereenigde Nederlanden (Amst., 1778), p. 119. Compare Reidani Belgarum Annales (Lugd. Bat., 1633), lib. ii.

[2] Papiers d'Etat, vi. 180.

[3] "—— Y es tambien muy ruin cosa le authoridad que han tomado y la osada de dezir lo que se les antoja y de proponer condiciones tan desaforadas à que se los va opiniendo quanto se puede," etc., etc.—Papiers d'Etat, vi. 178–180.

[4] "—— N'e un altra straordinaria laqual perioché è poco honorevole ha pero tenuta secreta—quest è una industria che fu principiata gia due anni et piu con titolo di zecca ben conosciuta d'alcuni di questa citta ma non fu continuata essendo occorsi certi dispareri fra lui (Phil°. 2°) et il confessore per le mani del quale passo tutto questa prattica. Si trovi poi per un Tedesco Malines che le messe in opera et con un oncia di certa sua polvere et sei d'argento vivo fa sei oncie d'argento che sta al tocco et all martello ma non al fuoco et fa qualche opinione di valersene di quella sorte d'argento in pagar l'essercito: ma li stati non hanno voluto consentire perche con quest occasione tutto il buono oro si saria portato in altri paesi—— ma quest inventione e *molto grata al Re* et a *Ruy Gomez*, viene presentato largamente quello ch' l' ha rittrovato, si puo credere ch' in tempo di qualche stretteza, sua M. se ne valeria senza rispetto."—Suriano MS.

much attention during the whole of this period. This is the celebrated marriage of the Prince of Orange with the Princess Anna of Saxony. By many superficial writers, a moving cause of the great Netherland revolt was found in the connection of the great chieftain with this distinguished Lutheran house. One must have studied the characters and the times to very little purpose, however, to believe it possible that much influence could be exerted on the mind of William of Orange by such natures as those of Anna of Saxony, or of her uncle the Elector Augustus, surnamed "the Pious."

The Prince had become a widower in 1558, at the age of twenty-five. Granvelle, who was said to have been influential in arranging his first marriage, now proposed to him, after the year of mourning had expired, an alliance with Mademoiselle Renée,[1] daughter of the Duchess de Lorraine, and granddaughter of Christiern the Third of Denmark, and his wife Isabella, sister of the Emperor Charles the Fifth. Such a connection, not only with the royal house of Spain, but with that of France—for the young Duke of Lorraine, brother of the lady, had espoused the daughter of Henry the Second—was considered highly desirable by the Prince. Philip and the Duchess Margaret of Parma both approved, or pretended to approve, the match. At the same time the Dowager Duchess of Lorraine, mother of the intended bride, was a candidate, and a very urgent one, for the Regency of the Netherlands. Being a woman of restless ambition and intriguing character, she naturally saw in a man of William's station and talents a most desirable ally in her present and future schemes. On the other hand, Philip—who had made open protestation of his desire to connect the Prince thus closely with his own blood,[2] and had warmly recommended the match to the young lady's mother—soon afterwards, while walking one day with the Prince in the park at Brussels,[3] announced to him that the Duchess of Lorraine had declined his proposals.[4] Such a result astonished the Prince, who was on the best terms with the mother, and had been urging her appointment to the Regency with all his influence, having entirely withdrawn his own claims to that office. No satisfactory explanation was ever given of this singular conclusion to a courtship, begun with the apparent consent of all parties. It was hinted that the young lady did not fancy the Prince;[5] but, as it was not known that a word had ever been exchanged between them, as the Prince, in appearance and reputation, was one of the most brilliant cavaliers of the age, and as the approval of the bride was not usually a matter of primary consequence in such marriages of state, the mystery seemed to require a further solution. The Prince suspected Granvelle and the King, who were believed to have held mature and secret deliberation together, of insincerity. The Bishop was said to have expressed the opinion that although the friendship he bore the Prince would induce him to urge the marriage, yet his duty to his master made him think it questionable whether it were right to advance a personage already placed so high by birth, wealth, and popularity, still higher by so near an alliance with his Majesty's family.[6] The King, in consequence, secretly instructed the Duchess of Lorraine to decline the proposal, while at the same time he continued openly to advocate

[1] Pontus Payen MS.

[2] "—— Que V. Mté m'eust escript, par ses lettres, le desir que icelle avoit toujours eu de sa grandeur ——et que, désirant l'allier plus près de son sang, icelle avoit instance, telle qu'il sçavoit, pour procurer son mariage avec la fille aînée de Madame de Lorraine, comme il se pouvoit souvenir."—Letter of Margaret of Parma in Reiffenberg, Correspondance de Marg. d'Autriche, pp. 271, 272.

[3] Reiffenberg, pp. 273, 274.

[4] Ibid.

[5] "—— Mais comme l'affaire trainait er longueur et comme aucuns disent qu'il n'estoit à la bonne grace de la demoiselle."—Pontus Payen MS.

[6] "Granvelle antwoordde, dat de vriendschap de hy den Prinse droegh, hem dryven zoude, om het aan te raaden indien de trouw, die hy zynen meester schuldigh was, niet bedenkelyk vond een persoonadje, ondersteunt von oovergroote achbaarheit, en gunst der Landtzaaten, door't behuwen van zoo naa een bloedt verwandtschap zyner Majesteit, in top te trekken."—Hoofd, i. 35. This was precisely the same argument used by the Emperor Charles against the marriage with Mademoiselle de Buren, and successfully combated by Granvelle.

the connection.[1] The Prince is said to have discovered this double dealing, and to have found in it the only reasonable explanation of the whole transaction.[2] Moreover, the Duchess of Lorraine, finding herself equally duped, and her own ambitious scheme equally foiled by her unscrupulous cousin—who now, to the surprise of every one, appointed Margaret of Parma to be Regent, with the Bishop for her prime minister—had as little reason to be satisfied with the combinations of royal and ecclesiastical intrigue as the Prince of Orange himself. Soon after this unsatisfactory mystification, William turned his attentions to Germany. Anna of Saxony, daughter of the celebrated Elector Maurice, lived at the court of her uncle, the Elector Augustus. A musket-ball, perhaps a traitorous one, in an obscure action with Albert of Brandenbourg, had closed the adventurous career of her father seven years before.[3] The young lady, who was thought to have inherited much of his restless, stormy character, was sixteen years of age. She was far from handsome, was somewhat deformed, and limped.[4] Her marriage portion was deemed, for the times, an ample one; she had seventy thousand rixdollars in hand, and the reversion of thirty thousand on the death of John Frederic the Second, who had married her mother after the death of Maurice.[5] Her rank was accounted far higher in Germany than that of William of Nassau, and in this respect, rather than for pecuniary considerations, the marriage seemed a desirable one for him. The man who held the great Nassau-Chalons property, together with the heritage of Count Maximilian de Buren, could hardly have been tempted by a hundred thousand thalers. His own provision for the children who might spring from the proposed marriage was to be a settlement of seventy thousand florins annually.[6] The fortune which permitted of such liberality was not one to be very materially increased by a dowry which might seem enormous to many of the pauper princes of Germany. "The bride's portion," says a contemporary, "after all, scarcely paid for the banquets and magnificent festivals which celebrated the marriage. When the wedding was paid for, there was not a thaler remaining of the whole sum."[7] Nothing, then, could be more puerile than to accuse the Prince of mercenary motives in seeking this alliance; an accusation, however, which did not fail to be brought.

There were difficulties on both sides to be arranged before this marriage could take place. The bride was a Lutheran, the Prince was a Catholic. With regard to the religion of Orange, not the slightest doubt existed, nor was any deception attempted. Granvelle himself gave the most entire attestation of the Prince's orthodoxy. "This proposed marriage gives me great pain," he wrote to Philip, "but I have never had reason to suspect his principles."[8] In another letter he observed that he wished the marriage could be broken off; but that he hoped so much from the virtue of the Prince that nothing could suffice to separate him from the true religion.[9] On the other side, there was as little doubt as to his creed. Old Landgrave Philip of Hesse, grandfather of the young lady, was bitterly opposed to the match. "'Tis a Papist," said he, "who goes to mass, and eats no meat on fast-days."[10] He had no great objection to his character, but insurmountable ones to his religion. "Old Count William," said he, "was an evangelical lord to his dying day. This man is a Papist."[11] The marriage,

[1] Hooft, i. 35.

[2] Ibid. Compare Bakhuyzen v. d. Brink, Het Huwelijk, etc., 8–10, to whose publication on this most intricate subject every candid historical student must feel the deepest sense of obligation.

[3] Pfeilschmidt, p. 64. 9–11 July 1553.

[4] "—— Ungeschickten Leibes, wahrscheinlich etwas hinkend."—Böttiger, p. 87. [5] Ibid., 86.

[6] Ibid., 93. Compare Bakhuyzen, p. 15.

[7] "C'este Allemande qui ne luy avoit porté en mariage que cent à six vingt mille daldres, qui a grande peine avoit eu peu suffir pour payer les banquets, festins et magnificences de ces nopces payés lui estoit resté boni pas un daldre tant seulement du dot et portement de sa femme."—Pontus Payen MS.

[8] Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., i. 52.

[9] Archives, etc., i. 70.: "Yo todavia espero de la bondad y virtud del principe que no bastara todo esto para apartarle de la verdadera religion."

[10] Bakhuyzen, 34.

[11] V. Rommel, Philipp der Grosmüthige, iii. 319, sqq.; cited by Groen van Prinsterer, i. 59.

then, was to be a mixed marriage. It is necessary, however, to beware of anachronisms upon the subject. Lutherans were not yet formally denounced as heretics. On the contrary, it was exactly at this epoch that the Pope was inviting the Protestant princes of Germany to the Trent Council, where the schism was to be closed, and all the erring lambs to be received again into the bosom of the fold. So far from manifesting an outward hostility, the papal demeanour was conciliating. The letters of invitation from the Pope to the princes were sent by a legate, each commencing with the exordium, "To my beloved son," and were all sent back to his Holiness contemptuously, with the coarse jest for answer, "We believe our mothers to have been honest women, and hope that we had better fathers."[1] The great council had not yet given its decisions. Marriages were of continual occurrence, especially among princes and potentates, between the adherents of Rome and of the new religion. Even Philip had been most anxious to marry the Protestant Elizabeth, whom, had she been a peasant, he would unquestionably have burned, if in his power. Throughout Germany also, especially in high places, there was a disposition to cover up the religious controversy,[2] to abstain from disturbing the ashes where devastation still glowed, and was one day to rekindle itself. It was exceedingly difficult for any man, from the Archduke Maximilian down, to define his creed. A marriage, therefore, between a man and woman of discordant views upon this topic was not startling, although in general not considered desirable.

There were, however, especial reasons why this alliance should be distasteful both to Philip of Spain upon one side, and to the Landgrave Philip of Hesse on the other. The bride was the daughter of the Elector Maurice. In that one name were concentrated nearly all the disasters, disgrace, and disappointment of the Emperor's reign. It was Maurice who had hunted the Emperor through the Tyrolean mountains; it was Maurice who had compelled the peace of Passau; it was Maurice who had overthrown the Catholic Church in Germany; it was Maurice who had frustrated Philip's election as king of the Romans. If William of Orange must seek a wife among the pagans, could no other bride be found for him than the daughter of such a man?

Anna's grandfather, on the other hand, Landgrave Philip, was the celebrated victim to the force and fraud of Charles the Fifth. He saw in the proposed bridegroom a youth who had been from childhood the petted page and confidant of the hated Emperor, to whom he owed his long imprisonment. He saw in him, too, the intimate friend and ally—for the brooding quarrels of the State Council were not yet patent to the world—of the still more deeply-detested Granvelle; the crafty priest whose substitution of "einig" for "ewig" had inveigled him into that terrible captivity. These considerations alone would have made him unfriendly to the Prince, even had he not been a Catholic.

The Elector Augustus, however, uncle and guardian to the bride, was not only well disposed but eager for the marriage, and determined to overcome all obstacles, including the opposition of the Landgrave, without whose consent he had been long pledged not to bestow the hand of Anna. For this there was more than one reason. Augustus, who, in the words of one of the most acute historical critics of our day, was "a Byzantine Emperor of the lowest class, reappearing in electoral hat and mantle,"[3] was not firm in his rights to the dignity he held. He had inherited from his brother, but his brother had dispossessed John Frederic. Maurice, when turning against the Emperor, who had placed him in his cousin's seat, had not thought it expedient

[1] Groen v Prinst., Archives, etc., i. 92. [2] Bakhuyzen, 26-28.
[3] Baknuyzen, Het Hu :elijk, etc., p. 14.

to restore to the rightful owner the rank which he himself owed to the violence of Charles. Those claims might be revindicated, and Augustus be degraded in his turn, by a possible marriage of the Princess Anna with some turbulent or intriguing German potentate. Out of the land she was less likely to give trouble. The alliance, if not particularly desirable on the score of rank, was, in other worldly respects, a most brilliant one for his niece. As for the religious point, if he could overcome or circumvent the scruples of the Landgrave, he foresaw little difficulty in conquering his own conscience.

The Prince of Orange, it is evident, was placed in such a position that it would be difficult for him to satisfy all parties. He intended that the marriage, like all marriages among persons in high places at that day, should be upon the "*uti possidetis*" principle, which was the foundation of the religious peace of Germany. His wife, after marriage and removal to the Netherlands, would "live Catholically;" she would be considered as belonging to the same Church with her husband, was to give no offence to the Government, and bring no suspicion upon himself, by violating any of the religious decencies. Further than this, William, who *at that day* was an easy, indifferent Catholic, averse to papal persecutions, but almost equally averse to long puritanical prayers and faces, taking far more pleasure in worldly matters than in ecclesiastical controversies, was not disposed to advance in this thorny path. Having a stern bigot to deal with in Madrid, and another in Cassel, he soon convinced himself that he was not likely entirely to satisfy either, and thought it wiser simply to satisfy himself.

Early in 1560, Count Gunther de Schwartzburg, betrothed to the Prince's sister Catherine, together with Colonel George von Holl, were despatched to Germany to open the marriage negotiations. They found the Elector Augustus already ripe and anxious for the connection. It was easy for the envoys to satisfy all his requirements on the religious question. If, as the Elector afterwards stated to the Landgrave, they really promised that the young lady should be allowed to have an evangelical preacher in her own apartments, together with the befitting sacraments,[1] it is very certain that they travelled a good way out of their instructions, for such concessions were steadily refused by William[2] in person. It is, however, more probable that Augustus, whose slippery feet were disposed to slide smoothly and swiftly over this dangerous ground, had represented the Prince's communications under a favourable gloss of his own. At any rate, nothing in the subsequent proceedings justified the conclusions thus hastily formed.

The Landgrave Philip from the beginning manifested his repugnance to the match. As soon as the proposition had been received by Augustus, that potentate despatched Hans von Carlowitz to the grandfather at Cassel. The Prince of Orange, it was represented, was young, handsome, wealthy, a favourite of the Spanish monarch; the Princess Anna, on the other hand, said her uncle, was not likely to grow straighter or better proportioned in body, nor was her crooked and perverse character likely to improve with years. It was therefore desirable to find a settlement for her as soon as possible.[3] The Elector, however, would decide upon nothing without the Landgrave's consent.

To this frank and not very flattering statement, so far as the young lady was concerned, the Landgrave answered stoutly and characteristically. The Prince was a Spanish subject, he said, and would not be able to protect Anna in her belief, who would sooner or later become a fugitive: he was but a Count in Germany, and no fitting match for an Elector's daughter;[4] moreover, the

[1] Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., 82, 83. [2] Ibid.
[3] "Hans von Karlowitz sollte vorstellen dasz die *Prinzessin* in ihrem Alter schwerlich an geradem Wuchse und proportion des Leibes zunehmen werde, dabei von einer seltsamen Gemüthsart und hartem Sinne sei, und man daher billig auf ihre Versorgung bedacht sein müsse."—Böttiger, 93
[4] Böttiger, 94.

lady herself ought to be consulted, who had not even seen the Prince. If she were crooked in body, as the Elector stated, it was a shame to expose her; to conceal it, however, was questionable, as the Prince might complain afterwards that a straight princess had been promised, and a crooked one fraudulently substituted,[1] and so on, through a good deal more of such quaint casuistry, in which the Landgrave was accomplished. The amount of his answer, however, to the marriage proposal was an unequivocal negative, from which he never wavered.

In consequence of this opposition, the negotiations were for a time suspended. Augustus implored the Prince not to abandon the project, promising that every effort should be made to gain over the Landgrave, hinting that the old man might "go to his long rest soon," and even suggesting that if the worst came to the worst, he had bound himself to do nothing without the *knowledge* of the Landgrave, but was not obliged to wait for his *consent*.[2]

On the other hand, the Prince had communicated to the King of Spain the fact of the proposed marriage. He had also held many long conversations with the Regent and with Granvelle. In all these interviews he had uniformly used one language: his future wife was to "live as a Catholic,"[3] and if that point were not conceded, he would break off the negotiations. He did not pretend that she was to abjure the Protestant faith. The Duchess, in describing to Philip the conditions, as sketched to her by the Prince, stated expressly that Augustus of Saxony was to consent that his niece "should live Catholically after the marriage,"[4] but that it was quite improbable that "before the nuptials she would be permitted to abjure her errors, and receive necessary absolution, according to the rules of the Church."[5] The Duchess, while stating her full confidence in the orthodoxy of the Prince, expressed at the same time her fears that attempts might be made in the future by his new connections to "pervert him to their depraved opinions."[6]

A silence of many months ensued on the part of the sovereign, during which he was going through the laborious process of making up his mind, or rather of having it made up for him by people a thousand miles off. In the autumn Granvelle wrote to say that the Prince was very much surprised to have been kept so long waiting for a definite reply to his communications, made at the beginning of the year, concerning his intended marriage, and to learn at last that his Majesty had sent no answer, upon the ground that the match had been broken off; the fact being that the negotiations were proceeding more earnestly than ever.[7]

Nothing could be more helpless and more characteristic than the letter which Philip sent, thus pushed for a decision. "You wrote me," said he, "that you had hopes that this matter of the Prince's marriage would go no further, and seeing that you did not write oftener on the subject, I thought certainly that it had been terminated. This pleased me not a little, because it was the best thing that could be done. Likewise," continued the most tautological of monarchs, "I was much pleased that it should be done. Nevertheless," he added, if the marriage is to be proceeded with, *I really don't know what to say about it*, except to refer it to my sister, inasmuch as a

[1] "Da nun ober der Kurfürst melde, dasz sie einen ungeschickten Leib hätte, so wäre es schimpflich, ihm solches sehen zu lassen, zu verbergen aber um deswillen bedenklich, weil er alsdann sagen dürfte, dasz man ihm eine wohlgebildate Prinzessin angerühmt, eine ungeschickte aber listigerweise angehängt hätte," etc.—Böttiger, 94.

[2] "—— Dan im vortragk stunde nichts anders dan ohne vorwissen, und nicht ohne vorwilligung, derwegen die vorwilligung bei ihr Ch. Gu. allein stunde," etc.—Archives et Correspondance, i. 88.

"Ce raisonnement," observes M. Groen van Prinsterer, very judiciously, "a l'air d'un subterfuge peu honorable."—Archives et Correspondance, i. 88.

[3] "De sorte que le Prince fust asseuré d'eulx qu'elle vivroit catholicquement se mariant avec lui."—Letter of Marg. of Parma, Reiffenb., 261.

[4] Reiffenberg, 261.

[5] Ibid., 264.

[6] Ibid., 265.

[7] Papiers d'Etat, vi. 169, 170.

person being upon the spot can see better what can be done with regard to it, whether it be possible to prevent it, or whether it be best, if there is no remedy, to give permission. But if there be a remedy, it would be better to take it, because," concluded the King pathetically, "I don't see how the Prince could think of marrying with the daughter of the man who did to his Majesty, now in glory, that which Duke Maurice did."[1]

Armed with this luminous epistle, which, if it meant anything, meant a reluctant affirmation to the demand of the Prince for the royal consent, the Regent and Granvelle proceeded to summon William of Orange, and to catechise him in a manner most galling to his pride, and with a latitude not at all justified by any reasonable interpretation of the royal instructions.[2] They even informed him that his Majesty had assembled "certain persons learned in cases of conscience and versed in theology," according to whose advice a final decision, not yet possible, would be given at some future period.[3] This assembly of learned conscience-keepers and theologians had no existence save in the imagination of Granvelle and Margaret. The King's letter, blind and blundering as it was, gave the Duchess the right to decide in the affirmative on her own responsibility; yet fictions like these formed a part of the "dissimulation," which was accounted profound statesmanship by the disciples of Machiavelli. The Prince, however irritated, maintained his steadiness, assured the Regent that the negotiation had advanced too far to be abandoned, and repeated his assurance that the future Princess of Orange was to "live as a Catholic."

In December 1560, William made a visit to Dresden, where he was received by the Elector with great cordiality. This visit was conclusive as to the marriage. The appearance and accomplishments of the distinguished suitor made a profound impression upon the lady. Her heart was carried by storm. Finding, or fancying herself, very desperately enamoured of the proposed bridegroom, she soon manifested as much eagerness for the marriage as did her uncle, and expressed herself frequently with the violence which belonged to her character. "What God hath decreed," she said, "the devil should not hinder."[4]

The Prince was said to have exhibited much diligence in his attention to the services of the Protestant Church during his visit at Dresden.[5] As that visit lasted, however, but ten or eleven days, there was no great opportunity for showing much zeal.[6]

At the same period one William Knuttel was despatched by Orange on the forlorn hope of gaining the old Landgrave's consent, without making any vital concessions. "Will the Prince," asked the Landgrave, "permit my granddaughter to have an evangelical preacher in the house?" "No," answered Knuttel. "May she at least receive the sacrament of the Lord's Supper in her own chamber, according to the Lutheran form?" "No," answered Knuttel, "neither in Breda, nor anywhere else in the Netherlands. If she imperatively requires such sacraments, she must go over the border for them, to the nearest Protestant sovereign."[7]

Upon the 14th April 1561, the Elector, returning to the charge, caused a little note to be drawn up on the religious point, which he forwarded, in the hope that the Prince would copy and sign it. He added a promise that the

[1] "Vos me escrivistes que teniades esperanca que no passaria adelante la platica del casamiento del Principe d'Orange, y con ver que no se me scrivia mas della, yo pensè cierto que havia cessado, de que no holgava poco per que fuera lo mejor y lo que yo holgaria harto que se hiziesse: mas si todavia passa adelante no se que me dezir en ello, sino remitirlo à mi hermana, pues como quien esta sobre el negocio, vera mejor lo que se podra haser en el, o si se podra estorvar, y quando no huviere otro remedio, dar la licencia: mas quando le huviesse, seria lo mejor tomar le porque no sé como pueda parecer casarse el principe con hija del que hize con su majestad, que haya gloria, lo que el Duque Mauricio."—Papiers d'Etat, vi. 175, 176.

[2] Bakhuyzen, 41, 42. [3] Ibid.

[4] "Was Gott ausersehen werde der Teufel nicht wehren."—Böttiger, 101.

[5] Böttiger, 95. [6] Bakhuyzen, 62. [7] Ibid., 63.

memorandum should never be made public to the signer's disadvantage.[1] At the same time he observed to Count Louis verbally, "that he had been satisfied with the declarations made by the Prince when in Dresden, upon all points *except that concerning religion.* He therefore felt obliged to beg for a little agreement in writing."[2] "By no means! by no means!" interrupted Louis, promptly, at the very first word. "The Prince can give your Electoral Highness no such assurance. 'Twould be risking *life, honour*, and fortune to do so, as your grace is well aware."[3] The Elector protested that the declaration, if signed, should never come into the Spanish monarch's hands, and insisted upon sending it to the Prince.[4] Louis, in a letter to his brother, characterised the document as "singular, prolix, and artful," and strongly advised the Prince to have nothing to do with it.[5]

This note, which the Prince was thus requested to sign, and which his brother Louis thus strenuously advised him not to sign, the Prince never did sign. Its tenor was to the following effect:—The Princess, after marriage, was neither by menace nor persuasion to be turned from the true and pure Word of God, or the use of the sacrament according to the doctrines of the Augsburg Confession. The Prince was to allow her to read books written in accordance with the Augsburg Confession. The Prince was to permit her, as often, annually, as she required it, to go out of the Netherlands to some place where she could receive the sacrament according to the Augsburg Confession. In case she were in sickness or perils of childbirth, the Prince, if necessary, would call to her an evangelical preacher, who might administer to her the holy sacrament in her chamber. The children who might spring from the marriage were to be instructed as to the doctrines of the Augsburg Confession."[6]

Even if executed, this celebrated memorandum would hardly have been at variance with the declarations made by the Prince to the Spanish Government. He had never pretended that his bride was to become a Catholic, but only to live as a Catholic. All that he had promised, or was expected to promise, was that his wife should conform to the law in the Netherlands. The paper, in a general way, recognised that law. In case of absolute necessity, however, it was stipulated that the Princess should have the advantage of private sacraments. This certainly would have been a mortal offence in a Calvinist or Anabaptist, but for Lutherans the practice had never been so strict. Moreover, the Prince already repudiated the doctrines of the edicts, and rebelled against the command to administer them within his government. A general promise, therefore, made by him privately, in the sense of the memorandum drawn up by the Elector, would have been neither hypocritical nor deceitful, but worthy the man who looked over such grovelling heads as Granvelle and Philip on the one side, or Augustus of Saxony on the other, and estimated their religious pretences at exactly what they were worth. A formal document, however, technically according all these demands made by the Elector, would certainly be regarded by the Spanish Government as a very culpable instrument. The Prince never signed the note,[7] but, as we shall have occasion to

[1] Archives et Correspondance, i. 98.

[2] "So viel die püncten belangt do sich der Prinz gegen mich erkleret hat allhie zu Dresen, bin ich mit im gar wol zu friden und lasz es auch darbey bleiben *ausgenommen* so viel die religion belanget, so musz ich eine kleine verschreibung von im haben."—Archives, etc., i. 100, Letter of Louis de Nassau.

[3] Archives et Correspondance, i. 100, 101.

[4] Ibid. [5] Ibid.

[6] The note has been often published: V. *e.g.* Groen v. Prinst., Archives et Correspondance, i. 102, 103, Bakhuyzen, Het Huwelijk, etc., 75, 76.

[7] This has always been a disputed question. The opinion more generally entertained, particularly by the enemies of William, is that he did sign it. M. Bakhuyzen (82, sqq.), almost alone, maintains the contrary, against many distinguished publicists; and, after a strong chain of circumstantial evidence to make his position as firm as a negative usually can be made, arrives at the conclusion that a signed and sealed document to that effect never will be found (p. 86). I am fortunately able to attest the accuracy of his *a priori* argument, and to prove the negative by positive and indisputable evidence. According to the text of a notarial instrument executed on the 24th of August 1561, between four and five P.M., just before the marriage ceremony (a document still existing in the Royal Archives at Dresden, and published in the

state in its proper place, he gave a verbal declaration favourable to its tenor, but in very vague and brief terms, before a notary on the day of the marriage.

If the reader be of opinion that too much time has been expended upon the elucidation of this point, he should remember that the character of a great and good man is too precious a possession of history to be lightly abandoned. It is of no great consequence to ascertain the precise creed of Augustus of Saxony or of his niece; it is of comparatively little moment to fix the point at which William of Orange ceased to be an honest but liberal Catholic, and opened his heart to the light of the Reformation; but it is of very grave interest that his name should be cleared of the charge of deliberate fraud and hypocrisy. It has therefore been thought necessary to prove conclusively that the Prince never gave, in Dresden or Cassel, any assurance inconsistent with his assertions to King and Cardinal. The whole tone of his language and demeanour on the religious subject was exhibited in his reply to the Electress, who, immediately after the marriage, entreated that he would not pervert her niece from the paths of the true religion. "She shall not be troubled," said the Prince, "with such melancholy things. Instead of holy writ she shall read 'Amadis de Gaule,' and such books of pastime which discourse *de amore;* and instead of knitting and sewing she shall learn to dance a *galliarde*, and such *curtoisies* as are the mode of our country and suitable to her rank."[1]

The reply was careless, flippant, almost contemptuous. It is very certain that William of Orange was not yet the "father William" he was destined to become—grave, self-sacrificing, deeply religious, heroic; but it was equally evident from this language that he had small sympathy, either in public or private, with Lutheranism or theological controversy. Landgrave William was not far from right when he added, in his quaint style, after recalling this well-known reply, "Your grace will observe, therefore, that when the abbot has dice in his pocket, the convent will play."[2]

So great was the excitement at the little court of Cassel, that many Protestant princes and nobles declared that "they would sooner give their daughters to a boor or a swineherd than to a Papist."[3] The Landgrave was equally vigorous in his protest, drawn up in due form on the 26th April 1561. He was not used, he said, "to flatter or to tickle with a foxtail."[4] He was sorry if his language gave offence; nevertheless "the marriage was odious, and that was enough."[5] He had no especial objection to the Prince, "who before the world was a brave and honourable man." He conceded that his estates were large, although he hinted that his debts were also ample; allowed that he lived in magnificent style, had even heard "of one of his banquets, were all the tablecloths, plates, and everything else, were made of sugar,"[6] but thought he might be even a little too extravagant; concluding, after a good deal of skimble-skamble of this nature, with "protesting before God, the world, and all pious Christians, that he was not responsible for the marriage,

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first edition of this work), the Elector testified that the Prince never would and never did consent to make such a holographic signed and sealed instrument as the one in question. Whatever may be the opinion formed as to the general nature of the transaction, no one henceforth can pretend that the Prince of Orange executed the document in the manner in which he was requested to execute it.—V. postea.

[1] Extracts from this letter (of Landgrave William, son of Philip) have been published by Böttiger and others. I quote from the original in the Royal Archives at Dresden, partly in the handwriting of the Landgrave: "Was er nun darauff E. L. Gemahlin geantwortett das ist beydenn E. L. bewusst, nemblich, das er sie mit den melancoliachen Dingen nicht bemuhen wollte, sondern dos sie ann statt der heyligen schrift Amadis de Gaule und dergleichen Kurzweilige Bücher, die de Amore tractirten lesenn, und an statt strickens undt nahenns ein Galliarde tantzenn lernen solte und dergleichen curtoisie, wie solche etwa der Landt preuchlich undt wol stendig."

[2] MS. Dresden Archives: "Nunn haben E. L. zuerachten, wann der Appt werffel tregtt, das dem convent das spielenn erleubtt." The Landgrave was always as full of homely proverbs as Sancho Panza.

[3] V. Rommel in Böttiger, 102.

[4] "Wir nitgewondt sein zue fuchsschwentzen oder zue schmeicheln."—Böttiger, 104.

[5] "Es ist aber Odiosum, darumb wollen wirs dismals bleiben lassen."—Ibid. [6] Ibid., 104.

but only the Elector Augustus and others, who therefore would one day have to render account thereof to the Lord."[1]

Meantime the wedding had been fixed to take place on Sunday, the 24th August 1561. This was St Bartholomew's, a nuptial day which was not destined to be a happy one in the sixteenth century. The Landgrave and his family declined to be present at the wedding, but a large and brilliant company were invited. The King of Spain sent a bill of exchange to the Regent, that she might purchase a ring worth three thousand crowns, as a present on his part to the bride.[2] Besides this liberal evidence that his opposition to the marriage was withdrawn, he authorised his sister to appoint envoys from among the most distinguished nobles to represent him on the occasion. The Baron de Montigny, accordingly, with a brilliant company of gentlemen, was deputed by the Duchess, although she declined sending all the governors of the provinces, according to the request of the Prince.[3] The marriage was to take place at Leipsic. A slight picture of the wedding festivities, derived entirely from unpublished sources, may give some insight into the manners and customs of high life in Germany and the Netherlands at this epoch.[4]

The Kings of Spain and Denmark were invited, and were represented by special ambassadors. The Dukes of Brunswick, Lauenburg, Mecklenburg, the Elector and Margraves of Brandenburg, the Archbishop of Cologne, the Duke of Cleves, the Bishops of Naumburg, Meneburg, Meissen, with many other potentates, accepted the invitations, and came generally in person, a few only being represented by envoys. The town-councils of Erfurt, Leipsic, Magdeburg, and other cities, were also bidden. The bridegroom was personally accompanied by his brothers John, Adolphus, and Louis; by the Burens, the Leuchtenbergs, and various other distinguished personages.

As the electoral residence at Leipsic was not completely finished, separate dwellings were arranged for each of the sovereign families invited in private houses, mostly on the market-place. Here they were to be furnished with provisions by the Elector's officials, but they were to cook for themselves. For this purpose all the princes had been requested to bring their own cooks and butlers, together with their plate and kitchen utensils. The sovereigns themselves were to dine daily with the Elector at the townhouse, but the attendants and suite were to take their meals in their own lodgings. A brilliant collection of gentlemen and pages, appointed by the Elector to wait at his table, were ordered to assemble at Leipsic on the 22d, the guests having been all invited for the 23d. Many regulations were given to those noble youths, that they might discharge their duties with befitting decorum. Among other orders, they received particular injunctions that they were to abstain from all drinking among themselves, and from all riotous conduct whatever while the sovereigns and potentates should be at dinner. "It would be a shameful indecency," it was urged, "if the great people sitting at table should be unable to hear themselves talk on account of the screaming of the attendants."[5] This provision did not seem unreasonable. They were also instructed that if invited to drink by any personage at the great tables, they were respectfully to decline the challenge, and to explain the cause after the repast.

Particular arrangements were also made for the safety of the city. Besides

[1] Böttiger, 106.
[2] Correspondance de Marguerite d'Autriche, 184.
[3] Ibid., 288.
[4] There are many papers and documents in the Royal Archives of Dresden relating to this celebrated marriage. The collection which I have principally consulted for the following account is entitled, "Acta des Prinzen tzu Uranieun und Frawlein Annen tzu Saxen Beylager, 1561." It is entirely unpublished.
[5] "Dasz dieselben in dem Essgemache auf dem Rathhause des Zutrinkens und allen Geschrei während der ordentlichen Mahlzeiten sich enthalten sollten, indem dies nicht allien Unordnung und Mangel in der Aufwartung verursache, *sondern auch es ein schimpflicher* Uibelstand sei, wenn die fremden Herrschaften an der Tafel vor dem *Geschrei der Umstehenden ihr* eignes wort nicht hören konnten," etc.—MS. Dresden Archives, ubi sup

the regular guard of Leipsic, two hundred and twenty arquebusiers, spearmen, and halberdmen were ordered from the neighbouring towns. These were to be all dressed in uniform; one arm, side, and leg in black, and the other in yellow, according to a painting distributed beforehand to the various authorities. As a mounted patrole, Leipsic had a regular force of *two men*. These were now increased to ten, and received orders to ride with their lanterns up and down all the streets and lanes, to accost all persons whom they might find abroad without lights in their hands, to ask them their business in courteous language, and at the same time to see generally to the peace and safety of the town.[1] Fifty arquebusiers were appointed to protect the townhouse, and a burgher watch of six hundred were distributed in different quarters, especially to guard against fire.

On Saturday, the day before the wedding, the guests had all arrived at Leipsic, and the Prince of Orange with his friends at Meneburg. On Sunday, the 24th August, the Elector, at the head of his guests and attendants, in splendid array, rode forth to receive the bridegroom. His cavalcade numbered four thousand. William of Orange had arrived, accompanied by one thousand mounted men. The whole troop now entered the city together, escorting the Prince to the townhouse. Here he dismounted, and was received on the staircase by the Princess Anna, attended by her ladies. She immediately afterwards withdrew to her apartments.

It was at this point, between four and five P.M., that the Elector and Electress, with the bride and bridegroom, accompanied also by the Dame Sophia von Miltitz and the Councillors Hans von Ponika and Ubrich Woltersdorff upon one side, and by Count John of Nassau and Heinrich von Wiltberg upon the other, as witnesses, appeared before Wolf Seidel, notary, in a corner room of the upper story of the townhouse. One of the councillors, on the part of the Elector, then addressed the bridegroom. He observed that his Highness would remember, no doubt, the contents of a memorandum or billet sent by the Elector on the 14th April of that year, by the terms of which the Prince was to agree that he would neither by threat nor persuasion prevent his future wife from continuing in the Augsburg Confession; that he would allow her to go to places where she might receive the Augsburg sacraments; that in case of extreme need she should receive them in her chamber; and that the children who might spring from the marriage should be instructed as to the Augsburg doctrines. As, however, continued the councillor, his Highness the Prince of Orange has, for various reasons, declined giving any such agreement in writing, as therefore it had been arranged that before the marriage ceremony the Prince should, in the presence of the bride and other witnesses, make a verbal promise on the subject, and as the parties were now to be immediately united in marriage, therefore the Elector had no doubt that the Prince would make no objection in presence of those witnesses to give his consent to maintain the agreements comprised in the memorandum or note. The note was then read. Thereupon, the Prince answered verbally, "Gracious Elector, I remember the writing which you sent me on the 14th April. All the points just narrated by the Doctor were contained in it. I now state to your Highness that I will keep it all as becomes a prince, and conform to it." Thereupon he gave the Elector his hand.[2]

[1] "Als Reuterwache hatte der Rath zu Leipzig zwei Mann, diese wurden bis auf zehen mann gebracht, um mit ihren Leuchten die eine Gasse auf die andere ab zu reiten und die sich auf den Gassen ohne Licht treffen lassen *mit glimpflichen Worten zu Rede zu stellen*, dabei auch auf das Feuergute Acht zu haben." —MS. Dresden Archives, ubi sup.

The regulations have a remarkable resemblance to Dogberry's instructions to his watch.

[2] "Gnediger churfurst, ich kann mich des schreibens das mir, *e.g.*, dieser sachen halben under obebemeltem dato gaben freundtlich und wol erinnern, das alle die punct so der her Doctor itzunt erzelt dorinne begriffen, und thu, *e.g.*, hiemit zue sagenn das ich solchs alles furstlich wil halden und dem nach kommen, and hat solchs hierauf S. Ch. G. mit hand gebenden treu bewilligtt und zugesagt."—MS. Dresden Archives.

What now was the amount and meaning of this promise on the part of the Prince? Almost nothing. He would conform to the demands of the Elector, exactly as he had hitherto said he would conform to them. Taken in connection with his steady objections to sign and seal any instrument on the subject—with his distinct refusal to the Landgrave (through Knuttel) to allow the Princess an evangelical preacher or to receive the sacraments in the Netherlands—with the vehement, formal, and public protest on the part of the Landgrave against the marriage—with the Prince's declarations to the Elector at Dresden, which were satisfactory on all points save the religious point—what meaning could this verbal promise have, save that the Prince would do exactly as much with regard to the religious question as he had always promised, and no more? This was precisely what did happen. There was no pretence on the part of the Elector afterwards that any other arrangement had been contemplated. The Princess lived Catholically from the moment of her marriage, exactly as Orange had stated to the Duchess Margaret, and as the Elector knew would be the case. The first and the following children born of the marriage were baptized by Catholic priests, with very elaborate Catholic ceremonies, and this with the full consent of the Elector, who sent deputies and officiated as sponsor on one remarkable occasion.

Who, of all those guileless lambs, then, Philip of Spain, the Elector of Saxony, or Cardinal Granvelle, had been deceived by the language or actions of the Prince? Not one. It may be boldly asserted that the Prince, placed in a transition epoch, both of the age and of his own character, surrounded by the most artful and intriguing personages known to history, and involved in a network of most intricate and difficult circumstances, acquitted himself in a manner as honourable as it was prudent. It is difficult to regard the notarial instrument otherwise than as a memorandum, filed rather by Augustus than by William, in order to put upon record, for his own justification, his repeated though unsuccessful efforts to procure from the Prince a regularly signed, sealed, and holographic act upon the points stated in the famous note.

After the delay occasioned by these private formalities, the bridal procession, headed by the court musicians, followed by the court marshals, councillors, great officers of state, and the Electoral family, entered the grand hall of the townhouse. The nuptial ceremony was then performed by "the Superintendent Doctor Pfeffinger." Immediately afterwards, and in the same hall, the bride and bridegroom were placed publicly upon a splendid gilded bed, with gold-embroidered curtains, the Princess being conducted thither by the Elector and Electress. Confects and spiced drinks were then served to them and to the assembled company. After this ceremony they were conducted to their separate chambers to dress for dinner. Before they left the hall, however, Margrave Hans of Brandenburg, on the part of the Elector of Saxony, solemnly recommended the bride to her husband, exhorting him to cherish her with faith and affection, and "to leave her undisturbed in the recognised truth of the holy gospel and the right use of the sacraments."[1]

Five round tables were laid in the same hall immediately afterwards, each accommodating ten guests. As soon as the first course of twenty-five dishes had been put upon the chief table, the bride and bridegroom, the Elector and Electress, the Spanish and Danish envoys and others, were escorted to it, and the banquet began. During the repast, the Elector's choir and all the other bands discoursed the "merriest and most ingenious music." The noble

[1] "—— Sie bei der erkannten Wahrheit des heiligen Evangelii und dem rechten Branch und Genuss der hochwürdigen Sacramente unverhinderlich bleiben lassen wolle." — MS. Dresden Archives, Acta des P. z. Oranien et Frawlein Annen tzu Saxen Beylager 1561.

vassals handed the water, the napkins, and the wine, and everything was conducted decorously and appropriately. As soon as the dinner was brought to a close, the tables were cleared away, and the ball began in the same apartment. Dances, previously arranged, were performed, after which "confects and drinks" were again distributed, and the bridal pair were then conducted to the nuptial chamber.

The wedding, according to the Lutheran custom of the epoch, had thus taken place, not in a church,[1] but in a private dwelling; the hall of the town-house representing, on this occasion, the Elector's own saloons. On the following morning, however, a procession was formed at seven o'clock to conduct the newly-married couple to the church of St. Nicholas, there to receive an additional exhortation and benediction.[2] Two separate companies of gentlemen, attended by a great number of "fifers, drummers, and trumpeters," escorted the bride and bridegroom, "twelve counts, wearing each a scarf of the Princess Anna's colours, with golden garlands on their heads, and lighted torches in their hands," preceding her to the choir, where seats had been provided for the more illustrious portion of the company. The church had been magnificently decked in tapestry, and, as the company entered, a full orchestra performed several fine motettos. After listening to a long address from Dr. Pfeffinger, and receiving a blessing before the altar, the Prince and Princess of Orange returned, with their attendant processions, to the town-house.

After dinner, upon the same and the three following days, a tournament was held. The lists were on the market-place, on the side nearest the town-house; the Electress and the other ladies looking down from balcony and window to "rain influence and adjudge the prize." The chief hero of these jousts, according to the accounts in the Archives, was the Elector of Saxony. He "comported himself with such especial chivalry" that his far-famed namesake and remote successor, Augustus the Strong, could hardly have evinced more knightly prowess. On the first day he encountered George von Wiedebach, and unhorsed him so handsomely that the discomfited cavalier's shoulder was dislocated. On the following day he tilted with Michael von Denstedt, and was again victorious, hitting his adversary full in the target, and "bearing him off over his horse's tail so neatly, that the knight came down, heels over head, upon the earth."[3]

On Wednesday, there was what was called the palliatourney.[4] The Prince of Orange, at the head of six bands, amounting in all to twenty-nine men; the Margrave George of Brandenburg, with seven bands, comprising thirty-four men; and the Elector Augustus, with *one band* of *four men*, besides himself, all entered the lists. Lots were drawn for the "gate of honour," and gained by the Margrave, who accordingly defended it with his band. Twenty courses were then run between these champions and the Prince of Orange, with his men. The Brandenburgs broke seven lances, the Prince's party only six, so that Orange was obliged to leave the lists discomfited. The ever-victorious Augustus then took the field, and ran twenty courses against the defenders, breaking fourteen spears to the Brandenburgs' ten. The Margrave, thus defeated, surrendered the "gate of honour" to the Elector, who maintained it the rest of the day against all comers. It is fair to suppose, although

[1] MS. Dresden Archives, ubi sup.

[2] Böttiger, in his instructive and able work, has fallen into an error upon this point in stating that the marriage (Traung) took place in the Nicholas Church upon the 25th of August. The marriage, as we have seen, was in the city hall upon the preceding day. The bridal pair went upon the Monday following to the church, for the benediction. That day was called the "hochzeitliche Ehrentag," the day in honour of the wedding.—MS. Dresden Archives, Acta des P. z. Oranien, etc., Beylager, 1561. Compare Böttiger, 109.

[3] "Und ihn so geschwind ledig hintern Schwantz herabgerannt das er eher mit dem Ropfe als mit dem Fuessen zur Erde gekommen ist."—MS. Dresden Archives, ubi sup.

[4] "Pallia Rennen."—MS., ubi sup.

the fact is not recorded, that the Elector's original band had received some reinforcement. Otherwise, it would be difficult to account for these constant victories, except by ascribing more than mortal strength, as well as valour, to Augustus and his four champions. His party broke one hundred and fifty-six lances, of which number the Elector himself broke thirty-eight and a half. He received the first prize, but declined other guerdons adjudged to him. The reward for the hardest hitting was conferred on Wolf von Schonberg, "who thrust Kurt von Arnim clean out of the saddle, so that he fell against the barriers."[1]

On Thursday was the riding at the ring. The knights who partook of this sport wore various strange garbs over their armour. Some were disguised as hussars, some as miners, some as lansquenettes, others as Tartans, pilgrims, fools, bird-catchers, hunters, monks, peasants, or Netherland cuirassiers. Each party was attended by a party of musicians attired in similar costume. Moreover, Count Gunter von Schwartzburg made his appearance in the lists, accompanied "by five remarkable giants, of wonderful proportions and appearance, very ludicrous to behold, who performed all kind of odd antics on horseback."

The next day there was a foot tourney, followed in the evening by "mummeries" or masquerades. These masques were repeated on the following evening, and afforded great entertainment. The costumes were magnificent, "with golden and pearl embroidery," the dances were very merry and artistic, and the musicians, who formed a part of the company, exhibited remarkable talent. These "mummeries" had been brought by William of Orange from the Netherlands, at the express request of the Elector, on the ground that such matters were much better understood in the provinces than in Germany.

Such is a slight sketch of the revels by which this ill-fated Bartholomew marriage was celebrated. While William of Orange was thus employed in Germany, Granvelle seized the opportunity to make his entry into the city of Mechlin as archbishop, believing that such a step would be better accomplished in the absence of the Prince from the country.[2] The Cardinal found no one in the city to welcome him. None of the great nobles were there.[3] The people looked upon the procession with silent hatred. No man cried, God bless him. He wrote to the King that he should push forward the whole matter of bishoprics as fast as possible, adding the ridiculous assertion that the opposition came entirely from the nobility, and that "if the seigniors did not talk so much, not a man of the people would open his mouth on the subject."[4]

The remonstrances offered by the three Estates of Brabant against the scheme had not influenced Philip. He had replied in a peremptory tone. He had assured them that he had no intention of receding, and that the province of Brabant ought to feel itself indebted to him for having given them prelates instead of abbots to take care of their eternal interests, and for having erected their religious houses into episcopates.[5] The abbeys made what resistance they could, but were soon fain to come to a compromise with the bishops, who, according to the arrangement thus made, were to receive a certain portion of the abbey revenues, while the remainder was to belong to the institutions, together with a continuance of their right to elect their own chiefs, subordinate, however, to the approbation of the respective prelates of the diocese.[6] Thus was the episcopal matter settled in Brabant. In many

[1] MS., ubi sup.
[2] Papiers d'Etat, vi. 332.
[3] Hopper, Rec. et Mem., ciii. 24.
[4] Papiers d'Etat, vi. 332: "Si no hablaran tanto los señores, ne hablara hombre del pueblo nada."
[5] Bor, i. 28. [6] Hoofd, i. 37. Bor. Hopper, 29.

of the other bishoprics the new dignitaries were treated with disrespect as they made their entrance into their cities, while they experienced endless opposition and annoyance on attempting to take possession of the revenue assigned to them.

CHAPTER III.

The Inquisition the great cause of the revolt—The three varieties of the institution—The Spanish Inquisition described—The Episcopal Inquisition in the Netherlands—The Papal Inquisition established in the provinces by Charles V.—His instructions to the inquisitors—They are renewed by Philip—Inquisitor Titelmann—Instances of his manner of proceeding—Spanish and Netherland Inquisitions compared—Conduct of Granvelle—Faveau and Mallart condemned at Valenciennes—"Journée des maubrulés"—Severe measures at Valenciennes—Attack of the Rhetoric Clubs upon Granvelle—Granvelle's insinuations against Egmont and Simon Renard—Timidity of Viglius—Universal hatred towards the Cardinal—Buffoonery of Brederode and Lumey—Courage of Granvelle—Philip taxes the Netherlands for the suppression of the Huguenots in France—Meeting of the Knights of the Fleece—Assembly at the house of Orange—Demand upon the Estates for supplies—Montigny appointed envoy to Spain—Open and determined opposition to Granvelle—Secret representations by the Cardinal to Philip concerning Egmont and other seigniors—Line of conduct traced out for the King—Montigny's representations in Spain—Unsatisfactory result of his mission.

THE great cause of the revolt which, within a few years, was to break forth throughout the Netherlands, was the Inquisition. It is almost puerile to look further or deeper when such a source of convulsion lies at the very outset of any investigation. During the war there had been, for reasons already indicated, an occasional pause in the religious persecution. Philip had now returned to Spain, having arranged, with great precision, a comprehensive scheme for exterminating that religious belief which was already accepted by a very large portion of his Netherland subjects. From afar there rose upon the provinces the prophetic vision of a coming evil still more terrible than any which had yet oppressed them. As across the bright plains of Sicily, when the sun is rising, the vast pyramidal shadow of Mount Etna is definitely and visibly projected—the phantom of that ever-present enemy which holds fire and devastation in its bosom—so, in the morning hour of Philip's reign, the shadow of the Inquisition was cast from afar across those warm and smiling provinces—a spectre menacing fiercer flames and wider desolation than those which mere physical agencies could ever compass.

There has been a good deal of somewhat superfluous discussion concerning the different kinds of Inquisition. The distinction drawn between the papal, the episcopal, and the Spanish Inquisitions, did not, in the sixteenth century, convince many unsophisticated minds of the merits of the establishment in any of its shapes. However classified or entitled, it was a machine for inquiring into a man's thoughts, and for burning him if the result was not satisfactory.

The Spanish Inquisition, strictly so called, that is to say, the modern or later institution established by Pope Alexander the Sixth and Ferdinand the Catholic, was doubtless invested with a more complete apparatus for inflicting human misery and for appalling human imagination than any of the other less artfully arranged Inquisitions, whether Papal or Episcopal. It had been originally devised for Jews or Moors, whom the Christianity of the age did not regard as human beings, but who could not be banished without depopulating certain districts. It was soon, however, extended from pagans to heretics. The Dominican Torquemada was the first Moloch to be placed upon this pedestal of blood and fire, and from that day forward the "Holy Office" was almost exclusively in the hands of that band of brothers. In the eighteen

years of Torquemada's administration, ten thousand two hundred and twenty individuals were burned alive, and ninety-seven thousand three hundred and twenty-one punished with infamy, confiscation of property, or perpetual imprisonment, so that the total number of families destroyed by this one friar alone amounted to one hundred and fourteen thousand four hundred and one.[1] In course of time the jurisdiction of the office was extended. It taught the savages of India and America to shudder at the name of Christianity. The fear of its introduction froze the earlier heretics of Italy, France, and Germany into orthodoxy. It was a court owning allegiance to no temporal authority, superior to all other tribunals. It was a bench of monks without appeal, having its familiars in every house, diving into the secrets of every fireside, judging and executing its horrible decrees without responsibility. It condemned not deeds, but thoughts. It affected to descend into individual conscience, and to punish the crimes which it pretended to discover. Its process was reduced to a horrible simplicity. It arrested on suspicion, tortured till confession, and then punished by fire. Two witnesses, and those to separate facts, were sufficient to consign the victim to a loathsome dungeon. Here he was sparingly supplied with food, forbidden to speak, or even to sing —to which pastime it could hardly be thought he would feel much inclination —and then left to himself till famine and misery should break his spirit. When that time was supposed to have arrived, he was examined. Did he confess, and forswear his heresy, whether actually innocent or not, he might then assume the sacred shirt, and escape with confiscation of all his property. Did he persist in the avowal of his innocence, two witnesses sent him to the stake, one witness to the rack. He was informed of the testimony against him, but never confronted with the witness. That accuser might be his son, father, or the wife of his bosom, for all were enjoined, under the death-penalty, to inform the inquisitors of every suspicious word which might fall from their nearest relatives. The indictment being thus supported, the prisoner was tried by torture. The rack was the court of justice; the criminal's only advocate was his fortitude—for the nominal counsellor, who was permitted no communication with the prisoner, and was furnished neither with documents nor with power to procure evidence, was a puppet, aggravating the lawlessness of the proceedings by the mockery of legal forms. The torture took place at midnight, in a gloomy dungeon, dimly lighted by torches. The victim —whether man, matron, or tender virgin—was stripped naked and stretched upon the wooden bench. Water, weights, fires, pulleys, screws—all the apparatus by which the sinews could be strained without cracking, the bones bruised without breaking, and the body racked exquisitely without giving up its ghost —was now put into operation. The executioner, enveloped in a black robe from head to foot, with his eyes glaring at his victim through holes cut in the hood which muffled his face, practised successively all the forms of torture which the devilish ingenuity of the monks had invented. The imagination sickens when striving to keep pace with these dreadful realities. Those who wish to indulge their curiosity concerning the details of the system may easily satisfy themselves at the present day. The flood of light which has been poured upon the subject more than justifies the horror and the rebellion of the Netherlanders.

The period during which torture might be inflicted from day to day was unlimited in duration. It could only be terminated by confession; so that the scaffold was the sole refuge from the rack. Individuals have borne the torture and the dungeon fifteen years, and have been burned at the stake at last.

[1] Llorente, t. xiv.

Execution followed confession, but the number of condemned prisoners was allowed to accumulate, that a multitude of victims might grace each great gala-day. The *auto-da-fé* was a solemn festival. The monarch, the high functionaries of the land, the reverend clergy, the populace, regarded it as an inspiring and delightful recreation. When the appointed morning arrived, the victim was taken from his dungeon. He was then attired in a yellow robe without sleeves, like a herald's coat, embroidered all over with black figures of devils. A large conical paper mitre was placed upon his head, upon which was represented a human being in the midst of flames, surrounded by imps. His tongue was then painfully gagged, so that he could neither open nor shut his mouth. After he was thus accoutred, and just as he was leaving his cell, a breakfast, consisting of every delicacy, was placed before him, and he was urged, with ironical politeness, to satisfy his hunger. He was then led forth into the public square. The procession was formed with great pomp. It was headed by the little school children, who were immediately followed by the band of prisoners, each attired in the horrible yet ludicrous manner described. Then came the magistrates and nobility, the prelates and other dignitaries of the Church: the holy inquisitors, with their officials and familiars, followed, all on horseback, with the blood-red flag of the "sacred office" waving above them, blazoned upon either side with the portraits of Alexander and of Ferdinand, the pair of brothers who had established the institution. After the procession came the rabble. When all had reached the neighbourhood of the scaffold, and had been arranged in order, a sermon was preached to the assembled multitude. It was filled with laudations of the Inquisition, and with blasphemous revilings against the condemned prisoners. Then the sentences were read to the individual victims. Then the clergy chanted the fifty-first psalm, the whole vast throng uniting in one tremendous *miserere*. If a priest happened to be among the culprits, he was now stripped of the canonicals which he had hitherto worn, while his hands, lips, and shaven crown were scraped with a bit of glass, by which process the oil of his consecration was supposed to be removed. He was then thrown into the common herd. Those of the prisoners who were reconciled, and those whose execution was not yet appointed, were now separated from the others. The rest were compelled to mount a scaffold, where the executioner stood ready to conduct them to the fire. The inquisitors then delivered them into his hands, with an ironical request that he would deal with them tenderly, and without bloodletting or injury. Those who remained steadfast to the last were then burned at the stake; they who in the last extremity renounced their faith were strangled before being thrown into the flames. Such was the *Spanish* Inquisition—technically so called. It was, according to the biographer of Philip the Second, a "heavenly remedy, a guardian angel of Paradise, a lion's den, in which Daniel and other just men could sustain no injury, but in which perverse sinners were torn to pieces."[1] It was a tribunal superior to all human law, without appeal, and certainly owing no allegiance to the powers of earth or heaven. No rank, high or humble, was safe from its jurisdiction. The royal family were not sacred, nor the pauper's hovel. Even death afforded no protection. The Holy Office invaded the prince in his palace and the beggar in his shroud. The corpses of dead heretics were mutilated and burned. The inquisitors preyed upon carcases and rifled graves. A gorgeous festival of the Holy Office had, as we have seen, welcomed Philip to his native land. The news of these tremendous *autos-da-fé*, in which so many illustrious victims had been sacrificed before their sovereign's eyes, had reached the

[1] "Lago de los leones de Daniel que a los justos no hazen mal, y despedaçan los obstinados impenitentes pecadores, *remedio del cielo i Angel de la guarda del Paraiso*, etc.—Cabrera, v 236.

Netherlands almost simultaneously with the bulls creating the new bishoprics in the provinces. It was not likely that the measure would be rendered more palatable by this intelligence of the royal amusements.[1]

The *Spanish* Inquisition had never flourished in any soil but that of the peninsula. It is possible that the King and Granvelle were sincere in their protestations of entertaining no intention of introducing it into the Netherlands, although the protestations of such men are entitled to but little weight. The truth was, that the Inquisition existed already in the provinces. It was the main object of the Government to confirm and extend the institution. The Episcopal Inquisition, as we have already seen, had been enlarged by the enormous increase in the number of bishops, each of whom was to be head inquisitor in his diocese, with two special inquisitors under him. With this apparatus and with the edicts, as already described, it might seem that enough had already been done for the suppression of heresy. But more had been done. A regular Papal Inquisition also existed in the Netherlands. This establishment, like the edicts, was the gift of Charles the Fifth. A word of introduction is here again necessary—nor let the reader deem that too much time is devoted to this painful subject. On the contrary, no definite idea can be formed as to the character of the Netherland revolt without a thorough understanding of this great cause—the religious persecution in which the country had lived, breathed, and had its being, for half a century, and in which, had the rebellion not broken out at last, the population must have been either exterminated or entirely embruted. The few years which are immediately to occupy us in the present and succeeding chapter present the country in a daily increasing ferment from the action of causes which had existed long before, but which received an additional stimulus as the policy of the new reign developed itself.

Previously to the accession of Charles V., it cannot be said that an Inquisition had ever been established in the provinces. Isolated instances to the contrary, adduced by the canonists who gave their advice to Margaret of Parma, rather proved the absence than the existence of the system.[2] In the reign of Philip the Good, the vicar of the inquisitor-general gave sentence against some heretics who were burned in Lille (1448). In 1459, Pierre Troussart, a Jacobin monk, condemned many Waldenses, together with some leading citizens of Artois, accused of sorcery and heresy. He did this, however, as inquisitor for the Bishop of Arras, so that it was an act of Episcopal, and not Papal Inquisition.[3] In general, when inquisitors were wanted in the provinces, it was necessary to borrow them from France or Germany. The exigencies of persecution making a domestic staff desirable, Charles the Fifth, in the year 1522, applied to his ancient tutor, whom he had placed on the papal throne.[4]

Charles had, however, already in the previous year appointed Francis van

[1] Bor, iii. 113–119, who had used the works of his contemporaries, Gonsalvo Montano and Giorgio Nigrino; Hoofd, i. 30–34. Compare Llorente, Hist. Crit. de l'Inquis., particularly i. chap 8 and 9, and iv. c. 46 Van der Vynckt, i. 200–238; Hopper, p. ii. c. 9; Grot. Ann., i. 14, 15.

[2] Histoire des Causes de la Désunion, Révolte et Altérations des Pays-Bas depuis l'abdication de Charles Quint en 1555 jusqu'à la mort du Prince de Parme en 1592. Par Messire Renom de France, Chevalier, Seigneur de Noyelles, President d'Artois.—MS. Bibl de Bourgogne, i. chap. 5 et 7.

This important historical work, by a noble of the Walloon provinces, and a contemporary of the events he describes, has never been published. The distinguished M. Dumortier, of the "Commission Royale d'Histoire," has long promised an edition, which cannot fail to be as satisfactory as learning and experience can make it. The work is of considerable length, in five manuscript folio volumes. It was written mainly from the papers of Counsellor d'Assonleville. The almost complete revelations of state secrets in the inestimable publications of the Simancas Correspondence, by M. Gachard, has deprived the work, however, of a large portion of its value. On the subject of national politics and the general condition of the moment be compared to Bor in erudition, patience, or fulness of detail. He is a warm Catholic, but his style has not a tithe of the vividly descriptive and almost dramatic power of Pontus Payen, another contemporary Catholic historian, who well deserves publication.

[3] Renom de France MS., ubi sup.

[4] Ibid. Introduction to Gachard, Correspondance de Philippe II., vol. i.

der Hulst to be inquisitor-general for the Netherlands.[1] This man, whom Erasmus called a "wonderful enemy to learning," was also provided with a coadjutor, Nicholas of Egmond by name, a Carmelite monk, who was characterised by the same authority as "a madman armed with a sword." The inquisitor-general received full powers to cite, arrest, imprison, torture heretics, without observing the ordinary forms of law, and to cause his sentences to be executed without appeal.[2] He was, however, in pronouncing definite judgments, to take the advice of Laurens, president of the grand council of Mechlin, a coarse, cruel, and ignorant man, who "hated learning with a more than deadly hatred,"[3] and who might certainly be relied upon to sustain the severest judgments which the inquisitor might fulminate. Adrian accordingly commissioned Van der Hulst to be universal and general inquisitor for all the Netherlands.[4] At the same time it was expressly stated that his functions were not to supersede those exercised by the bishops as inquisitors in their own sees. Thus the Papal Inquisition was established in the provinces. Van der Hulst, a person of infamous character, was not the man to render the institution less odious than it was by its nature. Before he had fulfilled his duties two years, however, he was degraded from his office by the Emperor for having forged a document.[5] In 1525, Buedens, Houseau, and Coppin were confirmed by Clement the Seventh as inquisitors in the room of Van der Hulst. In 1537, Ruard Tapper and Michael Drutius were appointed by Paul the Third, on the decease of Coppin, the other two remaining in office. The powers of the papal inquisitors had been gradually extended, and they were, by 1545, not only entirely independent of the Episcopal Inquisition, but had acquired right of jurisdiction over bishops and archbishops, whom they were empowered to arrest and imprison. They had also received and exercised the privilege of appointing delegates, or sub-inquisitors, on their own authority. Much of the work was, indeed, performed by these officials, the most notorious of whom were Barbier, De Monte, Titelmann, Fabry, Campo de Zon, and Stryen.[6] In 1545, and again in 1550, a stringent set of instructions was drawn up by the Emperor for the guidance of these papal inquisitors. A glance at their context shows that the establishment was not intended to be an empty form.

They were empowered to inquire, proceed against, and chastise all heretics, all persons suspected of heresy, and their protectors.[7] Accompanied by a notary, they were to collect written information concerning every person in the provinces "infected or vehemently suspected." They were authorised to summon all subjects of his Majesty, whatever their rank, quality, or station, and to compel them to give evidence or to communicate suspicions. They were to punish all who pertinaciously refused such depositions with death. The Emperor commanded his presidents, judges, sheriffs, and all other judicial and executive officers, to render all "assistance to the inquisitors and their familiars in their holy and pious inquisition, whenever required so to do," on pain of being punished as encouragers of heresy—that is to say, with death. Whenever the inquisitors should be satisfied as to the heresy of any individual, they were to order his arrest and detention by the judge of the place, or by others arbitrarily to be selected by them. The judges or persons thus chosen were enjoined to fulfil the order, on pain of being punished as protectors of heresy—that is to say, with death by sword or fire. If the prisoner were an ecclesiastic, the inquisitor was to deal summarily with the case, "without noise or form in the process—selecting an imperial councillor to render the sentence of absolution or

[1] By commission, 23d April 1522. Gachard, Introduction, Philippe II., cix.
[2] Gachard, Introduction, etc., cix.
[3] Expression of Erasmus. Brandt, Reformatie, i. 93.
[4] By brief, June 1523. Gachard, Introd. Philippe II., i. cxi.
[5] Gachard, Introd. Philippe II., i. cxi.
[6] Ibid., cxiv.
[7] See the instructions in Vander Haer, i. 161–175.

condemnation."[1] If the prisoner were a lay person, the inquisitor was to order his punishment, according to the edicts, by the council of the province. In case of lay persons suspected but not convicted of heresy, the inquisitor was to proceed to their chastisement, "with the advice of a counsellor or some other expert." In conclusion, the Emperor ordered the "inquisitors to make it known that they were not doing their own work, but that of Christ, and to persuade all persons of this fact."[2] This clause of their instruction seemed difficult of accomplishment, for no reasonable person could doubt that Christ, had He reappeared in human form, would have been instantly crucified again, or burned alive in any place within the dominions of Charles or Philip. The blasphemy with which the name of Jesus was used by such men to sanctify all these nameless horrors is certainly not the least of their crimes.

In addition to these instructions, a special edict had been issued on the 26th April 1550, according to which all judicial officers, at the requisition of the inquisitors, were to render them all assistance in the execution of their office, by arresting and detaining all persons suspected of heresy, according to the instructions issued to said inquisitors; and this *notwithstanding any privileges or charters to the contrary.*[3] In short, the inquisitors were not subject to the civil authority, but the civil authority to them. The imperial edict empowered them "to chastise, degrade, denounce, and deliver over heretics to the secular judges for punishment; to make use of gaols, and to make arrests, without ordinary warrant, but merely with notice given to a single counsellor, *who was obliged to give sentence according to their desire*, without application to the ordinary judge."[4]

These instructions to the inquisitors had been renewed and confirmed by Philip *in the very first month of his reign*[5] (28th Nov. 1555). As in the case of the edicts, it had been thought desirable by Granvelle to make use of the supposed magic of the Emperor's name to hallow the whole machinery of persecution. The action of the system during the greater part of the imperial period had been terrible. Suffered for a time to languish during the French war, it had lately been renewed with additional vigour. Among all the inquisitors, the name of Peter Titelmann was now pre-eminent. He executed his infamous functions throughout Flanders, Douay, and Tournay, the most thriving and populous portions of the Netherlands, with a swiftness, precision, and even with a jocularity, which hardly seemed human. There was a kind of grim humour about the man. Contemporary chronicles give a picture of him as of some grotesque yet terrible goblin, careering through the country by night or day, alone, on horseback, smiting the trembling peasants on the head with a great club, spreading dismay far and wide, dragging suspected persons from their firesides or their beds, and thrusting them into dungeons, arresting, torturing, strangling, burning, with hardly the shadow of warrant, information, or process.[6]

The secular sheriff, familiarly called Red-rod, from the colour of his wand of office, meeting this inquisitor Titelmann one day upon the highroad, thus wonderingly addressed him:—"How can you venture to go about alone, or at most with an attendant or two, arresting people on every side, while I dare not attempt to execute my office except at the head of a strong force, armed in proof; and then only at the peril of my life?"

"Ah! Red-rod," answered Peter, jocosely, "you deal with bad people. I

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1 "Summatim et de plano sine figura et strepitu judicii et processu instructo," etc.—Vander Haer, 168.

2 "In hoc præcipue laborabunt dicti inquisitores ——ut omnibus persuadeant, se non quæ sua sunt, sed quæ sunt Christi quærere, hoc solum conantes."—V. Haer, 173

3 Brandt, Hist. Reformatie, i. 158.

4 Meteren, ii. 37. 5 Vander Haer, 175.

6 Brandt, i. 228; 168, et passim. Kock, Vaderl. Worterbuch; art. Titelmann. Compare the brilliantly written episode of Professor Altmeyer: "Une Succursale du Tribunal de Sang" (Brux., 1853), pp. 37, 38.

have nothing to fear, for I seize only the innocent and virtuous, who make no resistance, and let themselves be taken like lambs."

"Mighty well," said the other; "but if you arrest all the good people, and I all the bad, 'tis difficult to say who in the world is to escape chastisement."[1] The reply of the inquisitor has not been recorded, but there is no doubt that he proceeded like a strong man to run his day's course.

He was the most active of all the agents in the religious persecution at the epoch of which we are now treating, but he had been inquisitor for many years. The martyrology of the provinces reeks with his murders. He burned men for idle words or suspected thoughts; he rarely waited, according to his frank confession, for deeds. Hearing once that a certain schoolmaster named Geleyn de Muler, of Audenarde, "*was addicted to reading the Bible*," he summoned the culprit before him and accused him of heresy. The schoolmaster claimed, if he were guilty of any crime, to be tried before the judges of his town. "You are my prisoner," said Titelmann, "and are to answer me and none other." The inquisitor proceeded accordingly to catechise him, and soon satisfied himself of the schoolmaster's heresy. He commanded him to make immediate recantation. The schoolmaster refused. "Do you not love your wife and children?" asked the demoniac Titelmann. "God knows," answered the heretic, "that if the whole world were of gold, and my own, I would give it all only to have them with me, even had I to live on bread and water, and in bondage." "You have, then," answered the inquisitor, "only to renounce the error of your opinions." "Neither for wife, children, nor all the world, can I renounce my God and religious truth," answered the prisoner. Thereupon Titelmann sentenced him to the stake. He was strangled, and then thrown into the flames.[2]

At about the same time, Thomas Calberg, tapestry-weaver of Tournay, within the jurisdiction of the same inquisitor, was convicted of having copied some hymns from a book printed in Geneva. He was burned alive.[3] Another man, whose name has perished, was hacked to death with seven blows of a rusty sword, in presence of his wife, who was so horror-stricken that she died on the spot before her husband.[4] His crime, to be sure, was Anabaptism, the most deadly offence in the calendar. In the same year, one Walter Kapell was burned at the stake for heretical opinions.[5] He was a man of some property, and beloved by the poor people of Dixmuyde, in Flanders, where he resided, for his many charities. A poor idiot, who had been often fed by his bounty, called out to the inquisitor's subalterns, as they bound his patron to the stake, "Ye are bloody murderers; that man has done no wrong, but has given me bread to eat." With these words, he cast himself headlong into the flames to perish with his protector, but was with difficulty rescued by the officers.[6] A day or two afterwards he made his way to the stake, where the half-burnt skeleton of Walter Kapell still remained, took the body upon his shoulders, and carried it through the streets to the house of the chief burgomaster, where several other magistrates happened then to be in session. Forcing his way into their presence, he laid his burden at their feet, crying, "There, murderers! ye have eaten his flesh, now eat his bones!"[7] It has not been recorded whether Titelmann sent him to keep company with his friend in the next world. The fate of so obscure a victim could hardly find room on the crowded pages of the Netherland martyrdom.

This kind of work, which went on daily, did not increase the love of the

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[1] Brandt, Hist. der Reformatie, i. 228.
[2] Hist. des Martyrs, f. 227, clxvii.; apud Brandt, i. 168.
[3] Brandt, i. 169.
[4] Hist. der Doopsg. Mart., p. 229; apud Brandt, i. 167.
[5] Ibid. Ibid.
[6] Ibid.
[7] Ibid.

people for the Inquisition or the edicts. It terrified many, but it inspired more with that noble resistance to oppression, particularly to religious oppression, which is the sublimest instinct of human nature. Men confronted the terrible inquisitors with a courage equal to their cruelty. At Tournay, one of the chief cities of Titelmann's district, and almost before his eyes, one Bertrand le Blas, a velvet manufacturer, committed what was held an almost incredible crime. Having begged his wife and children to pray for a blessing upon what he was about to undertake, he went on Christmas-day to the Cathedral of Tournay, and stationed himself near the altar. Having awaited the moment in which the priest held on high the consecrated host, Le Blas then forced his way through the crowd, snatched the wafer from the hands of the astonished ecclesiastic, and broke it into bits, crying aloud, as he did so, "Misguided men! do ye take this thing to be Jesus Christ, your Lord and Saviour?" With these words, he threw the fragments on the ground and trampled them with his feet.[1] The amazement and horror were so universal at such an appalling offence, that not a finger was raised to arrest the criminal. Priests and congregation were alike paralysed, so that he would have found no difficulty in making his escape. He did not stir, however; he had come to the church determined to execute what he considered a sacred duty, and to abide the consequences. After a time he was apprehended. The inquisitor demanded if he repented of what he had done. He protested, on the contrary, that he gloried in the deed, and that he would die a hundred deaths to rescue from such daily profanation the name of his Redeemer, Christ. He was then put thrice to the torture, that he might be forced to reveal his accomplices. It did not seem in human power for one man to accomplish such a deed of darkness without confederates. Bertrand had none, however, and could denounce none. A frantic sentence was then devised as a feeble punishment for so much wickedness. He was dragged on a hurdle, with his mouth closed with an iron gag, to the market-place. Here his right hand and foot were burned and twisted off between two red-hot irons. His tongue was then torn out by the roots, and because he still endeavoured to call upon the name of God, the iron gag was again applied. With his arms and legs fastened together behind his back, he was then hooked by the middle of his body to an iron chain, and made to swing to and fro over a slow fire till he was entirely roasted. His life lasted almost to the end of these ingenious tortures, but his fortitude lasted as long as his life.[2]

In the next year, Titelmann caused one Robert Ogier, of Ryssel, in Flanders, to be arrested, together with his wife and two sons. Their crime consisted in not going to mass, and in practising private worship at home. They confessed the offence, for they protested that they could not endure to see the profanation of their Saviour's name in the idolatrous sacraments. They were asked what rites they practised in their own house. One of the sons, a mere boy, answered, "We fall on our knees, and pray to God that He may enlighten our hearts and forgive our sins. We pray for our sovereign, that his reign may be prosperous and his life peaceful. We also pray for the magistrates and others in authority, that God may protect and preserve them all." The

[1] Histoire des Martyrs. f. 356, cxcv.; apud Brandt, i. 171, 172. It may be well supposed that this would be regarded as a crime of almost inconceivable magnitude. It was death even to refuse to kneel in the streets when the wafer was carried by. Thus, for example, a poor huckster, named Simon, at Bergen-op-Zoom, who neglected to prostrate himself before his booth at the passage of the host, was immediately burned. Instances of the same punishment for that offence might be multiplied. In this particular case, it is recorded that the sheriff who was present at the execution was so much affected by the courage and fervour of the simple-minded victim, that he went home, took to his bed, became delirious, crying constantly, "Ah, Simon! Simon!" and died miserably, "notwithstanding all that the monks could do to console him."—Hist. des Doopsg. Mart., ii. 849, ccxxx.; apud Brandt, i. 167.

[2] Hist. des Martyrs, 356, cxcv.; apud Brandt, i. 171, 172. De la Barre, Recueil des Actes et Choses plus notables qui sont advenues ès Pays-Bas, MS., in the Brussels Archives, f. 16.

boy's simple eloquence drew tears even from the eyes of some of his judges; for the inquisitor had placed the case before the civil tribunal. The father and eldest son were, however, condemned to the flames. "O God!" prayed the youth at the stake, "Eternal Father, accept the sacrifice of our lives, in the name of Thy beloved Son." "Thou liest, scoundrel!" fiercely interrupted a monk who was lighting the fire; "God is not your father; ye are the devil's children." As the flames rose about them, the boy cried out once more, "Look, my father, all heaven is opening, and I see ten hundred thousand angels rejoicing over us. Let us be glad, for we are dying for the truth." "Thou liest! thou liest!" again screamed the monk; "all hell is opening, and you see ten thousand devils thrusting you into eternal fire." Eight days afterwards, the wife of Ogier and his other son were burned; so that there was an end of that family.[1]

Such are a few isolated specimens of the manner of proceeding in a single district of the Netherlands. The inquisitor Titelmann certainly deserved his terrible reputation. Men called him Saul the Persecutor, and it was well known that he had been originally tainted with the heresy which he had, for so many years, been furiously chastising.[2] At the epoch which now engages our attention, he felt stimulated by the avowed policy of the Government to fresh exertions, by which all his previous achievements should be cast into the shade. In one day he broke into a house in Ryssel, seized John de Swarte, his wife and four children, together with two newly-married couples, and two other persons, convicted them of reading the Bible, and of praying in their own doors, and had them all immediately burned.[3]

Are these things related merely to excite superfluous horror? Are the sufferings of these obscure Christians beneath the dignity of history? Is it not better to deal with murder and oppression in the abstract, without entering into trivial details? The answer is, that these things *are* the history of the Netherlands at this epoch; that these hideous details furnish the causes of that immense movement, out of which a great republic was born and an ancient tyranny destroyed; and that Cardinal Granvelle was ridiculous when he asserted that the people would not open their mouths if the seigniors did not make such a noise. Because the great lords "owed their very souls"[4] —because convulsions might help to pay their debts, and furnish forth their masquerades and banquets—because the Prince of Orange was ambitious, and Egmont jealous of the Cardinal—therefore superficial writers found it quite natural that the country should be disturbed, although that "vile and mischievous animal, the people," might have no objection to a continuance of the system which had been at work so long. On the contrary, it was exactly because the movement was a popular and a religious movement that it will always retain its place among the most important events of history. Dignified documents, state papers, solemn treaties, are often of no more value than the lambskin on which they are engrossed. Ten thousand nameless victims, in the cause of religious and civil freedom may build up great states and alter the aspect of whole continents.

The nobles, no doubt, were conspicuous, and it is well for the cause of the right that, as in the early hours of English liberty, the crown and mitre were opposed by the baron's sword and shield. Had all the seigniors made common cause with Philip and Granvelle, instead of setting their breasts against the Inquisition, the cause of truth and liberty would have been still more desperate.

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[1] Hist. des Martyrs, 233, 385, 387, 388; apud Brandt, i. 193–197.

[2] Jacobus Kok, Vaderlandsche Woordenboek, t. 27; art. Titelmann.

[3] Brandt, i. 259.

[4] Papiers d'Etat, vii. 52: "Deven todos el alma."

Nevertheless they were directed and controlled under Providence, by humbler but more powerful agencies than their own.

Nor is it, perhaps, always better to rely upon abstract phraseology to produce a necessary impression. Upon some minds, declamation concerning liberty of conscience and religious tyranny makes but a vague impression, while an effect may be produced upon them, for example, by a dry, concrete, cynical entry in an account-book, such as the following, taken at hazard from the register of municipal expenses at Tournay, during the years with which we are now occupied:[1]

"To Mr. Jacques Barra, executioner, for having tortured, twice, Jean de Lannoy, ten sous.

"To the same, for having executed, by fire, said Lannoy, sixty sous. For having thrown his cinders into the river, eight sous."[2]

This was the treatment to which thousands had been subjected in the provinces. Men, women, and children were burned, and their "cinders" thrown away, for idle words against Rome, spoken years before,[3] for praying alone in their closets, for not kneeling to a wafer when they met it in the streets,[4] for thoughts to which they had never given utterance, but which, on inquiry, they were too honest to deny. Certainly with this work going on year after year in every city in the Netherlands, and now set into renewed and vigorous action by a man who wore a crown only that he might the better torture his fellow-creatures, it was time that the very stones in the streets should be moved to mutiny.

Thus it may be seen of how much value were the protestations of Philip and of Granvelle, on which much stress has latterly been laid, that it was not their intention to introduce the Spanish Inquisition. With the edicts and the Netherlands Inquisition, such as we have described them, the step was hardly necessary.

In fact, the main difference between the two institutions consisted in the greater efficiency of the Spanish in discovering such of its victims as were disposed to deny their faith. Devised originally for more timorous and less conscientious infidels, who were often disposed to skulk in obscure places, and to renounce without really abandoning their errors, it was provided with a set of venomous familiars, who glided through every chamber and coiled themselves at every fireside. The secret details of each household in the realm being therefore known to the Holy Office and to the monarch, no infidel or heretic could escape discovery. This invisible machinery was less requisite for the Netherlands. There was comparatively little difficulty in ferreting out the "vermin"[5]—to use the expression of a Walloon historian of that age—so that it was only necessary to maintain in good working order the apparatus for destroying the noxious creatures when unearthed. The heretics of the provinces assembled at each other's houses to practise those rights described in such simple language by Baldwin Ogier, and denounced under such horrible penalties by the edicts. The inquisitorial system of Spain was hardly necessary for men who had but little prudence in concealing, and no inclination to disavow their creed. "It is quite a laughable matter," wrote Granvelle, who occasionally took a comic view of the Inquisition, "that the King should send us depositions made in Spain by which we are to hunt for heretics here, as if we did not know of thousands already. Would that I had as many doubloons of annual income," he added, "as there are public and professed heretics in the provinces."[6] No doubt the Inquisition was in such eyes a most desirable

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[1] Gachard, Rapport concernant les Archives de Lille, 87.
[2] Ibid.
[3] Brandt, i. 243.
[4] Ibid., i. passim.
[5] Renom de France, i. 13, MS.
[6] "Si lo osasse dezir, es *cosa de risa* embiarnos deposiciones que se hazen ay delante, etc.—y *turiesse yo* tantos doblones de à 10 de renta como los hay publicos hereges," etc.—Papiers d'Etat, vii. 105-107.

establishment. "To speak without passion," says the Walloon, "the Inquisition well administered is a laudable institution, and not less necessary than all the other offices of spirituality and temporality belonging both to the bishops and to the commissioners of the Roman see." [1] The Papal and Episcopal establishments, in co-operation with the edicts, were enough, if thoroughly exercised and completely extended. The edicts alone were sufficient. "The edicts and the Inquisition are one and the same thing," [2] said the Prince of Orange. The circumstance that the civil authorities were not as entirely superseded by the Netherland as by the Spanish system was rather a difference of form than of fact. We have seen that the secular officers of justice were at the command of the inquisitors. Sheriff, gaoler, judge, and hangman were all required, under the most terrible penalties, to do their bidding. The reader knows what the edicts were. He knows also the instructions to the corps of Papal inquisitors delivered by Charles and Philip. He knows that Philip, both in person and by letter, had done his utmost to sharpen those instructions, during the latter portion of his sojourn in the Netherlands. Fourteen new bishops, each with two special inquisitors under him, had also been appointed to carry out the great work to which the sovereign had consecrated his existence. The manner in which the hunters of heretics performed their office has been exemplified by slightly sketching the career of a single one of the sub-inquisitors, Peter Titelmann. The monarch and his ministers scarcely needed, therefore, to transplant the peninsular exotic. Why should they do so? Philip, who did not often say a great deal in a few words, once expressed the whole truth of the matter in a single sentence: "Wherefore introduce the Spanish Inquisition?" said he; "the Inquisition *of the Netherlands is much more pitiless than that of Spain.*" [3]

Such was the system of religious persecution commenced by Charles and perfected by Philip. The King could not claim the merit of the invention, which justly belonged to the Emperor. At the same time, his responsibility for the unutterable woe caused by the continuance of the scheme is not a jot diminished. There was a time when the whole system had fallen into comparative desuetude. It was utterly abhorrent to the institutions and the manners of the Netherlanders. Even a great number of the Catholics in the provinces were averse to it. Many of the leading grandees, every one of whom was Catholic, were foremost in denouncing its continuance. In short, the Inquisition had been partially endured, but never accepted. Moreover, it had never been introduced into Luxemburg or Gröningen.[4] In Gelderland it had been prohibited by the treaty [5] through which that province had been annexed to the Emperor's dominions, and it had been uniformly and successfully resisted in Brabant. Therefore, although Philip, taking the artful advice of Granvelle, had sheltered himself under the Emperor's name by re-enacting, word for word, his decrees, and re-issuing his instructions, he cannot be allowed any such protection at the bar of history.

Already, in the beginning of 1562, Granvelle was extremely unpopular. "The Cardinal is hated of all men," wrote Sir Thomas Gresham.[6] The great struggle between him and the leading nobles had already commenced. The people justly identified him with the whole infamous machinery of persecution, which he had either orginated or warmly made his own. Viglius and Berlaymont were his creatures. With the other members of the State Council, according to their solemn statement already recorded, he did not deign to

[1] Renom de France, i. 8, MS.
[2] Groen v. Prin., Archives et Correspondance, iii. 89.
[3] "D'ailleurs l'Inquisition des Pays-Bas est plus impitoyable que celle d'Espagne."—Letter to Margaret of Parma, Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 207.
[4] Gachard, Introduction to Philippe II., i. 123, iv.
[5] Ibid. [6] Burgon, ii. 267.

consult, while he affected to hold them responsible for the measures of the administration. Even the Regent herself complained that the Cardinal took affairs quite out of her hands, and that he decided upon many important matters without her cognisance.[1] She already began to feel herself the puppet which it had been intended she should become; she already felt a diminution of the respectful attachment for the ecclesiastic which had inspired her when she procured his red hat.

Granvelle was, however, most resolute in carrying out the intentions of his master. We have seen how vigorously he had already set himself to the inauguration of the new bishoprics, despite of opposition and obloquy. He was now encouraging or rebuking the inquisitors in their "pious office" throughout all the provinces. Notwithstanding his exertions, however, heresy continued to spread. In the Walloon provinces the infection was most prevalent, while judges and executioners were appalled by the mutinous demonstrations which each successive sacrifice provoked. The victims were cheered on their way to the scaffold. The hymns of Marot were sung in the very faces of the inquisitors. Two ministers, Faveau and Mallart, were particularly conspicuous at this moment at Valenciennes. The governor of the province, Marquis Berghen, was constantly absent, for he hated with his whole soul the system of persecution. For this negligence Granvelle denounced him secretly and perpetually to Philip.[2] "The Marquis says openly," said the Cardinal, "that 'tis not right to shed blood for matters of faith. With such men to aid us, your Majesty can judge how much progress we can make."[3] It was, however, important, in Granvelle's opinion, that these two ministers at Valenciennes should be at once put to death. They were avowed heretics, and they preached to their disciples, although they certainly were not doctors of divinity. Moreover, they were accused, most absurdly, no doubt, of pretending to work miracles. It was said that, in presence of several witnesses, they had undertaken to cast out devils; and they had been apprehended on an accusation of this nature.[4] Their offence really consisted in reading the Bible to a few of their friends. Granvelle sent Philibert de Bruxelles to Valenciennes to procure their immediate condemnation and execution.[5] He rebuked the judges and inquisitors: he sent express orders to Marquis Berghen to repair at once to the scene of his duties. The prisoners were condemned in the autumn of 1561. The magistrates were, however, afraid to carry the sentence into effect.[6] Granvelle did not cease to censure them for their pusillanimity, and wrote almost daily letters accusing the magistrates of being themselves the cause of the tumults by which they were appalled. The popular commotion was, however, not lightly to be braved. Six or seven months long the culprits remained in confinement, while daily and nightly the people crowded the streets, hurling threats and defiance at the authorities, or pressed about the prison windows, encouraging their beloved ministers, and promising to rescue them in case the attempt should be made to fulfil the sentence.[7] At last Granvelle sent down a peremptory order to execute the culprits by fire. On the 27th of April 1562, Faveau and Mallart were accordingly taken from their gaol and carried to the market-place, where arrangements had been made for burning them. Simon

1 Papiers d'Etat, vi. 543–545.
2 Dom l'Evesque, Mémoires, i. 302–308.
3 Papiers d'Etat, vii. 75.
4 Histoire des Choses les plus Mémorables qui se sont passées en la Ville et Comté de Valenciennes: tant le commencement des troubles des Luthériens sous le règne de Phil. II., jusqu'à l'année 1621. MS. (Collect. Gerard).
This is a contemporary manuscript belonging to the Gerard Collection in the Royal Library at the Hague. Its author was a citizen of Valenciennes, and a personal witness of most of the events which he describes. He appears to have attained a great age, as he minutely narrates, from personal observation, many scenes which occurred before 1560, and his work is continued till the year 1621. It is a mere sketch, without much literary merit, but containing many details of interest. Its anonymous author was a very sincere Catholic.
5 Dom l'Evesque, i. 302–308.
6 Ibid. Valenciennes MS.
7 Dom l'Evesque, i. 302–308. Valenciennes MS.

Faveau, as the executioner was binding him to the stake, uttered the invocation, "O Eternal Father!"[1] A woman in the crowd at the same instant took off her shoe and threw it at the funereal pile.[2] This was a preconcerted signal. A movement was at once visible in the crowd. Men in great numbers dashed upon the barriers which had been erected in the square around the place of execution. Some seized the fagots, which had been already lighted, and scattered them in every direction; some tore up the pavements; others broke in pieces the barriers. The executioners were prevented from carrying out the sentence, but the guard were enabled, with great celerity and determination, to bring off the culprits and to place them in their dungeon again. The authorities were in doubt and dismay. The inquisitors were for putting the ministers to death in prison, and hurling their heads upon the street. Evening approached while the officials were still pondering. The people, who had been chanting the Psalms of David through the town, without having decided what should be their course of action, at last determined to rescue the victims. A vast throng, after much hesitation, accordingly directed their steps to the prison. "You should have seen this vile populace," says an eye-witness,[3] "moving, pausing, recoiling, sweeping forward, swaying to and fro like the waves of the sea when it is agitated by contending winds." The attack was vigorous, the defence was weak—for the authorities had expected no such fierce demonstration, notwithstanding the menacing language which had been so often uttered. The prisoners were rescued, and succeeded in making their escape from the city. The day in which the execution had been thus prevented was called, thenceforward, the "day of the ill-burned"[4] (Journée des mau-brulez). One of the ministers, however, Simon Faveau, not discouraged by this near approach to martyrdom, persisted in his heretical labours, and was, a few years afterwards, again apprehended. "He was then," says the chronicler, cheerfully, "burned well and handsomely" in the same place whence he had formerly been rescued.[5]

This desperate resistance to tyranny was for a moment successful, because, notwithstanding the murmurs and menaces by which the storm had been preceded, the authorities had not believed the people capable of proceeding to such lengths. Had not the heretics—in the words of Inquisitor Titelmann—allowed themselves, year after year, to be taken and slaughtered like lambs? The consternation of the magistrates was soon succeeded by anger. The Government at Brussels was in a frenzy of rage when informed of the occurrence. A bloody vengeance was instantly prepared to vindicate the insult to the Inquisition. On the 29th of April, detachments of Bossu's and of Berghen's "band of ordonnance" were sent into Valenciennes, together with a company of the Duke of Aerschot's regiment. The prisons were instantly filled to overflowing with men and women arrested for actual or suspected participation in the tumult. Orders had been sent down from the capital to make a short process and a sharp execution for all the criminals. On the 16th of May, the slaughter commenced. Some were burned at the stake, some were beheaded; the number of victims was frightful. "Nothing was left undone by the magistrates," says an eye-witness, with great approbation, "which could serve for the correction and amendment of the poor people."[6] It was long before the judges and hangmen rested from their labours. When at last the havoc was complete, it might be supposed that a sufficient vengeance had been taken for the "day of the ill-burned," and an adequate amount of "amendment" provided for the "poor people."

[1] Dom l'Evesque, i. 302–308. Valenciennes MS.
[2] Valenciennes MS. [3] Ibid. [4] Ibid.
[5] "Le 28 Mars, 1568. Simon Faveau qui avait esté un des '*mau-brulez*,' ayant esté rattrappé fust brulé *bien et beau* à Valenciennes."—Valenciennes MS.
[6] Valenciennes MS.

Such scenes as these did not tend to increase the loyalty of the nation nor the popularity of the Government. On Granvelle's head was poured a daily increasing torrent of hatred. He was looked upon in the provinces as the impersonation of that religious oppression which became every moment more intolerable. The King and the Regent escaped much of the odium which belonged to them, because the people chose to bestow all their maledictions upon the Cardinal. There was, however, no great injustice in this embodiment. Granvelle was the Government. As the people of that day were extremely reverent to royalty, they vented all their rage upon the minister, while maintaining still a conventional respect for the sovereign. The prelate had already become the constant butt of the "Rhetoric Chambers." These popular clubs for the manufacture of home-spun poetry and street farces out of the raw material of public sentiment, occupied the place which has been more effectively filled in succeeding ages, and in free countries, by the daily press. Before the invention of that most tremendous weapon which liberty has ever wielded against tyranny, these humble but influential associations shared with the pulpit the only power which existed of moving the passions or directing the opinions of the people. They were eminently liberal in their tendencies. The authors and the actors of their comedies, poems, and pasquils were mostly artisans or tradesmen, belonging to the class out of which proceeded the early victims and the later soldiers of the Reformation. Their bold farces and truculent satire had already effected much in spreading among the people a detestation of Church abuses. They were particularly severe upon monastic licentiousness. "These corrupt comedians, called rhetoricians," says the Walloon contemporary already cited, "afforded much amusement to the people. Always some poor little nuns or honest monks were made a part of the farce. It seemed as if the people could take no pleasure except in ridiculing God and the Church."[1] The people, however, persisted in the opinion that the ideas of a monk and of God were not inseparable. Certainly the piety of the early reformers was sufficiently fervent, and had been proved by the steadiness with which they confronted torture and death, but they knew no measure in the ridicule which they heaped upon the men by whom they were daily murdered in droves. The rhetoric comedies were not admirable in an æsthetic point of view, but they were wrathful and sincere. Therefore they cost many thousand lives, but they sowed the seed of resistance to religious tyranny, to spring up one day in a hundredfold harvest. It was natural that the authorities should have long sought to suppress these perambulating dramas. "There was at that tyme," wrote honest Richard Clough to Sir Thomas Gresham, "syche playes (of Reteryke) played thet hath cost many a 1000 man's lyves, for in these plays was the Word of God first opened in thys country. Weche playes were and are forbidden moche more strictly than any of the bookes of Martin Luther."[2]

These rhetoricians were particularly inflamed against Granvelle. They were personally excited against him, because he had procured the suppression of their religious dramas. "These rhetoricians, who make farces and street plays," wrote the Cardinal to Philip, "are particularly angry with me, because two years ago I prevented them from ridiculing the Holy Scriptures."[3] Nevertheless these institutions continued to pursue their opposition to the course of the Government. Their uncouth gambols, their awkward but stunning blows, rendered daily service to the cause of religious freedom. Upon the newly-appointed bishops[4] they poured out an endless succession of rhymes and rebuses, epigrams, caricatures, and extravaganzas. Poems were pasted upon

[1] Renom de France MS., i. c. 5.
[2] Burgon, i. 377–391.
[3] Papiers d'Etat, vi. 552–562.
[4] Hoofd, i. 38.

the walls of every house, and passed from hand to hand. Farces were enacted in every street; the odious ecclesiastics figuring as the principal buffoons. These representations gave so much offence, that renewed edicts were issued to suppress them.[1] The prohibition was resisted, and even ridiculed, in many provinces, particularly in Holland.[2] The tyranny which was able to drown a nation in blood and tears was powerless to prevent them from laughing most bitterly at their oppressors. The tanner Cleon was never belaboured more soundly by the wits of Athens than the prelate by these Flemish "rhetoricians." With infinitely less Attic salt, but with as much heartiness as Aristophanes could have done, the popular rhymers gave the minister ample opportunity to understand the position which he occupied in the Netherlands. One day a petitioner placed a paper in his hand and vanished. It contained some scurrilous verses upon himself, together with a caricature of his person. In this he was represented as a hen seated upon a pile of eggs, out of which he was hatching a brood of bishops. Some of these were clipping the shell, some thrusting forth an arm, some a leg, while others were running about with mitres on their heads, all bearing whimsical resemblance to various prelates who had been newly appointed. Above the Cardinal's head the devil was represented hovering, with these words issuing from his mouth: "This is my beloved son; listen to him, my people."[3]

There was another lampoon of a similar nature, which was so well executed that it especially excited Granvelle's anger. It was a rhymed satire of a general nature, like the rest, but so delicate and so stinging that the Cardinal ascribed it to his old friend and present enemy, Simon Renard. This man, a Burgundian by birth, and college associate of Granvelle, had been befriended both by himself and his father.[4] Aided by their patronage and his own abilities, he had arrived at distinguished posts; having been Spanish envoy both in France and England, and one of the negotiators of the truce of Vaucelles. He had latterly been disappointed in his ambition to become a councillor of state, and had vowed vengeance upon the Cardinal, to whom he attributed his ill success. He was certainly guilty of much ingratitude, for he had been under early obligations to the man in whose side he now became a perpetual thorn.[5] It must be confessed, on the other hand, that Granvelle repaid the enmity of his old associate with a malevolence equal to his own, and if Renard did not lose his head as well as his political station, it was not for want of sufficient insinuation on the part of the minister.[6] Especially did Granvelle denounce him to "the master" as the perverter of Egmont, while he usually described that nobleman himself as weak, vain, "a friend of smoke,"[7] easily misguided, but in the main well-intentioned and loyal. At the same time, with all these vague commendations, he never omitted to supply the suspicious King with an account of every fact or every rumour to the Count's discredit. In the case of this particular satire, he informed Philip that he could swear it came from the pen of Renard, although, for the sake of deception, the rhetoric comedians had been employed.[8] He described the production as filled with "false, abominable, and infernal things,"[9] and as treating not only himself, but the Pope and the whole ecclesiastical order with as much contumely as could be shown in Germany. He then proceeded to insinuate, in the subtle manner which was peculiarly his own, that Egmont was a party to the publication of the pasquil. Renard visited at that house, he said, and was received there

1 Repert. der Plakaten, Bl. 96. Wagenaer, vi. 76.
2 Wagenaer, vi. 76, sqq.
3 "Hic est filius meus, illum audite," etc.—Hoofd, li. 42.
4 Groen v. Prinsterer, Archives et Correspondance, i. 177*, sqq. Dom l'Evesque, Mémoirs, etc., i. 97, sqq.
5 Dom l'Evesque, ubi sup.
6 Papiers d'Etat, vi. 568, 569, 552–562.
7 "Es amigo de humo."—Papiers d'Etat, vii. 115.
8 Ibid., vi. 552–562.
9 "Cosas falsas, abominables y infernales."—Papiers d'Etat, vi. 552–562.

on a much more intimate footing than was becoming. Eight days before the satire was circulated, there had been a conversation in Egmont's house, of a nature exactly similar to the substance of the pamphlet. The man in whose hands it was first seen, continued Granvelle, was a sword-cutler, a godson of the Count.[1] This person said that he had torn it from the gate of the City Hall, but God grant, prayed the Cardinal, that it was not he who had first posted it up there. 'Tis said that Egmont and Mansfeld, he added, have sent many times to the cutler to procure copies of the satire, all which augments the suspicion against them.[2]

With the nobles he was on no better terms than with the people. The great seigniors, Orange, Egmont, Horn, and others, openly avowed their hostility to him, and had already given their reasons to the King. Mansfeld and his son at that time were both with the opposition. Aerschot and Aremberg kept aloof from the league which was forming against the prelate, but had small sympathy for his person. Even Berlaymont began to listen to overtures from the leading nobles, who, among other inducements, promised to supply his children with bishoprics. There were none truly faithful and submissive to the Cardinal but such men as the Prévot Morillon, who had received much advancement from him. This distinguished pluralist was properly called "double A, B, C," to indicate that he had twice as many benefices as there were letters in the alphabet.[3] He had, however, no objection to more, and was faithful to the dispensing power. The same course was pursued by Secretary Bave, Esquire Bordey, and other expectants and dependants. Viglius, always remarkable for his pusillanimity, was at this period already anxious to retire. The erudite and opulent Frisian preferred a less tempestuous career. He was in favour of the edicts, but he trembled at the uproar which their literal execution was daily exciting, for he knew the temper of his countrymen. On the other hand, he was too sagacious not to know the inevitable consequence of opposition to the will of Philip. He was therefore most eager to escape the dilemma. He was a scholar, and could find more agreeable employment among his books. He had accumulated vast wealth, and was desirous to retain it as long as possible. He had a learned head, and was anxious to keep it upon his shoulders. These simple objects could be better attained in a life of privacy. The post of president of the privy council and member of the "Consulta" was a dangerous one. He knew that the King was sincere in his purposes. He foresaw that the people would one day be terribly in earnest. Of ancient Frisian blood himself, he knew that the spirit of the ancient Batavians and Frisians had not wholly deserted their descendants. He knew that they were not easily roused, that they were patient, but that they would strike at last, and would endure. He urgently solicited the King to release him, and pleaded his infirmities of body in excuse.[4] Philip, however, would not listen to his retirement, and made use of the most convincing arguments to induce him to remain. Four hundred and fifty annual florins, secured by good reclaimed swamps in Friesland, two thousand more in hand, with a promise of still larger emoluments when the King should come to the Netherlands, were reasons which the learned doctor honestly confessed himself unable to resist.[5] Fortified by these arguments, he remained at his post, continued the avowed friend and adherent of Granvelle, and sustained with magnanimity the invectives of nobles and people. To do him justice, he did what he could to conciliate antagonists and to compromise principles. If it had ever been possible to find the exact path between right and wrong, the

[1] "Un espadero ahijado de M. d'Egmont," etc.—Papiers d'Etat, vi. 552–562.
[2] Ibid.
[3] Letter of Duchess of Parma to Philip, Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 318–320.
[4] Vit. Viglii, lxxvi. p. 36.
[5] Ibid.

President would have found it, and walked in it with respectability and complacency.

In the Council, however, the Cardinal continued to carry it with a high hand; turning his back on Orange and Egmont, and retiring with the Duchess and President to consult after every session. Proud and important personages, like the Prince and Count, could ill brook such insolence; moreover, they suspected the Cardinal of prejudicing the mind of their sovereign against them. A report was very current, and obtained almost universal belief, that Granvelle had expressly advised his Majesty to take off the heads of at least half a dozen of the principal nobles in the land. This was an error. "These two seigniors," wrote the Cardinal to Philip, "have been informed that I have written to your Majesty that you will never be master of these provinces without taking off at least half a dozen heads, and that because it would be difficult, on account of the probable tumults which such a course would occasion, to do it here, your Majesty means to call them to Spain and do it there. Your Majesty can judge whether such a thing has ever entered my thoughts. I have laughed at it as a ridiculous invention. This gross forgery is one of Renard's."[1] The Cardinal further stated to his Majesty that he had been informed by these same nobles that the Duke of Alva, when a hostage for the treaty of Cateau Cambresis, had negotiated an alliance between the crowns of France and Spain for the extirpation of heresy by the sword. He added, that he intended to deal with the nobles with all gentleness, and that he should do his best to please them. The only thing which he could not yield was the authority of his Majesty; to sustain that, he would sacrifice his life, if necessary.[2] At the same time Granvelle carefully impressed upon the King the necessity of contradicting the report alluded to, a request which he took care should also be made through the Regent in person.[3] He had already, both in his own person and in that of the Duchess, begged for a formal denial on the King's part that there was any intention of introducing the Spanish Inquisition into the Netherlands, and that the Cardinal had counselled originally the bishoprics.[4] Thus instructed, the King accordingly wrote to Margaret of Parma to furnish the required contradictions. In so doing, he made a pithy remark. "The Cardinal had not counselled the cutting off the half a dozen heads," said the monarch, "*but perhaps it would not be so bad to do it!*"[5]

The contradictions, however sincere, were not believed by the persons most interested. Nearly all the nobles continued to regard the Cardinal with suspicion and aversion. Many of the ruder and more reckless class vied with the rhetoricians and popular caricaturists in the practical jests which they played off almost daily against the common foe. Especially Count Brederode, "a madman, if there ever were one,"[6] as a contemporary expressed himself, was most untiring in his efforts to make Granvelle ridiculous. He went almost nightly to masquerades dressed as a cardinal or a monk;[7] and as he was rarely known to be sober on these or any other occasions, the wildness of his demonstrations may easily be imagined. He was seconded on all these occasions by his cousin Robert de la Marck, Seigneur de Lumey, a worthy descendant of the famous "Wild Boar of Ardennes;" a man brave to temerity, but utterly depraved, licentious, and sanguinary. These two men, both to be widely notorious from their prominence in many of the most striking scenes by which the great revolt was ushered in, had vowed the most determined animosity to

[1] Papiers d'Etat, vi. 568, 569. Compare Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 202, 203.
[2] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 204, 205.
[3] Ibid., i. 202, 203.
[4] Ibid., i. 202, 207.
[5] "Aunque quiza no seria mal hazello."—Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 207.
[6] "Personage escervellè si oncques en fut."—Pontus Payen MS.
[7] Ibid.

the Cardinal, which was manifested in the reckless buffooning way which belonged to their characters. Besides the ecclesiastical costumes in which they always attired themselves at their frequent festivities, they also wore fox-tails in their hats instead of plumes.[1] They decked their servants also with the same ornaments; openly stating that by these symbols they meant to signify that the old fox Granvelle, and his cubs Viglius, Berlaymont, and the rest, should soon be hunted down by them, and the brush placed in their hats as a trophy.[2]

Moreover, there is no doubt that frequent threats of personal violence were made against the Cardinal. Granvelle informed the King that his life was continually menaced by the nobles, but that he feared them little, for he believed them too prudent to attempt anything of the kind.[3] There is no doubt, when his position with regard to the upper and lower classes in the country is considered, that there was enough to alarm a timid man; but Granvelle was constitutionally brave. He was accused of wearing a secret shirt of mail,[4] of living in perpetual trepidation, of having gone on his knees to Egmont and Orange,[5] of having sent Richardot, Bishop of Arras, to intercede for him in the same humiliating manner with Egmont.[6] All these stories were fables. Bold as he was arrogant, he affected at this time to look down with a forgiving contempt on the animosity of the nobles. He passed much of his time alone, writing his eternal despatches to the King. He had a country-house, called La Fontaine, surrounded by beautiful gardens, a little way outside the gates of Brussels, where he generally resided, and whence, notwithstanding the remonstrances of his friends, he often returned to town, after sunset, alone, or with but a few attendants.[7] He avowed that he feared no attempts at assassination, for, if the seigniors took his life, they would destroy the best friend they ever had.[8] This villa, where most of his plans were matured and his state papers drawn up, was called by the people, in derision of his supposed ancestry, "The Smithy."[9] Here, as they believed, was the anvil upon which the chains of their slavery were forging; here, mostly deserted by those who had been his earlier associates, he assumed a philosophical demeanour, which exasperated, without deceiving, his adversaries. Over the great gate of his house he had placed the marble statue of a female. It held an empty wine-cup in one hand, and an urn of flowing water in the other.[10] The single word "Durate" was engraved upon the pedestal.[11] By the motto, which was his habitual device, he was supposed, in this application, to signify that his power would outlast that of the nobles, and that, perennial and pure as living water, it would flow tranquilly on long after the wine of their life had been drunk to the lees. The fiery extravagance of his adversaries, and the calm and limpid moderation of his own character, thus symbolised, were supposed to convey a moral lesson to the world. The hieroglyphics, thus interpreted, were not relished by the nobles—all avoided his society and declined his invitations. He consoled himself with the company of the lesser gentry,[12] a class which he now began to patronise, and which he urgently recommended to the favour of the King,[13] hinting that military and civil offices bestowed upon their inferiors would be a means of lowering the pride of the grandees.[14] He also affected to surround himself with even humbler individuals. "It makes me laugh," he wrote to Philip, "to see the great seigniors absenting themselves from my dinners; nevertheless, I can

[1] Pontus Payen MS. [2] Ibid.
[3] Papiers d'État, vi. 552–562.
[4] Ibid., vii. 426.
[5] Ev. Reydani, Ann., i. 4.
[6] Papiers d'Etat, vii. 449, 450.
[7] Pontus Payen MS.
[8] "Respondit constamment avec q'une face joiëuse, à quel propos voulés vous que je me garde des seigneurs, il n'y a pas un d'entre eux à qui je n'ay fait plaisir et service. S'ils me tuent, au nom de Dieu, je serai quiete de vivre, et eux d'un tres bon amy, qu'ils regretteront un jour lamentablement."—Pontus Payen MS.
[9] Vander Vynckt, i. 264.
[10] Hoofd, i. 59. [11] Ibid.
[12] Papiers d'État, ubi sup.
[13] Dom I Evesque, ii. 53. [14] Ibid.

always get plenty of guests at my table, gentlemen and councillors. I sometimes invite even citizens, in order to gain their good-will." [1]

The Regent was well aware of the anger excited in the breasts of the leading nobles by the cool manner in which they had been thrust out of their share in the administration of affairs. She defended herself with acrimony in her letters to the King,[2] although a defence was hardly needed in that quarter for implicit obedience to the royal commands. She confessed her unwillingness to consult with her enemies.[3] She avowed her determination to conceal the secrets of the Government from those who were capable of abusing her confidence. She represented that there were members of the Council who would willingly take advantage of the trepidation which she really felt, and which she should exhibit if she expressed herself without reserve before them.[4] For this reason she confined herself, as Philip had always intended, exclusively to the Consulta.[5] It was not difficult to recognise the hand which wrote the letter thus signed by Margaret of Parma.

Both nobles and people were at this moment irritated by another circumstance. The civil war having again broken out in France, Philip, according to the promise made by him to Catherine de Medici, when he took her daughter in marriage, was called upon to assist the Catholic party with auxiliaries. He sent three thousand infantry, accordingly, which he had levied in Italy, as many more collected in Spain, and gave immediate orders that the Duchess of Parma should despatch at least two thousand cavalry from the Netherlands.[6] Great was the indignation in the council when the commands were produced. Sore was the dismay of Margaret. It was impossible to obey the King. The idea of sending the famous mounted *gendarmerie* of the provinces to fight against the French Huguenots could not be tolerated for an instant. The "bands of ordonnance" were very few in number, and were to guard the frontier. They were purely for domestic purposes. It formed no part of their duty to go upon crusades in foreign lands, still less to take a share in a religious quarrel, and least of all to assist a monarch against a nation. These views were so cogently presented to the Duchess in council, that she saw the impossibility of complying with her brother's commands. She wrote to Philip to that effect. Meantime, another letter arrived out of Spain, chiding her delay, and impatiently calling upon her to furnish the required cavalry at once.[7] The Duchess was in a dilemma. She feared to provoke another storm in the Council, for there was already sufficient wrangling there upon domestic subjects. She knew it was impossible to obtain the consent even of Berlaymont and Viglius to such an odious measure as the one proposed. She was, however, in great trepidation at the peremptory tone of the King's despatch. Under the advice of Granvelle, she had recourse to a trick. A private and confidential letter of Philip was read to the Council, but with alterations suggested and interpolated by the Cardinal. The King was represented as being furious at the delay, but as willing that a sum of money should be furnished instead of the cavalry, as originally required.[8] This compromise, after considerable opposition, was accepted. The Duchess wrote to Philip, explaining and apologising for the transaction. The King received the substitution with as good a grace as could have been expected, and sent fifteen hundred troopers from Spain to his Medicean mother-in-law, drawing upon the Duchess of Parma for the money to pay their expenses. Thus was the industry of the Netherlands taxed that the French might be persecuted by their own monarch.[9]

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[1] "Y aun burgeses que yo llamo per ganarles la voluntad."—Papiers d'Etat, vi. 552–562.
[2] Strada, iii. 116, 117.
[3] Ibid. [4] Ibid.
[5] Ibid. Compare Groen v. Prinsterer, Archives, i. 117, 118.
[6] Strada, iii. 102, 103.
[7] Ibid., 104. [8] Ibid. [9] Ibid.

The Regent had been forbidden by her brother to convoke the States General, a body which the Prince of Orange, sustained by Berghen, Montigny, and other nobles, was desirous of having assembled. It may be easily understood that Granvelle would take the best care that the royal prohibition should be enforced. The Duchess, however, who, as already hinted, was beginning to feel somewhat uncomfortable under the Cardinal's dominion, was desirous of consulting some larger council than that with which she held her daily deliberations. A meeting of the Knights of the Fleece was accordingly summoned. They assembled in Brussels in the month of May 1562.[1] The learned Viglius addressed them in a long and eloquent speech, in which he discussed the troubled and dangerous condition of the provinces, alluded to some of its causes, and suggested various remedies. It may be easily conceived, however, that the Inquisition was not stated among the causes, nor its suppression included among the remedies. A discourse, in which the fundamental topic was thus conscientiously omitted, was not likely, with all its concinnities, to make much impression upon the disaffected knights, or to exert a soothing influence upon the people. The orator was, however, delighted with his own performance. He informs us, moreover, that the Duchess was equally charmed, and that she protested she had never in her whole life, heard anything more "delicate, more suitable, or more eloquent."[2] The Prince of Orange, however, did not sympathise with her admiration. The President's elegant periods produced but little effect upon his mind. The meeting adjourned, after a few additional words from the Duchess, in which she begged the knights to ponder well the causes of the increasing discontent, and to meet her again, prepared to announce what, in their opinion, would be the course best adapted to maintain the honour of the King, the safety of the provinces, and the glory of God.[3]

Soon after the separation of the assembly, the Prince of Orange issued invitations to most of the knights to meet at his house for the purpose of private deliberation.[4] The President and Cardinal were not included in these invitations. The meeting was, in fact, what we should call a caucus, rather than a general gathering. Nevertheless, there were many of the Government party present—men who differed from the Prince, and were inclined to support Granvelle. The meeting was a stormy one. Two subjects were discussed. The first was the proposition of the Duchess to investigate the general causes of the popular dissatisfaction; the second was an inquiry how it could be rendered practicable to discuss political matters in future—a proceeding now impossible, in consequence of the perverseness and arrogance of certain functionaries, and one which, whenever attempted, always led to the same inevitable result. This direct assault upon the Cardinal produced a furious debate. His enemies were delighted with the opportunity of venting their long-suppressed spleen. They indulged in savage invectives against the man whom they so sincerely hated. His adherents, on the other hand—Bossu, Berlaymont, Courieres—were as warm in his defence. They replied by indignant denials of the charge against him, and by bitter insinuations against the Prince of Orange. They charged him with nourishing the desire of being appointed governor of Brabant, an office considered inseparable from the general stadholderate of all the provinces.[5] They protested for themselves that they were actuated by no ambitious designs—that they were satisfied with their own position, and not inspired by jealousy of personages more powerful than themselves.[6] It is obvious that such charges and recriminations could excite no healing result, and that the lines between Cardinalists and their opponents

[1] Strada, iii. 118. Vit. Viglii, 36.
[2] Vit. Viglii, 36.
[3] Hopper, Rec. et Mem., iv. 95.
[4] Hoofd. i. 40. Vit. Viglii, Hopper, ubi sup.
[5] Groen v. Prinst, i. 147. sqq. Strada.
[6] Hoofd, i. 40, 41. Hopper, Vit. Viglii, ubi sup.

would be defined in consequence more sharply than ever. The adjourned meeting of the Chevaliers of the Fleece took place a few days afterwards.[1] The Duchess exerted herself as much as possible to reconcile the contending factions, without being able, however, to apply the only remedy which could be effective. The man who was already fast becoming the great statesman of the country knew that the evil was beyond healing, unless by a change of purpose on the part of the Government. The Regent, on the other hand, who it must be confessed never exhibited any remarkable proof of intellectual ability during the period of her residence in the Netherlands, was often inspired by a feeble and indefinite hope that the matter might be arranged by a compromise between the views of conflicting parties. Unfortunately, the Inquisition was not a fit subject for a compromise.

Nothing of radical importance was accomplished by the Assembly of the Fleece. It was decided that an application should be made to the different States for a grant of money;[2] and that, furthermore, a special envoy should be despatched to Spain. It was supposed by the Duchess and her advisers that more satisfactory information concerning the provinces could be conveyed to Philip by word of mouth than by the most elaborate epistles.[3] The meeting was dissolved after these two measures had been agreed upon. Doctor Viglius, upon whom devolved the duty of making the report and petition to the States, proceeded to draw up the necessary application. This he did with his customary elegance, and, as usual, very much to his own satisfaction.[4] On returning to his house, however, after having discharged this duty, he was very much troubled at finding that a large mulberry-tree which stood in his garden had been torn up by the roots in a violent hurricane. The disaster was considered ominous by the President, and he was accordingly less surprised than mortified when he found, subsequently, that his demand upon the orders had remained as fruitless as his ruined tree.[5] The tempest which had swept his garden he considered typical of the storm which was soon to rage through the land, and he felt increased anxiety to reach a haven while it was yet comparatively calm.

The Estates rejected the request for supplies on various grounds; among others, that the civil war was drawing to a conclusion in France, and that less danger was to be apprehended from that source than had lately been the case. Thus, the "cup of bitterness," of which Granvelle had already complained, was again commended to his lips, and there was more reason than ever for the Government to regret that the national representatives had contracted the habit of meddling with financial matters.[6]

Florence de Montmorency, Seigneur de Montigny, was selected by the Regent for the mission which had been decided upon for Spain. This gentleman was brother to Count Horn, but possessed of higher talents and a more amiable character than those of the Admiral. He was a warm friend of Orange, and a bitter enemy to Granvelle. He was a sincere Catholic, but a determined foe to the Inquisition. His brother had declined to act as envoy.[7] This refusal can excite but little suprise when Philip's wrath at their parting interview is recalled, and when it is also remembered that the new mission would necessarily lay bare fresh complaints against the Cardinal, still more extensive than those which had produced the former explosion of royal indignation. Montigny, likewise, would have preferred to remain at home, but he was overruled. It had been written in his destiny that he should go twice into the angry lion's den, and that he should come forth once alive.

[1] Hopper, Vit. Viglii, ubi sup.
[2] Vit. Viglii, 36.
[3] Strada, iii. 119.
[4] Vit. Viglii, ubi sup.
[5] Ibid.
[6] Papiers d'Etat, vi. 543–545, and 27.
[7] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 202, 203, note.

Thus it has been shown that there was an open, avowed hostility on the part of the grand seigniors and most of the lesser nobility to the Cardinal and his measures. The people fully and enthusiastically sustained the Prince of Orange in his course. There was nothing underhand in the opposition made to the Government. The Netherlands did not constitute an absolute monarchy. They did not even constitute a monarchy. There was no king in the provinces. Philip was King of Spain, Naples, Jerusalem, but he was only Duke of Brabant, Count of Flanders, Lord of Friesland, hereditary chief, in short, under various titles, of seventeen states, each one of which, although not republican, possessed constitutions as sacred as, and much more ancient than, the Crown.[1] The resistance to the absolutism of Granvelle and Philip was, therefore, logical, legal, constitutional. It was no cabal, no secret league, as the Cardinal had the effrontery to term it, but a legitimate exercise of powers which belonged of old to those who wielded them, and which only an unrighteous innovation could destroy.

Granvelle's course was secret and subtle. During the whole course of the proceedings which have just been described, he was in daily confidential correspondence with the King, besides being the actual author of the numerous despatches which were sent with the signature of the Duchess. He openly asserted his right to monopolise all the powers of the Government; he did his utmost to force upon the reluctant and almost rebellious people the odious measures which the King had resolved upon, while in his secret letters he uniformly represented the nobles who opposed him as being influenced, not by an honest hatred of oppression and attachment to ancient rights, but by resentment, and jealousy of their own importance. He assumed, in his letters to his master, that the absolutism already existed of right and in fact, which it was the intention of Philip to establish. While he was depriving the nobles, the States, and the nation of their privileges, and even of their natural rights (a slender heritage in those days), he assured the King that there was an evident determination to reduce his authority to a cipher.

The Estates, he wrote, had *usurped* the whole administration of the finances,[2] and had farmed it out to Antony van Straalen and others, who were making enormous profits in the business.[3] "The seigniors," he said, "declare at their dinner-parties that I wish to make them subject to the absolute despotism of your Majesty. In point of fact, however, they really exercise a great deal more power than the governors of particular provinces ever did before: and it lacks but little that Madame and your Majesty should become mere ciphers, while the grandees monopolise the whole power.[4] This," he continued, "is the principal motive of their opposition to the new bishoprics. They were angry that your Majesty *should have dared to solicit* such an arrangement at Rome, *without first obtaining their consent*.[5] They *wish to reduce your* Majesty's authority to so low a *point that you can do nothing unless they desire it*. Their object is the destruction of the royal authority and of the administration of justice, in order to avoid the payment of their debts; telling the creditors constantly that they have spent their all in your Majesty's service, and that they have never received recompense or salary. This they do *to make your Majesty odious*."[6]

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[1] "On respondra qu'il est Roi: et je dis au contraire que ce nom de Roi m'est incognu. Qu'il le soit en Castille ou Arragon, à Naples, aux Indes et par tout ou il commande à plaisir: qu'il le soit s'il veult en Jerusalem, paisible Dominateur en Asie et Afrique, tant y a que je ne cognoi en ce païs qu'un Duc et un Compte, duquel la puissance est limitée selon nos privileges lesquels il a juré à la joieuse entrée," etc.—Apologie d'Orange, 39, 40.

[2] "Por haver usurpado los de los estados la administracion de los dineros."—Papiers d'Etat, vi. 543–545.

[3] Ibid.

[4] "Y no nos faltaria otra cosa sino q Madama y aunque V. M., estuviessen aqui *por cifra*, y que ellos hiziésen todo."—Papiers d'Etat, vi. 558–562.

[5] Ibid.

[6] Ibid.

As a matter of course he attributed the resistance on the part of the great nobles, every man of whom was Catholic, to base motives. They were mere demagogues, who refused to burn their fellow-creatures, not from any natural repugnance to the task, but in order to curry favour with the populace. "This talk about the Inquisition," said he, "is all a pretext. 'Tis only to throw dust in the eyes of the vulgar, and to persuade them into tumultuous demonstrations, while the real reason is, that they choose that your Majesty should do nothing without their permission, and through their hands." [1]

He assumed sometimes, however, a tone of indulgence toward the seigniors —who formed the main topics of his letters—an affection which might, perhaps, have offended them almost as much as more open and sincere denunciation. He could forgive offences against himself. It was for Philip to decide as to their merits or crimes so far as the crown was concerned. His language often was befitting a wise man who was speaking of very little children. "Assonleville has told me, as coming from Egmont," he wrote, "that many of the nobles are dissatisfied with me; hearing from Spain that I am endeavouring to prejudice your Majesty against them." Certainly *the tone* of the Cardinal's daily letters would have justified such suspicion, could the nobles have seen them. Granvelle begged the King, however, to disabuse them upon this point. "Would to God," said he piously, "that they all would decide to sustain the authority of your Majesty, and to procure such measures as tend to the service of God and the security of the states. May I cease to exist if I do not desire to render good service to the very least of these gentlemen. Your Majesty knows that, when they do anything for the benefit of your service, I am never silent. Nevertheless, thus they are constituted. I hope, however, that this flurry will blow over, and that when your Majesty comes, they will all be found to deserve rewards of merit." [2]

Of Egmont especially he often spoke in terms of vague but somewhat condescending commendation. He never manifested resentment in his letters, although, as already stated, the Count had occasionally indulged, not only in words, but in deeds of extreme violence against him. But the Cardinal was too forgiving a Christian, or too keen a politician, not to pass by such offences, so long as there was a chance of so great a noble remaining or becoming his friend. He accordingly described him, in general, as a man whose principles in the main were good, but who was easily led by his own vanity and the perverse counsels of others. He represented him as having been originally a warm supporter of the new bishoprics, and as having expressed satisfaction that two of them, those of Bruges and Ypres, should have been within his own stadholderate.[3] He regretted, however, to inform the King, that the Count was latterly growing lukewarm, perhaps from fear of finding himself separated from the other nobles.[4] On the whole, he was tractable enough, said the Cardinal, if he were not easily persuaded by the vile; but one day, perhaps, he might open his eyes again.[5] Notwithstanding these vague expressions of approbation, which Granvelle permitted himself in his letters to Philip, he never failed to transmit to the monarch every fact, every rumour, every innuendo which might prejudice the royal mind against that nobleman, or against any of the noblemen whose characters he at the same time protested he was most unwilling to injure. It is true that he dealt mainly by insinuation, while he was apt to conclude his statements with disclaimers upon his own part, and with hopes of improvement in the conduct of the

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[1] "No ess ino color para el vulgo à quien persuaden estar cosas para procurar alboroto, pero la verdadera causa de los que presumen entender mas es, que arriba digo y no querer que V. M. pueda nada sino con su participacion y por su mano."—Papiers d'Etat, vi, 569, 570.

[2] Ibid. 535.

[3] Ibid., 533.

[4] Ibid.

[5] Ibid., vii. 45, 46.

seigniors. At this particular point of time he furnished Philip with a long and most circumstantial account of a treasonable correspondence which was thought to be going on between the leading nobles and the future emperor, Maximilian.[1] The narrative was a good specimen of the masterly style of innuendo in which the Cardinal excelled, and by which he was often enabled to convince his master of the truth of certain statements while affecting to discredit them. He had heard a story, he said, which he felt bound to communicate to his Majesty, although he did not himself implicitly believe it. He felt himself the more bound to speak upon the subject *because it tallied exactly with* intelligence which he had received from another source. The story was,[2] that one of these seigniors (the Cardinal did *not know which*, for he had not yet thought proper to investigate the matter) had said that rather than consent that the King should act in this matter of the bishoprics against the privileges of Brabant, the nobles would *elect for their sovereign some other prince of the blood.* This, said the Cardinal, was perhaps a fantasy rather than an actual determination. Count Egmont, to be sure, he said, was constantly exchanging letters with the King of Bohemia (Maximilian), and it was supposed, therefore, that he was the prince of the blood who was to be elected to govern the provinces. It was determined that he should be chosen King of the Romans by fair means or by force, that he should assemble an army to attack the Netherlands, that a corresponding movement should be made within the states, and that the people should be made to rise by giving *them the reins* in the matter of religion. The Cardinal, after recounting all the particulars of this fiction with great minuteness, added, with apparent frankness, that the correspondence between Egmont and Maximilian did not astonish him, because there had been much intimacy between them in the time of the late Emperor. He did not feel convinced, therefore, from the frequency of the letters exchanged, that there was a scheme to raise an army to attack the provinces and to have him elected by force. On the contrary, Maximilian could never accomplish such a scheme without the assistance of his imperial father the Emperor, who Granvelle was convinced would rather die than be mixed up with such villany against Philip.[3] Moreover, unless the people should become still more corrupted by the bad counsels constantly given them, the Cardinal did not believe that any of the great nobles had the power to dispose in this way of the provinces at their pleasure. Therefore, he concluded that the story was to be rejected as improbable, although it had come to him directly from the house of the said Count Egmont.[4] It is remarkable that, at the commencement of his narrative, the Cardinal had expressed his ignorance of the name of the seignior who was hatching all this treason, while at the end of it he gave a local habitation to the plot in the palace of Egmont. It is also quite characteristic that he should add that, after all, he considered that nobleman one of the most honest of all, if *appearances did not deceive.*[5]

It may be supposed, however, that all these details of a plot which was quite imaginary were likely to produce more effect upon a mind so narrow and so suspicious as that of Philip than could the vague assertions of the Cardinal that, in spite of all, he would dare be sworn that he thought the Count honest, and that men should be what they seemed.

Notwithstanding the conspiracy which, according to Granvelle's letters, had been formed against him, notwithstanding that his life was daily threatened, he did not advise the King at this period to avenge him by any

[1] Papiers d'Etat, vi 535–538.
[2] Ibid.
[3] "Y antes eligeria S. M. C. el morir que intentar tanta vellaqueria contra V. M."—Papiers d'Etat, vi. 535–538.
[4] "—— Aunque me dexian que salia de la casa propria del dicho conde."—Papiers d'Etat, vi. 535–538.
[5] "Por uno de los mas claros y de quien pudiesse V. M. mas confiar *si las aparencias no me enganan.*"—Ibid.

public explosion of wrath. He remembered, he piously observed, that vengeance belonged to God, and that He would repay.[1] Therefore he passed over insults meekly, because that comported best with his Majesty's service. Therefore, too, he instructed Philip to make no demonstration at that time, in order not to damage his own affairs. He advised him to dissemble, and to pretend not to know what was going on in the provinces.[2] Knowing that his master looked to him daily for instructions, always obeyed them with entire docility, and, in fact, could not move a step in Netherland matters without them, he proceeded to dictate to him the terms in which he was to write to the nobles, and especially laid down rules for his guidance in his coming interviews with the Seigneur de Montigny.[3] Philip, whose only talent consisted in the capacity to learn such lessons with laborious effort, was at this juncture particularly in need of tuition. The Cardinal instructed him, accordingly, that he was to disabuse all men of the impression that the *Spanish* Inquisition was to be introduced into the provinces. He was to write to the seigniors, promising to pay them their arrears of salary; he was to exhort them to do all in their power for the advancement of religion and maintenance of the royal authority; and he was to suggest to them that, by his answer to the Antwerp deputation, it was proved that there was no intention of establishing the Inquisition of Spain under pretext of the new bishoprics.[4] The King was, furthermore, to signify his desire that all the nobles should exert themselves to efface this false impression from the popular mind. He was also to express himself to the same effect concerning the Spanish Inquisition, the bishoprics, and the religious question, in the *public* letters to Madame de Parma, which were to be read in full council.[5] The Cardinal also renewed his instructions to the King as to the manner in which the Antwerp deputies were to be answered, by giving them, namely, assurances that to transplant the Spanish Inquisition into the provinces would be as hopeless as to attempt its establishment in Naples.[6] He renewed his desire that Philip should contradict the story about the half dozen heads,[7] and he especially directed him to inform Montigny that Berghen had known of the new bishoprics before the Cardinal. This, urged Granvelle, was particularly necessary, because the seigniors were irritated that so important a matter should have been decided upon without their advice, and because the Marquis Berghen was now the "cock of the opposition."[8]

At about the same time, it was decided by Granvelle and the Regent, in conjunction with the King, to sow distrust and jealousy among the nobles by giving greater "mercedes" to some than to others, although large sums were really due to all. In particular, the attempt was made in this paltry manner to humiliate William of Orange.[9] A considerable sum was paid to Egmont, and a trifling one to the Prince, in consideration of their large claims upon the treasury.[10] Moreover, the Duke of Aerschot was selected as envoy to the Frankfort Diet, where the King of the Romans was to be elected, with the express intention, as Margaret wrote to Philip, of creating divisions among the nobles, as he had suggested. The Duchess at the same time informed her brother that, according to Berlaymont, the Prince of Orange was revolving some great design prejudicial to his Majesty's service.[11]

[1] Papiers d'Etat, vi. 550–562. [2] Ibid.
[3] Ibid., 522–562. Correspondance de Philippe II. i. 219. [4] Ibid. [5] Ibid.
[6] Papiers d'Etat, vi. 564.
[7] "—— Que yo haya escripto a V. M. que no cortando les las cabeças y à otros hasta media dozena no sera señor destos estados——y V. M. pueda juzgar, si jamas tel cosa me deve haver pasado por el pensamiento."—Papiers d'Etat, vi. 568, 569.
[8] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 219.
[9] Strada, iii. 121. Dom l'Evesque, ii. 42–45.
[10] Dom l'Evesque, Strada, ubi sup. Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 225.
[11] Ibid.

Philip, who already began to suspect that a man who thought so much must be dangerous, was eager to find out the scheme over which William the Silent was supposed to be brooding, and wrote for fresh intelligence to the Duchess. Neither Margaret nor the Cardinal, however, could discover anything against the Prince—who, meantime, although disappointed of the mission to Frankfort, had gone to that city in his private capacity—saying that he had been heard to say, "One day we shall be the stronger."[1] Granvelle and Madame de Parma both communicated this report upon the same day, but this was all that they were able to discover of the latent plot.[2]

In the autumn of this year (1562) Montigny made his visit to Spain as confidential envoy from the Regent. The King being fully prepared as to the manner in which he was to deal with him, received the ambassador with great cordiality. He informed him in the course of their interviews that Granvelle had never attempted to create prejudice against the nobles, that he was incapable of the malice attributed to him, and that even were it otherwise, his evil representations against other public servants would produce no effect.[3] The King furthermore protested that he had no intention of introducing the Spanish Inquisition into the Netherlands, and that the new bishops were not intended as agents for such a design, but had been appointed solely with a view of smoothing religious difficulties in the provinces, and of leading his people back into the fold of the faithful. He added, that as long ago as his visit to England for the purpose of espousing Queen Mary, he had entertained the project of the new episcopates, as the Marquis Berghen, with whom he had conversed freely upon the subject, could bear witness.[4] With regard to the connection of Granvelle with the scheme, he assured Montigny that the Cardinal had not been previously consulted, but had first learned the plan after the mission of Sonnius.[5]

Such was the purport of the King's communications to the envoy, as appears from memoranda in the royal handwriting and from the correspondence of Margaret of Parma. Philip's exactness in conforming to his instructions is sufficiently apparent on comparing his statements with the letters previously received from the omnipresent Cardinal. Beyond the limits of those directions the King hardly hazarded a syllable. He was merely the plenipotentiary of the Cardinal, as Montigny of the Regent. So long as Granvelle's power lasted, he was absolute and infallible. Such, then, was the amount of satisfaction derived from the mission of Montigny. There was to be no diminution of the religious persecution, but the people were assured, upon royal authority, that the Inquisition, by which they were daily burned and beheaded, could not be logically denominated the Spanish Inquisition. In addition to the comfort, whatever it might be, which the nation could derive from this statement, they were also consoled with the information that Granvelle was not the inventor of the bishoprics. Although he had violently supported the measure as soon as published, secretly denouncing *as traitors* and demagogues all those who lifted their voices against it, although he was the originator of the renewed edicts, although he took, daily, personal pains that this Netherland Inquisition, "more pitiless than the Spanish," should be enforced in its rigour, and, although he, at the last, opposed the slightest mitigation of its horrors, he was to be represented to the nobles and the people as a man of mild and unprejudiced character, incapable of injuring even his enemies. "I will deal with the seigniors most blandly," the Cardinal had written to Philip, "and will do them pleasure, even if they do not wish it, for the sake

[1] "Que algun dia serian los mas fuertes."—Papiers d'Etat, vii. 5. Correspondance de Philippe II., i 241, 242.

[2] Papiers d'Etat, Cor. de Philippe II., ubi sup.

[3] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 230. Strada, ii. 122, 123.

[4] Ibid

[5] Ibid.

of God and your Majesty."[1] It was in this light, accordingly, that Philip drew the picture of his favourite minister to the envoy. Montigny, although somewhat influenced by the King's hypocritical assurances of the benignity with which he regarded the Netherlands, was, nevertheless, not to be deceived by this flattering portraiture of a man whom he knew so well and detested so cordially as he did Granvelle. Solicited by the King, at their parting interview, to express his candid opinion as to the causes of the dissatisfaction in the provinces, Montigny very frankly and most imprudently gave vent to his private animosity towards the Cardinal. He spoke of his licentiousness, greediness, ostentation, despotism, and assured the monarch that nearly all the inhabitants of the Netherlands entertained the same opinion concerning him. He then dilated upon the general horror inspired by the Inquisition, and the great repugnance felt to the establishment of the new episcopates. These three evils, Granvelle, the Inquisition, and the bishoprics, he maintained were the real and sufficient causes of the increasing popular discontent.[2] Time was to reveal whether the open-hearted envoy was to escape punishment for his frankness, and whether vengeance for these crimes against Granvelle and Philip were to be left wholly, as the Cardinal had lately suggested, in the hands of the Lord.

Montigny returned late in December.[3] His report concerning the results of his mission was made in the State Council, and was received with great indignation.[4] The professions of benevolent intentions on the part of the sovereign made no impression on the mind of Orange, who was already in the habit of receiving secret information from Spain with regard to the intentions of the Government. He knew very well that the plot revealed to him by Henry the Second in the wood of Vincennes was still the royal programme, so far as the Spanish monarch was concerned. Moreover, his anger was heightened by information received from Montigny that the names of Orange, Egmont, and their adherents were cited to him as he passed through France as the avowed defenders of the Huguenots in politics and religion.[5] The Prince, who was still a sincere Catholic, while he hated the persecutions of the Inquisition, was furious at the statement. A violent scene occurred in the Council. Orange openly denounced the report as a new slander of Granvelle, while Margaret defended the Cardinal and denied the accusation, but at the same time endeavoured with the utmost earnestness to reconcile the conflicting parties.[6]

It had now become certain, however, that the government could no longer be continued on its present footing. Either Granvelle or the seigniors must succumb. The Prince of Orange was resolved that the Cardinal should fall, or that he would himself withdraw from all participation in the affairs of government. In this decision he was sustained by Egmont, Horn, Montigny, Berghen, and the other leading nobles.

[1] "Yo usarè con ellos toda blandura, y les harè plasar en quanto pudiere aunque no quieran para servicio de Dios è de V. M.ª—Papiers d'Etat, vi. 573.

[2] Strada, iii. 122, 123. Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 232.

[3] Strada, iii. 123.

[4] Ibid.

[5] Ibid.

[6] Ibid.

CHAPTER IV.

Joint letter to Philip from Orange, Egmont, and Horn—Egmont's quarrel with Aerschot and with Aremberg—Philip's answer to the three nobles—His instructions to the Duchess—Egmont declines the King's invitation to visit Spain—Second letter of the three seigniors—Mission of Armenteros—Letter of Alva—Secret letters of Granvelle to Philip—The Cardinal's insinuations and instructions—His complaints as to the lukewarmness of Berghen and Montigny in the cause of the Inquisition—Anecdotes to their discredit privately chronicled by Granvelle—Supposed necessity for the King's presence in the provinces—Correspondence of Lazarus Schwendi—Approaching crisis—Anxiety of Granvelle to retire—Banquet of Caspar Schetz—Invention of the foolscap livery—Correspondence of the Duchess and of the Cardinal with Philip upon the subject—Entire withdrawal of the three seigniors from the State Council—The King advises with Alva concerning the recall of Granvelle—Elaborate duplicity of Philip's arrangements—His secret note to the Cardinal—His dissembling letters to others—Departure of Granvelle from the Netherlands—Various opinions as to its cause—Ludicrous conduct of Brederode and Hoogstraaten—Fabulous statements in Granvelle's correspondence concerning his recall—Universal mystification—The Cardinal deceived by the King—Granvelle in retirement—His epicureanism—Fears in the provinces as to his return—Universal joy at his departure—Representations to his discredit made by the Duchess to Philip—Her hypocritical letters to the Cardinal—Masquerade at Count Mansfeld's—Chantonnay's advice to his brother—Review of Granvelle's administration and estimate of his character.

On the 11th of March 1563, Orange, Horn, and Egmont united in a remarkable letter to the King.[1] They said that as their longer "taciturnity" might cause the ruin of his Majesty's affairs, they were at last compelled to break silence. They hoped that the King would receive with benignity a communication which was pure, frank, and free from all passion. The leading personages of the provinces, they continued, having thoroughly examined the nature and extent of Cardinal Granvelle's authority, had arrived at the conclusion that everything was in his hands. This persuasion, they said, was rooted in the hearts of all his Majesty's subjects, and particularly in their own, so deeply, that it could not be eradicated as long as the Cardinal remained. The King was therefore implored to consider the necessity of remedying the evil. The royal affairs, it was affirmed, would never be successfully conducted so long as they were intrusted to Granvelle, because he was so odious to so many people. If the danger were not imminent, they should not feel obliged to write to his Majesty with so much vehemence. It was, however, an affair which allowed neither delay nor dissimulation. They therefore prayed the King, if they had ever deserved credence in things of weight, to believe them now. By so doing, his Majesty would avoid great mischief. Many grand seigniors, governors, and others, had thought it necessary to give this notice, in order that the King might prevent the ruin of the country. If, however, his Majesty were willing, as they hoped, to avoid discontenting all for the sake of satisfying one, it was possible that affairs might yet prosper. That they might not be thought influenced by ambition or by hope of private profit, the writers asked leave to retire from the State Council. Neither their reputation, they said, nor the interests of the royal service would permit them to act with the Cardinal. They professed themselves dutiful subjects and Catholic vassals. Had it not been for the zeal of the leading seigniors, the nobility, and other well-disposed persons, affairs would not at that moment be so tranquil; the common people having been so much injured, and the manner of life pursued by the Cardinal not being calculated to give more satisfaction than was afforded by his unlimited authority. In conclusion, the writers begged his Majesty not to throw the blame upon them, if mischance should follow the neglect of this warning.

This memorable letter was signed by Guillaume de Nassau, Lamoral d'Egmont, and Philippes de Montmorency (Count Horn). It was despatched

[1] Correspondance le Guillaume de Tacit., ii. 35-39.

under cover to Charles de Tisnacq,[1] a Belgian, and procurator for the affairs of the Netherlands at Madrid, a man whose relations with Count Egmont were of a friendly character. It was impossible, however, to keep the matter a secret from the person most interested. The Cardinal wrote to the King the day before the letter was written, and many weeks before it was sent, to apprise him that it was coming, and to instruct him as to the answer he was to make.[2] Nearly all the leading nobles and governors had adhered to the substance of the letter, save the Duke of Aerschot, Count Aremberg, and Baron Berlaymont. The Duke and Count had refused to join the league; violent scenes having occurred upon the subject between them and the leaders of the opposition party. Egmont, being with a large shooting party at Aerschot's country place, Beaumont had taken occasion to urge the Duke to join in the general demonstration against the Cardinal, arguing the matter in the rough, off-hand, reckless manner which was habitual with him. His arguments offended the nobleman thus addressed, who was vain and irascible. He replied by affirming that he was a friend to Egmont, but would not have him for his master. He would have nothing to do, he said, with their league against the Cardinal, who had never given him cause of enmity. He had no disposition to dictate to the King as to his choice of ministers, and his Majesty was quite right to select his servants at his own pleasure. The Duke added, that if the seigniors did not wish him for a friend, it was a matter of indifference to him. Not one of them was his superior; he had as large a band of noble followers and friends as the best of them, and he had no disposition to accept the supremacy of any nobleman in the land. The conversation carried on in this key soon became a quarrel, and from words the two gentlemen would soon have come to blows, but for the interposition of Aremberg and Robles, who were present at the scene. The Duchess of Parma, narrating the occurrence to the King, added that a duel had been the expected result of the affair, but that the two nobles had eventually been reconciled.[3] It was characteristic of Aerschot that he continued afterwards to associate with the nobles upon friendly terms, while maintaining an increased intimacy with the Cardinal.[4]

The gentlemen who sent the letter were annoyed at the premature publicity which it seemed to have attained. Orange had in vain solicited Count Aremberg to join the league, and had quarrelled with him in consequence.[5] Egmont, in the presence of Madame de Parma, openly charged Aremberg with having divulged the secret which had been confided to him. The Count fiercely denied that he had uttered a syllable on the subject to a human being; but added that any communication on his part would have been quite superfluous, while Egmont and his friends were daily boasting of what they were to accomplish. Egmont reiterated the charge of a breach of faith by Aremberg. That nobleman replied by laying his hand upon his sword, denouncing as liars all persons who should dare to charge him again with such an offence, and offering to fight out the quarrel upon the instant. Here, again, personal combat was, with much difficulty, averted.[6]

Egmont, rude, reckless, and indiscreet, was already making manifest that he was more at home on a battlefield than in a political controversy where prudence and knowledge of human nature were as requisite as courage. He was at this period more liberal in his sentiments than at any moment of his life. Inflamed by his hatred of Granvelle, and determined to compass the

[1] Strada, iii. 126.
[2] Papiers d'Etat, vii. 11–21.
[3] Ibid., 5, 11–21. Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 241, 242. Strada, iii. 241.
[4] Papiers d'Etat, vii. 11–21: "Converso con ellos y ellos con el, con muy buena cara, y ny mas ny menos el conmigo y yo con el."
[5] Papiers d'Etat, vii. 18, 19.
[6] Strada, iii. 126. Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 248.

overthrow of that minister, he conversed freely with all kinds of people, sought popularity among the burghers, and descanted to every one with much imprudence upon the necessity of union for the sake of liberty and the national good.[1] The Regent, while faithfully recording in her despatches everything of this nature which reached her ears, expressed her astonishment at Egmont's course, because, as she had often taken occasion to inform the King, she had always considered the Count most sincerely attached to his Majesty's service.[2]

Berlaymont, the only other noble of prominence who did not approve the 11th of March letter, was at this period attempting to "swim in two waters," and, as usual in such cases, found it very difficult to keep himself afloat. He had refused to join the league, but he stood aloof from Granvelle. On a hope held out by the seigniors that his son should be made Bishop of Liege, he had ceased during a whole year from visiting the Cardinal, and had never spoken to him at the council-board.[3] Granvelle, in narrating these circumstances to the King, expressed the opinion that Berlaymont, by thus attempting to please both parties, had thoroughly discredited himself with both.[4]

The famous epistle, although a most reasonable and manly statement of an incontrovertible fact, was nevertheless a document which it required much boldness to sign. The minister at that moment seemed omnipotent, and it was obvious that the King was determined upon a course of political and religious absolutism. It is, therefore, not surprising that, although many sustained its principles, few were willing to affix their names to a paper which might prove a death-warrant to the signers. Even Montigny and Berghen, although they had been active in conducting the whole cabal, if cabal it could be called, refused to subscribe the letter.[5] Egmont and Horn were men of reckless daring, but they were not keen-sighted enough to perceive fully the consequences of their acts. Orange was often accused by his enemies of timidity, but none ever doubted his capacity to look quite through the deeds of men. His political foresight enabled him to measure the dangerous precipice which they were deliberately approaching, while the abyss might perhaps be shrouded to the vision of his companions. He was too tranquil of nature to be hurried by passion into a grave political step, which in cooler moments he might regret. He resolutely, therefore, and with his eyes open, placed himself in open and recorded enmity with the most powerful and dangerous man in the whole Spanish realm, and incurred the resentment of a King who never forgave.

Philip answered the letter of the three nobles on the 6th June following. In this reply,[6] which was brief, he acknowledged the zeal and affection by which the writers had been actuated. He suggested, nevertheless, that, as they had mentioned no particular cause for adopting the advice contained in their letter, it would be better that one of them should come to Madrid to confer with him. Such matters, he said, could be better treated by word of mouth. He might thus receive sufficient information to enable him to form a decision, for, said he in conclusion, it was not his custom to aggrieve any of his ministers without cause.[7]

This was a fine phrase, but under the circumstances of its application quite ridiculous. There was no question of aggrieving the minister. The letter of the three nobles was very simple. It consisted of a fact and a deduction. The fact stated was, that the Cardinal was odious to all classes of the nation. The deduction drawn was, that the government could no longer be carried on by him without imminent danger of ruinous convulsions. The fact was indisputable. The person most interested confirmed it in his private letters.

[1] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 248.
[2] Ibid.
[3] Papiers d'Etat, vii. 11–21.
[4] Ibid.
[5] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 2.
[6] Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., ii. 41, 42
[7] Ibid.: "Car ce n'est pas ma coustume de greva aucuns de mes ministres sans cause."

"'Tis said," wrote Granvelle to Philip, "that grandees, nobles, and people all abhor me, nor am I surprised to find that grandees, nobles, and people *are* all openly against me, since each and all have been invited to join in the league."[1] The Cardinal's reasons for the existence of the unpopularity, which he admitted to the full, have no bearing upon the point in the letter. The fact was relied upon to sustain a simple although a momentous inference. It was for Philip to decide upon the propriety of the deduction, and to abide by the consequences of his resolution when taken. As usual, however, the monarch was not capable of making up his mind. He knew very well that the Cardinal was odious and infamous, because he was the willing impersonation of the royal policy. Philip was, therefore, logically called upon to abandon the policy or to sustain the minister. He could make up his mind to do neither the one nor the other. In the meantime, a well-turned period of mock magnanimity had been furnished him. This he accordingly transmitted as his first answer to a most important communication upon a subject which, in the words of the writers, "admitted neither of dissimulation nor delay." To deprive Philip of dissimulation and delay, however, was to take away his all.

At the same time that he sent his answer to the nobles, he wrote an explanatory letter to the Regent. He informed her that he had received the communication of the three seigniors, but instructed her that she was to appear to know nothing of the matter until Egmont should speak to her upon the subject. He added that, although he had signified his wish to the three nobles that one of them, without specifying which, should come to Madrid, he in reality desired that Egmont, who seemed the most tractable of the three, should be the one deputed. The King added, that his object was to divide the nobles, *and to gain time.*[2]

It was certainly superfluous upon Philip's part to inform his sister that his object was to gain time. It was, however, sufficiently puerile to recommend to his sister an affectation of ignorance on a subject concerning which nobles had wrangled and almost drawn their swords in her presence. This, however, was the King's statesmanship when left to his unaided exertions. In order more fully to divide the nobles, the King also transmitted to Egmont a private note, in his own handwriting, expressing his desire that he should visit Spain in person, that they might confer together upon the whole subject.[3]

These letters, as might be supposed, produced anything but a satisfactory effect. The discontent and rage of the gentlemen who had written or sustained the 11th of March communication was much increased. The answer was, in truth, no answer at all. "'Tis a cold and bad reply," wrote Louis of Nassau, "to send after so long a delay. 'Tis easy to see that the letter came from the Cardinal's smithy. *In summâ*, it is a vile business, if the gentlemen are all to be governed by one person. I hope to God his power will come soon to an end. Nevertheless," added Louis, "the gentlemen are all wide awake, for they trust the red fellow not a bit more than he deserves."[4]

The reader has already seen that the letter was indeed from "the Cardinal's smithy," Granvelle having instructed his master how to reply to the seigniors before the communication had been despatched.

The Duchess wrote immediately to inform her brother that Egmont had expressed himself willing enough to go to Spain, but had added that he must first consult Orange and Horn.[5] As soon as that step had been taken, she had been informed that it was necessary for them to advise with all the gentlemen who had sanctioned their letter. The Duchess had then tried in vain

[1] "Que agora grandes y nobles y pueblo me abhorrecian," etc.—Papiers d'Etat, vii. 11–21.
[2] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 251.
[3] Strada, iii. 127. Hopper, 33. Hoofd, ii. 42, 43.
[4] Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., 164, 165.
[5] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 255–259.

to prevent such an assembly, but finding that, even if forbidden, it would still take place, she had permitted the meeting in Brussels, as she could better penetrate into their proceedings there than if it should be held at a distance. She added, that she should soon send her secretary, Armenteros, to Spain, that the King might be thoroughly acquainted with what was occurring.[1]

Egmont soon afterwards wrote to Philip, declining to visit Spain expressly on account of the Cardinal. He added, that he was ready to undertake the journey, should the King command his presence for any other object.[2] The same decision was formally communicated to the Regent by those Chevaliers of the Fleece who had approved the 11th of March letter—Montigny, Berghen, Meghem, Mansfeld, Ligne, Hoogstraaten, Orange, Egmont, and Horn. The Prince of Orange, speaking in the name of all, informed her that they did not consider it consistent with their reputation, nor with the interest of his Majesty, that any one of them should make so long and troublesome a journey in order to accuse the Cardinal. For any other purpose, they all held themselves ready to go to Spain at once. The Duchess expressed her regret at this resolution. The Prince replied by affirming that in all their proceedings they had been governed, not by hatred of Granvelle, but by a sense of duty to his Majesty. It was now, he added, for the King to pursue what course it pleased him.[3]

Four days after this interview with the Regent, Orange, Egmont, and Horn addressed a second letter to the King.[4] In this communication they stated that they had consulted with all the gentlemen with whose approbation their first letter had been written. As to the journey of one of them to Spain, as suggested, they pronounced it very dangerous for any seignior to absent himself, in the condition of affairs which then existed. It was not a sufficient cause to go thither on account of Granvelle. They disclaimed any intention of making themselves parties to a process against the Cardinal. They had thought that their simple, brief announcement would have sufficed to induce his Majesty to employ that personage in other places, where his talents would be more fruitful. As to "aggrieving the Cardinal without cause," there was no question of aggrieving him at all, but of relieving him of an office which could not remain in his hands without disaster. As to "no particular cause having been mentioned," they said the omission was from no lack of many such. They had charged none, however, because, from their past services and their fidelity to his Majesty, they expected to be believed on their honour, without further witnesses or evidence. They had no intention of making themselves accusers. They had purposely abstained from specifications. If his Majesty should proceed to ampler information, causes enough would be found. It was better, however, that they should be furnished by others than by themselves. His Majesty would then find that the public and general complaint was not without adequate motives. They renewed their prayer to be excused from serving in the Council of State, in order that they might not be afterwards inculpated for the faults of others. Feeling that the controversy between themselves and the Cardinal de Granvelle in the State Council produced no fruit for his Majesty's affairs, they preferred to yield to him. In conclusion, they begged the King to excuse the simplicity of their letters, the rather that they were not by nature great orators, but more accustomed to do well than to speak well, which was also more becoming to persons of their quality.[5]

[1] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 255–259.
[2] Ibid. [3] Ibid., 259.
[4] Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., ii. 42–47.
[5] "D'autant que ne sommes point de nature grans orateurs ou harangueurs, et plus accoustumez à bien faire que à bien dire, comme aussy il cest mieulx séant à gens de notre qualité."—Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., ii. 42–47.

On the 4th of August, Count Horn also addressed a private letter to the King, written in the same spirit as that which characterised the joint letter just cited. He assured his Majesty that the Cardinal could render no valuable service to the crown on account of the hatred which the whole nation bore him, but that, as far as regarded the maintenance of the ancient religion, all the nobles were willing to do their duty.[1]

The Regent now despatched, according to promise, her private secretary, Thomas de Armenteros, to Spain. His instructions,[2] which were very elaborate, showed that Granvelle was not mistaken when he charged her with being entirely changed in regard to him, and when he addressed her a reproachful letter, protesting his astonishment that his conduct had become suspicious, and his inability to divine the cause of the weariness and dissatisfaction which she manifested in regard to him.[3]

Armenteros, a man of low, mercenary, and deceitful character, but a favourite of the Regent, and already beginning to acquire that influence over her mind which was soon to become so predominant, was no friend of the Cardinal. It was not probable that he would diminish the effect of that vague censure mingled with faint commendation which characterised Margaret's instruction by any laudatory suggestions of his own. He was directed to speak in general terms of the advance of heresy, and the increasing penury of the exchequer. He was to request two hundred thousand crowns toward the lottery which the Regent proposed to set up as a financial scheme. He was to represent that the Duchess had tried, unsuccessfully, every conceivable means of accommodating the quarrel between the Cardinal and the seigniors. She recognised Granvelle's great capacity, experience, zeal, and devotion—for all which qualities she made much of him—while, on the other hand, she felt that it would be a great inconvenience, and might cause a revolt of the country, were she to retain him in the Netherlands against the will of the seigniors. These motives had compelled her, the messenger was to add, to place both views of the subject before the eyes of the King. Armenteros was, furthermore, to narrate the circumstances of the interviews which had recently taken place between herself and the leaders of the opposition party.[4]

From the tenor of these instructions, it was sufficiently obvious that Margaret of Parma was not anxious to retain the Cardinal, but that, on the contrary, she was beginning already to feel alarm at the dangerous position in which she found herself. A few days after the three nobles had despatched their last letter to the King, they had handed her a formal remonstrance. In this document they stated their conviction that the country was on the high road to ruin, both as regarded his Majesty's service and the common weal. The exchequer was bare, the popular discontent daily increasing, the fortresses on the frontier in a dilapidated condition. It was to be apprehended daily that merchants and other inhabitants of the provinces would be arrested in foreign countries to satisfy the debts owed by his Majesty. To provide against all these evils, but one course, it was suggested, remained to the Government—to summon the States-general, and to rely upon their counsel and support. The nobles, however, forbore to press this point, by reason of the prohibition which the Regent had received from the King. They suggested, however, that such an interdiction could have been dictated only by a distrust created between his Majesty and the Estates by persons having no love for either, and who were determined to leave no resource by which the distress of the country could be prevented. The nobles, therefore, begged her Highness not to take it amiss if, so long as the King were indisposed to

[1] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 262, 262a.
[2] Ibid., 265–267.
[3] Dom l'Evesque, ii. 41–45.
[4] Correspondance de Philippe II., ubi sup.

make other arrangements for the administration of the provinces, they should abstain from appearing at the State Council. They preferred to cause the shadow at last to disappear which they had so long personated. In conclusion, however, they expressed their determination to do their duty in their several governments, and to serve the Regent to the best of their abilities.[1]

After this remonstrance had been delivered, the Prince of Orange, Count Horn, and Count Egmont abstained entirely from the sessions of the State Council. She was left alone with the Cardinal, whom she already hated, and with his two shadows, Viglius and Berlaymont.

Armenteros, after a month spent on his journey, arrived in Spain, and was soon admitted to an audience by Philip. In his first interview, which lasted four hours,[2] he read to the King all the statements and documents with which he had come provided, and humbly requested a prompt decision. Such a result was of course out of the question. Moreover, the Cortes of Tarragon, which happened then to be in session, and which required the royal attention, supplied the monarch with a fresh excuse for indulging in his habitual vacillation.[3] Meantime, by way of obtaining additional counsel in so grave an emergency, he transmitted the letters of the nobles, together with the other papers, to the Duke of Alva, and requested his opinion on the subject.[4] Alva replied with the roar of a wild beast.

"Every time," he wrote, "that I see the despatches of those three Flemish seigniors, my rage is so much excited, that if I did not use all possible efforts to restrain it, my sentiments would seem those of a madman."[5] After this exordium he proceeded to express the opinion that all the hatred and complaints against the Cardinal had arisen from his opposition to the convocation of the States-general. With regard to persons who had so richly deserved such chastisement, he recommended "that their heads should be taken off; but until this could be done, that the King should dissemble with them." He advised Philip not to reply to their letters, but merely to intimate, through the Regent, that their reasons for the course proposed by them did not seem satisfactory. He did not prescribe this treatment of the case as "a true remedy, but only as a palliative; because for the moment only weak medicines could be employed, from which, however, but small effect could be anticipated."[6] As to recalling the Cardinal, "as they had the impudence to propose to his Majesty," the Duke most decidedly advised against the step. In the meantime, and before it should be practicable to proceed "to that vigorous chastisement already indicated," he advised separating the nobles as much as possible by administering flattery and deceitful caresses to Egmont, who might be entrapped more easily than the others.

Here, at least, was a man who knew his own mind. Here was a servant who could be relied upon to do his master's bidding whenever his master should require his help. The vigorous explosion of wrath with which the Duke thus responded to the first symptoms of what he regarded as rebellion, gave a feeble intimation of the tone which he would assume when that movement should have reached a more advanced stage. It might be guessed what kind of remedies he would one day prescribe in place of the "mild medicines" in which he so reluctantly acquiesced for the present.

While this had been the course pursued by the seigniors, the Regent, and the King in regard to that all-absorbing subject of Netherland politics—the

[1] Hoofd, ii. 43. Compare Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., iii. 50 (note by M. Gachard).
[2] Strada, iii. 130. [3] Ibid.
[4] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 271.
[5] "Cada vez que veo los despachos de aquellos tres señores me muevan la colera, de manera que si no procurasse mucho templarla, creo pareceria á V. M. mi opinion de hombre frenetico," etc., etc.—Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., i. 175–177.
[6] "—— Que no se pueden aplicar sino medicinas muy flojas y dudando mucho de la operacion que podran hazer."—G. v. Prinst., Archives, etc., i. 175–177.

struggle against Granvelle—the Cardinal, in his letters to Philip, had been painting the situation by minute daily touches, in a manner of which his pencil alone possessed the secret.

Still maintaining the attitude of an injured but forgiving Christian, he spoke of the nobles in a tone of gentle sorrow. He deprecated any rising of the royal wrath in his behalf; he would continue to serve the gentlemen, whether they would or no; he was most anxious lest any considerations on his account should interfere with the King's decision in regard to the course to be pursued in the Netherlands. At the same time, notwithstanding these general professions of benevolence towards the nobles, he represented them as broken spendthrifts, wishing to create general confusion in order to escape from personal liabilities; as conspirators who had placed themselves within the reach of the attorney-general;[1] as ambitious malcontents who were disposed to overthrow the royal authority, and to substitute an aristocratic republic upon its ruins. He would say nothing to prejudice the King's mind against these gentlemen, but he took care to omit nothing which could possibly accomplish that result. He described them as systematically opposed to the policy which he knew lay nearest the King's heart, and as determined to assassinate the faithful minister who was so resolutely carrying it out, if his removal could be effected in no other way. He spoke of the state of religion as becoming more and more unsatisfactory, and bewailed the difficulty with which he could procure the burning of heretics—difficulties originating in the reluctance of men from whose elevated rank better things might have been expected.

As Granvelle is an important personage, as his character has been alternately the subject of much censure and of more applause, and as the epoch now described was the one in which the causes of the great convulsion were rapidly germinating, it is absolutely necessary that the reader should be placed in a position to study the main character, as painted by his own hand—the hand in which were placed, at that moment, the destinies of a mighty empire. It is the historian's duty, therefore, to hang the picture of his administration fully in the light. At the moment when the 11th of March letter was despatched, the Cardinal represented Orange and Egmont as endeavouring by every method of menace or blandishment to induce all the grand seigniors and petty nobles to join in the league against himself. They had quarrelled with Aerschot and Aremberg, they had more than half seduced Berlaymont, and they stigmatised all who refused to enter into their league as cardinalists and familiars of the Inquisition.[2] He protested that he should regard their ill-will with indifference, were he not convinced that he was himself only a pretext, and that their designs were really much deeper.[3] Since the return of Montigny, the seigniors had established a league which that gentleman and his brother, Count Horn, had both joined. He would say nothing concerning the defamatory letters and pamphlets of which he was the constant object, for he wished no heed taken of matters which concerned exclusively himself. Notwithstanding this disclaimer, however, he rarely omitted to note the appearance of all such productions for his Majesty's especial information. "It was better to calm men's spirits," he said, "than to excite them." As to fostering quarrels among the seigniors, as the King had recommended, that was hardly necessary, for discord was fast sowing its own seeds. "It gave him much pain," he said, with a Christian sigh, "to observe that such dissensions had already arisen, and unfortunately on his account."[4] He then proceeded circumstantially to describe the quarrel between Aerschot and Egmont, already narrated by the

[1] Papiers d'Etat, vii. 18, 19, sqq.
[2] Ibid., 5, 11–21; 18, 19, sqq.
[3] Ibid.
[4] "Pero pèsa me que la primera causa tome fundamento sobre lo que me toca."—Papiers d'Etat, vii. 3, 11–21; 18, 19, sqq.

Regent, omitting in his statement no particular which could make Egmont reprehensible in the royal eyes. He likewise painted the quarrel between the same noble and Aremberg, to which he had already alluded in previous letters to the King, adding that many gentlemen, and even the more prudent part of the people, were dissatisfied with the course of the grandees, and that he was taking underhand but dexterous means to confirm them in such sentiments.[1] He instructed Philip how to reply to the letter addressed to him, but begged his Majesty not to hesitate to sacrifice him if the interests of his crown should seem to require it.[2]

With regard to religious matters, he repeatedly deplored that, notwithstanding his own exertions and those of Madame de Parma, things were not going on as he desired, but, on the contrary, very badly. "For the love of God and the service of the holy religion," he cried out fervently, "put your royal hand valiantly to the work, otherwise we have only to exclaim, Help, Lord, for we perish!"[3] Having uttered this pious exhortation in the ear of a man who needed no stimulant in the path of persecution, he proceeded to express his regrets that the judges and other officers were not taking in hand the chastisement of heresy with becoming vigour.[4]

Yet at that very moment Peter Titelmann was raging through Flanders, tearing whole families out of bed and burning them to ashes, with such utter disregard to all laws or forms as to provoke in the very next year a solemn protest from the four Estates of Flanders; and Titelmann was but one of a dozen inquisitors.

Granvelle, however, could find little satisfaction in the exertions of subordinates so long as men in high station were remiss in their duties. The Marquis Berghen, he informed Philip, showed but little disposition to put down heresy in Valenciennes, while Montigny was equally remiss at Tournay.[5] They were often heard to say, to any who chose to listen, that it was not right to inflict the punishment of death for matters of religion.[6] This sentiment, uttered in that age of cruelty, and crowning the memory of those unfortunate nobles with eternal honour, was denounced by the Churchman as criminal, and deserving of castigation. He intimated, moreover, that these pretences of clemency were mere hypocrisy, and that self-interest was at the bottom of their compassion. "'Tis very black," said he,[7] "when interest governs; but these men are all in debt, so deeply that they owe their very souls. They are seeking every means of escaping from their obligations, and are desirous of creating general confusion." As to the Prince of Orange, the Cardinal asserted that he owed nine hundred thousand florins, and had hardly twenty-five thousand a year clear income, while he spent ninety thousand, having counts, barons, and gentlemen in great numbers in his household.[8] At this point, he suggested that it might be well to find employment for some of these grandees in Spain and other dominions of his Majesty, adding that perhaps Orange might accept the viceroyalty of Sicily.[9]

Resuming the religious matter, a few weeks later he expressed himself a little more cheerfully. "We have made so much outcry," said he, "that at last Marquis Berghen has been forced to burn a couple of heretics at Valenciennes. Thus, it is obvious," moralised the Cardinal, "that if he were really willing to apply the remedy in that place, much progress might be made; but that we can do but little so long as he remains in the government of the pro-

[1] "Y yo procuro diestramente y so mano de informarlos como conviene," etc.—Papiers d'Etat, vii. 5, 11–21; 18, 19, sqq.
[2] Ibid.
[3] Ibid., 83.
[4] Ibid., 33.
[5] Ibid., 45–51.
[6] Papiers d'Etat, vii. 45–51.
[7] "Y es la negraquando domina el interesse y no me espanto que deven todos el alma y cada dia gastan mas," etc., etc.—Papiers d'Etat, vii. 45–51.
[8] Ibid.
[9] Ibid.

vinces and refuses to assist us."[1] In a subsequent letter, he again uttered complaints against the Marquis and Montigny, who were evermore his scapegoats and bugbears. Berghen will give us no aid, he wrote, despite of all the letters we send him. He absents himself for private and political reasons. Montigny has eaten meat in Lent, as the Bishop of Tournay informs me.[2] Both he and the Marquis say openly that it is not right to shed blood for matters of faith, so that the King can judge how much can be effected with such coadjutors.[3] Berghen avoids the persecution of heretics, wrote the Cardinal again, a month later, to Secretary Perez. He has gone to Spa for his health, although those who saw him last say he is fat and hearty.[4] Granvelle added, however, that they had at last "burned one more preacher alive." The heretic, he stated, had feigned repentance to save his life, but finding that, at any rate, his head would be cut off as a dogmatiser, he retracted his recantation. "So," concluded the Cardinal, complacently, "they burned him."[5]

He chronicled the sayings and doings of the principal personages in the Netherlands, for the instruction of the King, with great regularity, insinuating suspicions when unable to furnish evidence, and adding charitable apologies, which he knew would have but small effect upon the mind of his correspondent. Thus he sent an account of a "very secret meeting" held by Orange, Egmont, Horn, Montigny, and Berghen at the Abbey of La Forest,[6] near Brussels, adding, that he did not know what they had been doing there, and was at loss what to suspect. He would be most happy, he said, to put the best interpretation upon their actions, but he could not help remembering with great sorrow the observation so recently made by Orange to Montigny, that one day they should be stronger. Later in the year, the Cardinal informed the King that the same nobles were holding a conference at Weerdt; that he had not learned what had been transacted there, but thought the affair very suspicious.[7] Philip immediately communicated the intelligence to Alva, together with an expression of Granvelle's fears and of his own that a popular outbreak would be the consequence of the continued presence of the minister in the Netherlands.[8]

The Cardinal omitted nothing in the way of anecdote or innuendo, which could injure the character of the leading nobles, with the exception, perhaps, of Count Egmont. With this important personage, whose character he well understood, he seemed determined, if possible, to maintain friendly relations. There was a deep policy in this desire, to which we shall advert hereafter. The other seigniors were described in general terms as disposed to overthrow the royal authority. They were bent upon Granvelle's downfall as the first step, because, that being accomplished, the rest would follow as a matter of course.[9] "They intend," said he, "to reduce the state into the form of a republic, in which the King shall have no power except to do their bidding."[10] He added, that he saw with regret so many German troops gathering on the borders; for he believed them to be in the control of the disaffected nobles of the Netherlands.[11] Having made this grave insinuation, he proceeded in the same breath to express his anger at a statement said to have been made by Orange and Egmont to the effect that he had charged them with intending to excite a civil commotion, an idea, he added, which had never entered his

[1] "—— Y se ha gridado tanto que al cabo el Marques de Berghes ha hecho quemar dos hereges en Valencianess in ruydo——que si de veras se quiriesse atender el remedio de aquella tierra mucho se podria aprovechar; pero no lo podremos hazer mientras está en quel govierno siel no quiere ny de otra manera que por su meno."—Papiers d'Etat, vii. 69.

[2] Papiers d'Etat, vii. 75. [3] Ibid.

[4] "Bueno y gordo."—Ibid., 105.

[5] "Y assi le quemaron."—Ibid. [6] Ibid., 69.

[7] Papiers d'Etat, vii. 266. Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 275.

[8] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 277.

[9] "Quieren dar en mi primero porque hecho esto va lo demas su passo."—Papiers d'Etat, vii. 167.

[10] "Y querrian reduzir esto en forma de republica, en la qual no pudiesse el Rey sino que ellos quisiessen."—Papiers d'Etat, vii. 165.

[11] Ibid. Compare Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., Supplement, 14-16.

head.[1] In the same paragraph he poured into the most suspicious ear that ever listened to a tale of treason his conviction that the nobles were planning a republic by the aid of foreign troops, and uttered a complaint that these nobles had accused him of suspecting them. As for the Prince of Orange, he was described as eternally boasting of his influence in Germany, and the great things which he could effect by means of his connections there, "so that," added the Cardinal, "we hear no other song."

He had much to say concerning the projects of these grandees to abolish all the councils but that of state, of which body they intended to obtain the entire control. Marquis Berghen was represented as being at the bottom of all these intrigues. The general and evident intention was to make a thorough change in the form of government.[2] The Marquis meant to command in everything, and the Duchess would soon have nothing to do in the provinces as regent for the King. In fact, Philip himself would be equally powerless, "for," said the Cardinal, "they will have succeeded in putting your Majesty completely under guardianship."[3] He added moreover, that the seigniors, in order to gain favour with the people and with the Estates, had allowed them to acquire so much power that they would respond to any request for subsidies by a general popular revolt. "This is the simple truth," said Granvelle, "and, moreover, by the same process, in a very few days there will likewise be no religion left in the land."[4] When the deputies of some of the states, a few weeks later, had been irregularly convened in Brussels for financial purposes, the Cardinal informed the monarch that the nobles were endeavouring to conciliate their good-will by offering them a splendid series of festivities and banquets.

He related various anecdotes which came to his ears from time to time, all tending to excite suspicions as to the loyalty and orthodoxy of the principal nobles. A gentleman coming from Burgundy had lately, as he informed the King, been dining with the Prince of Orange, with whom Horn and Montigny were then lodging. At table, Montigny called out in a very loud voice to the strange cavalier, who was seated at a great distance from him, to ask if there were many Huguenots in Burgundy. "No," replied the gentleman, "nor would they be permitted to exist there." "Then there can be very few people of intelligence in that province," returned Montigny, "for those who have any wit are mostly all Huguenots."[5] The Prince of Orange here endeavoured to put a stop to the conversation, saying that the Burgundians were very right to remain as they were; upon which Montigny affirmed that he had heard masses enough lately to last him for three months.[6] These things may be jests, commented Granvelle, but they are very bad ones;[7] and 'tis evident that such a man is an improper instrument to remedy the state of religious affairs in Tournay.

At another large party, the King was faithfully informed by the same chronicler,[8] that Marquis Berghen had been teasing the Duke of Aerschot very maliciously because he would not join the league. The Duke had responded, as he had formerly done to Egmont, that his Majesty was not to receive laws from his vassals; adding, that, for himself, he meant to follow in the loyal track of his ancestors, fearing God and honouring the king. In short, said Granvelle, he answered them with so much wisdom, that although they had never a high opinion of his capacity, they were silenced. This conversation had been going on before all the servants, the Marquis being especially vociferous, although the room was quite full of them. As soon as the cloth was removed, and while some of the lackeys still remained, Berghen had resumed the conversation.

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[1] Papiers d'Etat, vii. 167: "Procuravan de levantar estos pueblos——lo quele jamas me passo por consamiento."

[2] "En fin el punto es que querrian mudar esta forma de govierno."—Papiers d'Etat, vii. 186, 187.

[3] "—— Pues havrian acabado de poner la en tutela."—Papiers d'Etat, vii. 186, 187.

[4] Ibid. [5] Ibid., 187, 188. [6] Ibid.

[7] "Devian de ser burlas pero malas me parecen."—Papiers d'Etat, vii. 190–194. [8] Ibid.

He said he was of the same mind as his ancestor John of Berghen had been, who had once told the King's grandfather, Philip the Fair, that if his Majesty was bent on his own perdition, *he* had no disposition to ruin *himself*. If the present monarch means to lose these provinces by governing them as he did govern them, the Marquis affirmed that he had no wish to lose the little property that he himself possessed in the country. "But if," argued the Duke of Aerschot, "the King absolutely refuse to do what you demand of him; what then?" "*Par la cordieu!*" responded Berghen, in a rage, "we will let him see!" whereupon all became silent.[1]

Granvelle implored the King to keep these things entirely to himself; adding that it was quite necessary for his Majesty to learn in this manner what were the real dispositions of the gentlemen of the provinces. It was also stated in the same letter, that a ruffian Genoese, who had been ordered out of the Netherlands by the Regent, because of a homicide he had committed, was kept at Weert, by Count Horn, for the purpose of murdering the Cardinal.[2]

He affirmed that he was not allowed to request the expulsion of the assassin from the Count's house; but that he would take care, nevertheless, that neither this ruffian nor any other should accomplish his purpose. A few weeks afterwards, expressing his joy at the contradiction of a report that Philip had himself been assassinated, Granvelle added: "I too, who am but a worm in comparison, am threatened on so many sides, that many must consider me already dead. Nevertheless, I will endeavour, with God's help, to live as long as I can, and if they kill me, I hope they will not gain everything."[3] Yet, with characteristic Jesuitism, the Cardinal could not refrain, even in the very letter in which he detailed the rebellious demonstrations of Berghen, and the murderous schemes of Horn, to protest that he did not say these things "*to prejudice his Majesty against any one*, but only that it might be known to what a height the impudence was rising."[4] Certainly the King and the ecclesiastic, like the Roman soothsayers, would have laughed in each other's face, could they have met, over the hollowness of such demonstrations. Granvelle's letters were filled, for the greater part, with pictures of treason, stratagem, and bloody intentions, fabricated mostly out of reports, tabletalk, disjointed chat in the careless freedom of domestic intercourse, while at the same time a margin was always left to express his own wounded sense of the injurious suspicions uttered against him by the various subjects of his letters. "God knows," said he to Perez, "that I always speak of them with respect, which is more than they do of me. But God forgive them all. In times like these, one must hold one's tongue. One must keep still, in order not to stir up a hornet's nest."[5]

In short, the Cardinal, little by little, during the last year of his residence in the Netherlands, was enabled to spread a canvas before his sovereign's eye, in which certain prominent figures, highly coloured by patiently accumulated touches, were represented as driving a whole nation, against its own will, into manifest revolt. The Estates and the people, he said, were already tired of the proceedings of the nobles, and those personages would find themselves very much mistaken in thinking that men who had anything to lose would follow them when they began a rebellion against his Majesty.[6] On the whole, he was not desirous of prolonging his own residence, although, to do him justice, he was not influenced by fear. He thought, or affected to think, that the situation was one of a factitious popular discontent, procured by the intrigues of a few ambitious and impoverished Catilines and Cethegi, not a rising

[1] "'Que seria?' respondiò el Marques con colerà 'par la cordieu, nous luy ferons voir!' Sobre que callaran todos."—Papiers d'Etat, vii. 190–194.

[2] Ibid.

[3] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 284.

[4] "No digo esto parer alterar à V. M. contra nadie, mas solo paraque conosca que crece la desverguença," etc.—Papiers d'Etat, vii. 190–194.

[5] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 291: "Por no irritar crabrones."

[6] Papiers d'Etat, vii. 264.

rebellion such as the world had never seen, born of the slowly-awakened wrath of a whole people, after the martyrdom of many years. The remedy that he recommended was that his Majesty should come in person to the provinces. The monarch would cure the whole disorder as soon as he appeared, said the Cardinal, by merely making the sign of the cross.[1] Whether, indeed, the rapidly-increasing cancer of national discontent would prove a mere king's-evil, to be healed by the royal touch, as many persons besides Granvelle believed, was a point not doomed to be tested. From that day forward Philip began to hold out hopes that he would come to administer the desired remedy, but even then it was the opinion of good judges that he would give millions rather than make his appearance in the Netherlands.[2] It was even the hope of William of Orange that the King would visit the provinces. He expressed his desire, in a letter to Lazarus Schwendi, that his sovereign should come in person, that he might see whether it had been right to sow so much distrust between himself and his loyal subjects.[3] The Prince asserted that it was impossible for any person not on the spot to imagine the falsehoods and calumnies circulated by Granvelle and his friends, accusing Orange and his associates of rebellion and heresy in the most infamous manner in the world. He added, in conclusion, that he could write no more, for the mere thought of the manner in which the government of the Netherlands was carried on filled him with disgust and rage.[4] This letter, together with one in a similar strain from Egmont, was transmitted by the valiant and highly intellectual soldier to whom they were addressed to the King of Spain, with an entreaty that he would take warning from the bitter truths which they contained. The colonel, who was a most trusty friend of Orange, wrote afterwards to Margaret of Parma in the same spirit, warmly urging her to moderation in religious matters. This application highly enraged Morillon, the Cardinal's most confidential dependant, who accordingly conveyed the intelligence to his already departed chief, exclaiming in his letter "What does the ungrateful baboon mean by meddling with our affairs? A pretty state of things, truly, if kings are to choose or retain their ministers at the will of the people. Little does he know of the disasters which would be caused by a relaxation of the edicts."[5] In the same sense, the Cardinal, just before his departure, which was now imminent, wrote to warn his sovereign of the seditious character of the men who were then placing their breasts between the people and their butchers.

It is sufficiently obvious, from the picture which we have now presented of the respective attitudes of Granvelle, of the seigniors, and of the nation, during the whole of the year 1563 and the beginning of the following year, that a crisis was fast approaching. Granvelle was, for the moment, triumphant; Orange, Egmont, and Horn had abandoned the State Council; Philip could not yet make up his mind to yield to the storm, and Alva howled defiance at the nobles and the whole people of the Netherlands. Nevertheless, Margaret of Parma was utterly weary of the minister, the Cardinal himself was most anxious to be gone, and the nation—for there was a nation, however "vile the animal" might be—was becoming daily more enraged at the presence of a man in whom, whether justly or falsely, it beheld the incarnation of the religious oppression under which they groaned. Meantime, at the close of the year, a new incident came to add to the gravity of the situation. Caspar Schetz, Baron of Grobbendonck, gave a great dinner-party in the month of December 1563.[6] This personage, whose name was prominent for many years in the public affairs of the nation, was one of the four brothers who

[1] "Y con su presencian se podrian remediars anctiguando."—Papiers d'Etat, vii. 264.
[2] Papiers d'Etat, ix. 184.
[3] Ibid.
[4] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 290.
[5] "De quoi se mesle cet ingrat baboin," etc.—Papiers d'Etat, viii. 427.
[6] Hoofd, i. 39.

formed a very opulent and influential mercantile establishment. He was the King's principal factor and financial agent. He was one of the great pillars of the Bourse at Antwerp. He was likewise a tolerable scholar, a detestable poet, an intriguing politician, and a corrupt financier. He was regularly in the pay of Sir Thomas Gresham, to whom he furnished secret information, for whom he procured differential favours, and by whose Government he was rewarded by gold chains and presents of hard cash, bestowed as secretly as the equivalent was conveyed adroitly.[1] Nevertheless, although his venality was already more than suspected, and although his peculations during his long career became so extensive that he was eventually prosecuted by Government, and died before the process was terminated, the Lord of Grobbendonck was often employed in most delicate negotiations, and, at the present epoch, was a man of much importance in the Netherlands.

The treasurer-general accordingly gave his memorable banquet to a distinguished party of noblemen. The conversation during dinner turned, as was inevitable, upon the Cardinal. His ostentation, greediness, insolence, were fully canvassed. The wine flowed freely, as it always did in those Flemish festivities—the brains of the proud and reckless cavaliers became hot with excitement, while still the odious ecclesiastic was the topic of their conversation, the object alternately of fierce invective or of scornful mirth. The pompous display which he affected in his equipages, liveries, and all the appurtenances of his household, had frequently excited their derision, and now afforded fresh matter for their ridicule. The customs of Germany, the simple habiliments in which the retainers of the greatest houses were arrayed in that country, were contrasted with the tinsel and glitter in which the prelate pranked himself. It was proposed, by way of showing contempt for Granvelle, that a livery should be forthwith invented, as different as possible from his in general effect, and that all the gentlemen present should indiscriminately adopt it for their own menials. Thus would the people, whom the Cardinal wished to dazzle with his finery, learn to estimate such gauds at their true value. It was determined that something extremely plain, and in the German fashion, should be selected. At the same time, the company, now thoroughly inflamed with wine, and possessed by the spirit of mockery, determined that a symbol should be added to the livery by which the universal contempt for Granvelle might be expressed. The proposition was hailed with acclamation, but who should invent the hieroglyphical costume? All were reckless and ready enough, but ingenuity of device was required. At last it was determined to decide the question by hazard. Amid shouts of hilarity the dice were thrown. Those men were staking their lives, perhaps, upon the issue, but the reflection gave only a keener zest to the game. Egmont won.[2] It was the most fatal victory which he had ever achieved, a more deadly prize even then the trophies of St Quentin and Gravelingen.

In a few days afterwards, the retainers of the house of Egmont surprised Brussels by making their appearance in a new livery. Doublet and hose of the coarsest grey, and long hanging sleeves, without gold or silver lace, and having but a single ornament, comprised the whole costume. An emblem which seemed to resemble a monk's cowl, or a fool's cap and bells, was embroidered upon each sleeve. The device pointed at the Cardinal, as did, by contrast, the affected coarseness of the dress. There was no doubt as to the meaning of the hood, but they who saw in the symbol more resemblance to the jester's cap recalled certain biting expressions which Granvelle had been accustomed to use. He had been wont, in the days of his greatest

[1] Burgon, 365-367.

[2] Hooft, i. 39, 40. Strada, iv. 132, 133. Bentivoglio, i. 17.

insolence, to speak of the most eminent nobles as zanies, lunatics, and buffoons. The embroidered fool's cap was supposed to typify the gibe, and to remind the arrogant priest that a Brutus, as in the olden time, might be found lurking in the costume of the fool.[1] However witty or appropriate the invention, the livery had an immense success. According to agreement, the nobles who had dined with the treasurer ordered it for all their servants. Never did a new dress become so soon the fashion. The unpopularity of the minister assisted the quaintness of the device. The fool's-cap livery became the rage. Never was such a run upon the haberdashers, mercers, and tailors since Brussels had been a city. All the frieze-cloth in Brabant was exhausted. All the serge in Flanders was clipped into monastic cowls. The Duchess at first laughed with the rest, but the Cardinal took care that the King should be at once informed upon the subject. The Regent was, perhaps, not extremely sorry to see the man ridiculed whom she so cordially disliked, and she accepted the careless excuses made on the subject by Egmont and by Orange without severe criticism. She wrote to her brother that, although the gentlemen had been influenced by no evil intention, she had thought it best to exhort them not to push the jest too far.[2] Already, however, she found that two thousand pairs of sleeves[3] had been made, and the most she could obtain was that the fools' caps or monks' hoods should in future be omitted from the livery.[4] A change was accordingly made in the costume at about the time of the Cardinal's departure. A bundle of arrows, or in some instances a wheat-sheaf, was substituted for the cowls.[5] Various interpretations were placed upon this new emblem. According to the nobles themselves, it denoted the union of all their hearts in the King's service, while their enemies insinuated that it was obviously a symbol of conspiracy.[6] The costume thus amended was worn by the gentlemen themselves, as well as by their servants. Egmont dined at the Regent's table, after the Cardinal's departure, in a camlet doublet, with hanging sleeves, and buttons stamped with the bundle of arrows.[7]

For the present the Cardinal affected to disapprove of the fashion only from its rebellious tendency. The fools' caps and cowls, he meekly observed to Philip, were the least part of the offence, for an injury to himself could be easily forgiven. The wheat-sheaf and the arrow-bundles, however, were very vile things, for they betokened and confirmed the existence of a conspiracy such as never could be tolerated by a prince who had any regard for his own authority.[8]

This incident of the livery occupied the public attention and inflamed the universal hatred during the later months of the minister's residence in the country. Meantime the three seigniors had become very impatient at receiving no answer to their letter. Margaret of Parma was urging her brother to give them satisfaction, repeating to him their bitter complaints that their characters and conduct were the subject of constant misrepresentation to their sovereign, and picturing her own isolated condition. She represented herself as entirely deprived of the support of those great personages, who, despite her positive assurances to the contrary, persisted in believing that they were held up to the King as conspirators, and were in danger of being punished as traitors.[9] Philip, on his part, was conning Granvelle's despatches, filled with hints of conspiracy, and holding council with Alva, who had already recom-

[1] Strada.
[2] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 294–297.
[3] Ibid. [4] Ibid. [5] Papiers d'État, vii. 455.
[6] Strada, Hoofd, Bentivoglio, ubi sup.
[7] "Portant une cabotte à leur mode de camelot sans unde, garnie de boutons d'argent, avec flesches, et le bonnet de mesmes boutons d'argent."—G. v. Prinst., Archives, etc., i. 263.
[8] "Muy ruin punto es el de la librea que han sacado aquellos señores y sus adherentes no por la invencion de las cabeças de locos y capirotes que es lo menos, sino porque parece dar confirmacion de liga cosa no çufridera debaxo de un principe que tenga cuenta con su authoridad en sus estados."—Papiers d'Etat, vii. 503.
[9] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 275, 276, 283.

mended the taking off several heads for treason. The Prince of Orange, who already had secret agents in the King's household, and was supplied with copies of the most private papers in the palace, knew better than to be deceived by the smooth representations of the Regent. Philip had, however, at last begun secretly to yield. He asked Alva's advice,[1] whether, on the whole, it would not be better to let the Cardinal leave the Netherlands, at least for a time, on pretence of visiting his mother in Burgundy, and to invite Count Egmont to Madrid, by way of striking one link from the chain, as Granvelle had suggested. The Duke had replied that he had no doubt of the increasing insolence of the three seigniors, as depicted in the letters of the Duchess Margaret, nor of their intention to make the Cardinal their first victim; it being the regular principle in all revolts against the sovereign to attack the chief minister in the first place. He could not, however, persuade himself that the King should yield and Granvelle be recalled. Nevertheless, if it were to be done at all, he preferred that the Cardinal should go to Burgundy without leave asked either of the Duchess or of Philip, and that he should then write, declining to return, on the ground that his life was not safe in the Netherlands.[2]

After much hesitation, the monarch at last settled upon a plan, which recommended itself through the extreme duplicity by which it was marked, and the complicated system of small deceptions which it consequently required. The King, who was never so thoroughly happy or at home as when elaborating the ingredients of a composite falsehood, now busily employed himself in his cabinet. He measured off, in various letters to the Regent, to the three nobles, to Egmont alone, and to Granvelle, certain proportionate parts of his whole plan, which, taken separately, were intended to deceive, and did deceive nearly every person in the world, not only in his own generation, but for three centuries afterwards, but which, arranged synthetically, as can now be done, in consequence of modern revelations, formed one complete and considerable lie, the observation of which furnishes the student with a lesson in the political chemistry of those days, which was called Machiavellian statesmanship. The termination of the Granvelle regency is, moreover, most important, not only for the grave and almost interminable results to which it led, but for the illustration which it affords of the inmost characters of the Cardinal and "his master."

The courier who was to take Philip's letters to the three nobles was detained three weeks, in order to allow Armenteros, who was charged with the more important and secret despatches for the Duchess and Granvelle, to reach Brussels first. All the letters, however, were ready at the same time. The letter of instructions for Armenteros enjoined upon that envoy to tell the Regent that the heretics were to be chastised with renewed vigour, that she was to refuse to convoke the States-general under any pretext, and that, if hard pressed, she was to refer directly to the King. With regard to Granvelle, the secretary was to state *that his Majesty was still deliberating*, and that the Duchess would be informed as to the decision when it should be made. He was to express the royal astonishment that the seigniors should absent themselves from the States Council, with a peremptory intimation that they should immediately return to their posts. As they had specified no particularities against the Cardinal, the King *would still reflect upon the subject.*[3]

He also wrote a private note to the Duchess, stating that he had not yet sent the letters for the three nobles, because he wished that Armenteros should arrive before their courier.[4] He, however, enclosed two notes for

[1] Papiers d'Etat, vii. 273, 291, 316.
[2] Ibid., 289–291.
[3] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 285, 286.
[4] Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., ii. 67, 68.

Egmont,[1] of which Margaret was to deliver that one which, in her opinion, was, under the circumstances, the best. In one of these missives the King cordially accepted, and in the other he politely declined, Egmont's recent offer to visit Spain. He also forwarded a private letter in his own handwriting to the Cardinal. Armenteros, who travelled but slowly on account of the state of his health, arrived in Brussels towards the end of February. Five or six days afterwards—on the 1st March, namely[2]—the courier arrived bringing the despatches for the seigniors. In his letter to Orange, Egmont, and Horn, the King expressed his astonishment at their resolution to abstain from the State Council. Nevertheless, said he, imperatively, fail not to return thither, and to show how much more highly you regard my service and the good of the country than any other particularity whatever.[3] As to Granvelle, continued Philip, since you will not make any specifications, my intention is to think over the matter longer, in order to arrange as it may seem most fitting.[4]

This letter was dated February 19 (1564),[5] nearly a month later, therefore, than the secret letter to Granvelle brought by Armenteros, although all the despatches had been drawn up at the same time, and formed parts of the same plan. In this brief note to Granvelle, however, lay the heart of the whole mystery.

"I have reflected much," wrote the King, "on all that you have written me during these last few months concerning the ill-will borne you by certain personages. I notice also your suspicions that, if a revolt breaks out, they will commence with your person, thus taking occasion to proceed from that point to the accomplishment of their ulterior designs. I have particularly taken into consideration the notice received by you from the curate of Saint Gudule, as well as that which you have learned *concerning the Genoese who is* kept at Weert; all which has given me much anxiety, as well from my desire for the preservation of your life, in which my service is so deeply interested, as for the possible results if anything should happen to you, which God forbid. I have thought, therefore, that *it would be well*, in order to give time and breathing space to the hatred and rancour which those persons entertain towards you, and in order to see what course they will take in preparing the necessary remedy for the provinces, *for you to leave the country* for some days, in order to visit your mother, and this with the knowledge of the Duchess, my sister, and with her permission, which you will request, and which I have written to her that she must give, without allowing it to appear that you have received orders to that effect from me. You will also beg her to write to me requesting my approbation of what she is to do. By taking this course neither my authority nor yours will suffer prejudice; and according to the turn which things may take, measures may be taken for your return when expedient, and for whatever else there may be to arrange."[6]

Thus, in two words, Philip removed the unpopular minister for ever. The limitation of his absence had no meaning, and was intended to have none. If there was not strength enough to keep the Cardinal in his place, it was not probable that the more difficult task of reinstating him after his fall would be very soon attempted. It seemed, however, to be dealing more tenderly with Granvelle's self-respect thus to leave a vague opening for a possible return than to send him an unconditional dismissal.

[1] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 284, 285.

[2] Sur la Chute du Cardinal de Granvelle. Par M. Gachard, Bulletins de l'Académie Royale de Belgique, xvi., No. 6, p. 22.

[3] Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., ii. 67, 68.

[4] "Puisque vous ne voulez dire les particularités, mon intention est d'y penser encores pour y pourveoir comme il conviendra."—Ibid.

[5] Ibid.

[6] The text of this famous note is given in a paper extracted from the "Bulletins de l'Académie Royale de Bruxelles," tom. xii. pp. 9, 10, by M. Gachard. That acute historical investigator, to whom the discovery of this secret billet is due, well remarks: "L'Académie comprendra la joie que me fit éprouver cette découverte; ce sont là des jouissances qui dédommagent de bien des fatigues, de bien des ennuis."—P. 9.

Thus, while the King refused to give any weight to the representations of the nobles, and affected to be still deliberating whether or not he should recall the Cardinal, he had in reality already recalled him. All the minute directions according to which permission was to be asked of the Duchess to take a step which had already been prescribed by the monarch, and Philip's indulgence craved for obeying his own explicit injunctions, were fulfilled to the letter.

As soon as the Cardinal received the royal order, he privately made preparations for his departure. The Regent, on the other hand, delivered to Count Egmont the one of Philip's two letters in which that gentleman's visit was declined,[1] the Duchess believing that, in the present position of affairs, she should derive more assistance from him than from the rest of the seigniors. As Granvelle, however, still delayed his departure, even after the arrival of the second courier, she was again placed in a situation of much perplexity. The three nobles considered Philip's letter to them extremely "dry and laconic,"[2] and Orange absolutely refused to comply with the order to re-enter the State Council. At a session of that body on the 3d of March, where only Granvelle, Viglius, and Berlaymont were present, Margaret narrated her fruitless attempts to persuade the seigniors into obedience to the royal orders lately transmitted, and asked their opinions. The extraordinary advice was then given, that "she should let them champ the bit a little while longer, and afterwards see what was to be done."[3] Even at the last moment, the Cardinal, reluctant to acknowledge himself beaten, although secretly desirous to retire, was inclined for a parting struggle. The Duchess, however, being now armed with the King's express commands, and having had enough of holding the reins while such powerful and restive personages were "champing the bit," insisted privately that the Cardinal should make his immediate departure known.[4] Pasquinades and pamphlets were already appearing daily, each more bitter than the other; the livery was spreading rapidly through all classes of people, and the seigniors most distinctly refused to recede from their determination of absenting themselves from the council so long as Granvelle remained.[5] There was no help for it, and on the 13th of March[6] the Cardinal took his departure. Notwithstanding the mystery of the whole proceeding, however, William of Orange was not deceived. He felt certain that the minister had been recalled, and thought it highly improbable that he would ever be permitted to return. "Although the Cardinal talks of coming back again soon," wrote the Prince to Schwartzburg, "we nevertheless hope that, as he lied about his departure, so he will also spare the truth in his present assertions."[7] This was the general conviction, so far as the question of the minister's compulsory retreat was concerned, of all those who were in the habit of receiving their information and their opinions from the Prince of Orange. Many even thought that Granvelle had been recalled with indignity, and much against his will. "When the Cardinal," wrote Secretary Lorich to Count Louis, "received the King's order to go, he growled like a bear, and kept himself alone in his chamber for a time, making his preparations for departure. He says he shall come back in two months, but some of us think they will be two long months, which will eat themselves up like money borrowed of the Jews."[8] A wag, moreover, posted a large placard upon the door of Granvelle's palace in Brussels as soon as the

[1] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 291–293.
[2] Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., ii. 69, 70.
[3] "Sur quoy sembla qu'elle devroit les laisser encoires quelque peu ronger le frain sur cecy et après regarder."—Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 294–297.
[4] Ibid.
[5] Ibid.
[6] Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., i. 219.
[7] Ibid., 277.
[8] Ibid., 228, 229: "Hatt er gebrompt wie ein bär, etc., etc.——es werden zwen lange monat sein und, gleich der Juden wucher ufflaufen und sich selber versichern."

minister's departure was known, with the inscription, in large letters, "For sale, immediately."[1] In spite of the royal ingenuity, therefore, many shrewdly suspected the real state of the case, although but very few actually knew the truth.

The Cardinal left Brussels with a numerous suite, stately equipages, and much parade. The Duchess provided him with her own mules and with a sufficient escort, for the King had expressly enjoined that every care should be taken against any murderous attack. There was no fear of such assault, however, for all were sufficiently satisfied to see the minister depart. Brederode and Count Hoogstraaten were standing together, looking from the window of a house near the gate of Caudenberg, to feast their eyes with the spectacle of their enemy's retreat. As soon as the Cardinal had passed through that gate, on his way to Namur, the first stage of his journey, they rushed into the street, got both upon one horse, Hoogstraaten, who alone had boots on his legs, taking the saddle and Brederode the croup, and galloped after the Cardinal, with the exultation of schoolboys.[2] Thus mounted, they continued to escort the Cardinal on his journey. At one time, they were so near his carriage while it was passing through a ravine, that they might have spoken to him from the heights above, where they had paused to observe him; but they pulled the capes of their cloaks over their faces and suffered him to pass unchallenged. "But they are young folk," said the Cardinal, benignantly, after relating all these particulars to the Duchess, "and one should pay little regard to their actions." He added, that one of Egmont's gentlemen dogged the party on the journey, lodging in the same inns with them, apparently in the hope of learning something from their conversation or proceedings. If that were the man's object, however, Granvelle expressed the conviction that he was disappointed, as nothing could have been more merry than the whole company, or more discreet than their conversation.[3]

The Cardinal began at once to put into operation the system of deception as to his departure which had been planned by Philip. The man who had been ordered to leave the Netherlands by the King, and pushed into immediate compliance with the royal command by the Duchess, proceeded to address letters both to Philip and Margaret. He wrote from Namur to beg the Regent that she would not fail to implore his Majesty graciously to excuse his having absented himself for private reasons at that particular moment.[4] He wrote to Philip from Besançon, stating that his desire to visit his mother, whom he had not seen for nineteen years, and his natal soil, to which he had been a stranger during the same period, had induced him to take advantage of his brother's journey to accompany him for a few days into Burgundy.[5] He had, therefore, he said, obtained the necessary permission from the Duchess, who had kindly promised to write very particularly by the first courier, to beg his Majesty's approval of the liberty which they had both taken.[6] He wrote from the same place to the Regent again, saying that some of the nobles pretended to have learned from Armenteros that the King had ordered the Cardinal to leave the country and not return; all which, he added, was a very false Renardesque invention, at which he did nothing but laugh.[7]

As a matter of course, his brother, in whose company he was about to visit the mother whom he had not seen for the past nineteen years, was as much mystified as the rest of the world.[8] Chantonnay was not aware that anything but the alleged motives had occasioned the journey, nor did he know that his brother would perhaps have omitted to visit their common parent for

[1] Pontus Payen MS.
[2] Papiers d'Etat, vii. 426.
[3] Ibid., 409, 410.
[4] Ibid.
[5] Papiers d'Etat, vii. 483, 484.
[6] Ibid.
[7] Ibid., 591.
[8] Ibid., ix. 565.

nineteen years longer had he not received the royal order to leave the Netherlands.

Philip, on the other side, had sustained his part in the farce with much ability. Viglius, Berlaymont, Morillon, and all the lesser cardinalists, were entirely taken in by the letters which were formally despatched to the Duchess in reply to her own and the Cardinal's notification. "I cannot take it amiss," wrote the King, "that you have given leave of absence to Cardinal de Granvelle for two or three months, according to the advices just received from you, that he may attend to some private affairs of his own."[1] As soon as these letters had been read in the Council, Viglius faithfully transmitted them to Granvelle for that personage's enlightenment, adding his own innocent reflection, that "this was very different language from that held by some people, that your most illustrious lordship had retired by order of his Majesty.[2] Morillon also sent the Cardinal a copy of the same passage in the royal despatch, saying, very wisely, "I wonder what they will all say now, since these letters have been read in council."[3] The Duchess, as in duty bound, denied flatly, on all occasions, that Armenteros had brought any letters recommending or ordering the minister's retreat.[4] She conscientiously displayed the letters of his Majesty proving the contrary; and yet, said Viglius, it was very hard to prevent people talking as they liked.[5] Granvelle omitted no occasion to mystify every one of his correspondents on the subject, referring, of course, to the same royal letters which had been written for public reading expressly to corroborate these statements. "You see by his Majesty's letters to Madame de Parma," said he to Morillon, "how false is the report that the King had ordered me to leave Flanders, and in what confusion those persons find themselves who fabricated the story."[6] It followed of necessity that he should carry out his part in the royal programme, but he accomplished his task so adroitly, and with such redundancy of zeal, as to show his thorough sympathy with the King's policy. He dissembled with better grace, even if the King did it more naturally. Nobody was too insignificant to be deceived, nobody too august. Emperor Ferdinand fared no better than "Esquire" Bordey. "Some of those who hate me," he wrote to the potentate, "have circulated the report that I had been turned out of the country, and was never to return. This story has ended in smoke, since the letters written by his Majesty to the Duchess of Parma on the subject of the leave of absence which she had given me."[7] Philip himself addressed a private letter to Granvelle, of course that others might see it, in which he affected to have just learned that the Cardinal had obtained permission from the Regent "to make a visit to his mother, in order to arrange certain family matters," and gravely gave his approbation to the step.[8] At the same time it was not possible for the King to resist the temptation of adding one other stroke of dissimulation to his own share in the comedy. Granvelle and Philip had deceived all the world, but Philip also deceived Granvelle. The Cardinal made a mystery of his departure to Pollwiller, Viglius, Morillon, to the Emperor, to his own brother, and also to the King's secretary, Gonzalo Perez; but he was not aware that Perez, whom he thought himself deceiving as ingeniously as he had done all the others, had himself drawn up the letter of recall, which the King had afterwards copied out in his own hand and marked "secret and confidential."[9] Yet Granvelle might have guessed that

[1] Papiers d'Etat, vii. 600-638.
[2] Ibid., Letter of Viglius to Granvelle, 9th May 1564.
[3] Ibid., 638.
[4] "La Duchesse renia fort et ferme que Armenteros avait apporté aucunes lettres de vostre restraicte, et monstroit bien par les dernières lettres de S. Maj. le contraire," etc.—Papiers d'Etat, vii. 653.
[5] Papiers d'Etat, vii. 654.
[6] Ibid., viii. 108.
[7] Ibid., 113.
[8] Ibid., 218, 219.
[9] M. Gachard, Bull. de l'Acad. Roy., viii. 11.

in such an emergency Philip would hardly depend upon his own literary abilities.

Granvelle remained month after month in seclusion, doing his best to philosophise. Already, during the latter period of his residence in the Netherlands, he had lived in a comparative and forced solitude. His house had been avoided by those power-worshippers whose faces are rarely turned to the setting sun. He had, in consequence, already, before his departure, begun to discourse on the beauties of retirement, the fatigues of greatness, and the necessity of repose for men broken with the storms of state.[1] A great man was like a lake, he said, to which a thirsty multitude habitually resorted till the waters were troubled, sullied, and finally exhausted.[2] Power looked more attractive in front than in the retrospect. That which men possessed was ever of less value than which they hoped.[3] In this fine strain of eloquent commonplace the falling minister had already begun to moralise upon the vanity of human wishes. When he was established at his charming retreat in Burgundy, he had full leisure to pursue the theme. He remained in retirement till his beard grew to his waist,[4] having vowed, according to report, that he would not shave till recalled to the Netherlands. If the report were true, said some of the gentlemen in the provinces, it would be likely to grow to his feet.[5] He professed to wish himself blind and deaf,[6] that he might have no knowledge of the world's events, described himself as buried in literature, and fit for no business save to remain in his chamber, fastened to his books, or occupied with private affairs and religious exercises.[7] He possessed a most charming residence at Orchamps, where he spent a great portion of his time. In one of his letters to Vice-Chancellor Seld, he described the beauties of this retreat with much delicacy and vigour:—"I am really not as badly off here," said he, "as I should be in the Indies. I am in sweet places, where I have wished for you a thousand times, for I am certain that you would think them appropriate for philosophy and worthy the habitation of the Muses. Here are beautiful mountains, high as heaven, fertile on all their sides, wreathed with vineyards, and rich with every fruit; here are rivers flowing through charming valleys, the waters clear as crystal, filled with trout, breaking into numberless cascades. Here are umbrageous groves, fertile fields, lovely meadows; on the one side great warmth, on the other side delectable coolness, despite the summer's heat. Nor is there any lack of good company, friends, and relations, with, as you well know, the very best wines in the world."[8]

Thus it is obvious that the Cardinal was no ascetic. His hermitage contained other appliances save those for study and devotion. His retired life was, in fact, that of a voluptuary. His brother, Chantonnay, reproached him with the sumptuousness and disorder of his establishment.[9] He lived in "good and joyous cheer." He professed to be thoroughly satisfied with the course things had taken, knowing that God was above all, and would take care of all. He avowed his determination to extract pleasure and profit even from the ill-will of his adversaries. "Behold my philosophy," he cried, "to live joyously as possible, laughing at the world, at passionate people, and at all their calumnies."[10] It is evident that his philosophy, if it had any real existence, was sufficiently Epicurean. It was, however, mainly compounded of pretence, like his whole nature and his whole life. Notwithstanding the mountains high as heaven, the cool grottos, the trout, and the Burgundy, concerning

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1 "Optandum homini laboribus fracto requietem," etc., etc.—Strada, iv. 135.
2 Strada, iv. 135.
3 Ibid.
4 Papiers d'Etat, ix. 218, 219.
5 Ibid.
6 Ibid., viii. 91.
7 Papiers d'Etat, viii. 91, 102. Groen v. Prinst. Archives, i. 428.
8 Papiers d'Etat, viii. 115.
9 Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., i. 428 (note).
10 Ibid., 240.

which he descanted so eloquently, he soon became most impatient of his compulsory seclusion. His pretence of "composing himself as much as possible to tranquillity and repose"[1] could deceive none of the intimate associates to whom he addressed himself in that edifying vein. While he affected to be blind and deaf to politics, he had eyes and ears for nothing else. Worldly affairs were his element, and he was shipwrecked upon the charming solitude which he affected to admire. He was most anxious to return to the world again, but he had difficult cards to play. His master was even more dubious than usual about everything. Granvelle was ready to remain in Burgundy as long as Philip chose that he should remain there. He was also ready to go to "India, Peru, or into the fire," whenever his King should require any such excursion, or to return to the Netherlands, confronting any danger which might lie in his path.[2] It is probable that he nourished for a long time a hope that the storm would blow over in the provinces, and his resumption of power become possible.

William of Orange, although more than half convinced that no attempt would be made to replace the minister, felt it necessary to keep strict watch on his movements. "We must be on our guard," said he, "and not be deceived. Perhaps they mean to put us asleep, in order the better to execute their designs. For the present things are peaceable, and all the world is rejoiced at the departure of that good Cardinal."[3] The Prince never committed the error of undervaluing the talents of his great adversary, and he felt the necessity of being on the alert in the present emergency. "'Tis a sly and cunning bird that we are dealing with," said he, "one that sleeps neither day nor night if a blow is to be dealt to us."[4] Honest Brederode, after solacing himself with the spectacle of his enemy's departure, soon began to suspect his return, and to express himself on the subject, as usual, with ludicrous vehemence. "They say the red fellow is back again," he wrote to Count Louis, "and that Berlaymont has gone to meet him at Namur. The devil after the two would be a good chase."[5] Nevertheless, the chances of that return became daily fainter. Margaret of Parma hated the Cardinal with great cordiality. She fell out of her servitude to him into far more contemptible hands, but for a brief interval she seemed to take a delight in the recovery of her freedom. According to Viglius, the court, after Granvelle's departure, was like a school of boys and girls when the pedagogue's back is turned.[6] He was very bitter against the Duchess for her manifest joy at emancipation.[7] The poor President was treated with the most marked disdain by Margaret, who also took pains to show her dislike to all the cardinalists. Secretary Armenteros forbade Bordey, who was Granvelle's cousin and dependant, from even speaking to him in public.[8] The Regent soon became more intimate with Orange and Egmont than she had ever been with the Cardinal. She was made to see—and, seeing, she became indignant—the cipher which she had really been during his administration. "One can tell what's o'clock,"[9] wrote Morillon to the fallen minister, "since she never writes to you nor mentions your name." As to Armenteros, with whom Granvelle was still on friendly relations, he was restless in his endeavours to keep the once powerful priest from rising again. Having already wormed himself into the confidence of the Regent, he made a point of showing to the principal seigniors various letters in which she had been warned by the Cardinal to put no trust in them. "That devil," said Armenteros, "thought he had got into Paradise here; but he is gone, and we shall take care that he never returns."[10] It

[1] Papiers d'Etat, viii. 91.
[2] Ibid., viii. 103. Groen v. Prinst., i. 311.
[3] Groen v. Prinst., Archives, i. 226, 227.
[4] Ibid., 259.
[5] Ibid., i.
[6] Vit. Viglii, 38.
[7] Papiers d'Etat, vii. 593.
[8] "L'on peult facillement voir quelle heure il est,' etc.,—Papiers d'Etat, viii. 92-94.
[9] Ibid.

was soon thought highly probable that the King was but temporising, and that the voluntary departure of the minister had been a deception. Of course, nothing was accurately known upon the subject. Philip had taken good care of that, but meantime the bets were very high that there would be no restoration. Men thought if there had been any royal favour remaining for the great man, that the Duchess would not be so decided in her demeanour on the subject. They saw that she was scarlet with indignation whenever the Cardinal's name was mentioned.[1] They heard her thank Heaven that she had but one son, because if she had had a second, he must have been an ecclesiastic, and as vile as priests always were.[2] They witnessed the daily contumely which she heaped upon poor Viglius, both because he was a friend of Granvelle and was preparing in his old age to take orders. The days were gone, indeed, when Margaret was so filled with respectful affection for the prelate that she could secretly correspond with the Holy Father at Rome, and solicit the red hat for the object of her veneration. She now wrote to Philip, stating that she was better informed as to affairs in the Netherlands than she had ever formerly been. She told her brother that all the views of Granvelle and of his followers, Viglius with the rest, had tended to produce a revolution which they hoped that Philip would find in full operation when he should come to the Netherlands. It was their object, she said, to fish in troubled waters, and, to attain that aim, they had ever pursued the plan of gaining the exclusive control of all affairs. That was the reason why they had ever opposed the convocation of the States-general. They *feared that their books would be read*, and their frauds, injustice, simony, and rapine discovered.[3] This would be the result if tranquillity were restored to the country, and therefore they had done their best to foment and maintain discord. The Duchess soon afterwards entertained her royal brother with very detailed accounts of various acts of simony, peculation, and embezzlement committed by Viglius, which the Cardinal had aided and abetted, and by which he had profited.[4] These revelations are inestimable in a historical point of view. They do not raise our estimate of Margaret's character, but they certainly give us a clear insight into the nature of the Granvelle administration. At the same time, it was characteristic of the Duchess, that while she was thus painting the portrait of the Cardinal for the private eye of his sovereign, she should address the banished minister himself in a secret strain of condolence, and even of penitence. She wrote to assure Granvelle that she repented extremely having adopted the views of Orange. She promised that she would state publicly everywhere that the Cardinal was an upright man, intact in his morals and his administration, a most zealous and faithful servant of the king.[5] She added that she recognised the obligations she was under to him, and that she loved him like a brother.[6] She affirmed that if the Flemish seigniors had induced her to cause the Cardinal to be deprived of the government, she was already penitent, and that her fault deserved that the King, her brother, should cut off her head, for having occasioned so great a calamity.[7]

There was certainly discrepancy between the language thus used simultaneously by the Duchess to Granvelle and to Philip, but Margaret had been trained in the school of Machiavelli, and had sat at the feet of Loyola.

The Cardinal replied with equal suavity, protesting that such a letter from the Duchess left him nothing more to desire, as it furnished him with an "entire and perfect justification" of his conduct.[8] He was aware of her real

[1] Papiers d'Etat, viii. 132: "Que son Alteze devient rouge comme escarlate quand l'on parle de V. S.," etc.
[2] Papiers d'Etat, viii. 132.
[3] Correspondance de Philippe ii., i. 311–314.
[4] Ibid., 318–320.
[5] Dom l'Evesque, ii. 71.
[6] Ibid.
[7] Dom l'Evesque, ubi sup. He cites the MS. collection entitled "Mémoires de Granvelle," tom. xxxiii. p. 67.
[8] Dom l'Evesque, ii. 71, 72. Mémoires de Granvelle, tom. xxxiii. p. 95.

sentiments, no doubt, but he was too politic to quarrel with so important a personage as Philip's sister.

An incident which occurred a few months after the minister's departure, served to show the general estimation in which he was held by all ranks of Netherlanders. Count Mansfeld celebrated the baptism of his son, Philip Octavian, by a splendid series of festivities at Luxemburg, the capital of his government. Besides the tournaments and similar sports, with which the upper classes of European society were accustomed at that day to divert themselves, there was a grand masquerade, to which the public were admitted as spectators. In this "mummery" the most successful spectacle was that presented by a group arranged in obvious ridicule of Granvelle. A figure dressed in Cardinal's costume, with the red hat upon his head, came pacing through the arena upon horseback. Before him marched a man attired like a hermit, with long white beard, telling his beads upon a rosary, which he held ostentatiously in his hands. Behind the mounted Cardinal came the devil, attired in the usual guise considered appropriate to the Prince of Darkness, who scourged both horse and rider with a whip of fox-tails, causing them to scamper about the lists in great trepidation, to the immense delight of the spectators. The practical pun upon Simon Renard's name embodied in the fox-tail, with the allusion to the effect of the manifold squibs perpetrated by that most bitter and lively enemy upon Granvelle, were understood and relished by the multitude. Nothing could be more hearty than the blows bestowed upon the minister's representative, except the applause with which this satire, composed of actual fustigation, was received. The humorous spectacle absorbed all the interest of the masquerade, and was frequently repeated. It seemed difficult to satisfy the general desire to witness a thorough chastisement of the culprit.[1]

The incident made a great noise in the country. The cardinalists felt naturally very much enraged, but they were in a minority. No censure came from the Government at Brussels, and Mansfeld was then, and for a long time afterwards, the main pillar of royal authority in the Netherlands. It was sufficiently obvious that Granvelle, for the time at least, was supported by no party of any influence.

Meantime he remained in his seclusion. His unpopularity did not, however, decrease in his absence. More than a year after his departure, Berlaymont said the nobles detested the Cardinal more than ever, and would eat him alive if they caught him.[2] The chance of his returning was dying gradually out. At about the same period Chantonnay advised his brother to show his teeth.[3] He assured Granvelle that he was too quiet in his disgrace, reminded him that princes had warm affections when they wished to make use of people, but that when they could have them too cheaply, they esteemed them but little, making no account of men whom they were accustomed to see under their feet. He urged the Cardinal, in repeated letters, to take heart again, to make himself formidable, and to rise from his crouching attitude. All the world say, he remarked, that the game is up between the King and yourself, and before long every one will be laughing at you, and holding you for a dupe.[4]

Stung or emboldened by these remonstrances, and weary of his retirement, Granvelle at last abandoned all intention of returning to the Netherlands, and towards the end of 1565 departed to Rome, where he participated in the election of Pope Pius V. Five years afterwards he was employed by Philip to negotiate the treaty between Spain, Rome, and Venice against the Turk.

[1] Papiers d'Etat, viii. 76, 77; 92–94.
[2] Ibid., ix. 235.
[3] "—— Monstrer le visage et les dents," etc.—Papiers d'Etat, ix. 186, 187.
[4] Ibid., 184–187

He was afterwards Viceroy of Naples, and in 1575 he removed to Madrid to take an active part in the management of the public business, "the disorder of which," says the Abbé Boisot, "could be no longer arrested by men of mediocre capacity."[1] He died in that city on the 21st September 1586, at the age of seventy, and was buried at Besançon.[2]

CHAPTER V.

Return of the three seigniors to the State Council—Policy of Orange—Corrupt character of the government—Efforts of the Prince in favour of reform—Influence of Armenteros—Painful situation of Viglius—His anxiety to retire—Secret charges against him transmitted by the Duchess to Philip—Ominous signs of the times—Attention of Philip to the details of persecution—Execution of Fabricius, and tumult at Antwerp—Horrible cruelty towards the Protestants—Remonstrance of the Magistracy of Bruges and of the four Flemish Estates against Titelmann—Obduracy of Philip—Council of Trent—Quarrel for precedence between the French and Spanish envoys—Order for the publication of the Trent decrees in the Netherlands—Opposition to the measure—Reluctance of the Duchess—Egmont accepts a mission to Spain—Violent debate in the Council concerning his instructions—Remarkable speech of Orange—Apoplexy of Viglius—Temporary appointment of Hopper—Departure of Egmont—Disgraceful scene at Cambray—Character of the Archbishop—Egmont in Spain—Flattery and bribery—Council of doctors—Vehement declarations of Philip—His instructions to Egmont at his departure—Proceedings of Orange in regard to his principality—Egmont's report to the State Council concerning his mission—His vainglory—Renewed orders from Philip to continue the persecution—Indignation of Egmont—Habitual dissimulation of the King—Reproof of Egmont by Orange—Assembly of doctors in Brussels—Result of their deliberations transmitted to Philip—Universal excitement in the Netherlands—New punishment for heretics—Interview at Bayonne between Catherine de Medici and her daughter, the Queen of Spain—Mistaken views upon this subject—Diplomacy of Alva—Artful conduct of Catherine—Stringent letters from Philip to the Duchess with regard to the Inquisition—Consternation of Margaret and of Viglius—New proclamation of the Edicts, the Inquisition, and the Council of Trent—Fury of the people—Resistance of the leading seigniors and of the Brabant Council—Brabant declared free of the Inquisition—Prince Alexander of Parma betrothed to Donna Maria of Portugal—Her portrait—Expensive preparations for the nuptials—Assembly of the Golden Fleece—Oration of Viglius—Wedding of Prince Alexander.

THE remainder of the year, in the spring of which the Cardinal had left the Netherlands, was one of anarchy, confusion, and corruption. At first there had been a sensation of relief. Philip had exchanged letters of exceeding amity with Orange, Egmont, and Horn. These three seigniors had written, immediately upon Granvelle's retreat, to assure the King of their willingness to obey the royal commands, and to resume their duties at the State Council.[3] They had, however, assured the Duchess that the reappearance of the Cardinal in the country would be the signal for their instantaneous withdrawal.[4] They appeared at the Council daily, working with the utmost assiduity, often till late into the night. Orange had three great objects in view,[5] by attaining which the country, in his opinion, might yet be saved, and the threatened convulsions averted. These were to convoke the States-general, to moderate or abolish the edicts, and to suppress the Council of Finance and the Privy Council, leaving only the Council of State. The two first of these points, if gained, would, of course, subvert the whole absolute policy which Philip and Granvelle had enforced; it was, therefore, hardly probable that any impression would be made upon the secret determination of the Government in these respects. As to the Council of State, the limited powers of that body, under the administration of the Cardinal, had formed one of the principal complaints against that minister. The Justice and Finance Councils were sinks of iniquity. The most barefaced depravity reigned supreme. A gangrene had spread

[1] Papiers d'Etat, Notice préliminaire de M. Ch. Weisz.
[2] Ibid.
[3] Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., ii. 71, 72
[4] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 294-297.
[5] Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., i. 222, 223.

through the whole Government. The public functionaries were notoriously and outrageously venal. The administration of justice had been poisoned at the fountain, and the people were unable to slake their daily thirst at the polluted stream. There was no law but the law of the longest purse. The highest dignitaries of Philip's appointment had become the most mercenary hucksters that ever converted the temple of justice into a den of thieves. Law was an article of merchandise, sold by judges to the highest bidder. A poor customer could obtain nothing but stripes and imprisonment, or, if tainted with suspicion of heresy, the faggot or the sword, but for the rich everything was attainable. Pardons for the most atrocious crimes, passports, safe-conducts, offices of trust and honour, were disposed of at auction to the highest bidder.[1] Against all this sea of corruption did the brave William of Orange set his breast, undaunted and unflinching. His honour was ever untarnished by even a breath of suspicion. The Cardinal could accuse him of pecuniary embarrassment, by which a large proportion of his revenues were necessarily diverted to the liquidation of his debts, but he could not suggest that the Prince had ever freed himself from difficulties by plunging his hands into the public treasury, when it might easily have been opened to him.

It was soon, however, sufficiently obvious that as desperate a struggle was to be made with the many-headed monster of corruption as with the Cardinal by whom it had been so long fed and governed. The Prince was accused of ambition and intrigue. It was said that he was determined to concentrate all the powers of government in the State Council, which was thus to become an omnipotent and irresponsible senate, while the King would be reduced to the condition of a Venetian Doge.[2] It was, of course, suggested that it was the aim of Orange to govern the new Tribunal of Ten. No doubt the Prince was ambitious. Birth, wealth, genius, and virtue could not have been bestowed in such eminent degree on any man without carrying with them the determination to assert their value. But he practised no arts to arrive at the supremacy which he felt must always belong to him, whatever might be his nominal position in the political hierarchy. He was already, although but just turned of thirty years, vastly changed from the brilliant and careless grandee, as he stood at the hour of the imperial abdication. He was becoming careworn in face, thin of figure, sleepless of habit. The wrongs of which he was the daily witness, the absolutism, the cruelty, the rottenness of the Government, had marked his face with premature furrows. "They say that the Prince is very sad," wrote Morillon to Granvelle; "and 'tis easy to read as much in his face. They say *he cannot sleep.*"[3] Truly might the monarch have taken warning that here was a man who was dangerous, and who thought too much. "Sleek-headed men, and such as slept o' nights," would have been more eligible functionaries, no doubt, in the royal estimation, but, for a brief period, the King was content to use, to watch, and to suspect the man who was one day to be his great and invincible antagonist. He continued assiduous at the Council, and he did his best, by entertaining nobles and citizens at his hospitable mansion, to cultivate good relations with large numbers of his countrymen. He soon, however, had become disgusted with the court. Egmont was more lenient to the foul practices which prevailed there, and took almost a childish pleasure in dining at the table of the Duchess, dressed, as were many of the younger nobles, in short camlet doublet with the wheat-sheaf buttons.

The Prince felt more unwilling to compromise his personal dignity by

[1] Hoofd, ii. 48, 49. Hopper, Rec. et Mem., 40. Vit. Viglii, 38, 39.

[2] "Comme par un coup d'essay pensa d'abolir le conseil privé——pour abolir la puissance du Roy, et le rendre semblable à un ducq de Venise," etc.—Pontus Payen MS.

[3] Papiers d'Etat, vii. 434.

countenancing the flagitious proceedings and the contemptible supremacy of Armenteros, and it was soon very obvious, therefore, that Egmont was a greater favourite at court than Orange. At the same time the Count was also diligently cultivating the good graces of the middle and lower classes in Brussels, shooting with the burghers at the popinjay, calling every man by his name, and assisting at jovial banquets in townhouse or guildhall. The Prince, although at times a necessary partaker also in these popular amusements, could find small cause for rejoicing in the aspect of affairs. When his business led him to the palace, he was sometimes forced to wait in the antechamber for an hour, while Secretary Armenteros was engaged in private consultation with Margaret upon the most important matters of administration.[1] It could not be otherwise than galling to the pride and offensive to the patriotism of the Prince to find great public transactions intrusted to such hands. Thomas de Armenteros was a mere private secretary—a simple clerk. He had no right to have cognisance of important affairs, which could only come before his Majesty's sworn advisers. He was, moreover, an infamous peculator. He was rolling up a fortune with great rapidity by his shameless traffic in benefices, charges, and offices, whether of church or state. His name of Armenteros was popularly converted into Argenteros,[2] in order to symbolise the man who was made of public money. His confidential intimacy with the Duchess procured for him also the name of "Madame's barber,"[3] in allusion to the famous ornaments of Margaret's upper lip, and to the celebrated influence enjoyed by the barbers of the Duke of Savoy and of Louis the Eleventh. This man sold dignities and places of high responsibility at public auction.[4] The Regent not only connived at these proceedings, which would have been base enough, but she was full partner in the disgraceful commerce. Through the agency of the secretary, she, too, was amassing a large private fortune.[5] "The Duchess has gone into the business of vending places to the highest bidders," said Morillon, "with the bit between her teeth."[6] The spectacle presented at the council board was often sufficiently repulsive not only to the cardinalists, who were treated with elaborate insolence, but to all men who loved honour and justice, or who felt an interest in the prosperity of the Government. There was nothing majestic in the appearance of the Duchess as she sat conversing apart with Armenteros, whispering, pinching, giggling, or disputing, while important affairs of state were debated, concerning which the secretary had no right to be informed.[7] It was inevitable that Orange should be offended to the utmost by such proceedings, although he was himself treated with comparative respect. As for the ancient adherents of Granvelle, the Bordeys, Baves, and Morillons, they were forbidden by the favourite even to salute him in the streets. Berlaymont was treated by the Duchess with studied insult. "What is the man talking about?" she would ask with languid superciliousness, if he attempted to express his opinion in the State Council.[8] Viglius, whom Berlaymont accused of doing his best, without success, to make his peace with the seigniors, was in even still greater disgrace than his fellow-cardinalists. He longed, he said, to be in Burgundy, drinking Granvelle's good wine.[9] His patience under the daily insults which he received from the Government made him despicable in the

[1] Papiers d'Etat, vii. 593.
[2] Ibid., viii. 650; ix. 339.
[3] Ibid., viii. 650.
[4] Ibid., vii. 635-678. Groen v. Prinst., Archives et Correspondance, i. 405, 406.
[5] "Mesmes aucuns, pour la rendre odieuse au peuple semoyent un bruit qu'elle amassoit un grand thresor de derniers du Roy, oultre une infinité d'or et d'argent qu'elle tiroit subtilement des offices, benefices, et remissions qu'elle faisoit vendre soubs main en beaux deniers comptant par le dit Armenteros."—Pontus Payen MS.

The correspondence of the time proves that the story was no calumny, but an indisputable fact.
[6] "Son Altesze y vat bride avallée."—Papiers d'Etat, vii. 635.
[7] "L'aultre jour, Van der Aa me dict avec larmes qu'il ne scavoit plus comporter les termes que l'on y tint: parlant à l'oreille, riant, picquant, débatant et donnant souvent des lourdes attaches, et quand *Hostilio* y est aussi present pour escoulter."—Papiers d'Etat, viii. 57, 58.
[8] Papiers d'Etat, ix. 238.
[9] Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., i. 223.

eyes of his own party. He was described by his friends as pusillanimous to an incredible extent, timid from excess of riches, afraid of his own shadow.[1] He was becoming exceedingly pathetic, expressing frequently a desire to depart and end his days in peace. His faithful Hopper sustained and consoled him, but even Joachim could not soothe his sorrows when he reflected that after all the work performed by himself and colleagues, "they had only been beating the bush for others,"[2] while their own share in the spoils had been withheld. Nothing could well be more contumelious than Margaret's treatment of the learned Frisian. When other councillors were summoned to a session at three o'clock, the President was invited at four. It was quite impossible for him to have an audience of the Duchess except in the presence of the inevitable Armenteros. He was not allowed to open his mouth, even when he occasionally plucked up heart enough to attempt the utterance of his opinions. His authority was completely dead. Even if he essayed to combat the convocation of the States-general by the arguments which the Duchess, at his suggestion, had often used for the purpose, he was treated with the same indifference. "The poor President," wrote Granvelle to the King's chief secretary, Gonzalo Perez, "is afraid, as I hear, to speak a word, and is made to write exactly what they tell him." At the same time, the poor President, thus maltreated and mortified, had the vanity occasionally to imagine himself a bold and formidable personage. The man whom his most intimate friends described as afraid of his own shadow, described himself to Granvelle as one who went his own gait, speaking his mind frankly upon every opportunity, and compelling people to fear him a little, even if they did not love him. But the Cardinal knew better than to believe in this magnanimous picture of the doctor's fancy.[3]

Viglius was anxious to retire, but unwilling to have the appearance of being disgraced. He felt instinctively, although deceived as to the actual facts, that his great patron had been defeated and banished. He did not wish to be placed in the same position. He was desirous, as he piously expressed himself, of withdrawing from the world, "that he might balance his accounts with the Lord, before leaving the lodgings of life." He was, however, disposed to please "the master" as well as the Lord. He wished to have the royal permission to depart in peace. In his own lofty language, he wished to be sprinkled on taking his leave "with the holy water of the court." Moreover, he was fond of his salary, although he disliked the sarcasms of the Duchess. Egmont and others had advised him to abandon the office of President to Hopper, in order, as he was getting feeble, to reserve his whole strength for the State Council. Viglius did not at all relish the proposition. He said that by giving up the seals, and with them the rank and salary which they conferred, he should become a deposed saint. He had no inclination, as long as he remained on the ground at all, to part with those emoluments and honours, and to be converted merely into the "ass of the State Council."[4] He had, however, with the sagacity of an old navigator, already thrown out his anchor into the best holding-ground during the storms which he foresaw were soon to sweep the state. Before the close of the year which now occupies us, the learned doctor of laws had become a doctor of divinity also; and had already secured, by so doing, the wealthy prebend of Saint Bavon of Ghent.[5] This would be a consolation in the loss of secular dignities, and a recompense for the cold looks of the Duchess. He did not scruple to ascribe the pointed

[1] Papiers d'Etat, viii. 267, 311.
[2] "Qu'on aurat battu le buisson pour la noblesse."—Papiers d'Etat, viii. 57, 58.
[3] Ibid., 77-91, 190, 266, 372, 377, 409, 420, 425, 426, 619.
[4] "Et de me laisser contenter d'estre l'asne du conseil d'etat."—Papiers d'Etat, viii. 192.
[5] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 318-320.

dislike which Margaret manifested towards him to the awe in which she stood of his stern integrity of character. The true reason why Armenteros and the Duchess disliked him was because, in his own words, "he was not of their mind with regard to lotteries, the sale of offices, advancement to abbeys, and many other things of the kind, by which they were in such a hurry to make their fortune." Upon another occasion he observed, in a letter to Granvelle, that, "all offices were sold to the highest bidder, and that the cause of Margaret's resentment against both the Cardinal and himself was, that they had so long prevented her from making the profit which she was now doing from the sale of benefices, offices, and other favours."[1]

The Duchess, on her part, characterised the proceedings and policy, both past and present, of the cardinalists as factious, corrupt, and selfish in the last degree. She assured her brother that the simony, rapine, and dishonesty of Granvelle, Viglius, and all their followers had brought affairs into the ruinous condition which was then but too apparent. They were doing their best, she said, since the Cardinal's departure, to show, by their sloth and opposition, that they were determined to allow nothing to prosper in his absence. To quote her own vigorous expression to Philip—"Viglius made her suffer the pains of hell."[2] She described him as perpetually resisting the course of the administration, and she threw out dark suspicions, not only as to his honesty, but his orthodoxy. Philip lent a greedy ear to these scandalous hints concerning the late omnipotent minister and his friends. It is an instructive lesson in human history to look through the cloud of dissimulation in which the actors of this remarkable epoch were ever enveloped, and to watch them all stabbing fiercely at each other in the dark, with no regard to previous friendship, or even present professions. It is edifying to see the Cardinal, with all his genius and all his grimace, corresponding on familiar terms with Armenteros, who was holding him up to obloquy upon all occasions; to see Philip inclining his ear in pleased astonishment to Margaret's disclosures concerning the Cardinal, whom he was at the very instant assuring of his undiminished confidence;[3] and to see Viglius, the author of the edict of 1550, and the uniform opponent of any mitigation in its horrors, silently becoming involved, without the least suspicion of the fact, in the meshes of Inquisitor Titelmann.

Upon Philip's eager solicitations for further disclosures, Margaret accordingly informed her brother of additional facts communicated to her, after oaths of secrecy had been exchanged, by Titelmann and his colleague Del Canto. They had assured her, she said, that there were grave doubts touching the orthodoxy of Viglius. He had consorted with heretics during a large portion of his life, and had put many suspicious persons into office. As to his nepotism, simony, and fraud, there was no doubt at all. He had richly provided all his friends and relations in Friesland with benefices. He had become in his old age a priest and churchman, in order to snatch the provostship of Saint Bavon, although his infirmities did not allow him to say mass, or even to stand erect at the altar. The Inquisitors had further accused him of having stolen rings, jewels, plate, linen, beds, tapestry and other furniture from the establishment, all which property he had sent to Friesland, and of having seized one hundred thousand florins in ready money which had belonged to the last abbé—an act consequently of pure embezzlement. The Duchess afterwards transmitted to Philip an inventory of the plundered property, including the furniture of nine houses, and begged him to command Viglius to make instant restitution.[4] If there be truth in the homely proverb, that in case of certain

[1] Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., i. 265, 405, 406.
[2] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 314.
[3] Papiers d'Etat, vii. 593; 91–94. Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 309–317.
[4] Papiers d'Etat, i. 314–320, 350, 351.

quarrels honest men recover their rights, it is perhaps equally certain that when distinguished public personages attack each other, historians may arrive at the truth. Here certainly are edifying pictures of the corruption of the Spanish regency in the Netherlands painted by the President of the State Council, and of the dishonesty of the President painted by the Regent.

A remarkable tumult occurred in October of this year at Antwerp. A Carmelite monk, Christopher Smith, commonly called Fabricius, had left a monastery in Bruges, adopted the principles of the Reformation, and taken to himself a wife. He had resided for a time in England; but, invited by his friends, he had afterwards undertaken the dangerous charge of gospel-teacher in the commercial metropolis of the Netherlands. He was, however, soon betrayed to the authorities by a certain bonnet-dealer, popularly called Long Margaret, who had pretended, for the sake of securing the informer's fee, to be a convert to his doctrines. He was seized, and immediately put to the torture. He manfully refused to betray any members of his congregation—, as manfully avowed and maintained his religious creed. He was condemned to the flames, and during the interval which preceded his execution, he comforted his friends by letters of advice, religious consolation and encouragement, which he wrote from his dungeon. He sent a message to the woman who had betrayed him, assuring her of his forgiveness, and exhorting her to repentance. His calmness, wisdom, and gentleness, excited the admiration of all. When, therefore, this humble imitator of Christ was led through the streets of Antwerp to the stake, the popular emotion was at once visible. To the multitude who thronged about the executioners with threatening aspect, he addressed an urgent remonstrance that they would not compromise their own safety by a tumult in his cause. He invited all, however, to remain steadfast to the great truth for which he was about to lay down his life. The crowd, as they followed the procession of hangmen, halberdsmen, and magistrates, sang the hundred and thirtieth psalm in full chorus. As the victim arrived upon the market-place, he knelt upon the ground to pray for the last time. He was, however, rudely forced to rise by the executioner, who immediately chained him to the stake, and fastened a leathern strap around his throat. At this moment the popular indignation became uncontrollable, and stones were showered upon the magistrates and soldiers, who, after a slight resistance, fled for their lives. The foremost of the insurgents dashed into the enclosed arena, to rescue the prisoner. It was too late. The executioner, even as he fled, had crushed the victim's head with a sledge-hammer, and pierced him through and through with a poniard. Some of the bystanders maintained afterwards that his fingers and lips were seen to move, as if in feeble prayer, for a little time longer, until, as the fire mounted, he fell into the flames. For the remainder of the day, after the fire had entirely smouldered to ashes, the charred and half-consumed body of the victim remained in the market-place, a ghastly spectacle to friend and foe. It was afterwards bound to a stone and cast into the Scheld. Such was the doom of Christopher Fabricius for having preached Christianity in Antwerp. During the night an anonymous placard, written with blood, was posted upon the wall of the townhouse, stating that there were men in the city who would signally avenge his murder. Nothing was done, however, towards the accomplishment of the threat. The King, when he received the intelligence of the transaction, was furious with indignation, and wrote savage letters to his sister, commanding instant vengeance to be taken upon all concerned in so foul a riot. As one of the persons engaged had, however, been arrested and immediately hanged, and as the rest had effected their escape, the affair was suffered to drop.[1]

[1] Strada, iv. 143, 144. Hist. des Martyrs, apud Brandt, i. 262–264. Comp. Papiers d'Etat, viii. 440–443.

The scenes of outrage, the frantic persecutions, were fast becoming too horrible to be looked upon by Catholic or Calvinist. The prisons swarmed with victims, the streets were thronged with processions to the stake. The population of thriving cities, particularly in Flanders, were maddened by the spectacle of so much barbarity inflicted, not upon criminals, but usually upon men remarkable for propriety of conduct and blameless lives. It was precisely at this epoch that the burgomasters, senators, and council of the city of Bruges (all Catholics) humbly represented to the Duchess Regent that Peter Titelmann, Inquisitor of the Faith, against all forms of law, was daily exercising inquisition among the inhabitants, not only against those suspected or accused of heresy, but against all, however untainted their characters; that he was daily citing before him whatever persons he liked, men or women, compelling them by force to say whatever it pleased him; that he was dragging people from their houses, and even from the sacred precincts of the church; often in revenge for verbal injuries to himself, always under pretext of heresy, and without form or legal warrant of any kind. They therefore begged that he might be compelled to make use of preparatory examinations with the co-operation of the senators of the city, to suffer that witnesses should make their depositions without being intimidated by menace, and to conduct all his subsequent proceedings according to legal forms, which he had uniformly violated—publicly declaring that he would govern himself according to his own pleasure.[1]

The four Estates of Flanders having, in a solemn address to the King, represented the same facts, concluded their brief but vigorous description of Titelmann's enormities by calling upon Philip to suppress these horrible practices, so manifestly in violation of the ancient charters which he had sworn to support.[2] It may be supposed that the appeal to Philip would be more likely to call down a royal benediction than the reproof solicited upon the inquisitor's head. In the Privy Council, the petitions and remonstrances were read, and, in the words of the President, "found to be in extremely bad taste."[3] In the debate which followed, Viglius and his friends recalled to the Duchess, in earnest language, the decided will of the King, which had been so often expressed. A faint representation was made, on the other hand, of the dangerous consequences in case the people were driven to a still deeper despair. The result of the movement was but meagre. The Duchess announced that she could do nothing in the matter of the request until further information, but that meantime she had charged Titelmann to conduct himself in his office "with discretion and modesty."[4] The discretion and modesty, however, never appeared in any modification of the inquisitor's proceedings, and he continued unchecked in his infamous career until his death, which did not occur till several years afterwards. In truth, Margaret was herself in mortal fear of this horrible personage. He besieged her chamber-door almost daily, before she had risen, insisting upon audiences which, notwithstanding her repugnance to the man, she did not dare to refuse. "May I perish," said Morillon, "if she does not stand in exceeding awe of Titelmann."[5] Under such circumstances, sustained by the King in Spain, the Duchess in Brussels, the Privy Council, and by a leading member of what had been thought the liberal party, it was not difficult for the Inquisition to maintain its ground, notwithstanding the solemn protestations of the Estates and the suppressed curses of the people.

[1] Brandt, i. 278, 279. Papiers d'Etat, viii. 434–438. Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 329–331.

[2] Brandt, ubi sup.

[3] Papiers d'Etat, viii. 434.

[4] Papiers d'Etat, viii. 439: "De se conduyre en l'exercice de son office avec toute discretion, modestie et respect."

[5] "Dispeream," writes Morillon to Granvelle, "si ipsa non timeat Titelmannum et Del Campo qui indies etiam illa invita, ante fores cubiculi ejus versantur," etc.—Papiers d'Etat, viii. 425, 426.

Philip, so far from having the least disposition to yield in the matter of the great religious persecution, was more determined as to his course than ever. He had already, as early as August of this year, despatched orders to the Duchess that the decrees of the Council of Trent should be published and enforced throughout the Netherlands.[1] The memorable quarrel as to precedency between the French and Spanish delegates had given some hopes of a different determination. Nevertheless, those persons who imagined that, in consequence of this quarrel of etiquette, Philip would slacken in his allegiance to the Church, were destined to be bitterly mistaken. He informed his sister that, in the common cause of Christianity, he should not be swayed by personal resentments.[2] How, indeed, could a different decision be expected? His envoy at Rome, as well as his representatives at the Council, had universally repudiated all doubts as to the sanctity of its decrees. "To doubt the *infallibility* of the Council, as some have dared to do," said Francis de Vargas, "and to think it capable of error, is the most devilish heresy of all. Nothing could so much disturb and scandalise the world as such a sentiment. Therefore the Archbishop of Granada told, very properly, the Bishop of Tortosa, that if he should express such an opinion in Spain, they would burn him."[3] These strenuous notions were shared by the King. Therefore, although all Europe was on tiptoe with expectation to see how Philip would avenge himself for the slight put upon his ambassador, Philip disappointed all Europe.

In August 1564, he wrote to the Duchess Regent that the decrees were to be proclaimed and enforced without delay. They related to three subjects,—the doctrines to be inculcated by the Church, the reformation of ecclesiastical morals, and the education of the people. General police regulations were issued at the same time, by which heretics were to be excluded from all share in the usual conveniencies of society, and were, in fact, to be strictly excommunicated. Inns were to receive no guests, schools no children, almshouses no paupers, graveyards no dead bodies, unless guests, children, paupers, and dead bodies were furnished with the most satisfactory proofs of orthodoxy. Midwives of unsuspected Romanism were alone to exercise their functions, and were bound to give notice within twenty-four hours of every birth which occurred; the parish clerks were as regularly to record every such addition to the population, and the authorities to see that Catholic baptism was administered in each case with the least possible delay. Births, deaths, and marriages could only occur with validity under the shadow of the Church. No human being could consider himself born or defunct unless provided with a priest's certificate. The heretic was excluded, so far as ecclesiastical dogma could exclude him, from the pale of humanity, from consecrated earth, and from eternal salvation.

The decrees contained many provisions which not only conflicted with the privileges of the provinces, but with the prerogatives of the sovereign. For this reason many of the lords in council thought that at least the proper exceptions should be made upon their promulgation. This was also the opinion of the Duchess; but the King, by his letters of October and November (1564), expressly prohibited any alteration in the ordinances, and transmitted a copy of the form according to which the canons had been published in Spain, together with the expression of his desire that a similar course should be followed in the Netherlands.[4] Margaret of Parma was in great embarrassment. It was evident that the publication could no longer be deferred. Philip had issued his commands, but grave senators and learned doctors of the university had advised strongly in favour of the necessary exceptions. The extreme

[1] Strada, iv. 147. Hopper, Rec. et Mem., 52, sqq.
[2] Strada, ubi sup.
[3] Papiers d'Etat, vi. 484
[4] Strada, iv. 148.

party, headed by Viglius, were in favour of carrying out the royal decisions. They were overruled, and the Duchess was induced to attempt a modification, if her brother's permission could be obtained. The President expressed the opinion that the decrees, even with the restrictions proposed, would "give no contentment to the people, who, moreover, had no right to meddle with theology."[1] The excellent Viglius forgot, however, that theology had been meddling altogether too much with the people to make it possible that the public attention should be entirely averted from the subject. Men and women who might be daily summoned to rack, stake, and scaffold, in the course of these ecclesiastical arrangements, and whose births, deaths, marriages, and position in the next world were now to be formally decided upon, could hardly be taxed with extreme indiscretion if they did meddle with the subject.

In the dilemma to which the Duchess was reduced, she again bethought herself of a special mission to Spain. At the end of the year (1564), it was determined that Egmont should be the envoy. Montigny excused himself on account of private affairs; Marquis Berghen "because of his indisposition and corpulence."[2] There was a stormy debate in council after Egmont had accepted the mission and immediately before his departure. Viglius had been ordered to prepare the Count's instructions. Having finished the rough draught, he laid it before the board.[3] The paper was conceived in general terms, and might mean anything or nothing. No criticism upon its language was, however, offered until it came to the turn of Orange to vote upon the document. Then, however, William the Silent opened his lips, and poured forth a long and vehement discourse, such as he rarely pronounced, but such as few except himself could utter. There was no shuffling, no disguise, no timidity in his language. He took the ground boldly that the time had arrived for speaking out. The object of sending an envoy of high rank and European reputation like the Count of Egmont was to tell the King the truth. Let Philip know it now. Let him be unequivocally informed that this whole machinery of placards and scaffolds, of new bishops and old hangmen, of decrees, inquisitors, and informers, must once and for ever be abolished. Their day was over. The Netherlands were free provinces, they were surrounded by free countries, they were determined to vindicate their ancient privileges. Moreover, his Majesty was to be plainly informed of the frightful corruption which made the whole judicial and administrative system loathsome. The venality which notoriously existed everywhere—on the bench, in the council chamber, in all public offices, where purity was most essential—was denounced by the Prince in scathing terms. He tore the mask from individual faces, and openly charged the Chancellor of Brabant, Engelbert Maas, with knavery and corruption. He insisted that the King should be informed of the necessity of abolishing the two inferior councils, and of enlarging the Council of State by the admission of ten or twelve new members selected for their patriotism, purity, and capacity. Above all, it was necessary plainly to inform his Majesty that the canons of Trent, spurned by the whole world, even by the Catholic princes of Germany, could never be enforced in the Netherlands, and that it would be ruinous to make the attempt. He proposed and insisted that the Count of Egmont should be instructed accordingly. He avowed, in conclusion, that he was a Catholic himself and intended to remain in the faith, but that he could not look on with pleasure when princes strove to govern the souls of men, and to take away their liberty in matters of conscience and religion.[4]

Here certainly was no daintiness of phraseology, and upon these leading

[1] Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., i. 322.
[2] Papiers d'Etat, viii. 625.
[3] Vit. Viglii, 41.
[4] Ibid., 42, 43.

points, thus slightly indicated, William of Orange poured out his eloquence, bearing conviction upon the tide of his rapid invective. His speech lasted till seven in the evening, when the Duchess adjourned the meeting. The council broke up, the Regent went to supper, but the effect of the discourse upon nearly all the members was not to be mistaken. Viglius was in a state of consternation, perplexity, and despair. He felt satisfied that, with perhaps the exception of Berlaymont, all who had listened or should afterwards listen to the powerful arguments of Orange would be inevitably seduced or bewildered. The President lay awake, tossing and tumbling in his bed, recalling the Prince's oration, point by point, and endeavouring to answer it in order. It was important, he felt, to obliterate the impression produced. Moreover, as we have often seen, the learned Doctor valued himself upon his logic. It was absolutely necessary, therefore, that in his reply next day his eloquence should outshine that of his antagonist. The President thus passed a feverish and uncomfortable night, pronouncing and listening to imaginary harangues. With the dawn of day he arose and proceeded to dress himself. The excitement of the previous evening, and the subsequent sleeplessness of the night had, however, been too much for his feeble and slightly superannuated frame. Before he had finished his toilet, a stroke of apoplexy stretched him senseless upon the floor. His servants, when they soon afterwards entered the apartment, found him rigid, and to all appearance dead.[1] After a few days, however, he recovered his physical senses in part, but his reason remained for a longer time shattered, and was never perhaps fully restored to its original vigour.

This event made it necessary that his place in the Council should be supplied. Viglius had frequently expressed intentions of retiring—a measure to which he could yet never fully make up his mind. His place was now temporarily supplied by his friend and countryman, Joachim Hopper, like himself a Frisian doctor of ancient blood and extensive acquirements, well versed in philosophy and jurisprudence, a professor of Louvain, and a member of the Mechlin Council. He was likewise the original founder and projector of Douay University—an institution which, at Philip's desire, he had successfully organised in 1556, in order that a French university might be furnished for Walloon youths, as a substitute for the seductive and poisonous Paris. For the rest, Hopper was a mere man of routine. He was often employed in private affairs by Philip, without being intrusted with the secret at the bottom of them. His mind was a confused one, and his style inexpressibly involved and tedious. "Poor Master Hopper," said Granvelle, "did not write the best French in the world; may the Lord forgive him! He was learned in letters, but knew very little of great affairs." His manners were as cringing as his intellect was narrow. He never opposed the Duchess, so that his colleagues always called him "Councillor 'Yes, Madam,'" and he did his best to be friends with all the world.[2]

In deference to the arguments of Orange, the instructions for Egmont were accordingly considerably modified from the original draughts of Viglius. As drawn up by the new President, they contained at least a few hints to his Majesty as to the propriety of mitigating the edicts and extending some mercy to his suffering people.[3] The document was, however, not very satisfactory to the Prince, nor did he perhaps rely very implicitly upon the character of the envoy.

Egmont set forth upon his journey early in January (1565). He travelled in great state. He was escorted as far as Cambray by several nobles of his acquaintance, who improved the occasion by a series of tremendous banquets during the Count's sojourn, which was protracted till the end of January. The

[1] Vit. Viglii, 42.
[2] Ibid. Levensb., Nederl. Man. en Vrouwen, iv. 105-111. Groen v. Prinst., Archives, v. 373. Dom l'Evesque, i. 91.
[3] Ibid.

most noted of these gentlemen were Hoogstraaten, Brederode, the younger Mansfeld, Culemburg, and Noircarmes. Before they parted with the envoy, they drew up a paper, which they signed with their blood, and afterwards placed in the hands of his Countess. In this document they promised, on account of their "inexpressible and very singular affection" for Egmont, that if, during his mission to Spain, any evil should befall him, they would, on their faith as gentlemen and cavaliers of honour, take vengeance therefor upon the Cardinal Granvelle, or upon all who should be the instigators thereof.[1]

Wherever Brederode was, there, it was probable, would be much severe carousing. Before the conclusion, accordingly, of the visit to Cambray, that ancient city rang with the scandal created by a most uproarious scene. A banquet was given to Egmont and his friends in the citadel. Brederode, his cousin Lumey, and the other nobles from Brussels, were all present. The Archbishop of Cambray, a man very odious to the liberal party in the provinces, was also bidden to the feast. During the dinner, this prelate, although treated with marked respect by Egmont, was the object of much banter and coarse pleasantry by the ruder portion of the guests. Especially these convivial gentlemen took infinite pains to overload him with challenges to huge bumpers of wine—it being thought desirable, if possible, to place the Archbishop under the table. This pleasantry was alternated with much rude sarcasm concerning the new bishoprics. The conversation then fell upon other topics—among others, naturally upon the mission of Count Egmont. Brederode observed that it was a very hazardous matter to allow so eminent a personage to leave the land at such a critical period. Should anything happen to the Count, the Netherlands would sustain an immense loss. The Archbishop, irritated by the previous conversation, ironically requested the speaker to be comforted, "because," said he, "it will always be easy to find a new Egmont." Upon this, Brederode, beside himself with rage, cried out vehemently, "Are we to tolerate such language from this priest?" Culemburg, too, turning upon the offender, observed, "Your observation would be much more applicable to your own case. If you were to die, 'twould be easy to find five hundred of your merit to replace you in the see of Cambray." The conversation was, to say the least, becoming personal. The Bishop, desirous of terminating this keen encounter of wits, lifted a goblet full of wine and challenged Brederode to drink. That gentleman declined the invitation. After the cloth had been removed, the cup circulated more freely than ever. The revelry became fast and furious. One of the younger gentlemen who was seated near the Bishop snatched the bonnet of that dignitary from his head, and placed it upon his own. He then drained a bumper to his health, and passed the goblet and the cap to his next neighbour. Both circulated till they reached the Viscount of Ghent, who arose from his seat and respectfully restored the cap to its owner. Brederode then took a large "cup of silver and gold," filled it to the brim, and drained it to the confusion of Cardinal Granvelle, stigmatising that departed minister, as he finished, by an epithet of more vigour than decency. He then called upon all the company to pledge him to the same toast, and denounced as cardinalists all those who should refuse.

The Archbishop, not having digested the affronts which had been put upon him already, imprudently ventured himself once more into the confusion, and tried to appeal to the reason of the company. He might as well have addressed

[1] Groen v. P., Archives, etc., i. 345, *from* Arnoldi, Hist. Denkwürd, page 282. It is remarkable that after the return of the Count from Spain, Hoogstraaten received this singular bond from the Countess, and gave it to Mansfeld, to be burned in his presence. Mansfeld, however, advised keeping it, on account of Noircarmes, whose signature was attached to the document, and whom he knew to be so false and deceitful a man that it might be well to have it within their power at some future day to reproach him therewith.—Ibid. It will be seen in the sequel that Noircarmes more than justified the opinion of Mansfeld, but that the subsequent career of Mansfeld himself did not entitle him to reproach any of Philip's noble hangmen.

the crew of Comus. He gained nothing but additional insult. Brederode advanced upon him with threatening gestures. Egmont implored the prelate to retire, or at least not to take notice of a nobleman so obviously beyond the control of his reason. The Bishop, however, insisted—mingling reproof, menace, and somewhat imperious demands that the indecent saturnalia should cease. It would have been wiser for him to retire. Count Hoogstraaten, a young man, and small of stature, seized the gilt laver in which the company had dipped their fingers before seating themselves at table "Be quiet, be quiet, little man," said Egmont, soothingly, doing his best to restrain the tumult. "Little man, indeed!" responded the Count wrathfully; "I would have you to know that never did little man spring from my race." With those words he hurled the basin, water and all, at the head of the Archbishop. Hoogstraaten had no doubt manifested his bravery before that day; he was to display, on future occasions, a very remarkable degree of heroism; but it must be confessed that the chivalry of the noble house of Lalaing was not illustrated by this attack upon a priest. The Bishop was sprinkled by the water, but not struck by the vessel. Young Mansfeld, ashamed of the outrage, stepped forward to apologise for the conduct of his companions and to soothe the insulted prelate. That personage, however, exasperated, very naturally, to the highest point, pushed him rudely away, crying, "Begone, begone! who is this boy that is preaching to me?" Whereupon Mansfeld, much irritated, lifted his hand towards the ecclesiastic, and snapped his fingers contemptuously in his face. Some even said that he pulled the archiepiscopal nose, others that he threatened his life with a drawn dagger. Nothing could well have been more indecent or more cowardly than the conduct of these nobles upon this occasion. Their intoxication, together with the character of the victim, explained, but certainly could not palliate, the vulgarity of the exhibition. It was natural enough that men like Brederode should find sport in this remarkable badgering of a bishop, but we see with regret the part played by Hoogstraaten in the disgraceful scene.

The prelate, at last, exclaiming that it appeared that he had been invited only to be insulted, left the apartment, accompanied by Noircarmes and the Viscount of Ghent, and threatening that all his friends and relations should be charged with his vengeance. The next day a reconciliation was effected, as well as such an arrangement was possible, by the efforts of Egmont, who dined alone with the prelate. In the evening, Hoogstraaten, Culemburg, and Brederode, called upon the Bishop, with whom they were closeted for an hour, and the party separated on nominal terms of friendship.[1]

This scandalous scene, which had been enacted not only before many guests, but in presence of a host of servants, made necessarily a great sensation throughout the country. There could hardly be much difference of opinion among respectable people as to the conduct of the noblemen who had thus disgraced themselves. Even Brederode himself, who retained, as was natural, but a confused impression of the transaction, seemed in the days which succeeded the banquet to be in doubt whether he and his friends had merited any great amount of applause. He was, however, somewhat self-contradictory, although always vehement in his assertions on the subject. At one time he maintained —after dinner, of course—that he would have killed the Archbishop if they had not been forcibly separated; at other moments he denounced as liars all persons who should insinuate that he had committed or contemplated any injury to that prelate, offering freely to fight any man who disputed either of his two positions.[2]

The whole scene was dramatised, and represented in masquerade at a

[1] Pontus Payen MS. Papiers d'Etat, viii. 681–688; ix. 16, 17. Vander Haer, 279–283.

[2] Papiers d'Etat, ix. 16, 17.

wedding festival given by Councillor d'Assonleville on the marriage of Councillor Hopper's daughter, one of the principal parts being enacted by a son of the President-judge of Artois.[1] It may be supposed that if such eminent personages, in close connection with the Government, took part in such proceedings, the riot must have been considered of a very pardonable nature. The truth was, that the Bishop was a cardinalist, and therefore entirely out of favour with the administration. He was also a man of treacherous, sanguinary character, and detested by the people. He had done his best to destroy heresy in Valenciennes by fire and sword. "I will say one thing," said he in a letter to Granvelle, which had been intercepted, "since the pot is uncovered, and the whole cookery known, we had best push forward and make an end of all the principal heretics, whether rich or poor, *without regarding whether the city will be entirely ruined* by such a course. Such an opinion I should declare openly were it not that we of the ecclesiastical profession are accused of always crying out for blood."[2] Such was the prelate's theory. His practice may be inferred from a specimen of his proceedings which occurred at a little later day. A citizen of Cambray, having been converted to the Lutheran Confession, went to the Archbishop, and requested permission to move out of the country, taking his property with him. The petitioner having made his appearance in the forenoon, was requested to call again after dinner to receive his answer. The burgher did so, and was received, not by the prelate, but by the executioner, who immediately carried the Lutheran to the market-place, and cut off his head.[3] It is sufficiently evident that a minister of Christ with such propensities could not excite any great sympathy, however deeply affronted he might have been at a drinking party, so long as any Christians remained in the land.

Egmont departed from Cambray upon the 30th January, his friends taking a most affectionate farewell of him, and Brederode assuring him, with a thousand oaths, that he would forsake God for his service.[4] His reception at Madrid was most brilliant. When he made his first appearance at the palace, Philip rushed from his cabinet into the grand hall of reception, and fell upon his neck, embracing him heartily, before the Count had time to drop upon his knee and kiss the royal hand.[5] During the whole period of his visit he dined frequently at the King's private table, an honour rarely accorded by Philip, and was feasted and flattered by all the great dignitaries of the court as never a subject of the Spanish crown had been before. All vied with each other in heaping honours upon the man whom the King was determined to honour.[6] Philip took him out to drive daily in his own coach, sent him to see the wonders of the new Escorial, which he was building to commemorate the battle of St. Quentin, and, although it was still winter, insisted upon showing him the beauties of his retreat in the Segovian forest.[7] Granvelle's counsels as to the method by which the "friend of smoke" was so easily to be gained had not fallen unheeded on his royal pupil's ears. The Count was lodged in the house of Ruy Gomez, who soon felt himself able, according to previous assurances to that effect, contained in a private letter of Armenteros, to persuade the envoy to any course which Philip might command.[8] Flattery without stint was administered. More solid arguments to convince the Count that Philip was the most generous and clement of princes were also employed with great effect. The royal dues upon the estate of Gaasbecque, lately

[1] Papiers d'Etat, ix. 17. Pierre Arset, President of Artois, was afterwards a member of that infamous tribunal called the Council of Troubles, and popularly "of Blood."

[2] Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., i. 180, 181.

[3] Groen v. Prinst., Archives, ii. 458, 459. Letter from William of Orange to Landgrave William of Hesse.

[4] Papiers d'Etat, ix. 16, 17. [5] Pontus Payen MS.

[6] Ibid. [7] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 349.

[8] Ibid., 343, 344.

purchased by Egmont, were remitted.[1] A mortgage upon his seigneurie of Ninove[2] was discharged, and a considerable sum of money presented to him in addition. Altogether, the gifts which the ambassador received from the royal bounty amounted to one hundred thousand crowns.[3]

Thus feasted, flattered, and laden with presents, it must be admitted that the Count more than justified the opinions expressed in the letter of Armenteros, that he was a man easily governed by those who had credit with him. Egmont hardly broached the public matters which had brought him to Madrid. Upon the subject of the edicts, Philip certainly did not dissemble, however loudly the envoy may have afterwards complained at Brussels. In truth, Egmont, intoxicated by the incense offered to him at the Spanish court, was a different man from Egmont in the Netherlands, subject to the calm but piercing glance and the irresistible control of Orange. Philip gave him no reason to suppose that he intended any change in the religious system of the provinces, at least in any sense contemplated by the liberal party. On the contrary, a council of doctors and ecclesiastics was summoned,[4] at whose deliberations the Count was invited to assist; on which occasion the King excited general admiration by the fervour of his piety and the vehemence of his ejaculations. Falling upon his knees before a crucifix, in the midst of the assembly, he prayed that God would keep him perpetually in the same mind, and protested that he would never call himself master of those who denied the Lord God.[5] Such an exhibition could leave but little doubt in the minds of those who witnessed it as to the royal sentiments, nor did Egmont make any effort to obtain any relaxation of those religious edicts which he had himself declared worthy of approbation and fit to be maintained.[6] As to the question of enlarging the State Council, Philip dismissed the subject with a few vague observations, which Egmont, not very zealous on the subject at the moment, perhaps misunderstood. The punishment of heretics by some new method, so as to secure the pains but to take away the glories of martyrdom, was also slightly discussed; and here again Egmont was so unfortunate as to misconceive the royal meaning, and to interpret an additional refinement of cruelty into an expression of clemency. On the whole, however, there was not much negotiation between the monarch and the ambassador. When the Count spoke of business, the King would speak to him of his daughters, and of his desire to see them provided with brilliant marriages.[7] As Egmont had eight girls, besides two sons, it was natural that he should be pleased to find Philip taking so much interest in looking out husbands for them. The King spoke to him, as hardly could be avoided, of the famous fool's-cap livery. The Count laughed the matter off as a jest, protesting that it was a mere foolish freak, originating at the wine-table, and asseverating, with warmth, that nothing disrespectful or disloyal to his Majesty had been contemplated upon that or upon any other occasion. Had a single gentleman uttered an undutiful word against the King, Egmont vowed he would have stabbed him through and through upon the spot, had he been his own brother.[8] These warm protestations were answered by a gentle reprimand as to the past by Philip, and with a firm caution as to the future. "Let it be discontinued entirely, Count," said the King, as the two were driving together in the royal carriage.[9] Egmont expressed himself in handsome terms concerning the Cardinal,[10] in return for the wholesale approbation quoted to him in regard to his own character from the private letters of that sagacious personage to his Majesty. Certainly, after all this, the Count might suppose the affair of the livery forgiven.

[1] Pontus Payen MS.
[2] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 347, 348.
[3] Papiers d'Etat, ix. 385.
[4] Strada, iv. 152.
[5] Ibid.
[6] Papiers d'Etat, ix. 217.
[7] Bentivoglio, ii. 24.
[8] Strada, iv. 153.
[9] "Conde, no se haga mas."—Papiers d'Etat, ix. 277
[10] Papiers d'Etat, ix. 565.

Thus amicably passed the hours of that mission, the preliminaries for which had called forth so much eloquence from the Prince of Orange and so nearly carried off with apoplexy the President Viglius. On his departure Egmont received a letter of instructions from Philip as to the report which he was to make upon his arrival in Brussels to the Duchess. After many things personally flattering to himself, the envoy was directed to represent the King as overwhelmed with incredible grief at hearing the progress made by the heretics, but as immutably determined to permit no change of religion within his dominions, even were he to die a thousand deaths in consequence. The King, he was to state, requested the Duchess forthwith to assemble an extraordinary session of the Council, at which certain bishops, theological doctors, and very orthodox lawyers were to assist, in which, under pretence of discussing the Council of Trent matter, it was to be considered whether there could not be some "new way devised for executing heretics; *not indeed one by which any deduction should be made from their sufferings* (which certainly was not the royal wish, nor likely to be grateful to God or salutary to religion), but by which all hopes of glory—that powerful incentive to their impiety—might be precluded."[1] With regard to any suggested alterations in the Council of State, or in the other two Councils, the King was to be represented as unwilling to form any decision until he should hear at length from the Duchess Regent upon the subject.

Certainly here was a sufficient amount of plain speaking upon one great subject, and very little encouragement with regard to the other. Yet Egmont, who immediately after receiving these instructions set forth upon his return to the Netherlands, manifested nothing but satisfaction. Philip presented to him, as his travelling companion, the young Prince Alexander of Parma, then about to make a visit to his mother in Brussels, and recommended the youth, afterwards destined to play so prominent a part in Flemish history, to his peculiar care.[2] Egmont addressed a letter to the King from Valladolid, in which he indulged in ecstasies concerning the Escorial and the wood of Segovia, and declared that he was returning to the Netherlands "the most contented man in the world."[3]

He reached Brussels at the end of April. Upon the 5th of May he appeared before the Council, and proceeded to give an account of his interview with the King, together with a statement of the royal intentions and opinions. These were already sufficiently well known. Letters, written after the envoy's departure, had arrived before him, in which, while in the main presenting the same views as those contained in the instructions to Egmont, Philip had expressed his decided prohibition of the project to enlarge the State Council and to suppress the authority of the other two.[4] Nevertheless, the Count made his report according to the brief received at Madrid, and assured his hearers that the King was all benignity, having nothing so much at heart as the temporal and eternal welfare of the provinces. The siege of Malta, he stated, would prevent the royal visit to the Netherlands for the moment, but it was deferred only for a brief period. To remedy the deficiency in the provincial exchequer, large remittances would be made immediately from Spain. To provide for the increasing difficulties of the religious question, a convocation of nine learned and saintly personages was recommended, who should devise some new scheme by which the objections to the present system of chastising heretics might be obviated.[5]

It is hardly necessary to state that so meagre a result to the mission of

[1] Strada, iv. 153, sqq. Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 347. Hopper, Rec. et Mem., 46.
[2] Strada, iv. 155.
[3] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 349.
[4] Strada, iv. 154.
[5] Hopper, Rec. et Mem., 44-47. Hoofd, ii. 50-52.

Egmont was not likely to inspire the hearts of Orange and his adherents with much confidence. No immediate explosion of resentment, however, occurred. The general aspect for a few days was peaceful. Egmont manifested much contentment with the reception which he met with in Spain, and described the King's friendly disposition towards the leading nobles in lively colours. He went to his government immediately after his return, assembled the States of Artois in the city of Arras, and delivered the letters sent to that body by the King. He made a speech on this occasion,[1] informing the Estates that his Majesty had given orders that the edicts of the Emperor were to be enforced to the letter; adding that he had told the King freely his own opinion upon the subject, in order to dissuade him from that which others were warmly urging. He described Philip as the most liberal and debonair of princes; his Council in Spain as cruel and sanguinary. Time was to show whether the epithets thus applied to the advisers were not more applicable to the monarch than the eulogies thus lavished by the blind and predestined victim. It will also be perceived that this language, used before the Estates of Artois, varied materially from his observation to the Dowager Duchess of Aerschot, denouncing as enemies the men who accused him of having requested a moderation of the edicts. In truth, this most vacillating, confused, and unfortunate of men scarcely comprehended the purport of his recent negotiations in Spain, nor perceived the drift of his daily remarks at home. He was, however, somewhat vain-glorious immediately after his return, and excessively attentive to business. "He talks like a king," said Morillon spitefully, "negotiates night and day, and makes all bow before him."[2] His house was more thronged with petitioners, courtiers, and men of affairs, than even the palace of the Duchess. He avowed frequently that he would devote his life and his fortune to the accomplishment of the King's commands, and declared his uncompromising hostility to all who should venture to oppose that loyal determination.

It was but a very short time, however, before a total change was distinctly perceptible in his demeanour. These halcyon days were soon fled. The arrival of fresh letters from Spain gave unequivocal evidence of the royal determination, if, indeed, any doubt could be rationally entertained before. The most stringent instructions to keep the whole machinery of persecution constantly at work were transmitted to the Duchess, and aroused the indignation of Orange and his followers. They avowed that they could no longer trust the royal word, since, so soon after Egmont's departure, the King had written despatches so much at variance with his language, as reported by the envoy. There was nothing, they said, clement and debonair in these injunctions upon gentlemen of their position and sentiments to devote their time to the encouragement of hangmen and inquisitors. The Duchess was unable to pacify the nobles. Egmont was beside himself with rage. With his usual recklessness and wrath, he expressed himself at more than one session of the State Council in most unmeasured terms. His anger had been more inflamed by information which he had received from the second son of Berlaymont, a young and indiscreet lad, who had most unfortunately communicated many secrets which he had learned from his father, but which were never intended for Egmont's ear.[3]

Philip's habitual dissimulation had thus produced much unnecessary perplexity. It was his custom to carry on correspondence through the aid of various secretaries, and it was his invariable practice to deceive them all. Those who were upon the most confidential terms with the monarch were

[1] Papiers d'Etat, ix. 316.
[2] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 355, 356.
[3] Pontus Payen MS.

most sure to be duped upon all important occasions. It has been seen that even the astute Granvelle could not escape this common lot of all who believed their breasts the depositories of the royal secrets. Upon this occasion, Gonzalo Perez and Ruy Gomez complained bitterly that they had known nothing of the letters which had recently been despatched from Valladolid, while Tisnacq and Courterville had been ignorant of the communications forwarded by the hands of Egmont. They avowed that the King created infinite trouble by thus treating his affairs in one way with one set of councillors and in an opposite sense with the others, thus dissembling with all, and added that Philip was now much astonished at the dissatisfaction created in the provinces by the discrepancy between the French letters brought by Egmont and the Spanish letters since despatched to the Duchess. As this was his regular manner of transacting business, not only for the Netherlands, but for all his dominions, they were of opinion that such confusion and dissatisfaction might well be expected.[1]

After all, however, notwithstanding the indignation of Egmont, it must be confessed that he had been an easy dupe. He had been dazzled by royal smiles, intoxicated by court incense, contaminated by yet baser bribes. He had been turned from the path of honour and the companionship of the wise and noble to do the work of those who were to compass his destruction. The Prince of Orange reproached him to his face with having forgotten, when in Spain, to represent the views of his associates and the best interests of the country, while he had well remembered his own private objects, and accepted the lavish bounty of the King.[2] Egmont, stung to the heart by the reproof, from one whom he honoured and who wished him well, became sad and sombre for a long time, abstained from the court and from society, and expressed frequently the intention of retiring to his estates.[3] He was, however, much governed by his secretary, the Seigneur de Bakkerzeel,[4] a man of restless, intriguing and deceitful character, who at this period exercised as great influence over the Count as Armenteros continued to maintain over the Duchess, whose unpopularity from that and other circumstances was daily increasing.[5]

In obedience to the commands of the King, the canons of Trent had been published. They were nominally enforced at Cambray, but a fierce opposition was made by the clergy themselves to the innovation in Mechlin, Utrecht, and many other places. This matter, together with other more vitally important questions, came before the assembly of bishops and doctors, which, according to Philip's instructions, had been convoked by the Duchess. The opinion of the learned theologians was, on the whole, that the views of the Trent Council with regard to reformation of ecclesiastical morals and popular education was sound. There was some discordancy between the clerical and lay doctors upon other points. The seigniors, lawyers, and deputies from the Estates, *were all in favour of repealing the penalty of death for heretical* offences of any kind. President Viglius, with all the bishops and doctors of divinity, including the prelates of St Omer, Namur, and Ypres, and four theological professors from Louvain, *stoutly maintained the contrary opinion*.[6] The President especially declared himself vehemently in favour of the death punishment, and

[1] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 358.

[2] Papiers d'Etat, ix. 345: "Il y a esté parole picante du Prince d'Orange contre le Comte d'Egmont comme s'il n'auroit rien oblié de son particulier; mais bien de ce qui concernoit des seigneurs, dont d'Egmont at esté aggravié et ne fust jeudi en court ny en la procession."—Letter of Morillon to Granvelle, of date 22d June 1565.

"Le Prince d'Orange ne se pouvoit abstenir—— d'user des mots picquants contre le Comte d'Egmont qu'il n'avoit fait aultre chose en Espagñe que remplir sa bourse, et que les 50,000 pistolets que luy avoir donné le Roy luy avoyent faict oublier les causses de son voyage et charges de sa legation."—Pontus Payen MS. Compare Bentivoglio, ii. 24, 25

[3] Papiers d'Etat, ix. 386.

[4] Papiers d'Etat, ix. 459. Letter of Bave to Granvelle. Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 365, 366, Armenteros to G. Perez.

[5] Groen v. Prinst., Archives, i. 425.

[6] Papiers d'Etat, ix. 408.

expressed much anger against those who were in favour of its abolition.[1] The Duchess, upon the second day of the assembly, propounded formally the question whether any change was to be made in the chastisement of heretics. The Prince of Orange, with Counts Horn and Egmont, had, however, declined to take part in the discussions, on the ground that it was not his Majesty's intention that state councillors should deliver their opinions before strangers, but that persons from outside had been summoned to communicate their advice to the Council.[2] The seigniors having thus washed their hands of the matter, the doctors came to a conclusion with great alacrity It was their unanimous opinion that it comported neither with the service of God nor the common weal to make any change in the punishment, except, perhaps, in the case of extreme youth; but that, on the contrary, heretics were only to be dealt with by retaining the edicts in their rigour, and by courageously chastising the criminals.[3] After sitting for the greater part of six days, the bishops and doctors of divinity reduced their sentiments to writing, and affixed their signatures to the document. Upon the great point of the change suggested in the penalties of heresy, it was declared that no alteration was advisable in the edicts, which had been working so well for thirty-five years.[4] At the same time, it was suggested that "some persons, in respect to their age and quality, might be executed or punished more or less rigorously than others; some by death, some by galley slavery, some by perpetual banishment and entire confiscation of property." The possibility was also admitted of mitigating the punishment of those who, *without being heretics or sectaries*, might bring themselves within the provisions of the edicts "through curiosity, nonchalance, or otherwise." Such offenders, it was hinted, might be "whipped with rods, fined, banished, or subjected to similar penalties of a lighter nature."[5] It will be perceived, by this slight sketch of the advice thus offered to the Duchess, that these theologians were disposed very carefully to strain the mercy which they imagined possible in some cases, but which was to drop only upon the heads of the just. Heretics were still to be dealt with, so far as the bishops and presidents could affect their doom, with unmitigated rigour.

When the assembly was over, the Duchess, thus put in possession of the recorded wisdom of these special councillors, asked her constitutional advisers what she was to do with it. Orange, Egmont, Horn, Mansfeld replied, however, that it was not their affair, and that their opinion had not been demanded by his Majesty in the premises.[6] The Duchess accordingly transmitted to Philip the conclusions of the assembly, together with the reasons of the seigniors for refusing to take part in its deliberations. The sentiments of Orange could hardly be doubtful, however, nor his silence fail to give offence to the higher powers. He contented himself for the time with keeping his eyes and ears open to the course of events, but he watched well. He had "little leisure for amusing himself," as Brederode suggested. That free-spoken individual looked upon the proceedings of the theological assembly with profound disgust. "Your letter," he wrote to Count Louis, "is full of those blackguards of bishops and presidents. I would the race were extinct, like that of green dogs. They will always combat with the arms which they have ever used, remaining to the end avaricious, brutal, obstinate, ambitious, et cetera. I leave you to supply the rest."[7]

Thus, then, it was settled beyond peradventure that there was to be no compromise with heresy. The King had willed it. The theologians had advised it. The Duchess had proclaimed it. It was supposed that without

[1] Papiers d'Etat, ix. 408: "Y respondio con mucho animo contra un tal opinion."
[2] Hopper, Rec. et Mem., 47.
[3] Hopper, Rec. et Mem., 48.
[4] Ibid., 48, 49.
[5] Ibid.
[6] Ibid.
[7] Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., i. 382.

the axe, the fire, and the rack, the Catholic religion would be extinguished, and that the whole population of the Netherlands would embrace the Reformed faith. This was the distinct declaration of Viglius, in a private letter to Granvelle. "Many seek to abolish the chastisement of heresy," said he; "if they gain this point, *actum est de religione Catholicâ;* for, as most of the people are ignorant fools, the heretics will soon be the great majority, if by fear of punishment they are not kept in the true path."[1]

The uneasiness, the terror, the wrath of the people, seemed rapidly culminating to a crisis. Nothing was talked of but the edicts and the Inquisition. Nothing else entered into the minds of men. In the streets, in the shops, in the taverns, in the fields; at market, at church, at funerals, at weddings; in the noble's castle, at the farmer's fireside, in the mechanic's garret, upon the merchant's exchange, there was but one perpetual subject of shuddering conversation. It was better, men began to whisper to each other, to die at once than to live in perpetual slavery. It was better to fall with arms in hand than to be tortured and butchered by the Inquisition. Who could expect to contend with such a foe in the dark?

They reproached the municipal authorities with lending themselves as instruments to the institution. They asked magistrates and sheriffs how far they would go in their defence before God's tribunal for the slaughter of His creatures, if they could only answer the divine arraignment by appealing to the edict of 1550.[2] On the other hand, the inquisitors were clamorous in abuse of the languor and the cowardice of the secular authorities. They wearied the ear of the Duchess with complaints of the difficulties which they encountered in the execution of their functions—of the slight alacrity on the part of the various officials to assist them in the discharge of their duties. Notwithstanding the express command of his Majesty to that effect, they experienced, they said, a constant deficiency of that cheerful co-operation which they had the right to claim, and there was perpetual discord in consequence. They had been empowered by papal and by royal decree to make use of the gaols, the constables, the whole penal machinery of each province; yet the officers often refused to act, and had even dared to close the prisons. Nevertheless, it had been intended, as fully appeared by the imperial and royal instructions to the inquisitors, that their action through the medium of the provincial authorities should be unrestrained. Not satisfied with these representations to the Regent, the inquisitors had also made a direct appeal to the King. Judocus Tiletanus and Michael de Bay addressed to Philip a letter from Louvain. They represented to him that they were the only two left of the five inquisitors-general appointed by the Pope for all the Netherlands, the other three having *been recently converted into bishops.* Daily complaints, they said, were reaching them of the prodigious advance of heresy; but their own office was becoming so odious, so calumniated, and exposed to so much resistance, that they could not perform its duties without personal danger. They urgently demanded from his Majesty, therefore, additional support and assistance.[3] Thus the Duchess, exposed at once to the rising wrath of a whole people, and to the shrill blasts of inquisitorial anger, was tossed to and fro as upon a stormy sea. The commands of the King, too explicit to be tampered with, were obeyed. The theological assembly had met and given advice. The Council of Trent was here and there enforced. The edicts were republished and the inquisitors encouraged. Moreover, in accordance with Philip's suggestion, orders were now given that the heretics should be executed at midnight in their dungeons, by binding their heads

[1] Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., i. 370, 371.
[2] Hoofd, ii. 65.
[3] Correspondance de Philippe II., i 353.

between their knees, and then slowly suffocating them in tubs of water.[1] Secret drowning was substituted for public burning in order that the heretic's crown of vainglory, which was thought to console him in his agony, might never be placed upon his head.

In the course of the summer, Margaret wrote to her brother that the popular frenzy was becoming more and more intense. The people were crying aloud, she said, that the Spanish Inquisition, or a worse than Spanish Inquisition, had been established among them by means of bishops and ecclesiastics.[2] She urged Philip to cause the instructions for the inquisitors to be revised. Egmont, she said, was vehement in expressing his dissatisfaction at the discrepancy between Philip's language to him by word of mouth, and that of the royal despatches on the religious question. The other seigniors were even more indignant.

While the popular commotion in the Netherlands was thus fearfully increasing, another circumstance came to add to the prevailing discontent. The celebrated interview between Catherine de Medici and her daughter, the Queen of Spain, occurred in the middle of the month of June, at Bayonne. The darkest suspicions as to the results to humanity of the plots to be engendered in this famous conference between the representatives of France and Spain were universally entertained. These suspicions were most reasonable, but they were nevertheless mistaken. The plan for a concerted action to exterminate the heretics in both kingdoms had, as it was perfectly well known, been formed long before this epoch. It was also no secret that the Queen Regent of France had been desirous of meeting her son-in-law in order to confer with him upon important matters, face to face. Philip, however, had latterly been disinclined for the personal interview with Catherine.[3] As his wife was most anxious to meet her mother, it was nevertheless finally arranged that Queen Isabella should make the journey; but he excused himself, on account of the multiplicity of his affairs, from accompanying her in the expedition. The Duke of Alva was, accordingly, appointed to attend the Queen to Bayonne. Both were secretly instructed by Philip to leave nothing undone in the approaching interview toward obtaining the hearty co-operation of Catherine de Medici in a general and formally-arranged scheme for the simultaneous extermination of all heretics in the French and Spanish dominions.

Alva's conduct in this diplomatic commission was stealthy in the extreme. His letters[4] reveal a subtlety of contrivance and delicacy of handling, such as the world has not generally reckoned among his characteristics. All his adroitness, as well as the tact of Queen Isabella, by whose ability Alva declared himself to have been astounded, proved, however, quite powerless before the steady fencing of the wily Catherine. The Queen Regent, whose skill the Duke, even while defeated, acknowleged to his master, continued firm in her design to maintain her own power by holding the balance between Guise and Montmorency, between Leaguer and Huguenot. So long as her enemies could be employed in exterminating each other, she was willing to defer the extermination of the Huguenots. The great massacre of St. Bartholomew was to sleep for seven years longer. Alva was, to be sure, much encouraged at first by the language of the French princes and nobles who were present at Bayonne. Monluc protested that "they might saw the Queen Dowager in two before she would become Hugue-

[1] Meteren, ii. 30*d*. Brandt, Reformatie, i. v. 278. Compare de Thou, v. xl. 206; Hopper, Rec. et Mem., 56, 57.

[2] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 360–364.

[3] Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc. i. 380, 381.

[4] These remarkable letters are published in the Papiers d'Etat du Card. Granvelle, ix. 281–330, and reveal the whole truth concerning the famous conference of Bayonne.

not."[1] Montpensier exclaimed that "he would be cut in pieces for Philip's service—that the Spanish monarch was the only hope for France;" and embracing Alva with fervour, he affirmed that if his body were to be opened at that moment, the name of Philip would be found imprinted upon his heart.[2] The Duke, having no power to proceed to an autopsy, physical or moral, of Montpensier's interior, was left somewhat in the dark, notwithstanding these ejaculations. His first conversation with the youthful King, however, soon dispelled his hopes. He found immediately, in his own words, "that Charles the Ninth had been doctored."[3] To take up arms for religious reasons against his own subjects, the monarch declared to be ruinous and improper. It was obvious to Alva that the royal pupil had learned his lesson for that occasion. It was a pity for humanity that the wisdom thus hypocritically taught him could not have sunk into his heart. The Duke did his best to bring forward the plans and wishes of his royal master, but without success. The Queen Regent proposed a league of the two Kings and the Emperor against the Turk, and wished to arrange various matrimonial alliances between the sons and daughters of the three houses. Alva expressed the opinion that the alliances were already close enough, while, on the contrary, a secret league against the Protestants would make all three families the safer. Catherine, however, was not to be turned from her position. She refused even to admit that the Chancellor de l'Hospital was a Huguenot, to which the Duke replied that she was the only person in her kingdom who held that opinion. She expressed an intention of convoking an assembly of doctors, and Alva ridiculed in his letters to Philip the affectation of such a proceeding. In short, she made it sufficiently evident that the hour for the united action of the French and Spanish sovereigns against their subjects had not struck, so that the famous Bayonne conference terminated without a result. It seemed not the less certain, however, in the general opinion of mankind, that all the particulars of a regular plot had been definitely arranged upon this occasion for the extermination of the Protestants, and the error has been propagated by historians of great celebrity of all parties down to our own days. The secret letters of Alva, however, leave no doubt as to the facts.

In the course of November, fresh letters from Philip arrived in the Netherlands confirming everything which he had previously written. He wrote personally to the inquisitors-general, Tiletanus and De Bay, encouraging them, commending them, promising them his support, and urging them not to be deterred by any consideration from thoroughly fulfilling their duties. He wrote Peter Titelmann a letter in which he applauded the pains taken by that functionary to remedy the ills which religion was suffering, assured him of his gratitude, exhorted him to continue in his virtuous course, and avowed his determination to spare neither pains, expense, nor even his own life, to sustain the Catholic faith. To the Duchess he wrote at great length, and in most unequivocal language. He denied that what he had written from Valladolid was of different meaning from the sense of the despatches by Egmont. With regard to certain Anabaptist prisoners, concerning whose fate Margaret had requested his opinion, he commanded their execution, adding that such was his will in the case of all, whatever their quality, who could be caught. That which the people said in the Netherlands touching the Inquisition, he pronounced extremely distasteful to him. That institution, which had existed under his predecessors, he declared more necessary than ever; nor would he

[1] "Se dexaria asserrar que hazerse ugonota."—Papiers d'Etat, ubi sup.

[2] "Que por V. M. se dexaria hacer pedaços—— y que si le abriasen el coraçon le hallarian escripto nombre de V. M."—Papiers d'Etat, ubi sup.

[3] Como es, descubri lo que le temian predicado."—Ibid.

suffer it to be discredited. He desired his sister to put no faith in idle talk as to the inconveniences likely to flow from the rigour of the Inquisition. Much greater inconveniences would be the result if the inquisitors did not proceed with their labours, and the Duchess was commanded to write to the secular judges, enjoining upon them to place no obstacles in the path, but to afford all the assistance which might be required.[1]

To Egmont the King wrote with his own hand, applauding much that was contained in the recent decisions of the assembly of bishops and doctors of divinity, and commanding the Count to assist in the execution of the royal determination. In affairs of religion, Philip expressed the opinion that dissimulation and weakness were entirely out of place.[2]

When these decisive letters came before the State Council, the consternation was extreme. The Duchess had counted, in spite of her inmost convictions, upon less peremptory instructions. The Prince of Orange, the Count of Egmont, and the Admiral, were loud in their denunciations of the royal policy There was a violent and protracted debate. The excitement spread at once to the people. Inflammatory handbills were circulated. Placards were posted every night upon the doors of Orange, Egmont, and Horn, calling upon them to come forth boldly as champions of the people and of liberty in religious matters.[3] Banquets were held daily at the houses of the nobility, in which the more ardent and youthful of their order, with brains excited by wine and anger, indulged in flaming invectives against the Government, and interchanged vows to protect each other and the cause of the oppressed provinces. Meanwhile the Privy Council, to which body the Duchess had referred the recent despatches from Madrid, made a report upon the whole subject to the State Council during the month of November, sustaining the royal views, and insisting upon the necessity of carrying them into effect. The edicts and Inquisition having been so vigorously insisted upon by the King, nothing was to be done but to issue new proclamations throughout the country, together with orders to bishops, councils, governors, and judges, that every care should be taken to enforce them to the full.[4]

This report came before the State Council, and was sustained by some of its members. The Prince of Orange expressed the same uncompromising hostility to the Inquisition which he had always manifested, but observed that the commands of the King were so precise and absolute, as to leave no possibility of discussing that point. There was nothing to be done, he said, but to obey, but he washed his hands of the fatal consequences which he foresaw.[5] There was no longer any middle course between obedience and rebellion. This opinion, the soundness of which could scarcely be disputed, was also sustained by Egmont and Horn.

Viglius, on the contrary, nervous, agitated, appalled, was now disposed to temporise. He observed that if the seigniors feared such evil results, it would be better to prevent rather than to accelerate the danger which would follow the proposed notification to the governors and municipal authorities throughout the country on the subject of the Inquisition. To make haste was neither to fulfil the intentions nor to serve the interests of the King, and it was desirable "to avoid emotion and scandal." Upon these heads the President made a very long speech, avowing, in conclusion, that if his Majesty should not find the course proposed agreeable, he was ready to receive all the indignation upon his own head.[6]

Certainly, this position of the President was somewhat inconsistent with his

[1] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 369-373.
[2] Ibid., i. 375.
[3] Hoofd, ii. 66.
[4] Hopper, 58, 59.
[5] Ibid., 59.
[6] Ibid., 59, 60.

previous course. He had been most violent in his denunciations of all who should interfere with the execution of the great edict of which he had been the original draughtsman. He had recently been ferocious in combating the opinion of those civilians in the assembly of doctors who had advocated the abolition of the death penalty against heresy. He had expressed with great energy his private opinion that the ancient religion would perish if the machinery of persecution were taken away; yet he now for the first time seemed to hear or to heed the outcry of a whole nation, and to tremble at the sound. Now that the die had been cast, in accordance with the counsels of his whole life—now that the royal commands, often enigmatical and hesitating, were at last too distinct to be misconstrued, and too peremptory to be tampered with—the President imagined the possibility of delay. The health of the ancient Frisian had but recently permitted him to resume his seat at the council-board. His presence there was but temporary, for he had received from Madrid the acceptance of his resignation, accompanied with orders to discharge the duties of President[1] until the arrival of his successor, Charles de Tisnacq. Thus, in his own language, the Duchess was still obliged to rely for a season "upon her ancient Palinurus"[2]—a necessity far from agreeable to her, for she had lost confidence in the pilot. It may be supposed that he was anxious to smooth the troubled waters during the brief period in which he was still to be exposed to their fury; but he poured out the oil of his eloquence in vain. Nobody sustained his propositions. The Duchess, although terrified at the probable consequences, felt the impossibility of disobeying the deliberate decree of her brother, a proclamation was accordingly prepared, by which it was ordered that the Council of Trent, the edicts and the Inquisition, should be published in every town and village in the provinces immediately and once in six months for ever afterwards.[3] The deed was done, and the Prince of Orange, stooping to the ear of his next neighbour, as they sat at the council-board, whispered that they were now about to witness the commencement of the most extraordinary tragedy which had ever been enacted.[4] The prophecy was indeed a proof that the Prince could read the future, but the sarcasm of the President, that the remark had been made in a tone of exultation,[5] was belied by every action of the prophet's life.

The fiat went forth. In the market-place of every town and village of the Netherlands the Inquisition was again formally proclaimed. Every doubt which had hitherto existed as to the intention of the Government was swept away.

No argument was thenceforward to be permissible as to the constitutionality of the edicts—as to the compatibility of their provisions with the privileges of the land. The cry of a people in its agony ascended to heaven. The decree was answered with a howl of execration. The flames of popular frenzy[6] arose lurid and threatening above the house-tops of every town and village. The impending conflict could no longer be mistaken. The awful tragedy which the great watchman in the land had so long predicted was seen sweeping solemnly and steadily onward. The superstitious eyes of the age saw ominous indications in the sky. Contending armies trampled the clouds; blood dropped from heaven; the exterminating angel rode upon the wind.

There was almost a cessation of the ordinary business of mankind. Commerce was paralysed. Antwerp shook as with an earthquake. A chasm

[1] Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., i. 442. Vit. Viglii, 45.
[2] Vit. Viglii, 45.
[3] Bor, i. 32, 33. Meteren, ii. 37.
[4] "Visuros nos brevi egregiæ tragœdiæ initium." —Vit. Viglii, 45.
[5] "Quasi lætus, gloriabundusque."—Vit. Viglii, 45.
[6] "Depuis icelles publiées par lettres de S. A. aux evesques, consaulx et bonnes villes, c'est chose incroyable quelles flammes jecta le feu, d'auparavant caché soulz les cendres," etc., etc.—Hopper, Rec. et Mem., 62.

seemed to open, in which her prosperity and her very existence were to be for ever engulphed. The foreign merchants, manufacturers, and artisans, fled from her gates as if the plague was raging within them. Thriving cities were likely soon to be depopulated. The metropolitan heart of the whole country was almost motionless.[1]

Men high in authority sympathised with the general indignation. The Marquis Berghen, the younger Mansfeld, the Baron Montigny, openly refused to enforce the edicts within their governments. Men of eminence inveighed boldly and bitterly against the tyranny of the Government, and counselled disobedience. The Netherlanders, it was stoutly maintained, were not such senseless brutes as to be ignorant of the mutual relation of prince and people. They knew that the obligation of a king to his vassals was as sacred as the duties of the subjects to the sovereign.[2]

The four principal cities of Brabant first came forward in formal denunciation of the outrage. An elaborate and conclusive document was drawn up in their name, and presented to the Regent.[3] It set forth that the recent proclamation violated many articles in the "joyous entry." That ancient constitution had circumscribed the power of the clergy, and the jealousy had been felt in old times as much by the sovereign as the people. No ecclesiastical tribunal had therefore been allowed, excepting that of the Bishop of Cambray, whose jurisdiction was expressly confined to three classes of cases —those growing out of marriages, testaments, and mortmains.

It would be superfluous to discuss the point at the present day whether the directions to the inquisitors and the publication of the edicts conflicted with the "joyous entrance." To take a man from his house and burn him, after a brief preliminary examination, was clearly not to follow the letter and spirit of the Brabantine *habeas corpus*, by which inviolability of domicile and regular trials were secured and sworn to by the monarch; yet such had been the uniform practice of inquisitors throughout the country. The petition of the four cities was referred by the Regent to the Council of Brabant. The chancellor, or president judge of that tribunal, was notoriously corrupt—a creature of the Spanish Government. His efforts to sustain the policy of the administration were, however, vain. The Duchess ordered the archives of the province to be searched for precedents, and the Council to report upon the petition.[4] The case was too plain for argument or dogmatism, but the attempt was made to take refuge in obscurity. The answer of the Council was hesitating and equivocal.[5] The Duchess insisted upon a distinct and categorical answer to the four cities. Thus pressed, the Council of Brabant declared roundly that no inquisition of any kind had ever existed in the provinces.[6] It was impossible that any other answer could be given, but Viglius, with his associates in the Privy Council, were extremely angry at the conclusion.[7] The concession was, however, made, notwithstanding the bad example which, according to some persons, the victory thus obtained by so important a province would afford to the people in the other parts of the country. Brabant was declared free of the Inquisition.[8] Meanwhile the pamphlets, handbills, pasquils, and other popular productions, were multiplied. To use a Flemish expression, they "snowed in the streets." They were nailed nightly on all the great houses in Brussels.[9] Patriots were called upon to strike, speak, redress. Pungent lampoons, impassioned invectives, and

[1] Hoofd, ii. 68. Bor, i. 34, 35.
[2] Hopper, 62.
[3] Hopper, 63. sqq. Bor. i. 35. Meteren, ii. 37. Hoofd, ii. 68, 69. Supplement à l'Hist. des Guerres Civiles du Père F. Strada, par Foppens (Amst., 1729), vol. ii. 291, 292. Letter of Margaret of Parma.
[4] Strada, v. 168. Hoofd, ii. 69. Hopper, ubi sup.
[5] Bor, i. 39, 40. Hoofd, Hopper, ubi sup.
[6] Hopper, 64. Bor, Hoofd, ubi sup.
[7] Hopper, ubi sup.
[8] Hopper, 65.
[9] Bor, ii. 53. Hoofd, ii. 70, 71.

earnest remonstrances, were thrust into the hands of the Duchess. The publications, as they appeared, were greedily devoured by the people. "We are willing," it was said, in a remarkable letter to the King, "to die for the Gospel, but we read therein, 'Render unto Cæsar that which is Cæsar's, and unto God that which is God's.' We thank God that our enemies themselves are compelled to bear witness to our piety and patience; so that it is a common saying, 'He swears not, he is a Protestant; he is neither a fornicator nor a drunkard; he is of the new sect.' Yet, notwithstanding these testimonials to our character, no manner of punishment has been forgotten by which we can possibly be chastised."[1] This statement of the morality of the Puritans of the Netherlands was the justification of martyrs—not the self-glorification of Pharisees. The fact was incontrovertible. Their tenets were rigid, but their lives were pure. They belonged generally to the middling and lower classes. They were industrious artisans, who desired to live in the fear of God and in honour of their King. They were protected by nobles and gentlemen of high position, very many of whom came afterwards warmly to espouse the creed which at first they had only generously defended. Their whole character and position resembled, in many features, those of the English Puritans, who, three quarters of a century afterwards, fled for refuge to the Dutch Republic, and thence departed to establish the American Republic. The difference was, that the Netherlanders were exposed to a longer persecution and a far more intense martyrdom.

Towards the end of the year (1565) which was closing in such universal gloom, the contemporary chronicles are enlivened with a fitful gleam of sunshine. The light enlivens only the more elevated regions of the Flemish world, but it is pathetic to catch a glimpse of those nobles, many of whose lives were to be so heroic, and whose destinies so tragic, as amid the shadows projected by coming evil they still found time for the chivalrous festivals of their land and epoch. A splendid tournament was held at the Chateau d'Antoing to celebrate the nuptials of Baron Montigny with the daughter of Prince d'Espinoy. Orange, Horn, and Hoogstraaten were the challengers, and maintained themselves victoriously against all comers, Egmont and other distinguished knights being among the number.[2]

Thus brilliantly and gaily moved the first hours of that marriage which before six months had fled was to be so darkly terminated. The doom which awaited the chivalrous bridegroom in the dungeon of Simancas was ere long to be recorded in one of the foulest chapters of Philip's tyranny.

A still more elaborate marriage festival, of which the hero was, at a later day, to exercise a most decisive influence over the fortunes of the land, was celebrated at Brussels before the close of the year. It will be remembered that Alexander, Prince of Parma, had accompanied Egmont on his return from Spain in the month of April. The Duchess had been delighted with the appearance of her son, then twenty years of age, but already an accomplished cavalier. She had expressed her especial pleasure in finding him so thoroughly a Spaniard "in manner, costume, and conversation," that it could not be supposed he had ever visited any other land, or spoken any other tongue than that of Spain.[3]

The nobles of the Flemish court did not participate in the mother's enthusiasm. It could not be denied that he was a handsome and gallant young prince, but his arrogance was so intolerable as to disgust even those most disposed to pay homage to Margaret's son. He kept himself mainly in haughty retirement, dined habitually alone in his own apartments, and scarcely honoured any of

[1] Bor, i. 43–50. [2] Archives et Correspondance, i. 421. Pasq. de la Barre MS. [3] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 354.

the gentlemen of the Netherlands with his notice.[1] Even Egmont, to whose care he had been especially recommended by Philip, was slighted. If occasionally he honoured one or two of the seigniors with an invitation to his table, he sat alone in solemn state at the head of the board, while the guests, to whom he scarcely vouchsafed a syllable, were placed on stools without backs, below the salt.[2] Such insolence, it may be supposed, was sufficiently galling to men of the proud character, but somewhat reckless demeanour, which distinguished the Netherland aristocracy. After a short time they held themselves aloof, thinking it sufficient to endure such airs from Philip. The Duchess at first encouraged the young Prince in his haughtiness, but soon became sad as she witnessed its effects. It was the universal opinion that the young Prince was a mere compound of pride and emptiness. "There is nothing at all in the man,"[3] said Chantonnay. Certainly the expression was not a fortunate one. Time was to show that there was more in the man than in all the governors despatched successively by Philip to the Netherlands; but the proof was to be deferred to a later epoch. Meantime, his mother was occupied, and exceedingly perplexed, with his approaching nuptials. He had been affianced early in the year to the Princess Donna Maria of Portugal. It was found necessary, therefore, to send a fleet of several vessels to Lisbon to fetch the bride to the Netherlands,[4] the wedding being appointed to take place in Brussels. This expense alone was considerable, and the preparations for banquets, jousts, and other festivities, were likewise undertaken on so magnificent a scale that the Duke, her husband, was offended at Margaret's extravagance.[5] The people, by whom she was not beloved,[6] commented bitterly on the prodigalities which they were witnessing in a period of dearth and trouble.[7] Many of the nobles mocked at her perplexity. To crown the whole, the young Prince was so obliging as to express the hope, in his mother's hearing, that the bridal fleet, then on its way from Portugal, might sink with all it contained to the bottom of the sea.[8] The poor Duchess was infinitely chagrined by all these circumstances. The "insane and outrageous expenses"[9] in which the nuptials had involved her, the rebukes of her husband, the sneers of the seigniors, the undutiful epigrams of her son, the ridicule of the people, affected her spirits to such a degree, harassed as she was with grave matters of state, that she kept her room for days together, weeping, hour after hour, in the most piteous manner. Her distress was the town talk;[10] nevertheless, the fleet arrived in the autumn, and brought the youthful Maria to the provinces. This young lady, if the faithful historiographer of the Farnese house is to be credited, was the paragon of princesses.[11] She was the daughter of Prince Edward, and granddaughter of John the Third. She was young and beautiful; she could talk both Latin and Greek, besides being well versed in philosophy, mathematics, and theology.[12] She had the Scriptures at her tongue's end, both the old dispensation and the new, and could quote from the fathers with the

[1] Papiers d'Etat, ix. 224.

[2] Ibid., 224: "Au bas boult de la table sur scabeaux."

[3] Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., i. 394: "Certes jusques à maintenant nihil est in homine je ne sçay que se sera avec le temps."

[4] Papiers d'Etat, ix. 218.

[5] Ibid., ix. 385, 386, 601.

[6] Archives et Correspondance, i. 425.

[7] Ibid., ix. 601.

[8] Ibid., ix. 386: "Le jeune homme sciente matre diet qu'il vouldroit que toute ce que vad et reviendra demeurast au fond de la mer."

[9] "La folle et oultrageuse depense des nopces," etc.—Papiers d'Etat, ix. 601.

[10] "Que l'on sçait à parler par toute la ville de ceste plorerie."—Ibid.

[11] Strada, iv. 157–162.

[12] Ibid: "Prædicabaturque una ingenio omnia comprehendere: Latina lingua expedite ac perbene loqui: Græcas litteras proxime callere: philosophiam non ignorare: Mathematicorum disciplinas apprime nosse: divina utriusque Testamenti oracula in promptu habere."

This princess, in her teens, might already exclaim, with the venerable Faustus:

"Habe nun Philosophie
Juristerei und Medicin
Und leider ach: Theologie
Durch studirt mit heissem Bemühen," etc.

The panegyrists of royal houses in the sixteenth century were not accustomed to do their work by halves.

promptness of a bishop. She was so strictly orthodox that, on being compelled by stress of weather to land in England, she declined all communication with Queen Elizabeth, on account of her heresy. She was so eminently chaste that she could neither read the sonnets of Petrarch, nor lean on the arm of a gentleman.[1] Her delicacy upon such points was, indeed, carried to such excess, that upon one occasion when the ship which was bringing her to the Netherlands was discovered to be burning, she rebuked a rude fellow who came forward to save her life, assuring him that there was less contamination in the touch of fire than in that of man.[2] Fortunately, the flames were extinguished, and the Phœnix of Portugal was permitted to descend, unburned, upon the bleak shores of Flanders.

The occasion, notwithstanding the recent tears of the Duchess and the arrogance of the Prince, was the signal for much festivity among the courtiers of Brussels. It was also the epoch from which movements of a secret and important character were to be dated. The chevaliers of the Fleece were assembled, and Viglius pronounced before them one of his most classical orations. He had a good deal to say concerning the private adventures of Saint Andrew, patron of the Order, and went into some details of a conversation which that venerated personage had once held with the proconsul Ægeas.[3] The moral which he deduced from his narrative was the necessity of union among the magnates for the maintenance of the Catholic faith; the nobility and the Church being the two columns upon which the whole social fabric reposed.[4] It is to be feared that the President became rather prosy upon the occasion. Perhaps his homily, like those of the fictitious Archbishop of Granada, began to smack of the apoplexy from which he had so recently escaped. Perhaps the meeting, being one of hilarity, the younger nobles became restive under the infliction of a very long and very solemn harangue. At any rate, as the meeting broke up, there was a good deal of jesting on the subject. De Hammes, commonly called "Toison d'Or," councillor and king-at-arms of the Order, said that the President had been seeing visions and talking with Saint Andrew in a dream. Marquis Berghen asked for the source whence he had derived such intimate acquaintance with the ideas of the saint. The President took these remarks rather testily, and, from trifling, the company became soon earnestly engaged in a warm discussion of the agitating topics of the day. It soon became evident to Viglius that De Hammes and others of his comrades had been dealing with dangerous things. He began shrewdly to suspect that the popular heresy was rapidly extending into higher regions; but it was not the President alone who discovered how widely the contamination was spreading. The meeting, the accidental small-talk, which had passed so swiftly from gaiety to gravity, the rapid exchange of ideas, and the freemasonry by which intelligence upon forbidden topics had been mutually conveyed, became events of historical importance. Interviews between nobles who, in the course of the festivities produced by the Montigny and Parma marriages, had discovered that they entertained a secret similarity of sentiment upon vital questions, became of frequent occurrence.[5] The result to which such conferences led will be narrated in the following chapter.

Meantime, upon the 11th November 1565, the marriage of Prince Alexander and Donna Maria was celebrated with great solemnity by the Archbishop of Cambray, in the chapel of the Court at Brussels. On the following Sunday

[1] Strada, iv. 127–162.
[2] "—— Tu vero, inquit, manum actutum abstine: quasi non minus ab hujus, quam à flammarum tactu timeret sibi," etc.—Ibid.
[3] Vit. Viglii, 44.
[4] Ibid.
[5] Bor, ii. 53. Hoofd, ii. 70, 71.

the wedding banquet was held in the great hall, where ten years previously the memorable abdication of the bridegroom's imperial grandfather had taken place. The walls were again hung with the magnificent tapestry of Gideon, while the knights of the Fleece, with all the other grandees of the land, were assembled to grace the spectacle.[1] The King was represented by his envoy in England, Don Guzman de Silva, who came to Brussels for the occasion, and who had been selected for this duty because, according to Armenteros, "he was endowed, beside his prudence, with so much witty gracefulness with ladies in matters of pastime and entertainment."[2] Early in the month of December, a famous tournament was held in the great market-place of Brussels, the Duke of Parma, the Duke of Aerschot, and Count Egmont being judges of the jousts. Count Mansfeld was the challenger, assisted by his son Charles, celebrated among the gentry of the land for his dexterity in such sports. To Count Charles was awarded upon this occasion the silver cup from the lady of the lists; Count Bossu received the prize for breaking best his lances; the Seigneur de Beauvoir for the most splendid entrance; Count Louis of Nassau for having borne himself most gallantly in the *mêlée*. On the same evening the nobles, together with the bridal pair, were entertained at a splendid supper given by the city of Brussels in the magnificent Hôtel de Ville. On this occasion the prizes gained at the tournament were distributed, amid the applause and hilarity of all the revellers.[3]

Thus, with banquet, tourney, and merry marriage-bells, with gaiety gilding the surface of society, while a deadly hatred to the Inquisition was eating into the heart of the nation, and while the fires of civil war were already kindling, of which no living man was destined to witness the extinction, ended the year 1565.

CHAPTER VI.

cis Junius—His sermon at Culemburg House—The Compromise—Portraits of Sainte Aldegonde, of Louis of Nassau, of "Toison d'Or," of Charles Mansfeld—Sketch of the Compromise—Attitude of Orange—His letter to the Duchess—Signers of the Compromise—Indiscretion of the Confederates—Espionage over Philip by Orange—Dissatisfaction of the seigniors—Conduct of Egmont—Despair of the people—Emigration to England—Its effects—The Request—Meeting at Breda and Hoogstraaten—Exaggerated statements concerning the Request in the State Council—Hesitation of the Duchess—Assembly of notables—Debate concerning the Request and the Inquisition—Character of Brederode—Arrival of the petitioners in Brussels—Presentation of the Request—Emotion of Margaret—Speech of Brederode—Sketch of the Request—Memorable sarcasm of Berlaymont—Deliberation in the State Council—Apostille to the Request—Answer to the Apostille—Reply of the Duchess—Speech of D'Esquerdes—Response of Margaret—Memorable banquet at Culemburg House—Name of "the Beggars" adopted—Orange, Egmont, and Horn break up the riotous meeting—Costume of "the Beggars"—Brederode at Antwerp—Horrible execution at Oudenarde—Similar cruelties throughout the provinces—Project of "Moderation"—Religious views of Orange—His resignation of all his offices not accepted—The "Moderation" characterised—Egmont at Arras—Debate on the "Moderation"—Vacillation of Egmont—Mission of Montigny and Berghen to Spain—Instructions to the envoys—Secret correspondence of Philip with the Pope concerning the Netherland Inquisition and the edicts—Field-preaching in the provinces—Modet at Ghent—Other preachers characterised—Excitement at Tournay—Peter Gabriel at Harlem—Field-preaching near Antwerp—Embarrassment of the Regent—Excitement at Antwerp—Pensionary Wesenbeck sent to Brussels—Orange at Antwerp—His patriotic course—Misrepresentation of the Duchess—Intemperate zeal of Dr. Rythovius—Meeting at St. Trond—Conference at Duffel—Louis of Nassau deputed to the Regent—Unsatisfactory negotiations.

THE most remarkable occurrence in the earlier part of the year 1566 was the famous Compromise. This document, by which the signers pledged themselves to oppose the Inquisition, and to defend each other against all con-

[1] De la Barre MS., 57.
[2] "Tiene tambien gracia y donaire con las damas en las cosas de passatiempo y entretenimiento."—Cor de Phil. II., i. 365, 366
[3] De la Barre MS.

sequences of such a resistance, was probably the work of Philip de Marnix, Lord of Sainte Aldegonde. Much obscurity, however, rests upon the origin of this league. Its foundations had already been laid in the latter part of the preceding year. The nuptials of Parma with the Portuguese princess had been the cause of much festivity, not only in Brussels, but at Antwerp. The great commercial metropolis had celebrated the occasion by a magnificent banquet. There had been triumphal arches, wreaths of flowers, loyal speeches, generous sentiments, in the usual profusion. The chief ornament of the dinner-table had been a magnificent piece of confectionery, setting elaborately forth the mission of Count Mansfeld with the fleet to Portugal to fetch the bride from her home, with exquisitely finished figures in sugar—portraits, it is to be presumed—of the principal personages as they appeared during the most striking scenes of the history.[1] At the very moment, however, of these delectations, a meeting was held at Brussels of men whose minds were occupied with sterner stuff than sugar-work. On the wedding-day of Parma, Francis Junius, a dissenting minister then residing at Antwerp, was invited to Brussels to preach a sermon in the house of Count Culemburg on the horse-market (now called Little Sablon), before a small assembly of some twenty gentlemen.[2]

This Francis Junius, born of a noble family in Bourges, was the pastor of the secret French congregation of Huguenots at Antwerp. He was very young, having arrived from Geneva, where he had been educated, to take charge of the secret church, when but just turned of twenty years.[3] He was, however, already celebrated for his learning, his eloquence, and his courage. Towards the end of 1565, it had already become known that Junius was in secret understanding with Louis of Nassau to prepare an address to Government on the subject of the Inquisition and edicts. Orders were given for his arrest. A certain painter of Brussels affected conversion to the new religion, that he might gain admission to the congregation, and afterwards earn the reward of the informer. He played his part so well that he was permitted to attend many meetings, in the course of which he sketched the portrait of the preacher, and delivered it to the Duchess Regent, together with minute statements as to his residence and daily habits. Nevertheless, with all this assistance, the Government could not succeed in laying hands on him. He escaped to Breda, and continued his labours in spite of persecution. The man's courage may be estimated from the fact that he preached on one occasion a sermon, advocating the doctrines of the Reformed Church, with his usual eloquence, in a room overlooking the market-place, where, at the very instant, the execution by fire of several heretics was taking place, while the light from the flames in which the brethren of their faith were burning was flickering through the glass windows of the conventicle.[4] Such was the man who preached a sermon in Culemburg Palace on Parma's wedding-day. The nobles who listened to him were occupied with grave discourse after conclusion of the religious exercises. Junius took no part in their conversation, but in his presence it was resolved that a league against the "barbarous and violent Inquisition" should be formed, and that the confederates should mutually bind themselves both within and without the Netherlands to this great purpose.[5] Junius, in giving this explicit statement, has not mentioned the names of the nobles before whom he preached. It may be inferred that some of them were the more ardent and the more

[1] Meteren, ii. 36.
[2] Brandt, i. 289, sqq. Ex. Vita F. Junii ab ipso conscripta, f. 15, apud Brandt.
[3] Vit. Junii, 14, 15, 16.
[4] Ibid., f. 16, apud Brandt, 290.
[5] Ibid., p. 15, apud Brandt, 289.

respectable among the somewhat miscellaneous band by whom the Compromise was afterwards signed.

At about the same epoch, Louis of Nassau. Nicolas de Hammes, and certain other gentlemen met at the baths of Spa. At this secret assembly, the foundations of the Compromise were definitely laid.[1] A document was afterwards drawn up, which was circulated for signatures in the early part of 1566. It is, therefore, a mistake to suppose that this memorable paper was simultaneously signed and sworn to at any solemn scene like that of the declaration of American Independence, or like some of the subsequent transactions in the Netherland revolt arranged purposely for dramatic effect. Several copies of the Compromise were passed secretly from hand to hand, and in the course of two months some two thousand signatures had been obtained.[2] The original copy bore but three names, those of Brederode, Charles de Mansfeld, and Louis of Nassau.[3] The composition of the paper is usually ascribed to Sainte Aldegonde, although the fact is not indisputable.[4] At any rate, it is very certain that he was one of the originators and main supporters of the famous league.

Sainte Aldegonde was one of the most accomplished men of his age. He was of ancient nobility, as he proved by an abundance of historical heraldic evidence, in answer to a scurrilous pamphlet in which he had been accused, among other delinquencies, of having sprung from plebeian blood. Having established his "extraction from true and ancient gentlemen of Savoy, paternally and maternally," he rebuked his assailants in manly strain. "Even had it been that I was without nobility of birth," said he, "I should be none the less or more a virtuous or honest man; nor can any one reproach me with having failed in the point of honour or duty. What greater folly than to boast of the virtue or gallantry of others, as do many nobles who, having neither a grain of virtue in their souls nor a drop of wisdom in their brains, are entirely useless to their country! Yet there are such men who, because their ancestors have done some valorous deed, think themselves fit to direct the machinery of a whole country, having from their youth learned nothing but to dance and to spin like weathercocks with their heads as well as their heels."[5] Certainly Sainte Aldegonde had learned other lessons than these. He was one of the many-sided men who recalled the symmetry of antique patriots. He was a poet of much vigour and imagination, a prose writer whose style was surpassed by that of none of his contemporaries, a diplomatist in whose tact and delicacy William of Orange afterwards reposed in the most difficult and important negotiations, an orator whose discourses on many great public occasions attracted the attention of Europe, a soldier whose bravery was to be attested afterwards on many a well-fought field, a theologian so skilful in the polemics of divinity, that, as it will hereafter appear, he was more than a match for a bench of bishops upon their own ground, and a scholar so accomplished, that, besides speaking and writing the classical and several modern languages with facility, he had also translated for popular use the Psalms of David into vernacular verse, and at a very late period of his life was requested by the States-general of the republic to translate

[1] This appears from the sentence pronounced against De Hammes (Toisin d'Or), by the Blood-Council on the 17th May 1568. "Chargé d'avoir este ung des autheurs de la seditieuse et pernicieuse conjuration et ligue des confederez (qu'ils appellent Compromis), et dicelle premièrement avoir jecte les fondemens à la fontaine de Spa, avecq le Compte Loys de Nassau et aultres et après environ le mois de Decembre 1565, l'arreste la signe et jure en ceste villè de Bruxelle en sa maison et à icelle attire et induict plusieurs aultres." —Registre des Condamnes et Bannis à cause des Troubles des Pays-Bas dep. l'an 1568 à 1572. Chambre des Comptes, iii. MS. in the Brussels Archives.

[2] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 400.

[3] Archives et Correspondance, ii. 2-7.

[4] Groen v. Prinst., Archives et Correspondance, ii. 13.

[5] Réponse à un libelle fameux naguères publié contre Monseigneur le Prince d'Orange et intitulé Lettres de un gentilhomme vray patriote, etc.—Faicte du Mon. de S. Aldegonde. Anvers: chez Giles van den Rade, 1579.

all the Scriptures—a work, the fulfilment of which was prevented by his death.[1] A passionate foe to the Inquisition and to all the abuses of the ancient Church, an ardent defender of civil liberty, it must be admitted that he partook also of the tyrannical spirit of Calvinism. He never rose to the lofty heights to which the spirit of the great founder of the commonwealth was destined to soar, but denounced the great principle of religious liberty for all consciences as godless. He was now twenty-eight years of age, having been born in the same year with his friend Louis of Nassau. His device, "*Repos ailleurs*,"[2] finely typified the restless, agitated, and laborious life to which he was destined.

That other distinguished leader of the newly-formed league, Count Louis, was a true knight of the olden time, the very mirror of chivalry. Gentle, generous, pious; making use, in his tent before the battle, of the prayers which his mother sent him from the home of his childhood,[3] yet fiery in the field as an ancient crusader—doing the work of general and soldier with desperate valour and against any numbers—cheerful and steadfast under all reverses, witty and jocund in social intercourse, animating with his unceasing spirits the graver and more foreboding soul of his brother; he was the man to whom the eyes of the most ardent among the Netherland Reformers were turned at this early epoch, the trusty staff upon which the great Prince of Orange was to lean till it was broken. As gay as Brederode, he was unstained by his vices, and exercised a boundless influence over that reckless personage, who often protested that he would "die a poor soldier at his feet."[4] The career of Louis was destined to be short, if reckoned by years; but if by events, it was to attain almost a patriarchal length. At the age of nineteen he had taken part in the battle of St. Quentin, and when once the war of freedom opened, his sword was never to be sheathed. His days were filled with life, and when he fell into his bloody but unknown grave, he was to leave a name as distinguished for heroic valour and untiring energy as for spotless integrity. He was small of stature, but well formed; athletic in all knightly exercises, with agreeable features, a dark laughing eye, close-clipped brown hair, and a peaked beard.

"Golden Fleece," as Nicolas de Hammes was universally denominated, was the illegitimate scion of a noble house.[5] He was one of the most active of the early adherents to the league, kept the list of signers in his possession, and scoured the country daily to procure new confederates.[6] At the public preachings of the reformed religion, which soon after this epoch broke forth throughout the Netherlands as by a common impulse, he made himself conspicuous. He was accused of wearing, on such occasions, the ensigns of the Fleece about his neck, in order to induce ignorant people to believe that they might themselves legally follow when they perceived a member of that illustrious fraternity to be leading the way.[7] As De Hammes was only an official or servant of that Order, but not a companion, the seduction of the lieges by such false pretences was reckoned among the most heinous of his offences. He was fierce in his hostility to the Government, one of those fiery spirits whose premature zeal was prejudicial to the cause of liberty, and disheartening to the cautious patriotism of Orange. He was for smiting at once the gigantic atrocity of the Spanish dominion, without waiting for the forging of the weapons by which the blows were to be dealt. He forgot that men and money were as necessary as wrath, in a contest with the most tremendous despotism of the world. "They wish," he wrote to Count Louis,

[1] Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., iii. 412, 413.
[2] Ibid.
[3] Ibid., ii. 260, 309.
[4] Ibid., 426.
[5] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 399; note 2.
[6] Ibid., 400. Strada, v. 172.
[7] Registre des Condamnés, MS., ubi sup.

"that we should meet these hungry wolves with remonstrances, using gentle words while they are burning and cutting off heads. Be it so then. Let us take the pen—let them take the sword. For them deeds, for us words. We shall weep, they will laugh. The Lord be praised for all; but I cannot write this without tears."[1] This nervous language painted the situation and the character of the writer.

As for Charles Mansfeld, he soon fell away from the league, which he had embraced originally with excessive ardour.[2]

By the influence of the leaders many signatures were obtained during the first two months of the year. The language of the document was such that patriotic Catholics could sign it as honestly as Protestants. It inveighed bitterly against the tyranny of "a heap of strangers," who, influenced only by private avarice and ambition, were making use of an affected zeal for the Catholic religion to persuade the King into a violation of his oaths. It denounced the refusal to mitigate the severity of the edicts. It declared the Inquisition, which it seemed the intention of Government to fix permanently upon them, as "iniquitous, contrary to all laws, human and divine, surpassing the greatest barbarism which was ever practised by tyrants, and as redounding to the dishonour of God and to the total desolation of the country." The signers protested, therefore, that "having a due regard to their duties as faithful vassals of his Majesty, and especially as noblemen—and in order not to be deprived of their estates and their lives by those who, under pretext of religion, wished to enrich themselves by plunder and murder," they had bound themselves to each other by holy covenant and solemn oath to resist the Inquisition. They mutually promised to oppose it in every shape, open or covert, under whatever mask it might assume, whether bearing the name of Inquisition, placard, or edict, "and to extirpate and eradicate the thing in any form, as the mother of all iniquity and disorder." They protested before God and man, that they would attempt nothing to the dishonour of the Lord or to the diminution of the King's grandeur, majesty, or dominion. They declared, on the contrary, an honest purpose to "maintain the monarch in his estate, and to suppress all seditions, tumults, monopolies, and factions." They engaged to preserve their confederation, thus formed, for ever inviolable, and to permit none of its members to be persecuted in any manner, in body or goods, by any proceeding founded on the Inquisition, the edicts, or the present league.[3]

It will be seen, therefore, that the Compromise was in its origin a covenant of *nobles*. It was directed against the foreign influence by which the Netherlands were exclusively governed, and against the Inquisition, whether Papal, Episcopal, or by edict. There is no doubt that the country was controlled entirely by Spanish masters, and that it was intended to reduce the ancient liberty of the Netherlands into subjection to a junta of foreigners sitting at Madrid. Nothing more legitimate could be imagined than a constitutional resistance to such a policy.

The Prince of Orange had not been consulted as to the formation of the league.[4] It was sufficiently obvious to its founders that his cautious mind would find much to censure in the movement. His sentiments with regard to the Inquisition and the edicts were certainly known to all men. In the beginning of this year, too, he had addressed a remarkable letter[5] to the Duchess, in

[1] Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., ii. 36, 37.
[2] Correspondance de Philippe II., 303–306, 422. Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., ii. 409
[3] The Compromise has been often printed. Vide, *e.g.*, Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., ii. 2, sqq.; Foppens, Supplément à Strada, ii. 299, sqq.; Bor, ii. 53, 54.
[4] Groen v. Prinst., ii. 11, 15.
[5] 24th January 1566. The letter is published by Groen v. Prinsterer, Archives, etc., ii. 16–21, and in Bor, 33, 34. It may be found also in Gachard, Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., ii. 106, sqq., and in Reiffenberg, Correspondance de Marg. d'Autriche, 16–20.
The original, entirely in the handwriting of the Prince, is in the Archives of the State Council at Brussels.

answer to her written commands to cause the Council of Trent, the Inquisition, and the edicts, in accordance with the recent commands of the King, to be published and enforced throughout his government. Although his advice on the subject had not been asked, he expressed his sense of obligation to speak his mind on the subject, preferring the hazard of being censured for his remonstrance, to that of incurring the suspicion of connivance at the desolation of the land by his silence. He left the question of reformation in ecclesiastical morals untouched, as not belonging to his vocation. As to the Inquisition, he most distinctly informed her Highness that the hope which still lingered in the popular mind of escaping the permanent establishment of that institution, had alone prevented the utter depopulation of the country, with entire subversion of its commercial and manufacturing industry. With regard to the edicts, he temperately but forcibly expressed the opinion that it was very hard to enforce those placards now in their rigour, when the people were exasperated, and the misery universal, inasmuch as they had frequently been modified on former occasions. The King, he said, could gain nothing but difficulty for himself, and would be sure to lose the affection of his subjects, by renewing the edicts, strengthening the Inquisition, and proceeding to fresh executions, at a time when the people, moved by the example of their neighbours, were naturally inclined to novelty. Moreover, when by reason of the daily-increasing prices of grain a famine was impending over the land, no worse moment could be chosen to enforce such a policy. In conclusion, he observed that he was at all times desirous to obey the commands of his Majesty and her Highness, and to discharge the duties of "a good Christian." The use of the latter term is remarkable, as marking an epoch in the history of the Prince's mind. A year before he would have said a good Catholic, but it was during this year that his mind began to be thoroughly pervaded by religious doubt, and that the great question of the Reformation forced itself, not only as a political, but as a moral problem upon him, which he felt that he could not much longer neglect instead of solving.

Such were the opinions of Orange. He could not, however, safely intrust the sacred interests of a commonwealth to such hands as those of Brederode —however deeply that enthusiastic personage might drink the health of "Younker William," as he affectionately denominated the Prince—or to "Golden Fleece," or to Charles Mansfeld, or to that younger wild boar of Ardennes, Robert de la Marck. In his brother and in Sainte Aldegonde he had confidence, but he did not exercise over them that control which he afterwards acquired. His conduct towards the confederacy was imitated in the main by the other great nobles. The covenanters never expected to obtain the signatures of such men as Orange, Egmont, Horn, Meghem, Berghen, or Montigny, nor were those eminent personages ever accused of having signed the Compromise, although some of them were afterwards charged with having protected those who did affix their names to the document. The confederates were originally found among the lesser nobles. Of these, some were sincere Catholics, who loved the ancient Church but hated the Inquisition; some were fierce Calvinists or determined Lutherans; some were troublous and adventurous spirits, men of broken fortunes, extravagant habits, and boundless desires, who no doubt thought that the broad lands of the Church, with their stately abbeys, would furnish much more fitting homes and revenues for gallant gentlemen than for lazy monks.[1] All were young, few had any prudence or conduct, and the history of the league more than justified the disapprobation of Orange. The nobles thus banded together,

[1] Pontus Payen MS.

achieved little by their confederacy. They disgraced a great cause by their orgies, almost ruined it by their inefficiency, and when the rope of sand which they had twisted fell asunder, the people had gained nothing and the gentry had almost lost the confidence of the nation. These remarks apply to the mass of the confederates and to some of the leaders. Louis of Nassau and Sainte Aldegonde were ever honoured and trusted as they deserved.

Although the language of the Compromise spoke of the leaguers as nobles, yet the document was circulated among burghers and merchants also, many of whom, according to the satirical remark of a Netherland Catholic, may have been influenced by the desire of writing their names in such aristocratic company, and some of whom were destined to expiate such vainglory upon the scaffold.[1]

With such associates, therefore, the profound and anxious mind of Orange could have little in common. Confidence expanding as the number increased, their audacity and turbulence grew with the growth of the league. The language at their wild banquets was as hot as the wine which confused their heads; yet the Prince knew that there was rarely a festival in which there did not sit some calm, temperate Spaniard, watching with quiet eye and cool brain the extravagant demeanour, and listening with composure to the dangerous avowals or bravadoes of these revellers, with the purpose of transmitting a record of their language or demonstrations to the inmost sanctuary of Philip's cabinet at Madrid.[2] The Prince knew, too, that the King was very sincere in his determination to maintain the Inquisition, however dilatory his proceedings might appear. He was well aware that an armed force might be expected ere long to support the royal edicts. Already the Prince had organised that system of espionage upon Philip, by which the champion of his country was so long able to circumvent its despot. The King left letters carefully locked in his desk at night, and unseen hands had forwarded copies of them to William of Orange before the morning. He left memoranda in his pockets on retiring to bed, and exact transcripts of those papers found their way, likewise, ere he rose,[3] to the same watchman in the Netherlands. No doubt an inclination for political intrigue was a prominent characteristic of the Prince, and a blemish upon the purity of his moral nature, yet the dissimulating policy of his age he had mastered only that he might accomplish the noblest purposes to which a great and good man can devote his life—the protection of the liberty and the religion of a whole people against foreign tyranny. His intrigue served his country, not a narrow personal ambition, and it was only by such arts that he became Philip's master, instead of falling at once, like so many great personages, a blind and infatuated victim. No doubt his purveyors of secret information were often destined fearfully to atone for their contraband commerce, but they who trade in treason must expect to pay the penalty of their traffic.

Although, therefore, the great nobles held themselves aloof from the confederacy, yet many of them gave unequivocal signs of their dissent from the policy adopted by Government. Marquis Berghen wrote to the Duchess, resigning his posts, on the ground of his inability to execute the intention of

[1] Pontus Payen MS.

[2] "Les faisant seoir le plus souvent au plus beau de leurs tables par une courtoise manière de faire que nous avons de caresser les étrangers; sy tost que le vin estoit monté au cerveau de nos seigneurs et gentilshommes parloient librement à leur accoustumée de toutes choses, descouvrant par grande simplesse ce qu'ils avoient au cœur, sans considérer que ces oiseaux estoyent à leurs tables, lesquels demeurans tousjours vivans jusques à remarquer leurs contenances pour en faire rapport à certains commis qu'ils appelloyent auditeurs."—Pontus Payen MS., liv. i.

[3] Pontus Payen MS.: "Entre aultres par le Secretaire Van den Esse, lequel abusant de la privaulté du Roy son maistre, avoit (comme aulcuns veullent dire) esté si téméraire de fureter sa poche, pendant qu'il estoit au lict, et lire les lettres secretes qu'il recevoit de Madame de Parme et du Cardinal, faisant après entendre le contenu au Prince d'Orange," etc., etc.

the King in the matter of religion. Meghem replied to the same summons by a similar letter. Egmont assured her that he would have placed his offices in the King's hands in Spain could he have foreseen that his Majesty would form such resolutions as had now been proclaimed. The sentiments of Orange were avowed in the letter to which we have already alluded. His opinions were shared by Montigny, Culemburg, and many others. The Duchess was also almost reduced to desperation. The condition of the country was frightful. The most determined loyalists, such as Berlaymont, Viglius, and Hopper, advised her not to mention the name of Inquisition in a conference which she was obliged to hold with a deputation from Antwerp.[1] She feared, all feared, to pronounce the hated word. She wrote despairing letters to Philip, describing the condition of the land and her own agony in the gloomiest colours. Since the arrival of the royal orders, she said, things had gone from bad to worse. The King had been ill advised. It was useless to tell the people that the Inquisition had always existed in the provinces. They maintained that it was a novelty; that the institution was a more rigorous one than the Spanish Inquisition, which, said Margaret, "was most odious, as the King knew."[2] It was utterly impossible to carry the edicts into execution. Nearly all the governors of provinces had told her plainly that they would not help to burn fifty or sixty thousand Netherlanders.[3] Thus bitterly did Margaret of Parma bewail the royal decree; not that she had any sympathy for the victims, but because she felt the increasing danger to the executioner. One of two things it was now necessary to decide upon,—concession or armed compulsion. Meantime, while Philip was slowly and secretly making his levies, his sister, as well as his people, was on the rack. Of all the seigniors, not one was placed in so painful a position as Egmont. His military reputation and his popularity made him too important a personage to be slighted, yet he was deeply mortified at the lamentable mistake which he had committed. He now averred that he *would never take arms against the King*, but that he would go where man should never see him more.[4]

Such was the condition of the nobles, greater and less. That of the people could not well be worse. Famine reigned in the land.[5] Emigration, caused not by over-population, but by persecution, was fast weakening the country. It was no wonder that not only foreign merchants should be scared from the great commercial cities by the approaching disorders, but that every industrious artisan who could find the means of escape should seek refuge among strangers, wherever an asylum could be found. That asylum was afforded by Protestant England, who received these intelligent and unfortunate wanderers with cordiality, and learned with eagerness the lessons in mechanical skill which they had to teach. Already there were thirty thousand emigrant Netherlanders established in Sandwich, Norwich, and other places assigned to them by Elizabeth.[6] It had always, however, been made a condition of the liberty granted to these foreigners for practising their handiwork that each house should employ at least one English apprentice.[7] "Thus," said a Walloon historian, splenetically, "by this regulation, and by means of heavy duties on foreign manufactures, have the English built up their own fabrics and prohibited those of the Netherlands. Thus have they drawn over to their own country our skilful artisans to practise their industry, not at home but abroad, and our poor people are losing the means of earning their livelihood. Thus has cloth-making, silk-making, and the art of dyeing declined in this country,

[1] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 386, 387, 397.
[2] Ibid. [3] Ibid.
[4] Ibid., 391.
[5] Pasquier de la Barre, MS. Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 392 [6] Ibid.
[7] Renom de France MS.: "Et affin de faire croistre ces mestiers et artifices en Angleterre, nul de ceulx qui se sont retirés illecq ont peu faire mestiers s'ils n'avoient apprentisseurs Anglois, un pour le moings.—i. c. iv.

and would have been quite extinguished but by our wise countervailing edicts."[1] The writer, who derived most of his materials and his wisdom from the papers of Councillor d'Assonleville, could hardly doubt that the persecution to which these industrious artisans, whose sufferings he affected to deplore, had been subjected, must have had something to do with their expatriation; but he preferred to ascribe it wholly to the protective system adopted by England. In this he followed the opinion of his preceptor. "For a long time," said Assonleville, "the Netherlands have been the Indies to England; and as long as she has them, she needs no other. The French try to surprise our fortresses and cities: the English make war upon our wealth and upon the purses of the people."[2] Whatever the cause, however, the current of trade was already turned. The cloth-making of England was already gaining preponderance over that of the provinces. Vessels now went every week from Sandwich to Antwerp, laden with silk, satin, and cloth, manufactured in England, while as many, but a few years before, had borne the Flemish fabrics of the same nature from Antwerp to England.[3]

It might be supposed by disinterested judges that persecution was at the bottom of this change in commerce. The Prince of Orange estimated that up to this period fifty thousand persons in the provinces had been put to death in obedience to the edicts.[4] He was a moderate man, and accustomed to weigh his words. As a new impulse had been given to the system of butchery —as it was now sufficiently plain that "if the father had chastised his people with a scourge, the son held a whip of scorpions"[5]—as the edicts were to be enforced with renewed vigour—it was natural that commerce and manufactures should make their escape out of a doomed land as soon as possible, whatever system of tariffs might be adopted by neighbouring nations.

A new step had been resolved upon early in the month of March by the confederates. A petition, or "Request," was drawn up, which was to be presented to the Duchess Regent in a formal manner by a large number of gentlemen belonging to the league. This movement was so grave, and likely to be followed by such formidable results, that it seemed absolutely necessary for Orange and his friends to take some previous cognisance of it before it was finally arranged. The Prince had no power, nor was there any reason why he should have the inclination, to prevent the measure, but he felt it his duty to do what he could to control the vehemence of the men who were moving so rashly forward, and to take from their manifesto, as much as possible, the character of a menace.

For this end, a meeting, ostensibly for social purposes and "good cheer," was held, in the middle of March, at Breda, and afterwards adjourned to Hoogstraaten. To these conferences Orange invited Egmont, Horn, Hoogstraaten, Berghen, Meghem, Montigny, and other great nobles. Brederode, Tholouse, Boxtel, and other members of the league, were also present.[6] The object of the Prince in thus assembling his own immediate associates, governors of provinces, and knights of the Fleece, as well as some of the leading members of the league, was twofold. It had long been his opinion that a temperate and loyal movement was still possible, by which the impending convulsions might be averted. The line of policy which he had marked out required the assent of the magnates of the land, and looked towards the convocation of the States-general. It was natural that he should indulge in the hope of being seconded by the men who were in the same political and social

[1] Renom de France, MS., ubi sup.
[2] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 382.
[3] Ibid., i. 392.
[4] Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., ii. 22.
[5] Apologie d'Orange, 58.
[6] Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., ii. 38, sqq Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 397–399. Foppens, Supplément, i. 78, 79 (Procés d'Egmont). Compare Bentivoglio, ii. 27; Wagenaer, vi. 133, 134; Vander Haer, 305, sqq.; Apologie d'Orange, 56, sqq.

station with himself. All, although Catholics, hated the Inquisition. As Viglius pathetically exclaimed, "Saint Paul himself would have been unable to persuade these men that good fruit was to be gathered from the Inquisition in the cause of religion."[1] Saint Paul could hardly be expected to reappear on earth for such a purpose. Meantime, the arguments of the learned President had proved powerless, either to convince the nobles that the institution was laudable, or to obtain from the Duchess a postponement in the publication of the late decrees. The Prince of Orange, however, was not able to bring his usual associates to his way of thinking. The violent purposes of the leaguers excited the wrath of the more loyal nobles. Their intentions were so dangerous, even in the estimation of the Prince himself, that he felt it his duty to lay the whole subject before the Duchess, although he was not opposed to the presentation of a modest and moderate Request.[2] Meghem was excessively indignant at the plan of the confederates, which he pronounced an insult to the Government, a treasonable attempt to overawe the Duchess, by a "few wretched vagabonds."[3] He swore that "he would break every one of their heads, if the King would furnish him with a couple of hundred thousand florins."[4] Orange quietly rebuked this truculent language, by assuring him both that such a process would be more difficult than he thought, and that he would also find many men of great respectability among the vagabonds.

The meeting separated at Hoogstraaten without any useful result, but it was now incumbent upon the Prince, in his own judgment, to watch, and in a measure to superintend, the proceedings of the confederates. By his care the contemplated Request was much altered, and especially made more gentle in its tone. Meghem separated himself thenceforth entirely from Orange, and ranged himself exclusively upon the side of Government. Egmont vacillated, as usual, satisfying neither the Prince nor the Duchess.[5]

Margaret of Parma was seated in her council-chamber very soon after these occurrences, attended both by Orange and Egmont, when the Count of Meghem entered the apartment. With much precipitation, he begged that all matters then before the board might be postponed, in order that he might make an important announcement. He then stated that he had received information from a gentleman on whose word he could rely—a very affectionate servant of the King, but whose name he had promised not to reveal—that a very extensive conspiracy of heretics and sectaries had been formed, both within and without the Netherlands; that they had already a force of thirty-five thousand men, foot and horse, ready for action; that they were about to make a sudden invasion, and to plunder the whole country, unless they immediately received a formal concession of entire liberty of conscience; and that, within six or seven days, fifteen hundred men-at-arms would make their appearance before her Highness.[6] These ridiculous exaggerations of the truth were confirmed by Egmont, who said that he had received similar information from persons whose names he was not at liberty to mention, but from whose statements he could announce that some great tumult might be expected every day. He added that there were among the confederates many who wished to change their sovereign, and that the chieftains and captains of the conspiracy were all appointed.[7] The same nobleman also laid before the Council a copy of the Compromise,[8] the terms of which famous document scarcely justified the extravagant language with which it had been heralded. The Duchess was astounded at these communications. She had already

[1] Vigl. Epist. ad Hopperum, 359.
[2] Apologie d'Orange, 58.
[3] Vander Haer, 306: "Pauci nebulones."
[4] Ibid.
[5] Ibid., 309.
[6] Hopper, Rec. et Mem., 69, sqq. Foppens, Supplément, ii. 293, sqq. Hoofd, ii. 71, 72.
[7] Foppens, Supplément, 293, sqq. (Letter of Margaret of Parma to Philippe II.)
[8] Hopper, 70.

received, but probably not yet read, a letter from the Prince of Orange upon the subject, in which a moderate and plain statement of the actual facts was laid down, which was now reiterated by the same personage by word of mouth.[1] An agitated and inconclusive debate followed, in which, however, it sufficiently appeared, as the Duchess informed her brother, that one of two things must be done without further delay. The time had arrived for the Government to take up arms or to make concessions.

In one of the informal meetings of councillors, now held almost daily, on the subject of the impending Request, Aremberg, Meghem, and Berlaymont, maintained that the door should be shut in the face of the petitioners without taking any further notice of the petition. Berlaymont suggested, also, that if this course were not found advisable, the next best thing would be to allow the confederates to enter the palace with their Request, and then to cut them to pieces to the very last man, by means of troops to be immediately ordered from the frontiers.[2] Such sanguinary projects were indignantly rebuked by Orange. He maintained that the confederates were entitled to be treated with respect. Many of them, he said, were his friends—some of them his relations—and there was no reason for refusing, to gentlemen of their rank, a right which belonged to the poorest plebeian in the land. Egmont sustained these views of the Prince as earnestly as he had on a previous occasion appeared to countenance the more violent counsels of Meghem.[3]

Meantime, as it was obvious that the demonstration on the part of the confederacy was soon about to be made, the Duchess convened a grand assembly of notables, in which not only all the State and Privy Councillors, but all the Governors and Knights of the Fleece were to take part. On the 28th of March,[4] this assembly was held, at which the whole subject of the Request, together with the proposed modification of the edicts and abolition of the Inquisition, was discussed. The Duchess also requested the advice of the meeting, whether it would not be best for her to retire to some other city, like Mons, which she had selected as her stronghold in case of extremity. The decision was, that it would be a high-handed proceeding to refuse the right of petition to a body of gentlemen, many of them related to the greatest nobles in the land; but it was resolved that they should be required to make their appearance without arms. As to the contemplated flight of the Duchess, it was urged, with much reason, that such a step would cast disgrace upon the Government, and that it would be a sufficiently precautionary measure to strengthen the guards at the city gates—not to prevent the entrance of the petitioners, but to see that they were unaccompanied by an armed force.

It had been decided that Count Brederode should present the petition to the Duchess at the head of a deputation of about three hundred gentlemen. The character of the nobleman thus placed foremost on such an important occasion has been sufficiently made manifest. He had no qualities whatever but birth and audacity to recommend him as a leader for a political party. It was to be seen that other attributes were necessary to make a man useful in such a position, and the Count's deficiencies soon became lamentably conspicuous. He was the lineal descendant and representative of the old sovereign Counts of Holland. Five hundred years before his birth, his ancestor Sikko, younger brother of Dirk the Third, had died, leaving two sons, one of whom was the first Baron of Brederode.[5] A descent of five centuries in

[1] Foppens, Supplément, 293, sqq. (Letter of Margaret of Parma.) Hopper, 70.

[2] Pontus Payen, ii., MS: "Les Comtes de Megne, d Aremberg, et S. de Berlaymont estoyent d'advis de leur fermer la porte au visiage——ou bien les laisser au Palais et puis les faire tailler en pièces par les gens de guerre, que l'on feroit venir des frontières." Compare Vander Haer, 307, 308.

[3] Pontus Payen MS. Vander Haer, 308.

[4] Foppens, Supplément, ii. 304–318. (Letter of Margaret of Parma, 3d April 1565.) Cor. de Phil. II., i. 403–406.

[5] Wagenaer, ii. 150.

unbroken male succession from the original sovereigns of Holland gave him a better genealogical claim to the provinces than any which Philip of Spain could assert through the usurping house of Burgundy. In the approaching tumults he hoped for an opportunity of again asserting the ancient honours of his name. He was a sworn foe to Spaniards and to "water of the fountain."[1] But a short time previously to this epoch he had written to Louis of Nassau, then lying ill of a fever, in order gravely to remonstrate with him on the necessity of substituting wine for water on all occasions,[2] and it will be seen in the sequel that the wine-cup was the great instrument on which he relied for effecting the deliverance of the country. Although "neither bachelor nor chancellor,"[3] as he expressed it, he was supposed to be endowed with ready eloquence and mother wit.[4] Even these gifts, however, if he possessed them, were often found wanting on important emergencies. Of his courage there was no question, but he was not destined to the death either of a warrior or a martyr. Headlong, noisy, debauched, but brave, kind-hearted, and generous, he was a fitting representative of his ancestors, the hard-fighting, hard-drinking, crusading, freebooting sovereigns of Holland and Friesland, and would himself have been more at home and more useful in the eleventh century than in the sixteenth.

It was about six o'clock in the evening, on the 3d day of April (1566), that the long-expected cavalcade at last entered Brussels.[5] An immense concourse of citizens of all ranks thronged around the noble confederates as soon as they made their appearance. They were about two hundred in number, all on horseback, with pistols in their holsters, and Brederode, tall, athletic, and martial in his bearing, with handsome features and fair curling locks upon his shoulders, seemed an appropriate chieftain for that band of Batavian chivalry.[6] The procession was greeted with frequent demonstrations of applause as it wheeled slowly through the city till it reached the mansion of Orange Nassau. Here Brederode and Count Louis alighted, while the rest of the company dispersed to different quarters of the town.

"They thought that I should not come to Brussels," said Brederode, as he dismounted. "Very well, here I am; and perhaps I shall depart in a different manner."[7] In the course of the next day, Counts Culemburg and Van den Berg entered the city with one hundred other cavaliers.

On the morning of the 5th of April, the confederates were assembled at the Culemburg mansion, which stood on the square called the Sablon,[8] within a few minutes' walk of the palace. A straight handsome street led from the house along the summit of the hill to the splendid residence of the ancient Dukes of Brabant, then the abode of Duchess Margaret. At a little before noon, the gentlemen came forth, marching on foot, two by two, to the number of three hundred. Nearly all were young, many of them bore the most ancient historical names of their country, every one was arrayed in magnificent costume.[9] It was regarded as ominous that the man who led the procession, Philip de Bailleul, was lame. The line was closed by Brederode and Count Louis, who came last, walking arm in arm. An immense crowd was collected in the square in front of the palace, to welcome the men who were looked upon as the deliverers of the land from Spanish tyranny, from the cardinalists, and from

[1] Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., i. 397.
[2] Ibid.
[3] Ibid., ii. 95.
[4] "Ingenti verborum factorumque audacia."—Vander Haer, 308.
[5] Bor, ii. 58. Foppens, Supplément, ii. 337. Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 403-406.
[6] "Hy is geweest een man van lange statuire, rosagtig van aengesicht, met blondgekrult haar, wel gemackt van lijf en van leden——ont vert saegt en klock ter wapenen," etc., etc.—Bor, iii. 168*b*.
[7] "Eh bien, j'y suis, et j'en sortirai d'une autre manière, peut-être."—Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 403-406.
[8] The site of the Culemburg mansion was afterwards occupied by the church of the "Carmes deschaussés," upon the ruins of which a "maison de détention" has risen.
[9] Pontus Payen, ii., MS.

the Inquisition. They were received with deafening huzzas and clappings of hands by the assembled populace. As they entered the council-chamber, passing through the great hall, where ten years before the Emperor had given away his crowns, they found the Emperor's daughter seated in the chair of state, and surrounded by the highest personages of the country. The emotion of the Duchess was evident, as the procession somewhat abruptly made its appearance; nor was her agitation diminished as she observed among the petitioners many relatives and retainers of the Orange and Egmont houses, and saw friendly glances of recognition exchanged between them and their chiefs.[1]

As soon as all had entered the senate-room, Brederode advanced, made a low obeisance, and spoke a brief speech.[2] He said that he had come thither with his colleagues to present an humble petition to her Highness. He alluded to the reports which had been rife, that they had contemplated tumult, sedition, foreign conspiracies, and, what was more abominable than all, a change of sovereign. He denounced such statements as calumnies, begged the Duchess to name the men who had thus aspersed an honourable and loyal company, and called upon her to inflict exemplary punishment upon the slanderers. With these prefatory remarks he presented the petition. The famous document was then read aloud.[3] Its tone was sufficiently loyal, particularly in the preamble, which was filled with protestations of devotion to both King and Duchess. After this conventional introduction, however, the petitioners proceeded to state, very plainly, that the recent resolutions of his Majesty with regard to the edicts and the Inquisition were likely to produce a general rebellion. They had hoped, they said, that a movement would be made by the seigniors or by the Estates to remedy the evil by striking at its cause, but they had waited in vain. The danger, on the other hand, was augmenting every day, universal sedition was at the gate, and they had therefore felt obliged to delay no longer, but come forward the first and do their duty. They professed to do this with more freedom, because the danger touched them very nearly. They were the most exposed to the calamities which usually spring from civil commotion, for their houses and lands, situate in the open fields, were exposed to the pillage of all the world. Moreover there was not one of them, whatever his condition, who was not liable at any moment to be executed under the edicts, at the false complaint of the first man who wanted to obtain his estate, and who chose to denounce him to the inquisitor, at whose mercy were the lives and property of all. They therefore begged the Duchess Regent to despatch an envoy on their behalf, who should humbly implore his Majesty to abolish the edicts. In the meantime they requested her Highness to order a general surcease of the Inquisition, and of all executions, until the King's further pleasure was made known, and until new ordinances, made by his Majesty with advice and consent of the States-general duly assembled, should be established. The petition terminated as it had commenced, with expressions of extreme respect and devoted loyalty.

The agitation of Duchess Margaret increased very perceptibly during the reading of the paper. When it was finished, she remained for a few minutes quite silent, with tears rolling down her cheeks.[4] As soon as she could overcome her excitement, she uttered a few words to the effect that she would advise with her councillors and give the petitioners such answer as should be

[1] Pontus Payen, ii., MS.

[2] According to Viglius, he *read* the speech; "ex scripta pauca præfatus."—Ep. ad Hopper, vii. 358.

[3] It has been often printed, vide, *e.g.*, Groen v. Prinst., Archives, ii. 80–84. Foppens, Supplément, ii. 318–323. Bor, ii. 58, 59, et mult. al.

[4] "Madame la Duchesse se trouva de prime face fort troublée——demeura bonne espace de temps sans dire mot, ne pouvant contenir les larmes que l'on voioit couller de sa face, tesmoignage certain de la tristesse qu'enduroit son esprit."—Pontus Payen, ii., MS.

found suitable. The confederates then passed out from the council-chamber into the grand hall; each individual, as he took his departure, advancing towards the Duchess and making what was called the "caracole," in token of reverence. There was thus ample time to contemplate the whole company, and to count the numbers of the deputation.[1]

After this ceremony had been concluded, there was much earnest debate in the Council. The Prince of Orange addressed a few words to the Duchess, with the view of calming her irritation. He observed that the confederates were no seditious rebels, but loyal gentlemen, well-born, well-connected, and of honourable character. They had been influenced, he said, by an honest desire to save their country from impending danger—not by avarice or ambition. Egmont shrugged his shoulders,[2] and observed that it was necessary for him to leave the court for a season, in order to make a visit to the baths of Aix, for an inflammation which he had in the leg.[3] It was then that Berlaymont, according to the account which has been sanctioned by nearly every contemporary writer whether Catholic or Protestant, uttered the gibe which was destined to become immortal, and to give a popular name to the confederacy. "What, madam!" he is reported to have cried in a passion, "is it possible that your Highness can entertain fears of these beggars? (gueux). Is it not obvious what manner of men they are? They have not had wisdom enough to manage their own estates, and are they now to teach the King and your Highness how to govern the country? By the living God, if my advice were taken, their petition should have a cudgel for a commentary, and we would make them go down the steps of the palace a great deal faster than they mounted them."[4]

The Count of Meghem was equally violent in his language. Aremberg was for ordering "*their reverences*, the confederates," to quit Brussels without delay.[5] The conversation, carried on in so violent a key, might not unnaturally have been heard by such of the gentlemen as had not yet left the grand hall adjoining the council-chamber. The meeting of the Council was then adjourned for an hour or two, to meet again in the afternoon, for the purpose of deciding deliberately upon the answer to be given to the Request. Meanwhile, many of the confederates were swaggering about the streets, talking very bravely of the scene which had just occurred, and it is probable boasting not a little of the effect which their demonstration would produce.[6] As they passed by the house of Berlaymont, that nobleman, standing at his window in company with Count Aremberg, is said to have repeated his jest. "There go our fine beggars again," said he. "Look, I pray you, with what bravado they are passing before us!"[7]

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[1] "Tournoyans et faisans la caracole devant la dite Dame," etc.—Pontus Payen MS.

[2] "*En haussant les épaules à la Italienne*," etc.—Pontus Payen MS.

[3] Ibid. Compare Foppens, Supplément, ii. 345, and i. 68.

[4] "Le S. de Berlaymont——prononça par grande colère les parolles mémorables que firent changer de nom aux gentilshommes confédérés——Et comment, Madame, votre Altese at elle crainte de ces gueux? ——Par le Dieu vivant, qui croirait mon conseil leur Requeste seroit appostillée à belles bastonnades, et les ferions descendre les degrés de la court plus viste ment qu'ils les ont montés."—Pontus Payen, ii., MS.

[5] Pontus Payen, ii., MS.

[6] "Allerent faire la piaffe par la ville——repartis en diverses bandes," etc.—Pontus Payen, ii., MS.

[7] "'Voilà nos beaux gueux,' dict-il, 'Regardez, je vous prie, avec quelle bravade ils passent devant nous.'"—Pontus Payen, ii., MS.

Notwithstanding the scepticism of M. Gachard (Note sur l'Origine du Nom de Gueux; t. xiii. des Bulletins de la Com. Roy d'Histoire), it is probable that the Seigneur de Berlaymont will retain the reputation of originating the famous name of the "beggars." M. Gachard cites Wesembeck, Bor, Le Petit, Meteren, among contemporaries, and Strada and Vander Vynckt among later writers, as having sanctioned the anecdote in which the taunt of Berlaymont is recorded. The learned and acute critic is disposed to question the accuracy of the report, both upon *à priori* grounds, and because there is no mention made of the circumstance either in the official or confidential correspondence of Duchess Margaret with the King. It is possible, however, that the Duchess in her agitation did not catch the expression of Berlaymont, or did not understand it, or did not think it worth while to chronicle it, if she did. It must be remembered that she was herself not very familiar with the French language, and that she was writing to a man who thought that "pistolle meant some kind of knife." She certainly did not and could not report everything said upon that memorable occasion. On the other hand some of the three hundred gentlemen present might

On the 6th of April, Brederode, attended by a large number of his companions, again made his appearance at the palace. He then received the petition, which was returned to him with an apostille or commentary to this effect :—Her Highness would despatch an envoy for the purpose of inducing his Majesty to grant the Request. Everything worthy of the King's unaffected (naive) and customary benignity might be expected as to the result. The Duchess had already, with the assistance of the State and Privy Councillors, knights of the Fleece and governors, commenced a project for moderating the edicts to be laid before the King. As her authority did not allow her to suspend the Inquisition and placards, she was confident that the petitioners would be satisfied with the special application about to be made to the King. Meantime, she would give orders to all inquisitors that they should proceed "modestly and discreetly" in their office, so that no one would have cause to complain. Her Highness hoped likewise that the gentlemen on their part would conduct themselves in a loyal and satisfactory manner, thus proving that they had no intention to make innovations in the ancient religion of the country.[1]

Upon the next day but one, Monday, 8th of April, Brederode, attended by a number of the confederates, again made his appearance at the palace, for the purpose of delivering an answer to the apostille. In this second paper the confederates rendered thanks for the prompt reply which the Duchess had given to their Request, expressed regrets that she did not feel at liberty to suspend the Inquisition, and declared their confidence that she would at once give such orders to the inquisitors and magistrates that prosecutions for religious matters should cease, until the King's further pleasure should be declared. They professed themselves desirous of maintaining whatever regulations should be thereafter established by his Majesty, with the advice and consent of the States-general, for the security of the ancient religion, and promised to conduct themselves generally in such wise that her Highness would have every reason to be satisfied with them. They, moreover, requested that the Duchess would cause the petition to be printed in authentic form by the Government printer.[2]

The admission that the confederates would maintain the ancient religion had been obtained, as Margaret informed her brother, through the dexterous management of Hoogstraaten, without suspicion on the part of the petitioners that the proposition for such a declaration came from her.[3]

The Duchess replied by word of mouth to the second address thus made to her by the confederates, that she could not go beyond the apostille, which she had put on record. She had already caused letters for the inquisitors and magistrates to be drawn up. The minutes for those instructions should be laid before the confederates by Count Hoogstraaten and Secretary Berty. As for the printing of their petition, she was willing to grant their demand, and would give orders to that effect.[4]

The gentlemen having received this answer, retired into the great hall.

have heard and understood better than Madame de Parma the sarcasm of the finance minister, whether it were uttered upon their arrival in the council-chamber, or during their withdrawal into the hall. The testimony of Pontus Payen—a contemporary almost always well informed, and one whose position as a Catholic Walloon, noble and official, necessarily brought him into contact with many personages engaged in the transactions which he describes—is worthy of much respect. It is to be observed, too, that this manuscript alludes to a *repetition* by Berlaymont of his famous sarcasm upon the same day. To the names of contemporary historians, cited by M. Gachard, may be added those of Vander Haer, ii. 314, and of two foreign writers, President De Thou (Hist Universalle V. lib. xx. 216), and Cardinal Bentivoglio (Guerra di Fiandra, ii. 32). Hoofd, not a contemporary certainly, but born within four or five years of the event, relates the anecdote but throws a doubt upon its accuracy. Hist. ii. 77. Those inclined to acquit the Baron of having perpetrated the immortal witticism, will give him the benefit of the doubt if they think it a reasonable one. That it is so, they have the high authority of M. Gachard and of the Provost Hoofd.

[1] Foppens, 324, sqq. Groen v. Prinst., ii. 84. sqq. Strada, v. 186. Bor, ii. 59. Hopper, 74. 75.

[2] Bor. ii. 60. Hopper, 74, 75. Groen v. Prinst., Archives, ii. 86, 87. Foppens, Supplément, ii 332.

[3] Ibid., 339. (Letter of Margaret of Parma.)

[4] Foppens, Supplément, ii. 335, 336. Bor, ii. 60, 62.

After a few minutes' consultation, however, they returned to the council-chamber, where the Seigneur d'Esquerdes, one of their number, addressed a few parting words, in the name of his associates, to the Regent; concluding with a request that she would declare the confederates to have done no act, and made no demonstration, inconsistent with their duty and with a perfect respect for his Majesty.

To this demand the Duchess answered somewhat drily that she could not be judge in such a cause. Time and their future deeds, she observed, could only bear witness as to their purposes. As for declarations from her, they must be satisfied with the apostille, which they had already received.[1]

With this response, somewhat more tart than agreeable, the nobles were obliged to content themselves, and they accordingly took their leave.

It must be confessed that they had been disposed to slide rather cavalierly over a good deal of ground towards the great object which they had in view. Certainly the *petitio principii* was a main feature of their logic. They had, in their second address, expressed perfect confidence as to two very considerable concessions. The Duchess was practically to suspend the Inquisition, although she had declared herself without authority for that purpose. The King, who claimed, *de jure* and *de facto*, the whole legislative power, was thenceforth to make laws on religious matters by and with the consent of the States-general. Certainly these ends were very laudable, and if a civil and religious revolution could have been effected by a few gentlemen going to court in fine clothes to present a petition, and by sitting down to a tremendous banquet afterwards, Brederode and his associates were the men to accomplish the task. Unfortunately, a sea of blood and long years of conflict lay between the nation and the promised land, which for a moment seemed so nearly within reach.

Meantime the next important step in Brederode's eyes was a dinner. He accordingly invited the confederates to a magnificent repast which he had ordered to be prepared in the Culemburg mansion. Three hundred guests sat down, upon the 8th of April, to this luxurious banquet, which was destined to become historical.[2]

The board glittered with silver and gold. The wine circulated with more than its usual rapidity among the band of noble bacchanals, who were never weary of drinking the healths of Brederode, of Orange, and Egmont. It was thought that the occasion imperiously demanded an extraordinary carouse, and the political events of the past three days lent an additional excitement to the wine. There was an earnest discussion as to an appropriate name to be given to their confederacy. Should they call themselves the "Society of Concord," the restorers of lost liberty, or by what other attractive title should the league be baptized? Brederode was, however, already prepared to settle the question. He knew the value of a popular and original name; he possessed the instinct by which adroit partisans in every age have been accustomed to convert the reproachful epithets of their opponents into watchwords of honour, and he had already made his preparations for a startling theatrical effect. Suddenly, amid the din of voices, he arose with all his rhetorical powers at command. He recounted to the company the observations which

[1] Bor, Hoofd, Strada, ubi sup.

[2] Strada, v. 186–188. Hoofd, ii. 77. Bentivoglio, ii. 32. Vander Vynckt, i. 265–267.

The manuscript entitled "Pièces concernant les Troubles des Pays-Bas," belonging to the Gerard Collection in the Archives of the Hague, and ascribed to Weyenburg, gives a similar account, furnishing, although Berlaymont's name is not *actually* mentioned, an additional contemporary authority to the accuracy of the commonly received narrative. "Le Sig. de Brederode fit un festin magnifique, où se trouverent 300 gentilshommes, lesquels se firent *appeller gueulx* ne sçay l'occasion pourquoy, aultrement qu'aulcuns disent que le source et origine en seroit qu'en presentant leur req., un *chevalier de l'ordre des principaulx* du conseil de son alteze eust à dire, 'Madame, ne craigner rien se sont Gueulx et gens de petit pouvoir, et de faiçt les dits gentilshommes de la ligue s'entre appellerent ordinairement les gueulx.'" Compare Strada, Hoofd, ubi sup.

the Seigneur de Berlaymont was reported to have made to the Duchess, upon the presentation of the Request, and the name which he had thought fit to apply to them collectively.[1] Most of the gentlemen then heard the memorable sarcasm for the first time Great was the indignation of all, that the state-councillor should have dared to stigmatise as beggars a band of gentlemen with the best blood of the land in their veins. Brederode, on the contrary, smoothing their anger, assured them with good humour that nothing could be more fortunate. "They call us beggars!" said he; "let us accept the name. We will contend with the Inquisition, but remain loyal to the King, even till compelled to wear the beggar's sack."

He then beckoned to one of his pages, who brought him a leathern wallet, such as was worn at that day by professional mendicants, together with a large wooden bowl, which also formed part of their regular appurtenances. Brederode immediately hung the wallet around his neck, filled the bowl with wine, lifted it with both hands, and drained it at a draught. "Long live the beggars!" he cried, as he wiped his beard and set the bowl down. "*Vivent les gueulx!*" Then for the first time, from the lips of those reckless nobles rose the famous cry, which was so often to ring over land and sea, amid blazing cities, on blood-stained decks, through the smoke and carnage of many a stricken field. The humour of Brederode was hailed with deafening shouts of applause. The Count then threw the wallet around the neck of his nearest neighbour and handed him the wooden bowl. Each guest in turn donned the mendicant's knapsack. Pushing aside his golden goblet, each filled the beggar's bowl to the brim, and drained it to the beggars' health. Roars of laughter and shouts of "*Vivent les gueulx*," shook the walls of the stately mansion, as they were doomed never to shake again. The shibboleth was invented. The conjuration which they had been anxiously seeking was found. Their enemies had provided them with a spell, which was to prove, in after-days, potent enough to start a spirit from palace or hovel, forest or wave, as the deeds of the "wild beggars," the "wood beggars," and the "beggars of the sea," taught Philip at last to understand the nation which he had driven to madness.

When the wallet and bowl had made the circuit of the table, they were suspended to a pillar in the hall. Each of the company in succession then threw some salt into his goblet, and, placing himself under these symbols of the brotherhood, repeated a jingling distich, produced impromptu for the occasion—

> "By this salt, by this bread, by this wallet still,
> These beggars change not, fret who will."[2]

This ridiculous ceremony completed the rites by which the confederacy received its name; but the banquet was by no means terminated. The uproar became furious. The younger and more reckless nobles abandoned themselves to revelry, which would have shamed heathen saturnalia. They renewed to each other, every moment, their vociferous oaths of fidelity to the common cause, drained huge beakers to the beggars' health, turned their caps and doublets inside out, danced upon chairs and tables.[3] Several addressed each other as Lord Abbot, or Reverend Prior, of this or that religious institution, thus indicating the means by which some of them hoped to mend their broken fortunes.[4]

While the tumult was at its height, the Prince of Orange with Counts Horn and Egmont entered the apartment. They had been dining quietly with

[1] Pontus Payen MS. ii.

[2] "Par le sel, par le pain, par le besache,
Les gueulx ne changeront quoy qu'on se fache."
Pontus Payen MS. Vander Haer.

[3] Vander Haer, 315.

[4] Pontus Payen MS

Mansfeld, who was confined to his house with an inflamed eye,[1] and they were on their way to the council-chamber, where the sessions were now prolonged nightly to a late hour. Knowing that Hoogstraaten, somewhat against his will, had been induced to be present at the banquet, they had come round by the way of Culemburg House to induce him to retire.[2] They were also disposed, if possible, to abridge the festivities which their influence would have been powerless to prevent.

These great nobles, as soon as they made their appearance, were surrounded by a crew of "beggars," maddened and dripping with their recent baptism of wine, who compelled them to drink a cup amid shouts of "*Vivent le roi et les gueulx!*" The meaning of this cry they, of course, could not understand, for even those who had heard Berlaymont's contemptuous remarks might not remember the exact term which he had used, and certainly could not be aware of the importance to which it had just been elevated. As for Horn, he disliked and had long before quarrelled with, Brederode,[3] had prevented many persons from signing the Compromise, and although a guest at that time of Orange, was in the habit of retiring to bed before supper,[4] to avoid the company of many who frequented the house. Yet his presence for a few moments, with the best intentions, at the conclusion of this famous banquet, was made one of the most deadly charges which were afterwards drawn up against him by the Crown. The three seigniors refused to be seated, and remained but for a moment, "the length of a Miserere," taking with them Hoogstraaten as they retired. They also prevailed upon the whole party to break up at the same time, so that their presence had served at least to put a conclusion to the disgraceful riot. When they arrived at the council-chamber they received the thanks of the Duchess for what they had done.[5]

Such was the first movement made by the members of the Compromise. Was it strange that Orange should feel little affinity with such companions? Had he not reason to hesitate if the sacred cause of civil and religious liberty could only be maintained by these defenders and with such assistance?

The "beggars" did not content themselves with the name alone of the time-honoured fraternity of Mendicants in which they had enrolled themselves. Immediately after the Culemburg banquet a costume for the confederacy was decided upon. These young gentlemen, discarding gold lace and velvet, thought it expedient to array themselves in doublets and hose of ashen grey, with short cloaks of the same colour, all of the coarsest materials. They appeared in this guise in the streets, with common felt hats on their heads, and beggars' pouches and bowls at their sides. They caused also medals of lead and copper to be struck, bearing upon one side the head of Philip; upon the reverse, two hands clasped within a wallet, with the motto, "Faithful to the King, even to wearing the beggar's sack."[6] These badges they wore around their neck, or as buttons to their hats. As a further distinction they shaved their beards close, excepting their moustachios, which were left long and pendant in the Turkish fashion,[7] that custom, as it seemed, being an additional characteristic of mendicants.

Very soon after these events the nobles of the league dispersed from the capital to their various homes. Brederode rode out of Brussels at the head of a band of cavaliers, who saluted the concourse of applauding spectators with a discharge of their pistols. Forty-three gentlemen accompanied him to Antwerp, where he halted for a night.[8] The Duchess had already sent notice

[1] Procès du Comte de Hornes, Foppens, i. 161.
[2] Ibid., i. 160–162.
[3] Vander Haer, 315, 316.
[4] "Ne bougea du lict quand l'on disnoit ou souppoit."—Procès de Hornes, Foppens, i. 163.
[5] Foppens, Supplément, ubi sup.
[6] Pontus Payen MS. Pièces concernant, etc., MS. Comp. Strada, Hoofd, Bentivoglio, Vander Haer, ubi sup.; Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 409.
[7] "Laissans en de-soubs les narines longues mourmerstacques à la turcquesque."—Pièces concernant l'Hist. des P. B., etc., MS. Comp. Strada, v. 189.
[8] Strada, v. 19.

to the magistrates of that city of his intended visit, and warned them to have an eye upon his proceedings. "The great beggar,"[1] as Hoogstraaten called him, conducted himself, however, with as much propriety as could be expected. Four or five thousand of the inhabitants thronged about the hotel where he had taken up his quarters. He appeared at a window with his wooden bowl, filled with wine, in his hands, and his wallet at his side. He assured the multitude that he was ready to die to defend the good people of Antwerp and of all the Netherlands against the edicts and the Inquisition. Meantime he drank their healths, and begged all who accepted the pledge to hold up their hands. The populace, highly amused, held up and clapped their hands as honest Brederode drained his bowl, and were soon afterwards persuaded to retire in great good humour.[2]

These proceedings were all chronicled and transmitted to Madrid. It was also both publicly reported and secretly registered that Brederode had eaten capons and other meat at Antwerp upon Good Friday, which happened to be the day of his visit to that city. He denied the charge, however, with ludicrous vehemence. "They who have told Madame that we ate meat in Antwerp," he wrote to Count Louis, "have lied wickedly and miserably, twenty-four feet down in their throats."[3] He added that his nephew, Charles Mansfeld, who, notwithstanding the indignant prohibition of his father, had assisted at the presentation of the Request, and was then in his uncle's company at Antwerp, had ordered a capon, which Brederode had countermanded. "They told me afterwards," said he, "that my nephew had broiled a sausage in his chamber. I suppose that he thought himself in Spain, where they allow themselves such dainties."[4]

Let it not be thought that these trifles are beneath the dignity of history. Matters like these filled the whole soul of Philip, swelled the bills of indictment for thousands of higher and better men than Brederode, and furnished occupation as well for secret correspondents and spies as for the most dignified functionaries of government. Capons or sausages on Good Friday, the Psalms of Clement Marot, the Sermon on the Mount in the vernacular, led to the rack, the gibbet and the stake, and ushered in a war against the Inquisition which was to last for eighty years. Brederode was not to be the hero of that party which he disgraced by his buffoonery. Had he lived, he might, perhaps, like many of his confederates, have redeemed, by his bravery in the field, a character which his orgies had rendered despicable. He now left Antwerp for the north of Holland, where, as he soon afterwards reported to Count Louis, "the beggars were as numerous as the sands on the sea shore."[5]

His "nephew Charles," two months afterwards, obeyed his father's injunction, and withdrew formally from the confederacy.[6]

Meantime the rumour had gone abroad that the Request of the nobles had already produced good fruit, that the edicts were to be mitigated, the Inquisition abolished, liberty of conscience eventually to prevail. "Upon these reports," says a contemporary, "all the vermin of exiles and fugitives for religion, as well as those who had kept in concealment, began to lift up their heads and thrust forth their horns."[7] It was known that Margaret of Parma had ordered the inquisitors and magistrates to conduct themselves "modestly and discreetly." It was known that the Privy Council was hard at work upon the project for "moderating" the edicts. Modestly and discreetly! Margaret of Parma, almost immediately after giving these orders, and while the "Modera-

1 "Le grant geu."—Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., § 184. 2 Strada, v. 191.
3 Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 410, 411. Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., ii. 98, 99. 4 Ibid.
5 "Les gens sont par icy semé comme la sable du lon de la mer."—Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., 130.
6 Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 491.
7 Renom de France, MS.

tion" was still in the hands of the lawyers, informed her brother that she had given personal attention to the case of a person who had snatched the holy wafer from the priest's hand at Oudenarde. This "quidam," as she called him —for his name was beneath the cognisance of an Emperor's bastard daughter— had by her orders received rigorous and exemplary justice.[1] And what was the "rigorous and exemplary justice" thus inflicted upon the "quidam"? The procurator of the neighbouring city of Tournay has enabled us to answer. The young man, who was a tapestry weaver, Hans Tiskaen by name,[2] had, upon the 30th May, thrown the holy wafer upon the ground. For this crime, which was the same as that committed on Christmas Day of the previous year by Bertrand le Blas at Tournay, he now met with a similar although not quite so severe a punishment. Having gone quietly home after doing the deed, he was pursued, arrested, and upon the Saturday ensuing taken to the market-place of Oudenarde. Here the right hand with which he had committed the offence was cut off, and he was then fastened to the stake and burned to death over a slow fire. He was fortunately not more than a quarter of an hour in torment, but he persisted in his opinions, and called on God for support to his last breath.[3]

This homely tragedy was enacted at Oudenarde, the birthplace of Duchess Margaret. She was the daughter of the puissant Charles the Fifth, but her mother was only the daughter of a citizen of Oudenarde, of a "quidam" like the nameless weaver who had thus been burned by her express order. It was not to be supposed, however, that the circumstance could operate in so great a malefactor's favour. Moreover, at the same moment, she sent orders that a like punishment should be inflicted upon another person then in a Flemish prison, for the crime of anabaptism.[4]

The Privy Council, assisted by thirteen Knights of the Fleece, had been hard at work, and the result of their wisdom was at last revealed in a "Moderation" consisting of fifty-three articles.[5]

What now was the substance of those fifty-three articles, so painfully elaborated by Viglius, so handsomely drawn up into shape by Councillor d'Assonleville? Simply to substitute the halter for the fagot. After elimination of all verbiage, this fact was the only residuum.[6] It was most distinctly laid down that all forms of religion except the Roman Catholic were forbidden; that no public or secret conventicles were to be allowed; that all heretical writings were to be suppressed; that all curious inquiries into the Scriptures were to be prohibited. Persons who infringed these regulations were divided into two classes—the misleaders and the misled. There was an affectation of granting mercy to persons in the second category, while death was denounced upon those composing the first. It was merely an affectation; for the rambling statute was so open in all its clauses, that the Juggernaut car of persecution could be driven through the whole of them whenever such a course should seem expedient. Every man or woman in the Netherlands might be placed in the list of the misleaders, at the discretion of the officials. The pretended mercy to the misguided was a mere delusion. The superintendents, preachers, teachers, ministers, sermon-makers, deacons, and other officers, were to be executed with the halter, with confiscation of their whole property. So much was very plain. *Other* heretics, however, who would

[1] "Si comme ayant commandé que la justice se faict d'un quidam à Audenaerde, qui ces jours ayant prinse la saincte hostie consacrée hors des mains du prestre, l'a jectée par terre, duquel s'est faict rigoureuse et exemplaire justice."—Reiffenberg, Correspondance de Marg. d'Autr., 45.

[2] Bor. ii. 62.

[3] Pasquier de la Barre, Recueil, etc., MS. in the Brussels Archives, f. 16vo.

[4] Reiffenberg, Correspondance, 45.

[5] Ep. ad Hopperum, 459.

[6] See the text of the proposed Moderation, in 53 three articles, in Bor, i. f. 64–66.

abjure their heresy before the bishop, might be pardoned for the first offence, but if obstinate, were to be banished. This seemed an indication of mercy, at least to the repentant criminals. But who were these "*other*" heretics? All persons who discussed religious matters were to be put to death. All persons, not having studied theology at a "renowned university," who searched and expounded the Scriptures, were to be put to death. All persons in whose houses *any act* of the perverse religion should be committed were to be put to death. All persons who harboured or protected ministers and teachers of any sect were to be put to death. All the criminals thus carefully enumerated were to be executed, whether repentant or not. If, however, they abjured their errors, they were to be beheaded instead of being strangled. Thus it was obvious that almost any heretic might be brought to the halter at a moment's notice.

Strictly speaking, the idea of death by the halter or the axe was less shocking to the imagination than that of being burned or buried alive. In this respect, therefore, the edicts were softened by the proposed "Moderation." It would, however, always be difficult to persuade any considerable number of intelligent persons that the infliction of a violent death, by whatever process, on account of religious opinions, was an act of clemency. The Netherlanders were, however, to be persuaded into this belief. The draft of the new edict was ostentatiously called the "Moderatie," or the "Moderation." It was very natural, therefore, that the common people, by a quibble, which is the same in Flemish as in English, should called the proposed "Moderation" the "Murderation."[1] The rough mother-wit of the people had already characterised and annihilated the project, while dull formalists were carrying it through the preliminary stages.

A vote in favour of the project having been obtained from the Estates of Artois, Hainault, and Flanders, the instructions for the envoys, Baron Montigny and Marquis Berghen, were made out in conformity to the scheme.[2] Egmont had declined the mission,[3] not having reason to congratulate himself upon the diplomatic success of his visit to Spain in the preceding year. The two nobles who consented to undertake the office were persuaded into acceptance sorely against their will. They were aware that their political conduct since the King's departure from the country had not always been deemed satisfactory at Madrid, but they were, of course, far from suspecting the true state of the royal mind. They were both as sincere Catholics and as loyal gentlemen as Granvelle, but they were not aware how continuously, during a long course of years, that personage had represented them to Philip as renegades and rebels. They had maintained the constitutional rights of the state, and they had declined to act as executioners for the Inquisition, but they were yet to learn that such demonstrations amounted to high treason.

Montigny departed on the 29th May from Brussels.[4] He left the bride to whom he had been wedded, amid scenes of festivity, the preceding autumn —the unborn child who was never to behold its father's face. He received warnings in Paris by which he scorned to profit. The Spanish ambassador in that city informed him that Philip's wrath at the recent transactions in the Netherlands was high. He was most significantly requested, by a leading personage in France, to feign illness, or to take refuge in any expedient by which he might avoid the fulfilment of his mission.[5] Such hints had no effect in turning him from his course, and he proceeded to Madrid, where he arrived on the 17th of June.[6]

[1] Meteren, ii. 38. Hoofd, iii. 81.
[2] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 412.
[3] Ibid., 407.
[4] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 418.
[5] Hoofd, iii. 80
[6] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 426.

His colleague in the mission, Marquis Berghen, had been prevented from setting forth at the same time by an accident which, under the circumstances, might also seem ominous. Walking through the palace park in a place where some gentlemen were playing at pall-mall, he was accidentally struck on the leg by a wooden ball.[1] The injury, although trifling, produced so much irritation and fever, that he was confined to his bed for several weeks. It was not until the 1st of July[2] that he was able to take his departure from Brussels. Both these unfortunate nobles thus went forth to fulfil that dark and mysterious destiny from which the veil of three centuries has but recently been removed.

Besides a long historical discourse, in eighteen chapters, delivered by way of instruction to the envoys, Margaret sent a courier beforehand with a variety of intelligence concerning the late events. Alonzo del Canto, one of Philip's spies in the Netherlands, also wrote to inform the King that the two ambassadors were the real authors of all the troubles then existing in the country.[3] Cardinal Granvelle, too, renewed his previous statements in a confidential communication to his Majesty, adding that no persons more appropriate could have been selected than Berghen and Montigny, for they knew better than any one else the state of affairs in which they had borne the principal part.[4] Nevertheless, Montigny, upon his arrival in Madrid on the 17th June, was received by Philip with much apparent cordiality, admitted immediately to an audience,[5] and assured in the strongest terms that there was no dissatisfaction in the royal mind against the seigniors, whatever false reports might be circulated to that effect. In other respects, the result of this, and of his succeeding interviews with the monarch, was sufficiently meagre.

It could not well be otherwise. The mission of the envoys was an elaborate farce to introduce a terrible tragedy. They were sent to procure from Philip the abolition of the Inquisition and the moderation of the edicts. At the very moment, however, of all these legislative and diplomatic arrangements, Margaret of Parma was in possession of secret letters from Philip, which she was charged to deliver to the Archbishop of Sorrento, papal nuncio at the imperial court, then on a special visit to Brussels. This ecclesiastic had come to the Netherlands ostensibly to confer with the Prince of Orange upon the affairs of his principality, to remonstrate with Count Culemburg, and to take measures for the reformation of the clergy. The real object of his mission, however, was to devise means for strengthening the Inquisition, and suppressing heresy in the provinces. Philip, at whose request he had come, had charged him by no means to divulge the secret, as the King was anxious to have it believed that the ostensible was the only business which the prelate had to perform in the country. Margaret accordingly delivered to him the private letters, in which Philip avowed his determination to maintain the *Inquisition and the edicts in all their rigour*, but enjoined profound secrecy upon the subject.[6] The Duchess, therefore, who knew the face of the cards, must have thought it a superfluous task to continue the game, which to Philip's cruel but procrastinating temperament was perhaps a pleasurable excitement.

The scheme for mitigating the edicts by the substitution of strangling for burning was not destined, therefore, for much success either in Spain or in the provinces; but the people, by whom the next great movement was made in the drama of the revolt, conducted themselves in a manner to shame the sovereign who oppressed and the riotous nobles who had undertaken to protect their liberties.

[1] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 422. Hoofd, ii. 80. Strada, v. 195.
[2] Ibid., 428, 429.
[3] Ibid., 410, 411.
[4] Ibid., 417.
[5] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 426. Hopper, 78, 79, states that the envoys were indulged with almost daily interviews.
[6] Reiffenberg, Correspondance de Marg. d'Aut. 58–61. Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 429

At this very moment, in the early summer of 1566, many thousands of burghers, merchants, peasants, and gentlemen, were seen mustering and marching through the fields of every province, armed with arquebus, javelin, pike, and broadsword. For what purpose were these gatherings? Only to hear sermons and to sing hymns in the open air, as it was unlawful to profane the churches with such rites. This was the first great popular phase of the Netherland rebellion. Notwithstanding the edicts and the Inquisition with their daily hecatombs, notwithstanding the special publication at this time throughout the country by the Duchess Regent that all the sanguinary statutes concerning religion were in as great vigour as ever,[1] notwithstanding that Margaret offered a reward of seven hundred crowns to the man who would bring her a preacher dead or alive,[2] the popular thirst for the exercises of the Reformed religion could no longer be slaked at the obscure and hidden fountains where their priests had so long privately ministered.

Partly emboldened by a temporary lull in the persecution, partly encouraged by the presentation of the Request and by the events to which it had given rise, the Reformers now came boldly forth from their lurking-places and held their religious meetings in the light of day. The consciousness of numbers and of right had brought the conviction of strength. The audacity of the Reformers was wonderful to the mind of President Viglius, who could find no language strong enough with which to characterise and to deplore such blasphemous conduct.[3] The field-preaching seemed in the eyes of Government to spread with the rapidity of a malignant pestilence. The miasma flew upon the wings of the wind. As early as 1562, there had been public preaching in the neighbourhood of Ypres. The executions which followed, however, had for the time suppressed the practice, both in that place as well as throughout Flanders and the rest of the provinces. It now broke forth as by one impulse from one end of the country to the other. In the latter part of June, Hermann Strycker or Modet, a monk who had renounced his vows to become one of the most popular preachers in the Reformed Church, addressed a congregation of seven or eight thousand persons in the neighbourhood of Ghent.[4] Peter Dathenus, another unfrocked monk, preached at various places in West Flanders, with great effect. A man endowed with a violent, stormy eloquence, intemperate as most zealots, he was then rendering better services to the cause of the Reformation than he was destined to do at later periods.

But apostate priests were not the only preachers. To the ineffable disgust of the conservatives in Church and State, there were men with little education, utterly devoid of Hebrew, of lowly station—hatters, curriers, tanners, dyers, and the like,—who began to preach also; remembering, unseasonably perhaps, that the early disciples, selected by the founder of Christianity, had not all been doctors of theology, with diplomas from a "renowned university." But if the nature of such men were subdued to what it worked in, that charge could not be brought against ministers with the learning and accomplishments of Ambrose Wille, Marnier, Guy de Bray, or Francis Junius, the man whom Scaliger called the "greatest of all theologians since the days of the apostles."[5] An aristocratic sarcasm could not be levelled against Peregrine de la Grange, of a noble family in Provence, with the fiery blood of southern France in his veins, brave as his nation, learned, eloquent, enthusiastic, who galloped to his field-preaching on horseback, and fired a pistol-shot as a signal for his congregation to give attention.[6]

On the 28th of June 1566, at eleven o'clock at night, there was an assem-

[1] Pontus Payen MS. Pasquier de la Barre MS.
[2] Pontus Payen MS.
[3] Ep. ad Joach. Hopperum, 362.
[4] Brandt, 304, 305.
[5] Bakhuyzen v. d. Brink, Het Huwelijk, 110.
[6] Bakhuyzen, 127. De la Barre MS. f. 16.

blage of six thousand people near Tournay, at the bridge of Ernonville, to hear a sermon from Ambrose Wille, a man who had studied theology in Geneva at the feet of Calvin, and who now, with a special price upon his head,[1] was preaching the doctrines he had learned. Two days afterwards, ten thousand people assembled at the same time to hear Peregrine de la Grange. Governor Moulbais thundered forth a proclamation from the citadel, warning all men that the edicts were as rigorous as ever, and that every man, woman, or child who went to these preachings was incurring the penalty of death.[2] The people became only the more ardent and excited. Upon Sunday, the 7th of July, twenty thousand persons assembled at the same bridge to hear Ambrose Wille. One man in three was armed. Some had arquebusses, others pistols, pikes, swords, pitchforks, poniards, clubs. The preacher, for whose apprehension a fresh reward had been offered, was escorted to his pulpit by a hundred mounted troopers. He begged his audience not to be scared from the Word of God by menace; assured them that although but a poor preacher himself, he held a divine commission; that he had no fear of death; that, should he fall, there were many better than he to supply his place, and fifty thousand men to avenge his murder.[3]

The Duchess sent forth proclamations by hundreds. She ordered the instant suppression of these armed assemblies and the arrest of the preachers. But of what avail were proclamations against such numbers with weapons in their hands? Why irritate to madness these hordes of enthusiasts, who were now entirely pacific, and who marched back to the city, after conclusion of divine service, with perfect decorum? All classes of the population went eagerly to the sermons. The gentry of the place, the rich merchants, the notables, as well as the humbler artisans and labourers, all had received the infection. The professors of the Reformed religion outnumbered the Catholics by five or six to one. On Sundays and other holidays, during the hours of service, Tournay was literally emptied of its inhabitants. The streets were as silent as if war or pestilence had swept the place. The Duchess sent orders, but she sent no troops. The trained bands of the city, the crossbow-men of St. Maurice, the archers of St. Sebastian, the sword-players of St. Christopher, could not be ordered from Tournay to suppress the preaching, for they had all gone to the preaching themselves. How idle, therefore, to send peremptory orders without a matchlock to enforce the command.[4]

Throughout Flanders similar scenes were enacted. The meetings were encampments, for the Reformers now came to their religious services armed to the teeth, determined, if banished from the churches, to defend their right to the fields. Barricades of upturned waggons, branches, and planks, were thrown up around the camps. Strong guards of mounted men were stationed at every avenue. Outlying scouts gave notice of approaching danger, and guided the faithful into the enclosure. Pedlars and hawkers plied the trade upon which the penalty of death was fixed, and sold the forbidden hymn-books to all who chose to purchase.[5] A strange and contradictory spectacle! An army of criminals doing deeds which could only be expiated at the stake; an entrenched rebellion, bearding the Government with pike, matchlock, javelin, and barricade, and all for no more deadly purpose than to listen to the precepts of the pacific Jesus.

Thus the preaching spread through the Walloon provinces to the Northern Netherlands. Towards the end of July, an apostate monk, of singular eloquence, Peter Gabriel by name, was announced to preach at Overeen near

[1] Bakhuyzen, 127. De la Barre MS., f. 18.
[2] De la Barre MS
[3] Ibid.
[4] De la Barre MS.
[5] Brandt, i. 305. Nic. Bergund. Hist. Belg., iii. 213.

Harlem.[1] This was the first field meeting which had taken place in Holland. The people were wild with enthusiasm, the authorities beside themselves with apprehension. People from the country flocked into the town by thousands. The other cities were deserted, Harlem was filled to overflowing. Multitudes encamped upon the ground the night before. The magistrates ordered the gates to be kept closed in the morning till long after the usual hour. It was of no avail. Bolts and bars were but small impediments to enthusiasts who had travelled so many miles on foot or horseback to listen to a sermon; they climbed the walls, swam the moat, and thronged to the place of meeting long before the doors had been opened. When these could no longer be kept closed without a conflict, for which the magistrates were not prepared, the whole population poured out of the city with a single impulse.[2] Tens of thousands were assembled upon the field. The bulwarks were erected as usual, the guards were posted, the necessary precautions taken. But upon this occasion, and in that region, there was but little danger to be apprehended. The multitude of Reformers made the edicts impossible, so long as no foreign troops were there to enforce them. The congregation was encamped and arranged in an orderly manner. The women, of whom there were many, were placed next the pulpit, which, upon this occasion, was formed of a couple of spears thrust into the earth, sustaining a cross-piece, against which the preacher might lean his back. The services commenced with the singing of a psalm by the whole vast assemblage. Clement Marot's verses, recently translated by Dathenus, were then new and popular. The strains of the monarch minstrel, chanted thus in their homely but nervous mother tongue by a multitude who had but recently learned that all the poetry and rapture of devotion were not irrevocably coffined within a buried language, or immured in the precincts of a church, had never produced a more elevating effect. No anthem from the world-renowned organ in that ancient city ever awakened more lofty emotions than did those ten thousand human voices ringing from the grassy meadows in that fervid midsummer noon. When all was silent again, the preacher rose; a little, meagre man, who looked as if he might rather melt away beneath the blazing sunshine of July, than hold the multitude enchained four uninterrupted hours long by the magic of his tongue. His text was the 8th, 9th, and 10th verses of the second chapter of Ephesians; and as the slender monk spoke to his simple audience of God's grace, and of faith in Jesus, who had descended from above to save the lowliest and the most abandoned, if they would put their trust in Him, his hearers were alternately exalted with fervour or melted into tears. He prayed for all conditions of men—for themselves, their friends, their enemies, for the Government which had persecuted them, for the King whose face was turned upon them in anger. At times, according to one who was present, not a dry eye was to be seen in the crowd. When the minister had finished, he left his congregation abruptly, for he had to travel all night in order to reach Alkmaar, where he was to preach upon the following day.[3]

By the middle of July the custom was established outside all the principal cities. Camp-meetings were held in some places, as, for instance, in the neighbourhood of Antwerp, where the congregations numbered often fifteen thousand;[4] and on some occasions were estimated at between twenty and thirty thousand persons at a time; "very many of them," said an eye-witness, "the best and wealthiest in the town."[5]

The sect to which most of these worshippers belonged was that of Calvin. In Antwerp there were Lutherans, Calvinists, and Anabaptists. The Lutherans

[1] Brandt, 320, 321. Memorien van Laurens Jacq. Reael f. 20-22, apud Brandt. [2] Ibid. [3] Ibid. [4] Reiffenberg, Correspondance de Marg. d'Autriche, 84. [5] Letter of Clough, in Burgon, ii. 135.

were the richest sect,[1] but the Calvinists the most numerous and enthusiastic. The Prince of Orange at this moment was strenuously opposed both to Calvinism and Anabaptism, but inclining to Lutheranism.[2] Political reasons at this epoch doubtless influenced his mind in religious matters. The aid of the Lutheran princes of Germany, who detested the doctrines of Geneva, could hardly be relied upon for the Netherlanders, unless they would adopt the Confession of Augsburg. The Prince knew that the Emperor, although inclined to the Reformation, was bitterly averse to Calvinism, and he was, therefore, desirous of healing the schism which existed in the general Reformed Church. To accomplish this, however, would be to gain a greater victory over the bigotry which was the prevailing characteristic of the age than perhaps could be expected. The Prince, from the first moment of his abandoning the ancient doctrines, was disposed to make the attempt.[3]

The Duchess ordered the magistrates of Antwerp to put down these mass-meetings by means of the guild-militia. They replied that at an earlier day such a course might have been practicable, but that the sects had become quite too numerous for coercion. If the authorities were able to prevent the exercises of the Reformed religion within the city, it would be as successful a result as could be expected. To prevent the preaching outside the walls, by means of the burgher force, was an utter impossibility.[4] The dilatoriness of the sovereign placed the Regent in a frightful dilemma, but it was sufficiently obvious that the struggle could not long be deferred. "There will soon be a hard nut to crack," wrote Count Louis. "The King will never grant the preaching; the people will never give it up, if it cost them their necks. There's a hard puff coming upon the country before long."[5] The Duchess was not yet authorised to levy troops, and she feared that if she commenced such operations, she should perhaps offend the King, while she at the same time might provoke the people into more effective military preparations than her own.[6] She felt that for one company levied by her, the sectaries could raise ten. Moreover, she was entirely without money, even if she could otherwise think it expedient to enroll an army. Meantime she did what she could with "public prayers, processions, fasts, sermons, exhortations," and other ecclesiastical machinery which she ordered the bishops to put in motion.[7] Her situation was indeed sufficiently alarming.

Egmont, whom many of the sectaries hoped to secure as their leader in case of a civil war,[8] showed no disposition to encourage such hopes, but as little to take up arms against the people. He went to Flanders, where the armed assemblages for field-preaching had become so numerous that a force of thirty or forty thousand men might be set on foot almost at a moment's warning, and where the conservatives, in a state of alarm, desired the presence of their renowned governor.[9] The people of Antwerp, on their part, demanded William of Orange. The Prince, who was hereditary burgrave of the city, had at first declined the invitation of the magistracy. The Duchess united her request with the universal prayer of the inhabitants. Events meantime had been thickening, and suspicion increasing. Meghem had been in the

[1] There were, however, but two Lutheran churches in all the Netherlands, according to the statement of the Prince of Orange. Both were in Antwerp. "Es ist aber zu erbarmen das der Calvinismus so'weitt einreisset und die Augsburgische Confession uberwachsett, das in allen diesen landen seint nur zwo kirchen der Augsburgischen Confession und die werden in dieser stadt Antorfferhalten."—Der andere hauff ist durchaus Calvinisch, Letter from W. of Orange to Elector Augustus, 1st Sept. 1566, MS., Dresden Archives.

[2] Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., ii. 157.

[3] Ibid., ii. 454, 455, 473, 480, 489, 500.

[4] Bor. ii. 69, 70.

[5] Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., ii. 208.

[6] "Aussi si je lieve gens pour la guarde et déffence de ce dit pays, l'on en treuve plusieurs au contraire que les retiennent en leur donnant plus grande soulde." —Unpublished Letter of Margaret of Parma to Philippe II., in the Correspondance de Philippe II. avec la Duchesse de Parme, 1566–1567, No. 104, Archives du Royaume. Papiers d'Etat.

[7] Correspondance de Marg. d'Autriche, 122.

[8] Pontus Payen MS.

[9] Correspondance de M. d'Autriche, 136.

city for several days, much to the disgust of the Reformers, by whom he was hated. Aremberg was expected to join him, and it was rumoured that measures were secretly in progress under the auspices of these two leading cardinalists, for introducing a garrison, together with great store of ammunition, into the city. On the other hand, the "great beggar," Brederode, had taken up his quarters also in Antwerp; had been daily entertaining a crowd of roystering nobles at his hotel, previously to a second political demonstration which will soon be described, and was constantly parading the street, followed by a swarm of adherents in the beggar livery. The sincere Reformers were made nearly as uncomfortable by the presence of their avowed friends as by that of Meghem and Aremberg, and earnestly desired to be rid of them all. Long and anxious were the ponderings of the magistrates upon all these subjects. It was determined, at last, to send a fresh deputation to Brussels, requesting the Regent to order the departure of Meghem, Aremberg, and Brederode from Antwerp; remonstrating with her against any plan she might be supposed to entertain of sending mercenary troops into the city; pledging the word of the Senate to keep the peace, meanwhile, by their regular force; and, above all, imploring her once more, in the most urgent terms, to send thither the burgrave, as the only man who was capable of saving the city from the calamities into which it was so likely to fall.[1]

The Prince of Orange being thus urgently besought, both by the Government of Antwerp, the inhabitants of that city, and by the Regent herself;[2] at last consented to make the visit so earnestly demanded. On the 13th July he arrived in Antwerp.[3] The whole city was alive with enthusiasm. Half its population seemed to have come forth from the gates to bid him welcome, lining the road for miles. The gate through which he was to pass, the ramparts, the roofs of the houses, were packed close with expectant and eager faces. At least thirty thousand persons had assembled to welcome their guest. A long cavalcade of eminent citizens had come as far as Berghen to meet him and to escort him into the city. Brederode, attended by some of the noble confederates, rode at the head of the procession. As they encountered the Prince, a discharge of pistol-shots was fired by way of salute, which was the signal for a deafening shout from the assembled multitude. The crowd thronged about the Prince as he advanced, calling him their preserver, their father, their only hope. Wild shouts of welcome rose upon every side as he rode through the town, mingled with occasional vociferations of "Long life to the beggars." These party cries were instantly and sharply rebuked by Orange, who expressed, in Brederode's presence, the determination that he would make men unlearn that mischievous watchword.[4] He had, moreover, little relish at that time for the tumultuous demonstrations of attachment to his person, which were too fervid to be censured, but too unseasonable to be approved. When the crowd had at last been made to understand that their huzzas were distasteful to the Prince, most of the multitude consented to disperse, feeling, however, a relief from impending danger in the presence of the man whom they instinctively looked upon as their natural protector.

The senators had come forth in a body to receive the burgrave and escort him to the hotel prepared for him. Arrived there, he lost no time in opening the business which had brought him to Antwerp. He held at once a long consultation with the upper branch of the Government. Afterwards, day after day, he honestly, arduously, sagaciously laboured to restore the public tran-

[1] Bor, ii. 73, 74. Meteren, ii. 39*b*. [2] Hopper, 91 [3] Strada, v. 202. Hoofd, ii. 87. Correspondance de Marg. d'Autriche, 87. Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., 136, 137.

[4] Bor, ii. 76. Strada, v. 203. Hopper, 91, is no less explicit: "Des quelles le prince se monstroit fort fâché et malcontent."

quillity. He held repeated deliberations with every separate portion of the little commonwealth, the senate, the council of ancients, the corporation of ward-masters, the deans of trades. Nor did he confine his communications to these organised political bodies alone. He had frequent interviews with the officers of the military associations, with the foreign merchant companies, with the guilds of "Rhetoric."[1] The chambers of the "Violet" and the "Marigold" were not too frivolous or fantastic to be consulted by one who knew human nature and the constitution of Netherland society so well as did the Prince. Night and day he laboured with all classes of citizens to bring about a better understanding, and to establish mutual confidence. At last by his efforts tranquillity was restored. The broad-council having been assembled, it was decided that the exercise of the Reformed religion should be excluded from the city, but silently tolerated in the suburbs, while an armed force was to be kept constantly in readiness to suppress all attempts at insurrection. The Prince had desired that twelve hundred men should be enlisted and paid by the city, so that at least a small number of disciplined troops might be ready at a moment's warning; but he found it impossible to carry the point with the Council. The magistrates were willing to hold themselves responsible for the peace of the city, but they would have no mercenaries.[2]

Thus, during the remainder of July and the early part of August, was William of Orange strenuously occupied in doing what should have been the Regent's work. He was still regarded both by the Duchess and by the Calvinist party—although having the sympathies of neither—as the only man in the Netherlands who could control the rising tide of a national revolt. He took care, said his enemies, that his conduct at Antwerp should have every appearance of loyalty;[3] but they insinuated that he was a traitor from the beginning, who was insidiously fomenting the troubles which he appeared to rebuke. No one doubted his genius, and all felt or affected admiration at its display upon this critical occasion. "The Prince of Orange is doing very great and notable services at Antwerp to the King and to the country," said Assonleville; "that seignior is very skilful in managing great affairs."[4] Margaret of Parma wrote letters to him filled with the warmest gratitude, expressions of approbation, and of wishes that he could both remain in Antwerp and return to assist her in Brussels.[5] Philip, too, with his own pen, addressed him a letter, in which implicit confidence in the Prince's character was avowed, all suspicion on the part of the sovereign indignantly repudiated, earnest thanks for his acceptance of the Antwerp mission uttered, and a distinct refusal given to the earnest request made by Orange to resign his offices.[6] The Prince read or listened to all this commendation, and valued it exactly at its proper worth. He knew it to be pure grimace. He was no more deceived by it than if he had read the letter sent by Margaret to Philip, a few weeks later, in which she expressed herself as "thoroughly aware that it was the intention of Orange to take advantage of the impending tumults, for the purpose of conquering the provinces and of dividing the whole territory among himself and friends."[7] Nothing could be more utterly false than so vile and ridiculous a statement.

The course of the Prince had hitherto been, and was still, both consistent and loyal. It was in the monarch's power to convoke the assembly of the States-general, so loudly demanded by the whole nation, to abolish the Inquisition, to renounce persecution, to accept the great fact of the Reformation. To do so he must have ceased to be Philip. To have faltered in attempting

[1] Bor, ii. 76. Hoofd, ii. 88.
[2] Ibid., 77. Ibid., iii. 88, 89. [3] Bentivoglio, ii. 37.
[4] Foppens, Supplément, ii. 364.
[5] Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., ii. 148, 149, 164-166.
[6] Ibid., 170, 171.
[7] Strada, v. 207.

to bring him into that path, the Prince must have ceased to be William of Orange. Had he succeeded, there would have been no treason and no Republic of Holland. His conduct at the outbreak of the Antwerp troubles was firm and sagacious. Even had his duty required him to put down the public preaching with peremptory violence, he had been furnished with no means to accomplish the purpose. The rebellion, if it were one, was already full-grown. It could not be taken by the throat and strangled with one hand, however firm.

A report that the High Sheriff of Brabant was collecting troops by command of Government, in order to attack the Reformers at their field-preachings, went far to undo the work already accomplished by the Prince.[1] The assemblages swelled again from ten or twelve thousand to twenty-five thousand, the men all providing themselves more thoroughly with weapons than before. Soon afterwards, the intemperate zeal of another individual, armed to the teeth—not, however, like the martial sheriff and his forces, with arquebus and javelin, but with the still more deadly weapons of polemical theology—was very near causing a general outbreak. A peaceful and not very numerous congregation were listening to one of their preachers in a field outside the town. Suddenly an unknown individual in plain clothes and with a pragmatical demeanour interrupted the discourse by giving a flat contradiction to some of the doctrines advanced. The minister replied by a rebuke, and a reiteration of the disputed sentiment. The stranger, evidently versed in ecclesiastical matters, volubly and warmly responded. The preacher, a man of humble condition and moderate abilities, made as good show of argument as he could, but was evidently no match for his antagonist. He was soon vanquished in the wordy warfare. Well he might be, for it appeared that the stranger was no less a personage than Peter Rythovius, a doctor of divinity, a distinguished pedant of Louvain, a relation of a bishop, and himself a church dignitary.[2] This learned professor, quite at home in his subject, was easily triumphant, while the poor dissenter, more accustomed to elevate the hearts of his hearers than to perplex their heads, sank prostrate and breathless under the storm of texts, glosses, and hard Hebrew roots with which he was soon overwhelmed. The professor's triumph was, however, but shortlived, for the simple-minded congregation, who loved their teacher, were enraged that he should be thus confounded. Without more ado, therefore, they laid violent hands upon the Quixotic knight-errant of the Church, and so cudgelled and be-laboured him bodily that he might perhaps have lost his life in the encounter had he not been protected by the more respectable portion of the assembly. These persons, highly disapproving the whole proceeding, forcibly rescued him from the assailants, and carried him off to town, where the news of the incident at once created an uproar. Here he was thrown into prison as a disturber of the peace, but in reality that he might be personally secure.[3] The next day William of Orange, after administering to him a severe rebuke for his ill-timed exhibition of pedantry, released him from confinement, and had him conveyed out of the city. "This theologian," wrote the Prince to Duchess Margaret, "would have done better, methinks, to stay at home; for I suppose he had no especial orders to perform this piece of work."[4]

Thus, so long as the Prince could remain in the metropolis, his firmness prevented the explosion which had so long been expected. His own government of Holland and Zeland too demanded his care. The field-preaching had spread in that region with prodigious rapidity. Armed assemblages,

[1] Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., ii. 182. Correspondance le Guillaume le Tacit., ii. 149, 150.

[2] Bor, ii. 81. Hoofd, iii. 89. [3] Bor, Hoofd, ubi sup. [4] Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., ii. 18.

utterly beyond the power of the civil authorities, were taking place daily in the neighbourhood of Amsterdam.[1] Yet the Duchess could not allow him to visit his government in the north. If he could be spared from Antwerp for a day, it was necessary that he should aid her in a fresh complication with the confederated nobles. In the very midst, therefore, of his Antwerp labours, he had been obliged, by Margaret's orders, to meet a committee at Duffel.[2] For in this same eventful month of July a great meeting[3] was held by the members of the Compromise at St. Trond, in the bishopric of Liege. They came together on the 13th of the month, and remained assembled till the beginning of August. It was a wild, tumultuous convention, numbering some fifteen hundred cavaliers, each with his esquires and armed attendants—a larger and more important gathering than had yet been held. Brederode and Count Louis were the chieftains of the assembly, which, as may be supposed from its composition and numbers, was likely to be neither very orderly in its demonstrations nor wholesome in its results. It was an ill-timed movement. The convention was too large for deliberation, too riotous to inspire confidence. The nobles quartered themselves everywhere in the taverns and the farmhouses of the neighbourhood, while large numbers encamped upon the open fields. There was a constant din of revelry and uproar, mingled with wordy warfare, and an occasional crossing of swords. It seemed rather like a congress of ancient savage Batavians, assembled in Teutonic fashion to choose a king amid hoarse shouting, deep drinking, and the clash of spear and shield, than a meeting for a lofty and earnest purpose by their civilised descendants. A crowd of spectators, landlopers, mendicants, daily aggregated themselves to the aristocratic assembly, joining with natural unction in the incessant shout of "*Vivent les gueulx!*" It was impossible that so soon after their baptism the self-styled beggars should repudiate all connection with the time-honoured fraternity in which they had enrolled themselves.

The confederates discussed—if an exchange of vociferations could be called discussion—principally two points: whether, in case they obtained the original objects of their petition, they should pause or move still further onward; and whether they should insist upon receiving some pledge from the Government that no vengeance should be taken upon them for their previous proceedings. Upon both questions there was much vehemence of argument and great difference of opinion. They, moreover, took two very rash and very grave resolutions—to guarantee the people against all violence on account of their creeds, and to engage a force of German soldiery, four thousand horse and forty companies of infantry, by "wart geld," or retaining wages.[4] It was evident that these gentlemen were disposed to go fast and far. If they had been ready in the spring to receive their baptism of wine, the "beggars" were now eager for the baptism of blood. At the same time it must be observed that the levies which they proposed, not to make but to have at command, were purely for defence. In case the King, as it was thought probable, should visit the Netherlands with fire and sword, then there would be a nucleus of resistance already formed.

Upon the 18th July, the Prince of Orange, at the earnest request of the Regent, met a committee of the confederated nobles at Duffel. Count Egmont was associated with him in this duty. The conference was not very satisfactory. The deputies from St. Trond, consisting of Brederode, Culemburg, and others, exchanged with the two seigniors the old arguments. It was urged upon the confederates that they had made themselves responsible

[1] Hoofd, iii. 89, 90.
[2] Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., ii. 148, 149.
[3] Bor, ii. 78–80. Hoofd, iii. 96–98. Strada, v. 202–206. Hopper, Rec. et Mem., 90–96.
[4] Groen v. Prinst., ii. 159, 167, 179; Pont. Payen MS

for the public tranquillity so long as the Regent should hold to her promise; that, as the Duchess had sent two distinguished envoys to Madrid, in order to accomplish, if possible, the wishes of the nobles, it was their duty to redeem their own pledges; that armed assemblages ought to be suppressed by their efforts rather than encouraged by their example; and that, if they now exerted themselves zealously to check the tumults, the Duchess was ready to declare, in her own name and that of his Majesty, that the presentation of the Request had been beneficial.

The nobles replied that the pledges had become a farce, that the Regent was playing them false, that persecution was as fierce as ever, that the "Moderation" was a mockery, that the letters recommending "modesty and discretion" to the inquisitors had been mere waste paper, that a price had been set upon the heads of the preachers as if they had been wild beasts, that there were constant threats of invasions from Spain, that the convocation of the States-general had been illegally deferred, that the people had been driven to despair, and that it was the conduct of Government, not of the confederates, which had caused the Reformers to throw off previous restraint, and to come boldly forth by tens of thousands into the fields, not to defy their King, but to worship their God.[1]

Such, in brief, was the conference of Duffel. In conclusion, a paper was drawn up, which Brederode carried back to the convention, and which it was proposed to submit to the Duchess for her approval. At the end of the month, Louis of Nassau was accordingly sent to Brussels, accompanied by twelve associates, who were familiarly called his twelve apostles.[2] Here he laid before her Highness in Council a statement embodying the views of the confederates. In this paper they asserted that they were ever ready to mount and ride against a foreign foe, but that they would never draw a sword against their innocent countrymen. They maintained that their past conduct deserved commendation, and that in requiring letters of safe-conduct in the names both of the Duchess and of the Fleece knights, they were governed not by a disposition to ask for pardon, but by a reluctance without such guarantees to enter into stipulations touching the public tranquillity. If, however, they should be assured that the intentions of the Regent were amicable, and that there was no design to take vengeance for the past—if, moreover, she were willing to confide in the counsels of Horn, Egmont, and Orange, and to take no important measure without their concurrence—if, above all, she would convoke the States-general, then, and then only, were the confederates willing to exert their energies to preserve peace, to restrain popular impetuosity, and banish universal despair.[3]

So far Louis of Nassau and his twelve apostles. It must be confessed that, whatever might be thought of the justice, there could be but one opinion as to the boldness, of these views. The Duchess was furious. If the language held in April had been considered audacious, certainly this new request was, in her own words, "still more bitter to the taste, and more difficult of digestion."[4] She therefore answered in a very unsatisfactory, haughty, and ambiguous manner, reserving decision upon their propositions till they had been discussed by the State Council, and intimating that they would also be laid before the Knights of the Fleece, who were to hold a meeting upon the 26th of August.

1 Correspondance de Marg. d'Autriche, 129, sqq. Archives et Correspondance (Gr. v. Prinst.), 167, sqq. Renom de France MS., i 17. Bor, ii. 78-80. Hoofd, iii. 96-98. Compare Hopper, 90-96; Strada, v. 203-206; Bentivoglio, ii. 34, 35.

2 Ibid., 120, sqq., 141, sqq. The date appears to be the 30th of July, 1566. Vide Reiffenberg. Correspond., ubi sup.; Gachard, Correspondance de Philippe II., 437. According to a letter of Count Louis, however (Archives et Correspondance, ii. 177-180), the Request would seem to have been presented upon the 26th of July. Strada, v. 205.

3 Hopper, 94, 95. Hoofd, iii. 98. Strada, v. 205-206.

4 Correspondance de Margaret d'Autriche, 142.

There was some further conversation without any result. Esquerdes complained that the confederates were the mark of constant calumny, and demanded that the slanderers should be confronted with them and punished. "I understand perfectly well," interrupted Margaret; "you wish to take justice into your own hands, and to be king yourself."[1] It was further intimated by these reckless gentlemen, that if they should be driven by violence into measures of self-protection, they had already secured friends in a certain country.[2] The Duchess, probably astonished at the frankness of this statement, is said to have demanded further explanations. The confederates replied by observing that they had resources both in the provinces and in Germany. The State Council decided that to accept the propositions of the confederates would be to establish a triumvirate at once, and the Duchess wrote to her brother distinctly advising against the acceptance of the proposal.[3] The assembly at St. Trond was then dissolved, having made violent demonstrations which were not followed by beneficial results, and having laid itself open to various suspicions, most of which were ill founded, while some of them were just.

Before giving the reader a brief account of the open and the secret policy pursued by the Government at Brussels and Madrid in consequence of these transactions, it is now necessary to allude to a startling series of events, which at this point added to the complications of the times, and exercised a fatal influence upon the situation of the commonwealth.

CHAPTER VII.

Ecclesiastical architecture in the Netherlands—The image-breaking—Description of Antwerp Cathedral—Ceremony of the Ommegang—Precursory disturbances—Iconoclasts at Antwerp—Incidents of the image-breaking in various cities—Events at Tournay—Preaching of Wille—Disturbance by a little boy—Churches sacked at Tournay—Disinterment of Duke Adolphus of Gueldres—Iconoclasts defeated and massacred at Anchin—Bartholomew's Day at Valenciennes—General characteristics of the image-breaking—Testimony of contemporaries as to the honesty of the rioters—Consternation of the Duchess—Projected flight to Mons—Advice of Horn and other seigniors—Accord of 25th August.

The Netherlands possessed an extraordinary number of churches and monasteries. Their exquisite architecture and elaborate decoration had been the earliest indication of intellectual culture displayed in the country. In the vast number of cities, towns, and villages which were crowded upon that narrow territory, there had been, from circumstances operating throughout Christendom, a great accumulation of ecclesiastical wealth. The same causes can never exist again which at an early day covered the soil of Europe with those magnificent creations of Christian art. It was in these anonymous but entirely original achievements that Gothic genius, awaking from its long sleep of the dark ages, first expressed itself. The early poetry of the German races was hewn and chiselled in stone. Around the steadfast principle of devotion, then so firmly rooted in the soil, clustered the graceful and vigorous emanations of the newly-awakened mind. All that science could invent, all that art could embody, all that mechanical ingenuity could dare, all that wealth could lavish, —whatever there was of human energy which was panting for pacific utterance, wherever there stirred the vital principle which instinctively strove to create and to adorn at an epoch when vulgar violence and destructiveness were the

[1] Renom de France, MS., i. 18.
[2] Le Petit: Grande Chronique de Hollande, 1092a, 1124b. Groen v. Prinst., Archives, ii. 167, 168.
[3] Renom de France, MS., i. 18. Correspondance de Marg. d'Autriche, 142.

general tendencies of humanity, all gathered around these magnificent temples, as their aspiring pinnacles at last pierced the mist which had so long brooded over the world.

There were many hundreds of churches, more or less remarkable, in the Netherlands. Although a severe criticism might regret to find in these particular productions of the great Germanic school a development of that practical tendency which distinguished the Batavian and Flemish branches,—although it might recognise a departure from that mystic principle which, in its efforts to symbolise the strivings of humanity towards the infinite object of worship above, had somewhat disregarded the wants of the worshippers below,—although the spaces might be too wide and the intercolumniations too empty, except for the convenience of congregations,—yet there were, nevertheless, many ecclesiastical masterpieces, which could be regarded as very brilliant manifestations of the Batavian and Belgic mind during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. Many were filled with paintings from a school which had precedence in time and merit over its sister nurseries of art in Germany. All were peopled with statues. All were filled with profusely-adorned chapels, for the churches had been enriched generation after generation by wealthy penitence, which had thus purchased absolution for crime and smoothed a pathway to heaven.

And now, for the space of only six or seven summer days and nights, there raged a storm by which all these treasures were destroyed. Nearly every one of these temples was entirely rifled of its contents; not for the purpose of plunder, but of destruction. Hardly a province or a town escaped. Art must for ever weep over this bereavement; humanity must regret that the reforming is thus always ready to degenerate into the destructive principle; but it is impossible to censure very severely the spirit which prompted the brutal, but not ferocious deed. Those statues, associated as they were with the remorseless persecution which had so long desolated the provinces, had ceased to be images. They had grown human and hateful, so that the people arose and devoted them to indiscriminate massacre.

No doubt the iconoclastic fury is to be regretted; for such treasures can scarcely be renewed. The age for building and decorating great cathedrals is past. Certainly, our own age, practical and benevolent, if less poetical, should occupy itself with the present, and project itself into the future. To clothe the naked, redeem the criminal, feed the hungry, less by alms and homilies than by preventive institutions and beneficient legislation; above all, by the diffusion of national education, to lift a race upon a level of culture hardly attained by a class in earlier times, is as lofty a task as to accumulate piles of ecclesiastical splendour.

It would be tedious to recount in detail the events which characterised the remarkable image-breaking in the Netherlands. As Antwerp was the central point in these transactions, and as there was more wealth and magnificence in the great cathedral of that city than in any church of Northern Europe, it is necessary to give a rapid outline of the events which occurred there. From its exhibition in that place the spirit everywhere will best be shown.

The Church of Our Lady, which Philip had so recently converted into a cathedral, dated from the year 1124, although it may be more fairly considered a work of the fourteenth century. Its college of canons had been founded in another locality by Godfrey of Bouillon. The Brabantine hero, who so romantically incarnated the religious poetry of his age, who first mounted the walls of redeemed Jerusalem, and was its first Christian monarch, but who refused to accept a golden diadem on the spot where the Saviour had been crowned with thorns; the Fleming who lived and was the epic which the great

Italian, centuries afterwards, translatedinto immortal verse, is thus fitly associated with the beautiful architectural poem which was to grace his ancestral realms. The body of the church—the interior and graceful perspectives of which were not liable to the reproach brought against many Netherland churches, of assimilating themselves already to the municipal palaces which they were to suggest—was completed in the fourteenth century. The beautiful façade, with its tower, was not completed till the year 1518. The exquisite and daring spire, the gigantic stem upon which the consummate flower of this architectural creation was to be at last unfolded, was a plant of a whole century's growth. Rising to a height of nearly five hundred feet, over a church of as many feet in length, it worthily represented the upward tendency of Gothic architecture. Externally and internally the cathedral was a true expression of the Christian principle of devotion. Amid its vast accumulation of imagery, its endless ornaments, its multiplicity of episodes, its infinite variety of details, the central, maternal principle was ever visible. Everything pointed upwards, from the spire in the clouds to the arch which enshrined the smallest sculptured saint in the chapels below. It was a sanctuary, not like pagan temples, to enclose a visible deity, but an edifice where mortals might worship an unseen Being in the realms above.

The church, with the noisy streets of the metropolis eddying around its walls, was a sacred island in the tumultuous main. Through the perpetual twilight, tall columnar trunks in thick profusion grew from a floor chequered with lights and shadows. Each shaft of the forest rose to a preternatural height, the many branches intermingling in the space above to form a stately canopy. Foliage, flowers, and fruit of colossal luxuriance, strange birds, beasts, griffins and chimeras in endless multitudes, the rank vegetation and the fantastic zoology of a fabulous world, seemed to decorate and animate the serried trunks and pendant branches, while the shattering symphonies or dying murmurs of the organ suggested the rushing of the wind through the forest,—now the full diapason of the storm, and now the gentle cadence of the evening breeze.

Internally, the church was rich beyond expression. All that opulent devotion could devise, in wood, bronze, marble, silver, gold, precious jewellery, or sacramental furniture, had been profusely lavished. The penitential tears of centuries had incrusted the whole interior with their glittering stalactites. Divided into five naves, with external rows of chapels, but separated by no screens or partitions, the great temple forming an imposing whole, the effect was the more impressive, the vistas almost infinite in appearance. The wealthy citizens, the twenty-seven guilds, the six military associations, the rythmical colleges, besides many other secular or religious sodalities, had their own chapels and altars. Tombs adorned with the effigies of mailed crusaders and pious dames covered the floor, tattered banners hung in the air, the escutcheons of the Golden Fleece, an order typical of Flemish industry, but of which Emperors and Kings were proud to be the chevaliers, decorated the columns. The vast and beautifully-painted windows glowed with scriptural scenes, antique portraits, homely allegories, painted in those brilliant and forgotten colours which art has not ceased to deplore. The daylight melting into gloom or coloured with fantastic brilliancy, priests in effulgent robes chanting in unknown language, the sublime breathing of choral music, the suffocating odours of myrrh and spikenard, suggestive of the Oriental scenery and imagery of Holy Writ, all combined to bewilder and exalt the senses. The highest and humblest seemed to find themselves upon the same level within those sacred precincts, where even the blood-stained criminal was secure, and the arm of secular justice was paralysed.

But the work of degeneration had commenced. The atmosphere of the

cathedral was no longer holy in the eyes of increasing multitudes. Better the sanguinary rites of Belgic Druids, better the yell of slaughtered victims from the "wild wood without mercy" of the pagan forefathers of the nation, than this fantastic intermingling of divine music, glowing colours, gorgeous ceremonies, with all the burning, beheading, and strangling work which had characterised the system of human sacrifice for the past half-century.

Such was the Church of Nôtre Dame at Antwerp. Thus indifferent or hostile towards the architectural treasure were the inhabitants of a city where in a previous age the whole population would have risked their lives to defend what they esteemed the pride and garland of their metropolis.

The Prince of Orange had been anxiously solicited by the Regent to attend the conference at Duffel. After returning to Antwerp, he consented, in consequence of the urgent entreaties of the senate, to delay his departure until the 18th of August should be past. On the 13th of that month he had agreed with the magistrates upon an ordinance, which was accordingly published, and by which the preachings were restricted to the fields. A deputation of merchants and others waited upon him with a request to be permitted the exercises of the Reformed religion in the city. This petition the Prince peremptorily refused, and the deputies, as well as their constituents, acquiesced in the decision, "out of especial regard and respect for his person." He, however, distinctly informed the Duchess that it would be difficult or impossible to maintain such a position long, and that his departure from the city would probably be followed by an outbreak. He warned her that it was very imprudent for him to leave Antwerp at that particular juncture. Nevertheless, the meeting of the Fleece Knights seemed, in Margaret's opinion, imperatively to require his presence in Brussels. She insisted by repeated letters that he should leave Antwerp immediately.[1]

Upon the 18th of August the great and time-honoured ceremony of the Ommegang occurred. Accordingly, the great procession, the principal object of which was to conduct around the city a colossal image of the Virgin, issued as usual from the door of the cathedral. The image, bedizened and effulgent, was borne aloft upon the shoulders of her adorers, followed by the guilds, the military associations, the rhetoricians, the religious sodalities, all in glittering costume, bearing blazoned banners, and marching triumphantly through the streets with sound of trumpet and beat of drum.[2] The pageant, solemn but noisy, was exactly such a show as was most fitted at that moment to irritate Protestant minds and to lead to mischief. No violent explosion of ill-feeling, however, took place. The procession was followed by a rabble rout of scoffers, but they confined themselves to words and insulting gestures.[3] The image was incessantly saluted, as she was borne along the streets, with sneers, imprecations, and the rudest ribaldry. "Mayken! Mayken! (little Mary) your hour is come. 'Tis your last promenade. The city is tired of you." Such were the greetings which the representative of the Holy Virgin received from men grown weary of antiquated mummery. A few missiles were thrown occasionally at the procession as it passed through the city, but no damage was inflicted. When the image was at last restored to its place, and the pageant brought to a somewhat hurried conclusion, there seemed cause for congratulation that no tumult had occurred.

On the following morning there was a large crowd collected in front of the cathedral. The image, instead of standing in the centre of the church, where, upon all former occasions, it had been accustomed during the week succeeding

[1] Bor, ii. 81-83. Hoofd, iii. 99. Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., i. 188, 189. Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., ii. 236, 237.

[2] Bor, ii. 83. Meteren, ii. 40.

[3] Bor, ubi sup.

the ceremony to receive congratulatory visits, was now ignominiously placed behind an iron railing within the choir. It had been deemed imprudent to leave it exposed to sacrilegious hands. The precaution excited derision. Many vagabonds of dangerous appearance, many idle apprentices and ragged urchins, were hanging for a long time about the imprisoned image, peeping through the railings, and indulging in many a brutal jest. "Mayken! Mayken!" they cried, "art thou terrified so soon? Hast flown to thy nest so early? Dost think thyself beyond the reach of mischief? Beware, Mayken! thine hour is fast approaching!" Others thronged around the balustrade, shouting, "*Vivent les gueulx!*" and hoarsely commanding the image to join in the beggars' cry. Then, leaving the spot, the mob roamed idly about the magnificent church, sneering at the idols, execrating the gorgeous ornaments, scoffing at crucifix and altar.

Presently one of the rabble, a ragged fellow of mechanical aspect, in a tattered black doublet and an old straw hat, ascended the pulpit. Opening a sacred volume which he found there, he began to deliver an extemporaneous and coarse caricature of a monkish sermon. Some of the bystanders applauded, some cried shame, some shouted, "Long live the beggars!" some threw sticks and rubbish at the mountebank, some caught him by the legs and strove to pull him from his place. He, on the other hand, manfully maintained his ground, hurling back every missile, struggling with his assailants, and continuing the while to pour forth a malignant and obscene discourse. At last a young sailor, warm in the Catholic faith, and impulsive as mariners are prone to be, ascended the pulpit from behind, sprang upon the mechanic, and flung him headlong down the steps. The preacher grappled with his enemy as he fell, and both came rolling to the ground. Neither was much injured, but a tumult ensued. A pistol-shot was fired, and the sailor was wounded in the arm. Daggers were drawn, cudgels brandished, the bystanders taking part generally against the sailor, while those who protected him were somewhat bruised and belaboured before they could convey him out of the church. Nothing more, however, transpired that day, and the keepers of the cathedral were enabled to expel the crowd and to close the doors for the night.[1]

Information of this tumult was brought to the Senate, then assembled in the Hôtel de Ville. That body was thrown into a state of great perturbation. In losing the Prince of Orange they seemed to have lost their own brains, and the first measure which they took was to despatch a messenger to implore his return. In the meantime, it was necessary that they should do something for themselves. It was evident that a storm was brewing. The pest which was sweeping so rapidly through the provinces would soon be among them. Symptoms of the dreaded visitation were already but too manifest. What precaution should they take? Should they issue a proclamation? Such documents had been too plenty of late, and had lost their virtue. It was the time not to assert but to exercise authority. Should they summon the ward-masters, and order the instant arming and mustering of their respective companies? Should they assemble the captains of the military associations? Nothing better could have been desired than such measures in cases of invasion or of ordinary tumult, but who should say how deeply the poison had sunk into the body politic? who should say with how much or how little alacrity the burgher militia would obey the mandates of the magistracy? It would be better to issue no proclamation unless they could enforce its provisions; it would be better not to call out the citizen soldiery unless they

[1] Bor. ii. 63. Hoofd, iii. 99. Strada, v. 211. Meteren, 40.

were likely to prove obedient. Should mercenary troops at this late hour be sent for? Would not their appearance at this crisis rather inflame the rage than intimidate the insolence of the sectaries? Never were magistrates in greater perplexity. They knew not what course was likely to prove the safest, and in their anxiety to do nothing wrong, the senators did nothing at all. After a long and anxious consultation, the honest burgomaster and his associates all went home to their beds, hoping that the threatening flame of civil tumult would die out of itself, or perhaps that their dreams would supply them with that wisdom which seemed denied to their waking hours.[1]

In the morning, as it was known that no precaution had been taken, the audacity of the Reformers was naturally increased. Within the cathedral a great crowd was at an early hour collected, whose savage looks and ragged appearance denoted that the day and night were not likely to pass away so peacefully as the last. The same taunts and imprecations were hurled at the image of the Virgin; the same howling of the beggars' cry resounded through the lofty arches. For a few hours, no act of violence was committed, but the crowd increased. A few trifles, drifting, as usual, before the event, seemed to indicate the approaching convulsion. A very paltry old woman excited the image-breaking of Antwerp. She had for years been accustomed to sit before the door of the cathedral with wax-tapers and wafers, earning a scanty subsistence from the profits of her meagre trade, and by the small coins which she sometimes received in charity. Some of the rabble began to chaffer with this ancient hucksteress. They scoffed at her consecrated wares; they bandied with her ribald jests, of which her public position had furnished her with a supply; they assured her that the hour had come when her idolatrous traffic was to be for ever terminated, when she and her patroness Mary were to be given over to destruction together. The old woman, enraged, answered threat with threat and gibe with gibe. Passing from words to deeds, she began to catch from the ground every offensive missile or weapon which she could find, and to lay about her in all directions. Her tormentors defended themselves as they could. Having destroyed her whole stock-in-trade, they provoked others to appear in her defence. The passers-by thronged to the scene; the cathedral was soon filled to overflowing; a furious tumult was already in progress.[2]

Many persons fled in alarm to the Townhouse, carrying information of this outbreak to the magistrates, John van Immerzeel, Margrave of Antwerp, was then holding communication with the Senate, and awaiting the arrival of the wardmasters, whom it had at last been thought expedient to summon. Upon intelligence of this riot, which the militia, if previously mustered, might have prevented, the Senate determined to proceed to the cathedral in a body, with the hope of quelling the mob by the dignity of their presence. The Margrave, who was the high executive officer of the little commonwealth, marched down to the cathedral accordingly, attended by the two burgomasters and all the senators. At first their authority, solicitations, and personal influence, produced a good effect. Some of those outside consented to retire, and the tumult partially subsided within. As night, however, was fast approaching, many of the mob insisted upon remaining for evening service. They were informed that there would be none that night, and that for once the people could certainly dispense with their vespers.

Several persons now manifesting an intention of leaving the cathedral, it was suggested to the senators that if they should lead the way, the populace would follow in their train, and so disperse to their homes. The excellent

[1] Bor, ii. 83 84. Hoofd, iii. 99. [2] Bor, ii. 83. Hoofd, iii. 100. Meteren, ii. 42.

magistrates took the advice, not caring, perhaps, to fulfil any longer the dangerous but not dignified functions of police-officers. Before departing, they adopted the precaution of closing all the doors of the church, leaving a single one open, that the rabble still remaining might have an opportunity to depart. It seemed not to occur to the senators that the same gate would as conveniently afford an entrance for those without as an egress for those within. That unlooked-for event happened, however. No sooner had the magistrates retired than the rabble burst through the single door which had been left open, overpowered the Margrave, who, with a few attendants, had remained behind, vainly endeavouring by threats and exhortations to appease the tumult, drove him ignominiously from the church, and threw all the other portals wide open. Then the populace flowed in like an angry sea. The whole of the cathedral was at the mercy of the rioters, who were evidently bent on mischief. The wardens and treasurers of the church, after a vain attempt to secure a few of its most precious possessions, retired. They carried the news to the senators, who, accompanied by a few halberdmen, again ventured to approach the spot. It was but for a moment, however, for, appalled by the furious sounds which came from within the church, as if invisible forces were preparing a catastrophe which no human power could withstand, the magistrates fled precipitately from the scene. Fearing that the next attack would be upon the Townhouse, they hastened to concentrate at that point their available strength, and left the stately cathedral to its fate.[1]

And now, as the shadows of night were deepening the perpetual twilight of the church, the work of destruction commenced. Instead of vespers rose the fierce music of a psalm, yelled by a thousand angry voices. It seemed the preconcerted signal for a general attack. A band of marauders flew upon the image of the Virgin, dragged it forth from its receptacle, plunged daggers into its inanimate body, tore off its jewelled and embroidered garments, broke the whole figure into a thousand pieces, and scattered the fragments along the floor. A wild shout succeeded, and then the work which seemed delegated to a comparatively small number of the assembled crowd, went on with incredible celerity. Some were armed with axes, some with bludgeons, some with sledge-hammers; others brought ladders, pulleys, ropes, and levers. Every statue was hurled from its niche, every picture torn from the wall, every painted window shivered to atoms, every ancient monument shattered, every sculptured decoration, however inaccessible in appearance, hurled to the ground. Indefatigably, audaciously,—endowed, as it seemed, with preternatural strength and nimbleness,—these furious iconoclasts clambered up the dizzy heights, shrieking and chattering like malignant apes, as they tore off in triumph the slowly matured fruit of centuries. In a space of time wonderfully brief they had accomplished their task.

A colossal and magnificent group of the Saviour crucified between two thieves adorned the principal altar. The statue of Christ was wrenched from its place with ropes and pulleys, while the malefactors, with bitter and blasphemous irony, were left on high, the only representatives of the marble crowd which had been destroyed. A very beautiful piece of architecture decorated the choir,—the "repository," as it was called, in which the body of Christ was figuratively enshrined. This much-admired work rested upon a single column, but rose, arch upon arch, pillar upon pillar to the height of three hundred feet, till quite lost in the vault above.[2] It was now shattered into a million pieces. The statues, images, pictures, ornaments, as they lay upon the ground, were broken with sledge-hammers, hewn with axes, trampled,

[1] Bor, ii. 83, 84. Hoofd, iii. 100, sqq. Strada, v. 212. Meteren, ii. 40. [2] Pontus Payen MS.

torn, and beaten into shreds. A troop of harlots, snatching waxen tapers from the altars, stood around the destroyers and lighted them at their work. Nothing escaped their omnivorous rage. They desecrated seventy chapels, forced open all the chests of treasure, covered their own squalid attire with the gorgeous robes of the ecclesiastics, broke the sacred bread, poured out the sacramental wine into golden chalices, quaffing huge draughts to the beggars' health; burned all the splendid missals and manuscripts, and smeared their shoes with the sacred oil with which kings and prelates had been anointed. It seemed that each of these malicious creatures must have been endowed with the strength of a hundred giants. How else, in the few brief hours of a midsummer night, could such a monstrous desecration have been accomplished by a troop which, according to all accounts, was not more than one hundred in number.[1] There was a multitude of spectators, as upon all such occasions, but the actual spoilers were very few.

The noblest and richest temple of the Netherlands was a wreck, but the fury of the spoilers was excited, not appeased. Each seizing a burning torch, the whole herd rushed from the cathedral, and swept howling through the streets. "Long live the beggars!" resounded through the sultry midnight air, as the ravenous pack flew to and fro, smiting every image of the Virgin, every crucifix, every sculptured saint, every Catholic symbol which they met with upon their path. All night long they roamed from one sacred edifice to another, thoroughly destroying as they went. Before morning they had sacked thirty churches within the city walls. They entered the monasteries, burned their invaluable libraries, destroyed their altars, statues, pictures, and descending into the cellars, broached every cask which they found there, pouring out in one great flood all the ancient wine and ale with which those holy men had been wont to solace their retirement from generation to generation. They invaded the nunneries, whence the occupants, panic-stricken, fled for refuge to the houses of their friends and kindred. The streets were filled with monks and nuns, running this way and that, shrieking and fluttering, to escape the claws of these fiendish Calvinists.[2] The terror was imaginary, for not the least remarkable feature in these transactions was, that neither insult nor injury was offered to man or woman, and that not a farthing's value of the immense amount of property destroyed was appropriated. It was a war, not against the living, but against graven images; nor was the sentiment which prompted the onslaught in the least commingled with a desire of plunder. The principal citizens of Antwerp, expecting every instant that the storm would be diverted from the ecclesiastical edifices to private dwellings, and that robbery, rape, and murder, would follow sacrilege, remained all night expecting the attack, and prepared to defend their hearths, even if the altars were profaned. The precaution was needless. It was asserted by the Catholics that the confederates and other opulent Protestants had organised this company of profligates for the meagre pittance of ten stivers a day. On the other hand, it was believed by many that the Catholics had themselves plotted the whole outrage in order to bring odium upon the Reformers. Both statements were equally unfounded. The task was most thoroughly performed, but it was prompted by a furious fanaticism, not by baser motives.[3]

Two days and nights longer the havoc raged unchecked through all the churches of Antwerp and the neighbouring villages. Hardly a statue or

[1] Correspondance de Marg. d'Autriche, 183. Compare Hopper, Rec. et Mem., 97; Strada, v. 213; Hoofd, iii. 101; Burgon, ii. 137–141. Bor, ii. 84; Metcren, ii. 40; Bentivoglio, ii. 35, 36.

[2] Strada, v. 215. Hoofd, Bor, ubi sup. "Vous eussiez veu," says Pontus Payen, "les pauvres nonains sortir de leurs monastères en habits deguisez et les aucunes a demye couvertes, se sauver es maisons de leurs parens et amis, et les prestres et moines couroient que ça et que là, fuians les griffes de ces malins reformés," etc., etc.—MS., liv. ii.

[3] Burgon, ii. 137–141. Bor, ii. 89. Hoofd, iii. 101 Hopper, 97.

picture escaped destruction. Yet the rage was directed exclusively against stocks and stones. Not a man was wounded nor a woman outraged. Prisoners, indeed, who had been languishing hopelessly in dungeons were liberated. A monk, who had been in the prison of the Barefoot Monastery for twelve years, recovered his freedom. Art was trampled in the dust, but humanity deplored no victims.[1]

These leading features characterised the movement everywhere. The process was simultaneous and almost universal. It was difficult to say where it began and where it ended. A few days in the midst of August sufficed for the whole work. The number of churches desecrated has never been counted. In the single province of Flanders four hundred were sacked.[2] In Limburg, Luxemburg, and Namur,[3] there was no image-breaking. In Mechlin, seventy or eighty persons accomplished the work thoroughly in the very teeth of the grand-council and of an astonished magistracy.[5]

In Tournay, a city distinguished for its ecclesiastical splendour, the reform had been making great progress during the summer. At the same time the hatred between the two religions had been growing more and more intense.

On the 22d of August the news reached Tournay that the churches in Antwerp, Ghent, and many other places, had been sacked. There was an instantaneous movement towards imitating the example on the same evening. Pasquier de la Barre, procureur-general of the city, succeeded by much entreaty in tranquillising the people for the night. The "guard of terror" was set, and hopes were entertained that the storm might blow over. The expectation was vain. At daybreak next day, the mob swept upon the churches and stripped them to the very walls. Pictures, statues, organs, ornaments, chalices of silver and gold, reliquaries, albs, chasubles, copes, cibories, crosses, chandeliers, lamps, censers, all of richest material, glittering with pearls, rubies, and other precious stones, were scattered in heaps of ruin upon the ground.[5]

As the spoilers burrowed among the ancient tombs, they performed, in one or two instance, acts of startling posthumous justice. The embalmed body of Duke Adolphus of Gueldres, last of the Egmonts who had reigned in that province, was dragged from its sepulchre and recognised.[6] Although it had been there for ninety years, it was as uncorrupted, "owing to the excellent spices which had preserved it from decay," [7] as upon the day of burial. Thrown upon the marble floor of the church, it lay several days exposed to the execrations of the multitude.[8] The Duke had committed a crime against his father, in consequence of which the province, which had been ruled by native races, had passed under the dominion of Charles the Bold. Weary of waiting for the old Duke's inheritance, he had risen against him in open rebellion. Dragging him from his bed at midnight in the depth of winter, he had compelled the old man, with no covering but his night-gear, to walk with naked feet twenty-five miles over ice and snow from Grave to Buren, while he himself performed the same journey in his company on horseback. He had then thrown him into a dungeon beneath the tower of Buren Castle, and kept him a close prisoner for six months.[9] At last, the Duke of Burgundy summoned the two before his Council, and proposed that Adolphus should allow his father 6000 florins annually, with the title of Duke till his death. "He told us," said Comines, "that he would

[1] Meteren, ii. 40. Bor, ii. 84. Strada, v. 215, 216.
[2] Correspondance de Marg. d'Autriche, 183.
[3] Hoofd, iii. 103.
[4] Pontus Payen MS. According to Renom de France, the work was done by thirty or forty "personnes de nulle qualité."—MS., i. c. 20.
[5] Pasquier de la Barre MS., 33.
[6] Nic. Burgundi Hist. Belg. (Ingolstad, 1609), iii. 315-318.
[7] Pontus Payen MS.
[8] Ibid.
[9] Mémoires de Philippe de Comines (Lond. et Paris, 1747), liv. iv. 194-196. In the Royal Gallery at Berlin is a startling picture by Rembrandt, in which the old Duke is represented looking out of the bars of his dungeon at his son, who is threatening him with uplifted hand and savage face. No subject could be imagined better adapted to the gloomy and sarcastic genius of that painter.

sooner throw the old man head-foremost down a well and jump in himself afterwards. His father had been Duke forty-four years, and it was time for him to retire." Adolphus, being thus intractable, had been kept in prison till after the death of Charles the Bold. To the memorable insurrection of Ghent, in the time of the Lady Mary, he owed his liberty. The insurgent citizens took him from prison, and caused him to lead them in the foray against Tournay.[1] Beneath the walls of that city he was slain, and buried under its cathedral. And now, as if his offence had not been sufficiently atoned for by the loss of his ancestral honours, his captivity, and his death, the earth, after the lapse of nearly a century, had cast him forth from her bosom. There, once more beneath the sunlight, amid a ribald crew of a later generation which had still preserved the memory of his sin, lay the body of the more than parricide, whom "excellent spices" had thus preserved from corruption, only to be the mark of scorn and demoniac laughter.[2]

A large assemblage of rioters, growing in numbers as they advanced, swept over the province of Tournay, after accomplishing the sack of the city churches. Armed with halberds, hammers, and pitchforks, they carried on the war day after day against the images. At the convent of Marchiennes, considered by contemporaries the most beautiful abbey in all the Netherlands, they halted to sing the ten commandments in Marot's verse. Hardly had the vast chorus finished the precept against graven images:—

"Tailler ne te feras imaige
De quelque chose que ce soit,
Sy honneur luy fais ou hommaige,
Bon Dieu jalousie en reçoit,"

when the whole mob seemed seized with sudden madness. Without waiting to complete the psalm, they fastened upon the company of marble martyrs as if they had possessed sensibility to feel the blows inflicted. In an hour they had laid the whole in ruins.[3]

Having accomplished this deed, they swept on towards Anchin. Here, however, they were confronted by the Seigneur de la Tour, who, at the head of a small company of peasants, attacked the marauders and gained a complete victory. Five or six hundred of them were slain, others were drowned in the river and adjacent swamps, the rest were dispersed.[4] It was thus proved that a little more spirit upon the part of the orderly portion of the inhabitants might have brought about a different result than the universal image-breaking.

In Valenciennes, "the tragedy," as an eye-witness calls it, was performed upon Saint Bartholomew's Day. It was, however, only a tragedy of statues. Hardly as many senseless stones were victims as there were to be living Huguenots sacrificed in a single city upon a Bartholomew which was fast approaching. In the Valenciennes massacre not a human being was injured.

Such, in general outline and in certain individual details, was the celebrated iconomachy of the Netherlands. The movement was a sudden explosion of popular revenge against the symbols of that Church by which the Reformers had been enduring such terrible persecution. It was also an expression of the general sympathy for the doctrines which had taken possession of the national heart. It was the depravation of that instinct which had in the beginning of the summer drawn Calvinists and Lutherans forth in armed bodies twenty thousand strong to worship God in the open fields. The difference between the two phenomena was, that the field-preaching was a crime committed by the whole mass of the Reformers, men, women, and children confronting the

[1] Mémoires de Philippe de Comines, liv. iv. 194–196.
[2] Nic. Burgundi, ubi sup. Pontus Payen MS. G. Brandt, i. 355, 356.
[3] Pontus Payen MS., ii.
[4] Ibid. Hopper, 98, 99.

penalties of death, by a general determination, while the image-breaking was the act of a small portion of the populace. A hundred persons belonging to the lowest order of society sufficed for the desecration of the Antwerp churches. It was, said Orange, "a mere handful of rabble," who did the deed.[1] Sir Richard Clough saw ten or twelve persons entirely sack church after church, while ten thousand spectators looked on, indifferent or horror-struck. The bands of iconoclasts were of the lowest character and few in number. Perhaps the largest assemblage was that which ravaged the province of Tournay, but this was so weak as to be entirely routed by a small and determined force. The duty of repression devolved upon both Catholics and Protestants. Neither party stirred. All seemed overcome with special wonder as the tempest swept over the land.

The ministers of the Reformed religion and the chiefs of the liberal party, all denounced the image-breaking. Francis Junius[2] bitterly regretted such excesses. Ambrose Wille, pure of all participation in the crime, stood up before ten thousand Reformers at Tournay—even while the storm was raging in the neighbouring cities, and when many voices around him were hoarsely commanding similar depravities—to rebuke the outrages by which a sacred cause was disgraced.[3] The Prince of Orange, in his private letters, deplored the riots, and stigmatised the perpetrators. Even Brederode, while, as suzerain of his city of Viane, he ordered the images there to be quietly taken from the churches, characterised this popular insurrection as insensate and flagitious.[4] Many of the leading confederates not only were offended with the proceedings, but in their eagerness to chastise the iconoclasts and to escape from a league of which they were weary, began to take severe measures against the ministers and Reformers, of whom they had constituted themselves in April the especial protectors.

The next remarkable characteristic of these tumults was the almost entire abstinence of the rioters from personal outrage and from pillage. The testimony of a very bitter but honest Catholic at Valenciennes is remarkable upon this point. "Certain chroniclers," said he, "have greatly mistaken the character of this image-breaking. It has been said that the Calvinists killed a hundred priests in this city, cutting some of them into pieces, and burning others over a slow fire. *I remember very well everything which happened upon that abominable day*, and I can affirm that not a single priest was injured. The Huguenots took good care *not to injure in any way the living images*."[5] This was the case everywhere. Catholic and Protestant writers agree that no deeds of violence were committed against man or woman.[6]

It would be also very easy to accumulate a vast weight of testimony as to their forbearance from robbery. They destroyed for destruction's sake, not for purposes of plunder. Although belonging to the lowest classes of society, they left heaps of jewellery, of gold and silver plate, of costly embroidery, lying unheeded upon the ground. They felt instinctively that a great passion would be contaminated by admixture with paltry motives. In Flanders a company of rioters hanged one of their own number for stealing articles to the value of five shillings.[7] In Valenciennes the iconoclasts were offered large sums if they would refrain from desecrating the churches of that city, but they rejected the proposal with disdain. The honest Catholic burgher who recorded the

[1] "Ein hauffen leichtfertiges gesindlins."—Groen v. Prinst., Archives, ii. 262. "So sind es nuhr geringschetzige und schlechte leuthe gewesen die solches aus eigner bewegung und ungedult der langen zeitt geübtten unmenschlichen verfolgung begangen haben." —Letter of Orange to the Elector of Saxony in Archives et Correspondance, ii. 484.

[2] Groen v. Prinst., Archives, ii. 217, 218.

[3] De la Barre MS.

[4] Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., ii. 261, 265, 483.

[5] Histoire des Choses les plus Mémorables, etc., MS

[6] See letter of Clough already quoted. Compare Strada, v. 215, for proofs of the abstinence from insult of the nuns and other women on this memorable occasion.

[7] Burgon, ubi sup.

fact observed that he did so because of the many misrepresentations on the subject, not because he wished to flatter heresy and rebellion.[1]

At Tournay, the greatest scrupulousness was observed upon this point. The floor of the cathedral was strewn with "pearls and precious stones, with chalices and reliquaries of silver and gold;" but the ministers of the Reformed religion, in company with the magistrates, came to the spot, and found no difficulty, although utterly without power to prevent the storm, in taking quiet possession of the wreck. "We had everything of value," says Procureur-General De la Barre, "carefully inventoried, weighed, locked in chests, and placed under a strict guard in the prison of the Halle, to which one set of keys were given to the ministers, and another to the magistrates."[2] Who will dare to censure in very severe language this havoc among stocks and stones in a land where so many living men and women, of more value than many statues, had been slaughtered by the Inquisition, and where Alva's "Blood Tribunal" was so soon to eclipse even that terrible institution in the number of its victims and the amount of its confiscations?

Yet the effect of the riots was destined to be most disastrous for a time to the reforming party. It furnished plausible excuses for many lukewarm friends of their cause to withdraw from all connection with it.[3] Egmont denounced the proceedings as highly flagitious, and busied himself with punishing the criminals in Flanders.[4] The Regent was beside herself with indignation and terror. Philip, when he heard the news, fell into a paroxysm of frenzy. "It shall cost them dear!" he cried, as he tore his beard for rage; "it shall cost them dear! I swear it by the soul of my father!"[5] The Reformation in the Netherlands, by the fury of these fanatics, was thus made apparently to abandon the high ground upon which it had stood in the early summer. The sublime spectacle of the multitudinous field-preaching was sullied by the excesses of the image-breaking. The religous war, before imminent, became inevitable.

Nevertheless, the first effect of the tumults was a temporary advantage to the Reformers. A great concession was extorted from the fears of the Duchess Regent, who was certainly placed in a terrible position. Her conduct was not heroic, although she might be forgiven for trepidation. Her treachery, however, under these trying circumstances, was less venial. At three o'clock in the morning of the 22d of August,[6] Orange, Egmont, Horn, Hoogstraaten, Mansfeld, and others, were summoned to the palace. They found her already equipped for flight, surrounded by her waiting-women, chamberlains, and lackeys, while the mules and hackneys stood harnessed in the courtyard, and her bodyguard were prepared to mount at a moment's notice.[7] She announced her intention of retreating at once to Mons, in which city, owing to Aerschot's care, she hoped to find refuge against the fury of the rebellion then sweeping the country. Her alarm was almost beyond control. She was certain that the storm was ready to burst upon Brussels, and that every Catholic was about to be massacred before her eyes. Aremberg, Berlaymont, and Noircarmes were with the Duchess when the other seigniors arrived.

A part of the Duke of Aerschot's company had been ordered out to escort the projected flight to Mons. Orange, Horn, Egmont, and Hoogstraaten implored her to desist from her fatal resolution. They represented that such

[1] "Ce n'est pas que je veuille flatter la rebellion et l'heresie, ny la qualifier benigne et debonnaire."—Valenciennes MS.

[2] Pasquier de la Barre MS., f. 33.

[3] Groen v. Prinst., Archives, ii. 282.

[4] Pontus Payen MS.

[5] Letter of Morillon to Granvelle, 29th September 1566, in Gachard, Anal. Belg., 254.

[6] Correspondance de Marg. d'Autriche, 188 sqq. Letter of Horn in Foppens, Supplément, ii. 477, sqq. Vit. Viglii, 47, 48. Vigl. Epist. ad Hopperum, 373.

[7] Letter of Horn to Montigny, in Foppens and in Byvoegsels' Authent. Stukken tot de Hist. v. P. Bor, i. 91, 92. Vit. Viglii, ubi sup. Correspondance de Marg. d'Autriche, ubi sup. Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 452-454.

a retreat before a mob would be the very means of ruining the country. They denounced all persons who had counselled the scheme as enemies of his Majesty and herself. They protested their readiness to die at her feet in her defence, but besought her not to abandon the post of duty in the hour of peril. While they were thus anxiously debating, Viglius entered the chamber. With tears streaming down her cheeks, Margaret turned to the aged President, uttering fierce reproaches and desponding lamentations. Viglius brought the news that the citizens had taken possession of the gates, and were resolved not to permit her departure from the city. He reminded her, according to the indispensable practice of all wise counsellors, that he had been constantly predicting this result. He, however, failed in administering much consolation or in suggesting any remedy. He was, in truth, in as great a panic as herself; and it was, according to the statement of the Duchess, mainly in order to save the President from threatened danger that she eventually resolved to make concessions. "Viglius," wrote Margaret to Philip, "is so much afraid of being cut to pieces, that his timidity has become incredible."[1] Upon the warm assurance of Count Horn that he would enable her to escape from the city, should it become necessary, or would perish in the attempt—a promise in which he was seconded by the rest of the seigniors—she consented to remain for the day in her palace.[2] Mansfeld was appointed captain-general of the city; Egmont, Horn, Orange, and the others agreed to serve under his orders; and all went down together to the Townhouse. The magistrates were summoned, a general meeting of the citizens was convened, and the announcement made of Mansfeld's appointment, together with an earnest appeal to all honest men to support the Government. The appeal was answered by a shout of unanimous approbation, the enthusiastic promise to live or die with the Regent, and the expression of a resolution to permit neither Reformed preaching nor image-breaking within the city.[3]

Nevertheless, at seven o'clock in the evening, the Duchess again sent for the seigniors. She informed them that she had received fresh and certain information that the churches were to be sacked that very night; that Viglius, Berlaymont, and Aremberg were to be killed, and that herself and Egmont were to be taken prisoners. She repeated many times that she had been ill advised, expressed bitter regret at having deferred her flight from the city, and called upon those who had obstructed her plan now to fulfil their promises. Turning fiercely upon Count Horn, she uttered a volley of reproaches upon his share in the transaction. "You are the cause," said she, "that I am now in this position. Why do you not redeem your pledge, and enable me to leave the place at once?"[4] Horn replied that he was ready to do so if she were resolved to stay no longer. He would at the instant cut his way through the guard at the Caudenburg gate, and bring her out in safety, or die in the effort. At the same time, he assured her that he gave no faith to the idle reports flying about the city, reminded her that nobles, magistrates, and citizens were united in her defence, and, in brief, used the same arguments which had before been used to pacify her alarm. The nobles were again successful in enforcing their counsels, the Duchess was spared the ignominy and the disaster of a retreat before an insurrection which was only directed against statues, and the ecclesiastical treasures of Brussels were saved from sacrilege.[5]

On the 25th August came the crowning act of what the Reformers considered their most complete triumph and the Regent her deepest degradation.

[1] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 460, 461. [2] Letter of Horn to Montigny, ubi sup. [3] Ibid. [4] Ibid. Hoofd, iii. 107. Bor, ii. 85. [5] Ibid. Ibid. Ibid. Correspondance de Marg. d'Autriche, ubi sup. Correspondance de Philippe II., ubi sup. Groen v. Prinst., Archives, ii. 237, 238. Hopper, Rec. et Mem., 99.

It was found necessary, under the alarming aspect of affairs, that liberty of worship, in places where it had been already established, should be accorded to the new religion. Articles of agreement to this effect were accordingly drawn up and exchanged between the Government and Louis of Nassau, attended by fifteen others of the confederacy. A corresponding pledge was signed by them, that so long as the Regent was true to her engagement, they would consider their previously existing league annulled, and would assist cordially in every endeavour to maintain tranquillity and support the authority of his Majesty. The important Accord was then duly signed by the Duchess. It declared that the Inquisition was abolished, that his Majesty would soon issue a new general edict, expressly and unequivocally protecting the nobles against all evil consequences from past transactions, that they were to be employed in the royal service, and that public preaching according to the forms of the new religion was to be practised in places where it had already taken place. Letters-general were immediately despatched to the Senates of all the cities, proclaiming these articles of agreement, and ordering their execution.[1] Thus for a fleeting moment there was a thrill of joy throughout the Netherlands. The Inquisition was thought for ever abolished, the era of religious reformation arrived.

CHAPTER VIII.

Secret policy of the Government—Berghen and Montigny in Spain—Debates at Segovia—Correspondence of the Duchess with Philip—Procrastination and dissimulation of the King—Secret communication to the Pope—Effect in the provinces of the King's letters to the Government—Secret instructions to the Duchess—Desponding statements of Margaret—Her misrepresentations concerning Orange, Egmont, and others—Wrath and duplicity of Philip—Egmont's exertions in Flanders—Orange returns to Antwerp—His tolerant spirit—Agreement of 2d September—Horn at Tournay—Excavations in the Cathedral—Almost universal attendance at the preaching—Building of temples commenced—Difficult position of Horn—Preaching in the Clothiers' Hall—Horn recalled—Noircarmes at Tournay—Friendly correspondence of Margaret with Orange, Egmont, Horn, and Hoogstraaten—Her secret defamation of these persons.

EGMONT in Flanders, Orange at Antwerp, Horn at Tournay, Hoogstraaten at Mechlin, were exerting themselves to suppress insurrection and to avert ruin.[2] What, meanwhile, was the policy of the Government? The secret course pursued both at Brussels and at Madrid may be condensed into the usual formula—dissimulation, procrastination, and again dissimulation.

It is at this point necessary to take a rapid survey of the open and the secret proceedings of the King and his representatives from the moment at which Berghen and Montigny arrived in Madrid. Those ill-fated gentlemen had been received with apparent cordiality, and admitted to frequent, but unmeaning, interviews with his Majesty. The current upon which they were embarked was deep and treacherous, but it was smooth and very slow. They assured the King that his letters ordering the rigorous execution of the Inquisition and edicts had engendered all the evils under which the provinces were labouring. They told him that Spaniards and tools of Spaniards had attempted to govern the country, to the exclusion of native citizens and nobles, but that it would soon be found that Netherlanders were not to be trodden upon like the abject inhabitants of Milan, Naples, and Sicily.[3] Such words as these struck with an unaccustomed sound upon the royal ear, but the envoys,

[1] Bor, ii. 97, 98. Hoofd, iii. 109. Strada, v. 222. Hopper, Rec. et Mem., 99–202.

[2] Pontus Payen MS. La Defénse de Messire Antoine de Lalaing, Compte de Hocstrate, etc., etc., Mons (republished by M. Gachard). Letter of Horn to Montigny. Foppens, ii. 480. Bor, ii. 84–86. Wesenbeck.

[3] Hopper, Rec. et Mem., 78–80.

who were both Catholic and loyal, had no idea, in thus expressing their opinions, according to their sense of duty, and in obedience to the King's desire, upon the causes of the discontent, that they were committing an act of high treason.

When the news of the public preaching reached Spain, there were almost daily consultations at the grove of Segovia. The eminent personages who composed the royal council were the Duke of Alva, the Count de Feria, Don Antonia de Toledo, Don Juan Manrique de Lara, Ruy Gomez, Quixada, Councillor Tisnacq, recently appointed President of the State Council, and Councillor Hopper.[1] Six Spaniards and two Netherlanders, one of whom, too, a man of dull intellect and thoroughly subservient character, to deal with the local affairs of the Netherlands in a time of intense excitement! The instructions of the envoys had been to represent the necessity of according three great points—abolition of the Inquisition, moderation of the edicts according to the draft prepared in Brussels, and an ample pardon for past transactions. There was much debate upon all these propositions.[2] Philip said little, but he listened attentively to the long discourses in Council, and he took an incredible quantity of notes. It was the general opinion that this last demand on the part of the Netherlanders was the fourth link in the chain of treason. The first had been the cabal by which Granvelle had been expelled; the second, the mission of Egmont, the main object of which had been to procure a modification of the State Council, in order to bring that body under the control of a few haughty and rebellious nobles; the third had been the presentation of the insolent and seditious Request; and now, to crown the whole, came a proposition embodying the three points—abolition of the Inquisition, revocation of the edicts, and a pardon to criminals, for whom death was the only sufficient punishment.[3]

With regard to these three points, it was, after much wrangling, decided to grant them under certain restrictions. To abolish the Inquisition would be to remove the only instrument by which the Church had been accustomed to regulate the consciences and the doctrines of its subjects. It would be equivalent to a concession of religious freedom, at least to individuals within their own domiciles, than which no concession could be more pernicious.[4] Nevertheless, it might be advisible to permit the temporary cessation of the Papal Inquisition, now that the Episcopal Inquisition had been so much enlarged and strengthened in the Netherlands, on the condition that this branch of the institution should be maintained in energetic condition.[5] With regard to the Moderation, it was thought better to defer that matter till the proposed visit of his Majesty to the provinces. If, however, the Regent should think it absolutely necessary to make a change, she must cause a new draft to be made, as that which had been sent was not found admissible.[6] Touching the pardon general, it would be necessary to make many conditions and restrictions before it could be granted. Provided these were sufficiently minute to exclude all persons whom it might be found desirable to chastise, the amnesty was possible; otherwise it was quite out of the question.

Meantime, Margaret of Parma had been urging her brother to come to a decision, painting the distracted condition of the country in the liveliest colours, and insisting, although perfectly aware of Philip's private sentiments, upon a favourable decision as to the three points demanded by the envoys. Especially she urged her incapacity to resist any rebellion, and demanded succour of men and money in case the "Moderation" were not accepted by his Majesty.

[1] Hopper, Rec. et Mem., 88.
[2] Ibid., 81, sqq., 88, sqq.
[3] Hopper, 81–83.
[4] Ibid., 86.
[5] Ibid., 86.
[6] Ibid., 87.

It was the last day of July before the King wrote at all to communicate his decisions upon the crisis which had occurred in the first week of April. The disorder for which he had finally prepared a prescription had, before his letter arrived, already passed through its subsequent stages of the field-preaching and the image-breaking. Of course these fresh symptoms would require much consultation, pondering, and note-taking before they could be dealt with. In the meantime they would be considered as not yet having happened. This was the masterly procrastination of the sovereign when his provinces were in a blaze.

He wrote accordingly to say that the pardon, under certain conditions, might be granted, and that the Papal Inquisition might cease—the bishops now being present in such numbers "to take care of their flocks," and the Episcopal Inquisition being therefore established upon so secure a basis.[1] He added, that if a moderation of the edicts were still desired, a new project might be sent to Madrid, as the one brought by Berghen and Montigny was not satisfactory.[2] In arranging this wonderful scheme for composing the tumults which had grown out of a determined rebellion to the Inquisition in any form, he followed not only the advice, but adopted the exact language, of his councillors.

Certainly, here was not much encouragement for patriotic hearts in the Netherlands. A pardon so restricted that none were likely to be forgiven save those who had done no wrong; an Episcopal Inquisition stimulated to renewed exertions, on the ground that the papal functionaries were to be discharged; and a promise that, although the proposed moderation of the edicts seemed too mild for the monarch's acceptance, yet at some future period another project would be matured for settling the matter to universal satisfaction —such were the propositions of the crown. Nevertheless, Philip thought he had gone too far even in administering this meagre amount of mercy, and that he had been too frank in employing so slender a deception as in the scheme thus sketched. He therefore summoned a notary, before whom, in presence of the Duke of Alva, the Licentiate Menchaca, and Dr. Velasco, he declared that, although he had just authorised Margaret of Parma, by force of circumstances, to grant pardon to all those who had been compromised in the late disturbances of the Netherlands, yet as he had not done this spontaneously nor freely, he did not consider himself bound by the authorisation, but that, on the contrary, he reserved his right to punish all the guilty, and particularly those who had been the authors and encouragers of the sedition.[3]

So much for the *pardon* promised in his official correspondence.

With regard to the concessions which he supposed himself to have made in the matter of the Inquisition and the edicts, he saved his conscience by another process. Revoking with his right hand all which his left had been doing, he had no sooner despatched his letters to the Duchess Regent than he sent off another to his envoy at Rome.[4] In this despatch he instructed Requesens to inform the Pope as to the recent royal decisions upon the three points, and to state that there had not been time to consult his Holiness beforehand. Nevertheless, continued Philip "the prudent," *it was perhaps better thus*, since the *abolition could have no force* unless the Pope, by whom the institution had been established, consented to its suspension. This *matter, however, was to be kept a profound secret.*[5] So much for the Inquisition matter. The papal institution, notwithstanding the official letters, was to exist, unless the Pope chose to destroy it; and his Holiness, as we have seen, had sent the Archbishop of Sorrento, a few weeks before, to Brussels, for the purpose

espondance de Marg. d'Autriche, 100–103, | [3] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 443.
[2] Ibid. | [4] Ibid., i. 445, 446. [5] Ibid.

of concerting secret measures for strengthening the "Holy Office" in the provinces.

With regard to the proposed moderation of the edicts, Philip informed Pius the Fifth, through Requesens, that the project sent by the Duchess not having been approved, orders had been transmitted for a new draft, in which all the articles providing for *the severe punishment of heretics were to be retained*, while alterations, to be agreed upon by the State and Privy Councils and the Knights of the Fleece, were to be adopted—certainly in no sense of clemency. On the contrary, the King assured his Holiness, that if the *severity of chastisement should be mitigated* the least in the world by the new articles, they would in no case receive the royal approbation. Philip further implored the Pope "not to be scandalised" with regard to the proposed pardon, as it would be by no means extended to offenders against religion. All this was to be kept entirely secret. The King added, that rather than permit the least prejudice to the ancient religion, he would sacrifice all his states, and lose a hundred lives if he had so many; for he would never consent to be the sovereign of heretics. He said he would arrange the troubles of the Netherlands without violence if possible, because forcible measures would cause the entire destruction of the country. Nevertheless they should be employed if his purpose could be accomplished in no other way. In that case the King would himself be the executor of his own design, without allowing the peril which he should incur, nor the ruin of the provinces, nor that of his other realms, to prevent him from doing all which a Christian prince was bound to do to maintain the Catholic religion and the authority of the Holy See, as well as to testify his personal regard for the reigning Pontiff, whom he so much loved and esteemed.[1]

Here was plain speaking. Here were all the coming horrors distinctly foreshadowed. Here was the truth told to the only being with whom Philip ever was sincere. Yet even on this occasion he permitted himself a falsehood by which his Holiness was not deceived. Philip had no intention of going to the Netherlands in person, and the Pope knew that he had none. "I feel it in my bones," said Granvelle mournfully, "that nobody in Rome believes in his Majesty's journey to the provinces."[2] From that time forward, however, the King began to promise this visit, which was held out as a panacea for every ill, and made to serve as an excuse for constant delay.

It may well be supposed that if Philip's secret policy had been thoroughly understood in the Netherlands, the outbreak would have come sooner. On the receipt, however, of the public despatches from Madrid, the administration in Brussels made great efforts to represent their tenor as highly satisfactory. The Papal Inquisition was to be abolished, a pardon was to be granted, a new moderation was to be arranged at some indefinite period; what more would men have? Yet, without seeing the face of the cards, the people suspected the real truth, and Orange was convinced of it. Viglius wrote that if the King did not make his intended visit soon, he would come too late, and that every week more harm was done by procrastination than could be repaired by months of labour, and perhaps by torrents of blood.[3] What the precise process was through which Philip was to cure all disorders by his simple presence, the President did not explain.

As for the measures propounded by the King after so long a delay, they were, of course, worse than useless; for events had been marching while he had been musing. The course suggested was, according to Viglius, but "a plaster for a wound—but a drag-chain for the wheel."[4] He urged that the

[1] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 445, 446.
[2] "Siento en los huessos."—Ibid., 318.
[3] Ep. ad Joach. Hopperum, 366, 367.
[4] Ibid., 376.

convocation of the States-general was the only remedy for the perils in which the country was involved, unless the King should come in person. He, however, expressed the hope that, by general consultation, some means would be devised by which, if not a good, at least a less desperate, aspect would be given to public affairs, "so that the commonwealth, if fall it must, might at least fall upon its feet like a cat, and break its legs rather than its neck." [1]

Notwithstanding this highly figurative view of the subject, and notwithstanding the urgent representations of Duchess Margaret to her brother, that nobles and people were all clamouring about the necessity of convening the States-general,[2] Philip was true to his instincts on this as on the other questions. He knew very well that the States-general of the Netherlands and Spanish despotism were incompatible ideas, and he recoiled from the idea of the assembly with infinite aversion. At the same time, a little wholesome deception could do no harm. He wrote to the Duchess, therefore, that he was determined *never to allow* the States-general to be convened. He forbade her to consent to the step under any circumstances, but ordered her to *keep his prohibition a profound secret.* He wished, he said, the people to think that it was only for the moment that the convocation was forbidden, and that the Duchess was expecting to receive the necessary permission at another time. It was his desire, he distinctly stated, that the people should not despair of obtaining the assembly, but *he was resolved never to consent* to the step, for he knew very well what was meant by a meeting of the States-general.[3] Certainly after so ingenuous but secret a declaration from the disciple of Machiavelli, Margaret might well consider the arguments to be used afterwards by herself and others in favour of the ardently-desired measure as quite superfluous.

Such, then, was the policy secretly resolved upon by Philip, even before he heard of the startling events which were afterwards to break upon him. He would maintain the Inquisition and the edicts; he would exterminate the heretics, even if he lost all his realms and his own life in the cause; he would never hear of the national representatives coming together. What, then, were likely to be his emotions when he should be told of twenty thousand armed heretics assembling at one spot, and fifteen thousand at another, in almost every town in every province, to practise their blasphemous rites; when he should be told of the whirlwind which had swept all the ecclesiastical accumulations of ages out of existence; when he should read Margaret's despairing letters, in which she acknowledged that she had at last committed an act unworthy of God, of her King, and of herself,[4] in permitting liberty of worship to the renegades from the ancient Church!

The account given by the Duchess was, in truth, very dismal. She said that grief consumed her soul and crimson suffused her cheeks while she related the recent transactions. She took God to witness that she had resisted long; that she had passed many sleepless nights; that she had been wasted with fever and grief.[5] After this penitential preface, she confessed that, being a prisoner, and almost besieged in her palace, sick in body and soul, she had promised pardon and security to the confederates, with liberty of holding assemblies to heretics in places where the practice had already obtained. These concessions had been made valid until the King, by and with the consent of the States-general, should definitely arrange the matter. She stated, however, that she had given her consent to these two demands, not in the royal name, but in her own. The King was not bound by her promise, and

[1] Ep. ad Joach. Hopperum, 376.
[2] Unpublished letter of Margaret of Parma (13th sept. 1566), Brussels Archives, before cited.
[3] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 459.
[4] Strada, v. 222, 223.
[5] Ibid. Compare Correspondance de Marg. d'Autriche, 187–200. Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 452–454.

she *expressed the hope that he would have no regard* to any such obligation. She further implored her brother to come forth as soon as possible to avenge the injuries inflicted upon the ancient Church, adding, that if deprived of that consolation, she should incontinently depart this life. That hope alone would prevent her death.[1]

This was certainly strong language. She was also very explicit in her representations of the influence which had been used by certain personages to prevent the exercise of any authority upon her own part. "Wherefore," said Margaret, "I eat my heart, and shall never have peace till the arrival of your Majesty."[2]

There was no doubt who those personages were who, as it was pretended, had thus held the Duchess in bondage, and compelled her to grant these infamous concessions. In her secret Italian letters she furnished the King with a tissue of most extravagant and improbable falsehoods, supplied to her mainly by Noircarmes and Mansfeld, as to the course pursued at this momentous crisis by Orange, Egmont, Horn, and Hoogstraaten. They had all, she said, declared against God and religion.[3] Horn, at least, was for killing all the priests and monks in the country if full satisfaction were not given to all the demands of the heretics. Egmont had declared openly for the "beggars," and was levying troops in Germany. Orange had the firm intention of making himself master of the whole country, and of dividing it among the other seigniors and himself.[4] The Prince had said that if she took refuge in Mons, as she had proposed, they would instantly convoke the States-general, and take all necessary measures. Egmont had held the same language, saying that he would march at the head of forty thousand men to besiege her in that city.[5] All these seigniors, however, had avowed their determination to prevent her flight, to assemble the Estates, and to drag her by force before the assembly, in order to compel her consent to every measure which might be deemed expedient.[6] Under all these circumstances she had been obliged to defer her retreat, and to make the concessions which had overwhelmed her with disgrace.

With such infamous calumnies, utterly disproved by every fact in the case, and unsupported by a tittle of evidence save the hearsay reports of a man like Noircarmes, did this "woman, nourished at Rome, in whom no one could put confidence,"[7] dig the graves of men who were doing their best to serve her.

Philip's rage at first hearing of the image-breaking has been indicated. He was ill of an intermittent fever at the wood of Segovia when the news arrived,[8] and it may well be supposed that his wrath at these proceedings was not likely to assuage his malady. Nevertheless, after the first burst of indignation he found relief in his usual deception. While slowly maturing the most tremendous vengeance which anointed monarch ever deliberately wreaked upon his people, he wrote to say that it was "his intention to treat his vassals and subjects in the provinces like a good and clement prince, not to ruin them, nor to put them into servitude, but to exercise all humanity, sweetness, and grace, avoiding all harshness."[9] Such were the avowed intentions of the sovereign towards his people at the moment when the terrible Alva, who was to be the exponent of all this "humanity, sweetness, and grace," was already beginning the preparations for his famous invasion of the Netherlands.

The essence of the compact agreed to upon the 23d August between the confederates and the Regent was that the preaching of the Reformed religion

[1] Strada, ubi sup. Correspondance de Marg. d'Autriche, ubi sup. Correspondance de Philippe II., ubi sup.

[2] "Pourquoy je me mange le cœur, et n'en serois quitte sans la presence de Vostre Majesté."—Correspondance de Marg. d'Autriche, 202.

[3] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 452–454.

[4] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 452–454.

[5] Ibid. [6] Ibid.

[7] Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., ii. 401. Expression of Egmont's.

[8] Hopper, Rec. et Mem., 104.

[9] Correspondance de Marg. d'Autriche, 206, 207 Letter of Nov. 27, 1566.

should be tolerated in places where it had previously to that date been established. Upon this basis Egmont, Horn, Orange, Hoogstraaten, and others were directed once more to attempt the pacification of the different provinces.

Egmont departed for his government of Flanders, and from that moment vanished all his pretensions, which at best had been slender enough, to the character of a national chieftain. During the whole of the year his course had been changeful. He had felt the influence of Orange; he had generous instincts, he had much vanity; he had the pride of high rank, which did not easily brook the domination of strangers in a land which he considered himself and his compeers entitled by their birth to rule. At this juncture, however, particularly when in the company of Noircarmes, Berlaymont, and Viglius, he expressed, notwithstanding their calumnious misstatements, the deepest detestation of the heretics.[1] He was a fervent Catholic, and he regarded the image-breaking as an unpardonable crime. "We must take up arms," said he, "sooner or later, to bring these Reformers to reason, or they will end by laying down the law for us."[2] On the other hand, his anger would be often appeased by the grave but gracious remonstrances of Orange. During a part of the summer, the Reformers had been so strong in Flanders, that upon a single day sixty thousand armed men had been assembled at the different field-preachings within that province. "All they needed was a Jacquemart or a Philip van Artevelde," says a Catholic contemporary; "but they would have scorned to march under the banner of a brewer, having dared to raise their eyes for a chief to the most illustrious warrior of his age.[3] No doubt, had Egmont ever listened to these aspirations, he might have taken the field against the Government with an invincible force, seized the capital, imprisoned the Regent, and mastered the whole country, which was entirely defenceless, before Philip would have had time to write more than ten despatches upon the subject.

These hopes of the Reformers, if hopes they could be called, were now destined to be most bitterly disappointed. Egmont entered Flanders, not as a chief of rebels, not as a wise pacificator, but as an unscrupulous partisan of Government, disposed to take summary vengeance on all suspected persons who should fall in his way. He ordered numerous executions of image-breakers and of other heretics. The whole province was in a state of alarm; for although he had not been furnished by the Regent with a strong body of troops, yet the name of the conqueror at Saint Quentin and Gravelines was worth many regiments. His severity was excessive.[4] His sanguinary exertions were ably seconded also by his secretary Bakkerzeel, a man who exercised the greatest influence over his chief, and who was now fiercely atoning for having signed the compromise by persecuting those whom that league had been formed to protect. "Amid all the perplexities of the Duchess Regent," says a Walloon historian, "this virtuous princess was consoled by the exploits of Bakkerzeel, a gentleman in Count Egmont's service. On one occasion he hanged twenty heretics, including a minister, at a single heat."[5]

Such achievements as these by the hands or the orders of the distinguished general who had been most absurdly held up as a possible protector of the civil and religious liberties of the country, created profound sensation. Flanders and Artois were filled with the wives and children of suspected thousands who had fled the country to escape the wrath of Egmont.[6] The cries and piteous lamentations of these unfortunate creatures were heard on every side. Count Louis was earnestly implored to intercede for the persecuted Reformers. "You

[1] Pontus Payen, MS. [2] Ibid. [3] Ibid. [5] Renom de France MS., l. 13.
[4] Ibid. Compare Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., [6] Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., ii. 296, 297.
ii. 282, 297.

who have been so nobly gifted by Heaven, you who have good-will and singular bounty written upon your face," said Utenhove to Louis, "have the power to save these poor victims from the throats of the ravenous wolves."[1] The Count responded to the appeal, and strove to soften the severity of Egmont, without, however, producing any very signal effect. Flanders was soon pacified, nor was that important province permitted to enjoy the benefits of the agreement which had been extorted from the Duchess. The preachings were forbidden, and the ministers and congregations arrested and chastised, even in places where the custom had been established previously to the 23d August.[2] Certainly such vigorous exertions upon the part both of master and man did not savour of treason to Philip, and hardly seemed to indicate the final doom of Egmont and Bakkerzeel.

The course of Orange at Antwerp was consistent with his whole career. He honestly came to arrange a pacification, but he knew that this end could be gained only by loyally maintaining the Accord which had been signed between the confederates and the Regent. He came back to the city on the 26th August,[3] and found order partially re-established. The burghers having at last become thoroughly alarmed, and the fury of the image-breakers entirely appeased, it had been comparatively easy to restore tranquillity. The tranquillity, however, rather restored itself, and when the calm had succeeded to the tempest, the placid heads of the burgomasters once more emerged from the waves.

Three image-breakers, who had been taken in the act, were hanged by order of the magistrates upon the 28th of August.[4] The presence of Orange gave them courage to achieve these executions, which he could not prevent, as the fifth article of the Accord enjoined the chastisement of the rioters. The deed was not his, however, and he hastened, in order to obviate the necessity of further violence, to prepare articles of agreement upon the basis of Margaret's concessions. Public preaching, according to the Reformed religion, had already taken place within the city. Upon the 22d, possession had been taken of at least three churches. The Senate had deputed Pensionary Wesenbeck to expostulate with the ministers, for the magistrates were at that moment not able to command. Taffin, the Walloon preacher, had been tractable, and had agreed to postpone his exercises. He furthermore had accompanied the Pensionary to the cathedral, in order to persuade Herman Modet that it would be better for him likewise to defer his intended ministrations.[5] They had found that eloquent enthusiast already in the great church, burning with impatience to ascend upon the ruins, and quite unable to resist the temptation of setting a Flemish psalm and preaching a Flemish sermon within the walls which had for so many centuries been vocal only to the Roman tongue and the Roman ritual. All that he would concede to the entreaties of his colleague and of the magistrate was that his sermon should be short. In this, however, he had overrated his powers of retention, for the sermon not only became a long one, but he had preached another upon the afternoon of the same day. The city of Antwerp, therefore, was clearly within the seventh clause of the treaty of the 24th August, for preaching had taken place in the cathedral previously to the signing of that Accord.[6]

Upon the 2d September, therefore, after many protracted interviews with the heads of the Reformed religion, the Prince drew up sixteen articles of

[1] Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., ii. 296, 297.
[2] Ibid. [3] Ibid., 261.
[4] This is the account of Hoofd, iii. 110, 111. The three rioters were executed, not by command of the Prince (as stated by M. Groen v. Prinsterer, Archives et Correspondance, ii. 261), but by that of the civic authorities. "En alstoen moedt geschept hebbende ten derden daaghen daar naa, drie van de gevange beeldstormers met de galge, de rest met ballingshap oft anders straften."—Hoofd, ub sup.
[5] Bor, ii. 85. Houfd, iii. 102. Wesenbeck.
[6] Ibid., 85, 86. Ibid. Ibid.

agreement between them, the magistrates, and the Government, which were duly signed and exchanged.[1]

These articles assigned three churches to the different sects of reformers, stipulated that no attempts should be made by Catholics or Protestants to disturb the religious worship of each other, and provided that neither by mutual taunts in their sermons, nor by singing street ballads, together with improper allusions and overt acts of hostility, should the good fellowship which ought to reign between brethren and fellow-citizens, even although entertaining different opinions as to religious rites and doctrines, be for the future interrupted.[2]

This was the basis upon which the very brief religious peace, broken almost as soon as established, was concluded by William of Orange, not only at Antwerp, but at Utrecht,[3] Amsterdam,[4] and other principal cities within his government.

The Prince, however, notwithstanding his unwearied exertions, had slender hopes of a peaceful result. He felt that the last step taken by the Reformation had been off a precipice. He liked not such rapid progress. He knew that the King would never forgive the image-breaking. He felt that he would never recognise the Accord of the 24th August. Sir Thomas Gresham, who, as the representative of the Protestant Queen of England in the great commercial metropolis of Europe, was fully conversant with the turn things were taking, was already advising some other place for the sale of English commodities. He gave notice to his Government that commerce would have no security at Antwerp "in those brabbling times." He was on confidential terms with the Prince, who invited him to dine upon the 4th September, and caused Pensionary Wesenbeck, who was also present, to read aloud the agreement which was that day to be proclaimed at the Townhouse. Orange expressed himself, however, very doubtfully as to the future prospects of the provinces, and as to the probable temper of the King. "In all his talke," says Gresham, "the Prince saide unto me, 'I know this will nothing contente the King.'"[5]

While Egmont had been thus busied in Flanders and Orange in Antwerp, Count Horn had been doing his best in the important city of Tournay.[6] The Admiral was not especially gifted with intellect, nor with the power of managing men, but he went there with an honest purpose of seeing the Accord executed, intending, if it should prove practicable, rather to favour the Government than the Reformers. At the same time, for the purpose of giving satisfaction to the members of "the religion," and of manifesting his sincere desire for a pacification, he accepted lodgings which had been prepared for him at the house of a Calvinist merchant in the city,[7] rather than take up his quarters with fierce old Governor Moulbais in the citadel. This gave much offence to the Catholics, and inspired the Reformers with the hope of having their preaching inside the town. To this privilege they were entitled, for the practice had already been established there previously to the 24th October.[8] Nevertheless, at first he was disposed to limit them, in accordance with the wishes of the Duchess, to extra-mural exercises.

Upon his arrival, by a somewhat ominous conjuncture, he had supped with some of the leading citizens in the hall of the "Gehenna," or torture-room,[9] —certainly not a locality calculated to inspire a healthy appetite. On the following Sunday he had been entertained with a great banquet, at which all

[1] Bor, iii. 98, 99, gives the articles.
[2] Articles in Bor, ii. 98, 99.
[3] Bor, ii. 101, 102.
[4] Ibid., 101.
[5] Burgon, ii. 161, 162.
[6] Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., ii. 362, note
[7] Pasquier de la Barre MS., 36vo.
[8] Letter of Horn to Duchess of Parma in Foppens, Supplément, ii. 393.
[9] Pasquier de la Barre MS., 36vo.

the principal burghers were present, held in a house on the market-place.[1] The festivities were interrupted by a quarrel which had been taking place in the cathedral. Beneath the vaults of that edifice, tradition said that a vast treasure was hidden, and the canons had been known to boast that this buried wealth would be sufficient to rebuild their temple more magnificently than ever, in case of its total destruction.[2] The Admiral had accordingly placed a strong guard in the church as soon as he arrived, and commenced very extensive excavations in search of this imaginary mine. The Regent informed her brother that the Count was prosecuting this work with the view of appropriating whatever might be found to his own benefit.[3] As she knew that he was a ruined man, there seemed no more satisfactory mode of accounting for these proceedings. Horn had, however, expressly stated to her that every penny which should come into his possession from that or any other source would carefully be restored to the rightful owners.[4] Nothing of consequence was ever found to justify the golden legends of the monks, but in the meantime the money-diggers gave great offence. The canons, naturally alarmed for the safety of their fabulous treasure, had forced the guard by surreptitiously obtaining the countersign from a certain official of the town.[5] A quarrel ensued, which ended in the appearance of this personage, together with the commander of the military force on guard in the cathedral, before the banqueting company. The Count, in the rough way habitual with him, gave the culprit a sound rebuke for his intermeddling, and threatened, in case the offence were repeated, to have him instantly bound, gagged, and forwarded to Brussels for further punishment.[6] The matter thus satisfactorily adjusted, the banquet proceeded, the merchants present being all delighted at seeing the said official, who was exceedingly unpopular, "so well huffed by the Count."[7] The excavations were continued for a long time, until there seemed danger of destroying the foundation of the church, but only a few bits of money were discovered, with some other articles of small value.[8]

Horn had taken his apartments in the city in order to be at hand to suppress any tumults, and to inspire confidence in the people. He had come to a city where five-sixths of the inhabitants[9] were of the Reformed religion, and he did not therefore think it judicious to attempt violently the suppression of their worship. Upon his arrival he had issued a proclamation ordering that all property which might have been pillaged from the religious houses should be instantly restored to the magistracy, under penalty that all who disobeyed the command should "be forthwith strangled at the gibbet." Nothing was brought back, however, for the simple reason that nothing had been stolen.[10] There was, therefore, no one to be strangled.

The next step was to publish the Accord of 24th August, and to signify the intention of the Admiral to enforce its observance. The preachings were as enthusiastically attended as ever, while the storm which had been raging among the images had in the meantime been entirely allayed. Congregations of fifteen thousand were still going to hear Ambrose Wille in the suburbs, but they were very tranquil in their demeanour.[11] It was arranged between the Admiral and the leaders of the Reformed consistories, that three places, to be selected by Horn, should be assigned for their places of worship.[12] At these spots, which were outside the walls, permission was given the Reformers to build meeting-houses.[13] To this arrangement the Duchess formally gave her consent.[14]

[1] De la Barre MS., 42vo. [2] Ibid.
[3] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 466–468.
[4] Letter of Horn to Duchess of Parma, Foppens, Supplément, ii. 427. Compare letter of Duchess to Horn, p. 408. [5] De la Barre MS., 42vo. [6] Ibid.
[7] "Fort joyeulx que le contente avoit ainsi espouffé le dict procureur."—Ibid.
[8] Letter of Horn, Foppens, Supplément, 396.
[9] De la Barre MS., f. 46–60. Foppens, Supplément, 396.
[10] Foppens, Supplément, ii. 382.
[11] De la Barre MS., 38 sqq.
[12] Ibid., 44. [13] Ibid.
[14] Foppens, Supplément, ii. 407.

Nicholas Taffin, councillor, in the name of the Reformers, made "a brave and elegant harangue" before the magistrates, representing that as, on the most moderate computation, three-quarters of the population were dissenters, as the Regent had ordered the construction of the new temples, and as the Catholics retained possession of all the churches in the city, it was no more than fair that the community should bear the expense of the new buildings. It was indignantly replied, however, that Catholics could not be expected to pay for the maintenance of heresy, particularly when they had just been so much exasperated by the image-breaking. Councillor Taffin took nothing, therefore, by his "brave and elegant harangue," saving a small vote of forty livres.

The building was, however, immediately commenced. Many nobles and rich citizens contributed to the work; some making donations in money; others giving quantities of oaks, poplars, elms, and other timber trees to be used in the construction. The foundation of the first temple outside the Porte de Cocquerel was immediately laid. Vast heaps of broken images and other ornaments of the desecrated churches were most unwisely used for this purpose, and the Catholics were exceedingly enraged at beholding those male and female saints, who had for centuries been placed in such "reverend and elevated positions," fallen so low as to be the foundation-stones of temples whose builders denounced all those holy things as idols.[1]

As the autumn began to wane, the people were clamorous for permission to have their preaching inside the city. The new buildings could not be finished before the winter; but in the meantime the camp-meetings were becoming, in the stormy seasons fast approaching, a very inconvenient mode of worship. On the other hand, the Duchess was furious at the proposition, and commanded Horn on no account to consent that the interior of Tournay should be profaned by these heretical rites.[2] It was in vain that the Admiral represented the justice of the claim, as these exercises had taken place in several of the city churches previously to the Accord of the 24th of August.[3] That agreement had been made by the Duchess only to be broken. She had already received money and the permission to make levies, and was fast assuming a tone very different from the abject demeanour which had characterised her in August. Count Horn had been used even as Egmont, Orange, and Hoogstraaten had been employed, in order that their personal influence with the Reformers might be turned to account. The tools and the work accomplished by them were to be thrown away at the most convenient opportunity.

The Admiral was placed in a most intolerable position. An honest, commonplace, sullen kind of man, he had come to a city full of heretics to enforce concessions just made by the Government to heresy. He soon found himself watched, paltered with, suspected by the administration at Brussels. Governor Moulbais in the citadel, who was nominally under his authority, refused obedience to his orders, was evidently receiving secret instructions from the Regent, and was determined to cannonade the city into submission at a very early day. Horn required him to pledge himself that no fresh troops should enter the castle. Moulbais swore he would make no such promise to a living soul. The Admiral stormed with his usual violence, expressed his regret that his brother Montigny had so bad a lieutenant in the citadel, but could make no impression upon the determined veteran, who knew, better than Horn, the game which was preparing.[4] Small reinforcements were daily arriving at the castle; the soldiers of the garrison had been heard to boast "that they would

[1] De la Barre MS., 46 sqq.
[2] Letter of Duchess of Parma, Foppens, Supplément, ii. 406.
[3] Foppens, Supplément, ii. 393.
[4] De la Barre MS., 50vo.

soon carve and eat the townsmen's flesh on their dressers,"[1] and all the good effect from the Admiral's proclamation on arriving had completely vanished.

Horn complained bitterly of the situation in which he was placed. He knew himself the mark of incessant and calumnious misrepresentation both at Brussels and Madrid. He had been doing his best, at a momentous crisis, to serve the Government without violating its engagements, but he declared himself to be neither theologian nor jurist, and incapable, while suspected and unassisted, of performing a task which the most learned doctors of the Council would find impracticable. He would rather, he bitterly exclaimed, endure a siege in any fortress by the Turks than be placed in such a position. He was doing all that he was capable of doing, yet whatever he did was wrong. There was a great difference, he said, between being in a place and talking about it at a distance.[2]

In the middle of October he was recalled by the Duchess, whose letters had been uniformly so ambiguous that he confessed he was quite unable to divine their meaning.[3] Before he left the city, he committed his most unpardonable crime. Urged by the leaders of the Reformed congregations to permit their exercises in the Clothiers' Hall until their temple should be finished, the Count accorded his consent provisionally, and subject to revocation by the Regent, to whom the arrangement was immediately to be communicated.

Horn departed, and the Reformers took instant possession of the Hall. It was found in a very dirty and disorderly condition, encumbered with benches, scaffolding, stakes, gibbets, and all the machinery used for public executions upon the market-place. A vast body of men went to work with a will, scrubbing, cleaning, whitewashing, and removing all the foul lumber of the hall, singing in chorus, as they did so, the hymns of Clement Marot. By dinner-time the place was ready.[4] The pulpit and benches for the congregation had taken the place of the gibbet timber. It is difficult to comprehend that such work as this was a deadly crime. Nevertheless, Horn, *who was himself a sincere Catholic*, had committed the most mortal of all his offences against Philip and against God, by having countenanced so flagitious a transaction.

The Admiral went to Brussels. Secretary De la Torre,[5] a very second-rate personage, was despatched to Tournay to convey the orders of the Regent. Governor Moulbais, now in charge of affairs both civil and military, was to prepare all things for the garrison, which was soon to be despatched under Noircarmes. The Duchess had now arms in her hands, and her language was bold. La Torre advised the Reformers to be wise "while the rod was yet green and growing, lest it should be gathered for their backs; for it was unbecoming in subjects to make bargains with their King."[6] There was hardly any decent pretext used in violating the Accord of the 24th August so soon as the Government was strong enough to break it. It was always said that the preachings suppressed had not been established previously to that arrangement; but the preachings had in reality obtained almost everywhere, and were now universally abolished. The ridiculous quibble was also used that, in the preachings, other religious exercises were not included, whereas it was notorious that they had never been separated. It is, however, a gratuitous task to unravel the deceptions of tyranny when it hardly deigns to dis-

[1] "Ils mengheroient leur chair sur leur trestchoir."—De la Barre MS., 24.

[2] Letter to Duchess of Parma, Foppens, Supplément, ii. 412, 413.

[3] Letter of Horn to Philip II., in Foppens, Supplément, ii. 499–506.

[4] De la Barre MS., 50vo.

[5] La Torre arrived in Tournay upon the 28th October 1566, according to the narrative of De la Barre. That manuscript (now in the Brussels Archives, and the only copy known to exist) was afterwards laid before the Blood Council. Secretary La Torre has noticed in several places on the margin, "The author lies" (l'autheur ment). The passages thus discredited by this very commonplace tool of tyranny have only reference to himself. Pasquier de la Barre MS., fo. 57vo, 59.

[6] Renom de France MS., i. c. 23.

guise itself. The dissimulations which have resisted the influence of centuries are more worthy of serious investigation, and of these the epoch offers us a sufficient supply.

At the close of the year, the city of Tournay was completely subjugated and the Reformed religion suppressed. Upon the 2d day of January 1567, the Seignior de Noircarmes arrived before the gates at the head of eleven companies, with orders from Duchess Margaret to strengthen the garrison and disarm the citizens.[1] He gave the magistrates exactly one hour and a half to decide whether they would submit without a murmur.[2] He expressed an intention of maintaining the Accord of the 24th August;—a ridiculous affectation under the circumstances, as the event proved. The notables were summoned, submission agreed upon, and within the prescribed time the magistrates came before Noircarmes, with an unconditional acceptance of his terms.[3] That truculent personage told them, in reply, that they had done wisely, for if they had delayed receiving the garrison a minute longer, he would have instantly *burned the city to ashes and put every one of the inhabitants to the sword.*[4] He had been fully authorised to do so, and subsequent events were to show, upon more than one dreadful occasion, how capable Noircarmes would have been of fulfilling this menace.

The soldiers, who had made a forced march all night, and who had been firmly persuaded that the city would refuse the terms demanded, were excessively disappointed at being obliged to forego the sack and pillage upon which they had reckoned.[5] Eight or nine hundred rascally peasants, too, who had followed in the skirts of the regiments, each provided with a great empty bag, which they expected to fill with booty which they might purchase of the soldiers, or steal in the midst of the expected carnage and rapine, shared the discontent of the soldiery, by whom they were now driven ignominiously out of the town.[6] The citizens were immediately disarmed. All the fine weapons which they had been obliged to purchase at their own expense, when they had been arranged by the magistrates under eight banners for defence of the city against tumult and invasion, were taken from them; the most beautiful cutlasses, carbines, poniards, and pistols being divided by Noircarmes among his officers.[7] Thus Tournay was tranquillised.

During the whole of these proceedings in Flanders, and at Antwerp, Tournay, and Mechlin, the conduct of the Duchess had been marked with more than her usually treachery. She had been disavowing acts which the men upon whom she relied in her utmost need had been doing by her authority; she had been affecting to praise their conduct, while she was secretly misrepresenting their actions and maligning their motives; and she had been straining every nerve to make foreign levies, while attempting to amuse the confederates and sectaries with an affectation of clemency.

When Orange complained that she had been censuring his proceedings at Antwerp, and holding language unfavourable to his character, she protested that she thoroughly approved his arrangements—excepting only the two points of the intra-mural preachings and the permission to heretics of other exercises than sermons—and that if she were displeased with him he might be sure that she would rather tell him so than speak ill of him behind his back.[8] The Prince, who had been compelled by necessity, and fully authorised by the terms of the "Accord," to grant those two points, which were the vital matter in his

[1] Pasquier de la Barre MS.
[2] Ibid., 77vo, 78.
[3] Ibid., 78vo.
[4] "Disant que la ville estait bien conseillée d'avoir obey à Sa Maj. sans avoir fait quelque rebellion, ajoutant que si quelque resistance luy heust este donnée à introduire la garnison, qu'il avoit charge expresse de luy bouter par forche et mettre la ville en feu et tous les manans et habitans au fil de l'espée." —De la Barre MS., 78vo.
[5] De la Barre MS., 79
[6] Ibid., 81.
[7] Ibid., 91.
[8] Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., ii. 233-235.

arrangements. answered very calmly, that he was not so frivolous as to believe in her having used language to his discredit had he not been quite certain of the fact, as he would soon prove by evidence.[1] Orange was not the man to be deceived as to the position in which he stood, nor as to the character of those with whom he dealt. Margaret wrote, however, in the same vein concerning him to Hoogstraaten, affirming that nothing could be further from her intention than to characterise the proceedings of "her cousin, the Prince of Orange, as contrary to the service of his Majesty, knowing, as she did, how constant had been his affection, and how diligent his actions, in the cause of God and the King."[2] She also sent Councillor d'Assonleville on a special mission to the Prince, instructing that smooth personage to inform her said cousin of Orange that he was and always had been "loved and cherished by his Majesty, and that for herself she had ever loved him like a brother or a child."[3]

She wrote to Horn approving of his conduct in the main, although in obscure terms, and expressing great confidence in his zeal, loyalty, and good intentions.[4] She accorded the same praise to Hoogstraaten, while as to Egmont, she was perpetually reproaching him for the suspicions which he seemed obstinately to entertain as to her disposition and that of Philip in regard to his conduct and character.[5]

It has already been partly seen what were her private sentiments and secret representations as to the career of the distinguished personages thus encouraged and commended. Her pictures were painted in daily darkening colours. She told her brother that Orange, Egmont, and Horn were about to place themselves at the head of the confederates, who were to take up arms and had been levying troops; that the Lutheran religion was to be forcibly established; that the whole power of the Government was to be placed in the triumvirate thus created by those seigniors, and that Philip was in reality to be excluded entirely from those provinces which were his ancient patrimony.[6] All this information she had obtained from Mansfeld, at whom the nobles were constantly sneering as at a faithful valet who would never receive his wages.[7]

She also informed the King that the scheme for dividing the country was already arranged; that Augustus of Saxony was to have Friesland and Overyssel; Count Brederode, Holland; the Dukes of Cleves and Lorraine, Gueldres; the King of France, Flanders, Artois, and Hainault, of which territories Egmont was to be perpetual Stadholder; the Prince of Orange, Brabant; and so on indefinitely.[8] A general massacre of all the Catholics had been arranged by Orange, Horn, and Egmont, to commence as soon as the King should put his foot on shipboard to come to the country.[9] This last remarkable fact Margaret reported to Philip upon the respectable authority of Noircarmes.[10]

She apologised *for having employed the service of these nobles on the ground of necessity.* Their proceedings in Flanders, at Antwerp, Tournay, Mechlin, had been highly reprehensible, and she had been obliged to disavow them in the most important particulars. As for Egmont, she had most unwillingly intrusted forces to his hands for the purpose of putting down the Flemish sectaries. She had been afraid to show a want of confidence in his character, but at the same time she believed that all soldiers under Egmont's orders would be so many enemies to the King.[11] Notwithstanding his protestations of fidelity to the ancient religion and to his Majesty, she feared that he was busied with

[1] Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., ii. 239.
[2] La Défense du Comte de Hoestrate, 95.
[3] Corresp. de Guillaume le Tacit., ii. 391–397.
[4] Foppens, Supplément, ii. 420, 421, 436.
[5] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 493.
[6] Ibid., i. 455, 456, 460, 461.
[7] Ibid.
[8] Ibid., i. 473–476.
[9] Ibid., i. 484.
[10] Ibid.
[11] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 459.

some great plot against God and the King.[1] When we remember the ruthless manner in which the unfortunate Count had actually been raging against the sectaries, and the sanguinary proofs which he had been giving of his fidelity to "God and the King," it seems almost incredible that Margaret could have written down all these monstrous assertions.

The Duchess gave, moreover, repeated warnings to her brother, that the nobles were in the habit of obtaining possession of all the correspondence between Madrid and Brussels, and that they spent a vast deal of money in order to read her own and Philip's most private letters.[2] She warned him, therefore, to be upon his guard, for she believed that almost all their despatches were read.[3] Such being the case, and the tenor of those documents being what we have seen it to be, her complaints as to the incredulity[4] of those seigniors to her affectionate protestations seem quite wonderful.

CHAPTER IX.

Position of Orange—The interview at Dendermonde—The suppositious letters of Alava—Views of Egmont—Isolation of Orange—Conduct of Egmont and of Horn—Confederacy of the nobles dissolved—Weak behaviour of prominent personages—Watchfulness of Orange—Convocation of the States-General demanded—Pamphlet of Orange—City of Valenciennes refuses a garrison—Influence of La Grange and De Bray—City declared in a state of siege—Invested by Noircarmes—Movements to relieve the place—Calvinists defeated at Lannoy and at Waterlots—Elation of the Government—The siege pressed more closely—Cruelties practised upon the country people—Courage of the inhabitants—Remonstrance to the Knights of the Fleece—Conduct of Brederode—Orange at Amsterdam—New oath demanded by Government—Orange refuses—He offers his resignation of all offices—Meeting at Breda—New "Request" of Brederode—He creates disturbances and levies troops in Antwerp—Conduct of Hoogstraaten—Plans of Brederode—Supposed connivance of Orange—Alarm at Brussels—Tholouse at Ostrawell—Brederode in Holland—De Beauvoir defeats Tholouse—Excitement at Antwerp—Determined conduct of Orange—Three days' tumult at Antwerp suppressed by the wisdom and courage of Orange.

IT is necessary to allude to certain important events contemporaneous with those recorded in the last chapter, that the reader may thoroughly understand the position of the leading personages in this great drama at the close of the year 1566.

The Prince of Orange had, as we have seen, been exerting all his energies faithfully to accomplish the pacification of the commercial metropolis, upon the basis assented to beforehand by the Duchess. He had established a temporary religious peace, by which alone at that crisis the gathering tempest could be averted; but he had permitted the law to take its course upon certain rioters, who had been regularly condemned by courts of justice. He had worked day and night—notwithstanding immense obstacles, calumnious misstatements, and conflicting opinions—to restore order out of chaos; he had freely imperilled his own life—dashing into a tumultuous mob on one occasion, wounding several with a halberd which he snatched from one of his guard,[5] and dispersing almost with his single arm a dangerous and threatening insurrection—and he had remained in Antwerp, at the pressing solicitations of the magistracy, who represented that the lives of not a single ecclesiastic would be safe as soon as his back was turned, and that all the merchants would forthwith depart from the city.[6] It was nevertheless necessary that he should make a personal visit to his government of Holland, where similar disorders had been prevailing, and where men of all ranks and parties were clamouring for their Stadholder.

[1] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 459.
[2] Ibid., i. 475.
[3] Ibid., i. 393.
[4] Ibid., i. Corresp. de Guillaume le Tacit., ii. passim.
[5] Antwerpsch Chronykje, p. 96; cited by Groen v. Prinst., ii. 310.
[6] Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., ii. 239.

Notwithstanding all his exertions, however, he was thoroughly aware of the position in which he stood towards the Government. The sugared phrases of Margaret, the deliberate commendation of the "benign and debonair" Philip, produced no effect upon this statesman, who was accustomed to look through and through men's actions to the core of their hearts. In the hearts of Philip and Margaret he already saw treachery and revenge indelibly imprinted. He had been especially indignant at the insult which the Duchess Regent had put upon him by sending Duke Eric of Brunswick with an armed force into Holland in order to protect Gouda, Woerden, and other places within the Prince's own government.[1] He was thoroughly conversant with the general tone in which the other seigniors and himself were described to their sovereign. He was already convinced that the country was to be conquered by foreign mercenaries, and that his own life, with those of many other nobles, was to be sacrificed.[2] The moment had arrived in which he was justified in looking about him for means of defence, both for himself and his country, if the King should be so insane as to carry out the purposes which the Prince suspected. The time was fast approaching in which a statesman placed upon such an elevation before the world as that which he occupied, would be obliged to choose his part for life. To be the unscrupulous tool of tyranny, a rebel, or an exile, was his necessary fate. To a man so prone to read the future, the moment for his choice seemed already arrived. Moreover, he thought it doubtful, and events were most signally to justify his doubts, whether he could be accepted as the instrument of despotism, even were he inclined to prostitute himself to such service. At this point, therefore, undoubtedly began the treasonable thoughts of William the Silent, if it be treason to attempt the protection of ancient and chartered liberties against a foreign oppressor. He despatched a private envoy to Egmont,[3] representing the grave suspicions manifested by the Duchess in sending Duke Eric into Holland, and proposing that means should be taken into consideration for obviating the dangers with which the country was menaced. Catholics, as well as Protestants, he intimated, were to be crushed in one universal conquest as soon as Philip had completed the formidable preparations which he was making for invading the provinces. For himself, he said, he would not remain in the land to witness the utter desolation of the people, nor to fall an unresisting victim to the vengeance which he foresaw. If, however, he might rely upon the co-operation of Egmont and Horn, he was willing, with the advice of the States-general, to risk preparations against the armed invasion of Spaniards by which the country was to be reduced to slavery. It was incumbent, however, upon men placed as they were "not to let the grass grow under their feet;" and the moment for action was fast approaching.[4]

This was the scheme which Orange was willing to attempt. To make use of his own influence and that of his friends to interpose between a sovereign insane with bigotry and a people in a state of religious frenzy, to resist brutal violence if need should be by force, and to compel the sovereign to respect the charters which he had sworn to maintain, and which were far more ancient than his sovereignty—so much of treason did William of Orange already contemplate, for in no other way could he be loyal to his country and his own honour.

Nothing came of this secret embassy, for Egmont's heart and fate were already fixed. Before Orange departed, however, for the north, where his presence in the Dutch provinces was now imperatively required, a memor-

[1] Groen v. Prinst., Archives, ii. 322–326.
[2] Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., ii. 391–397.
[3] Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., ii. 303–306.
[4] Ibid.

able interview took place at Dendermonde between Orange, Horn, Egmont, Hoogstraaten, and Count Louis.[1] The nature of this conference was probably similar to that of the secret mission from Orange to Egmont just recorded. It was not a long consultation. The gentlemen met at eleven o'clock, and conversed until dinner was ready, which was between twelve and one in the afternoon. They discussed the contents of a letter recently received by Horn from his brother Montigny at Segovia, giving a lively picture of Philip's fury at the recent events in the Netherlands, and expressing the Baron's own astonishment and indignation that it had been impossible for the seigniors to prevent such outrages as the public preaching, the image-breaking, and the Accord. They had also some conversation concerning the dissatisfaction manifested by the Duchess at the proceedings of Count Horn at Tournay, and they read a very remarkable letter which had been furnished them as having been written by the Spanish envoy in Paris, Don Francis of Alava, to Margaret of Parma. This letter was forged; at least the Regent, in her Italian correspondence, asserted it to be fictitious,[2] and in those secret letters to Philip she usually told the truth. The astuteness of William of Orange had in this instance been deceived. The striking fidelity, however, with which the present and future policy of the Government was sketched, the accuracy with which many unborn events were foreshadowed, together with the minute touches which gave an air of genuineness to the fictitious despatch, might well deceive even so sagacious an observer as the Prince.

The letters[4] alluded to the deep and long-settled hostility of Philip to Orange, Horn, and Egmont, as to a fact entirely within the writer's knowledge, and that of his correspondent, but urged upon the Duchess the assumption of an extraordinary degree of apparent cordiality in her intercourse with them. It was the King's intention to use them and to destroy them, said the writer, and it was the Regent's duty to second the design. "The tumults and troubles have not been without their secret concurrence," said the supposititious Alava, "and your Highness may rest assured that they will be the first upon whom his Majesty will seize, not to confer benefits, but to chastise them as they deserve. Your Highness, however, should show no symptom of displeasure, but should constantly maintain in their minds the idea that his Majesty considers them as the most faithful of his servants. While they are persuaded of this they can be more easily used, but when the time comes they will be treated in another manner. Your Highness may rest assured that his Majesty is not less inclined than your Highness that they should receive the punishment which they merit."[4] The Duchess was furthermore recommended "to deal with the three seigniors according to the example of the Spanish Governments in its intercourse with the envoys, Berghen and Montigny, who are met with a smiling face, but who are closely watched, and who will never be permitted to leave Spain alive."[5] The remainder of the letter alludes to supposed engagements between France and Spain for the extirpation of heresy, from which allusion to the generally accepted but mistaken notion as to the Bayonne Conference, a decided proof seems to be furnished that the letter was not genuine. Great complaints, however, are made as to the conduct of the Queen Regent, who is described as "a certain lady well-known to her Highness, and as a person without faith, friendship, or truth; the most consummate hypocrite in the world." After giving instances of the duplicity manifested by Catherine de Medici, the writer continues—"She sends her little black dwarf

[1] Foppens, Supplément, i. (Procès d'Egmont, 73–76, and Procès de Hornes, 166–170). Groen v. Prinst., v. 360, sqq. Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., ii. Introduction of Gachard, 74, sqq. Compare Bor, ii. 108; Hoofd, ii. 114; Strada, v. 230, sqq.; Bentivoglio, iii. 42, sqq. Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 474–476. [2] Ibid., i. 476.

[3] The letters are given by Bor, ii. 109, 110, without a doubt as to their genuineness

[4] Bor, ubi sup. [5] Ibid.

to me upon frequent errands, in order that by means of this spy she may worm out my secrets. I am, however, upon my guard, and flatter myself that I learn more from him than she from me. She shall never be able to boast of having deceived a Spaniard."[1]

An extract or two from this very celebrated document seemed indispensable, because of the great importance attached to it both at the Dendermonde Conference and at the trials of Egmont and Horn. The contemporary writers of Holland had no doubt of its genuineness, and, what is more remarkable, Strada, the historiographer of the Farnese family, after quoting Margaret's denial of the authenticity of the letter, coolly observes: "Whether this were only an invention of the conspirators, or actually a despatch from Alava, I shall not decide. It is certain, however, that the Duchess *declared* it to be false."[2]

There was doubtless some conversation at Dendermonde on the propriety or possibility of forcible resistance to a Spanish army, with which it seemed probable that Philip was about to invade the provinces and take the lives of the leading nobles. Count Louis was in favour of making provision in Germany for the accomplishment of this purpose. It is also highly probable that the Prince may have encouraged the proposition. In the sense of his former communication to Egmont, he may have reasoned on the necessity of making levies to sustain the decisions of the States-general against violence. There is, however, no proof of any such fact. Egmont, at any rate, opposed the scheme, on the ground that "it was wrong to entertain any such ill opinion of so good a king as Philip; that he had never done anything unjust towards his subjects, and that if any one was in fear, he had better leave the country."[3] Egmont, moreover, doubted the authenticity of the letters from Alava, but agreed to carry them to Brussels, and to lay them before the Regent. That lady, when she saw them, warmly assured the Count that they were inventions.[4]

The conference broke up after it had lasted an hour and a half. The nobles then went to dinner, at which other persons appear to have been present, and the celebrated Denderdmonde meeting was brought to a close. After the repast was finished, each of the five nobles mounted his horse, and departed on his separate way.[5]

From this time forth the position of these leading seigniors became more sharply defined. Orange was left in almost complete isolation. Without the assistance of Egmont, any effective resistance to the impending invasion from Spain seemed out of the question. The Count, however, had taken his irrevocable and fatal resolution. After various oscillations during the stormy period which had elapsed, his mind, notwithstanding all the disturbing causes by which it had hitherto been partially influenced, now pointed steadily to the point of loyalty. The guidance of that pole star was to lead him to utter shipwreck. The unfortunate noble, entrenched against all fear of Philip by the brazen wall of an easy conscience, saw no fault in his past at which he should grow pale with apprehension. Moreover, he was sanguine by nature, a Catholic in religion, a royalist from habit and conviction. Henceforth he was determined that his services to the crown should more than counterbalance any idle speeches or insolent demonstrations of which he might have been previously guilty.

Horn pursued a different course, but one which separated him also from the Prince, while it led to the same fate which Egmont was blindly pursuing.

[1] Bor, ubi sup. [2] Strada, v. 231.
[3] Procès d'Egmont (Foppens, i. 75).
[4] Letter of Egmont in Groen v. Prinst., Archives, ii. 400, 401.
[5] Procès d'Egmont, 73–76. Procès de Hornes, 166–170 (Foppens, Supplément). Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., ii. Introduction of M. Gachard, lxxiv. sqq. Compare Bor, ii. 108; Hoofd, iii. 114; Strada, v. 230, sqq.; Bentivoglio, iii. 42, sqq. Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 474–476.

The Admiral had committed no act of treason. On the contrary, he had been doing his best, under most difficult circumstances, to avert rebellion and save the interests of a most ungrateful sovereign. He was now disposed to wrap himself in his virtue, to retreat from a court life, for which he had never felt a vocation,[1] and to resign all connection with a Government by which he felt himself very badly treated. Moody, wrathful, disappointed, ruined, and calumniated, he would no longer keep terms with King or Duchess. He had griefs of long standing against the whole of the royal family. He had never forgiven the Emperor for refusing him, when young, the appointment of chamberlain.[2] He had served Philip long and faithfully, but he had never received a stiver of salary or "merced," notwithstanding all his work as state councillor, as admiral, as superintendent in Spain; while his younger brother had long been in the receipt of nine or ten thousand florins yearly. He had spent four hundred thousand florins in the King's service; his estates were mortgaged to their full value; he had been obliged to sell his family plate.[3] He had done his best in Tournay to serve the Duchess, and he had averted the "Sicilian vespers" which had been imminent at his arrival.[4] He had saved the Catholics from a general massacre, yet he heard nevertheless from Montigny that all his actions were distorted in Spain and his motives blackened.[5] His heart no longer inclined him to continue in Philip's service, even were he furnished with the means of doing so. He had instructed his secretary, Alonzo de la Loo, whom he had despatched many months previously to Madrid, that he was no longer to press his master's claims for a "merced," but to signify that he abandoned all demands and resigned all posts. He could turn hermit for the rest of his days, as well as the Emperor Charles.[6] If he had little, he could live upon little. It was in this sense that he spoke to Margaret of Parma, to Assonleville, to all around him. It was precisely in this strain and temper that he wrote to Philip, indignantly defending his course at Tournay, protesting against the tortuous conduct of the Duchess, and bluntly declaring that he would treat no longer with ladies upon matters which concerned a man's honour.[7]

Thus, smarting under a sense of gross injustice, the Admiral expressed himself in terms which Philip was not likely to forgive. He had undertaken the pacification of Tournay because it was Montigny's government, and he had promised his services whenever they should be requisite. Horn was a loyal and affectionate brother, and it is pathetic to find him congratulating Montigny on being, after all, better off in Spain than in the Netherlands.[8] Neither loyalty nor the sincere Catholicism for which Montigny at this period commended Horn in his private letters,[9] could save the two brothers from the doom which was now fast approaching.

Thus Horn, blind as Egmont—not being aware that a single step beyond implicit obedience had created an impassable gulf between Philip and himself—resolved to meet his destiny in sullen retirement. Not an entirely disinterested man, perhaps, but an honest one, as the world went, mediocre in mind, but brave, generous, and direct of purpose, goaded by the shafts of calumny, hunted down by the whole pack which fawned upon power as it grew more powerful, he now retreated to his "desert," as he called his ruined home at

[1] "Aiant par trop cognu n'estre ma vocation estre en court," etc., etc.—Letter of Horn to his Secretary, Alonzo de la Loo, Foppens, ii. 470, 471.
[2] Renom de France MS., i. c. 31.
[3] Ibid. [4] Ibid. [5] Ibid.
[6] Ibid. Foppens, Supplément, ii. 506–509.
[7] Foppens, Supplément, ii. 501–505.
[8] "Pour fasché que estes là, estes plus à votre aise que ici."—Letter to Montigny, Foppens. ii. 496.
[9] "J'ai reçu ung grand contentement de l'assurance que me donnez, que nuls ne basteront de vous faire changer d'opinion, en chose qui touche le fait de la religion ancienne, qui est certes conforme à ce que j'en ay tousjours ferement pensé et cru, ors que le diable est subtil, et ses ministres. Je n'ay failly de la faire entendre aux lieux que m'avez escrit."—Montigny to Horn, 26th May 1567.
The whole letter is published in Willems, Mengelingen van Historisch Vaderlandschen Inhoud (Antwerpen, 1827–30), pp. 325–334

Weert,[1] where he stood at bay, growling defiance at the Regent, at Philip at all the world.

Thus were the two prominent personages upon whose co-operation Orange had hitherto endeavoured to rely entirely separated from him. The confederacy of nobles, too, was dissolved, having accomplished little, notwithstanding all its noisy demonstrations, and having lost all credit with the people by the formal cassation of the Compromise in consequence of the Accord of August.[2] As a body, they had justified the sarcasm of Hubert Languet, that "the confederated nobles had ruined their country by their folly and incapacity." They had profaned a holy cause by indecent orgies, compromised it by seditious demonstrations, abandoned it when most in need of assistance. Bakkerzeel had distinguished himself by hanging sectaries in Flanders. "Golden Fleece" De Hammes, after creating great scandal in and about Antwerp, since the Accord had ended by accepting an artillery commission in the Emperor's army, together with three hundred crowns for convoy from Duchess Margaret.[3] Culemburg was serving the cause of religious freedom by defacing the churches within his ancestral domains, pulling down statues, dining in chapels, and giving the holy wafer to his parrot.[4] Nothing could be more stupid than these acts of irreverence, by which Catholics were offended and honest patriots disgusted. Nothing could be more opposed to the sentiments of Orange, whose first principle was abstinence by all denominations of Christians from mutual insults. At the same time, it is somewhat revolting to observe the indignation with which such offences were regarded by men of the most abandoned character. Thus Armenteros, whose name was synonymous with government swindling, who had been rolling up money year after year by peculations, auctioneering of high posts in Church and state, bribes, and all kinds of picking and stealing, could not contain his horror as he referred to wafers eaten by parrots, or "toasted on forks"[5] by renegade priests; and poured out his emotions on the subject into the faithful bosom of Antonio Perez, the man with whose debaucheries, political villanies, and deliberate murders all Europe was to ring.

No doubt there were many individuals in the confederacy for whom it was reserved to render honourable service in the national cause. The names of Louis Nassau, Marnix of St Aldegonde, Bernard de Merode, were to be written in golden letters in their country's rolls; but at this moment they were impatient, inconsiderate, out of the control of Orange. Louis was anxious for the King to come from Spain with his army, and for "the bear-dance to begin."[6] Brederode, noisy, brawling, and absurd as ever, was bringing ridicule upon the national cause by his buffoonery, and endangering the whole people by his inadequate yet rebellious exertions.

What course was the Prince of Orange to adopt? He could find no one to comprehend his views. He felt certain at the close of the year that the purpose of the Government was fixed. He made no secret of his determination never to lend himself as an instrument for the contemplated subjugation of the people. He had repeatedly resigned all his offices. He was now determined that the resignation once for all should be accepted. If he used dissimulation, it was because Philip's deception permitted no man to be frank.

[1] Procès de Hornes, Foppens, Supplément.
[2] Groen v. Prinst., ii. 282.
[3] Unpublished letter, 13th September, Margaret of Parma to Philip II., Brussels Archives MS. The Duchess expressed great regret that she was prohibited by the statutes of the order to which De Hammes was a servant or official from arresting and punishing him for his crimes. Her legal advisers, Viglius, Assonleville, and the rest, were to make new discoveries with regard to these privileges when not servants merely, but illustrious chevaliers of the order were to be put to death. Compare Correspondance de Philippe II., 463.
[4] Ibid., i. 472, 480, 481.
[5] "Asar en un asador."—Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 480, 481. Tomas Armenteros to Antonio Perez.
[6] Archives et Correspondance, ii. 309.

If the sovereign constantly disavowed all hostile purposes against his people, and manifested extreme affection for the men whom he had already doomed to the scaffold, how could the Prince openly denounce him? It was his duty to save his country and his friends from impending ruin. He preserved, therefore, an attitude of watchfulness. Philip, in the depth of his cabinet, was under a constant inspection by the sleepless Prince. The sovereign assured his sister that her apprehensions about their correspondence was groundless. He always locked up his papers, and took the key with him.[1] Nevertheless, the key was taken out of his pocket and the papers read. Orange was accustomed to observe, that men of leisure might occupy themselves with philosophical pursuits and with the secrets of nature, but that it was his business to study the hearts of kings.[2] He knew the man and the woman with whom he had to deal. We have seen enough of the policy secretly pursued by Philip and Margaret to appreciate the accuracy with which the Prince, groping as it were in the dark, had judged the whole situation. Had his friends taken his warnings, they might have lived to render services against tyranny. Had he imitated their example of false loyalty, there would have been one additional victim, more illustrious than all the rest, and a whole country hopelessly enslaved.

It is by keeping these considerations in view that we can explain his connection with such a man as Brederode. The enterprises of that noble, of Tholouse, and others, and the resistance of Valenciennes, could hardly have been prevented even by the opposition of the Prince. But why should he take the field against men who, however rashly or ineffectually, were endeavouring to oppose tyranny, when he knew himself already proscribed and doomed by the tyrant? Such loyalty he left to Egmont. Till late in the autumn, he had still believed in the possibility of convoking the States-general, and of making preparations in Germany to enforce their decrees.

The confederates and sectaries had boasted that they could easily raise an army of sixty thousand men within the provinces,[3] that twelve hundred thousand florins monthly would be furnished by the rich merchants of Antwerp,[4] and that it was ridiculous to suppose that the German mercenaries enrolled by the Duchess in Saxony, Hesse, and other Protestant countries, would ever render serious assistance against the adherents of the Reformed religion.[5] Without placing much confidence in such exaggerated statements, the Prince might well be justified in believing himself strong enough, if backed by the confederacy, by Egmont, and by his own boundless influence, both at Antwerp and in his own government, to sustain the constituted authorities of the nation even against a Spanish army, and to interpose with legitimate and irresistible strength between the insane tyrant and the country which he was preparing to crush. It was the opinion of the best-informed Catholics that if Egmont should declare for the confederacy, he could take the field with sixty thousand men, and make himself master of the whole country at a blow.[6] In conjunction with Orange, the moral and physical force would have been invincible.

It was therefore not Orange alone, but the Catholics and Protestants alike, the whole population of the country, and the Duchess Regent herself, who

[1] Foppens, Supplément, ii. 512. [2] Strada, v. 234.

[3] "Mesmes osent vucuns des confederez et sectaires menasser d'oser d'armes et force contre moi——Se vantans que l'on fera venir en armes contre moy cinquante ou soixante mil hommes de ces pays sans les estrangiers."—Unpublished Letter of Margaret of Parma, heretofore cited, Brussels Archives MS.

[4] "Disans avoir les bourses des marchans d'Anvers qui en ce cas leur furniront par mois plus de xii. mil florins," etc., etc —Ibid.

[5] "Que en fait de la religion les dits Alemans les favoriseront oires qu'ilz soient en la soulde de V. Mat. et consequemment oseront plus tot barbouiller quelque chose."—Unpublished Letter of Margaret of Parma, etc.

[6] "Vous l'eussiez veu marcher en campaigne avec une armée de 60,000 hommes et avoir reduict en sa puissance la ville de Bruxelles——par un exploit soudain se fust aisement emparé de la principaulté du Pays Bas," etc., etc.—Pontus Payen MS.

desired the convocation of the Estates. Notwithstanding Philip's deliberate but secret determination never to assemble that body, although the hope was ever to be held out that they should be convened, Margaret had been most importunate that her brother should permit the measure. "There was less danger," she felt herself compelled to say, "in assembling than in not assembling the States; it was better to preserve the Catholic religion for a part of the country than to lose it altogether."[1] "The more it was delayed," she said, "the more ruinous and desperate became the public affairs. If the measure were postponed much longer, all Flanders, half Brabant, the whole of Holland, Zeland, Gueldres, Tournay, Lille, Mechlin, would be lost for ever, without a chance of ever restoring the ancient religion."[2] The country, in short, was "without faith, king, or laws,"[3] and nothing worse could be apprehended from any deliberation of the States-general. These being the opinions of the Duchess, and according to her statement those of nearly all the good Catholics in the country, it could hardly seem astonishing or treasonable that the Prince should also be in favour of the measure.

As the Duchess grew stronger, however, and as the people, aghast at the fate of Tournay and Valenciennes, began to lose courage, she saw less reason for assembling the States. Orange, on the other hand, completely deserted by Egmont and Horn, and having little confidence in the characters of the ex-confederates, remained comparatively quiescent but watchful.

At the close of the year, an important pamphlet[4] from his hand was circulated, in which his views as to the necessity of allowing some degree of religious freedom were urged upon the royal Government with his usual sagacity of thought, moderation of language, and modesty in tone. The man who had held the most important civil and military offices in the country almost from boyhood, and who was looked up to by friend and foe as the most important personage in the three millions of its inhabitants, apologised for his "presumption" in coming forward publicly with his advice. "I would not," he said, "in matters of such importance, affect to be wiser or to make greater pretensions than my age or experience warrants, yet seeing affairs in such perplexity, I will rather incur the risk of being charged with forwardness than neglect that which I consider my duty."[5]

This, then, was the attitude of the principal personages in the Netherlands and the situation of affairs at the end of the eventful year 1566, the last year of peace which the men then living or their children were to know. The Government, weak at the commencement, was strong at the close. The confederacy was broken and scattered. The Request, the beggar banquets, the public preaching, the image-breaking, the Accord of August, had been followed by reaction. Tournay had accepted its garrison. Egmont, completely obedient to the crown, was compelling all the cities of Flanders and Artois to receive soldiers sufficient to maintain implicit obedience, and to extinguish all heretical demonstrations, so that the Regent was at comparative leisure to effect the reduction of Valenciennes.

This ancient city, in the province of Hainault, and on the frontier of France, had been founded by the Emperor Valentinian, from whom it had derived its name.[6] Originally established by him as a city of refuge, it had received the privilege of affording an asylum to debtors, to outlaws, and even to murderers. This ancient right had been continued, under certain modifications, even till

[1] "C'est moins mal les assembler que point assembler," etc., etc.—Unpublished Letter of Duchess of Parma.

[2] Ibid.

[3] "Estant quasi tout le pays sans foy, roy et loy, et le peu que demeure estaier s'en va journellement empirant."—Ibid.

[4] Archives et Correspondance, ii 429–450. Compare Hopper, Rec. et Mem., iii. It is also given in Bor, iii. 131–133.

[5] Archives et Correspondance, ii. 430, 432.

[6] Guicciardini, 458, sqq.

the period with which we are now occupied.[1] Never, however, according to the Government, had the right of asylum, even in the wildest times, been so abused by the city before. What were debtors, robbers, murderers, compared to heretics? Yet these worst enemies of their race swarmed in the rebellious city, practising even now the foulest rites of Calvin, and obeying those most pestilential of all preachers, Guido de Bray and Peregrine de la Grange. The place was the hotbed of heresy and sedition, and it seemed to be agreed, as by common accord, that the last struggle for what was called the new religion should take place beneath its walls.[2]

Pleasantly situated in a fertile valley, provided with very strong fortifications and very deep moats, Valenciennes, with the Scheld flowing through its centre, and furnishing the means of laying the circumjacent meadows under water, was considered in those days almost impregnable.[3] The city was summoned, almost at the same time as Tournay, to accept a garrison. This demand of Government was met by a peremptory refusal. Noircarmes, towards the middle of December, ordered the magistrates to send a deputation to confer with him at Condé. Pensionary Outreman accordingly repaired to that neighbouring city, accompanied by some of his colleagues.[4] This committee was not unfavourable to the demands of Government. The magistracies of the cities generally were far from rebellious; but in the case of Valenciennes the real power at that moment was with the Calvinist consistory and the ministers. The deputies, after their return from Condé, summoned the leading member of the Reformed religion, together with the preachers. It was urged that it was their duty forthwith to use their influence in favour of the demand made by the Government upon the city.[5]

"May I grow mute as a fish!" answered De la Grange stoutly, "may the tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, before I persuade my people to accept a garrison of cruel mercenaries, by whom their rights of conscience are to be trampled upon!"[6]

Councillor Outreman reasoned with the fiery minister, that if he and his colleague were afraid of their own lives, ample provision should be made with Government for their departure under safe conduct. La Grange replied that he had no fears for himself, that the Lord would protect those who preached and those who believed in His holy Word, but that He would not forgive them should they now bend their necks to His enemies.[7]

It was soon very obvious that no arrangement could be made. The magistrates could exert no authority, the preachers were all-powerful, and the citizens, said a Catholic inhabitant of Valenciennes, "allowed themselves to be led by their ministers like oxen."[8] Upon the 17th December 1566, a proclamation was accordingly issued by the Duchess Regent, declaring the city in a state of siege, and all its inhabitants rebels.[9] The crimes for which this penalty was denounced were elaborately set forth in the edict. Preaching according to the Reformed religion had been permitted in two or three churches, the sacrament according to the Calvinistic manner had been publicly administered, together with a renunciation by the communicants of their adhesion to the Catholic Church, and now a rebellious refusal to receive the garrison sent to them by the Duchess had been added to the list of their iniquities. For offences like these the Regent deemed it her duty to forbid all inhabitants of any city, village, or province of the Netherlands holding communication with Valenciennes, buying or selling with its inhabitants, or furnishing them with provisions, on

[1] Guicciardini, 458, sqq

[2] "—— Il sembloit que de la fortune de Valenciennes dependoit celle de toute la gueuserie."—Valenciennes MS.

[3] Guicciardini, ubi sup.

[4] Valenciennes MS.

[5] Ibid.

[6] Ibid. Pontus Payen MS.

[7] Ibid.

[8] Valenciennes MS.

[9] The proclamation is given in Bor, iii. 134–136.

pain of being considered accomplices in their rebellion, and as such of being executed with the halter.[1]

The city was now invested by Noircarmes with all the troops which could be spared. The confederates gave promises of assistance to the beleaguered citizens. Orange privately encouraged them to hold out in their legitimate refusal;[2] Brederode and others busied themselves with hostile demonstrations which were destined to remain barren; but in the meantime the inhabitants had nothing to rely upon save their own stout hearts and arms.

At first, the siege was sustained with a light heart. Frequent sallies were made, smart skirmishes were ventured, in which the Huguenots, on the testimony of a most bitter Catholic contemporary, conducted themselves with the bravery of veteran troops, and as if they had done nothing all their lives but fight;[3] forays were made upon the monasteries of the neighbourhood for the purpose of procuring supplies, and the broken statues of the dismantled churches were used to build a bridge across an arm of the river, which was called in derision the bridge of idols.[4] Noircarmes and the six officers under him, who were thought to be conducting their operations with languor, were christened the Seven Sleepers.[5] Gigantic spectacles, three feet in circumference, were planted derisively upon the ramparts, in order that the artillery, which it was said that the Papists of Arras were sending, might be seen as soon as it should arrive.[6] Councillor Outreman, who had left the city before the siege, came into it again on commission from Noircarmes. He was received with contempt, his proposals on behalf of the Government were answered with outcries of fury; he was pelted with stones, and was very glad to make his escape alive.[7] The pulpits thundered with the valiant deeds of Joshua, Judas, Maccabeus, and other Bible heroes.[8] The miracles wrought in their behalf served to encourage the enthusiasm of the people, while the movements making at various points in the neighbourhood encouraged a hope of a general rising throughout the country.

Those hopes were destined to disappointment. There were large assemblages made, to be sure, at two points. Nearly three thousand sectaries had been collected at Lannoy, under Pierre Cornaille, who, having been a locksmith, and afterwards a Calvinist preacher, was now disposed to try his fortune as a general.[9] His band was, however, disorderly. Rustics armed with pitchforks, young students and old soldiers out of employment, furnished with rusty matchlocks, pikes, and halberds, composed his force.[10] A company similar in character, and already amounting to some twelve hundred in number, was collecting at Watrelots.[11] It was hoped that an imposing array would soon be assembled, and that the two bands, making a junction, would then march to the relief of Valenciennes. It was boasted that in a very short time thirty thousand men would be in the field.[12] There was even a fear of some such result felt by the Catholics.

It was then that Noircarmes and his "seven sleepers" showed that they were awake. Early in January 1567, that fierce soldier, among whose vices slothfulness was certainly never reckoned before or afterwards, fell upon the locksmith's army at Lannoy, while the Seigneur de Rassinghem attacked the force at Watrelots on the same day.[13] Noircarmes destroyed half his enemies

[1] Proclamation in Bor. ubi sup.

[2] Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., preface, cxlix., cl., notes.

[3] "Sortoient journellement aux escarmouches combattans avec hardiesse et dexterité comme si toutte leur vie n'eussent faict aultre chose que porter les armes."—Pontus Payen MS.

[4] Pontus Payen MS.

[5] "Les gueux les appelloient les sept dormans."—Valenciennes MS.

[6] "Ils avoient fichez sur leurs ramparts de fort longues picques et au bout d'icelles attaché de fort grandes lunettes autres trois pieds en diametre, et quand on leur demandoit à quoy elles servaient, respondaient jouesement que c'estoit pour descouvrir de plus long l'artillerie que les Papistes d'Arras debvoient envoier," etc., etc.—Pontus Payen MS.

[7] Valenciennes MS. [8] Ibid.

[9] Ibid. Pontus Payen MS.

[10] Pontus Payen MS. [11] Ibid. [12] Ibid.

[13] Ibid. Valenciennes MS. Compare Hoofd, iii. 125; Strada, vi. 256, 257. Vit. Viglii, 49.

at the very first charge. The ill-assorted rabble fell asunder at once. The preacher fought well, but his undisciplined force fled at the first sight of the enemy. Those who carried arquebusses threw them down without a single discharge that they might run the faster. At least a thousand were soon stretched dead upon the field; others were hunted into the river. Twenty-six hundred, according to the Catholic accounts, were exterminated in an hour.[1]

Rassinghem, on his part, with five or six hundred regulars, attacked Teriel's force, numbering at least twice as many. Half of these were soon cut to pieces and put to flight. Six hundred, however, who had seen some service, took refuge in the cemetery of Watrelots. Here, from behind the stone wall of the enclosure, they sustained the attack of the Catholics with some spirit.[2] The repose of the dead in the quiet country churchyard was disturbed by the uproar of a most sanguinary conflict. The temporary fort was soon carried, and the Huguenots retreated into the church. A rattling arquebusade was poured in upon them as they struggled in the narrow doorway.[3] At least four hundred corpses were soon strewn among the ancient graves. The rest were hunted into the church, and from the church into the belfry. A fire was then made in the steeple, and kept up till all were roasted or suffocated.[4] Not a man escaped.

This was the issue in the first stricken field in the Netherlands for the cause of religious liberty. It must be confessed that it was not very encouraging to the lovers of freedom. The partisans of Government were elated in proportion to the apprehension which had been felt for the result of this rising in the Walloon country. "These good hypocrites," wrote a correspondent of Orange, "are lifting up their heads like so many dromedaries. They are becoming unmanageable with pride."[5] The Duke of Aerschot and Count Meghem gave great banquets in Brussels, where all the good chevaliers drank deep in honour of the victory, and to the health of his Majesty and Madame. "I saw Berlaymont just go by the window," wrote Schwartz to the Prince. "He was coming from Aerschot's dinner with a face as red as the Cardinal's new hat."[6]

On the other hand, the citizens of Valenciennes were depressed in equal measure with the exultation of their antagonists. There was no more talk of seven sleepers now, no more lunettes stuck upon lances to spy the coming forces of the enemy. It was felt that the Government was wide awake, and that the city would soon see the impending horrors without telescopes. The siege was pressed more closely. Noircarmes took up a commanding position at Saint Armand, by which he was enabled to cut off all communication between the city and the surrounding country. All the villages in the neighbourhood were pillaged, all the fields laid waste. All the infamies which an insolent soldiery can inflict upon helpless peasantry were daily enacted. Men and women who attempted any communication with the city were murdered in cold blood by hundreds.[7] The villagers were plundered of their miserable possessions; children were stripped naked in the midst of winter for the sake of the rags which covered them; matrons and virgins were sold at public auction by the tap of drum;[8] sick and wounded wretches were burned over slow fires to afford amusement to the soldiers.[9] In brief, the whole unmitigated curse which military power inflamed by religious bigotry can embody had descended upon the heads of these unfortunate provincials who had dared to worship God in Christian churches without a Roman ritual.

Meantime the city maintained a stout heart still. The whole population

[1] Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., iii. 7, 8. Compare Strada, ubi sup.; Hoofd, ubi sup.; Pontus Payen MS.

[2] Pontus Payen MS.

[3] Ibid. [4] Ibid.

[5] "Haulçent pour l'heure la teste comme trommetaires, et ne sont quacy plus traictables d'orgueil."—Archives et Correspondance, iii. 13.

[6] Ibid., 9.

[7] Remonstrance addressed by the inhabitants of Valenciennes to the Knights of the Fleece, § 9, apud Bor, iii. 136-141. [8] Ibid. [9] Ibid.

were arranged under different banners. The rich and poor alike took arms to defend the walls which sheltered them.[1] The town paupers were enrolled in three companies, which bore the significant title of the "Tousnuds," or the "Stark-nakeds;"[2] and many was the fierce conflict delivered outside the gates by men who, in the words of a Catholic then in the city, might rather be taken for "experienced veterans than for burgners and artisans."[3] At the same time, to the honour of Valenciennes, it must be stated, upon the same incontestable authority, that not a Catholic in the city was injured or insulted. The priests who had remained there were not allowed to say mass, but they never met with an opprobrious word or look from the people.[4]

The inhabitants of the city called upon the confederates for assistance; they also issued an address to the Knights of the Fleece,[5] a paper which narrated the story of their wrongs in pathetic and startling language. They appealed to those puissant and illustrious chevaliers to prevent the perpetration of the great wrong which was now impending over so many innocent heads. "Wait not," they said, "till the thunderbolt has fallen, till the deluge has overwhelmed us, till the fires already blazing have laid the land in coals and ashes, till no other course be possible but to abandon the country in its desolation to foreign barbarity. Let the cause of the oppressed come to your ears. So shall your conscience become a shield of iron; so shall the happiness of a whole country witness before the angels of your truth to his Majesty in the cause of his true grandeur and glory."[6]

These stirring appeals to an order of which Philip was chief, Viglius chancellor, Egmont, Mansfeld, Aerschot, Berlaymont, and others chevaliers, were not likely to produce much effect. The city could rely upon no assistance in those high quarters.

Meantime, however, the bold Brederode was attempting a very extensive diversion, which, if successful, would have saved Valenciennes and the whole country beside. That eccentric personage, during the autumn and winter, had been creating disturbances in various parts of the country. Wherever he happened to be established, there came from the windows of his apartments a sound of revelry and uproar. Suspicious characters in various costumes thronged his door and dogged his footsteps.[7] At the same time the authorities felt themselves obliged to treat him with respect. At Horn he had entertained many of the leading citizens at a great banquet. The health of the "beggars" had been drunk in mighty potations, and their shibboleth had resounded through the house. In the midst of the festivities, Brederode had suspended a beggar's medal around the neck of the burgomaster, who had consented to be his guest upon that occasion, but who had no intention of enrolling himself in the fraternities of actual or political mendicants. The excellent magistrate, however, was near becoming a member of both. The emblem by which he had been conspicuously adorned proved very embarrassing to him upon his recovery from the effects of his orgies with the "great beggar," and he was subsequently punished for his imprudence by the confiscation of half his property.[8]

Early in January, Brederode had stationed himself in his city of Viane. There, in virtue of his seignorial rights, he had removed all statues and other Popish emblems from the churches, performing the operation, however, with much quietness and decorum. He had also collected many disorderly men-

[1] Valenciennes MS. [2] Ibid.

[3] "Qu'on eut pris tous pour de vieux routiers et soldats experimentés, et non pas pour des bourgeois et artisans de prime abord."—Ibid.

[4] "Si ne receurent ils toutes fois aucunes injures ny fascherie excepté qu'on leur defendit de dire la messe, laquelle le bon Prélat de S. Jean disoit secretement en sa chambre pour sa consolation."—Valenciennes MS.

[5] See ante.

[6] Remonstrance, etc., ubi sup.

[7] Bor, iii, 147, 148.

[8] Velius Hoorn, bl. 298; cited by Wagenaer, vi

at-arms in this city, and had strenthened its fortifications, to resist, as he said, the threatened attacks of Duke Eric of Brunswick and his German mercenaries.[1] A printing-press was established in the place, whence satirical pamphlets, hymn-books, and other pestiferous productions were constantly issuing, to the annoyance of Government.[2] Many lawless and uproarious individuals enjoyed the Count's hospitality. All the dregs and filth of the provinces, according to Doctor Viglius, were accumulated at Viane as in a cesspool.[3] Along the placid banks of the Lech, on which river the city stands, the "hydra of rebellion"[4] lay ever coiled and threatening.

Brederode was supposed to be revolving vast schemes, both political and military, and Margaret of Parma was kept in continual apprehension by the bravado of this very noisy conspirator. She called upon William of Orange, as usual, for assistance. The Prince, however, was very ill-disposed to come to her relief. An extreme disgust for the policy of the Government already began to characterise his public language. In the autumn and winter he had done all that man could do for the safety of the monarch's crown and for the people's happiness. His services in Antwerp have been recorded. As soon as he could tear himself from that city, where the magistrates and all classes of citizens clung to him as to their only saviour, he had hastened to tranquillise the provinces of Holland, Zeland, and Utrecht. He had made arrangements in the principal cities there upon the same basis which he had adopted in Antwerp, and to which Margaret had consented in August. It was quite out of the question to establish order without permitting the Reformers, who constituted much the larger portion of the population, to have liberty of religious exercises at some places, not consecrated, within the cities.

At Amsterdam, for instance, as he informed the Duchess, there were swarms of unlearned, barbarous people, mariners and the like,[5] who could by no means perceive the propriety of doing their preachings in the open country, seeing that the open country, at that season, was quite under water.[6] Margaret's gracious suggestion that perhaps something might be done with boats, was also considered inadmissible. "I know not," said Orange, "who could have advised your Highness to make such a proposition."[7] He informed her, likewise, that the barbarous mariners had a clear right to their preaching, for the custom had already been established previously to the August treaty at a place called the "Lastadge," among the wharves. "In the name of God, then," wrote Margaret, "let them continue to preach in the Lastadge."[8] This being all the barbarians wanted, an Accord, with the full consent of the Regent, was drawn up at Amsterdam and the other Northern cities. The Catholics kept churches and cathedrals, but in the winter season the greater part of the population obtained permission to worship God upon dry land in warehouses and dockyards.

Within a very few weeks, however, the whole arrangement was coolly cancelled by the Duchess, her permission revoked, and peremptory prohibition of all preaching within or without the walls proclaimed.[9] The Government was growing stronger. Had not Noircarmes and Rassinghem cut to pieces three or four thousand of these sectaries marching to battle under parsons, locksmiths, and similar chieftains? Were not all lovers of good government "erecting their heads like dromedaries"?

It may easily be comprehended that the Prince could not with complacency

[1] Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., ii. 255-257. Compare Bor, iii. 147, 148; Bentivoglio, iii. 46.
[2] Bor, ubi sup. Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., ii. 328-331.
[3] Vigl. ad J. Hopperum, 418-424.
[4] Ibid., 425.
[5] Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit, ii. 283, 284: "Maronniers et gens indoctz. barbares."
[6] Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit, ii. 283, 284.
[7] Ibid.
[8] "Au nom de Dieu qu'ils ayent leurs presches au dict Lastaige."—Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., ii. 296.
[9] Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., ii. 351-353.

permit himself to be thus perpetually stultified by a weak, false, and imperious woman. She had repeatedly called upon him when she was appalled at the tempest and sinking in the ocean, and she had as constantly disavowed his deeds and reviled his character when she felt herself in safety again. He had tranquillised the old Batavian provinces, where the old Batavian spirit still lingered, by his personal influence and his unwearied exertions. Men of all ranks and religions were grateful for his labours. The reformers had not gained much, but they were satisfied. The Catholics retained their churches, their property, their consideration. The States of Holland had voted him fifty thousand florins,[1] as an acknowledgment of his efforts in restoring peace. He had refused the present. He was in debt, pressed for money, but he did not choose, as he informed Philip, "that men should think his actions governed by motives of avarice or particular interest, instead of the true affection which he bore to his Majesty's service and the *good of the country*."[2] Nevertheless, his back was hardly turned before all his work was undone by the Regent.

A new and important step on the part of the Government had now placed him in an attitude of almost avowed rebellion. All functionaries, from governors of provinces down to subalterns in the army, were required to take a new oath of allegiance, "novum et hactenus inusitatum religionis juramentum,"[3] as the Prince characterised it, which was, he said, quite equal to the Inquisition. Every man who bore his Majesty's commission was ordered solemnly to pledge himself to obey the orders of Government, everywhere, and against every person, without limitation or restriction.[4] Count Mansfeld, now "factotum at Brussels,"[5] had taken the oath with great fervour. So had Aerschot, Berlaymont, Meghem, and, after a little wavering, Egmont.[6] Orange spurned the proposition. He had taken oaths enough, which he had never broken, nor intended now to break. He was ready still to do everything conducive *to the real interests* of the monarch. Who dared do more was no true servant to the Government, no true lover of the country. He would never disgrace himself by a blind pledge, through which he might be constrained to do acts detrimental, in his opinion, to the safety of the crown, the happiness of the commonwealth, and his own honour. The alternative presented he willingly embraced.[7] He renounced all his offices, and desired no longer to serve a Government whose policy he did not approve, a King by whom he was suspected.

His resignation was not accepted by the Duchess, who still made efforts to retain the services of a man who was necessary to her administration. She begged him, notwithstanding the purely defensive and watchful attitude which he had now assumed, to take measures that Brederode should abandon his mischievous courses. She also reproached the Prince with having furnished that personage with artillery for his fortifications. Orange answered somewhat contemptuously, that he was not Brederode's keeper, and had no occasion to meddle with his affairs.[8] He had given him three small field-pieces, promised long ago; not that he mentioned that circumstance as an excuse for the donation. "Thank God," said he, "we have always had the liberty in this country of making to friends or relatives what presents we liked, and methinks that things have come to a pretty pass when such trifles are scrutinised."[9] Certainly, as suzerain of Viane, and threatened with invasion in his seignorial rights, the Count might think himself justified in strengthening the bulwarks

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Bor, iii. 147. Hoofd. iv. 129.

[2] Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., ii. 360–365.

[3] Archives et Correspondance, iii. 29.

[4] Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., iii. 26–31. Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., ii. 312, 313, 317–321, 416–418.

[5] Expression of Orange. Archives et Correspondance, iii. 40.

[6] Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., ii. 312, 313. Strada, vi. 264.

[7] Renom de France MS., i. c. 39.

[8] Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., ii. 339, 340.

[9] Ibid.

of his little stronghold, and the Prince could hardly be deemed very seriously to endanger the safety of the crown by the insignificant present which had annoyed the Regent.

It is not so agreeable to contemplate the apparent intimacy which the Prince accorded to so disreputable a character; but Orange was now in hostility to the Government, was convinced by evidence, whose accuracy time was most signally to establish, that his own head, as well as many others, were already doomed to the block, while the whole country was devoted to abject servitude, and he was therefore disposed to look with more indulgence upon the follies of those who were endeavouring, however weakly and insanely, to avert the horrors which he foresaw. The time for reasoning had passed. All that true wisdom and practical statesmanship could suggest he had already placed at the disposal of a woman who stabbed him in the back even while she leaned upon his arm—of a King who had already drawn his death-warrant, while reproaching his "cousin of Orange" for want of confidence in the royal friendship. Was he now to attempt the subjugation of his country by interfering with the proceedings of men whom he had no power to command, and who at least were attempting to oppose tyranny? Even if he should do so, he was perfectly aware of the reward reserved for his loyalty. He liked not such honours as he foresaw for all those who had ever interposed between the monarch and his vengeance. For himself, he had the liberation of a country, the foundation of a free commonwealth, to achieve. There was much work for those hands before he should fall a victim to the crowned assassin.

Early in February, Brederode, Hoogstraaten, Horn, and some other gentlemen visited the Prince at Breda.[1] Here it is supposed the advice of Orange was asked concerning the new movement contemplated by Brederode. He was bent upon presenting a new petition to the Duchess with great solemnity, There is no evidence to show that the Prince approved the step, which must have seemed to him superfluous, if not puerile. He probably regarded the matter with indifference. Brederode, however, who was fond of making demonstrations, and thought himself endowed with a genius for such work, wrote to the Regent for letters of safe conduct that he might come to Brussels with his petition. The passports were contemptuously refused. He then came to Antwerp, from which city he forwarded the document to Brussels in a letter.

By this new Request, the exercise of the Reformed religion was claimed as a right, while the Duchess was summoned to disband the forces which she had been collecting, and to maintain in good faith the "August" treaty.[2] These claims were somewhat bolder than those of the previous April, although the liberal party was much weaker, and the confederacy entirely disbanded. Brederode, no doubt, thought it good generalship to throw the last loaf of bread into the enemy's camp before the city should surrender. His haughty tone was at once taken down by Margaret of Parma. "She wondered," she said, "what manner of nobles these were, who, after requesting, a year before, to be saved only from the Inquisition, now presumed to talk about preaching in the cities." The concessions of August had always been odious, and were now cancelled. "As for you and your accomplices," she continued to the Count, "you will do well to go to your homes at once without meddling with public affairs, for, in case of disobedience, I shall deal with you as I shall deem expedient."[3]

Brederode, not easily abashed, disregarded the advice, and continued in Antwerp. Here, accepting the answer of the Regent as a formal declara-

[1] Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., ii. 404, sqq [2] Ibid. Bor, iii. 149–151. [3] Bor, iii. 149–151. Archives et Correspondance, iii. 31.

tion of hostilities, he busied himself in levying troops in and about the city.[1]

Orange had returned to Antwerp early in February. During his absence, Hoogstraaten had acted as governor at the instance of the Prince and of the Regent. During the winter that nobleman, who was young and fiery, had carried matters with a high hand whenever there had been the least attempt at sedition. Liberal in principles and the devoted friend of Orange, he was disposed, however, to prove that the champions of religious liberty were not the patrons of sedition. A riot occurring in the cathedral, where a violent mob were engaged in defacing whatever was left to deface in that church, and in heaping insults on the Papists at their worship, the little Count, who, says a Catholic contemporary, "had the courage of a lion," dashed in among them, sword in hand, killed three upon the spot, and, aided by his followers, succeeded in slaying, wounding, or capturing all the rest.[2] He had also tracked the ringleader of the tumult to his lodging, where he had caused him to be arrested at midnight, and hanged at once in his shirt without any form of trial.[3] Such rapid proceedings little resembled the calm and judicious moderation of Orange upon all occasions, but they certainly might have sufficed to convince Philip that all antagonists of the Inquisition were not heretics and outlaws. Upon the arrival of the Prince in Antwerp, it was considered advisable that Hoogstraaten should remain associated with him in the temporary government of the city.[4]

During the month of February, Brederode remained in Antwerp, secretly enrolling troops. It was probably his intention—if so desultory and irresponsible an individual could be said to have an intention—to make an attempt upon the Island of Walcheren. If such important cities as Flushing and Middleburg could be gained, he thought it possible to prevent the armed invasion now soon expected from Spain. Orange had sent an officer to those cities, who was to reconnoitre their condition, and to advise them against receiving a garrison from Government without his authority.[5] So far he connived at Brederode's proceedings, as he had a perfect right to do, for Walcheren was within what had been the Prince's government, and he had no disposition that these cities should share the fate of Tournay, Valenciennes, Bois le Duc, and other towns which had already passed or were passing under the spears of foreign mercenaries.

It is also probable that he did not take any special pains to check the enrolments of Brederode. The peace of Antwerp was not endangered, and to the preservation of that city the Prince seemed now to limit himself. He was hereditary burgrave of Antwerp, but officer of Philip's never more. Despite the shrill demands of Duchess Margaret, therefore, the Prince did not take very active measures by which the crown of Philip might be secured. He perhaps looked upon the struggle almost with indifference. Nevertheless, he issued a formal proclamation by which the Count's enlistments were forbidden. Van der Aa, a gentleman who had been active in making these levies, was compelled to leave the city.[6] Brederode was already gone to the North to busy himself with further enrolments.[7]

In the meantime there had been much alarm at Brussels. Egmont, who omitted no opportunity of manifesting his loyalty, offered to throw himself at once into the Isle of Walcheren, for the purpose of dislodging any rebels who might have effected an entrance.[8] He collected accordingly seven or eight

[1] Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., ii. 410, Pontus Payen MS. Bor, iii. 153. Gachard, Preface to Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., ii. cxliv., sqq. Compare Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., iii. 48–50; Bor, iii. 156; Meteren ii. 45; Hoofd, iii. 130.

[2] Ibid.

[3] Bor, iii. 156.

[4] Pontus Payen MS.

[5] Ibid.

hundred Walloon veterans, at his disposal in Flanders, in the little port of Sas de Ghent, prepared at once to execute his intention, "worthy," says a Catholic writer, "of his well-known courage and magnanimity."[1] The Duchess expressed gratitude for the Count's devotion and loyalty, but his services in the sequel proved unnecessary. The rebels, several boatloads of whom had been cruising about in the neighbourhood of Flushing during the early part of March, had been refused admittance into any of the ports on the island. They therefore sailed up the Scheld, and landed at a little village called Ostrawell, at the distance of somewhat more than a mile from Antwerp.[2]

The commander of the expedition was Marnix of Tholouse, brother to Marnix of Saint Aldegonde. This young nobleman, who had left college to fight for the cause of religious liberty, was possessed of fine talents and accomplishments.[3] Like his illustrious brother, he was already a sincere convert to the doctrines of the Reformed Church.[4] He had nothing, however, but courage to recommend him as a leader in a military expedition. He was a mere boy, utterly without experience in the field.[5] His troops were raw levies, vagabonds, and outlaws.

Such as it was, however, his army was soon posted at Ostrawell in a convenient position and with considerable judgment. He had the Scheld and its dykes in his rear, on his right and left the dykes and the village. In front he threw up a breastwork and sunk a trench.[6] Here then was set up the standard of rebellion, and hither flocked daily many malcontents from the country round. Within a few days three thousand men were in his camp. On the other hand, Brederode was busy in Holland, and boasted of taking the field ere long with six thousand soldiers at the very least. Together they would march to the relief of Valenciennes, and dictate peace in Brussels.[7]

It was obvious that this matter could not be allowed to go on. The Duchess, with some trepidation, accepted the offer made by Philip de Lannoy, Seigneur de Beauvoir, commander of her bodyguard in Brussels, to destroy this nest of rebels without delay.[8] Half the whole number of these soldiers was placed at his disposition, and Egmont supplied De Beauvoir with four hundred of his veteran Walloons.[9]

With a force numbering only eight hundred, but all picked men, the intrepid officer undertook his enterprise, with great despatch and secrecy. Upon the 12th March, the whole troop was sent off in small parties, to avoid suspicion, and armed only with sword and dagger. Their helmets, bucklers, arquebusses, corslets, spears, standards and drums, were delivered to their officers, by whom they were conveyed noiselessly to the place of rendezvous.[10] Before daybreak upon the following morning, De Beauvoir met his soldiers at the abbey of Saint Bernard, within a league of Antwerp. Here he gave them their arms, supplied them with refreshments, and made them a brief speech.[11] He instructed them that they were to advance with furled banners and without beat of drum, till within sight of the enemy, that the foremost section was to deliver its fire, retreat to the rear and load, to be followed by the next, which was to do the same, and above all, that not an arquebus should be discharged till the faces of the enemy could be distinguished.[12]

The troop started. After a few minutes' march they were in full sight of Ostrawell. They then displayed their flags and advanced upon the fort with loud huzzas. Tholouse was as much taken by surprise as if they had suddenly

[1] Pontus Payen MS.
[2] Bor, iii. 156. Hoofd, iii. 120. Meteren, ii. 45.
[3] Pontus Payen MS.
[4] Ibid. [5] Ibid. [6] Ibid.
[7] Ibid. [8] Ibid. [9] Ibid.
[10] Pontus Payen MS. Compare Gachard, Preface to Guillaume le Tacit., ii. cxxiv.-cxxx.
[11] Pontus Payen MS.
[12] Ibid. Compare the letters of De Beauvoir, published by M. Gachard, Preface, etc., ubi sup.

emerged from the bowels of the earth.[1] He had been informed that the Government at Brussels was in extreme trepidation. When he first heard the advancing trumpets and sudden shouts, he thought it a detachment of Brederode's promised force. The cross on the banners[2] soon undeceived him. Nevertheless, "like a brave and generous young gentleman as he was,"[3] he lost no time in drawing up his men for action, implored them to defend their breastworks, which were impregnable against so small a force, and instructed them to wait patiently with their fire, till the enemy were near enough to be marked.

These orders were disobeyed. The "young scholar," as De Beauvoir had designated him, had no power to infuse his own spirit into his rabble rout of followers. They were already panicstruck by the unexpected appearance of the enemy. The Catholics came on with the coolness of veterans, taking as deliberate aim as if it had been they, not their enemies, who were behind breastworks. The troops of Tholouse fired wildly, precipitately, quite over the heads of the assailants. Many of the defenders were slain as fast as they showed themselves above their bulwarks. The ditch was crossed, the breastwork carried at a single determined charge. The rebels made little resistance, but fled as soon as the enemy entered their fort. It was a hunt, not a battle. Hundreds were stretched dead in the camp; hundreds were driven into the Scheld; six or eight hundred took refuge in a farmhouse; but De Beauvoir's men set fire to the building, and every rebel who had entered it was burned alive or shot. No quarter was given. Hardly a man of the three thousand who had held the fort escaped. The body of Tholouse was cut into a hundred pieces.[4] The Seigneur De Beauvoir had reason, in the brief letter which gave an account of this exploit, to assure her Highness that there were "some very valiant fellows in his little troop." Certainly they had accomplished the enterprise intrusted to them with promptness, neatness, and entire success. Of the great rebellious gathering, which every day had seemed to grow more formidable, not a vestige was left.[5]

This bloody drama had been enacted in full sight of Antwerp. The fight had lasted from daybreak till ten o'clock in the forenoon, during the whole of which period the city ramparts looking towards Ostrawell, the roofs of houses, the towers of churches, had been swarming with eager spectators. The sound of drum and trumpet, the rattle of musketry, the shouts of victory, the despairing cries of the vanquished, were heard by thousands who deeply sympathised with the rebels thus enduring so sanguinary a chastisement.[6] In Antwerp there were forty thousand people opposed to the church of Rome.[7] Of this number the greater proportion were Calvinists, and of these Calvinists there were thousands looking down from the battlements upon the disastrous fight.

The excitement soon became uncontrollable. Before ten o'clock vast numbers of sectaries came pouring towards the Red Gate, which afforded the readiest egress to the scene of action; the drawbridge of the Ostrawell Gate having been destroyed the night before by command of Orange.[8] They came from every street and alley of the city. Some were armed with lance, pike, or arquebus; some bore sledge-hammers; others had the partisans, battle-axes, and huge two-handed swords of the previous century;[9] all were determined upon issuing forth to the rescue of their friends in the fields outside the town. The wife of Tholouse, not yet aware of her husband's death, although

[1] Pontus Payen MS.
[2] Letter of De Beauvoir, ubi sup.
[3] Pontus Payen MS.
[4] "Le S. Tholouze qui at esté haché en cent pièces, non obstant l'offre de deux mil escus qu'il faisoit pour ranson," etc.—Letter of De Beauvoir in Gachard, ubi sup.
[5] Gachard, Preface, ubi sup. Pontus Payen MS. Compare Bor, iii. 157. Meteren, f. 45. Strada, vi. 250. 251.
[6] Strada, Bor, Meteren, ubi sup.
[7] Letter of Sir T. Gresham in Burgon, ii. 195.
[8] Bor, iii. 157. Hoofd, iii. 121.
[9] Pontus Payen MS.

his defeat was obvious, flew from street to street, calling upon the Calvinists to save or to avenge their perishing brethren.[1]

A terrible tumult prevailed. Ten thousand men were already up and in arms. It was then that the Prince of Orange, who was sometimes described by his enemies as timid and pusillanimous by nature, showed the mettle he was made of. His sense of duty no longer bade him defend the crown of Philip—which thenceforth was to be intrusted to the hirelings of the Inquisition—but the vast population of Antwerp, the women, the children, and the enormous wealth of the richest city in the world, had been confided to his care, and he had accepted the responsibility. Mounting his horse, he made his appearance instantly at the Red Gate before as formidable a mob as man has ever faced.[2] He came there almost alone, without guards. Hoogstraaten arrived soon afterwards with the same intention. The Prince was received with howls of execration. A thousand hoarse voices called him the Pope's servant, minister of Antichrist, and lavished upon him many more epithets of the same nature.[3] His life was in imminent danger. A furious clothier levelled an arquebus full at his breast. "Die, treacherous villain!" he cried; "thou who art the cause that our brethren have perished thus miserably in yonder field."[4] The loaded weapon was struck away by another hand in the crowd, while the Prince, neither daunted by the ferocious demonstrations against his life, nor enraged by the virulent abuse to which he was subjected, continued tranquilly, earnestly, imperatively, to address the crowd. William of Orange had that in his face and tongue "which men willingly call master—authority." With what other talisman could he, without violence and without soldiers, have quelled even for a moment ten thousand furious Calvinists, armed, enraged against his person, and thirsting for vengeance on Catholics. The postern of the Red Gate had already been broken through before Orange and his colleague, Hoogstraaten, had arrived. The most excited of the Calvinists were preparing to rush forth upon the enemy at Ostrawell. The Prince, after he had gained the ear of the multitude, urged that the battle was now over, that the Reformers were entirely cut to pieces, the enemy retiring, and that a disorderly and ill-armed mob would be unable to retrieve the fortunes of the day. Many were persuaded to abandon the design. Five hundred of the most violent, however, insisted upon leaving the gates; and the governors, distinctly warning these zealots that their blood must be upon their own heads, reluctantly permitted that number to issue from the city. The rest of the mob, not appeased, but uncertain, and disposed to take vengeance upon the Catholics within the walls, for the disaster which had been occurring without, thronged tumultuously to the long, wide street called the Mere, situate in the very heart of the city.[5]

Meantime the ardour of those who had sallied from the gate grew sensibly cooler when they found themselves in the open fields. De Beauvoir, whose men, after the victory, had scattered in pursuit of the fugitives, now heard the tumult in the city. Suspecting an attack, he rallied his compact little army again for a fresh encounter. The last of the vanquished Tholousians who had been captured, more fortunate than their predecessors, had been spared for ransom. There were three hundred of them; rather a dangerous number of prisoners for a force of eight hundred, who were just going into another battle. De Beauvoir commanded his soldiers, therefore, to shoot them all.[6] This order having been accomplished, the Catholics marched

[1] Strada, vi. 252.
[2] Bor, iii. 157. Hoofd, iii. 121. Compare Strada, vi. 252, 253.
[3] Pontus Payen MS.
[4] Bor, iii. 157. Hoofd, iii. 121.
[5] Bor, iii. 157, sqq. Pontus Payen MS. Letter of Sir T. Gresham.
[6] Pontus Payen MS.: "Leur commanda de tuer sur le champ tous leurs prisonniers.—Qui fust aussitôt executé que commandé."

towards Antwerp, drums beating, colours flying. The five hundred Calvinists, not liking their appearance, and being in reality outnumbered, retreated within the gates as hastily as they had just issued from them. De Beauvoir advanced close to the city moat, on the margin of which he planted the banners of the unfortunate Tholouse, and sounded a trumpet of defiance. Finding that the citizens had apparently no stomach for the fight, he removed his trophies, and took his departure.[1]

On the other hand, the tumult within the walls had again increased. The Calvinists had been collecting in great numbers upon the Mere. This was a large and splendid thoroughfare, rather an oblong market-place than a street, filled with stately buildings, and communicating by various cross streets with the Exchange and with many other public edifices. By an early hour in the afternoon twelve or fifteen thousand Calvinists,[2] all armed and fighting men, had assembled upon the place. They had barricaded the whole precinct with pavements and upturned waggons. They had already broken into the arsenal and obtained many field-pieces, which were planted at the entrance of every street and byeway. They had stormed the city jail and liberated the prisoners, all of whom, grateful and ferocious, came to swell the numbers who defended the stronghold on the Mere. A tremendous mischief was afoot. Threats of pillaging the churches and the houses of the Catholics, of sacking the whole opulent city, were distinctly heard among this powerful mob, excited by religous enthusiasm, but containing within one great heterogeneous mass the elements of every crime which humanity can commit. The alarm throughout the city was indescribable. The cries of women and children, as they remained in trembling expectation of what the next hour might bring forth, were, said one who heard them, enough to soften the hardest hearts."[3]

Nevertheless, the diligence and courage of the Prince kept pace with the insurrection. He had caused the eight companies of guards enrolled in September to be mustered upon the square in front of the City Hall, for the protection of that building and of the magistracy. He had summoned the senate of the city, the board of ancients, the deans of guilds, the wardmasters, to consult with him at the council-room. At the peril of his life he had again gone before the angry mob in the Mere, advancing against their cannon and their outcries, and compelling them to appoint eight deputies to treat with him and the magistrates at the Townhall. This done, quickly but deliberately he had drawn up six articles, to which those deputies gave their assent, and in which the city government cordially united. These articles provided that the keys of the city should remain in the possession of the Prince and of Hoogstraaten, that the watch should be held by burghers and soldiers together, that the magistrates should permit the entrance of no garrison, and that the citizens should be intrusted with the care of the charters, especially with that of the Joyful Entrance.[4]

These arrangements, when laid before the assembly at the Mere by their deputies, were not received with favour. The Calvinists demanded the keys of the city. They did not choose to be locked up at the mercy of any man. They had already threatened to blow the City Hall into the air if the keys were not delivered to them.[5] They claimed that burghers, without distinction of religion, instead of mercenary troops, should be allowed to guard the market-place in front of the Townhall.

It was now nightfall, and no definite arrangement had been concluded. Nevertheless a temporary truce was made, by means of a concession as to

[1] Pontus Payen MS.
[2] Correspondance de Marg. d'Autriche, 226, 227.
[3] Bor, iii. 159a, who has incorporated into his work the "justification" published contemporaneously by the magistracy of Antwerp.
[4] Bor, ii. 157.
[5] Letter of Sir T. Gresham. Bor, ubi sup.

the guard. It was agreed that the burghers, Calvinists and Lutherans as well as Catholics, should be employed to protect the city. By subtlety, however, the Calvinists detailed for that service were posted, not in the Town-house square, but on the ramparts and at the gates.[1]

A night of dreadful expectation was passed. The army of fifteen thousand mutineers remained encamped and barricaded on the Mere, with guns loaded and artillery pointed. Fierce cries of "Long live the beggars," "Down with the Papists," and other significant watchwords, were heard all night long, but no more serious outbreak occurred.[2]

During the whole of the following day the Calvinists remained in their encampment, the Catholics and the city guardsmen at their posts near the City Hall. The Prince was occupied in the council-chamber from morning till night with the municipal authorities, the deputies of "the religion," and the guild officers, in framing a new treaty of peace. Towards evening fifteen articles were agreed upon, which were to be proposed forthwith to the insurgents, and in case of non-acceptance, to be enforced. The arrangement provided that there should be no garrison; that the September contracts permitting the Reformed worship at certain places within the city should be maintained; that men of different parties should refrain from mutual insults; that the two governors, the Prince and Hoogstraaten, should keep the keys; that the city should be guarded by both soldiers and citizens without distinction of religious creed; that a band of four hundred cavalry and a small flotilla of vessels of war should be maintained for the defence of the place, and that the expenses to be incurred should be levied upon all classes, clerical and lay, Catholic and Reformed, without any exception.[3]

It had been intended that the governors, accompanied by the magistrates, should forthwith proceed to the Mere for the purpose of laying these terms before the insurgents. Night had, however, already arrived, and it was understood that the ill-temper of the Calvinists had rather increased than diminished, so that it was doubtful whether the arrangement would be accepted. It was, therefore, necessary to await the issue of another day, rather than to provoke a night battle in the streets.[4]

During the night the Prince laboured incessantly to provide against the dangers of the morrow. The Calvinists had fiercely expressed their disinclination to any reasonable arrangement. They had threatened, without further pause, to plunder the religious houses and the mansions of all the wealthy Catholics, and to drive every Papist out of town.[5] They had summoned the Lutherans to join with them in their revolt, and menaced them, in case of refusal, with the same fate which awaited the Catholics.[6] The Prince, who was himself a Lutheran, not entirely free from the universal prejudice against the Calvinists, whose sect he afterwards embraced, was fully aware of the deplorable fact that the enmity at that day between Calvinists and Lutherans was as fierce as that between Reformers and Catholics. He now made use of this feeling, and of his influence with those of the Augsburg Confession, to save the city. During the night he had interviews with the ministers and notable members of the Lutheran churches, and induced them to form an alliance upon this occasion with the Catholics and with all friends of order, against an army of outlaws who were threatening to burn and sack the city. The Lutherans, in the silence of night, took arms and encamped, to the number of three or four thousand, upon the river's side, in the neighbourhood of Saint Michael's Cloister. The Prince also sent for the deans of all the foreign mercantile associations—Italian, Spanish, Portugues , English, Han-

[1] Bor.
[2] Bor, ubi sup. Hoofd, iii. 121, sqq.
[3] Bor, iii. 158.
[4] Ibid.
[5] Ibid., iii. 158b.
[6] Ibid.

seatic,—engaged their assistance also for the protection of the city, and commanded them to remain in their armour at their respective factories, ready to act at a moment's warning. It was agreed that they should be informed at frequent intervals as to the progress of events.[1]

On the morning of the 15th, the city of Antwerp presented a fearful sight. Three distinct armies were arrayed at different points within its walls. The Calvinists, fifteen thousand strong, lay in their encampment on the Mere; the Lutherans, armed, and eager for action, were at Saint Michael's; the Catholics and the regulars of the city guard were posted on the square Between thirty-five and forty thousand men were up, according to the most moderate computation.[2] All parties were excited, and eager for the fray. The fires of religious hatred burned fiercely in every breast. Many malefactors and outlaws, who had found refuge in the course of recent events at Antwerp, were in the ranks of the Calvinists, profaning a sacred cause, and inspiring a fanatical party with bloody resolutions. Papists, once and for ever, were to be hunted down, even as they had been for years pursuing Reformers. Let the men who had fed fat on the spoils of plundered Christians be dealt with in like fashion. Let their homes be sacked, their bodies given to the dogs—such were the cries uttered by thousands of armed men.

On the other hand, the Lutherans, as angry and as rich as the Catholics, saw in every Calvinist a murderer and a robber. They thirsted after their blood: for the spirit of religious frenzy, the characteristic of the century, can with difficulty be comprehended in our colder and more sceptical age. There was every probability that a bloody battle was to be fought that day in the streets of Antwerp—a general engagement, in the course of which, whoever might be the victors, the city was sure to be delivered over to fire, sack, and outrage. Such would have been the result, according to the concurrent testimony of eye-witnesses and contemporary historians of every country and creed, but for the courage and wisdom of one man. William of Orange knew what would be the consequence of a battle pent up within the walls of Antwerp. He foresaw the horrible havoc which was to be expected, the desolation which would be brought to every hearth in the city. "Never were men so desperate and so willing to fight,"[3] said Sir Thomas Gresham, who had been expecting every hour his summons to share in the conflict. If the Prince were unable that morning to avert the impending calamity, no other power, under Heaven, could save Antwerp from destruction.

The articles prepared on the 14th had been already approved by those who represented the Catholic and Lutheran interests. They were read early in the morning to the troops assembled on the square and at St. Michael's, and received with hearty cheers.[4] It was now necessary that the Calvinists should accept them, or that the quarrel should be fought out at once. At ten o'clock, William of Orange, attended by his colleague, Hoogstraaten, together with a committee of the municipal authorities, and followed by a hundred troopers, rode to the Mere. They wore red scarfs over their armour,[5] as symbols by which all those who had united to put down the insurrection were distinguished. The fifteen thousand Calvinists, fierce and disorderly as

[1] Bor, iii. 158, 159. Strada. vi. 252, 253. Hoofd, iii. 120, 122. Letter of Sir T. Gresham.

[2] The Government estimate, as to the numbers of the armed Calvinists alone, was fourteen thousand. Correspondance de Marg. d'Autriche, 226, 227. Sir Thomas Gresham estimated them at ten thousand armed and fighting men, while he placed the total number upon both sides as high as fifty thousand. 'So that, sir, by credible report, there rose up all sorts above fyftie thousand menne very well armed."—Letter of March 17, 1566, in Burgon.

The Prince of Orange, who was always moderate in his computations on such occasions, stated the force on both sides at twenty-eight thousand only: "Dan E. L. mögen uns vertrauen das zu baiden seiten in die acht und zwantig thausand bewerter man gewesen seindt."—Letter to Landgrave William, Archives et Correspondance, iii. 59 This applies exclusiveiy to armed and fighting men.

[3] Letter in Burgon, 17th March.

[4] Bor. Letter of Sir T. Gresham.

[5] Ibid.

ever, maintained a threatening aspect. Nevertheless, the Prince was allowed to ride into the midst of the square. The articles were then read aloud by his command, after which, with great composure, he made a few observations. He pointed out that the arrangement offered them was founded upon the September concessions, that the right of worship was conceded, that the foreign garrison was forbidden, and that nothing further could be justly demanded or honourably admitted. He told them that a struggle upon their part would be hopeless, for the Catholics and Lutherans, who were all agreed as to the justice of the treaty, outnumbered them by nearly two to one. He, therefore, most earnestly and affectionately adjured them to testify their acceptance to the peace offered by repeating the words with which he should conclude. Then, with a firm voice, the Prince exclaimed, "God save the King!" It was the last time that those words were ever heard from the lips of the man already proscribed by Philip. The crowd of Calvinists hesitated an instant, and then, unable to resist his tranquil influence, convinced by his reasonable language, they raised one tremendous shout of "Vive le Roi!"

The deed was done, the peace accepted, the dreadful battle averted, Antwerp saved. The deputies of the Calvinists now formally accepted and signed the articles. Kind words were exchanged among the various classes of fellow-citizens, who but an hour before had been thirsting for each other's blood; the artillery and other weapons of war were restored to the arsenals; Calvinists, Lutherans, and Catholics all laid down their arms; and the city, by three o'clock, was entirely quiet. Fifty thousand armed men had been up, according to some estimates, yet, after three days of dreadful expectation, not a single person had been injured, and the tumult was now appeased.[1]

The Prince had, in truth, used the mutual animosity of Protestant sects to a good purpose—averting bloodshed by the very weapons with which the battle was to have been waged. Gresham was right, however, in his conjecture that the Regent and court would not "take the business well." Margaret of Parma was incapable of comprehending such a mind as that of Orange, or of appreciating its efforts. She was surrounded by unscrupulous and mercenary soldiers, who hailed the coming civil war as the most profitable of speculations. "Factotum" Mansfeld, the Counts Aremberg and Meghem, the Duke of Aerschot, the sanguinary Noircarmes, were already counting their share in the coming confiscations. In the internecine conflict approaching there would be gold for the gathering, even if no honourable laurels would wreath their swords. "Meghem with his regiment is desolating the country," wrote William of Orange to the Landgrave of Hesse, "and reducing many people to poverty. Aremberg is doing the same in Friesland. They are only thinking how, under the pretext of religion, they may grind the poor Christians, and grow rich and powerful upon their estates and their blood."[2]

The Seignior de Beauvoir wrote to the Duchess claiming all the estates of Tholouse, and of his brother St. Aldegonde, as his reward for the Ostrawell victory,[3] while Noircarmes was at this very moment to commence at Valenciennes that career of murder and spoliation which, continued at Mons a few years afterwards, was to load his name with infamy.

As a matter of course, therefore, Margaret of Parma denounced the terms by which Antwerp had been saved as a "novel and exorbitant capitulation," and had no intention of signifying her approbation either to prince or magistrate.[4]

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[1] Bor, iii. 159. Hoofd, iv. 121, 122. Strada, vi. 252, 253. Archives et Correspondance, iii. 48–52, 58, 59.

[2] Archives et Correspondance, iii. 39.

[3] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 546.

[4] espondance de Marg. d'Autriche, 227.

CHAPTER X.

Egmont and Aerschot before Valenciennes—Severity of Egmont—Capitulation of the city—Escape and capture of the ministers—Execution of La Grange and De Bray—Horrible cruelty at Valenciennes—Effect of the reduction of Valenciennes—The Duchess at Antwerp—Armed invasion of the provinces decided upon in Spain—Appointment of Alva—Indignation of Margaret—Mission of De Billy—Pretended visit of Philip—Attempts of the Duchess to gain over Orange—Mission of Berty—Interview between Orange and Egmont at Willebroek—Orange's letters to Philip, to Egmont, and to Horn—Orange departs from the Netherlands—Philip's letter to Egmont—Secret intelligence received by Orange—La Torre's mission to Brederode—Brederode's departure and death—Death of Berghen—Despair in the provinces—Great emigration—Cruelties practised upon those of the new religion—Edict of 24th May—Wrath of the King.

VALENCIENNES, whose fate depended so closely upon the issue of these various events, was now trembling to her fall. Noircarmes had been drawing the lines more and more closely about the city, and by a refinement of cruelty had compelled many Calvinists from Tournay to act as pioneers in the trenches against their own brethren in Valenciennes.[1] After the defeat of Tholouse, and the consequent frustration of all Brederode's arrangements to relieve the siege, the Duchess had sent a fresh summons to Valenciennes, together with letters acquainting the citizens with the results of the Ostrawell battle. The intelligence was not believed. Egmont and Aerschot, however, to whom Margaret had intrusted this last mission to the beleaguered town, roundly rebuked the deputies who came to treat with them for their insolence in daring to doubt the word of the Regent. The two seigniors had established themselves in the Chateau of Beusnage, at a league's distance from Valenciennes. Here they received commissioners from the city, half of whom were Catholics appointed by the magistrates, half Calvinists deputed by the consistories. These envoys were informed that the Duchess would pardon the city for its past offences, provided the gates should now be opened, the garrison received, and a complete suppression of all religion except that of Rome acquiesced in without a murmur. As nearly the whole population was of the Calvinist faith, these terms could hardly be thought favourable. It was, however, added, that fourteen days should be allowed to the Reformers for the purpose of converting their property, and retiring from the country.[2]

The deputies, after conferring with their constituents in the city, returned on the following day with counter-propositions, which were not more likely to find favour with the Government. They offered to accept the garrison, provided the soldiers should live at their own expense, without any tax to the citizens for their board, lodging, or pay. They claimed that all property which had been seized should be restored, all persons accused of treason liberated. They demanded the unconditional revocation of the edict by which the city had been declared rebellious, together with a guarantee from the Knights of the Fleece and the State Council that the terms of the proposed treaty should be strictly observed.[3]

As soon as these terms had been read to the two seigniors, the Duke of Aerschot burst into an immoderate fit of laughter. He protested that nothing could be more ludicrous than such propositions, worthy of a conqueror dictating a peace, thus offered by a city closely beleaguered, and entirely at the mercy of the enemy. The Duke's hilarity was not shared by Egmont, who, on the contrary, fell into a furious passion. He swore that the city should be burned about their ears, and that every one of the inhabitants should be put to the sword for the insolent language which they had thus dared to address

[1] Pasquier de la Barre MS., f. 92.
[2] Pontus Payen MS. Valenciennes MS.
[3] Pontus Payen MS.

to a most clement sovereign. He ordered the trembling deputies instantly to return with this peremptory rejection of their terms, and with his command that the proposals of Government should be accepted within three days' delay.

The commissioners fell upon their knees at Egmont's feet, and begged for mercy. They implored him at least to send this imperious message by some other hand than theirs, and to permit them to absent themselves from the city. They should be torn limb from limb, they said, by the enraged inhabitants, if they dared to present themselves with such instructions before them. Egmont, however, assured them that they should be sent into the city, bound hand and foot, if they did not instantly obey his orders. The deputies, therefore, with heavy hearts, were fain to return home with this bitter result to their negotiations. The terms were rejected, as a matter of course, but the gloomy forebodings of the commissioners as to their own fate at the hands of their fellow-citizens were not fulfilled.[1]

Instant measures were now taken to cannonade the city. Egmont, at the hazard of his life, descended into the foss to reconnoitre the works, and to form an opinion as to the most eligible quarter at which to direct the batteries.[2] Having communicated the result of his investigation to Noircarmes, he returned to report all these proceedings to the Regent at Brussels. Certainly the Count had now separated himself far enough from William of Orange, and was manifesting an energy in the cause of tyranny which was sufficiently unscrupulous. Many people who had been deceived by his more generous demonstrations in former times tried to persuade themselves that he was acting a part. Noircarmes, however—and no man was more competent to decide the question—distinctly expressed his entire confidence in Egmont's loyalty.[3] Margaret had responded warmly to his eulogies, had read with approbation secret letters from Egmont to Noircarmes, and had expressed the utmost respect and affection for "the Count." Egmont had also lost no time in writing to Philip, informing him that he had selected the most eligible spot for battering down the obstinate city of Valenciennes, regretting that he could not have had the eight or ten military companies now at his disposal at an earlier day, in which case he should have been able to suppress many tumults, but congratulating his sovereign that the preachers were all fugitive, the Reformed religion suppressed and the people disarmed. He assured the King that he would neglect no effort to prevent any renewal of the tumults, and expressed the hope that his Majesty would be satisfied with his conduct, notwithstanding the calumnies of which the times were full.[4]

Noircarmes, meanwhile, had unmasked his batteries, and opened his fire exactly according to Egmont's suggestion.[5] The artillery played first upon what was called the "White Tower," which happened to bear this ancient, rhyming inscription—

> "When every man receives his own,
> And justice reigns for strong and weak,
> Perfect shall be this tower of stone,
> And—all the dumb will learn to speak."[6]

For some unknown reason, the rather insipid quatrain was tortured into a baleful prophecy. It was considered very ominous that the battery should be first opened against this Sibylline tower. The chimes, too, which had been playing all through the siege the music of Marot's sacred songs, happened that

[1] Pontus Payen MS. Valenciennes MS.
[2] Ibid. Ibid.
[3] Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., ii. 502.
[4] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 524.
[5] Pontus Payen MS. Correspondance de Philippe II., ubi sup.
[6] "Quand chacun sera satisfaict,
Et la justice regnera,
Ce boulevard sera parfaict,
Et—la muette parlera."
—Valenciennes MS.

morning to be sounding forth from every belfry the twenty-second psalm: "My God, my God why hast Thou forsaken me?"[1]

It was Palm Sunday, 23d of March. The women and children were going mournfully about the streets, bearing green branches in their hands, and praying upon their knees in every part of the city. Despair and superstition had taken possession of citizens who up to that period had justified La Noue's assertion that none could endure a siege like Huguenots. As soon as the cannonading began, the spirit of the inhabitants seemed to depart. The ministers exhorted their flocks in vain as the tiles and chimneys began to topple into the streets, and the concussions of the artillery were responded to by the universal wailing of affrighted women.[2]

Upon the very first day after the unmasking of the batteries, the city sent to Noircarmes, offering almost an unconditional surrender. Not the slightest breach had been effected—not the least danger of an assault existed—yet the citizens, who had earned the respect of their antagonists by the courageous manner in which they had sallied and skirmished during the siege, now in despair at any hope of eventual succour, and completely demoralised by the course of recent events outside their walls, surrendered ignominiously, and at discretion.[3] The only stipulation agreed to by Noircarmes was, that the city should not be sacked, and that the lives of the inhabitants should be spared.[4]

This pledge was, however, only made to be broken. Noircarmes entered the city and closed the gates. All the richest citizens, who, of course, were deemed the most criminal, were instantly arrested. The soldiers, although not permitted formally to sack the city, were quartered upon the inhabitants, whom they robbed and murdered, according to the testimony of a Catholic citizen, almost at their pleasure.[5]

Michael Herlin, a very wealthy and distinguished burgher, was arrested upon the first day. The two ministers, Guido de Bray and Peregrine de la Grange, together with the son of Herlin, effected their escape by the water-gate. Having taken refuge in a tavern at St. Arnaud, they were observed, as they sat at supper, by a peasant, who forthwith ran off to the mayor of the borough with the intelligence that some individuals who looked like fugitives had arrived at St. Arnaud. One of them, said the informer, was richly dressed, and wore a gold-hilted sword with velvet scabbard. By the description, the mayor recognised Herlin the younger, and suspected his companions. They were all arrested, and sent to Noircarmes. The two Herlins, father and son, were immediately beheaded.[6] Guido de Bray and Peregrine de la Grange were loaded with chains, and thrown into a filthy dungeon, previously to their being hanged.[7] Here they were visited by the Countess de Roeulx, who was curious to see how the Calvinists sustained themselves in their martyrdom. She asked them how they could sleep, eat, or drink, when covered with such heavy fetters. "The cause and my good conscience," answered De Bray, "make me eat, drink, and sleep better than those who are doing me wrong. These shackles are more honourable to me than golden rings and chains. They are more useful to me, and as I hear their clank, methinks I hear the music of sweet voices and the tinkling of lutes."[8]

This exultation never deserted these courageous enthusiasts. They received their condemnation to death "as if it had been an invitation to a marriage feast."[9] They encouraged the friends who crowded their path to the scaffold with exhortations to remain true in the Reformed faith. La

[1] Valenciennes MS. [2] Pontus Payen MS.
[3] Ibid. Valenciennes MS. Bor, iii. 142.
[4] Bor, iii. 142. Hoofd. iv. 129 (bis).
[5] Valenciennes MS. [6] Pontus Payen MS.
[7] Brandt, Reformatie, i. 448, 449.
[8] Brandt, Reformatie, i. 448, 449. Hist. des Mart., f. 661, 662, apud Brandt.
[9] "En schickten sich soo blij moedelijk tot sterven als of ze ter bruiloft gingen."—Brandt, ubi sup.

Grange, standing upon the ladder, proclaimed with a loud voice that he was slain for having preached the pure Word of God to a Christian people in a Christian land. De Bray, under the same gibbet, testified stoutly that he, too, had committed that offence alone. He warned his friends to obey the magistrates, and all others in authority, except in matters of conscience; to abstain from sedition, but to obey the will of God. The executioner threw him from the ladder while he was yet speaking. So ended the lives of two eloquent, learned, and highly gifted divines.[1]

Many hundreds of victims were sacrificed in the unfortunate city. "There were a great many other citizens strangled or beheaded," says an aristocratic Catholic historian of the time, "but they were mostly personages of little quality, whose names are quite unknown to me."[2] The franchises of the city were all revoked. There was a prodigious amount of property confiscated to the benefit of Noircarmes and the rest of the "Seven Sleepers." Many Calvinists were burned, others were hanged. "*For two whole years*," says another Catholic, who was a citizen of Valenciennes at the time, "*there was scarcely a week in which several citizens were not executed*, and often *a great number were despatched at a time.* All this gave so much alarm to the good and innocent, that many quitted the city as fast as they could."[3] If the good and innocent happened to be rich, they might be sure that Noircarmes would deem that a crime for which no goodness and innocence could atone.

Upon the fate of Valenciennes had depended, as if by common agreement, the whole destiny of the anti-Catholic party. "People had learned at last," says another Walloon, "that the King had long arms, and that he had not been enlisting soldiers to string beads. So they drew in their horns and their evil tempers, meaning to put them forth again, should the Government not succeed at the siege of Valenciennes."[4] The Government had succeeded, however, and the consternation was extreme, the general submission immediate, and even abject. "The capture of Valenciennes," wrote Noircarmes to Granvelle, "has worked a miracle. The other cities all come forth to meet me, putting the rope around their own necks."[5] No opposition was offered anywhere. Tournay had been crushed; Valenciennes, Bois le Duc, and all other important places, accepted their garrisons without a murmur. Even Antwerp had made its last struggle, and as soon as the back of Orange was turned, knelt down in the dust to receive its bridle. The Prince had been able, by his courage and wisdom, to avert a sanguinary conflict within its walls, but his personal presence alone could guarantee anything like religious liberty for the inhabitants, now that the rest of the country was subdued. On the 26th April, sixteen companies of infantry, under Count Mansfeld, entered the gates.[6] On the 28th the Duchess made a visit to the city, where she was received with respect, but where her eyes were shocked by that which she termed the "abominable, sad, and hideous spectacle of the desolated churches."[7]

To the eyes of all who loved their fatherland and their race, the sight of a desolate country, with its ancient charters superseded by brute force, its industrious population swarming from the land in droves as if the pestilence were raging, with gibbets and scaffolds erected in every village, and with a sickening and universal apprehension of still darker disasters to follow, was a spectacle still more sad, hideous, and abominable.

For it was now decided that the Duke of Alva, at the head of a Spanish

[1] Brandt, Hist. des Martyrs, ubi sup.

[2] Pontus Payen MS: "Beaucoup d'autres bourgeois receurent depuis pareil traictement, qui estoient personnages de petite qualité et à moy incognus."

[3] Valenciennes MS

[4] Renom de France MS., i. 35, 37.

[5] Gachard, Preface to Guillaume le Tacit., ii. clxi., note 2.

[6] Ibid., lxxxix.

[7] Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., ii. 383-386.

army, should forthwith take his departure for the Netherlands. A land already subjugated was to be crushed, and every vestige of its ancient liberties destroyed. The conquered provinces, once the abode of municipal liberty, of science, art, and literature, and blessed with an unexampled mercantile and manufacturing prosperity, were to be placed in absolute subjection to the cabinet council at Madrid. A dull and malignant bigot, assisted by a few Spanish grandees, and residing at the other extremity of Europe, was thence forth to exercise despotic authority over countries which for centuries had enjoyed a local administration, and a system nearly approaching to complete self-government. Such was the policy devised by Granvelle and Spinosa,[1] which the Duke of Alva, upon the 15th April, had left Madrid to enforce.

It was very natural that Margaret of Parma should be indignant at being thus superseded. She considered herself as having acquired much credit by the manner in which the later insurrectionary movements had been suppressed, so soon as Philip, after his endless tergiversations, had supplied her with arms and money. Therefore she wrote in a tone of great asperity to her brother expressing her discontent. She had always been trammelled in her action, she said, by his restrictions upon her authority. She complained that he had no regard for her reputation or her peace of mind. Notwithstanding all impediments and dangers, she had at last settled in the country, and now another person was to reap the honour.[2] She also despatched the Seigneur de Billy to Spain, for the purpose of making verbal representations to his Majesty upon the inexpediency of sending the Duke of Alva to the Netherlands at that juncture with a Spanish army.[3]

Margaret gained nothing, however, by her letters and her envoy, save a round rebuke from Philip, who was not accustomed to brook the language of remonstrance, even from his sister. His purpose was fixed. Absolute submission was now to be rendered by all. "He was highly astonished and dissatisfied," he said, "that she should dare to write to him with so much passion, and in so resolute a manner. If she received no other recompense save the glory of having restored the service of God, she ought to express her gratitude to the King for having given her the opportunity of so doing."[4]

The affectation of clement intentions was still maintained, together with the empty pretence of the royal visit. Alva and his army were coming merely to prepare the way for the King, who still represented himself as "debonair and gentle, slow to anger and averse from bloodshed." Superficial people believed that the King was really coming, and hoped wonders from his advent. The Duchess knew better. The Pope never believed in it, Granvelle never believed in it, the Prince of Orange never believed in it, Councillor d'Assonleville never believed in it. "His Majesty," says the Walloon historian, who wrote from Assonleville's papers, "had many imperative reasons for not coming. He was fond of quiet, he was a great negotiator, distinguished for phlegm and modesty, disinclined to long journeys, particularly to sea voyages, which were very painful to him. Moreover, he was then building his Escorial with so much taste and affection that it was impossible for him to leave home."[5] These excellent reasons sufficed to detain the monarch, in whose place a general was appointed, who, it must be confessed, was neither phlegmatic nor modest, and whose energies were quite equal to the work required. There had in truth never been anything in the King's project of visiting the Netherlands but pretence."[6]

On the other hand, the work of Orange for the time was finished. He had

[1] Confessions of Del Rio.
[2] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 523.
[3] Pontus Payen MS. Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 536.
[4] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 540.
[5] Renom de France MS., i. 29.
[6] "Nihil profectionis inerat præter speciem" says Strada, vi. 280.

saved Antwerp, he had done his best to maintain the liberties of the country, the rights of conscience, and the royal authority, so far as they were compatible with each other. The alternative had now been distinctly forced upon every man, either to promise blind obedience or to accept the position of a rebel. William of Orange had thus become a rebel. He had been requested to sign the new oath, greedily taken by the Mansfelds, the Berlaymonts, the Aerschots, and the Egmonts, to obey every order which he might receive, against every person and in every place, without restriction or limitation,[1] and he had distinctly and repeatedly declined the demand. He had again and again insisted upon resigning all his offices. The Duchess, more and more anxious to gain over such an influential personage to the cause of tyranny, had been most importunate in her requisitions. "A man with so noble a heart," she wrote to the Prince, "and with a descent from such illustrious and loyal ancestors, can surely not forget his duties to his Majesty and the country."[2]

William of Orange knew his duty to both better than the Duchess could understand. He answered this fresh summons by reminding her that he had uniformly refused the new and extraordinary pledge required of him. He had been true to his old oaths, and therefore no fresh pledge was necessary. Moreover, a pledge without limitation he would never take. The case might happen, he said, that he should be ordered to do things contrary to his conscience, prejudicial to his Majesty's service, and in violation of his oaths to maintain the laws of the country. He therefore once more resigned all his offices, and signified his intention of leaving the provinces.[3]

Margaret had previously invited him to an interview at Brussels, which he had declined, because he had discovered a conspiracy in that place to "play him a trick." Assonleville had already been sent to him without effect. He had refused to meet a deputation of Fleece Knights at Mechlin, from the same suspicion of foul play. After the termination of the Antwerp tumult, Orange again wrote to the Duchess, upon the 19th March, repeating his refusal to take the oath, and stating that he considered himself as at least suspended from all his functions, since she had refused, upon the ground of incapacity, to accept his formal resignation. Margaret now determined, by the advice of the State Council, to send Secretary Berty, provided with an ample letter of instructions, upon a special mission to the Prince at Antwerp. That respectable functionary performed his task with credit, going through the usual formalities, and adducing the threadbare arguments in favour of the unlimited oath with much adroitness and decorum. He mildly pointed out the impropriety of laying down such responsible posts as those which the Prince now occupied at such a juncture. He alluded to the distress which the step must occasion to the debonair sovereign.

William of Orange became somewhat impatient under the official lecture of this secretary to the Privy Council, a mere man of sealing-wax and protocols. The slender stock of platitudes with which he had come provided was soon exhausted. His arguments shrivelled at once in the scorn with which the Prince received them. The great statesman who, it was hoped, would be entrapped to ruin, dishonour, and death by such very feeble artifices, asked indignantly whether it were really expected that he should acknowledge himself perjured to his old obligations by now signing new ones; that he should disgrace himself by an unlimited pledge which might require him to break his oaths to the provincial statutes and to the Emperor; that he should consent to administer the religious edicts which he abhorred; that he should act as executioner of Christians on account of their religious opinions, an office

[1] Groen v. Prinst., Archives, iii. 43-48. [2] Ibid. [3] Ibid.

against which his soul revolted; that he should bind himself by an unlimited promise which might require him to put his own wife to death because she was a Lutheran? Moreover, was it to be supposed that he would obey without restriction any orders issued to him in his Majesty's name, when the King's representative might be a person whose supremacy it ill became one of his race to acknowledge? Was William of Orange to receive absolute commands from the Duke of Alva? Having mentioned that name with indignation, the Prince became silent.[1]

It was very obvious that no impression was to be made upon the man by formalists. Poor Berty returned to his green-board in the council-room with his procès verbal of the conference. Before he took his leave, however, he prevailed upon Orange to hold an interview with the Duke of Aerschot, Count Mansfeld, and Count Egmont.[2]

This memorable meeting took place at Willebroek, a village midway between Antwerp and Brussels, in the first week of April. The Duke of Aerschot was prevented from attending, but Mansfeld and Egmont—accompanied by the faithful Berty, to make another procès verbal—duly made their appearance.[3] The Prince had never felt much sympathy with Mansfeld, but a tender and honest friendship had always existed between himself and Egmont, notwithstanding the difference of their characters, the incessant artifices employed by the Spanish court to separate them, and the impassable chasm which now existed between their respective positions towards the Government.

The same commonplaces of argument and rhetoric were now discussed between Orange and the other three personages, the Prince distinctly stating, in conclusion, that he considered himself as discharged from all his offices, and that he was about to leave the Netherlands for Germany. The interview, had it been confined to such formal conversation, would have but little historic interest. Egmont's choice had been made. Several months before he had signified his determination to hold those for enemies who should cease to conduct themselves as faithful vassals, declared himself to be without fear that the country was to be placed in the hands of Spaniards, and disavowed all intention, in any case whatever, of taking arms against the King.[4] His subsequent course, as we have seen, had been entirely in conformity with these solemn declarations. Nevertheless, the Prince, to whom they had been made, thought it still possible to withdraw his friend from the precipice upon which he stood, and to save him from his impending fate. His love for Egmont had, in his own noble and pathetic language, "struck its roots too deeply into his heart" to permit him, in this their parting interview, to neglect a last effort, even if this solemn warning were destined to be disregarded.

By any reasonable construction of history, Philip was an unscrupulous usurper, who was attempting to convert himself from a Duke of Brabant and a Count of Holland into an absolute king. It was William who was maintaining, Philip who was destroying; and the monarch who was thus blasting the happiness of the provinces, and about to decimate their population, was by the same process to undermine his own power for ever, and to divest himself of his richest inheritance. Could a vision like that imagined by the immortal dramatist for another tyrant and murderer, have revealed the future to Philip, he, too, might have beheld his victim, not crowned himself, but pointing to a line of kings, even to some who *twofold balls and treble sceptres carried*, and smiling on them for his. But such considerations as these had

[1] Strada, vi. 265–268. Hoofd, iv. 130. Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., ii. 354, 355–369, 370, 391–417.

[2] Strada, 268.

[3] Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., ii. 416–418. The procès verbal made by Berty upon this occasion has been lost. Gachard, note p. 417. Guillaume le Tacit, ii. Compare Strada, vi. 268, 269.

[4] Gachard, Preface to vol. ii. Guillaume le Tacit., cix.

no effect upon the Prince of Orange. He knew himself already proscribed, and he knew that the secret condemnation had extended to Egmont also. He was anxious that his friend should prefer the privations of exile, with the chance of becoming the champion of a struggling country, to the wretched fate towards which his blind confidence was leading him. Even then it seemed possible that the brave soldier, who had been recently defiling his sword in the cause of tyranny, might become mindful of his brighter and earlier fame. Had Egmont been as true to his native land as, until "the long divorce of steel fell on him," he was faithful to Philip, he might yet have earned brighter laurels than those gained at St. Quentin and Gravelingen. Was he doomed to fall, he might find a glorious death upon freedom's battle-field, in place of that darker departure then so near him, which the prophetic language of Orange depicted, but which he was too sanguine to fear. He spoke with confidence of the royal clemency. "Alas! Egmont," answered the Prince, "the King's clemency, of which you boast, will destroy you. Would that I might be deceived, but I foresee too clearly that you are to be the bridge which the Spaniards will destroy so soon as they have passed over it to invade our country."[1] With these last solemn words, he concluded his appeal to awaken the Count from his fatal security. Then, as if persuaded that he was looking upon his friend for the last time, William of Orange threw his arms around Egmont, and held him for a moment in a close embrace. Tears fell from the eyes of both at this parting moment, and then the brief scene of simple and lofty pathos terminated—Egmont and Orange separated from each other never to meet again on earth.[2]

A few days afterwards, Orange addressed a letter to Philip, once more resigning all his offices, and announcing his intention of departing from the Netherlands for Germany. He added, that he should be always ready to place himself and his property at the King's orders in everything which he believed conducive *to the true* service of his Majesty.[3] The Prince had already received a remarkable warning from old Landgrave Philip of Hesse, who had not forgotten the insidious manner in which his own memorable captivity had been brought about by the arts of Granvelle and of Alva. "Let them not smear your mouths with honey," said the Landgrave. "If the three seigniors, of whom the Duchess Margaret has had so much to say, are invited to court by Alva under pretext of friendly consultation, let them be wary, and think twice ere they accept. I know the Duke of Alva and the Spaniards, and how they dealt with me."[4]

The Prince, before he departed, took a final leave of Horn and Egmont by letters, which, as if aware of the monumental character they were to assume for posterity, he drew up in Latin.[5] He desired, now that he was turning his back upon the country, that those two nobles who had refused to imitate, and had advised against his course, should remember that he was acting deliberately, conscientiously, and in pursuance of a long-settled plan.

To Count Horn he declared himself unable to connive longer at the sins daily committed against the country and his own conscience. He assured him hat the Government had been accustoming the country to panniers, in order that it might now accept patiently the saddle and bridle. For him-

[1] Strada, vi. 286. Compare Bentivoglio, iii. 55.

[2] Ibid. Hoofd alludes to a rumour, according to which Egmont said to Orange at parting, "Adieu, fandless Prince!" and was answered by his friend with, "Adieu, headless Count!" "Men voeght'er by dat zy voorts elkandre, Prins zonder goedt, Graaf zonder hooft, zouden adieu gezeit hebben." The story has been often repeated, yet nothing could well be more insipid than such an invention. Hoofd observes that the whole conversation was reported by a person whom the Calvinists had concealed in the chimney of the apartment where the interview took place. It would be difficult to believe in such epigrams even had the historian himself been in the chimney. He, however, only gives the anecdote as a rumour, which he does not himself believe. "Twelk ik noch tans niet zoo zecker houde," etc.—Hoofd, Nederl. Hist., iv. 131.

[3] Archives et Correspondance, iii. 64, 65.

[4] Ibid., iii. 42.

[5] Ibid., iii. 69–73.

self, he said, his back was not strong enough for the weight already imposed upon it, and he preferred to endure any calamity which might happen to him in exile, rather than be compelled by those whom they had all condemned to acquiesce in the object so long and steadily pursued.[1]

He reminded Egmont, who had been urging him by letter to remain, that his resolution had been deliberately taken, and long since communicated to his friends. He could not, in conscience, take the oath required, nor would he, now that all eyes were turned upon him, remain in the land the only recusant. He preferred to encounter all that could happen, rather than attempt to please others by the sacrifice of liberty, of his fatherland, of his own conscience. "I hope, therefore," said he to Egmont, in conclusion, "that you, after weighing my reasons, will not disapprove my departure. The rest I leave to God, who will dispose of all as may most conduce to the glory of His name. For yourself, I pray you to believe that you have no more sincere friend than I am. My love for you has struck such deep root into my heart, that it can be lessened by no distance of time or place, and I pray you in return to maintain the same feelings towards me which you have always cherished."[2]

The Prince had left Antwerp upon the 11th April, and had written these letters from Breda upon the 13th of the same month. Upon the 22d, he took his departure for Dillenburg, the ancestral seat of his family in Germany, by the way of Grave and Cleves.[3]

It was not to be supposed that this parting message would influence Egmont's decision with regard to his own movements, when his determination had not been shaken at his memorable interview with the Prince. The Count's fate was sealed. Had he not been praised by Noircarmes; had he not earned the hypocritical commendations of Duchess Margaret; nay, more, had he not just received a most affectionate letter of thanks and approbation from the King of Spain himself? This letter, one of the most striking monuments of Philip's cold-blooded perfidy, was dated the 26th of March. "I am pleased, my cousin," wrote the monarch to Egmont, "that you have taken the new oath, *not that I considered it at all necessary*, so far as regards yourself, but for the example which you have thus given to others, and which I hope they will all follow. I have received not less pleasure in hearing of the excellent manner in which you are doing your duty, the assistance you are rendering, and the offers which you are making to my sister, for which I thank you, and request you to continue in the same course."[4]

The words were written by the royal hand which had already signed the death-warrant of the man to whom they were addressed. Alva, who came provided with full powers to carry out the great scheme resolved upon, unrestrained by provincial laws or by the statutes of the Golden Fleece, had left Madrid to embark for Carthagena, at the very moment when Egmont was reading the royal letter.[5] "The Spanish honey" to use once more old Landgrave Philip's homely metaphor, had done its work, and the unfortunate victim was already entrapped.

Count Horn remained in gloomy silence in his lair at Weert, awaiting the hunters of men, already on their way. It seemed inconceivable that he too, who knew himself suspected and disliked, should have thus blinded himself to his position. It will be seen, however, that the same perfidy was to be employed to ensnare him which proved so successful with Egmont.

As for the Prince himself, he did not move too soon. Not long after his arrival in Germany, Vandenesse, the King's private secretary, but Orange's

[1] Archives et Correspondance, iii. 69–73.
[2] Ibid.
[3] Ibid., iii. 73, 74.
[4] Foppens, Supplément, ii. 544.
[5] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 528, 15th April 1567.

secret agent, wrote him word that he had read letters from the King to Alva, in which the Duke was instructed to "arrest the Prince as soon as he could lay hands upon him, and not to let *his trial last more than twenty-four hours.*"[1]

Brederode had remained at Viane, and afterwards at Amsterdam, since the ill-starred expedition of Tholouse, which he had organised, but at which he had not assisted. He had given much annoyance to the magistracy of Amsterdam, and to all respectable persons, Calvinist or Catholic. He made much mischief, but excited no hopes in the minds of reformers. He was ever surrounded by a host of pot companions, swaggering nobles disguised as sailors, bankrupt tradesmen, fugitives and outlaws of every description—excellent people to drink the beggars' health, and to bawl the beggars' songs, but quite unfit for any serious enterprise.[2] People of substance were wary of him, for they had no confidence in his capacity, and were afraid of his frequent demands for contributions to the patriotic cause. He spent his time in the pleasure gardens, shooting at the mark with arquebus or crossbow, drinking with his comrades, and shrieking, "Vivent les gueux!"[3]

The Regent, determined to dislodge him, had sent Secretary La Torre to him in March, with instructions that if Brederode refused to leave Amsterdam, the magistracy were to call for assistance upon Count Meghem, who had a regiment at Utrecht.[4] This clause made it impossible for La Torre to exhibit his instructions to Brederode. Upon his refusal, that personage, although he knew the secretary as well as he knew his own father, coolly informed him that he knew nothing about him; that he did not consider him as respectable a person as he pretended to be; that he did not believe a word of his having any commission from the Duchess, and that he should therefore take no notice whatever of his demands. La Torre answered meekly that he was not so presumptuous, nor so destitute of sense, as to put himself into comparison with a gentleman of Count Brederode's quality, but that as he had served as secretary to the Privy Council for twenty-three years, he had thought that he might be believed upon his word. Hereupon La Torre drew up a formal protest, and Brederode drew up another. La Torre made a procès verbal of their interview, while Brederode stormed like a madman, and abused the Duchess for a capricious and unreasonable tyrant. He ended by imprisoning La Torre for a day or two, and seizing his papers. By a singular coincidence, these events took place on the 13th, 15th, and 24th of March,[5] the very days of the great Antwerp tumult. The manner in which the Prince of Orange had been dealing with forty or fifty thousand armed men, anxious to cut each other's throats, while Brederode was thus occupied in browbeating a pragmatical but decent old secretary, illustrated the difference in calibre of the two men.

This was the Count's last exploit. He remained at Amsterdam some weeks longer, but the events which succeeded changed the Hector into a faithful vassal. Before the 12th of April he wrote to Egmont begging his intercession with Margaret of Parma, and offering "carte blanche" as to terms, if he might only be allowed to make his peace with Government.[6] It was, however, some-

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[1] This appears in a document, never yet published, in the Royal Archives at Dresden. It is a report drawn up by Captain von Barlepsch of an interview held with the Prince of Orange, to whom he had been deputed by the Elector Augustus of Saxony. It is to be remarked, moreover, that Augustus at this period (November 1567) declined receiving the Prince at Dresden, while professing the greatest interest in his welfare! Unpublished letter from Elector Augustus to Prince W. of Orange, 10th Nov. 1567, in Dresden Archives. "So hatte auch des Konnings Vortrauter Kemmerling Signor Vandenes auch in grosser geheim warnen lassen dasz ehr hette aufs Konnings tische briefe gesehen ahn Hertzogen von Alba, darin bewohlen, s. fg. nachzutrachten und wan man iho bekeme, seinen processz nicht uber 24 Stunden zuvorlengern." —Bericht von Hauptm. v. Barlepsch.

[2] *Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit.*, ii. 434, 454. Bor, iii. 161. Hoofd, v. 127.

[3] Ibid.

[4] Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., ii. 439, 440. Bor, iii. 161, 162.

[5] Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., ii. 444-454.

[6] "—— Brederode ha suplicado de ser perdonado y embiado à Monsieur d'Egmont carta blanca."—MS. Letter of Granvelle to Alba. Bibl. de Bourg.

what late in the day for the "great beggar" to make his submission. No terms were accorded him, but he was allowed by the Duchess to enjoy his revenues provisionally, subject to the King's pleasure. Upon the 25th April he entertained a select circle of friends at his hotel in Amsterdam, and then embarked at midnight for Embden. A numerous procession of his adherents escorted him to the ship, bearing lighted torches and singing bacchanalian songs. He died within a year afterwards, of disappointment and hard drinking, at Castle Hardenberg, in Germany, after all his fretting and fury, and notwithstanding his vehement protestations to die a poor soldier at the feet of Louis Nassau.[1]

That "good chevalier and good Christian," as his brother affectionately called him, was in Germany, girding himself for the manly work which Providence had destined him to perform. The life of Brederode, who had engaged in the early struggle perhaps from the frivolous expectation of hearing himself called Count of Holland, as his ancestors had been, had contributed nothing to the cause of freedom, nor did his death occasion regret. His disorderly band of followers dispersed in every direction upon the departure of their chief. A vessel in which Batenburg, Galaina, and other nobles, with their men-at-arms, were escaping towards a German port, was carried into Harlingen, while those gentlemen, overpowered by sleep and wassail, were unaware of their danger, and delivered over to Count Meghem, by the treachery of their pilot. The soldiers were immediately hanged. The noblemen were reserved to grace the first great scaffold which Alva was to erect upon the horse-market in Brussels.[2]

The confederacy was entirely broken to pieces. Of the chieftains to whom the people had been accustomed to look for support and encouragement, some had rallied to the Government, some were in exile, some were in prison. Montigny, closely watched in Spain, was virtually a captive, pining for the young bride to whom he had been wedded amid such brilliant festivities but a few months before his departure, and for the child which was never to look upon its father's face.[3] His colleague, Marquis Berghen, more fortunate, was already dead. The excellent Viglius seized the opportunity to put in a good word for Noircarmes, who had been grinding Tournay in the dust and butchering the inhabitants of Valenciennes. "We have heard of Berghen's death," wrote the President to his faithful Joachim. "The Lord of Noircarmes, who has been his substitute in the governorship of Hainault, has given a specimen of what he can do. Although I have no private intimacy with that nobleman, I cannot help embracing him with all my benevolence. Therefore, O my Hopper, pray do your best to have him appointed governor."[4]

With the departure of Orange a total eclipse seemed to come over the Netherlands. The country was absolutely helpless, the popular heart cold with apprehension. All persons at all implicated in the late troubles or suspected of heresy fled from their homes. Fugitive soldiers were hunted into rivers, cut to pieces in the fields, hanged, burned, or drowned like dogs, without quarter and without remorse. The most industrious and valuable part of the population left the land in droves. The tide swept outwards with such rapidity that the Netherlands seemed fast becoming the desolate waste which they had been before the Christian era. Throughout the country, those Reformers who were unable to effect their escape betook themselves to their old lurking-places. The new religion was banished from all the cities, every conventicle was broken up by armed men, the preachers and leading

[1] Bor. iii. 168. Hoofd, iv. 135. Vit Viglii, 52. Compare Bor, Hoofd, ubi sup.
[2] Pontus Payen MS.
[3] The child was baptized at Tournay on the 1st December 1566.—Pasquier de la Barre MS., f. 73.
[4] Foppens, Supplément, ii. 552.

members were hanged, their disciples beaten with rods, reduced to beggary or imprisoned, even if they sometimes escaped the scaffold. An incredible number, however, were executed for religious causes. Hardly a village so small, says the Antwerp chronicler, but that it could furnish one, two, or three hundred victims to the executioner.[1] The new churches were levelled to the ground, and out of their timbers gallows were constructed.[2] It was thought an ingenious pleasantry to hang the Reformers upon the beams under which they had hoped to worship God. The property of the fugitives was confiscated. The beggars in name became beggars in reality. Many who felt obliged to remain, and who loved their possessions better than their creed, were suddenly converted into the most zealous of Catholics. Persons who had for years not gone to mass never omitted now their daily and nightly visits to the churches.[3] Persons who had never spoken to an ecclesiastic but with contumely, now could not eat their dinners without one at their table.[4] Many who were suspected of having participated in Calvinistic rites, were foremost and loudest in putting down and denouncing all forms and shows of the Reformation. The country was as completely "pacified," to use the conqueror's expression, as Gaul had been by Cæsar.

The Regent issued a fresh edict upon the 24th May, to refresh the memories of those who might have forgotten previous statutes, which were, however, not calculated to make men oblivious. By this new proclamation, all ministers and teachers were sentenced to the gallows. All persons who had suffered their houses to be used for religious purposes were sentenced to the gallows. All parents or masters whose children or servants had attended such meetings were sentenced to the gallows, while the children and servants were only to be beaten with rods. All people who sang hymns at the burial of their relations were sentenced to the gallows. Parents who allowed their newly-born children to be baptized by other hands than those of the Catholic priest were sentenced to the gallows. The same punishment was denounced against the persons who should christen the child or act as its sponsors. Schoolmasters who should teach any error or false doctrine were likewise to be punished with death. Those who infringed the statutes against the buying and selling of religious books and songs were to receive the same doom after the first offence. All sneers or insults against priests and ecclesiastics were also made capital crimes. Vagabonds, fugitives, apostates, runaway monks, were ordered forthwith to depart from every city on pain of death. In all cases confiscation of the whole property of the criminal was added to the hanging.[5]

This edict, says a contemporary historian, increased the fear of those professing the new religion to such an extent that they left the country "in great heaps."[6] It became necessary, therefore, to issue a subsequent proclamation, forbidding all persons, whether foreigners or natives, to leave the land or to send away their property, and prohibiting all shipmasters, waggoners, and other agents of travel, from assisting in the flight of such fugitives, all upon pain of death.[7]

Yet will it be credited that the edict of 24th May, the provisions of which have just been sketched, actually excited the wrath of Philip on *account of their clemency?* He wrote to the Duchess expressing the pain and dissatisfaction which he felt that an edict so indecent, so illegal, so contrary to the Christian religion, should have been published. Nothing, he said, could offend or distress him more deeply than any outrage whatever, even the slightest one, offered to God and to His Roman Catholic Church. He therefore commanded his sister instantly to revoke the edict.[8] One might almost

[1] Meteren, ii. f. 45.
[2] De la Barre MS., 96. Hoofd, iv. 138. Strada, i. 278.
[3] Bor, iii. 174.
[4] Ibid.
[5] The edict is published in Bor, iii. 170, 171.
[6] Ibid., 171.
[7] Bor, iii. 175.
[8] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 550-553.

imagine, from reading the King's letter, that Philip was at last appalled at the horrors committed in his name. Alas! he was only indignant that heretics had been suffered to hang who ought to have been burned, and that a few narrow and almost impossible loopholes had been left through which those who had offended might effect their escape.

And thus, while the country is paralysed with present and expected woe, the swiftly advancing trumpets of the Spanish army resound from beyond the Alps. The curtain is falling upon the prelude to the great tragedy which the prophetic lips of Orange had foretold. When it is again lifted, scenes of disaster and of bloodshed, battles, sieges, executions, deeds of unfaltering but valiant tyranny, of superhuman and successful resistance, of heroic self-sacrifice, fanatical courage and insane cruelty, both in the cause of the Wrong and the Right, will be revealed in awful succession—a spectacle of human energy, human suffering, and human strength to suffer, such as has not often been displayed upon the stage of the world's events.

PART III.

ALVA.

1567-1573.

CHAPTER I.

Continued dissensions in the Spanish Cabinet—Ruy Gomez and Alva—*Conquest of the Netherlands* intrusted to the Duke—Birth, previous career, and character of Alva—Organisation of the invading army—Its march to the provinces—Complaints of Duchess Margaret—Alva receives deputations on the frontier—Interview between the Duke and Egmont—Reception of Alva by the Duchess of Parma—Circular letters to the cities requiring their acceptance of garrisons—Margaret's secret correspondence—Universal apprehension—Keys of the great cities demanded by Alva—Secret plans of the Government arranged before the Duke's departure—Arrest of Orange, Egmont, Horn, and others determined upon—Stealthy course of the Government towards them—Infatuation of Egmont—Warnings addressed to him by De Billy and others—Measures to entrap Count Horn—Banquet of the Grand Prior—The Grand Prior's warning to Egmont—Evil counsels of Noircarmes—Arrests of Egmont, Horn, Bakkerzeel, and Straalen—Popular consternation—Petulant conduct of Duchess Margaret—Characteristic comments of Granvelle—His secret machinations and disclaimers—Berghen and Montigny—*Last moments of Marquis* Berghen—*Perfidy of* Ruy Gomez—*Establishment* of the "Blood Council"—Its leading features—Insidious behaviour of Viglius—Secret correspondence concerning the President between Philip and Alva—Members of the "Blood Council"—Portraits of Vargas and Hessels—Mode of proceeding adopted by the Council—Wholesale executions—Despair in the provinces—The resignation of Duchess Margaret accepted—Her departure from the Netherlands—Renewed civil war in France—Death of Montmorency—Auxiliary troops sent by Alva to France—Erection of Antwerp citadel—Description of the citadel.

THE armed invasion of the Netherlands was the necessary consequence of all which had gone before. That the inevitable result had been so long deferred lay rather in the incomprehensible tardiness of Philip's character than in the circumstances of the case. Never did a monarch hold so steadfastly to a deadly purpose, or proceed so languidly and with so much circumvolution to his goal. The mask of benignity, of possible clemency, was now thrown off, but the delusion of his intended visit to the provinces was still maintained. He assured the Regent that he should be governed by her advice, and as she had made all needful preparations to receive him in Zeland, that it would be in Zeland he should arrive.[1]

The same two men among Philip's advisers were prominent, as at an earlier day—the Prince of Eboli and the Duke of Alva. They still represented entirely opposite ideas, and in character, temper, and history, each was the reverse of the other. The policy of the Prince was pacific and temporising; that of the Duke uncompromising and ferocious. Ruy Gomez was disposed to prevent if possible the armed mission of Alva, and he now openly counselled the King to fulfil his long-deferred promise, and to make his appearance in person before his rebellious subjects. The jealousy and hatred which existed between the Prince and the Duke—between the man of peace and the man

[1] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 550.

of wrath—were constantly exploding, even in the presence of the King. The wrangling in the Council was incessant. Determined, if possible, to prevent the elevation of his rival, the favourite was even for a moment disposed to ask for the command of the army himself. There was something ludicrous in the notion that a man whose life had been pacific, and who trembled at the noise of arms, should seek to supersede the terrible Alva, of whom his eulogists asserted, with Castilian exaggeration, that the very name of fear inspired him with horror. But there was a limit beyond which the influence of Anna de Mendoza and her husband did not extend. Philip was not to be driven to the Netherlands against his will, nor to be prevented from assigning the command of the army to the most appropriate man in Europe for his purpose.[1]

It was determined at last that the Netherland heresy should be conquered by force of arms. The invasion resembled both a crusade against the infidel, and a treasure-hunting foray into the auriferous Indies, achievements by which Spanish chivalry had so often illustrated itself. The banner of the Cross was to be replanted upon the conquered battlements of three hundred infidel cities, and a torrent of wealth, richer than ever flowed from Mexican or Peruvian mines, was to flow into the royal treasury from the perennial fountains of confiscation. Who so fit to be the Tancred and the Pizarro of this bicoloured expedition as the Duke of Alva, the man who had been devoted from his earliest childhood and from his father's grave to hostility against unbelievers, and who had prophesied that treasure would flow in a stream a yard deep from the Netherlands so soon as the heretics began to meet with their deserts? An army of chosen troops was forthwith collected, by taking the four legions, or terzios, of Naples, Sicily, Sardinia, and Lombardy, and filling their places in Italy by fresh levies. About ten thousand picked and veteran soldiers were thus obtained, of which the Duke of Alva was appointed general-in-chief.[2]

Ferdinando Alvarez de Toledo, Duke of Alva, was now in his sixtieth year. He was the most successful and experienced general of Spain or of Europe. No man had studied more deeply or practised more constantly the military science. In the most important of all arts at that epoch he was the most consummate artist. In the only honourable profession of the age, he was the most thorough and the most pedantic professor. Since the days of Demetrius Poliorcetes, no man had besieged so many cities. Since the days of Fabius Cunctator, no general had avoided so many battles, and no soldier, courageous as he was, ever attained to a more sublime indifference to calumny or depreciation. Having proved in his boyhood at Fontarabia, and in his maturity at Mühlberg, that he could exhibit heroism and headlong courage when necessary, he could afford to look with contempt upon the witless gibes which his enemies had occasionally perpetrated at his expense. Conscious of holding his armies in his hand by the power of an unrivalled discipline and the magic of a name illustrated by a hundred triumphs, he could bear with patience and benevolence the murmurs of his soldiers when their battles were denied them.

He was born in 1508, of a family which boasted imperial descent. A Palæologus, brother of a Byzantine emperor, had conquered the city of Toledo, and transmitted its appellation as a family name.[3] The father of Ferdinando, Don Garcia, had been slain on the Isle of Gerbes, in battle with the Moors, when his son was but four years of age.[4] The child was brought up by his

[1] Cabrera, x, 7, c. vii. p. 414. Strada, i. 282, 283. Hist. du Duc d'Albe, ii. 155, 242.

[2] Brandt, Hist. der Ref., i. 496. De Thou, v. l. 41, pp. 289, 290. Bern. de Mendoza, Guerras de los Payses Baxos, etc., 20, 21, 25

[3] De la Roca, Resultas de la Vida de Don F. A. de Duque de Alva, p. 3. Hist. du Duc d'Albe i. 5.

[4] Hist. du Duc d'Albe, i. 8.

grandfather, Don Frederic, and trained from his tenderest infancy to arms Hatred to the infidel, and a determination to avenge his father's blood, crying to him from a foreign grave, were the earliest of his instincts. As a youth he was distinguished for his prowess. His maiden sword was fleshed at Fontarabia, where, although but sixteen years of age, he was considered, by his constancy in hardship, by his brilliant and desperate courage, and by the example of military discipline which he afforded to the troops, to have contributed in no small degree to the success of the Spanish arms.

In 1530 he accompanied the Emperor in his campaign against the Turk. Charles, instinctively recognising the merit of the youth who was destined to be the lifelong companion of his toils and glories, distinguished him with his favour at the opening of his career. Young, brave, and enthusiastic, Ferdinand de Toledo at this period was as interesting a hero as ever illustrated the pages of Castilian romance. His mad ride from Hungary to Spain and back again, accomplished in seventeen days, for the sake of a brief visit to his newly-married wife, is not the least attractive episode in the history of an existence which was destined to be so dark and sanguinary. In 1535 he accompanied the Emperor on his memorable expedition to Tunis. In 1546 and 1547 he was generalissimo in the war against the Smalcaldian league. His most brilliant feat of arms—perhaps the most brilliant exploit of the Emperor's reign—was the passage of the Elbe and the battle of Mühlberg, accomplished in spite of Maximilian's bitter and violent reproaches, and the tremendous possibilities of a defeat.[1] That battle had finished the war. The gigantic and magnanimous John Frederic, surprised at his devotions in the church, fled in dismay, leaving his boots behind him, which, for their superhuman size, were ridiculously said afterwards to be treasured among the trophies of the Toledo house.[2] The rout was total. "I came, I saw, and God conquered," said the Emperor, in pious parody of his immortal predecessor's epigram. Maximilian, with a thousand apologies for his previous insults, embraced the heroic Don Ferdinand over and over again, as, arrayed in a plain suit of blue armour, unadorned save with streaks of his enemies' blood, he returned from pursuit of the fugitives. So complete and so sudden was the victory, that it was found impossible to account for it save on the ground of miraculous interposition. Like Joshua in the vale of Ajalon, Don Ferdinand was supposed to have commanded the sun to stand still for a season, and to have been obeyed. Otherwise how could the passage of the river, which was only concluded at six in the evening, and the complete overthrow of the Protestant forces, have all been accomplished within the narrow space of an April twilight? The reply of the Duke to Henry the Second of France, who questioned him subsequently upon the subject, is well known. "Your Majesty, I was too much occupied that evening with what was taking place on the earth beneath, to pay much heed to the evolutions of the heavenly bodies." Spared as he had been by his good fortune from taking any part in the Algerine expedition, or in witnessing the ignominious retreat from Innspruck, he was obliged to submit to the intercalation of the disastrous siege of Metz in the long history of his successes. Doing the duty of a field-marshal and a sentinel, supporting his army by his firmness and his discipline when nothing else could have supported them, he was at last enabled, after half the hundred thousand men with whom Charles had begun the siege had

[1] Hist. du Duc d'Albe, liv. i. c. vii. De Thou, liv. iv.

[2] Hist. du Duc d'Albe, i. 274. Brantôme, Hom. Illust., etc. (ch. v), says that one of the boots was "large enough to hold a camp bedstead," p. 11. I insert the anecdote only as a specimen of the manner in which similar absurdities, both of great and of little consequence, are perpetuated by writers in every land and age. The armour of the noble-hearted and unfortunate John Frederic may still be seen in Dresden. Its size indicates a man very much above the average height, while the external length of the iron shoe, on the contrary, is less than eleven inches.

been sacrificed, to induce his imperial master to raise the siege before the remaining fifty thousand had been frozen or starved to death.[1]

The culminating career of Alva seemed to have closed in the mist which gathered around the setting star of the Empire. Having accompanied Philip to England in 1554 on his matrimonial expedition, he was destined in the following year, as viceroy and generalissimo of Italy, to be placed in a series of false positions. A great captain engaged in a little war, the champion of the Cross in arms against the successor of St. Peter, he had extricated himself, at last, with his usual adroitness, but with very little glory.[2] To him had been allotted the mortification, to another the triumph. The lustre of his own name seemed to sink in the ocean, while that of a hated rival, with new spangled ore, suddenly "flamed in the forehead of the morning sky." While he had been paltering with a dotard, whom he was forbidden to crush, Egmont had struck down the chosen troops of France, and conquered her most illustrious commanders. Here was the unpardonable crime which could only be expiated by the blood of the victor. Unfortunately for his rival, the time was now approaching when the long-deferred revenge was to be satisfied.

On the whole, the Duke of Alva was inferior to no general of his age. As a disciplinarian he was foremost in Spain, perhaps in Europe. A spendthrift of time, he was an economist of blood, and this was, perhaps, in the eye of humanity, his principal virtue. "Time and myself are two," was a frequent observation of Philip, and his favourite general considered the maxim as applicable to war as to politics. Such were his qualities as a military commander. As a statesman, he had neither experience nor talent. As a man, his character was simple. He did not combine a great variety of vices, but those which he had were colossal, and he possessed no virtues. He was neither lustful nor intemperate, but his professed eulogists admitted his enormous avarice, while the world has agreed that such an amount of stealth and ferocity, of patient vindictiveness and universal bloodthirstiness, were never found in a savage beast of the forest, and but rarely in a human bosom. His history was now to show that his previous thrift of human life was not derived from any love of his kind. Personally he was stern and overbearing. As difficult of access as Philip himself, he was even more haughty to those who were admitted to his presence. He addressed every one with the depreciating second person plural.[3] Possessing the right of being covered in the presence of the Spanish monarch, he had been with difficulty brought to renounce it before the German Emperor.[4] He was of an illustrious family, but his territorial possessions were not extensive. His duchy was a small one, furnishing him with not more than fourteen thousand crowns of annual income, and with four hundred soldiers.[5] He had, however, been a thrifty financier all his life, never having been without a handsome sum of ready money at interest. Ten years before his arrival in the Netherlands, he was supposed to have already increased his income to forty thousand a year by the proceeds of his investments at Antwerp.[6] As already intimated, his military character was sometimes profoundly misunderstood. He was often considered rather a pedantic than a practical commander, more capable to discourse of battles than to gain them. Notwithstanding that his long life had been an almost unbroken campaign, the ridiculous accusation of timidity was frequently made against him.[7] A gentleman at the court of the Emperor Charles once

[1] Hist. du Duc d'Albe, i. 272–283, liv. iii., chaps. 21–24.

[2] Ibid., liv. iv. et v. De Thou, liv. xviii. De la Roca, Resultas, etc., 68–72.

[3] Van d. Vynckt, ii. 41.

[4] Ibid., 42.

[5] Badovaro MS.

[6] "Ha d'entrata come Duca 14,000 scudi, ma fino a 40,000 ducatoni investiti in Anversa et se stima che egli si trova sempre buona somma di contanti."—Badovaro MS.

[7] Ha visto et maneggiato molte guerre et per la prattica che ha discorre meglio che io habbia mai conosciuto in quella corte—ma le due oppositioni l'una che facci le provisioni suo con troppo reservato et cauto et quasi timido nell' imprese."—Suriano MS. Badovaro is much more severe: "Nella guerra

addressed a letter to the Duke with the title of "General of his Majesty's armies in the Duchy of Milan in time of peace, and majordomo of the household in the time of war."[1] It was said that the lesson did the Duke good, but that he rewarded very badly the nobleman who gave it, having subsequently caused his head to be taken off.[2] In general, however, Alva manifested a philosophical contempt for the opinions expressed concerning his military fame, and was especially disdainful of criticism expressed by his own soldiers. "Recollect," said he, at a little later period, to Don John of Austria, "that the first foes with whom one has to contend are one's own troops, with their clamours for an engagement at this moment, and their murmurs about results at another; with their 'I thought that the battle should be fought;' or, 'It was my opinion that the occasion ought not to be lost.' Your Highness will have opportunity enough to display valour, and will never be weak enough to be conquered by the babble of soldiers."[3]

In person he was tall, thin, erect, with a small head, a long visage, lean yellow cheek, dark twinkling eyes, adust complexion, black bristling hair, and a long sable-silvered beard, descending in two waving streams upon his breast.[4]

Such being the design, the machinery was well selected. The best man in Europe to lead the invading force was placed at the head of ten thousand picked veterans. The privates in this exquisite little army,[5] said the enthusiastic connoisseur Brantôme, who travelled post into Lorraine expressly to see them on their march, all wore engraved or gilded armour, and were in every respect equipped like captains. They were the first who carried muskets, a weapon which very much astonished the Flemings when it first rattled in their ears. The musketeers, he observed, might have been mistaken for princes, with such agreeable and graceful arrogance did they present themselves. Each was attended by his servant or esquire, who carried his piece for him, except in battle, and all were treated with extreme deference by the rest of the army, as if they had been officers.[6] The four regiments of Lombardy, Sardinia, Sicily, and Naples composed a total of not quite nine thousand of the best foot-soldiers in Europe. They were commanded respectively by Don Sancho de Lodroño, Don Gonzalo de Bracamonte, Julien Romero, and Alfonso de Ulloa, all distinguished and experienced generals.[7] The cavalry, amounting to about twelve hundred, was under the command of the natural son of the Duke, Don Ferdinando de Toledo, Prior of the Knights of St John. Chiapin Vitelli, Marquis of Cetona, who had served the King in many a campaign, was appointed Maréchal-de-camp, and Gabriel Cerbelloni was placed in command of the artillery. On the way the Duke received, as a present from the Duke of Savoy, the services of the distinguished engineer, Pacheco, or Paciotti,[8] whose name was to be associated with the most celebrated citadel of the Netherlands, and whose dreadful fate was to be contemporaneous with the earliest successes of the Liberal party.

With an army thus perfect, on a small scale, in all its departments, and furnished, in addition, with a force of two thousand prostitutes, as regularly

mostra timidità et poca intelligenza et poco stimato nella corte come per persona avara, superba et ambitiosa; adulatore et invido molto et di puochissimo cuore."

[1] This anecdote is attributed by Dom l'Evesque and by M. Gachard to Badovaro. It is, however, not to be found in the copy of his Manuscript in the Bibliothèque de Bourgogne.

[2] Dom l'Evesque, Mem. de Granvelle, i. 26, sqq. The Benedictine does not further indicate the author of the pleasantry. One is disposed to imagine it to have been Egmont. Nevertheless, the Duke caused the heads of so many gentlemen to be taken off, that the description is sufficiently vague.

[3] Documentos Ineditos para la Historia de España, iii. 273–283.

[4] "Di persona grande, magra, piccola testa, collerico et adusto."—Badovaro MS.

There is a very good contemporary portrait of the Duke, by Barends, in the Royal Gallery at Amsterdam, which accords very exactly with the descriptions preserved concerning his person.

[5] "Gentille et gaillarde armée."

[6] Brantôme, Grandes Capitaines Etrangers, etc. (ms. 75), (Duc d'Albe).

[7] Mendoza, Guerras de los Paises Baxos, fol. 20, 21, 29, 30.

[8] Hoofd, iv. 148.

enrolled, disciplined, and distributed[1] as the cavalry or the artillery, the Duke embarked upon his momentous enterprise on the 10th of May at Carthagena. Thirty-seven galleys, under command of Prince Andrea Doria, brought the principal part of the force to Genoa, the Duke being delayed a few days at Nice by an attack of fever. On the 2d of June the army was mustered at Alexandria de Palla, and ordered to rendezvous again at San Ambrosio at the foot of the Alps. It was then directed to make its way over Mount Cenis, and through Savoy, Burgundy, and Lorraine, by a regularly arranged treble movement. The second division was each night to encamp on the spot which had been occupied upon the previous night by the vanguard, and the rear was to place itself on the following night in the camp of the corps de bataille.[2] Thus coiling itself along almost in a single line by slow and serpentine windings, with a deliberate, deadly, venomous purpose, this army, which was to be the instrument of Philip's long-deferred vengeance, stole through narrow mountain pass and tangled forest. So close and intricate were many of the defiles through which the journey led them,[3] that had one tithe of the treason which they came to punish ever existed, save in the diseased imagination of their monarch, not one man would have been left to tell the tale. Egmont, had he really been the traitor and the conspirator he was assumed to be, might have easily organised the means of cutting off the troops before they could have effected their entrance into the country which they had doomed to destruction. His military experience, his qualifications for a daring stroke, his great popularity, and the intense hatred entertained for Alva, would have furnished him with a sufficient machinery for the purpose.

Twelve days' march carried the army through Burgundy, twelve more through Lorraine. During the whole of the journey they were closely accompanied by a force of cavalry and infantry, ordered upon this service by the King of France, who, for fear of exciting a fresh Huguenot demonstration, had refused the Spaniards a passage through his dominions. This reconnoitring army kept pace with them like their shadow, and watched all their movements. A force of six thousand Swiss, equally alarmed and uneasy at the progress of the troops, hovered likewise about their flanks, without, however, offering any impediment to their advance. Before the middle of August they had reached Thionville, on the Luxemburg frontier, having on the last day marched a distance of two leagues through a forest which seemed expressly arranged to allow a small defensive force to embarrass and destroy an invading army. No opposition, however, was attempted and the Spanish soldiers encamped at last within the territory of the Netherlands, having accomplished their adventurous journey in entire safety and under perfect discipline.[4]

The Duchess had in her secret letters to Philip continued to express her disapprobation of the enterprise thus committed to Alva. She had bitterly complained that now, when the country had been pacified by her efforts, another should be sent to reap all the glory, or perhaps to undo all that she had so painfully and so successfully done. She stated to her brother, in most unequivocal language, that the name of Alva was odious enough to make the whole Spanish nation detested in the Netherlands. She could find no language sufficiently strong to express her surprise that the King should have decided upon a measure likely to be attended with such fatal consequences

[1] Hoofd, iv. 148. Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 565: "On dit qu'ils ont plus de deux milles putaines avecques eux, tellement que nous ne serons en faulte des putaines avecq ceulx que nous avons"—Lettre de Jean de Hornes à Arnoul Munten.

Brantôme particularly commends the organisation of this department: "De plus il y avoit quatre cens courtezanes à cheval, *belles et braves comme princesses*, et huit cens à pied, *bien à point aussi*."—Vie des Grands Hommes, etc. (ust supra p. 80), (D'Albe).

Such was the moral physiognomy of the army which came to enforce the high religious purposes of Philip. In such infamous shape was the will of God supposed to manifest itself before the eyes of the heretics in the Netherlands.

[2] B. de Mendoza, 30.

[3] Ibid., 30, 31.

[4] Ibid.

without consulting her on the subject, and in opposition to what had been her uniform advice. She also wrote personally to Alva, imploring, commanding, threatening, but with equally ill success.[1] The Duke knew too well who was sovereign of the Netherlands now, his master's sister or himself. As to the effects of his armed invasion upon the temper of the provinces, he was supremely indifferent. He came as a conqueror, not as a mediator. "I have tamed people of iron in my day," said he, contemptuously; "shall I not easily crush these men of butter?"[2]

At Thionville he was, however, officially waited upon by Berlaymont and Noircarmes, on the part of the Regent. He at this point, moreover, began to receive deputations from various cities, bidding him a hollow and trembling welcome, and deprecating his displeasure for anything in the past which might seem offensive. To all such embassies he replied in vague and conventional language; saying, however, to his confidential attendants:—"I am here—so much is certain; whether I am welcome or not is to me a matter of little consequence."[3] At Tirlemont, on the 22d August, he was met by Count Egmont, who had ridden forth from Brussels to show him a becoming respect, as the representative of his sovereign. The Count was accompanied by several other noblemen, and brought to the Duke a present of several beautiful horses.[4] Alva received him, however, but coldly, for he was unable at first to adjust the mask to his countenance as adroitly as was necessary. "Behold the greatest of all the heretics," he observed to his attendants, as soon as the nobleman's presence was announced, and in a voice loud enough for him to hear.[5] Even after they had exchanged salutations, he addressed several remarks to him in a half-jesting half-biting tone, saying, among other things, that his countship might have spared him the trouble of making this long journey in his old age.[6] There were other observations in a similar strain, which might have well aroused the suspicion of any man not determined, like Egmont, to continue blind and deaf. After a brief interval, however, Alva seems to have commanded himself. He passed his arm lovingly over that stately neck,[7] which he had already devoted to the block, and—the Count having resolved beforehand to place himself, if possible, upon amicable terms with the new Viceroy—the two rode along side by side in friendly conversation, followed by the regiment of infantry and three companies of light horse which belonged to the Duke's immediate command.[8] Alva, still attended by Egmont, rode soon afterwards through the Louvain gate into Brussels, where they separated for a season. Lodgings had been taken for the Duke at the house of a certain Madame de Jassy,[9] in the neighbourhood of Egmont's palace. Leaving here the principal portion of his attendants, the Captain-General, without alighting, forthwith proceeded to the palace to pay his respects to the Duchess of Parma.

For three days the Regent had been deliberating with her Council as to the propriety of declining any visit from the man whose presence she justly considered a disgrace and an insult to herself.[10] This being the reward of her eight years' devotion to her brother's commands, to be superseded by a subject, and one, too, who came to carry out a policy which she had urgently deprecated, it could hardly be expected of the Emperor's daughter that she should graciously submit to the indignity, and receive her successor with a smiling countenance. In consequence, however, of the submissive language

[1] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 546, 556, etc. Strada, i. 289. Hoofd, iv. 148. Strada, i. 292.
[2] Hoofd, iv 148. [3] Bor, iv. 182.
[4] MS. 12-941, Bib. de Bourg. Troubles des Pays Bas de Jean de Grutere, Extraits par M. Emile Gachet (1st Août 1847).
[5] Bor, iv. 182. Hoofd, iv. 150.
[6] Jean de Grutere MS., Extraits de M. Gachet.
[7] Hoofd, 150.
[8] Jean de Grutere MS., Extraits de M. Gachet.
[9] Ibid.
[10] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 631.

with which the Duke had addressed her in his recent communications, offering, with true Castilian but empty courtesy, to place his guards, his army, and himself at her feet, she had consented to receive his visit with or without his attendants.[1]

On his appearance in the courtyard, a scene of violent altercation and almost of bloodshed took place between his bodyguard and the archers of the Regent's household, who were at last with difficulty persuaded to allow the mercenaries of the hated Captain-General to pass.[2] Presenting himself at three o'clock in the afternoon, after these not very satisfactory preliminaries, in the bed-chamber of the Duchess, where it was her habit to grant confidential audiences, he met, as might easily be supposed, with a chilling reception. The Duchess, standing motionless in the centre of the apartment, attended by Berlaymont, the Duke of Aerschot, and Count Egmont, acknowledged his salutations with calm severity. Neither she nor any one of her attendants advanced a step to meet him. The Duke took off his hat, but she, calmly recognising his right as a Spanish grandee, insisted upon his remaining covered. A stiff and formal conversation of half an hour's duration then ensued, all parties remaining upon their feet.[3] The Duke, although respectful, found it difficult to conceal his indignation and his haughty sense of approaching triumph. Margaret was cold, stately, and forbidding, disguising her rage and mortification under a veil of imperial pride.[4] Alva, in a letter to Philip describing the interview, assured his Majesty that he had treated the Duchess with as much deference as he could have shown to the Queen;[5] but it is probable, from other contemporaneous accounts, that an ill-disguised and even angry arrogance was at times very visible in his demeanour. The State Council had advised the Duchess against receiving him until he had duly exhibited his powers. This ceremony had been waived, but upon being questioned by the Duchess at this interview as to their nature and extent, he is reported to have coolly answered that he really did not exactly remember, but that he would look them over, and send her information at his earliest convenience.[6]

The next day, however, his commission was duly exhibited. In this document, which bore date 31st January 1567, Philip appointed him to be Captain-General "in correspondence with his Majesty's dear sister of Parma, who was occupied with other matters belonging to the government," begged the Duchess to co-operate with him, and to command obedience for him, and ordered all the cities of the Netherlands to receive such garrisons as he should direct.[7]

At the official interview between Alva and Madame de Parma, at which these powers were produced, the necessary preliminary arrangements were made regarding the Spanish troops, which were now to be immediately quartered in the principal cities. The Duke, however, informed the Regent that as these matters were not within her province, he should take the liberty of arranging them with the authorities without troubling her in the matter, and would inform her of the result of his measures at their next interview, which was to take place on the 26th August.[8]

Circular letters signed by Philip, which Alva had brought with him, were now dispatched to the different municipal bodies of the country. In these the cities were severally commanded to accept the garrisons and to provide for the armies, whose active services the King hoped would not be required, but which he had sent beforehand to prepare a peaceful entrance for himself.

[1] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 631.
[2] Ibid. [3] Ibid.
[4] Strada, i. 297.
[5] Correspondance de Philippe II., i, 636.
[6] Van d. Vynckt, ii. 53. [7] Bor, iv. 182, 183.
[8] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 622.

He enjoined the most absolute obedience to the Duke of Alva until his own arrival, which was to be almost immediate. These letters were dated at Madrid on the 28th February, and were now accompanied by a brief official circular, signed by Margaret of Parma, in which she announced the arrival of her dear cousin of Alva, and demanded unconditional submission to his authority.[1]

Having thus complied with these demands of external and conventional propriety, the indignant Duchess unbosomed herself in her private Italian letters to her brother of the rage which had been hitherto partially suppressed. She reiterated her profound regret that Philip had not yet accepted the resignation which she had so recently and so earnestly offered. She disclaimed all jealousy of the supreme powers now conferred upon Alva, but thought that his Majesty might have allowed her to leave the country before the Duke arrived with an authority which was so extraordinary, as well as so humiliating to herself. Her honour might thus have been saved. She was pained to perceive that she was like to furnish a perpetual example to all others, who, considering the manner in which she had been treated by the King, would henceforth have but little inducement to do their duty. At no time, on no occasion, could any person ever render him such services as hers had been. For nine years she had enjoyed not a moment of repose. If the King had shown her but little gratitude, she was consoled by the thought that she had satisfied her God, herself, and the world. She had compromised her health, perhaps her life, and now that she had pacified the country, now that the King was more absolute, more powerful than ever before, another was sent to enjoy the fruit of her labours and her suffering.[2]

The Duchess made no secret of her indignation at being thus superseded, and, as she considered the matter, outraged. She openly avowed her displeasure. She was at times almost beside herself with rage. There was universal sympathy with her emotions, for all hated the Duke, and shuddered at the arrival of the Spaniards. The day of doom for all the crimes which had ever been committed in the course of ages seemed now to have dawned upon the Netherlands. The sword which had so long been hanging over them, seemed about to descend. Throughout the provinces there was but one feeling of cold and hopeless dismay. Those who still saw a possibility of effecting their escape from the fated land swarmed across the frontier. All foreign merchants deserted the great marts. The cities became as still as if the plague banner had been unfurled on every house-top.

Meantime the Captain-General proceeded methodically with his work. He distributed his troops through Brussels, Ghent, Antwerp, and other principal cities. As a measure of necessity and mark of the last humiliation, he required the municipalities to transfer their keys to his keeping. The magistrates of Ghent humbly remonstrated against the indignity, and Egmont was imprudent enough to make himself the mouthpiece of their remonstrance, which, it is needless to add, was unsuccessful.[3] Meantime his own day of reckoning had arrived.

As already observed, the advent of Alva at the head of a foreign army was the natural consequence of all which had gone before. The delusion of the royal visit was still maintained, and the affectation of a possible clemency still displayed, while the monarch sat quietly in his cabinet without a remote intention of leaving Spain, and while the messengers of his accumulated and long-concealed wrath were already descending upon their prey. It was the deliberate intention of Philip, when the Duke was dispatched to the Nether-

[1] Bor, iv. 183, 184. [2] Cor. de Phil. II., i. 635. Strada, i. 298. [3] Bor, iv. 184. Hoofd, iv. 150.

lands, that all the leaders of the anti-Inquisition party, and all who had, at any time or in any way, implicated themselves in opposition to the Government, or in censure of its proceedings, should be put to death. It was determined that the provinces should be subjugated to the absolute domination of the Council of Spain, a small body of foreigners sitting at the other end of Europe, a junta in which Netherlanders were to have no voice and exercise no influence. The despotic government of the Spanish and Italian possessions was to be extended to these Flemish territories, which were thus to be converted into the helpless dependencies of a *foreign and an absolute crown*.[1] There was to be a reorganisation of the Inquisition, upon the same footing claimed for it before the outbreak of the troubles, together with a re-enactment and vigorous enforcement of the famous edicts against heresy.[2]

Such was the scheme recommended by Granvelle and Espinosa, and to be executed by Alva.[3] As part and parcel of this plan, it was also arranged at secret meetings at the house of Espinosa, before the departure of the Duke, that all the seigniors against whom the Duchess Margaret had made so many complaints, especially the Prince of Orange, with the Counts Egmont, Horn, and Hoogstraaten, should be immediately arrested and brought to chastisement. The Marquis Berghen and the Baron Montigny, being already in Spain, could be dealt with at pleasure. It was also decided that the gentlemen implicated in the confederacy or compromise should at once be proceeded against for high treason, without any regard to the promise of pardon granted by the Duchess.

The general features of the great project having been thus mapped out, a few indispensable preliminaries were at once executed. In order that Egmont, Horn, and other distinguished victims might not take alarm, and thus escape the doom deliberately arranged for them, royal assurances were dispatched to the Netherlands, cheering their despondency and dispelling their doubts. With his own hand Philip wrote the letter, full of affection and confidence, to Egmont, to which allusion has already been made. He wrote it *after* Alva had left Madrid upon his mission of vengeance. The same stealthy measures were pursued with regard to others. The Prince of Orange was not capable of falling into the royal trap, however cautiously baited. Unfortunately he could not communicate his wisdom to his friends.

It is difficult to comprehend so very sanguine a temperament as that to which Egmont owed his destruction. It was not the Prince of Orange alone who had prophesied his doom. Warnings had come to the Count from every quarter, and they were now frequently repeated. Certainly he was not without anxiety, but he had made his decision, determined to believe in the royal word, and in the royal gratitude for his services rendered, not only against Montmorency and De Thermes, but against the heretics of Flanders. He was, however, much changed. He had grown prematurely old. At forty-six years his hair was white, and he never slept without pistols under his pillow.[4] Nevertheless he affected, and sometimes felt, a light-heartedness which surprised all around him. The Portuguese gentleman Robles, Seigneur de Billy, who had returned early in the summer from Spain, whither he had been sent

[1] "—— Touchant l'ordre qu'il debvoit tenir audict pays——l'on s'est peu appercevoir que *l'intention estait de mectre avec* le temps l'ordre de l'administration de justice et *gouvernement à la façon d'Espagne*, en quoy le feu Courtewille et moy avons toujours resisté."—Confessions of Councillor Louis del Rio.

[2] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 562.

[3] "Et que *mesmement le Cardinal Granvelle et President Viglius, M. de Berlaymont et Noircarmes auraient à sa Majesté conseillé* le même. Voires expressement qu'il *convenoit une armée d'espaignols* avecq quelque chef pour maintenir le pays en l'obeissance de sa Majesté et en la religion Catholique. Et que le Duc d'Alve fut envoyé pour chef par conseil du Cardinal Spinosa et *advis du Cardinal de Granvelle*, comme il est assez apparu par *plusieurs lettres escriptes* en ce temps là à ses amys, et tout cecy est aussy selon *la commune opinion*.——Sur le second scavoir les motifs et raisons qui en ont esté pour persuader au Roy de l'envoyer, ne puis dire aultre sinon que leur sembloit selon que j'ay peu entendre que le Roy par ce *moyen se debvroit faire absolut Roy* et restablir la religion Catholique."—Confessions of Del Rio.

[4] Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., Supplément, 35, 36.

upon a confidential mission by Madame de Parma, is said to have made repeated communications to Egmont as to the dangerous position in which he stood.[1] Immediately after his arrival in Brussels he had visited the Count, then confined to his house by an injury caused by the fall of his horse. "Take care to get well very fast," said De Billy, "for there are very bad stories told about you in Spain." Egmont laughed heartily at the observation, as if nothing could well be more absurd than such a warning. His friend—for De Billy is said to have felt a real attachment to the Count—persisted in his prophecies, telling him that "birds in the field sang much more sweetly than those in cages," and that he would do well to abandon the country before the arrival of Alva.[2]

These warnings were repeated almost daily by the same gentleman, and by others, who were more and more astonished at Egmont's infatuation. Nevertheless, he had disregarded their admonitions, and had gone forth to meet the Duke at Tirlemont. Even then he might have seen, in the coldness of his first reception, and in the disrespectful manner of the Spanish soldiers, who not only did not at first salute him, but who murmured audibly that he was a Lutheran and traitor, that he was not so great a favourite with the Government at Madrid as he desired to be.

After the first few moments, however, Alva's manner had changed, while Chiappin Vitelli, Gabriel de Serbelloni, and other principal officers, received the Count with great courtesy, even upon his first appearance. The Grand Prior, Ferdinando de Toledo, natural son of the Duke, and already a distinguished soldier, seems to have felt a warm and unaffected friendship for Egmont, whose brilliant exploits in the field had excited his youthful admiration, and of whose destruction he was, nevertheless, compelled to be the unwilling instrument.[3] For a few days, accordingly, after the arrival of the new Governor-General, all seemed to be going smoothly. The Grand Prior and Egmont became exceedingly intimate, passing their time together in banquets, masquerades, and play,[4] as joyously as if the merry days which had succeeded the treaty of Cateau Cambresis were returned. The Duke, too, manifested the most friendly dispositions, taking care to send him large presents of Spanish and Italian fruits, received frequently by the Government couriers.[5]

Lapped in this fatal security, Egmont not only forgot his fears, but unfortunately succeeded in inspiring Count Horn with a portion of his confidence. That gentleman had still remained in his solitary mansion at Weert, notwithstanding the artful means which had been used to lure him from that "desert." It is singular that the very same person who, according to a well-informed Catholic contemporary, had been most eager to warn Egmont of his danger, had also been the foremost instrument for effecting the capture of the Admiral. The Seigneur de Billy, on the day after his arrival from Madrid, had written to Horn, telling him that the King was highly pleased with his services and character. De Billy also stated that he had been commissioned by Philip to express distinctly the royal gratitude for the Count's conduct, adding that his Majesty was about to visit the Netherlands in August, and would probably be preceded or accompanied by Baron Montigny.[6]

Alva and his son Don Ferdinando had soon afterwards addressed letters from Gerverbiller (dated 26th and 27th July) to Count Horn, filled with expressions of friendship and confidence.[7] The Admiral, who had sent one of his gentlemen to greet the Duke, now responded from Weert that he was very sensible of the kindness manifested towards him, but that for reasons

[1] Pontus Payen. MS. [2] Ibid.
[3] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 574.
[4] Pontus Payen MS. [5] Ibid.
[6] Foppens, Suppl. à Strada, ii. 553, sqq.
[7] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 563, note.

which his secretary, Alonzo de la Loo, would more fully communicate, he must for the present beg to be excused from a personal visit to Brussels. The secretary was received by Alva with extreme courtesy.[1] The Duke expressed infinite pain that the King had not yet rewarded Count Horn's services according to their merit, said that a year before he had told his brother Montigny how very much he was the Admiral's friend, and begged La Loo to tell his master that he should not doubt the royal generosity and gratitude. The Governor added, that if he could see the Count in person he could tell him things which would please him, and which would prove that he had not been forgotten by his friends. La Loo had afterwards a long conversation with the Duke's secretary, Albornoz, who assured him that his master had the greatest affection for Count Horn, and that since his affairs were so much embarrassed, he might easily be provided with the post of governor at Milan, or Viceroy of Naples, about to become vacant. The secretary added, that the Duke was much hurt at receiving no visits from many distinguished nobles whose faithful friend and servant he was, and that Count Horn ought to visit Brussels, if not to treat of great affairs, at least to visit the Captain-General as a friend. "After all this," said honest Alonzo, "I am going immediately to Weert, to urge his lordship to yield to the Duke's desires."[2]

This scientific manœuvring, joined to the urgent representations of Egmont, at last produced its effect. The Admiral left his retirement at Weert to fall into the pit which his enemies had been so skilfully preparing at Brussels. On the night of the 8th September, Egmont received another most significant and mysterious warning. A Spaniard, apparently an officer of rank, came secretly into his house, and urged him solemnly to effect his escape before the morrow. The Countess, who related the story afterwards, always believed, without being certain, that the mysterious visitor was Julian Romero, maréchal-de-camp.[3] Egmont, however, continued as blindly confident as before.

On the following day, September 9, the Grand Prior, Don Ferdinando, gave a magnificent dinner, to which Egmont and Horn, together with Noircarmes, the Viscount de Ghent, and many other noblemen were invited. The banquet was enlivened by the music of Alva's own military band, which the Duke sent to entertain the company. At three o'clock he sent a message begging the gentlemen, after their dinner should be concluded, to favour him with their company at his house (the Maison de Jassy), as he wished to consult them concerning the plan of the citadel, which he proposed erecting at Antwerp.[4]

At this moment, the Grand Prior, who was seated next to Egmont, whispered in his ear, "Leave this place, Signor Count, instantly; take the fleetest horse in your stable, and make your escape without a moment's delay." Egmont, much troubled, and remembering the manifold prophecies and admonitions which he had passed by unheeded, rose from the table and went into the next room. He was followed by Noircarmes and two other gentlemen, who had observed his agitation, and were curious as to its cause. The Count repeated to them the mysterious words just whispered to him by the Grand Prior, adding that he was determined to take the advice without a moment's delay. "Ha! Count," exclaimed Noircarmes, "do not put lightly such implicit confidence in this stranger, who is counselling you to your destruction. What will the Duke of Alva and all the Spaniards say of such a precipitate flight? Will they

[1] Letter of Alonzo de la Loo in Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 563, 564.

[2] Ibid. Compare "La Deduction de l'Innocence du Comte de Hornes" (1568), pp. 33–35.

[3] "Voires le *jour précédent*, quelque Seigneur du conseil l'avoit préadverti, aiant Madame sa femme souvent declairé que ung captaine Espagnol qu'on soubçonnoit avoir este Julian Romero, était venu de nuict en son logis 'il conseiller la retraicte, mais la confidence de ses services, l'espoir de son innocence le fit desmeurer.' —Renom de France MS., ii. c. 1.

[4] Pontus Payen MS., book iv.

not say that your Excellency has fled from the consciousness of guilt? Will not your escape be construed into a confession of high treason?"[1]

If these words were really spoken by Noircarmes, and that they were so we have the testimony of a Walloon gentleman in constant communication with Egmont's friends and with the whole Catholic party, they furnish another proof of the malignant and cruel character of the man. The advice fixed for ever the fate of the vacillating Egmont. He had risen from table determined to take the advice of a noble-minded Spaniard, who had ventured his life to save his friend. He now returned in obedience to the counsel of a fellow-countryman, a Flemish noble, to treat the well-meant warning with indifference, and to seat himself again at the last banquet which he was ever to grace with his presence.[2]

At four o'clock, the dinner being finished, Horn and Egmont, accompanied by the other gentlemen, proceeded to the "Jassy" house, then occupied by Alva, to take part in the deliberations proposed. They were received by the Duke with great courtesy. The engineer, Pietro Urbino, soon appeared and laid upon the table a large parchment containing the plan and elevation of the citadel to be erected at Antwerp.[3] A warm discussion upon the subject soon arose, Egmont, Horn, Noircarmes, and others, together with the engineers Urbino and Pacheco, all taking part in the debate.[4] After a short time, the Duke of Alva left the apartment on pretext of a sudden indisposition, leaving the company still warmly engaged in their argument.[5] The council lasted till near seven in the evening. As it broke up, Don Sancho d'Avila, captain of the Duke's guard, requested Egmont to remain for a moment after the rest, as he had a communication to make to him. After an insignificant remark or two, the Spanish officer, as soon as the two were alone, requested Egmont to surrender his sword. The Count, agitated, and, notwithstanding everything which had gone before, still taken by surprise, scarcely knew what reply to make.[6] Don Sancho repeated that he had been commissioned to arrest him, and again demanded his sword. At the same moment the doors of the adjacent apartment were opened, and Egmont saw himself surrounded by a company of Spanish musqueteers and halberdmen. Finding himself thus entrapped, he gave up his sword, saying bitterly, as he did so, that it had at least rendered some service to the King in times which were past. He was then conducted to a chamber in the upper storey of the house, where his temporary prison had been arranged. The windows were barricaded, the daylight excluded, the whole apartment hung with black. Here he remained fourteen days (from the 9th to 23d September). During this period he was allowed no communication with his friends. His room was lighted day and night with candles, and he was served in strict silence by Spanish attendants, and guarded by Spanish soldiers. The captain of the watch drew his curtain every midnight, and aroused him from sleep that he might be identified by the relieving officer.[7]

Count Horn was arrested upon the same occasion by Captain Salinas, as he was proceeding through the courtyard of the house, after the breaking up of the council. He was confined in another chamber of the mansion, and met with a precisely similar treatment to that experienced by Egmont. Upon the 23d September both were removed under a strong guard to the Castle of Ghent.[8]

On this same day, two other important arrests, included and arranged in the same programme, had been successfully accomplished. Bakkerzeel, private and confidential secretary of Egmont, and Antony van Straalen, the rich

[1] Pontus Payen MS., book iv. [2] Ibid. [3] Ibid. [4] Ibid. Compare Cor. de Philippe II., i. 573. [5] Pontus Payen MS. [6] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 573. [7] Pontus Payen MS. [8] Ibid. Compare Bor. iv. 284; Hoofd, iv. 150, 151; Strada, vi. 298–300; Correspondance de Philippe II., ubi sup.

and influential burgomaster of Antwerp, were taken almost simultaneously.[1] At the request of Alva, the burgomaster had been invited by the Duchess of Parma to repair on business to Brussels. He seemed to have feared an ambuscade, for as he got into his coach to set forth upon the journey, he was so muffled in a multiplicity of clothing, that he was scarcely to be recognised.[2] He was no sooner, however, in the open country, and upon a spot remote from human habitations, than he was suddenly beset by a band of forty soldiers under command of Don Alberic Lodron and Don Sancho de Lodroño.[3] These officers had been watching his movements for many days. The capture of Bakkerzeel was accomplished with equal adroitness at about the same hour.

Alva, while he sat at the council-board with Egmont and Horn, was secretly informed that those important personages Bakkerzeel and Straalen, with the private secretary of the Admiral, Alonzo de la Loo, in addition, had been thus successfully arrested. He could with difficulty conceal his satisfaction, and left the apartment immediately, that the trap might be sprung upon the two principal victims of his treachery. He had himself arranged all the details of these two important arrests, while his natural son, the Prior Don Ferdinando, had been compelled to superintend the proceedings.[4] The plot had been an excellent plot, and was accomplished as successfully as it had been sagaciously conceived. None but Spaniards had been employed in any part of the affair.[5] Officers of high rank in his Majesty's army had performed the part of spies and policemen with much adroitness, nor was it to be expected that the duty would seem a disgrace when the Prior of the Knights of Saint John was superintendent of the operations, when the Captain-General of the Netherlands had arranged the whole plan, and when all, from subaltern to viceroy, had received minute instructions as to the contemplated treachery from the great chief of the Spanish police, who sat on the throne of Castile and Aragon.

No sooner were these gentlemen in custody than the secretary Albornoz was dispatched to the house of Count Horn, and to that of Bakkerzeel, where all papers were immediately seized, inventoried, and placed in the hands of the Duke.[6] Thus, if amid the most secret communications of Egmont and Horn or their correspondents, a single treasonable thought should be lurking, it was to go hard but it might be twisted into a cord strong enough to strangle them all.

The Duke wrote a triumphant letter to his Majesty that very night. He apologised that these important captures had been deferred so long, but stated that he had thought it desirable to secure all these leading personages at a single stroke. He then narrated the masterly manner in which the operations had been conducted. Certainly, when it is remembered that the Duke had only reached Brussels upon the 23d August, and that the two Counts were securely lodged in prison on the 9th of September, it seemed a superfluous modesty upon his part thus to excuse himself for an apparent delay. At any rate, in the eyes of the world and of posterity, his zeal to carry out the bloody commands of his master was sufficiently swift.

The consternation was universal throughout the provinces when the arrests became known. Egmont's great popularity and distinguished services placed him so high above the mass of citizens, and his attachment to the Catholic religion was, moreover, so well known, as to make it obvious that no man could now be safe, when men like him were in the power of Alva and his myrmidons. The animosity to the Spaniards increased hourly.[7] The Duchess

[1] Pontus Payen MS., i. 637, 638.
[2] Strada, i. 299.
[3] Correspondance de Philippe II., ubi sup.
[4] Ibid. Compare Hoofd, iv. 151. Strada, i. 299.
[5] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 638.
[6] Ibid.
[7] Bor, iv. 18a.

affected indignation[1] at the arrest of the two nobles, although it nowhere appears that she attempted a word in their defence, or lifted, at any subsequent moment, a finger to save them. She was not anxious to wash her hands of the blood of two innocent men; she was only offended that they had been arrested without her permission. The Duke had, it is true, sent Berlaymont and Mansfeld to give her information of the fact as soon as the capture had been made, with the plausible excuse that he preferred to save her from all the responsibility and all the unpopularity of the measure.[2] Nothing, however, could appease her wrath at this and every other indication of the contempt in which he appeared to hold the sister of his sovereign. She complained of his conduct daily to every one who was admitted to her presence. Herself oppressed by a sense of personal indignity, she seemed for a moment to identify herself with the cause of the oppressed provinces. She seemed to imagine herself the champion of their liberties, and the Netherlanders, for a moment, to participate in the delusion. Because she was indignant at the insolence of the Duke of Alva to herself, the honest citizens began to give her credit for a sympathy with their own wrongs. She expressed herself determined to move about from one city to another until the answer to her demand for dismissal should arrive.[3] She allowed her immediate attendants to abuse the Spaniards in good set terms upon every occasion. Even her private chaplain permitted himself, in preaching before her in the palace chapel, to denounce the whole nation as a race of traitors and ravishers, and for this offence was only reprimanded, much against her will, by the Duchess, and ordered to retire for a season to his convent.[4] She did not attempt to disguise her dissatisfaction at every step which had been taken by the Duke. In all this there was much petulance, but very little dignity, while there was neither a spark of real sympathy for the oppressed millions, nor a throb of genuine womanly emotion for the impending fate of the two nobles. Her principal grief was, that she had pacified the provinces, and that another had now arrived to reap the glory; but it was difficult, while the unburied bones of many heretics were still hanging, by her decree, on the rafters of their own dismantled churches, for her successfully to enact the part of a benignant and merciful Regent. But it is very true that the horrors of the Duke's administration have been propitious to the fame of Margaret, and perhaps more so to that of Cardinal Granvelle. The faint and struggling rays of humanity which occasionally illumined the course of their government were destined to be extinguished in a chaos so profound and dark, that these last beams of light seemed clearer and more bountiful by the contrast.

The Count of Hoogstraaten, who was on his way to Brussels, had, by good fortune, injured his hand through the accidental discharge of a pistol. Detained by this casualty at Cologne, he was informed, before his arrival at the capital, of the arrest of his two distinguished friends, and accepted the hint to betake himself at once to a place of safety.[5]

The loyalty of the elder Mansfeld was beyond dispute even by Alva. His son Charles had, however, been imprudent, and, as we have seen, had even affixed his name to the earliest copies of the Compromise. He had retired, it is true, from all connection with the confederates, but his father knew well that the young Count's signature upon that famous document would prove his death-warrant were he found in the country. He therefore had sent him into Germany before the arrival of the Duke.[6]

The King's satisfaction was unbounded when he learned this important

[1] Strada, i. 301.
[2] Bor, iv. 185. Strada, i. 300, 301.
[3] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 63.
[4] Correspondance de Philippe II., i 631.
[5] Bor, iv. 185.
[6] Ibid. Corresp. de Philippe II. i. 617.

achievement of Alva, and he wrote immediately to express his approbation in the most extravagant terms.[1] Cardinal Granvelle, on the contrary, affected astonishment at a course which he had secretly counselled. He assured his Majesty that he had never believed Egmont to entertain sentiments opposed to the Catholic religion, nor to the interests of the crown, up to the period of his own departure from the Netherlands. He was persuaded, he said, that the Count had been abused by others, *although, to be sure, the Cardinal had learned with regret what Egmont had written on the occasion of the baptism of Count Hoogstraaten's child.* As to the other persons arrested, he said that no one regretted their fate. The Cardinal added, that he was *supposed to be himself the instigator of these captures*, but that he was not disturbed by that, or by other imputations of a similar nature.[2]

In conversation with those about him, he frequently expressed regret that the Prince of Orange had been too crafty to be caught in the same net in which his more simple companions were so inextricably entangled. Indeed, on the first arrival of the news that men of high rank had been arrested in Brussels, the Cardinal eagerly inquired if the Taciturn had been taken, for by that term he always characterised the Prince. Receiving a negative reply, he expressed extreme disappointment, adding, that if Orange had escaped, they had taken nobody, and that his capture would have been more valuable than that of every man in the Netherlands.[3]

Peter Titelmann, too, the famous inquisitor, who, retired from active life, was then living upon Philip's bounty, and encouraged by friendly letters from that monarch,[4] expressed the same opinion. Having been informed that Egmont and Horn had been captured, he eagerly inquired if "wise William" had also been taken. He was, of course, answered in the negative. "Then will our joy be but brief," he observed. "Woe unto us for the wrath to come from Germany."[5]

On the 12th July of this year, Philip wrote to Granvelle to inquire the particulars of a letter which the Prince of Orange, *according to a previous communication with the Cardinal*, had written to Egmont on the occasion of the baptism of Count Hoogstraaten's child.[6] On the 17th of August the Cardinal replied by setting the King right as to the error which he had committed. The letter, as he had already stated, was not written by Orange, *but by Egmont*, and he expressed his astonishment that Madame de Parma had not yet sent it to his Majesty. The Duchess must have seen it, because her confessor had shown it to the person who was Granvelle's informant. In this letter, the Cardinal continued, the statement had been made by Egmont to the Prince of Orange *that their plots were discovered*, that the King was making armaments, that they were unable to resist him, and that therefore it had become necessary to *dissemble* and to accommodate themselves as well as possible to the present situation, while *waiting for other circumstances under which to accomplish their designs.* Granvelle advised, moreover, that Straalen, who had been privy to the letter, and perhaps the amanuensis, should be forthwith arrested.[7]

The Cardinal was determined not to let the matter sleep, notwithstanding his protestation of a kindly feeling towards the imprisoned Count. Against the statement that he knew of a letter which amounted to a full confession of treason out of Egmont's own mouth—a fact which, if proved, and, perhaps, if even insinuated, would be sufficient with Philip to deprive Egmont of twenty

[1] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 666.
[2] Ibid., i. 674.
[3] Hoofd, iv. 151. Strada, i. 300. Meteren, 50.
[4] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 523.
[5] "—— Si (inquit) astutus Gulielmus (Aurantius) evasit non erunt solida gaudia nostra, væ nobis à bello Germanico."—Pandoræ sive veniæ Hispanicæ editæ Anatomia, Prometheo auctore, 1574.
[6] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 564–610.
[7] Ibid., i. 624.

thousand lives—against these constant recommendations to his suspicious and sanguinary master to ferret out this document, if it were possible, it must be confessed that the churchman's vague and hypocritical expressions on the side of mercy were very little worth.

Certainly these seeds of suspicion did not fall upon a barren soil. Philip immediately communicated the information thus received to the Duke of Alva, charging him on repeated occasions to find out what was written, either by Egmont, or by Straalen at Egmont's instigation, stating that such a letter was written at the time of the Hoogstraaten baptism, that it would probably illustrate the opinions of Egmont at that period, and that the letter itself, which the confessor of Madame de Parma had once had in his hands, ought, if possible, to be procured.[1] Thus the very language used by Granvelle to Philip was immediately repeated by the monarch to his representative in the Netherlands at the moment when all Egmont's papers were in his possession, and when Egmont's private secretary was undergoing the torture,[2] in order that secrets might be wrenched from him which had never entered his brain. The fact that no such letter was found, that the Duchess had never alluded to any such document, and that neither a careful scrutiny of papers, nor the application of the rack,[3] could elicit any satisfactory information on the subject, leads to the conclusion that no such treasonable paper had ever existed, save in the imagination of the Cardinal. At any rate, it is no more than just to hesitate before affixing a damning character to a document, in the absence of any direct proof that there ever was such a document at all. The confessor of Madame de Parma told another person, who told the Cardinal, that either Count Egmont, or Burgomaster Straalen by command of Count Egmont, wrote to the Prince of Orange thus and so. What evidence was this upon which to found a charge of high treason against a man whom Granvelle affected to characterise as otherwise neither opposed to the Catholic religion nor to the true service of the King? What kind of mercy was it on the part of the Cardinal, while making such deadly insinuations, to recommend the imprisoned victim to clemency?

The unfortunate envoys, Marquis Berghen and Baron Montigny, had remained in Spain under close observation. Of those doomed victims who, in spite of friendly remonstrances and of ominous warnings, had thus ventured into the lion's den, no retreating footmarks were ever to be seen. Their fate, now that Alva had at last been dispatched to the Netherlands, seemed to be sealed, and the Marquis Berghen, accepting the augury in its most evil sense, immediately afterwards had sickened unto death. Whether it were the sickness of hope deferred suddenly changing to despair, or whether it were a still more potent and unequivocal poison which came to the relief of the unfortunate nobleman, will perhaps never be ascertained with certainty.[4] The secrets of those terrible prison-houses of Spain can never perhaps be accurately known until the grave gives up its dead and the buried crimes of centuries are revealed.

It was very soon after the departure of Alva's fleet from Carthagena that the Marquis Berghen felt his end approaching. He sent for the Prince of Eboli, with whom he had always maintained intimate relations, and whom he believed to be his disinterested friend. Relying upon his faithful breast, and trusting to receive from his eyes alone the pious drops of sympathy which he required, the dying noble poured out his long and last complaint. He charged him to tell the man whom he would no longer call his king, that he had ever

[1] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 666–702.
[2] Vigl. Epist. ad Hopp., xxvi. 406. Van d. Vynckt, 82. Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 671.
[3] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 671.
[4] Strada, i. 290. Hoofd, iv. 146.

been true and loyal; that the bitterness of having been constantly suspected, when he was conscious of entire fidelity, was a sharper sorrow than could be lightly believed, and that he hoped the time would come when his own truth and the artifices of his enemies would be brought to light. He closed his parting message by predicting that after he had been long laid in the grave, the impeachments against his character would be at last, although too late, retracted.[1]

So spake the unhappy envoy, and his friend replied with words of consolation. It is probable that he even ventured, in the King's name, to grant him the liberty of returning to his home; the only remedy, as his physicians had repeatedly stated, which could possibly be applied to his disease. But the devilish hypocrisy of Philip and the abject perfidy of Eboli at this juncture almost surpass belief. The Prince came to press the hand and to close the eyes of the dying man whom he called his friend, having first carefully studied a billet of most minute and secret instructions from his master as to the deportment he was to observe upon this solemn occasion and afterwards. This paper, written in Philip's own hand, had been delivered to Eboli on the very day of his visit to Berghen, and bore the superscription that it was not to be read nor opened till the messenger who brought it had left his presence. It directed the Prince, if it should be evident that the Marquis was past recovery, to promise him, in the King's name, the permission of returning to the Netherlands. Should, however, a possibility of his surviving appear, Eboli was only to hold out a hope that such permission might eventually be obtained. In case of the death of Berghen, the Prince was immediately to confer with the Grand Inquisitor and with the Count of Feria upon the measures to be taken for his obsequies. It might seem advisable, in that event, to exhibit the regret which the King and his ministers felt for his death, and the great esteem in which they held the nobles of the Netherlands. At the same time, Eboli was further instructed to confer with the same personages as to the most efficient means for preventing the escape of Baron Montigny; to keep a vigilant eye upon his movements, and to give general directions to governors and to postmasters to intercept his flight should it be attempted. Finally, in case of Berghen's death, the Prince was directed to dispatch a special messenger, apparently on his own responsibility, and as if in the absence and without the knowledge of the King, to inform the Duchess of Parma of the event, and to urge her immediately to take possession of the city of Bergen-op-Zoom, and of all other property belonging to the Marquis, until it should be ascertained whether it were not possible to convict him, after death, of treason, and to confiscate his estates accordingly.[2]

Such were the instructions of Philip to Eboli, and precisely in accordance with the programme was the horrible comedy enacted at the deathbed of the envoy. Three days after his parting interview with his disinterested friend, the Marquis was a corpse.[3] Before his limbs were cold, a messenger was on his way to Brussels, instructing the Regent to *sequestrate his property, and to arrest upon suspicion of heresy the youthful kinsman and niece who, by the will of the Marquis*, were to be united in marriage and to share his estate.[4] The whole drama, beginning with the death-scene, was enacted according to order. Before the arrival of Alva in the Netherlands, the property of the Marquis was in the hands of the Government, awaiting the confiscation,[5] which was but for a brief season delayed; while, on the other hand, Baron Montigny, Berghen's companion in doom, who was not, however, so easily to be carried

[1] Strada, i. 290.
[2] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 572.
[3] Strada, i. 290.
[4] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 547–590; Strada, i. 291; and note of Gachard.
[5] Van. d. Vynckt, ii. 77.

off by home-sickness, was closely confined in the alcazar of Segovia, never to leave a Spanish prison alive.[1] There is something pathetic in the delusion in which Montigny and his brother, the Count Horn, both indulged, each believing that the other was out of harm's way, the one by his absence from the Netherlands, the other by his absence from Spain, while both, involved in the same meshes, were rapidly and surely approaching their fate.[2]

In the same despatch of the 9th September, in which the Duke communicated to Philip the capture of Egmont and Horn, he announced to him his determination to establish a new court for the trial of crimes committed during the recent period of troubles.[3] This wonderful tribunal was accordingly created with the least possible delay. It was called the Council of Troubles, but it soon acquired the terrible name, by which it will be for ever known in history, of the Blood Council.[4] It superseded all other institutions. Every court, from those of the municipal magistracies up to the supreme councils of the provinces, were forbidden to take cognisance in future of any cause growing out of the late troubles.[5] The Council of State, although it was not formally disbanded, fell into complete desuetude, its members being occasionally summoned into Alva's private chambers in an irregular manner, while its principal functions were usurped by the Blood Council. Not only citizens of every province, but the municipal bodies, and even the sovereign provincial Estates themselves, were compelled to plead, like humble individuals, before this new and extraordinary tribunal.[6] It is unnecessary to allude to the absolute violation which was thus committed of all charters, laws, and privileges, because the very creation of the Council was a bold and brutal proclamation that those laws and privileges were at an end. The constitution or maternal principle of this suddenly erected court was of a twofold nature. It defined and it punished the crime of treason. The definitions, couched in eighteen articles, declared it to be treason to have delivered or signed any petition against the new bishops, the Inquisition, or the edicts; to have tolerated public preaching under any circumstances; to have omitted resistance to the image-breaking, to the field-preaching, or to the presentation of the Request by the nobles, and "either through sympathy or surprise" to have asserted that the King did not possess the right to deprive all the provinces of their liberties, or to have maintained that this present tribunal was bound to respect in any manner any laws or any charters.[7] In these brief and simple, but comprehensive terms, was the crime of high treason defined. The punishment was still more briefly, simply, and comprehensively stated, for it was instant death in all cases.[8] So well, too, did this new and terrible engine perform its work, that in less than three months from the time of its erection, eighteen hundred human beings had suffered death[9] by its summary proceedings, some of the highest, the noblest, and the most virtuous in the land among the number; nor had it then manifested the slightest indication of faltering in its dread career.

Yet, strange to say, this tremendous court, thus established upon the ruins of all the ancient institutions of the country, had not been provided with even a nominal authority from any source whatever. The King had granted it no letters patent or charter, nor had even the Duke of Alva thought it worth while to grant any commissions, either in his own name or as Captain-General, to any of the members composing the board.[10] The Blood Council was merely

[1] Hoofd, iv. 172, 173. Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 648, 654, 666.
[2] Vide Déduction de l'Innocence du Comte de Hornes, pp. 203, 204.
[3] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 637.
[4] Hoofd, iv. 153. Bor, iv. 185, 186. Meteren, f. 49. Reidani, Ann. Belg., p. 5.
[5] Bor, iv. 185, 186. [6] Bor, Hoofd, Meteren, ubi sup.
[7] Meteren, 49. [8] Hoofd, Bor, Meteren, ubi sup.
[9] Brandt, Hist. der Ref., i. 468. Bor, iv. 116.
[10] Vide Notice sur le Cons. des Troubles, par M. Gachard, p. 7. MS. Letters of Requesens, 30th December 1573, and of Geron. de Roda, 18th May 1576.

an informal club, of which the Duke was perpetual president, while the other members were all appointed by himself.

Of these subordinate councillors, two had the right of voting, subject, however, in all cases, to his final decision, while the rest of the number did not vote at all.[1] It had not, therefore, in any sense, the character of a judicial, legislative, or executive tribunal, but was purely a board of advice by which the bloody labours of the Duke were occasionally lightened as to detail, while not a feather's weight of power or of responsibility was removed from his shoulders. He reserved for himself the final decision upon all causes which should come before the Council, and stated his motives for so doing with grim simplicity. "Two reasons," he wrote to the King, "have determined me thus to limit the power of the tribunal; the first that, not knowing its members, I might be easily deceived by them; the second, that *the men of law* only condemn *for crimes which are proved*, whereas your Majesty knows that affairs of state are governed by very different rules from *the laws which they have here*."[2]

It being, therefore, the object of the Duke to compose a body of men who would be of assistance to him in condemning for crimes which could *not* be proved, and in slipping over statutes which were not to be recognised, it must be confessed that he was not unfortunate in the appointments which he made to the office of councillors. In this task of appointment he had the assistance of the experienced Viglius.[3] That learned jurisconsult, with characteristic lubricity, had evaded the dangerous honour for himself, but he nominated a number of persons, from whom the Duke selected his list. The sacerdotal robes which he had so recently and so "craftily" assumed furnished his own excuse, and in his letters to his faithful Hopper, he repeatedly congratulated himself upon his success in keeping himself at a distance from so bloody and perilous a post.[4]

It is impossible to look at the conduct of the distinguished Frisian at this important juncture without contempt. Bent only upon saving himself, his property, and his reputation, he did not hesitate to bend before the "most illustrious Duke," as he always denominated him, with fulsome and fawning homage.[5] While he declined to dip his own fingers in the innocent blood which was about to flow in torrents, he did not object to officiate at the initiatory preliminaries of the great Netherland holocaust. His decent and dainty demeanour seems even more offensive than the jocularity of the real murderers. Conscious that no man knew the laws and customs of the Netherlands better than himself, he had the humble effrontery to observe that it was necessary for him at that moment silently to submit his own unskilfulness to the superior judgment and knowledge of others.[6] Having at last been relieved from the stone of Sisyphus, which, as he plaintively expressed himself, he had been rolling for twenty years,[7] having, by the arrival of Tisnacq, obtained his discharge as President of the State Council, he was yet not unwilling to retain the emoluments and the rank of President of the Privy Council, although both offices had become sinecures since the erection of the Council of Blood. Although his life had been spent in administrative and judicial employments, he did not blush upon a matter of constitutional law to defer to the authority of such jurisconsults as the Duke of Alva and his two Spanish bloodhounds, Vargas and Del Rio. He did not like, he observed

[1] Gachard, Notice, etc., 8 and 9, with the letters cited from Alva, 14th September 1567, and from Requesens, 30th December 1573.

[2] Gachard, Notice, etc., p. 5: "La otra es que letrados no sentencian sino en casos probados; y como V. M. sabe. los negocios de Estado son muy diferentes de las leyes que ellos tienen."—Letter of 9th Sept. 1567.

[3] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 637. Vigl. Epist. ad Hopp., xli. 441, 442; xxvii. 410.

[4] Vigl. ad Hopp., Epist. 27 et 41.

[5] Ibid., 26, etc. [6] Ibid., 26. [7] Vit Viglii, ed

in his confidential correspondence, to gainsay the Duke when maintaining that, in cases of treason, the privileges of Brabant were powerless, although he mildly doubted whether the Brabantines would agree with the doctrine.[1] He often thought, he said, of remedies for restoring the prosperity of the provinces, but in action he only assisted the Duke, to the best of his abilities, in arranging the Blood Council. He wished well to his country, but he was more anxious for the favour of Alva. "I rejoice," said he, in one of his letters, "that the most illustrious Duke has written to the King in praise of my obsequiousness; when I am censured here for so reverently cherishing him, it is a consolation that my services to the King and to the Governor are not unappreciated there."[2] Indeed, the Duke of Alva, who had originally suspected the President's character, seemed at last overcome by his indefatigable and cringing homage. He wrote to the King, in whose good graces the learned doctor was most anxious at that portentous period to maintain himself, that the President was very serviceable and diligent, and that he deserved to receive a crumb of comfort from the royal hand.[3] Philip, in consequence, wrote in one of his letters a few lines of vague compliment, which could be shown to Viglius, according to Alva's suggestion. It is, however, not a little characteristic of the Spanish court and of the Spanish monarch that, on the very day before, he had sent to the Captain-General a few documents of very different import. In order, as he said, that the Duke might be ignorant of nothing which related to the Netherlands, he forwarded to him copies of the letters written by Margaret of Parma from Brussels three years before. These letters, as it will be recollected, contained an account of the secret investigations which the Duchess had made as to the private character and opinions of Viglius, at the very moment when he apparently stood highest in her confidence, and charged him with heresy, swindling, and theft. Thus the painstaking and time-serving President, with all his learning and experience, was successively the dupe of Margaret and of Alva, whom he so obsequiously courted, and always of Philip, whom he so feared and worshipped.[4]

With his assistance, the list of blood-councillors was quickly completed. No one who was offered the office refused it. Noircarmes and Berlaymont accepted with very great eagerness.[5] Several presidents and councillors of the different provincial tribunals were appointed, but all the Netherlanders were men of straw. Two Spaniards, Del Rio and Vargas, were the only members who could vote, while their decisions, as already stated, were subject to reversal by Alva. Del Rio was a man without character or talent, a mere tool in the hands of his superiors, but Juan de Vargas was a terrible reality.

No better man could have been found in Europe for the post to which he was thus elevated. To shed human blood was, in his opinion, the only important business and the only exhilarating pastime of life. His youth had been stained with other crimes. He had been obliged to retire from Spain because of his violation of an orphan child to whom he was guardian,[6] but in his manhood he found no pleasure but in murder. He executed Alva's bloody work with an industry which was almost superhuman, and with a merriment which would have shamed a demon. His execrable jests ring through the blood and smoke and death-cries of those days of perpetual sacrifice. He was proud to be the double of the iron-hearted Duke, and acted so uniformly in accordance with his views, that the right of revision remained but

[1] Vigl. ad Hopp., Epist. 24. [2] Ibid., 26.
[3] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 647.
[4] Ibid., i. 666.
[5] "Norcarme y Barlemon——no solo no han rehusado, pero me parece lo han acetado de muy buena gana."—MS. Letter of Alba, 10th September 1567, cited in Gachard, Notice sur le Conseil des Troubles, p. 7, note.
[6] Hooft, iv. 152. See Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 713, 731; also La Déduction de l'Innocence du Comte de Hornes, pp. 60, 61.

nominal. There could be no possibility of collision where the subaltern was only anxious to surpass an incomparable superior. The figure of Vargas rises upon us through the mist of three centuries with terrible distinctness. Even his barbarous grammar has not been forgotten, and his crimes against syntax and against humanity have acquired the same immortality. "Heretici fraxerunt templa, boni nihili faxerunt contra, ergo debent omnes patibulare," was the comprehensive but barbarous formula of a man who murdered the Latin language as ruthlessly as he slaughtered his contemporaries.[1]

Among the ciphers who composed the rest of the board, the Flemish Councillor Hessels was the one whom the Duke most respected. He was not without talent or learning, but the Duke only valued him for his cruelty. Being allowed to take but little share in the deliberations, Hessels was accustomed to dose away his afternoon hours at the council table, and when awakened from his nap in order that he might express an opinion on the case then before the court, was wont to rub his eyes and call out, "Ad patibulum, ad patibulum" ("to the gallows with him, to the gallows with him"), with great fervour, but in entire ignorance of the culprit's name or the merits of the case. His wife, naturally disturbed that her husband's waking and sleeping hours were alike absorbed with this hangman's work, more than once ominously expressed her hope to him, that he, whose head and heart were thus engrossed with the gibbet, might not one day come to hang upon it himself; a gloomy prophecy, which the future most terribly fulfilled.[2]

The Council of Blood, thus constituted, held its first session on the 20th September at the lodgings of Alva.[3] Springing completely grown and armed to the teeth from the head of its inventor, the new tribunal—at the very outset in possession of all its vigour—forthwith began to manifest a terrible activity in accomplishing the objects of its existence. The councillors having been sworn to "eternal secrecy as to anything which should be transacted at the board, and having likewise made oath to denounce any one of their number who should violate the pledge," the court was considered as organised. Alva worked therein seven hours daily.[4] It may be believed that the subordinates were not spared, and that their office proved no sinecure. Their labours, however, were not encumbered by antiquated forms. As this supreme and only tribunal for all the Netherlands had no commission or authority save the will of the Captain-General, so it was also thought a matter of supererogation to establish a set of rules and orders such as might be useful in less independent courts. The forms of proceeding were brief and artless. There was a rude organisation by which a crowd of commissioners, acting as inferior officers of the Council, were spread over the provinces, whose business was to collect information concerning all persons who might be incriminated for participation in the recent troubles.[5] The greatest crime, however, was to be rich, and one which could be expiated by no virtues however signal. Alva was bent upon proving himself as accomplished a financier as he was indisputably a consummate commander, and he had promised his master an annual income of 500,000 ducats from the confiscations which were to accompany the executions.[6]

It was necessary that the blood torrent should flow at once through the Netherlands, in order that the promised golden river, a yard deep, according to his vaunt,[7] should begin to irrigate the thirsty soil of Spain. It is obvious, from the fundamental laws which were made to define treason at the same moment in which they established the Council, that any man might be at any

[1] Van d. Vynckt, ii. 75, 76, 77. Brandt, i. 465, 466. Reidani, p. 5. Hoofd, 152. "The heretics destroyed the temples, the good men did nothing to prevent it, therefore they should all be hanged."
[2] Hoofd, xiv. 594. Brandt, 494.
[3] Gachard, Notice, etc., 9.
[4] Ibid., 10.
[5] Ibid., 14.
[6] Ibid., 22. Compare Brandt, i. 475; Meteren, 29; Hoofd, iv.; Van d. Vynckt, ii. 81, et alios.
[7] Brandt, i 496.

instant summoned to the court. Every man, whether innocent or guilty, whether Papist or Protestant, felt his head shaking on his shoulders. If he were wealthy, there seemed no remedy but flight, which was now almost impossible, from the heavy penalties affixed by the new edict upon all carriers, shipmasters, and waggoners who should aid in the escape of heretics.[1]

A certain number of these commissioners were particularly instructed to collect information as to the treason of Orange, Louis Nassau, Brederode, Egmont, Horn, Culemburg, Van den Berg, Berghen, and Montigny. Upon such information the proceedings against those distinguished seigniors were to be summarily instituted. Particular councillors of the Court of Blood were charged with the arrangement of these important suits, but the commissioners were to report in the first instance to the Duke himself, who afterwards returned the papers into the hands of his subordinates.[2]

With regard to the inferior and miscellaneous cases which were daily brought in incredible profusion before the tribunal, the same preliminaries were observed, by way of aping the proceeding in courts of justice. Alva sent the cartloads of information which were daily brought to him, but which neither he nor any other man had time to read, to be disposed of by the board of councillors. It was the duty of the different subalterns, who, as already stated, had no right of voting, to prepare reports upon the cases. Nothing could be more summary. Information was lodged against a man, or against a hundred men, in one document. The Duke sent the papers to the Council, and the inferior councillors reported at once to Vargas. If the report concluded with a recommendation of death to the man or the hundred men in question, Vargas instantly approved it, and execution was done upon the man, or the hundred men, within forty-eight hours. If the report *had any other conclusion*, it was immediately sent back for revision, and the reporters were overwhelmed with reproaches by the President.[3]

Such being the method of operation, it may be supposed that the councillors were not allowed to slacken in their terrible industry. The register of every city, village, and hamlet throughout the Netherlands showed the daily lists of men, women, and children thus sacrificed at the shrine of the demon who had obtained the mastery over this unhappy land.[4] It was not often that an individual was of sufficient importance to be tried—if trial it could be called—by himself.[5] It was found more expeditious to send them in batches to the furnace. Thus, for example, on the 4th of January, eighty-four inhabitants of Valenciennes were condemned; on another day, ninety-five miscellaneous individuals from different places in Flanders; on another, forty-six inhabitants of Malines; on another, thirty-five persons from different localities, and so on.[6]

The evening of Shrovetide, a favourite holiday in the Netherlands, afforded an occasion for arresting and carrying off a vast number of doomed individuals at a single swoop.[7] It was correctly supposed that the burghers, filled with wine and wassail, to which perhaps the persecution under which they lived lent an additional and horrible stimulus, might be easily taken from their beds in great numbers, and be delivered over at once to the Council. The plot was ingenious, the net was spread accordingly. Many of the doomed were, how-

[1] Bor, iii. 175, 176.

[2] Gachard, Notice, etc., 10, 11.

[3] Gachard, Notice, etc., 19, 20. "En siendo el aviso de condenaer à muerte se decia que estaba muy bien y no habia mas que ver; empero, si el aviso era de menor pena, no se estaba à lo que ellos decian, sino tornabase à ver el proceso, y decian les sobre ellos malas palabras y hacian les ruin tratamiento," etc.—Official document cited by M. Gachard in Notice sur le Conseil, etc. [4] Hoofd, iv. Brandt, ix.

[5] See in particular the "Sententien van Alva gezammelt van J. Markus," *passim*, a work in which a few thousand sentences of death upon men and women still in the Netherlands, or of banishment under pain of death upon such as had escaped, have been collected and published. The sentences were given mainly upon the culprits in lots or gangs. See also the Correspondance de Philippe II., ii., passim, and the "Registre des Condamnés et Bannis à Cause des Troubles des Pays Bas," 3 vols. MS., Brussels Archives.

[6] Hoofd, iv. 157, 158. Meteren, 49. Gachard, 15, 16.

[7] Hoofd, iv. 157, 158. Brandt, i. 471. Bor, iv. 250. Gachard, 14.

ever, luckily warned of the terrible termination which was impending over their festival, and bestowed themselves in safety for a season. A prize of about five hundred prisoners was all which rewarded the sagacity of the enterprise.[1] It is needless to add that they were immediately executed. It is a wearisome and odious task to ransack the mouldy records of three centuries ago in order to reproduce the obscure names of the thousands who were thus sacrificed. The dead have buried their dead, and are forgotten. It is likewise hardly necessary to state that the proceedings before the Council were all *ex parte*, and that an information was almost inevitably followed by a death-warrant. It sometimes happened even that the zeal of the councillors outstripped the industry of the commissioners. The sentences were occasionally in advance of the docket. Thus, upon one occasion, a man's case was called for trial, but before the investigation was commenced it was discovered that he had been already executed. A cursory examination of the papers proved, moreover, as usual, that the culprit had committed no crime. "No matter for that," said Vargas jocosely; "if he has died innocent, it will be all the better for him when he takes his trial in the other world."[2]

But however the councillors might indulge in these gentle jests among themselves, it was obvious that innocence was in reality impossible, according to the rules which had been laid down regarding treason. The practice was in accordance with the precept, and persons were daily executed with senseless pretexts, which was worse than executions with no pretexts at all. Thus Peter de Wit of Amsterdam was beheaded because at one of the tumults in that city he had persuaded a rioter *not to fire* upon a magistrate. This was taken as sufficient proof that he was a man in authority among the rebels, and he was accordingly put to death.[3] Madame Juriaen, who, in 1566, had struck with her slipper a little wooden image of the Virgin, together with her maidservant, who had witnessed without denouncing the crime, were both drowned by the hangman in a hogshead placed on the scaffold.[4]

Death even did not, in all cases, place a criminal beyond the reach of the executioner. Egbert Meynartzoon, a man of high official rank, had been condemned, together with two colleagues, on an accusation of collecting money in a Lutheran church. He died in prison of dropsy. The sheriff was indignant with the physician, because, in spite of cordials and strengthening prescriptions, the culprit had slipped through his fingers before he had felt those of the hangman. He consoled himself by placing the body on a chair, and having the dead man beheaded in company with his colleagues.[5]

Thus the whole country became a charnel-house; the death-bell tolled hourly in every village; not a family but was called to mourn for its dearest relatives, while the survivors stalked listlessly about, the ghosts of their former selves, among the wrecks of their former homes. The spirit of the nation, within a few months after the arrival of Alva, seemed hopelessly broken. The blood of its best and bravest had already stained the scaffold; the men to whom it had been accustomed to look for guidance and protection, were dead, in prison, or in exile. Submission had ceased to be of any avail, flight was impossible, and the spirit of vengeance had alighted at every fireside. The mourners went daily about the streets, for there was hardly a house which had not been made desolate. The scaffolds, the gallows, the funeral piles which had been sufficient in ordinary times, furnished now an entirely inadequate machinery for the incessant executions. Columns and stakes in every street, the door-posts of private houses, the fences in the fields, were laden with human

[1] Hoofd, Brandt, Bor, Gachard, ubi sup.
[2] Brandt, i. 494. Hoofd, v. 191.
[3] Hoofd, v. 281. Brandt, i. 488.
[4] Brandt, i. 488. Reael, 43. Hist. des Martyrs, 449
[5] Brandt, 488. Reael, 60, 6. Hoofd, v. 181, 189.

carcases, strangled, burned, beheaded. The orchards in the country bore on many a tree the hideous fruit of human bodies.[1]

Thus the Netherlands were crushed, and, but for the stringency of the tyranny which had now closed their gates, would have been depopulated. The grass began to grow in the streets of those cities which had recently nourished so many artisans. In all those great manufacturing and industrial marts, where the tide of human life had throbbed so vigorously, there now reigned the silence and the darkness of midnight. It was at this time that the learned Viglius wrote to his friend Hopper that all venerated the prudence and gentleness of the Duke of Alva.[2] Such were among the first fruits of that prudence and that gentleness.

The Duchess of Parma had been kept in a continued state of irritation. She had not ceased for many months to demand her release from the odious position of a cipher in a land where she had so lately been sovereign, and she had at last obtained it. Philip transmitted his acceptance of her resignation by the same courier who brought Alva's commission to be Governor-General in her place.[3] The letters to the Duchess were full of conventional compliments for her past services, accompanied, however, with a less barren and more acceptable acknowledgment in the shape of a life-income of 14,000 ducats, instead of the 8000 hitherto enjoyed by her Highness.[4]

In addition to this liberal allowance, of which she was never to be deprived, except upon receiving full payment of 140,000 ducats, she was presented with 25,000 florins by the Estates of Brabant, and with 30,000 by those of Flanders.[5]

With these substantial tokens of the success of her nine years' fatigue and intolerable anxiety, she at last took her departure from the Netherlands, having communicated the dissolution of her connection with the provinces by a farewell letter to the Estates, dated 9th December 1567.[6] Within a few weeks afterwards, escorted by the Duke of Alva across the frontier of Brabant, attended by a considerable deputation of Flemish nobility into Germany, and accompanied to her journey's end at Parma by the Count and Countess of Mansfeld, she finally closed her eventful career in the Netherlands.[7]

The horrors of the succeeding administration proved beneficial to her reputation. Upon the dark ground of succeeding years the lines which recorded her history seemed written with letters of light. Yet her conduct in the Netherlands offers but few points for approbation, and many for indignant censure. That she was not entirely destitute of feminine softness and sentiments of bounty, her parting despatch to her brother proved. In that letter she recommended to him a course of clemency and forgiveness, and reminded him that the nearer kings approached to God in station the more they should endeavour to imitate Him in his attributes of benignity.[8] But the language of this farewell was more tender than had been the spirit of her government. One looks in vain, too, through the general atmosphere of kindness which pervades the epistle for a special recommendation of those distinguished and doomed seigniors whose attachment to her person, and whose chivalrous and conscientious endeavours to fulfil her own orders, had placed them upon the edge of that precipice from which they were shortly to be hurled. The men who had restrained her from covering herself with disgrace by a precipitate retreat from the post of danger, and who had imperilled their lives by obedience to her express instructions, had been long languishing in solitary confinement, never to be terminated except by a traitor's death—yet we search in vain for a kind word in their behalf.

[1] Hoofd. iv. 153. [2] Vigl. ad Hopp, Ep. xlvi. 451.
[3] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 658, 662, 680, etc.
[4] Ibid., 658. Strada, i. 305.
[5] Vigl. ad Hopp., xlv. Cor. de Phil. II., ii. 725.
[6] See it in Bor, iv. 186, 187.
[7] Vigl. ad Hopp., xiv. xlvi. Strada, i. 305, 306.
[8] Correspondance de Philippe II., 687.

Meantime the second civil war in France had broken out. The hollow truce by which the Guise party and the Huguenots had partly pretended to deceive each other was hastened to its end, among other causes, by the march of Alva to the Netherlands. The Huguenots had taken alarm, for they recognised the fellowship which united their foes in all countries against the Reformation, and Condé and Coligny knew too well that the same influence which had brought Alva to Brussels would soon create an exterminating army against their followers. Hostilities were resumed with more bitterness than ever. The battle of St. Denis—fierce, fatal, but indecisive—was fought. The octogenarian hero Montmorency, fighting like a foot-soldier, refusing to yield his sword, and replying to the respectful solicitations of his nearest enemy by dashing his teeth down his throat with the butt end of his pistol, the hero of so many battles, whose defeat at St. Quentin had been the fatal point in his career, had died at last in his armour, bravely but not gloriously, in conflict with his own countrymen, led by his own heroic nephew.[1] The military control of the Catholic party was completely in the hand of the Guises; the Chancellor de l'Hôpital had abandoned the court after a last and futile effort to reconcile contending factions which no human power could unite; the Huguenots had possessed themselves of Rochelle and of other strong places, and, under the guidance of adroit statesmen and accomplished generals, were pressing the Most Christian monarch hard in the very heart of his kingdom.[2]

As early as the middle of October, while still in Antwerp, Alva had received several secret agents of the French monarch, then closely beleaguered in his capital. Cardinal Lorraine offered to place several strong places of France in the hands of the Spaniard, and Alva had written to Philip that he was disposed to accept the offer and to render the service. The places thus held would be a guarantee for his expenses, he said, while, in case King Charles and his brother should die, "their possession would enable Philip to assert his own claim to the French crown in right of his wife, the *Salic law being merely a pleasantry*."[3]

The Queen Dowager, adopting now a very different tone from that which characterised her conversation at the Bayonne interview, wrote to Alva, that if, for want of two thousand Spanish musketeers, which she requested him to furnish, she should be obliged to succumb, she chose to disculpate herself in advance before God and Christian princes for the peace which she should be obliged to make.[4] The Duke wrote to her in reply, that it was much better to have a kingdom ruined in preserving it for God and the king by war, than to have it kept entire without war, to the profit of the devil and of his followers.[5] He was also reported on another occasion to have reminded her of the Spanish proverb—that the head of one salmon is worth those of a hundred frogs.[6] The hint, if it were really given, was certainly destined to be acted upon.

The Duke not only furnished Catherine with advice, but with the musketeers which she had solicited. Two thousand foot and fifteen hundred horse, under the Count of Aremberg, attended by a choice band of the Catholic nobility of the Netherlands, had joined the royal camp at Paris before the end of the year, to take their part in the brief hostilities by which the second treacherous peace was to be preceded.[7]

Meantime, Alva was not unmindful of the business which had served as a pretext in the arrest of the two Counts. The fortifications of the principal cities were pushed on with great rapidity. The memorable citadel of Ant-

[1] De Thou. 374, et seq., liv. xli. t. v. [2] Ibid., 378. [3] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 593, 594. [4] Ibid., i. 694. [5] Ibid., i. 696. [6] De Thou, t. v., liv. xliv. 515. Hug. Grot. Annal, lib. ii. 40. Bor, iv. 219. [7] Bor, iv. 219.

werp, in particular, had already been commenced in October, under the superintendence of the celebrated engineers, Pacheco and Gabriel de Cerbelloni.[1] In a few months it was completed, at a cost of one million four hundred thousand florins, of which sum the citizens, in spite of their remonstrances, were compelled to contribute more than one quarter. The sum of four hundred thousand florins was forced from the burghers by a tax upon all hereditary property within the municipality.[2] Two thousand workmen were employed daily in the construction of this important fortress, which was erected, as its position most plainly manifested, not to protect, but to control, the commercial capital of the provinces. It stood at the edge of the city, only separated from its walls by an open esplanade. It was the most perfect pentagon in Europe,[3] having one of its sides resting on the Scheld, two turned towards the city, and two towards the open country. Five bastions, with walls of hammered stone, connected by curtains of turf and masonry, surrounded by walls measuring a league in circumference, and by an outer moat fed by the Scheld, enclosed a spacious enciente, where a little church with many small lodging-houses, shaded by trees and shrubbery, nestled among the bristling artillery, as if to mimic the appearance of a peaceful and pastoral village. To four of the five bastions the Captain-General, with characteristic ostentation, gave his own names and titles. One was called the Duke, the second Ferdinando, a third Toledo, a fourth Alva, while the fifth was baptized with the name of the ill-fated engineer, Pacheco. The watergate was decorated with the escutcheon of Alva, surrounded by his Golden Fleece collar, with its pendant Lamb of God—a symbol of blasphemous irony, which still remains upon the fortress, to recall the image of the tyrant and murderer. Each bastion was honeycombed with casemates and subterranean storehouses, and capable of containing within its bowels a vast supply of provisions, munitions, and soldiers. Such was the celebrated citadel built to tame the turbulent spirit of Antwerp, at the cost of those whom it was to terrify and to insult.[4]

CHAPTER II.

Orange, Count Louis, Hoogstraaten, and others cited before the Blood Council—Charges against them—Letter of Orange in reply—Position and sentiments of the Prince—Seizure of Count de Buren—Details of that transaction—Petitions to the Council from Louvain and other places—Sentence of death against the whole population of the Netherlands pronounced by the Spanish Inquisition and proclaimed by Philip—Cruel inventions against heretics—The Wild Beggars—Preliminary proceedings of the Council against Egmont and Horn—Interrogatories addressed to them in prison—Articles of accusation against them—Foreclosure of the cases—Pleas to the jurisdiction—Efforts by the Countesses Egmont and Horn, by many Knights of the Fleece, and by the Emperor, in favour of the prisoners—Answers of Alva and of Philip—Obsequious behaviour of Viglius—Difficulties arising from the Golden Fleece statutes set aside—Particulars of the charges against Count Horn and of his defence—Articles of accusation against Egmont—Sketch of his reply—Reflections upon the two trials—Attitude of Orange—His published "Justification"—His secret combinations—His commission to Count Louis—Large sums of money subscribed by the Nassau family, by Netherland refugees, and others—Great personal sacrifices made by the Prince—Quadruple scheme for invading the Netherlands—Defeat of the patriots under Cocqueville—Defeat of Villars—Invasion of Friesland by Count Louis—Measures of Alva to oppose him—Command of the royalists intrusted to Aremberg and Meghem—The Duke's plan for the campaign—Skirmish at Dam—Detention of Meghem—Count Louis at Heiliger-Lee—Nature of the ground—Advance of Aremberg—Disposition of the patriot forces—Impatience of the Spanish troops to engage—Battle of Heiliger-Lee—Defeat and death of Aremberg—Death of Adolphus Nassau—Effects

[1] Cor. de Phil. II., ii. 725, 726. Bor, iv. [2] Ibid. [4] De Thou, v. 300. Bor, iv. 219. Hoofd, iv. 154
[3] "La nompareille forteresse du monde."—Brantôme. Vie de Don Sancho d'Avila. Bentivoglio, iv. 58.

of the battle—Anger and severe measures of Alva—Eighteen nobles executed at Brussels—

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Observation upon the characters of the two nobles—Destitute condition of Egmont's family.

LATE in October, the Duke of Alva made his triumphant entry into the new fortress. During his absence, which was to continue during the remainder of the year, he had ordered the Secretary Courteville and the Councillor del Rio to superintend the commission which was then actually engaged in collecting materials for the prosecutions to be instituted against the Prince of Orange and the other nobles who had abandoned the country.[1] Accordingly, soon after his return, on the 19th of January 1568, the Prince, his brother Louis of Nassau, his brother-in-law, Count Van den Berg, the Count Hoogstraaten, the Count Culemburg, and the Baron Montigny, were summoned in the name of Alva to appear before the Blood Council within thrice fourteen days from the date of the proclamation, under pain of perpetual banishment with confiscation of their estates.[2] It is needless to say that these seigniors did not obey the summons. They knew full well that their obedience would be rewarded only by death.

The charges against the Prince of Orange, which were drawn up in ten articles, stated, chiefly and briefly, that he had been, and was, the head and front of the rebellion; that as soon as his Majesty had left the Netherlands, he had begun his machinations to make himself master of the country, and to expel his sovereign by force if he should attempt to return to the provinces; that he had seduced his Majesty's subjects by false pretences that the Spanish Inquisition was about to be introduced; that he had been the secret encourager and director of Brederode and the confederated nobles; and that when sent to Antwerp, in the name of the Regent, to put down the rebellion, he had encouraged heresy and accorded freedom of religion to the Reformers.[3]

The articles against Hoogstraaten and the other gentlemen were of similar tenor. It certainly was not a slender proof of the calm effrontery of the Government thus to see Alva's proclamation charging it as a crime upon Orange that he had inveigled the lieges into revolt by a false assertion that the Inquisition was about to be established, when letters from the Duke to Philip, and from Granvelle to Philip, dated upon nearly the same day, advised the immediate restoration of the Inquisition as soon as an adequate number of executions had paved the way for the measure.[4] It was also a sufficient indication of a reckless despotism, that while the Duchess, who had made the memorable Accord with the Religionists, received a flattering letter of thanks and a farewell pension of fourteen thousand ducats yearly, those who, by her orders, had acted upon that treaty as the basis of their negotiations were summoned to lay down their heads upon the block.

The Prince replied to this summons by a brief and somewhat contemptuous plea to the jurisdiction. As a Knight of the Fleece, as a member of the Germanic Empire, as a sovereign prince in France, as a citizen of the Netherlands, he rejected the authority of Alva and of his self-constituted tribunal. His innocence he was willing to establish before competent courts and righteous judges. As a Knight of the Fleece, he said he could be tried only by his peers, the brethren of the order, and, for that purpose, he could be summoned only by the King as head of the Chapter, with the

[1] Gachard, Notice, etc., 10, 11.
[2] Bor, iv. 220-222. Meteren, 50. Van d. Vynckt, ii. 77.
[3] See the document condensed in Bor, ubi sup.
[4] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 624.

sanction of at least six of his fellow-knights. In conclusion, he offered to appear before his Imperial Majesty, the Electors, and other members of the Empire, or before the Knights of the Golden Fleece. In the latter case, he claimed the right, under the statutes of that order, to be placed while the trial was pending, not in a solitary prison, as had been the fate of Egmont and Horn, but under the friendly charge and protection of the brethren themselves. The letter was addressed to the procurator-general, and a duplicate was forwarded to the Duke.[1]

From the general tenor of the document, it is obvious both that the Prince was not yet ready to throw down the gauntlet to his sovereign, nor to proclaim his adhesion to the new religion. On departing from the Netherlands in the spring, he had said openly that he was still in possession of sixty thousand florins yearly, and that he should commence no hostilities against Philip so long as he did not disturb him in his honour or his estates.[2]

His character had, however, already been attacked, his property threatened with confiscation. His closest ties of family were now to be severed by the hand of the tyrant. His eldest child, the Count de Buren, torn from his protection, was to be carried into indefinite captivity in a foreign land. It was a remarkable oversight, for a person of his sagacity, that, upon his own departure from the provinces, he should leave his son, then a boy of thirteen years, to pursue his studies at the College of Louvain. Thus exposed to the power of the Government, he was soon seized as a hostage for the good behaviour of the father. Granvelle appears to have been the first to recommend the step in a secret letter to Philip,[3] but Alva scarcely needed prompting. Accordingly, upon the 13th of February 1568, the Duke sent the Seignior de Chassy to Louvain, attended by four officers and by twelve archers. He was furnished with a letter to the Count de Buren, in which that young nobleman was requested to place implicit confidence in the bearer of the despatch, and was informed that the desire which his Majesty had to see him educated for his service was the cause of the communication which the Seignior de Chassy was about to make.[4]

That gentleman was, moreover, minutely instructed as to his method of proceeding in this memorable case of kidnapping. He was to present the letter to the young Count in presence of his tutor. He was to invite him to Spain in the name of his Majesty. He was to assure him that his Majesty's commands were solely with a view to his own good, and that he was not commissioned to arrest, but only to escort him. He was to allow the Count to be accompanied only by two valets, two pages, a cook, and a keeper of accounts. He was, however, to induce his tutor to accompany him, at least to the Spanish frontier. He was to arrange that the second day after his arrival at Louvain, the Count should set out for Antwerp, where he was to lodge with Count Lodron, after which they were to proceed to Flushing, whence they were to embark for Spain. At that city he was to deliver the young Prince to the person whom he would find there, commissioned for that purpose by the Duke. As soon as he had made the first proposition at Louvain to the Count, he was, with the assistance of his retinue, to keep the most strict watch over him day and night, but without allowing the supervision to be perceived.[5]

The plan was carried out admirably. It was fortunate, however, for the kidnappers, that the young Prince proved favourably disposed to the plan. He accepted the invitation of his captors with alacrity. He even wrote to thank the Governor for his friendly offices in his behalf.[6] He received with boyish gratification the festivities with which Lodron enlivened his brief

[1] See the letter in Bor, iv. 222–224.
[2] Reidani, i. 5.
[3] Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 701.
[4] Ibid., ii. 730. [5] Ibid., 729. [6] Ibid., 734

sojourn at Antwerp, and he set forth without reluctance for that gloomy and terrible land of Spain, whence so rarely a Flemish traveller had returned.[1] A changeling, as it were, from his cradle, he seemed completely transformed by his Spanish tuition, for he was educated and not sacrificed by Philip. When he returned to the Netherlands, after a twenty years' residence in Spain, it was difficult to detect in his gloomy brow, saturnine character, and Jesuitical habits, a trace of the generous spirit which characterised that race of heroes, the house of Orange-Nassau.

Philip had expressed some anxiety as to the consequences of this capture upon the Governments of Germany.[2] Alva, however, reassured his sovereign upon that point, by reason of the extreme docility of the captive, and the quiet manner in which the arrest had been conducted. At that particular juncture, moreover, it would have been difficult for the Government of the Netherlands to excite surprise anywhere, except by an act of clemency. The president and the deputation of professors from the University of Louvain waited upon Vargas, by whom, as acting president of the Blood Council, the arrest had nominally been made, with a remonstrance that the measure was in gross violation of their statutes and privileges. That personage, however, with his usual contempt both for law and Latin, answered brutally, "Non curamus vestros privilegios," and with this memorable answer, abruptly closed his interview with the trembling pedants.[3]

Petitions now poured into the council from all quarters, abject recantations from terror-stricken municipalities, humble intercessions in behalf of doomed and imprisoned victims. To a deputation of the magistracy of Antwerp, who came with a prayer for mercy in behalf of some of their most distinguished fellow-citizens then in prison, the Duke gave a passionate and ferocious reply. He expressed his wonder that the citizens of Antwerp, that hotbed of treason, should dare to approach him in behalf of traitors and heretics. Let them look to it in future, he continued, or he would hang every man in the whole city, to set an example to the rest of the country; for his Majesty would rather the whole land should become an uninhabited wilderness than that a single dissenter should exist within its territory.[4]

Events now marched with rapidity. The monarch seemed disposed literally to execute the threat of his viceroy. Early in the year, the most sublime sentence of death was promulgated which has ever been pronounced since the creation of the world. The Roman tyrant wished that his enemies heads were all upon a single neck, that he might strike them off at a blow; the Inquisition assisted Philip to place the heads of all his Netherland subjects upon a single neck for the same fell purpose. Upon the 16th February 1568, a sentence of the Holy Office condemned *all the inhabitants* of the Netherlands *to death* as heretics. From this universal doom *only a few persons, especially named*, were excepted.[5] A proclamation of the King, dated ten days later, confirmed this decree of the Inquisition, and ordered it to be carried into instant execution without regard to age, sex, or condition.[6] This is probably the most concise death-warrant that was ever framed. Three millions of people, men, women, and children, were sentenced to the scaffold in three lines; and as it was well known that these were not harmless thunders, like some bulls of the Vatican, but serious and practical measures which were to be enforced, the horror which they produced may be easily imagined. It was hardly the purpose of Government to compel the absolute completion of the wholesale plan in all its length and breadth, yet in the horrible times upon which they had fallen,

[1] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 729, 730, 733–735, 737. Compare Strada, i. 311, 312. Hoofd, 152. Brandt, i. 468. Bor, iv. 222. Van. d. Vynckt, ii. 97, 98. [2] Correspondance de Philippe II. i. 731.

[3] Bor, iv. 222. Van. d. Vynckt, ii. 98.
[4] Hoofd, iv. 157. Bor, iv. 215–217.
[5] Bor, iv. 226. Hoofd, iv. 158. Meteren, 49.
[6] Bor, Hoofd, Meteren, ubi sup

the Netherlanders might be excused for believing that no measure was too monstrous to be fulfilled. At any rate, it was certain that when *all* were condemned, *any* might at a moment's warning be carried to the scaffold, and this was precisely the course adopted by the authorities. Under this universal decree the industry of the Blood Council might not seem superfluous. Why should not these mock prosecutions be dispensed with against individuals, now that a common sentence had swallowed the whole population in one vast grave! Yet it may be supposed that if the exertions of the commissioners and councillors served no other purpose, they at least furnished the Government with valuable evidence as to the relative wealth and other circumstances of the individual victims. The leading thought of the Government being, that persecution, judiciously managed, might fructify into a golden harvest,[1] it was still desirable to persevere in the cause in which already such bloody progress had been made.

And under this new decree, the executions certainly did not slacken. Men in the highest and the humblest positions were daily and hourly dragged to the stake. Alva, in a single letter to Philip, coolly estimated the number of executions which were to take place immediately after the expiration of Holy Week, "*at eight hundred heads.*"[2] Many a citizen, convicted of a hundred thousand florins, and of no other crime, saw himself suddenly tied to a horse's tail, with his hands fastened behind him, and so dragged to the gallows.[3] But although wealth was an unpardonable sin, poverty proved rarely a protection. Reasons sufficient could always be found for dooming the starveling labourer as well as the opulent burgher. To avoid the disturbances created in the streets by the frequent harangues or exhortations addressed to the bystanders by the victims on their way to the scaffold, a new gag was invented. The tongue of each prisoner was screwed into an iron ring, and then seared with a hot iron. The swelling and inflammation, which were the immediate result, prevented the tongue from slipping through the ring, and of course effectually precluded all possibility of speech.[4]

Although the minds of men were not yet prepared for concentrated revolt against the tyranny under which they were languishing, it was not possible to suppress all sentiments of humanity, and to tread out every spark of natural indignation. Unfortunately, in the bewilderment and misery of this people, the first development of a forcible and organised resistance was of a depraved and malignant character. Extensive bands of marauders and highway robbers sprang into existence, who called themselves the Wild Beggars,[5] and who, wearing the mask and the symbols of a revolutionary faction, committed great excesses in many parts of the country, robbing, plundering, and murdering. Their principal wrath was exercised against religious houses and persons. Many monasteries were robbed, many clerical persons maimed and maltreated. It became a habit to deprive priests of their noses or ears, and to tie them to the tails of horses.[6] This was the work of ruffian gangs, whose very existence was engendered out of the social and moral putrescence to which the country was reduced, and who were willing to profit by the deep and universal hatred which was felt against Catholics and monks. An edict thundered forth by Alva,[7] authorising and commanding all persons to slay the Wild Beggars at sight, without trial or hangman, was of comparatively slight avail. An armed force of veterans actively scouring the country was more successful, and the freebooters were, for a time, suppressed.[8]

Meantime the Counts Egmont and Horn had been kept in rigorous con-

1 "Hem (den Koning) opvul'ende met de hoope van een ander Indie in 't aenslaen der verbeurde goederen opgedaen te hebben; hoewel 't nergens 200 breedt uitviel."—Brandt, i. 475. Batavishe Arcadia, 577. Meteren, 50, e mult. al.

2 Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 754.
3 Meteren, 50. 4 Ibid., 54. Hoofd, v. 17.
5 Bor, iv. 224. Hoofd. 6 Bor, iv. 224.
7 Dated 27th March 1568, Bor, iv. 225.
8 Ibid

finement at Ghent. Not a warrant had been read or drawn up for their arrest. Not a single preliminary investigation, not the shadow of an information, had preceded the long imprisonment of two men so elevated in rank, so distinguished in the public service.[1] After the expiration of two months, however, the Duke condescended to commence a mock process against them. The councillors appointed to this work were Vargas and Del Rio, assisted by Secretary Praets. These persons visited the Admiral on the 10th, 11th, 12th, and 17th of November, and Count Egmont on the 12th, 13th, 14th, and 16th of the same month, requiring them to respond to a long, confused, and rambling collection of interrogatories.[2] They were obliged to render these replies in prison, unassisted by any advocates, on penalty of being condemned *in contumaciam*.[3] The questions, awkwardly drawn up as they seemed, were yet tortuously and cunningly arranged with a view of entrapping the prisoners into self-contradiction. After this work had been completed, all the papers by which they intended to justify their answers were taken away from them.[4] Previously, too, their houses and those of their secretaries, Bakkerzeel and Alonzo de la Loo, had been thoroughly ransacked, and every letter and document which could be found placed in the hands of Government. Bakkerzeel, moreover, as already stated, had been repeatedly placed upon the rack, for the purpose of extorting confessions which might implicate his master. These preliminaries and precautionary steps having been taken, the Counts had again been left to their solitude for two months longer. On the 10th January, each was furnished with a copy of the declarations or accusations filed against him by the procurator-general. To these documents, drawn up respectively in sixty-three and in ninety articles,[5] they were required, within five days' time, without the assistance of an advocate, and without consultation with any human being, to deliver a written answer, on pain, as before, of being proceeded against and condemned by default.[6]

This order was obeyed within nearly the prescribed period, and here, it may be said, their own participation in their trial ceased, while the rest of the proceedings were buried in the deep bosom of the Blood Council. After their answers had been delivered, and not till then, the prisoners were, by an additional mockery, permitted to employ advocates.[7] These advocates, however, were allowed only occasional interviews with their clients, and always in the presence of certain persons especially deputed for that purpose by the Duke.[8] They were also allowed commissioners to collect evidence and take depositions; but before the witnesses were ready, a purposely premature day, 8th of May, was fixed upon for declaring the case closed, and not a single tittle of their evidence, personal or documentary, was admitted.[9] Their advocates petitioned for an exhibition of the evidence prepared by Government, and were refused.[10] Thus they were forbidden to use the testimony in their favour, while that which was to be employed against them was kept secret. Finally, the proceedings were formally concluded on the 1st of June, and the papers laid before the Duke.[11] The mass of matter relating to these two monster processes was declared, *three days* afterwards, to have been examined—a physical impossibility in itself[12]—and judgment was pronounced upon the 4th June. This issue was precipitated by the campaign of Louis Nassau in Friesland, forming a series of important events which it will be

[1] La Déduction de l'Innocence du Comte de Hornes, A.D. 1568, etc., 35, 36. Bor, iv. 195.
[2] Bor, iv. 190.
[3] La Déduction, etc., 36, 37.
[4] Ibid., 39.
[5] Foppens, Supp. à Strada, etc., i. 24–63.
[6] Bor, iv. 195. La Déduction, etc., 39–41.
[7] La Déduction, etc., 42, 43. Compare Vigl. ad Hopp, Ep. 44 and 45.
[8] La Déduction de l'Innocence, etc., 42, 43.
[9] La Déduction, etc., 43, 44. In the case of Egmont, he was declared "exclus et debarté," and therefore deprived of all right to make defence, on the 14th May.—Vid. Supp. à Strada, i. 102, 193. "Appointment of Alva."
[10] La Déduction, etc., 43.
[11] Bor iv. 239.
[12] Ibid. La Déduction, etc., 45, 46.

soon our duty to describe. It is previously necessary, however, to add a few words in elucidation of the two mock trials which have been thus briefly sketched.

The proceedings had been carried on, from first to last, under protest by the prisoners, under the threat of contumacy on the part of the Government.[1] Apart from the totally irresponsible and illegal character of the tribunal before which they were summoned—the Blood Council being a private institution of Alva's, without pretext or commission—these nobles acknowledged the jurisdiction of but three courts.

As Knights of the Golden Fleece, both claimed the privilege of that Order to be tried by its statutes. As a citizen and noble of Brabant, Egmont claimed the protection of the "Joyeuse Entrée," a constitution which had been sworn to by Philip and his ancestors, and by Philip more amply than by all his ancestors. As a member and Count of the Holy Roman Empire, the Admiral claimed to be tried by his peers, the electors and princes of the realm.[2]

The Countess Egmont, since her husband's arrest and the confiscation of his estates before judgment, had been reduced to a life of poverty as well as agony. With her eleven children, all of tender age, she had taken refuge in a convent. Frantic with despair, more utterly desolate and more deeply wronged than high-born lady had ever been before, she left no stone unturned to save her husband from his fate, or at least to obtain for him an impartial and competent tribunal. She addressed the Duke of Alva, the King, the Emperor, her brother the Elector Palatine, and many leading Knights of the Fleece.[3] The Countess-Dowager of Horn, both whose sons now lay in the jaws of death, occupied herself also with the most moving appeals to the same high personages.[4] No pains were spared to make the triple plea to the jurisdiction valid. The leading Knights of the Fleece, Mansfeld, whose loyalty was unquestioned, and Hoogstraaten, although himself an outlaw, called upon the King of Spain to protect the statutes of the illustrious Order of which he was the chief.[5] The Estates of Brabant, upon the petition of Sabina, Countess Egmont, that they would take to heart the privileges of the province, so that her husband might enjoy that protection of which the meanest citizen in the land could not be justly deprived, addressed a feeble and trembling protest to Alva, and enclosed to him the lady's petition.[6] The Emperor, on behalf of Count Horn, wrote personally to Philip, to claim for him a trial before the members of the realm.[7]

It was all in vain. The conduct of Philip and his Viceroy coincided in spirit with the honest brutality of Vargas. "*Non curamus vestros privilegios*," summed up the whole of the proceedings. *Non curamus vestros privilegios* had been the unanswerable reply to every constitutional argument which had been made against tyranny since Philip mounted his father's throne. It was now the only response deemed necessary to the crowd of petitions in favour of the Counts, whether they proceeded from sources humble or august. Personally the King remained silent as the grave. In writing to the Duke of Alva he observed, that "the Emperor, the Dukes of Bavaria and Lorraine, the Duchess and the Duchess-Dowager, had written to him many times, and in the most pressing manner, in favour of the Counts Horn and Egmont." He added, that he had made no reply to them, nor to other Knights of the Fleece who had implored him to respect the statutes of the Order, and he begged Alva

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[1] La Déduction, etc., 40, 41.
[2] Bor, iv. 195. [3] Ibid., iv. 188–190.
[4] La Déduction, etc., 605–642. Bor, ubi sup.
[5] La Déduction, etc., ubi sup.
[6] Bor, iv. 189. Foppens, Supp. à Strada, i. 16–22.
[7] The letter is published in the Déduction de l'Innocence, etc., 609. It is dated 20th October 1567. The Emperor claims for the Admiral, as member of the Empire, a trial before the electors and princes of the holy realm, speaks of his distinguished services, and implores his release from a confinement "the reasons for which are entirely concealed and unknown."

"to hasten the process as fast as possible." To an earnest autograph letter, in which the Emperor, on the 2d of March 1568, made a last effort to save the illustrious prisoners, he replied, that "the whole world would at last approve his conduct, but that, at any rate, he would not act differently, even if he should risk the loss of the provinces, and if *the sky should fall on his head*."[1]

But little heed was paid to the remonstrances in behalf of the imperial courts or the privileges of Brabant. These were but cobweb impediments, which, indeed, had long been brushed away. President Viglius was even pathetic on the subject of Madame Egmont's petition to the Council of Brabant. It was so bitter, he said, that the Duke was slightly annoyed, and took it ill that the loyal servants in that Council should have his Majesty's interests so little at heart.[2] It seemed indecent in the eyes of the excellent Frisian that a wife pleading for her husband, a mother for her eleven children, so soon to be fatherless, should indulge in strong language.

The statutes of the Fleece were obstacles somewhat more serious. As, however, Alva had come to the Netherlands[3] pledged to accomplish the destruction of these two nobles as soon as he should lay his hands upon them, it was only a question of form, and even that question was, after a little reflection, unceremoniously put aside.

To the petitions in behalf of the two Counts, therefore, that they should be placed in the friendly keeping of the Order, and be tried by its statutes, the Duke replied, peremptorily, that he had undertaken the cognisance of this affair by commission of his Majesty as sovereign of the land, not as head of the Golden Fleece; that he should carry it through as it had been commenced; and that the Counts should discontinue presentations of petitions upon this point.[4]

In the embarrassment created by the stringent language of these statutes, Doctor Viglius found an opportunity to make himself very useful. Alva had been turning over the laws and regulations of the Order, but could find no loophole. The President, however, came to his rescue, and announced it as his legal opinion that the Governor need concern himself no further on the subject, and that the code of the Fleece offered no legal impediment to the process.[5] Alva immediately wrote to communicate this opinion to Philip, adding, with great satisfaction, that he should immediately make it known to the brethren of the Order, a step which was the more necessary because Egmont's advocate had been making great trouble with these privileges, and had been protesting at every step of the proceedings.[6] In what manner the learned President argued these troublesome statutes out of the way has nowhere appeared; but he completely reinstated himself in favour, and the King wrote to thank him for his legal exertions.

It was now boldly declared that the statutes of the Fleece did not extend to such crimes as those with which the prisoners were charged. Alva, moreover, received an especial patent, ante-dated eight or nine months, by which Philip empowered him to proceed against all persons implicated in the troubles, and particularly against the Knights of the Golden Fleece.[7]

It is superfluous to observe that these were merely the arbitrary acts of a despot. It is hardly necessary to criticise such proceedings. The execution of the nobles had been settled before Alva had left Spain. As they were inhabitants of a constitutional country, it was necessary to stride over the con-

[1] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 762. See also ibid., 728, 739, 746, 750.

[2] Vigl. ad Hopp., Epist. xxiv. 400.

[3] Vide Gachard, Notice sur le Conseil des Troubles. 13, 14. Wagenaer, Vaderl. Hist Deel, vi. 278. Hoofd, iv.

[4] Bor, iv. 189. La Déduction, etc., 64a. Suppl. à l'Hist. de Strada, i. 11–16.

[5] "La chose ne laisse rien à désirer."—Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 712.

[6] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 712.

[7] Ibid., i. 553, 705, and ii. 731.

stitution. As they were Knights of the Fleece, it was necessary to set aside the statutes of the Order. The Netherland constitutions seemed so entirely annihilated already, that they could hardly be considered obstacles; but the Order of the Fleece was an august little republic of which Philip was hereditary chief, of which emperors, kings, and great seigniors were the citizens. Tyranny might be embarrassed by such subtle and golden filaments as these, even while it crashed through municipal charters as if they had been reeds and bulrushes. Nevertheless, the King's course was taken. Although the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth chapters of the Order expressly provided for the trial and punishment of brethren who had been guilty of rebellion, heresy, or treason,[1] and although the eleventh chapter, perpetual and immutable, of additions to that constitution by the Emperor Charles,[2] conferred on the Order exclusive jurisdiction over all crimes whatever committed by the Knights, yet it was coolly proclaimed by Alva that the crimes for which the Admiral and Egmont had been arrested were beyond the powers of the tribunal.

So much for the plea to the jurisdiction. It is hardly worth while to look any further into proceedings which were initiated and brought to a conclusion in the manner already narrated. Nevertheless, as they were called a process, a single glance at the interior of that mass of documents can hardly be superfluous.

The declaration against Count Horn, upon which, supported by invisible witnesses, he was condemned, was in the nature of a narrative. It consisted in a rehearsal of circumstances, some true and some fictitious, with five inferences. These five inferences amounted to five crimes—high treason, rebellion, conspiracy, misprision of treason, and breach of trust.[3] The proof of these crimes was evolved, in a dim and misty manner, out of a purposely confused recital. No events, however, were recapitulated which have not been described in the course of this history. Setting out with a general statement that the Admiral, the Prince of Orange, Count Egmont, and other lords, had organised a plot to expel his Majesty from the Netherlands, and to divide the provinces among themselves, the declaration afterwards proceeded to particulars. Ten of its sixty-three articles were occupied with the Cardinal Granvelle, who, by an absurd affectation, was never directly named, but called "a certain personage—a principal personage—a grand personage of his Majesty's State Council."[4] None of the offences committed against him were forgotten: the 11th of March letter, the fool's-cap livery, were reproduced in the most violent colours, and the cabal against the minister was quietly assumed to constitute treason against the monarch.

The Admiral, it was further charged, had advised and consented to the fusion of the Finance and Privy Councils with that of State, a measure which was clearly treasonable. He had, moreover, held interviews with the Prince of Orange, with Egmont, and other nobles, at Breda and at Hoogstraaten, at which meetings the confederacy and the petition had been engendered. That

[1] Vide "Réponse en Forme de Missive faite par Monseigneur le Comte de Hochstrate au Procureur-Général du Conseil de Crime, 28th Feb. 1568," with a letter of same date from that nobleman to the Duke of Alva, enclosing copies of the text of all the statutes of the Golden Fleece bearing upon these questions, with the addition of copious citations from the text of the "Joyeuse Entrée."—Byv. van Auth. Stukken tot de Hist. van. P. Bor, 17–32.

[2] See the text of this chapter of additions in the pamphlet above cited. The manner of proceeding against a knight is therein minutely prescribed.

His arrest required a warrant, signed by at least six knights, and he was afterwards to be kept, not in prison, but in "the amiable company of the said Order" ("l'aimable compagnie du dit ordre"), while the process, according to the proper form, was taking its course. These details are curious. The cause of the Golden Fleece is not one of universal interest, but the stringent and imperious character of the statutes, which were thus boldly and contemptuously violated, seemed a barrier which would have resisted even the attacks of the destroyer of the Brabant constitution. Philip had no more difficulty in violating his oath as head of the Fleece than he had as Duke of Brabant. The charter of the "Joyeuse Entrée" and its annihilation deserve a memorable place in the history of constitutional liberty. Article xvii. alone was a sufficient shield to protect not only a grand seignior like Egmont, but the humblest citizen of the province.—Déduction de l'Innocence, etc., 581–590.

[3] La Déduction, etc., 72, 73.

[4] Interrogatories of Count Horn, in Bor, iv. 190, sqq.

petition had been the cause of all the evils which had swept the land. "It had scandalously injured the King, by affirming that the Inquisition was a tyranny to humanity, *which was an infamous and unworthy proposition.*"[1] The confederacy, with his knowledge and countenance, had enrolled 30,000 men. He had done nothing, any more than Orange or Egmont, to prevent the presentation of the petition. In the consultation at the State Council which ensued, both he and the Prince were for leaving Brussels at once, while Count Egmont expressed an intention of going to Aix to drink the waters. Yet Count Egmont's appearance (proceeded this *indictment against another individual*) exhibited not a single sign of sickness.[2] The Admiral had, moreover, drunk the toast of "*Vivent les gueux*" on various occasions, at the Culemburg House banquet, at the private table of the Prince of Orange, at a supper at the monastery of Saint Bernard's, at a dinner given by Burgomaster Straalen. He had sanctioned the treaties with the rebels at Duffel, *by which he had clearly rendered himself guilty of high treason.* He had held an interview with Orange, Egmont, and Hoogstraaten at Denremonde for the treasonable purpose of arranging a levy of troops to prevent his Majesty's entrance into the Netherlands. He had refused to come to Brussels at the request of the Duchess of Parma when the rebels were about to present the petition. He had written to his secretary that he was thenceforth resolved to serve neither King nor Kaiser. He had received from one Taffin, with marks of approbation, a paper stating that the assembling of the States-general was the only remedy for the troubles in the land. He had repeatedly affirmed that the Inquisition and edicts ought to be repealed.

On his arrival at Tournay, in August 1566, the people had cried "*Vivent les gueux;*" a proof that he liked the cry. All his transactions at Tournay, from first to last, had been criminal. He had tolerated Reformed preaching, he had forbidden Catholics and Protestants to molest each other, he had omitted to execute heretics, he had allowed the religionists to erect an edifice for public worship outside the walls. He had said, at the house of Prince Espinoy, that if the King should come into the provinces with force, he would oppose him with 15,000 troops. He had said, if his brother Montigny should be detained in Spain, he would march to his rescue at the head of 50,000 men, whom he had at his command. He had on various occasions declared that "men should live according to their consciences"—as if divine and human laws were dead, and men, like wild beasts, were to follow all their lusts and desires. Lastly, he had encouraged the rebellion in Valenciennes.[3]

Of all these crimes and misdeeds the procurator declared himself sufficiently informed, and the aforesaid defendant entirely, commonly, and publicly defamed.[4]

Wherefore, that officer terminated his declaration by claiming "that the cause should be concluded summarily, and without figure or form of process; and that therefore, by his Excellency, or his sub-delegated judges, the aforesaid defendant should be declared to have in divers ways committed high treason, should be degraded from his dignities, and should be condemned to death, with confiscation of all his estates."[5]

The Admiral, thus peremptorily summoned, within five days, without assistance, without documents, and from the walls of a prison, to answer to these charges, *solus ex vinculis causam dicere*, undertook his task with the boldness of innocence.[6] He protested, of course, to the jurisdiction, and complained

[1] Charges against Count Horn, art. xv., Bor, iv. 191. The same words occur also in the charges against Count Egmont. Procès d'Egmont, art. xii. "Scavoir de proposer par jurement que l'inquisition contient en soi tyrannie impassant toute barbarie, qui sont parol'es infames et indignes d'être pensez."—Supp. à Strada, i. 31.

[2] Charges against Count Horn, art. xx.

[3] Ibid., v. Bor, iv. 190–195. [4] Ibid. Ibid.

[5] Ibid. [6] Ibid. La Déduction, etc., 57, 68.

of the want of an advocate, not in order to excuse any weakness in his defence, but only any inelegance in his statement. He then proceeded flatly to deny some of the facts, to admit others, and to repel the whole treasonable inference.[1] His answer in all essential respects was triumphant. Supported by the evidence, which, alas! was not collected and published till after his death, it was impregnable.

He denied that he had ever plotted against his King, to whom he had ever been attached, but admitted that he had desired the removal of Granvelle, to whom he had always been hostile. He had, however, been an open and avowed enemy to the Cardinal, and had been engaged in no secret conspiracy against his character or against his life.[2] He denied that the livery (for which, however, he was not responsible) had been intended to ridicule the Cardinal, but asserted that it was intended to afford an example of economy to an extravagant nobility.[3] He had met Orange and Egmont at Breda and Hoogstraaten, and had been glad to do so, for he had been long separated from them. These interviews, however, had been social, not political, for good cheer and merry-making,[4] not for conspiracy and treason. He had never had any connection with the confederacy; he had neither advised nor protected the petition, but, on the contrary, after hearing of the contemplated movement, had written to give notice thereof to the Duchess. He was in no manner allied with Brederode, but, on the contrary, for various reasons, was not upon friendly terms with him.[5] He had not entered his house since his return from Spain.[6] He had not been a party to the dinner at Culemburg House. Upon that day he had dined with the Prince of Orange, with whom he was lodging, and, after dinner, they had both gone together to visit Mansfeld, who was confined with an inflamed eye. There they had met Egmont, and the three had proceeded together to Culemburg House, in order to bring away Hoogstraaten, whom the confederates had compelled to dine with them; and also to warn the nobles not to commit themselves by extravagant and suspicious excesses. They had remained in the house but a few minutes, during which time the company had insisted upon their drinking a single cup to the toast of "*Vivent le roy et les gueux.*" They had then retired, taking with them Hoogstraaten, and all thinking that they had rendered a service to the Government by their visit, instead of having made themselves liable to a charge of treason.[7] As to the cries of "*Vivent les gueux*" at the tables of Orange, of the Abbot of Saint Bernard, and at other places, those words had been uttered by simple, harmless fellows; and as he considered the table a place of freedom, he had not felt himself justified in rebuking the manners of his associates, particularly in houses where he was himself but a guest.[8] As for committing treason at the Duffel meeting, he had not been there at all.[9] He thanked God that, at that epoch, he had been absent from Brussels, for had he, as well as Orange and Egmont, been commissioned by the Duchess to arrange those difficult matters, he should have considered it his duty to do as they did.[10] He had never thought of levying troops against his Majesty. The Denremonde meeting had been held to consult upon four subjects: the affairs of Tournay; the intercepted letters of the French ambassador, Alava; the letter of Montigny, in which he warned his brother of the evil impression which the Netherland matters were making in Spain; and the affairs of Antwerp, from which city the Prince of Orange found it necessary at that moment to withdraw.[11] With regard to his absence from Brussels, he stated that he had kept away from the court because he was ruined. He was deeply in debt, and so complete was his embarrassment that

[1] Answer of Count Horn to the charges of the Procureur-Général, in Bor, iv. 195–209.
[2] Ibid., 196, 197. [3] Ibid., art. v. 197.
[4] Answer of Count Horn, art. xiii. xiv. 198.
[5] Answer of Count Horn, art. xxi. 199, 200.
[6] Ibid. [7] Ibid., art. xxii.
[8] Ibid., art. xxiv. xxv. 200. [9] Ibid., art. xxvi.
[10] Ibid., art. xxx. [11] Ibid., art. xxxiii.

he had been unable in Antwerp to raise 1000 crowns upon his property, even at an interest of one hundred per cent.[1] So far from being able to levy troops, he was hardly able to pay for his daily bread. With regard to his transactions at Tournay, he had, throughout them all, conformed himself to the instructions of Madame de Parma. As to the cry of "*Vivent les gueux*," he should not have cared at that moment if the populace had cried *Vive Comte Horn*, for his thoughts were then occupied with more substantial matters. He had gone thither under a special commission from the Duchess, and had acted under instructions daily received by her own hand. He had, by her orders, effected a temporary compromise between the two religious parties on the basis of the Duffel treaty. He had permitted the public preaching to continue, but had not introduced it for the first time. He had allowed temples to be built outside the gates, but it was by express command of Madame, as he could prove by her letters. She had even reproved him before the Council because the work had not been accomplished with sufficient dispatch.[2] With regard to his alleged threat that he would oppose the King's entrance with 15,000 men, he answered, with astonishing simplicity, that he did not remember making any such observation, but it was impossible for a man to retain in his mind all the nonsense which he might occasionally utter.[3] The honest Admiral thought that his poverty, already pleaded, was so notorious that the charge was not worthy of a serious answer. He also treated the observation which he was charged with having made relative to his marching to Spain with 50,000 men to rescue Montigny as "frivolous and ridiculous."[4] He had no power to raise a hundred men. Moreover, he had rejoiced at Montigny's detention, for he had thought that to be out of the Netherlands was to be out of harm's way.[5] On the whole, he claimed that in all those transactions of his which might be considered anti-Catholic, he had been governed entirely by the instructions of the Regent, and by her Accord with the nobles. That Accord, as she had repeatedly stated to him, was to be kept sacred until his Majesty, by advice of the States-general, should otherwise ordain.[6]

Finally, he observed that law was not his vocation. He was no pettifogger, but he had endeavoured loyally to conform himself to the broad and general principles of honour, justice, and truth. In a very few and simple words he begged his judges to have regard to his deeds, and to a life of loyal service. If he had erred occasionally in those times of tumult, his intentions had ever been faithful and honourable.[7]

The charges against Count Egmont were very similar to those against Count Horn. The answers of both defendants were nearly identical. Interrogations thus addressed to two different persons, as to circumstances which had occurred long before, could not have been thus separately, secretly, but simultaneously answered in language substantially the same, had not that language been the words of truth. Egmont was accused generally of plotting with others to expel the King from the provinces, and to divide the territory among themselves. Through a long series of ninety articles he was accused of conspiring against the character and life of Cardinal Granvelle. He was the inventor, it was charged, of the fool's-cap livery. He had joined in the letters to the King demanding the prelate's removal. He had favoured the fusion of the three councils. He had maintained that the States-general ought to be forthwith assembled, that otherwise the debts of his Majesty and of the country could never be paid, and that the provinces would go to the French, to the Germans, or to the devil.[8] He had asserted that he would not be instrumental in burning

[1] Answer of Count Horn, art. xxxiv.
[2] Ibid., art. xxxix. xlvii.
[3] "Niet moglijk te gedenken van alle sulke kleine proposten."—Answer of Count Horn, art. i. 205.
[4] Answer of Count Horn, art. iii.
[5] Ibid.
[6] Ibid., passim, but particularly art. iv. 206.
[7] Ibid., Conclusion, 208, 209.
[8] Interrogatoires de Comte d'Egmont, 315.

forty or fifty thousand men in order that the Inquisition and the edicts might be sustained.[1] He had declared that the edicts were rigorous. He had advised the Duchess to moderate them and remove the Inquisition, saying that these measures, with a pardon general in addition, were the only means of quieting the country. He had advised the formation of the confederacy, and promised to it his protection and favour. He had counselled the presentation of the petition. He had arranged all these matters, in consultation with the other nobles, at the interviews at Breda and Hoogstraaten. He had refused the demand of Madame de Parma to take arms in her defence. He had expressed his intention, at a most critical moment, of going to the baths of Aix for his health, although his personal appearance gave no indication of any malady whatever.[2] He had countenanced and counselled the proceedings of the rebel nobles at St. Trond. He had made an accord with those of "the religion" at Ghent, Bruges, and other places. He had advised the Duchess to grant a pardon to those who had taken up arms. He had maintained, in common with the Prince of Orange, at a session of the State Council, that if Madame should leave Brussels, they would assemble the States-general of their own authority, and raise a force of forty thousand men.[3] He had plotted treason, and made arrangements for the levy of troops at the interview at Denremonde with Horn, Hoogstraaten, and the Prince of Orange. He had taken under his protection, on the 20th April 1566, the confederacy of the rebels; had promised that they should never be molested for the future on account of the Inquisition or the edicts, and that, so long as they kept within the terms of the petition and the Compromise, he would defend them with his own person. He had granted liberty of preaching outside the walls in many cities within his government. He had said repeatedly that if the King desired to introduce the Inquisition into the Netherlands, he would sell all his property and remove to another land; thus declaring with how much contempt and detestation he regarded the said Inquisition.[4] He had winked at all the proceedings of the sectaries. He had permitted the cry of "*Vivent les gueux*" at his table. He had assisted at the banquet at Culemburg House.[5]

These were the principal points in the long act of accusation. Like the Admiral, Egmont admitted many of the facts and flatly denied the rest. He indignantly repelled the possibility of a treasonable inference from any or all of his deeds. He had certainly desired the removal of Granvelle, for he believed that the King's service would profit by his recall. He replied almost in the same terms as the Admiral had done to the charge concerning the livery, and asserted that its principal object had been to set an example of economy. The fool's-cap and bells had been changed to a bundle of arrows, *in consequence of a certain rumour which became rife in Brussels*, and in obedience to an ordinance of Madame de Parma.[6] As to the assembling of the States-general, the fusion of the councils, the moderation of the edicts, he had certainly been in favour of these measures, which he considered to be wholesome and lawful, not mischievous or treasonable.[7] He had certainly maintained that the edicts were rigorous, and had advised the Duchess, under the perilous circumstances of the country, to grant a temporary modification until the pleasure of his Majesty could be known. With regard to the Compromise, he had advised all his friends to keep out of it, and many in consequence had kept out of it.[8] As to the presentation of the petition, he had given Madame de Parma notice thereof so soon as he had heard that such a step

[1] Interrogatoires de Comte d'Egmont, 315.
[2] Procès d'Egmont, art. xx Supp. à Strada, i. 34. This remark of Egmont's was deemed so treasonable that, as already stated, it was brought most superfluously into the indictment against Horn.
[3] Procès d'Egmont, 326. [4] Ibid., art. lxxiii. 54.
[5] Interrogatoires d'Egmont, 327–348. Procès d'Egmont, 24–63.
[6] Ibid., 314. Ibid., 65.
[7] Interrogatoires, 312. [8] Ibid., 317.

was contemplated.[1] He used the same language as had been employed by Horn with regard to the interview at Breda and Hoogstraaten—that they had been meetings of "good cheer" and good fellowship.[2] He had always been at every moment at the command of the Duchess, save when he had gone to Flanders and Artois to suppress the tumults, according to her express orders. He had no connection with the meeting of the nobles at St. Trond. He had gone to Duffel as special envoy from the Duchess, to treat with certain plenipotentiaries appointed at the St. Trond meeting.[3] He had strictly conformed to the letter of instructions drawn up by the Duchess, which would be found among his papers,[4] but he had never promised the nobles his personal aid or protection. With regard to the Denremonde meeting, he gave almost exactly the same account as Horn had given. The Prince, the Admiral, and himself had conversed between a quarter past eleven and dinner-time, which was twelve o'clock, on various matters, particularly upon the King's dissatisfaction with recent events in the Netherlands, and upon a certain letter from the Ambassador Alava in Paris to the Duchess of Parma.[5] He had, however, expressed his opinion to Madame that the letter was a forgery. He had permitted public preaching in certain cities outside the walls, where it had already been established, because this was in accordance with the treaty which Madame had made at Duffel, which she had ordered him honourably to maintain. He had certainly winked at the religious exercises of the Reformers, because he had been expressly commanded to do so, and because the Government at that time was not provided with troops to suppress the new religion by force. He related the visit of Horn, Orange, and himself to Culemburg House at the memorable banquet in almost the same words which the Admiral had used. He had done all in his power to prevent Madame from leaving Brussels, in which effort he had been successful, and from which much good had resulted to the country. He had never recommended that a pardon should be granted to those who had taken up arms, but, on the contrary, had advised their chastisement, as had appeared in his demeanour towards the rebels at Ostrawell, Tournay, and Valenciennes. He had never permitted the cry of "*Vivent les gueux*" at his own table, nor encouraged it in his presence anywhere else.[6]

Such were the leading features in these memorable cases of what was called high treason. Trial there was none. The tribunal was incompetent; the prisoners were without advocates; the Government evidence was concealed; the testimony for the defence was excluded; and the cause was finally decided before a thousandth part of its merits could have been placed under the eyes of the judge who gave the sentence.[7]

But it is almost puerile to speak of the matter in the terms usually applicable to state trials. The case had been settled in Madrid long before the arrest of the prisoners in Brussels. The sentence, signed by Philip in blank, had been brought in Alva's portfolio from Spain.[8] The proceedings were a mockery, and, so far as any effect upon public opinion was concerned, might as well have been omitted. If the gentlemen had been shot in the courtyard of Jassy House, by decree of a drumhead court-martial, an hour after their arrest, the rights of the provinces and the sentiments of humanity would not have been outraged more utterly. Every constitutional and natural right was

[1] Interrogatoires, 318.
[2] Ibid., 319. Procès, 78.
[3] Inter., 330, 331.
[4] Ibid., 330.
[5] Ibid., 326, 327.
[6] Ibid., 327–346. Procès d'Egmont, 74, 75, sqq.
[7] La Déduction de l'Innocence du Comte de 57–59.
[8] Hoofd, v. 168, who relates the fact on the authority of Simon de Rycke, Councillor of Amsterdam, who had it from Philip, eldest son of Count Egmont. Compare Address of the Estates of Holland to the States-general: "Om dat u den Hertog somwijlen een blank signet met des Coninx hand getekent laet sien, schrijvende daer in wat hem gelust en gelieft en seggende dat het al versch, uit Spangien komt," etc., etc.—Bor, vi. 463. Wagenaer, Vaderl. Hist., vi. 278. Gachard, Notice sur le Conseil des Troubles, 23.

violated from first to last. This certainly was not a novelty. Thousands of obscure individuals whose relations and friends were not upon thrones and in high places, but in booths and cellars, and whose fate, therefore, did not send a shudder of sympathy throughout Europe, had already been sacrificed by the Blood tribunal. The country was simply under martial law—the entire population under sentence of death. The whole civil power was in Alva's hand; the whole responsibility in Alva's breast. Neither the most ignoble nor the most powerful could lift their heads in the desolation which was sweeping the country. This was now proved beyond peradventure. A miserable cobbler or weaver might be hurried from his shop to the scaffold, invoking the *jus de non evocando* till he was gagged, but the Emperor would not stoop from his throne, nor electors palatine and powerful nobles rush to his rescue; but in behalf of these prisoners the most august hands and voices of Christendom had been lifted up at the foot of Philip's throne, and their supplications had proved as idle as the millions of tears and death-cries which had been shed or uttered in the lowly places of the land. It was obvious, then, that all intercession must thereafter be useless. Philip was fanatically impressed with his mission. His viceroy was possessed by his loyalty as by a demon. In this way alone that conduct which can never be palliated may at least be comprehended. It was Philip's enthusiasm to embody the wrath of God against heretics. It was Alva's enthusiasm to embody the wrath of Philip. Narrow-minded, isolated, seeing only that section of the world which was visible through the loophole of the fortress in which Nature had imprisoned him for life, placing his glory in unconditional obedience to his superior, questioning nothing, doubting nothing, fearing nothing, the Viceroy accomplished his work of hell with all the tranquillity of an angel. An iron will, which clove through every obstacle; adamantine fortitude, which sustained without flinching a mountain of responsibility sufficient to crush a common nature, were qualities which, united to his fanatical obedience, made him a man for Philip's work such as could not have been found again in the world.

The case, then, was tried before a tribunal which was not only incompetent under the laws of the land, but not even a court of justice in any philosophical or legal sense. Constitutional and municipal law were not more outraged in its creation than all national and natural maxims.

The reader who has followed step by step the career of the two distinguished victims through the perilous days of Margaret's administration, is sufficiently aware of the amount of treason with which they are chargeable. It would be an insult to common sense for us to set forth in full the injustice of their sentence. Both were guiltless towards the crown, while the hands of one, on the contrary, were deeply dyed in the blood of the people. This truth was so self-evident, that even a member of the Blood Council, Pierre Arsens, President of Artois, addressed an elaborate memoir to the Duke of Alva, criticising the case according to the rules of law, and maintaining that Egmont, instead of deserving punishment, was entitled to a signal reward.[1]

So much for the famous treason of Counts Egmont and Horn, so far as regards the history of the proceedings and the merits of the case. The last act of the tragedy was precipitated by occurrences which must be now narrated.

The Prince of Orange had at last thrown down the gauntlet. Proscribed, outlawed, with his Netherland property confiscated, and his eldest child kidnapped, he saw sufficient personal justification for at last stepping into the lists, the avowed champion of a nation's wrongs. Whether the revolution was to be successful or to be disastrously crushed, whether its result would

[1] Van der Vynckt, ii. 92, 93.

be to place him upon a throne or a scaffold, he could not possibly foresee. The Reformation, in which he took both a political and a religious interest, might prove a sufficient lever in his hands for the overthrow of Spanish power in the Netherlands. The Inquisition might roll back upon his country and himself, crushing them for ever. The chances seemed with the Inquisition. The Spaniards, under the first chieftain in Europe, were encamped and entrenched in the provinces. The Huguenots had just made their fatal peace in France, to the prophetic dissatisfaction of Coligny.[1] The leading men of liberal sentiments in the Netherlands were captive or in exile. All were embarrassed by the confiscations, which, in anticipation of sentence, had severed the nerves of war. The country was terror-stricken, abject, forswearing its convictions, and imploring only life. At this moment William of Orange reappeared upon the scene.

He replied to the act of condemnation, which had been pronounced against him in default, by a published paper of moderate length and great eloquence. He had repeatedly offered to place himself, he said, upon trial before a competent court. As a Knight of the Fleece, as a member of the Holy Roman Empire, as a sovereign prince, he could acknowledge no tribunal save the chapters of the knights or of the realm. The Emperor's personal intercession with Philip had been employed in vain to obtain the adjudication of his case by either.[2] It would be both death and degradation on his part to acknowledge the jurisdiction of the infamous Council of Blood. He scorned, he said, to plead his cause "before he knew not what base knaves, not fit to be the valets of his companions and himself."[3]

He appealed therefore to the judgment of the world. He published not an elaborate argument, but a condensed and scathing statement of the outrages which had been practised upon him.[4] He denied that he had been a party to the Compromise. He denied that he had been concerned in the Request, although he denounced with scorn the tyranny which could treat a petition to Government as an act of open war against the sovereign. He spoke of Granvelle with unmeasured wrath. He maintained that his own continuance in office had been desired by the Cardinal, in order that his personal popularity might protect the odious designs of the Government. The edicts, the Inquisition, the persecution, the new bishoprics, had been the causes of the tumults. He concluded with a burst of indignation against Philip's conduct toward himself. The monarch had forgotten his services and those of his valiant ancestors. He had robbed him of honour, he had robbed him of his son—both dearer to him than life. By thus doing he had degraded himself more than he had injured him, for he had broken all his royal oaths and obligations.[5]

The paper was published early in the summer of 1568. At about the same time, the Count of Hoogstraaten published a similar reply to the act of condemnation with which he had been visited. He defended himself mainly upon the ground that all the crimes of which he stood arraigned had been committed in obedience to the literal instructions of the Duchess of Parma after her Accord with the confederates.[6]

The Prince now made the greatest possible exertions to raise funds and troops. He had many meetings with influential individuals in Germany. The Protestant princes, particularly the Landgrave of Hesse and the Elector of Saxony, promised him assistance. He brought all his powers of eloquence and of diplomacy to make friends for the cause which he had now boldly espoused. The high-born Demosthenes electrified large assemblies by his

[1] De Thou, v. 414-417.
[2] Hoofd, iv. 159. De Thou, v. 362, 363. 369.
[3] Apologie d'Orange, 64, 65.
[4] Bor, iv. 227, and the text of the Justification in Byv. Aut. Stukk., i. 3, sqq.
[5] Ibid. Bor, i. 3, sqq.
[6] Bor, iv. 224.

indignant invectives against the Spanish Philip.[1] He excelled even his royal antagonist in the industrious subtlety with which he began to form a thousand combinations. He had high correspondents and higher hopes in England. He was already secretly or openly in league with half the sovereigns of Germany. The Huguenots of France looked upon him as their friend, and on Louis of Nassau as their inevitable chieftain were Coligny destined to fall.[2] He was in league with all the exiled and outlawed nobles of the Netherlands.[3] By his orders recruits were daily enlisted, without sound of drum. He granted a commission to his brother Louis, one of the most skilful and audacious soldiers of the age, than whom the revolt could not have found a more determined partisan, nor the Prince a more faithful lieutenant.

This commission, which was dated Dillenburg, 6th April 1568, was a somewhat startling document. It authorised the Count to levy troops and wage war against Philip, strictly for Philip's good. The fiction of loyalty certainly never went further. The Prince of Orange made known to all "to whom these presents should come," that through the affection which he bore the gracious King, he purposed to expel his Majesty's forces from the Netherlands. "To show our love for the monarch and his hereditary provinces," so ran the commission, "to prevent the desolation hanging over the country by the ferocity of the Spaniards, to maintain the privileges sworn to by his Majesty and his predecessors, to prevent the extirpation of all religion by the edicts, and to save the sons and daughters of the land from abject slavery, we have requested our dearly-beloved brother Louis Nassau to enrol as many troops as he shall think necessary."[4]

Van den Berg, Hoogstraaten, and others, provided with similar powers, were also actively engaged in levying troops;[5] but the right hand of the revolt was Count Louis, as his illustrious brother was its head and heart. Two hundred thousand crowns was the sum which the Prince considered absolutely necessary for organising the army with which he contemplated making an entrance into the Netherlands. Half this amount had been produced by the cities of Antwerp, Amsterdam, Leyden, Harlem, Middelburg, Flushing, and other towns, as well as by refugee merchants in England. The other half was subscribed by individuals. The Prince himself contributed 50,000 florins, Hoogstraaten 30,000, Louis of Nassau 10,000, Culemburg 30,000, Van den Berg 30,000, the Dowager Countess Horn 10,000, and other persons in less proportion.[6] Count John of Nassau also pledged his estates to raise a large sum for the cause. The Prince himself sold all his jewels, plate, tapestry, and other furniture, which were of almost regal magnificence.[7] The splendour of his station has been sufficiently depicted. His fortune, his family, his life, his children, all were now ventured, not with the recklessness of a gambler, but with the calm conviction of a statesman.

A private and most audacious attempt to secure the person of Alva and the possession of Brussels had failed.[8] He was soon, however, called upon to employ all his energies against the open warfare which was now commenced.

According to the plan of the Prince, the provinces were to be attacked simultaneously in three places by his lieutenants, while he himself was waiting in the neighbourhood of Cleves, ready for a fourth assault. An army of Huguenots and refugees was to enter Artois upon the frontier of France; a second, under Hoogstraaten, was to operate between the Rhine and the Meuse; while Louis of Nassau was to raise the standard of revolt in Friesland.[9]

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[1] Hoofd, v. 161–163. Bentivoglio, lib. iv. 62–64.
[2] De Thou, vi. 36.
[3] Hoofd, v. 163, 164. Wagenaer, Vaderl. Hist., 266–268. Van d. Vynckt, ii. 23, 24. Bor, iv. 227. De Thou, vi. 36.
[4] Ibid., iv. 233, 234.
[5] Ibid.
[6] Confession of the Seigneur de Villars. Vide Cor. de Philippe II., ii. 757.
[7] Hoofd, v. 163.
[8] Met., 51. Hoofd, v. 163, 164. Mendoza, ii. 39, 40.
[9] Bor, iv. 233, 234. Hoofd, v. 164, 165. Mendoza, f. 39, seq.

The two first adventures were destined to be signally unsuccessful. A force under Seigneur de Cocqueville, latest of all, took the field towards the end of June. It entered the bailiwick of Hesdin in Artois, was immediately driven across the frontier by the Count de Roeulx, and cut to pieces at St. Valery by Maréchal de Cossè, Governor of Picardy. This action was upon the 18th July. Of the 2500 men who composed the expedition, scarce 300 escaped. The few Netherlanders who were taken prisoners were given to the Spanish Government, and of course hanged.[1]

The force under the Seigneur de Villars was earlier under arms, and the sooner defeated. This luckless gentleman, who had replaced the Count of Hoogstraaten, crossed the frontier of Juliers, in the neighbourhood of Maestricht, by the 20th April. His force, infantry and cavalry, amounted to nearly three thousand men. The object of the enterprise was to raise the country, and, if possible, to obtain a foothold by securing an important city. Roermonde was the first point of attack, but the attempts, both by stratagem and by force, to secure the town, were fruitless. The citizens were not ripe for revolt, and refused the army admittance. While the invaders were, therefore, endeavouring to fire the gates, they were driven off by the approach of a Spanish force.

The Duke, so soon as the invasion was known to him, had acted with great promptness. Don Sancho de Lodroño and Don Sancho de Avila, with five vanderas[2] of Spanish infantry, three companies of cavalry, and about 300 pikemen under Count Eberstein, a force amounting in all to about 1600 picked troops, had been at once dispatched against Villars. The rebel chieftain, abandoning his attempt upon Roermonde, advanced towards Erkelens. Upon the 25th April, between Erkelens and Dalem, the Spaniards came up with him, and gave him battle. Villars lost all his cavalry and two vanderas of his infantry in the encounter. With the remainder of his force, amounting to 1300 men, he effected his retreat in good order to Dalem. Here he rapidly entrenched himself. At four in the afternoon, Sancho de Lodroño, at the head of 600 infantry, reached the spot. He was unable to restrain the impetuosity of his men, although the cavalry under Avila, prevented by the difficult nature of the narrow path through which the rebels had retreated, had not yet arrived. The enemy were two to one, and were fortified; nevertheless, in half an hour the entrenchments were carried, and almost every man in the patriot army put to the sword. Villars himself, with a handful of soldiers, escaped into the town, but was soon afterwards taken prisoner with all his followers. He sullied the cause in which he was engaged by a base confession of the designs formed by the Prince of Orange—a treachery, however, which did not save him from the scaffold. In the course of this day's work, the Spanish lost twenty men, and the rebels nearly 200. This portion of the liberating forces had been thus disastrously defeated on the eve of the entrance of Count Louis into Friesland.[3]

As early as the 22d April, Alva had been informed by the lieutenant-governor of that province that the beggars were mustering in great force in the neighbourhood of Embden. It was evident that an important enterprise was about to be attempted.[4] Two days afterwards, Louis of Nassau entered the provinces attended by a small body of troops. His banners blazed with patriotic inscriptions. *Nunc aut nunquam, Recuperare aut mori,* were the watchwords of his desperate adventure: "Freedom for fatherland and conscience" was the device which was to draw thousands to his standard.[5] On

[1] Bor, iv. 238. Hoofd, 164. Mendoza. Gachard, Correspondance du Duc d'Albe sur l'Invasion du Comte L. de Nassau en Frise, etc., pp. 10, 11.

[2] A "vandera" in Alva's army amounted, on an average, to 170 men.

[3] Bor, iv. 234. Hoofd, v. 164. Mendoza, 40-46. Gachard, Correspondance du Duc d'Albe, 7, 8. Cabrera, lib. viii. c. i. 483, 484. Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 756, 757.

[4] Correspondance du Duc d'Albe, 13-16.

[5] Hoofd, v. 164, 165. Brandt, i. 477. Meurs, Gul Aur., iv. 15.

the western wolds of Frisia he surprised the castle of Wedde, a residence of the absent Aremberg, stadholder of the province. Thence he advanced to Appingadam, or Dam, on the tide waters of the Dollart. Here he was met by his younger brother, the gallant Adolphus, whose days were so nearly numbered, who brought with him a small troop of horse.[1] At Wedde, at Dam, and at Slochteren, the standard was set up. At these three points there daily gathered armed bodies of troops, voluntary adventurers, peasants with any rustic weapon which they could find to their hand. Lieutenant-Governor Groesbeck wrote urgently to the Duke that the beggars were hourly increasing in force; that the leaders perfectly understood their game; that they kept their plans a secret, but were fast seducing the heart of the country.[2]

On the 4th May Louis issued a summons to the magistracy of Groningen, ordering them to send a deputation to confer with him at Dam. He was prepared, he said, to show the commission with which he was provided. He had not entered the country on a mere personal adventure, but had received orders to raise a sufficient army. By the help of the eternal God, he was determined, he said, to extirpate the detestable tyranny of those savage persecutors who had shed so much Christian blood. He was resolved to lift up the down-trod privileges, and to protect the fugitive, terror-stricken Christians and patriarchs of the country.[3] If the magistrates were disposed to receive him with friendship, it was well; otherwise, he should, with regret, feel himself obliged to proceed against them as enemies of his Majesty and of the common weal.

As the result of this summons, Louis received a moderate sum of money on condition of renouncing for the moment an attack upon the city. With this temporary supply he was able to retain a larger number of the adventurers who were daily swarming around him.[4]

In the meantime Alva was not idle. On the 30th April he wrote to Groesbeck that he must take care not to be taken napping; that he must keep his eyes well open until the arrival of succour, which was already on the way.[5] He then immediately ordered Count Aremberg, who had just returned from France on conclusion of hostilities, to hasten to the seat of war. Five vanderas of his own regiment, a small body of cavalry, and Braccamonte's Sardinian legion, making in all a force of nearly 2500 men, were ordered to follow him with the utmost expedition. Count Meghem, stadholder of Gueldres, with five vanderas of infantry, three of light horse, and some artillery, composing a total of about 1500 men, was directed to co-operate with Aremberg.[6] Upon this point the orders of the Governor-General were explicit. It seemed impossible that the rabble rout under Louis Nassau could stand a moment before nearly 4000 picked and veteran troops, but the Duke was earnest in warning his generals not to undervalue the enemy.[7]

On the 7th May Counts Meghem and Aremberg met and conferred at Arnheim, on their way to Friesland. It was fully agreed between them, after having heard full reports of the rising in that province, and of the temper throughout the Eastern Netherlands, that it would be rash to attempt any separate enterprise. On the 11th, Aremberg reached Vollenhoven, where he was laid up in his bed with the gout.[8] Bodies of men, while he lay sick, paraded hourly with fife and drum before his windows, and discharged pistols and arquebuses across the ditch of the blockhouse where he was quartered.[9] On the 18th, Braccamonte with his legion arrived by water at Harlingen.

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[1] Bor, 235. Mendoza, 46. Correspondance du Duc d'Albe, 15, 16. [2] Ibid., 15-17.
[3] Address of Louis Nassau to the Burgomasters and Magistracy of Groningen, 4th May 1568, in Gachard, Correspondance du Duc d'Albe, 21 22
[4] Bor, iv. 235.
[5] Correspondance du Duc d'Albe, 17-20.
[6] Ibid., 29. Mendoza, 46, 47. Bor, iv. 235.
[7] Correspondance du Duc d'Albe, 49.
[8] Ibid., 33-37. [9] Ibid., 59, 69

Not a moment more was lost. Aremberg, notwithstanding his gout, which still confined him to a litter, started at once in pursuit of the enemy.[1] Passing through Groningen, he collected all the troops which could be spared. He also received six pieces of artillery. Six cannon, which the lovers of harmony had baptized with the notes of the gamut, *ut, re, mi, fa, sol, la,* were placed at his disposal by the authorities, and have acquired historical celebrity.[2] It was, however, ordained that when those musical pieces piped, the Spaniards were not to dance. On the 22d, followed by his whole force, consisting of Braccamonte's legion, his own four vanderas, and a troop of Germans, he came in sight of the enemy at Dam. Louis of Nassau sent out a body of arquebusiers, about one thousand strong, from the city. A sharp skirmish ensued, but the beggars were driven into their entrenchments with a loss of twenty or thirty men, and nightfall terminated the contest.

It was beautiful to see, wrote Aremberg to Alva, how brisk and eager were the Spaniards, notwithstanding the long march which they had that day accomplished.[3] Time was soon to show how easily immoderate valour might swell into a fault. Meantime, Aremberg quartered his troops in and about Wittewerum Abbey, close to the little unwalled city of Dam.

On the other hand, Meghem, whose co-operation had been commanded by Alva, and arranged personally with Aremberg a fortnight before at Arnheim, had been delayed in his movements. His troops, who had received no wages for a long time, had mutinied.[4] A small sum of money, however, sent from Brussels, quelled this untimely insubordination. Meghem then set forth to effect his junction with his colleague, having assured the Governor-General that the war would be ended in six days. The beggars had not a stiver, he said, and must disband, or be beaten to pieces as soon as Aremberg and he had joined forces. Nevertheless, he admitted that these same "master-beggars," as he called them, might prove too many for either general alone.[5]

Alva, in reply, expressed his confidence that four or five thousand choice troops of Spain would be enough to make a short war of it, but nevertheless warned his officers of the dangers of overweening confidence.[6] He had been informed that the rebels had assumed the red scarf of the Spanish uniform. He hoped the stratagem would not save them from broken heads, but was unwilling that his Majesty's badge should be altered.[7] He reiterated his commands that no enterprise should be undertaken except by the whole army in concert; and enjoined the generals incontinently to hang and strangle all prisoners the moment they should be taken.[8]

Marching directly northward, Meghem reached Coeverden, some fifty miles from Dam, on the night of the 22d. He had informed Aremberg that he might expect him with his infantry and his light horse in the course of the next day. On the following morning, the 23d, Aremberg wrote his last letter to the Duke, promising to send a good account of the beggars within a very few hours.[9]

Louis of Nassau had broken up his camp at Dam about midnight. Falling back, in a southerly direction, along the Wold-weg, or forest road, a narrow causeway through a swampy district, he had taken up a position some three leagues from his previous encampment. Near the monastery of Heiliger-Lee, or the "Holy Lion," he had chosen his ground.[10] A little money in hand, ample promises, and the hopes of booty, had effectually terminated the mutiny which had also broken out in his camp. Assured that Meghem had not yet

[1] Correspondance du Duc d'Albe, 73, 74.
[2] Hoofd, v. 166. Strada, i. 320.
[3] Correspondance du Duc d'Albe, 87, 88. Bor, iv. 235.
[4] Ibid., 39.
[5] Correspondance du Duc d'Albe, 43–45, etc.
[6] Ibid., 49.
[7] Ibid., 77.
[8] Ibid.
[9] Ibid.
[10] Bor, iv. 235. Mendoza, 47.

effected his junction with Aremberg, prepared to strike, at last, a telling blow for freedom and fatherland, Louis awaited the arrival of his eager foe.

His position was one of commanding strength and fortunate augury. Heiliger-Lee was a wooded eminence, artificially reared by Premonstrant monks. It was the only rising ground in that vast extent of watery pastures enclosed by the Ems and Lippe[1]—the "fallacious fields" described by Tacitus. Here Hermann, first of Teutonic heroes, had dashed out of existence three veteran legions of tyrant Rome. Here the spectre of Varus, begrimed and gory, had risen from the morass to warn Germanicus,[2] who came to avenge him, that Gothic freedom was a dangerous antagonist.[3] And now, in the perpetual reproductions of history, another German warrior occupied a spot of vantage in that same perilous region. The tyranny with which he contended strove to be as universal as that of Rome, and had stretched its wings of conquest into worlds of which the Cæsars had never dreamed. It was in arms, too, to crush not only the rights of man, but the rights of God. The battle of freedom was to be fought not only for fatherland, but for conscience. The cause was even holier than that which had inspired the arm of Hermann.

Although the swamps of that distant age had been transformed into fruitful pastures, yet the whole district was moist, deceitful, and dangerous. The country was divided into squares, not by hedges, but by impassable ditches.[4] Agricultural entrenchments had long made the country almost impregnable, while its defences against the ocean rendered almost as good service against a more implacable human foe.

Aremberg, leading his soldiers along the narrow causeway, in hot pursuit of what they considered a rabble rout of fugitive beggars, soon reached Winschoten. Here he became aware of the presence of his despicable foe. Louis and Adolphus of Nassau, while sitting at dinner in the convent of the "Holy Lion," had been warned by a friendly peasant of the approach of the Spaniards. The opportune intelligence had given the patriot general time to make his preparations. His earnest entreaties had made his troops ashamed of their mutinous conduct on the preceding day, and they were now both ready and willing to engage.[5] The village was not far distant from the abbey, and in the neighbourhood of the abbey Louis of Nassau was now posted. Behind him was a wood, on his left a hill of moderate elevation, before him an extensive and swampy field. In the front of the field was a causeway leading to the abbey. This was the road which Aremberg was to traverse. On the plain which lay between the wood and the hill, the main body of the beggars were drawn up. They were disposed in two squares or squadrons, rather deep than wide, giving the idea of a less number than they actually contained. The lesser square, in which were two thousand eight hundred men, was partially sheltered by the hill. Both were flanked by musketeers. On the brow of the hill was a large body of light armed troops, the *enfans perdus* of the army. The cavalry, amounting to not more than three hundred men, was placed in front, facing the road along which Aremberg was to arrive.[6]

That road was bordered by a wood extending nearly to the front of the hill. As Aremberg reached its verge, he brought out his artillery, and opened a fire upon the body of light troops. The hill protected a large part of the enemy's body from this attack. Finding the rebels so strong in numbers and position, Aremberg was disposed only to skirmish. He knew better than did his soldiers the treacherous nature of the ground in front of the enemy. He

[1] Bor, iv. 235. De Thou, v. 445–448.
[2] Tacit., Ann. i.
[3] Ibid.
[4] Mendoza, 52. Guicciardini, Belg. Descript. De Thou, ubi sup.
[5] Détails sur la Bataille de Heyliger-Lee, Groen v. Prinst., iii. 220–223.
[6] Mendoza, 48, 49. De Thou, v. 445, 446.

saw that it was one of those districts where peat had been taken out in large squares for fuel, and where a fallacious and verdant scum upon the surface of deep pools simulated the turf that had been removed. He saw that the battle-ground presented to him by his sagacious enemy was one great sweep of traps and pitfalls.[1] Before he could carry the position, many men must necessarily be engulfed.

He paused for an instant. He was deficient in cavalry, having only Martinengo's troop, hardly amounting to four hundred men.[2] He was sure of Meghem's arrival within twenty-four hours. If, then, he could keep the rebels in check, without allowing them any opportunity to disperse, he should be able, on the morrow, to cut them to pieces, according to the plan agreed upon a fortnight before. But the Count had to contend with a double obstacle. His soldiers were very hot, his enemy very cool. The Spaniards, who had so easily driven a thousand musketeers from behind their windmill the evening before, who had seen the whole rebel force decamp in hot haste on the very night of their arrival before Dam, supposed themselves in full career of victory. Believing that the name alone of the old legions had stricken terror to the hearts of the beggars, and that no resistance was possible to Spanish arms, they reviled their general for his caution. His reason for delay was theirs for hurry. Why should Meghem's loitering and mutinous troops, arriving at the eleventh hour, share in the triumph and the spoil? No man knew the country better than Aremberg, a native of the Netherlands, the stadholder of the province. Cowardly or heretical motives alone could sway him if he now held them back in the very hour of victory.[3] Inflamed beyond endurance by these taunts, feeling his pride of country touched to the quick, and willing to show that a Netherlander would lead wherever Spaniards dared to follow, Aremberg allowed himself to commit the grave error for which he was so deeply to atone. Disregarding the dictates of his own experience and the arrangements of his superior, he yielded to the braggart humour of his soldiers, which he had not, like Alva, learned to moderate or to despise.

In the meantime, the body of light troops, which had received the fire from the musical pieces of Groningen, was seen to waver. The artillery was then brought beyond the cover of the wood, and pointed more fully upon the two main squares of the enemy. A few shots told. Soon afterwards the *enfans perdus* retreated helterskelter, entirely deserting their position. This apparent advantage, which was only a preconcerted stratagem, was too much for the fiery Spaniards. They rushed merrily[4] forward to attack the stationary square, their general being no longer able to restrain their impetuosity. In a moment the whole vanguard had plunged into the morass. In a few minutes more they were all helplessly and hopelessly struggling in the pools, while the musketeers of the enemy poured in a deadly fire upon them without wetting the soles of their own feet. The pikemen, too, who composed the main body of the larger square, now charged upon all who were extricating themselves from their entanglement, and drove them back again to a muddy death. Simultaneously the lesser patriot squadron, which had so long been sheltered, emerged from the cover of the hill, made a detour around its base, enveloped the rearguard of the Spaniards before they could advance to the succour of their perishing comrades, and broke them to pieces almost instantly.[5] Gonzalo de Braccamonte, the very Spanish colonel who had been foremost in denunciation of Aremberg for his disposition to delay the contest, was now the first to fly. To his bad conduct was ascribed the loss of the day. The anger of

[1] Mendoza, 49. [2] Bor, iv. 235. [3] Mendoza, 49, 5. Bor, iv. 235, 236. Hoofd, v. 165, 166.

[4] "Lustig aangetogen."—Bor, iv. 235.

[5] Mendoza, 50. Hoofd, v. 166. Bor, 235, 236 Correspondance du Duc d'Albe, 92–97

Alva was so high when he was informed of the incident, that he would have condemned the officer to death but for the intercession of his friends and countrymen.[1] The rout was sudden and absolute. The foolhardiness of the Spaniards had precipitated them into the pit which their enemies had dug. The day was lost. Nothing was left for Aremberg but to perish with honour. Placing himself at the head of his handful of cavalry, he dashed into the mêlée. The shock was sustained by young Adolphus of Nassau at the head of an equal number of riders. Each leader singled out the other. They met, as "captains of might" should do, in the very midst of the affray.[2] Aremberg, receiving and disregarding a pistol-shot from his adversary, laid Adolphus dead at his feet, with a bullet through his body and a sabre-cut on his head. Two troopers in immediate attendance upon the young Count shared the same fate from the same hand. Shortly afterward, the horse of Aremberg, wounded by a musket-ball, fell to the ground. A few devoted followers lifted the charger to his legs and the bleeding rider to his saddle. They endeavoured to bear their wounded general from the scene of action. The horse staggered a few paces and fell dead. Aremberg disengaged himself from his body, and walked a few paces to the edge of a meadow near the road. Here, wounded in the action, crippled by the disease which had so long tormented him, and scarcely able to sustain longer the burden of his armour, he calmly awaited his fate. A troop of the enemy advanced soon afterwards, and Aremberg fell, covered with wounds, fighting like a hero of Homer, single-handed against a battalion, with a courage worthy a better cause and a better fate. The sword by which he received his final death-blow was that of the Seigneur de Haultain.[3] That officer, having just seen his brother slain before his eyes, forgot the respect due to unsuccessful chivalry.[4]

The battle was scarcely finished when an advancing trumpet was heard. The sound caused the victors to pause in their pursuit, and enabled a remnant of the conquered Spaniards to escape. Meghem's force was thought to be advancing. That general had indeed arrived, but he was alone. He had reached Zuidlaren, a village some four leagues from the scene of action, on the noon of that day. Here he had found a letter from Aremberg, requesting him to hasten. He had done so. His troops, however, having come from Coevorden that morning, were unable to accomplish so long a march in addition. The Count, accompanied by a few attendants, reached the

[1] This, at least, is the statement made by the author of the MS. heretofore cited, "Pièces Concernant les Troubles des Pays Bas," etc. The writer adds, that Alphonse d'Ulloa had taken good care not to mention the circumstance, as telling too hard upon the Spaniards. It is remarkable, however, that Ulloa does distinctly state that Alva, upon arriving in Amsterdam after the battle of Jemmingen, caused the captains and colonels of the Sardinian regiment to be beheaded for having been the cause of Aremberg's defeat and death. Braccamonte was the "Maestro de campo" of the Tercio of Sardinia.—Commentaire du Seigneur A. d'Ulloa, i. 57. Mendoza, ii. 28vo.

[2] This hotly-contested field, with the striking catastrophe of Adolphus and Aremberg, suggests the chivalrous picture in "Chevy Chase:"

> "At last these two stout earls did meet,
> Like captains of great might;
> Like lions wode, they laid on lode,
> And made a cruel fight," etc., etc.

[3] Meteren, f. 52. De Thou, v. 447.

[4] The principal authority followed in the foregoing description of the first victory gained by the rebels in the eighty years' war, which had now fairly commenced, is the Spanish Mendoza, who fought through this whole campaign in Friesland. Other historians give a still more picturesque aspect to the main incident of the battle. According to Strada, i. 320 (who gives as his authority a letter from Mic. Barbanson to Margaret of Parma, 30th May 1568), Adolphus and Aremberg fell by each other's hands, and lay dead side by side. The story is adopted with some hesitation by Hoofd and Bentivoglio. Cabrera, lib. viii. 486, 487, follows Mendoza literally, and ascribes the death of Adolphus to the hand of Aremberg, who in his turn was slain afterwards in the mêlée. Meteren, on the contrary, seeming to think, as well as the Spaniards, that the honour of the respective nations was at stake on the individual prowess of the champions, prefers to appear ignorant that this striking single combat had taken place. He mentions the death of Adolphus as having occurred in the mêlée, and ascribes Aremberg's death-blow to the Sieur de Haultain. Amelis van Amstel, in a report to the Council of Gueldres, relates, on the authority of a prisoner taken in the battle, that the body of Aremberg was brought before Count Louis after the fight, and that the unfortunate but chivalrous officer had been shot through the throat, through the body, and through the head; or, in his own respectful language, "his lordship was shot through the windpipe of his lordship's throat, in his side through and through again, and likewise his lordship's forehead, above his eyes, was very valiantly wounded."

neighbourhood of Heiliger-Lee only in time to meet with some of the camp sutlers and other fugitives, from whom he learned the disastrous news of the defeat. Finding that all was lost, he very properly returned to Zuidlaren, from which place he made the best of his way to Groningen. That important city, the key of Friesland, he was thus enabled to secure. The troops which he brought, in addition to the four German vanderas of Schaumburg, already quartered there, were sufficient to protect it against the ill-equipped army of Louis of Nassau.[1]

The patriot leader had accomplished, after all, but a barren victory. He had, to be sure, destroyed a number of Spaniards, amounting, according to the different estimates, to from five hundred to sixteen hundred men.[2] He had also broken up a small but veteran army. More than all, he had taught the Netherlanders, by this triumphant termination to a stricken field, that the choice troops of Spain were not invincible. But the moral effect of the victory was the only permanent one. The Count's badly-paid troops could with difficulty be kept together. He had no sufficient artillery to reduce the city whose possession would have proved so important to the cause. Moreover, in common with the Prince of Orange and all his brethren, he had been called to mourn for the young and chivalrous Adolphus, whose life-blood had stained the laurels of this first patriot victory.[3] Having remained, and thus wasted, the normal three days upon the battle-field, Louis now sat down before Groningen, fortifying and entrenching himself in a camp within cannon-shot of the city.[4]

On the 23d we have seen that Aremberg had written, full of confidence, to the Governor-General, promising soon to send him good news of the beggars. On the 26th, Count Meghem wrote, that having spoken with a man who had helped to place Aremberg in his coffin, he could hardly entertain any further doubt as to his fate.[5]

The wrath of the Duke was even greater than his surprise. Like Augustus, he called in vain on the dead commander for his legions, but prepared himself to inflict a more rapid and more terrible vengeance than the Roman's. Recognising the gravity of his situation, he determined to take the field in person, and to annihilate this insolent chieftain, who had dared not only to cope with, but to conquer, his veteran regiments. But before he could turn his back upon Brussels, many deeds were to be done. His measures now followed each other in breathless succession, fulminating and blasting at every stroke. On the 28th May he issued an edict, banishing, on pain of death, the Prince of Orange, Louis Nassau, Hoogstraaten, Van den Berg, and others, with confiscation of all their property.[6] At the same time he razed the Culemburg Palace to the ground, and erected a pillar upon its ruins commemorating the accursed conspiracy which had been engendered within its walls.[7] On the 1st June, eighteen prisoners of distinction, including the two Barons Batenburg, Maximilian Kock, Blois de Treslong, and others, were executed upon the Horse-market in Brussels. In the vigorous language of Hoogstraaten, this horrible tragedy was enacted directly before the windows of that "cruel animal Noircarmes," who, in company of his friend Berlaymont, and the rest of the Blood Council, looked out upon the shocking spectacle.[8] The heads of the victims were exposed upon stakes, to which also their bodies were fastened. Eleven of these victims were afterwards deposited, uncoffined, in unconsecrated ground; the other seven were left unburied to moulder on the

[1] Correspondance du Duc d'Albe, 94–98.
[2] Ibid., 111. Mendoza only allows 450 Spaniards killed. Compare Hoofd, v. 166; Cabrera, lib. viii 485–487; Meteren, 52, et alios.
[3] Hoofd, v. 166. Bor, iv. 236.
[4] Hoofd, Bor, ubi sup.
[5] Correspondance du Duc d'Albe, 102.
[6] Bor, iv. 238.
[7] Meteren, 50. Bor, iv. 248. Hoofd, v. 169.
[8] Groen v. Prinst., Archives, iii. 239.

gibbet.[1] On the 2d June, Villars, the leader in the Daalem rising, suffered on the scaffold with three others.[2] On the 3d, Counts Egmont and Horn were brought in a carriage from Ghent to Brussels, guarded by ten companies of infantry and one of cavalry. They were then lodged in the "Brood-huis," opposite the Townhall, on the great square of Brussels.[3] On the 4th, Alva having, as he solemnly declared before God and the world, examined thoroughly the mass of documents appertaining to those two great prosecutions, which had only been closed three days before, pronounced sentence against the illustrious prisoners.[4] These documents of iniquity, signed and sealed by the Duke, were sent to the Blood Council, where they were read by Secretary Praets.[5] The signature of Philip was not wanting, for, as already stated, the sentences had been drawn upon blanks signed by the monarch, of which the viceroy had brought a whole trunkful from Spain. The sentence against Egmont declared very briefly that the Duke of Alva, having read all the papers and evidence in the case, had found the Count guilty of high treason. It was proved that Egmont had united with the confederates; that he had been a party to the accursed conspiracy of the Prince of Orange; that he had taken the rebel nobles under his protection, and that he had betrayed the Government and the Holy Catholic Church by his conduct in Flanders. Therefore the Duke condemned him to be executed by the sword on the following day, and decreed that his head should be placed on high in a public place, there to remain until the Duke should otherwise direct. The sentence against Count Horn was similar in language and purport.[6]

That afternoon the Duke sent for the Bishop of Ypres. The prelate arrived at dusk. As soon as he presented himself, Alva informed him of the sentence which had just been pronounced, and ordered him to convey the intelligence to the prisoners. He further charged him with the duty of shriving the victims and preparing their souls for death. The Bishop fell on his knees, aghast at the terrible decree. He implored the Governor-General to have mercy upon the two unfortunate nobles. If their lives could not be spared, he prayed him at any rate to grant delay. With tears and earnest supplications the prelate endeavoured to avert or to postpone the doom which had been pronounced. It was in vain. The sentence, inflexible as destiny, had been long before ordained. Its execution had been but hastened by the temporary triumph of rebellion in Friesland. Alva told the Bishop roughly that he had not been summoned to give advice. Delay or pardon was alike impossible. He was to act as confessor to the criminals, not as councillor to the viceroy. The Bishop, thus rebuked, withdrew to accomplish his melancholy mission.[7] Meanwhile, on the same evening, the miserable Countess of Egmont had been appalled by rumours too vague for belief, too terrible to be slighted. She was in the chamber of Countess Aremberg, with whom she had come to condole for the death of the Count, when the order for the immediate execution of her own husband was announced to her.[8] She hastened to the presence of the Governor-General. The Princess Palatine, whose ancestors had been emperors, remembered only that she was a wife and a mother. She fell at the feet of the man who controlled the fate of her husband, and implored his mercy in humble and submissive terms. The Duke, with calm and almost

[1] Bor, iv. 238. Hoofd, v. 167, 168.

[2] Bor, Hoofd, ubi sup.

[3] Bor, v. 238, 239. Hoofd, v. 168. The building is now called the "Maison du Roi."

[4] Bor, Hoofd, ubi sup. Meteren, 52, 53.

[5] Bor, v. 239. "Les procès instruits furent lus et visitez au Conseil des Troubles y assistans journellement le Bucq comme President avec les seigneurs de Berlaymont et de Noircarmes—trop bien le Ducq se feit delivrer par escript leurs opinions secrètes de chacune, la pluralité desquelles inclina à la condemnation."—Renom de France MS., ii. c. 5. The same writer adds that the sentence, drawn up by Hessels, and signed by the Duke, was read two or three days afterwards in presence of Berlaymont and Noircarmes. "Par où l'on a présumé, à bonne raison, que la résolution venait d'Espagne."—Ibid.

[6] Bor, iv. 239.

[7] Bor, iv. 239. Hoofd, 168, 169. Strada, i. 327. et multi alii.

[8] Brantôme, Hommes Illustres, etc., usâ ii. 176.

incredible irony, reassured the Countess by the information that on the morrow her husband was certainly to be released.[1] With this ambiguous phrase, worthy the paltering oracles of antiquity, the wretched woman was obliged to withdraw. Too soon afterwards the horrible truth of the words was revealed to her—words of doom, which she had mistaken for consolation.

An hour before midnight the Bishop of Ypres reached Egmont's prison. The Count was confined in a chamber on the second storey of the Brood-huis, the mansion of the cross-bowmen's guild, in that corner of the building which rests on a narrow street running back from the great square.[2] He was aroused from his sleep by the approach of his visitor. Unable to speak, but indicating by the expression of his features the occurrence of a great misfortune, the Bishop, soon after his entrance, placed the paper given to him by Alva in Egmont's hands. The unfortunate noble thus suddenly received the information that his death-sentence had been pronounced, and that its execution was fixed for the next morning. He read the paper through without flinching, and expressed astonishment rather than dismay at its tidings.[3] Exceedingly sanguine by nature, he had never believed, even after his nine months' imprisonment, in a fatal termination to the difficulties in which he was involved. He was now startled both at the sudden condemnation which had followed his lingering trial, and at the speed with which his death was to fulfil the sentence. He asked the Bishop, with many expressions of amazement, whether pardon was impossible, whether delay at least might not be obtained? The prelate answered by a faithful narrative of the conversation which had just occurred between Alva and himself.[4] Egmont, thus convinced of his inevitable doom, then observed to his companion, with exquisite courtesy, that, since he was to die, he rendered thanks both to God and to the Duke that his last moments were to be consoled by so excellent a father confessor.[5]

Afterwards, with a natural burst of indignation, he exclaimed that it was indeed a cruel and unjust sentence. He protested that he had never in his whole life wronged his Majesty; certainly never so deeply as to deserve such a punishment. All that he had done had been with loyal intentions. The King's true interest had been his constant aim. Nevertheless, if he had fallen into error, he prayed to God that his death might wipe away his misdeeds, and that his name might not be dishonoured nor his children brought to shame. His beloved wife and innocent children were to endure misery enough by his death and the confiscation of his estates. It was at least due to his long services that they should be spared further suffering.[6] He then asked his father confessor what advice he had to give touching his present conduct. The Bishop replied by an exhortation that he should turn himself to God; that he should withdraw his thoughts entirely from all earthly interests, and prepare himself for the world beyond the grave. He accepted the advice, and kneeling before the Bishop, confessed himself. He then asked to receive the sacrament, which the Bishop administered, after the customary mass. Egmont asked what prayer would be most appropriate at the hour of execution. His confessor replied that there was none more befitting than the one which Jesus had taught His disciples—"Our Father which art in heaven."

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[1] Hoofd, v. 169, who is the only authority for an anecdote which, for the honour of humanity, one wishes to think false.

[2] Bruxelles et ses Environs, par Alphonse Wauters, 93.

[3] "Met grooter Verwondering dan Versleegenheit."—Hoofd, v. 169. [4] Hoofd, ubi sup. Bor, iv. 239.

[5] Ibid., iv. 239. Hoofd, v. 169. It is painful to reflect that, notwithstanding the kind words exchanged between the Bishop and Egmont upon this melancholy occasion, the prelate expressed to others his *entire approbation of the Count's execution.* "Ypres considers the punishment of Egmont as *very just and necessary* for an example," wrote Morillon to Granvelle a week after the murder. "To try the Bishop further," he continued, "I observed that the King was very near giving Egmont the office which he had since bestowed upon Alva; upon which he replied that it would have been our ruin," etc., etc.—Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., Supplément, 83.

[6] Bor, Hoofd, ubi sup. Meteren, 53. Pièces Concernant les Troubles, etc., 331vo. MS.

Some conversation ensued, in which the Count again expressed his gratitude that his parting soul had been soothed by these pious and friendly offices. By a revulsion of feeling he then bewailed again the sad fate of his wife and of his young children. The Bishop entreated him anew to withdraw his mind from such harrowing reflections, and to give himself entirely to God. Overwhelmed with grief, Egmont exclaimed with natural and simple pathos—"Alas! how miserable and frail is our nature, that when we should think of God only, we are unable to shut out the images of wife and children."[1]

Recovering from his emotion, and having yet much time, he sat down and wrote with perfect self-possession two letters, one to Philip and one to Alva. The celebrated letter to the King was as follows:—

"SIRE,—I have learned this evening the sentence which your Majesty has been pleased to pronounce upon me. Although I have never had a thought, and believe myself never to have done a deed, which could tend to the prejudice of your Majesty's person or service, or to the detriment of our true ancient and Catholic religion, nevertheless I take patience to bear that which it has pleased the good God to send. If, during these troubles in the Netherlands, I have done or permitted aught which had a different appearance, it has been with the true and good intent to serve God and your Majesty, and the necessity of the times. Therefore I pray your Majesty to forgive me and to have compassion on my poor wife, my children, and my servants; having regard to my past services. In which hope I now commend myself to the mercy of God.

"From Brussels,

"*Ready to die*, this 5th *June* 1568.

"Your Majesty's very humble and loyal vassal and servant,

"LAMORAL D'EGMONT."[2]

Having thus kissed the murderous hand which smote him, he handed the letter, stamped rather with superfluous loyalty than with Christian forgiveness, to the Bishop, with a request that he would forward it to its destination, accompanied by a letter from his own hand. This duty the Bishop solemnly promised to fulfil.[3]

Facing all the details of his execution with the fortitude which belonged to his character, he now took counsel with his confessor as to the language proper for him to hold from the scaffold to the assembled people. The Bishop, however, strongly dissuaded him from addressing the multitude at all. The persons furthest removed, urged the priest, would not hear the words, while the Spanish troops in the immediate vicinity would not understand them. It seemed, therefore, the part of wisdom and of dignity for him to be silent, communing only with his God. The Count assented to this reasoning, and abandoned his intention of saying a few farewell words to the people, by many of whom he believed himself tenderly beloved.[4] He now made many preparations for the morrow, in order that his thoughts, in the last moments, might not be distracted by mechanical details, cutting the collar from his doublet and from his shirt with his own hands,[5] in order that those of the hangman might have no excuse for contaminating his person. The rest of the night was passed in prayer and meditation.

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[1] Bor, iv. 240. Hoofd, v. 169. Pièces Concernant les Troubles des Pays Bas, 332vo, MS., Gerard Collection, Archives of the Hague.

[2] Bor, iv. 240. Hoofd, 169, 170. Strada, i. 327, 328, et alii. See also Gachard, Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 764. Foppens, Supplément, i. 261.

[3] Hoofd, v. 170. According to Bor, iv. 240, Egmont also wrote a letter to the Duke; according to Meteren, 53, he wrote one to his wife. Compare Strada, i. 327, 328; Haraeus, Ann. Tum. Belgic, iii. 90; Foppens, Supplément, i. 260.

[4] Bor, iv. 240. Hoofd, v. 170.

[5] Bor, Hoofd, ubi sup. Pièces Concernant l'Hist. des Troubles, MS., f. 333.

Fewer circumstances concerning the last night of Count Horn's life have been preserved. It is, however, well ascertained that the Admiral received the sudden news of his condemnation with absolute composure. He was assisted at his devotional exercises in prison by the curate of La Chapelle.[1]

During the night the necessary preparations for the morning tragedy had been made in the great square of Brussels. It was the intention of Government to strike terror to the heart of the people by the exhibition of an impressive and appalling spectacle. The absolute and irresponsible destiny which ruled them was to be made manifest by the immolation of these two men, so elevated by rank, powerful connection, and distinguished service.

The effect would be heightened by the character of the locality where the gloomy show was to be presented. The great square of Brussels had always a striking and theatrical aspect. The splendid Hotel de Ville, with its daring spire and elaborate front, ornamented one side of the place; directly opposite was the graceful but incoherent façade of the Brood-huis, now the last earthly resting-place of the two distinguished victims, while grouped around these principal buildings rose the fantastic palaces of the archers, mariners, and of other guilds, with their festooned walls and toppling gables bedizened profusely with emblems, statues, and quaint decorations. The place had been alike the scene of many a brilliant tournament and of many a bloody execution. Gallant knights had contended within its precincts, while bright eyes rained influence from all those picturesque balconies and decorated windows. Martyrs to religious and to political liberty had, upon the same spot, endured agonies which might have roused every stone of its pavement to mutiny or softened them to pity. Here Egmont himself, in happier days, had often borne away the prize of skill or of valour, the cynosure of every eye; and hence, almost in the noon of a life illustrated by many brilliant actions, he was to be sent, by the hand of tyranny, to his great account.

On the morning of the 5th of June, three thousand Spanish troops[2] were drawn up in battle array around a scaffold which had been erected in the centre of the square. Upon this scaffold, which was covered with black cloth, were placed two velvet cushions, two iron spikes, and a small table. Upon the table was a silver crucifix. The provost-marshal, Spelle, sat on horseback below, with his red wand in his hand, little dreaming that for him a darker doom was reserved than that of which he was now the minister. The executioner was concealed beneath the draperies of the scaffold.[3]

At eleven o'clock a company of Spanish soldiers, led by Julian Romero and Captain Salinas, arrived at Egmont's chamber. The Count was ready for them. They were about to bind his hands, but he warmly protested against the indignity, and opening the folds of his robe, showed them that he had himself shorn off his collars and made preparations for his death. His request was granted. Egmont, with the Bishop at his side, then walked with a steady step the short distance which separated him from the place of execution. Julian Romero and the guard followed him. On his way he read aloud the fifty-first Psalm: "Hear my cry, O God, and give ear unto my prayer!" He seemed to have selected these scriptural passages as a proof that, notwithstanding the machinations of his enemies, and the cruel punishment to which they had led him, loyalty to his sovereign was as deeply rooted and as religious a sentiment in his bosom as devotion to his God. "Thou wilt prolong the King's life, and his years as many generations. He shall abide before God for ever! O prepare mercy and truth which may pre-

[1] Letter of Alva to Philip, Correspondance de Marg. d'Autriche, 252.

[2] Nineteen vanderas occupied the square, two were left to guard the palace, and one went the rounds of the city during the execution. Bor, Hoofd, ubi sup. Compare Ulloa, Commentaire, Premier et Second (Paris, 1570), i. 43.

[3] Bor, iv. 240. Hoofd, v. 170, 171. Strada, i. 398.

serve him." Such was the prayer of the condemned traitor on his way to the block.[1]

Having ascended the scaffold, he walked across it twice or thrice. He was dressed in a tabard or robe of red damask, over which was thrown a short black mantle embroidered in gold. He had a black silk hat with black and white plumes on his head, and held a handkerchief in his hand. As he strode to and fro, he expressed a bitter regret that he had not been permitted to die sword in hand, fighting for his country and his king. Sanguine to the last, he passionately asked Romero whether the sentence was really irrevocable, whether a pardon was not even then to be granted. The marshal shrugged his shoulders, murmuring a negative reply. Upon this Egmont gnashed his teeth together, rather in rage than despair. Shortly afterward commanding himself again, he threw aside his robe and mantle, and took the badge of the Golden Fleece from his neck. Kneeling then upon one of the cushions, he said the Lord's Prayer aloud, and requested the Bishop, who knelt at his side, to repeat it thrice. After this the prelate gave him the silver crucifix to kiss, and then pronounced his blessing upon him. This done, the Count rose again to his feet, laid aside his hat and handkerchief, knelt again upon the cushion, drew a little cap over his eyes, and, folding his hands together, cried with a loud voice, "Lord, into Thy hands I commit my spirit." The executioner then suddenly appeared, and severed his head from his shoulders at a single blow.[2]

A moment of shuddering silence succeeded the stroke. The whole vast assembly seemed to have felt it in their own hearts. Tears fell from the eyes even of the Spanish soldiery, for they knew and honoured Egmont as a valiant general. The French ambassador, Mondoucet, looking upon the scene from a secret place, whispered that he had now seen the head fall before which France had twice trembled. Tears were even seen upon the iron cheek of Alva, as, from a window in a house directly opposite the scaffold, he looked out upon the scene.[3]

A dark cloth was now quickly thrown over the body and the blood, and, within a few minutes, the Admiral was seen advancing through the crowd. His bald head was uncovered, his hands were unbound. He calmly saluted such of his acquaintances as he chanced to recognise upon his path.[4] Under a black cloak, which he threw off when he had ascended the scaffold, he wore a plain dark doublet, and he did not, like Egmont, wear the insignia of the Fleece. Casting his eyes upon the corpse, which lay covered with the dark cloth, he asked if it were the body of Egmont. Being answered in the affirmative, he muttered a few words in Spanish, which were not distinctly audible. His attention was next caught by the sight of his own coat of arms reversed, and he expressed anger at this indignity to his escutcheon, protesting that he had not deserved the insult.[5] He then spoke a few words to the crowd below, wishing them happiness, and begging them to pray for his soul. He did not kiss the crucifix, but he knelt upon the scaffold to pray, and was assisted in his

[1] Chronike oft Journal van het gene in de Nederlanden en namentlyk tot Antwerpen is voorgerallen ten tyde der Troublen van den Jaer, 1566 tot 1593, door N. de Weert, MS., Coll. Gérard, Library of the Hague. Comp. Hoofd; Meteren, 53. Ulloa, i. 42.

[2] Bor, iv. 240. Hoofd, v. 170, 171. Strada, i. 328.

[3] "En hem niet bet door den hals, dan den omstanderen in 't hart sneed," says Hoofd, v. 170, 171. Even Bentivoglio becomes softened in relating the pathetic scene. "E veramente parve," says the Cardinal, "che sotto i suo collo n' havesse come un altro la Fiandra tutta, si grande fù il senso, che mòstro allora del suo supplicio."—Liv. iv. 69. Compare Strada, i. 329; Meteren, 53; Bor, 241. "I hear," wrote Morillon to Granvelle (June 7, 1567), "that his Excellency shed tears *as big as peas* during the execution" (at jecté des larmes aussi grosses que poix). —Groen v. Prinst., Archives, Supplément, 81. The prebendary goes on to say that "he had caused the story of the Duke's tenderness to be trumpeted in many places, "à faict sonner où il luy a semblé convenir, quia multorum animi exacerbeti."—Ibid. Morillon also quotes Alva as having had the effrontery to say that he desired a mitigation of the punishment, but that the King had answered, "he could forgive offences against himself, but the crimes committed against God were unpardonable!!!"—Ibid.

[4] Foppens, Supplément, i. 264.

[5] N. de Weert, Chronyk, MS.

devotions by the Bishop of Ypres. When they were concluded, he rose again to his feet. Then drawing a Milan cap completely over his face, and uttering in Latin the same invocation which Egmont had used, he submitted his neck to the stroke.[1]

Egmont had obtained, as a last favour, that his execution should precede that of his friend. Deeming himself in part to blame for Horn's reappearance in Brussels after the arrival of Alva, and for his death, which was the result, he wished to be spared the pang of seeing him dead. Gemma Frisius, the astrologer, who had cast the horoscope of Count Horn at his birth, had come to him in the most solemn manner to warn him against visiting Brussels. The Count had answered stoutly that he placed his trust in God, and that, moreover, his friend Egmont was going thither also, who had engaged that no worse fate should befall the one of them than the other.[2]

The heads of both sufferers were now exposed for two hours upon the iron stakes. Their bodies, placed in coffins, remained during the same interval upon the scaffold. Meantime, notwithstanding the presence of the troops, the populace could not be restrained from tears and from execrations. Many crowded about the scaffold, and dipped their handkerchiefs in the blood, to be preserved afterwards as memorials of the crime and as ensigns of revenge.[3]

The bodies were afterwards delivered to their friends. A stately procession of the guilds, accompanied by many of the clergy, conveyed their coffins to the church of St. Gudule. Thence the body of Egmont was carried to the convent of Saint Clara, near the old Brussels gate, where it was embalmed.[4] His escutcheon and banners were hung upon the outward wall of his residence by order of the Countess. By command of Alva they were immediately torn down.[5] His remains were afterwards conveyed to his city of Sottegem, in Flanders, where they were interred. Count Horn was entombed at Kempen. The bodies had been removed from the scaffold at two o'clock. The heads remained exposed between burning torches for two hours longer. They were then taken down, enclosed in boxes, and, as it was generally supposed, dispatched to Madrid.[6] The King was thus enabled to look upon the dead faces of his victims without the trouble of a journey to the provinces.

Thus died Philip Montmorency, Count of Horn, and Lamoral of Egmont, Prince of Gaveren. The more intense sympathy which seemed to attach itself to the fate of Egmont rendered the misfortune of his companion in arms and in death comparatively less interesting.[7]

Egmont is a great historical figure, but he was certainly not a great man. His execution remains an enduring monument, not only of Philip's cruelty and perfidy, but of his dulness. The King had everything to hope from Egmont, and nothing to fear. Granvelle knew the man well, and almost to

[1] The Duke of Alva assured Philip that both the Counts "sont morts fort catholiquement et modestement." Compare Bor, iv. 240; Hoofd. v. 171; Meteren, f. 53; Ulloa, i. 43; De Weert MS.

[2] Bor, iv. 241. Hoofd, v. 170.

[3] Bor, Hoofd, Meteren, Strada, i. 328, Bentivoglio, liv. iv. 69.

[4] Bor, iv. 241. Ulloa, i. 44. The latter writer, who was maréchal-de-camp in Alva's army, and had commanded the citadel of Ghent during the imprisonment of the Counts, observes that the coffin of Egmont, after its removal to St. Clara, was visited by crowds of people, all bathed in tears, who kissed it as if it had been the shrine of saintly remains, offering up prayers the while for the repose of the departed soul. He adds, that the same devotion was not paid to the body of Horn, which remained almost deserted in the great church. There is something pathetic in this image of the gloomy, melancholy Horn lying thus in his bloody shroud as solitary and deserted as he had been in the latter years of his life in his desolate home. Certainly the Admiral deserved as much popular sympathy as Egmont.

[5] Bor, iv. 241. Hoofd, v. 171. Meteren, f. 53.

[6] Ibid.: "Te vier uren werden de hoofden gesloten elk besundere in een houten kiste d'welck by de Spangaerden was duer toe gemackt, want de selve naer Spaengnien werdden gesonden, soo men seyde." The author of this manuscript, which contains many curious details, was a contemporary, and occupied a place under Government afterward at Antwerp. Compare the letter of Geronimo de Roda in Gachard, Notice sur le Conseil des Troubles, p. 29 (Bulletins de l'Acad. Roy. de Belg., xvi. 6): "Y preguntáron si era verdad que Julian habia tomado las cabezas y echado las no sè donde; que aunque en esto hablò Berleymonte creo quisò dar à entender que las debian haber guardado."

[7] "Defleri," says Strada (i. 330), "profecto haud modice potuisset hujus viri (Hornani) mors si non Egmontius omnium lacrymas consumpsisset." Compare Ulloa, i. 44.

the last could not believe in the possibility of so unparalleled a blunder as that which was to make a victim, a martyr, and a popular idol of a personage brave indeed, but incredibly vacillating and inordinately vain, who, by a little management, might have been converted into a most useful instrument for the royal purposes.

It is not necessary to recapitulate the events of Egmont's career. Step by step we have studied his course, and at no single period have we discovered even a germ of those elements which make the national champion. His pride of order rendered him furious at the insolence of Granvelle, and caused him to chafe under his dominion. His vanity of high rank and of distinguished military service made him covet the highest place under the crown, while his hatred of those by whom he considered himself defrauded of his claims, converted him into a malcontent. He had no sympathy with the people, but he loved, as a grand seignior, to be looked up to and admired by a gaping crowd. He was an unwavering Catholic, held sectaries in utter loathing, and, after the image-breaking, took a positive pleasure in hanging ministers, together with their congregations, and in pressing the besieged Christians of Valenciennes to extremities. Upon more than one occasion he pronounced his unequivocal approval of the infamous edicts, and he exerted himself at times to enforce them within his province. The transitory impression made upon his mind by the lofty nature of Orange was easily effaced in Spain by court flattery and by royal bribes. Notwithstanding the coldness, the rebuffs, and the repeated warnings which might have saved him from destruction, nothing could turn him at last from the fanatic loyalty towards which, after much wavering, his mind irrevocably pointed. His voluntary humiliation as a general, a grandee, a Fleming, and a Christian, before the insolent Alva upon his first arrival, would move our contempt were it not for the gentler emotions suggested by the infatuated nobleman's doom. Upon the departure of Orange, Egmont was only too eager to be employed by Philip in any work which the monarch could find for him to do. Yet this was the man whom Philip chose, through the executioner's sword, to convert into a popular idol, and whom Poetry has loved to contemplate as a romantic champion of freedom.

As for Horn, details enough have likewise been given of his career to enable the reader thoroughly to understand the man. He was a person of mediocre abilities and thoroughly commonplace character. His high rank and his tragic fate are all which make him interesting. He had little love for court or people. Broken in fortunes, he passed his time mainly in brooding over the ingratitude of Charles and Philip, and in complaining bitterly of the disappointments to which their policy had doomed him. He cared nothing for cardinalists or confederates. He disliked Brederode, he detested Granvelle. Gloomy and morose, he went to bed while the men who were called his fellow-conspirators were dining and making merry in the same house with himself. He had as little sympathy with the cry of "*Vivent les gueux*" as for that of "*Vive le Roy.*" The most interesting features in his character are his generosity toward his absent brother, and the manliness with which, as Montigny's representative at Tournay, he chose rather to confront the anger of the Government, and to incur the deadly revenge of Philip, than make himself the executioner of the harmless Christians in Tournay. In this regard his conduct is vastly more entitled to our respect than that of Egmont, and he was certainly more deserving of reverence from the people, even though deserted by all men while living, and left headless and solitary in his coffin at St. Gudule.

The hatred for Alva, which sprang from the graves of these illustrious

victims, waxed daily more intense. "Like things of another world," wrote Hoogstraaten,[1] "seem the cries, lamentations, and just compassion which all the inhabitants of Brussels, noble or ignoble, feel for such barbarous tyranny, while this Nero of an Alva is boasting that he will do the same to all whom he lays his hands upon." No man believed that the two nobles had committed a crime, and many were even disposed to acquit Philip of his share in the judicial murder. The people ascribed the execution solely to the personal jealousy of the Duke. They discoursed to each other not only of the envy with which the Governor-General had always regarded the military triumphs of his rival, but related that Egmont had at different times won large sums of Alva at games of hazard, and that he had, moreover, on several occasions, carried off the prize from the Duke in shooting at the popinjay.[2] Nevertheless, in spite of all these absurd rumours, there is no doubt that Philip and Alva must share equally in the guilt of the transaction, and that the "chastisement" had been arranged before Alva had departed from Spain.

The Countess Egmont remained at the convent of Cambre with her eleven children, plunged in misery and in poverty. The Duke wrote to Philip that he doubted if there were so wretched a family in the world. He at the same time congratulated his sovereign on the certainty that the more intense the effects, the more fruitful would be the example of this great execution. He stated that the Countess was considered a most saintly woman, and that there had been scarcely a night in which, attended by her daughters, she had not gone forth barefooted to offer up prayers for her husband in every church within the city. He added, that it was doubtful whether they had money enough to buy themselves a supper that very night, and he begged the King to allow them the means of supporting life. He advised that the Countess should be placed, without delay, in a Spanish convent, where her daughters might at once take the veil, assuring his Majesty that her dower was entirely inadequate to her support. Thus humanely recommending his sovereign to bestow an alms on the family which his own hand had reduced from a princely station to beggary, the Viceroy proceeded to detail the recent events in Friesland, together with the measures which he was about taking to avenge the defeat and death of Count Aremberg.[3]

CHAPTER III.

Preparations of the Duke against Count Louis—Precarious situation of Louis in Friesland—Timidity of the inhabitants—Alva in Friesland—Skirmishing near Groningen—Retreat of the patriots—Error committed by Louis—His position at Jemmingen—Mutinous demonstrations of his troops—Louis partially restores order—Attempt to destroy the dykes interrupted by the arrival of Alva's forces—Artful strategy of the Duke—Defeat of Count Louis, and utter destruction of his army—Outrages committed by the Spaniards—Alva at Utrecht—Execution of Vrouw van Diemen—Episode of Don Carlos—Fables concerning him and Queen Isabella—Mystery concerning his death—Secret letters of Philip to the Pope—The one containing the truth of the transaction still concealed in the Vatican—Case against Philip, as related by Mathieu, De Thou, and others—Testimony in the King's favour by the Nuncio, the Venetian envoy, and others—Doubtful state of the question—Anecdotes concerning Don Carlos—His character.

THOSE measures were taken with the precision and promptness which marked the Duke's character when precision and promptness were desirable. There had been a terrible energy in his every step since the successful foray of Louis Nassau. Having determined to take the field in person with nearly all the

[1] Groen van Prinsterer. Archives, etc., iii. 240, 241.

[2] Strada, i. 326.

[3] Correspondance de Philippe II., 765-774.

Spanish veterans, he had at once acted upon the necessity of making the capital secure after his back should be turned. It was impossible to leave three thousand choice troops to guard Count Egmont. A less number seemed insufficient to prevent a rescue. He had, therefore, no longer delayed the chastisement which had already been determined, but which the events in the north had precipitated. Thus the only positive result of Louis Nassau's victory was the execution of his imprisoned friends.

The expedition under Aremberg had failed from two causes. The Spanish force had been inadequate, and they had attacked the enemy at a disadvantage. The imprudent attack was the result of the contempt with which they had regarded their antagonist. These errors were not to be repeated. Alva ordered Count Meghem, now commanding in the province of Groningen, on no account to hazard hostilities until the game was sure.[1] He also immediately ordered large reinforcements to move forward to the seat of war. The commanders intrusted with this duty were Duke Eric of Brunswick, Chiappin Vitelli, Noircarmes, and Count de Roeulx. The rendezvous for the whole force was Deventer, and here they all arrived on the 10th July. On the same day the Duke of Alva himself entered Deventer to take command in person.[2] On the evening of the 14th July he reached Rolden, a village three leagues distant from Groningen, at the head of three terzios of Spanish infantry, three companies of light horse, and a troop of dragoons.[3] His whole force in and about Groningen amounted to fifteen thousand choice troops, besides a large but uncertain number of less-disciplined soldiery.[4]

Meantime, Louis of Nassau, since his victory, had accomplished nothing. For this inactivity there was one sufficient excuse—the total want of funds. His only revenue was the amount of blackmail which he was able to levy upon the inhabitants of the province. He repeated his determination to treat them all as enemies unless they furnished him with the means of expelling their tyrants from the country.[5] He obtained small sums in this manner from time to time. The inhabitants were favourably disposed, but they were timid and despairing. They saw no clear way towards the accomplishment of the result concerning which Louis was so confident. They knew that the terrible Alva was already on his way. They felt sure of being pillaged by both parties, and of being hanged as rebels besides, as soon as the Governor-General should make his appearance.

Louis had, however, issued two formal proclamations for two especial contributions. In these documents he had succinctly explained that the houses of all recusants should be forthwith burned about their ears,[6] and in consequence of these peremptory measures, he had obtained some ten thousand florins. Alva ordered counter-proclamations to be affixed to church doors and other places, forbidding all persons to contribute to these forced loans of the rebels, on penalty of paying twice as much to the Spaniards, with arbitrary punishment in addition, after his arrival.[7] The miserable inhabitants, thus placed between two fires, had nothing for it but to pay one-half of their property to support the rebellion in the first place, with the prospect of giving the other half as a subsidy to tyranny afterwards, while the gibbet stood at the end of the vista to reward their liberality. Such was the horrible position of the peasantry in this civil conflict. The weight of guilt thus accumulated upon the crowned

[1] Correspondance du Duc d'Albe, 136.
[2] Mendoza, 56, 57.
[3] Correspondance du Duc d'Albe, 154.
[4] Mendoza, 53–55. Correspondance du Duc d'Albe, 102, 106, 138, 152. The Netherland historians give him 17,000 foot and 3000 horse. Hoofd, v. 174. Bor, iv. 243, 244. Compare Bentivoglio, liv. iv. 70, and Strada, i. 331, who gives Alva 12,000 foot and 3000 horse, and to Louis of Nassau an equal number of infantry, with an inferior force of cavalry.
[5] Correspondance du Duc d'Albe, 114, 115, 123, 124.
[6] Proclamation of Count Louis, dated Dam, 5th June 1568. Correspondance du Duc d'Albe, 124, 125.
[7] Ibid., 144, 145.

head which conceived, and upon the red right hand which wrought all this misery, what human scales can measure!

With these precarious means of support, the army of Louis of Nassau, as may easily be supposed, was anything but docile. After the victory of Heiliger-Lee there had seemed to his German mercenaries a probability of extensive booty, which grew fainter as the slender fruit of that battle became daily more apparent. The two abbots of Wittewerum and of Heiliger-Lee, who had followed Aremberg's train in order to be witnesses of his victory, had been obliged to pay to the actual conqueror a heavy price for the entertainment to which they had invited themselves,[1] and these sums, together with the amounts pressed from the reluctant Estates, and the forced contributions paid by luckless peasants, enabled him to keep his straggling troops together a few weeks longer. Mutiny, however, was constantly breaking out, and by the eloquent expostulations and vague promises of the Count, was with difficulty suppressed.[2]

He had, for a few weeks immediately succeeding the battle, distributed his troops in three different stations. On the approach of the Duke, however, he hastily concentrated his whole force at his own strongly-fortified camp, within half cannon-shot of Groningen. His army, such as it was, numbered from 10,000 to 12,000 men.[3] Alva reached Groningen early in the morning, and without pausing a moment, marched his troops directly through the city. He then immediately occupied an entrenched and fortified house, from which it was easy to inflict damage upon the camp. This done, the Duke, with a few attendants, rode forward to reconnoitre the enemy in person. He found him in a well-fortified position, having the river on his front, which served as a moat to his camp, and with a deep trench three hundred yards beyond in addition. Two wooden bridges led across the river; each was commanded by a fortified house, in which was a provision of pine torches, ready at a moment's warning to set fire to the bridges. Having thus satisfied himself, the Duke rode back to his army, which had received strict orders not to lift a finger till his return. He then dispatched a small force of five hundred musketeers, under Robles, to skirmish with the enemy, and, if possible, to draw them from their trenches.[4]

The troops of Louis, however, showed no greediness to engage. On the contrary, it soon became evident that their dispositions were of an opposite tendency. The Count himself, not at that moment trusting his soldiery, who were in an extremely mutinous condition, was desirous of falling back before his formidable antagonist. The Duke, faithful, however, to his lifelong principles, had no intentions of precipitating the action in those difficult and swampy regions. The skirmishing, therefore, continued for many hours, an additional force of a thousand men being detailed from the Spanish army. The day was very sultry, however, the enemy reluctant, and the whole action languid. At last, towards evening, a large body, tempted beyond their trenches, engaged warmly with the Spaniards. The combat lasted but a few minutes; the patriots were soon routed, and fled precipitately back to their camp. The panic spread with them, and the whole army was soon in retreat. On retiring, they had, however, set fire to the bridges, and thus secured an advantage at the outset of the chase. The Spaniards were no longer to be held. Vitelli obtained permission to follow with two thousand additional troops. The fifteen hundred who had already been engaged charged furiously upon their retreating foes. Some dashed across the blazing bridges with their garments and their very beards on fire.[5] Others sprang into the river. Neither fire nor water could check the fierce pursuit. The cavalry, dismounting, drove their horses into the

[1] Bor, iv. 236.
[2] Ibid., iv 236–244, etc. Hoofd, v. 175.
[3] Ibid., v 174. According to Groen v. Prinst., only 7000 to 8000 against 17,000 foot and 3000 horse—iii. 265.
[4] Mendoza, 59. Correspondance de Duc d'Albe, 154.
[5] Mendoza, 61.

stream, and clinging to their tails, pricked the horses forward with their lances. Having thus been dragged across, they joined their comrades in the mad chase along the narrow dykes and through the swampy and almost impassable country where the rebels were seeking shelter. The approach of night, too soon advancing, at last put an end to the hunt. The Duke with difficulty recalled his men, and compelled them to restrain their eagerness until the morrow. Three hundred of the patriots were left dead upon the field, besides at least an equal number who perished in the river and canals. The army of Louis was entirely routed, and the Duke considered it virtually destroyed. He wrote to the State Council that he should pursue them the next day, but doubted whether he should find anybody to talk with him. In this the Governor-General soon found himself delightfully disappointed.[1]

Five days later the Duke arrived at Reyden, on the Ems. Owing to the unfavourable disposition of the country people, who were willing to protect the fugitives by false information to their pursuers, he was still in doubt as to the position then occupied by the enemy.[2] He had been fearful that they would be found at this very village of Reyden. It was a fatal error on the part of Count Louis that they were not.[3] Had he made a stand at this point, he might have held out a long time. The bridge which here crossed the river would have afforded him a retreat into Germany at any moment, and the place was easily to be defended in front.[4] Thus he might have maintained himself against his fierce but wary foe, while his brother Orange, who was at Strasburg watching the progress of events, was executing his own long-planned expedition into the heart of the Netherlands. With Alva thus occupied in Friesland, the results of such an invasion might have been prodigious. It was, however, not on the cards for that campaign. The mutinous disposition of the mercenaries under his command [5] had filled Louis with doubt and disgust. Bold and sanguine, but always too fiery and impatient, he saw not much possibility of paying his troops any longer with promises. Perhaps he was not unwilling to place them in a position where they would be obliged to fight or to perish. At any rate, such was their present situation. Instead of halting at Reyden, he had made his stand at Jemmingen, about four leagues distant from that place, and a little further down the river.[6] Alva discovered this important fact soon after his arrival at Reyden, and could not conceal his delight. Already exulting at the error made by his adversary in neglecting the important position which he now occupied himself, he was doubly delighted at learning the nature of the place which he had in preference selected. He saw that Louis had completed entrapped himself.

Jemmingen was a small town on the left bank of the Ems. The stream here, very broad and deep, is rather a tide inlet than a river, being but a very few miles from the Dollart. This circular bay, or ocean chasm, the result of the violent inundation of the thirteenth century, surrounds, with the river, a narrow peninsula. In the corner of this peninsula, as in the bottom of a sack, Louis had posted his army. His infantry, as usual, was drawn up in two large squares, and still contained ten thousand men. The rear rested upon the village, the river was upon his left; his meagre force of cavalry upon the right. In front were two very deep trenches. The narrow road, which formed the only entrance to his camp, was guarded by a ravelin on each side, and by five pieces of artillery.[7]

The Duke having reconnoitred the enemy in person, rode back satisfied that no escape was possible. The river was too deep and too wide for swim-

[1] Mendoza, 59-63. Alva's Letter to the State Council, Correspondance du Duc d'Albe, 154, 155. Compare Bor, iv. 244; Hoofd, v. 174, 175.
[2] Mendoza 63. [3] Ibid., 63, 64. Hoofd, v. 174.
[4] Mendoza, Hoofd, ubi sup.
[5] Bor, iv. 236, 244. Hoofd, v. 175.
[6] Hoofd, v. 174, 175. Bor, iv. 244. Mendoza, 64.
[7] Mendoza 68 69.

ming or wading, and there were but very few boats. Louis was shut up between twelve thousand Spanish veterans and the river Ems. The rebel army, although not insufficient in point of numbers, was in a state of disorganisation. They were furious for money and reluctant to fight. They broke out into open mutiny upon the very verge of battle, and swore that they would instantly disband, if the gold which, as they believed, had been recently brought into the camp, were not immediately distributed among them.[1] Such was the state of things on the eventful morning of the 21st July. All the expostulations of Count Louis seemed powerless. His eloquence and his patience, both inferior to his valour, were soon exhausted. He peremptorily refused the money for which they clamoured, giving the most cogent of all reasons, an empty coffer. He demonstrated plainly that they were in that moment to make their election whether to win a victory or to submit to a massacre. Neither flight nor surrender was possible. They knew how much quarter they could expect from the lances of the Spaniards or the waters of the Dollart. Their only chance of salvation lay in their own swords. The instinct of self-preservation, thus invoked, exerted a little of its natural effect.[2]

Meantime, a work which had been too long neglected was then, if possible, to be performed. In that watery territory the sea was only held in check by artificial means. In a very short time, by the demolition of a few dykes and the opening of a few sluices, the whole country through which the Spaniards had to pass could be laid under water. Believing it yet possible to enlist the ocean in his defence, Louis, having partially reduced his soldiers to obedience, ordered a strong detachment upon this important service. Seizing a spade, he commenced the work himself,[3] and then returned to set his army in battle array. Two or three tide-gates had been opened, two or three bridges had been demolished, when Alva, riding in advance of his army, appeared within a mile or two of Jemmingen.[4] It was then eight o'clock in the morning. The patriots redoubled their efforts. By ten o'clock the waters were already knee-high, and in some places as deep as to the waist. At that hour the advanced guard of the Spaniards arrived. Fifteen hundred musketeers were immediately ordered forward by the Duke. They were preceded by a company of mounted carabineers, attended by a small band of volunteers of distinction. This little band threw themselves at once upon the troops engaged in destroying the dykes. The rebels fled at the first onset, and the Spaniards closed the gates.[5] Feeling the full importance of the moment, Count Louis ordered a large force of musketeers to recover the position and to complete the work of inundation. It was too late. The little band of Spaniards held the post with consummate tenacity. Charge after charge, volley after volley, from the overwhelming force brought against them, failed to loosen the fierce grip with which they held this key to the whole situation. Before they could be driven from the dykes their comrades arrived, when all their antagonists at once made a hurried retreat to their camp.[6]

Very much the same tactics were now employed by the Duke as in the engagement near Selwaert Abbey. He was resolved that this affair, also, should be a hunt, not a battle, but foresaw that it was to be a more successful one. There was no loophole of escape, so that after a little successful baiting, the imprisoned victims would be forced to spring from their lurking-place to perish upon his spears. On his march from Leyden that morning, he had taken care to occupy every farmhouse, every building of whatever description along the

[1] Bor, 244, 245. Hoofd, v. 175.
[2] Hoofd, v. 175, 176.
[3] Meteren, 54. Hoofd, v. 175.
[4] Mendoza, 67. Correspondance du Duc d'Alba.
[5] Ibid., 67, 68. Ibid., 157, 158.
[6] Mendoza, who was himself one of the Spartan band which held the dyke, states the number of rebels thus repulsed by less than 200 Spaniards at 4000, all musketeers—67, 68.

road, with his troops. He had left a strong guard on the bridge at Leyden, and had thus closed carefully every avenue.[1] The same fifteen hundred musketeers were now advanced further towards the camp. This small force, powerfully but secretly sustained, was to feel the enemy, to skirmish with him, and to draw him as soon as possible out of his trenches.[2] The plan succeeded. Gradually the engagement between them and the troops sent out by Count Louis grew more earnest. Finding so insignificant a force opposed to them, the mutinous rebels took courage. The work waxed hot. Lodroño and Romero, commanders of the musketeers, becoming alarmed, sent to the Duke for reinforcements. He sent back word in reply, that if they were not enough to damage the enemy, they could at least hold their own for the present; so much he had a right to expect of Spanish soldiers.[3] At any rate, he should send no reinforcements. Again they were more warmly pressed, again their messenger returned with the same reply. A third time they sent the most urgent entreaties for succour. The Duke was still inexorable.[4]

Meantime the result of this scientific angling approached. By noon the rebels, not being able to see how large a portion of the Spanish army had arrived, began to think the affair not so serious. Count Louis sent out a reconnoitring party upon the river in a few boats. They returned without having been able to discover any large force. It seemed probable, therefore, that the inundation had been more successful in stopping their advance than had been supposed.[5] Louis, always too rash, inflamed his men with temporary enthusiasm. Determined to cut their way out by one vigorous movement, the whole army at last marched forth from their entrenchments, with drums beating, colours flying; but already the concealed reinforcements of their enemies were on the spot. The patriots met with a warmer reception than they had expected. Their courage evaporated. Hardly had they advanced three hundred yards, when the whole body wavered, and then retreated precipitately towards the encampment,[6] having scarcely exchanged a shot with the enemy. Count Louis, in a frenzy of rage and despair, flew from rank to rank, in vain endeavouring to rally his terror-stricken troops. It was hopeless. The battery which guarded the road was entirely deserted. He rushed to the cannon himself, and fired them all with his own hand.[7] It was their first and last discharge. His single arm, however bold, could not turn the tide of battle, and he was swept backwards with his coward troops. In a moment afterwards, Don Lope de Figueroa, who led the van of the Spaniards, dashed upon the battery, and secured it, together with the ravelins.[8] Their own artillery was turned against the rebels, and the road was soon swept. The Spaniards in large numbers now rushed through the trenches in pursuit of the retreating foe. No resistance was offered, nor quarter given. An impossible escape was all which was attempted. It was not a battle, but a massacre. Many of the beggars in their flight threw down their arms; all had forgotten their use. Their antagonists butchered them in droves, while those who escaped the sword were hurled into the river. *Seven* Spaniards were killed, and *seven thousand* rebels.[9] The swift ebb-tide swept the *hats* of the perishing wretches in such numbers down the stream, that the people at Emden knew the result of the battle in an incredibly short period of time.[10] The skirmishing had lasted from ten o'clock till one,[11] but the butchery continued much longer. It took time to slaughter even unresisting victims. Large numbers obtained refuge for the night upon

[1] Mendoza, 66, 67.
[2] Ibid., 69. [3] Ibid. [4] Ibid.
[5] Hoofd, v. 175, 176. Mendoza, 70.
[6] Mendoza, 70. Hoofd, v. 176.
[7] Bor, iv. 245. Hoofd, v. 176. [8] Mendoza, 70.
[9] Letter of Alva to the Council of State. Correspondance du Duc d'Albe, 158. The same letter is published in Bor, iv. 245, 246. All writers allow seven thousand to have been killed on the patriot side, and the number of Spaniards slain is not estimated at more than eighty, even by the patriotic Meteren, 55. Compare Bor, iv. 245, 246; Herrera, xv. 696; Hoofd, v. 176; and Mendoza, 72. [10] Ibid., 71.
[11] Correspondance du Duc d'Albe, 157.

an island in the river. At low water next day the Spaniards waded to them, and slew every man.[1] Many found concealment in hovels, swamps, and thickets, so that the whole of the following day was occupied in ferreting out and dispatching them. There was so much to be done, that there was work enough for all. "Not a soldier," says, with great simplicity, a Spanish historian, who fought in the battle—"not a soldier, nor even a lad, who wished to share in the victory, but could find somebody to wound, to kill, to burn, or to drown."[2] The wounding, killing, burning, drowning, lasted two days, and very few escaped. The landward pursuit extended for three or four leagues around,[3] so that the roads and pastures were covered with bodies, with corslets, and other weapons. Count Louis himself stripped off his clothes, and made his escape, when all was over, by swimming across the Ems.[4] With the paltry remnant of his troops he again took refuge in Germany.

The Spanish army, two days afterwards, marched back to Groningen. The page which records their victorious campaign is foul with outrage and red with blood. None of the horrors which accompany the passage of hostile troops through a defenceless country were omitted. Maids and matrons were ravished in multitudes; old men butchered in cold blood. As Alva returned with the rear-guard of his army, the whole sky was red with a constant conflagration; the very earth seemed changed to ashes.[5] Every peasant's hovel, every farmhouse, every village upon the road had been burned to the ground. So gross and so extensive had been the outrage, that the commander-in-chief felt it due to his dignity to hang some of his own soldiers who had most distinguished themselves in this work.[6] Thus ended the campaign of Count Louis in Friesland. Thus signally and terribly had the Duke of Alva vindicated the supremacy of Spanish discipline and of his own military skill.

On his return to Groningen the Estates were summoned, and received a severe lecture for their suspicious demeanour in regard to the rebellion.[7] In order more effectually to control both province and city, the Governor-General ordered the construction of a strong fortress,[8] which was soon begun, but never completed. Having thus furnished himself with a key to this important and doubtful region, he returned by way of Amsterdam to Utrecht. There he was met by his son Frederic with strong reinforcements.[9] The Duke reviewed his whole army, and found himself at the head of 30,000 infantry and 7000 cavalry.[10] Having fully subdued the province, he had no occupation for such a force, but he improved the opportunity by cutting off the head of an old woman in Utrecht. The Vrouw van Diemen, eighteen months previously, had given the preacher Arendsoon a night's lodging in her house.[11] The crime had, in fact, been committed by her son-in-law, who dwelt under her roof, and who had himself, without her participation, extended this dangerous hospitality to a heretic; but the old lady, although a devout Catholic, was rich. Her execution would strike a wholesome terror into the hearts of her neighbours. The confiscation of her estates would bring a handsome sum into the Government coffers. It would be made manifest that the same hand which could destroy an army of twelve thousand rebels at a blow could inflict as signal punishment on the small delinquencies of obscure individuals. The old lady, who was past eighty-four years of age, was placed in a chair upon the scaffold. She met her death with heroism, and treated

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[1] Mendoza, 71. [2] Ibid., 72. [3] Ibid., 71.
[4] Correspondance du Duc d'Albe, 158; or "in a boat," Bor, iv. 245; Meteren, 55; or "partly by swimming and partly in a boat," Mendoza, 72. Compare Hoofd, v. 176; De Thou, v. 458–462, etc., etc.
[5] Bor, iv. 245. Mendoza, 73. [6] Ibid.
[7] Bor, iv. 246. Hoofd, v. 176, 177.
[8] Bor, iv. 246, v. 260.
[9] De Thou, v. 462. Vie du Duc d'Albe, ii. 323.
[10] De Thou, v. 462; but compare Mendoza, 76, 77.
[11] Brandt, i. 480. Hoofd.

er murderers with contempt. "I understand very well," she observed, "why my death is considered necessary. The calf is fat and must be killed." To the executioner she expressed a hope that his sword was sufficiently sharp, "as he was likely to find her old neck very tough." With this grisly parody upon the dying words of Anne Boleyn, the courageous old gentlewoman submitted to her fate.[1]

The tragedy of Don Carlos does not strictly belong to our subject, which is the rise of the Netherland commonwealth—not the decline of the Spanish monarchy, nor the life of Philip the Second. The thread is but slender which connects the unhappy young Prince with the fortunes of the Northern Republic. He was said, no doubt with truth, to desire the government of Flanders. He was also supposed to be in secret correspondence with the leaders of the revolt in the provinces. He appeared, however, to possess very little of their confidence. His name is only once mentioned by William of Orange, who said in a letter that "the Prince of Spain had lately eaten sixteen pounds of fruit, including four pounds of grapes, at a single sitting, and had become ill in consequence."[2] The result was sufficiently natural, but it nowhere appears that the royal youth, born to consume the fruits of the earth so largely, had ever given the Netherlanders any other proof of his capacity to govern them. There is no doubt that he was a most uncomfortable personage at home, both to himself and to others, and that he hated his father very cordially. He was extremely incensed at the nomination of Alva to the Netherlands, because he had hoped that either the King would go thither or intrust the mission to him, in either of which events he should be rid for a time of the paternal authority, or at least of the paternal presence. It seems to be well ascertained that Carlos nourished towards his father a hatred which might lead to criminal attempts, but there is no proof that such attempts were ever made. As to the amours of the Prince and the Queen, they had never any existence save in the imagination of poets, who have chosen to find a source of sentimental sorrow for the Infante in the arbitrary substitution of his father for himself in the marriage contract with the daughter of Henry the Second. As Carlos was but twelve or thirteen years of age when thus deprived of a bride whom he had never seen, the foundation for a passionate regret was but slight. There is no proof whatever, nor any reason to surmise, that any love passages ever existed between Don Carlos and his stepmother.

As to the process and the death of the Prince, the mystery has not yet been removed, and the field is still open to conjecture. It seems a thankless task to grope in the dark after the truth at a variety of sources, when the truth really exists in tangible shape if profane hands could be laid upon it. The secret is buried in the bosom of the Vatican. Philip wrote two letters on the subject to Pius V. The contents of the first (21st January 1568) are known. He informed the Pontiff that he had been obliged to imprison his son, and promised that he would, in the conduct of the affair, omit nothing which could be expected of a father and of a just and prudent king.[3] The second letter, in which he narrated, or is supposed to have narrated, the whole course of the tragic proceedings down to the death and burial of the Prince, has never yet been made public. There are hopes that this secret missive, after three centuries of darkness, may soon see the light.[4]

As Philip generally told the truth to the Pope, it is probable that the secret, when once revealed, will contain the veritable solution of the mystery. Till that moment arrives, it seems idle to attempt fathoming the matter. Never-

[1] Brandt, Hist. der Reformatie, D. i. 480. Read's Mem., 36. Hooft, v. 177.

[2] Groen v. Prinst., Archives, i. 434; but see Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., iii. 12.

[3] De Thou, v. 436, liv. xliii.

[4] I am assured by M. Gachard that a copy of this important letter is confidently expected by the Commission Royale d'Histoire.

theless, it may be well briefly to state the case as it stands. As against the King, it rests upon no impregnable, but certainly upon respectable authority. The Prince of Orange, in his famous "Apology," calls Philip the murderer of his wife and of his son, and says that there was proof of the facts in France.[1] He alludes to the violent death of Carlos almost as if it were an indisputable truth. "As for Don Charles," he says, "was he not our future sovereign? And if the father could allege against his son fit cause for death, was it not rather for us to judge him than for three or four monks or inquisitors of Spain?"[2]

The historian P. Matthieu relates that Philip assembled his council of conscience; that they recommended mercy; that hereupon Philip gave the matter to the Inquisition, by which tribunal Carlos was declared a heretic on account of his connection with Protestants, and for his attempt against his father's life was condemned to death, and that the sentence was executed by four slaves, two holding the arms, one the feet, while the fourth strangled him.[3]

De Thou gives the following account of the transaction, having derived many of his details from the oral communications of Louis de Foix.[4]

Philip imagined that his son was about to escape from Spain, and to make his way to the Netherlands. The King also believed himself in danger of assassination from Carlos, his chief evidence being that the Prince always carried pistols in the pockets of his loose breeches. As Carlos wished always to be alone at night without any domestic in his chamber, De Foix had arranged for him a set of pulleys, by means of which he could open or shut his door without rising from his bed. He always slept with two pistols and two drawn swords under his pillow, and had two loaded arquebuses in a wardrobe close at hand. These remarkable precautions would seem rather to indicate a profound fear of being himself assassinated; but they were nevertheless supposed to justify Philip's suspicions that the Infante was meditating parricide. On Christmas Eve, however (1567), Don Carlos told his confessor that he had determined to kill a man. The priest, in consequence, refused to admit him to the communion. The Prince demanded at least a wafer which was not consecrated, in order that he might seem to the people to be participating in the sacrament. The confessor declined the proposal, and immediately repairing to the King, narrated the whole story. Philip exclaimed that he was himself the man whom the Prince intended to kill, but that measures should

1 "A cruellement meudri sa femme, fille et seur des Rois de France! comme j'entends qu'on en a en France les informations——sa femme legitime, mère de deux filles vraies héritieres d'Espaigne."—Apologie, 34, sqq. The part of this accusation relative to the Queen is entirely disproved by the letters of the French envoy Fourquevaulx. Vide Von Raumer, Gesch. Europas, iii. 129–132, and Hist. Briefe, i. 113–157.

2 "Mais il a en dispense. De qui? du Pape du Rome qui est un Dieu en terre. Certes c'est ce que je croi: car le Dieu du ciel ne l'auroit jamais accordé ——voilà pourquoi à esté adjousté à ces horribles faultes précédentes un cruel parricide, le père meurdrissant inhumainement son enfant et son héritier, affin que par ce moien le Pape eut overture de dispense d'un si exécrable inceste. Si doncq nous disons que nous rejettons le gouvernement d'un tel roi incestueus, parricide et meurdrier de sa femme, qui nous pourroit accuser justement?——Quant à Don Charles, n'estoit il pas notre seigneur futur et maistre presumptif? Et si le père pouvoit alléguer contre son fils cause idoine de mort, estoit ce point à nous qui avions tant d'intérest, plustot à le juger, qu'à trois ou quatre moines ou Inquisiteurs d'Espaigne?"—Apologie, 35, 36.

3 Hist. de France et des Choses Mémorables advenues aux provinces étrangères durant sept années de paix (Paris, 1606), 1598–1604. Compare the admirable article by the historian Ranke, "Zur Geschichte des Don Carlos" (Aus dem 46ten Bande der Wiener Jahrbücher der Litteratur besonders abgedruckt), Wien, 1829, Carl Gerold.

4 It is surprising that the illustrious historian Ranke, to whose pamphlet on this subject we are under deep obligations, should undervalue the testimony of this personage. He calls him "a certain Foix, who had known the Prince, and had arranged the lock of his door," adding, that "the evidence of a man belonging only to an inferior class of society is of course not conclusive." ("Das Zeugniss eines Menschen der nur einem untergeordneten Kreise der Gesellschaft angehörte reicht wie sich versteht nicht aus.") Certainly one would suppose the man, from this contemptuous notice, a mere locksmith. Even had he been but a mechanic, his testimony would seem to us much more valuable in such an age of dissimulation than if he had been a prime minister, a cardinal, or a king, always supposing that he testified to things within his knowledge. Louis de Foix was no mechanic, however, but a celebrated engineer, a native of Paris, the architect of the palace and monastery of the Escorial, and the inventor of the machinery by which the water of the Tagus was carried to the highest parts of the city of Toledo. On his return to France, he distinguished himself by constructing a new harbour at Bayonne, and by other works of public utility. Certainly it is hardly fair to depreciate the statements of such a man upon the ground of his inferiority in social position.

be forthwith taken to prevent such a design. The monarch then consulted the Holy Office of the Inquisition, and the resolution was taken to arrest his son. De Foix was compelled to alter the pulleys of the door to the Prince's chamber in such a manner that it could be opened without the usual noise, which was almost sure to awaken him. At midnight, accordingly, Count Lerma entered the room so stealthily that the arms were all removed from the Prince's pillow and the wardrobe without awakening the sleeper. Philip, Ruy Gomez, the Duke de Feria, and two other nobles, then noiselessly crept into the apartment. Carlos still slept so profoundly that it was necessary for Lerma to shake him violently by the arm before he could be aroused. Starting from his sleep in the dead of night, and seeing his father, thus accompanied, before his bed, the Prince cried out that he was a dead man, and earnestly besought the bystanders to make an end of him at once. Philip assured him, however, that he was not come to kill him, but to chastise him paternally, and to recall him to his duty. He then read him a serious lecture, caused him to rise from his bed, took away his servants, and placed him under guard. He was made to array himself in mourning habiliments, and to sleep on a truckle bed. The Prince was in despair. He soon made various attempts upon his own life. He threw himself into the fire, but was rescued by his guards with his clothes all in flames. He passed several days without taking any food, and then ate so many patties of minced meat that he nearly died of indigestion. He was also said to have attempted to choke himself with a diamond, and to have been prevented by his guard; to have filled his bed with ice; to have sat in cold draughts; to have gone eleven days without food; the last method being, as one would think, sufficiently thorough. Philip, therefore, seeing his son thus desperate, consulted once more with the Holy Office, and came to the decision that it was better to condemn him legitimately to death than to permit him to die by his own hand. In order, however, to save appearances, the order was secretly carried into execution. Don Carlos was made to swallow poison in a bowl of broth, of which he died in a few hours. This was at the commencement of his twenty-third year. The death was concealed for several months, and was not made public till after Alva's victory at Jemmingen.[1]

Such was the account drawn up by De Thou from the oral communications of De Foix, and from other sources not indicated. Certainly such a narrative is far from being entitled to implicit credence. The historian was a contemporary, but he was not in Spain, and the engineer's testimony is, of course, not entitled to much consideration on the subject of the process and the execution (if there were an execution), although conclusive as to matters which had been within his personal knowledge. For the rest, all that it can be said to establish is the existence of the general rumour that Carlos came to his death by foul means, and in consequence of advice given by the Inquisition.

On the other hand, in all the letters written at the period by persons in Madrid most likely, from their position, to know the truth, not a syllable has been found in confirmation of the violent death said to have been suffered by Carlos.[2] Secretary Erasso, the Papal nuncio Castagna, the Venetian envoy Cavalli, all express a conviction that the death of the Prince had been brought about by his own extravagant conduct and mental excitement; by alternations of starving and voracious eating, by throwing himself into the fire, by icing his bed, and by similar acts of desperation. Nearly every writer alludes to the incident of the refusal of the priest to admit Carlos to communion, upon

[1] De Thou, v. liv. xl ii. 433–437.

[2] "In allen diesen Schreiben," says Ranke, "so verschiedener Menschen habe ich niemals auch nur eine leise Andeutung von einem Schriftlichen oder mündlichen Spruche, nirgends auch nur eine geringe Spur von einer gewaltsamen Herbeiführung dieses Todes gefunden. Sie wissen vielmehr sämtlich nur von einem sehr erklärlichen Verlaufe der Krankheit, auf welche ein natürliches Verscheiden folgte."—Zur Geschichte, etc.

the ground of his confessed deadly hatred to an individual whom all supposed to be the King. It was also universally believed that Carlos meant to kill his father. The nuncio asked Spinosa (then President of Castile) if this report were true. "If nothing more were to be feared," answered the priest, "the King would protect himself by other measures, but the matter was worse, if worse could be."[1] The King, however, summoned all the *foreign diplomatic body*, and assured them that *the story was false*.[2] After his arrest, the Prince, according to Castagna, attempted various means of suicide, abstaining, at last, many days from food, and dying in consequence, "discoursing upon his deathbed gravely and like a man of sense."[3]

The historian Cabrera, official panegyrist of Philip the Second, speaks of the death of Carlos as a natural one, but leaves a dark kind of mystery about the symptoms of his disease. He states that the Prince was tried and condemned by a commission or junta consisting of Spinosa, Ruy Gomez, and the Licentiate Virviesca, but that he was carried off by an illness, the nature of which he does not describe.[4]

Llorent found nothing in the records of the Inquisition to prove that the Holy Office had ever condemned the Prince or instituted any process against him. He states that he was condemned by a commission, but that he died of a sickness which supervened. It must be confessed that the illness was a convenient one, and that such diseases are very apt to attack individuals whom tyrants are disposed to remove from their path, while desirous, at the same time, to save appearances. It would certainly be presumptuous to accept implicitly the narrative of De Thou, which is literally followed by Hoofd,[5] and by many modern writers. On the other hand, it would be an exaggeration of historical scepticism to absolve Philip from the murder of his son solely upon negative testimony. The people about court did not believe in the crime. They saw no proofs of it. Of course, they saw none. Philip would take good care that there should be none if he had made up his mind that the death of the Prince should be considered a natural one. An *à priori* argument which omits the character of the suspected culprit and the extraordinary circumstances of time and place is not satisfactory. Philip thoroughly understood the business of secret midnight murder. We shall soon have occasion to relate the elaborate and ingenious method by which the assassination of Montigny was accomplished and kept a profound secret from the whole world, until the letters of the royal assassin, after three centuries' repose, were exhumed, and the foul mystery revealed. Philip was capable of any crime. Moreover, in his letter to his aunt, Queen Catherine of Portugal,[6] he distinctly declares himself, like Abraham, prepared to go all lengths in obedience to the Lord. "I have chosen in this matter," he said, "to *make the sacrifice* to God of my *own flesh and blood*, and to prefer His service and the universal welfare to all other human considerations."[7] Whenever the letter to Pius V. sees the light, it will appear whether the sacrifice which the monarch thus made to his God proceeded beyond the imprisonment and condemnation of his son, or was completed by the actual immolation of the victim.

With regard to the Prince himself, it is very certain that, if he had lived,

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[1] Ranke, Zur Geschichte, etc.

[2] Ibid.

[3] "Pero che prima sempre pareva che nel suo parlar dicesse cose van e di poco fondamento et allora principio a discorrere gravemente e di huomo prudente." —Zur Geschichte, etc., 26.

[4] Cabrera, Felipe el Prudente, lib. viii.

[5] Nederl. Hist., 179, 180.

[6] And not the Empress, wife of Maximilian II., as stated by Cabrera, who publishes the letter of January 21, 1568 (l. vii. c. xxii. 475). Ranke has corrected this error, Zur Geschichte des Don Carlos, etc.

[7] "Mas en fin yo e querido hazer en esta parte sacrificio a Dios de mi propria carne i sangre, i preferir su servicio i el beneficio i bien universal à las otras consideraciones umanas," etc., etc.—Letter of Philip, apud Cabrera, vi. xxii. 475. Vide lib. viii. 405–501.

the realms of the Spanish crown would have numbered one tyrant more. Carlos, from his earliest youth, was remarkable for the ferocity of his character. The Emperor Charles was highly pleased with him, then about fourteen years of age, upon their first interview after the abdication. He flattered himself that the lad had inherited his own martial genius together with his name. Carlos took much interest in his grandfather's account of his various battles, but when the flight from Innspruck was narrated, he repeated many times, with much vehemence, that he never would have fled; to which position he adhered, notwithstanding all the arguments of the Emperor, and very much to his amusement.[1] The young Prince was always fond of soldiers, and listened eagerly to discourses of war. He was in the habit also of recording the names of any military persons who, according to custom, frequently made offers of their services to the heir-apparent, and of causing them to take a solemn oath to keep their engagements.[2] No other indications of warlike talent, however, have been preserved concerning him. "He was crafty, ambitious, cruel, violent," says the envoy Suriano, "a hater of buffoons, a lover of soldiers."[3] His natural cruelty seems to have been remarkable from his boyhood. After his return from the chase, he was in the habit of cutting the throats of hares and other animals, and of amusing himself with their dying convulsions.[4] He also frequently took pleasure in roasting them alive.[5] He once received a present of a very large snake from some person who seemed to understand how to please this remarkable young Prince. After a time however, the favourite reptile bit his master's finger, whereupon Don Carlos immediately retaliated by biting off its head.[6]

He was excessively angry at the suggestion that the prince who was expected to spring from his father's marriage with the English Queen would one day reign over the Netherlands, and swore he would challenge him to mortal combat in order to prevent such an infringement of his rights. His father and grandfather were both highly diverted with this manifestation of spirit,[7] but it was not decreed that the world should witness the execution of these fraternal intentions against the babe which was never to be born.

Ferocity, in short, seems to have been the leading characteristic of the unhappy Carlos. His preceptor, a man of learning and merit, who was called "the honourable John,"[8] tried to mitigate this excessive ardour of temperament by a course of Cicero de Officiis, which he read to him daily.[9] Neither the eloquence of Tully, however, nor the precepts of the honourable John, made the least impression upon this very savage nature. As he grew older he did not grow wiser nor more gentle. He was prematurely and grossly licentious. All the money which, as a boy, he was allowed, he spent upon women of low character, and when he was penniless, he gave them his chains, his medals, even the clothes from his back.[10] He took pleasure in affronting respectable females when he met them in the streets, insulting them by the coarsest language and gestures.[11] Being cruel, cunning, fierce, and licentious, he seemed to combine many of the worst qualities of a lunatic. That he probably was one is the best defence which can be offered for his conduct. In attempting to offer violence to a female while he was at the university of Alcalà, he fell down a stone staircase, from which cause he was laid up for a

1 "—— Et egli in colera reitero con mariviglia e riso di S. M. e de circonstant che egli mai non sarebbe fuggito.—Badovaro MS. 2 Ibid.

3 "E animoso, accorto, crudele, ambitioso, inimicissimo di buffoni, amicissimo di soldati."—Suriano MS.

4 Strada, viii. 313.

5 "Dimostra di haver an animo fiero, et tra li effetti che si racontavano uno é che alle volte che da la caccia li veniva portato lepre o simili animale, si diletta di veder li arrostiti vivi."—Badovaro MS.

6 "Et essendo li donato una biscia scodorella molto grande, et essa havendo li dato un morso à un dito egli subitamente co denti gli spicco la testa."—Badovaro MS.

7 "Con somma allegrezza intese."—Ibid.

8 "Il precetorre suo è nominato l'honorato Giovanni, che e di quelli bell costumi che si possano desiderar in alcun altro spagnuolo."—Ibid.

9 Ibid. 10 Ibid.

11 Brantôme (usâ), ii. 227.

long time with a severely wounded head, and was supposed to have injured his brain.[1]

The traits of ferocity recorded of him during his short life are so numerous that humanity can hardly desire that it should have been prolonged. A few drops of water having once fallen upon his head from a window as he passed through the street, he gave peremptory orders to his guard to burn the house to the ground, and to put every one of its inhabitants to the sword. The soldiers went forthwith to execute the order, but, more humane than their master, returned with the excuse that the holy sacrament of the Viaticum had that moment been carried into the house. This appeal to the superstition of the Prince successfully suspended the execution of the crime which his inconceivable malignity had contemplated.[2] On another occasion, a nobleman, who slept near his chamber, failed to answer his bell on the instant. Springing upon his dilatory attendant as soon as he made his appearance, the Prince seized him in his arms and was about to throw him from the window, when the cries of the unfortunate chamberlain attracted attention, and procured a rescue.[3]

The Cardinal Espinoza had once accidentally detained at his palace an actor who was to perform a favourite part by express command of Don Carlos. Furious at this detention, the Prince took the priest by the throat as soon as he presented himself at the palace, and plucking his dagger from its sheath, swore, by the soul of his father, that he would take his life on the spot. The grand inquisitor fell on his knees and begged for mercy, but it is probable that the entrance of the King alone saved his life.[4]

There was often something ludicrous mingled with the atrocious in these ungovernable explosions of wrath. Don Pedro Manuel, his chamberlain, had once, by his command, ordered a pair of boots to be made for the Prince. When brought home, they were, unfortunately, too tight. The Prince, after vainly endeavouring to pull them on, fell into a blazing passion. He swore that it was the fault of Don Pedro, who always wore tight boots himself, but he at the same time protested that his father was really at the bottom of the affair. He gave the young nobleman a box on the ear for thus conspiring with the King against his comfort, and then ordered the boots to be chopped into little pieces, stewed, and seasoned. Then sending for the culprit shoemaker, he ordered him to eat his own boots, thus converted into a pottage; and with this punishment the unfortunate mechanic, who had thought his life forfeited, was sufficiently glad to comply.[5]

Even the puissant Alva could not escape his violence. Like all the men in whom his father reposed confidence, the Duke was odious to the heir-apparent. Don Carlos detested him with the whole force of his little soul. He hated him as only a virtuous person deserved to be hated by such a ruffian. The heir-apparent had taken the Netherlands under his patronage. He had even formed the design of repairing secretly to the provinces, and could not, therefore, disguise his wrath at the appointment of the Duke. It is doubtful whether the country would have benefited by the gratification of his wishes. It is possible that the pranks of so malignant an ape might have been even more mischievous than the concentrated and vigorous tyranny of an Alva. When the new Captain-General called, before his departure, to pay his respects to the Infante, the Duke seemed, to his surprise, to have suddenly entered the den of a wild beast. Don Carlos sprang upon him with a howl of fury,

[1] Hoofd, v. 179. Compare Strada, i. 213. See also "Relacion de lo sucedido en la enfermedad del Principe, nuestro Señor, por el Doctor Olivares, medico de su camara."—Papiers d'Etat de Granvelle, vi. 587, sqq.

[2] Cabrera, lib. vii. c. xxi. p. 470.

[3] Ibid.

[4] Ibid., ubi sup.

[5] Ibid., vii. 470. Brantôme, art. Philippe II., ii.

brandishing a dagger in his hand. He uttered reproaches at having been defrauded of the Netherland government. He swore that Alva should never accomplish his mission, nor leave his presence alive. He was proceeding to make good the threat with his poniard, when the Duke closed with him. A violent struggle succeeded. Both rolled together on the ground, the Prince biting and striking like a demoniac, the Duke defending himself as well as he was able, without attempting his adversary's life. Before the combat was decided, the approach of many persons put an end to the disgraceful scene.[1] As decent a veil as possible was thrown over the transaction, and the Duke departed on his mission. Before the end of the year, the Prince was in the prison whence he never came forth alive.

The figure of Don Carlos was as misshapen as his mind. His head was disproportionately large, his limbs were rickety, one shoulder was higher, one leg longer than the other.[2] With features resembling those of his father, but with a swarthy instead of a fair complexion, with an expression of countenance both fierce and foolish, and with a character such as we have sketched it, upon the evidence of those who knew him well, it is indeed strange that he should ever have been transformed by the magic of poetry into a romantic hero. As cruel and cunning as his father, as mad as his great-grandmother, he has left a name which not even his dark and mysterious fate can render interesting.

CHAPTER IV.

Continued and excessive barbarity of the Government—Execution of Antony van Straalen—Of "Red-Rod" Spelle—The Prince of Orange advised by his German friends to remain quiet—Heroic sentiments of Orange—His religious opinions—His efforts in favour of toleration—His fervent piety—His public correspondence with the Emperor—His "Justification," his "Warning," and other papers characterised—The Prince, with a considerable army, crosses the Rhine—Passage of the Meuse at Stochem—He offers battle to Alva—Determination of the Duke to avoid an engagement—Comparison of his present situation with his previous position in Friesland—Masterly tactics of the Duke—Skirmish on the Geta—Defeat of the Orangeists—Death of Hoogstraaten—Junction with Genlis—Adherence of Alva to his original plan—The Prince crosses the frontier of France—Correspondence between Charles IX. and Orange—The patriot army disbanded at Strasburg—Comments by Granvelle upon the position of the Prince—Triumphant attitude of Alva—Festivities at Brussels—Colossal statue of Alva erected by himself in Antwerp citadel—Intercession of the Emperor with Philip—Memorial of six Electors to the Emperor—Mission of the Archduke Charles to Spain—His negotiations with Philip—Public and private correspondence between the King and Emperor—Duplicity of Maximilian—Abrupt conclusion to the intervention—Granvelle's suggestions to Philip concerning the treaty of Passau.

THE Duke having thus crushed the project of Count Louis, and quelled the insurrection in Friesland, returned in triumph to Brussels. Far from softened by the success of his arms, he renewed with fresh energy the butchery which, for a brief season, had been suspended during his brilliant campaign in the north. The altars again smoked with victims; the hanging, burning, drowning, beheading, seemed destined to be the perpetual course of his administration, so long as human bodies remained on which his fanatical vengeance could be wreaked.[3] Four men of eminence were executed soon after his return to the capital. They had previously suffered such intense punishment on the rack, that it was necessary to carry them to the scaffold and bind them upon chairs, that they might be beheaded.[4] These four suf-

[1] Cabrera, lib. vii. c. xiii. 442, 443.

[2] "Ha la testa di grandezza sproportionata al corpo, di pelo nero et di debole complessione."—Badovaro MS. "Se bene a simile al padre di faccia e pero dissimil di costumi."—Suriano MS. Carolus, præter colorem et capillum, ceterum corpore mendosus: quippe humero elatior et tibiâ alterâ longior erat, nec minus dehonestamentum ab indole feroci et contumaci."—Strada, x. 509.

[3] Bor, iv. 248.

[4] J. P. van Cappelle, Bijdragen tot de Geschich. d. Nederl., 231. Meteren, f. 61

ferers were a Frisian nobleman named Galena, the secretaries of Egmont and Horn, Bakkerzeel and La Loo, and the distinguished Burgomaster of Antwerp, Antony van Straalen. The arrest of the three last-mentioned individuals, simultaneously with that of the two Counts, has been related in a previous chapter. In the case of Van Straalen, the services rendered by him to the provinces during his long and honourable career had been so remarkable, that even the Blood Council, in sending his case to Alva for his sentence, were inspired by a humane feeling. They felt so much compunction at the impending fate of a man who, among other meritorious acts, had furnished nearly all the funds for the brilliant campaign in Picardy, by which the opening years of Philip's reign had been illustrated, as to hint at the propriety of a pardon.[1] But the recommendation to mercy, though it came from the lips of tigers dripping with human blood, fell unheeded on the tyrant's ear. It seemed meet that the man who had supplied the nerves of war in that unforgiven series of triumphs should share the fate of the hero who had won the laurels.[2]

Hundreds of obscure martyrs now followed in the same path to another world, where surely they deserved to find their recompense, if steadfast adherence to their faith and a tranquil trust in God, amid tortures and death too horrible to be related, had ever found favour above. The "Red-Rod," as the provost of Brabant was popularly designated, was never idle. He flew from village to village throughout the province, executing the bloody behests of his masters with congenial alacrity.[3] Nevertheless, his career was soon destined to close upon the same scaffold where he had so long officiated. Partly from caprice, partly from an uncompromising and fantastic sense of justice, his master now hanged the executioner whose industry had been so untiring. The sentence, which was affixed to his breast as he suffered, stated that he had been guilty of much malpractice; that he had executed many persons without a warrant, and had suffered many guilty persons, for a bribe, to escape their doom.[4] The reader can judge which of the two clauses constituted the most sufficient reason.

During all these triumphs of Alva, the Prince of Orange had not lost his self-possession. One after another, each of his bold, skilfully-conceived, and carefully-prepared plans had failed. Villars had been entirely discomfited at Dalhem, Cocqueville had been cut to pieces in Picardy, and now the valiant and experienced Louis had met with an entire overthrow in Friesland. The brief success of the patriots at Heiliger-Lee had been washed out in the blood torrents of Jemmingen. Tyranny was more triumphant, the provinces more timidly crouching, than ever. The friends on whom William of Orange relied in Germany, never enthusiastic in his cause, although many of them true-hearted and liberal, now grew cold and anxious. For months long, his most faithful and affectionate allies, such men as the Elector of Hesse and the Duke of Wirtemberg, as well as the less trustworthy Augustus of Saxony, had earnestly expressed their opinion that, under the circumstances, his best course was to sit still and watch the course of events.

It was known that the Emperor had written an urgent letter to Philip on the subject of his policy in the Netherlands in general, and concerning the position of Orange in particular. All persons, from the Emperor down to the pettiest potentate, seemed now of opinion that the Prince had better pause; that he was, indeed, bound to wait the issue of that remonstrance.[5]

[1] Bor, 247, 248.

[2] Bor, Cappelle, Hoofd, ubi sup. The last words of the Burgomaster as he bowed his neck to the executioner's stroke were. "Voor wel gedaan, kwaclyk beloud."—"For faithful service, evil recompense" Cappelle, 232.

[3] Bor, iv. 248.

[4] Ibid., v. 269, 270. Hoofd, v. 191.

[5] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 786. Archives et Correspondance, iii. 130–136, 144, 185, 214–

"Your Highness must sit still," said Landgrave William. "Your Highness must sit still," said Augustus of Saxony. "You must move neither hand nor foot in the cause of the perishing provinces," said the Emperor. "Not a soldier—horse, foot, or dragoon—shall be levied within the Empire. If you violate the peace of the realm, and embroil us with our excellent brother and cousin Philip, it is at your own peril. You have nothing to do but to keep quiet and await his answer to our letter."[1] But the Prince knew how much effect his sitting still would produce upon the cause of liberty and religion. He knew how much effect the Emperor's letter was like to have upon the heart of Philip. He knew that the more impenetrable the darkness now gathering over that land of doom which he had devoted his life to defend, the more urgently was he forbidden to turn his face away from it in its affliction.

It was about this time that a deep change came over his mind. Hitherto, although nominally attached to the communion of the ancient Church, his course of life and habits of mind had not led him to deal very earnestly with things beyond the world. The severe duties, the grave character of the cause to which his days were henceforth to be devoted, had already led him to a closer inspection of the essential attributes of Christianity. He was now enrolled for life as a soldier of the Reformation.[2] The Reformation was henceforth his fatherland, the sphere of his duty and his affection. The religious Reformers became his brethren, whether in France, Germany, the Netherlands, or England. Yet his mind had taken a higher flight than that of the most eminent Reformers. His goal was not a new doctrine, but religious liberty. In an age when to think was a crime, and when bigotry and a persecuting spirit characterised Romanists and Lutherans, Calvinists and Zwinglians, he had dared to announce freedom of conscience as the great object for which noble natures should strive. In an age when toleration was a vice, he had the manhood to cultivate it as a virtue. His parting advice to the Reformers of the Netherlands, when he left them for a season in the spring of 1567, was to sink all lesser differences in religious union. Those of the Augsburg Confession and those of the Calvinistic Church, in their own opinion as incapable of commingling as oil and water, were, in his judgment, capable of friendly amalgamation.[3] He appealed eloquently to the good and influential of all parties to unite in one common cause against oppression. Even while favouring daily more and more the cause of the purified Church, and becoming daily more alive to the corruption of Rome, he was yet willing to tolerate all forms of worship, and to leave reason to combat error.

Without a particle of cant or fanaticism, he had become a deeply religious man. Hitherto he had been only a man of the world and a statesman, but from this time forth he began calmly to rely upon God's providence in all the emergencies of his eventful life. His letters written to his most confidential friends, to be read only by themselves, and which have been gazed upon by no other eyes until after the lapse of nearly three centuries, abundantly prove his sincere and simple trust. This sentiment was not assumed for effect to delude others, but cherished as a secret support for himself. His religion was not a cloak to his designs, but a consolation in his disasters. In his letter of instruction to his most confidential agent, John Bazius, while he declared himself frankly in favour of the Protestant principles, he expressed his extreme repugnance to the persecution of Catholics. "Should we obtain power over any city or cities," he wrote, "let the communities of Papists be as much

[1] Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., iii. 1–19. Archives et Correspondance, iii. 130, sqq.

[2] The Prince went into the Reformed worship step by step, and it was not until the 23d October 1573 that he publicly attended communion at a Calvinist meeting, but where is not mentioned. Vide Van Wyn op Wagenaer, vi. 73, and Van der Wall, Privilegie van Dort, bl. 149, No. 7.

[3] Wagenaer, Vaderl. Hist., vi. 227, 228. Hoofd. iv. 132, 133.

respected and protected as possible. Let them be overcome, not by violence but with gentle-mindedness and virtuous treatment."[1] After the terrible disaster at Jemmingen, he had written to Louis consoling him, in the most affectionate language, for the unfortunate result of his campaign. Not a word of reproach escaped from him, although his brother had conducted the operations in Friesland, after the battle of Heiliger-Lee, in a manner quite contrary to his own advice. He had counselled against a battle, and had foretold a defeat;[2] but after the battle had been fought, and a crushing defeat sustained, his language breathed only unwavering submission to the will of God, and continued confidence in his own courage. "You may be well assured, my brother," he wrote, "that I have never felt anything more keenly than the pitiable misfortune which has happened to you, for many reasons which you can easily imagine. Moreover, it hinders us much in the levy which we are making, and has greatly chilled the hearts of those who otherwise would have been ready to give us assistance. Nevertheless, since it has thus pleased God, it is necessary to have patience, and to lose not courage, conforming ourselves to His divine will, as for my part I have determined to do in everything which may happen, still proceeding onward in our work with His Almighty aid."[3] *Sævis tranquillus in undis*, he was never more placid than when the storm was wildest and the night darkest. He drew his consolations and refreshed his courage at the never-failing fountains of Divine mercy.

"I go to-morrow," he wrote to the unworthy Anna of Saxony; "but when I shall return, or when I shall see you, I cannot, on my honour, tell you with certainty. I have resolved to place myself in the hands of the Almighty, that He may guide me whither it is His good pleasure that I should go. *I see well enough that I am destined to pass this life in misery and labour, with which I am well content, since it thus pleases the Omnipotent*, for I know that I have merited still greater chastisement. I only implore Him graciously to send me strength to endure with patience."[4]

In May 1568, the Emperor Maximilian had formally issued a requisition to the Prince of Orange to lay down his arms, and to desist from all levies and machinations against the King of Spain and the peace of the realm. This summons he was commanded to obey on pain of forfeiting all rights, fiefs, privileges, and endowments bestowed by imperial hands on himself or his predecessors, and of incurring the heaviest disgrace, punishment, and penalties of the Empire.[5]

To this document the Prince replied in August, having paid in the meantime but little heed to its precepts. Now that the Emperor, who at first was benignant, had begun to frown on his undertaking, he did not slacken in his own endeavours to set his army on foot. One by one those among the princes of the Empire who had been most stanch in his cause, and were still most friendly to his person, grew colder as tyranny became stronger; but the ardour of the Prince was not more chilled by their despair than by the overthrow at Jemmingen, which had been its cause. In August, he answered the letter of the Emperor, respectfully but warmly. He still denounced the tyranny of Alva and the arts of Granvelle with that vigorous eloquence which was always at his command, while, as usual, he maintained a show of almost exaggerated respect for their monarch. It was not to be presumed, he said, that his Majesty, "a king debonair and bountiful," had ever intended such cruelties as those which had been rapidly retraced in the letter, but it was certain that the Duke of Alva had committed them all of his own authority.

[1] "Sacht moedigheyt ende deuchtsamkeit."—Archives, etc., iii. 196–200.
[2] Archives et Correspondance, etc., 257–261.
[3] Ibid., iii. 276.
[4] Archives, etc., de la Maison d'Orange Nassau, iii. 327–331.
[5] See the letter in Gachard, Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., iii. 1–5.

He trusted, moreover, that the Emperor, after he had read the "Justification" which the Prince had recently published, would appreciate the reason for his taking up arms. He hoped that his Majesty would now consider the resistance just, Christian, and conformable to the public peace. He expressed the belief that, rather than interpose any hindrance, his Majesty would thenceforth rather render assistance "to the poor and desolate Christians," even as it was his Majesty's office and authority to be the last refuge of the injured.[1]

The "Justification against the false blame of his calumniators by the Prince of Orange," to which the Prince thus referred, has been mentioned in a previous chapter. This remarkable paper had been drawn up at the advice of his friends Landgrave William and Elector Augustus,[2] but it was not the only document which the Prince caused to be published at this important epoch. He issued a formal declaration of war against the Duke of Alva; he addressed a solemn and eloquent warning or proclamation to all the inhabitants of the Netherlands.[3] These documents are extremely important and interesting. Their phraseology shows the intentions and the spirit by which the Prince was actuated on first engaging in the struggle. Without the Prince and his efforts at this juncture, there would probably have never been a free Netherland commonwealth. It is certain, likewise, that without an enthusiastic passion for civil and religious liberty throughout the masses of the Netherland people, there would have been no successful effort on the part of the Prince. He knew his countrymen; while they, from highest to humblest, recognised in him their saviour. There was, however, no pretence of a revolutionary movement. The Prince came to maintain, not to overthrow. The freedom which had been enjoyed in the provinces until the accession of the Burgundian dynasty, it was his purpose to restore. The attitude which he now assumed was a peculiar one in history. This defender of a people's cause set up no revolutionary standard. In all his documents he paid apparent reverence to the authority of the King. By a fiction, which was not unphilosophical, he assumed that the monarch was incapable of the crimes which he charged upon the Viceroy. Thus he did not assume the character of a rebel in arms against his prince, but in his own capacity of sovereign he levied troops and waged war against a satrap whom he chose to consider false to his master's orders. In the interest of Philip, assumed to be identical with the welfare of his people, he took up arms against the tyrant who was sacrificing both. This mask of loyalty would never save his head from the block, as he well knew, but some spirits lofty as his own might perhaps be influenced by a noble sophistry, which sought to strengthen the cause of the people by attributing virtue to the King.

And thus did the sovereign of an insignificant little principality stand boldly forth to do battle with the most powerful monarch in the world. At his own expense, and by almost superhuman exertions, he had assembled nearly thirty thousand men. He now boldly proclaimed to the world, and especially to the inhabitants of the provinces, his motives, his purposes, and his hopes.

"We, by God's grace Prince of Orange," said his declaration of 31st August 1568, "salute all faithful subjects of his Majesty. To few people is it unknown that the Spaniards have for a long time sought to govern the land according to their pleasure. Abusing his Majesty's goodness, they have persuaded him to decree the introduction of the Inquisition into the Netherlands. They well understood that, in case the Netherlanders could be made to tolerate its exercise, they would lose all protection to their liberty; that if they opposed its introduction, they would open those rich provinces as a

[1] Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit, iii. 5–19.
[2] Archives, etc., de la Maison d'Orange, iii. 183–186.
[3] The Declaration is published in Bor, iv. 253, 254

vast field of plunder. We had hoped that his Majesty, taking the matter to heart, would have spared his hereditary provinces from such utter ruin. We have found our hopes futile. We are unable, by reason of our loyal service due to his Majesty, and of our true compassion for the faithful lieges, to look with tranquillity any longer at such murders, robberies, outrages, and agony. We are, moreover, certain that his Majesty has been badly informed upon Netherland matters. We take up arms, therefore, to oppose the violent tyranny of the Spaniards, by the help of the merciful God who is the enemy of all bloodthirstiness. Cheerfully inclined to wager our life and all our worldly wealth on the cause, we have now, God be thanked, an excellent army of cavalry, infantry, and artillery, raised all at our own expense. We summon all loyal subjects of the Netherlands to come and help us. Let them take to heart the uttermost need of the country, the danger of perpetual slavery for themselves and their children, and of the entire overthrow of the Evangelical religion. Only when Alva's bloodthirstiness shall have been at last overpowered can the provinces hope to recover their pure administration of justice and a prosperous condition for their commonwealth."[1]

In the "warning" or proclamation to all the inhabitants of the Netherlands, the Prince expressed similar sentiments. He announced his intention of expelling the Spaniards for ever from the country. To accomplish the mighty undertaking, money was necessary. He accordingly called on his countrymen to contribute, the rich out of their abundance, the poor even out of their poverty, to the furtherance of the cause. To do this, while it was yet time, he solemnly warned them "before God, the fatherland, and the world." After the title of this paper were cited the 28th, 29th, and 30th verses of the tenth chapter of Proverbs. The favourite motto of the Prince, "*Pro lege, rege, grege*," was also affixed to the document.[2]

These appeals had, however, but little effect. Of three hundred thousand crowns, promised on behalf of leading nobles and merchants of the Netherlands by Marcus Perez, but ten or twelve thousand came to hand.[3] The appeals to the gentlemen who had signed the Compromise, and to many others who had in times past been favourable to the liberal party, were powerless. A poor Anabaptist preacher collected a small sum from a refugee congregation on the outskirts of Holland, and brought it, at the peril of his life, into the Prince's camp. It came from people, he said, whose will was better than the gift. They never wished to be repaid, he said, except by kindness, when the cause of reform should be triumphant in the Netherlands. The Prince signed a receipt for the money, expressing himself touched by this sympathy from these poor outcasts.[4] In the course of time, other contributions from similar sources, principally collected by dissenting preachers, starving and persecuted church communities, were received.[5] The poverty-stricken exiles contributed far more, in proportion, for the establishment of civil and religious liberty, than the wealthy merchants or the haughty nobles.[6]

Late in September, the Prince mustered his army in the province of Treves, near the monastery of Romersdorf.[7] His force amounted to nearly thirty thousand men, of whom nine thousand were cavalry.[8] Lumey, Count de la Marck, now joined him at the head of a picked band of troopers, a bold, ferocious partisan, descended from the celebrated Wild Boar of Ardennes.

[1] Bor, iv. 253, 254.

[2] The "Waarschouwing" is published in full in the Byvoegsel van Authentik. Stuk., tot P. Bor, Hist., 121–123.

[3] Bor, iv. 251, 252. Hoofd, v. 183.

[4] Brandt, Hist. der Reformatie, i. 526. Letter of P. W. Boomgaent to C. P. Hoofd, 7th August 1606.

[5] Brandt, i. 516.

[6] Bor, v. 312.

[7] Hoofd, v. 183.

[8] Ibid. Compare Strada, vii. 338; Bentivoglio, v. 77, 78; Wagenaer, vi. 286; Grot. Ann., i. 32; Meteren, ii. 55.

Like Civilis, the ancient Batavian hero, he had sworn to leave hair and beard unshorn till the liberation of the country was achieved, or at least till the death of Egmont, whose blood relation he was, had been avenged.[1] It is probable that the fierce conduct of this chieftain, and particularly the cruelties exercised upon monks and papists[2] by his troops, dishonoured the cause more than their valour could advance it. But in those stormy times such rude but incisive instruments were scarcely to be neglected, and the name of Lumey was to be forever associated with the earliest and most important triumphs of the liberal cause.

It was fated, however, that but few laurels should be won by the patriots in this campaign. The Prince crossed the Rhine at St. Feit, a village belonging to himself.[3] He descended along the banks as far as the neighbourhood of Cologne. Then, after hovering in apparent uncertainty about the territories of Juliers and Limburg, he suddenly, on a bright moonlight night, crossed the Meuse with his whole army, in the neighbourhood of Stochem.[4] The operation was brilliantly effected. A compact body of cavalry, according to the plan which had been more than once adopted by Julius Cæsar, was placed in the midst of the current, under which shelter the whole army successfully forded the river.[5] The Meuse was more shallow than usual, but the water was as high as the soldiers' necks. This feat was accomplished on the night and morning of the 4th and 5th of October. It was considered so bold an achievement that its fame spread far and wide. The Spaniards began to tremble at the prowess of a Prince whom they had affected to despise. The very fact of the passage was flatly contradicted. An unfortunate burgher at Amsterdam was scourged at the whipping-post because he mentioned it as matter of common report.[6] The Duke of Alva refused to credit the tale when it was announced to him. "Is the army of the Prince of Orange a flock of wild geese," he asked, "that it can fly over rivers like the Meuse?"[7] Nevertheless it was true. The outlawed, exiled Prince stood once more on the borders of Brabant, with an army of disciplined troops at his back. His banners bore patriotic inscriptions. "Pro Lege, Rege, Grege," was emblazoned upon some. A pelican tearing her breast to nourish her young with her life-blood was the pathetic emblem of others.[8] It was his determination to force or entice the Duke of Alva into a general engagement. He was desirous to wipe out the disgrace of Jemmingen. Could he plant his victorious standard thus in the very heart of the country, he felt that thousands would rally around it. The country would rise almost to a man could he achieve a victory over the tyrant, flushed as he was with victory and sated with blood.

With banners flying, drums beating, trumpets sounding, with all the pomp and defiance which an already victorious general could assume, Orange marched into Brabant, and took up a position within six thousand paces of Alva's encampment. His plan was at every hazard to dare or to decoy his adversary into the chances of a stricken field. The Governor was entrenched at a place called Keiserslager, which Julius Cæsar had once occupied. The city of Maestricht was in his immediate neighbourhood, which was thus completely under his protection, while it furnished him with supplies.[9] The Prince sent to the Duke a herald, who was to propose that all prisoners who might be taken in the coming campaign should be exchanged instead of

[1] Bor, iv. 256. Strada, liv. vii. 338. Wagenaer, Vaderl. Hist., vi. 286.
[2] Bor, iv. 256. Hoofd, v. 183.
Bor, iv. 256. Wagenaer, Vaderl. Hist., vi. 286. Meteren, 55.
[3] "Relation de l'Expédition du Prince d'Orange en 1568," by the Secretary of State, Courteville, who accompanied the Duke of Alva during the campaign; in Gachard, Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., iii. 319–337.
[4] Hoofd, v. 185. Meteren, 56.
[5] Hoofd, v. 185.
[6] Hoofd, v. 185. Strada, liv. vii. 340.
[7] Bor, iv. 255. Hoofd, v. 184.
[8] Bor, iv. 255. Meteren, 56. Hoofd, iv. 185.

being executed.[1] The herald, booted and spurred, even as he had dismounted from his horse, was instantly hanged.[2] This was the significant answer to the mission of mercy. Alva held no parley with rebels before a battle, nor gave quarter afterwards.

In the meantime, the Duke had carefully studied the whole position of affairs, and had arrived at his conclusion. He was determined not to fight. It was obvious that the Prince would offer battle eagerly, ostentatiously, frequently, but the Governor was resolved never to accept the combat. Once taken, his resolution was unalterable. He recognised the important difference between his own attitude at present and that in which he had found himself during the past summer in Friesland. There a battle had been necessary, now it was more expedient to overcome his enemy by delay. In Friesland, the rebels had just achieved a victory over the choice troops of Spain. Here they were suffering from the stigma of a crushing defeat. Then, the army of Louis Nassau was swelling daily by recruits, who poured in from all the country round. Now, neither peasant nor noble dared lift a finger for the Prince. The army of Louis had been sustained by the one which his brother was known to be preparing. If their movements had not been checked, a junction would have been effected. The armed revolt would then have assumed so formidable an aspect, that rebellion would seem, even for the timid, a safer choice than loyalty. The army of the Prince, on the contrary, was now the last hope of the patriots. The three by which it had been preceded had been successively and signally vanquished.[3]

Friesland, again, was on the outskirts of the country. A defeat sustained by the Government there did not necessarily imperil the possession of the provinces. Brabant, on the contrary, was the heart of the Netherlands. Should the Prince achieve a decisive triumph then and there, he would be master of the nation's fate. The Viceroy knew himself to be odious, and he reigned by terror. The Prince was the object of the people's idolatry, and they would rally round him if they dared. A victory gained by the liberator over the tyrant would destroy the terrible talisman of invincibility by which Alva governed. The Duke had sufficiently demonstrated his audacity in the tremendous chastisement which he had inflicted upon the rebels under Louis. He could now afford to play that scientific game of which he was so profound a master, without risking any loss of respect or authority. He was no enthusiast. Although he doubtless felt sufficiently confident of overcoming the Prince in a pitched battle, he had not sufficient relish for the joys of contest to be willing to risk even a remote possibility of defeat. His force, although composed of veterans and of the best musketeers and pikemen in Europe, was still somewhat inferior in numbers to that of his adversary. Against the twenty thousand foot and eight thousand horse of Orange, he could oppose only fifteen or sixteen thousand foot and fifty-five hundred riders.[4] Moreover, the advantage which he had possessed in Friesland, a country only favourable to infantry, in which he had been stronger than his opponent, was now transferred to his new enemy. On the plains of Brabant, the Prince's superiority in cavalry was sure to tell. The season of the year, too, was an important element in the calculation. The winter alone would soon disperse the bands of German mercenaries, whose expenses Orange was not able to support, even while in active service. With unpaid wages and disappointed hopes of

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[1] "Aqui llegò un trompeta cõ una carta, que algunos dixerõ que era del Principe d'Orange, en que pedia, que no matassen los prisioneros que se tomassen en esta guerra," etc.—Herrera, lib. xv. c. xi. 701.

[2] Mendoza, 78. Meteren, 56.

[3] Relation du Secrétaire Courteville. Guillaume le Tacit., iii. 323-326. Vand. Vynckt, ii. 113, 114. Bor, iv. 256, 267. Hoofd, v. 186.

[4] Strada, lib. vii. 338. Mendoza, f. 77. Van d. Vynckt, ii. 113. Compare Hoofd, v. 186; Meteren, 56; Bentivoglio, lib. v. 77, 78.

plunder, the rebel army would disappear in few weeks as totally as if defeated in the open field. In brief, Orange by a victory would gain new life and strength, while his defeat could no more than anticipate, by a few weeks, the destruction of his army, already inevitable. Alva, on the contrary, might lose the mastery of the Netherlands if unfortunate, and would gain no solid advantage if triumphant. The Prince had everything to hope, the Duke everything to fear, from the result of a general action.[1]

The plan, thus deliberately resolved upon, was accomplished with faultless accuracy. As a work of art, the present campaign of Alva against Orange was a more consummate masterpiece than the more brilliant and dashing expedition into Friesland. The Duke had resolved to hang upon his adversary's skirts, to follow him move by move, to check him at every turn, to harass him in a hundred ways, to foil all his enterprises, to parry all his strokes, and finally to drive him out of the country, after a totally barren campaign, when, as he felt certain, his ill-paid hirelings would vanish in all directions, and leave their patriot Prince a helpless and penniless adventurer. The scheme thus sagaciously conceived, his adversary, with all his efforts, was unable to circumvent.

The campaign lasted little more than a month. Twenty-nine times the Prince changed his encampment,[2] and at every remove the Duke was still behind him, as close and seemingly as impalpable as his shadow. Thrice they were within cannon-shot of each other, twice without a single trench or rampart between them.[3] The country people refused the Prince supplies, for they trembled at the vengeance of the Governor. Alva had caused the irons to be removed from all the mills, so that not a bushel of corn could be ground in the whole province.[4] The country thus afforded but little forage for the thirty thousand soldiers of the Prince. The troops, already discontented, were clamorous for pay and plunder. During one mutinous demonstration, the Prince's sword was shot from his side, and it was with difficulty that a general outbreak was suppressed.[5] The soldiery were maddened and tantalised by the tactics of Alva. They found themselves constantly in the presence of an enemy, who seemed to court a battle at one moment and to vanish like a phantom at the next. They felt the winter approaching, and became daily more dissatisfied with the irritating hardships to which they were exposed. Upon the night of the 5th and 6th of October the Prince had crossed the Meuse at Stochem.[6] Thence he had proceeded to Tongres, followed closely by the enemy's force, who encamped in the immediate neighbourhood. From Tongres he had moved to St. Trond, still pursued and still baffled in the same cautious manner. The skirmishing at the outposts was incessant, but the main body was withdrawn as soon as there seemed a chance of its becoming involved.

From St. Trond, in the neighbourhood of which he had remained several days, he advanced in a southerly direction towards Jodoigne. Count de Genlis, with a reinforcement of French Huguenots, for which the Prince had been waiting, had penetrated through the Ardennes, crossed the Meuse at Charlemont, and was now intending a conjunction with him at Waveren.[7] The river Geta flowed between them. The Prince stationed a considerable force upon a hill near the stream to protect the passage, and then proceeded leisurely to send his army across the river. Count Hoogstraaten, with the rear-guard,

[1] Bor, iv. 256. Hoofd, Van d. Vynckt, Courteville, Meteren, ubi sup.
[2] Van d. Vynckt, ii. 114. Strada, lib. vii. 346.
[3] Hoofd, v. 187. Letter of Duke of Alva to the Council of State from Cateau Cambresis, 22d November 1568, in Bor iv. 257. Corres. de Phil. II., ii. 808.
[4] Bor, iv. 256. Hoofd, v. 186.
[5] Strada, lib. vii. 342.
[6] Hoofd, v. 185. Courteville, 323. Compare Mendoza, f. 79; Wagenaer, vi. 288.
[7] Relation de Courteville, 327–329 Meteren, 56 Mendoza, 87, 88.

consisting of about three thousand men, were alone left upon the hither bank, in order to provoke or to tempt the enemy, who, as usual, was encamped very near. Alva refused to attack the main army, but rapidly detached his son, Don Frederic, with a force of four thousand foot and three thousand horse, to cut off the rear-guard. The movement was effected in a masterly manner, the hill was taken, the three thousand troops which had not passed the river were cut to pieces, and Vitelli hastily dispatched a gentleman named Barberini to implore the Duke to advance with the main body, cross the river, and, once for all, exterminate the rebels in a general combat. Alva, inflamed, not with ardour for an impending triumph, but with rage that his sagely-conceived plans could not be comprehended even by his son and by his favourite officer, answered the eager messenger with peremptory violence. "Go back to Vitelli," he cried. "Is he, or am I, to command in this campaign? Tell him not to suffer a single man to cross the river. Warn him against sending any more envoys to advise a battle; for should you or any other man dare to bring me another such message, I swear to you, by the head of the King, that you go not hence alive."[1]

With this decisive answer the messenger had nothing for it but to gallop back with all haste, in order to participate in what might be left of the butchery of Count Hoogstraaten's force, and to prevent Vitelli and Don Frederic, in their ill-timed ardour, from crossing the river. This was properly effected, while in the meantime the whole rear-guard of the patriots had been slaughtered. A hundred or two, the last who remained, had made their escape from the field, and had taken refuge in a house in the neighbourhood. The Spaniards set the buildings on fire, and standing around with lifted lances, offered the fugitives the choice of being consumed in the flames or of springing out upon their spears. Thus entrapped, some chose the one course, some the other. A few, to escape the fury of the fire and the brutality of the Spaniards, stabbed themselves with their own swords. Others embraced, and then killed each other, the enemies from below looking on as at a theatrical exhibition now hissing and now applauding, as the death struggles were more or less to their taste.[2] In a few minutes all the fugitives were dead. Nearly three thousand of the patriots were slain in this combat, including those burned or butchered after the battle was over.[3] The Sieur de Louverwal was taken prisoner and soon afterwards beheaded in Brussels; but the greatest misfortune sustained by the liberal party upon this occasion was the death of Antony de Lalaing, Count of Hoogstraaten. This brave and generous nobleman, the tried friend of the Prince of Orange, and his colleague during the memorable scenes at Antwerp, was wounded in the foot during the action by an accidental discharge of his own pistol. The injury, although apparently slight, caused his death in a few days.[4] There seemed a strange coincidence in his good and evil fortunes. A casual wound in the hand from his own pistol while he was on his way to Brussels to greet Alva upon his first arrival, had saved him from the scaffold. And now, in his first pitched battle with the Duke, this seemingly trifling injury in the foot was destined to terminate his existence. Another peculiar circumstance had marked the event. At a gay supper in the course of this campaign, Hoogstraaten had teased Count Louis, in a rough, soldierly way, with his disaster at Jemmingen. He had affected to believe that the retreat upon that occasion had been unnecessary. "We have been now many days in the Netherlands," said he, "and we have seen nothing of the Spaniards but their backs." "And when the Duke does break loose," replied Louis, somewhat nettled, "I warrant you will see their faces soon enough, and

[1] Strada, lib. vii. 344.
[2] Ibid., 345
[3] Mendoza, 88-92. Bor, iv. 256, 257. Rel. de Court., etc., 329-331.
[4] Hoofd. v. 187. Mendoza, 88-92.

remember them for the rest of your life."[1] The half-jesting remark was thus destined to become a gloomy prophecy.

This was the only important action during the campaign. Its perfect success did not warp Alva's purpose, and, notwithstanding the murmurs of many of his officers, he remained firm in his resolution. After the termination of the battle on the Geta, and the Duke's obstinate refusal to pursue his advantage, the Baron de Chevreau dashed his pistol to the ground in his presence, exclaiming that the Duke would never fight.[2] The Governor smiled at the young man's chagrin, seemed even to approve his enthusiasm, but reminded him that it was the business of an officer to fight, of a general to conquer. If the victory were bloodless, so much the better for all.[3]

This action was fought on the 20th of October. A few days afterwards, the Prince made his junction with Genlis at Waveren, a place about three leagues from Louvain and from Brussels.[4] This auxiliary force was, however, insignificant. There were only five hundred cavalry and three thousand foot, but so many women and children, that it seemed rather an emigrating colony than an invading army.[5] They arrived late. If they had come earlier, it would have been of little consequence, for it had been written that no laurels were to be gathered in that campaign. The fraternal spirit which existed between the Reformers in all countries was all which could be manifested upon the occasion. The Prince was frustrated in his hopes of a general battle, still more bitterly disappointed by the supineness of the country. Not a voice was raised to welcome the deliverer. Not a single city opened its gates. All was crouching, silent, abject. The rising, which perhaps would have been universal had a brilliant victory been obtained, was, by the masterly tactics of Alva, rendered an almost inconceivable idea. The mutinous demonstrations in the Prince's camp became incessant; the soldiers were discontented and weary. What the Duke had foretold was coming to pass, for the Prince's army was already dissolving.

Genlis and the other French officers were desirous that the Prince should abandon the Netherlands for the present, and come to the rescue of the Huguenots, who had again renewed the religious war under Condé and Coligny.[6] The German soldiers, however, would listen to no such proposal. They had enlisted to fight the Duke of Alva in the Netherlands, and would not hear of making war against Charles IX. in France.[7] The Prince was obliged to countermarch towards the Rhine. He recrossed the Geta, somewhat to Alva's astonishment,[8] and proceeded in the direction of the Meuse. The autumn rains, however, had much swollen that river since his passage at the beginning of the month, so that it could no longer be forded. He approached the city of Liege, and summoned their Bishop, as he had done on his entrance into the country, to grant a free passage to his troops. The Bishop, who stood in awe of Alva, and who had accepted his protection, again refused.[9] The Prince had no time to parley. He was again obliged to countermarch, and took his way along the highroad to France, still watched and closely pursued by Alva, between whose troops and his own daily skirmishes took place. At Le Quesnoy, the Prince gained a trifling advantage over the Spaniards; at Cateau Cambresis he also obtained a slight and easy victory; but by the 17th of November the Duke of Alva had entered Cateau Cambresis, and the Prince had crossed the frontier of France.[10]

[1] Mendoza, 92.
[2] Hoofd, v. 187. Mendoza, 90.
[3] Ibid. [4] Rel. de Court., etc., 332, 333.
[5] Ibid., 331.
[6] Bor, iv. 256, 257. Archives et Correspondance, ii. 303–310.
[7] Bor, ubi sup. Archives et Correspondance, ubi sup.
[8] Courteville, Relation, etc., 333.
[9] Gachard, Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., iii. 19–34, and 338–366.
[10] Courteville, Relation, etc., 322, sqq. Bor, iv. 256, 257. Mendoza, 92–98

The Maréchal de Cossé, who was stationed on the boundary of France and Flanders, now harassed the Prince by very similar tactics to those of Alva.[1] He was, however, too weak to inflict any serious damage, although strong enough to create perpetual annoyance. He also sent a secretary to the Prince, with a formal prohibition, in the name of Charles IX., against his entering the French territory with his troops.[2]

Besides these negotiations, conducted by Secretary Favelles on the part of Maréchal de Cossé, the King, who was excessively alarmed, also dispatched the Maréchal Gaspar de Schomberg on the same service. That envoy accordingly addressed to the Prince a formal remonstrance in the name of his sovereign. Charles IX., it was represented, found it very strange that the Prince should thus enter the French territory. The King was not aware that he had ever given him the least cause for hostile proceedings, could not therefore take it in good part that the Prince should thus enter France with a "large and puissant army;" because no potentate, however humble, could tolerate such a proceeding, much less a great and powerful monarch. Orange was therefore summoned to declare his intentions, but was at the same time informed, that if he merely desired "to pass amiably through the country," and would give assurance, and request permission to that effect, under his hand and seal, his Majesty would take all necessary measures to secure that amiable passage.[3]

The Prince replied by a reference to the statements which he had already made to Maréchal de Cossé. He averred that he had not entered France with evil intent, but rather with a desire to render very humble service to his Majesty, so far as he could do so with a clear conscience.

Touching the King's inability to remember having given any occasion to hostile proceedings on the part of the Prince, he replied that he would pass that matter by. Although he could adduce many various, and strong reasons for violent measures, he was not so devoid of understanding as not to recognise the futility of attempting anything, by his own personal means, against so great and powerful a King, in comparison with whom he was "but a petty companion."

"Since the true religion," continued Orange, "is a public and general affair, which ought to be preferred to all private matters; since the Prince, as a true Christian, is held by his honour and conscience to procure, with all his strength, its advancement and establishment in every place whatever; since, on the other hand, according to the edict published in September last by his Majesty, attempts have been made to force in their consciences all those who are of the Christian religion; and since it has been determined to exterminate the pure word of God, and the entire exercise thereof, and to permit no other religion than the Roman Catholic, a thing very prejudicial to the neighbouring nations where there is a free exercise of the Christian religion, therefore the Prince would put no faith in the assertions of his Majesty that it was not his Majesty's intentions to force the consciences of any one."

Having given this very deliberate and succinct contradiction to the statements of the French King, the Prince proceeded to express his sympathy for the oppressed Christians everywhere. He protested that he would give them all the aid, comfort, counsel, and assistance that he was able to give them He asserted his conviction that the men who professed "the religion" demanded nothing else than the glory of God and the advancement of His word, while in all matters of civil polity they were ready to render obedience to his Majesty. He added, that all his doings were governed by a Christian and

[1] Bor, iv. 257. Hoofd, v. 188*. De Thou, v. 467-472.

[2] Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., iii. 313, 314.

[3] Pièces Concernant les Troubles des Pays Bas, Coll. Gerard., vi. 95. Archives of the Hague, MS. 360, 361.

affectionate regard for the King and his subjects, whom his Majesty must be desirous of preserving from extreme ruin. He averred, moreover, that if he should perceive any indication that those of the religion were pursuing any other object than liberty of conscience and security for life and property, he would not only withdraw his assistance from them, but would use the whole strength of his army to exterminate them. In conclusion, he begged the King to believe that the work which the Prince had undertaken was a Christian work, and that his intentions were good and friendly towards his Majesty.[1]

It was, however, in vain that the Prince endeavoured to induce his army to try the fortunes of the civil war in France. They had enlisted for the Netherlands, the campaign was over, and they insisted upon being led back to Germany.[2] Schomberg, secretly instructed by the King of France, was active in fomenting the discontent,[3] and the Prince was forced to yield. He led his army through Champagne and Lorraine to Strasburg, where they were disbanded.[4] All the money which the Prince had been able to collect was paid them. He pawned all his camp equipage, his plate, his furniture.[5] What he could not pay in money he made up in promises, sacredly to be fulfilled when he should be restored to his possessions. He even solemnly engaged, should he return from France alive, and be still unable to pay their arrears of wages, to surrender his person to them as a hostage for his debt.[6]

Thus triumphantly for Alva, thus miserably for Orange, ended the campaign. Thus hopelessly vanished the army to which so many proud hopes had attached themselves. Eight thousand men had been slain in paltry encounters,[7] thirty thousand were dispersed, not easily to be again collected. All the funds which the Prince could command had been wasted without producing a result. For the present, nothing seemed to afford a ground of hope for the Netherlands, but the war of freedom had been renewed in France. A band of 1200 mounted men-at-arms were willing to follow the fortunes of the Prince. The three brothers accordingly, William, Louis, and Henry—a lad of eighteen, who had abandoned his studies at the university to obey the chivalrous instincts of his race—set forth early in the following spring to join the banner of Condé.[8]

Cardinal Granvelle, who had never taken his eyes or thoughts from the provinces during his residence at Rome, now expressed himself with exultation. He had predicted, with cold malice, the immediate results of the campaign, and was sanguine enough to believe the contest over, and the Prince for ever crushed. In his letters to Philip he had taken due notice of the compliments paid to him by Orange in his Justification, in his Declaration, and in his letter to the Emperor. He had declined to make any answer to the charges, in order to enrage the Prince the more. He had expressed the opinion, however, that this publication of writings was not the business of brave soldiers, but of cowards.[9] He made the same reflection upon the alleged intrigues by Orange to procure an embassy on his own behalf from the Emperor to Philip—a mission which was sure to end in smoke, while it would cost the Prince all credit, not only in Germany but the Netherlands.[10] He felt sure, he said, of the result of the impending campaign. The Duke of Alva was a man upon whose administrative prudence and military skill his

[1] This very eloquently written letter was dated Cissonne, December 3d, 1568. It has never been published. It is in the Collection of MSS. last cited (Pièces Concernant, etc.), Hague Archives.
[2] Meteren, 56. [3] De Thou, Hoofd.
[4] Bor, iv. 257. Hoofd, v. 188. [5] Hoofd, v. 188.
[6] Archives, etc., de la Maison d'Orange, iii. 334–338, 355–360.
[7] Letter of Alva from Cateau Cambresis, in Bor, iv. 257. Mendoza (98, 99) says 5000. Herrera (part i. lib. xv. cap. xii. p. 705) says 6000. All writers agree that the Duke sustained absolutely no loss throughout the campaign. Compare Herrera, lib. xiv. cap. xi. and xii. pp. 700–706; and Cabrera, lib. viii. cap. viii. and ix. 505–513.
[8] Hoofd, v. 188. Languetii, Ep. Secret, i. 117. Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., iii. 323. Meteren, 57.
[9] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 795. [10] Ibid.

sovereign could implicitly rely, nor was there a person in the ranks of the rebels capable of conducting an enterprise of such moment.[1] Least of all had the Prince of Orange sufficient brains for carrying on such weighty affairs, according to the opinion which he had formed of him during their long intercourse in former days.[2]

When the campaign had been decided, and the Prince had again become an exile, Granvelle observed that it was now proved how incompetent he and all his companions were to contend in military skill with the Duke of Alva.[3] With a cold sneer at motives which he assumed, as a matter of course, to be purely selfish, he said that the Prince had not taken the proper road to recover his property, and that he would now be much embarrassed to satisfy his creditors.[4] Thus must those ever fall, he moralised, who would fly higher than they ought; adding, that henceforth the Prince would have enough to do in taking care of madam his wife, if she did not change soon in humour and character.[5]

Meantime the Duke of Alva, having dispatched from Cateau Cambresis a brief account of the victorious termination of the campaign, returned in triumph to Brussels.[6] He had certainly amply vindicated his claim to be considered the first warrior of the age. By his lieutenants he had summarily and rapidly destroyed two of the armies sent against him; he had annihilated in person the third, by a brilliantly successful battle, in which he had lost seven men, and his enemies seven thousand; and he had now, by consummate strategy, foiled the fourth and last under the idolised champion of the Netherlands, and this so decisively that, without losing a man, he had destroyed eight thousand rebels, and scattered to the four winds the remaining twenty thousand. Such signal results might well make even a meeker nature proud. Such vast and fortunate efforts to fix for ever an impregnable military tyranny upon a constitutional country, might cause a more modest despot to exult. It was not wonderful that the haughty, and now apparently omnipotent Alva, should almost assume the god. On his return to Brussels he instituted a succession of triumphant festivals.[7] The people were called upon to rejoice and to be exceeding glad, to strew flowers in his path, to sing hosannas in his praise, who came to them covered with the blood of those who had striven in their defence. The holiday was duly culled forth; houses where funeral hatchments for murdered inmates had been perpetually suspended were decked with garlands; the bells, which had hardly once omitted their daily knell for the victims of an incredible cruelty, now rang their merriest peals; and in the very square where so lately Egmont and Horn, besides many other less distinguished martyrs, had suffered an ignominious death, a gay tournament[8] was held, day after day, with all the insolent pomp which could make the exhibition most galling.

But even these demonstrations of hilarity were not sufficient. The conqueror and tamer of the Netherlands felt that a more personal and palpable deification was necessary for his pride. When Germanicus had achieved his last triumph over the ancient freedom of those generous races whose descendants, but lately in possession of a better organised liberty, Alva had been sent by the second and the worse Tiberius to insult and to crush, the valiant but modest Roman erected his trophy upon the plains of Idistavisus. "The army of Tiberius Cæsar, having subdued the nations between the Rhine and the Elbe, dedicate this monument to Mars, to Jupiter, and to Augustus."[9] So ran the inscription of Germanicus, without a word of allusion to his own

[1] Correspondance de Phillippe II., ii. 792.
[2] Ibid.
[3] Ibid., 812.
[4] Ibid.
[5] Ibid.
[6] Bor, iv. 257. Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 808.
[7] Bor, iv. 257. Ibid.
[8] Tacit. Ann., lib. iv.

name. The Duke of Alva, on his return from the battle-fields of Brabant and Friesland, reared a colossal statue of himself, and upon its pedestal caused these lines to be engraved: "To Ferdinand Alvarez de Toledo, Duke of Alva, Governor of the Netherlands under Philip the Second, for having extinguished sedition, chastised rebellion, restored religion, secured justice, established peace; to the King's most faithful minister this monument is erected."[1]

So pompous a eulogy, even if truthful and merited, would be sufficiently inflated upon a tombstone raised to a dead chieftain by his bereaved admirers. What shall we say of such false and fulsome tribute, not to a god, not to the memory of departed greatness, but to a living, mortal man, and offered not by his adorers but by himself? Certainly, self-worship never went further than in this remarkable monument, erected in Alva's honour, by Alva's hands. The statue was colossal, and was placed in the citadel of Antwerp. Its bronze was furnished by the cannon captured at Jemmingen.[2] It represented the Duke trampling upon a prostrate figure with two heads, four arms, and one body. The two heads were interpreted by some to represent Egmont and Horn; by others, the two Nassaus, William and Louis. Others saw in them an allegorical presentment of the nobles and commons of the Netherlands, or perhaps an impersonation of the Compromise and the Request. Besides the chief inscription on the pedestal, were sculptured various bas-reliefs; and the spectator, whose admiration for the Governor-General was not satiated with the colossal statue itself, was at liberty to find a fresh personification of the hero either in a torch-bearing angel or a gentle shepherd. The work, which had considerable æsthetic merit, was executed by an artist named Jacob Jongeling. It remained to astonish and disgust the Netherlanders until it was thrown down and demolished by Alva's successor, Requesens.[3]

It has already been observed that many princes of the Empire had, at first warmly, and afterwards, as the storm darkened around him, with less earnestness, encouraged the efforts of Orange. They had, both privately and officially, urged the subject upon the attention of the Emperor, and had solicited his intercession with Philip. It was not an interposition to save the Prince from chastisement, however the artful pen of Granvelle might distort the facts. It was an address in behalf of religious liberty for the Netherlands, made by those who had achieved it in their own persons, and who were at last enjoying immunity from persecution. It was an appeal which they who made it were bound to make, for the Netherland commissioners had assisted at the consultations by which the peace of Passau had been wrung from the reluctant hand of Charles.[4]

These applications, however, to the Emperor, and through him to the King of Spain, had been, as we have seen, accompanied by perpetual advice to the Prince of Orange that he should "sit still." The Emperor had espoused his cause with apparent frankness, so far as friendly mediation went, but in the meantime had peremptorily commanded him to refrain from levying war upon Alva, an injunction which the Prince had as peremptorily declined to obey. The Emperor had even sent especial envoys to the Duke and to the Prince, to induce them to lay down their arms, but without effect.[5] Orange knew which course was the more generous to his oppressed country—to take up arms now that hope had been converted into despair by the furious tyranny of Alva, or to "sit still" and await the result of the protocols about to be exchanged between king and kaiser. His arms had been unsuccessful, indeed,

[1] Bor, iv. 257, 258. Meteren, 61. De Thou, v. 471–473, who saw it after it was overthrown, and who was "as much struck by the beauty of the work as by the insane pride of him who ordered it to be made."

[2] Bor, iv. 257. Meteren, 61.

[3] Bor, 257, 258. Meteren, De Thou, v. 471–473. Bentivoglio, lib. v. 186.

[4] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 791.

[5] Instructions for the Archduke Charles, Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 797.

but had he attended the issue of this sluggish diplomacy, it would have been even worse for the cause of freedom. The sympathy of his best friends, at first fervent, then lukewarm, had, as disasters thickened around him, grown at last stone-cold. From the grave, too, of Queen Isabella arose the most importunate phantom in his path. The King of Spain was a widower again, and the Emperor among his sixteen children had more than one marriageable daughter. To the titles of "beloved cousin and brother-in-law," with which Philip had always been greeted in the imperial proclamations, the nearer and dearer one of son-in-law was prospectively added.

The ties of wedlock were sacred in the traditions of the Habsburg house, but still the intervention was nominally made. As early as August 1568, the Emperor's minister at Madrid had addressed a memorial to the King.[1] He had spoken in warm and strong language of the fate of Egmont and Horn, and had reminded Philip that the executions which were constantly taking place in the provinces were steadily advancing the Prince of Orange's cause. On the 22d September 1568, the six electors had addressed a formal memorial to the Emperor.[2] They thanked him for his previous interposition in favour of the Netherlands, painted in lively colours the cruelty of Alva, and denounced the unheard-of rigour with which he had massacred, not only many illustrious seigniors, but people of every degree. Notwithstanding the repeated assurances given by the King to the contrary, they reminded the Emperor that the *Inquisition, as well as the Council of Trent, had now been established in the Netherlands in full vigour.*[3] They maintained that the provinces had been excluded from the Augsburg religious peace, to which their claim was perfect. Nether Germany was entitled to the same privileges as Upper Germany. They begged the Emperor to make manifest his sentiments and their own. It was fitting that his Catholic Majesty should be aware that the princes of the Empire were united for the conservation of fatherland and of tranquillity. To this end they placed in the Emperor's hands their estates, their fortunes, and their lives.

Such was the language of that important appeal to the Emperor in behalf of oppressed millions in the Netherlands, an appeal which Granvelle had coldly characterised as an intrigue contrived by Orange to bring about his own restoration to favour![4]

The Emperor, in answer, assured the electoral envoys that he had taken the affair to heart, and had resolved to dispatch his own brother, the Archduke Charles, on a special mission to Spain.[5]

Accordingly, on the 21st October 1568, the Emperor presented his brother with an ample letter of instructions.[6] He was to recall to Philip's memory the frequent exhortations made by the Emperor concerning the policy pursued in the Netherlands. He was to mention the urgent interpellations made to him by the electors and princes of the Empire in their recent embassy. He was to state that the Emperor had recently deputed commissioners to the Prince of Orange and the Duke of Alva, in order to bring about, if possible, a suspension of arms. He was to represent that the great number of men raised by the Prince of Orange in Germany showed the powerful support which he had found in the country. Under such circumstances, he was to show that it had been impossible for the Emperor to decree the ban against him, as the Duke of Alva had demanded. The Archduke was to request the King's consent to the reconciliation of Orange on honourable conditions. He was to demand the substitution of clemency in the government of the Netherlands for severity, and to insist on the recall of the foreign soldiery from the Netherlands.[7]

Furnished with this very warm and stringent letter, the Archduke arrived in

[1] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 786.
[2] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 793.
[3] Ibid., 791.
[4] Ibid., 795.
[5] Ibid., 767.
[6] Ibid., 797.

Madrid on the 10th December 1568.[1] A few days later he presented the King with a copy of the instructions; those brave words upon which the Prince of Orange was expected to rely instead of his own brave heart and the stout arms of his followers. Philip having examined the letter, expressed his astonishment that such propositions should be made to him, and by the agency, too, of such a personage as the Archduke.[2] He had already addressed a letter to the Emperor, expressing his dissatisfaction at the step now taken.[3] He had been disturbed at the honour thus done to the Prince of Orange, and at this interference with his own rights.[4] It was, in his opinion, an unheard-of proceeding thus to address a monarch of his quality upon matters in which he could accept the law from no man. He promised, however, that a written answer should be given to the letter of instructions.

On the 20th of January 1569, that answer was placed in the hands of the Archduke.[5] It was intimated that the paper was a public one, fit to be laid by the Emperor before the electors; but that the King had also caused a confidential one[6] to be prepared, in which his motives and private griefs were indicated to Maximilian.

In the more public document, Philip observed that he had never considered himself obliged to justify his conduct in his own affairs to others. He thought, however, that his example of severity would have been received with approbation by princes whose subjects he had thus taught obedience. He could not admit that, on account of the treaties which constituted the Netherlands a circle of the Empire, he was obliged to observe within their limits the ordinances of the imperial diet.[7] As to the matter of religion, his principal solicitude, since his accession to the crown, had been to maintain the Catholic faith throughout all his states. In things sacred he could admit no compromise. The Church alone had the right to prescribe rules to the faithful. As to the chastisement inflicted by him upon the Netherland rebels, it would be found that he had not used rigour, as had been charged against him, *but, on the contrary, great clemency and gentleness.*[8] He had made no change in the government of the provinces, certainly none in the edicts, the only statutes binding upon princes. He had appointed the Duke of Alva to the regency because it was his royal will and pleasure so to appoint him. The Spanish soldiery were necessary for the thorough chastisement of the rebels, and could not be at present removed. As to the Prince of Orange, whose case seemed the principal motive for this embassy, and in whose interest so much had been urged, his crimes were so notorious that it was impossible even to attempt to justify them. He had been, in effect, the author of all the conspiracies, tumults, and seditions which had taken place in the Netherlands. All the thefts, sacrileges, violations of temples, and other misdeeds of which these provinces had been the theatre, were, with justice, to be imputed to him. He had, moreover, levied an army and invaded his Majesty's territories. Crimes so enormous had closed the gates to all clemency. Notwithstanding his respect for the intercession made by the Emperor and the princes of the Empire, the King could not condescend to grant what was now asked of him in regard to the Prince of Orange. As to a truce between him and the Duke of Alva, his imperial Majesty ought to reflect upon the difference between a sovereign and his rebellious vassal, and consider how indecent and how prejudicial to the King's honour such a treaty must be esteemed.[9]

[1] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 835. [2] Ibid.
[3] See the letter in the Correspondance, etc., ii. 807.
[4] Ibid. [5] Ibid., 818.
[6] Ibid., 819. [7] Ibid., 818.
[8] "Se hallarà aver usado S. M. Catolica no de rigor como se le imputa sino de mucha clemencia i piedad."—Ibid.
[9] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 818. See also Cabrera, Vita de Filipe II., lib. viii. The whole instruction to the Archduke is there given, 518–530. The answer of Philip is also published in full, 578–592. See also the communication made by Luis Venegas, Philip's ambassador at the imperial court, concerning the mission of the Archduke.—Ibid., 534–536.

So far the public letter, of which the Archduke was furnished with a copy, both in Spanish and in Latin. The private memorandum was intended for the Emperor's eyes alone and those of his envoy. In this paper the King expressed himself with more warmth and in more decided language.[1] He was astonished, he said, that the Prince of Orange, in levying an army for the purpose of invading the states of his natural sovereign, should have received so much aid and comfort in Germany. It seemed incredible that this could not have been prevented by imperial authority. He had been pained that commissioners had been sent to the Prince. He regreted such a demonstration in his favour as had now been made by the mission of the Archduke to Madrid. That which, however, had caused the King the deepest sorrow was, that his imperial Majesty should wish to persuade him in religious matters to proceed with mildness. The Emperor ought to be aware that no human consideration, no regard for his realms, nothing in the world which could be represented or risked, would cause him to swerve by a single hair's breadth from his path in the matter of religion.[2] This path was the same throughout all his kingdoms. He had ever trod in it faithfully, and he meant to keep in it perpetually. He would admit neither counsel nor persuasion to the contrary, and should take it ill if counsel or persuasion should be offered. He could not but consider the terms of the instructions given to the Archduke as exceeding the limits of amicable suggestion. They in effect amounted to a menace, and he was astonished that a menace should be employed, because, with princes constituted like himself, such means could have but little success.[3]

On the 23d of January 1569, the Archduke presented the King with a spirited reply to the public letter. It was couched in the spirit of the instructions, and therefore need not be analysed at length. He did not believe that his imperial Majesty would admit any justification of the course pursued in the Netherlands. The Estates of the Empire would never allow Philip's reasoning concerning the connection of those countries with the Empire, nor that they were independent, except in the particular articles expressed in the treaty of Augsburg. In 1555, when Charles the Fifth and King Ferdinand had settled the religious peace, they had been assisted by envoys from the Netherlands. The princes of the Empire held the ground, therefore, that the religious peace, which alone had saved a vestige of Romanism in Germany, should of right extend to the provinces. As to the Prince of Orange, the Archduke would have preferred to say nothing more, but the orders of the Emperor did not allow him to be silent. It was now necessary to put an end to this state of things in Lower Germany. The princes of the Empire were becoming exasperated. He recalled the dangers of the Smalcaldian war—the imminent peril in which the Emperor had been placed by the act of a single elector. They who believed that Flanders could be governed in the same manner as Italy and Spain were greatly mistaken, and Charles the Fifth had always recognised that error.[4]

This was the sum and substance of the Archduke's mission to Madrid, so far as its immediate objects were concerned. In the course, however, of the interview between this personage and Philip, the King took occasion to administer a rebuke to his imperial Majesty for his general negligence in religious matters. It was a matter which lay at his heart, he said, that the Emperor, although, as he doubted not, a Christian and Catholic prince, was from policy unaccustomed to make those exterior demonstrations which matters of faith required. He therefore begged the Archduke to urge this matter upon the attention of his imperial Majesty.[5]

The Emperor, despite this solemn mission, had become more than in

[1] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 819.
[2] Ibid.
[3] Ibid.
[4] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 820.
[5] Ibid., 835.

different before his envoy had reached Madrid. For this indifference there were more reasons than one. When the instructions had been drawn up, the death of the Queen of Spain had not been known in Vienna.[1] The Archduke had even been charged to inform Philip of the approaching marriages of the two Archduchesses,—that of Anne with the King of France, and that of Isabella with the King of Portugal. A few days later, however, the envoy received letters from the Emperor, authorising him to offer to the bereaved Philip the hand of the Archduchess Anne.[2] The King replied to the Archduke, when this proposition was made, that if he had regard only to his personal satisfaction, he should remain as he was. As, however, he had now no son, he was glad that the proposition had been made, and would see how the affair could be arranged with France.[3]

Thus the ill success of Orange in Brabant, so disheartening to the German princes most inclined to his cause, and still more the widowhood of Philip, had brought a change over the views of Maximilian. On the 17th of January 1569, three days before his ambassador had entered upon his negotiations, he had accordingly addressed an autograph letter to his Catholic Majesty. In this epistle, by a few cold lines, he entirely annihilated any possible effect which might have been produced by the apparent earnestness of his interposition in favour of the Netherlands. He informed the King that the Archduke had been sent, not to vex him, but to convince him of his friendship. He assured Philip that he should *be satisfied with his response, whatever it might be.* He entreated only that it might be drawn up in such terms that the princes and electors, to whom it must be shown, might not be inspired with suspicion.[4]

The Archduke left Madrid on the 4th of March 1569. He retired well pleased with the results of his mission, not because its ostensible objects had been accomplished, for those had signally failed, but because the King had made him a present of one hundred thousand ducats, and had promised to espouse the Archduchess Anne.[5] On the 26th of May 1569, the Emperor addressed a final reply to Philip, in which *he expressly approved the King's justification* of his conduct.[6] It was founded, he thought, in reason and equity. Nevertheless, it could hardly be shown, as it was, to the princes and electors, and he *had therefore modified many points* which he thought might prove offensive.[7]

Thus ended "in smoke," as Granvelle had foretold, the famous mission of Archduke Charles. The Holy Roman Emperor withdrew from his pompous intervention, abashed by a rebuke, but consoled by a promise. If it were good to be guardian of religious freedom in Upper and Nether Germany, it was better to be father-in-law to the King of Spain and both the Indies, Hence the lame and abrupt conclusion.

Cardinal Granvelle had been very serviceable in this juncture. He had written to Philip to assure him that, in his opinion, the Netherlands had no claim, under the transaction of Augsburg, to require the observance within their territory of the decrees of the Empire.[8] He added, that Charles the

[1] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 835.

[2] Ibid. According to Cabrera, the Archduke learned the news of Queen Isabella's death on his journey to Madrid. Felipe II., lib. viii. 517.

Herrera (lib. xv. 707) erroneously states that the Archduke was, at the outset, charged with these two commissions by the Emperor; namely, to negotiate the marriage of the Archduchess Anne with Philip, and to arrange the affairs of the Netherlands. On the contrary, he was empowered to offer Anne to the King of France, and had already imparted his instructions to that effect to Philip, before he received letters from Vienna, written after the death of Isabella had become known. At another interview, he presented this new matrimonial proposition to Philip. These facts are important, for they indicate how completely the objects of the embassy, the commencement of which was so pretentious, were cast aside, that a more advantageous marriage for one of the seven Austrian Archduchesses might be secured. Compare Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 535.

[3] Ibid. [4] Ibid., 817. [5] Ibid., 835.

[6] Ibid., 874. [7] Ibid.

[8] Ibid., 800. Gachard's Introduction to tom. I. clxxxvii.

Fifth had only agreed to the treaty of Passau to save his brother Ferdinand from ruin; that he had only consented to it as Emperor, and had neither directly nor indirectly included the Netherlands within its provisions. He stated, moreover, *that the Emperor had revoked the treaty by an act which was never published, in consequence of the earnest solicitations of Ferdinand.*[1]

It has been seen that the King had used this opinion of Granvelle in the response presented to the Archduke. Although he did not condescend to an argument, he had laid down the fact as if it were indisputable. He was still more delighted to find that Charles had revoked the treaty of Passau, and eagerly wrote to Granvelle to inquire where the secret instrument was to be found.[2] The Cardinal replied that it was probably among his papers at Brussels, but that he doubted whether *it would be possible to find it in his absence.*[3] Whether such a document ever existed, it is difficult to say. To perpetrate such a fraud would have been worthy of Charles; to fable its perpetration not unworthy of the Cardinal. In either case, the transaction was sufficiently high-handed and exceedingly disgraceful.

CHAPTER V.

Quarrel between Alva and Queen Elizabeth of England—Spanish funds seized by the English Government—Non-intercourse between England and the Netherlands—Stringent measures against heresy—Continued persecution—Individual cases—Present of hat and sword to Alva from the Pope—Determination of the Governor-General to establish a system of arbitrary taxation in the provinces—Assembly of Estates at Brussels—Alva's decrees laid before them—The hundredth, twentieth, and tenth pence—Opposition of Viglius to the project—Estates of various provinces give a reluctant consent—Determined resistance of Utrecht—The city and province cited before the Blood Council—Sentence of confiscation and disfranchisement against both—Appeal to the King—Difficulty of collecting the new tax—Commutation for two years—Projects for a pardon-general—Growing disfavour of the Duke—His desire to resign his post—Secret hostility between the Governor and Viglius—Altered sentiments of the President—Opinions expressed by Granvelle—The pardon pompously proclaimed by the Duke at Antwerp—Character of the amnesty—Dissatisfaction of the people with the act—Complaints of Alva to the King—Fortunes and fate of Baron Montigny in Spain—His confinement at Segovia—His attempt to escape—Its failure—His mock trial—His wife's appeal to Philip—His condemnation—His secret assassination determined on—Its details, as carefully prescribed and superintended by the King—Terrible inundation throughout the Netherlands—Immense destruction of life and property in Friesland—Lowestein Castle taken by De Ruyter by stratagem—Recapture of the place by the Spaniards—Desperate resistance and death of De Ruyter.

It was very soon after the Duke's return to Brussels that a quarrel between himself and the Queen of England took place. It happened thus. Certain vessels, bearing roving commissions from the Prince of Condé, had chased into the ports of England some merchantmen coming from Spain with supplies in specie for the Spanish army in the Netherlands.[4] The trading ships remained in harbour, not daring to leave for their destination, while the privateers remained in a neighbouring port ready to pounce upon them should they put to sea. The commanders of the merchant fleet complained to the Spanish ambassador in London. The envoy laid the case before the Queen. The Queen promised redress, and, almost as soon as the promise had been made, seized upon all the specie in the vessels, amounting to about eight hundred thousand dollars, and appropriated the whole to her own benefit.[5] The pretext for this proceeding was twofold. In the first place, she assured the ambassador that she had taken the money into her possession in order that it might be kept safe for her royal brother of Spain. In the second place,

[1] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 800.
[2] Ibid., 842.
[3] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 860.
[4] Bor. v. 272, 273.
[5] Ibid. Meteren, 59.

she affirmed that the money did not belong to the Spanish Government at all, but that it was the property of certain Genoese merchants, from whom, as she had a right to do, she had borrowed it for a short period.[1] Both these positions could hardly be correct, but either furnished an excellent reason for appropriating the funds to her own use.

The Duke of Alva, being very much in want of money, was furious when informed of the circumstance. He immediately dispatched Councillor d'Assonleville with other commissioners on a special embassy to the Queen of England.[2] His envoys were refused an audience, and the Duke was taxed with presumption in venturing, as if he had been a sovereign, to send a legation to a crowned head.[3] No satisfaction was given to Alva, but a secret commissioner was dispatched to Spain to discuss the subject there. The wrath of Alva was not appeased by this contemptuous treatment. Chagrined at the loss of his funds, and stung to the quick by a rebuke which his arrogance had merited, he resorted to a high-handed measure. He issued a proclamation commanding the personal arrest of every Englishman within the territory of the Netherlands, and the seizure of every article of property which could be found belonging to individuals of that nation.[4] The Queen retaliated by measures of the same severity against Netherlanders in England.[5] The Duke followed up his blow by a proclamation (of March 31, 1569) in which the grievance was detailed, and strict non-intercourse with England enjoined.[6] While the Queen and the Viceroy were thus exchanging blows, the real sufferers were, of course, the unfortunate Netherlanders. Between the upper and nether millstones of Elizabeth's rapacity and Alva's arrogance, the poor remains of Flemish prosperity were well-nigh crushed out of existence. Proclamations and commissions followed hard upon each other, but it was not till April 1573 that the matter was definitely arranged.[7] Before that day arrived, the commerce of the Netherlands had suffered, at the lowest computation, a dead loss of two million florins, not a stiver of which was ever reimbursed to the sufferers by the Spanish Government.[8]

Meantime, neither in the complacency of his triumph over William of Orange, nor in the torrent of his wrath against the English Queen, did the Duke for a moment lose sight of the chief end of his existence in the Netherlands. The gibbet and the stake were loaded with their daily victims. The records of the period are foul with the perpetually renewed barbarities exercised against the new religion. To the magistrates of the different cities were issued fresh instructions, by which all municipal officers were to be guided in the discharge of their great duty. They were especially enjoined by the Duke to take heed that Catholic midwives, and none other, should be provided for every parish, duly sworn to give notice within twenty-four hours of every birth which occurred, in order that the curate might instantly proceed to baptism.[9] They were also ordered to appoint certain spies, who should keep watch at every administration of the sacraments, whether public or private, whether at the altar or at death-beds, and who should report for exemplary punishment (that is to say, death by fire) all persons who made derisive or irreverential gestures, or who did not pay suitable honour to the said sacraments.[10] Furthermore, in order that not even death itself should cheat the tyrant of his prey, the same spies were to keep watch at the couch of the dying, and to give immediate

[1] Bor, Meteren, ubi sup.
[2] Bor, v. 272, 273.
[3] Ibid., 277. Meteren, 57, 58.
[4] See the proclamation in Bor, v. 277–279.
[5] Bor, Meteren, ubi sup. [6] Ibid.
[7] Bor, v. 279, 280. Meteren, 57, 58.
[8] Meteren, 58.
[9] "Instructions from the Duke of Alva to Jacques de Blondel, Seigneur de Cuinchy, gouverneur et bailli de Tournay et Tournaisis, Extraits des Registres de Tournay, par Gachard, 107, 108.
[10] "—— à commettre certains personnages pour être présents au port et administration des Saints Sacrements, tant de l'autel que de l'extrême onction, à l'effet de remarquer ceux qui feraient gestes ou mines dérisoires ou irrévérencieux——et d'en provoquer la punition exemplaire," etc.—Extraits des Registres de Tournay, par Gachard, 107, 108.

notice to Government of all persons who should dare to depart this life without previously receiving extreme unction and the holy wafer. The estates of such culprits, it was ordained, should be confiscated, and their bodies dragged to the public place of execution.[1]

An affecting case occurred in the north of Holland early in this year, which, for its peculiarity, deserves brief mention. A poor Anabaptist, guilty of no crime but his fellowship with a persecuted sect, had been condemned to death. He had made his escape, closely pursued by an officer of justice, across a frozen lake. It was late in the winter, and the ice had become unsound. It trembled and cracked beneath his footsteps, but he reached the shore in safety. The officer was not so fortunate. The ice gave way beneath him, and he sank into the lake, uttering a cry for succour. There was none to hear him, except the fugitive whom he had been hunting. Dirk Willemzoon, for so was the Anabaptist called, instinctively obeying the dictates of a generous nature, returned, crossed the quaking and dangerous ice, at the peril of his life, extended his hand to his enemy, and saved him from certain death. Unfortunately for human nature, it cannot be added that the generosity of the action was met by a corresponding heroism. The officer was desirous, it is true, of avoiding the responsibility of sacrificing the preserver of his life, but the Burgomaster of Aspern sternly reminded him to remember his oath. He accordingly arrested the fugitive, who, on the 16th of May following, was burned to death under the most lingering tortures.[2]

Almost at the same time four clergymen, the eldest seventy years of age, were executed at the Hague, after an imprisonment of three years. All were of blameless lives, having committed no crime save that of having favoured the Reformation. As they were men of some local eminence, it was determined that they should be executed with solemnity. They were condemned to the flames, and as they were of the ecclesiastical profession, it was necessary before execution that their personal sanctity should be removed. Accordingly, on the 27th May, attired in the gorgeous robes of high mass, they were brought before the Bishop of Bois le Duc. The prelate, with a pair of scissors, cut a lock of hair from each of their heads. He then scraped their crowns and the tips of their fingers with a little silver knife very gently, and without inflicting the least injury. The mystic oil of consecration was thus supposed to be sufficiently removed. The prelate then proceeded to disrobe the victims, saying to each one as he did so, "*Eximo tibi vestem justitiæ, quem volens abjecisti;*" to which the oldest pastor, Arent Dirkzoon, stoutly replied, "*Imo vestem injustitiæ.*" The Bishop having thus completed the solemn farce of desecration, delivered the prisoners to the Blood Council, begging that they might be handled very gently. Three days afterwards they were all executed at the stake, having, however, received the indulgence of being strangled before being thrown into the flames.[3]

It was precisely at this moment, while the agents of the Duke's Government were thus zealously enforcing his decrees, that a special messenger arrived from the Pope bringing as a present to Alva a jewelled hat and sword.[4] It was a gift rarely conferred by the Church, and never save upon the highest dignitaries, or upon those who had merited her most signal rewards by the most shining exploits in her defence.[5] The Duke was requested, in the autograph letter from his Holiness which accompanied his presents, "to remember, when he put the hat upon his head, that he was guarded with it as

[1] "2°. A dénoncer ceux qui décèderaient sans s'être fait administrer les Saints Sacrements, leurs *biens devant être confisqués et leurs corps portés au lieu public destiné pour la justice.*"—Extraits des Registres de Tournay, par Gachard, 107, 108.

[2] Gerard Brandt, Hist. der Reformatie, sect. i. b. x. 560.

[3] Bor, v. 312, 313. Hoofd, v. 199, 200.

[4] Bor, v. 270. Strada, lib. vii. 347.

[5] Strada, lib. vii. 347, 348.

with a helmet of righteousness, and with the shield of God's help, indicating the heavenly crown which was ready for all princes who support the Holy Church and the Roman Catholic faith."[1] The motto on the sword ran as follows, "*Accipe sanctum gladium, munus a Deo in quo dejicies adversarios populi mei Israel.*"[2]

The Viceroy of Philip, thus stimulated to persevere in his master's precepts by the Vicegerent of Christ, was not likely to swerve from his path nor to flinch from his work. It was beyond the power of man's ingenuity to add any fresh features of horror to the religious persecution under which the provinces were groaning, but a new attack could be made upon the poor remains of their wealth.

The Duke had been dissatisfied with the results of his financial arrangements. The confiscation of banished and murdered heretics had not proved the inexhaustible mine he had boasted. The stream of gold which was to flow perennially into the Spanish coffers soon ceased to flow at all. This was inevitable. Confiscations must, of necessity, offer but a precarious supply to any treasury. It was only the frenzy of an Alva which could imagine it possible to derive a permanent revenue from such a source. It was, however, not to be expected that this man, whose tyranny amounted to insanity, could comprehend the intimate connection between the interests of a people and those of its rulers, and he was determined to exhibit, by still more fierce and ludicrous experiments, how easily a great soldier may become a very paltry financier.

He had already informed his royal master that, after a very short time, remittances would no longer be necessary from Spain to support the expenses of the army and government in the Netherlands.[3] He promised, on the contrary, that at least two millions yearly should be furnished by the provinces, over and above the cost of their administration, to enrich the treasury at home.[4] Another Peru had already been discovered by his ingenuity, and one which was not dependent for its golden fertility on the continuance of that heresy which it was his mission to extirpate. His boast had been much ridiculed in Madrid, where he had more enemies than friends, and he was consequently the more eager to convert it into reality. Nettled by the laughter with which all his schemes of political economy had been received at home,[5] he was determined to show that his creative statesmanship was no less worthy of homage than his indisputable genius for destruction.

His scheme was nothing more than the substitution of an arbitrary system of taxation by the crown, for the legal and constitutional right of the provinces to tax themselves. It was not a very original thought, but it was certainly a bold one. For although a country so prostrate might suffer the imposition of any fresh amount of tyranny, yet it was doubtful whether she had sufficient strength remaining to bear the weight after it had been imposed. It was certain, moreover, that the new system would create a more general outcry than any which had been elicited even by the religious persecution. There were many inhabitants who were earnest and sincere Catholics, and who therefore considered themselves safe from the hangman's hands, while there were none who could hope to escape the gripe of the new tax-gatherers. Yet the Governor was not the man to be daunted by the probable unpopularity of the measure. Courage he possessed in more than mortal proportion. He seemed to have set himself to the task of ascertaining the exact capacity of the country for wretchedness. He was resolved accurately to gauge its width and its depth; to know how much of physical and moral misery might be accumulated within its limits before it should be full to overflowing. Every

[1] Bor, v. 270, 271. [2] Mendoza, 100.
[3] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 836, 837. [4] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 970.
[5] Vide Van d. Vynckt, ii. 118.

man, woman, and child in the country had been solemnly condemned to death, and arbitrary executions, in pursuance of that sentence, had been daily taking place. Millions of property had been confiscated, while the most fortunate and industrious, as well as the bravest of the Netherlanders, were wandering penniless in distant lands. Still the blows, however recklessly distributed, had not struck every head. The inhabitants had been decimated, not annihilated, and the productive energy of the country, which for centuries had possessed so much vitality, was even yet not totally extinct. In the wreck of their social happiness, in the utter overthrow of their political freedom, they had still preserved the shadow, at least, of one great bulwark against despotism. The king could impose no tax.[1]

The "Joyeuse Entrée" of Brabant, as well as the constitutions of Flanders, Holland, Utrecht, and all the other provinces, expressly prescribed the manner in which the requisite funds for government should be raised. The sovereign or his stadholder was to appear before the Estates in person, and make his request for money. It was for the Estates, after consultation with their constituents, to decide whether or not this petition (Bede) should be granted; and should a single branch decline compliance, the monarch was to wait with patience for a more favourable moment.[2] Such had been the regular practice in the Netherlands, nor had the reigning houses often had occasion to accuse the Estates of parsimony. It was, however, not wonderful that the Duke of Alva should be impatient at the continued existence of this provincial privilege. A country of condemned criminals, a nation whose universal neck might at any moment be laid upon the block without ceremony, seemed hardly fit to hold the purse-strings, and to dispense alms to its monarch. The Viceroy was impatient at this arrogant vestige of constitutional liberty. Moreover, although he had taken from the Netherlanders nearly all the attributes of freemen, he was unwilling that they should enjoy the principal privilege of slaves, that of being fed and guarded at their master's expense. He had therefore summoned a general assembly of the provincial Estates in Brussels, and on the 20th of March 1569 had caused the following decrees to be laid before them.[3]

A tax of the hundreth penny, or one per cent., was laid upon all property, real and personal, to be collected instantly. This impost, however, was not perpetual, but only to be paid once, unless, of course, it should suit the same arbitrary power by which it was assessed to require it a second time.

A tax of the twentieth penny, or five per cent., was laid upon every transfer of real estate. This imposition was perpetual.

Thirdly, a tax of the tenth penny, or ten per cent., was *assessed upon every article of merchandise or personal property, to be paid as often as it should be sold.* This tax was likewise to be perpetual.[4]

The consternation in the assembly when these enormous propositions were heard can be easily imagined. People may differ about religious dogmas. In the most bigoted persecutions there will always be many who, from conscientious although misguided motives, heartily espouse the cause of the bigot. Moreover, although resistance to tyranny in matters of faith is always the most ardent of struggles, and is supported by the most sublime principle in our nature, yet all men are not of the sterner stuff of which martyrs are fashioned. In questions relating to the world above, many may be seduced from their convictions by interest, or forced into apostasy by violence. Human nature is often malleable or fusible where religious interests are concerned, but in affairs material and financial, opposition to tyranny is apt to be unanimous.

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[1] Bentivoglio, lib. v. 82. See also Introduction to this work.

[2] Ibid., ibid. See also Kluit, Hist. der Holl. Staatsregering, and Viglii Comment. rerum artarum super imp. Dec. Den., c. vi.

[3] Bor, v. 279, 280

[4] Ibid.

The interests of commerce and manufacture, when brought into conflict with those of religion, had often proved victorious in the Netherlands. This new measure, however—this arbitrary and most prodigious system of taxation, struck home to every fireside. No individual, however adroit or time-serving, could parry the blow by which all were crushed.

It was most unanswerably maintained in the assembly that this tenth and twentieth penny would utterly destroy the trade and the manufactures of the country.[1] The hundredth penny, or the one per cent. assessment on all property throughout the land, although a severe subsidy, might be borne with for once. To pay, however, a twentieth part of the full value of a house to the Government as often as the house was sold, was a most intolerable imposition. A house might be sold twenty times in a year, and in the course, therefore, of the year be confiscated in its whole value. It amounted either to a prohibition of all transfers of real estate, or to an eventual surrender of its price.

As to the tenth penny upon articles of merchandise, to be paid by the vendor at every sale, the scheme was monstrous. All trade and manufactures must, of necessity, expire, at the very first attempt to put it in execution.[2] The same article might be sold ten times in a week, and might therefore pay one hundred per cent. weekly. An article, moreover, was frequently compounded of ten different articles, each of which might pay one hundred per cent., and therefore the manufactured article, if ten times transferred, one thousand per cent. weekly. Quick transfers and unfettered movements being the nerves and muscles of commerce, it was impossible for it long to survive the paralysis of such a tax. The impost could never be collected, and would only produce an entire prostration of industry. It could by no possibility enrich the Government.[3]

The King could not derive wealth from the ruin of his subjects; yet, to establish such a system was the stern and absurd determination of the Governor-General. The infantine simplicity of the effort seemed incredible. The ignorance was as sublime as the tyranny. The most lucid arguments and the most earnest remonstrances were all in vain. Too opaque to be illumined by a flood of light, too hard to be melted by a nation's tears, the Viceroy held calmly to his purpose. To the keen and vivid representations of Viglius, who repeatedly exhibited all that was oppressive and all that was impossible in the tax, he answered simply that it was nothing more nor less than the Spanish "*alcabala*," and that he derived 50,000 ducats yearly from its imposition in his own city of Alva.[4]

Viglius was upon this occasion in opposition to the Duke. It is but justice to state that the learned jurisconsult manfully and repeatedly confronted the wrath of his superior in many a furious discussion in council upon

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[1] Bor, v. 283–285. Viglii Comm. Dec. Den., s. v.

[2] Ibid.

[3] While occupied with his attempts to enforce this tax, the Duke established a commission to inquire into the value of the manufacturing industry of the provinces. In the year 1570, the aggregate annual value of manufactured articles was calculated at forty-five millions of florins (44,864,883 fl.). From this estimate, however, Luxemburg, Gueldres, Zeland, and the provinces beyond the Meuse were excluded. The returns for the others were thus stated:—

Brabant,	11,197,416	florins.
Flanders,	10,407,891	,,
Valenciennes,	5,223,980	,,
Tournay,	2,369,200	,,
Holland,	2,029,148	,,
Lille, Douay, and Orchies,	8,883,698	,,
Hainault,	1,982,540	,,
Malines,	662,880	,,
Utrecht,	734,900	florins
Overyssel,	1,610,260	,,
Namur,	454,980	,,
Friesland,	196,200	,,
Artois,	1,718,790	,,

—Rénom de France MS., ii. c. x. Upon this flourishing state of the manufacturing interest, notwithstanding the oppression to which the country had so long been subjected, the Duke indulged in golden dreams. "Oires le ducq considerant par ce calcul l'importance du dixième denier, *chatouillé doucement* de l'espérance ou de l'imagination du prouffit, pressa fort en l'année 1570 les états sur le 10eme denier."—Ibid.

The author shows that the tax would be paid at least seven times by cloth as well as by various other commodities.—Ibid. It would be easy to show that, if the tax were literally enforced, it would amount to seventy times seven upon all manufactured wares.

[4] Viglii Comm. Dec. Den., s. 6.

the subject. He had never essayed to snatch one brand from the burning out of the vast holocaust of religious persecution, but he was roused at last by the threatened destruction of all the material interests of the land. He confronted the tyrant with courage, sustained perhaps by the knowledge that the proposed plan was not the King's, but the Governor's. He knew that it was openly ridiculed in Madrid,[1] and that Philip, although he would probably never denounce it in terms, was certainly not eager for its execution. The President enlarged upon the difference which existed between the condition of a sparsely-peopled country of herdsmen and labourers in Spain, and the densely-thronged and bustling cities of the Netherlands. If the Duke collected 50,000 ducats yearly from the *alcabala* in Alva, he could only offer him his congratulations, but could not help assuring him that the tax would prove an impossibility in the provinces.[2] To his argument, that the impost would fall with severity not upon the highest nor the lowest classes of society, neither upon the great nobility and clergy, nor on the rustic population, but on the merchants and manufacturers, it was answered by the President that it was not desirable to rob St. Peter's altar in order to build one to St. Paul.[3] It might have been simpler to suggest that the consumer would pay the tax, supposing it were ever paid at all, but the axiom was not so familiar three centuries ago as now.

Meantime, the report of the deputies to the assembly on their return to their constituents had created the most intense excitement and alarm. Petition after petition, report after report, poured in upon the Government. There was a cry of despair, and almost of defiance, which had not been elicited by former agonies. To induce, however, a more favourable disposition on the part of the Duke, the hundredth penny, once for all, was conceded by the Estates.[4] The tenth and twentieth occasioned severe and protracted struggles, until the various assemblies of the patrimonial provinces, one after another, exhausted, frightened, and hoping that no serious effort would be made to collect the tax, consented, under certain restrictions, to its imposition.[5] The principal conditions were a protest against the legality of the proceeding, and the provision that the consent of no province should be valid until that of all had been obtained.[6] Holland, too, was induced to give in its adhesion, although the city of Amsterdam long withheld its consent; but the city and province of Utrecht were inexorable.[7] They offered a handsome sum in commutation, increasing the sum first proposed from 70,000 to 200,000 florins, but they resolutely refused to be saddled with this permanent tax. Their stout resistance was destined to cost them dear. In the course of a few months, Alva, finding them still resolute in their refusal, quartered the regiment of Lombardy upon them, and employed other coercive measures to bring them to reason.[8] The rude, insolent, unpaid, and therefore insubordinate soldiery were billeted in every house in the city, so that the insults which the population were made to suffer by the intrusion of these ruffians at their firesides would soon, it was thought, compel the assent of the province to the tax.[9] It was not so, however. The city and the province remained stanch in their opposition. Accordingly, at the close of the year (15th December 1569) the Estates were summoned to appear within fourteen days before the Blood Council.[10] At the appointed time the procureur-general was ready with an act of accusation, accompanied, as was usually the case, with a simultaneous sentence of condemnation. The indictment revived and recapitulated all previous offences committed in the city and the province,

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[1] Van d. Vynckt, D. ii. 118.
[2] Viglii Comm. Dec. Den., s. vii. 10.
[3] Ibid., s. 9. [4] Bor, v. 286 [5] Ibid.
[6] Bor, v. 286. [7] Ibid., 286, 287.
[8] Ibid., 288. [9] Ibid.
[10] Hoofd, v. 196. Bor. v. 291.

particularly during the troubles of 1566, and at the epoch of the treaty with Duchess Margaret. The inhabitants and the magistrates, both in their individual and public capacities, were condemned for heresy, rebellion, and misprision. The city and province were accordingly pronounced guilty of high treason, were deprived of all their charters, laws, privileges, freedoms, and customs, and were declared to have forfeited all their property, real and personal, together with all tolls, rents, excises, and imposts, the whole being confiscated to the benefit of his Majesty.[1]

The immediate execution of the sentence was, however, suspended, to allow the Estates opportunity to reply. An enormous mass of pleadings, replies, replications, rejoinders, and apostilles was the result, which few eyes were destined to read, and least of all those to whom they were nominally addressed.[2] They were of benefit to none save in the shape of fees which they engendered to the gentlemen of the robe. It was six months, however, before the case was closed. As there was no blood to be shed, a summary process was not considered necessary. At last, on the 14th July, the voluminous pile of documents was placed before Vargas. It was the first time he had laid eyes upon them, and they were, moreover, written in a language of which he did not understand a word.[3] Such, however, was his capacity for affairs, that a glance only at the outside of the case enabled him to form his decision. Within half an hour afterwards, booted and spurred, he was saying mass in the Church of Saint Gudule, on his way to pronounce sentence at Antwerp.[4] That judgment was rendered the same day, and confirmed the preceding act of condemnation.[5] Vagas went to his task as cheerfully as if it had been murder. The act of outlawry and beggary was fulminated against the city and province, and a handsome amount of misery for others, and of plunder for himself, was the result of his promptness. Many thousand citizens were ruined, many millions of property confiscated.

Thus was Utrecht deprived of all his ancient liberties as a punishment for having dared to maintain them. The clergy, too, of the province, having invoked the bull "*in Cœna Domini*," by which clerical property was declared exempt from taxation, had excited the wrath of the Duke.[6] To wield so slight a bulrush against the man who had just been girded with the consecrated and jewelled sword of the Pope was indeed but a feeble attempt at defence. Alva treated the *Cœna Domini* with contempt, but he imprisoned the printer who had dared to republish it at this juncture. Finding, moreover, that it had been put in press by the orders of no less a person than Secretary La Torre, he threw that officer also into prison, besides suspending him from his functions for a year.[7]

The Estates of the province and the magistracy of the city appealed to his Majesty from the decision of the Duke. The case did not directly concern the interests of religion, for although the heretical troubles of 1566 furnished the nominal motives of the condemnation, the resistance to the tenth and twentieth penny was the real crime for which they were suffering. The King, therefore, although far from clement, was not extremely rigorous. He refused the object of the appeal, but he did not put the envoys to death by whom it was brought to Madrid. This would have certainly been the case in matters strictly religious, or even had the commissioners arrived two years before: but even Philip believed, perhaps, that for the moment almost enough innocent blood had been shed. At any rate, he suffered the

[1] See all the documents in Bor, v. 151, sqq.
[2] Bor, v. 316-319. Compare Hoofd, v. 194-196; Wagenaer, Vaderl. Hist., vi. 292-304; Viglii Com. Dec. Den., passim.
[3] Translations, however, were appended, which had only been completed that morning.—Bor, v. 319.
[4] Bor, v. 319. [5] Ibid. Hoofd, Wagenaer, ubi sup.
[6] Ibid., v. 287. Hoofd, v. 195. [7] Ibid.

legates from Utrecht to return,[1] not with their petition granted, but at least with their heads upon their shoulders. Early in the following year, the provinces still remaining under martial law, all the Utrecht charters were taken into the possession of Government, and deposited in the castle of Vredenberg.[2] It was not till after the departure of Alva that they were restored, according to royal command, by the new governor, Requesens.[3]

By the middle of the year 1569, Alva wrote to the King, with great cheerfulness of tone, announcing that the Estates of the provinces had all consented to the tax. He congratulated his Majesty upon the fact that this income might thenceforth be enjoyed in perpetuity, and that it would bring at least two millions yearly into his coffers, over and above the expenses of government. The hundredth penny, as he calculated, would amount to at least five millions.[4]

He was, however, very premature in his triumph, for the Estates were not long in withdrawing a concession which had either been wrung from them by violence or filched from them by misrepresentation. Taking the ground that the assent of all had been stipulated before that of any one should be esteemed valid, every province now refused to enforce or to permit the collection of the tenth or the twentieth penny within their limits. Dire were the threatenings and the wrath of the Viceroy, painfully protracted the renewed negotiations with the Estates. At last, a compromise was effected, and the final struggle postponed. Late in the summer it was agreed that the provinces should pay two millions yearly for the two following years, the term to expire in the month of August 1571. Till that period, therefore, there was comparative repose upon the subject.[5]

The question of a general pardon had been agitated for more than a year both in Brussels and Madrid. Viglius, who knew his countrymen better than the Viceroy knew them, had written frequently to his friend Hopper on the propriety of at once proclaiming an amnesty.[6] There had also been many conferences between himself and the Duke of Alva, and he had furnished more than one draught for the proposed measure.[7] The President knew full well that the point had been reached beyond which the force of tyranny could go no further. All additional pressure, he felt sure, could only produce reaction, the effect of which might be to drive the Spaniards from the Netherlands. There might then be another game to play. The heads of those who had so assiduously served the Government throughout its terrible career might in their turn be brought to the block, and their estates be made to enrich the treasury. Moreover, there were symptoms that Alva's favour was on the wane. The King had not been remarkably struck with the merits of the new financial measures, and had expressed much anxiety lest the trade of the country should suffer.[8] The Duke was known to be desirous of his recall. His health was broken, he felt that he was bitterly detested throughout the country, and he was certain that his enemies at Madrid were fast undermining his credit. He seemed also to have a dim suspicion that his mission was accomplished in the Netherlands; that as much blood had been shed at present as the land could easily absorb. He wrote urgently, and even piteously, to Philip on the subject of his return. "Were your Majesty only pleased to take me from this country," he said, "I should esteem it as great a favour as if your Majesty had given me life."[9] He swore "by the soul of the Duchess," that he "would rather be cut into little pieces" than retire from his post were his presence necessary,[10] but he expressed the opinion that, through his exer

[1] Bor, v. 326–328, sqq.
[2] Ibid., vi. 357–361.
[3] Ibid., 360, 361.
[4] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 882.
[5] Bor, v. 288, sqq. Hoofd, v. 195.
[6] Epist. ad Hopp., 82–110.
[7] Ibid., 110.
[8] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 896.
[9] Ibid., 908.
[10] Ibid., 952.

tions, affairs had been placed in such train that they were sure to roll on smoothly to the end of time. "At present, and for the future," he wrote, "your Majesty is and will be more strictly obeyed than any of your predecessors;" adding, with insane self-complacency, "and all this has been *accomplished without violence.*"[1] He also assured his Majesty as to the prosperous condition of financial affairs. His tax was to work wonders. He had conversed with capitalists who had offered him four millions yearly for the tenth penny, but he had refused, because he estimated the product at a much higher figure.[2] The hundredth penny could not be rated lower than five millions. It was obvious, therefore, that instead of remitting funds to the provinces, his Majesty would, for the future, derive from them a steady and enormous income.[3] Moreover, he assured the King that there was at present no one to inspire anxiety from within or without. The only great noble of note in the country was the Duke of Aerschot, who was devoted to his Majesty, and who, moreover, "amounted to very little," as the King well knew.[4] As for the Prince of Orange, he would have business enough in keeping out of the clutches of his creditors. They had nothing to fear from Germany. England would do nothing as long as Germany was quiet; and France was sunk too low to be feared at all.[5]

Such being the sentiments of the Duke, the King was already considering the propriety of appointing his successor. All this was known to the President. He felt instinctively that more clemency was to be expected from that successor, whoever he might be; and he was satisfied, therefore, that he would at least not be injuring his own position by inclining at this late hour to the side of mercy. His opposition to the tenth and twentieth penny had already established a breach between himself and the Viceroy, but he felt secretly comforted by the reflection that the King was probably on the same side with himself. Alva still spoke of him, to be sure, both in public and private, with approbation, taking occasion to commend him frequently, in his private letters, as a servant upright and zealous, as a living register,[6] without whose universal knowledge of things and persons he should hardly know which way to turn. The President, however, was growing weary of his own sycophancy. He begged his friend Joachim to take his part, if his Excellency should write unfavourably about his conduct to the King. He seemed to have changed his views of the man concerning whose "prudence and gentleness" he could once turn so many fine periods. He even expressed some anxiety lest doubts should begin to be entertained as to the perfect clemency of the King's character. "Here is so much confiscation and bloodshed going on," said he, "that some taint of cruelty or avarice may chance to bespatter the robe of his Majesty." He also confessed that he had occasionally read in history of greater benignity than was now exercised against the poor Netherlanders. Had the learned Frisian arrived at these humane conclusions at a somewhat earlier day, it might perhaps have been better for himself and for his fatherland. Had he served his country as faithfully as he had served Time, and Philip, and Alva, his lands would not have been so broad nor his dignities so numerous, but he would not have been obliged, in his old age, to exclaim, with whimsical petulance, that "the faithful servant is always a perpetual ass."[7]

It was now certain that an act of amnesty was in contemplation by the King. Viglius had furnished several plans, which, however, had been so much disfigured by the numerous exceptions suggested by Alva, that the President could scarce recognise his work. Granvelle, too, had frequently urged the

[1] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 951.
[2] Ibid., 970-971. [3] Ibid.
[4] "Vale tan poco, como V. M. sabe."—Ibid., ii. 824.
[5] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 951.
[6] Ibid., 824.
[7] Epist. ad Hopp., 62-82; "Fidus servus perpetuus asinus," etc., etc.

pardon on the attention of Philip.[1] The Cardinal was too astute not to perceive that the time had arrived when a continued severity could only defeat its own work. He felt that the country could not be rendered more abject, the spirit of patriotism more apparently extinct. A show of clemency, which would now cost nothing and would mean nothing, might be more effective than this profuse and wanton bloodshed.

He saw plainly that the brutality of Alva had already overshot the mark. Too politic, however, openly to reprove so powerful a functionary, he continued to speak of him and of his administration to Philip in terms of exalted eulogy. He was a "sage seignior," a prudent governor, one on whom his Majesty could entirely repose. He was a man of long experience, trained all his life to affairs, and perfectly capable of giving a good account of everything to which he turned his hands.[2] He admitted, however, to other correspondents, that the administration of the sage seignior, on whom his Majesty could so implicitly rely, had at last "brought the provinces into a deplorable condition."[3]

Four different forms of pardon had been sent from Madrid toward the close of 1569.[4] From these four the Duke was to select one, and carefully to destroy the other three. It was not, however, till July of the following year that the choice was made, and the Viceroy in readiness to announce the pardon. On the 14th of that month a great festival was held at Antwerp, for the purpose of solemnly proclaiming the long-expected amnesty.[5] In the morning, the Duke, accompanied by a brilliant staff and by a long procession of clergy in their gorgeous robes, paraded through the streets of the commercial capital to offer up prayers and hear mass in the cathedral. The Bishop of Arras then began a sermon upon the blessings of mercy, with a running commentary upon the royal clemency about to be exhibited. In the very outset, however, of his discourse, he was seized with convulsions, which required his removal from the pulpit;[6] an incident which was not considered of felicitous augury. In the afternoon, the Duke with his suite appeared upon the square in front of the Townhouse. Here a large scaffolding or theatre had been erected. The platform and the steps which led to it were covered with scarlet cloth. A throne, covered with cloth of gold, was arranged in the most elevated position for the Duke.[7] On the steps immediately below him were placed two of the most beautiful women in Antwerp,[8] clad in allegorical garments to represent Righteousness and Peace. The staircase and platform were lined with officers, the square was beset with troops, and filled to its utmost verge with an expectant crowd of citizens. Towards the close of a summer's afternoon, the Duke, wearing[9] the famous hat and sword of the Pope, took his seat on the throne with all the airs of royalty. After a few preliminary ceremonies, a civil functionary, standing between two heralds, then recited the long-expected act of grace. His reading, however, was so indistinct, that few save the soldiers in the immediate vicinity of the platform could hear a word of the document.[10]

This effect was, perhaps, intentional. Certainly but little enthusiasm could be expected from the crowd had the text of the amnesty been heard. It consisted of three parts—a recitation of the wrongs committed, a statement of the terms of pardon, and a long list of exceptions. All the sins of omission and commission, the heresy, the public preaching, the image-breaking, the Compromise, the confederacy, the rebellion, were painted in lively colours. Pardon, however, was offered to all those who had not rendered themselves liable to positive impeachment, in case they should make their peace with

[1] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 815.
[2] Ibid., 792, 809, 844, etc., etc.
[3] Ibid., 832, Letter to Treasurer Schetz.
[4] Ibid., 911. [5] Bor, v. 319. Hoofd, v. 201. [6] Strada, De Bell. Belgic., lib. vii. 353, 354.
[7] Bor, v. 319. Hoofd, v. 201. Strada, lib. vii. 354
[8] Bor, v. 319. Hoofd. v. 201
[9] Strada, lib. vii. 354 [10] Ibid.

the Church before the expiration of two months, and by confession and repentance obtain their absolution.[1] The exceptions, however, occupied the greater part of the document. When the general act of condemnation had been fulminated by which all Netherlanders were sentenced to death, the exceptions had been very few, and all the individuals mentioned by name.[2] In the act of pardon, the exceptions comprehended so many classes of inhabitants, that it was impossible for any individual to escape a place in some one of the categories, whenever it should please the Government to take his life. Expressly excluded from the benefit of the act were all ministers, teachers, dogmatisers, *and all who had favoured and harboured such dogmatisers and preachers;* all those in the least degree implicated in the image-breaking; all who had ever *been individually suspected of heresy or schism;* all who had *ever signed or favoured the Compromise* or the petition to the Regent; all those who had taken up arms, contributed money, distributed tracts; all those *in any manner chargeable with misprision,* or who had failed to denounce *those guilty of heresy.* All persons, however, who were included in any of these classes of exceptions might report themselves within six months, when, upon confession of their crime, *they might hope for a favourable consideration of their case.*[3]

Such, in brief, and stripped of its verbiage, was this amnesty for which the Netherlands had so long been hoping. By its provisions, not a man or woman was pardoned who had ever committed a fault. The innocent alone were forgiven. Even they were not sure of mercy, unless they should obtain full absolution from the Pope. More certainly than ever would the accustomed rigour be dealt to all who had committed any of those positive acts for which so many had already lost their heads. The clause by which a possibility of pardon was hinted to such criminals, provided they would confess and surrender, was justly regarded as a trap. No one was deceived by it. No man, after the experience of the last three years, would voluntarily thrust his head into the lion's mouth, in order to fix it more firmly upon his shoulders. No man who had effected his escape was likely to play informer against himself, in hope of obtaining a pardon from which all but the most sincere and zealous Catholics were in reality excepted.

The murmur and discontent were universal, therefore, as soon as the terms of the act became known. Alva wrote to the King, to be sure, "that the people were entirely satisfied, save only the demagogues, who could tolerate no single exception from the amnesty;"[4] but he could neither deceive his sovereign nor himself by such statements. Certainly, Philip was totally disappointed in the effect which he had anticipated from the measure. He had thought "it would stop the mouths of many people."[5] On the contrary, every mouth in the Netherlands became vociferous to denounce the hypocrisy by which a new act of condemnation had been promulgated under the name of a pardon. Viglius, who had drawn up an instrument of much ampler clemency, was far from satisfied with the measure which had been adopted. "Certainly," he wrote to his confidant, "a more benignant measure was to be expected from *so merciful a prince.* After four years have past, to reserve for punishment and for execution all those who during the tumult did not, through *weakness of mind, render as much service to Government* as brave men might have offered, is altogether unexampled."[6]

[1] See the document in Bor, v. 320, 321.
[2] Ibid.
[3] Ibid.
[4] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 965: "Con gran contentamiento de pueblo, aunque los que el gobiernan no le han tenido tanto, porque no quisieron excepcion ninguna."
[5] "Cierto seria ya tiempo de dar esta perdon y taparia la boca á muchos."—Marginal note by Philip on a letter from Granvelle, Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 815.
[6] Epist. ad Hopp., 110.

Alva could not long affect to believe in the people's satisfaction. He soon wrote to the King acknowledging that the impression produced by the pardon was far from favourable. He attributed much evil effect to the severe censure which was openly pronounced upon the act by members of the Government, both in Spain and the Netherlands.[1] He complained that Hopper had written to Viglius that "the most severe of the four forms of pardon transmitted had been selected;" the fact being, that the most lenient one had been adopted.[2] If this were so, whose imagination is powerful enough to portray the three which had been burned, and which, although more severe than the fierce document promulgated, were still entitled acts of pardon? The Duke spoke bitterly of the manner in which influential persons in Madrid had openly abominated the cruel form of amnesty which had been decreed.[3] His authority in the Netherlands was already sufficiently weakened, he said, and such censure upon his actions from headquarters did not tend to improve it. "In truth," he added, almost pathetically, "it is not wonderful that the whole nation should be ill-disposed towards me, for I certainly have done nothing to make them love me. At the same time, such language transmitted from Madrid does not increase their tenderness."[4]

In short, viewed as a measure by which Government, without disarming itself of its terrible powers, was to pacify the popular mind, the amnesty was a failure. Viewed as a net by which fresh victims should be enticed to entangle themselves, who had already made their way into the distant atmosphere of liberty, it was equally unsuccessful. A few very obscure individuals made their appearance to claim the benefit of the act before the six months had expired. With these it was thought expedient to deal gently, but no one was deceived by such clemency. As the common people expressed themselves, the net was not spread on that occasion for finches.[5]

The wits of the Netherlands, seeking relief from their wretched condition in a still more wretched quibble, transposed two letters of the word Pardona, and re-baptized the new measure Pandora.[6] The conceit was not without meaning. The amnesty, descending from supernal regions, had been ushered into the presence of mortals as a messenger laden with heavenly gifts. The casket, when opened, had diffused curses instead of blessings. There, however, the classical analogy ended, for it would have puzzled all the pedants of Louvain to discover Hope lurking, under any disguise, within the clauses of the pardon.

Very soon after the promulgation of this celebrated act, the new bride of Philip, Anne of Austria, passed through the Netherlands on her way to Madrid. During her brief stay in Brussels, she granted an interview to the Dowager Countess of Horn.[7] That unhappy lady, having seen her eldest son, the head of her illustrious house, so recently perish on the scaffold, wished to make a last effort in behalf of the remaining one, then closely confined in the prison of Segovia. The Archduchess solemnly promised that his release should be the first boon which she would request of her royal bridegroom, and the bereaved Countess retired almost with a hope.[8]

A short digression must here be allowed to narrate the remaining fortunes of that son, the ill-starred Seigneur de Montigny. His mission to Madrid in company of the Marquis Berghen has already been related. The last and most melancholy scene in the life of his fellow-envoy has been described in a recent chapter. After that ominous event, Montigny became most anxious to effect

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[1] Cor. spondance de Philippe II., ii. 980.
[2] Ibid., 1007.
[3] "Los Españoles en el consejo abominaron de tal forma de perdon."—Ibid., 885.
[4] Ibid., 1007
[5] "Zynde terstondt het zeggen, dat men dit niet voor de vinken maar voor grooter vooghelen gesprey' had."—Hoofd, v. 202. See also Bor, v. 321.
[6] Ibid.
[7] Hoofd, v. 172.
[8] Ibid., v. 172, 173. Meteren, iii. 54.

his retreat from Spain. He had been separated more than a year from his few months' bride. He was not imprisoned, but he felt himself under the most rigid although secret inspection. It was utterly impossible for him to obtain leave to return, or to take his departure without permission. On one occasion, having left the city accidentally for a ride on horseback to an adjoining village, he found himself surrounded by an unexpected escort of forty troopers. Still, however, the King retained a smiling mien. To Montigny's repeated and urgent requests for dismissal, Philip graciously urged his desire for a continuance of his visit. He was requested to remain in order to accompany his sovereign upon that journey to the Netherlands, which would not be much longer delayed.[1] In his impatience, anything seemed preferable to the state of suspense in which he was made to linger. He eagerly offered, if he were accused or suspected of crime, to surrender himself to imprisonment, if he only could be brought to trial.[2] Soon after Alva's arrival in the Netherlands, the first part of this offer was accepted. No sooner were the arrests of Egmont and Horn known in Madrid than Montigny was deprived of his liberty, and closely confined in the *alcazar* of Segovia.[3] Here he remained imprisoned for eight or nine months in a high tower, with no attendant save a young page. Arthur de Munter, who had accompanied him from the Netherlands.[4] Eight men-at-arms were expressly employed to watch over him and to prevent his escape.

One day, towards the middle of July 1568, a band of pilgrims, some of them in Flemish attire, went through the streets of Segovia. They were chanting, as was customary on such occasions, a low, monotonous song, in which Montigny, who happened to be listening, suddenly recognised the language of his fatherland. His surprise was still greater when, upon paying closer attention, he distinguished the terrible meaning of the song. The pretended pilgrims, having no other means of communication with the prisoner, were singing for his information the tragic fates of his brother, Count Horn, and of his friend, Count Egmont. Mingled with the strain were warnings of his own approaching doom, if he were not able to effect his escape before it should be too late. Thus by this friendly masquerade did Montigny learn the fate of his brother, which otherwise, in that land of terrible secrecy, might have been concealed from him for ever.[5]

The hint as to his own preservation was not lost upon him, and he at once set about a plan of escape. He succeeded in gaining over to his interests one of the eight soldiers by whom he was guarded, and he was thus enabled to communicate with many of his own adherents without the prison walls. His majordomo had previously been permitted to furnish his master's table with provisions dressed by his own cook. A correspondence was now carried on by means of letters concealed within the loaves of bread sent daily to the prisoner.[6] In the same way files were provided for sawing through his window-bars.[7] A very delicate ladder of ropes, by which he was to effect his escape into the court below, was also transmitted. The plan had been completely arranged. A certain Pole employed in the enterprise was to be at Hernani with horses in readiness to convey them to San Sebastian.[8] There a sloop had been engaged, and was waiting their arrival. Montigny accordingly, in a letter enclosed within a loaf of bread—the last, as he hoped, which he should break in prison—was instructed, after cutting off his beard and otherwise disguising his person, to execute his plan and join his confederates at Hernani.[9] Unfortunately, the majordomo of Montigny was in love. Upon the eve of

[1] Meteren, iii. 54.
[2] Ibid., f. 53, 54.
[3] Ibid., 54.
[4] Ibid.
[5] Hoofd, v. 172.
[6] Meteren iii. 54. Hoofd, v. 172.
[7] Meteren, iii. 54. Hoofd, v. 172.
[8] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 775.
[9] Ibid

departure from Spain, his farewell interview with his mistress was so much protracted that the care of sending the bread was left to another. The substitute managed so unskilfully that the loaf was brought to the commandant of the castle, and not to the prisoner. The commandant broke the bread, discovered the letter, and became master of the whole plot. All persons engaged in the enterprise were immediately condemned to death, and the Spanish soldier executed without delay. The others being considered, on account of their loyalty to their master, as deserving a commutation of punishment, were sent to the galleys. The majordomo, whose ill-timed gallantry had thus cost Montigny his liberty, received two hundred lashes in addition. All, however, were eventually released from imprisonment.[1]

The unfortunate gentleman was now kept in still closer confinement in his lonely tower. As all his adherents had been disposed of, he could no longer entertain a hope of escape. In the autumn of this year (1568) it was thought expedient by Alva to bring his case formally before the Blood Council. Montigny had committed no crime, but he was one of that band of popular nobles whose deaths had been long decreed. Letters were accordingly sent to Spain, empowering certain functionaries there to institute that preliminary examination, which, as usual, was to be the only trial vouchsafed. A long list of interrogatories was addressed to him on February 7, 1569, in his prison at Segovia. A week afterwards, he was again visited by the alcalde, who read over to him the answers which he had made on the first occasion, and required him to confirm them. He was then directed to send his procuration to certain persons in the Netherlands, whom he might wish to appear in his behalf. Montigny complied by sending several names, with a clause of substitution. All the persons thus appointed, however, declined to act, unless they could be furnished with a copy of the procuration, and with a statement of the articles of accusation. This was positively refused by the Blood Council. Seeing no possibility of rendering service to their friend by performing any part in this mockery of justice, they refused to accept the procuration. They could not defend a case when not only the testimony, but even the charges against the accused were kept secret. An individual was accordingly appointed by Government to appear in the prisoner's behalf.[2]

Thus the forms of justice were observed, and Montigny, a close prisoner in the tower of Segovia, was put upon trial for his life in Brussels. Certainly nothing could exceed the irony of such a process. The advocate had never seen his client, thousands of miles away, and was allowed to hold no communication with him by letter. The proceedings were instituted by a summons addressed by the Duke of Alva to Madame de Montigny in Brussels. That unhappy lady could only appeal to the King. "Convinced," she said, "that her husband was innocent of the charges brought against him, she threw herself, overwhelmed and consumed by tears and misery, at his Majesty's feet. She begged the King to remember the past services of Montigny, her own youth, and that she had enjoyed his company but four months. By all these considerations, and by the passion of Jesus Christ, she adjured the monarch to pardon any faults which her husband might have committed."[3] The reader can easily judge how much effect such a tender appeal was like to have upon the heart of Philip. From that rock, thus feebly smitten, there flowed no fountain of mercy. It was not more certain that Montigny's answers to the interrogatories addressed to him had created a triumphant vindication[4] of his

[1] Hoofd, Meteren, ubi sup.

[2] Gachard, notes page 123, Correspondance de Philippe II., ii.
Antoine de Penin, one of those nominated by Montigny, was the person selected by the Government. Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 870, and note by Gachard on p. 90.

[3] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 879. Letter of Helen de Melun, Dame de Montigny.

[4] Gachard, note to page 123. Corr. de Phil. II., ii.

course than that such vindication would be utterly powerless to save his life. The charges preferred against him were similar to those which had brought Egmont and Horn to the block, and it certainly created no ground of hope for him that he could prove himself even more innocent of suspicious conduct than they had done. On the 4th March 1570, accordingly, the Duke of Alva pronounced sentence against him. The sentence declared that his head should be cut off, and afterwards exposed to public view upon the head of a pike.[1] Upon the 18th March 1570, the Duke addressed a requisitory letter to the alcaldes, corregidors, and other judges of Castile, empowering them to carry the sentence into execution.[2]

On the arrival of this requisition there was a serious debate before the King in council.[3] It seemed to be the general opinion that there had been almost severity enough in the Netherlands for the present. The spectacle of the public execution of another distinguished personage, it was thought, might now prove more irritating than salutary.[4] The King was of this opinion himself. It certainly did not occur to him or to his advisers that this consideration should lead them to spare the life of an innocent man. The doubts entertained as to the expediency of a fresh murder were not allowed to benefit the prisoner, who, besides being a loyal subject and a communicant of the ancient Church, was also clothed in the white robes of an envoy, claiming not only justice but hospitality as the deputy of Philip's sister, Margaret of Parma. These considerations probably never occurred to the mind of his Majesty. In view, however, of the peculiar circumstances of the case, it was unanimously agreed that there should be no more blood publicly shed. Most of the councillors were in favour of slow poison.[5] Montigny's meat and drink, they said, should be daily drugged, so that he might die by little and little.[6] Philip, however, terminated these disquisitions by deciding that the ends of justice would not be thus sufficiently answered. The prisoner, he had resolved, should be regularly executed, but the deed should be secret, and it should be publicly announced that he had died of a fever.[7]

This point having been settled, the King now set about the arrangement of his plan with all that close attention to detail which marked his character. The patient industry which, had God given him a human heart and a love of right, might have made him a useful monarch, he now devoted to a scheme of midnight murder, with a tranquil sense of enjoyment which seems almost incredible. There is no exaggeration in calling the deed a murder, for it certainly was not sanctioned by any law, divine or human, nor justified nor excused by any of the circumstances which are supposed to palliate homicide. Nor, when the elaborate and superfluous luxury of arrangements made by Philip for the accomplishment of his design is considered, can it be doubted that he found a positive pleasure in his task. It would almost seem that he had become jealous of Alva's achievements in the work of slaughter. He appeared willing to prove to those immediately about him, that however capable might be the Viceroy of conducting public executions on a grand and terrifying scale, there was yet a certain delicacy of finish never attained by Alva in such business, and which was all his Majesty's own. The King was resolved to make the assassination of Montigny a masterpiece.

On the 17th August 1570, he accordingly directed Don Eugenio de Peralta, concierge of the fortress of Simancas, to repair to Segovia, and thence to remove the Seigneur Montigny to Simancas.[8] Here he was to be strictly immured,

[1] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 937.
[2] Ibid., 938, 939.
[3] Relation transmitted by Philip to Alva, Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 996.
[4] Ibid. [5] Ibid.
[6] Ibid. "—— Parescia à los mas que era bien darle un bocado, ò echar alyun gènero de venen en la comida ò bebida, con que sa fuese moriendo poco à poco."
[7] Relation transmitted by Philip to Alva, Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 996. [8] Ibid.

yet was to be allowed at times to walk in the corridor adjoining his chamber. On the 7th October following, the licentiate Don Alonzo de Avellano, alcalde of Valladolid, was furnished with an order addressed by the King to Don Eugenio de Peralta, requiring him to place the prisoner in the hands of the said licentiate, who was charged with the execution of Alva's sentence.[1] This, functionary had, moreover, been provided with a minute letter of instructions, which had been drawn up according to the King's directions on the 1st October.[2] In these royal instructions, it was stated that, although the sentence was for a public execution, yet the King had decided in favour of a private one within the walls of the fortress. It was to be managed so that no one should suspect that Montigny had been executed, but so that, on the contrary, it should be universally said and believed that he had died a natural death. Very few persons, all sworn and threatened into secrecy, were therefore to be employed. Don Alonzo was to start immediately for Valladolid, which was within two short leagues of Simancas. At that place he would communicate with Don Eugenio, and arrange the mode, day, and hour of execution. He would leave Valladolid on the evening before a holiday, late in the afternoon, so as to arrive a little after dark at Simancas. He would take with him a confidential notary, an executioner, and as few servants as possible. Immediately upon his entrance to the fortress, he was to communicate the sentence of death to Montigny, in presence of Don Eugenio and of one or two other persons. He would *then console him*, in which task he would be assisted by Don Eugenio.[3] He would afterwards leave him with the religious person who would be appointed for that purpose. That night and the whole of the following day, which would be a festival, till after midnight, would be allotted to Montigny, that he might have time to confess, to receive the sacraments, to convert himself to God, and to repent. Between one and two o'clock in the morning the execution was to take place, in presence of the ecclesiastic, of Don Eugenio de Peralta, of the notary, and of one or two other persons, who would be needed by the executioner. The ecclesiastic was to be a wise and prudent person, and to be informed how little confidence Montigny inspired in the article of faith. If the prisoner should wish to make a will, it could not be permitted. As all his property had been confiscated, he could dispose of nothing. Should he, however, desire to make a memorial of the debts which he would wish paid, he was to be allowed that liberty. It was, however, to be stipulated, that he was to make no allusion, in any memorial or letter which he might write, to *the execution* which was about to take place. He was to use the language of *a man seriously ill, who feels himself at the point of death.*[4] By this infernal ingenuity it was proposed to make the victim an accomplice in the plot, and to place a false exculpation of his assassins in his dying lips. The execution having been fulfilled, and the death having been announced with the dissimulation prescribed, the burial was to take place in the Church of Saint Saviour, in Simancas. A moderate degree of pomp, such as befitted a person of Montigny's quality, was to be allowed, and a decent tomb erected. A grand mass was also to be celebrated with a respectable number, "say seven hundred," of lesser masses. As the servants of the defunct were few in number, continued the frugal King, they might each be provided with a suit of mourning.[5] Having thus personally arranged all the details of this secret work, from the reading of the sentence to the burial of the prisoner; having settled not only the mode of his departure from life, but of his passage through purgatory, the King dispatched the agent on his mission.

[1] Correspondance de *Philippe II.*, ii. 982.
[2] See its analysis in Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 984.
[3] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 983.
[4] Ibid.
[5] Ibid.

The royal programme was faithfully enacted. Don Alonzo arrived at Valladolid, and made his arrangements with Don Eugenio. It was agreed that a paper, prepared by royal authority, and brought by Don Alonzo from Madrid, should be thrown into the corridor of Montigny's prison. This paper, written in Latin, ran as follows: "In the night, as I understand, there will be no chance for your escape. In the daytime there will be many; for you are then in charge of a single gouty guardian, no match in strength or speed for so vigorous a man as you. Make your escape from the 8th to the 12th of October, at any hour you can, and take the road contiguous to the castle gate through which you entered. You will find Robert and John, who will be ready with horses, and with everything necessary. May God favour your undertaking.—R. D. M."[1]

The letter, thus designedly thrown into the corridor by one confederate, was soon afterwards picked up by the other, who immediately taxed Montigny with an attempt to escape.[2] Notwithstanding the vehement protestations of innocence naturally made by the prisoner, his pretended project was made the pretext for a still closer imprisonment in the "Bishop's Tower."[3] A letter, *written at Madrid* by Philip's orders, *had been brought by Don Alonzo to Simancas, narrating by anticipation these circumstances, precisely as they had now occurred.*[4] It, moreover, stated that Montigny, in consequence of his close confinement, had *fallen grievously ill*, and that he would receive all the attention compatible with his safe keeping. This letter, according to previous orders, was *now signed by Don Eugenio de Peralta*, dated 10th October 1570, *and publicly dispatched to Philip.*[5] It was thus formally established that Montigny was seriously ill. A physician, thoroughly instructed and sworn to secrecy, was now ostentatiously admitted to the tower, bringing with him a vast quantity of drugs. He duly circulated among the townspeople, on his return, his opinion that the illustrious prisoner was afflicted with a disorder from which it was almost impossible that he should recover.[6] Thus, thanks to Philip's masterly precautions, not a person in Madrid or Simancas was ignorant that Montigny was dying of a fever, with the single exception of the patient himself.

On Saturday, the 14th of October, at nightfall, Don Alonzo de Avellano, accompanied by the prescribed individuals, including Fray Hernando del Castillo, an ecclesiastic of high reputation, made their appearance at the prison of Simancas. At ten in the evening the announcement of the sentence was made to Montigny. He was visibly agitated at the sudden intelligence, for it was entirely unexpected by him.[7] He had, on the contrary, hoped much from the intercession of the Queen, whose arrival he had already learned.[8]

[1] Gachard, note to page 156 of Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. [2] Ibid., 986–988.

[3] Ibid., 983; and Gachard, Introduction to Correspondance de Philippe II., i. 39.

[4] Relation, etc., Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 996.

[5] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 988.

[6] Relation, etc., Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 996.

[7] Relation, etc., also Letter of Fray Hernando del Castillo to Doctor Velasco, in Correspondance de Philippe II., ii 992.

[8] Ibid. It will be perceived that Philip had taken precautionary measures against the request which his young bride, according to her promise to the Dowager Countess of Horn, had promised to prefer in behalf of Montigny. According to Meteren, who upon this occasion has been followed by Bor and Hoofd, as well as by later historians, Philip determined to dispatch the prisoner before the arrival of the Queen, in order that he might not be obliged to refuse her first request. They add, that Montigny was accordingly poisoned in a pottage which his own page was compelled to administer to him. The page was threatened with death if he revealed the secret, says Hoofd; but according to Meteren, he did discover the deed to his intimate friends. A burning fever was said to have been produced by the poison, which carried off the victim on the 1st October. The Queen sailed from Flushing on the 25th September, and although these writers are mistaken as to the exact date and manner of the murder, yet they were certainly well informed as to the general features of the mysterious transaction. Their statement that Montigny was dead before the Queen left the ship is manifestly a mistaken one, for it appears by the letter of Fray Hernando that the prisoner had already learned the news of her arrival. Still he was, without doubt, represented by Philip to the Queen as already dead or dying, and the masterly precautions taken rendered contradiction impossible. He had already been removed to Simancas on the 1st October, and was reported grievously ill on the 10th. These contemporaries may be forgiven for having given the poisoned pottage instead of the "garotte" as the real instrument of death; and this is almost the only mistake which they have made, now that the narration is compared with the detailed statement made by Philip himself. Vide Meteren, iii. 54; Hoofd, v. 172, 173. Compare Wagenaer, Vaderl. Hist. Deel., vi. 246; Bor, iv. 182 (255).

He soon recovered himself, however, and requested to be left alone with the ecclesiastic. All the night and the following day were passed in holy offices. He conducted himself with great moderation, courage, and tranquillity. He protested his entire innocence of any complicity with the Prince of Orange, or of any disloyal designs or sentiments at any period of his life. He drew up a memorial expressing his strong attachment to every point of the Catholic faith, from which *he had never for an instant swerved.*[1] His whole demeanour was noble, submissive, and Christian. "In every essential," said Fray Hernando, "he conducted himself so well that we who remain may bear him envy."[2] He wrote a paper of instructions concerning his faithful and bereaved dependants. He placed his signet ring, attached to a small gold chain, in the hands of the ecclesiastic, to be by him transmitted to his wife. Another ring, set with turquois, he sent to his mother-in-law, the Princess Espinoy, from whom he had received it. About an hour after midnight, on the morning, therefore, of the 16th of October, Fray Hernando gave notice that the prisoner was ready to die. The alcalde Don Alonzo then entered, accompanied by the executioner and the notary. The sentence of Alva was now again recited, the alcalde adding that the King, "out of his clemency and benignity," had substituted a secret for a public execution. Montigny admitted that the judgment would be just and the punishment lenient if it were conceded that the charges against him were true. His enemies, however, while he had been thus immured, had possessed the power to accuse him as they listed. He ceased to speak, and the executioner then came forward and strangled him. The alcalde, the notary, and the executioner then immediately started for Valladolid, so that no person next morning knew that they had been that night at Simancas, nor could guess the dark deed which they had then and there accomplished.[3] The terrible secret they were forbidden on pain of death to reveal.

Montigny, immediately after his death, was clothed in the habit of Saint Francis, in order to conceal the marks of strangulation. In the course of the day the body was deposited, according to the King's previous orders, in the Church of Saint Saviour. Don Eugenio de Peralta, who superintended the interment, uncovered the face of the defunct to prove his identity, which was instantly recognised by many sorrowing servants. The next morning the second letter, *prepared by Philip long before, and brought by* Don Alonzo de Avellano to Simancas, received the date of 17th October 1570, together with the signature of Don Eugenio de Peralta, keeper of Simancas fortress, and was then *publicly dispatched* to the King.[4] It stated that, notwithstanding the care given to the Seigneur de Montigny in his severe illness by the physicians who had attended him, he had continued to grow worse and worse until the previous morning between three and four o'clock, when he had expired. The Fray Hernando del Castillo, who had accidentally happened to be at Simancas, had performed the holy offices at the request of the deceased, who had died in so Catholic a frame of mind, that great hopes might be entertained of his salvation. Although he possessed no property, yet his burial had been conducted very respectably.[5]

On the 3d of November 1570, these two letters, ostensibly written by Don Eugenio de Peralta, were transmitted by Philip to the Duke of Alva. They were to serve as evidence of the statement which the Governor-General was now instructed to make, that the Seigneur de Montigny had died a natural death in the fortress of Simancas. By the same courier, the King likewise forwarded a secret memoir, containing the exact history of the dark transac-

[1] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii 990
[2] Letter of Fray Hernando, etc.
[3] Ibid., Corr., etc., ii. 992-996.
[4] Letter of Fray Hernando, Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 992-996.
[5] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 994-996.

tion, from which memoir the foregoing account has been prepared. At the same time the Duke was instructed publicly to exhibit the lying letters of Don Eugenio de Peralta,[1] as containing an authentic statement of the affair. The King observed, moreover, in his letter, that there was not a person in Spain who doubted that Montigny had died of a fever. He added, that if the sentiments of the deceased nobleman had been at all in conformity with his external manifestations, according to the accounts received of his last moments, it was to be hoped that God would have mercy upon his soul. The secretary who copied the letter took the liberty of adding, however, to this paragraph the suggestion, that "if Montigny were really a heretic, the devil, who always assists his children in such moments, would hardly have failed him in his dying hour." Philip, displeased with this flippancy, caused the passage to be erased. He even gave vent to his royal indignation in a marginal note, to the effect that we should always express favourable judgments concerning the dead[2]—a pious sentiment, always dearer to writing-masters than to historians. It seemed never to have occurred, however, to this remarkable moralist, that it was quite as reprehensible to strangle an innocent man as to speak ill of him after his decease.[3]

Thus perished Baron Montigny, four years after his arrival in Madrid as Duchess Margaret's ambassador, and three years after the death of his fellow-envoy, Marquis Berghen. No apology is necessary for so detailed an account of this dark and secret tragedy. The great transactions of a reign are sometimes paltry things; great battles and great treaties, after vast consumption of life and of breath, often leave the world where they found it. The events which occupy many of the statelier pages of history, and which have most lived in the mouths of men, frequently contain but commonplace lessons of philosophy. It is perhaps otherwise when, by the resuscitation of secret documents, over which the dust of three centuries has gathered, we are enabled to study the internal working of a system of perfect tyranny. Liberal institutions, republican or constitutional governments, move in the daylight; we see their mode of operation, feel the jar of their wheels, and are often needlessly alarmed at their apparent tendencies. The reverse of the picture is not always so easily attainable. When, therefore, we find a careful portrait of a consummate tyrant, painted by his own hand, it is worth our while to pause for a moment, that we may carefully peruse the lineaments. Certainly, we shall afterwards not love liberty the less.

Towards the end of the year 1570, still another and a terrible misfortune descended upon the Netherlands. It was now the hand of God which smote the unhappy country, already so tortured by the cruelty of war. An inundation, more tremendous than any which had yet been recorded in those annals so prolific in such catastrophes, now swept the whole coast from Flanders to Friesland.[4] Not the memorable deluge of the thirteenth century, out of which the Zuyder Zee was born; not that in which the waters of the Dollart had closed for ever over the villages and churches of Groningen; not one of those perpetually recurring floods by which the inhabitants of the Netherlands, year after year, were recalled to an anxious remembrance of the watery chaos out of which their fatherland had been created, and into which it was in daily danger of resolving itself again, had excited so much terror and caused so much destruction. A continued and violent gale from the north-west had

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[1] "Mostrando descuidada y dissimuladamente."—Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 997.

[2] "Esto mismo borrad de la cifra, que de los muertos no hay que hacer, sino buen juicio."—Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 997

[3] On the 22d March 1572, a decree condemning the memory of Montigny, and confiscating all his estates, was duly issued by the Duke of Alva, "in consequence of information then just received that the said seigneur had departed life by a natural death in the fortress of Simancas."—Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1016.

[4] Bor, v. 329. Hoofd, vi. 205, 206.

long been sweeping the Atlantic waters into the North Sea, and had now piled them upon the fragile coasts of the provinces. The dykes, tasked beyond their strength, burst in every direction. The cities of Flanders, to a considerable distance inland, were suddenly invaded by the waters of the ocean.[1] The whole narrow peninsula of North Holland was in imminent danger of being swept away for ever.[2] Between Amsterdam and Meyden, the great Diemer dyke was broken through in twelve places. The Hand-bos, a bulwark formed of oaken piles, fastened with metal clamps, moored with iron anchors, and secured by gravel and granite, was snapped to pieces like packthread. The "Sleeper," a dyke thus called, because it was usually left in repose by the elements, except in great emergencies, alone held firm, and prevented the consummation of the catastrophe.[3] Still the ocean poured in upon the land with terrible fury. Dort, Rotterdam, and many other cities were for a time almost submerged. Along the coast, fishing vessels, and even ships of larger size, were floated up into the country, where they entangled themselves in groves and orchards, or beat to pieces the roofs and walls of houses.[4] The destruction of life and of property was enormous throughout the maritime provinces, but in Friesland the desolation was complete. There nearly all the dykes and sluices were dashed to fragments; the country, far and wide, converted into an angry sea. The steeples and towers of inland cities became islands of the ocean. Thousands of human beings were swept out of existence in a few hours. Whole districts of territory, with all their villages, farms, and churches, were rent from their places,[5] borne along by the force of the waves, sometimes to be lodged in another part of the country, sometimes to be entirely engulfed. Multitudes of men, women, children, of horses, oxen, sheep, and every domestic animal, were struggling in the waves in every direction. Every boat, and every article which could serve as a boat, were eagerly seized upon. Every house was inundated; even the graveyards gave up their dead. The living infant in his cradle, and the long-buried corpse in his coffin, floated side by side. The ancient Flood seemed about to be renewed. Everywhere, upon the top of trees, upon the steeples of churches, human beings were clustered, praying to God for mercy, and to their fellowmen for assistance.[6] As the storm at last was subsiding, boats began to ply in every direction, saving those who were still struggling in the water, picking fugitives from roofs and tree-tops, and collecting the bodies of those already drowned. Colonel Robles, Seigneur de Billy, formerly much hated for his Spanish or Portuguese blood, made himself very active in this humane work. By his exertions, and those of the troops belonging to Groningen, many lives were rescued, and gratitude replaced the ancient animosity. It was estimated that at least twenty thousand persons were destroyed in the province of Friesland alone. Throughout the Netherlands, one hundred thousand persons perished. The damage done to property, the number of animals engulfed in the sea, were almost incalculable.[7]

These events took place on the 1st and 2d November 1570. The former happened to be the day of All Saints, and the Spaniards maintained loudly that the vengeance of Heaven had descended upon the abode of heretics.[8] The Netherlanders looked upon the catastrophe as ominous of still more terrible misfortunes in store for them. They seemed doomed to destruction by God and man. An overwhelming tyranny had long been chafing against their constitutional bulwarks, only to sweep over them at last; and now the

1 Hoofd, vi 205.
2 Ibid.
3 Ibid., ubi sup.
4 Ibid.
5 Ibid., vi. 205, 206. Bor, vi. 389
6 Hoofd, Bor, ubi sup. Strada, lib. vii. 355, 356.
7 Hoofd, vi. 206. Meteren, iii. 59.
8 Meteren, Hoofd, ubi sup.

resistless ocean, impatient of man's feeble barriers, had at last risen to reclaim his prey. Nature, as if disposed to put to the blush the feeble cruelty of man, had thus wrought more havoc in a few hours than bigotry, however active, could effect in many years.

Nearly at the close of this year (1570) an incident occurred illustrating the ferocious courage so often engendered in civil contests. On the western verge of the isle of Bommel stood the castle of Lowestein. The island is not in the sea. It is the narrow but important territory which is enclosed between the Meuse and the Waal. The castle, placed in a slender hook, at the junction of the two rivers, commanded the two cities of Gorcum and Dorcum, and the whole navigation of the waters.[1] One evening towards the end of December, four monks, wearing the cowls and robes of Mendicant Grey Friars, demanded hospitality at the castle gate.[2] They were at once ushered into the presence of the commandant, a brother of President Tisnacq. He was standing by the fire, conversing with his wife. The foremost monk approaching him, asked whether the castle held for the Duke of Alva or the Prince of Orange. The castellan replied that he recognised no prince save Philip, King of Spain. Thereupon the monk, who was no other than Herman de Ruyter, a drover by trade, and a warm partisan of Orange, plucked a pistol from beneath his robe, and shot the commandant through the head. The others, taking advantage of the sudden panic, overcame all the resistance offered by the feeble garrison, and made themselves masters of the place.[3] In the course of the next day they introduced into the castle four or five and twenty men, with which force they diligently set themselves to fortify the place, and secure themselves in its possession.[4] A larger reinforcement which they had reckoned upon was detained by the floods and frosts, which, for the moment, had made the roads and rivers alike impracticable.

Don Roderigo de Toledo, governor of Bois le Duc, immediately dispatched a certain Captain Perea at the head of two hundred soldiers, who were joined on the way by a miscellaneous force of volunteers, to recover the fortress as soon as possible.[5] The castle, bathed on its outward walls by the Waal and Meuse, and having two redoubts, defended by a double interior foss, would have been difficult to take by assault[6] had the number of the besieged been at all adequate to its defence. As matters stood, however, the Spaniards, by battering a breach in the wall with their cannon on the first day, and then escalading the inner works with remarkable gallantry upon the second, found themselves masters of the place within eight and forty hours of their first appearance before its gates. Most of the defenders were either slain or captured alive. De Ruyter alone had betaken himself to an inner hall of the castle, where he stood at bay upon the threshold. Many Spaniards, one after another, as they attempted to kill or to secure him, fell before his sword, which he wielded with the strength of a giant.[7] At last, overpowered by numbers, and weakened by the loss of blood, he retreated slowly into the hall, followed by many of his antagonists. Here, by an unexpected movement, he applied a match to a train of powder, which he had previously laid along the floor of the apartment. The explosion was instantaneous. The tower where the contest was taking place sprang into the air, and De Ruyter with his enemies shared a common doom.[8] A part of the mangled remains of this heroic but

[1] Bentivoglio, lib. v. 87. Guicciardini, x.
[2] Mendoza, v. 109, 110. Hoofd, vi. 207.
[3] Mendoza, Hoofd, ubi sup. Bor, vi. 331.
[4] Bor, vi. 331.
[5] Bor, Mendoza, Hoofd, ubi sup. Correspondance de Philippe II., ij 1004.
[6] Mendoza, v. 109, 110.
[7] Bor, Hoofd, ubi sup. Meteren, iii. 60. The last writer, who never omits an opportunity to illustrate the prowess of his countrymen, whose courage certainly needs no exaggeration, assures his readers that *three boat-loads of the corpses* of those who had fallen by De Ruyter's arm were carried from the castle.
Bor, Hoofd ub sup.

ferocious patriot were afterwards dug from the ruins of the tower, and with impotent malice nailed upon the gallows at Bois le Duc.[1] Of his surviving companions, some were beheaded, some were broken on the wheel, some were hung and quartered—all were executed.[2]

CHAPTER VI.

Orange and Count Louis in France—Peace with the Huguenots—Coligny's Memoir, presented by request to Charles IX., on the subject of invading the Netherlands—Secret correspondence of Orange organised by Paul Buys—Privateering commissions issued by the Prince—Regulations prescribed by him for the fleets thus created—Impoverished condition of the Prince—His fortitude—His personal sacrifices and privations—His generosity—Renewed contest between the Duke and the Estates on the subject of the tenth and twentieth pence—Violent disputes in the Council—Firm opposition of Viglius—Edict commanding the immediate collection of the tax—Popular tumults—Viglius denounced by Alva—The Duke's fierce complaints to the King—Secret schemes of Philip against Queen Elizabeth of England—The Ridolfi plot to murder Elizabeth countenanced by Philip and Pius V.—The King's orders to Alva to further the plan—The Duke's remonstrances—Explosion of the plot—Obstinacy of Philip—Renewed complaints of Alva as to the imprudent service required of him—Other attempts of Philip to murder Elizabeth—Don John of Austria in the Levant—Battle of Lepanto—Slothfulness of Selim—Appointment of Medina Coeli—Incessant wrangling in Brussels upon the tax—Persevering efforts of Orange—Contempt of Alva for the Prince—Proposed sentence of ignominy against his name—Sonoy's mission to Germany—Remarkable papers issued by the Prince—The "Harangue"—Intense hatred for Alva entertained by the highest as well as lower orders—Visit of Francis de Alava to Brussels—His unfavourable report to the King—Querulous language of the Duke—Deputation to Spain—Universal revolt against the tax—Ferocity of Alva—Execution of eighteen tradesmen secretly ordered—Interrupted by the capture of Brill—Beggars of the sea—The younger Wild Boar of Ardennes—Reconciliation between the English Government and that of Alva—The Netherland privateersmen ordered out of English ports—De La Marck's fleet before Brill—The town summoned to surrender—Commissioners sent out to the fleet—Flight of the magistrates and townspeople—Capture of the place—Indignation of Alva—Popular exultation in Brussels—Puns and caricatures—Bossu ordered to recover the town of Brill—His defeat—His perfidious entrance into Rotterdam—Massacre in that city—Flushing revolutionised—Unsuccessful attempt of Governor de Bourgogne to recall the citizens to their obedience—Expedition under Treslong from Brill to assist the town of Flushing—Murder of Pacheco by the Patriots—'t Zeraerts appointed Governor of Walcheren by Orange.

WHILE such had been the domestic events of the Netherlands during the year 1569 and 1570, the Prince of Orange, although again a wanderer, had never allowed himself to despair. During this whole period, the darkest hour for himself and for his country, he was ever watchful. After disbanding his troops at Strasburg, and after making the best arrangements possible under the circumstances for the eventual payment of their wages, he had joined the army which the Duke of Deux Ponts had been raising in Germany to assist the cause of the Huguenots in France.[3] The Prince having been forced to acknowledge that, for the moment, all open efforts in the Netherlands were likely to be fruitless, instinctively turned his eyes towards the more favourable aspect of the Reformation in France. It was inevitable that, while he was thus thrown for the time out of his legitimate employment, he should be led to the battles of freedom in a neighbouring land. The Duke of Deux Ponts, who felt his own military skill hardly adequate to the task which he had assumed, was glad, as it were, to put himself and his army under the orders of Orange.[4]

Meantime the battle of Jarnac had been fought; the Prince of Condé, covered with wounds, and exclaiming that it was sweet to die for Christ and

[1] Bor, Hoofd, Meteren.

[2] "Twee daar af gerabraakt," says Hoofd, vi. 326. "Gefanghen, gepijnigt ende geexecuteert," says Meteren, iii. 60. "Desquartizando los soldados que se tomaron bivos en Anvers," says Mendoza.

[3] Bor, v. 869. Archives et Correspondance, iii.

[4] Languet, Epist. Secr., i. 95 Archives et Correspondance, iii. 317.

country, had fallen from his saddle; the whole Huguenot army had been routed by the royal forces under the nominal command of Anjou, and the body of Conde. tied to the back of a she-ass, had been paraded through the streets of Jarnac in derision.[1] Affairs had already grown almost as black for the cause of freedom in France as in the provinces. Shortly afterwards William of Orange, with a band of twelve hundred horsemen, joined the banners of Coligny. His two brothers accompanied him.[2] Henry, the stripling, had left the university to follow the fortunes of the Prince. The indomitable Louis, after seven thousand of his army had been slain, had swum naked across the Ems, exclaiming "that his courage, thank God, was as fresh and lively as ever,"[3] and had lost not a moment in renewing his hostile schemes against the Spanish Government. In the meantime he had joined the Huguenots in France. The battle of Moncontour had succeeded, Count Peter Mansfield, with five thousand troops sent by Alva, fighting on the side of the Royalists, and Louis Nassau on that of the Huguenots, atoning by the steadiness and skill with which he covered the retreat for his intemperate courage which had precipitated the action, and perhaps been the main cause of Coligny's overthrow.[4] The Prince of Orange, who had been peremptorily called to the Netherlands in the beginning of the autumn, was not present at the battle. Disguised as a peasant, with but five attendants, and at great peril, he had crossed the enemy's lines, traversed France, and arrived in Germany before the winter.[5] Count Louis remained with the Huguenots. So necessary did he seem to their cause, and so dear had he become to their armies, that during the severe illness of Coligny in the course of the following summer all eyes were turned upon him as the inevitable successor of that great man,[6] the only remaining pillar of freedom in France.

Coligny recovered. The deadly peace between the Huguenots and the court succeeded. The Admiral, despite his sagacity and his suspicions, embarked with his whole party upon that smooth and treacherous current which led to the horrible catastrophe of St. Bartholomew. To occupy his attention, a formal engagement was made by the Government to send succour to the Netherlands. The Admiral was to lead the auxiliaries which were to be dispatched across the frontier to overthrow the tyrannical government of Alva. Long and anxious were the colloquies held between Coligny and the Royalists.[7] The monarch requested a detailed opinion in writing from the Admiral on the most advisable plan for invading the Netherlands. The result was the preparation of the celebrated memoir, under Coligny's directions, by young De Mornay, Seigneur de Plessis. The document was certainly not a paper of the highest order. It did not appeal to the loftier instincts which kings or common mortals might be supposed to possess. It summoned the monarch to the contest in the Netherlands that the ancient injuries committed by Spain might be avenged. It invoked the ghost of Isabella of France, foully murdered, as it was thought, by Philip. It held out the prospect of reannexing the fair provinces wrested from the King's ancestors by former Spanish sovereigns. It painted the hazardous position of Philip, with the Moorish revolt gnawing at the entrails of his kingdom, with the Turkish war consuming its extremities, with the canker of rebellion corroding the very heart of the Netherlands. It recalled, with exultation, the melancholy fact that the only natural and healthy existence of the French was in a state of war—that France, if not occupied with foreign campaigns, could not be prevented from plunging its sword into its own vitals. It indulged in refresh-

[1] De Thou, t. v. liv. xlv. 570–573. [2] Ibid., 584. [3] Groen v. Prinst., Archives et Correspondance, etc., iii. 272, 273. [4] De Thou, liv. xlvi. t. v. 638, 639. [5] Groen v. Prinst., Archives et Correspondance iii. 322. De Thou, t. v. iv. xlvi. 627. Bor, v. 269 [6] De Thou, t. vi. liv. xlvii. 32–36. [7] Ibid., 279, 280.

ing reminiscences of those halcyon days, not long gone by, when France, enjoying perfect tranquillity within its own borders, was calmly and regularly carrying on its long wars beyond the frontier.[1]

In spite of this savage spirit, which modern documents, if they did not scorn, would at least have shrouded, the paper was nevertheless a sagacious one; but the request for the memoir, and the many interviews on the subject of the invasion, were only intended to deceive. They were but the curtain which concealed the preparations for the dark tragedy which was about to be enacted. Equally deceived, and more sanguine than ever, Louis Nassau during this period was indefatigable in his attempts to gain friends for his cause. He had repeated audiences of the King, to whose court he had come in disguise.[2] He made a strong and warm impression upon Elizabeth's envoy at the French court, Walsingham. It is probable that in the Count's impetuosity to carry his point, he allowed more plausibility to be given to certain projects for subdividing the Netherlands than his brother would ever have sanctioned.[3] The Prince was a total stranger to these inchoate schemes. His work was to set his country free and to destroy the tyranny which had grown colossal. That employment was sufficient for a lifetime, and there is no proof to be found that a paltry and personal self-interest had even the lowest place among his motives.

Meantime, in the autumn of 1569, Orange had again reached Germany. Paul Buys, Pensionary of Leyden, had kept him constantly informed of the state of affairs in the provinces.[4] Through his means an extensive correspondence was organised and maintained with leading persons in every part of the Netherlands. The conventional terms by which different matters and persons of importance were designated in these letters were familiarly known to all friends of the cause, not only in the provinces, but in France, England, Germany, and particularly in the great commercial cities. The Prince, for example, was always designated as Martin Willemzoon, the Duke of Alva as Master Powles van Alblas, the Queen of England as Henry Philipzoon, the King of Denmark as Peter Peterson. The twelve signs of the zodiac were used instead of the twelve months, and a great variety of similar substitutions were adopted.[6] Before his visit to France, Orange had, moreover, issued commissions, in his capacity of sovereign, to various seafaring persons, who were empowered to cruise against Spanish commerce.[6]

The "Beggars of the Sea," as these privateersmen designated themselves, soon acquired as terrible a name as the Wild Beggars or the Forest Beggars;[7] but the Prince, having had many conversations with Admiral Coligny on the important benefits to be derived from the system, had faithfully set himself to effect a reformation of its abuses after his return from France. The Seigneur de Dolhain, who, like many other refugee nobles, had acquired much distinction in this roving corsair life, had for a season acted as Admiral for the Prince. He had, however, resolutely declined to render any accounts of his various expeditions, and was now deprived of his command in consequence.[8] Gillain de Fiennes, Seigneur de Lumbres, was appointed to succeed him. At the same time strict orders were issued by Orange forbidding all hostile measures against the Emperor or any of the princes of the Empire, against Sweden, Denmark, England, or against any potentates who were protectors of the true Christian religion.[9] The Duke of Alva and his adherents were designated as the only lawful antagonists. The Prince, moreover, gave minute instructions as to the discipline to be observed in his fleet. The

[1] De Thou, t. vi. liv. li. 342–357.
[2] Ibid., t. vi. 279, 280. Groen v. Prinst., Archives et Correspondance, iii. 105. Mem. of Walsingham, 143.
[4] Bor, v. 280.
[5] Ibid., 310.
[6] Ibid., 289. Hoofd, v. 1.
[7] Ibid. Ibid., 198.
[8] Ibid.
[9] Bor, v. 333, 334. Archives et Corresp., iii. 362, 364.

articles of war were to be strictly enforced. Each commander was to maintain a minister on board his ship, who was to preach God's word, and to preserve Christian piety among the crew.[1] No one was to exercise any command in the fleet save native Netherlanders, unless thereto expressly commissioned by the Prince of Orange. All prizes were to be divided and distributed by a prescribed rule. No persons were to be received on board, either as sailors or soldiers, save "folk of good name and fame." No man who had ever been punished of justice was to be admitted.[2] Such were the principal features in the organisation of that infant navy, which, in course of this and the following centuries, was to achieve so many triumphs, and to which a powerful and adventurous mercantile marine had already led the way. "Of their ships," said Cardinal Bentivoglio, "the Hollanders make houses, of their houses schools. Here they are born, here educated, here they learn their profession. Their sailors flying from one pole to the other, practising their art wherever the sun displays itself to mortals, become so skilful that they can scarcely be equalled, certainly not surpassed, by any nation in the civilised world."[3]

The Prince, however, on his return from France, had never been in so forlorn a condition. "Orange is plainly perishing," said one of the friends of the cause.[4] Not only had he no funds to organise new levies, but he was daily exposed to the most clamorously urged claims, growing out of the army which he had been recently obliged to disband. It had been originally reported in the Netherlands that he had fallen in the battle of Moncontour. "If he have really been taken off," wrote Viglius, hardly daring to credit the great news, "we shall all of us have less cause to tremble."[5] After his actual return, however, lean and beggared, with neither money nor credit, a mere threatening shadow without substance or power, he seemed to justify the sarcasm of Granvelle. "*Vana sine viribus ira*," quoted the Cardinal,[6] and of a verity it seemed that not a man was likely to stir in Germany in his behalf, now that so deep a gloom had descended upon his cause. The obscure and the oppressed throughout the provinces and Germany still freely contributed out of their weakness and their poverty, and taxed themselves beyond their means to assist enterprises for the relief of the Netherlands. The great ones of the earth, however, those on whom the Prince had relied, those to whom he had given his heart—dukes, princes, and electors in this fatal change of his fortunes "fell away like water."[7]

Still his spirit was unbroken. His letters showed a perfect appreciation of his situation, and of that to which his country was reduced; but they never exhibited a trace of weakness or despair. A modest but lofty courage, a pious but unaffected resignation breathed through every document, public or private, which fell from his pen during this epoch. He wrote to his brother John that he was quite willing to go to Frankfort, in order to give himself up as a hostage to his troops for the payment of their arrears.[8] At the same time he begged his brother to move heaven and earth to raise at least one hundred thousand thalers. If he could only furnish them with a month's pay, the soldiers would perhaps be for a time contented.[9] He gave directions also concerning the disposition of what remained of his plate and furniture, the greater part of it having been already sold and expended in the cause. He thought it would, on the whole, be better to have the remainder sold, piece by piece, at the fair. More money would be raised by that course than by a more wholesale arrangement.[10]

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[1] Bor, v. 324–326. Hoofd, v. 198.
[2] Bor, v. 324, 325.
[3] Bentivoglio, Guerra di Fiandra, lib. v. 89.
[4] "Orangius plane periit."—Languet. ad Caner., 101.
[5] Viglii E. ist. ad Hopp., 79.
[6] Correspondance de Philippe II. ii. 743.
[7] Hoofd, v. 199. Bor, v. 312. See also Alva's fierce complaints that the people who refused his tenth and twentieth pence contributed voluntarily far greater sums to support the schemes of the Prince of Orange. Corres. de Phil. II., ii. passim. Archives et Corres., iii. passim. [8] Ibid., iii. 355–360. [9] Ibid.
[10] Archives et Correspond. de la Maison d'Orange, iii. 355–360.

He was now obliged to attend personally to the most minute matters of domestic economy. The man who had been the mate of emperors, who was himself a sovereign, who had lived his life long in pomp and luxury, surrounded by countless nobles, pages, men-at-arms, and menials, now calmly accepted the position of an outlaw and an exile. He cheerfully fulfilled tasks which had formerly devolved upon his grooms and valets. There was an almost pathetic simplicity in the homely details of an existence which, for the moment, had become so obscure and so desperate. "Send by the bearer," he wrote, "the little hackney given me by the Admiral; send also my two pair of trunk hose; one pair is at the tailor's to be mended, the other pair you will please order to be taken from the things which I wore lately at Dillenburg. They lie on the table with my accoutrements. If the little hackney be not in condition, please send the grey horse with the cropped ears and tail." [1]

He was always mindful, however, not only of the great cause to which he had devoted himself, but of the wants experienced by individuals who had done him service. He never forgot his friends. In the depth of his own misery he remembered favours received from humble persons. "Send a little cup. worth at least a hundred florins, to Hartmann Wolf," he wrote to his brother; "you can take as much silver out of the coffer in which there is still some of my chapel service remaining." [2] "You will observe that Affenstein is wanting a horse," he wrote on another occasion; "please look him out one, and send it to me with the price. I will send you the money. Since he has shown himself so willing in the cause, one ought to do something for him." [3]

The contest between the Duke and the Estates on the subject of the tenth and twentieth penny had been for a season adjusted. The two years' term, however, during which it had been arranged that the tax should be commuted, was to expire in the autumn of 1571.[4] Early, therefore, in this year the disputes were renewed with greater acrimony than ever. The Estates felt satisfied that the King was less eager than the Viceroy. Viglius was satisfied that the power of Alva was upon the wane. While the King was not likely openly to rebuke his recent measures, it seemed not improbable that the Governor's reiterated requests to be recalled might be granted. Fortified by these considerations, the President, who had so long been the supple tool of the tyrant, suddenly assumed the character of a popular tribune. The wranglings, the contradictions, the vituperations, the threatenings, now became incessant in the council. The Duke found that he had exulted prematurely when he announced to the King the triumphant establishment, in perpetuity, of the lucrative tax. So far from all the Estates having given their consent, as he had maintained, and as he had written to Philip, it now appeared that not one of those bodies considered itself bound beyond its quota for the two years. This was formally stated in the council by Berlaymont and other members.[5] The wrath of the Duke blazed forth at this announcement. He berated Berlaymont for maintaining, or for allowing it to be maintained, that the consent of the orders had ever been doubtful. He protested that they had as unequivocally agreed to the perpetual imposition of the tax as he to its commutation during two years. He declared, however, that he was sick of quotas. The tax should now be collected forthwith, and Treasurer Schetz was ordered to take his measures accordingly.[6]

At a conference on the 29th May, the Duke asked Viglius for his opinion. The President made a long reply, taking the ground that the consent of the orders had been only conditional, and appealing to such members of the finance

[1] Archives et Correspondance, iii. 349, 350.
[2] Ibid., iii. 339.
[3] Ibid., 349, 3[illegible]
[4] Viglii Comm. super imp. Dec. Den., s. x.
[5] Ibid., s. xxvii.
[6] Ibid.

council as were present to confirm his assertion. It was confirmed by all. The Duke, in a passion, swore that those who dared maintain such a statement should be chastised.[1] Viglius replied that it had always been the custom for councillors to declare their opinion, and that they had never before been threatened with such consequences. If such, however, were his Excellency's sentiments, councillors had better stay at home, hold their tongues, and so avoid chastisement.[2] The Duke, controlling himself a little, apologised for this allusion to chastisement, a menace which he disclaimed having intended with reference to councillors whom he had always commended to the King, and of whom his Majesty had so high an opinion. At a subsequent meeting the Duke took Viglius aside and assured him that *he was quite of his own way of thinking. For certain reasons, however, he expressed himself as unwilling that the rest of the council should be aware of the change in his views. He wished, he said, to dissemble.*[3] The astute President, for a moment, could not imagine the Governor's drift. He afterwards perceived that the object of this little piece of deception had been to close his mouth. The Duke obviously conjectured that the President, lulled into security by this secret assurance, would be silent; that the other councillors, believing the President to have adopted the Governor's views, would alter their opinions; and that the opposition of the Estates, thus losing its support in the council, would likewise very soon be abandoned.[4] The President, however, was not to be entrapped by this falsehood. He resolutely maintained his hostility to the tax, depending for his security on the royal opinion, the popular feeling, and the judgment of his colleagues.

The daily meetings of the board were almost entirely occupied by this single subject. Although, since the arrival of Alva, the Council of Blood had usurped nearly all the functions of the state and finance councils, yet there now seemed a disposition on the part of Alva to seek the countenance, even while he spurned the authority, of other functionaries. He found, however, neither sympathy nor obedience. The President stoutly told him that he was endeavouring to swim against the stream, that the tax was offensive to the people, and that the voice of the people was the voice of God.[5] On the last day of July, however, the Duke issued an edict, by which summary collection of the tenth and twentieth pence was ordered.[6] The whole country was immediately in uproar. The Estates of every province, the assemblies of every city, met and remonstrated. The merchants suspended all business, the petty dealers shut up their shops. The people congregated together in masses, vowing resistance to the illegal and cruel impost.[7] Not a farthing was collected. The "*seven stiver* people,"[8] spies of Government, who for that paltry daily stipend were employed to listen for treason in every tavern, in every huckster's booth, in every alley of every city, were now quite unable to report all the curses which were hourly heard uttered against the tyranny of the Viceroy. Evidently his power was declining. The councillors resisted him, the common people almost defied him. A mercer, to whom he was indebted for thirty thousand florins' worth of goods, refused to open his shop, lest the tax should be collected on his merchandise.[9] The Duke confiscated his debt, as the mercer had foreseen; but this, being a pecuniary sacrifice, seemed preferable to acquiescence in a measure so vague and so boundless that it might easily absorb the whole property of the country.

No man saluted the Governor as he passed through the streets.[10] Hardly an attempt was made by the people to disguise their abhorrence of his

[1] Viglii Comm. Dec. Den., s. xxviii.
[2] Ibid. [3] Ibid., s. xxx. [4] Ibid.
[5] Ibid., s. xxxv. [6] Ibid., s. xxxviii.
[7] Ibid., s. xli. Bor, v. 345-348.
[8] Hoofd, v. 197.
[9] Letter of Comte de Bergh to Prince of Orange in Arch. et Corr. de la Maison d'Orange Nassau, iii. 409, 410.
[10] Ibid.

person. Alva, on his side, gave daily exhibitions of ungovernable fury. At a council held on 25th September 1571, he stated that the King had ordered the immediate enforcement of the edict. Viglius observed that there were many objections to its form. He also stoutly denied that the Estates had ever given their consent. Alva fiercely asked the President if he had not himself once maintained that the consent had been granted. Viglius replied that he had never made such an assertion. He had mentioned the conditions and the implied promises on the part of Government, by which a partial consent had been extorted. He never could have said that the consent had been accorded, for he had never believed that it could be obtained. He had not proceeded far in his argument when he was interrupted by the Duke. "But you said so, you said so, you said so," cried the exasperated Governor, in a towering passion, repeating many times this flat contradiction to the President's statements.[1] Viglius firmly stood his ground. Alva loudly denounced him for the little respect he had manifested for his authority. He had hitherto done the President good offices, he said, with his Majesty, but certainly should not feel justified in concealing his recent and very unhandsome conduct.[2]

Viglius replied that he had always reverently cherished the Governor, and had endeavoured to merit his favour by diligent obsequiousness. He was bound by his oath, however, to utter in council that which comported with his own sentiments and his Majesty's interests. He had done this heretofore in presence of Emperors, Kings, Queens, and Regents, and they had not taken offence. He did not, at this hour, tremble for his grey head, and hoped his Majesty would grant him a hearing before condemnation.[3] The firm attitude of the President increased the irritation of the Viceroy. Observing that he knew the proper means of enforcing his authority, he dismissed the meeting.[4]

Immediately afterwards he received the visits of his son, Don Frederic of Vargas, and other familiars. To these he recounted the scene which had taken place, raving the while so ferociously against Viglius as to induce the supposition that something serious was intended against him. The report flew from mouth to mouth. The affair became the town talk, so that, in the words of the President, it was soon discussed by every barber and old woman in Brussels.[5] His friends became alarmed for his safety, while, at the same time, the citizens rejoiced that their cause had found so powerful an advocate. Nothing, however, came of these threats and these explosions. On the contrary, shortly afterwards the Duke gave orders that the tenth penny should be remitted upon four great articles—corn, meat, wine, and beer.[6] It was also not to be levied upon raw materials used in manufactures.[7] Certainly, these were very important concessions. Still the constitutional objections remained. Alva could not be made to understand why the *alcabala*, which was raised without difficulty in the little town of Alva, should encounter such fierce opposition in the Netherlands. The Estates, he informed the King, made a great deal of trouble. They withheld their consent at command of their satrap. The motive which influenced the leading men was not the interest of factories or fisheries, but the fear *that for the future they might not be able to dictate the law to their sovereign.* The people of that country, he observed, had still the same character which had been described by Julius Cæsar.[8]

The Duke, however, did not find much sympathy at Madrid. Courtiers and councillors had long derided his schemes. As for the King, his mind

[1] Viglii Com., etc., s. xlv. xlvi.
[2] Ibid., s. xlvii.
[3] Ibid.
[4] Ibid., s. xlviii.
[5] Ibid., i.
[6] Viglii Com., etc., s. vi. See Bor, v. 345-348.
[7] Ibid.
[8] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1063.

was occupied with more interesting matters. Philip lived but to enforce what he chose to consider the will of God. While the Duke was fighting this battle with the Netherland constitutionalists, his master had engaged at home in a secret but most comprehensive scheme. This was a plot to assassinate Queen Elizabeth of England, and to liberate Mary Queen of Scots, who was to be placed on the throne in her stead. This project, in which was of course involved the reduction of England under the dominion of the ancient Church, could not but prove attractive to Philip. It included a conspiracy against a friendly sovereign, immense service to the Church, and a murder. His passion for intrigue, his love of God, and his hatred of man, would all be gratified at once. Thus, although the Moorish revolt within the heart of his kingdom had hardly been terminated—although his legions and his navies were at that instant engaged in a contest of no ordinary importance with the Turkish empire—although the Netherlands, still maintaining their hostility and their hatred, required the flower of the Spanish army to compel their submission, he did not hesitate to accept the dark adventure which was offered to him by ignoble hands.

One Ridolfi, a Florentine, long resident in England, had been sent to the Netherlands as secret agent of the Duke of Norfolk. Alva read his character immediately, and denounced him to Philip as a loose, prating creature,[1] utterly unfit to be intrusted with affairs of importance. Philip, however, thinking more of the plot than of his fellow-actors, welcomed the agent of the conspiracy to Madrid, listened to his disclosures attentively, and, without absolutely committing himself by direct promises, dismissed him with many expressions of encouragement.

On the 12th of July 1571, Philip wrote to the Duke of Alva, giving an account of his interview with Roberto Ridolfi.[2] The envoy, after relating the sufferings of the Queen of Scotland, had laid before him a plan for her liberation. If the Spanish monarch were willing to assist the Duke of Norfolk and his friends, it would be easy to put upon Mary's head the crown of England. She was then to intermarry with Norfolk. The kingdom of England was again to acknowledge the authority of Rome, and the Catholic religion to be everywhere restored. The most favourable moment for the execution of the plan would be in August or September. As Queen Elizabeth would at that season quit London for the country, an opportunity would be easily found *for seizing and murdering her*. Pius V., to whom Ridolfi had opened the whole matter, highly approved the scheme, and warmly urged Philip's co-operation. Poor and ruined as he was himself, the Pope protested that he was ready to sell his chalices, and even his own vestments, to provide funds for the cause.[3] Philip had replied that few words were necessary to persuade him. His desire to see the enterprise succeed was extreme, notwithstanding the difficulties by which it was surrounded. He would reflect earnestly upon the subject, in the *hope that God, whose cause it was*, would enlighten and assist him. Thus much he had stated to Ridolfi, but he had informed his council afterwards that he was determined to carry out the scheme by certain means of which the Duke would soon be informed. The end proposed *was to kill or to capture Elizabeth*, to set at liberty the Queen of Scotland, and to put upon her head the crown of England. In this enterprise he instructed the Duke of Alva secretly to assist, without however resorting to open hostilities in his own name or in that of his sovereign. He desired to be informed how many Spaniards the Duke could put at the disposition of the conspirators.

[1] "Un gran parlanchin."—Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 180, note, and 1035.

[2] Ibid., 1038.

[3] "Y offresciendome su assistencia en general, sin descender à cosa particular, mas de que, siendo necesario, *aunque estava muy pobre* y gastado, ponria hasta los calices y su propria veste."—Correspondance de Philippe II., 1038.

They had asked for six thousand arquebusiers for England, two thousand for Scotland, two thousand for Ireland. Besides these troops, the Viceroy[1] was directed to provide immediately four thousand arquebuses and two thousand corslets. For the expenses of the enterprise Philip would immediately remit two hundred thousand crowns. Alva was instructed to keep the affair a profound secret from his councillors. Even Hopper at Madrid knew nothing of the matter, while the King had only expressed himself in general terms to the nuncio and to Ridolfi, then already on his way to the Netherlands. The King concluded his letter by saying, that from what he had *now written with his own hand*, the Duke could infer how much he *had this affair at heart*. It was unnecessary for him to say more, persuaded as he was that the Duke would take as profound an interest in it as himself.[2]

Alva perceived all the rashness of the scheme, and felt how impossible it would be for him to comply with Philip's orders. To send an army from the Netherlands into England for the purpose of dethroning and killing a most popular sovereign, and at the same time to preserve the most amicable relations with the country, was rather a desperate undertaking. A force of ten thousand Spaniards, under Chiappin Vitelli, and other favourite officers of the Duke, would hardly prove a trifle to be overlooked, nor would their operations be susceptible of very friendly explanations. The Governor therefore assured Philip[3] that he "highly applauded his master for his plot. *He could not help rendering infinite thanks to God for having made him vassal to such a Prince.*" He praised exceedingly the resolution which his Majesty had taken.[4] After this preamble, however, he proceeded to pour cold water upon his sovereign's ardour. He decidedly expressed the opinion that Philip should not proceed in such an undertaking until at any rate the party of the Duke of Norfolk had obtained possession of Elizabeth's person. Should the King declare himself prematurely, he might be sure that the Venetians, breaking off their alliance with him, would make their peace with the Turk; and that Elizabeth would, perhaps, conclude that marriage with the Duke of Alençon which now seemed but a pleasantry. Moreover, he expressed his want of confidence in the Duke of Norfolk, whom he considered as a poor creature with but little courage.[5] He also expressed his doubts concerning the prudence and capacity of Don Gueran de Espes, his Majesty's ambassador at London.

It was not long before these machinations became known in England. The Queen of Scots was guarded more closely than ever, the Duke of Norfolk was arrested; yet Philip, whose share in the conspiracy had remained a secret, was not discouraged by the absolute explosion of the whole affair. He still held to an impossible purpose with a tenacity which resembled fatuity. He avowed that his obligations in the sight of God were so strict that he was still determined to proceed in the sacred cause.[6] He remitted, therefore, the promised funds to the Duke of Alva, and urged him to act with proper secrecy and promptness.

The Viceroy was not a little perplexed by these remarkable instructions. None but lunatics could continue to conspire after the conspiracy had been exposed and the conspirators arrested. Yet this was what his Catholic Majesty expected of his Governor-General. Alva complained, not unreasonably, of the contradictory demands to which he was subjected.[7] He was to cause no rupture with England, yet he was to send succour to an imprisoned

[1] The title of Viceroy, occasionally given to the Duke, is, of course, not strictly correct—the Netherlands not constituting a kingdom.

[2] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1038.

[3] Ibid., 1041.

[4] "*Yo no puedo dexar de dar (a Dios) infinitas gracias que me haya hecho vasallo de tal principe*, y alabar mucho la resolucion que V. M. ha tomado." —Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1041.

[5] "Al duque tengo le por flaco y de poco animo." —Ibid.

[6] Ibid., 1043.

[7] Ibid., 1041.

traitor; he was to keep all his operations secret from his council, yet he was to send all his army out of the country, and to organise an expensive campaign. He sneered at the flippancy of Ridolfi, who imagined that it was the work of a moment to seize the Queen of England, to liberate the Queen of Scotland, to take possession of the Tower of London, and to burn the fleet in the Thames. "Were *your Majesty* and the *Queen of England acting together*," he observed, "it would be impossible to execute the plan proposed by Ridolfi."[1] The chief danger to be apprehended was from France and Germany. Were those countries not to interfere, he would undertake to make Philip sovereign of England before the winter.[2] Their opposition, however, was sufficient to make the enterprise not only difficult, but impossible. He begged his master not to be precipitate in the most important affair which had been negotiated by man *since Christ came upon earth.* Nothing less, he said, than the existence of the Christian faith was at stake, for should his Majesty fail in this undertaking, not one stone of the *ancient religion would be left upon another.*[3] He again warned the King of the contemptible character of Ridolfi, who had spoken of the affair so freely that it was a common subject of discussion on the Bourse at Antwerp,[4] and he reiterated in all his letters his distrust of the parties prominently engaged in the transaction.

Such was the general tenor of the long dispatches exchanged between the King and the Duke of Alva upon this iniquitous scheme. The Duke showed himself reluctant throughout the whole affair, although he certainly never opposed his master's project by any arguments founded upon good faith, Christian charity, or the sense of honour. To kill the Queen of England, subvert the laws of her realm, burn her fleets, and butcher her subjects, while the mask of amity and entire consideration was sedulously preserved—all these projects were admitted to be strictly meritorious in themselves, although objections were taken as to the time and mode of execution.

Alva never positively refused to accept his share in the enterprise, but he took care not to lift his finger till the catastrophe in England had made all attempts futile. Philip, on the other hand, never positively withdrew from the conspiracy, but, after an infinite deal of writing and intriguing, concluded by leaving the whole affair in the hands of Alva.[5] The only sufferer for Philip's participation in the plot was the Spanish envoy at London, Don Guzman de Espes. This gentleman was formally dismissed by Queen Elizabeth for having given treacherous and hostile advice to the Duke of Alva and to Philip, but her Majesty at the same time expressed the most profound consideration for her brother of Spain.[6]

Towards the close of the same year, however (December 1571), Alva sent two other Italian assassins to England, bribed by the promise of vast rewards, to attempt the life of Elizabeth, quietly, by poison or otherwise.[7] The envoy, Mondoucet, in apprising the French monarch of this scheme, added that the Duke was so ulcerated and annoyed by the discovery of the previous enterprise, that nothing could exceed his rage. These ruffians were not destined to success, but the attempts of the Duke upon the Queen's life were renewed from time to time. Eighteen months later (August 1573), two Scotchmen, pensioners of Philip, came from Spain, with secret orders to consult with Alva. They had accordingly much negotiation with the Duke and his secretary, Albornoz. They boasted that they could easily capture Eliza-

[1] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1045.
[2] Ibid.
[3] "Por amor de Diospido à V. M. que su gran celo no le lleve à errar el mayor negotio de Dios que se ha tratado despues que el vino à la tierra, por que no pende menos que acabarse su religion, que errandole V. M. no queda en toda la Cristianidad piedra sobre piedra en ella."—Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1045.
[4] Ibid., 1049.
[5] Ibid., 1051.
[6] Letter of Queen Elizabeth to Philip II., in Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1069.
[7] Correspondance, Charles IX. et Mondoucet, Com Roy. de l'Hist., iv. 340, sqq.

beth, but said that the King's purpose was to kill her.[1] The plan, wrote Mondoucet, was the same as it had been before, namely, to murder the Queen of England, and to give her crown to Mary of Scotland, who would thus be in their power, and whose son was to be seized, and bestowed in marriage in such a way as to make them perpetual masters of both kingdoms.[2]

It does not belong to this history to discuss the merits nor to narrate the fortunes of that bickering and fruitless alliance which had been entered into at this period by Philip with Venice and the Holy See, against the Turk. The revolt of Granada had at last, after a two years' struggle, been subdued, and the remnants of the romantic race which had once swayed the Peninsula been swept into slavery. The Moors had sustained the unequal conflict with a constancy not to have been expected of so gentle a people. "If a nation meek as lambs could resist so bravely," said the Prince of Orange, "what ought not to be expected of a hardy people like the Netherlanders?"[3] Don John of Austria having concluded a series of somewhat inglorious forays against women, children, and bedridden old men in Andalusia and Granada, had arrived, in August of this year, at Naples, to take command of the combined fleet in the Levant.[4] The battle of Lepanto had been fought,[5] but the quarrelsome and contradictory conduct of the allies had rendered the splendid victory as barren as the waves upon which it had been won. It was no less true, however, that the blunders of the infidels had previously enabled Philip to extricate himself with better success from the dangers of the Moorish revolt than might have been his fortune. Had the rebels succeeded in holding Granada and the mountains of Andalusia, and had they been supported, as they had a right to expect, by the forces of the Sultan, a different aspect might have been given to the conflict, and one far less triumphant for Spain. Had a prince of vigorous ambition and comprehensive policy governed at that moment the Turkish empire, it would have cost Philip a serious struggle to maintain himself in his hereditary dominions. While he was plotting against the life and throne of Elizabeth, he might have had cause to tremble for his own. Fortunately, however, for his Catholic Majesty, Selim was satisfied to secure himself in the possession of the Isle of Venus, with its fruitful vineyards. "To shed the blood" of Cyprian vines, in which he was so enthusiastic a connoisseur, was to him a more exhilarating occupation than to pursue, amid carnage and hardships, the splendid dream of a re-established Eastern caliphate.[6]

On 25th September 1571, a commission of Governor-General of the Netherlands was at last issued to John de la Cerda, Duke of Medina Cœli.[7] Philip, in compliance with the Duke's repeated requests, and perhaps not entirely satisfied with the recent course of events in the provinces, had at last, after great hesitation, consented to Alva's resignation. His successor, however, was not immediately to take his departure, and in the meantime the Duke was instructed to persevere in his faithful services. These services had, for the present, reduced themselves to a perpetual and not very triumphant altercation with his council, with the Estates, and with the people on the subject of his abominable tax. He was entirely alone. They who had stood unflinchingly at his side when the only business of the administration was to burn heretics, turned their backs upon him now that he had engaged in this desperate conflict with the whole money power of the country. The King was far from cordial in his support, the councillors much too crafty to retain their hold upon the wheel, to which they had only attached themselves in

[1] "Mon maistre a bien eu moyen de faire prisonnier la royne d'Angleterre, mais il la vouloit tuer," etc., etc.—Correspondance de Charles IX. et Mondoucet, Com. Roy. de l'Hist., iv. 340. sqq.
[2] Ibid.
[3] Archives et Correspondance, iii. 362.
[4] De Thou, liv. l. t. vi. 226 sqq. Cabrera, ix. xxiii. 678, sqq.
[5] De Thou, t. vi. 238, sqq. Cabrera, ix. 23, 692, 693.
[6] De Thou, vi. l. 50. Cabrera, lib. ix. etc.
[7] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1055.

its ascent. Viglius and Berlaymont, Noircarmes and Aerschot, opposed and almost defied the man they now thought sinking, and kept the King constantly informed of the vast distress which the financial measures of the Duke were causing.[1]

Quite at the close of the year, an elaborate petition from the Estates of Brabant was read before the State Council.[2] It contained a strong remonstrance against the tenth penny. Its repeal was strongly urged, upon the ground that its collection would involve the country in universal ruin. Upon this Alva burst forth in one of the violent explosions of rage to which he was subject. The prosperity of the Netherlands, he protested, was not dearer to the inhabitants than to himself. He swore by the cross, and by the most holy of holies, preserved in the church of Saint Gudule, that had he been but a private individual, living in Spain, he would, out of the love he bore the provinces, have rushed to their defence had their safety been endangered.[3] He felt, therefore, deeply wounded that malevolent persons should thus insinuate that he had even wished to injure the country, or to exercise tyranny over its citizens. The tenth penny, he continued, was necessary to the defence of the land, and was much preferable to quotas. *It was highly improper that every man in the rabble should know how much was contributed, because each individual, learning the gross amount, would imagine that he had paid it all himself.*[4] In conclusion, he observed that, broken in health and stricken in years as he felt himself, he was now most anxious to return, and was daily looking with eagerness for the arrival of the Duke of Medina Cœli.[5]

During the course of this same year, the Prince of Orange had been continuing his preparations. He had sent his agents to every place where a hope was held out to him of obtaining support. Money was what he was naturally most anxious to obtain from individuals; open and warlike assistance what he demanded from Governments. His funds, little by little, were increasing, owing to the generosity of many obscure persons, and to the daring exploits of the Beggars of the Sea. His mission, however, to the northern courts had failed. His envoys had been received in Sweden and Denmark with barren courtesy.[6] The Duke of Alva, on the other hand, never alluded to the Prince but with contempt, knowing not that the ruined outlaw was slowly undermining the very ground beneath the monarch's feet, dreaming not that the feeble strokes which he despised were the opening blows of a century's conflict, foreseeing not that long before its close the chastised province was to expand into a great republic, and that the name of the outlaw was to become almost divine.

Granvelle had already recommended that the young Count de Buren should be endowed with certain lands in Spain in exchange for his hereditary estates, in order that the name and fame of the rebel William should be for ever extinguished in the Netherlands.[7] With the same view, a new sentence against the Prince of Orange was now proposed by the Viceroy. This was, to execute him solemnly in effigy, to drag his escutcheon through the streets at the tails of horses, and after having broken it in pieces, and thus cancelled his armorial bearings, to declare him and his descendants, ignoble, infamous, and incapable of holding property or estates.[8] Could a leaf or two of future history have been unrolled to King, Cardinal, and Governor, they might have found the destined fortune of the illustrious rebel's house not exactly in accordance with the plan of summary extinction thus laid down.

[1] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1056. Letter from Bishop of Ypres to Philip, 1073, 1074. Reports drawn up by Don Francis de Alava on the state of the provinces., 1097. Letters from Bishops of Ypres, Ghent, Bruges.

[2] Viglii Comm. Dec. Den., s. lx.

[3] Ibid. [4] Ibid. [5] Ibid., lxi.

[6] Bor, v. 334–340. Hoofd, vi. 210.

[7] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 959.

[8] Ibid., 1027.

Not discouraged, the Prince continued to send his emissaries in every direction. Diedrich Sonoy, his most trustworthy agent, who had been chief of the legation to the northern courts, was now actively canvassing the Governments and peoples of Germany with the same object.[1] Several remarkable papers from the hand of Orange were used upon this service. A letter, drawn up and signed by his own hand, recited, in brief and striking language, the history of his campaign in 1568, and of his subsequent efforts in the sacred cause.[2] It was now necessary, he said, that others besides himself should partake of his sacrifices. This he stated plainly and eloquently. The document was, in truth, a letter asking arms for liberty. "For although all things," said the Prince, "are in the hand of God, and although He has created all things out of nought, yet hath He granted to different men different means, whereby, as with various instruments, He accomplishes His almighty purposes. Thereto hath He endowed some with strength of body, others with worldly wealth, others with still different gifts, all of which are to be used by their possessors to His honour and glory, if they wish not to incur the curse of the unworthy steward who buried his talent in the earth. . . . . Now ye may easily see," he continued, "that the Prince cannot carry out this great work alone, having lost land, people, and goods, and having already employed in the cause all which had remained to him, besides incurring heavy obligations in addition."[3]

Similar instructions were given to other agents, and a paper called the "Harangue," drawn up according to his suggestions, was also extensively circulated. This document is important to all who are interested in his history and character.[4] He had not before issued a missive so stamped with the warm, religious impress of the Reforming party. Sadly, but without despondency, the Harangue recalled the misfortunes of the past, and depicted the gloom of the present. Earnestly, but not fanatically, it stimulated hope and solicited aid for the future. "Although the appeals made to the Prince," so ran a part of the document, "be of diverse natures, and various in their recommendations, yet do they all tend to the advancement of God's glory, and to the liberation of the fatherland. This it is which enables him, and those who think with him, to endure hunger, thirst, cold, heat, and all the misfortunes which Heaven may send. . . . . Our enemies spare neither their money nor their labour; will ye be colder and duller than your foes? Let, then, each church congregation set an example to the others. We read that King Saul, when he would liberate the men of Jabez from the hands of Nahad the Ammonite, hewed a yoke of oxen in pieces, and sent them as tokens over all Israel, saying, 'Ye who will not follow Saul and Samuel, with them shall be dealt even as with these oxen. And the fear of the Lord came upon the people, they came forth, and the men of Jabez were delivered.' Ye have here the same warning; look to it; watch well, ye that despise it, lest the wrath of God, which the men of Israel by their speedy obedience escaped, descend upon your heads. . . . . Ye may say that ye are banished men. 'Tis true: but thereby are ye not stripped of all faculty of rendering service; moreover, your assistance is asked for one who will restore ye to your homes. Ye may say that ye have been robbed of all your goods; yet many of you have still something remaining, and of that little ye should contribute each his mite. Ye say that you have given much already. 'Tis true: but the enemy is again in the field, fierce for your subjugation, sustained by the largess of his supporters. Will ye be less courageous, less generous, than your foes?"[5]

These urgent appeals did not remain fruitless. The strength of the Prince

[1] Bor, vi. 362.
[2] See it in Bor, vi. 362, 363.
[3] Bor, ubi sup.
[4] See the Harangue in Bor, vi. 363–365.
[5] Harangue of the Commissioners of my Lord the Prince of Orange, ubi sup.

was slowly but steadily increasing. Meantime the abhorrence with which Alva was universally regarded had nearly reached to frenzy. In the beginning of the year 1572, Don Francis de Alava, Philip's ambassador in France, visited Brussels.[1] He had already been enlightened as to the consequences of the Duke's course by the immense immigration of Netherland refugees to France, which he had witnessed with his own eyes. On his journey towards Brussels, he had been met near Cambray by Noircarmes. Even that "cruel animal," as Hoogstraaten had called him, the butcher of Tournay and Valenciennes, had at last been roused to alarm, if not to pity, by the sufferings of the country. "The Duke will never disabuse his mind of this filthy tenth penny," [2] said he to Alava. He sprang from his chair with great emotion as the ambassador alluded to the flight of merchants and artisans from the provinces. "Señor Don Francis," cried he, "there are ten thousand more who are on the point of leaving the country if the Governor does not pause in his career. God grant that no disaster arise beyond human power to remedy!" [3]

The ambassador arrived in Brussels, and took up his lodgings in the palace. Here he found the Duke just recovering from a fit of the gout, in a state of mind sufficiently savage. He became much excited as Don Francis began to speak of the emigration, and he assured him that there was gross deception on the subject.[4] The envoy replied that he could not be mistaken, for it was a matter which, so to speak, he had touched with his own fingers and seen with his own eyes. The Duke, persisting that Don Francis had been abused and misinformed, turned the conversation to other topics. Next day the ambassador received visits from Berlaymont and his son, the Seigneur de Hierges. He was taken aside by each of them separately. "Thank God you have come hither," said they, in nearly the same words, "that you may fully comprehend the condition of the provinces, and without delay admonish his Majesty of the impending danger." [5] All his visitors expressed the same sentiments. Don Frederic of Toledo furnished the only exception, assuring the envoy that his father's financial measures were opposed by Noircarmes and others only because it deprived them of their occupation and their influence.[6] This dutiful language, however, was to be expected in one of whom Secretary Albornoz had written that he was the greatest comfort to his father, and the most divine genius ever known.[7] It was unfortunately corroborated by no other inhabitant of the country.

On the third day, Don Francis went to take his leave. The Duke begged him to inform his Majesty of the impatience with which he was expecting the arrival of his successor.[8] He then informed his guest that they had already begun to collect the tenth penny in Brabant, the most obstinate of all the provinces. "What do you say to that, Don Francis?" he cried, with exultation. Alava replied that he thought none the less that the tax would encounter many obstacles, and begged him earnestly to reflect. He assured him, moreover, that he should, without reserve, express his opinions fully to the King. The Duke used the same language which Don Frederic had held concerning the motives of those who opposed the tax. "It may be so," said Don Francis, "but at any rate, all have agreed to sing to the same tune." A little startled, the Duke rejoined, "Do you doubt that the cities will keep their promises? Depend upon it, I shall find the means to compel them." "God grant it may be so," said Alava, "but in my poor judgment you will have need of all your prudence and of all your authority." [9]

The ambassador did not wait till he could communicate with his sovereign

[1] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1073, 1074.
[2] "Desta negra decima."—Ibid., ii 1073.
[3] Ibid. [4] Ibid. [5] Ibid. [6] Ibid.
[7] "El mas divino ingenio."—Letter to Cayas, Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 886.
[8] Ibid., 1073. [9] Ibid., 1073.

by word of mouth. He forwarded to Spain an ample account of his observations and deductions. He painted to Philip in lively colours the hatred entertained by all men for the Duke. The whole nation, he assured his Majesty, united in one cry, "Let him begone, let him begone, let him begone!"[1] As for the imposition of the tenth penny, that, in the opinion of Don Francis, was utterly impossible. He, moreover, warned his Majesty that Alva was busy in forming secret alliances with the Catholic princes of Europe, which would necessarily lead to defensive leagues among the Protestants.[2]

While thus, during the earlier part of the year 1572, the Prince of Orange, discouraged by no defeats, was indefatigable in his exertions to maintain the cause of liberty, and while at the same time the most stanch supporters of arbitrary power were unanimous in denouncing to Philip the insane conduct of his Viceroy, the letters of Alva himself were naturally full of complaints and expostulations. It was in vain, he said, for him to look for a confidential councillor, now that matters which he had wished to be kept so profoundly secret that the very earth should not hear of them, had been proclaimed aloud above the tiles of every housetop.[3] Nevertheless, he would be cut into little pieces but his Majesty should be obeyed, while he remained alive to enforce the royal commands.[4] There were none who had been ever faithful but Berlaymont, he said, and even *he* had been neutral in the affair of the tax. He had rendered therein neither good nor bad offices, but, as his Majesty was aware, Berlaymont was entirely ignorant of business, and "knew nothing more than to be a good fellow."[5] That being the case, he recommended Hierges, son of the "good fellow," as a proper person to be governor of Friesland.[6]

The deputations appointed by the different provinces to confer personally with the King received a reprimand upon their arrival for having dared to come to Spain without permission. Further punishment, however, than this rebuke was not inflicted. They were assured that the King was highly displeased with their venturing to bring remonstrances against the tax, but they were comforted with the assurance that his Majesty would take the subject of their petition into consideration.[7] Thus the expectations of Alva were disappointed, for the tenth penny was not formally confirmed; and the hopes of the provinces frustrated, because it was not distinctly disavowed.

Matters had reached another crisis in the provinces. "Had we money now," wrote the Prince of Orange, "we should, with the help of God, hope to effect something. This is a time when, with even small sums, more can be effected than at other seasons with ampler funds."[8] The citizens were in open revolt against the tax. In order that the tenth penny should not be levied upon every sale of goods, the natural but desperate remedy was adopted—no goods were sold at all. Not only the wholesale commerce of the provinces was suspended, but the minute and indispensable traffic of daily life was entirely at a stand. The shops were all shut. "The brewers," says a contemporary, "refused to brew, the bakers to bake, the tapsters to tap."[9] Multitudes, thrown entirely out of employment, and wholly dependent upon charity, swarmed in every city. The soldiery, furious for their pay, which Alva had for many months neglected to furnish, grew daily more insolent; the citizens, maddened by outrage and hardened by despair,

1 "Todo el pueblo esta en *vaya, vaya, vaya!*"—Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1074.
2 Ibid. 3 Ibid., 1095. 4 Ibid.
5 "Y no sabe mas que ser buen hombre."—Ibid., ii. 1105. 6 Ibid.
7 "Relation of what passed from the arrival of the deputies at Madrid till 20th April 1572."—Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1105.
8 Bor, vi. 362.
9 "De Brouwers en wilden niet brouwen, de Backers en wilden niet backen, noch Tappers niet tappen."—Bor, vi. 361.

became more and more obstinate in their resistance; while the Duke, rendered inflexible by opposition and insane by wrath, regarded the ruin which he had caused with a malignant spirit which had long ceased to be human. "The disease is gnawing at our vitals," wrote Viglius;[1] "everybody is suffering for want of the necessaries of life. Multitudes are in extreme and hopeless poverty. My interest in the welfare of the commonwealth," he continued, "induces me to send these accounts to Spain. For myself, I fear nothing. Broken by sickness and acute physical suffering, I should leave life without regret."

The aspect of the capital was that of a city stricken with the plague. Articles of the most absolute necessity could not be obtained. It was impossible to buy bread, or meat, or beer. The tyrant, beside himself with rage at being thus braved in his very lair, privately sent for Master Carl, the executioner.[2] In order to exhibit an unexpected and salutary example, he had determined to hang eighteen of the leading tradesmen of the city in the doors of their own shops, with the least possible delay, and without the slightest form of trial.[3] Master Carl was ordered, on the very night of his interview with the Duke, to prepare eighteen strong cords, and eighteen ladders twelve feet in length.[4] By this simple arrangement, Alva was disposed to make manifest on the morrow to the burghers of Brussels that justice was thenceforth to be carried to every man's door. He supposed that the spectacle of a dozen and a half of butchers and bakers suspended in front of the shops which they had refused to open, would give a more effective stimulus to trade than any to be expected from argument or proclamation. The hangman was making ready his cords and ladders; Don Frederic of Toledo was closeted with President Viglius,[5] who, somewhat against his will, was aroused at midnight to draw the warrants for these impromptu executions; Alva was waiting with grim impatience for the dawn upon which the show was to be exhibited, when an unforeseen event suddenly arrested the homely tragedy. In the night arrived the intelligence that the town of Brill had been captured. The Duke, feeling the full gravity of the situation, postponed the chastisement which he had thus secretly planned to a more convenient season, in order, without an instant's hesitation, to avert the consequences of this new movement on the part of the rebels. The seizure of Brill was the *Deus ex machinâ* which unexpectedly solved both the inextricable knot of the situation and the hangman's noose.[6]

Allusion has more than once been made to those formidable partisans of the patriot cause, the marine outlaws. Cheated of half their birthright by nature, and now driven forth from their narrow isthmus by tyranny, the exiled Hollanders took to the ocean. Its boundless fields, long arable to their industry, became fatally fruitful now that oppression was transforming a peaceful seafaring people into a nation of corsairs. Driven to outlawry and poverty, no doubt many Netherlanders plunged into crime. The patriot party had long since laid aside the respectful deportment which had provoked the sarcasms of the loyalists. The Beggars of the Sea asked their alms through the mouths of their cannon. Unfortunately, they but too often made their demands upon both friend and foe.[7] Every ruined merchant, every banished lord, every reckless mariner, who was willing to lay the commercial world under contribution to repair his damaged fortunes, could, without much difficulty, be supplied with a vessel and crew at some northern port, under

[1] Viglii Epist. ad Hopper, 126.
[2] Bor, vi. 361.
[3] Ibid. Strada, lib. vii. 357. Hoofd, vi. 216.
[4] Bor, Hoofd, ubi sup.
[5] Bor, vi. 361. Hoofd, vi. 216.
[6] Strada, lib. vii. 357. Bor, Hoofd, supra.
[7] Letter of Prince of Orange to the Refugee Church at London, 26th February 1573, Archives de la Maison d'Orange Nassau, iv. 65.

colour of crúising against the Viceroy's government.[1] Nor was the ostensible motive simply a pretext. To make war upon Alva was the leading object of all these freebooters, and they were usually furnished by the Prince of Orange, in his capacity of sovereign, with letters of marque for that purpose.[2] The Prince, indeed, did his utmost to control and correct an evil which had inevitably grown out of the horrors of the time. His admiral, William de la Marck, was, however, incapable of comprehending the lofty purposes of his superior. A wild, sanguinary, licentious noble, wearing his hair and beard unshorn, according to ancient Batavian custom, until the death of his relative, Egmont, should have been expiated, a worthy descendant of the Wild Boar of Ardennes, this hirsute and savage corsair seemed an embodiment of vengeance. He had sworn to wreak upon Alva and upon Popery deep revenge owed to them by the Netherland nobility; and in the cruelties afterwards practised by him upon monks and priests, the Blood Council learned that their example had made at least one ripe scholar among the rebels.[3] He was lying, at this epoch, with his fleet on the southern coast of England, from which advantageous position he was now to be ejected in a summary manner.[4]

The negotiations between the Duke of Alva and Queen Elizabeth had already assumed an amicable tone, and were fast ripening to an adjustment. It lay by no means in that sovereign's disposition to involve herself at this juncture in a war with Philip, and it was urged upon her Government by Alva's commissioners that the continued countenance afforded by the English people to the Netherland cruisers must inevitably lead to that result. In the latter days of March, therefore, a sentence of virtual excommunication was pronounced against De la Marck and his rovers. A peremptory order of Elizabeth forbade any of her subjects to supply them with meat, bread, or beer.[5] The command being strictly complied with, their further stay was rendered impossible. Twenty-four vessels accordingly, of various sizes, commanded by De la Marck, Treslong, Adam van Haren, Brand, and other distinguished seamen, set sail from Dover[6] in the very last days of March.[7] Being almost in a state of starvation, these adventurers were naturally anxious to supply themselves with food. They determined to make a sudden foray upon the coasts of North Holland, and accordingly steered for Enkhuizen, both because it was a rich seaport, and because it contained many secret partisans of the Prince. On Palm Sunday they captured two Spanish merchantmen. Soon afterwards, however, the wind becoming contrary, they were unable to double the Helder or the Texel; and on Tuesday the 1st of April, having abandoned their original intention, they dropped down towards Zealand, and entered the broad mouth of the river Meuse. Between the town of Brill, upon

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[1] "Nam audacissimus quisque Belgica extorres et inops exilium metuentes, in naves se conjecerant, aliasque complures obvias per vim, nacti, aucto numero, prædabundi oceano et per oram maritimam vagabantur. In hanc multitudinem Aurasionensis, quanquam jus et regimen aberant, specie imperii retinebat, distributis per codicillos potestatibus."—Grotii Annal., lib. ii. 49. [2] Ibid.

[3] Vide Bor, vi 365. Vide Meteren, 64. Hoofd, 216, sqq. See also Van Wyn op Wagenaer, vi. 86; Van der Vynckt, ii. 127; Grotii Ann., lib. ii. 49; Ulloa, Comment., i. 60.

[4] The practice of effecting marine insurances took a great and rapid extension from these and similar piracies. Renom de France MS. (ii. 12) supposes the system to have been invented by the Antwerp merchants at this epoch. The custom, however, was doubtless established at an earlier period in Flanders, England, Italy, and Spain. The statute 43 Eliz. c. 12, on the subject, speaks of the immemorial usage among merchants, both English and foreign, to procure insurance on ships and goods. The Duke of Alva, at this time, after consultation with the merchants, drew up an edict regulating contracts of assurance; stipulating that the sum insured should be less than the just and common value of the property insured, one-tenth at least remaining at the risk of the insurer, and prescribing the forms for the policies. A public officer was appointed to keep register of these contracts, which, without such registration, were to be invalid. Masters, pilots, and sailors were not allowed to insure their wages, or anything belonging to them. Fraud on the part of the insurers or the insured was punished with death and confiscation. These contracts were, however, entirely insufficient to protect vessels, which were plundered daily by "ce canaille de corsaires," which infested every sea and bay.—Renom de France MS., ii. c. 12.

[5] Bor, vi. 365, 366.

[6] Probably Dover. See in particular Van Wyn op Wagenaer, vi. 77; also Meteren, 68.

[7] Bor, ubi sup. Wagenaer, vi. 340, sqq.

the southern lip of this estuary, and Maaslandsluis, about half a league distant, upon the opposite side, the squadron suddenly appeared at about two o'clock of an April afternoon, to the great astonishment of the inhabitants of both places.[1] It seemed too large a fleet to be a mere collection of trading vessels, nor did they appear to be Spanish ships. Peter Koppelstok, a sagacious ferryman, informed the passengers whom he happened to be conveying across the river that the strangers were evidently the water beggars.[2] The dreaded name filled his hearers with consternation, and they became eager to escape from so perilous a vicinity. Having duly landed his customers, however, who hastened to spread the news of the impending invasion, and to prepare for defence or flight, the stout ferryman, who was secretly favourable to the cause of liberty, rowed boldly out to inquire the destination and purposes of the fleet.

The vessel which he first hailed was that commanded by William de Blois, Seigneur of Treslong. This adventurous noble, whose brother had been executed by the Duke of Alva in 1568,[3] had himself fought by the side of Count Louis at Jemmingen, and, although covered with wounds, had been one of the few who escaped alive from that horrible carnage. During the intervening period he had become one of the most famous rebels on the ocean, and he had always been well known in Brill, where his father had been governor for the King.[4] He at once recognised Koppelstok, and hastened with him on board the Admiral's ship, assuring De la Marck that the ferryman was exactly the man for their purpose. It was absolutely necessary that a landing should be effected, for the people were without the necessaries of life. Captain Martin Brand had visited the ship of Adam van Haren, as soon as they had dropped anchor in the Meuse, begging for food. "I gave him a cheese," said Adam, afterwards relating the occurrence, "and assured him that it was the last article of food to be found in the ship."[5] The other vessels were equally destitute. Under the circumstances, it was necessary to attempt a landing. Treslong, therefore, who was really the hero of this memorable adventure, persuaded De la Marck to send a message to the city of Brill, demanding its surrender. This was a bold summons to be made by a handful of men, three or four hundred at most,[6] who were both metaphorically and literally beggars. The city of Brill was not populous, but it was well walled and fortified. It was, moreover, a most commodious port. Treslong gave his signet ring to the fisherman, Koppelstok, and ordered him, thus accredited as an envoy, to carry their summons to the magistracy.[7] Koppelstok, nothing loathe, instantly rowed ashore, pushed through the crowd of inhabitants, who overwhelmed him with questions, and made his appearance in the townhouse before the assembled magistrates. He informed them that he had been sent by the Admiral of the fleet and by Treslong, who was well known to them, to demand that two commissioners should be sent out on the part of the city to confer with the patriots. He was bidden, he said, to give assurance that the deputies would be courteously treated. The only object of those who had sent him was to free the land from the tenth penny, and to overthrow the tyranny of Alva and his Spaniards. Hereupon he was asked by the magistrates how large a force De la Marck had under his command. To this question the ferryman carelessly replied, that there might *be some five thousand in all.*[8] This enormous falsehood produced its effect upon the magistrates. There was now no longer any inclination to resist the invaders; the only question discussed being

[1] Bor, ubi sup. Hoofd, 216, 217.
[2] Bor, Hoofd, Wagenaer, ubi sup.
[3] Sententien van Alva, 73, 74.
[4] Bor, vi. 366.
[5] Van Wyn op Wagenr., vi. 78, from a MS. journal kept by Adam Van Haren himself.
[6] Bor states their numbers at two hundred and fifty, vi. 366. Hoofd follows Bor. Mendoza, f. 111, says there were eleven hundred in all. The Duke of Alva in his letter of 26th April 1572 (No. 1107, Correspondance de Philippe II.), estimates them at between seven and eight hundred. Bentivoglio, lib. v. 88, says one thousand.
[7] Bor, Hoofd, Van Wyn.
[8] Hoofd, vi. 218.

whether to treat with them or to fly. On the whole, it was decided to do both. With some difficulty, two deputies were found sufficiently valiant to go forth to negotiate with the beggars, while in their absence most of the leading burghers and functionaries made their preparations for flight. The envoys were assured by De la Marck and Treslong that no injury was intended to the citizens or to private property, but that the overthrow of Alva's government was to be instantly accomplished. Two hours were given to the magistrates in which to decide whether or not they would surrender the town, and accept the authority of De la Marck as Admiral of the Prince of Orange. They employed the two hours thus granted in making an ignominious escape. Their example was followed by most of the townspeople. When the invaders, at the expiration of the specified term, appeared under the walls of the city, they found a few inhabitants of the lower class gazing at them from above, but received no official communication from any source.[1]

The whole rebel force was now divided into two parties, one of which, under Treslong, made an attack upon the southern gate, while the other, commanded by the Admiral, advanced upon the northern. Treslong after a short struggle succeeded in forcing his entrance, and arrested, in doing so, the governor of the city, just taking his departure. De la Marck and his men made a bonfire at the northern gate, and then battered down the half-burned portal with the end of an old mast.[2] Thus rudely and rapidly did the Netherland patriots conduct their first successful siege. The two parties, not more perhaps than two hundred and fifty men in all, met before sunset in the centre of the city, and the foundation of the Dutch Republic was laid. The weary spirit of freedom, so long a fugitive over earth and sea, had at last found a resting-place, which rude and even ribald hands had prepared.

The panic created by the first appearance of the fleet had been so extensive that hardly fifty citizens had remained in the town. The rest had all escaped, with as much property as they could carry away. The Admiral, in the name of the Prince of Orange, as lawful stadholder of Philip, took formal possession of an almost deserted city. No indignity was offered to the inhabitants of either sex, but as soon as the conquerors were fairly established in the best houses of the place, the inclination to plunder the churches could no longer be restrained. The altars and images were all destroyed, the rich furniture and gorgeous vestments appropriated to private use. Adam van Haren appeared on his vessel's deck attired in a magnificent high-mass chasuble. Treslong thenceforth used no drinking cups in his cabin save the golden chalices of the sacrament. Unfortunately, their hatred to Popery was not confined to such demonstrations. Thirteen unfortunate monks and priests, who had been unable to effect their escape, were arrested and thrown into prison, from whence they were taken a few days later, by order of the ferocious Admiral, and executed under circumstances of great barbarity.[3]

The news of this important exploit spread with great rapidity. Alva, surprised at the very moment of venting his rage on the butchers and grocers of Brussels, deferred this savage design in order to deal with the new difficulty. He had certainly not expected such a result from the ready compliance of Queen Elizabeth with his request. His rage was excessive; the triumph of the people, by whom he was cordially detested, proportionably great. The punsters of Brussels were sure not to let such an opportunity escape them, for the name of the captured town was susceptible of a quibble, and the event had taken place upon All Fools' Day.

"On April's Fools' Day,
Duke Alva's spectacles were stolen away."

[1] Bor, vi. 366. Hoofd, vi. 218.
[2] Ibid., Ibid., Wagenaer.
[3] Bor, vi. 366, 367. Van Wyn op Waggenaer, vi. 84, note 10.

became a popular couplet.[1] The word *spectacles*, in Flemish, as well as the name of the suddenly surprised city, being Brill, this allusion to the Duke's loss and implied purblindness was not destitute of ingenuity. A caricature too was extensively circulated, representing De la Marck stealing the Duke's spectacles from his nose, while the Governor was supposed to be uttering his habitual expression whenever any intelligence of importance was brought to him: "*No es nada, no es nada*"—'tis nothing, 'tis nothing.[2]

The Duke, however, lost not an instant in attempting to repair the disaster. Count Bossu, who had acted as stadholder of Holland and Zealand, under Alva's authority, since the Prince of Orange had resigned that office, was ordered at once to recover the conquered seaport if possible.[3]

Hastily gathering a force of some ten companies from the garrison of Utrecht, some of which very troops had recently, and unluckily for Government, been removed from Brill to that city, the Count crossed the Sluis to the island of Voorn upon Easter Day, and sent a summons to the rebel force to surrender Brill. The patriots, being very few in number, were at first afraid to venture outside the gates to attack the much superior force of their invaders. A carpenter, however, who belonged to the city, but had long been a partisan of Orange, dashed into the water with his axe in his hand, and swimming to the Niewland sluice, hacked it open with a few vigorous strokes. The sea poured in at once, making the approach to the city upon the north side impossible. Bossu then led his Spaniards along the Niewland dyke to the southern gate, where they were received with a warm discharge of artillery, which completely staggered them. Meantime, Treslong and Ropol had, in the most daring manner, rowed out to the ships which had brought the enemy to the island, cut some adrift, and set others on fire. The Spaniards at the southern gate caught sight of their blazing vessels, saw the sea rapidly rising over the dyke, became panicstruck at being thus enclosed between fire and water, and dashed off in precipitate retreat along the slippery causeway and through the slimy and turbid waters, which were fast threatening to overwhelm them.[4] Many were drowned or smothered in their flight, but the greater portion of the force effected their escape in the vessels which still remained within reach. This danger averted, Admiral de la Marck summoned all the inhabitants, a large number of whom had returned to the town after the capture had been fairly established, and required them, as well as all the population of the island, to take an oath of allegiance to the Prince of Orange as stadholder for his Majesty.[5]

The Prince had not been extremely satisfied with the enterprise of De la Marck.[6] He thought it premature, and doubted whether it would be practicable to hold the place, as he had not yet completed his arrangements in Germany, nor assembled the force with which he intended again to take the field. More than all, perhaps, he had little confidence in the character of his admiral. Orange was right in his estimate of De la Marck. It had not been that rover's design either to take or to hold the place; and after the descent had been made, the ships victualled, the churches plundered, the booty secured, and a few monks murdered, he had given orders for the burning of the town, and for the departure of the fleet.[7] The urgent solicitations of Treslong, however, prevailed, with some difficulty, over De la Marck's original intentions. It is to that bold and intelligent noble, therefore, more than to any other individual, that the merit of laying this corner-stone of the Batavian commonwealth

[1] Bor, vi. 366:—
Den eersten dag van April
Verloos Dus d'Alva zijnen Brill."

[2] Vie du Duc d'Albe, i. 403. Van der Vynckt, ii. 142.

[3] Bor, vi. 367.

[4] "Deg. slyk, door slop, door dik en dun," are the homely but vigorous expressions of the Netherland chronicler.—Bor, vi. 367.

[5] Bor, vi. 368. Hoold, vi. 220.

[6] Ibid., 367. Ibid., 221. Wagenaer, vi. 348.

[7] Ibid., 366. Ibid., 219. Ibid., 345, 346.

belongs.[1] The enterprise itself was an accident, but the quick eye of Treslong saw the possibility of a permanent conquest, where his superior dreamed of nothing beyond a piratical foray.

Meantime Bossu, baffled in his attempt upon Brill, took his way towards Rotterdam. It was important that he should, at least, secure such other cities as the recent success of the rebels might cause to waver in their allegiance. He found the gates of Rotterdam closed. The authorities refused to comply with his demand to admit a garrison for the King. Professing perfect loyalty, the inhabitants very naturally refused to admit a band of sanguinary Spaniards to enforce their obedience. Compelled to parley, Bossu resorted to a perfidious stratagem. He requested permission for his troops to pass through the city without halting. This was granted by the magistrates, on condition that only a corporal's command should be admitted at a time. To these terms the Count affixed his hand and seal.[2] With the admission, however, of the first detachment, a violent onset was made upon the gate by the whole Spanish force. The townspeople, not suspecting treachery, were not prepared to make effective resistance. A stout smith, confronting the invaders at the gate, almost singly, with his sledge-hammer, was stabbed to the heart by Bossu with his own hand.[3] The soldiers having thus gained admittance, rushed through the streets, putting every man to death who offered the slightest resistance. Within a few minutes four hundred citizens were murdered. The fate of the women, abandoned now to the outrage of a brutal soldiery, was worse than death. The capture of Rotterdam is infamous for the same crimes which blacken the record of every Spanish triumph in the Netherlands.[4]

The important town of Flushing, on the isle of Walcheren, was first to vibrate with the patriotic impulse given by the success at Brill. The Seigneur de Herpt, a warm partisan of Orange, excited the burghers assembled in the market-place to drive the small remnant of the Spanish garrison from the city. A little later upon the same day, a considerable reinforcement arrived before the walls. The Duke had determined, although too late, to complete the fortress which had been commenced long before to control the possession of this important position at the mouth of the Western Scheld. The troops who were to resume this too long intermitted work arrived just in time to witness the expulsion of their comrades. De Herpt easily persuaded the burghers that the die was cast, and that their only hope lay in a resolute resistance. The people warmly acquiesced, while a half-drunken, half-witted fellow in the crowd valiantly proposed, in consideration of a pot of beer, to ascend the ramparts and to discharge a couple of pieces of artillery at the Spanish ships. The offer was accepted, and the vagabond, merrily mounting the height, discharged the guns. Strange to relate, the shot thus fired by a lunatic's hand put the invading ships to flight. A sudden panic seized the Spaniards, the whole fleet stood away at once in the direction of Middleburg, and were soon out of sight.[5]

The next day, however, Antony of Bourgoyne, governor under Alva for the island of Walcheren, made his appearance in Flushing. Having a high opinion of his own oratorical powers, he came with the intention of winning back with his rhetoric a city which the Spaniards had thus far been unable to recover with their cannon. The great bell was rung, the whole population assembled in the market-place, and Antony, from the steps of the town-house, delivered a long oration, assuring the burghers, among other asseverations, that the King, who *was the best-natured prince in all Christendom*,

[1] Hoofd, vi. 219.
[2] Bor, vi. 368.
[3] Ibid. Hoofd, vi. 220, 221.
[4] Meteren, 66. Bor, Hoofd. ubi sup
[5] Bor, vi. 369. Hoofd, vi. 222.

would forget and forgive their offences, if they returned honestly to their duties.[1]

The effect of the Governor's eloquence was much diminished, however, by the interlocutory remarks of De Herpt and a group of his adherents. They reminded the people of the King's good nature, of his readiness to forget and to forgive, as exemplified by the fate of Horn and Egmont, of Berghen and Montigny, and by the daily and almost hourly decrees of the Blood Council. Each well-rounded period of the Governor was greeted with ironical cheers. The oration was unsuccessful. "O citizens, citizens!" cried at last the discomfited Antony, "ye know not what ye do. Your blood be upon your own heads; the responsibility be upon your own hearts for the fires which are to consume your cities and the desolation which is to sweep your land!" The orator at this impressive point was interrupted, and most unceremoniously hustled out of the city. The government remained in the hands of the patriots.[2]

The party, however, was not so strong in soldiers as in spirit. No sooner, therefore, had they established their rebellion to Alva as an incontrovertible fact, than they sent off emissaries to the Prince of Orange and to Admiral De la Marck at Brill. Finding that the inhabitants of Flushing were willing to provide arms and ammunition, De la Marck readily consented to send a small number of men, bold and experienced in partisan warfare, of whom he had now collected a larger number than he could well arm or maintain in his present position.[3]

The detachment, two hundred in number, in three small vessels,[4] set sail accordingly from Brill for Flushing; and a wild crew they were, of reckless adventurers, under command of the bold Treslong. The expedition seemed a fierce but whimsical masquerade. Every man in the little fleet was attired in the gorgeous vestments of the plundered churches, in gold-embroidered cassocks, glittering mass-garments, or the more sombre cowls and robes of Capuchin friars.[5] So sped the early standard-bearers of that ferocious liberty which had sprung from the fires in which all else for which men cherish their fatherland had been consumed. So swept that resolute but fantastic band along the placid estuaries of Zealand, waking the stagnant waters with their wild-beggar songs and cries of vengeance.

That vengeance found soon a distinguished object. Pacheco, the chief engineer of Alva, who had accompanied the Duke in his march from Italy, who had since earned a world-wide reputation as the architect of the Antwerp citadel, had been just dispatched in haste to Flushing to complete the fortress whose construction had been so long delayed. Too late for his work, too soon for his safety, the ill-fated engineer had arrived almost at the same moment with Treslong and his crew.[6] He had stepped on shore entirely ignorant of all which had transpired, expecting to be treated with the respect due to the chief commandant of the place, and to an officer high in the confidence of the Governor-General. He found himself surrounded by an indignant and threatening mob. The unfortunate Italian understood not a word of the opprobrious language addressed to him, but he easily comprehended that the authority of the Duke was overthrown. Observing De Ryk, a distinguished partisan officer and privateersman of Amsterdam, whose reputation for bravery and generosity was known to him, he approached him, and drawing a seal ring from his finger, kissed it and handed it to the rebel chieftain.[7] By this dumb-show he gave him to understand that he relied upon his honour

[1] Bor, vi. 370. Hoofd, vi. 222.
[2] Ibid. [3] Bor, vi. 370. [4] Wagenaer, vi. 351.
[5] Bor, vi. 370. Wagenaer, vi. 351. Van Wyn op Wagenaer, vi. 84, sqq.
[6] Bor, vi. 370. Hoofd, vi. 224, 225.
[7] Hoofd, who afterwards received the ring as a present from Siman de Ryk, son of the officer to whom it was given by the unfortunate Don Pedro Pacheco

for the treatment due to a gentlemen. De Ryk understood the appeal, and would willingly have assured him at least a soldier's death, but he was powerless to do so. He arrested him, that he might be protected from the fury of the rabble; but Treslong, who now commanded in Flushing, was especially incensed against the founder of the Antwerp citadel, and felt a ferocious desire to avenge his brother's murder upon the body of his destroyer's favourite.[1] Pacheco was condemned to be hanged upon the very day of his arrival. Having been brought forth from his prison, he begged hard, but not abjectly, for his life. He offered a heavy ransom, but his enemies were greedy for blood, not for money. It was, however, difficult to find an executioner. The city hangman was absent, and the prejudice of the country and the age against the vile profession had assuredly not been diminished during the five horrible years of Alva's administration. Even a condemned murderer, who lay in the town gaol, refused to accept his life in recompense for performing the office. It should never be said, he observed, that his mother had given birth to a hangman. When told, however, that the intended victim was a Spanish officer, the malefactor consented to the task with alacrity, on condition that he might afterwards kill any man who taunted him with the deed.

Arrived at the foot of the gallows, Pacheco complained bitterly of the disgraceful death designed for him. He protested loudly that he came of a house as noble as that of Egmont or Horn, and was entitled to as honourable an execution as theirs had been. "The sword! the sword!" he frantically exclaimed, as he struggled with those who guarded him. His language was not understood, but the names of Egmont and Horn inflamed still more highly the rage of the rabble, while his cry for the sword was falsely interpreted by a rude fellow who had happened to possess himself of Pacheco's rapier at his capture, and who now paraded himself with it at the gallows' foot. "Never fear for your sword, Señor," cried this ruffian; "your sword is safe enough, and in good hands. Up the ladder with you, Señor; you have no further use for your sword."

Pacheco, thus outraged, submitted to his fate. He mounted the ladder with a steady step, and was hanged between two other Spanish officers.[2] So perished miserably a brave soldier, and one of the most distinguished engineers of his time, a man whose character and accomplishments had certainly merited for him a better fate.[3] But while we stigmatise as it deserves the atrocious conduct of a few Netherland partisans, we should remember who first unchained the demon of international hatred in this unhappy land; nor should it ever be forgotten that the great leader of the revolt, by word, proclamation, example, by entreaties, threats, and condign punishment, constantly rebuked, and to a certain extent restrained, the sanguinary spirit by which some of his followers disgraced the noble cause which they had espoused.

Treslong did not long remain in command at Flushing. An officer high in the confidence of the Prince, Jerome van 't Zeraerts, now arrived at Flushing, with a commission to be Lieutenant-Governor over the whole isle of Walcheren. He was attended by a small band of French infantry, while at nearly the same time the garrison was further strengthened by the arrival of a large number of volunteers from England.[4]

[1] Bor, vi. 370.

[2] Ibid. Hoofd, vi. 225. Wagenaer, vi. 352. It is erroneously stated by Bentivoglio, lib. v. 92, and Cabrera, lib. ix. 705, that Pacheco was beheaded. Both these writers follow Mendoza. Tassis differs from all other historians. "Sed suspensum sublime pedibus vita privaruut."—J. B. de Tassis, Comment. de Tumultibus Belgicis, xxvi. 149. There is no doubt, however, that the unfortunate gentleman was hanged by the neck, and not by the legs.

[3] It was said, in extenuation of the barbarous punishment which was inflicted upon him, that a paper had been found upon his person, containing a list of a large number of persons in the Netherlands whom the Duke of Alva had doomed to immediate execution. The fact is stated in the "Petition to the King." Bor, vi. 348-369. Hoofd, vi. 225. Meteren, 71. Compare Wagenaer, vi. 352, 353; Van Wyn op Wagenaer, vi. 89, 90.

[4] Bor, vi. 372.