

THE
BEGGARS OF HOLLAND

AND THE
GRANDEES OF SPAIN.

A HISTORY OF
THE REFORMATION IN THE NETHERLANDS,
FROM A. D. 1200 TO 1578.

BY THE
REV. JOHN W. MEARS, D.D.

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Spoiling the Cathedral at Antwerp.

Beggars of Holland.

Frontispiece.

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BEGGARS OF HOLLAND
AND
GRANDEES OF SPAIN.

THE NETHERLANDS.

IT was observed by the ancient geographer Strabo that the fragmentary parts of continents, especially contiguous islands, are the most richly endowed portions of the globe. And it is true that regions of country somewhat isolated from others, limited in extent, shut in by waters, mountains or deserts, have exercised the widest influence upon the affairs of the world, have made the greatest advances in civilization and have played the greatest part in history. God seems to have set them apart as training-places of their inhabitants for special ends, which would have been lost if they had been thrown

open to the prevailing influences of the world, or to those great tides of commerce, migration, or conquest, which have swept over the wider regions of the world's surface.

Such an isolated region, pre-eminently, was Palestine, whose inhabitants were chosen to preserve and communicate the true religion to the world. Such regions, too, were Greece, Italy and Scotland; such were Old England and New England; such were Switzerland and Holland.

Holland or Hollowland, called also the Netherlands or Lower Lands, may well be reckoned among the fragmentary parts of the continent of Europe. Whether the sea or the land should prevail within its limits has been a matter of fierce contention between the two elements for centuries. The perpetual struggle of the inhabitants to beat back the encroachments of the sea nerved and prepared them to resist the encroachments of tyranny. It was God's discipline to fit them for one of the most momentous struggles in history. The last great inroad of the waters upon their coasts found them fairly engaged in the great effort which resulted in the expulsion of the Spanish invader and in deliverance from the yoke of the Inquisi-

tion. Certain it is, that those parts of the country most exposed to inundation made the most persevering resistance to tyranny and to popery. It was only when the wave of Spanish oppression rolled outward to the sea-wall, and when the dike-builders turned against it the waves of the ocean, which they had learned to control, that the proud armies of Alva succumbed. Among the half-submerged islands of Zealand the first firm ground for liberty was won.

The whole territory formerly called Holland, or the Netherlands, or the Low Countries, now divided into the two kingdoms of Holland and Belgium, is almost one continuous, rich, level meadow, deeply indented by the sea, and the coast line broken up into numberless islands. The Rhine, the Meuse and the Scheldt roll their sluggish currents and stretch their many arms through every part of the territory, watering it and making it accessible in every quarter. To keep these rivers to their courses, and to restrain the ocean in its bed, all Holland has been completely fenced around with great fortifications, called dikes, compared with which our levees along the banks of the Mississippi are diminutive affairs. They

are often as high as forty feet above the level of low tide, seventy feet wide at the base, and sufficiently broad at the top to be used as carriage roads. They are built of heavy timbers, like our wharves, filled in with stones, brought from Norway—for there are none in Holland—and strengthened with piles, and frequently covered with turf and soil and planted with willows. They are under the care of regularly-employed engineers, and materials are always on hand, for immediate use if needed for repairs. During the stormy season watchmen pace the dikes by day and night, prepared to give the alarm at the first sign of weakness in any part of the great sea-wall, so that the people, far and near, may hasten to close up the breach with whatever material they can put their hands upon. It is estimated that the defences of this little country against the sea cost \$1,500,000,000—more than half the amount of our great national debt. Thus the land is protected; and although parts of it are below the level of the sea, it is the home of the most crowded population in the civilized world. At the beginning of the great struggle with Philip, it was reported to contain three hundred and fifty cities

and sixty-three hundred large towns, besides hamlets, castles and farm-houses.

But these undaunted Hollanders were by no means satisfied with merely keeping the sea within its boundary; they launched their fleets upon its waves and plied their commerce with the remotest parts of the earth. The carrying trade of the world was in their hands. Antwerp, in its wide mercantile relations and its commercial prosperity, became the successor of Tyre and of Venice, and the precursor of London, Liverpool and New York.

Still another service did the Hollanders exact from the waters, which seemed almost to envy and to rage against their security. They led them, like tamed animals, through countless canals, quietly and peacefully, over every part of their level territory; in some of the towns they almost took the place of streets. Harlem, the northern Venice, was divided into thirty islands, united by one hundred handsome cut-stone bridges. Ninety lakes in the interior have been drained and turned into admirable pasture-land. Among these was Harlem Lake, once a body of water fourteen miles long, ten miles wide and thirteen feet deep, con-

necting the cities of Harlem, Leyden and Amsterdam, that lay around its borders. In the thirteen years from 1839 to 1852, the bed of this lake was pumped *dry*, and furnished more than forty-one thousand acres of good land, now waving with the fruits of industry and the means of sustenance for man and beast.

At the time of which we are writing, Holland, or the Netherlands, was divided into seventeen provinces, each one on an average being about the size of Rhode Island, and the whole covering an area of over twenty-five thousand square miles, making a state rather larger than South Carolina, and somewhat resembling it in the network of islands along the shore. The southern part of the country stretches farther inland than the northern, and has comparatively little sea-coast; while all the northern provinces are reached by bays and inlets, or are perpetually beaten by the waves of the North Sea. Thus we have Groningen, in the extreme north-east, bounded on the north by the North Sea, and on the east by Lake Dollart and the broad river Ems—a stream destined to witness one of the saddest defeats of the patriot army. Around the Zuyder-Zee, the great inland

water formed by a terrible incursion of the sea in the thirteenth century, lay clustered nearly all the states which declared for William in the wonderful spring-time of 1572; Friesland and Overysssel to the east; Gelderland, the country of Zutphen, to the south-east; and Utrecht, where the union of the Seven Provinces was formed under William in 1579, to the south; while North Holland, pointing boldly to the north with its tapering finger, having a width of from ten to forty miles between the Zuyder-Zee on the east and the ocean on the west, is little more than a shoal in the sea, which would be covered at high tide but for the massive dikes which girdle it around on every side. But upon this reclaimed shoal stand the famous and populous cities of Amsterdam and Harlem, and Alkmaer and Enkhuisen, and its population numbers more than five hundred to the square mile—more than twice as dense as that of Massachusetts. Directly south is South Holland, formerly united with the upper province, and, like that, nearly surrounded with water, traversed by rivers and canals, and protected from submersion by the everywhere-present dikes. Here are the renowned cities of Leyden, Dort,

and Rotterdam, and a population of six hundred to the square mile. Here, on the very edge of the sea, is the little town of Briel, the capture of which from the Spaniards by the Water Beggars of Holland, in 1572, was the first successful blow struck for the liberation of the country. Further south, and stretching out westward, is the archipelago of Zealand—or Sealand, as we might well term it—made up almost entirely of the large islands of Walcheren, South Beveland, Schowen, and many other smaller ones, and penetrated everywhere with broad inlets of the sea; just the country to encourage the growth of a hardy people, who would be at home equally on land and sea, and to form the material of a great and powerful navy. Here, too, the dikes are all important. To keep up two of these structures, on the single island of Walcheren, costs sixty thousand dollars a year.

These comprise the seven northern provinces, which, after a war of seventy years, were recognized as independent of the Spanish yoke, and took their place as a Protestant nation, under the name of the United Provinces of the Netherlands. The ten provinces of the south, in which the first movements of the Reformation appeared,

and which for a time shared in the struggles and successes of their neighbors, were finally separated from them and remained under the Spanish yoke.

Immediately to the south-west of Zealand, but with a far simpler and more clearly marked line of coast, lies Flanders, the only one of these provinces reached by the sea. Flanders, Hainault, Namur and Luxemburg form the south-western border of the country, and touch upon the north-eastern boundary of France. It was into these provinces that the doctrines of John Calvin were easily and early brought by Huguenot preachers, and great were the hopes cherished, up to the time of the massacre of St. Bartholomew, of material aid from the Huguenot captains, which, alas! never came. Valenciennes, which now belongs to France, was at this time included within the Dutch province of Hainault, and bore a brave part, and suffered a fearful punishment from the Spaniards in the very opening of the war.

Between this southern tier of states and the northern provinces, was Limburg, with the city of Maestricht on the Meuse, near the place made famous by the Prince of Orange crossing its deep waters, with his whole army, without

boat or bridge. In this interior part, towards the west, was the province of Antwerp, with the great commercial metropolis of the same name. There was finally Brabant, with its capital city, Brussels, the seat of government during the time of Charles and Philip, and now the capital city of Belgium. Here was witnessed the strange scene of the abdication of the mighty Emperor Charles, who

“Cast crowns for rosaries away—
An empire for a cell.”

Here Alva dwelt and held his dreadful Blood Council. Here Egmont and Horn were executed. Upon its walls hung the terrible placards of Charles against heresy. Here, too, was first heard that strange cry, so full of meaning for long years afterwards to friend and foe—“*Long live the Beggars!*” Here was the term first applied by the friends of Spain, in contempt, to the confederate nobles, who made it the watchword and rallying cry of the defenders of their country. It was from bold, brave men, who got their name of **BEGGARS** in Brussels, that the first successful blow came for the deliverance of their country from the grasp of the proud **GRANDEES OF SPAIN**.

EARLY STRUGGLES.

THE time can scarcely be remembered when the Christian ministers and people of the Netherlands submitted quietly to the Pope of Rome, or allowed the vices of monks and priests to pass without rebuke.

More than a thousand years ago there were bold and fearless bishops, lovers of truth, of holiness, and of freedom, in that narrow territory, who did not hesitate to disobey the Pope's decisions when they believed them seriously wrong, and to tell him, in the plainest language, what they thought of his injustice and wickedness. When the Pope wished them and their people to rebel against their lawful rulers, they refused, declaring that neither Pope nor bishop could release subjects from the oaths they had taken to their governors.

When Hildebrand, or Gregory VII., in the latter part of the eleventh century, took a long

step in advance of the Popes who had gone before him, claiming the right to depose and set up kings, and to interfere in the governments of all the kingdoms of the earth, it was William, the twenty-first bishop of Utrecht, who secured a unanimous vote, in a Council at Worms, not only to condemn such outrageous assumptions, but even to depose and excommunicate the Pope from the Church. The resolutions adopted by the Council close by declaring Hildebrand to be "neither pastor, father nor Pope; but a thief, a murderer, and a tyrant."

When this bold Bishop William died, his successor Conrad showed much the same spirit, in resisting the claims of the Pope and advocating those of the Emperor Henry. Conrad was assassinated in the year 1099. In the same year Paschal II. became Pope, and it was one of the earliest of his acts to stir up Robert, Count of Flanders, against Cambray and Liege—cities which had taken part with the emperor in this conflict with the popes. Cambray, in France, was laid waste, but the bishop and clergy of Liege sent a strong remonstrance to Paschal, in which they did not hesitate to call his authority in question, and

to quote Scripture against him, Catholics though they were, as any Protestant might have done. Here is a specimen of their language:

“Paul the Apostle says that he withstood Peter, the prince of the apostles, to his face. Why should not we likewise, without regarding the pride and ambition of Rome, blame and censure her bishops when guilty of known and grievous misdemeanors? They who imitate Peter in his rage against Malchus, let them also imitate him in putting up his sword. You maintain that he who dies excommunicated is lost. Here we call in the authority of the Church of Rome itself to our assistance; for one of your predecessors, Gregory the First, has declared that the bishop of Rome can absolve those who are unjustly excommunicated. If, therefore, the bishop of Rome can do this, who dares deny that God can absolve those whom the bishop of Rome has unjustly excommunicated?”

So much like Protestants do these Christians of Liege speak, four centuries before the name of Protestant was known. Their town was saved, as it assuredly deserved to be. The emperor took care of his loyal subjects. It was the country of

the Pope's agent, Robert of Flanders, which was laid waste, and he was glad to beg for peace.

In tracing the history of the Reformation in the Netherlands, we must not overlook the influence of the Waldenses. As in the history of the early Church, given in the Acts, we are told that those scattered abroad by persecution "went everywhere preaching the word," so these primitive people of God, driven from their homes in France by bloody persecutions, went abroad in every direction, preaching and teaching the pure gospel of Christ, and showing its excellence and power by the holiness of their lives.

They soon appeared in the southern part of the Netherlands, called Flanders. Here, however, they found no refuge from the fury of the persecutors. Great numbers of them were condemned to be burnt alive, and the Inquisition itself, the great and terrible engine of popish bigotry, cruelty and injustice, the most monstrous instrument of wrong that the civilized world has ever known, was established about the year 1200, for the express purpose of rooting out the Waldenses. And, dreadful to relate, among the very first of the Inquisitors-general was a traitor Waldensian,

named Robert, who used the knowledge he had gained in their society, by betraying the hiding-places of his old friends, and pointing them out to the officers for punishment. But, like most turncoats, this renegade overdid the thing, and was so outrageously cruel that even the Pope became disgusted, and not only turned him out of office, but put him in prison for life.

These most excellent people, whose lives even their cruel persecutors could not help admiring, were tormented in many ways. Before condemning them, the judges required them to go through what they called "THE ORDEAL." This consisted in various experiments; such as carrying a red-hot iron in the hand while they walked nine paces; plunging the bare arm into boiling water; attempting to float in deep cold water, &c. If the hot iron or scalding water burned them, or if they floated in the cold water, they were declared guilty and burned at the stake. It often happened, through a hasty process, that a person, whether innocent or guilty, was accused, tried, and convicted without any time or assistance given to make his defence, and the same day cast into the fire. But being burned at the stake was

a comparatively merciful mode of execution. Sometimes, after the cruel "ordeal" just described, the victim was skinned alive from the neck to the middle of the body, and then exposed to swarms of bees, who stung him to death. Such horrors were invented and practised in the name of the religion of Jesus. How surprising that grace, which sustained the sufferers and kept them true to their profession through all! But it is not surprising that the free Hollanders were trained by such outrages for the stubborn resistance which they afterwards made to the Pope and his supporters.

In spite of these dreadful persecutions, the doctrine of the Waldenses spread rapidly. In the true spirit of reformers, they depended on the Scriptures, which the Pope denied to the common people, as the great means of enlightenment: They translated the Bible into the Dutch language, and in order to make it more attractive to the people generally they put it into the form of rhymed verses. Perhaps, too, they aimed thus to help the memories of the readers, for there were no printing presses and no printed books in those days. Books had to be written and copied, word

for word, with a pen. Very few persons could own a Bible when a tolerably written copy cost from five to six hundred dollars. They were therefore compelled to lay up in their memory what they heard or had read, and in this effort the rhymed Bible of the Waldenses was of great assistance.

How far the preaching of the English Reformer Wycliff, who died in 1377, influenced these independent Hollanders, we do not know, but we think considerably, for there was a lively business intercourse carried on, in those times, between the two countries. And we know very well that the Reformers deemed their knowledge of God's saving truth far too precious to hide from those ignorant of it, or from those who, like the Netherlanders, had always shown such a love of truth and of gospel liberty. On the other hand, one hundred and fifty years afterward, William Tyndale found in Antwerp the opportunity, denied him in his own country, of printing his translation of the Bible, and of carrying out, with an association of his fellow-believers in London, extensive arrangements for the distribution of that and other religious books among his countrymen.

After eleven years of activity in and near Antwerp, the hand of the executioner reached him, and he perished by the halter in 1536.

But a remarkable providence it was which made these people acquainted with the doctrines of Huss, the Bohemian Reformer.

John Huss was treacherously betrayed by the Emperor Sigismund, and burnt, by order of the Council at Constance, in 1415. Upon hearing of his death, the Bohemians rose, and with arms in their hands maintained the doctrines of their beloved teacher in a long and bloody war. The Pope and the clergy called for soldiers from every quarter to crush this formidable heresy. Many Hollanders showed their zeal by marching under the banners of the treacherous Sigismund. The town of Dort alone sent out fifty-six volunteers upon this enterprise. They gained little glory in the contest, for they were always defeated or out-generaled by the wonderful Hussite commander Zisca, who, even when he became blind, was equal in skill and prowess to the popish generals who could see. But the Dutch volunteers learned something of the pure doctrine and blameless manners of the Hussites, and they

came back with a decidedly poorer opinion of the church for which they had fought in vain. This was about the year 1420.

We hear again at this time of the Waldenses in Holland. One of their meetings, containing a large number of people, was discovered; many were imprisoned and some were burnt. But it was of no use for these priests to persecute people whose lives and characters were so greatly and so plainly superior to their own. There are many books and letters which were written at this time, and which still remain to show the extreme depravity of the men who professed to be the teachers and guides of the people, and the deep indignation and opposition felt by the people everywhere at their course.

The free-minded Hollanders shared in the general disgust, and the better disposed among the monks became the most telling witnesses against the vices of their brethren. A Netherland monk describes the monasteries as "camps of incarnate devils." The prior, or presiding officer, of a monastery in the same country, writes to one of the brothers as follows: "The love I bear to your state and welfare obliges me to take a rod,

instead of a pen, into my hand. I am grieved at your negligence in the amendment of your lives, and the scandal arising from thence. You take pains to please men, but care not how you displease God. You are for regulating every thing without in the world, whilst the filth of your cloister greatly wants the broom and the wisp. Your avarice and love of pleasure are insatiable." The prior of another cloister found filthy songs bound up with the anthem-books of the monks, which he ordered to be torn out. Another monk pretended that Christ had appeared to him in the form of a young lad of shining aspect; also that he had been carried, like Paul, into the third heaven, and had there seen and heard things wonderful to be told. Many deluded people crowded to the monastery, and paid him richly for answering their curious questions about what he had seen in heaven. Afterwards he traveled through Holland, showing himself and telling his manufactured stories to the people. To the poor he commonly said: "I saw the souls of your relations in heaven and left them there;" but to all the rich, that "he had heard their friends and kindred lamenting sadly in purgatory,

and that they must pay the priests liberally to pray for their deliverance." By-and-by, the people began to feel that they had been made fools of, and had paid well for the privilege. It was another monk of Utrecht that exposed his villainy.

Meantime the power, privileges and exactions of the Romish clergy had become intolerable. Bishops acted like little popes towards the people and their rulers. They made the most powerful princes of the Netherlands pay them homage. When priests were accused of a crime, they defied judges and magistrates to do them harm. Criminals of the deepest dye took refuge in churches and graveyards, and were defended from justice by the priests. At Horn, for instance, in the year 1459, matters went so high that, in a quarrel among the citizens, a party of seditious persons sheltered themselves by day in the churchyard, and at night sallied out, armed with bows and arrows, scouring the streets and storming the houses of their adversaries; but when they were opposed or pursued, or had done what mischief they intended, they retired to the churchyard, in which they were secure.

To establish a charge in court against a bishop

seventy-two witnesses were necessary; against a deacon, twenty-seven; against an inferior officer of the church, seven; while two were enough to convict a layman. New taxes were continually imposed upon the burdened people for the further enriching of the clergy. "Ploughs, sickles, oxen, horses, all agricultural implements, were taxed for the benefit of those who toiled not, but who gathered into barns." Vast wealth had at this time accumulated in the hands of the priesthood. They devoured widows' houses, while for a pretence they made long prayers. The monks of Horn had possessed themselves, by gifts, legacies or purchase, of nearly half the lands belonging to that place. If any one raised hand or voice against their encroachments, they had ever ready a deadly weapon of defence—the dread *anathema* was hurled against the antagonist. In language like the following they terrified him into silence:

"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 and drinking, in sleeping. May he be accursed in his taste, hearing, smell and in all his senses. May the curse blast his eyes, head and 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.” And with these words, the two lighted candles which the priest held in his hands were put out and dashed to the ground.

Men who trembled at neither sword nor fire, cowered before such horrid imprecations, uttered by tongues gifted, as they believed, with super-human power. And men who had fallen under such terrible maledictions were avoided by their fellows as unclean and abhorred.

But the people and princes of the Netherlands,

ever restive under papal intolerance, were learning to care less and less for these curses, and showed less and less disposition to submit to the intolerable exactions of the priests. Haughty nobles opened their eyes to the pernicious effects of overgrown priestly wealth and power upon their own estates and authority. Express laws were passed to restrict these grasping ecclesiastics. Priests guilty of fighting or drunkenness—for such there were in plenty—were held accountable to the authority of the state as well as the church. Citizens were not allowed to be dragged before the bishop's court against their will. Murderers and outlaws were no longer to be taken under the protection of the church, and so Justice outraged and cheated of her due. The clergy were again and again forbidden to receive inheritances and to buy lands. In Amsterdam it was decreed that no more monasteries should be founded, nor should the number of church officers be increased, nor should any more lands or real estate be sold, given, or bequeathed for such purposes.

Still, the priest enjoyed extraordinary advantages over all other classes of the people. Being exempt from taxation, he could engage in any

secular business, and could undersell all lay merchants with whom he came in competition. Many greedy priests of the lower rank actually turned shop-keepers in the Netherlands, and carried on a large and lucrative business. Men who were little concerned to see such a slight put upon a calling which should have been held sacred, were filled with discontent and jealousy at the sight of the very bread being taken from their mouths by huckstering priests, and were ready from the most direct selfish motives to join in a popular movement against them. Thus bad men, as well as good, are prepared, in the course of Providence, to aid in accomplishing some of the most wonderful and beneficent revolutions in the history of the Church and the world.



THE LAST STRAW.

IT almost seems, after all, that the groveling avaricious, licentious priests and the arrogant and ambitious prelates might have pursued, for generations, their schemes of aggrandizement and of pleasure; might have added house to house and field to field; might have deceived and plundered the faithful and burned heretics at the stake, and trampled on laws human and divine, as they pleased, with occasional interruptions such we have described, had they not added to their other merchandisings, and, about this time, expanded and elaborated, beyond all former usage and almost beyond belief, the infamous traffic in indulgences. An indulgence, in plain language, was the Pope's written permission to commit sin, which any one could have by paying for it. What shamelessness! What blasphemy! To use the name of religion, and the authority claimed to be from the pure and holy God, as a license for sin!

To teach that God's pardon can be bought and issued even before the sin is committed or even conceived! Lately the people of the United States read with surprise and pain of the pardoning of a mail-robber just as his trial was about to begin. But an indulgence from the priest would have been unspeakably worse. It would have licensed the man to open and rifle the letters, and have pardoned the act even before he had taken the first step in the crime.

The enormous impudence of this traffic almost surpasses belief. Throughout the Netherlands a regular scale of prices for the various sorts of indulgences was published in every village. The Divine forgiveness for every class of crimes committed or contemplated was advertised, like dry goods, groceries, furniture and clothing, in the form of a graduated tariff. Even capital offenses, and crimes which cannot be named without loathing, were coolly written in this catalogue and a price annexed to them. Had any one in his heart the deadly design of poisoning his enemy or his rival, for twenty-five dollars the priest would assure him of the forgiveness of the God who says "Thou shall not kill." Perjury would

be pardoned for about forty dollars. Horrible impurities might be committed by priests for less than ten dollars. And the murder of father, mother, brother, sister, or wife was reckoned as pardonable for between forty and fifty dollars. One Henry de Monfort, who killed his father by keeping him in prison till he died, in 1448, was actually pardoned by the bishop of Utrecht in consideration of a fine.

Could men with consciences, and calling themselves Christians, hold out any longer? Is it any wonder that such enormities kindled the giant energies and fixed the mighty purpose of Luther; that they swelled to their torrent overflow the pent-up, chafing waters of the Reformation; that they broke down the last barrier and sent them leaping, like a mighty deluge, over every country of Europe?

Forty years before Luther's attack upon these horrible abuses, a Dutch divine of Groningen in the north of Holland, of such wonderful learning that he was called *Lux Mundi*, "The light of the world," entered boldly into controversy with the supporters of Rome. Like Luther, he had visited Rome, and doubtless found new reasons

for his opposition in the visit. So vigorous were his assaults upon the many and gross abuses of the Papacy that the learned gave him another Latin title, signifying Master of Controversy. Doctor Wessel, for that was his name, taught that popes might err, and that, when they did, they ought to be opposed like any other men; that the opinion of a good man ought to be valued more than that of a bad pope; that men should take no doctrines merely on trust, and that the faithful were not bound to believe what was not found in the rule of faith, the Bible. This latter, he declared, was fundamental to religion.

As to indulgences, he held that the Holy Spirit of God had established by Peter the only effectual Bull of Indulgence, setting forth in full the true conditions of entrance into God's kingdom, in the first chapter of the first Epistle, in these words: "Add to your faith, virtue; and to virtue, knowledge; and to knowledge, temperance; and to temperance, patience; and to patience, godliness; and to godliness, brotherly-kindness; and to brotherly-kindness, charity. For if these things be in you, an entrance shall be ministered unto you abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of

our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." That, Wessel taught, was the only passport to heaven, the only form of indulgence that could be found in the Gospel. And for teaching so simple and so necessary a truth the learned doctor fell into great trouble; he was driven from the University of Paris; the Inquisition got upon his track, thirsting for his blood, but by some means he escaped and died an old man in 1489. Luther said of him, "If I had read Wessel before I began, my opponents would have imagined that Luther had derived every thing from Wessel, so entirely do we two agree in spirit."

We have on record, too, a very precious confession by a friar of the same town of Groningen, an aged man named Pileman. A townsman, at the confessional, having expressed his doubts to the friar upon some of the inventions which Rome had put in place of the Gospel, Pileman replied: "That a great deal might be said on that head, but nobody durst do it, for those who spake truth ran great risks; yet upon the whole matter, this was his opinion: THAT CHRIST DIED FOR US, AND IS OUR ONLY SAVIOUR ON WHOM WE ARE TO RELY; that all other matters, as indulgences

and the like, are nothing but pure fiction and barter, and therefore nothing to be regarded."

How like a gem in the midst of a heap of rubbish shines this pure Gospel word out of the filth and fraud and blasphemy of the Romish confessional! These are the lights which began to shine in Holland on the verge of the sixteenth century, heralding the full day of the Reformation just about to rise. But still another and a more brilliant though not so comforting a luminary, whose earlier career at least belongs to the same great movement, and who was for years one of the most admired lights of the Reformation, owes his origin to the same country. We refer to *Erasmus*, who was born at Rotterdam, in 1467, called a miracle of wit and learning, of whom Grotius, another celebrated Hollander, wrote: "We Hollanders can never sufficiently thank this man; and for my own part, I think myself happy that at this distance I can in some measure comprehend his virtues."



ERASMUS.

IT was not until the sixteenth century that the Reformation became a fact in the history of the world, or of the country we are more especially considering. We have seen reforming elements, efforts and symptoms appearing for centuries in the churches of Holland, but as the year 1500 opens we may see them multiplying in number and gaining in force with a rapidity that is prophetic of the end. The monks become more impudent, the devices of the Church of Rome grow more openly scandalous and intolerable. The character of the reigning Pope, Cesar Borgia, was outrageous and criminal beyond conception. That such a veritable monster of wickedness could gain and keep the supreme place in the Romish Church, was enough of itself to rouse afresh and to concentrate all the discontent, hostility and revolutionary feelings

which for generations had been gathering in the minds of men.

God's providence wonderfully interposed by giving to the world, at this time, the great invention of Printing. By this, most of all, the word of God was freely scattered among the people, who had known almost nothing of it before. By this, too, the people were rapidly made acquainted with each other's opinions of the grievous errors and abuses of the Church of Rome. A far greater advance on the old method of communication to the people of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries was the invention of printing than that of the magnetic telegraph has been to us. Thought trickled slowly, drop by drop, through narrow and costly channels, from mind to mind, before. Now, pamphlets, tracts and treatises, Bibles and Testaments, fell like snowflakes over a wide territory in the same moment.

Without this great adjunct of the printing-press, the unenlightened people would have been appealed to in vain by Luther or Melancthon or Calvin. Their views of the sinfulness and errors of the Romish Church would have continued to be too general and outward, and their convictions,

not founded on the word of God, would have proved too weak to bear them into and through the mighty struggle. The Reformation would have had to wait. Luther, without the echo of the myriads of approving voices which his widely-distributed writings called forth, would have fallen a victim to papal rage, or would never have had the needed stimulus for the great work of popular emancipation which he was led, step by step, to undertake.

The Reformers were the men of learning, the students, the independent thinkers of their time. Without the printing-press, they would have pursued their studies in retired cloisters; their peculiar views would have been known to a select few, and their active efforts limited, like those of Huss in Bohemia, to a single country and a generation or two of their countrymen. But the printing-press gave to the Reformers of the sixteenth century an eager, wakeful, intelligent audience, immense in numbers, spread over every country in Christendom, constantly acting and reacting upon one another and upon the Reformers themselves. Instantly, the thrones of papal intolerance and of temporal despotism began to

tremble. Men held in their hands an authority above them both—the Bible.

It was in Holland that the man originated who first effectually used the press as a weapon against the Papacy, and who was undoubtedly the inaugurator of the Reformation as an intellectual and literary movement. Desiderius Erasmus, the son of a priest, was born in Rotterdam in 1467. From deep poverty and humiliation he rose by the force of indomitable zeal and industry to learning and to influence, such as few men have ever enjoyed. As soon as he could procure any money, he spent it, first in buying Greek books, and then in buying clothes.

He soon exceeded the most eminent scholars of his time in the correctness and elegance of his style. His works abound in those shrewd sayings, and that clear, lively and enlightened wit, which amuse and quicken and instruct the reader at once. He was so absorbed in study that he kept it up while on horseback; and his most celebrated work, *The Praise of Folly*, an attack on the monks, was composed on a journey which he made from Italy to England. Seven editions of this book were sold in a few months. Twenty-

seven editions appeared during the life of the author. Without the art of printing, it is unlikely that so much as a single edition would have been painfully copied and slowly circulated among the educated and wealthy few.

In this book, first published in 1508, Folly is represented as a woman, born in the Fortunate Islands, brought up in drunkenness and impertinence, and queen of a powerful empire. She is introduced as describing all the different states belonging to her dominions, but she dwells particularly upon the priests, monks and theologians of the Romish Church. It is over them emphatically that Folly reigns. She ridicules their shallow learning and their absurd arguments; she discloses the disorders, ignorance, filthy habits, falsehood, avarice and silly superstitions of the monks. She even accuses the bishops of running more after gold than after souls; and boldly claiming the Pontiff himself as a subject, she charges him with passing his time in amusements and leaving the duties of his ministry to St. Peter and St. Paul. She accuses him of falsifying the doctrine of Christ by forced interpretations, and

of crucifying him a second time by a scandalous life.

One of the chief painters of the day, Holbein, employed his talents in adding the most telling illustrations to the book, among which he did not hesitate to place the Pope himself, with his triple crown.

Perhaps no work has ever appeared so thoroughly suited to the wants of the age as *The Praise of Folly*. It produced an indescribable impression throughout Christendom. It was translated into every European language, and it contributed more than any other book to settle the convictions of the people in favor of a radical reform among the priesthood.

But the philosopher of Rotterdam rendered still greater service to the truth. He not only threw aside the vain and intricate speculations of the Middle Ages, and brought students back to the classical authors of Greek and Rome, but he took a step in advance, which was as important to religion and theology as the discovery of Columbus, just made, was to the existing commerce and geography of the world. He insisted that men must go for their theology back of the school-

men, back of the early Fathers, and back even of the Latin translation of the New Testament, called the Vulgate, to the original Greek itself—a text as little known in the Catholic countries of Europe as America was before its discovery by Columbus.

In 1516 he published an edition of the Greek Testament with notes and comments, saying, as he did it, “It is my desire to lead back that cold disputer of words, styled Theology, to its real fountain.” “The most exalted aim,” he says again, “of the revival of learned pursuits is to obtain a knowledge of the pure and simple Christianity of the Bible. I am firmly resolved to die in the study of the Scriptures; in them is all my joy and peace.” “A spiritual temple must be raised in desolated Christendom. The mighty of this world will contribute towards it their marble, their ivory and their gold; I, who am poor and humble, offer the foundation-stone.”

This edition of the New Testament, together with his paraphrases of various epistles and gospels, his commentaries on the Psalms, his editions of the Fathers, and other theological productions, accomplished wonderful results. All around, a

taste was spread for the word of God and for a pure theology. "The Praise of Folly" helped to break down the old abuses; these latter works aided largely in laying the foundations and raising the structure of the Reformed Church.

His writings followed one another in rapid succession. He labored unceasingly, and his works were seized upon and read by the people as fast as they appeared. The animation and the native energy of his style; the intellect, so rich and so delicate, so witty and so bold, that was poured, without any reserve, in such copious streams, upon his contemporaries, led away and enchanted the immense public who devoured the works of the philosopher of Rotterdam. He soon became the most influential man in Christendom. Crowned heads sought his society, and wealth and honor poured in upon him.

In England, his Greek and Latin Testament was received with unbounded enthusiasm. Never had any book produced such a sensation. It was in every hand; men struggled to procure it, read it eagerly, and would even kiss it. The words it contained enlightened every heart. Monks and nuns, priests and bishops, were, indeed, enraged

at the wide-spreading influence of the word of God, going forth to the world on the wings of the press. "Here are horrible heresies," they cried; "here are frightful Antichrists. If this book be tolerated, it will be the death of the Papacy." Archbishop Lee, of England, once the friend, but afterward the implacable enemy of Erasmus, declared of his Greek and Latin New Testament, "If we do not stop this leak, it will sink the ship."

Erasmus himself spent many years in England, where the learned had received him, at an early period of his career, with a joyful welcome. He became the guest and friend, the pet and the pride of the great. His name was in every mouth. Erasmus! Erasmus! echoed from court to castle, from Oxford to London. Henry the Eighth, even before he became king, knew and admired him; and after ascending to the throne in 1509, he wrote to Erasmus, then at the Pope's court in Rome. The letter was in good Latin, and it expressed such regard for the philosopher that he forsook the papal court and hastened to London, where Henry gave him a hearty welcome. There Erasmus found the leisure and the regard

which his tastes and his nature craved. "Where," he asked, "is the Athens, the Porch or the Academe that can be compared with the court of England? It is a seat of the muses rather than a palace. The Golden Age is reviving, and I congratulate the world."

But this was no time for undisturbed literary ease with those who so boldly attacked the rooted and powerful prejudices of the Romish hierarchy. Erasmus, who was more of a scholar and a recluse than a reformer, saw, with astonishment and fright, the storm of blind and bigoted opposition which his services to the truth were arousing. The priests thundered from their pulpits against the man who translated the call of John the Baptist, in Matt. iv. 17, "Repent," instead of "Do penance," as it stood in the Italian version. In his New Testament they declared there were hundreds of such dangerous, frightful passages. No hostile landing in England could, in their eyes, be more fatal than that of the New Testament. The whole nation must rise to repel this impudent invasion.

To show the sort of opposition which the peculiar work of Erasmus was called to encounter, we

will relate an incident which occurred in the court of Henry VIII. A certain preacher at the court, in one of his sermons in the presence of the king, declaimed violently against the Greek language and its new interpreter. Henry, who was proud of his patronage of learning, was seen to smile good-humoredly. The courtiers, many of whom were men of the highest attainments, exclaimed against the preacher as soon as he had left the church. "Bring the priest to me," said the king; "and you," turning to Sir Thomas More, one of the most learned of all, "shall defend the Greek cause against him, while I listen to the disputation."

The priest was brought back, trembling and powerless. He fell on his knees, clasped his hands, and in this abject manner recalled what he had said. "I know not what spirit impelled me," faltered the priest. "A spirit of madness," answered the king, "and not the spirit of Christ. But have you ever read Erasmus?" "No, sir," the priest was compelled to reply. "Away with you, then!" rejoined the king; "you are a blockhead." "And yet," whimpered the preacher in confusion, "I remember to have read something about

Moria," meaning Erasmus's Treatise on Folly. "A subject, your majesty," interposed a courtier, "that ought to be very familiar to him." At last the unfortunate preacher, thinking to mend matters a little, ventured to say: "I am not altogether opposed to the Greek, seeing that it is derived from the Hebrew." This absurd declaration was received with a general burst of laughter, and the king impatiently ordered the monk to leave the room and never appear before him again.



ERASMUS.

[CONTINUED.]

THE Testament of Erasmus was a prohibited book in Cambridge. But its light could not be hid. Priests and confessors, who in vain undertook to quiet the consciences of true penitents by prescribing fasts and watchings, could not restrain them from the volume that now openly told them of Jesus Christ, who came into the world to save sinners, even the chief. In private chambers, in the lecture-rooms and dining-halls, students and masters were to be seen reading the Greek and Latin Testament. Animated groups were discussing the principles of the Reformation. Some earnest souls took it into their closets, and there in its pages found the living word of grace, that brought peace to their souls.

One Thomas Bilney, at Cambridge, thus owed his conversion to the labors of Erasmus. He never grew weary of reading the book. He

gathered his friends around him, and read and commented upon it in the glowing light of his own fresh experience.

Tyndale in Oxford, too, read the celebrated book that was attracting the attention of all Christendom. The more he read, the more was he struck with its truth and strange energy. It spoke of God, of Christ, of regeneration, with a simplicity and an authority which quite mastered him. He cried out, like the discoverer of long-sought treasures, "I have found it!" and soon, around him, too, was gathered a circle devotedly studying the Greek and Latin Testament of Erasmus. He came to Cambridge and joined Bilney there, where, for many months, they kept up the young enthusiasm for sacred learning, and fed the earlier fires of the Reformation kindled by the torch of Erasmus. Tyndale afterwards became the translator of the first Bible that was printed in the English tongue.

The work of Erasmus in Latin and Greek was for the learned, but it prompted this great and iron-souled English Reformer to give the same divine treasure to the people of England in their own tongue. It was the work of his life, and it

was done in exile, whither he had been driven by the priests, and by some of the very friends of Erasmus, who had not abandoned their connection with the Church of Rome.

And yet Erasmus himself had loudly called for the translation of the Bible into the tongue of the people. "Perhaps it may be necessary to conceal the secrets of kings," he said, "but we must publish the mysteries of Christ. The Holy Scriptures, translated into all languages, should be read not only by the Scotch and Irish, but even by Turks and Saracens.* The husbandman should sing them as he holds the handle of his plough, the weaver repeat them as he plies his shuttle, and the wearied traveler, halting on his journey, refresh him under some shady tree by these godly narratives."

But Erasmus had no heart for the heavy work of a reformer. He had but a superficial view of the nature of the evils under which the Church and the world groaned. A revival of learning, a dissemination of knowledge, the mere power of

* The Arabic version of the Scriptures, now going through the press of the American Bible Society, at length, after three centuries, fulfills this word of Erasmus.

intellectual light, seemed to him all that was needed for the reformation of prevailing abuses. But when the hosts of darkness rose and raged against the work of the simple-minded, enthusiastic scholar, and when the Reformation began to assume the proportions of a vast and world-wide struggle—when fires began to kindle, and chains to clank, and dungeons to open, and popes to fulminate, and hosts to gather for the battle—the timid soul of the scholar began to flutter like a frightened bird. “Wretch that, I am!” he exclaimed; “who could have foreseen this horrible tempest?” It was not, by any means, the last time that men saw the pioneers of great reforms appalled and dismayed when the unavoidable results of their doctrines appeared in fierce struggles for the mastery in the actual world. Erasmus furnishes a pattern of which our own times and our great conflict have not wanted copies.

The philosopher of Rotterdam thought the struggle would be light and brief. His vanity led him to repose confidence in the sagacity of his own plans. Protracted strife and tumult, heavy blows, blunt language, uncompromising and radical measures he regarded as unwise and

needless. He loved personal ease and the selfish gratifications of a life of learned leisure too much to be willing to make sacrifices for the general good. He wavered and seemed to change sides. His services for the cause of truth were indeed incalculably great and sincerely rendered. Many a brave word did he utter for Luther in perilous times. "The last spark of Christian piety," he says, "is extinguished, and it is this which has moved Luther's heart. He cares neither for money nor for honors." When the Elector Frederick consulted Erasmus upon the case of Luther, after the Pope had anathematized him, the philosopher said: "The more virtuous a man is, the less is he opposed to Luther. Luther has only been condemned, not proved to be in the wrong. To imprison Luther would be a mournful commencement of the Emperor Charles's reign. The world is thirsting for evangelical truth. Let us beware of setting up a blamable opposition."

And yet, while the Elector was taking courage from these words, and strengthening in the purpose to defend his subject from the plots of Pope and Emperor, Erasmus was writing the most submissive letters to the Pope. At times he put into

a single paragraph his contradictory views of the Reformer: "Almost all good men are for Luther. But I see that we are tending toward a revolt. I would not have my name joined with his; that would injure me, without serving him."

Erasmus could not but expect hostility and mistrust from both sides. The monks poured out all the fury which ignorance and superstition, jealous of learning and light, can manifest. They did not and could not read his works, but they heaped upon him every abusive title. Playing upon his name, they called him Errasmus for his errors; Arasmus for ploughing up sacred customs; Erasinus, because he had written himself an ass; they called him Behemoth, Devil, Enemy of Religion, Blasphemer of the Virgin Mary, Schismatic, Impostor, Forerunner of Antichrist, and Antichrist himself.

Some said he was the original head of the Lutheran faction—a worse heretic than Luther himself. Some said, Luther had gathered the fatal seed in Erasmus's garden; others said, Erasmus had laid the egg of the Reformation and Luther had hatched it. On the other hand, the friends of the Reformation blamed him for not

separating himself from the Church of Rome. It was said that it was his fault only that the Pope and Papacy were not blown up at once. The Pope himself wrote him a letter, which Erasmus, with a touch of vanity, describes as full of kindness and honorable testimonials.

At length, in 1526, we find him fully identified with the enemies of the Reformation, drawn back by a selfish and traitorous conservatism to the ranks against which he had enthusiastically led the vanguard of Protestantism but a dozen years before. It was one of his inglorious declarations: "A disadvantageous peace is better than the most righteous war." Again he said: "If the corrupt morals of the court of Rome call for a prompt and vigorous remedy, that is no business of mine nor of those who are like me." Most ignoble of all, and yet perhaps the most candid of all, is his confession in these words: "Let others aspire to martyrdom; as for me, I do not think myself worthy of such an honor."

The grand difficulty with the Erasmuses of that and of later times is the unsubdued selfishness of the carnal heart. They seek their own personal interest, ease and elevation, and not the

interests of truth and the glory of God. They wish to run no risks, but to be found on the safe and the winning side at last. No doubt there are conservatives who maintain their principles consistently through every phase of a great struggle, and who deserve the praise of sincerity. But for the tortuous course of those who have boldly led the van in the commencement of such a struggle, and who afterward appear to be bitten by conservative fears, and who finally identify themselves with the worst foes of progress, and give their influence openly in gathering and organizing a powerful reaction, we know no better explanation than utter heartlessness and selfishness, leading to the most execrable forms of hypocrisy.

Sometimes a terrible punishment befalls these renegades, even in the midst of their schemes for selfish enjoyment. At least, they can never hope for the pure pleasures and exalted consolations with which the toilsome life of the true soldier of Christ is sure to be gladdened. Bitter are the complaints of Erasmus of his own condition, reminding us of those uttered by the disconsolate Voltaire, while surrounded by the pleasures of the court of his royal patron, Frederick the

Great of Prussia. Erasmus and Voltaire have been thought to resemble each other in a number of points. Carlyle thus characterizes the correspondence of Voltaire with his niece, during the outwardly magnificent period of his life in Berlin:—

“A series of utterances remarkable for the misery driven into meanness that can be read in them. Ill health, discontent, vague terror, suspicion that dare not go to sleep; a strange, vague terror, shapeless or taking all shapes; a body diseased and a mind diseased. It passes often (in these poor *Letters*) into transient malignity, into gusts of trembling hatred. A man hunted by the little devils that dwell unchained within himself, like Acteon by his own dogs.”

Little different was the condition of Erasmus, as indicated by those bitter tears, those painful nights of broken sleep, that tasteless food, that loathing even for his literary studies, which once constituted the chief delight of his life; those saddened features, that pale face, those sorrowful and downcast eyes, that hatred of existence, which he calls a cruel life, and those longings after death, which the philosopher of Rotterdam also de-

scribes in his letters to his friends. Poor Erasmus! He forgot the divine maxim which he himself had studied and brought afresh before his contemporaries in his Greek and Latin Testament: Whosoever will save his life shall lose it, but whosoever will lose his life for my sake shall find it.

The influence of Erasmus was not by any means so great in Holland, his native country, as in England. In fact, he seems to have resided almost everywhere but there. We find him at Rome, in London, and above all in Basle, Switzerland, where he gained his living for a time by correcting proofs for the great printer, Frobenius, who afterward published his own and Luther's writings. When Luther's writings began to find their way into his native country, we find him at Louvain, near Brussels, taking a keen and, at that time, favorable interest in their dissemination.

The prior of the Augustinian monastery at Antwerp, who had studied at Wittenberg, read these works of his brother monk, which Luther then was, with eagerness. We have the testimony of Erasmus that this prior was no blind adherent

of the Papacy, but a follower of the true primitive Christianity; while other monks and priests of a different disposition, who were accustomed to amuse the people with the absurd stories of the saints, instead of preaching truth and duty, broke out into bitter and fanatical opposition. "I cannot describe to you," he wrote to Luther, "the emotion, the truly tragic sensation, which your writings have occasioned."

Returning to Basle, he made it his home, until, in 1529, it was reached by the Reformation, when he retreated to a neighboring canton in Switzerland. However, having occasion to return to Basle on business with his printer, he died there in a lamentable state of mind, in 1536.

But all this time the Head of the Church had been preparing and strengthening those chosen instruments through whom he designed to accomplish, without fail, the great work of reformation, for which the fullness of time had come. Not in Holland it was ordered; but in Germany, Switzerland and France, the brave, unselfish, fervent devoted souls were rising, who, by the grace of God, proved themselves capable of grasping the true meaning of the questions now pressing for settle-

ment; who found no room for compromise with errors so vital, with practices so atrocious, and with a system so thoroughly corrupt as Romanism; and who counted not their own ease, reputation, or life dear to them, if they could but serve the cause of truth and restore the kingdom of Christ in purity and power to the world. The preliminary work of Erasmus was of the highest value; but it required the sturdy blows of the uncompromising and radical Luther, Zuingle and Calvin to make the great Reformation a fact in the face of an adverse world and a persecuting, bigoted and powerful organization, claiming to be the only true Church of Christ.



LUTHER'S ATTACK ON INDULGENCES.

IT was on the 31st of October, 1517, at noon, that Luther, having been aroused by the demoralizing and godless traffic of the Pope's agents in indulgences, determined, without consultation, to nail his ninety-five famous theses upon the door of the castle church of Wittenberg. In the preface to these declarations Luther says that he wrote them with the express desire of setting the truth in open day. He declares himself ready to defend them on the morrow in the University against all opponents. It was the day before the feast of All Saints, and crowds of worshipers and pilgrims were visiting the church, which the Elector of Saxony had filled with relics and adorned with unusual magnificence. But while many read, none accepted the challenge of the bold monk to combat them. They expressed the thought that was burning in the bosom of Christendom. The feeble blows of the

hammer that nailed them to the church door resounded throughout Germany, and fell as thunderbolts upon the foundations of proud and powerful Rome itself. They spread with the rapidity of thought. In two weeks they were heralded through all Germany, and in a month they were known in every country of Europe, as if angels themselves had been their messengers. The pilgrims at Wittenberg church, on dispersing, carried home with them, not indulgences, but copies of the famous theses. Everybody read them, talked of them, meditated upon them. In the universities and the convents they were eagerly discussed. Truly pious persons, who in their ignorance had gone into the monasteries to save their souls, rejoiced at the simple and striking confession of the truth that they contained. One man, they thought, has at length found courage to undertake the perilous struggle.

The prior of a monastery in Germany, who had long discontinued reading the idolatrous parts of the Romish service, but who had never communicated his thoughts to others, one day found Luther's theses posted up in the dining-room of the monastery. He began to read, but had gone

only a little way when his surprise and joy burst forth: "Ah, ah! he whom we have so long expected is come at last, and he will show you monks a trick or two." He wrote to Luther, urging him to continue the struggle with boldness.

Moral and upright men everywhere hailed this demonstration against the corrupting tendencies of the indulgences; pious men rejoiced at such a powerful blow aimed at superstition; princes and magistrates saw in these theses a defence against the overbearing assumptions of pope and priests; and the nation rejoiced at the daring monk's *reto* upon one of the most exhaustive drafts of the Roman treasury on the wealth and resources of the people.

Erasmus himself, who was in his native country when he heard of these propositions, testified "that the whole world applauded, and there was a general assent." "The world," he says again, "was weary of a doctrine so full of childish fables and human ordinances, and thirsted for that living, pure and hidden water which springs from the veins of the evangelists and apostles." But soon the monks and the priesthood generally took up the challenge of the doctor of Witten-

berg, and around these theses began the great conflict which never was and never could be suppressed until the Reformation was accomplished. We have seen that these famous theses soon found their way into Holland. Erasmus seems to have played no more prominent part in the Reformation of his native country than to record the effect of the writings of the bolder Luther there. While he stood still and dallied with literature, the great wave of popular opinion, stirred by the frank, ingenuous, devoted monk of Wittenberg, rolled by him, and quickly gathered the convictions of his already half-Protestant countrymen into its onward and sweeping current. As from year to year the views of Luther grew clearer, and as in explaining and defending them he was impelled to write one treatise after another in his own bold, vivid and robust style, the Netherlanders continued to read and receive his writings with eagerness and joy.

Luther's first attack upon the indulgences was made without any idea of abandoning the Church of Rome, but much rather with the hope that men generally, and the friends of the Church itself, would be led to see the matter in the same

overwhelming light in which it appeared to him, and would agree to forsake practices so odious and so opposed to the essential spirit of the Gospel. Gradually he was led to a fuller understanding of the situation. He saw that the Pope and the whole Romish hierarchy no longer sought the conversion of souls and the building up of Christ's spiritual kingdom; that the very structure of the Church was opposed to the simplicity of the Scriptures; that they controlled and managed its affairs by rules brought from human authorities, and in such a way as to encourage idolatry and superstition; that instead of heart-religion, there was nothing but outward form; instead of repentance, doing penance; instead of the forsaking of sins, the buying of indulgences; instead of a sweet sense of forgiving love through the infinite merits of Christ, there was justification by one's own good works, by the merits of the saints, by pilgrimages, by fasts and grievous self-tortures. There was a gnawing dissatisfaction at the heart of every one in whom conscience had not been put to sleep by a multiplicity of outward forms and observances. Instead of one mediator between God and man, Christ Jesus, there was a whole

train of human intercessors thrust between the soul and God, so numerous that the penitent might well despair of ever coming into living union with his Saviour, or might utterly cease to care for a personal interest in spiritual things, which pope, priest, confessor, dead saints and the Virgin Mary were so ready, for a trifling payment, to take into their own charge. From step to step, under the light of constant controversy, and by the inward guidance of the Holy Spirit, Luther was led to a full sense of these abuses and errors. In a little more than three years from the fastening of the theses to the Wittenberg church door, on the 10th of December, 1520, Luther formally renounced the Papacy by burning the bull of excommunication which the Pope had issued against him.

Deeply seated as was the very spirit of the Protestant Reformation in the whole heart and history of the people of Holland from the beginning, we might have expected the rise of one of the great Reformers of Christendom among their people. In the distinguished person and the early achievements of the great scholar of the Reformation, Erasmus, we have indeed a brilliant proof of

the liberal spirit of the country from which he sprung. But Holland, notwithstanding the applause which such men as Grotius and Brandt lavish on their countrymen, cannot claim in Erasmus a true evangelical Reformer, standing in the ranks with Huss, Tyndale, Knox, Luther, Zuingle and Calvin. A different but as touching and honorable a distinction in the great movement of the age awaited her. The first martyrs of the Lutheran Reformation were Hollanders—fellow-countrymen of the timid philosopher who so much dreaded martyrdom. It fell to the lot of monks of Antwerp to set the first bloody seal to the truth of the Gospel as it reappeared in the teachings of Luther.

How it came to pass that Holland, instead of Germany, Luther's own country, was first made to suffer the rage of Pope and Emperor at the new doctrines, must now be explained. Soon after Luther's daring act of December 10, 1520, by which he renounced the authority of the Romish Church, a new bull appeared, dated January 3, 1521, in which Pope Leo X. excommunicated Luther and his adherents, pronounced against them all the dreadful penalties of heresy, and

laid the interdict upon the places of their residence; that is, ordered all the churches to be closed, and religious services of every kind to be suspended until the heretics were brought to punishment.

The ambassador of the Pope at the court of the Emperor Charles V., who then ruled over a vast empire, including Austria, Germany, Spain and Holland, called upon the temporal power to execute the mandate of the Church. A council of the Empire, called a Diet, was sitting at Worms, an ancient town on the Rhine, in Hesse-Darmstadt. Liberal voices were heard in that council in opposition to the Pope's demand. It was resolved that Luther should not be condemned without a hearing, and meanwhile a formidable list of grievances, one hundred and ten in number, was drawn up against the Pope. Luther was summoned to Worms, in the most gracious manner, by the mighty Emperor, who styled this poor Augustine friar "the honorable, our well-beloved and pious Dr. Martin Luther, of the order of Augustines." He also gave him a safe conduct, or assurance of imperial protection, such as his predecessor, Sigismund, had given to poor Huss,

whom nevertheless he shamefully delivered to his enemies and suffered to be burnt.

Luther determined to obey the summons. His journey from Wittenberg was like the triumphal progress of a great and successful general, receiving the applause of the grateful people whom his victories have delivered and glorified. Many, remembering the treason of Sigismund to John Huss, dissuaded him from going. "Do not enter Worms," was the message of Spalatin, one of his most powerful friends in the town, just as Luther was about to enter. "Go and tell your master," said the undaunted monk, "that even should there be as many devils in Worms as tiles on the house-tops, still I should enter it."

In that council of dignitaries, presided over by the mightiest ruler of Europe, who frowned upon the scheme of the Reformer, thronged with learned, artful and powerful defenders and agents of the Pope, the courage of the lonely champion of God's truth never forsook him. He appealed to the word of God, and declared that his conscience, constrained by that word, forbade him to recall what he had uttered. "Here," said he, "I take my stand; I cannot do otherwise. God help me!

Amen." Although his boldness electrified the assembly, and extorted expressions of admiration from the Emperor himself, it failed to secure his justification. He was permitted to leave Worms unharmed, but a few days afterwards, May 26, 1521, the papal legate procured from Charles and the Diet a decree pronouncing him and his adherents outlaws, and requiring the suppression, by violence, of his doctrines and the destruction of the books which contained them.

Charles, indeed, was ruler over all the German states, including Saxony, where Luther resided; but each of these states had, also, its own ruler, called elector, duke or king, who, under Charles and the Diet, had control of the affairs of his immediate province, somewhat as in the case of the governors of the States under our own republican Constitution. And just as the governors of some of our own States, in spite of the iniquitous fugitive slave law, allowed the slaves escaping from the South to take refuge and live unmolested in the States which they governed, so the Elector Frederick of Saxony, in spite of the ban of the 26th of May, provided Luther a place of refuge for two years in his dominions, and he, and all the

other princes of Germany who sympathized with Luther, paid little attention to executing the decree upon Luther's adherents.

But no such barriers existed to break the force of the decree in Holland. Eighty-three years previously, the great-great-grand-father of Charles had crushed the liberties and usurped the government of the country, and Charles himself had been fifteen years Count of Holland. When he issued the decree all the old privileges of the country were in the dust. Holland and Spain he had inherited. Over Germany he was Emperor by election merely. He might well expect to be obeyed in the former-named countries, however it might be in those numerous kingdoms of Germany, whose powerful princes had chosen him as an imperial president over the whole.



FIRST MARTYRS OF THE REFORMATION.

LUTHER was put under the ban of the Empire in May, 1521. The magnanimous Elector Frederick of Saxony, who might have been Emperor in place of Charles if he had cared for the honor, caused Luther to be seized and hurried away to a place of concealment and safety, where he remained two years. The Emperor followed up his decree with placards, describing Luther's errors and warning all persons against harboring the man, reading his books or adopting his doctrines. In these placards, Luther, whom a few months before he had described as "the honorable, our well-beloved and pious Dr. Martin Luther," is now declared to be not a human creature, but a devil in the figure of a man and cloaked in the habit of a monk, to enable him the better and more easily to bring the race of mankind to everlasting death and destruction. Referring to the Pope's

bull, he says that Luther is cut off as an obstinate and hardened schismatic and a notorious and open heretic; and therefore he expressly commands that no man hereafter shall be so bold and presumptuous as to receive, protect, support or encourage the said Luther by word or deed, charging all people to seize and apprehend him, and bring him to condign punishment as an obstinate heretic. He also most strictly orders, that no person, of what state or condition, authority or dignity soever, do buy or sell, keep, read, write, print, or maintain and defend any of the books, writings or opinions of the said Luther, whether in Latin, Flemish or in any other modern language;—not only those already condemned by the Pope, but others already composed, or that may be composed hereafter, by the said Luther, his disciples and favorers, even though it should happen that in said books there might be contained or interspersed some good and Christian doctrines, the better to impose on simple people.

“Our will, therefore, is,” said Charles, “that all the said books shall be accounted everywhere as universally forbidden, and as such burnt and entirely destroyed.” From thenceforward, on the

forfeiture of life and estate, no bookseller, printer, or any other person whatsoever, should presume to print, or cause to be printed, any book or writing in which mention was made of the Holy Scriptures, or any interpretation of it, however so little, without permission of the spiritual authorities and the approval of the faculty of the nearest university.

All offenders against these orders were to be counted guilty of high treason; every one was required to seize upon their bodies and goods, and put in execution against them all the penalties directed by civil and ecclesiastical law. It was accounted a feature of special injustice and evil omen that those who had never been accused might be examined by the authorities on mere suspicion. All that was odious in the Inquisition seemed threatened in that single sentence.

These placards were scattered throughout Germany, and when the Emperor learned that Luther's writings were spreading in Holland, he sent them into that country also, with orders to the local authorities to publish them there. They dared not refuse so mighty a ruler as Charles, although they saw in his command a glaring

violation of those ancient privileges which their fathers had known in their childhood, and which Charles's ancestors, eighty years before, had begun to trample in the dust. In those days of ancient and honorable freedom, no Count of Holland ever made a law of importance without consent of nobles and people; but Charles had sent forth this sweeping edict on his own authority, with no word to the states of the land except the command to publish it to the people.

On the heels of the edict came an Inquisition. In the following year the Emperor empowered his Counsellor in Brabant, Master Van der Hulst, to make strict inquiry into the opinions and belief of the people in religious matters throughout the Netherlands. This Van der Hulst is declared by Erasmus to be a wonderful enemy to learning, and he describes his associate as "a Carmelite monk—a madman with a sword put into his hand—who hates me worse than he does Luther." If Erasmus dreaded martyrdom, he was certainly consistent in hating all inquisitors and persecutors. And while the land of Erasmus furnished the first martyrs, it is remarkable that one of Erasmus's dear friends, a follower of literature like

himself, a secretary of the city of Antwerp at the time, is the first person, so far as we know, who was molested by these book-hating inquisitors.

This was Cornelius Grapheus, a man of uncommon learning and a good poet, who was seized, not for any connection which he had with Luther, so far as appears, but for the preface which he had written to a book called "The Liberty of the Christian Religion," which had appeared several years before the Emperor's placard—so sharp was the scent of these heresy-hunters, and so eager and unscrupulous were they for game! We should judge, from a letter of this Grapheus, dated November 18, 1522, which has been preserved to us, in which he deplores most piteously the injustice done him by a long imprisonment and by a sentence forbidding him to engage in his former pursuits, and in which he apologizes most humbly for the errors of the offending preface, that he was a man pretty much of the stamp of Erasmus, and that the Reformation was not greatly embarrassed by Popish interference with the liberty and the pursuits of such whining confessors as he.

Erasmus seems to have cherished an abiding

sympathy for his unfortunate friend. He bequeathed him fifty gold florins and forty-seven Rhenish guilders, saying that he doubtless stood in need of them and deserved a better fate.

But the first true confessors of the doctrines of the Reformation in Holland were not of the class of literary *dilettanti* who followed Erasmus. They were men whose souls drank in the grand announcements of Gospel truth and the fearless denunciations of the corruptions and errors of the Church, which they found in the proscribed writings of Luther. The Augustine monks, to whose order Luther and some of his early and godly friends and counsellors belonged, and among whom his writings had great acceptance and success, had an establishment in Antwerp. The prior himself, named Henry of Zutphen, and many of the monks, received with gladness the writings of their brother monk at Wittenberg. So general was the interest felt in this establishment that the whole society was suspected of Lutheranism. In the same year, 1522, the persecution ordered by Charles broke out against these monks. Some of them, as might have been expected, were alarmed and drew back.

Some had never felt any deep, saving interest in the truth; when thrown into prison they recanted. Others remained firm, and to them belongs the honor of leading the glorious blood-stained roll of the martyrs of the Reformation.

The prior, named Henry of Zutphen, was brought to Brussels and imprisoned. Luther, who followed these proceedings with the deepest interest, has left a letter dated December 19, 1522, in which he tells a friend how the heroic women of the city, not fearing the great Charles, rose up and liberated the prior from his prison, only to be slain, however, two years afterward by a mob of peasants at Ditmarsch. It is from this letter we learn that the monks were driven from the monastery at Antwerp, that all the vessels of the monastery were sold, the sacrament carried away with much pomp as from a place desecrated by heretics, and the building ordered to be destroyed as if infected with the plague. This had been done in October, and it shows how deep was the hatred felt even for the stones and timbers which had sheltered the monks while reading for themselves the word of God, and receiving the truth in its purity into their souls.

On the 1st of July, 1523, two of the monks who remained faithful, named HENRY VOES and JOHN ESCH, were burned in Brussels, sooner than deny Christ. They deserve to be written in capitals on every Protestant heart. They are the first who perished in the long and bloody and vain assaults of the Pope upon Protestantism. They are the Stephens—the proto-martyrs—of the Reformation. From them begin the darkest, saddest, shamefulest pages of history, teaching us the truth of the Bible doctrine of the total depravity of man; yet showing us not this alone, but also the wonderful power of Divine grace, in sustaining His dear children under the sorest trials, in making the weakest and youngest of them greater heroes than the most famous conquerors of history, and in maintaining the knowledge of the truth in its purity, and in saving and handing down to our day a pure, a strong, and an evangelical Church—a kingdom that cannot be moved, against which the gates of hell cannot prevail.

The manner in which these devoted men met death made them worthy to lead this glorious roll. They went to the stake with all cheerful-

ness, exclaiming with a loud voice that they died as Christians. As the flames were gathering around them they repeated the twelve articles of the creed in concert; then they sang the Church's great anthem of praise, *Te Deum Laudamus*, verse by verse alternately, till the flames, choking their voices here, released them to sing the hallelujahs of heaven amid the choirs of angels. Great must have been the rapture of their spirits. It is said of one of them, that when the fire was kindled under his feet, he said, "It seems as if they strewed roses in my way!"

We may be sure that Luther's great heart was moved from its depths when he heard of these first martyrdoms. Fortunately, we have the outpourings of that heart, in a letter written to the Christians of Holland and Brabant soon after it occurred. In a wonderful and almost apostolic manner he sorrows and rejoices, he congratulates and commiserates the believers in those countries upon their lot. "To you," he exclaims, "before all the world, it is given not merely to hear the gospel and to know Christ, but to be the first to suffer shame and loss, pain and want, imprisonment and danger for Christ's sake; and to be so

faithful and so strong as to bedew that gospel with your blood and to invigorate it with new strength. With you it was that those two precious jewels of Christ, Henry and John, at Brussels, counted not their lives dear unto them, that Christ and his word might be exalted. Oh, how shamefully were those two souls executed! But in what glory and eternal joy will they return with Christ at his coming, and judge righteously those by whom they have been unrighteously condemned! God be praised and blessed for evermore, that we have lived to see righteous saints and real saints, after canonizing and worshiping so many false ones. For ourselves, we have not yet been counted worthy to be so dear and precious an offering for Christ, though many of our members have not escaped persecution. Therefore, dearly beloved, be confident and joyful in Christ, and let us be thankful for the great signs and wonders he has begun to work among us."

But even this ardent letter was not enough to tell his feelings. He composed one of his beautiful hymns in their honor, commencing with the words, "*Ein neues Lied wir heben an.*" One of the verses is thus translated:

“Their ashes will not silent lie,
But, scattered far and near,
Stream, dungeon, bolt and grave defy—
Their foeman’s shame and fear.
Those whom, in life, the tyrant’s wrongs
To silence could subdue,
In death shall chant their joyous songs,
Which, in all languages and tongues,
Shall fly the whole world through.”

These executions had the result which almost invariably follows such deeds of wrong and cruelty. Erasmus says of them: “Two were burnt at Brussels, *from which time Luther’s doctrine began to be in request in that town.*” In fact, from all we can learn, persecution was the chief instrumentality used in public for spreading the doctrines of Luther in the Netherlands. Few if any preachers traversed the country; the churches were in possession of the priests; books could be circulated only in secret, under the most terrible penalties. It was persecution which aroused the curiosity of the people to know these doctrines, and which created sympathy with the Lutherans. If the churches had been thrown open and the doctrines of Luther allowed undisturbed dissemination, they could scarcely have

spread more rapidly than now, when fire and sword sought to stop their progress.

Another native Hollander became prominent in the ecclesiastical history of the day. A new pope had just been elected by the cardinals at Rome, and the choice had fallen upon a native of Utrecht, known as Adrian VI. Much joy was shown by his countrymen at his elevation. They wove into their tapestry and wrote upon their walls the following device: "Utrecht has planted; Louvain [the seat of the university] has watered; and the Emperor [who had aided by his influence in the election] has given the increase." With as much truth as wit, a wag of the time wrote beneath one of these inscriptions, "God has done nothing at all in this matter."

But Adrian showed that he came from the land of the liberal-minded and tyranny-hating Erasmus. He corresponded with his gifted countryman and invited him to come to Rome. He was honest enough to admit the great need of reformation in the Romish Church, and, while he stirred up the temporal princes against Luther, plainly declared that the disturbances in the Church 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." Like Erasmus, however, he lacked the great qualities needed by a reformer. He never ventured to take hold of the work in earnest. To his particular friends he wrote: "The condition of the popes is very unhappy; I see they have not power to do good, even when they are most in earnest to set about it." After a reign of but twenty months, he died in August, 1523. Very touching and yet betraying his unworthy weakness, is the epitaph placed over this Dutch Pontiff: "Here lies Adrian VI., who esteemed the fact that he had reigned the greatest misfortune of his life." Erasmus wrote of him, that "if he had continued ten years in the chair of St. Peter, he would have greatly purified the city of Rome." Yes, if he had not been too much like Erasmus himself!

In the mean time, the doctrines of the Reformation continued to spread rapidly. In and near Antwerp open-air services were held by the Reformers, and, notwithstanding the prohibitions of the papal authorities and the drowning of one of the preachers, they went on and increased.

Monks forsook their cloisters. Priests and nuns followed the example of Luther and Catherine von Bora, and everywhere married in the Lord. Not only priests, but men of learning and high in public life, teachers, professors and counsellors, became converts. John de Backer, a converted priest, who had married a wife, and who preached the doctrines of Luther, was seized and imprisoned, in 1525, in the Hague. He bore himself manfully while in the hands of his enemies, answered effectively the arguments by which they tried to overcome his faith, reproved the vices of the priests unsparingly, and shamed his coarse, indecent persecutors by the correctness and calmness of his behavior.

His own father, though about to be deprived of a son but twenty-seven years old, and turned out of a place for his sake, comforted him in such words as these: "Be strong and persevere in what is good. As for me, I am contented, after the example of Abraham, to offer up to God my dearest child, who never offended me." On the 15th of September he was brought out to the scaffold. Passing by a prison where many more were confined for their faith, he cried with a loud

voice, "Behold, my dear brethren, I have set my foot upon the threshold of martyrdom; have courage, like brave soldiers of Jesus Christ, and as you have been stirred up by my example, defend the truths of the Gospel against all unrighteousness."

With a shout of joy, triumph, and clapping of hands, and with songs and chants, they greeted their comrade on the road to martyrdom, and continued singing *Te Deum Laudamus* and similar strains until he gave up the ghost. At the stake, he cried out, "O Death, where is thy sting? O Grave, where is thy victory? Death is swallowed up in the victory of Christ." And last of all, he prayed: "Lord Jesus, forgive them, for they know not what they do. O Son of God, remember me and have mercy upon me." And so, without contortions, as if in a sweet sleep, he passed away, having come off more than conqueror through Him that loved him.

More conversions to Lutheranism, more placards from the Emperor and his officers against the Reformed doctrines and books, and more persecution and violence followed. In 1527, a widow woman, fearlessly testifying to her belief


in the truth, was seized and carried to the Hague. She declared that she regarded the sacrament of the mass as nothing but a piece of dough. She confessed that instead of saints she knew no other Mediator than Christ. When warned that she did not fear death because she had never tasted it, she nobly replied: "That's true; neither shall I ever taste of it, for Christ has said, If a man keep my sayings, he shall never see death." When finally sentenced to die and advised to confess to a priest, she answered: "I have confessed all my sins to Christ my Lord, who taketh away all sins. But if I have offended any of my neighbors, I heartily ask their forgiveness." Thus, with the mingled meekness and courage of a true Christian heroine, she went to the place of execution, where she was first strangled and then burnt to ashes.

More placards, with, if possible, severer threatenings, more zealous efforts to spread the Gospel, and more burnings followed. Poor Erasmus, afraid of martyrdom himself, protested against these executions as the work of hangmen, not of divines. And the weak tones of his voice were feebly heard amid the swelling conflict—now corresponding in a friendly manner with the Pope,

and now protesting against the violence of the Reformers, advising mild measures and preaching up compromise. But it would not avail. More scandalized and alarmed by the occasional excesses and divisions among the friends of truth than by the gross and grievous errors they combated, he was fain to see the tide of reformation roll by him, and the work come to pass in a way which his own narrow wisdom could not understand.



PLACARDS OF CHARLES V.

MONG the leading instrumentalities of the great Emperor for the suppression of heresy, these placards deserve more special notice. His predecessors appeared to have used them occasionally in making known their will to the people, but it was reserved to the persecuting zeal and cruel ingenuity of Charles to develop them into a grand engine of bigotry and a standing terror to the friends of truth. With the sentence of the Diet, putting Luther under the ban of the Empire, he commenced the long and black series; and whenever any fresh indication came to his knowledge of the growth of Reformed opinions, out came another placard, loaded with terrible threats, rivaling or exceeding in bloodthirsty severity all that had gone before. Or, as the Emperor detected now one, now another way, by which the Reformed might escape, either in their families or their pos-

sessions, from the consequences of their heresy, he promptly stopped up the gap, by announcing in new placards new punishments or new applications of the old.

They were, in fact, a constantly and rapidly increasing system of oppressive laws, utterances of the arbitrary will of the Emperor, against which it was impossible to make any provision in advance, and therefore equivalent in injustice, in secrecy, and in terrible power to the Inquisition itself. Like martial law, they superseded all other laws and all other modes of administering law, and left the people utterly at the mercy of the Emperor. He was the unlimited dictator of their destinies. Their lives, their fortunes, their citizenship, the position of their families, hung upon the tenor of the next placard. Motley very properly calls these placards, "A masked Inquisition even more cruel than that of Spain."

The first one which appeared in these Provinces, against the Reformed opinions, was in 1521, immediately after Luther had been put under the ban of the Empire. It was posted up at Brussels. In this document the Emperor boasts of his own and his illustrious ancestors' devotion to

the Romish Church, and his purpose to suppress, by every means in his power, all heresy and infidelity in the bounds of his dominions. Then, describing Luther's errors, he says:

"It seems to us that the person of the said Martin is not a human creature, but a devil in the figure of a man, and cloaked in the habit of a monk, to enable him so much the better and more easily to bring the race of mankind to everlasting death and destruction."

As we have already given the substance of this placard, we shall not here repeat it. Its promulgation was a direct violation of the laws of the land. Formerly, the old Counts of Holland never made any laws of importance without the consent of nobles and people. But the Emperor, by virtue of his own authority only, made this placard in the German city of Worms, and paid no attention to the authorities of Holland, except to request them to make it public.

The next instrument of the kind of which we read was published September 25, 1525. In this all secret and open meetings were forbidden, the object of which was to preach and read the gospels, the Epistles of Paul and other spiritual

writings. It also forbade any disputes about the holy faith, the sacraments, the power of the Pope and councils, and other ecclesiastical matters, in private houses and at meals. It provided that all heretical books should be burned, and nothing printed that was not approved by the Council.

On the 17th of July a placard, denouncing with great minuteness the practices of preaching and discussing matters of doctrine, appeared at Mechlin. It recognized among the preachers not only those whom it termed "ignorant fellows," but it spoke also of various classes of priests, who presumed to ascend the pulpit and there rehearse the errors and sinister notions of Luther and his adherents. It traced the readiness of the people to follow these heresies to the fact that some of the laity read the Flemish and Walloon gospels, explaining and discussing their doctrines in their private meetings. Wherefore it forbade all assemblies for the purpose of reading, speaking, conferring or preaching concerning the gospels or other sacred writings in Latin, Flemish or the Walloon language. It also forbids preaching, teaching, or in any way promoting the doctrines of Luther.

Stretching its authority over the private and domestic conversation of the subject, the placard ordains that no man, either in public or in private, either within or without his house, either at table or in common discourse, presume to do or say, in preaching, reading or disputing, anything that might incite or move against, or divert and distract the minds of the common people from the faith and from all that is taught by the holy Church. These offences were to be punished by fine and banishment. But the books of Luther and other Reformers, and all the books of Scripture in German, Flemish, Walloon or French, with notes and expositions according to the doctrines of Luther, should be brought to some public place and burnt; and whoever, after the publication of this placard, should presume to keep any of these books and writings by them, *should forfeit life and goods.*

This placard shows us that while preachers were multiplying and priests were boldly proclaiming the truth, the dissemination of Protestant books, through that new and wonderful power of the press, was regarded by the Emperor as the most powerful agent of the Reformation. Preach-

ers he fined and banished—books subjected their possessors to loss of life as well as goods.

Of the two issued in 1529 the following are specimens:—The first, which was posted up in Brussels, October 14, provided that all persons who had in their custody prohibited books, which they had not brought forth to be burnt, as required in former placards, be condemned to death without pardon or reprieve. None that lay under the mere suspicion of heresy were to be admitted to any honorable employ. The better to discover heretics, it was provided that half of their estates should go to the informers. If the estate was large, a share of the remaining half should also be given. In carrying out this placard, it was ordered that the tedious formalities of a regular trial should be set aside, and the case decided as summarily as in reason and equity might be done. Officers who failed in performing these duties were to be removed from their positions.

Here, again, the dreaded heretical books are made prominent. We may also infer, from the placard, that great difficulty was experienced in procuring testimony against Protestants, so that large rewards had to be offered for informers.

The placard of the 7th of December provided that nobody should presume, from that time forward, to write, print, or cause to be written or printed, any new book, upon any subject whatever, without having first obtained letters of license for that purpose, on pain of being publicly whipped on the scaffold, and marked besides with a red-hot iron, or having an eye put out, or a hand cut off, at the discretion of the judge, who was to see the sentence executed without mercy. So much was feared from the circulation of Protestant books—which doubtless continued to be very great—that the Emperor ordered this placard to be published again November 15th, and every six months afterward.

That these placards were not a dead letter we have seen in the sad stories of persecution and martyrdom already told. One of the first printers of Luther's Bible in the Low Dutch language was condemned to death and beheaded for his crime. A collection of comforting passages of Scripture, called "The Well of Life," was made and printed; and although it contained nothing but the word of God, without note or comment, a certain Franciscan friar living in Brabant came

to Amsterdam, where it was printed, and bought up and destroyed the whole edition. However, it was afterward reprinted in several other places. In 1536, William Tyndale, the translator of the New Testament into English, who had fled from persecution in his native country and taken refuge in Holland and Germany, was seized at Antwerp and carried to a neighboring town, where he was strangled and burnt. It is, indeed, remarkable that Tyndale, flying from England in 1525, should, for eleven years, have found in this country of Holland, so afflicted with placards against heretical books, a better opportunity for translating, printing and disseminating his New Testament than in his own country, rapidly advancing toward Protestantism as it was. In all probability, the fact that he was a foreigner was a protection to him.

The Emperor was indefatigable in his efforts to meet every possible mode of escape to person and property from the pains and penalties of heresy. Learning, doubtless, that some heretics had, previous to their conviction, willed or made over their property to relatives and friends, the Emperor, in a placard issued in 1540 at Ghent,

provided that, from the very time heretics *fell into their errors*, they should be, *ipso facto*, incapable of disposing of their estates, and that all alienations, gifts, cessions, sales and conveyances, and all bequests and legacies made by last will and testament of such persons, should become null and void. To this placard was added the royal decree, requiring the most rigorous execution of its provisions. No mercy was to be shown, no matter what appeal was made, or what privilege, law, statute, custom or usage of the country stood in the way.

This placard of Ghent was the signal for a fresh outbreak of persecuting fury. At Louvain a general search was made for forbidden books, and two men were burnt and two women buried alive, while many others sought safety in flight; and to aid in discovering offenders the plan employed in the detective department of our modern police was used. Portraits of the heretics were painted and hung up at the gates of the city and in other public places, and rewards were offered for their capture. In this city, in 1543, twenty-eight or thirty persons were burnt on account of their religion. But Charles was not

satisfied. Protestant books spread abroad too rapidly, and he felt it necessary to draw the reins still more tightly and with greater rigor and severity to restrain their circulation. And so once more out comes the placard, the peculiar device and ornament of his policy; at Ghent, in December, 1544, it is published, and it banishes forever and heavily fines any one printing anything, even not heretical, or anything in a language not commonly understood, without a license—any one printing, selling or having a book without the author's name. Twice a year, and as much oftener as might be thought necessary, every bookseller's shop was to be searched for suspected books; and no offender should be allowed to shelter himself under any privilege, liberty, exemption or even difference of jurisdiction, so as to prevent the execution of the placard.

A still later placard, published in July, 1546, required that all printers of books should, on receiving the license, take oath to obey all the laws on the subject, on pain of death. Here followed a list of prohibited books, including the Bible in Latin, with and without comments, the Dutch and French Bibles, and the Dutch New Testament.

Jacob Liesvelt, of Antwerp, the printer of one of the Bibles, was put to death at Antwerp, because he said in the notes to one of his Bibles, following his copy, that the salvation of mankind comes from Christ alone.

Still another placard appeared at Brussels, November 2, 1549, designed to stop up the little loopholes through which the policy of confiscation might be nullified. Whereas, says the pertinacious Emperor, some towns and countries pretend that there could be no confiscation or forfeiture of estate within their jurisdictions on any pretence whatever, and that it was a privilege which, as they said, they had enjoyed from ancient times, the Emperor did ordain, will and command, that in all the cases mentioned forfeitures should take place throughout all his dominions, all privileges, usages and customs to the contrary notwithstanding; and no towns should be permitted to plead them in the cases above mentioned.

While thus the circle of fire seemed narrowing around the Reformers, God was with them. In one case, at least, he executed judgment in their behalf. James Latomus, Professor of Divinity at

Louvain, was at first well enough disposed to the Reformers, but, changing suddenly, he did all in his power to suppress them. But at one time, ascending the pulpit in Brussels, to preach before the Emperor, he was so confounded that he could not utter an intelligible word, and all the congregation fell to laughing at him. Chagrin at his failure now joined with an uneasy conscience and drove him to utter despair. In his public exercises he often dropped expressions signifying that he had fought against the truth; whereupon his friends in the Romish Church, to prevent scandal, shut him up in his house, where he died despairing, crying out frequently that he was damned; that he was rejected by God; that he could not hope for salvation or pardon, having presumptuously fought against God.

Who would not rather have been Peter Brully, a preacher of Strasburg, who, a few months later, won the crown of honorable martyrdom, continuing steadfast in the profession of truth, comforting his fellow-prisoners and his wife with letters, and triumphing over the tortures of death by a slow fire, calling upon his God and Saviour, with entire trust and confidence, even to the end?

Who would hesitate in choosing between the fate of a martyr and an apostate?

The threat contained in the Emperor's more recent placards of debarring an accused person from the enjoyment of his right to a fair trial under the laws of his city and state, and of practically annulling the charters of the communities, was a high-handed piece of injustice, and introduced the horrors of that irresponsible and absolute tribunal, the Inquisition, without the name. But the name itself was not very long in coming. The omens of its approach, which had been read in the placards of Ghent and Brussels in 1540, 1544 and 1549, were fulfilled in that of April 29, 1550, also issued at Brussels. This last confirmed all that had gone before, and also required all justices and other officers to give all favor, countenance and encouragement, help and assistance to the inquisitors of the faith, whenever their help was desired. And the placard concluded by once more revoking the privileges or local laws of the cities, designed to secure the citizens from injustice.

CONCLUSION OF REIGN OF CHARLES V.

[1550-'55.]

IF the establishment of the Inquisition caused tumults and insurrections in countries as abject as Italy and Spain, and even in Rome itself, what wonder that the free people of the Low Countries rose against this last and most hateful exhibition of religious tyranny? Already they had suffered incalculable woes from the virtual establishment of the institution among them. Four years before, a Venetian envoy had put the number of victims of Charles's persecuting rage, in the northern half of his territories only, at thirty thousand. If, even under some measure of restraint, this Inquisition had wrought such bloodshed and misery, what could they expect but utter destruction from its open establishment and unrestricted operation?

Some of the cities, indeed, not perceiving in the placard of 1550 any substantial change in

the policy of the Emperor, and perhaps believing the case already about as bad as possible, made no resistance, but published the placard as they were bidden. But Antwerp, the most flourishing commercial town in the Netherlands—the New York or Liverpool of that age and country—frightened by the disastrous effect which such an odious policy immediately produced upon its trade and all its interests, was aroused to a resistance which it never ceased to make. The great merchants packed up their goods and prepared to be gone; all trade was at a stand; there was neither buying nor selling, nor correspondence with other parts, except to inquire for a place of refuge. Rents fell; handicrafts decayed; mechanics and laborers could get neither work nor pay.

The magistrates took sworn testimony from the principal citizens, and laid the whole matter before the Emperor's sister Mary, who was acting as Regent of the Provinces, begging her intercession with her brother. She was a woman of great natural kindness, and she took so much interest in the petition of the alarmed people that she went to Augsburg, in Germany, where the Emperor was holding the German Diet, and

represented to him the great damage inflicted by his last placard upon the interests of the country.

It is difficult to see that she gained any concession from her barbarous and tyrannical brother, although he consented to issue a new placard, with a slight modification of the old. This modification consisted in requiring a civil judge from the Emperor's courts to sit with the inquisitors and superintend the proceedings against any suspected persons. But as this judge was to be selected by inquisitors and from those of the Emperor's employment, the difference consisted pretty much in adding another inquisitor to those already on the bench. The new placard was particular in repealing, as before, the operation of all rights and privileges of the towns which stood in the way of the summary execution of heretics and suspected persons.

The burghers of Antwerp were as ill satisfied as before. Not until the Chancellor of Brabant assured them that they should not be saddled with the Inquisition in any form whatever, did they consent to the publication of the placard in their city; and then they accompanied it with a solemn, written instrument, in which they declared

that, notwithstanding the threatening words at the close of the placard, they insisted upon their rights and privileges, laws, customs and usages, from whence they would not admit of any derogation.

The bloody work of the Inquisition, however, went on, and so the years rolled by, with their fresh accumulation of victims ; until Charles, its author, much admired and praised by historians, and ranked as one of the world's heroes, but worthy of everlasting infamy as one of the most dangerous enemies that ever civil or religious liberty had, resigned his imperial crown and put the control of the Netherlands and of Spain into the hands of his son Philip.

How the great Emperor, when not much above fifty years old, could be led to resign all the pomp and glory of his position, and pass the remainder of his life as a mere monk, in the quiet and secluded routine of a Spanish convent, is a question which has been much debated and variously answered. Some regard the act as a proof of piety, of greatness of soul, of a becoming sense of the necessity of preparing for the eternal world. These persons tell of one of Charles's

old generals, who asked to be dismissed from his position in the army that he might retire from all active life. On being asked by the Emperor what induced him to take so strange a resolution, he answered, *that there ought to intervene some space between the hurry of life and the day of one's death.* This saying seems to have made a deep impression on Charles, as he was often heard to quote it afterward; and some see in his own conduct the proof of a similar regard for the interests of his soul.

Others give very different reasons. The Catholics say that he was uneasy in conscience for various acts of hostility to the Pope, whom he once took prisoner. But if a disturbed conscience troubled the great Emperor and made his crown a burden and public life intolerable, doubtless his long and bitter crusade against religious and civil liberty, his murderous placards against the Netherlanders, his persevering efforts to stifle the Reformation in that and other countries, and his purpose to set up the bloody Inquisition among them, partially carried out, would amply explain such a remorseful state of mind. To have resting upon one's soul the blood of one person slain

under a cruel edict, with no accusation against him but that he sought to follow Christ more closely than the priest, and regarded the word of God of higher authority than the word of man; to know that only one person had been put to death by the most agonizing torture, although of innocent life and a faithful, loyal subject; to allow one man, in a wide empire, to be deprived of life without any protection from the forms of law,—ought to be enough to burn the awful consciousness of murder into the ruler's soul. But Charles had upon his soul the guilt of fifty thousand such murders, and we might well believe them enough to drive him from a loftier throne to a far deeper voluntary debasement.

But we cannot affirm that he abdicated under any such feelings. On the contrary, the scene upon his withdrawal from the government of the Netherlands was like that of an indulgent father, when leaving the circle of the family which he had long sustained and protected. He assured the dignitaries of the people assembled in honor of the occasion, that the welfare of his people and the security of the Roman Catholic religion had been the leading objects of his life. He

claimed that true affection for his subjects required one unfitted, as he professed to be, by bodily infirmity for active duty, to give place to a younger and more vigorous ruler. With deep emotion he begged pardon for his errors and offences, and assured them that he should unceasingly remember them in his every prayer to that Being to whom the remainder of his life was to be dedicated.

Tears and sobs were heard through every part of the hall. Brave men were melted at the strange spectacle of greatness humbling and renouncing itself, seemingly from generous regard for the good of others. Far distant from this magnificent assembly of courtiers seemed the thought of the myriads of murdered Protestants, burned, drowned, buried alive and tortured to death in a thousand nameless ways; far distant the remembrance of the venerable free institutions of towns and states swept away like cobwebs; far distant the remembrance of the introduction of the Inquisition, and the publication of placards black with the most tyrannical and cruel purposes—all, all the work of this prince, whose tender farewell expressions were mingled with the sighs

and sobs of his principal subjects. There was no remorse here, where, from strange infatuation under the spell of power, there seemed no sense of wrong. 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 been told the man who asked of 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. But now there seemed no sense of such coming justice in any breast.

Another proof—if proof were needed—that Charles was not driven into retirement by remorse, is found in the spirit he manifested in the place of his retreat. There he became a greater bigot and showed a more cruel and unscrupulous temper even than before. It has been recorded to his honor that, having given his word to Luther at the Diet of Worms, he refused to betray him and put him in the hands of the

bloodthirsty emissaries of the Pope, as they desired, and as his predecessor Sigismund had done in the case of John Huss a hundred years before. But now, in the convent, Charles uttered bitter regrets that he had kept his word with Luther, and had omitted to put to death the man whom he regarded as the cause of all the mischief of the age.

Nor was he satisfied with the rate at which his successor labored in suppressing the Reformation, but thundered fierce instructions from his retreat to the inquisitors to hasten the execution of all heretics, including particularly his own former friends. He even sent furious exhortations to his son Philip—as if Philip needed a prompter in such a work!—that he should set himself to “cutting out the root of heresy with rigor and rude chastisement.” Little proof of self-reproach did the author of such explosions of savage bigotry give, mingling them 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 wine, relieved by copious draughts of rhubarb and

senna, to which his horror-stricken physician doomed him as he ate. Such, says Motley, is the true portrait of the cloistered Charles, and not that romantic picture of philosophic retirement, of profound and pious contemplation, on which former writers lavished their powers of embellishment.

And the true cause of his retirement is stated by this writer to be the failure of many of his great projects in the latter part of his life, the combination of Turk and Protestant and Catholic that was rising to crush him, the rise and progress of the Reformation, in spite of the defeats he had given it. Disappointed in his schemes, broken in fortunes, with his income anticipated, estates mortgaged, all his affairs in confusion, failing in mental powers, with a constitution hopelessly shattered, he felt that to remain behind on the stage of action would but expose him to mortification and perhaps utter overthrow. And so, being warned, as he thought, while lingering at Brussels, by the appearance of a comet, he shrunk away to the monastery of St. Juste, on the borders of Placentia, in Spain, where, three years afterward, he died.

It is truly marvelous how the truth, under all these disadvantages, made headway. Without churches or regular ministers, with the most cruel edicts imaginable over their heads, which they saw carried into effect by a powerful and bigoted Emperor, every day converts were multiplied by thousands. The number of these, especially in the northern provinces, who in a short time declared themselves adherents of the new doctrine was prodigious. Not less than four or five persons on an average were put to death every day during these thirty-five years, besides the multitudes that were banished or punished with loss of property, or by other less severe measures. Yet, with the loss of fifty thousand lives, the Protestant strength was increasing all the time, until it actually rallied for armed opposition to the oppressor, and began the long struggle for civil and religious liberty which is among the most glorious in the annals of the earth.

Commerce had drawn a vast foreign population, including many Frenchmen, to the shores of the Low Countries. It was among these that the doctrines of the Reformation made the greatest progress. From time to time, as persecution

raged in France under Francis I. and Henry II., French Protestants found refuge in these great commercial centres, where doubtless their skill in some trade, or their enterprise as merchants, shielded them from the violence of Charles's bloody emissaries, who never fared so well in the great business centres, as in the inland towns of the Low Countries.

Now, these French refugees had become acquainted with the Gospel through the teachings of Calvin, rather than of Luther, and their influence, and that of some French preachers who dared to penetrate the country from the south, began to be extensively felt in moulding the Dutch Reformation. The good work begun by Germany was being finished by France. Calvin's strong and logical system of doctrines, his stern morality and discipline, his well-organized form of church government, his more positive and distinct separation from the Romish Church, and the closer affinity of his whole spirit with men struggling for civil liberty, as were these Hollanders, aided the French refugees in fixing the character of the religious movement among these liberty-loving people. The Dutch Church became

one of the historical strongholds of Calvinism and Presbyterianism. A little town in South Holland is famous as the gathering-place of a synod whose decisions are quoted as settling and defining the great doctrines of the Calvinistic Churches of the world—the Synod of Dort.

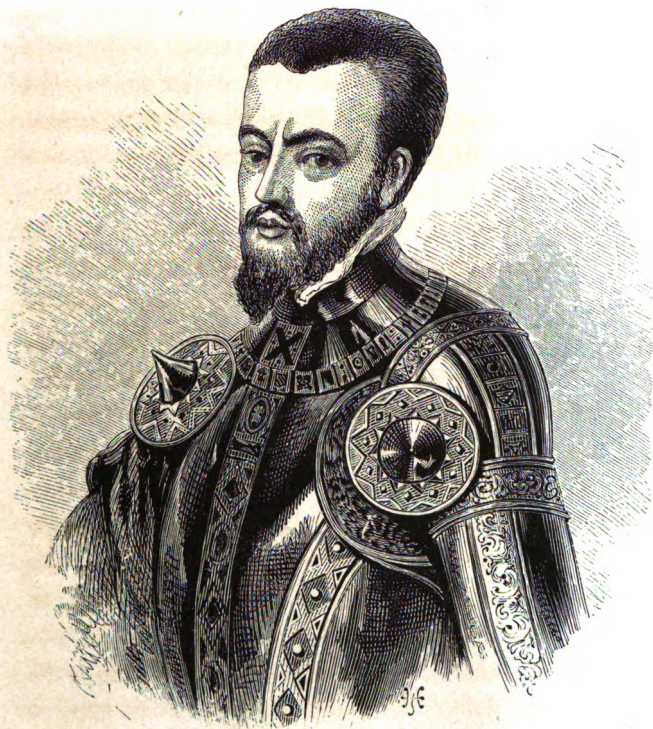
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THE STRUGGLE DEEPENS—COMMENCEMENT OF PHILIP'S REIGN.

BUT the struggle with Romanism as yet was only deepening in intensity. Philip, who took the place of his retiring father, was a greater tyrant, a darker bigot, a far narrower-minded man than his persecuting, liberty-hating father. Charles was an ambitious, proud, despotic prince, who crushed Protestantism because it crossed his political designs and filled the people with notions of liberty—who did not hesitate to imprison the Pope himself when he found him in the way of his schemes. But Philip was an intense devotee of Romanism. He persecuted heretics as a religious duty. He was nothing more than a crowned Inquisitor General, who felt kingly power to be an advantage chiefly as it enlarged his sphere as an inquisitor.

More than any other king probably that ever



Beggars of Holland.

Philip II of Spain.

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lived, he considered it his peculiar business, by persecuting, torturing and slaying heretics, to combat the Reformation wherever it appeared in his dominions. He was a Spaniard; and as former generations in Spain had hated the Moors, so now they hated Christian heretics with even more violent passion; and Philip was the very embodiment of this hate. He was icy cold in his manners, spoke little, withdrew from the public as much as possible, and busied himself in his retirement with writing long and minute despatches, plotting, like a spider in its gloomy den, the overthrow of the upright.

When the thoughtless people of the Netherlands received him with great demonstrations of interest and rejoicing under countless triumphal arches, and made their very streets run with wine, he looked on with a coldness and haughtiness that chilled the popular enthusiasm, and prepared his subjects, to some extent, for the inhuman, implacable policy with which he afterwards treated them. It was not an unsuitable match which made him the husband of Mary Tudor—"Bloody Mary"—of England.

Philip began by taking the largest and most

solemn oaths ; he swore to support all the charters and constitutions of the Provinces, thus virtually undoing what his ancestors, Philip and Charles of Burgundy, had done to invalidate those charters, and promising larger liberties than his father, Charles V., ever gave or intended to give.

But what cared this devotee of the Pope for oaths which would work for the advantage of heretics? He who paused in a career of victory in Italy and France of unparalleled brilliancy, and refused to gather the vast fruits, only that he might be free to combat heresy ; he who established the dreadful *auto da fe* in his dominions, was not the man to be restrained by any pledges from every possible effort for the suppression of heresy in the Netherlands.

One of his first acts was to reissue the very worst of all his father's placards against the Netherland Reformers. This was the Brussels Placard of 1550, which created such excitement as a virtual establishment of the Inquisition, and which expressly revoked all charters and privileges of the towns. These charters provided that the consent of the nobility and of the cities was necessary to give any extraordinary power to the

clergy ; that the prince could prosecute no subject otherwise than in the open courts of justice ; that no foreigners should hold important offices in the country ; and that the subjects are discharged from all obligation to the sovereign who violates these provisions, and may conduct themselves as free and independent people. Such were some of the liberal provisions to which Philip bound himself with an extraordinary show of generosity.

The placard contains such provisions as the following :

“No one shall print, write, copy, keep, hide, sell, buy or give in churches, streets or other places, any book or writing made by Martin Luther, John Ecolampadius, Ulrich Zuin-glius, Martin Bucer, John Calvin, or other heretics reprobated by the Holy Church, nor in his house hold conventicles or illegal gatherings, or be present in any such. Moreover, we forbid all lay persons to converse or dispute concerning the Holy Scriptures, openly or secretly, especially on any doubtful or difficult matters, or to preach secretly or openly, or to entertain any of the opinions of the above-mentioned heretics, on pain of being punished in the following manner, to wit: the men with the sword, and *women to be buried alive, if they recant or give up their errors* ; if they do persist in them, then they are to be executed with fire ; all their property, in any case, to become the king's.

“We forbid,” continued the decree, “all persons to lodge,

entertain, furnish with food, fire or clothing, or otherwise to favor any one holden or notoriously suspected of being a heretic. All who know of any person tainted with heresy, or who know of any place where such heretics keep themselves, shall be obliged to declare them to the authorities, on pain of being held as accomplices, and punished as such heretics themselves would be. If any, being present at any such conventicle, shall afterwards come forward and betray his fellow-members of the congregation, he shall receive full pardon."

Nothing can exceed the injustice of the edict, which provides—

"That if any person not convicted of heresy or error, but greatly suspected thereof, and therefore condemned by the spiritual judge to abjure such heresy, shall again become suspected or tainted with heresy, although it should not appear that he has violated any 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 of the above-named penalties."

Carpenters and other workmen, in order to make their work more steady and secure, frequently turn down the end of the nail which they drive through the board, so that it cannot be drawn out at the other end. *This is called clinching the nail.* Cruel Philip is a good workman. See how he clinches the nail just driven :

"We forbid all judges to alter or moderate the penalties in any manner. We forbid any one, of whatsoever condition, to ask of us, or of any one having authority, to grant pardon, or to present any petition in favor of such heretics, exiles or fugitives, on penalty of being for ever incapable of holding office and of being punished at our pleasure besides."

Every officer in the land received stringent instructions from Philip himself, requiring the most rigorous enforcement of this edict. And this was the first gift of the new monarch to his Dutch dominions, the first response he made to their demonstrations of loyalty and affection upon his ascent to the throne! And yet this monarch knew so little of the depths of his own malignant nature, as to declare that he had always, "from the beginning of his government, followed the path of clemency, according to his own natural disposition, so well known to all the world!"

Hanging this direful law over the heads of the Dutch, Philip left the Duchess of Parma, his sister, an enthusiastic Catholic and a pupil of Loyola, to act as Regent of the Provinces. As if her own educational prejudices were insufficient, she was publicly charged by Philip accurately and exactly to cause to be enforced the edicts and decrees made by his father, and renewed by him-

self, for the extirpation of all sects and heresies. In a letter to the various provincial councils and tribunals of the country he gave stringent orders that these decrees for burning, strangling and burying alive should be fulfilled to the letter. He threatened the judges who should prove remiss in dealing with the heretics, with the penalties denounced upon the heretics themselves. Philip now turned to take his departure for Spain, which he designed to make his home.

But just as he was leaving the country, a commissioner from the Pope of Rome arrived, bringing with him a law, or Bull, providing for a great enlargement of the hierarchical force in the Low Countries. Three new archbishops and fifteen bishops were appointed by this Bull; each of the fifteen bishops should appoint nine additional prebendaries, two of whom were themselves to be inquisitors—making one hundred and fifty-three new ecclesiastics in all, all of them appointed to carry out the design of the Inquisition, but eighteen only were to be denominated inquisitors.

This gave Philip the complete machinery for carrying out his persecuting designs. Four thousand well-drilled, unscrupulous Spanish troops,

against the earnest protest of the Prince of Orange and of all the leading citizens, remained as a standing army to overawe the spirit of rebellion. And now, like the cunning and venomous spider, having woven his web all around those whom he wishes to make his victims, he can retire to his dark corner and wait for the result.

Philip started for Spain by the sea. The voyage was stormy. Some of the vessels in his company were swallowed up by the waves; others were compelled to throw overboard a large part of their cargoes. Yet it pleased God to allow the cruel and bigoted Philip to escape and reach Spain in safety. His courtiers knew with what entertainment to welcome him. So, instead of great public rejoicings at the safe return of the king, in which all good men might take part, behold them bringing forth from their dungeons thirteen distinguished Protestants, fastening them to stakes, heaping them around with wood, and burning them alive before his eyes and in presence of an immense multitude of soldiers, priests and people.

One of these victims, a young nobleman named

Charles de Sessa, as he passed by the king with the procession to the stake, appealed to him with the moving question, "How can you thus look on and permit me to be burned?" The answer was in exact keeping with the character of the inquisitorial king: "I would carry the wood with which to burn my own son, were he as wicked as you." If he really felt as if he could do this to his own child, what treatment can we expect him to bestow upon the distant heretics of the Netherlands?*


In fact, the king never withdrew a jealous and cruel eye from that country. From his distant home in Spain, where one would have thought he had enough to occupy his mind, he would send to the rulers whom he had left in the Netherlands, the most particular directions for overthrowing the Reformed opinions. He would even send the names of individual men and women, tell how they looked, what they did for a living, and where were their residences, with directions to have

* He never did burn his own son, but, as it is supposed for some expression of sympathy with the suffering Protestants of the Netherlands, he threw him into prison, and either wore him to death by excessive cruelty or had him despatched at once.

them put to death without delay. The Inquisition itself, that dreadful invention of persecuting Rome in all its essential features, was set up in this country. Inquisitors, or officers to search out Protestants, were appointed, and sheriffs and police officers were compelled, by law, to do as they bid them with Protestants, even if it were to torture, imprison, or put them to death with great cruelty; while the more humane Romish priests and bishops, who abhorred these proceedings, even might not say a word, and were in danger of being accused and brought before the inquisitors to give an account of their own opinions.



OFFICERS AND VICTIMS OF THE INQUISITION.

MONG all inquisitors, the name of Peter Titelman was pre-eminent. He carried on his infamous business of searching out and punishing heretics in the best parts of the Netherlands where the people were most numerous. He was so swift and so sure in his movements, and he seemed to take such delight in his barbarous work, that it almost makes us doubt whether he was man or devil. At least, he did not act as if he considered his miserable victims to be men. In the stories which are told of him he appears more like a strange and terrible goblin, careering through the country by night or day alone, on horseback, smiting the trembling peasants on the head with his great club, spreading terror far and wide, dragging such as were suspected of Protestant opinions from their firesides or out of their beds, and thrusting

them into dungeons, arresting, torturing, strangling, burning, with hardly the shadow of authority except as an officer of the all-powerful Inquisition.

His character is shown in the following anecdote: He was once met by the sheriff of the country, who was required by his office to take up such offenders against the law as thieves, murderers, rioters and the like, and who was called Red-Rod, because he carried a staff painted red as a badge of his office. Red-Rod looked at the inquisitor with wonder, and asked the question: "How can you venture to go about alone, or at most with only one or two attendants, arresting people on every side, while I dare not attempt such a thing unless I have a large body of men and am well armed myself; and even then my life is not safe?"

"Ah! Red-Rod," answered Peter, in a joking way, "your business is with bad people. I need not fear, because I seize only the innocent and virtuous; they 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, who

in the world is to escape?" We do not know the answer of the inquisitor, but there is no doubt he went on his way like a strong man to run a race, held his cruel office for many years, and bore upon his soul the guilt of many, many murders. Trifling things, words, suspected thoughts even, were sufficient grounds for seizing and condemning his victims, with this persecutor, who reminds us by his zeal of unconverted Saul; by his cold-blooded cruelty, of Claverhouse; and by his insolence and arbitrariness, of Jeffries.

There was a rich man, named Walter Capell, who spent much of his money in relieving the poor. He was charged with being a heretic, and no doubt was very soon found guilty; for his money, if he were condemned, would go to his accusers and judges. But the poor did not forget their kind friend in his distresses. A crowd of the towns-people stood round him during his trial, and when the judges declared that he must die, one of them, a poor idiot, had enough sense to see and feel that the judges were doing a wicked thing, and shouted out, to the shame of them all, "You are murderers. The man has done no harm; he has always given me bread." When

they brought him to the stake, the grateful idiot threw himself in the burning pile of faggots, to perish with his friend, and was dragged off with difficulty. Two days afterwards he was seen taking the half-burned body from the stake where it yet hung, and carrying it to the house of the chief magistrate, where he threw it down on the floor, saying, "There, you murderers! you have eaten his flesh; now eat his bones." Any one but Titelman would have been startled and brought to a stand by so strange and awful a reproof. It is quite likely he sent the poor idiot the same way with his murdered benefactor. More feeling was shown by a sheriff, who ordered a poor huckster named Simon to be burnt, and actually stood by and saw him suffer that death, for refusing to kneel down before the Romish idol of the host. But afterwards the horrid sight haunted him so that he took sick and gradually pined away, all the while calling on the poor martyr, "O Simon! O Simon!" until he died. The monks who gathered around his bed tried to comfort him, but without success.

Titelman hearing at one time of a poor school-master named Mulen, that he was simply in the

habit of reading the Bible, ordered him to be seized for heresy. He had a wife and children, and for their sakes tried hard to escape. He demanded to be taken into court and tried before the regular judges. "You are my prisoner," was Titelman's reply, "and are to answer to me, and none other." Still trembling at the dreadful prospect of leaving his wife a widow and his children without a father, he refused to give direct answers. The inquisitor, like the high priest when Christ stood in silence before him, adjured his prisoner by the living God, and even quoted the passages in Scripture in which Christ commands his disciples to confess him before men. At these words the schoolmaster lost all fear, and after a silent prayer to God for assistance, he boldly turned to the inquisitor and answered with such power that Titelman was confounded, and did a very unusual thing in that day—offered to save his life if he would give up these opinions. But in vain. The good man had risked every thing and taken his position, and now felt strong in the truth and in the Divine support. Titelman had already noticed the prisoner's feeling for his family, and determined to work upon him in that

direction. "Do you not love your wife and children?" said he to Mulen. "God knows," was the answer, "if the whole world was of gold and my own, I would give it all to have them with me, even if I had to live on bread and water, and in bondage too." "You have only, then," said Titelman, "to give up the error of your opinions." "Neither for wife, nor children, nor all the world, can I renounce my God and religious truth," was the answer. There was no more to be said—he was strangled and burnt. This was in 1554, one year before Philip became king.

But the next year, when the cruel edict of 1550 was proclaimed afresh by Philip, there was a general outburst of discontent, and some of the cities boldly refused to acknowledge the decree or to put it in force among their population. It must be remembered the cities of the Netherlands enjoyed much freedom; practically, says Motley, the towns were republics; and Antwerp, the chief city of the Netherlands, and the greatest place of business in the world at that time, made a most determined resistance. This, however, did not save the poor Protestants in other places.

In one of the towns of Flanders, the inquisitor Titelman complained of Robert Ogier, because Protestant worship was held in his house. The house was searched, and the poor man, with his wife and two sons, was seized. Just as the search was ended and the party were leaving the house, the oldest son, Baldwin, came in, saw the happy home made desolate, and was himself arrested and compelled to go with the rest. When brought before the magistrates and questioned, they made no attempt at hiding the matter; indeed it was remarkable how frank in their confessions the Protestants of this country were. When asked what they did at their meetings, Baldwin, the son, quite a youth, made answer for the rest. "When we are come together in the name of the Lord," said the boy, "we fall on our knees and pray to God that he may enlighten our hearts and forgive our sins. We pray for our sovereign [the author of the accursed edict], that his reign may be prosperous and his life peaceful. And you, my lords, are not forgotten by us as our immediate governors; we pray for you and this whole city, that He would support you in what is good and just. Do you still believe that our meeting can

be so wicked as some wish you to believe? As a proof I am ready, my lords, to say those very prayers to you." Some of the judges made a sign to him to do so, upon which Baldwin knelt down and poured forth a prayer for these very men, with such fervor and evident sincerity that they could not withhold their tears.

The power of God was evidently resting on the assembly. But Titelman and the monks felt nothing of it. Baldwin and his father were condemned to be burnt. Their courage did not fail them. As they were leading them away to the stake the monks fastened a wooden cross to the father's hands. But Baldwin snatched it from him and threw it away, saying: "We worship no wooden Christ, for we bear about Christ Jesus, the Son of the living God, in our hearts; and we feel his holy word written in the bottom of our hearts, in golden characters." At the stake young Baldwin prayed: "O God, 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 that was to burn them: "God is not your father; you are the devil's children." He then

began to chant the sixteenth Psalm, when one of the priests cried out: "Hark how they chant their vile errors, to deceive the people." Baldwin replied: "Dare you say the Psalms of David are errors? But this is your ancient practice, to blaspheme the Holy Ghost."

The noble boy's spirit was too elevated to be disturbed by the vile abuse poured upon him. Like Stephen and many other Christians in the same situation, the heavenly glory already burst upon his eyes. "Look! look! father!" he exclaimed, as the flames ran above him; "I see the heavens opened, and millions of angels around us rejoicing for the confession of truth we have made before the world. Let us likewise rejoice for the glory of God which appears before our eyes." This roused the wicked feelings of the monk again, and he burst out with, "Thou liest—thou liest! All hell is opening, and I see ten thousand devils waiting to carry you away." A cheering voice came from the crowd. "Courage, Baldwin!" it said; "your cause is just. I am one of yours." No one knew who it was that could be so bold, right before the fires and in the midst of the inquisitors. Baldwin did take courage, for when

the flames hid him from sight he could still be heard cheering his father to the last.

The mother of the family, Joanna, was first prevailed on by the monks to recant, and thereupon endeavored to draw one of her sons, Martin, from the faith. But he answered, weeping, "O mother, what have you done? Have you denied the Son of God who redeemed you? What has he done to you that you should dishonor and injure him in such a manner? Now, indeed, what I most dreaded is come to pass. Why have I been spared to hear what so pierces my heart with grief?"

The mother, who doubtless was led by her strong desire to save the lives of her children into this sad act of apostasy, was recalled by these heroic words; she confessed her sin and cried out, "O Lord! be merciful to me. Hide my misdeed in the merits of thy Son. Grant me strength to abide by my first confession, and confirm me in it to the last breath of my life." To the monks she said: "Depart—get you gone! I will subscribe no confession but my first, and if I cannot do it with ink, I will do it with my blood."

They were not slow in giving her the opportunity. In a week she and her son were carried to the scaffold and both behaved with a courage worthy of the father and brother who had so nobly led the way. "Speak out, Martin," said the mother to her boy, "that they may know we are no heretics;" and to the crowd she said, as she was being fastened to the stake, "We are Christians, and what we are about to suffer is neither for theft nor murder, but because we will not believe anything besides the word of God."

And so perished this remarkable family, passing at once from holy fellowship on earth to the crowned, robed and honored company of martyrs in heaven. Well did those noble boys, Baldwin and Martin, reward their parents for the faithful training given them in the doctrines and principles of Christianity; bright above the fires of the persecutor glowed the pure radiance of household piety; indescribably tender and strong were those natural ties, sanctified and raised by Divine grace into holy affections, made sources of the highest comfort and strength, instead of anguish and weakness, in the supreme trial of martyrdom.

STORY OF ANGELUS MERULA.

IT was not only among the common people and the laity that the Inquisition got its victims. It was terrible to the wealthy, the learned and the great—to those who had many friends and to those who had none—to priests and pastors, as well as to people. Its most distinguished victim at this time was an aged, learned, wealthy and benevolent priest, named Angelus Merula, a native of Briel, but living at the time in Henfleet. Here the study of the Scriptures opened his eyes to many of the abuses of Popery, although he did not feel it necessary to abandon, but rather to reform the Church of Rome.

It was in 1553 that the Inquisition commenced their long, determined, and finally successful attack upon him. From his sermons they extracted such sentiments as these: That it was better to neglect ten masses than one sermon; that nothing was necessary to be believed besides

what could be found in the word of God; that the praises addressed to the Virgin Mary were blasphemy against God and Christ; that all things necessary to salvation are fully taught in the Holy Scriptures.

These and like doctrines he seems to have reached without any particular study of Luther's writings, led doubtless by the Holy Spirit and by the general and prevailing tendency of the times to question the claims and to note the errors and abuses of the Romish hierarchy; so, when Angelus was attacked by the inquisitors, he defended himself as a sincere Catholic, honestly seeking the advantage and improvement of the Church. But the inquisitors gave no heed to this plea. Angelus was a Lutheran in fact if not by name. They attempted first to get him away from his own territory, so that they might not be hindered by the interposition of the authorities, who had a high veneration for the old man. For a time they were unsuccessful, and the Inquisition was obliged to content itself with closely imprisoning him at the Hague and teasing him with questions. At one time they forced him to answer to one hundred and eight articles, extracted from his

papers, by a simple "I believe or I do not believe," without any previous consideration or explanation. But he took a whole month afterwards in defending the principal points of his faith before the Stadtholder and his council, with such invincible eloquence as amazed his enemies and struck them dumb.

But, alas! when did the most eloquent plea avail to turn aside the cruel wrath and blood-thirstiness of an Inquisition? The arguments of Angelus were wasted upon judges who, before the trial, had decided upon their sentence. They had no answer but a threat of death if he refused to recant. Angelus was not unwilling to admit that he might have erred, and might err again in the future. But he declared that he would never recede from such doctrines as—That God alone is to be worshiped; that Christ is our only Mediator and Intercessor; that the honor paid to images is vain, unprofitable and unbecoming; that we are justified by faith only and not by works; that the merits of His death and passion are the only propitiation for all our sins. Being asked whether he pretended to be wiser than the whole Church, he answered that he was wise according

to the Word of God, and did not pin his faith on the inventions of men.

But the inquisitors were fast getting into trouble with their honored and beloved prisoner. The people flocked to the Hague from all parts when they heard that sentence was about to be given against him. The whole assembly of the States of Holland were moved with compassion at his misfortunes, remembering his good name, his learning, his admirable eloquence, and his inexhaustible charity to the poor, who cried out that they had lost their father and their friend. There was a general outcry, especially among the lawyers, that the just rights of the people were invaded by the inquisitors; so that it was felt to be impossible, with any degree of safety, to burn him at the Hague.

They then hit upon a stratagem to procure his recantation, and so turn the sympathy of the crowd from him. They thirsted for the blood of the venerable man, now threescore-and-ten years old, and they intended to cheat him out of the only defence of his life.

Being brought out on one occasion, as he supposed, to receive sentence of death, what was the

old man's surprise to see a bishop throw himself at his feet, bare-headed, with folded hands and tearful eyes, and in that attitude address him with a long and earnest plea to have mercy upon his persecutors, and save them, by recanting his errors, from the performance of a duty which would endanger their lives and cause a disturbance of the public peace! If Angelus would only acknowledge that he had imprudently and unseasonably endeavored to abolish a few indifferent points and customs, and would say he was sorry for it, they would spare his life. Deafness interfered somewhat with the old man's full comprehension of the affair, and he gave his assent to what he supposed was but a moderate and merciful arrangement.

Forthwith they led him to the scaffold, where the people in crowds expected to see him executed, and there they read over a full confession, in which Angelus was made to abjure all the principal points of his faith, and to swear fidelity to the doctrines and unity of the Catholic Church. He was asked in a loud voice whether he subscribed to this recantation, to which he answered, in his ignorance, "Yea!"

The diabolical object of the priests was accomplished. The people were disappointed. Their love and compassion were turned to hatred, anger and curses. Angelus was condemned to a loss of his living and of all priestly functions, and to perpetual imprisonment, with other humiliations and penalties. Too late he found out how cruelly he had been wronged and the people scandalized. "Have I then appeared," he exclaimed—"I, who already had one foot in the grave, and according to the course of nature was half dead—so fearful of death as to offer violence to the truth and most unfaithfully to abjure it? That be far from me."

His persecutors now, at length, got him more completely into their clutches, by removing him from his own district to Louvain, where they denied his friends all access to him, and teased the heart-broken martyr by disputation. He now declared, openly, that he would stand by all he had ever preached, said or written. He battled so manfully with his disputants that Louvain rang with plaudits of his constancy and greatness of soul; and still another removal was sanctioned by Philip to Hainault, and thence again to Mons.

This last removal was accomplished with great secrecy, and his friends were unable to trace him until a few hours before his execution, July 27, 1557. At ten o'clock of the morning of that day, his faithful nephew rode up to the door of the castle, just as the good old pastor was brought out of prison, leaning on a staff, to be led to execution. He was so wasted and changed from the severity of his six weeks' imprisonment in the dungeon of the castle, tormented with hunger and thirst, with filth and vermin, that his nephew recognized him with difficulty. On being condemned, he is reported to have said: "I bless my eternal God and Father that he has given me, a deaf old man, so long and so perfidiously imprisoned, the strength and courage to reproach you this day with your baseness and treachery, and enabled me to offer up to His glory this poor deformed body, these gray hairs and deep furrows, as a confessor and martyr of the truth."

As he went to execution he said: "I thank my most gracious Father that I am appointed to die publicly, and that thereby it is not in the power of my adversaries to blast with calumnies the constancy with which I am armed through His

grace, as they would undoubtedly have done if (as I always feared) they had privately put an end to me by poison or drowning. However, my blood will not quench that fire which they have kindled against themselves; but ere long it shall break out into a much greater flame, which neither they nor their posterity shall be able to extinguish." And to his nephew he said: "Believe firmly that you shall soon see the salvation of the Lord in the land of the living. Behave, therefore, with courage, and patiently wait the Lord's time."

Arrived at the pile, the merciless and inhuman persecutors of the venerable Angelus prepared to enjoy the spectacle of their long-deferred triumph. But God's sweet mercy interposed, and in an unexpected manner robbed them of their victim. The old confessor begged permission to pour out a prayer to God before he was placed on the pile. It was granted him, and as he knelt and prayed the silver cord was kindly loosed and the lifeless form sank before the pile. The crowd thought he had fainted from fright, but God had anticipated the executioner's stroke, and had summoned the brave spirit to himself, "where the wicked

cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

Like Saul in the Acts, the inquisitors still breathed out threatenings and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord, and went everywhere making havoc of the Church, and, entering into every house, seized men and women and committed them to prison. In a single day it is related that Titelman broke into a house in Ryssel, seized John de Swartz, his wife and four children, together with two newly-married couples and two other persons, convicted them of reading the Bible and of praying within their own houses, and had them all immediately burned.

Of another persecutor, Ruard Tapper, it is related that he one day declared that it was no great matter whether the victims of the Inquisition were guilty or innocent, provided only the people were terrified by examples. This result, he said, was best attained when persons eminent for learning, riches or high station were sacrificed.

SYMPTOMS OF REVOLT.

SUCH wholesale oppression and slaughter raised the spirit of the Netherlanders to resistance, as it did the Huguenots of France. Indeed, the numbers of the Protestants became so much greater than those of the Papists that sometimes they rose up against the executioners when they undertook to burn a heretic, as they called him, and rescued the victim out of their grasp.

One of these cases occurred in the city of Valenciennes, on the river Scheldt, a place then belonging to the Dutch, but now included in the boundaries of France. The boldness of two preachers of the Reformed doctrines there, and the unwillingness of the magistrates, who hated the persecution with their whole souls, to interfere with them, offended the agents of cruel Philip. They succeeded in compelling the magistrates to try and to condemn them. This was in the fall



Beggars of Holland.

An Execution prevented.

of 1561. But beyond this they were afraid to go. Daily and nightly, for months, the people crowded the streets, defying the authorities and cheering their beloved ministers. Through the prison windows voices were heard calling to them in the night and advising them to behave like men, assuring them that no help should be wanting in case it was attempted to put them to death.

At length, on the 27th of April, 1562, before sunrise, the ministers were brought out to be burnt in the public square. Barriers were put up to keep off the excited people. But neither the early hour nor the defences could avail. The people were out in force. The executioner was binding one of them to the stake, and the fire was burning from which he expected to light the martyr's pile. At that moment a woman in the crowd took off her shoe and threw it at the pile. It was the signal for action. The crowd rushed upon the barriers, seized the burning fagots and flung them in every direction, tore up the paving-stones and compelled the guard to fly, but not without securing the two ministers, whom they thrust again into prison. That night the crowd, two thousand strong, attacked the prison itself and

rescued the ministers from the hands of their persecutors.

But the poor people had to pay dearly for these bold and generous acts. In two days the city was in the hands of Philip's soldiers, and soon the prisons were filled to overflowing with men and women, charged with taking part in the tumult. Oh, how quick wicked men are to punish those who resist their unrighteous and cruel laws! and how slow and uncertain and light is often the punishment of those who causelessly and wickedly rebel against the best of laws and the freest and happiest of governments! In less than three weeks the awful vengeance of Philip was begun. Some were beheaded and some were burned. The slaughter was frightful. It was long before judges and executioners rested from their bloody work. The outbreak had been unexpected. Heretofore, the people had submitted and had been led like lambs to the slaughter. Their bold resistance in this case must be rebuked so severely that they would never have courage to lift up a finger against their persecuting masters again. I suppose Philip thought he had succeeded in crushing their spirits. But the feelings of

opposition were driven but the more deeply into their souls. Their love of liberty and purpose to win it only became more intense. They were only the better fitted to be brave soldiers in contending for the deliverance of their country from such a monster.

Two years afterwards the people of Antwerp were roused to similar heroic efforts for the deliverance of a victim of the Inquisition. A monk had turned Protestant, married, and for a time found a home in England. His friends invited him to return to his native country, and he came. For a little while he preached the gospel to them; but a wicked, avaricious woman, having pretended, like Judas, to be one of his disciples, only that she might get the reward of an informer, betrayed him to the authorities. He was put to the torture, but God was with him, and he bore his sufferings with unwavering firmness. The miserable woman had betrayed him for money, but he on the rack refused to betray a single member of his congregation or to deny his Saviour.

He was condemned to die. That never, for a moment, alarmed him. He spent the time allowed

him in writing letters of advice and consolation to his friends. Like the Saviour on the cross, he forgave the woman who so basely betrayed him, and sent her a message exhorting her to repent. All were filled with admiration at his calmness and gentleness. It touched the hearts of the people. They thronged around him as he was brought out to execution, and showed, by their determined looks, that they did not intend to submit to it quietly. The prisoner urged them not to interfere, but exhorted them to remain faithful to the truth for which he was about to die. The crowd, as they followed the procession to the place of execution, broke out into the one hundred and thirtieth Psalm, commencing: "Out of the depths have I cried unto thee, O Lord!" They looked on until the executioner had chained the preacher to the stake, and then they overwhelmed executioner, magistrate and soldiers with a shower of stones, compelling them to fly for their lives. But all did not avail to save the victim's life. The executioner was determined to do his part, and even as he fled he crushed his head with a hammer and thrust him through and through with a dagger. So died Christopher

Fabrinus, the preacher of Antwerp. Philip was furious when he heard of the tumult, and he commanded that instant and terrible vengeance should be taken on all concerned. However, it seems that only one person was hanged, and the whole matter, from some cause, was then suffered to drop.

Sometimes the sentiments of the people appeared in more peaceable, but not less emphatic, ways. A certain John Herewein, who had led an irregular, ungodly life, was converted to the truth by what he heard of the doctrines of the Reformation in London. Coming back to Flanders, he was seized and imprisoned in Honschoten. He refused an opportunity of escape from prison, and was led out to be executed. While on the way to the stake, he said, "Thus are the servants of God rewarded by a miserable world. When I drank and spent nights and days in gambling and debauchery, then I was in no danger. I was welcome everywhere. Every one was fond of my company. But the moment I enter upon a godly, sober life, the world becomes my enemy. It opposes, persecutes, imprisons and hurries me to execution. But the servant is not greater than

his Lord. Having persecuted him, they will persecute us." He then broke out singing the one hundredth Psalm, "Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands!"

A Dominican monk said to him, "John, recant whilst you have yet time." But the people took it up and cried out to the monk, "Thou hypocrite! repent and be converted thyself." And when the monk turned to admonish the people, they bid him hold his tongue. Some joined with him in singing, and more than four hundred persons, in some way, offered comfort and encouragement, though they attempted no rescue. One person went so far as to walk hand in hand with him to the stake, and remained with him, comforting and encouraging him until the breath left his body. The executioner and officers present dared not molest him, fearing to drive the crowd into open resistance. This was in the year 1560.

It is not often that inquisitors like Tapper and Titelman fail of their prey by the exposure of false witnesses. But such a case is on record in the history of persecution in the Netherlands. A high officer of the city of Amsterdam was accused of heresy by a most villainous combination of

men and women, including the burgomaster of the city and an officer of the Inquisition. One of the witnesses declared that she saw the Scout—so the accused person was entitled—receiving, a second time, the rite of baptism, and described the spot from which she alleged she witnessed it. The court deputed certain persons to visit the spot, who returned declaring the utter impossibility of seeing anything of the kind from the locality in question. Further inquiry was ordered, and though it took some years to unravel the plot, it was at length shown to be a truly devilish scheme to ruin the officer. The tables were turned; the inquisitor was banished; one of the false witnesses died in prison, and the other was executed in May, 1561, with horrible torments.

In those days there were no newspapers, at least none in Holland, and few in any part of the world. But the people could not keep their feelings to themselves, nor were they satisfied merely to tell them to one another. Their lively wit and their intense hatred of Philip, Philip's officers and Philip's religion, broke out in peculiar ways. In the midst of the terrible scenes which we have been describing they wrote the most

ridiculous verses against their oppressors; they had them printed and posted upon the walls; they recited them in the streets, in the form of dialogues, to the listening crowds; they even thrust them into the very hands of the king's officer, Cardinal Granville, pretending that they were petitions, and then ran away. Thus, in the midst of their tears and blood, they could not be prevented from laughing at their oppressors and trying to make them contemptible.

Philip and his officers were greatly enraged. They tried to stop these street-farces by the severest penalties. It is said that they cost thousands of people their lives. They were very rude compositions, yet they accomplished much for the truth. One old writer says that by means of these recitations the word of God was first "opened" in that country, and therefore they were forbidden more strictly than the books of Luther.



THE ANABAPTISTS.

IN the little town of Zwickau, on the western borders of Saxony, south of Leipsic, some ignorant but strong-minded men fell into the delusion of imagining themselves divinely-inspired prophets, sent to complete the Reformation, as they said, so feebly sketched by Luther. They rejected the Scriptures as unnecessary for those who were enlightened by immediate revelation. They considered themselves sole judges of what was right and wrong. Having cast off the yoke of Romanism, they wished at the same time to throw off every restraint and to follow their own individual inclinations. They prophesied the early and violent overthrow of the present state of things. They went through the town and country crying, "Woe! woe! the day of the Lord draweth nigh." They taught that infant baptism was valueless, and required all men to come and receive from

their hands the true baptism, as a sign of their introduction to the true Church of God. From Zwickau these fanatics came to the home of Luther in 1521. But Luther was still a fugitive, safely concealed in the Castle of Wartburg, and in his absence great mischief was done by these violent men. Many of his friends were led away by the contagion of their enthusiasm. They entered the churches and carried away the images, broke them in pieces and burned them. Learning was decried as unnecessary when ignorant men could become prophets. Men's minds became disturbed. The students at Wittenberg University grew disorderly and finally dispersed. The Reformation seemed on the point of ruin in the very place of its origin. The friends of Rome on all sides gained confidence, and exclaimed, "One struggle more, one last struggle, and all will be ours."

Luther now felt that the time had come for his appearance at Wittenberg. In spite of the opposition of his protector, on the 3d of March, 1522, he bade adieu to the ancient towers and gloomy forests of the Wartburg, and on the 7th of March, amid general rejoicing, he entered the scene of

his earlier labors, and engaged in the great task which had especially summoned him forth. It was a new and most serious undertaking. The question to be settled was, whether the elements of fanaticism which had begun to work in connection with the Reformation could be separated from it; whether it could be shown to the world that a movement, like Protestantism, for the liberation of the human spirit from ages of religious tyranny, was capable of maintaining and establishing itself as something entirely pure and beneficent, essentially upon the side of public order and civilization, or whether it must be swallowed up by the disorderly elements which came to the surface at the same time, and so be proved to be substantially in no wise different from them.

Luther at once ascended the pulpit and preached every day for a week. This bold and lion-like man, who has been called the third Elijah, had no anathemas for the disturbers of the peace and the perverters of the doctrines he had drawn from the Scriptures. In tender and noble language, first commending, like Paul in his Epistles, what he found worthy of praise among his people,

he proceeds to argue, to admonish and to rebuke, with a most sagacious mixture of indignation against error and of caution in dealing with the offenders. In eight sermons, it is said, he did not allow one offensive word against the disturbers to escape him. But he conquered. The false prophets lost their adherents, the people returned to their quiet pursuits, the tumultuous assaults upon Romish idolatry ceased, and Anabaptism no longer had a foothold in Wittenberg. Thus, in a campaign of a week, this most dangerous enemy of the Reformation and of Christian civilization was routed and driven from the field. This was in the middle of March, 1522.

But, though driven from Wittenberg, these false teachers were by no means robbed of the power or disposition to do mischief. They, and others of like opinions, passed from country to country, giving serious trouble in Switzerland, Bohemia and Saxony, but making Holland the chief seat of their disorders. Their heresy was not suppressed, but the great point was gained that they hereafter stood in open opposition to the Lutheran Reformation. This continued to move onward in its own lofty and independent sphere,

while the Anabaptists were known as a sect by themselves, and the whole movement, though carrying along with it many good but misguided men, was manifestly but an outburst of fanaticism, intense and mischievous enough while it lasted, but soon exhausting itself and vanishing from sight.

We read, for several years, of the Anabaptists in Holland suffering similar punishments and persecutions with the Protestants from the Popish authorities. And just as the sympathies and interest of many were aroused by the persecutions and sufferings of the Protestants, so the suffering Anabaptists won friends and adherents, who otherwise would never have known of the existence of the sect. So they continued to increase, until, in the year 1533, they made a bold effort to realize their dreams of temporal conquest and dominion. They had become very numerous in the German town of Munster, but a few miles east of the boundary of Holland. The government having issued a proclamation against them, they took up arms and invited their brethren in neighboring towns to come to their aid. Thus reinforced, they became masters of the place, and

those who would not join or submit to them were compelled to leave, on pain of instant death. This was in the spring of 1534. The whole town being given over to their control, they plundered the churches and divided up the goods of the fugitives. All kinds of books were burned but the Bible.

All goods were held in common. Polygamy, and all the abominations with which Mormonism in this age has made us familiar, were practised in Munster. Some of the better class of the Anabaptists resisted these scandals, but they were overpowered, and, with their leader, were mercilessly put to death. Bockelson, the leader, was proclaimed king of the whole earth, and set up a splendid court. He claimed authority to introduce the millenium; he sent out twenty-eight apostles, and appointed twelve dukes to govern the world as his vicegerents. But his apostles were seized and mostly put to death, and instead of governing the world, his little kingdom of Munster, after undergoing a siege of many months and being dreadfully reduced by starvation, was captured in 1535 by the bishop's army; and King John, with his governor and chancellor,

were seized and actually pinched to death with red-hot tongs by their Catholic conquerors.

While this siege was going forward the Anabaptists were causing great disturbances in Amsterdam and other parts of Holland. They embarked at one time in twelve vessels, scarcely knowing whither they were bound, and foolishly hoping that God would guide selfish, corrupt and fanatical men to some place where they might carry on their vile practices in safety. It is melancholy to think that, by the connivance of our own Christian government, in this nineteenth century, the half-formed plans of the licentious errorists of the sixteenth century are enjoying the most complete and prosperous fulfillment in the great Mormon settlement of Salt Lake City.

These wild and furious reformers would rush through the streets of Amsterdam with drawn swords, crying, "Woe! woe!" "Repent ye!" On the night of the 11th of February, 1535, seven men and five women of this fanatical party—some say fifty persons in all—having spent four hours in preaching and praying after their manner, threw off all their clothing and cast it into the fire, and then, rushing out of doors, ran up and

down the streets of the city, perfectly naked, and crying out in dreadful tones, "Woe, woe, woe! the wrath of God, the wrath of God, the wrath of God!" When arrested, they refused to put on clothes, saying that they were "the naked truth." They were condemned to death, and so deep was their delusion that one of them, on the way to execution, declared that they could not kill him with any instrument, though his head was soon after struck off.

These miserable creatures were treated with all the severity which a persecuting age was accustomed to exercise toward heretics of every class. They were hunted out, burned, beheaded and drowned in great numbers. The records of those times are full of bloody executions of poor creatures, many of whom could have been reclaimed by kindness; while many others, with all their errors, were perfectly harmless, and should have no more been disturbed than were the Millerites of our own country, thirty years ago. Many others needed treatment for lunacy, rather than punishment for crime. But others still—and these the leading spirits among them—were men made dangerous by fanaticism, with the most extraordi-

nary aims and ambitions, open enemies to the peace and order of society.

What wonder that the people and authorities of Amsterdam were ready to inflict the severest penalties upon the Anabaptists, when they were kept in constant alarm with rumors of a conspiracy to seize upon their city, and give it over to violence and rapine, as had been the case with unfortunate Munster? The people of New York, Philadelphia, Buffalo, and other cities, who remember the alarm created and the vehement feelings stirred by rumors of rebel plots to burn those cities, can sympathize with the alarm of the citizens of Amsterdam when rumors of Anabaptist plots came to their ears; when actually over one thousand of these wild people flocked from other parts to Amsterdam, and had to be dealt with as cautiously as a madman who has you by an open window and wishes you to jump out with him; when the siege of Munster was yet undecided and likely to be abandoned; and when one hundred soldiers fell in capturing Oudwater, a little town in Friesland, across the Zuyder-Zee, where they had established themselves, and were committing all their accustomed acts of violence.

On the 10th of May the goodly city had, in fact, well-nigh fallen into their hands. One John van Geelen, who had been appointed, by the Anabaptist king of Munster, general of all the Anabaptists in the world, came publicly to Amsterdam and professed to have renounced his errors. In secret, however, the traitor maintained the closest relations with the Anabaptists, and carried on his detestable plots; and having got together a sufficient number of followers who believed that God had given the city to their king, he named the night of the 10th of May as the time, and appointed as the signal the ringing of the state-house bell.

But on that very night the plot was, by some means, made known to the burgomasters. It took some time for these worthy men to allow themselves to be convinced of its reality, and still longer to settle in what way the citizens should be armed and assembled with the utmost privacy. Meantime, the revolutionists did not wait for them to complete their preparations, but marched from their rendezvous to the market-place, with drums beating and colors flying. They attacked the building in which the tardy burgomasters

were still deliberating, so that they escaped with difficulty ; most of the watch were killed or taken prisoners. One of them, who was lying drunk in the state-house during the attack, was frightened half into sobriety by the tumult, and ran up stairs and hid the rope of the alarm bell, without knowing what he did. The officers of the militia, overcome with the effects of a feast of the preceding day, were not at their posts, and the rebels, for a time, had everything their own way. Such of the citizens as finally rallied to meet them were repulsed, and several were shot dead with poisoned bullets. A barricade of sails and hop-sacks was then erected by the citizens, and the conflict ended for the night. The rioters sang psalms and looked for a complete and bloodless victory by ten o'clock next morning. But the morning brought with it some pieces of artillery, with which the citizens and soldiers broke down the doors of the state-house, and then rushing upon the building, they killed all the Anabaptists in it but twelve. John van Geelen, the leader, ran up to the tower, and there exposed his naked breast to the aim of the soldiers, preferring to die by a shot, rather than

suffer the horrible fate which he knew was in store for all who were taken alive. With the capture of the state-house ended the rebellion in Amsterdam, and the news of the failure greatly discouraged the king of Munster in his desperate attempt to hold that place; no doubt hastening the capture, which took place in less than three weeks' time, May 28, 1535.

The overthrow of the Munster rebellion and the cruel death of the king, with the failure at Amsterdam and Oudwater, by no means put an end to their fanaticism, though it sobered their extravagant expectations of temporal rule. Having so signally failed with the sword, at an assembly held in 1536 the use of the sword was declared unlawful. But the belief in the special inspiration of their leaders was still maintained, and they persisted in disregarding the Christian law of marriage and in trampling upon every consideration of decency.

At this time a teacher named David George or Joris, a native of Delft, with no education, at first a low comedian, afterward by trade a glass-painter, became prominent among them. He began his career by publicly and boldly rebuking

idolatry in Delft, for which his tongue was bored through on the scaffold and sentence of perpetual banishment passed against him. This severe treatment raised him in the regard of his associates, and prepared them to yield to his pretensions, which were of the most extravagant kind. He declared that his teaching was more profitable than that of the Old and New Testament, and necessary to salvation ; that he was the true Messiah, the beloved Son of the Father, born of the Holy Ghost and of the Spirit of Jesus Christ ; that he would establish the kingdom of God upon earth by better means than those of Christ himself ; that he had the power of saving and of damning men, and that he should judge the whole world at the last day ; that Christ's doctrine was calculated for children and little ones, being designed to serve only till he himself came and brought to light the perfect and powerful doctrine ; that all sins against the Father and Son were forgiven, but not those against David George, that is, against the Holy Ghost.

When banished from Holland he took refuge in Basle. Here, so far from spreading his doctrine or publishing his claims among the inhabitants,

he gave himself out as an exile from his country for the sake of his religion, and pretended to be in entire agreement with the Zuinglian reformation. He was welcomed as a citizen and took the oath of allegiance under an assumed name, with the title of a nobleman. He diligently waited upon all the religious ordinances of the Reformers and distinguished himself by kindness to the poor and the suffering. Meanwhile, by books, letters and messengers, he was spreading his doctrines in Holland. And while his sect grew and wealth flowed in upon him in abundance from his victims abroad, and while his name of David George was well known in his native country, in Basle he succeeded in keeping up his disguise for no less than eleven years. The money and jewels which he was constantly receiving and the princely style in which he lived, blinded the eyes of the Swiss, none of whom did he attempt to proselyte; some thought him a person of high birth, who had reasons for concealing his quality; others believed him to be a great and prosperous merchant, who carried on his trade by land and sea through agents and factors.

At length, however, his favorite disciple and

his own son-in-law began to doubt his doctrine and to oppose it; and the dreaded revelation, against which, with such deep craft and cunning, he had so long guarded, came at last; the whole story of the ignorant low comedian and of the glass-painter, too slothful to live by honest labor, and turning to religious knavery to enrich himself and to gratify his lusts, was told to the astonished and deceived people of Basle. What they would have done to show their indignation we know not, for George and his wife were so overwhelmed with this discovery of their eleven years of duplicity, that, like Ananias and Sapphira, they died in despair soon after.

There was a certain Richard Kornhert, who seems to have been much among these people, and who has left a record of some of his discussions with them. One of those who pretended to be God coming to him on one occasion, Richard said: "It is not long since I had such another God as you here, and convinced him of his error. Did you only pretend to be divine, that might be endured; but to say you are God is as falsely as blasphemously spoken."

The other replied: "You suffer me to say I

am something divine; what difference is there between that and saying I am God?"

Kornhert—"A great deal. We find men, who, through grace, have been made partakers of the Divine nature, and may therefore very properly be termed divine; but there is one self-existing God. It is the same difference as between being enlightened and being the very Light itself."

Suiting the action to the word, *Kornhert* brought the man into a chamber where the sun was shining, and continued thus:

"Now that you are enlightened or shined upon by the sun, I see and know plainly; but because you partake of its rays after this manner, can you, with any truth, affirm that you are the sun itself? And if you would yet be more fully convinced that you are not the sun, pass into the shadow or into any dark cellar, and see whether you be the light, or can enjoy any part of it; and yet it would be so if you yourself were the light or sun." After this shrewd and homely appeal, *Kornhert* changed his ground and asked: "Does not God know all my thoughts?"

"Yes, he does."

Kornhert—"Tell me the secrets of my heart."

“ I shall not communicate such great mysteries to one that mocks me.”

Kornhert—“ Neither shall I believe such great boasters.”

A few people calling themselves Mennonists, who believe that the New Testament is the only rule of faith, who hold peculiar views on the Trinity, who deny original sin, infant baptism and the propriety of Christians taking oath, holding office or using physical force, remain to this time as a vestige of the better class of Anabaptists. Menno Simons, from whom they take their name, was a native of Friesland.

In learning and purity of character he seems to have been superior to any of the remaining Anabaptist leaders. He was originally a Roman Catholic priest, and a very zealous defender of his Church and order. Afterward, joining himself to the Anabaptists, he contended with equal zeal against the Munster faction, and strove to make more moderate views prevail. Yet even this moderate Anabaptist put no bounds to his denunciations of Luther and his teachings, calling them “ a vapor from the bottomless pit; the very lie of the old serpent; his natural spawn and off-

spring; the horrid drink of abomination in the fine golden cup of that bloodthirsty Babylonish woman.”

His labors in spreading his doctrines, especially in the Netherlands, were unwearied. He established a form of government for the scattered and persecuted members of the sect. In spite of bitter opposition, and at the constant peril of his life, he labored in founding churches, and left behind him an organized sect, which has survived to the present time and is still called by his name.

Many of his followers seemed sincerely desirous of understanding the Scriptures with humble simplicity, and of carrying out their requirements in their lives. They had no confession of faith, and they considered doctrinal systems of no value. They regarded it as dangerous to speak of God in other than Scripture language. They refused to take an oath, to bear arms, to practice revenge; they allowed of no divorce save for adultery, and rejected infant baptism. They taught that Christ died for all, and they took the simplest possible view of the Lord's Supper as a mere remembrance. None of their members could hold a magistrate's

office, though they taught that civil government was still necessary.

Undeservedly, these people, whose lives were often of the simplest and most exemplary character, with scarcely a trace of fanaticism, were confounded with the licentious and revolutionary party that captured Munster and Oudwater, and threatened Amsterdam. And all the dreadful punishments inflicted by the frightened inhabitants on the latter party were visited, without discrimination, on the former. But when the long and terrible struggle between the Netherlands and Spain convulsed the land, and when that magnanimous and enlightened man, William, Prince of Orange, began to obtain control of public affairs, the Mennonites found opportunity to free themselves from these unjust suspicions. In 1572, the Prince, being in great need of money, applied by letter to a Mennonite teacher, named Boomgard, who had been driven from one town to another by persecution, and now found refuge in Emden. This man, in response to the call of the Prince, collected one thousand and sixty guilders, a large sum for those days, and brought it, at the peril of his life, to the Prince's

camp. He and his comrade, on delivering it to the Prince, prayed him to take in good part that small present from his servants, declaring that they esteemed his favor of more value than the gift, and that they never desired to be repaid. But the Prince, not satisfied to have them go away unrewarded, insisted on knowing what return he could make them. They replied, "Nothing but your protection, in case God bestows upon you the government of these Provinces." The Prince said, nobly, that he would show that to all men, especially to such as were exiles and refugees, like himself. This seems to have been the first case in which any formal offer of toleration was made to any branch of this sect; nor did they gain entire religious freedom until more than fifty years afterward, in 1626.

These Mennonites of Holland are spoken of as a poor and despised, but resolute, earnest and much-enduring, people. Often they shone more at the stake than in the ordinary trials of everyday life. And often their conduct before their persecutors was more that of a lion at bay than of a lamb led to the slaughter. Many showed an unaccountable degree of severity and bitterness

on small points of discipline. It tasked understanding and memory to grasp their multiplied divisions, to tell how and where they began, and what in the world the conclusion of the strife had to do with the beginning. Excommunications and counter-excommunications were frequent among them—excommunications requiring the separation of husband and wife, and excommunications of those who would not agree on the basis of excommunication. And all this, in a community which no one joined except at the risk of being burned and drowned!

A story is told of one of these people, Dirck Williamzoon, who, when fleeing from his pursuers, about 1567 or 1568, ran across a frozen piece of water. The ice cracked under his feet and a gulf of cold, deep water opened behind him, separating him from his pursuers. He was safe. But looking back, he saw the officer sent to arrest him perishing in the waters. Yielding to a noble, forgiving impulse, he stooped over the brink of the waters, and, at the risk of his own life, rescued the drowning man. The officer was touched with gratitude, and would not have attempted to detain his benefactor, but by this time

the magistrates had come up, and they insisted on his capture. Direk Williamzoon was secured again and bound ; he was rewarded for his chivalrous act, which the chronicles of knighthood would be searched in vain to rival, by being burnt alive a few weeks afterward at Asperen.



STATE OF THE CHURCH AND COUNTRY.

ABOUT the year 1559 it became evident that Calvinism, or its Reformed phase of doctrinal belief, and not the Lutheran, was to prevail in the Netherlands. At that time what is called the "Belgic Confession of Faith" was drawn up by a Walloon preacher, named Guido de Bres, and communicated by him to such ministers as he could find, for an expression of opinion upon its contents. It was first published in French under the title, "A Confession of the Faith, generally and unanimously maintained by the believers dispersed throughout the Low Countries, who desire to live according to the purity of the Holy Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ." In 1563 it was printed both in German and Dutch, and again, in 1566, it was abridged somewhat and issued in French and Dutch.

It consists of thirty-seven articles, almost all

of which express dissent from some Popish error. It guards, too, against the fanaticism of the Anabaptists, and it follows Augustine and Calvin, as they followed Paul, upon the Divine decrees. It agrees in the main with the confession of the Reformed Churches in France. Publicly approved by the great Calvinistic Synod of Dort in 1618, it has, however, been supplanted in the Reformed Dutch Church by the famous Heidelberg Catechism, the work of two Heidelberg theologians, who acted under the direction of the Elector of the Palatinate, John Cassimir, and whose work appeared in 1563. This catechism was approved by the lesser Synod of Dort in 1574, as well as by that in 1618.

If the historian Motley's declaration be correct, that the Reformation in Holland owes its beginnings to France, then the Calvinism and Presbyterianism of the Dutch Church is readily explained, for that was the peculiar faith of the French Churches. But if the first movements of the Dutch Reformation came, as we think, from Germany, especially through the writings of Luther, then Presbyterianism, coming later from France, must have displaced the original Lutheran

tendencies of the work. Germany, after the abdication of Charles V., ceased to form part of the great empire which included Holland, Spain &c., in its limits. Hence, there was probably less intercourse between the separate countries, and fewer opportunities were found to keep up or strengthen the Lutheran element in Holland. Certain it is, the Dutch Church, as soon as it took shape, was Calvinistic in doctrine and Presbyterian in polity; and in 1568 the Synod of Wesel provided for the organization of the scattered and persecuted though numerous congregations of believers on this plan.

When Philip ascended the throne the mass of the Dutch people must have already become Protestants. Eleven years afterwards the Reformed were reckoned to be six times as many as the Catholics. If the religious convictions of all had not been changed, there is no doubt that, as with Italy in our day, the spirit and tendency of the entire people had become adverse to popery. As many as five thousand at one time had been known to attend service in the open air, at which French preachers officiated. From the country and from the towns, the people rushed to rescue

their condemned brethren from the power of their cruel persecutors. One martyr made ten new proselytes.

In towns and villages, on the highways and in public carriages, disputes were held on the power of the Pope, the Saints, Purgatory, and Indulgences, and sermons were preached and men converted. Multitudes attended the Protestant preachers, and bore them on their shoulders to and from the churches, to guard them from capture by the officers of the Inquisition, and risked their own lives in concealing them from pursuit. If the number of those who threw off all disguise was so great, how many more acknowledged the new sect in secret, and only waited for a more favorable opportunity to join it publicly! The Prince of Orange declared that "they swarmed in every province and in every hamlet, however small."

It was one of the most intelligent, enterprising and wealthy communities of the world, although geographically one of the smallest, which was thus won for the Reformation. It was the centre of the commerce of the globe. The city of Antwerp had two hundred thousand inhabitants.

Great German and Italian mercantile houses were established along its wharves. Twenty-five hundred vessels lay there at one time—six hundred is the usual count in New York city; five hundred arrivals and departures were counted in a single day. The Exchange was the most magnificent in all Europe. Five thousand merchants daily thronged its halls. Daily, more than two hundred carriages drove through the city gates; more than two thousand loaded wagons arrived every week from Germany and France, while the farmers' carts from the rich agricultural regions in the vicinity were seldom less than ten thousand in number. Thirty thousand hands were employed by one English company alone. To help Charles V. in his numerous wars, Antwerp alone contributed forty millions of ducats, or one hundred million dollars—worth far more than the same sum at the present time.

The seventeen provinces called the Netherlands were not unworthy of political association with such a city. Although their entire area was scarcely greater than the single state of South Carolina, they contained three hundred and fifty cities, all teeming with wealth and industry, six

thousand three hundred market towns of a large size, and smaller villages, farms and castles without number. The entire population never exceeded three millions. The whole territory was one smiling landscape. The nation was at its meridian splendor. It was not enervated by luxury, but expanded and prepared for a high destiny by success. Its love of liberty prepared it to appreciate, to embrace and to defend the Reformation with an energy shown by no other Protestant nation in the world. The Providence of God was pouring into this little state the resources needed in carrying on the great struggle for religious and civil liberty about to begin.

It is really surprising how little idea Philip had of the vast difference between his own wishes and the inclinations of the Netherlanders. He was at this time engaged in helping those monsters, Charles IX. and his mother, Catherine of France, to crush the Huguenots in that country. He had already raised six thousand soldiers in other parts of his dominions for this object, and now he sent urgent orders to the vehement and excited Protestants of the Netherlands to furnish two thousand cavalry for the same hateful errand.

Even his own officers in the latter country saw the impossibility of enlisting the Dutch in this crusade against their suffering brother Protestants, and they remonstrated. Philip wrote a second time, chiding their delay and impatiently calling for the required cavalry at once. They dared not make the contents of this letter known. They altered its language, so as to make Philip say he would take a sum of money in place of the horsemen. The money was granted, and the trick was explained to Philip, who was obliged to be content. He took the money, raised by taxing the Netherlanders, and hired fifteen hundred cavalry to help Charles IX. in tormenting their Huguenot fellow-believers.

Meanwhile, the persecutions continued to rage in the Netherlands. Protests were made to the king by leading men of the country, some of whom were still Catholics, but in vain. He took particular pains to assure them that the Spanish Inquisition should not be established in their country, as that was considered the most terrible and bloody of all. And he had a very good reason indeed for giving them such assurance. "Wherefore," wrote he to Margaret of Parma,

“introduce the Spanish Inquisition? The Inquisition of the Netherlands is much more pitiless than that of Spain.” The prisons were crowded with victims, the streets were thronged with processions to the scene of execution. Titelman was the terror of the country, of Protestant and Catholic alike. He did not wait for suspicion to arise against individuals; he cited any one he pleased to come before him; he compelled them to say what he wished; he revenged himself of the most trifling injuries by accusing and punishing the offenders as heretics; he waited for no forms of accusation and trial. Even the Duchess of Parma, who ruled in the Netherlands as Philip’s representative, dreaded and hated the man whom she never attempted to restrict in his career, and whose very atrocities and utter unscrupulousness only the more commended him to his inhuman master, Philip. With his own hand, Philip wrote to Titelman to tell him how heartily he approved of his efforts to exterminate the Protestants, assured him of his gratitude, and urged him to continue in his course, which he called virtuous! And so the zeal of the red-handed inquisitor was kept to the burning point.

For years he continued to be the scourge and dread of all the good people of the country, and died in the midst of his awfully wicked deeds. We may be sure that he got at last what he never gave his victims—justice. The world would be sadly out of joint if it did not contain, somewhere, a place of punishment, deep, dark and terrible enough to avenge to the utmost the accumulated crimes of monsters like Philip and Titelman, who have never met a check in this life, and have gone, without a single feeling of sorrow or penitence, from the presence of their innocent victims to the bar of God. If nothing else could do it, the Romish Inquisition would convince us that there is a dreadful, everlasting hell.

The Council of Trent, which met in 1545, and which continued, with interruptions, for eighteen years, was called for the purpose of strengthening the Romish Church against the Reformation. Feeble attempts were made, without success, by this Council, to reform the Church of many of those gross abuses which had stirred up the indignation of Luther in Germany, of Huss in Bohemia, and many others before them. One

thing the Council did not forget to do, and could not fail to do, as a true representative of the Scarlet Woman, drunk with the blood of the saints: it issued the most terrible and sweeping decrees against the Protestants. Heretics were to be treated as monsters, not as human beings. No possible place was to be allowed to them in society. Inns should not receive them as guests; schools should be closed to their children and almshouses to their poor. Even graveyards should not be open to receive their dead. High dignitaries were threatened with the stake if they doubted the infallibility of the Council, but Philip never had a doubt. Its decrees were exactly in accordance with his bloody disposition. In 1564 he wrote to the duchess that the decrees must be proclaimed and enforced in the Netherlands without delay.

The duchess was perplexed. She foresaw that her resolute subjects would give trouble. She hesitated, and finally made up her mind that a messenger must be sent to Spain to represent to Philip the necessity of some milder course. The messenger was chosen and a council called to decide upon the instructions to be given him. It

was at this council that WILLIAM THE SILENT, the great defender of Protestant liberty, who fell, like our own Lincoln, by the pistol shot of Popish and liberty-hating assassins, first gave utterance, in his place as councillor, to the patriotic zeal and indignation which nearly consumed him. As yet he was a Catholic, and avowed his purpose to remain in that faith. Neither Philip nor his agents in the Netherlands had ever suspected his orthodoxy. But the great Protestant principle of liberty of conscience had already gained a foothold in his convictions. None spoke at the council till his turn came. Then such a torrent of rebuke and remonstrance poured forth as well-nigh overwhelmed the minions of the Pope. "The time," he said, "had arrived for speaking out. The object of sending an envoy was to tell the king the truth. Let him know it now. Let him be plainly told 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 privi-

leges. Above all," continued this fearless man, "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. Such were the instructions which should be given to the envoy. For himself, he was a Catholic and expected to remain one, but 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."

For hours the fiery stream of indignant eloquence poured forth. It was seven o'clock in the evening before the meeting could be adjourned. Panic and consternation fell upon the friends of Philip. The president of the council was a very learned old man, named Viglius, one of the few prominent natives of Holland who adhered to Philip from first to last. Viglius passed a sleepless night in considering how he should answer the speech, but fell in an apoplectic fit as he was dressing the next morning. The instructions were modified and the envoy started. But William looked for little good from either. He knew too

well the pitiless bigotry and the unyielding obstinacy of Philip's nature. He felt that the time was at hand for the Dutch themselves to act. We may as well pause here a moment, and take a look at this great man, who henceforth has so much to do with the history of his country, who founded anew and fought for its liberties, and who may be compared to our Washington and our Lincoln alike.



WILLIAM OF ORANGE.

WILLIAM OF NASSAU, Prince of Orange, was born in 1533, and was but little over thirty years of age at the time of this famous speech. He inherited his position and great estates as Prince of Orange from his cousin, Prince René, who died childless in 1544; but, for his religious disposition and for those traits of his character which qualified him for the exalted sphere of saviour of his country and champion of religious toleration, he was largely indebted to his mother. She was a woman of most exemplary character and exalted piety. Her twelve children were all faithfully reared in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Nothing can be more touching than the letters from her hand, which still exist, written to her illustrious sons in the hours of anxiety or anguish, and to the last recommending them, with as much earnest simplicity as if they



William, Prince of Orange.

Beggars of Holland.

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were still little children at her knee, to rely always, in the midst of the trials and dangers which were to beset their path through life, upon the great hand of God. Among the mothers of great men Juliana Stolberg deserves a foremost place—a woman worthy to have been the mother of William of Orange and of his four illustrious brothers—Lewis, Adolphus, Henry and John of Nassau. In person William was tall and handsome, with a noble head, covered with dark brown hair. His forehead was broad, high and prominent. His eyes were full and open, with an expression of deep thoughtfulness. His manners were most cordial, affable and agreeable, to the humble and to the great alike. It was his great kindness of heart, and not any leaning to the Protestant faith, which led him, at first, to resist the cruel designs of Philip. He was called the “Silent,” not because he was a man of few words—for on a thousand great public occasions he proved himself by tongue and pen the most eloquent man of the age—but because when he first heard of the determination of the kings of France and Spain to root out heresy from their dominions by the most cruel and crushing meas-

ures—information given him from the lips of King Henry of France himself—he uttered no exclamation of surprise or horror, and in no way gave the king reason to suspect the mighty opposition which was rising in that Catholic bosom to his plans for the wholesale massacre of the heretics. William Prince of Orange was one of the most prudent of men. He knew when to be silent; and at that interview, when the French king told him all, the prince answered him nothing. In that great moment of silence, the purpose of William, which gave character to all his life, was fixed, and from that the title, **WILLIAM THE SILENT**, might well enough be taken.

Only by degrees did the character of this famous champion of Protestantism and of human liberty expand to its needed strength and greatness. His early life was one of splendid living, of endless gayety and of boundless hospitality. His great palace at Brussels was always open for guests. Twenty-four nobles and eighteen pages, of high family, held offices in his household. We get an idea of the magnificence of his table by learning that, in order to lessen his family

expenses, twenty-eight master cooks were dismissed in one day. It was very much as if the Continental Hotel, or the Astor House, with all its expensive arrangements and its little army of servants, should be purchased by some man of large means and generous impulses, and thrown open to friends and visitors, year after year, without a dollar of return. It would take a long and full purse to do that. William did all this and more. He spent vast sums in the pleasures of the chase. His falconers alone cost him thousands. He gave costly balls. He accepted high and expensive offices with little or no salary. In two embassies or missions he spent of his own money a sum which would not be worth less in our day than half a million of dollars. He ran deeply in debt, but his possessions were vast, and with a course of rigid economy, which he afterwards adopted, he soon saw his way through his embarrassments.

It was not only the great who shared in these prodigal hospitalities. Men of lower degree were welcomed with a charming cordiality which made them feel themselves at their ease. All parties united in praising his winning manners and gentle

address. "Never," says a most bitter Catholic historian, "did an arrogant or indiscreet word fall from his lips. He never showed anger to his servants, but reproved them graciously, without threatening 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 honored by the whole community." He had that true politeness that comes from the heart, with that additional charm which constant intercourse with men of all ranks, from early childhood, gives.

As I have already stated, he was no Protestant as yet, and it is plain that religion in any shape was no concern of this gay young man. His profession of Romanism itself had no religion in it. But he took a step which, no doubt, aided in making him in time a Protestant, and a sincere believer in the cause for which he was destined to do and to suffer so much, and to die a martyr at last. He married a Protestant wife, Anna of Saxony, daughter of the Elector Maurice. Her father, after acting very differently for a time, did more than any man of his age for the outward success of Protestantism, and for the disappoint-

ment and defeat of its enemies. He was especially the enemy of Philip's father, the great Emperor Charles V., whom he almost took prisoner and compelled to fly in disgrace over the mountains of Tyrol, in one of his last campaigns. Many Protestant nobles warmly resisted this marriage of a Lutheran with a Papist; while Philip, although surprised at William's choice, made no resistance, being confident that William would remain faithful to the Catholic religion.

In fact, William refused to sign a writing pledging himself to allow his wife to attend Protestant worship, and to refrain from all attempts to turn her from her Lutheran faith, although he gave such promises by word of mouth as quite satisfied her Protestant friends. It was not until seven years after his marriage that he came out boldly as a soldier of the Reformation and that a true and heartfelt piety appeared in his character and writings. Like Cromwell and Lincoln, the terrible trials through which he was passing led him to a deep, daily comforting trust in God. His Latin motto, *Sævis tranquillus in undis*, "calm amid the raging waves," was true indeed of the man who humbly relied upon Almighty

aid. "I go to-morrow," he wrote to his wife, "but when I shall return, I cannot tell. 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 labor, 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."

It was remarkable, too, that this great prince looked beyond the views even of the Protestant Reformers of his time. These Reformers earnestly desired to know the truth as God had revealed it in his word, but the great idea of tolerating those whom they believed to be in error had scarcely entered their minds. Lutherans and Calvinists were in some countries almost as much disposed to persecute each other as the Pope was to persecute both. Yet, we have never read of Protestants getting up an Inquisition to destroy those who disagreed with them in doctrine; we have never heard of Protestant dragonnades or of Protestant St. Bartholomews. All the world knows

that John Calvin consented to the burning of Servetus, because it is the only instance of the kind in the history of the great Reformer. At any rate, the gospel principle of toleration did not spring up on Papist ground. The world would have been waiting in vain to this day, if it expected from the persecutors of the Portuguese in Madeira, of the Madiai family in Tuscany, of Metamoros in Spain, and of the Evangelicals of Barletta in Italy, the announcement of the great principles of religious liberty. No, it came from hearts bathed in the ennobling influences of the Reformation. It was the necessary consequence of Protestantism, though it did not immediately appear. Full of kindness of heart and raised to an unusual height of greatness, William declared that God was merciful and the enemy of all bloodthirstiness, and he sought to reconcile all branches of the Protestant family to one another, and to persuade them to tolerate all forms of worship and to leave truth and reason to combat error. The written instructions given by the prince to one of his lieutenants were, to see that the word of God was preached, *without, however, suffering any hindrance to the*

Roman Church in the exercise of its religion. And yet this is the man whom Papal intolerance would not suffer to live! It was Rome that sent the assassin's bullet through his brain. In 1573 he publicly joined the Calvinist or Reformed Church at Dort.



THE SIGNAL FOR THE REVOLT.

THE ambassador chosen to carry to the king the remonstrances of the Council against the enforcement of the bloody decrees of Trent was Count Egmont, a noble who aspired, in common with the Prince of Orange, to the highest position in the nation. King Philip had already striven to awaken jealousy among the nobles by showing special favor to Egmont. As yet, however, the Count commanded the confidence of his patriotic associates, and they unanimously agreed to the appointment. In January, 1565, he started for Madrid, where he was received with a kindness and respect from king and court which none of his rank had ever before experienced. They flattered him with the hope of success in the main object of his mission. But the perfidious monarch was consulting the bigoted priests of Madrid while holding out hopes to the ambassador. He

propounded to a commission of theologians the question: "Is it necessary to grant to the Provinces the religious toleration which they demand?" Even a majority of these gave the opinion that a degree of forbearance might be exercised in their case—an answer which did not suit the persecuting tastes of Philip. Again he asked, more pointedly: "He did not seek to know if he might do so, but if he must?" When the theologians declared that they saw no necessity for a mild treatment of the Netherlanders, Philip rose from his seat, knelt before a crucifix, and prayed in these words: "Almighty Majesty! suffer me not at any time to fall so low as to consent to reign over those who reject Thee."

The decision of the king then taken was never reversed. Egmont remonstrated. He assured the king that executions of the heretics but increased the numbers of the new sect. The king referred him to the written instructions which he should bear back with him to the Council, and sent him away loaded with truly royal gifts and favors, and the promise of a portion in marriage for his daughter.

In fact, the count's visit had been almost

entirely consumed in amicable interchanges with the king ; nearly all business had been set aside by feasting. The count was susceptible to the enervating effect of such treatment, and his mission, the preliminaries of which had called forth so much eloquence from the Prince of Orange, and had well-nigh carried off President Viglius with apoplexy, ended in smoke. The flattered envoy returned home in such a marvelous good humor that he proclaimed the benignity of King Philip over the very letters which declared the inflexible purpose of the monster to deduct nothing from the sufferings of heretics, and which demonstrated the utter futility of his mission. He even declared frequently that he would devote his life and his fortune to the king, and declared his uncompromising hostility to any who should oppose his purpose.

It is not likely that many were as completely duped and carried away as was the unfortunate count. Yet there were multitudes utterly unprepared for the new developments which followed almost immediately upon the heels of his return. Fresh letters from the king, containing still severer edicts against heresy, contradicted the joyful

tidings he had brought of a favorable change in the monarch's mind. A copy of the decrees of Trent, as they were acknowledged in Spain, with a command that they be proclaimed in the Provinces, accompanied the letters. A commission of Romish clergy, called for in the king's instructions to Egmont, had decided that, although the imperial edicts against the heretics ought on no account to be recalled or modified, yet secret instructions might be given to the courts of justice to punish with death none but obstinate heretics, to make a difference between the different sects, and to show consideration to the rank, age, sex or disposition of the accused. The galleys were suggested as a mode of punishment, in place of more "heroic" methods. These decisions were submitted to the king, from whom they elicited another letter, perhaps the most important of all, addressed by Philip to the nobles of the Netherlands. It was the last straw which broke the back of the popular endurance, and which gave the signal for the *Revolt of the Netherlands*.

Whatever interpretation, said this ominous document, Count Egmont may have given to the king's verbal communications, it had never, in

the remotest manner, entered his mind to think of altering, in the slightest degree, the penal statutes which the emperor, his father, had five and thirty years ago published in the Provinces. These edicts, he therefore commanded, should henceforth be carried rigidly into effect; the Inquisition should receive the most active support from the secular arm, and the decrees of the Council of Trent must be irrevocably and unconditionally acknowledged in all the Provinces of the Netherlands. He could not concur in the mitigation of punishment which the Spanish bishops had proposed in consideration either of the age, sex or character of individuals, since he was of opinion that his edicts were in no degree wanting in moderation. The Inquisition ought to pursue its appointed path firmly, fearlessly and dispassionately, without regard to or consideration of human feelings, and was to look neither before nor behind. He would always be ready to approve of all its measures, however extreme, if it only avoided public scandal.

A storm of indignation and terror broke out among people and nobles at the publication of this letter. It seemed a thing inevitable that the

dreaded Inquisition should be fully established among them, and that nothing could prevent the hopeless and perpetual surrender of their country to the supreme sway of bloodthirsty bigots and persecutors. If the people had before cherished the hope of altering the opinions and purposes of their Spanish sovereign by remonstrances, by deputations, by opposition under all the forms of ancient law and privilege, they now felt compelled to abandon every such expectation. The axe, the fire, the rack, the halter were the ordained lot of the vast majority of the intelligent people of the country. Death in its most horrible forms stared the best citizens in the face. Already they seemed to see new dungeons rising, new chains and instruments of torture forging, and the very fagots collecting that were to form their own funeral piles. The Inquisition, the Inquisition! was the one theme of conversation. Nothing else seemed to enter 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 fire-side, in the mechanic's garret, upon the merchant's exchange, there was one fearful topic to be heard.

Men began to question whether, after all, the worst penalties of open and armed resistance to the will of Philip could exceed the sufferings which they must expect if they obeyed. It was better, they began to think, to fall in noble conflict for liberty of opinion than to be tortured and butchered by the Inquisition.

Their conduct soon showed the effect of their deliberations. They remonstrated earnestly with magistrates who lent themselves to the execution of the bloody decrees. The magistrates, sharing in the popular indignation, refused in many instances to give the inquisitors the use of jails, and even closed the prisons to prevent it. The inquisitors complained to the king that their office was becoming so odious and so exposed to popular resistance that they could not pursue it in safety to themselves, and they begged him to grant them additional support and assistance. The people broke open prisons to set free the victims of the Inquisition. In Antwerp, on the 26th of January, three persons were brought out of prison by force. There was the greater anxiety for prisoners now, since, by the king's express orders, all executions were private, and frequently nothing

more was heard of an accused person after he got behind prison walls.

The regent Margaret, in great alarm, wrote to the king that the popular frenzy was becoming more and more intense, and she begged him to modify his instructions on the Inquisition. But in November fresh letters from Philip confirmed everything he had previously written. At the same time came a letter for the notorious inquisitor Titelman, praising him for the pains he had taken in behalf of true religion, assuring him of the royal gratitude, and exhorting him to continue his virtuous course. To the duchess he wrote that the Inquisition was more necessary than ever, and must be sustained, nor would he allow it to be discredited. He called the complaints of the enraged people "idle talk," and bade the regent take no heed of them, but to write to the civil officers, enjoining them to place no obstacles in the way of the officers of religion. In profound alarm and disappointment she summoned the councils to deliberate. The debates were violent and protracted. The people caught the excitement. Inflammatory hand-bills, in place of newspapers, were circulated. Stirring placards

were nightly posted upon the doors of Orange, Egmont and Horn, calling them to come forth boldly as champions of the people and of liberty in religious matters.

Some of the king's friends wished to delay the publication and execution of his orders in the great excitement of the people. But the Prince of Orange insisted that the people should know the worst, and the duchess herself, terrified as she was at the probable consequences, felt it impossible to disobey the decree of Philip. A proclamation was accordingly prepared, ordering the publication of the decrees of the Council of Trent in every town and village of the Provinces at once, and every six months afterwards. The Prince of Orange, as the order was given, whispered to his neighbors at the council board that they were now about to witness the commencement of the greatest tragedy ever enacted.

These commands, read in every town by a herald, produced almost open rebellion. Nearly all the governors of provinces refused to obey them, and offered their resignations if compelled to do so. They could not be instruments in the destruction of fifty or sixty thousand

persons from their districts. The Romish clergy, who, by the decrees of Trent, were required to reform their wicked lives, were in no better humor with the proclamation than the pious Protestants, and aided in stirring the people to revolt. Brabant, in which were the great cities of Antwerp, Brussels and Louvain, led the way in open defiance of the orders, and utterly refused to aid the inquisitors in carrying them out. Other states were not slow to follow this example, and a spirit of revolt spread through the entire population. In Antwerp, it was proposed to summon the king to trial for encroaching on the liberties of the people and for breaking his oath—in other words, to impeach him as ruler of Brabant. Immense use was made of the printing press. Pamphlets and handbills “snowed in the streets.”

The Reformed Churches, having revised their Confession at a synod held this year, published a new edition containing an address to the king. In this remarkable document they protest that they have no intention to raise tumults or riots, but desire only liberty to serve God according to their consciences. They argue that persons so

cheerfully submitting to the loss of all earthly good for the sake of their faith cannot be accused of worldly desires and designs. They declare that they fear to disobey and deny Christ, and therefore they offer their backs to stripes, their tongues to knives, their mouths to gags, and their whole bodies to the fire. Then, making an offer to the king of their bodies and goods, they most humbly beseech him to allow them to give to God what He requires of them. They claim to be one hundred thousand strong, and not therefore restrained by weakness from offering resistance. Nor, in declaring their numbers, would they seek to intimidate, but to convince the king what desolation it would cause among the people to carry out his edicts.

The Confession of Faith which they laid before him would show him what were their true opinions. They were not heretics and schismatics, but believed not only in all the great doctrines of Christianity, but in that revealed by Christ for our justification and salvation, and preached by apostles and evangelists, sealed with the blood of so many martyrs, and corrupted at last by the

ignorance, ambition and covetousness of the clergy and by human inventions and additions.

A declaration to the magistrates at home was added to the Confession, asking to be judged by them candidly, in the light of this document, under the great principle of liberty of conscience, and especially in view of the good lives which they lived. "We bless God," say these confessors, "that even our enemies themselves are forced to bear witness to the integrity of our lives and manners; insomuch that it is a common saying with them, 'He does not swear—he is a Lutheran; he is neither unclean nor a drunkard—he is of the new sect.' And yet, notwithstanding so honorable a testimony, no kinds of torments are forgotten in the punishing of us."

They spoke the universally admitted truth. They were sober, upright people—the Puritans of the Continent. And it was a notorious fact that wicked and vile men, who had been undisturbed so long as they continued to be good Catholics, were seized and burnt when they turned Protestant and began to live sober and upright lives. A case of this kind is on record as occurring this very year. A painter near Oudenarde, who be-

came a subject of Divine grace, and showed it by changing from a disorderly mode of living to one which becomes the Gospel, was betrayed by his own wife and wife's mother into the hand of the dreadful Titelman. Once the people interfered and rescued him, but he refused to escape. As he was finally led to execution, the people crowded to the doors and windows and cried out, "Persevere in your faith; fight manfully; for the truth is on your side."

THE LEAGUE OF NOBLES—THE BEGGARS OF HOLLAND.

TOWARDS the close of the year 1565 we catch a glimpse of one of the few preachers of the Reformed faith whose names and acts, in connection with the Dutch Reformation, have been preserved in history. Francis Junius was a Frenchman by birth, and, after studying at Geneva, was sent to take charge of the Huguenot secret church in Antwerp. He was but twenty years old, yet already famed for his eloquence and learning. He was a man of rare courage; at one time he preached while some of his fellow-believers were perishing in the market-place for their religion, the flames of the fire which consumed them being visible from the windows of the house in which the service was held.

This fearless man was properly enough invited

to preach before a council of noblemen, who had at length determined to form a league to resist the Inquisition. It was on the 2d of November, while the duchess was immersed in preparations for the marriage of her son, Alexander of Parma, which took place the next day, that a small number of nobles assembled in the house of Count Culemberg, on the Horse-market, now called Little Sablon, in Brussels, and listened to the discourse of the Huguenot preacher, and then proceeded to lay the foundations of their league. This combination was probably merged soon after in another called "the Compromise," designed to accomplish the same object, and which in two months' time numbered two thousand adherents among the nobles. This league did not propose revolt from the king or an overthrow of the Roman Catholic religion, but simply undying hostility to the Inquisition, which the members bound themselves by solemn oath to resist and oppose in every shape, and to extirpate and eradicate as the mother of all iniquity and disorder. They engaged to permit none of their number to be persecuted by any proceeding founded on the Inquisition. Many Catholic nobles joined the

League, although its origin is ascribed to an eminent Calvinist nobleman, named St. Aldegonde.

This nobleman, in answer to a slander upon his extraction, not only proved his connection with an ancient line by abundant evidence—he did what was much better, when, in rebuking his assailant, he said, “Even had it been that I was without nobility of birth, I should be none the less or more a virtuous or honest man.” Aldegonde was a man of splendid abilities, a poet, a prose writer of distinction, an orator famous through Europe, a skillful diplomatist, a brave soldier known on many a battle-field, a theologian that proved himself more than a match for a whole bench of bishops, an accomplished scholar, speaking and writing with facility the classical and several modern languages, the translator into popular verse of the Psalms of David, and appointed by the government of the Netherlands, after the war, to the translation of the entire Scriptures—a work which he did not live to finish. He was but twenty-eight years of age at the organization of the League.

The Prince of Orange was not a member of

the League, and had not been consulted by those who formed it. Probably none of the Leaguers exceeded him in anxiety for the objects sought; but to him caution was a second nature, and he could not join the impetuous men, among whom was his own brother Louis, in movements to sustain which no provision had yet been made. He, however, wrote fully to the duchess at the beginning of the year on the disastrous influence of the Inquisition upon the country, and the opposition of the people to the edicts and their growing disaffection. Mr. Motley notices that, in this letter, Orange speaks of himself as a "good Christian," and says: "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." The year in which William Prince of Orange became a true believer is an epoch worthy of remembrance. Without a sincere conversion it is scarcely to be supposed that he would have had strength, courage or endurance for the great

and severe enterprise of achieving his country's freedom.

Though William stood aloof from these turbulent Leaguers, he already had commenced that wonderfully close system of espionage upon Philip which he kept up during the whole of the struggle. Letters which that monarch left locked in his desk on retiring were copied by unknown persons during the night, and their contents forwarded to William before morning. The very memoranda which the king put in his pockets at bed-time were transcribed and sent to William in the same secret manner. Thus he prepared in his own cautious way to meet and circumvent the great enemy of his country, while the impetuous Leaguers, by their banquets and their public demonstrations, roused and enkindled more and more the enthusiasm of the people for their ancient privileges and for liberty to read and follow the teachings of the Gospel.

The increased excitement among the people induced the duchess to call a special meeting of the leading nobles at Brussels, among whom she invited the Prince of Orange. In a speech of great power and learning he showed the folly

and uselessness of persecution for conscience' sake. He said, among other things, "This is the nature of heresy—if it rests, it rusts; but he that rubs it, whets it." While the bewildered duchess was deliberating whether to put down the League by force, no less than three hundred of the Leaguers rode into Brussels, and, crowding into the council-chamber, laid their petition for a removal of the Inquisition before the council. They demanded that a deputation to press the object of their petition be sent to the king, and declared themselves no longer responsible for riots and tumults which might arise from neglect of their prayer.

The duchess was very much alarmed at the crowd. Tears of distress rolled down her cheeks as their petition was read. One of the counselors, Count Berlaymont, to relieve her fears, uttered the sneer which, like the name "Christian," given by their enemies to the disciples at Antioch, was immediately adopted by the Leaguers, and became the name by which they were known for generations—a name of terror to their foes and a rallying-cry to all the friends of liberty in the land. "Beggars" was the contemptuous term

used by the count: "What, madam!" said the proud lord, "is it possible your highness can entertain fears of these Beggars?"

At once the word was caught up by the party, who had long wanted a distinctive name, and at the banquet held immediately after the interview in the palace, the hall resounded with cries of "Long live the Beggars!" Brederode, the leader, after recounting the words of Berlaymont to the duchess, cried out, "They call us Beggars; 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." 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 field of strife—"Long live the Beggars!" Each one of the nobles provided himself with the beggar's wallet, and attired himself and his whole family, servants and all, in the gray dress worn by begging priests and monks.

Their enemies had invented for them a spell which was to prove powerful enough to start

the spirit of liberty to active and organized life among all classes, who, as the scene of their exploits varied, called themselves "Wild Beggars," "Wood Beggars" and "the Beggars of the Sea."

The result of the different interviews between these "Beggars" and the council was a promise from the duchess that she would send a deputation to the king, and meanwhile recommend the inquisitors to exercise their office with moderation; in return for which she would expect the Leaguers to abstain from violence and do nothing against the Catholic faith. But when the duchess actually put the proposed changes and reforms in a piece of writing, which she called "The Moderation," and by various intrigues secured the assent of a large number of the state councils to its provisions, the indignant and disappointed people nicknamed it *The Murderation*. They saw no real difference between it and the old bloody edicts from which they were struggling to be delivered. In fact, it only substituted the gallows for the stake; scarcely that; for while it was actually in preparation, with its fifty-three articles, the duchess took particular pains to pro-

cure the burning, by a slow fire, of a weaver of Oudenarde, for throwing the "holy wafer," the Popish sacrament, to the ground. This was on the 8th of June, 1566.



OPEN-AIR PREACHING.

DISGUISE was now almost entirely thrown off by the Protestants. The bold example of the nobles in pressing their petition upon the duchess encouraged the people everywhere. Preaching services, which used to be held in secret, were now in this year, 1566, held publicly through the whole country.

It was in West Flanders, in the southwestern corner of the country, on the borders of France, on the 14th of June, that the first public assembly of Protestants is believed to have been held. The first preacher was a converted monk, named Modet, from Oudenarde, in the adjacent state of East Flanders. He was bold, enthusiastic, able, of imposing mien and ready tongue—the very man to figure on such occasions. These services were held in the open air, and were attended by no less than seven thousand persons, many of whom had come from a distance. An attempt

was made to disperse them by a single magistrate, who rushed among them with a drawn sword and attempted to seize the preacher. At first the people were alarmed, as they were without arms, but soon rallying, they drove off the officer with a shower of stones. Afterwards, they not only brought arms, but arranged their wagons so as to fortify the grounds, and stationed sentinels in all the avenues.

No sooner had the example been set than the practice of open-air preaching spread through the whole country. Whole days were spent in the woods in these services. Peddlers sold the forbidden books of the Reformed and Lutheran writers. Persons were stationed by the roadside to invite in the passers-by. The ordinance of baptism was administered and marriages were celebrated. Congregations of from five to twenty thousand were gathered. So bold were the people that they broke open the doors of a prison, without any resistance from the magistrates, and set at liberty two Anabaptists, who had been condemned to death for their opinions. The remonstrances of the duchess, repeatedly addressed to the preachers and congregations, were without

effect. The stream of God's truth had begun to flow, and it was not in the power of rulers to hinder it. In Antwerp, the threats of the government against this open-air preaching produced so little effect that the people took forcible possession of a field near the city, and held three services at once upon it, and wound up by asking for the Reformed a place of worship within the city itself. The duchess demanded that the magistrates should break up the meetings and hang the preachers, which they refused to do; but on the other hand they denied the request of the Reformed for a place of worship within the walls. Lutheran services were tolerated at a place near Antwerp, called Kiel, but as many as fourteen or fifteen thousand Calvinists attended the open-air services at one time. At the request of the duchess, the Prince of Orange visited the city, and endeavored, in his cautious, politic way, to curb the zeal of the preachers and to persuade the people to be content with the privilege of preaching, for the present, beyond the walls. He would also have had them lay aside their arms. But he found them in no very tractable mood, and his great success was, probably, to acquaint himself

with the real temper of the people, the depths of their religious convictions and the spirituality and power of the Reformation, rather than to gain any real concessions for the duchess. However, for the present, there was no preaching in Antwerp. The old sign of the world's contempt—"without the walls"—must still be borne by the faithful. And so the open-air services went on. Many violent and many uneducated men were among the preachers. Too often they entertained their hearers with mere tirades against the Papacy, instead of proclaiming the saving truth of the Gospel. The sacred office and the name of the Reformation were brought into sad disrepute by the coarseness and intemperance of many, whose services in a time of excitement, and in the absence of any better instruments, were gladly accepted.

But among these open-air preachers were some of the rarest geniuses and noblest characters of the time. The brave French preacher, Francis Junius of Antwerp, has already been spoken of. Another—Ambrose Wille—had sat at the feet of Calvin, and now July 7th preached to twenty thousand persons with a price upon his head. A

hundred mounted men escorted him to the preaching place. Every third man in the vast company was armed with arquebus, pistol, pike, sword, pitchfork, dagger or club. The preacher begged the people not to be afraid of human threatenings or to be concerned for him; should he fall, there were many better than he to take his place. While these services were going on, the towns and cities seemed almost emptied of their inhabitants, and the streets were as silent as if swept by the plague. The duchess had no Spanish soldiers to carry out her orders for the dispersion of these assemblies, and it was idle to summon the militia of the country to such a service, for they had all gone to the meetings themselves.

Farther north in Holland the open-air meetings were established still later. An eloquent monk, named Peter Gabriel, converted to the Reformed faith, opened the campaign near Harlem. The announcement of these services was sufficient to empty the other cities and to crowd Harlem to overflowing. Multitudes encamped on the ground the night before. The affrighted magistrates tried to keep the gates shut, and thus to hinder the people inside from getting to the

place of assembling. But in vain. They had come too far and their purpose was too dear and too sacred to be thus crossed. They climbed the walls and swam the ditch, and thronged to the place of meeting long before the time. The baffled magistrates opened the gates, and the whole population seemed to pour out in a mass. Clement Marot's metrical Psalms, which were caught up and chanted all over Christendom as by a mysterious universal impulse, had also been translated into Dutch, and the vast assembly poured forth their devotions in a many-voiced chant, without the restraints of an artificial ceremonial or the dimness and confinement and incense-laden air of the cathedral.

“Slow, grave and solemn, deep as an organ, was the strain. Yet to compare that burst of living music to any product of strings and pipes would be a profanation. Every voice steady with determination, thrilling with emotion, it was a song of praise and confidence soaring to heaven; but it was also a battle-song, sung perhaps in the hearing of mortal foes. It was such a song as Israel sang by the Red Sea, or rather such a song as the army of Jehoshaphat sang before the battle



Beggars of Holland.

Field-Preaching in Holland.

—a song before which the enemy fled as from a charge.”

The preacher, although a feeble man, was as one inspired. For four hours he held the audience in rapt attention under a burning July sun. He preached to them the simple but blessed truths of the Gospel, long neglected by the ministers of an apostate Church; and as he told of God's grace and of a Saviour, in whom the lowliest and most abandoned were welcome to put their trust, his hearers were now exalted or melted to tears of penitence. His closing prayer for the government which was persecuting them to the death left few dry eyes in the crowd. When he had finished, he left the congregation abruptly and traveled all night to meet his next appointment in Alkmaer.

The Protestants were becoming bolder every day. The magistrates of the cities, even when appointed by the duchess, were afraid to put any serious hindrance in the way of these open-air meetings, which were held in nearly every place where the people cared to have them. When it was determined to hold such services in the Hague, one of the leading towns of Holland,

twenty wagon-loads of armed Protestants came from a neighboring town, and alighted in the very front of the chief magistrate's house, where they made all their preparations to hold their meeting. They arranged their twenty wagons in a wide circle, filled them with armed men and placed the preacher in the middle, with his hearers around him. Thus they sang and thus they preached and prayed, in the very hearing of the president, who not long before had threatened them with the utmost severity, and who now, being at home, had the satisfaction of peeping at the strange scene through the blinds of his window.

As yet, preaching was forbidden inside of the towns, and it was an act of great boldness for the field preacher John Arentson to venture on public services in a suburb of Amsterdam, which he did at the suggestion of the Reformed of that city on the 21st of August. The town-clerk, by the direction of the magistrates, read him a paper warning him of the consequences if he proceeded; to which he replied, in the language of Peter before the Sanhedrim, that he ought to obey God rather than man, and invited the clerk to remain and hear him, that he might give a true account

to the authorities of all that passed. This, however, the clerk declined to do. So skillfully did the preacher, who was a mechanic, handle the Scripture that even Papists were impressed, and he continued to preach in the suburb unmolested, the congregations increasing until the place of assembly could not contain them.

With the increased opportunity for preaching there seems to have been at this time a great increase in the supply of ministers. Congregations with regular pastors were gathered in most of the towns, although, in many cases, public services could not be held inside of the walls. The Netherlands, or that part of the Provinces nearest to France, were better supplied in this respect than Holland, or the north, where, at the opening of this campaign of out-door preaching, there were but four laborers, two of whom, Peter Gabriel, and John Arentson, have already been named; the other two were Albert Gerritson and Peter Cornelison. However, the zealous Protestants of Amsterdam bestirred themselves, and soon a preacher was found for every considerable town. At Horn the Romish priest turned Protestant, and leaving his comfortable church, began to

preach the Gospel near the town. Soon after he married a lawful wife.

No very severe persecutions could have been going on at this time. The duchess, indeed, by every means in her power, tried to put a stop to the field-preaching. She put a price upon the heads of the preachers, and where it was possible to be done the inquisitors continued their bloody work without mitigation. Neither she nor her cruel assistants wanted the disposition to carry out all the savage decrees of the Spanish king, whose answer to the request of the confederate nobles for relief to their suffering country had not yet been received. It might have been supposed that comparative tranquillity would prevail, at least for a time, among the people. But it must be remembered that months had passed since Montigny started from Brussels with the appeal of the nobles. Such delay, in the view of the people, augured no good. It was felt that the little exemption they now enjoyed was only a short reprieve, and that the king would only be provoked thereby to greater cruelties. The confederate, or "Beggars," nobles began to be alarmed for their personal safety. It was whispered about

that the high sheriff of Brabant was collecting troops by command of the government, in order to attack the Reformers at their field-preaching. At this juncture the duchess, seeing all her own efforts to check the Reformers in vain, called upon the League to fulfill their promises and to assist her in restoring peace. This appeal was seized upon as a pretext for summoning a meeting of the League, which was held from the 13th of July to the 1st of August, at St. Trond, on the borders of Liege, in the south. It was a riotous but formidable assemblage of fifteen hundred to two thousand men. They pledged themselves to protect the people from all violence on account of their creed, and engaged a force of eight thousand German soldiers, paying them while they waited orders for active operations. The Prince of Conde and other French Protestants sent a deputation to the League, whose meeting-place was scarcely more than fifty miles from the French frontier, dissuading them from listening to any proposals for a compromise with Philip, as it would merely be intended to deceive them, and offering a reinforcement of ten thousand mounted men, whom they would send and maintain, at

their own expense, on a month's notice. But the offer was civilly declined, as an alliance with the French would have been viewed with dislike by many of the people.

The Prince of Orange was not in the tumultuous company at St. Trond. On the contrary, he went on the invitation of the duchess to confer with them, and if possible to pacify them with such vague promises as she was accustomed to make. But the confederates gave small heed to messages of conciliation, and replied by sending William's brother, Louis of Nassau, and twelve associates, with the boldest message which had yet gone from the oppressed Netherlanders to their government. They declared that they had no pardon to ask for their past conduct, which deserved commendation rather than censure; they demanded guarantees for their personal safety, and required the States General—the representatives of the entire people—to be summoned before they would promise to exert themselves to preserve peace and to restrain popular impetuosity. They further intimated that if they should be driven by violence into measures of self-protection, they had already secured friends in Germany.

The duchess was at once affronted and amazed at what she considered the insufferable insolence of these gentlemen. She answered them haughtily, gave them no satisfaction, and wrote immediately to Philip, advising him to reject these proposals.



THE IMAGE-BREAKING FURY.

IT seemed indeed as if the obstinacy of the king was at last giving way. Some real mitigation of the direful severity of his rule in the Netherlands seems at this time to have been contemplated. So he afterwards expressed himself to his sister, the duchess, saying that he was content to put a stop to the Inquisition, provided the bishops' courts were restored to power; that the placards might be qualified if the Romish faith and the royal authority were not jeopardized; and that the regent might, on certain not unreasonable conditions, grant pardon to the confederate nobles and other offenders. But events were thickening in the Netherlands while the king was weighing the degree of mercy he was willing to dole out to his incensed subjects. While he walked, as the historian says, in leaden shoes, an avalanche of popular fury broke loose in the Netherlands, before whose impetuous rush

all Philip's tardy and partial offers of clemency would have been instantly overwhelmed.

Had the offers come earlier, especially as they included the abolition of the hated Spanish Inquisition, the effect might have been such as to alter the whole course of history; the bloody drama might have been delayed and modified in many of its most marked features. The bold, decided spirit of Dutch Protestantism, which has enriched history with so many glorious achievements, might have been frittered away in compromises—a result which the French Protestants sometimes had regarded as possible.

But the designs of Providence were different. It seemed as if God clearly interposed to cause delay on the part of Philip. While one of the Dutch deputies, Lord Montigny, was able to start for Spain as early as May 29, the other, the Marquis of Berghen, was accidentally struck by a wooden ball on a play-ground through which he was passing, and so severely injured that he could not leave Brussels until the 1st of July, six weeks after his colleague had reached Madrid. If only half of these six weeks had been saved, Philip's conciliatory answer would have been received in

the Netherlands before the outbreak of the 18th of August, and in all probability would have prevented it.

The American historian of the Dutch Republic, Mr. Motley, indeed concludes, upon further inquiry, that Philip had really not the slightest intention to keep these promises of pardon and improvement, meagre as they were. After he had actually put in writing his consent to the pardon of the confederate nobles, he called in a notary, and in the presence of several witnesses declared that he did not consider himself bound by his promise, and that he reserved the right to himself to punish the very men whose pardon he had just authorized. And as to the Inquisition, no sooner had he despatched his letters to the duchess granting its suppression, than he wrote to his envoy at Rome, admitting that the permission had no force unless sanctioned by the Pope, and adding that the matter should be kept a profound secret. His subjects should be left to discover for themselves what a farce the whole grave proceeding was. As for the Pope, only a few weeks before he had sent an archbishop to Brussels to concert measures for strengthening the "Holy Office" in

the Netherlands. Philip also assured the Pope, in these despatches, 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; he would never consent to be the sovereign of heretics. In a private letter he commanded the regent to prepare for war, and sent her nearly a million of dollars with which to hire three thousand horse and ten thousand infantry in Germany.

Had the people really known of these secret reservations and reversals of all that was promised on the surface, doubtless, as the historian thinks, the outbreak would have come sooner. At any rate, his treacherous promises accomplished nothing. It was on the 14th of August, just in time to anticipate their arrival, that the first attack was made by the mob upon the Catholic churches and convents of the Provinces. Historians have puzzled themselves to discover exactly how the movement begun. It seems to have been unpremeditated, spontaneous. But when the example of church desecration and image-breaking was once set, it became a wild epidemic, as resistless and as rapid as a hurricane. It seemed exactly

to express the temper of large classes of citizens, although those who actually engaged in the work with every excess of fanatical zeal were comparatively few.

No one plotted the outbreak. It could not be charged upon the confederate nobles or upon the Reformed in France. As suddenly as a summer thunder-storm it came and it went. Yet was it, after all, so very surprising that a feeling of the bitterest jealousy should be aroused at the sight of these fine buildings, where the oppressors of their country worshiped in ease and luxury, while the great majority of the people were refused the meanest place of shelter within the walls, and were compelled to worship God in the open fields, prepared, with arms in their hands, to resist the assaults of their persecutors, and listening to preachers for whose capture the government offered a large reward as for criminals? Before the eyes of these men the splendid temples and the magnificent devotions of their cruel enemies were a daily provocation. The smiling prosperity of the hostile religion insulted the poverty of their own; every cross set up upon the highway, every image of the saints that they met, was a

trophy of their humiliation, a symbol of cruelty and murder, of the Inquisition and the stake—the sign of a religion whose essential acts of worship were human sacrifices. Temples of worship to the living God were profaned and desecrated already by the paraphernalia of idolatry and by the utterances of lips which were as ready to pronounce awful curses on His faithful followers as to chant their hollow acts of devotion. The worst acts of a mob, roughly and violently clearing away the emblems of idolatry, could not be half so displeasing to God as hypocritical ceremonies. There was more heavenly charity in the fanatical madness of the image-breakers than in the tender mercies of the kindest of Philip's inquisitors.

In the Province of West Flanders, between the river Lys and the sea, close on the borders of France, near the birth-place of the duchess, the fanaticism of the image-breakers made its first appearance. A rabble of three hundred persons—mechanics, boat-men and farm-hands, with beggars, thieves and vagabonds in their company—arose on the 14th of August in the vicinity of St. Omer, now in French territory. First they de-

stroyed the crosses and images erected by the wayside; then they broke open the convents and churches, overturned the altars and broke in pieces and trampled under foot the images of the saints. Finding themselves quite unopposed, and their zeal growing with indulgence, they take the road to Ypres, some thirty miles distant, where they can count on the sympathy of a strong body of Protestants. Unopposed they break into the cathedral, and soon leave altars, statues, pictures, painted windows and carved tombs a mass of ruins.

And now the contagion spreads—one town after another is visited by the destructive fury. The church of Oudenarde, the birth-place of the duchess, and the scene of one of the most cruel of martyrdoms under her order, was despoiled. All Flanders was now given over to the iconoclasts. In Tournay the churches were despoiled in sight of the garrison, who refused to march against the rioters. The storm swept northward, passing over the state of Brabant, in which the seat of Philip's government, the city of Brussels, was situated. It leaped the boundary of Holland and penetrated all the northern Provinces with

the swiftness of the light. Amsterdam, Leyden, and other towns in the north saved their churches by voluntarily stripping them of their ornaments. The islands of Zealand, Utrecht and many places in Groningen, in the remotest part of the territory, suffered under the same universal and almost simultaneous impulse. The provinces of Namur and Luxemburg in the south, and Friesland and Guelders in the north, were the only ones which could be protected from the devastating fury of the tempest.

The great cathedral of Antwerp was one of the architectural wonders of the world. Only St. Peter's at Rome excelled it among Christian churches. As this latter was the masterpiece of Roman art, so the cathedral of *Notre Dame* in Antwerp was the crowning glory of the more spiritual Gothic. Here the mysterious devotional spirit of the North had enshrined itself in the most awe-inspiring and majestic forms. The exquisite and daring spire, which rose nearly one hundred feet higher than the dome of St. Peter's, was the work of a century. The length of the vast building, five hundred feet, was equal to the height of the spire. The interior was divided

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into five immense naves, or aisles, by four rows of tall columns, that seemed to grow in thick profusion from the tessellated floor like a petrified forest; their many branches interwoven, so as to form an almost impenetrable canopy; and their shadows crossed each other on the pavement, like those of the tangled boughs of a dense wood. Foliage, flowers and fruit of immense proportions, strange birds, beasts, griffins, chimeras, in endless multitudes, hung on the trunks and branches of these sculptured forests.

Within, the church was rich beyond calculation. Scarcely a foot of the vast space but was adorned with sculpture. All that medieval devotion and artistic skill could execute in wood, bronze, marble, silver, gold, precious jewelry and rich altar-trappings was lavished without stint. Every recess was a chapel, in which wealthy citizens, noble families, civil, military and religious societies vied with each other in the gorgeousness of their shrines and altars. Proud and battle-riven banners hung their splendid folds from the walls and glimmered through the ascending clouds of incense. Tombs adorned with the carved effigies of brave Crusaders and pious dames covered the

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floor. Through the vast windows, brilliantly covered with tints the loss of which art has not ceased to deplore, the sunlight shone with the effect of enchantment; priests in gorgeous robes chanted their service in an unknown tongue; great anthems of music rolled from thousands of organ pipes, while the crowing glory of the cathedral, the Repository of the Host, stood in the choir, rising from a single column, arch above arch, pillar upon pillar, to the height of three hundred feet, until quite lost in the vault above.

Such was Antwerp Cathedral on the morning of August 20, 1566. The morning sunlight of the 21st shone through broken windows upon a ghastly heap of ruins. For two days the mob had been gathering and growing in audacity. The city authorities, partly afraid, partly perhaps in sympathy with the mob, made no effectual preparations to meet the storm which so plainly was gathering. When they went unarmed to the cathedral on the afternoon of the 20th, and endeavored by persuasion alone to appease the crowd already in possession, only a few persons on the outside consented to retire. When they left the building, hoping to draw the crowd after them

through the single open door, every other door was thrown open and the angry populace flowed in like the sea through a broken dike. A vain attempt was made by the church-wardens to save some of the most valuable possessions, and then the pride of Antwerp, the glory of Gothic art, the *chef d'œuvre* of Popish superstition in the North, was abandoned to its fate. The memory of fifty thousand murdered Protestants—some of them their own nearest kindred—butchered for conscience' sake with indescribable tortures, spurred on the mob. They were determined to have their revenge, not in the slightest cruelty to a living soul, but in the utter humiliation and defacement of the proudest symbols of the creed which had caused their afflictions.

Their first assault was upon the colossal image of the Virgin—reasonably enough, as that was the chief object of the superstition under which they suffered, and as it had been carried pompously through the streets a few days before; they dragged it from its place, amid jeers and shouts, tore off its jeweled drapery, broke it into a thousand pieces and flung the fragments over the floor. A spirit of superhuman energy now

seemed to take possession of the few active ones in the crowd. Armed with axes, with clubs, and with sledge-hammers, provided with ladders, ropes, pulleys and levers, they dealt wholesale destruction on every hand. Every statue was hurled from its niche, every picture torn from the wall, every one of the gorgeous windows was shattered to atoms, every shrine was destroyed, every sculptured decoration, though seeming quite beyond reach to ordinary view, was dislodged and hurled to the ground. Far up the dizzy heights clambered these shrieking furies, lighted but dimly by the wax tapers snatched from the altars; and though they scuffled with one another on the topmost rounds of the ladders for the honor of the work, and though heavy masses were falling all around them, not a soul suffered the least injury. The great Repository was shattered into a million pieces. The beautiful organ, a masterpiece in its day, was utterly wrecked. A life-size group of the crucifixion, which adorned the principal altar, an ancient and highly valued piece of art, was attacked. The central figure was wrenched from its place with ropes and pulleys, and shared the fate of the

other decorations, but *the two thieves* were left untouched, as the only emblems suitable to the fraud and violence of the Church which they assailed. There they stood unharmed, overlooking the scene of indescribable ruin—the statues, images, pictures, shrines, ornaments crushed with sledge-hammers, hewn with axes, trampled, torn and beaten into shreds. They looked down upon the rioters covering their own squalid attire with the costly dresses of the priests, breaking the sacred bread, pouring out and drinking one another's health in the sacred wine, destroying richly decorated missals and manuscripts, smearing their shoes with the anointing oil, which had indeed been far worse desecrated already in giving the semblance of Divine authority to temporal and ecclesiastical rulers, under whose oppressions the people had thus gone mad. On the ruins of seventy chapels these marble thieves looked down that night and saw the precious spoils of four centuries of priestly exaction swept away—saw the fulfillment of the Divine denunciation, "I hate robbery for burnt-offering."

Historians do not pretend to explain how, in the few brief hours of a midsummer night, the

second largest temple of Christendom could have been thus utterly despoiled by a troop which, according to all accounts, was not more than one hundred in number, although crowds of approving spectators were present. It seems as if the destroying angels that overthrew Sennacherib and his host had been commissioned to put the mark of Divine vengeance upon some of the greatest works of men. Yet the destruction of the cathedral was scarcely half the work of that night in Antwerp. The affrighted citizens, hearing the tumult through the night, barricaded their houses and stayed close within doors, leaving the mob unmolested to complete their work.

Lighted by tapers and torches snatched from the altars of the cathedral, the mad image-breakers rushed through the streets, crying, "Long live the Beggars!" and fell upon every image of the Virgin, every crucifix, every sculptured saint and every Popish symbol that stood upon sidewalk, corner or market-place. They roamed from church to church all the night long, and before morning had sacked thirty churches within the city walls. They entered monasteries, burned or scattered their libraries, destroyed their

idolatrous ornaments, opened their casks of wine and ale, and flooded the cellars with the much-prized contents. They invaded the nunneries and drove the affrighted nuns into the streets. The morning came, but the hand of violence was not stayed; that day passed, and a second, and not until the third day of the fury did the people of Antwerp awake from their stupor; some to see how ridiculously small was the number of those who set the authorities at naught, and some to feel ashamed of the dreadful and unpardonable excesses which were being perpetrated in the name of the Reformation, and which would most certainly be used hereafter to the great detriment of the cause. Then, after all the mischief possible in Antwerp and the surrounding towns had been done, the disorder was arrested, and much of the property which had been carried off was restored.

The injury inflicted upon property was incalculable. The great cathedral was damaged to the extent of one million dollars in gold—a sum four or five times as valuable then as now. Many precious works of art were destroyed; many valuable manuscripts important to history and

diplomacy were lost. Yet none of the rioters cared in the least for plunder, and no insult or injury was offered to man or to woman. The rage was directed exclusively against stocks and stones and monuments of priestly domination. In some instances, the half-decayed corpses were torn from their tombs in the churches; but, on the other hand, prisoners languishing in hopeless confinement were liberated. A monk who had been in the prison of Barefoot monastery for twelve years recovered his freedom. "Art," says Motley "was trampled in the dust, but humanity deplored no victims."

In a few days in the middle of August the work had been accomplished from one end of the Provinces to the other. In the single Province of Flanders four hundred churches were sacked. In Mechlin seventy or eighty persons—one authority says thirty or forty—accomplished the work thoroughly in the very teeth of the grand council and of the astonished magistrates. Sir Richard Clough testifies that he saw ten or twelve persons entirely sack church after church, while ten thousand spectators looked on, indifferent or horror-struck.

At Tournay a premature alarm was caused by a trifling and amusing incident. A Jesuit was preaching an eloquent sermon in the cathedral. While he thrilled the audience with protestations of his readiness to endure martyrdom for the ancient faith, three sharp, sudden and entirely peculiar blows were struck on the great door of the church. The priest's heroism vanished on the instant, he turned pale and dropped under the pulpit; then, hurrying down stairs, he took refuge in the vestry and barred the door. Panic seized the congregation, who rushed out of doors crying, "The Beggars are coming," in full expectation of meeting a band of destroying and furious Calvinists. The uproar had spread through the city before it was discovered that a small urchin was the cause of the tumult. He had been taking a swim in the Scheldt, and he had returned, by way of the church, with a couple of bladders under his arm. Partly to dry them and partly out of mischief, he had struck them on the door of the cathedral, and Tournay was well-nigh drenched in blood as a result.

A little boy with swimming bladders was thus the cause of the false alarm, but it was only a

few days too soon. On the 22d of August came the news of the sacking of Antwerp Cathedral. Instantly the iconoclastic fury seized the people. For a single night they were restrained, but at daybreak the next day the mob swept upon the churches and stripped them to the walls. Pictures, statues, organs, ornaments, priestly vestments, crosses, chandeliers, censers, all of the richest material, glittering with pearls, rubies and other precious stones, were scattered in utter ruin and confusion on the ground.

A strange act of justice was done in this church spoliation at Tournay, which may well pass as an illustration given, under Providence, in this life, of the consequences of disrespect to parents. In one of the ancient tombs thrown open by the spoilers, lay the embalmed corpse of one Duke Adolphus, in excellent preservation, although ninety years had passed since the burial. The very care taken to preserve and honor the corpse secured for it, at this late day, disgrace. It was recognized and dragged from the vault, flung on the pavement and hooted at by the people. A hundred years before, Adolphus had cruelly and despitefully dragged his old father

from his bed at midnight, in the depth of winter, and compelled him, with no covering but his night-clothes, to walk twenty-five miles, barefoot, over ice and snow, while he rode by his side on horseback. As if this was not enough, he put him into the dungeon of Buren Castle, and kept him there for six months, until the Duke of Burgundy interfered, released the father, and put the son in his place. The sole reason for the son's behavior was impatience to get possession of the Province, which would fall into his hands, in due course of time, at the father's death.

The people had not forgotten the story of his outrageous disrespect and cruelty. And it almost seemed as if the successful embalming of his body was ordered, that both the Divine and human displeasure at the violation of the fifth commandment might be the more emphatically manifested.

In Valenciennes, the image-breaking took place on St. Bartholomew's day, the 24th, just six years before the dread St. Bartholomew's of France. The Protestant St. Bartholomew's was, however, as Motley says, only a tragedy of statues. Hardly as many senseless stones were victims, in all

Holland, as were the living victims doomed to perish under the plot of a Popish woman in some single province of France. In the St. Bartholomew of 1566 not a human being was injured. We rely for this fact upon the testimony of the Valenciennes Catholics themselves. One of them, bitter but honest, has left upon record the following memorable words: "Certain chroniclers 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 in pieces and burning others over a slow fire. I remember very well everything that 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." Violence and theft were far beneath the great passion that flamed in their bosoms. Great heaps of gold and silver plate, precious jewelry and embroidery, were trampled under foot and left lying on the ground. In Valenciennes, according to Popish authority, the iconoclasts rejected with disdain the large sums of money offered to dissuade them from desecrating the churches. In Flanders, a company of

rioters hanged one of their own number for stealing articles worth five shillings.

Thus, while it is impossible severely to censure this war against mere stocks and stones, we are prepared to learn that the Reformed ministers and leaders of the liberal party were unanimous in disapproving the outbreak.



CONCESSIONS TO THE REFORMED.

THE first consequences of these riots were indeed most favorable to the Reformed. In many places the affrighted magistrates gave them every privilege they asked. Churches were opened to them in Antwerp, Bois le Duc, Ghent, Tournay, Valenciennes, Amsterdam, Delft, on the island of Walcheren, in Utrecht, Leuwarden, Groningen, Deventer. The duchess, nearly frightened to death at the scenes of violence which were enacted almost under her sight, made hasty preparations to fly from the capital city, Brussels, to Mons, a place of greater security. The Prince of Orange, with other councillors, fearing that her flight would be the signal for a general and tumultuous outbreak, and not yet having made up his mind to attempt more than to lighten the yoke of Philip, besought, and finally, with extreme difficulty, persuaded her to remain.

On the 25th of August the terrified woman granted to the Reformed the greatest concession they had yet gained from their rulers. This Accord, while it bound the nobles to hinder the opening of new places for Protestant worship, allowed the use of those already opened. It was further declared that the Inquisition was abolished; that the members of the League, "The Beggars," should have indemnity for all alleged offences, and be employed in the service of the government. On the other hand, the nobles would dissolve their League, discourage sedition, support the authority of the king, protect the Catholic churches and clergy, and prepare the people to submit to whatever should be agreed upon between his majesty and the States General for promoting peace and uniformity of religion.

This exceedingly partial reform was sorely grudged by the duchess, who was, in fact, held a prisoner in Brussels, and who was driven to the concession by her own alarmed friends as well as by the Reformed leaders. Two hundred thousand men, she was told by the Prince of Orange, had risen against the government, who would not lay down their arms until they had assurances that

they might hold their religious services where they had been accustomed to do so without molestation. It was a terrible degradation, to come down from the haughty attitude of absolute power, which, as a daughter of the great Charles and a representative of his still more imperious successor, she had endeavored to maintain. It was only after a long struggle, which wrung tears of bitter humiliation from her eyes, that she put her name to the document.

Great was the joy which—for a brief season—thrilled the hearts of the people after the proclamation of the agreement, and brief it could only have been. It was impossible they should long be satisfied with a document which barely tolerated, under rigorous restrictions, the religion and rights of conscience of six-sevenths of the people, while it reserved all the favor and protection of the government for the religious prejudices of the remaining seventh. The measure was one of those compromises which we always dread to see accepted, even for the sake of peace, by the hitherto bold and uncompromising adherents of the truth. Long ago we saw the French Protestants afraid that their Dutch brethren might

accept some such compromise. And in truth it is somewhat humiliating to see with what zeal the liberal leaders, and the Prince of Orange himself, hastened to bind their Protestant fellow-citizens to even more than a literal submission to its restrictions. In Antwerp the Prince of Orange not only gave orders for the repair of the ruined churches and the severe punishment of the rioters, hanging three and banishing others, but he required the Protestants to give up all the churches they had seized, and provided for the re-establishment of the Catholic worship in them. The Protestants might have three places of worship, if they chose to build them, within the walls, where they might hold service on Sunday and once a week besides.

But these restrictions were mildness itself, compared with those exacted in other places. In Guelders, Protestantism was actually suppressed and the preachers banished. In Brussels, the presence of the duchess put a stop to all preaching within and without the town. In Ghent, Count Egmont put to death some of the most refractory rebels, reopened the Catholic churches, drove off all foreigners—who were principally Protestants

—and barely suffered the Calvinists to build a church outside the walls. Twenty-two image-breakers were hung at one time by his orders in Flanders, and he who might have aspired to lead the popular revolt against tyranny, now filled the whole Province with dismay at his treachery and cruelty.

In some places, however, the nobles were unable to enforce their views among the people. In Tournay, after long quarreling, the Protestants retained possession of some of the churches, which they occupied with guards. In Valenciennes, the threat to deliver the town to the Huguenots—France was close by—secured the Reformers all the rights they demanded. In Antwerp, the permission to build churches was promptly acted upon, and two were commenced by the Reformed and the Walloons.

Among the prominent persons in Ghent who suffered through Egmont's persecution was Francis Junius, whom we already know as the bold and faithful French preacher, who had often before been in danger, and who was now unjustly accused of encouraging the image-breakers. One evening the bailiff of Ghent came very secretly

to his lodgings to arrest him, but Junius had providentially left for Brussels only an hour before. At another time arrangements were made to arrest him while passing on a boat to one of his preaching-places. The bailiff, with a number of armed men, was waiting on a bridge under which the boat had to pass. His friends in the boat were much alarmed when they saw the array, but Junius, relying upon God for protection, bade them be of good cheer and not show any more concern than if he were not among them. As they drew near, the bailiff called them to come out of the boat, which they did to the number of five-and-twenty, Junius among them. All passed through the company of armed men, and Junius, with entire composure, saluted the captain as he sat on his horse. The captain, suspecting nothing, returned the salute very civilly, and still kept a sharp eye on the boat, being confident that Junius was trying to hide himself on board. Thus he escaped to tell the story, which he concludes with these words: "Trust, then, to the providence of the Lord, thou that servest the Lord."

Soon after, Egmont ordered a placard to be

published offering a reward of five hundred dollars for the capture of Junius if alive, or half as much if dead. This put the brave preacher's confidence in God sorely to the test; he was compelled to wander from place to place in disguise, to hide in a morass, and was glad, by the connivance of the magistrates, at last to get safely back to Antwerp, where he had been accustomed to preach to the French Protestants residing in the city. But what was his disappointment to learn that, under the new arrangements made by the Prince of Orange, as a foreign Protestant he was no longer at liberty to perform the duties of his office! There had actually occurred a positive decrease in the privileges of the Reformed. Those who overstepped the new restrictions were rigorously punished—no longer by the orders of Philip, but in the name of the liberal party. One Andrew Bartelot, who was accustomed to speak with the utmost freedom and boldness of the lives and doctrines of the priests, was hung on the 2d of November for preaching at a place where, according to the new agreement, the Reformed were not allowed to hold their services. One might say, in a sense, that the Prince of

Orange and the liberal leaders were a party to this murder.

Nevertheless, wherever it was practicable the Reformed maintained their ground, organized churches with elders, some, too, with deacons and deaconesses, called pastors, and went so far as to administer the Sacrament, which was considered a very bold proceeding even by their friends. In Amsterdam they resisted the attempts of the magistrates to enforce the most odious restrictions upon them with so much spirit, that the magistrates were glad to make a formal treaty with them, allowing them the use of a Franciscan chapel and burying-ground within the walls. This agreement was with the Calvinists. When the Lutherans of Amsterdam heard of it, they also applied for the use of a church, and the Reformed or Calvinist party agreed to the proposal—quite liberally for those times; for Lutherans and Calvinists, alas! were as hostile to one another as they were to the common enemy, the Pope. The Calvinists of Antwerp, when they heard of the liberal attitude of their brethren in Amsterdam, sent a deputation of a minister and two elders to administer a sharp reproof, and to demand of

them a recantation of their liberal purpose. They spent two days in the work, and urged their demand with vehemence, but happily could not change the Christian purpose of the brethren of Amsterdam. It is greatly to be deplored that Calvinists and Lutherans, all over Holland as well as throughout Europe, had not shown more of this fraternal temper and joined their forces against the common enemy. Many and serious were the advantages given him by these widespread and vehement dissensions among the friends of the truth.

On the 15th of December these noble-minded Christians of Antwerp, to the number of one thousand, celebrated the Lord's Supper, in a public manner, in the church allotted to them within the walls. The Prince of Orange had sent a remonstrance, three days before, from Utrecht, asking that the service might be deferred until his arrival. But as the time had been appointed and the preparations already made, the ministers refused to accede to the prince's request, and proceeded with the services. For the first time, probably, in the history of the city, the death of our Lord was celebrated without the

idolatrous rites of Popery and the wicked delusions of transubstantiation.

For a few months—in many places it was but a few weeks—there was a certain measure of liberty of conscience enjoyed, and the people employed the happy interval most diligently. The erection of churches, wherever allowed, was pushed forward with great rapidity; young and old, rich and poor, aided in carrying stones; women sacrificed their ornaments in order to hasten forward the work. The decrees of Philip, sent from Madrid before he heard of the image-breaking, and which arrived in the Netherlands just after that event, were more moderate in tone than any which had yet emanated from that seat of tyranny and bigotry, and the people were ignorant as yet of their utter hypocrisy. When the king heard, on a sick bed, of the image-breaking, he seems to have taken pains to hide his great wrath from the offenders, though he none the less cherished purposes of vengeance as black and terrible as we might well expect from such a monster of cruelty.

But thoughtful men knew that a storm would follow this unnatural lull. Philip's vengeance,

when it came, would be all the fiercer for the privileges which the Reformed had wrested from his affrighted regent. Already some of the refractory towns were suffering from the strictness with which the nobles, hitherto accounted liberal, were enforcing the restrictions of the Accord of the 24th of August. As the season wore on, the duchess quite recovered from her fright. She had received money and permission to raise soldiers from Philip, and she felt herself strong enough to assume all her wonted air of authority, to set at naught the provisions of the treaty, and to disavow the very acts which the nobles had done in her name and for the purpose of maintaining her government over the tumultuous and excited people.

About the middle of October the Reformed of Tournay, with the consent of Count Horn, took possession of a hall within the city walls, which they were to use as a place of worship until their church, then building without the walls, was completed. It had been used for storing machinery required in public executions, and was in a very disordered condition, encumbered with benches, scaffolding, stakes, gibbets, and all the

horrid apparatus of the executioner's trade. A vast body of men set to work with energy, scrubbing, cleansing, whitewashing, and removing all the foul lumber of the hall—singing in chorus, meanwhile, the popular hymns of Clement Marot. By dinner-time the place was made ready, and pulpit and seats for the congregation had taken the place of the lumber.

This was a grievous crime in the eyes of the duchess. She now had arms in her hands and was very bold. She speedily put an end to the public preaching, and by the end of the year the Reformed religion was as completely suppressed in Tournay as in the worst days of the Inquisition. On the 2d of January a garrison of a thousand men was sent to take possession of the city and disarm the citizens. One hour and a half was given to the magistrates to decide on receiving the garrison, and the understanding of the commander was, that if an unconditional surrender was delayed a moment beyond the time fixed, the city should be burned to ashes and every one of the inhabitants put to the sword. Greatly to the disappointment of the soldiers and camp-followers, the latter of whom were provided

with great empty bags with which to carry away the booty, the city surrendered at discretion.

In Brussels, where the regent lived, preaching was forbidden even outside the walls, and secret instructions were issued to the citizens that the first who should venture to attend a public sermon should certainly be hung. More than once the duchess was heard to say, publicly, that the nobles had taken advantage of her fears, and that she did not feel herself bound by engagements extorted from her by threats.



POSITION AND EFFORTS OF THE PRINCE OF ORANGE.

IT was about the close of this important year, 1566, that the Prince of Orange must have come to the decision which afterwards made him the leader of his countrymen in their bloody conflict with Philip. That monarch and the duchess continued to address him in the most friendly language—language such as quite deceived the others to whom it was addressed, but which William knew to be false and treacherous to the last degree. He was quite sure, from the information obtained by his spies in the very chamber of the king, and which he intercepted on its way to and from the Spanish court, that the country was to be conquered by foreign mercenaries, and be spoiled of all its political and religious privileges, and that his own life and the lives of many other nobles were to be sacrificed. The deputation which had been sent

to the court of Philip early in summer, consisting of the Marquis of Bergen and Count Montigny, were detained in Madrid. The prince felt that the time of action could no longer be delayed. He wrote to Egmont warning him of his own and the common danger, and asking his co-operation, and declaring that men placed as they were should not let "the grass grow under their feet."

On the 3d of October a conference was held at Dendermonde, seventeen miles distant from Brussels, attended by William and his brother Louis and Counts Egmont, Horn and Hoogstraten. As designed by William, it might have proved the salvation of the country. It might have led to a new League, which would have obtained, by its strength, sagacity and unity, all that the confederacy of "Beggars" had lost by their rashness, violence, dissipation and incapacity. The old League was crumbling to decay; a new League was, it almost seemed, about to form, which would command the confidence of all patriots and rally the whole strength of the nation against its foes.

But it was not so to be. The long and dreadful ordeal, at every step made more severe from want of union among the people and their leaders,

was foreshadowed in the failure of this conference. Egmont, destitute of the penetration of William, was completely deceived by the honied words of Philip and saw no personal danger. Horn expressed his determination to retire from all active life, disgusted indeed with Philip, but with no suspicion of any unfriendly design of the monarch upon his person. Philip had already determined upon the doom of these noblemen, and they were only undeceived when it was too late for them to escape.

Thus the opening scenes of the dread struggle show us the Prince of Orange substantially alone. Egmont and Horn were his chief reliance for a hopeful, vigorous commencement of the struggle. The Dendermonde conference lasted but an hour and a half, and instead of presenting to Philip's deep and mighty schemes a country consolidated, and a patriotic and religious fervor led and systematized by a single will, it left a mere mass, swayed by strong but undisciplined impulses, full of unavailing resources, which only the most deplorable experiences could at last drive to order and organization. How great was the crisis, which William thus wisely but vainly endeavored

to turn to the advantage of his country, appears from the statement of Catholic authorities, that Egmont alone at this juncture, if he had declared for the confederacy, could have taken the field with sixty thousand men, and made himself master of the whole country at a blow. Joined with the Prince of Orange, the moral and physical force would have been invincible.

After the failure of this conference, the prince still remained in the country for several months, hoping for some favorable turn of affairs, seeking to repress tumults which could have no good results, and endeavoring to persuade the Calvinists to accept the Augsburg or Lutheran Confession, so that the German princes, who were Lutherans, might be more inclined to help in the struggle. In this he was unsuccessful; the Calvinists were not willing to sacrifice their convictions on the doctrine of the presence of Christ in the sacrament, and the German princes were too shortsighted and bigoted to help them unless they yielded that point.

In various ways, however, the prince made himself useful in the northern part of the country, where his possessions and his rights as a

prince lay. With the consent of the duchess, he called meetings of the legal representatives of different states, and endeavored to bring them to an understanding with the government. No doubt he was the more anxious for a formal agreement, even at the sacrifice of some rights, since he had failed in combining the friends of the country for efficient resistance to Philip; and while the duchess felt herself weak, she continued to flatter the prince, to ask his assistance, and, in some degree, to rely upon his judgment. But the agreements to which he, with difficulty, procured the consent of the deeply outraged people, were coolly canceled by the duchess the moment she saw herself strong enough to compel obedience. Permissions to preach, grudgingly granted, and under the most uncomfortable circumstances, were withdrawn the moment an advantage was gained for Philip.

The wonder is that the prince was able to preserve his patience and equanimity so long. It was the astonishing degree in which he possessed these qualities which kept him at the work of conciliation while others were arming and gathering recruits and defying the authority of Philip

and the duchess. Like President Lincoln, he was counted slow, cold and timorous by some. Some even accused him of treachery and of Popish sympathies. Such charges were utterly false; and doubtless the sagacious and penetrating mind of the prince saw and calculated more justly than the more impetuous the enormous difficulty of contending, as the Provinces must, single-handed with a powerful monarch like Philip. The conference of Dendermonde showed the readiness of William for prompt and bold measures. But when the most powerful friends of the people refused to join him in an early and vigorous movement, there seemed actually nothing left but to gain by conciliation every practicable privilege, and then quietly to submit, in hope of a better opportunity in the future. While some found fault, the great body of people, men of all ranks and religions, were grateful for his labors. The states of Holland voted him fifty thousand florins, but, though much embarrassed financially, he refused the gift, lest men should misinterpret his motives.

About the same time—the autumn of 1566—a synod of all the churches of the Low Countries,

embracing Calvinists, Walloons (French in the South), and Lutherans, is said to have been held, in which a petition for religious liberty was drawn up and addressed to Philip, with an offer of THIRTY TONS OF GOLD—more than fifteen millions of dollars, and equal at least to fifty millions now—if he would grant them this request. Some of our readers will remember that this is very much the same sum in gold which was actually collected by the unfortunate Inca of Peru, and paid as a ransom to the greedy Pizarro, who had been sent from Spain, thirty-three years before the events of which we are now writing, to conquer and convert that country to the Catholic faith. Strange that this synod seemed not to remember that Pizarro, with monstrous treachery and cruelty, had taken the ransom, and afterwards slain the innocent Peruvian, nor to regard Philip as capable of like baseness! However, Philip professed himself offended with the offer, and seemed to think it was only meant as an act of bravado, to show how liberal they were disposed to be in all matters relating to their faith. And so nothing came of it, although collections were actually undertaken for the object.

ARMED RESISTANCE.—SIEGE OF VALENCIENNES.

EVERYTHING looked discouraging enough for the cause of liberty and the Reformation when armed resistance actually began. Many forsook the Reformed cause from disgust at the image-breaking. The duchess, growing in power and boldness all the time, used all her arts in detaching the nobles from the "Beggar" confederacy, and with great success. Count Brederode, who was a riotous adventurer, more skilled in noisy banquetings and in concocting insolent petitions than in any practical, earnest work, was the only member of the League who made any warlike demonstrations. As the duchess became more arrogant, it became necessary for the cities and towns, one after another, to decide whether they would insist on the privileges granted them by the agreement of August 24th, and which the

duchess was now coolly repudiating, or whether they would despairingly submit. The Walloon town of Valenciennes, the population of which was almost wholly Calvinist, utterly refused to yield. The magistrates were not altogether unwilling to receive a garrison of the regent's soldiers, but the people, through their Calvinist leaders, would not listen to the proposal. "May I grow mute as a fish," answered the Calvinist preacher, De la Grange, "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." The magistrates, supposing La Grange to be concerned for his own safety, suggested that he might escape before the garrison was admitted. La Grange declared 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.

All attempts at accommodation having proved vain, the duchess, on the 17th of December, declared the city in a state of siege and all its

inhabitants rebels. Such soldiers as could be collected were immediately sent to the spot, under command of a cruel lord, who commenced a regular investment of the city. So strong were the fortifications by nature and art, and so confident were the people that their numerous and wealthy brethren in other parts of the country would assuredly rise and scatter the besiegers, and so slow were the operations of the enemy, that they actually made sport of the whole proceeding. Frequent forays were made from the city upon neighboring monasteries for supplies; a bridge, constructed of broken statuary from the dismantled churches, was thrown across an arm of the river (Scheldt), and was called, in derision, "the Bridge of Idols." The seven officers conducting the siege were jocosely called "the Seven Sleepers," from the slowness of their movements. Learning that some cannon were shortly expected in aid of the siege, the people actually perched huge spectacle glasses, three feet in circumference, upon the ramparts, in order that the artillery might be seen, as they said, as soon as it arrived.

Alas, alas! for the merry-makers of Valenciennes! Never, in all history, was mirth so ill-

timed as now. Never was a deeper, bloodier tragedy than that introduced by the jests and laughter of the beleaguered Walloons. Oh the anguish and the wailing into which their sport was soon to be turned!—brief sport of a single city, destined to be turned into the anguish and wailing of a whole people, extending, with little interruption, through a whole generation. Help came not, which even the cautious Prince of Orange had led them to expect. Early in January the Seven Sleepers suddenly awoke. Two undisciplined bands had been gathering for the rescue of the city—one, a company of three thousand disorderly recruits, comprising farmers with their pitch-forks, young students and old soldiers out of employment, armed with rusty matchlocks, pikes, and halberds, and led by a Calvinist preacher, formerly a locksmith; the other, a company of similar character, twelve hundred in number, which designed to form a junction with the first and march to the relief of the city. On the same day both bands were attacked by forces from the besieging army, and both were not only dispersed, but actually destroyed, and that utterly. Twenty-six hundred of the first band, according

to Catholic accounts, were exterminated in an hour. About the same proportion of the twelve hundred perished, some of whom were choked with smoke or roasted alive in the belfry of a church, to which they had fled.

The unspeakable sorrows of the struggle for liberty had begun. There was no more sport among the besieged Calvinists of Valenciennes. The country around was treated like conquered territory by the soldiers. All the villages were pillaged and the fields laid waste. Hundreds of the country people were slain for attempting to hold communication with the city. Even little children were stripped of their clothes in mid-winter by the thieving soldiers, and women were sold at public auction by the tap of the drum; sick and wounded captives were burned over slow fires, for the amusement of the besiegers. But upon Roman Catholic authority it is stated that not a Catholic in this city of Calvinists was injured or insulted while all these horrid cruelties were going on without.

Another gathering of recruits lay near Antwerp, three thousand in number, to whom the people of Valenciennes looked with expectation.

They were very strongly posted behind dykes and other fortifications. But on the 12th of March this force was surprised by eight hundred picked men of the growing army of the duchess, and so completely destroyed that scarcely a man of the three thousand escaped. Six or eight hundred took refuge in a large farm-house. The house was set on fire, and every rebel in it was burned or shot. Three hundred prisoners, who had been kept in hope of large ransom, were murdered for fear of an attack from Antwerp, which city was thrown into a terrible state of excitement by the battle fought almost at the gates, and in which many of the townspeople perished.

For three days a dreadful storm of popular fury raged in Antwerp. At first, the unarmed and unorganized Calvinists wished to rush out to the rescue of their friends, whose miserable fate they beheld distinctly from the city walls. When this seemed impracticable, the Calvinists, to the number of ten or twelve thousand, having provided themselves with arms, including many pieces of artillery, seized upon the principal avenue of the city and fortified it at every crossing. They demanded that the government of the city should be

placed entirely in their hands; and the trembling Papists expected that they would be speedy victims of the fury of their justly-incensed enemies. What might have occurred it is indeed dreadful to imagine. Some of the worst elements of the city population had joined in this powerful demonstration. The Catholics, too, had seized their arms, and with thirty thousand armed and excited combatants on both sides, a bloody and destructive fray seemed inevitable within the city walls and along its opulent streets.

But the calmest, most cautious, and most sagacious man of the times was in Antwerp, in the midst of this formidable tempest. He, by the most unremitting exertions, by counseling and planning day and night, by exposing himself over and over to the fury of the mob, and quelling it with the mere influence of his bearing and character, by allying the Lutherans with the Catholics on the side of order, at last brought the angry elements to rest. He did it in the name of the king, and his exclamation, as he concluded his conference with the Calvinists was, "God save the king!" The mob of Antwerp rebels signified their assent to his conciliatory arrangements by

repeating, after a momentary delay, the same loyal cry, "God save the king!" and the tumult was ended.

The Prince of Orange was at this time a Lutheran with his German wife, and he may have been unconsciously under the influence of a prejudice against Calvinist rule in this great city. Otherwise, it might have seemed an admirable opportunity to seize and hold, in the interests of the Reformation, this city, which played so prominent a part in the subsequent history of the conflict. To us it seems that if the riot had resulted in the surrender of the city to the Calvinists, and if they, under the direction of William, had put it in a complete state of defence, a turn would have been given to the course of events; the disasters of the open field would have been, in great part, balanced; the loyal would have taken courage and Valenciennes might have been relieved; and that utter abjectness, humiliation and sickening sense of impotence which overspread the country at the appearance of Alva and his legions, might have been avoided.

But Antwerp was quieted, wisely or not, in the name of the king. It was on the 16th of March

that the dreadful three days, to be followed by days more dreadful still, came to an end. As might have been expected, in nine days afterwards Valenciennes capitulated, and armed resistance to Philip and his sister was at an end. No breach had been made in the walls, for the cannonade preparatory to the assault had lasted but a day. But the inhabitants saw that they were virtually abandoned by their brethren. They were left to contend single-handed with the enemy. We do not wonder that they considered their situation hopeless. They surrendered on the 24th of March, upon the sole conditions that the city should not be sacked and the lives of the inhabitants should be spared.

But hawks cannot be induced to keep terms with captive doves. The richest citizens were instantly arrested and the commanding officer put to death. The soldiers, forbidden to sack the city, were quartered on the citizens, whom they robbed and murdered, according to Catholic authority, pretty much as they pleased. The two preachers, De Bray and De la Grange, were captured while trying to escape, loaded with chains, and thrown into a filthy dungeon. With these

men began a new line of martyrs in the Netherlands. They were condemned to be hung for administering the Sacrament within the town. Thus, while reasons of a political nature might have been quite readily found for punishing the preachers who had been prominent in urging their fellow-citizens to resistance, the government preferred to make a show of its deadly hatred to everything connected with the Reformed religion, and to every attempt to claim the privilege of publicly exercising it.

A countess, moved by curiosity at the comfort enjoyed by these men in their dark and dreadful dungeon, paid them a visit and inquired of De Bray how he could manage to eat, drink or sleep while fastened to so heavy a chain. He replied, "The good cause which I have adopted, and the good conscience that God has given me, make me eat, drink and sleep with more tranquillity than my enemies can. I rejoice in my bonds and chains—they are my glory; I esteem them more than golden chains, rings and jewels. At their clanking I seem to hear some most delightful concert of music."

They received their death sentence as if it

were glad tidings, and prepared to meet their end as for a bridal, exhorting, comforting and arousing every one with hope of a better life. De Bray, especially, warned his fellow-prisoners not to yield to the plots which he foresaw the enemies of God would put in practice to seduce them from their faith, and exhorted them to preserve a good conscience. La Grange cheered his people from the scaffold, and was interrupted by the death-stroke in the midst of his address.

We have Catholic authority for asserting that multitudes of other citizens were sacrificed in this unfortunate city. For two whole years, one such authority testifies, there was scarcely a week in which several citizens were not executed, and often a great number were despatched at a time. The Reformed religion was utterly suppressed within its walls, and everywhere else courage died out of its professors. It seemed as if there had almost been a previous and universal understanding that the fate of Valenciennes should settle the question for the entire country. It became a proverb that the regent had found the keys of all the rest of the cities at Valenciennes. The victorious general had ended the campaign

at a blow. Even Antwerp, as soon as the Prince of Orange turned his back, knelt down in the dust to receive its bridle. In six weeks after the pacification of the mob of Calvinists, sixteen companies of infantry in the service of Philip entered the gates unopposed. Every part of the country but the two half-submerged states of North Holland and South Holland lay humbled and unresisting at the regent's feet. Even the bold, impetuous Brederode gave up the struggle, retired from Amsterdam, abandoned the troops he had gathered, and, after writing a very submissive letter to the duchess, withdrew to his own estates at Embden, where he died a year afterwards of disappointment and hard drinking. He feared those who can kill the body alone, but forgot Him who, after he has killed, has power to cast into hell. Nobler would have been his reputation if he had died, as he protested he would, a poor soldier at the feet of Louis, the brother of William of Orange, rather than as a carousing, drunken, broken-spirited nobleman.

THE DUCHESS TRIES TO WIN THE PRINCE OF ORANGE.—HIS DEPARTURE.

BUT far darker gloom fell upon the country when the Prince of Orange left it. The duchess had proposed to all the leading men a new and stringent oath, by which all who took it bound themselves to advance the Roman Catholic religion, to punish the image-breakers, and root out heresy by every means in their power. They must treat all the king's enemies as their own, and serve against all whom the regent chose to point out as such. They were, in fact, to obey the orders of the government everywhere and against everybody, without limitation or restriction. It was putting those who took the oath under martial law—making them parties to the utter overthrow of the independent rights of the Provinces and to the usurpation of supreme power which Philip now contemplated.

Nearly all the great nobles who had been in the "Beggar" League subscribed the oath, and every art was used to persuade William to do the same. The prince unhesitatingly refused, and laid the resignation of all his offices in the regent's hands. She declined to accept it, and continued to urge the oath upon the prince, but without avail. With less noisy show of patriotism than others, who had been impatient of his caution in times of comparative safety, when the hour of temptation and disappointment came William showed that he possessed the thing itself. Besides, this far-seeing man never for a moment allowed himself to be deceived, as did the unfortunate Egmont and Horn in Holland, and Montigny in Spain, by the abundance of fair words used by the king. He knew that no oaths he could take or services he could render would save him from the cruel vengeance of Philip.

The duchess plied her arts upon this clear-headed man in vain. She invited him to an interview in her palace at Brussels, and again to meet a deputation of the Knights of the Golden Fleece at Malines, but the wary prince would not trust his person in the power of his secret but

mortal enemies. Not despairing, thinking perhaps of the credit she would gain if she won or entrapped this great chief, she sent her secretary to the prince at Antwerp, where he still remained after the riot. There, all the arguments to yield with which he was familiar were again pressed upon him. The man of few words grew indignant. He demanded whether it was really expected that he should perjure himself to his old obligations by taking these new ones—that he should consent to administer the religious edicts which he abhorred, and act as executioner of Christians on account of their religious opinions—an office against which his soul revolted—and make an unlimited promise which might require him to put his own wife to death because she was a Lutheran? Did the king expect one of his race to acknowledge the supremacy of any representative whom he might send? Was William Prince of Orange to receive absolute commands from the Duke of Alva? At the mention of that name the prince became silent.

Yet one more device was tried: William was persuaded to meet two of the nobles who had subscribed the oath at a village half-way between

Brussels and Antwerp. The nobles were Counts Mansfeld and Egmont. With the latter, William had always been on the kindest terms of friendship; and now, when all the arguments on the side of Philip had been exhausted without effect, William's deep affection for the doomed and infatuated Egmont led him to make one effort to save him, even on the edge of the precipice on which he was then unconsciously standing. Egmont had drawn the Prince aside to a window, where he expostulated with him on the danger of his course. "It will cost you your estates, if you persist," he said. "And you your life, if you change not your course," replied the prince. Egmont was too sanguine to fear, and spoke confidently of the royal clemency. "Alas," said the prince, "the king's clemency, of which you boast, will destroy you. Would that I might be deceived, but I see 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." Then, as if persuaded that he was looking upon his friend for the last time, William, with the tenderness of a David for the doomed Jonathan, threw his arms around Egmont and

held him in a close embrace. Long and tender was the look he fixed upon his friend, as if sure it would be the last. Then, amid tears such as strong men sometimes shed, they parted for ever on earth.

It is true the prince was a man of superior discernment to any of his associates, but we may be sure that a deeper, more unselfish patriotism was what was most wanting in the heart of Egmont to open the eyes of that nobleman to the signs of the times, which were so clear to the pure-minded William. The truth was, a crushed country did not seem to Egmont so great a calamity as the loss of pomp and affluence, in which he had been brought up. He could not bring himself to give up the thousand conveniences of life, which alone made it valuable to a worldly mind. William was unselfishly willing to lose life for the sake of religious and political liberty, and he saved life and country both. Egmont's first object was to save his life, and he lost it. Egmont, blinded by selfishness, trusted in man, and perished disgracefully by the hand of the man he trusted in a few months on the scaffold. William trusted in God and in the

truth, and became the saviour of his country from that monster of treachery who was now vainly endeavoring to draw him into his toils.

On the 22d of April, 1567, William left Antwerp and took his departure to Germany. There he found a home in Dillenburg, a little town in the beautiful duchy of Nassau, the ancestral seat of his family for half-a-dozen centuries. He did not move an hour too soon. Not long after his arrival in Germany, the king's private secretary, who, it seems, was actually in the pay of the shrewd William, sent him word that he had read letters from the king to Alva, in which the latter 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.



THE DUKE OF ALVA.

AS the saviour of his country turned his back upon it, the destroyer drew near. It might have been supposed that the rapid submission of the Reformed after the fall of Valenciennes would have satisfied the king. The soldiers of the duchess marched from city to city, and were received, as a matter of course, within walls which lately had been frowning with rebel demonstrations. The leading Calvinist preacher had been compelled to leave Antwerp, and the people united in a request to the duchess to name the conditions of peace. They received her garrison without a murmur, and then gave all the Lutheran and Calvinist ministers in the city and neighborhood twenty-four hours to leave the country. A seal was set on the doors of the Protestant churches; the whole worship seemed to be extinct. The 10th of April was the day appointed for the departure of the

preachers, when all Antwerp seemed to be turned into a house of mourning. A few days afterwards the duchess entered the city in great pomp. Her entry was celebrated by the execution, in the market-place, of four Protestants who had been captured in attempting to fly. All children baptized by Protestants were ordered to be rebaptized by Romish priests; all Protestant schools were closed; and the churches, which a few days ago had been closed and sealed, were now leveled to the ground.

The whole country seemed to fall under eclipse with the departure of the prince. There was a general movement on the part of the Protestants to follow his example and fly from the country. The best part of the populace left the land in droves, and, between emigration and execution, the Netherlands seemed doomed to utter desolation. The Protestant preachers were banished from nearly every town. By the end of April the sanctuaries that had been despoiled in the preceding fall were repaired and adorned with greater splendor than ever, while even the very mob which had doubtless been among the image-breakers of a few months before, now joined the

tide which had begun to set so strongly in the other direction. In Ghent, a large and beautiful church, which had been erected by the Calvinists, was attacked and in less than an hour had wholly disappeared. Every assemblage for Protestant worship was broken up by armed men. The preachers and leading members were hanged, and those that escaped the scaffold were beaten with rods, reduced to beggary and imprisoned. Multitudes were put to death; small villages furnished one, two, or even three hundred victims for the executioner. Out of the timbers of the ruined churches gallows were constructed, and the men who had toiled in erecting them, and who hoped to worship God under their shadow, found them converted, with cruel ingenuity, into the instruments of their ignominious death. Saddest sight of all! many professed Protestants, who could not make up their minds to give up all for Christ, remained behind and saved their possessions by becoming zealous Romanists.

On the 24th of May, eight months from the time when with trembling hand she signed the liberal articles of Accord in panic-stricken Brussels, the duchess issued an edict which swept

away all concessions at a stroke, and which revived all the uncompromising severity of the placards. The death-penalty echoed from sentence to sentence, as if it were a pet form of speech with the author. The position of parties was reversed. It was the people who were panic-stricken—the regent was exultant.

In this edict of the 24th of May all ministers and teachers were sentenced to the gallows. All persons who had suffered their houses to be used for purposes of worship were sentenced to the gallows. All parents or masters whose children or servants had attended such meetings were sentenced to the gallows. All people who sang hymns at the burial of their relations were sentenced to the gallows. Parents who suffered their infant children to receive Protestant baptism, those who administered the rite and those who stood sponsors, were sentenced to the gallows. Schoolmasters who taught "error," those who bought and sold religious books contrary to law, should likewise be punished with death. To jeer at a priest was made a capital crime. In every case confiscation of goods must accompany the hanging.

So greatly did this black edict hasten and multiply the tide of emigration, that the alarmed duchess was compelled to follow it with a proclamation forbidding all persons, foreigners and natives, from leaving the country and sending away their goods, and prohibiting all shippers, wagoners, and all persons engaged in transportation, from aiding the fugitives.

Do we wonder why, after all this, Philip still felt it necessary to send an army under the notorious Alva into the Netherlands, as he was at this time doing? We may explain his conduct in part, at least, from one fact—these edicts of the regent excited the wrath of Philip on account of their clemency! He actually wrote to the duchess rebuking her for issuing an edict so unbecoming, so illegal, so contrary to the Christian religion, and commanding her instantly to revoke it. One can hardly believe but that he has misunderstood Philip's indignation, and that he was really appalled by the horrors to be done in his name. He has not left us the opportunity of entertaining so honorable a supposition. His grief was that the milder punishment of hanging was substituted for burning, and that some trivial chances had

been left for the escape of the heretics. At all events, a prostrate country, towns garrisoned with mercenary soldiers, Protestant services everywhere proscribed, preachers hanging from the beams of their newly-demolished churches, and congregations pressing towards the frontiers like sheep from hungry wolves, and the lately confederate nobles reduced to real beggary, driven into exile, or faithfully aiding the duchess in this direful reaction, did not by any means satisfy Philip's thirst for vengeance; and so, without any political reason, or rather against all policy save that of fanaticism and unreasoning bigotry, he proceeds to trample the prostrate country under the hoofs of a Spanish army, led by that worse than tiger in human form—the Duke of Alva.

His coming was much against the wishes of the duchess, who felt that she had accomplished all that was really necessary for the subjugation of the Provinces, and whose pride was touched that now, as she was about entering on an era of peace and good order, her services should be overlooked and her authority virtually superseded. But her opposition availed nothing; the Duke was already on his march overland, with an army

of picked veterans, ten thousand strong. Himself, one of the most experienced, sagacious and successful military men of that or of any age, his army was worthy of him. They were the first who carried muskets—a weapon which astonished the Netherlanders when its report first rattled in their ears, as much as the Prussian needle-gun disconcerted the Austrians in the brief campaign of 1866.

On the 2d of June, 1567, the army moved from the neighborhood of Genoa, and before the middle of August they had accomplished, in entire safety, their adventurous journey, over the Alps, past the Protestant Swiss cantons, through leagues of dense forest; in short, by their audacity inviting an attack, which would assuredly have been made upon them had a tithe of the treason which they came professedly to punish, existed in the minds of the Netherlanders. The regent indeed, jealous that her services of nine years were thus utterly overlooked, and alarmed at the general flight of the people in terror at his approach, hinted that forcible means might be employed to prevent the duke and his hated army from entering the frontiers; but the people had

learned to put no confidence in her representations, and they accomplished nothing.

The Huguenots of France and Geneva, and the Reformed of Switzerland, were, indeed, stirred up, as well they might be, by this ominous policy of Philip towards their Dutch brethren. The Prince of Condé and the Admiral Coligny, in France, entreated Charles IX. not to neglect so favorable a moment of inflicting a deadly blow on the hereditary enemy of France. With the aid of the Swiss and his own Protestant subjects, it would be an easy matter to destroy the flower of the Spanish troops in the narrow passes of the Alps; they would give him an army of fifty thousand Huguenots for the work. Charles the Ninth had too much sympathy with Philip's object to accept the offer. He had rather see his religious foes humbled, even though his political foes were exalted thereby. He contented himself with sending a few troops to cover the French frontiers, and four of the Swiss cantons did the same.

And this is all that Protestant Christendom undertook in the way of protest or hindrance against that malignant and yet hazardous enterprise.


They suffered the Spanish troops to ascend and descend the mountain crags; to cross the rapid Iser; to wind, file by file, through the narrow passes of the rocks, where a handful of men could have put an entire stop to their march and driven them back to perish for want of supplies in the mountains; but it seemed as if a supernatural dread of the Spanish name or a stupefying mist from the bottomless pit fell upon all, so that they either saw not their advantage, or dared not profit by it. Steadily and safely that well-appointed instrument of vengeance and murder moved onward. It passed the Genevese army on its right, at the distance of seven miles, and that is the nearest approach and the utmost attempt of Protestantism to embarrass the consummate design of Philip to crush Protestantism and popular liberty in the Netherlands.

The very first point within the doomed territory reached by his troops, which was the town of Thionville, in the state of Luxemburg, witnessed an overwhelming proof of the terror spread by the name of the duke. Swarms of the Dutch nobility hastened to conciliate his favor and to offer him timely submission. Deputations from the cities

offered hollow and trembling welcome, and deprecated the displeasure of the cold-blooded but ferocious leader, at whose mercy lay their wealth, their ancient privileges, and their very existence. His answers to these petitions were those of a man conscious of power, indifferent to the fear or the hate of men, whose purposes no pleas, no prospects of suffering or loss could move, no more than they could the beast about to spring on his prey.

And yet, it may be questioned whether, without Alva, the Reformation of the Netherlands would ever have survived its partial suppression under the duchess. Her edicts the people had made up their minds to endure. Her cruelties, great as they were, were tender mercies compared with those of Alva. With material objects, it is true, the greater the pressure, the more complete is the fracture and pulverization. Not so with living men and independent communities. A certain amount of oppression may be submissively endured by men who will be roused to madness and revolt by a great addition to the burden. Thus was it with the Netherlanders.

THE ALARM DEEPENED.—THE BLOOD COUNCIL.

LVA arrived in Brussels on the 23d of August, 1567, just a year from the date of the image-breaking. So incensed was the duchess that she scarcely gave him a civil reception. Her opposition to him was so bitter that it put her seemingly in close sympathy with the horror-stricken people. But Margaret was utterly selfish in opposing the man who was to reap the benefits of her recent successes. It is only in contrast with the bloody Alva that she appears merciful. Nevertheless, she protested energetically to Philip against the extreme policy now to be carried out, and predicted the most fatal consequences. She sent her resignation to her brother, and made no secret of her displeasure to those around her. Her case showed how uncertain are the rewards of wickedness in this life. Here and hereafter, too, the

wages of sin are bitter and delusive. The duchess was the dupe of the prince of this world. She soon left the Netherlands, and Alva became sole ruler of the unhappy country.

But the people were too much panic-stricken to consider very narrowly the motive of her grief. For now the day of doom for all the crimes which had ever been committed in the course of ages seemed to have dawned upon the Netherlands. One feeling of blank, hopeless dismay spread throughout the Provinces, when at last the dreadful news was true, and the Spaniard and his disciplined hosts were actually within the borders of their doomed country. Those who could fly delayed not an hour. All foreign merchants deserted the great marts. The once thronged and prosperous cities became as still as if under the shadow of the plague.

Detachments of this dreaded force were soon distributed through the leading cities, which, as a last mark of humiliation, were compelled to surrender their keys. The duchess had never thought of so despotic a proceeding. It was an indication of Philip's matured and deliberate purpose to crush every vestige of the ancient

liberties of the Provinces, and to incorporate them with the Spanish kingdom. On the 9th of September, Egmont and Horn were arrested at a banquet, to which they had been treacherously invited for the very purpose; and on the 23d they were removed to the castle of Ghent, never to enjoy liberty, never to be freed, but by the stroke of the executioner, from their bonds. Philip's sister might have cooled her indignation at the ingratitude and failure of her brother to reward her services. Egmont and Horn had served him, too, and their reward was the scaffold. To give wanton exhibition of his power, and to crush more completely the rebellious spirit of the Dutch, he shrunk not from the basest acts of injustice, and made victims of those whose very loyalty led them to despise friendly warnings, and to walk unsuspectingly into his snares. A dark, malignant, revengeful spirit, like that of Philip, which is believed to have sacrificed the lives, even of wife and first-born son, could have felt no remorseful hesitancy at making an example of a Dutch noble or two.

A deep disappointment mingled with Philip's exultation at the arrest of these important per-

sons. The Prince of Orange had escaped, and he was the most important, most guilty, and most dangerous of all. Cardinal Granvelle, on hearing of the arrests, eagerly inquired if the "Taciturn" had been taken? When answered in the negative, he declared 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. Peter Titelman, the once famous inquisitor, one of the few men whose services drew from Philip any practical expressions of gratitude, and who was now living in retirement upon the bounty of his master, expressed a similar opinion. "Our joy will be brief," said the ex-inquisitor. "Woe unto us for the wrath to come from Germany."

Fresh alarm seized the country at the treacherous capture of the two counts, the foremost men of the Netherlands, excepting the Prince of Orange. It was calculated that twenty thousand persons fled the country on this account alone. It was a wise precaution, for worse was close behind. Alva had determined to establish a tribunal more irresponsible, more sweeping, and a more ready instrument of royal hatred and

vengeance than the Inquisition itself. It was to punish the crimes committed during the recent troubles, and was hence called "the Council of Troubles," but the Netherlanders, never wanting in appropriate titles—witness the "Murderation" given to what the duchess published as "The Moderation"—soon named it the COUNCIL OF BLOOD, and history has found no reason to give it a different title. In the same despatch in which the duke announced to Philip the news of the capture of Egmont and Horn, he revealed his design of establishing this council. It does not appear that Philip ever thought it necessary to issue a commission to authorize the tribunal. Nor did Alva himself go through any such form. In fact, the Blood Council was a summary court-martial, superseding every civil and ecclesiastical court, overriding all the laws and usages of the country, and treating the Provinces as a conquered territory, with no rights and with no law but the will of the merciless duke.

Every other court was forbidden to take cognizance of the offences which this was designed to punish. Not only private citizens, but magistrates and even the representative bodies of the

Provinces, were compelled to plead before this unheard-of tribunal. It both defined and punished treason—making and executing the law at once. It was declared treason to have signed any petition against the new bishops—ten years before—against the Inquisition or the edicts; to have tolerated public preaching under any circumstances; to have failed to oppose the image-breaking, field-preaching or the presentation of the request by the “*Beggar*” nobles; and, either through sympathy or surprise, to have asserted the ancient Batavian doctrine that the king did not possess the right to deprive all the Provinces of their liberties; or to have maintained, finally, that this present tribunal was bound to respect, in any manner, any laws or any charters of the country.

This council consisted of several members, and even Hollanders in high position were found willing, nay eager, to advise in its formation or actually to hold office as members. Yet these obsequious Hollanders were not trusted with a vote; that privilege was allowed only to two Spaniards, Del Rio and Vargas, whom Alva placed upon the council. Alva, however, reserved

the final decision, in all cases, to himself. "The men of the law," he said to Philip, "only condemn for crimes which are approved, whereas your majesty knows that affairs of state are governed by very different rules from the laws which they have here."

If the duke wanted men to help him in condemning for crimes which could not be proved—men who would give him no trouble in carrying out his policy of systematized rapine and murder—he could not have made choice of instruments more suitable than the Spaniard Vargas and a Dutch councillor named Hessels. Vargas, who now sat in judgment upon the lives and fortunes of the best people of the Netherlands, had been compelled to fly from Spain for crime upon the person of an orphan child to whom he was guardian. To this man murder was a pastime. He bent himself with superhuman energy to the work, and made merry over it, as a demon might. His decisions were sanguinary enough to satisfy an Alva, and they seldom needed revision. Hessels was accustomed to doze during the deliberations, and then, when awakened from his nap to give his opinion, he would rub his eyes, and without wait-

ing to get an understanding of the case or even the name of the criminal, would cry out, "To the gallows, to the gallows with him!"

In less than a month from the time of Alva's arrival the Blood Council had gone into operation, and for the first three months its victims averaged twenty a day. Robespierre's guillotine, during the sixteen months of the Reign of Terror in Paris, averaged less than six victims a day. Any man, under the provisions of this council, might at any time be summoned to the court. Every man, innocent or guilty, Papist or Protestant, felt his head shaking on his shoulders. The real crime in the eyes of these judges, after all, was to be wealthy. It was the wholesale confiscations that followed the hanging in which Alva was most interested; for he was, if any thing, more avaricious even than cruel; and he promised Philip an annual income of over a million dollars from the estates of the condemned heretics.

The mode of work was most summary and indiscriminate. Individual cases were rarely allowed the formality of a trial. Accusations against one man, or against a hundred, were sent

in a single document. The papers were submitted to the inferior councillors, who examined them and reported at once to the Spaniard Vargas. If the report concluded with a recommendation of death to the man, or the one hundred men, Vargas instantly approved it, and sentence was executed within forty-eight hours. If death was not recommended, the report was sent back for revision, and the councillors were overwhelmed with reproaches by the president.

Thus urged, the council pushed its bloody work with all speed and with no distinction of person and place. The register of every city, village and hamlet throughout the Netherlands showed the daily lists of victims. There was nothing now but imprisoning and torturing of all sexes, ages and conditions of people, often without the formality of an accusation. Vast numbers were put to death who were not of the Reformed religion, and who had been but once or twice to hear a sermon. The gallows, stakes and trees by the roadside were loaded with carcasses or limbs of such as had been hanged, beheaded, or roasted, so that the very air was polluted. Could any comfort be found in this awful carnival of cruelty, it

would be in a fact so remarkable as that some of the city magistrates, who had previously treated the Reformed without mercy, were now themselves summoned before the council to answer for having acted with too great mildness and moderation!

The rate of these executions was accelerated. On the 4th of January, 1568, eighty-four inhabitants of Valenciennes were condemned; on another day, ninety-five from Flanders; again, forty-five inhabitants of Malines; and again, thirty-five from different localities. The greed of Alva and his associates for victims led them to lay plots—ambuscades as it were—to entrap numbers at once. Such a nefarious scheme was carried out at one of the religious holidays, when the conspirators were sorely disappointed at not having drawn over five hundred victims into their net, all of whom were immediately executed. An instance is narrated of a man who was found, when his case was called, to have been executed before even the pretence of an examination. And when the examination was made, and the dead man was found to be innocent, Vargas passed it off with a jest.

Even yet the measureless fanaticism of Philip was not satisfied. He wished to provide fresh stimulus to a destroying zeal which Apollyon himself might have envied. He applied to the Spanish Inquisition for aid, and in a decision upon the affairs of the Low Countries they gave it as their opinion, as the shortest way, that *all the Netherlanders*, excepting those few whose names had been sent them, *should be declared heretics and guilty of high treason*. This sweeping judgment, given on the 16th of February, 1568, was exactly what the king wanted. Ten days afterwards he issued a decree in accordance with the decision, which may be described as the death-warrant of the entire population of the Low Countries, three millions in number. Such a horrible sentence had perhaps never been pronounced since the world began.

There seemed now scarcely any necessity at all for a tribunal; sentence had already been pronounced upon all with but a few exceptions. One could not make a mistake in killing and robbing anywhere. Still the council had its uses to Philip. It could point out the wealthier among his intended victims, for it was a leading idea of

the government to make the persecution a good financial operation, and the work of the council was not slackened. Alva at one time had eight hundred victims waiting to be executed upon the conclusion of the hypocritical services of Holy Week. To this Blood Council, too, had been committed the case of the captive Counts Egmont and Horn. Two brutal Spaniards were to sit in judgment upon two of the foremost men of the Netherlands. But it mattered nothing whatever, as to the result, whether any trial at all had been granted. They might just as well have been shot by order of a court-martial within a few hours of their capture, as to lie in prison and go through hollow forms of trial spread over several months, when, even before their arrest, the case had been settled in Madrid, and Alva actually had in his portfolio the sentence signed in blank by Philip and given to the duke before he left Spain. The captive nobles plead in vain for a competent tribunal. They might have spared themselves the trouble—any tribunal in that country would have been compelled to act as the agent of Philip's revenge and of Philip's determination to show, in a signal instance, how utterly the rights

of the loftiest as well as the meanest citizen of the Netherlands were annihilated.

These nobles were not Protestants; they were a very poor sort of patriots. But they had expressed their belief that the Inquisition was a tyranny to humanity, which, said the accusation, was an infamous and unworthy proposition. We have seen how Egmont busied himself in the king's service after the image-breaking. His severity towards the Reformed in Flanders is described as excessive. Numerous executions took place by his orders. He had suppressed all Protestant services, and arrested and punished even those who, by the terms of the agreement of the 24th of August, had the right to such services. In short, he was fast making proof of eminent fitness for the service of the oppressor of his country. We know how he rejected the proposals, and even the tender persuasions and warnings of William, as also did Horn. But the king's awful greed for victims could not be satisfied by the hecatombs of the meaner sort which were daily sacrificed to his rage. He craved some examples from the loftiest ranks of society.

Remonstrances from crowned heads were of no

avail. Even a member of the Blood Council was so convinced of the complete innocence of these men that he addressed an elaborate memoir to the duke, criticising the case according to the rules of law, and maintaining that Egmont, instead of deserving punishment, was entitled to a signal reward. He had joined enthusiastically in the siege of Valenciennes, having risked his life in reconnoitering the position and in selecting the proper point for the final and fatal cannonade. He had clung to Philip with a loyalty which could not be called anything but fanatical. Philip, with a spirit of vengeance which was equally fanatical, persisted in his purpose to destroy him. Both Egmont and Horn were beheaded, with all the pomp of a great state tragedy, on the 5th of June, 1568.

COMMENCEMENT OF ACTIVE OPERATIONS BY THE PRINCE OF ORANGE.

THE execution of Egmont and Horn is believed to have been hastened by the appearance of the Prince of Orange on the scene. He had retired from the country with a determination to refrain from active interference until the king gave him a pretext by assailing his own personal and family interests. The king did not constrain him to wait long. In February, 1568, William's eldest son, the Count de Buren, aged fourteen years, then studying at the University of Louvain, was kidnapped by the soldiers of Alva, and afterward sent to Spain. If the contemplation of the accumulated woes falling upon his country had not before seemed to justify the prince in active measures, there was no want of a reason now. Urged on all sides, especially by the exiles, to

come to the rescue, he now found a new motive in the severe stings of parental anguish.

Early in the summer of 1568 he wrote a brief but burning reply to the king's sentence of condemnation, pronounced against him upon his failure to appear before Alva and his Bloody Council. In that paper he declared his entire willingness to appear before a competent tribunal. But he scorned to plead his cause before he knew not what base knaves, not fit to be the valets of his companions and himself. He appealed to the judgment of the world. He denied the charges of complicity with what the king chose to regard as treasonable designs, and scornfully denounced the tyranny that could treat a petition as an act of treason to the government. He showed how his own continuance in office had been earnestly desired by Philip's government, so that his personal popularity might shield and soften its odious designs against the people. With indignation he referred to Philip's treatment of himself. His services and those of his ancestors had been forgotten. Philip had robbed him, so far as he could, of his honor, and had robbed him of his child—both dearer to him than life. But the

degradation was Philip's, for he had broken all his royal oaths and obligations.

The prince followed up his bold words with bolder deeds. Already, on the 6th of April, he had granted a commission to raise troops to his brother Louis, one of the boldest, bravest, and most fiery military men of his time, and one of the most devoted friends of his brother's and his country's cause. To secure men and money he used all his great powers of eloquence upon the German princes, like another Demosthenes electrifying large assemblies by his indignant invectives against the Spanish Philip. With an industry more untiring and a subtlety more ingenious even than that of Philip, William pushed his vast and manifold designs.

Philip was slowly hatching a policy by which all the Catholic countries of Europe might be leagued against the Reformed faith. William's scheme was just the opposite of this. He plied his diplomatic gifts in endeavoring to combine the Protestant forces of the world at least for self-defence, and he set the deep significance of the struggle about to commence on the comparatively narrow theatre of the Netherlands

clearly before the Protestant princes, endeavoring to prevent a repetition of the indifference with which they had allowed Alva to execute his perilous march through the heart of Europe. Doubtless it was through some of his numerous correspondents at the English court that the haughty Elizabeth was roused from her contempt of "the Beggars" of Flanders, and quickened to see the menace to English liberties which the transfer of a Spanish army to the north-western shores of the continent involved. But it was years before this selfish queen gave those niggard proofs of a practical interest in the struggle which necessity wrung from her at last. England had as sharp, and we may add as short-sighted a regard to its own interests then as now.

Nevertheless, William cherished high hopes of English aid. He was in league openly or secretly with half the sovereigns of Germany. The Huguenots of France looked upon him as their friend, and his brave and chivalrous brother Louis was their second choice for a leader after Coligny. All the exiled and outlawed nobles of the Netherlands were allied with him in his enterprise. Troops were daily enlisted under his orders. One-

fourth of all the money necessary for this first attempt was contributed by the prince himself, who sold all his jewels, plate, tapestry and other furniture, which was of kingly magnificence, for the benefit of the cause on which he had embarked.

He was in earnest. He was not only an ardent patriot, but a deep, far-seeing statesman. He saw reason to hope that his aim might be attained. Yet had he not found some better ground of hope than those on which the greatest mere statesmen rely, we can scarcely see how to acquit him of the charge of rashness or mere desperation. It was against Spain, almost at the pinnacle of her prosperity and greatness, enriched by the spoils of the newly-discovered gold regions of the Western world, that this owner of a mere county plotted war. It was a war not even of the three millions of the Netherlands against sevenfold their number of Spaniards. The Netherlands were conquered and held at almost every point by the victors. They were bound hand and foot. Their spirits were broken. They were without resources and without organization. They had but one remaining stimulus to exertion—the intolerable

accumulations which Alva and his Blood Council were adding to the woes of the former administration, which, however great, they might have consented to bear in silence. The chief ally of William in the Netherlands was Philip himself. But as yet despair had not been goaded to desperation, and William had first to bind the strong man armed and spoil him of the goods he had in such secure possession.

William's first expedition, under Count Louis, his impetuous brother, was, to a most encouraging degree, successful. The count had entered the country, in the extreme north, on the 24th of April. The enthusiasm which animated him, shone in the mottoes which blazed on his banners. "Now or never; liberty or death;" "Freedom for fatherland and conscience," were his watchwords. Under the inspiration of these rallying cries he gathered a little army of the rudest materials, many of them armed with any rustic weapon that came to their hands. And yet, in one month after the recruiting began, that band of peasants met and utterly routed the picked Spanish troops sent by the duke to disperse "the Beggars." The Spanish leader Aremberg, and

Count Adolphus, a younger brother of William, met in single combat, and both fell upon the field.

This battle of Heiliger Lee—Holy Lion—so called from the name of a convent on the battleground, was fought on the 24th of May. It raised the spirits of the patriots, and proved, as Bunker Hill did at the opening of the American Revolution, that veteran forces are not invincible even by raw recruits. But no permanent advantage resulted from the brilliant exploits of the count. His brother Adolphus had met an untimely end. His troops were poorly paid. He was without artillery. He allowed the enemy's reinforcements, which failed to arrive in time for the battle, to seize and occupy the most important town in the district, Groningen, and nothing was left him but to fortify his own position and remain in comparative inaction.

The enraged Duke of Alva wreaked his vengeance upon the helpless victims who had fallen into his hands by other means than open warfare. On the first of June eighteen prisoners of distinction were executed in the Horse Market in Brussels. On the next day four others suffered. And on the 5th, the two nobles, Egmont and

Horn, were beheaded in the great square of the same city. Egmont died in the Romish faith, protesting his loyalty and love for the king to the last. Horn is also believed to have died a Roman Catholic, as did seven or eight of the others previously executed. New and deeper hatred for Alva sprung from these executions. Universal lamentation was heard in Brussels. No man believed the two nobles guilty of a crime. No man felt safe from the unscrupulous designs of this Nero of an Alva, as he was called.

But the duke was a warrior as well as an executioner. Gathering up all his available forces, he took the command in person, and hastening toward the scene of the late disaster, he found Louis in precisely the same position which he took three days after the battle, although six weeks had elapsed. His army, numbering from seven to ten thousand men, was continually on the point of mutiny from want of pay, and was obliged to subsist by forced contributions from the people of the neighborhood, who saw little to hope from such a mob of liberators, and who knew that when the fierce duke arrived he would have his vengeance for every act of favor done to

the rebels. No wonder that the well-disciplined and doubly numerous army of the duke found them an easy prey. On the 15th of July, Louis was driven from his entrenchments and compelled to withdraw with serious loss. On the 21st of July the duke came up with him again at the town of Jemmingen, which is a name of more dreadful memories than Paoli or Ball's Bluff has since become to us. It was a slaughter, not a battle. The patriot army, scarcely suspending their mutinous demonstrations in the face of the enemy, were drawn into an ambushade, from which they made a precipitate retreat, having scarcely fired a gun. Prince Louis himself, at great personal risk, fired off the battery of artillery, which had been abandoned by the flying troops. But his single arm, however valiant, could not turn the tide of battle. The Spaniards rushed upon the guns, and turned them on the flying mass. No quarter was given. Between the butchery by the Spaniards, and the loss of life in the deep and rapid river Ems, near which the count had, with seemingly great want of wisdom, taken his position, the patriot army was annihilated as completely as were those vainly

gathered for the relief of Valenciennes the year before. The people of Embden, at the mouth of the river, speedily learned the result of the battle by the immense numbers of the hats of the miserable victims that were swept down by the ebb tide. The skirmishing lasted but three hours. The slaughter of unresisting victims, hunted out of hovels, swamps and thickets, lasted two whole days. The pursuit was extended for miles around the scene of battle. The roads and pastures were covered with dead bodies and with weapons. It is deliberately declared that seven Spaniards perished and *seven thousand rebels*. Count Louis escaped by swimming the Ems and taking refuge in Germany.

The English queen showed her utter blindness to the bearing of this struggle, or her strange fickleness, by suffering the Spanish ambassador at her court to celebrate the battle of Jemmingen with high mass, the Te Deum, and a grand festival with his Catholic friends. She even expressed herself delighted at the duke's success, as she declared she was with any good fortune which befell her brother, the King of Spain.

CELEBRATING THE VICTORY.

THE victorious commander was not moved to clemency by the completeness of his victory. All the country around was laid waste by his soldiers, and every conceivable barbarity was perpetrated upon the peaceful inhabitants. The whole horizon was lit up with burning farm-houses, and the march of the army was over smoking ashes. It became necessary for Alva himself to interfere, and once, in all his career in the Netherlands, it is told that his agents enraged him by the excess of their cruelties, and some of the soldiers most prominent in the barbarities were hung by his command. Summoned away by news of the vast preparations of William to invade the Netherlands from the south, he hastened by way of Amsterdam to Utrecht. There his son Frederick met him with large reinforcements, making his army nearly forty thousand strong, or four times as great as

that with which he entered the country the year before. He had no use there for so great an army, but he found plenty of work to gratify his lust for blood and plunder. Sentence of condemnation was issued by his orders against over a hundred refugees and others, whose principal crime was taking advantage of permission expressly given by the duchess, Philip's sister, two years before, when it was made lawful to build churches and attend Protestant services under certain restrictions.

These sentences were issued at Bois le Duc on the 17th of August, and on the 25th three men and one woman, all who could be found of the condemned persons, were executed in Utrecht. In what a light does this conqueror appear, stopping on his way to the capital to cut off the head of one of these victims—an old woman, eighty-four years old? She was believed by some to be a devout Catholic, but she had suffered her nephew, who lived with her, to bring to the house a Reformed preacher, and on this ground she was condemned to die. The truth seems to be, as the old lady herself intimated on the scaffold, her two thousand dollars a year income prevented

the exercise of clemency toward one otherwise so deserving. She was brought upon the scaffold and placed in a chair. "I understand it all," she said; "the calf is fat and must be killed." More courageous than most men, but scarcely with the spirit of a true martyr for Jesus, she turned to the executioner and jesting about her great age, she said, "Is your sword sharp? For I have a very tough neck of my own." One month afterwards, another widow woman of property was beheaded in Utrecht on charges of heresy, but, as was strongly suspected, in order really to cancel a large debt due her from one of the officers of the Blood Council.

Of the condemnations and executions going on at this time throughout the country some other particulars have been preserved to us. In Delft, a printer, who had published some Protestant books, but whose conduct had been amply legalized under the orders of the regent and her representatives, was put in prison and lay there fifteen weeks. When summoned to receive his sentence, six of his seven judges were for discharging him; but the seventh represented so urgently what they had to fear from the king's

displeasure if they let him escape, that the other six changed their votes and he was unanimously condemned to death. He met his end very calmly, composing Latin verses, criticising the text of Seneca and writing letters to his wife and three children—the youngest a mere infant—within a few hours of his death. He died July 23d, only thirty-four years old. A burgher of Amsterdam, after being kept in prison three months and then tortured on the rack, and after proving the falsity of one of his accusers, was finally sentenced to be beheaded, June 9th. But on the night before, he was carried off by a violent attack of disease in the prison. The scout or officer who had secured his condemnation was exceedingly anxious to have him live long enough to be executed, and earnestly pressed the physician, by every means in his power, only to keep life enough in him to allow him to be tied in a chair and beheaded. The doctor replied that he was not a god, who had the lives of men in his hand, and that according to his opinion the patient could not hold out till midnight; upon which the scout left him in a great fury. He could not refrain from wreaking his revenge on

the dead body, however, which he put in a chair and beheaded with the other prisoners.

The utter indifference of these executioners to truth and justice is seen in the case of De Witt, another citizen of Amsterdam, who had done nothing worse during a tumult than to prevent one of the mob from firing upon a citizen; that was regarded as proof of criminal influence with the rioters. He was condemned to die and his estates were forfeited. Another person, who had carried away the books of a monastery to keep them from destruction by the mob, would have lost his head on a charge of robbing the library if he had not bought off the judges.

At Brussels, where the return of Alva was the signal for the renewal of the butchery which had been suspended in his absence, Van Straalen, the distinguished burgomaster of Antwerp, was sentenced to death by the council, who on this occasion showed some traits of the humanity which generally was so utterly opposite to their character. For distinguished services in the past, especially for furnishing Philip with nearly all the funds for carrying on one of his earlier campaigns, they hinted at the propriety of a pardon.

It was unheeded, and Van Straalen died exclaiming, "For faithful service evil recompense!"

Mention is made of a woman who was beheaded for teaching children to sing psalms and for instructing the women in the word of God. An aged widow was about this time beheaded for having allowed preaching two years before in her barn. Here was some property to be looked after. Peter van Kulen, a goldsmith and an elder in a Reformed congregation, was faithfully attended in prison by a servant-maid for nine months. She not only fed him, but she confirmed and strengthened him by her godly conversation, insomuch that she was likewise imprisoned and both of them, two months afterwards, were brought out to be burnt. The man was first strangled, but the maid, being thought worthy of severer punishment, was burned alive. She encouraged her master as long as he was able to understand her, and afterwards she was observed by the astonished people magnifying the name of God in the midst of the fires.

This use of the tongue was too great a comfort to the sufferers, and too powerful a means of affecting the bystanders, as well as too often a

sting in the consciences of the persecutors to be tolerated any longer. So an iron clamp was screwed around the tongue, and then the tip of it was burnt with a red-hot iron. Under this barbarous treatment the tongue swelled so as to be entirely unmanageable, and many a martyr who would have borne triumphant testimony to the truth and grace of God was thenceforth compelled to suffer in silence.



ALVA AGAIN FOILS WILLIAM.

AMID the great disasters to the cause of liberty and Protestantism which disheartened its true friends and unmasked the false, which overwhelmed the Netherlanders with gloom and despondency, and which turned the current of opinion, even in Protestant countries, against the scheme of liberation, there was one man who remained firm, courageous, and hopeful; it was William of Orange. Disasters had driven him very near to God. If he was not a humble believer and a man of prayer before, there is reason to believe he became such in this year of sad disappointment and defeats. Out of the darkness of these trials he arose, no more a mere diplomatist, a warrior, or patriot even, but a soldier of the Reformation, a chevalier of religious liberty. Henceforth not merely the Netherlanders, but the

sufferers for Christ's truth everywhere, were his brethren. This great leader of the Calvinists, this Gustavus Adolphus of his country, now became conscious of his mission.

This prince, of large ancestral possessions and royal revenues, one of the great ones of the earth, who knew as well as Solomon what earthly state and pleasure was, who might have yielded himself to a life of ease and splendor and enjoyment, preferred to take up the cross of suffering with and for the oppressed friends of liberty and despised people of God. He bade farewell to ease; he poured out his wealth like water; he freely gave his heart's blood; and he willingly submitted to months and years of disappointment, reverses, delays, and anxieties sufficient to crush any nature whose springs were not in God. He moves before us the most majestic figure of the latter part of the sixteenth century in Europe. The doctrine and policy which the fugitive, John Calvin, had embodied in peace in the little Republic of Geneva, William was about to vindicate on the arena of battle with its deadliest and mightiest enemy. Amid surrounding apathy and timidity, alone he grapples with powerful tyranny

and loosens its death-grasp from the throat, not only of his people, but of humanity.

It was not to fight for the temporal supremacy of a new creed in place of the old that he felt summoned, but for the grand life-principle of Protestantism, which he was among the first, doubtless the very first great military champion of the truth to recognize and make a controlling principle of his policy—the principle of religious toleration. Lutherans and Calvinists, he early believed, might accept the same confession of faith and dwell together in amity. Anabaptists received the kindest treatment at his hands. And in the bosom of this greatest of Calvinist generals and statesmen rankled no sting of enmity against the Roman Catholic faith, the source of all the unnumbered woes of his country. "Should we obtain power over any city or cities," he writes to one of his agents, "let the communities of Papists be as much respected and protected as possible. Let them be overcome, not by violence, but with gentle-mindedness and virtuous treatment."

This great man proved himself worthy of the championship of the Reformed cause in Europe by his unshaken calmness and lofty trust when

all around were shattered or estranged by disaster. Without loss of temper, with no word of reproach, but in terms of the tenderest affection, he consoled his impetuous brother Louis for his sad defeat, although he had disregarded his advice in the conduct of the disastrous campaign in Friesland. "Since it has thus pleased God," he writes, "it is necessary to have patience and not to lose 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."

While he comforted and cheered his own brother, he found himself compelled to combat the combined and persistent opposition of the Protestant princes of Germany to his further prosecution of the cause at this time. Maximilian, the emperor, having written to Philip to dissuade him from his bloody policy, and having a high opinion of his powers of persuasion, now peremptorily required the Prince of Orange utterly to cease from his efforts within the bounds of his realm. "Your highness must sit still," said Landgrave William. "Your highness must sit still," echoed Augustus of Saxony. On the

contrary, the prince knew and felt that this time of general gloom and disaster was the very one in which it was incumbent on him to act energetically and hopefully.

Hence he paid as little heed to the dissuasions of friends as to the oppositions of enemies, but pushed, with all vigor, his military schemes. At his own expense, and by almost superhuman exertions, he raised an army of nearly thirty thousand men. Their place of rendezvous was in the province of Treves, a little to the south-west of his own province of Nassau. On the 31st of August, 1568, he issued a proclamation, describing the tyranny of the Spaniards and their attempts to establish the Inquisition in the Netherlands. Without aiming as yet at the complete independence of the country from Spain, he makes his appeal as a loyal subject of Philip, unable any longer to look with tranquillity at the murders, robberies, outrages, and agony committed upon the people in the name of the king, who, he is certain, 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." To the people of the Netherlands more especially he announced his intention of expelling the Spaniards from the country for ever. He summoned them to help. "Let them take to heart," he said, "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." He called on them, while it was yet time, to contribute of their means—the rich out of their abundance and the poor even out of their poverty—to the furtherance of the cause. To show them the source of his courage and to point them to the place where they might strengthen their own, he quoted from Prov. x. 28, 29, 30: "The hope of the righteous shall be gladness, but the expectation of the wicked shall perish. The way of the Lord is strength to the upright, but destruction shall be to the workers of iniquity. The righteous shall never be moved, but the wicked shall not inherit the earth."

It is among the most disheartening features of the campaign that these appeals produced so little effect upon the people in whose behalf it was undertaken. Not a twentieth part of the money

promised to the prince by the leading merchants and nobles yet in the country, ever came to hand. An Anabaptist preacher, at the peril of his life, as already related, brought a small sum into camp and placed it in William's hand, who was much touched with this mark of sympathy from the poor outcasts. Other contributions, chiefly from poor, persecuted churches, were received. But the impoverished exiles and refugees, whose estates at home were confiscated, contributed far more for the liberation of their country than the wealthy merchants and the proud nobles. No uprising greeted William when his army crossed the borders. The citizens seemed as effectually cowed as were the slaves of the South during the American rebellion, and rendered as little active aid to the army of their deliverers.

It was very late when the prince commenced his operations in the field. But his first act was such an instance of boldness as to astound all who heard of it, and to throw Alva himself into alarm. Moving down the Rhine to the neighborhood of Cologne, he manœuvred in the territory between that river and the Meuse in seeming uncertainty. But on a bright moonlight night,



The army of the Prince crossing the Meuse.

Beggars of Holland.

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on the 4th of October, 1568, without bridge or boats, he threw his entire army across that river, although the water was up to the necks of the men. A compact body of cavalry had been placed, after the example more than once set by Julius Cæsar, in the midst of the current above the crossing-place, and under their shelter the feat was successfully accomplished. The news flew far and wide. At first it was too strange to be believed. A citizen of Amsterdam was scourged at the whipping-post for repeating the story as a matter of common report. The Duke of Alva was incredulous. "Is the army of the Prince of Orange a flock of wild geese," he exclaimed, "that it can fly over rivers like the Meuse?"

The duke learned what an enemy he had to deal with, and all his skill and resources as a great tactician were summoned into play. He was not sure of another victory like that of Jemmingen; he was resolved not to undo the great effects of that achievement by risking a defeat. He could afford to dispense with another victory; a defeat would place him at the mercy of the most miserably wronged and outraged people on

the face of the earth, and he might well dread that. On the other hand, victory was necessary to the prince, and if he did not win, and soon, the season would hasten away, his scantily paid and heterogeneous army would break up and disappear, as surely as if defeated with a Jemmingen slaughter.

The duke, with the utmost coolness, carried out his scheme to the last detail. The Prince of Orange, although he changed his encampment twenty-nine times, or more than once for every day the campaign lasted, and though he found the duke perpetually near him, like his own shadow, he could no more get battle out of him than if he were that shadow itself. The apathy of the Netherlanders, not to say their acquiescence in the duke's projects, left him entirely at leisure to pursue his plans, and was an important element in his success. The country people refused the prince supplies, and as Alva had crippled all the mills in the Province, there was no forage for the prince's troops. Not a voice was raised to welcome the deliverer of the country. Not a single city opened its gates. No fire in the rear occurred to distract the duke's attention or to

modify his strategy. On the 20th of October, while the prince was crossing the Geta, with the main body of his army, to form a junction with some French auxiliaries, the duke's son Frederick was allowed to seize the opportunity to cut off his rear guard of three thousand men. He was entirely successful, and annihilated it in the usual Spanish style. The regular after-piece too was performed—a house filled with fugitives from the battle was set on fire, and the Spanish soldiers stood around, despatching with their weapons those who attempted to escape.

This massacre was the nearest approach to a battle during the whole campaign. The prince's army, as Alva foresaw, was on the verge of open mutiny and began to go to pieces. Back and forth through the heart of the country they had marched and countermarched and marched again, sometimes within cannon-shot of the enemy, sometimes without even an entrenchment to keep them apart—always near, yet never allowed to get more engaged with him than a skirmish, until at length it was evident that, for this time, the enterprise must be abandoned. Marching into France, by the Walloon country, which he reached

on the 17th of November, the prince tried to persuade his army to join him in aiding the Huguenots of France, who had been roused by the outrages of Alva in the Netherlands to take arms in time in their own defence. The German soldiers refused, so nothing was left to the prince but to lead them into German territory and disband them. All the money which he could collect was paid them, and he pawned his camp equipage, his plate and his furniture to raise more. What was still due he sacredly bound himself to pay so soon as he should be restored to his possessions. With twelve hundred mounted men he and his three brothers set out to join the army of freedom and Protestantism, under Condé in France.

The triumph of Alva was complete. He had foiled the prince in every demonstration he had made on the Provinces. He had lost one battle and gained six. He had utterly destroyed three armies, and the rear guard of the fourth, causing a loss in killed—no prisoners were taken—of nearly twenty thousand men to the patriots, his own loss being just about one-tenth of that number. No wonder he came home with a feeling of

triumph which made him claim almost divine honors. Tournaments, processions, and festivals followed each other day after day in Brussels. The bells were rung, the roads were strewn with flowers, and the houses were dressed out in gay colors, while the great square, still melancholy with the gloom of the murder of Egmont and Horn five months before, now rang with the festivities which the conqueror forced from the people whose cause he had so utterly defeated.

But not satisfied with these demonstrations, in the extravagance of his pride he commanded a colossal statue of himself to be made of cannon captured at Jemmingen, and reared it in the new citadel erected to overawe Antwerp. It is a fact scarcely credible that he ordered this inscription to be engraved upon its pedestal: "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."

Various attempts from time to time are made to patch up characters which the general judgment

of men has consigned to infamy and to reverse the long-recorded decisions of history against them. Even Nero and Judas have not wanted friends to apologize and palliate in their behalf. We are inclined to think that this gross self-flattery of Alva will be as great a discouragement to any who might feel disposed to raise a protest in his behalf as the story of his cruelty itself.

But why was this proud oppressor suffered to indulge unmolested his scandalous rejoicing? Where was the avenging angel who smote Herod, when he had slain only a single apostle, and had only tolerated the excessive flattery of others, instead of applying it to himself? If ever Divine justice was summoned from heaven by a combination of insolence and wickedness on earth, it was by this presumptuous act of Alva. But no sign of such vengeance appeared. Instead of the encouraging Scripture which the Prince of Orange had circulated among the people with his proclamation at the opening of the campaign, they might now have cried out with the afflicted Psalmist, "Why standest Thou afar off, O Lord? why hidest Thou Thyself in the day of trouble? The wicked in his pride doth persecute the poor ;

the wicked boasteth of his heart's desire. He hath said in his heart, I shall not be moved; for I shall never be in adversity. In the secret places doth he murder the innocent. He hath said in his heart, God hath forgotten; He hideth His face—He will never see it."

He who claimed to be Christ's vicegerent on earth, and from whom some expression of the displeasure which the Prince of Peace must have felt at such a career of bloodshed and oppression, might well have come, on the contrary sent Alva a present never conferred except upon the highest dignitaries of the Church, or upon those who had merited her highest praise—a jeweled hat and a sword. In a letter accompanying the presents, written in his own hand, the Pope tells Alva to wear the hat as an emblem of the heavenly crown which was ready for all princes who did service for the Romish faith. A Latin motto was engraved on the sword, containing a charge to use it as the sword of God to destroy the enemies of his people. It was the same Pope who, three years afterwards, caused a medal to be struck in joyful commemoration of the massacre of St. Bartholemew.

Such is the justice of the world, and even of the nominal Christian Church. It should not surprise us, when we remember that the chief officers of the nominal Church in Christ's day clamored for his crucifixion and asked for the release of a murderer in his place. It was in the name of true religion and of public order that Christ was crowned with thorns. His people must expect to suffer from similar terrible perversions of the truth.



LEFT TO THEIR FATE.

FOR a time night seemed to settle down thicker than ever upon the devoted country. The Emperor of Germany, Maximilian, who had espoused their cause quite energetically on paper, was suddenly and effectually quieted at the prospect of his daughter becoming the wife of Alva's master—the Queen of Spain and of all the Indies. There was nothing now to hinder the burnings, beheadings, hangings, and confiscations. The stream of fugitives continued to flow across the borders until it was calculated that one hundred thousand houses in the country were abandoned. The most private affairs of the people were brought under Romish regulations. The newborn babe, within twenty-four hours of its birth, must be sealed over to the Catholic Church by Popish baptism. Spies were set to detect any marks of disrespect to Popish cere-

monies in public and private, so that they might be punished with death. The dying were watched by Alva's emissaries, so that if they failed to give evidence of their orthodoxy at the last moment their estates were confiscated and their bodies dragged to the place of public execution.

Four ministers were, about this time, executed at the Hague, after having been in prison three years. One of them was seventy years old, and all were men of pure lives. They were first strangled, which was considered a great act of mercy, and then burnt. This was on the 30th of May, 1569. At Groningen a number of masons and carpenters were put to death for having three years previously, in the employ of the magistracy, cleared the Franciscan church of the rubbish left by the image-breakers and fitted it up for Protestant services. So great was the indignation of the people against the magistrates for causing the execution of men who had merely carried out their orders, that they were compelled to provide a yearly maintenance for their families from the revenue of the town. Valenciennes, poor Valenciennes! was not even her cup yet

full? Had she not yet sufficiently atoned for those light jests with which she opened this awfulest of the tragedies of human history? In three days of January of this year fifty-seven were beheaded in Valenciennes on account of their religion.

The worst of all the Emperor Charles the Fifth's placards—that of Augsburg, in 1550, which established the Inquisition by name in the Provinces—was revived by special proclamation from Philip, who declared it a perpetual edict, and revoked all declarations and regulations that were inconsistent with it or contrary to his intent and meaning. These placards, fastened up on the corners of the streets, were gazed at by the people, whose faces and gestures might easily betray their opinions. And just at these street corners the cruel and crafty duke had his spies to mark their countenances and secure the incautious as his victims.

It was part of the rigorous system of persecution put in practice by the Inquisition to sacrifice the lives even of those who, during the trial for "heresy," were led to recant and turn Catholics. A different and easier mode of death was

provided, but life was rarely granted to them. A monk was trying his arts of persuasion on an Anabaptist, named Herman, while lying in prison awaiting his sentence. During the conversation the prisoner asked whether, if he sincerely owned that he erred in the faith and caused his children to be baptized, he should not immediately become a good Christian? The monk promptly answered, "Yes, in all respects." "And could you Papists," says Herman, "spill the blood of so good a Christian without thinking it a great sin?" For a time the monk had no answer but abuse; he finally gave him to understand that he ought, nevertheless, to die, as having been an apostate and an Anabaptist. "And yet," responded Herman, with an apt reference to Scripture, "the man of whom Christ speaks, who had a hundred sheep, did not cut the throat of the lost one as soon as he had found it, but, laying it upon his shoulders, he carried it home with great joy."

Brave Leyden! of whom we shall hear a glorious account before we are done. It is in this city that, in this time of universal gloom and despair, a single spark of the suppressed but not extin-

guished flame for a moment flashed forth. There were men in that city whom already the name of Alva did not terrify out of their manliness. Other cities and their magistrates had meekly received the agents of the Blood Council, and done its bidding with the most perfect consciousness of its infamous injustice. An agent came to Leyden, too, and inquired into the riots of 1566. Of course he found victims, some of whom were already in prison. Upon report of this commissioner the Blood Council condemned them to death, and declared their estates confiscated; but when the commissioner called on the magistrates of Leyden to assist in executing the sentence, the whole body of them, in a warm remonstrance, represented to him that it was contrary to their privileges; that none but the supreme authorities of the city could pronounce sentence against freemen, and that not more than sixty pounds of their estates were, by law, liable to confiscation. The people of Leyden did not choose to recognize the sweeping decree of the Spanish Inquisition, obtained and sanctioned by Philip, dooming all the inhabitants, in a mass, to destruction as heretics and rebels, sweeping away

every ancient privilege, and putting them at the mercy of the most cruel and covetous man of his age. And we cannot find that they suffered the more for their brave spirit, or that Alva got his victims' lives or property, as he expected.

Perhaps the case would have ended differently had not Alva, at this time, got into trouble. The joy of his triumph was not without some bitter alloy. He had promised Philip that the confiscations of heretics' estates would not only pay all the expenses of his government and military operations in the Netherlands, but would furnish a surplus revenue of two millions a year. The plunder of the rich Provinces, the wealthiest districts of Europe, would be a counterpart to the plunder of the Incas of Peru. A stream of gold a yard deep, he said, should flow into Spain.

But the duke's calculations all went astray. The tide of remittances had to flow in the opposite direction from what he had promised. Worse still, Queen Elizabeth, who was far readier to risk the Spaniard's displeasure for money than for religious principles, had coolly seized about eight hundred thousand dollars in specie, sent to Alva from Spain in vessels which had taken refuge

from Huguenot privateersmen, in an English port. Occurring soon after the triumphant demonstrations in Brussels in 1568, it put the duke into a terrible humor. Notwithstanding his efforts to recover the money, in which all commerce between the Provinces and England was interdicted and vast injury done to the business interests of both countries, no settlement was reached for five years. The motive of Elizabeth in this transaction seems to have been almost purely mercenary. She had not yet, by any means, made up her mind to espouse the cause of William, and only availed herself of an accident to put money in her purse. Her minister Cecil, however, took a far more intelligent view of the position of affairs, and rejoiced in the opportunity thus afforded to lessen the crushing effect of Alva's successes. He knew, doubtless, that Alva's army, although victorious, had been without pay for many months, and could get no plunder from a country already subjugated. To seize this money, urgently needed for that purpose, and to confiscate half of it for the benefit of the Prince of Orange, would be as good as a victory for the Protestant cause. The money was seized and held, and thus in an accident com-

menced the active interference of England in behalf of the prince.

The difficulties which led to Alva's downfall seemed to begin with this seizure. The year following his victory was spent in desperate efforts to make his reputation as a financier, equal to that which he had gained as a general and as an agent of the Spanish Inquisition. He did not seem to be aware of the great blunder in political economy which he was committing, in expecting steady revenues from a country crushed and paralyzed by the most intolerable oppressions, and depopulated by the emigration of one-sixth of its inhabitants. At Madrid there were those who understood the matter better, and who ridiculed his schemes of destroying and producing at once. Alva's new plan, now that confiscation had failed, was a system of taxation perhaps the most crushing ever devised. It was simply confiscation under a form of law. And yet it was so excessive as to be absurd and to defeat its own end. It was designed to be levied upon sales, but its operation must have been to stop all sales, except for the most absolute necessities of existence. Every article of merchandise or personal property

was to pay ten per cent. of its value every time it was sold. If it changed hands ten times it would be taxed to its full value. If it was manufactured of ten different articles, it might be required to pay a tax of ten times its original value. The effect of such a measure must be simply ruinous to trade and without any advantage to the government.

Remonstrances against this ruinous policy were as abundant as they were vain. The opposition was more general and more formidable than that excited by the Inquisition. Most men's hearts are reached more quickly through their pockets than their consciences. On this point there was not the slightest division of sentiment among the Netherlanders. Papists made common cause with Protestants against a policy which involved both in a common ruin. But the duke was obstinate, and the states were frightened into a formal submission to the tax. Utrecht alone held out. Spanish soldiers were quartered upon the inhabitants of this city, but they would not yield. The Blood Council then took it in hand and issued an act of outlawry against the city and Province, as guilty of high treason, depriving them of all

charters, laws, privileges, freedoms and customs, and pronouncing all their property, real and personal, together with all tolls, rents, excises and imposts, forfeited and confiscated to the benefit of the king. Many thousand citizens were ruined and many millions of property were confiscated. The Romish clergy of the Province, who tried to save the Church property from the rapacity of the duke's tax-gatherers, were answered by imprisonment. Even the very Church he had come to vindicate and rescue must be forced to contribute to the establishment of the duke's new character of successful financier. These events took place towards the close of the year 1569.

The example made of Utrecht was not as effectual as the duke had hoped. Fresh opposition broke out, and the Provinces at last bought off the tax for two years by an annual payment of two millions. Alva, who had hitherto felt himself invincible, was foiled, and in a little more than a year after his great victories and the erection of his statue at Antwerp, we find him writing piteous requests to the king to be allowed to resign his office and be recalled. After all, the triumphing of the wicked is short. Even Philip

seemed to feel that his representative had pushed his work of exaction and slaughter too far, and again began to listen to proposals for a change in the ruinous policy pursued in the Provinces. After such an utter defeat of the patriot army and such an entire absence of demonstrations of sympathy for William in his last campaign, common prudence, could its voice be heard amid the insensate clamors of bigotry, would suggest a policy of clemency. But what mild and generous purpose was ever conceived or taken in hand by this inquisitor-king which was not robbed of all meaning and vitality in the act? An amnesty was indeed solemnly proclaimed at Antwerp, July 14, 1570. A bishop was present to preach a sermon. The duke, with a splendid retinue and a long procession of clergy in gorgeous apparel, marched to the now restored cathedral and joined in religious ceremonies. A platform, decked out in the most theatrical style, had been arranged in the great square, on the most elevated part of which sat the duke, wearing the hat and sword presented to him by the Pope. On the steps below stood two of the most beautiful women of Antwerp, dressed to represent Righteousness and

Peace. The platform was thronged with officers and surrounded with soldiers, while a dense mass of citizens filled the square.

The whole pompous ceremony was a farce. The document was so indistinctly read that not a citizen heard it; and if they had, they would have found their condition substantially unchanged. The mercy of Philip towards heretics was that of a cat to the mouse which she dandles, and suffers partly to escape, for her own amusement, before she kills it. By this amnesty none were to be pardoned unless in two months' time they renounced their Protestantism and made their way back, by confession and absolution, into Mother Church. But from this opportunity of escape almost everybody was cut off by a sweeping list of exceptions, embracing ministers, teachers, and all who had harbored or favored them; all who had been individually suspected of heresy or schism; all who had distributed tracts; all who had failed to accuse those guilty of heresy: these persons and many other excepted classes were allowed six months to come forward and confess their crimes, when they might hope for a favorable consideration of their case.

Pardon and amnesty! Did the king so grossly misjudge the common shrewdness of the Netherlanders as to suppose they would be deceived into such a poorly-baited trap for more victims? Would such an invitation to walk into the parlor of the great Spanish Inquisition find only silly flies in those Netherlanders, who had thus far managed to keep out of it? An amnesty which called upon every man not yet accused by the agents of Alva's Blood Council to come forward and turn informer against himself, before he could enjoy a remote chance of pardon, might well be an object of derision to the people. It was a failure every way. It pacified nobody and it entrapped nobody.



THE DAWN.

SO far from accomplishing the destruction of the faith and the liberties of the Provinces, the Duke of Alva witnessed, before the close of his infamous career, the beginnings of those movements which, through long and doubtful and desperate struggles, were to go steadily forward on the road to final deliverance. The monstrous cruelties and the intolerable exactions of the duke had only ensured and hastened the result which they were designed to prevent. The Protestant world was alarmed and indignant. The Catholics of the Netherlands were driven to share in the rebellious feelings and plots of the Protestants, as the only chance for their escape from utter ruin. The numerous exiles everywhere were roused to the highest pitch of patriotic indignation. The Prince of Orange was nerved to new undertakings for his miserable country, which knew no respite but the change

from murder to exaction or to deceitful shows of amnesty, which were only new traps for the incautious.

Light began to appear upon the coast of the North Sea. From the sea a large part of Holland was reclaimed by vast embankments or dikes. Those scarcely-secured territories, for which the sea was ever clamoring, and which only the most untiring watchfulness could prevent from slipping back again into the grasp of the waves, were the first firm land of freedom. The ocean was at once the peril and the salvation of Holland.

Before it brought its choicest favors on the country it visited it with one of its most fearful chastisements. In the fall of the year 1570 the greatest and most destructive flood ever known, even in that country, so subject to inundations, took place. For days the wind had continued to blow violently and without change from the northwest, driving the waters of the ocean into the North Sea and piling them against the dikes of the Provinces. On the 1st of November fresh fury was added to the rage of the storm. All that night the dread artillery of the waves laid siege to the dyke, and towards morning, with a

fearful crash, burst through the barriers. Far inland rolled the waste of waters. The whole Province of North Holland was in danger of being swept away for ever. Friesland, in the far north, was utterly desolated. The sea rolled in upon cities at a considerable distance from the shore. Villages, farms and churches were swept away, and the graves, ploughed open by the waves, gave up their dead. Men took refuge from drowning in tree-tops and upon steeples. It is computed that in a few hours one hundred thousand souls perished, and cattle and property to an incalculable amount.

Roman Catholics regarded the deluge as a punishment for the heresies of the people. Calamities are not always mere punishments. When visited upon God's people they are mercies in disguise. But they are often too mysterious for us to attempt to understand or apply them. Christ himself rebuked the attempt of the Jews to connect the affliction of a blind man with his own or his parents' sin. It is an interpretation of God's providence which we dare not undertake, unless God himself make it plain. It seemed to the suffering Netherlanders an omen

of the probable result of the great storm of tyranny that was beating upon the ancient defences of their liberties and sweeping them away one by one.

But as the mischief wrought by the angry ocean was stayed, so it was ordained that the deluge of tyranny should from this time forth recede, and after many years be dried up from the face of the earth. It almost seemed as if God suffered this great affliction to be added to the sufferings of His people, that in their utter helplessness they might be led to rely more fully on Him, and might ascribe deliverance more humbly to His grace. It was on this angry ocean which had so nearly devoured them that help first appeared; as it was through the intolerable excesses of Alva, threatening to swallow up every vestige of the remaining business and prosperity of the country, that a favorable turn was given to its affairs.

Already in 1568, before the Prince of Orange left for France, he had issued commissions to various seafaring persons, who were empowered to prey upon Spanish commerce. But the people of the northern part of the country, largely

employed in commerce and fisheries, and almost living, like the Chinese, upon the water, did not wait for the formality of commissions. Plundered, impoverished, exiled and outlawed for no crime, multitudes of them became outlaws in fact, and as they cruised about the countless inlets of the coast, soon became an object of terror to friend and foe alike by their depredations. The name of "Water Beggars" was almost like that of buccaneer or pirate in later times.

However, the chief and the lawful object of these marine expeditions was the crippling of Philip's commerce and the cutting off of Alva's supplies. The mischief they did was very great. English as well as Dutch vessels accepted commissions from the prince, and Spanish prizes were openly brought into English ports and sold with the connivance of Queen Elizabeth, whose unwillingness to act against Philip, as we have already seen, was easily overcome by the prospect of pecuniary advantage. While the seizure of Alva's specie was in contemplation by the queen, two English vessels, sailing under the prince's commission, brought Spanish prizes to the value of half a million dollars into Plymouth. Doubt-

less the success of this part of his schemes, and the fact that the ports of England were open in so friendly a manner to his cruisers, gave encouragement to the prince during these years of comparative inaction on land. His courage and energy never failed him. Although utterly foiled in the campaign on which he had calculated so hopefully; although compelled to see his army melt away without the slightest result, and to forsake, for the time being, his enterprise, and lend his sword to the equally desperate cause of the Huguenots of France; although broken in health and crushed with debts due to a clamorous soldiery, while his enemies first reported him slain in the battle of Moncontour, and afterwards made themselves merry over his woe-begone appearance and beggared condition,—his soul was still calmly and sublimely confident. While the great of earth, who had once befriended him, fell away like water, his spirit was still unbroken.

He kept up a vast correspondence. He sent his agents everywhere. Perceiving that no brief struggle was before him, and seeing the need of a deeper financial basis, so that his armies once gathered might not be in hourly danger of dis-

solution from want of pay, he set himself most earnestly to the collection of money. The Reformed Churches, in and out of Holland, made contributions, and even the Anabaptists aided in the work. The prince pursued the strictest economy in his own domestic affairs. Nobles, pages, men-at-arms and servants, once in his employ, in droves were dismissed, and his own hands ministered to his necessities. Enduring sacrifices and self-denials himself, he could call upon others to give like proofs of devotedness to the cause.

In one of those powerful documents which this wonderfully gifted man from time to time issued to the Protestant world in behalf of his cause, and in which the nervous eloquence of the true orator, the directness of the soldier and the humble piety of the Christian are combined, he says: "Although the appeals made to the prince be of diverse natures, yet do they all tend to the advancement of God's glory and 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 labor; will ye be colder and duller than your foes? Ye say ye have given much. It is true; but the enemy is again in the field, fierce for your subjugation, sustained by the bounty of his supporters. Will you be less courageous, less generous than your foes?"

His country's enemies were rendering the prince most substantial service. During the year 1571 the Duke of Alva renewed his exactions upon the Provinces, the two years' truce which they had bought for two millions a year having expired. On the 31st of July he issued an edict by which the collection of the odious ten per cent. tax and other exactions was again ordered. The opposition of the people, and even of the nobles and magistrates, who had hitherto supported all the worst measures of the duke, was vehement and unanimous. As the tax was upon business transactions, there was just one way to avoid it, and that was taken—no business was done. The enraged duke, who was owing fifteen thousand dollars to a single merchant, declared the whole debt confiscated because the merchant refused to open his shop.

But the spell of the once dreadful name of

Alva was gone. People seemed not to care whether he saw their hatred of his person or not. Even the butcher of Valenciennes, Noircarmes, was roused to alarm, and openly resisted and defied the man with whom otherwise he so closely sympathized.

We may well imagine the effect of these exactions upon the cause of the prince. The people had previously given his army a cold welcome, for fear of the ruin of their country by the intestine strife. But now they were just as completely ruined by the masters to whom they had peacefully submitted. It was not hard for them to prefer that their property should go—if go it must—into the coffers of the prince, and be used in a struggle which might result in their independence, but which could scarcely leave them in a worse plight than the half-disguised confiscations of Alva.

But Philip himself was working for William as effectually as Alva, only in quite a different sphere. He was acting upon the vacillating and selfish English queen in such a way as to drive her from a middle course, which she was trying to hold in regard to the Reformation, to an open

and active participation in the great struggle. As early as January, 1568, before Alva's successful campaign, she saw reason to complain to the Spanish ambassador at her court of a confederation which she had been advised was formed against her by the Pope, the king of Spain and other Catholic sovereigns, to compel her to return to the Romish Church, and, if she did not yield, to make over her crown to some other person. The ambassador gently ridiculed her fears and assured her of Philip's friendship, not denying, however, the earnestness of his master's desire for her return to the true faith. For the time Elizabeth was apparently pacified. As we have seen, she allowed the Spanish ambassador to celebrate publicly the victory of Alva at Jemmingen.

But her fears were not long allowed to slumber. In the summer of 1568 her own ambassador at the Spanish court was first removed from Madrid and placed in confinement, and then dismissed by Philip, simply for insisting upon the liberty of Protestant worship for himself and household in Madrid, just as Philip's ambassador was allowed to enjoy Popish worship in Protestant England. About the same time Philip, as if desirous of

preparing for the execution of some dark plot, changed his ambassador at Elizabeth's court for one more bigoted, unscrupulous and daring than his predecessor. The seizure of Alva's specie followed in January, partly, perhaps, as a punishment for these proceedings, partly from sheer covetousness.

During this period of two or three years England was on the verge of destruction through the plots of Mary, Queen of Scots, and her Catholic supporters in and out of England. A formidable rebellion arose, the object of which was to depose Queen Elizabeth, put Mary or some Popish ruler in her place, and restore England to the Church of Rome. As this plot worked itself out, Elizabeth, who was as worldly and as little concerned for a pure faith as her father, Henry the Eighth, was driven more and more into the position of a Protestant ruler and ally of all who were struggling for the Protestant faith. Philip could not avoid meddling in favor of this Catholic rebellion in England, while he was quelling with unspeakable severity the Protestant rebellion in his own Provinces of the Netherlands. Mary Stuart and the Catholics

looked to him as their natural ally ; and, in turn, William and the persecuted Protestants of Holland looked to Elizabeth as theirs.

A conspiracy to rescue Mary Stuart from the custody of Elizabeth was skillfully laid in the fall of 1569. Alva was made acquainted with the plan in Brussels. Don Guereau, the Spanish ambassador in England, assured the conspirators that if they could keep a single sea-port open, they would have assistance from Alva in a fortnight. "Never," he wrote to Philip, "was there a fairer chance of punishing the men who had so long insulted Spain, or of restoring the Catholic religion in England." Alva had a fleet already collected in Zealand, with guns and powder on board ; and he was understood to be waiting only to hear that Mary was at liberty, to launch them upon England. It was even reported that the infamous Blood Council was to accompany the expedition, and practice upon the Protestants of England the cruelties in which they had grown so expert in the Provinces. The French ambassador's congratulations that England was about to be plunged into these calamities are yet upon record in the archives of that country.

But the scheme of rescue failed, and the whole deep plot of English Catholics and Spanish conspirators was for the time overthrown. If Philip was discouraged, or saw reasons of state for withdrawing his hostile interference in the affairs of England for the present, other powerful influences were brought to bear upon him to renew them in a still more decided form.

The year 1571 was felt to be, perhaps, the most critical of the whole English Reformation, at least in its political aspects. It was then that the Pope, the Spanish ambassador in England, the Catholic peers of the country, Mary Queen of Scots, and the Duke of Alva himself, united in urging upon Philip a more active policy against the English queen; and it was agreed, at a meeting of the whole Spanish Cabinet in July, that two Spanish armies, one from the Netherlands and one from Spain, should be landed upon the English coast, and that an assassin should be sent to take the life of Elizabeth, as a necessary preliminary to the invasion. Like the other, this plan also failed, through the dilatoriness of Philip and the shrewdness of Elizabeth's government, and it resulted in the very catastrophe which

Philip had foreseen and dreaded, and which so frequently made him hesitate in his measures. Elizabeth at last became the open ally of William, and contributed not a little to the final success and independence of the Netherlanders.



BETTER DAYS FOR HOLLAND.

THE waywardness of Elizabeth of England is inexplicable. Something has been done to unravel it by explaining the necessity under which she judged herself to be to play off France and Spain against each other, lest between them her own kingdom, not by any means equal to a conflict with both at once, might be sacrificed. But the crookedness of her diplomacy was something absolutely marvelous. Early in the very next year after the disclosure and disappointment of these murderous plots against her person and her kingdom, we find the English queen in friendly intercourse with one of the instigators of the entire scheme. And at the end of March, 1572, a concession was gained for Spain, no less important than the exclusion of the prince's privateers from the English ports.

In using this arm of warfare the prince showed

his uprightness by reforming its abuses and by issuing minute directions for the discipline on shipboard. He forbade all miscellaneous deprivations, and named the Duke of Alva and his adherents as the only lawful objects of hostility. He withdrew his commission from a distinguished refugee nobleman, acting as his admiral, because he refused to give any regular account of his expeditions. He required all the laws of civilized warfare to be observed. Each commander was required to maintain a chaplain on board his vessel, who should preach and preserve piety among the crew. No criminals or men of evil repute were to be allowed on board.

In these wholesome regulations were laid the foundations of a navy which was destined to as great a renown, as the vast and adventurous merchant-marine of Holland had already acquired. "Of their ships," says 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 pole to pole, practising their art wherever the sun displays itself to mortals, become so skillful that they can scarcely be

equaled, certainly not surpassed, by any nation in the civilized world."

Controlled to a good degree by the honorable regulations of the prince, these Beggars of the Sea rendered material service to the cause. The terror which William failed to inspire on land was felt far and wide for these daring and skillful rovers, asking their alms at the cannon's mouth. The spoils of their voyages began to fill up his shrunken treasury. Alva seized a favorable moment, as he thought, when the mood of the fickle queen was inclined—briefly and by no means sincerely—to Spain, to procure the expulsion of these privateers from the convenient ports of England. The result was amazingly different from his expectations. Not that the queen refused his request. De le Marck, admiral of the prince's fleet, then lying with his vessels in the English ports, was told that if he prolonged his stay he would be treated as a pirate. The officers of the ports were forbidden to furnish him with supplies, and English sailors on board his ships were commanded to leave them.

De la Marck, with his twenty-four vessels, in obedience to the command of the queen, had

scarcely set sail from Dover, when he encountered a fleet of Spanish merchantmen, of which he captured two large ships—one of them said to be worth over sixty thousand dollars. A sudden foray for plunder upon the coasts of Holland was their utmost intention. Contrary winds drove them from the point where they designed a landing to the mouth of the river Meuse. Into the broad estuary, on the 1st day of April, 1572, sailed this formidable fleet of twenty-four privateersmen, and lay off the town of Briel. The inhabitants knew not what to make of the apparition. Too large a fleet for trade, not exactly a Spanish fleet, none seems to have suspected their true character but a single ferryman, whose senses were sharpened by sympathy with their object. He landed the passengers from his ferry-boat, whom he had thrown into a great fright by telling them that the Water Beggars had come, and then rowed boldly out to meet them. The ferryman was the very guide they needed. He was recognized by one of the captains, a noble named De Treslong, whose father had been governor of Briel. Treslong, who seems to have been the real hero of this adventure, persuaded

De la Marck to enlarge the scope of his plan from mere plunder to that of capture and permanent occupation—a most important change for our history. De la Marck consented, and accordingly the ferryman, Koppelstock, was sent with the signet of Treslong to demand the surrender of Briel to the fleet. Nothing loath, he rowed ashore, pushed through the crowd of astonished citizens, who overwhelmed him with questions, and laid his demand before the magistrates assembled in the Stadt-house. He declared that the object of those who sent him was solely to free the land from the *ten per cent.* tax and to overthrow the tyranny of the Spaniards. Whatever might have been the views of the worthy burgomasters on those points, they evidently dreaded the violence of the Water Beggars as much as the exactions of Philip. They temporized, and would perhaps have decided to resist the demand and defend their well-fortified town but for the exaggerated statements of the ferryman. Frightened by his account of the number of the Beggars, and perhaps not very enthusiastic in the service of Philip, the authorities relinquished all thought of resistance. They determined to treat with De la

Marck, and meanwhile to make the best use of the time consumed in negotiations to get out of his way.

When the two hours granted by De la Marck for a definite reply had expired, he landed his men, and sending half under Treslong to the southern gate, advanced, with the other half, against the northern. There was no serious resistance at either. Treslong captured the governor; De la Marck made a bonfire at the northern gate, and plying an old mast as a battering-ram, soon shivered the burning timbers and forced an entrance. Before sunset the work was done, and the two parties, meeting in the centre of the town, unconscious of the magnitude of their work, laid the foundation of the Dutch Republic. There, on the outmost fringe of that territory which seemed scarcely to belong to *terra firma* at all, the weary spirit of Liberty at last found rest for the sole of her feet. Thus was raised, through the whim of roving adventurers, half pirates, half patriots, overruled by the guiding hand of Providence, a great historical landmark. To that singular and unexpected capture of an obscure sea-port town, we look back as the turning-point in the fortunes



of William. Briel was never surrendered; the tide of success, beginning from that hour, though it had many and mighty obstructions to contend with, and though at times brought to a stand-still, never turned.

An indescribable thrill flew through all hearts at the news of this exploit. Alva was just on the point of hanging eighteen tradesmen of Brussels before their own shop-doors, for resisting his odious ten per cent. tax, when the news reached him. Ladders, ropes, hangmen, tenth-penny, and contumacious tradesmen all left his head in a moment. His rage was excessive. Such a result of the expulsion of the privateersmen from English ports he had never bargained for. But while he raved and prepared with terrible earnestness to undo the mischief and recapture the town, the joy and triumph of the people knew no bounds. Their wit, which had not been put to flight in times of their heaviest afflictions, did not fail them now. The capture had taken place on All-Fools' Day, and the name of the town, Briel, means spectacles; soon a couplet appeared which was in everybody's mouth:

“On April Fools’ Day

The duke’s spectacles were stolen away.”

A caricature, too, was extensively circulated, which represented De la Marck stealing the duke’s spectacles from his nose, while the duke was supposed to be repeating his habitual expression whenever such news was brought to him: “It is nothing—it is nothing.”

A part of the garrison of Utrecht, including some troops which had not long before been removed from Briel, were immediately despatched, under Count Bossu, to recover the town. The summons to surrender was received with some alarm by the small garrison of patriots. But, as the gates of Derry were shut and the memorable siege begun by a party of apprentices while the authorities were deliberating and undecided, so a brave carpenter decided the attitude of Briel by dashing into the water, axe in hand, and swimming out to the sluice-gate of the dike, which he hacked to pieces with a few vigorous strokes. In rushed the water, completely covering all the approaches from the land side. The Spaniards were then marched along the top of the dike to the sea-front, where they were met

by a staggering fire of artillery. Turning to the sea, an alarming sight met their eyes. The Water Beggars had sent out a detachment, under Treslong, to attack the transports which had brought the Spanish troops to their shore; some they had cut already adrift and some they had set on fire. The waters of the sea were rushing through the dike, so that the Spaniards were rapidly being enclosed between fire and water. Panic-struck, they fled along the slippery path, and many came to a dismal end, being drowned or smothered in the marsh. The garrison being too weak for pursuit, the most of the invaders got away in safety, and escaped in the ships which had not fallen into the hands of the Water Beggars. De la Marck now required the citizens and all the inhabitants of the island to take the oath of allegiance to William, Prince of Orange.

It was with some difficulty that the cautious prince could be induced to own the capture. In its first intent it was a mere marauding expedition of hungry privateers. Acts of violence had been done after the capture which the prince abhorred. Churches had been sacked, and even thirteen monks and priests, who had not the prudence to

fly with the populace and keep out of harm's way, were murdered. Although De la Marck was a relative of the unfortunate Egmont, and Treslong had a brother among Alva's victims of 1568, yet William was unwilling to stain his name with such reprisals. He was uncertain whether he should be able to hold Briel if he accepted it. But Treslong, who saw the importance of the capture, doubtless put the matter in such a light that the prince's objections were overcome, and the town and island were reckoned as the first stone of the new commonwealth whose destiny was to be his care.



SUNRISE.

BRESLONG was not wrong in his lofty expectations. The capture of Briel was a signal to patriotic hearts—that beat faster, if not truer, than the great heart of William—that the hour of destiny had come. In the same network of islands and inlets with Briel, about forty miles to the southwest, lay the large island of Walcheren, on which were situated the two important towns of Flushing and Middleburg. In the former place a parish priest, who had no love for the Spaniards, had the courage to exhort the people on Easter-day, in the service of high mass, to follow the example of Briel and stand up for their liberties. They took the brave priest at his word and celebrated their Easter holiday by driving out the small Spanish garrison.

It was so timely an act that the hand of God was manifest in its issue. A reinforcement of soldiers from the duke arrived just in time to

witness the expulsion of their comrades and the closing of the gates. They were sent to complete the fortifications, which had been long before begun, for the control of the mouth of the important river Scheldt, which flowed by this place. The duke's precautions were too late. While the newly-arrived troops hesitated before the walls, a half-drunken, half-witted fellow mounted the ramparts and discharged a couple of cannon at the Spanish ships. This act of a lunatic put the invaders to flight. The Spanish ships disappeared from the harbor of Flushing.

That was a great Easter Day for the Netherlands. The time of their resurrection had come at last. The risen Christ was calling his crushed, buried, bleeding Church to rise from the tomb in which the modern Herods and Pilates and priests and rulers of the people had laid and guarded her. Not more swiftly did the pulses of that spring-time speed over the land and burst forth in leaf and odorous blossom, than did the joyous thrill of liberty leap from town to town, from city to city, from province to province, and, crossing the Channel, electrify the hearts and win the enthusiastic sympathies of Reformed England.

Seeing the failure of arms, the governor of the island under Alva, having great confidence in his powers of persuasion, determined to try the force of rhetoric on the revolted people. The citizens, instead of seizing and putting him to death, as Alva had done with a herald from William's army, assembled at the sound of the bell by thousands and gave him audience. He had the assurance to declare that the king was the best-natured prince in Christendom. No other harm was done this representative of the hated Alva than to interrupt him with pointed questions and ironical cheers, and to hustle him from the stand and out of the city in the midst of what he fondly supposed to be one of his most impressive periods.

Word was sent of the revolution in Flushing to La Marck in Briel, with requests for reinforcements. As his own force had considerably augmented, he readily spared two hundred of his bravest men for Flushing. And a wild crew they were. Every man of the two hundred was dressed in a gorgeous gold-embroidered robe from spoiled priests and plundered churches, or else in the sombre cowls and robes of Capuchin friars. Over the low shores and placid waters of the estuaries

of Zealand floated their wild songs. Flushing was secured, and a governor soon after appointed by William for the whole island, although the important town of Middleburg was still in the hands of the Spaniards.

England was fairly aroused by the news of these conquests. The excitement in London was uncontrollable. Money flowed almost in a torrent from the Protestant churches of the city, and supplies of guns and ammunition speedily crossed the Channel. The Dutch exiles formed into companies and hastened to join their comrades, accompanied by hundreds of English volunteers, and the cry arose, in Parliament and out of it, to drive the accursed Spaniards out of the Provinces for ever. The bishops petitioned Elizabeth to declare war and complete the work.

Yet it seemed as if Holland would herself shake off the invader before the speediest succor could arrive. Under the tremendous exactions of Alva the whole country had become fully ripe for revolt. It is wonderful how the contagion spread. On the 4th of May the town of Terveer declared for the prince; on the 21st the great commercial town of Enckhuysen, one of the most

thriving and important in Holland, the key to the Zuyder-Zee, and the principal arsenal, rose against the Spanish commander, and hung out the banner of Orange from its sea-washed ramparts. With the thunder of these rapidly succeeding movements in his ears, the duke was almost crushed by the astounding news that Louis, William's brilliant and dauntless brother, had possessed himself of the strongly-fortified and important town of Mons, close to the frontier of France, and within easy reach of the warlike Huguenots of that country.

Gathering as large a force as he could muster, he left the northern and sea-board provinces to their fate, and hastened to recover Mons from Louis. Then the revolt went rapidly forward. Enckhuysen conquered Medenblik. On the 18th of June, Horn, with its splendid harbor on the Zuyder-Zee and its pastures, not far from Enckhuysen, declared for William; ten days afterwards, four other towns in North Holland, including Alkmaer, followed suit, all pronouncing for the prince in a single day. Oudwater and Gouda were captured, the latter by less than sixty men. Ancient Leyden, with its thirty islands and its

elegant buildings, the Venice of the North, is added to the rapidly-growing list, unconscious of the mortal strife and the martyr glory that are to follow; Gorcum, a large town on the inland edge of South Holland, from the steeple of whose principal church may be seen twenty-two walled cities, besides a multitude of towns and villages, joins its name with Leyden in the movement. Ziericksee, in Zeeland, was conquered by the Water Beggars, whose vessels were as resistless among the numerous inlets of that province as were the light-draft Union gunboats among the sea islands of the Atlantic coast or in the bayous of the South-west. The large city of Dort, destined to become famous as the seat of the Synod of 1618, capitulated on terms of the largest toleration to the Papists. Harlem, now busy with more serious matter than tulip-fancying, followed with similar stipulations on the 3d of July.

The tide swept still further inland. All the provinces around the Zuyder-Zee—Friesland, Overijssel, Gelderland and Utrecht—were represented in the revolt, but without sharing in it so deeply as North and South Holland and Zeeland.

Of the other three provinces, comprising, with these seven, what is now known as Holland, namely, Groningen and Drenthe in the north, and North Brabant on the boundary of Belgium, we hear nothing in this movement.

The Duke of Alva's successor, arriving by sea in the midst of these extraordinary events, which were totally unknown to him, narrowly escaped capture at Flushing. As it was, a great fleet of vessels, laden with spices, money, jewelry, and valuable merchandise, which came in his wake, was captured, furnishing the richest booty which the Water Beggars had yet acquired on sea or land. Half a million of dollars in gold and other plunder, sufficient, it was believed, to maintain the war for two years, one thousand Spanish soldiers, and a good amount of ammunition, were included in this great seizure.

The Estates, or Legislature, of Holland, long hindered in the exercise of their prerogative of meeting and deliberating, by the tyranny of Philip and his viceroys in Brussels, now scorned the too-willing summons of Alva to meet and receive his concessions on the hated tax, which he was prepared on certain conditions utterly to abolish.

The Estates indeed met, but it was at the call of William; not at the Hague, which was still in the hands of the Spaniards, but at Dort, there to renounce the authority of Alva, and to accept the policy of William, as Stadtholder under the Spanish crown.

The opportunity thus afforded to the long-oppressed and outraged Protestants of Holland to avenge their unparalleled injuries upon their oppressors was but sparingly used. The instances of bloody reprisal were so few in all this wonderful series of triumphs that they would altogether have been less than Alva had often crowded into a single day, or than the Spanish soldiers perpetrated over and over again upon a single city. It was in this year, 1572, the year of the St. Bartholomew's massacre, that the horrors of Popish cruelty reached their climax. This year, Charles IX. in Paris, and Philip II. in Spain, politically hostile to each other, seemed animated by the one fell purpose of overwhelming the Reformed opinions in the deepest deluge of blood that yet had flowed. This first year of hard-won and long-delayed successes to the Protestants of Holland, which in three months put seven pro-

vinces and a million of people in their power, is almost as free from violence and wrong on their part as the most humanely-managed campaign of modern wars.

Violence and wrong there was; bad and bloody men could not always be excluded from the service of the prince. Van der Marck was a man of rude passions, who had sworn never to shave hair or beard until he avenged the death of his kinsman Egmont. We have heard how he dealt with the monks found in Briel. During the numerous captures and accessions of cities to the prince in June, nineteen other Popish priests were sent to Briel and put to death in a cruel manner by his orders. Three others, who repudiated the Romish faith, were spared. The Papists say he killed six monks at Schoonhoven in July, and it is known that he cruelly tortured and killed the aged prior of a monastery at Delft-haven, for whom William had a great regard. In Oudenarde, too, the birth-place of Philip's sister, the regent, and the scene of dreadful cruelties to the Reformed during her government, a score of the clergy and others who had distinguished themselves by their persecuting rage

were bound neck and heels and thrown into the river, where all but one were drowned.

But these exceptions to the general policy of the Reformed toward their vanquished enemies are too few to require argument. Great must have been the restraining power of pure religion, wonderful the spirit of forgiveness beyond anything we can understand, under which these most deeply-wronged, hunted, proscribed Hollanders could refrain from visiting upon the guilty authors of their sufferings the retribution they so richly deserved. But even the few vindictive acts which were actually done were most vehemently condemned by William, who, by his example, his instructions and his proclamations, by threats, entreaties and condign punishment, everywhere and at all times set himself against all such sanguinary proceedings. Van der Marck's chief agent in these barbarities was tried and executed six months afterward for his crimes, and only the distinguished services of the admiral procured his own release from prison and danger of like punishment.

So little did the Catholics comprehend this tolerant temper of their enemies, that when they

heard of Van der Marck's imprisonment they took it for granted that there was a rising against the prince, and the Spanish commander actually sent a despatch to the commander of the militia of Delfthaven, who had Van der Marck in custody, desiring him to go on as he had begun, by securing the prince himself and sending him to the Spanish camp—a service for which he would be well rewarded. The letter fell into the hands of the prince, and the militia captain was summoned before him. Not being able to give a satisfactory answer to William's inquiries, that generous commander simply ordered him to be secured in his own house. What Alva would have done under such circumstances the reader may easily judge.

But while the Spanish soldiers marked every foot of their victorious progress with indiscriminate slaughter, while no town yielded to their arms without paying for its resistance with cruelties and wrongs too shocking to relate, we search in vain for a single stain of massacre upon the escutcheon of the army of the Reformation. When the Spanish army fell back disappointed from the broken dikes of Briel, the commander

gained permission to pass through Rotterdam on his way home. He signed and sealed an agreement that only a corporal's guard should pass through at a time. But when the gates were timidly opened, the whole army made an onset on them, and the commander himself slew a stout smith, who, with uplifted sledge-hammer, offered almost all the active resistance that was made to the entrance of the Spaniards *en masse*. Once inside, it was as if a pack of hungry wolves had broken in on a flock of sheep. Within a few minutes four hundred citizens were put to death, and wrongs worse than death were inflicted upon others.

Is any one anxious to feast to the full upon horrors? The history of this year, 1572, under the two chief Catholic monarchs of the world in France and Spain, will more than satiate him. The capture of Rotterdam, says Motley, is infamous for the same crimes that blacken the record of every Spanish triumph in the Netherlands. The Spanish commander actually inculcated the practice of robbery, rape and murder as a duty, and issued distinct orders to butcher "every mother's son" in the cities he captured.

The French king's cruelty, however, was even worse than that of the Spaniards, because it was accompanied with all the perfidy of Judas. In the most emphatic language Charles the Ninth had written to Louis, the brother of William, declaring his determination to use all the forces which God had placed in his hands to rescue the Netherlands from the oppression under which they were groaning. Trusting in these assurances, Louis had thrown himself into Mons, and the prince, with a new army of three months' men, numbering twenty-four thousand, once more passed the Meuse, and marched through the heart of the country to the relief of Mons, now closely besieged by the whole force of Alva. His march was a continuous triumph. Town after town, and city after city, opened their gates at his approach. Coligny sent him word that there was no doubt of the earnestness of the French king's intentions on behalf of the Netherlands, and announced his expectation of forming a junction with him in a few days at the head of a French force. This he wrote, with the sanction of the king himself, on the 11th of August: the massacre occurred on the 24th.

DISASTROUS EFFECT OF THE MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

IT was in the midst of this march, otherwise so hopeful of the grandest results to his cause, that the dreadful news of St. Bartholomew's day was brought to the ears of the prince. While the most positive promises of aid to the Protestants were making their way to William from the French court, the blood of a hundred thousand Protestants was flowing in one simultaneous massacre all over France.

All Protestant Europe was aghast, and the hearts of men stood still with horror. The queen of England, who was in the midst of negotiations for a French marriage, now laid aside all that was fickle and trivial in her character. For weeks she refused to see the French ambassador, and when she admitted him, he found her and her whole court in mourning, and was told by Lord

Burleigh that the Paris massacre was the most horrible crime which had been committed since the crucifixion of Christ.

So soon as this overwhelming catastrophe assured the prince that no more help was to be expected from France, he was convinced that the campaign in the South must end in a failure and that Mons must be given up. In his own language, he "had been struck to the earth with the blow of a sledge-hammer." Philip, on the other hand, is said to have laughed for the only time in his life when the news of St. Bartholomew was communicated to him.

The fate of Mons was sealed. Charles himself sent word to Alva to murder every French soldier within the walls. The Prince of Orange in vain attempted to draw the duke into battle in the open field. On the contrary, William himself came near being captured by a sudden foray on his own camp, and only escaped through the sagacity of a spaniel which slept on his bed, and which awoke him by pawing at his face in time for him to mount his horse and hurry out of harm's way. This was on the 11th of September. Soon after, with a heavy heart, the prince

was compelled to abandon his chivalrous brother to his fate, and marching his army into Germany, he disbanded them, not without running a fresh risk of his life from the ferocious anger of the unpaid soldiers. Then, almost alone, he made his way to Holland, expecting and prepared, as he said, to make it his sepulchre.

On the 20th of September, Mons capitulated while Count Louis was confined to his couch with fever. The terms were marvelously merciful for Spaniards, and, what is still more marvelous, they were in part fulfilled, Count Louis and the great body of soldiers being allowed to depart unharmed. But as it was a moral impossibility for a Spanish army to treat a captured city with honor or with clemency, although the inhabitants were included in the favorable terms of capitulation, a Blood Council was established, and all the volunteers who had remained with their families were condemned to death, their wives and children banished, and their property confiscated.

The executions began December 15th, 1572, and never ceased until the 27th of the following August. Beheading, hanging, burning were everyday events in the doomed city. All who had

borne arms or worked on the fortifications were put to death. Tortures were added to those who were accused of special violations of Popish duties. One man, accused of having ridiculed the idolatry of the mass, had his tongue torn out before being beheaded. A cobbler was hanged for having eaten meat-soup on Friday. Many paupers, who had gone to Protestant service for the sake of the alms there distributed, were put to death. An old man of sixty-two, who had permitted his son to volunteer in the siege, was sent to the scaffold. Ten, twelve, twenty persons were sometimes executed in one day.

This was but one in a series of horrors, beginning with the sack of Rotterdam and continued during the entire struggle on the part of the Spaniards to recover the Provinces to Spain and the Pope. The sack of Mechlin soon followed. This was one of the cities which had opened its gates to the prince on his march from the Meuse to the aid of his brother in Mons. Most of these cities came under the Spanish yoke again without the show of resistance. That at Mechlin was too slight to be noticed or made a ground for signal revenge. The garrison fled in the night, and in

the morning a solemn procession of priests and people came forth to plead for mercy. Before their appeal had been heard the brutal soldiery were swarming over the walls and through the gates by thousands. For three days, with the full knowledge of the duke, the beautiful city was given up to the will of these monsters.

Had a legion of devils fresh from hell been in the place of these soldiers, they could not have done worse. The most respectable Catholic writers are our witnesses. Neither man nor woman, neither friend nor foe, neither Papist nor Calvinist, of whom there were few in the city, was spared. All the churches, monasteries, and religious establishments of every kind, as well as private houses, were sacked and dismantled of every portable or destructible article. All the wildest excesses of the iconoclasts, even to the trampling under foot the consecrated wafer and pouring out the sacramental wine, for a thousandth part of which "heretics" had been burned in droves, were now repeated in Mechlin by these soldiers of the Pope. The funds deposited in the convents for the poor were plundered; beds were dragged from under the sick and the dying, and torn to pieces in the

search for concealed treasure. Men were murdered and women outraged by the hundred. The plunder and destruction were so complete that mothers were left without a morsel of bread to put in the mouths of their dying children. Even an ultra-Catholic, who tells us this, declares that he could say more if his hair did not stand on end at the very remembrance of the scene.

Occasionally the Prince of Orange's soldiers, in capturing a town, were indeed guilty of violence towards a dozen or more guilty priests, willing instruments of all the cruelties of the Inquisition, but it was always against the stern, determined opposition of the prince. At the sack of Mechlin the Duke of Alva and his son Frederick were both present and were appealed to in vain to stay the havoc. They approved it and rejoiced in it. The duke wrote to Philip congratulating him upon the whole proceedings, admitting that he had ordered the sack, and was highly satisfied with the faithful manner in which it was accomplished.

ZUTPHEN, NAARDEN, AND HARLEM.

THREE more sad tales of Popish cruelty remain to be told before we are ready for a fair consideration and just judgment of the difference in that age between Popery and Protestantism—between Popery and Calvinism especially—in their treatment of those of an opposite faith from themselves.

Relieved from all danger in the south by the fall of Mons, the duke sent his son Frederick to subdue those districts of the north which so gallantly declared for William in the spring. William moved northward, but he brought no army with him to resist the advancing legions. His whole escort was seventy horsemen. His hireling German soldiers had disbanded in mutiny for want of pay. Every sign of resistance disappeared, with two exceptions, before the northward march of Frederick. Province after province lay prostrate at his feet, until only three of the seven

states which we counted as William's in the spring remained true to his cause in the autumn, and in these three—North and South Holland, and Zealand—some positions of great importance, as Amsterdam, were in the hands of the Spaniards.

Zutphen, a very old town of Gelderland, situated at the junction of the Berckel and the Yssel rivers, ventured a slight resistance to this triumphal march. The haughty duke sent word to his son not to leave a single man alive in the city and to burn every house to the ground. It was done. No sooner had the army entered the town than, without a moment's warning, the whole garrison was put to the sword. The soldiers fell next upon the defenceless citizens, hanging some and stabbing others, and turning others, stripped stark naked, out into the fields to freeze in the wintry night. Weary at last of these methods, they tied five hundred innocent citizens back to back and flung them into the Yssel. The outrages upon the women were as universal as upon the men. Fifteen hundred citizens perished, and the town was set on fire in eight places. So great was the terror inspired by the advance of the Spanish armies that no one thought of succoring

the city, and no one dared go near, for days after the massacre, to learn its fate. "A wail of agony," says a letter to Count Louis, "was heard above Zutphen last Sunday—a sound as of a mighty massacre; but we know not what has taken place."

From Zutphen, Frederick made his way towards Amsterdam. The little town of Naarden, on the Zuyder-Zee, lay in his path. There was nothing in the history, buildings, or business of this town of perhaps two thousand inhabitants to make it famous then; but now, so long as fidelity to the right, bravery, hospitality and trustfulness, rewarded by unparalleled baseness, treachery and cruelty, rouse admiration, pity and indignation in the heart of man, so long shall the name of Naarden be memorable. The people at first answered the Spanish summons to surrender with brave words: "They had thus far held the city for the king and the Prince of Orange, and by God's help they would continue to do so."

This was on the 22d of November. On the 1st of December, as their hoped-for reinforcements had failed, it became evident that they must be overpowered by the Spaniards, and

commissioners were sent to negotiate for a surrender. On condition that the lives and property of all the citizens should be sacredly respected, the keys of the city were given up, and five or six hundred Spanish soldiers soon after marched in. A most hospitable reception was given these ominous guests. All the housewives of the city aided in preparing and dispensing to them a sumptuous feast. But their ferocious appetites were not satiated by such entertainment. While they were eating, the great bell had been ringing to summon the citizens into the church used as a town hall. Five hundred stood within the building, quietly waiting the arrival of the Spaniards. Suddenly, a priest who had been pacing to and fro in front of the church, entered and bade the assembled congregation prepare for death. Simultaneously with the announcement came a sharp crash of musketry, poured in through the open doorways upon the unarmed citizens by the Spanish soldiers. One volley only they fired, and then sprang in upon the defenceless, bleeding mass, with sword and dagger, to make sure work of every one. In a few minutes the butchery was complete, including the wealthy citizens from

whose hospitable tables they had just risen to do this work of death. The church was then set on fire.

The Spaniards now rushed into the streets for plunder. Houses were robbed of their contents, and the inhabitants were compelled to carry the booty to the camp, and were then struck dead for their pains. The town was fired in every direction, and as fast as those who had hidden themselves were driven out by the flames, the Spaniards in mere brutish sport put them to horrible deaths. A wealthy citizen, after great torture, agreed to pay a heavy ransom if his life was spared. Scarcely had he furnished the sum when, by order of Frederick, he was hung in his own doorway. Of the whole population but sixty escaped alive.

We can think of but one parallel to the sack of Naarden in modern times, and that in only some of its less frightful particulars; we refer to the massacre of the English prisoners by Nena Sahib at Cawnpore, June 27, 1857. If being blown from the cannon's mouth was not too severe a punishment for these treacherous Sepoys, what punishment could be devised severe enough

for these infinitely worse soldiers of Spain and champions of the Papacy? What for Alva, who ordered, who read and who wrote of such enormities, as if they were common occurrences or righteous acts? One thing is plain—without a hell this world would be a place where just men might well tremble and despair.

The story of the siege of Harlem is one of the most marvelous in all warfare. The cities and towns heretofore besieged by the Spaniards had yielded with almost no resistance. But Harlem, in the very *focus* of the movement for independence, with the Prince of Orange close by, and with a stern and strengthening consciousness of the greatness and hopefulness of the cause in which it was launched, although weak in fortifications and still weaker in garrison, and although beleaguered on every side by an army of thirty thousand ferocious and famous soldiers, presented such an obstinate, vigorous and prolonged resistance to the Spaniards, that when at last it fell, covered with imperishable glory, it was felt that too high a price had been paid even for so great an advantage, and that the conquest of Holland, carried on at that rate, would bankrupt the

treasury of Spain, though replenished by the spoils of Mexico and Peru, and would drain away the military strength of the kingdom before the work was half done.

Harlem, with its numerous canals and its thirty islands, was accessible by water on the south, by what was once the Harlem Lake, now a drained meadow-land of sixty-six thousand acres. It was also separated by a mere thread of land, on the north, from an arm of the Zuyder-Zee. In the early part of the siege it was reinforced by such troops as the prince could raise and by supplies brought over the ice. The short days and long nights and heavy fogs hanging over the lake favored these operations. Sledges skimming the ice, men, women, and children even, moving swiftly on their skates, all brought in their contributions to the beleaguered city.

The Spaniards, coming from a climate where ice is rarely seen, were astonished at the adroit manœuvres of the Hollanders on their skates, and wrote home very particular descriptions of these astonishing appendages. In a battle fought on the ice near Amsterdam, the clumsy Spaniards were quite outmanœvred by the glib Hollanders, and

were compelled to fly, leaving hundreds of their number dead on this novel battle-field. But they were not unwilling to learn from their enemies. Alva ordered seven thousand pairs of skates, and his men soon learned to perform military movements in their new accoutrements as boldly if not as skillfully as the Hollanders.

With such reinforcements as the prince could furnish, the garrison at its utmost numbered but four thousand men, to whom must be added three hundred fighting women. These latter were all of respectable character, and were armed with sword, musket, and dagger. This band of Amazons, animated by the purest and noblest impulses, and knowing that theirs would be the worst fate of all if the Spaniards took the city, participated in many of the hottest actions of the contest within and without the walls.

Young Frederick had no doubt but that Harlem would yield after a brief display of Spanish prowess; so on the 18th of December he began a furious cannonade upon two gates and the wall between, and kept it up for three days. But Frederick's past excesses had roused every Hollander to the last pitch of resistance. As fast as

breaches were made in the walls they were filled up by men, women, and children, working day and night. Not only bags of sand, blocks of stone, and cartloads of earth, but the images torn down from the churches were thrown into the gaps. The soldiers, who had no scruple about murdering the living saints of God, were dreadfully shocked at the profanation of these dead images. When the three days' cannonade was over, Frederick, still counting on easy victory, ordered his soldiers to the assault. The Spaniards marched to the walls, dreaming of nothing but plunder and victims. They had yet to learn the beginning of their seven months' lesson. Harlem was not Naarden or Zutphen.

The alarm-bells of the city had been rung, and the whole population, armed with every conceivable means of defence, had crowded defiantly to the walls. A furious reception awaited the Spaniards. The shower of musket-balls was not the half; alone probably it would not have stayed the assailing party a moment; but down on the heads of the soldiers heavy stones, boiling oil, and live coals were rained from the hands of the citizens; hoops smeared with pitch and set on fire

were flung dexterously down so as to ring the necks of the soldiers with a wreath of flame. The Spanish commander lost an eye, many officers were killed and wounded, four hundred soldiers were left dead in the breach, whilst only three or four of the townsmen fell. A retreat was sounded and the Spaniards abandoned the assault.

The slow method of mining was now attempted. But the Hollanders knew that trick too, and daily they met the Spaniards in their narrow galleries underground, and by the dim light of the lantern fought over again the struggle of the upper air. The Prince of Orange, though he had lost two little armies, which the Spaniards had slain or dispersed, while attempting to reinforce the brave garrison, yet managed, on the 28th of January, 1573, to introduce one hundred and twenty sledge-loads of powder and bread and four hundred veteran soldiers within the walls. Thus encouraged, the people kept steadfastly at their work, preparing a new surprise for the Spaniards, who now thought the end was come.

Seeing that it would not be possible for them to hold the battered fortifications much longer, the townsmen had been steadily at work in the long

winter nights erecting a half moon of solid masonry just inside the crumbling wall. The Spaniards saw with satisfaction and eagerness the increasing signs of weakness in the old works. On the 28th of January, Frederick directed an assault to be made at midnight. Sure of victory, he ordered all of his forces under arms to cut off the population who would stream panic-struck out of every avenue. The works were so fiercely defended that a general assault had to be sounded. The struggle lasted till long after daylight, when, under a tremendous onset, they were carried.

Now surely the prize was theirs; now every street, every house lay at the invaders' feet. But what sight is that which meets their dazzled eyes? They thought they were capturing a fortification when they were only drawing aside a painted curtain and revealing the real wall behind. And even while they look the frowning ramparts are alive with the blaze of artillery; a sudden earthquake heaves the remnant of the old breastworks on which they stand, and hurls into the air and mangles with the falling fragments the soldiers who had just carried it so triumphantly. No sack of Harlem for the Spaniards on the 28th of Jan-

nary! The most accomplished generals of Spain could not open the way for their soldiers, though only a handful of plain Harlem burghers stood in their way.

But a far worse enemy than the Spaniards was at the gates. Famine was stealing upon them. The whole population was put on a strict allowance of food. With the disappearance of the ice it became doubtful whether any succor from without could reach them at all. It was doubtful whether the prince could organize a fleet strong enough to keep control of the water, and that once yielded their fate was sealed. But the enemy, too, was under siege by the same foe. His supplies were inadequate, and cold and hunger and disease were thinning off his immense army by thousands. But for the unrelenting ferocity of Alva the siege would have been abandoned. He wrote back to Frederick, who sought his advice on the subject, that if he abandoned the siege he would disown him. Should he fall in the siege, he wrote, "I will myself take the field to maintain it, and when we have both perished the duchess, my wife, shall come from Spain to do the same."

Thus rebuked, Frederick resumed active operations. As spring advanced the condition of both parties became more desperate. A trifle would have turned the scale of victory in either direction. The help of England at this juncture would not only have saved Harlem, but have changed the current of the war. Alva himself wrote to Philip, that if England interposed the rebellion would never be suppressed. The Prince of Orange wrote urgently to his friends in that country. The States-General of Holland, learning that Elizabeth was again in negotiation with Philip and Alva, sent a deputation begging her not to desert them. She did desert them, and actually entered into a formal treaty for two years with the king, whose agents had been tortured and put to death a couple of years before for attempting her assassination. The Reformed of London, however, made up a subscription of two hundred and fifty thousand pounds for the prince, who still continued to encourage the suffering people of Harlem during the siege. Brief messages, written on extremely small bits of paper, were sent into the town by carrier pigeons. Nor had the spirit of the besieged in any degree begun

to yield. Daily they made the most desperate sallies. On the 25th of March one thousand of their number made a brilliant sally, drove in all the outposts of the enemy, burned three hundred tents, and captured and brought away seven cannon, nine standards, and, best of all, many wagon-loads of provisions. Eight hundred of the enemy were killed and but four of the Harleimers. Well might they erect a triumphal mound on the ramparts, with the inscription on the flag with which it was decorated, "Harlem is the graveyard of the Spaniards." Well might Alva, though experienced in sixty years of warfare, write home, "That it was a war such as never before was seen or heard of in any land on earth—that never was a place defended with such skill and bravery as Harlem."

Still, all the attempts of the prince, or of the besieged themselves, effectually to relieve the city, utterly failed. The disciplined veterans of Frederick's army easily surprised and cut to pieces whatever troops the prince undertook to throw within the walls. At last, on the 28th of May, a naval battle was fought on Harlem Lake, which resulted in the utter defeat of the prince's

flotilla and the capture of his forts. All now agreed that the fate of the city was sealed.

Already the citizens had been half-famishing on a pound of bread a day, but now even that scanty supply was gone and starvation was at their doors. Urgent entreaties for help were sent to the prince. Three weeks was the very longest they could hold out—yet six weeks of dreadful suffering were actually endured before the surrender. The prince, still loth to give up, sent them encouraging messages by the pigeons, and busied himself in trying to assemble another force for their relief. The month of June wore away, and the people were living on offal, on cats and dogs, rats and mice, on grass and weeds, on linseed and rape-seed. Nay, they were not living, but dying outright by scores from sheer starvation; men, women and children died in the streets, and the survivors had scarcely strength to bury them.

On July 3d a letter written in blood was despatched to the prince. Negotiations were opened with the enemy, who answered with a storm of one thousand and eight cannon-balls, the greatest number yet thrown in a single day. A black flag was hoisted from the Cathedral tower, the signal of

despair, but a pigeon from the prince lightened their hearts for a brief season. The bird, whose companion had been pierced with Spanish arrows and had thus revealed the prince's plans to the enemy, brought word of an expedition of forty-six hundred men, mostly raw volunteers, with four hundred wagon-loads of provisions. They should hold out two days longer and succor would come.

The famine-worn citizens waited for two days. They broke an opening in the wall on the south side, in the direction from which help was to come. But, alas! the Spaniards were equally expectant with themselves. At midnight they looked eagerly from the ramparts for the signal lights agreed upon, but their keen gaze could not pierce the clouds of smoke purposely raised in that quarter by the Spaniards. The night wore away and no succor arrived. Confused noises were heard in that direction, but the wary burghers were not to be tempted outside the walls by the false alarm which they supposed the Spaniards had raised. Yes, the succor had come, but the famished citizens did not know of it. The confusion they had heard was the attack of fifteen thousand veteran troops upon four thou-

sand volunteers of the prince, who were completely surprised and routed, their commander slain and nearly half of their number killed. A prisoner, whose nose and ears had been shorn off to attest the truthfulness of his testimony, was sent with the news into the city by the Spaniards; soon after a few heads were thrown over the walls to confirm his account of the total defeat and dispersion of the prince's last attempt to save the gallant, suffering city.

Desperate plans were now revolved within the walls. The whole remaining garrison, with every able-bodied man, would make a sally upon the besiegers and hew their way through or die in the attempt. Frederick heard of the project and trembled for the result if it were put in execution. He had refused heretofore to listen to any terms but unconditional surrender. He intended at any rate to practise Spanish cruelty; now he saw Spanish treachery equally necessary, and he used it. A letter was written by his order inviting the town to surrender at discretion, but solemnly assuring them that no punishment should be inflicted except upon the judgment of the citizens themselves, and promising ample for-

givenness if the town should submit without delay. Even the Spanish historian of these events admits that this message was sent for the purpose of dissuading the citizens from their desperate resolution. Frederick had in his pocket the orders of his father, the Duke of Alva, not to leave a Hollander alive of the garrison and to put to death a large number of the citizens besides. These commands he would not have dared to disobey had he cared to do so.

The city was surrendered to the enemy July 12, 1573. The memorable siege of Harlem ceased. Heroism such as would have strung the harp of the greatest of classic poets had been born from the mists and meadows and dyke-encircled flats of Reformed Holland; hearts as brave as ever beat in mortal bosom dwelt in these men and women of Harlem; the inspiration of their cause—the cause of truth and religious liberty—gave strength to their weak defences, and for seven weary months, in which the besiegers were often the besieged, and in which their losses exceeded those of the garrison more than fivefold, they kept at bay the choicest troops of the Spanish army. What they might yet

have accomplished by new valor, born of despair, we know not. The deceitful promise of the Spaniards cut us off from that spectacle, and added Harlem to the black roll of Spanish treachery and cruelty in Holland.

The officers of the garrison were at once arrested and the work of blood begun. Why keep faith with heretics? Heads began to fall that very day. Every officer was executed. Alva himself came over to the camp the next day, and then the bloody work went on in earnest. Eighteen hundred of the garrison still survived, of whom twelve hundred were Hollanders. Every one of these was butchered. The miserable fugitives who had fled from similar scenes of bloodshed in other cities, and found a short and painful refuge in Harlem, were summoned forth by drummers daily parading the streets, and instantly put to death; those who were discovered harboring them shared the same fate. Such as would recant and go to confession by no means escaped death by their apostasy, but simply had the privilege of dying by the sword rather than the halter. Five executioners with their attendants were constantly kept at work, and when they grew

weary of hanging and beheading, the prisoners were tied in couples back to back, and drowned in Harlem Lake. Such was the ample forgiveness accorded by Frederick.

The duke claimed praise for great clemency in treacherously executing only twenty-three hundred of the citizens of Harlem. In the name of the king, a proclamation was issued from Utrecht, while the stones of Harlem were yet dripping with the blood of its murdered citizens. His Majesty's forgiveness and the plenitude of the royal kindness were the topics of the first part of the paper. Then, as if these were the only attributes of the Spanish king known to the Netherlanders as yet, they are warned at once to place themselves in the royal hands, and not to wait for his fury and the approach of his army.

BALANCING ACCOUNTS.

IT seems appropriate to pause here and gather up into a definite statement the teachings of a large number of facts scattered through the preceding pages—facts illustrating the widely different, almost directly opposite, spirit which animated Romanists and Calvinists in their treatment of each other, as one or the other party came into power; for this is as far as we shall track the Spaniard and the Papist in the outrageous and diabolical excesses of their career in the Netherlands. Our story does not carry us to that awful outbreak in Antwerp, called, by its fearful eminence among even Spanish outrages, the Spanish Fury, when eight thousand persons were butchered in three days, when six millions of property were burned and six millions more plundered; and when St. Bartholomew's day, in Paris, was excelled in the number of victims and thrown utterly in the

shade by the mischief perpetrated in Antwerp. Enough of these horrors has been laid before the reader to aid him in calmly considering the vast difference between Catholic and Protestant, between Spaniard and Netherlander, in the treatment of what each considered heresy—a difference so broad that it may be said to be one of the plainest lessons of history, on which the overwhelming facts left no room for argument. Yet a recent historian of eminence—we refer to J. A. Froude—has attempted the desperate task of balancing the cruelties of the Calvinists against those of the Papists; and the audacity of his undertaking is shown from his choosing this very period of French and Spanish massacre, of Philip and Alva and Charles IX., of St. Bartholomew and the Blood Council, and of Mechlin, Zutphen, Naarden, Harlem and Antwerp, in which to prove the Calvinist just as intolerant and bloodthirsty as the Papist.

“Calvinism,” says this historian, who by no means passes as a Catholic, “could it have had the world under its feet, would have been as merciless as the Inquisition itself. Fury encountered fury, and wherever Calvin’s spirit pene-

trated, the Christian world was divided into two armies, who abhorred each other with a bitterness exceeding the utmost malignity of mere human hatred." "No mercy to the heretics' was the watchword of the Inquisition; 'the idolaters shall die' was the answering thunder of the disciples of Calvin; each party strove to outbid the other for Heaven's favor by the ruthlessness with which they carried out its imagined behests." Perhaps his most willful and scandalous perversion of facts is the deliberate classing of William, Prince of Orange, the most illustrious example of toleration in history, with Philip and Alva themselves, as endeavoring "*at times* to check the frenzy of their followers." The italics are ours. Nearly, if not quite, as bad is his whitewashing of the character of Alva himself, who, he declares, if he had come off victorious, would have been regarded as a second Joshua. "His intellect," he says, "was of that strong, practical kind which apprehends distinctly the thing to be done, and uses, without flinching, the appropriate means to do it." It is in this mild language that this liberal and cultivated Englishman allows himself to allude to the Blood Council, the sack and massacre of betrayed

towns, and atrocities done in the name of king and pope which have made generations turn away with shuddering from the story. He actually declines to pass judgment on his character, saying with a sneer, "Such was the famous or infamous Duke of Alva," &c. And yet, in a foot-note to the same page in which he makes this fling at the righteous sentence of the enlightened world, he refers for authority to the very man who has just restated this sentence in the most emphatic manner, and fortified it with the fullest testimonies from the duke's own papers and from the most unimpeachable Catholic sources—our own countryman, Motley. The thanks which, in that note, he tenders to Motley for light on the "parallel road" on which he claims to be walking as "a fellow-traveler," sound almost like irony. What is to be thought of such acknowledgments from one who, a few pages before, includes among the outrages of the image-breaking in 1566 the killing of monks, when Motley takes pains, in his account of those excesses, to assure his readers, over and over, and to quote the testimony of Catholic eye-witnesses of the highest respectability to the fact, that neither man nor woman

was harmed, not an outrage committed save against stocks and stones, and even plunder was scorned amid untold treasures of gold and silver, precious stones and gorgeous vestments which were entirely at the mercy of the mob?

It is an unspeakable relief to pass from the pages of this historian to those in every line of which throbs the noble sympathies of the American Motley. Froude seems to lose the clew of straightforward, uncompromising advocacy of right, which alone gives history its authentic value, amid the inextricable intrigues and hypocrisies of the court of the English queen. Motley's history is one magnificent plea for the imperishable principles of truth and justice as revealed in the slow but onward-moving developments of Providence in that age. Froude is infected with a rhetorician's craving for antithesis, with an infidel's contempt of creed, and a loose thinker's hatred of Calvinism; Motley's antitheses are those far more wonderful contradictions which truth opposes to falsehood, which scriptural belief opposes to human authority, and which Calvinism, in its equalizing of all men before God, opposes to the oppressions of priestcraft and royal tyranny.

Froude is a worshiper of the best specimens of the English monarchy. Motley, like Bancroft, is a worshiper of liberty in law, and recognizes, like him, the inestimable services of the followers of John Calvin in achieving that blessing for the world. Froude does not scruple to say that "the Huguenot was as unmanageable as the Catholic; had he power, as he had will, he would have dragooned unhappy France [how? as Louis XIV. a century afterward would do? no but] as Calvin dragooned Geneva"! Motley, in his introduction to the "Rise of the Dutch Republic," describes it as the peculiarity of the struggle of the sixteenth century that "a new and more powerful spirit, the genius of religious freedom, comes to participate in the conflict." Again, he says of the persecutions inflicted on the Netherlands, "Fertilized 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."

It is not only in vain that Froude tries to strike a balance, as if accounts were even between Protestant and Catholic persecutors; it is an insult to the knowledge and judgment of the

least-informed of his readers—an insult which would not be worth noticing were it not for the high position conceded to his history in literary circles.

Look at the facts in the case of Holland alone. Here is a country for half a century the victim of organized oppression, robbery, torture, and murder, sometimes in the name but always with the spirit of the Inquisition, with a probable annual average of two thousand victims during the whole half century in a population about equal to that of the State of Pennsylvania at the present time. Here are a score of captured towns and cities given over by the deliberate resolve of the authorities to pillage, massacre, and outrage worse than death; some of them almost without resistance, in order effectually to annihilate heresy. Here is a Blood Council which devoured its victims five-fold as expeditiously as the French guillotine in the famous Reign of Terror. Here are soldiers, the dread of whose fiendish outrages turns hundreds of respectable women into Amazons, and makes death by famine preferable to submission; soldiers, whose seared consciences, awakening in the agonies of death,

often forced them to cry out in the hospitals where their last moments were spent, "O Naarden! O Santiago! O St. Domingo!" Here are a monarch, regents, and under-officers, whose entire energies were bent on the extermination, by every conceivable form of cruelty and violence, of the Reformed faith of Holland. Here is a monarch who declared that sooner than be the sovereign of heretics he would depopulate his dominions; who procured from the Inquisition a decree condemning all the inhabitants of the Netherlands to death as heretics at one swoop, and who ordered the decree to be carried into instant execution, without regard to age, sex, or condition; and who spent one hundred millions of dollars and maintained sixty thousand soldiers in the Provinces to carry it out.

And what is there on the Protestant account to set over against these horrors of Popish tyranny? The year 1572 witnessed the first and most extensive outbreak of the Protestant people of the Provinces against this tyranny. It was a year full of the most powerful provocations to revenge—the year of the massacre of St. Bartholomew in France, and of the sack of Mons and Mechlin, of

Zutphen and Naarden in the Netherlands. It is in the midst of his account of the transactions of this year that Froude introduces his elaborate parallel between Romanism and Calvinism. A score of opportunities were afforded to the army of William, in its triumphant march from Roermond across Brabant to Mons, and to William's adherents, who were carrying everything before them in the north, to make the parallel hold good; but where, in this year or in any other, is the Calvinist St. Bartholomew? where the Protestant Mons, Mechlin, Naarden, Zutphen, Harlem, or Antwerp?

Yes! there was a Calvinist St. Bartholomew six years before, and a very disgraceful one too. But bad as it was, its fury was satiated on senseless images, without the shedding of one drop of blood! Not one town or village of the hundreds which lay at the mercy of the Calvinists was betrayed, pillaged, or reddened with indiscriminate slaughter by their soldiers. In a few instances, a score or more of priests or persons, who had been justly obnoxious as instruments of the intolerable oppressions from which they were just escaping, were summarily put to death; and

these few examples of rude justice comprise the entire catalogue of Calvinistic excesses in the Netherlands in the first enthusiastic bound of deliverance from the hated yoke of their tormentors.

It is true, where the combatants met hand to hand, in anything like equal force, as in the island of Walcheren, the struggle was fierce and sanguinary, and lamentable excesses were committed on both sides. But such conflicts say nothing as to the real policy of either party. How the long and fearfully aggrieved citizens acted towards their persecutors in this period is well illustrated in a single anecdote.

The town of Gouda was captured by sixty men of the prince's party, June 21, 1572. One of the old burgomasters, in his panic, fled to the house of a widow to save his life; and on being shut up in a closet, asked if he was safe there? To which the widow answered, "Oh yes, Master Burgomaster, for my husband has been often hid in it from you, when you and others sought for him, and the keeper of the prison stood there before him." Such was the Calvinist widow's

way of balancing accounts with the persecuting Papist.

When, in 1578, a popular uprising in Amsterdam put the city in the hands of the prince, the magistrates who had acted for Philip were first captured, and then the whole city was scoured, and every friar within the walls was taken into custody. Amsterdam stood on the road between Naarden and Harlem. Well might these trembling captives have exclaimed, "Naarden, Harlem! your hour has come." Well may they have expected a settlement of the long account which they, as tools of the Blood Council and of the Inquisition, had run up with the suffering people. They were marched solemnly down toward the quay, where a vessel was in readiness to receive them. The shouts of the excited populace accompanied them, "To the gallows with them—to the gallows! where they have brought many a good fellow before his time." Although treated respectfully by their guard, they felt sure that they were going to their doom. As they stepped on board the vessel, they were convinced that drowning was to be substituted for hanging as a mode of execution. The wife of one of the

magistrates, who was more hopeful, sent him a couple of clean shirts. "Take them away, take them home again," said the despairing burgo-master; "I shall never need clean shirts again in this world." What was the dreadful fate actually executed upon these conscience-stricken agents of tyranny? After the vessel had proceeded a short distance they were all landed high and dry upon the dike and were left there unharmed, with a simple prohibition never again to enter the city! That was the Calvinist way of balancing accounts with Spanish Papists.

Had the Calvinists broken out as a body into the most dreadful excesses, had they used their advantages in matching the atrocities of their oppressors, at worst it would have been taking into their own hands the vengeance that belonged to God alone. The inquisitors and soldiers of Spain had no wrongs to right—they had been maddened by no half century of oppression. They came rather like hungry wolves among innocent, defenceless sheep, to fleece and to slaughter to their hearts' content.

But there is one man who appears so eminent in this age, so calm amid the raging waves,

shedding so mild and steady a radiance through the darkness and the storm, that we only cease to wonder at the English historian's neglect of him in his estimate of the comparative policies of Protestant and Catholic when we remember that he was a Calvinist. Well may we protest against calculating the tendencies of Calvinism in the strife for religious and civil liberty in the latter half of the sixteenth century, with William, Prince of Orange, the Calvinist leader, left out. A communicating member of the Reformed church at Dort, the military leader, the guide, the passionately loved father of a Reformed people, whose Calvinism was of the most decided character, whose liberties he founded after one of the most astounding struggles known to history—fought at fearful odds against their sanguinary persecutors—he was the most illustrious, the most unyielding and the most efficient advocate of religious toleration known to any age. Such a stern purpose to establish a policy of gentleness towards the most cruel of creeds was never known. It was through the agency of this great Calvinist that the true Gospel of the Reformation and of Christ was first effectively proclaimed in the world.

With all the force of his character, with all his authority as a general, he forbade, he punished, he to a large extent prevented, those most natural outbursts of revenge which his countrymen, in their career to liberty, from time to time found it impossible to repress. His own valorous and successful admiral, Van der Marck, the captor of Briel, was imprisoned, dismissed from service and banished, and had like to have lost his head—as his chief assistant actually did—for acts of violence in his career of several years, which Alva's Blood Council no doubt matched many a time in a single day's work—deeds over which Philip's heart would have gloated with savage delight if executed upon heretics.

Motley, in speaking of the union of William with the Reformed or Calvinist church of Dort, says: He was the champion of the political rights of his country, but, before all, he was the defender of its religion. Liberty of conscience for his people was his first object. To establish Luther's axiom, that thoughts are toll free, was his determination. Freedom of worship for all denominations, toleration for all forms of faith, this was the great good in his philosophy. "He was more

than anything else a religious man." The God in whom he believed was that object which so many view with abhorrence—the God of the Calvinist; but to William he was "the merciful God, who is the enemy of all blood-thirstiness."

At the very first meeting of the Estates of Holland under the prince's authority, it was firmly established that the public exercises of divine worship should be free, not only to the Reformed Church, but to the Roman Catholic, the clergy of both being protected from molestation. The prince had previously commissioned Diedrich Sonoy his lieutenant in North Holland, and had instructed him to take care that the word of God was preached and published there, and the religion conformable to that word tolerated wherever the inhabitants desired it; but by no means to suffer those of the Romish Church to be in any sort prejudiced; or that any impediment should be offered them in the exercise of their religion, unless in case of urgent necessity. The magistrates were compelled, under these instructions, to swear not only to allow no person to be molested in the exercise of the Reformed religion,

but to leave Roman Catholics just as free to practice their own.

Van der Marck's commission from the prince, which he presented at this assembly of the Estates, and upon which he was recognized as naval commander, was even more explicit. In that document the prince instructed him to protect and defend the Catholics as well as the Protestants in the free exercise of their religion, and to punish with death those who infringed this order. No well-affected Catholic—the commission prescribed—should be injured in body and goods, nor any convents, churches or chapels violated, lest scandal and dishonor should be brought on a cause so holy as that of the prince and his followers. Thus we see that it was the religious sentiment—the Calvinism, in a word—of the prince which was the actuating principle of his humanity.

Like the Emperor Charles, the prince issued a placard occasionally. We know what those placards were—arbitrary enactments, more uncertain and more cruel than the Inquisition itself. The only placard of the prince which we have met with was published a month before St. Bartholo-

mew's day, 1572, as he was starting on his triumphal march from Roermond to Mons. In this his soldiers were strictly forbidden to molest or injure any person, ecclesiastical or civil, in body, goods or name, upon pain of such corporeal punishment as was due to rebels and disturbers of the public peace. The same placard commanded that the free exercise of religion should be allowed to Papist as well as Protestant, and prohibited all violation of churches and plundering of monasteries.

Such was the unalterable policy of this prince, who became more magnanimous the longer he lived, and who, when, late in life, severely wounded by a pistol shot from a would-be assassin, found breath to plead for the life of the emissary of the Pope; but who, with advancing years, as steadily grew in the strength of his attachment to the Calvinist faith. "Earnestly a convert to the Reformed religion," "favoring daily more and more the cause of the purified Church," these are the phrases in which Motley speaks of his religious convictions. He eschewed bigotry and intolerance to the last. "Let us proclaim this great man," says Michelet, "by the title he de-

serves—king of an immense people then coming to the birth among the peoples at large—I mean the friends of tolerance—the chief of the party of humanity.”

It is needless to carry this argument further. Put in the scale all the excesses of all the Protestants, committed in the Netherlands, in Germany, in Old and in New England, from the time the name was first spoken to the present, and they are outweighed a hundred-fold by the influence of the example and teachings of this great Calvinist leader. Change the scales, and put against three centuries of Calvinist “fanaticism” all over the world the single year 1572 of Popish horrors in France or the Netherlands, and it will outweigh them all a hundred-fold. Change the scales again, and combine into one person and put into one scale all the worst qualities of all the most violent agents of Calvinistic persecutions, and one Titelman, one Vargas of Alva’s Blood Council in the other, will make the concentration of Calvinist cruelty kick the beam.

ALKMAER AND LEYDEN.

THE siege of Harlem gave proof that at last the spirit of resistance was fully aroused. Heretofore each town, almost as soon as it was summoned, surrendered at discretion to the dreaded Spaniards.

But the revolution of the spring of 1572 had a foundation too deep to be thus easily swept away. Though Harlem fell, and though its stout resistance was punished in blood, the Spaniards were made to feel that they had tracked the indomitable spirit of liberty to its lair in these half-drowned coasts of the North of Holland.

The discouragement among the patriots at the fall of Harlem was indeed well-nigh overwhelming. It seemed in truth as if the prince's words would come true, and that he was about to find in Holland his sepulchre. At first he could do nothing but set an example of resignation. To his valorous brother, Count Louis, he wrote, "I

had hoped to send you better news; nevertheless, since it has otherwise pleased the good God, we must conform ourselves to his divine will." But when he saw others desponding around him, his soul took a strong hold on God, and he spoke in bolder language. As the triumphant army of the Spaniards moved northward to attack the town of Alkmaer, his lieutenant, Sonoy, wrote him a gloomy letter, as well he might in human view. He sought for comfort from him to whom the whole people instinctively looked in those heavy years. Had the prince formed some foreign alliance, from which they, in their extremely weak and forlorn condition, might expect help against so mighty and so cruel a foe?

The prince's reply is one of those grand and stirring utterances that roused and strengthened at once, because it showed that the secret of his superiority to disaster was in a source above all human alliances: "Though God had suffered misfortune to fall upon Harlem, should men, therefore, deny or forsake His holy word? Was His mighty hand shortened? Would His Church and people be utterly ruined by the loss of one city? The mere force of the enemy had not

indeed subdued that, much less would it subdue so many stronger towns, which, he thanked God, still remained to declare His word and to honor His name, and which were now better prepared than ever for resistance.

“You ask whether I have entered into any alliance with other princes; to which I answer that, before I ever took up the cause of these oppressed Christians, I entered into a close alliance with the King of kings, who never forsook those that trusted in Him, and would assuredly at the last confound both His and their enemies.”

It was from a solitary man, penned in by one of the greatest nations of Christendom upon a narrow sand-bar, without counsellors or associates, without worldly resources, without an army, a purse, or a foreign alliance, a leader beaten in two campaigns and robbed of one of the cities in the heart of his insignificant territory, that these words of lofty cheer and holy boldness proceeded. The drooping spirit of resistance was kindled afresh by their clarion tones. In a few days after a token for good was given him in the capture by his friends of the castle of Rammekens on the island of Walcheren, near Flushing.

The siege of Alkmaer was begun, we know with what fell purpose by the foe, enraged by the long and costly resistance of Harlem. After various preliminary operations, on the 8th of September a steady cannonade of nearly twelve hours was directed against the walls. At three o'clock in the afternoon an assault was ordered by the duke's son, Frederick, who was in command. Even his ill-success in the assaults upon Harlem would scarce prepare him for failure here, where the garrison comprised but eight hundred soldiers and thirteen hundred volunteers, with no corps of Amazons to match that of Harlem. Yet in the spirit with which the storming party was met even Harlem was outdone. Every living man was on the walls. Besides the usual weapons of defence, the Spaniards were assaulted with boiling water, pitch, and oil, with molten lead and lime, and hundreds of tarred and burning hoops, which were skillfully planted around the necks and on the shoulders of the Spaniards. The few soldiers who reached the top were speedily hurled back into the moat below. During the four dreadful hours which the combat lasted, not a man flinched from his post on the walls till he dropped

dead or wounded; while the women and children, heedless of flying bullets and of the hideous uproar, plied back and forth between the arsenal and the ramparts, supplying their defenders with ammunition. Thus every inhabitant that could walk was engaged in the defence. One of the assailants, who had climbed the ramparts and gained time for a look within before he was hurled into the moat, having escaped with his life, reported that he had seen "neither helmet nor harness," as he looked down into the city, only some plain-looking people, generally dressed like fishermen.

Three separate attacks were made; night fell, and the Spaniards were as far from capturing the city as ever. The trumpet of recall was sounded, and the baffled legions withdrew, leaving one thousand dead in the trenches, while only thirty-seven of the besieged lost their lives. A besieging army of sixteen thousand would soon wear itself utterly away upon such an anvil. The next day, after a renewed cannonading, a fresh assault was ordered, but the discomfited soldiers would not stir. They believed that more than mortal resistance had been offered the previous day.

Surely, the few half-starved fishermen who had kept the proud legions of Alva at bay were in league with the devil. Several soldiers allowed themselves to be run through with the sword rather than face those foes again.

While the siege was going on a Reformed minister died within the walls. As he lay on his death-bed, he sent for some of the prominent citizens, and earnestly exhorted them to keep up their courage, as deliverance was surely approaching. "God," he said, "will give you good success, and the enemy shall not take the town this time." Gertruydenberg, too, a sea-coast town ten miles south-east of Dort, was captured by the indefatigable Zealanders while this siege was in progress.

The brave North Hollanders preferred to see their country submerged rather than that it should become the prey of tyrants and inquisitors. The dikes had already been cut in several places around Alkmaer, and the ground on which the Spanish army was encamped began to be miry. An order of the prince to open all the great sluices and place guards to prevent any one shutting them, and thus to overwhelm the entire province of North Holland with the sea, fell into

the hands of Frederick. Resistance to such weapons he felt to be useless. He had made no preparations for a campaign against the deluge, and did not care to share the fate of Pharaoh and his hosts. While a dry path was yet open he determined to retreat from foes who, if they had not the wonder-working rod of Moses, had Moses' God upon their side. After an inglorious campaign of seven weeks, the men who had waited seven months before Harlem raised the siege of Alkmaer. One town at last had repelled the terrible Spaniards from its walls.

Said the prince, in one of the most impassioned of his appeals, issued about this time, "Therefore have we taken up arms against the Duke of Alva and his adherents, to free ourselves, our wives and children from his bloodthirsty hands. If he prove too strong for us, we will rather die an honorable death and leave a praiseworthy fame than bend our necks and reduce our dear fatherland to such slavery. Herein are all our cities pledged to each other, to stand every siege, to dare the utmost, to endure every possible misery, yea rather to set fire to all our homes and be consumed with them into ashes together,

than ever submit to the decrees of this cruel tyrant."

It was by cherishing and diffusing such sentiments that the prince kept up the courage of the people, and nerved them to such deeds as the heroic defence of Harlem, of Alkmaer and of Leyden. Nor did successes come singly. The ramparts of Alkmaer had stayed the fierce waves of Spanish conquest, and the tide then ebbed for ever afterwards. Only three days passed when a complete naval victory on the Zuyder-Zee threw into their hands three hundred prisoners and the Spanish admiral and governor Bossu. He will be remembered as the butcher of the defenceless people of Rotterdam in the early part of the previous year. It was well that he had fallen into the hands of enemies no more given to revenge than were these Calvinists. The populace let him see that they had not forgotten his misdeeds, but no greater harm befell him than imprisonment at Horn.

On the 18th of December the Duke of Alva, in compliance with his own request, and perhaps because the king saw how ineffectual had been his viceroy's policy of cruelty, resigned his posi-

tion as governor of the Netherlands. Certainly Requesens, his successor, was a much milder man. The duke brought his career in the Netherlands to a most inglorious conclusion. His army was repulsed, his navy destroyed and its commander captured; his overwhelming successes in the past, his career of victory and of terror had been suddenly arrested, and all their fruits imperiled if not lost by the courageous resistance of a portion of three little provinces, mere sand-bars on the edge of the North Sea. A few burghers, with their wives and children, behind the weak walls of Harlem, had cost him twelve thousand soldiers, some of them the choice troops of the Spanish army. The remainder of his army had to fly from the defences of a town whose whole population was probably little more than half the number of the besiegers.

But the great duke must needs cover his departure with meanness as well as misfortune. Early in November he notified his creditors, who were numerous and whose accounts were long, to call in person for settlement on a certain day. On the night before that day the duke and his train stole away in secret, like a party of swindlers

escaping arrest. We do not hear that he boasted of this achievement, but we read that he told, with exultation, that under his administration he had caused the death of eighteen thousand six hundred inhabitants of the Provinces by regular process and execution; the number of those who, through his means, had fallen by battle, siege, starvation and massacre, neither he nor any one else could compute. It was a marked illustration of the different temper of the new governor, Requesens, that his first act was to pull down the triumphal statue of Alva in the citadel of Antwerp, and then to offer pardon to all who would desert the Reformed faith and come back to Mother Church.

The prince, for a time, feared the effect of this new policy upon his hard-pressed and suffering countrymen. An imprisoned nobleman from the patriot ranks, the eloquent and famous St. Aldegonde, whose life was spared only because William held the Spanish admiral Bossu as a hostage, counseled William to accept the amnesty. But the persuasions of a valued friend could not move the steadfast mind of the prince. He insisted on the withdrawal of the foreign troops,

the restoration of the old constitutional privileges of the country, and entire freedom of conscience in religious matters.

Nor were the people themselves of a different mind. During these days of persecution, war, siege, hunger and massacre, the Gospel had been spreading more and more among the people. The light and comfort of divine truth were too precious to be surrendered for any earthly return. The doctrines of the Reformation were almost universally accepted in Holland and Zealand. It was difficult to find a Catholic in these provinces who was not a government agent. The offers of amnesty were treated with universal contempt. A brewer in Utrecht and the son of a refugee pedlar from Leyden were the only persons who came forward to accept its conditions. With the Prince of Orange, the people universally declared, "As long as there is a living man left in the country we will contend for our liberty and our religion." "Better a drowned land than a lost land," cried the farmers with enthusiasm, as they devoted their fertile fields to desolation, and even subscribed liberally to the expense of breaking down the dikes which protected them. Large

sums were also contributed by the ladies of the country, who freely furnished plate, jewelry and costly furniture in aid of the scheme.

An unbroken tide of success now attended the patriot arms in these three provinces, which were the scene of conflict. They had driven a besieging army from one of their towns; they now themselves became the besiegers. On the island of Walcheren, the important city of Middleburg still held out for the Spaniards. But it was now closely pressed by the Zealanders, and the hardships of the patriots in Harlem began to be felt by its inhabitants. As the Water Beggars had command of the sea, the Spaniards found it impossible to furnish the city with supplies or to make any demonstrations against the patriots. In January, 1574, while famine was staring the garrison in the face, the Spaniards made a desperate but utterly fruitless attempt to reach them with reinforcements and provisions. Their fleet was repulsed; fifteen ships were taken by the Water Beggars, twelve hundred of their force slain, and the commander of the expedition was compelled to slip from the port-hole of his vessel and swim for life. The city surrendered on the

18th of February; and although such horrid precedents had been given before their eyes by their enemy, and though this city had resisted their efforts nearly two years, not a drop of blood was spilt by the patriots; the garrison was allowed to depart unharmed, the Catholic priests were banished, and a fine of three hundred thousand florins, imposed upon the inhabitants, was reduced by the prince to one-third that amount. The Spanish commander was released, on condition that St. Aldegonde and four other patriot prisoners be discharged by the Spaniards; otherwise he bound himself to return in two months and deliver himself to the prince again. St. Aldegonde, with his companions, was not released, nor did the paroled prisoner ever come back, as he promised.

A sad disaster now befell William and the patriot cause. His brother, the gallant Louis, had collected a little army of four or five thousand soldiers in Germany, and was marching to aid the prince. He was met at Mookerhyde, on the right bank of the Meuse, by the Spanish army, part of it under the command of the paroled general of Middleburg. Before the bat-

tle the count's ill-paid mercenaries mutinied, and one thousand of their number marched off in a body. The result of the battle, which was fought April 14, 1574, was a defeat as utter as that of Jemmingen, and the gallant Louis and his younger brother Henry were slain.

The prince, with a force of six thousand soldiers which he had contrived to raise, was waiting at the island of Bommel to form a junction with Louis. For a considerable time after the disaster, which occurred directly across the country from Bommel, and not more than forty miles distant, he could hear nothing but vague rumors. The bodies of his brothers were never recognized by the enemy, so that even after it became certain that Louis had been defeated, the prince clung to the hope that one or both of them might yet appear. They never did; with Adolphus, slain at Heiliger Lee, they had laid down their lives for the cause to which they were so earnestly devoted.

The Spanish soldiers, too, were in arrears, and they lost to their cause the fruits of this victory by a mutiny of the most prolonged and formidable character. Instead of advancing directly

from the battle-field to overwhelm William, at Bommel, they set at defiance all authority and marched into Antwerp, then in the hands of the Spaniards. There they set up their own officers and compelled the towns-people to entertain them in the most sumptuous style. Finally, the Spanish viceroy, Requesens, was compelled to make terms with them, and by a forced loan from the citizens of Antwerp arrange for their payment. In the midst of these transactions, in the latter part of the month, the Water Beggars had sailed up the Scheldt, and, almost under the eyes of the soldiers, they sunk and destroyed fourteen of the Spanish fleet of twenty-two vessels, and carried off the admiral captive.

When Louis commenced his march to succor the prince, the Spaniards raised the siege of Leyden, which they had begun October 31, 1573, soon after the failure of their attempt upon Alkmaer. Upon the defeat of Louis they returned, and recommenced the siege on the 26th of May, 1574. This beautiful city was situated at the southern extremity of Harlem Lake, as Harlem was at the northern—the two cities being about fifteen miles apart. The broad and cleanly streets,

often channeled with canals, fed by the waters of the Rhine, crossed by more than a hundred cut-stone bridges, and shaded with limes, poplars and willows, the elegant mansions and splendid public buildings, the general thrift and comfort of the place, distinguished it among the large and wealthy cities of the Provinces. On an elevation, in the midst of the city, rose a very ancient tower, whose origin was quite unknown. Its battlements were crumbling and the centre was overgrown with oaks; but from the top a charming view of the surrounding country, with towns and villages, and vast fertile fields and every variety of water prospect, could be seen. Many a burgher of Leyden ascended the old tower during the summer that was approaching; but the widely-spread landscape had no charms for his eye, which was strained in one single direction, to descry the help which alone could save from starvation and from capture.

The beautiful city was soon girdled around with redoubts, bristling with artillery and with Spanish soldiers, whose numbers—eight thousand at first—were augmented by daily arrivals. To live off these Leaguers, there were scarcely a

thousand regular troops in the garrison; but such striking examples of what the undisciplined valor of citizen volunteers could accomplish had been given at Harlem and Alkmaer that comparatively little anxiety was felt on that score. More serious was the neglect properly to provision the city. Should the assaults of the besiegers upon the walls be repelled, there was no force within, and, since the defeat of Louis, no force without, to compel them to raise the siege; so that the city, sooner or later, must fall by famine alone.

But death even by famine may be borne in preference to other evils, and men in whom the indomitable spirit of religious and civil liberty is thoroughly aroused can endure unwonted degrees of suffering, and, with Divine aid, devise and accomplish unwonted schemes of deliverance. Give us Calvinists to stand a siege, endure a famine, and achieve miracles of suffering and daring in a righteous cause! Leyden and Derry will for ever stand to witness who have been the most efficient friends of liberty in modern times.

The prince's noble exhortations, conveyed to the besieged citizens through the enemy's lines, made them conscious of their lofty position. They

were not about to contend for themselves alone, he said, but the fate of their country and of unborn generations would, in all probability, depend upon the result of the struggle. Eternal glory would be theirs, if they manifested a courage worthy of their race and of the sacred cause of religion and liberty. He assured them he would devise every means possible for their relief, and implored them to hold out at least three months.

Again we feel how close and constant must have been this man's dependence on an Almighty arm. More alone than ever since the death of his brothers, he had less than ever to hope for from the great nations of Christendom. The English government was more cold and haughty than ever. An Englishman was discovered actually employed to assassinate him and his only remaining brother John; and when arrested and questioned, the miscreant declared that his undertaking was with the full consent and knowledge of Elizabeth. At this time, too, came the amnesty proclamation already spoken of, which was addressed with the most urgent and ample offers of pardon to the citizens of Leyden especially. Encompassed by such mighty discouragements,

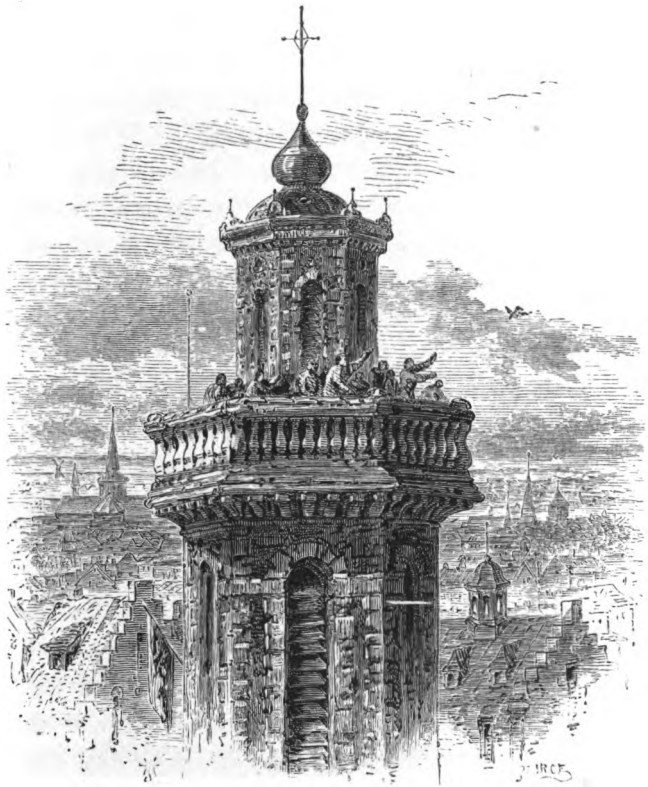
only the man who put his trust in God, and daily repaired to the court of a Monarch higher and yet nearer than Paris or London, could have refrained from despair. The same Saviour who trod upon the stormy seas for the deliverance of his disciples, and who still governed and guided the elements for the good of his Church, would, in due season, make the same stormy element work deliverance to his imperiled Church and cause in Leyden.

The prince held a fortified position between Delft and Rotterdam, about twenty miles from Leyden, which gave him command of the dikes of the Meuse and Yssel rivers, on two sides of a quadrangle, on the upper side of which stood the beleaguered city. He had already made up his mind what was necessary to be done, and the enemy had a sufficiently clear idea of his power and purposes, to make an effort to drive him from the dykes. On the 29th of June an assault was made upon the prince's position by the Spaniards, but they were driven off with a loss of several hundred. The prince continued his preparations. On the 3d of August the dikes of the Yssel along one side of the parallelogram were pierced,

under his personal superintendence, in sixteen places. The great sluice-gates at Rotterdam and Schiedam on the south were opened at the same time, and the friendly waters began to inundate the fertile fields and growing crops, until a lake, the counterpart of Harlem, seemed about to swallow up the heart of the province of South Holland. A fleet of two hundred vessels of light draught, loaded with provisions and manned by the sturdiest of the Water Beggars, was gathering at Rotterdam.

But sore famine had already begun to take the part of the Spaniards in Leyden. The three months of endurance required by the prince were passed; the bread was all gone, and the poor substitute of malt cake or barley, from which a large part of the nutriment had already been extracted by brewing, would last but four days longer. But on the day the three months expired a letter from the prince reached the city, assuring the inhabitants that the dikes were all pierced and the water rising on the Land Schieding, the great barrier which separated the city from the sea.

The encouraging letter was read to the citizens



Beggars of Holland.

Arrival of the Carrier Dove at Leyden.

in the market-place. Bands of music were sent through the city to cheer the inhabitants, and salvos of artillery fired from the walls. The Spaniards, for once, were puzzled. The prince's movements had thus far escaped them, and only by looking sharply at the waters around them, and finding they had everywhere risen upon them ten inches, did they become fully aware of the catastrophe which threatened them.

A week passed from the date of this cheering epistle, but no help came. The few Catholics in the populace, so far from being molested by these sorely pressed Calvinists, were borne with while they jeered and taunted their fellow-citizens with the absurd vision of relief which they so fondly cherished. "Go up to the tower, ye Beggars," they would cry; "go up and tell us if ye can see the ocean coming over the dry land to your relief." And many were the anxious hearts and wistful eyes that, from the ancient tower, watched almost despairingly for the long-promised, importunately prayed-for deliverance.

In the midst of these superhuman exertions the overtaken system of the man of iron, who had stood up under every burden, for once gave

way. In a state of utter bodily prostration, under an attack of fever, he lay for several days at Rotterdam. In spite of the prescription of rest by his medical attendants, as almost the only medicine needed, he continued, from his sick-bed, to give minute directions for the expedition, and to dictate encouraging letters to the besieged city. From these last, however, he excluded all reference to his prostrate condition, lest he should unduly alarm instead of comfort the citizens. It was upon the strong meat of the Divine decrees that this Calvinist leader consoled himself on this bed of languishing. He wrote to his only surviving brother: "God will ordain for me all which is necessary for my good and my salvation. He will load me with no more afflictions than the frailty of this nature can sustain." The prince was soon convalescent, though for a considerable time he did not regain his wonted health.

On the 1st of September the important arrival of the victorious Admiral Boisot with eight hundred veteran Sea Beggars seemed to leave nothing to be wished in the way of preparation. These renowned Zealanders wore the scars of a life-time of conflict. They carried crescents in their caps,

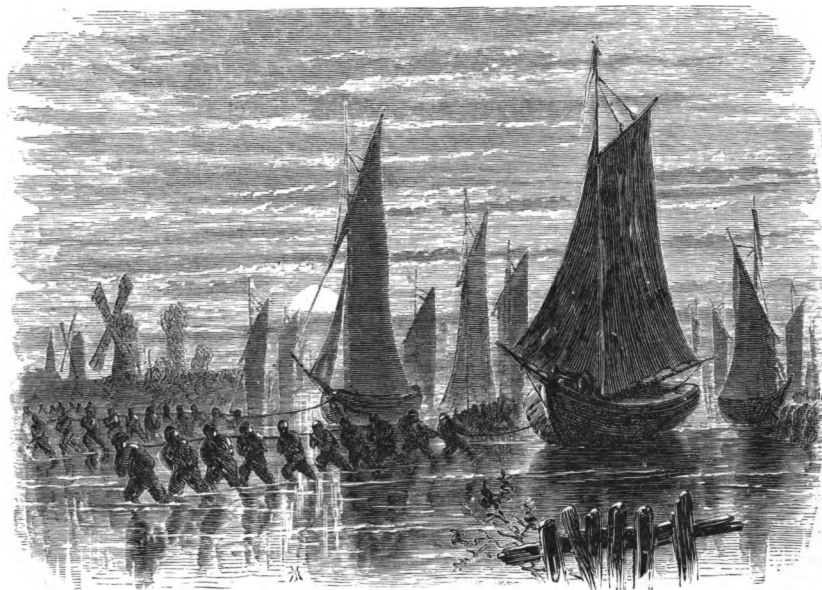
with the motto, "Rather Turkish than Popish," and they were sworn never to give or take quarter. The whole force on board the fleet was twenty-five hundred veterans, experienced in service on sea and land.

The fleet made its way, with ease, over ten miles of drowned fields till within five miles of Leyden. There a dyke was found a foot and a half above water. This barrier did not detain them long. After a brief struggle the Spaniards were driven off, with the loss of several hundred men, and the dyke was soon leveled and passed. Once inside this barrier, the admiral supposed the tide would roll unobstructed to the foot of the city walls. He was greatly mistaken. Another dyke, three-quarters of a mile inland, had to be wrested from the Spaniards. The second dyke was passed and two miles of the five lay behind them. But the remaining three were so much more difficult than the twelve of the course thus far, that it seemed, many times over, that the expedition must be abandoned, or that the people would certainly starve before the small intervening distance could be surmounted.

An east wind now prevailed, driving the waters

out of the North Sea, and lowering the tide so much that the water became too shallow for the ships. A canal, leading to a large fresh-water lake directly in his path to the city, was before the admiral; but by this time the Spaniards had recovered themselves, and held the canal with such determination that the admiral was obliged to retire and wait a more favorable state of the tide, when the in-coming sea would put him beyond the need of all artificial channels. A whole precious week of inaction, and a whole city in the agonies of starvation but three miles off! But the same compassionate Saviour who waited until Lazarus was dead before he started to his relief was mysteriously controlling the instrumentalities for the succor of his people even now. The wind shifted, the tide rose, and on the 19th of September the armada was afloat again.

The dyke was now broken, and the Spaniards flying in dread. Nearer and nearer the flotilla approached the city. An enormous "iron-clad," as we should call it, named the "Ark of Delft," moved by paddle-wheels turned by a crank—a sort of anticipation of our modern improved war vessels—had the advance in this unparalleled



Beggars of Holland.

The Water Beggars dragging their Vessel.

expedition. The enemy was now driven from all of his sixty-two redoubts except three. At Leydendorp was the headquarters of the Spanish army; the principal post besides this was the strong tower of Lammen, each within a mile of the walls. Close to these fortresses, with the circumscribed dry land around crowded with Spanish soldiers, driven in like wild animals by a deluge, the fleet was once more caught by a fall of the tide, and day after day lay motionless in sight of the city walls.

Within those walls worse horrors even than Harlem saw were being endured. The inhabitants knew how near their deliverers had come. They saw the light of blazing villages, they heard their artillery, but for days they waited in vain for their closer approach. At every morning's dawn they turned their wistful eyes to the vanes on the steeples in hope of a favorable change, and every morning those vanes still pointed, with dreadful steadfastness, to the east. Everything counted edible had entirely disappeared. Objects despised and abhorred by men not in want had become luxuries. Women and children were seen searching in gutters and dunghills for morsels of

food, with which to stay the cravings of hunger. Every green thing within reach was devoured. Despair was at the door.

Death came as a relief to multitudes. Babes swooned for hunger and perished on their mother's bosoms; mothers dropped dead on the streets with their dead infants in their arms. The plague followed in the footsteps of the famine, and in many a house the watchmen, on their rounds, found father, mother, and children side by side in the arms of death. It is computed that one-sixth of the population perished from disease alone during the siege.

While famine and pestilence thus wrapped the once gay and joyous city in ever-deepening horrors, and while the hearts of the people grew sick with waiting for help which did not come, the enemy at the gates redoubled his persuasions and promises. All the vows that ever treacherous Spaniards made to a city of besieged Calvinists were repeated to the men of Leyden. But famine and pestilence were more merciful, in the opinion of these people, than the softest-speaking emissary of the Pope. Valdez made no impression by his many vows and messages on the starving, despair-

ing, but resolute people. Some murmurers, it is true, were found, but posterity is indebted to them for bringing from the heroic burgomaster, Vanderwerf, a reproof as sublime as anything that has ever fallen from patriot lips. Waving his hat to a party of malcontents who had followed him to the great square, he exclaimed: "What would ye, my friends? Why do ye murmur that we do not break our vows and surrender the city to the Spaniards—a fate more horrible than the agony which she now endures? I tell you I have made an oath to hold this city, and may God give me strength to keep my oath! I can die but once, whether by your hands, the enemy's, or by the hand of God. My own fate is indifferent to me; not so that of the city entrusted to my care. I know that we shall starve if not soon relieved, but starvation is better than the dishonored death which is the only alternative. Your threats move me not; my life is at your disposal. Here is my sword; plunge it into my breast and divide my flesh among you. Take my body to appease your hunger, but expect no surrender so long as I remain alive."

The lofty courage of the burgomaster, whose

sunken eye and haggard countenance showed that his words were no vain burst of mere sentiment, put to flight in a moment all craven thoughts and turned the murmur of the crowd into shouts of applause and vows of defiance to the enemy. Over the ramparts they cried out to the besiegers that they would sooner devour their left arms than to yield their families, their liberty and their religion to the tyrant. Never, never, would they surrender. When the last hour came, with their own hands they would set fire to the city and perish, men, women and children, in the flames, rather than suffer their homes to be polluted and their liberties crushed.

On the 28th of September a dove flew into the city bearing a message more welcome than the olive-leaf plucked off and borne by the dove into Noah's ark. It brought a most encouraging message from the admiral, and the bells of the city were rung for joy. But the next day the vanes still pointed east, and the waters continued slowly to fall, carrying every vestige of hope with them. The bravest could scarce maintain faith and expectation. Even the admiral's heart sank with the sinking tide, and he wrote in most desponding

terms to the prince. Three days afterwards, "through the dear might of Him that walked the waves," the long-deferred change appeared, and the listless vanes swung upon their pivots again. The equinoctial gales arose—the great winds were loosed from their caves. First the furious North-west swept down from the Polar seas, crowding and driving the friendly billows swiftly before him. Then, by a sudden change, the still more violent South-west came storming up the Channel, thus meeting and piling up the waters and rolling the vast waves upon the shore. Obedient to the Divine command, the elements lifted the stranded vessels from the ground and bore them on their wonderful way. At midnight, amid storm and darkness, they broke through the last obstruction, met the Spanish vessels, and fought and sunk them among the submerged chimneys and treetops, and frightened away the Spanish garrisons from every fort but one. Hundreds of the fugitives perished in the deepening flood, which continually encroached on the narrow path yet left open for their flight. The Sea Beggars sprang from their vessels and rushed upon the flying Spaniards, and with harpoons,

boat-hooks and daggers transfixed and drowned them by scores.

But the Lammen fortress, two hundred and fifty yards from the city walls, was still held by the Spaniards, and its walls swarmed with men and bristled with artillery. The admiral was alarmed at its formidable aspect. Well-manned as it was, he felt it would be madness to attempt to pass it. The Lammen must be reduced before Leyden would be relieved. Boisot spent what remained of the day (October 2d) in reconnoitering. His conclusions were not at all encouraging. The attack must and should be made, but as to the result? Well, the enterprise might yet founder within hail of the famished inhabitants. Boisot began to fear that he should have to wait for another storm of wind, and a higher stage of water, in order to pass around the city and enter by the gate on the northern side, where no such obstructions would be encountered.

The citizens had learned, by a message carried in the usual way by a dove, the precise position of the fleet. Frantic with fear lest, after all, they should be left to perish, they resolved upon a sortie against the grim and frowning Lammen

in the dawn of the next morning. All parties passed a night of uncertainty, more agonizing than anything felt during the whole progress of the siege. It was pitch dark. Strange sights were seen and strange noises were heard by the citizens and the Water Beggars. A long procession of lights was seen issuing from the dreaded fort, and dancing up and down over the face of the black, watery waste. There was a sound and a tremor far and wide as of an earthquake. Many rods of the city wall had fallen without a sign—citizens and Spaniards were struck with terror at the crash.

Morning broke and yet all was still. A wide gap yawned towards the besiegers, more inviting than any breach made by their cannon in the wall. There was neither sight nor sound on the ramparts of the *Lammen*. The admiral almost believed that the city had been captured in the night, and that the massacre had already begun. At that moment a solitary boy was seen waving his hat from the fortress, and a man was observed wading through the water, breast high, from the fort towards the fleet. Joyful moment! News too good to be true! The angel of the Lord had

smitten the Spaniards with panic; every man of them had fled in the night by the light of the lanterns; and the crash of the falling wall, which, if they had understood, would probably have kept them, hastened their flight. The gates were thrown open, and on the 3d of October, more than five months from the beginning of the second siege, the suffering city was relieved.

Every human being that could stand was out to welcome the deliverers. As the vessels were rowed up the canals, loaves of bread were thrown out among the perishing multitudes; and not a few who had been snatched from the jaws of death by famine, choked themselves to death with plenty. After their human deliverer stepped ashore, the first thought of the people was to pour out their hearts in thankfulness to the Divine Being whose providence had so wonderfully guided him to their rescue. A solemn procession was immediately formed. Magistrates and citizens, wild Sea Beggars, emaciated burgherguards, sailors, soldiers, women and children moved without delay to the great church, the admiral leading the way. What unutterable thoughts crowded upon their minds as they

entered the sacred building! They thought of the mystery of that Divine will which had suffered the help to pause so many precious days on the road, and their hearts swelled as they thought upon husbands, wives and children, who had just gasped away their lives, and for whom no earthly deliverance would avail. Then they thought, how like a miracle it was that such a scheme of deliverance should succeed at all; how God had smitten their enemy with dismay almost from the starting of the expedition; how he had sent his stormy winds and waves to hasten it on its course; how, if the last storm had been delayed but twenty-four hours longer, and the wall had fallen before the Spaniards fled, not a soul of them might have been alive at this hour; how God, in that memorable night, had seemed to girdle their city with his own arm, and made the very losses of its defences a means of speeding the rescue. A voice was found to lead them with prayer, but when the thanksgiving hymn was raised, their pent-up feelings, deepened by the music, were too big for utterance. The whole multitude broke down in the midst of the song, and all wept together like children.

The prince was at service in Delft when he heard the joyful news. He had received a note early in the morning, communicating Boisot's fears for the result of the intended assault. The doubts were gone, the long strain was over, Leyden was saved. He handed the note to the minister, and the whole congregation poured forth their exultation in grateful thanksgiving. The next day, although far from recovered from the effects of his August fever, he hastened to Leyden, to see with his own eyes the proofs of its fortitude, of the valor of its deliverers, of the complete success of his own schemes, and of the goodness and favor of that God who by his providence and Spirit had nerved all to do and to suffer in this great undertaking, and had removed all the great and seemingly insuperable obstacles out of their way. One more providence was yet added to the chain in which the rescue of Leyden was involved. On the 4th of October, the very next day after the entrance of the fleet, the wind shifted back to the north-east and blew a tempest. The waters, like those of the deluge, had done the bidding of their Master, had overwhelmed His enemies and saved His beleaguered Church,

and now rolled back to the ocean, leaving the land bare for His people's use. Had the fleet been delayed one day more by the Lammen, a totally different issue might have attended the struggle.

In commemoration of this great deliverance, and as a reward for the splendid constancy of the suffering people of Leyden, a university was founded in the city, which afterwards became among the most famous in the world. The privilege of holding an annual fair for ten days, without tolls or taxes, was also voted to the city by the grateful Hollanders.

Thus, through hardships greater than can be told, through sieges and battles, through victories and defeats, through assassination and massacre, through fire and blood, through intrigue, opposition or neglect of foreign courts, by stout hearts, by undying hatred of tyranny and unquenchable love of the pure word and truth of God, and by sublime trust in Him who is Head over all things to His Church, these Hollanders, sustained as if by miracle in the unequal conflict, fought out for their generation the battle of civil and religious liberty, and left on record, for all generations

to come, their martyr testimony to its priceless value.

While the siege of Leyden was in progress the work of constructing the Reformed Church was earnestly begun. In these Provinces, penetrated and dissevered by the forces of the enemy, and threatened with destruction every day, the ministers of God calmly assembled in the first Synod of Dort. This was a flourishing town on one of the many islands of the archipelago, most of which are included in Zealand; but this belonged to the province of South Holland. Here for twelve days, from the 16th to the 28th of June, 1574, the clergy of the three provinces of North and South Holland and Zealand deliberated upon the interests of the churches which had arisen amid the long struggle with Philip, and which had been baptized with the baptism of their suffering Master. No feeble, undecided form of doctrine, no wisp of straw for an organization, would befit these churches, which had, as yet, only mounted half the terrible and toilsome road to peace and security. The excellent and scarcely equaled Heidelberg Catechism was adopted as the basis of public teaching, and a custom of the

highest utility, which is still kept up in the Reformed Dutch churches, of preaching regularly upon the doctrines of this summary, was then established. Classes or Presbyteries were formed or recognized, to which ministers were required to be subject. The mention of elders and deacons shows that the Presbyterian form of government, in its full development, was adopted at this Synod. A book of Psalms and Hymns was authorized. Festivals were abolished as unauthorized and popish, although the ministry were allowed to preach on the Incarnation, about Christmas, and inform the people why they did not observe the day; while on Easter and the Feast of Pentecost they might preach on the Resurrection and the Mission of the Holy Ghost. Baptism should be by sprinkling.

Thus, side by side, or rather somewhat in advance of the State, the Church arose out of the corruptions of Romanism through the purifying fires of persecution. Her doctrine was Calvinism, her form of government Presbyterian.