

# THE SOUTHERN PRESBYTERIAN REVIEW.

VOL. XV.—NO. 1.

---

JULY, MDCCCLXII.

---

## ARTICLE I.

### PERSONAL ENGAGEMENT IN THE WORK OF FOREIGN MISSIONS.

AN ADDRESS TO CANDIDATES FOR THE MINISTRY.

I ask your attention, my respected young brethren, to the subject of personal engagement in the work of Foreign Missions. I have no apology to offer, and I presume you have none to ask, for claiming your attention to a matter of such unquestionable importance. It may be taken for granted, that in taking the necessary steps for fitting yourselves for the work of the ministry, you have already settled the question of your call to this sacred office. It is to be hoped that, in adopting this conclusion, you were guided by the Holy Ghost; and that the only object you had then, and the only desire you have now, in seeking this office, is to honor your Redeemer in the salvation of your fellow-men.

The next question which will naturally occupy your thoughts, and especially of those of you who are approaching the close of your studies, is, where you are to exercise those ministerial functions for which you are now fitting

VOL. XV., NO. I.—1

## ARTICLE VII.

## MOTLEY'S DUTCH REPUBLIC.

*The Rise of the Dutch Republic. A History.* By JOHN  
LOTHROP MOTLEY. *In three volumes.*

Three great rivers, the Rhine, the Meuse, and the Scheld, had for ages deposited their slime amongst the dunes and the sand-banks heaved up by the ocean around their mouths. A delta was thus formed, habitable at last for man. It was a wild morass of oozy islands and savage forests, amongst lagoons and shallows, partly below the level of the ocean at its higher tides, and subject to constant overflow from rivers, and to frequent terrible inundations by the sea. The coast being skirted by an extensive belt of woodland, the close tangle of thickets operated to prevent the dunes cast up by the sea from drifting further inwards, and thus formed a natural breastwork against the ocean, which time and art were to strengthen. Well was such a country named Lowland, Netherland, Hollowland, or Holland. Here contended for ages, in stubborn conflict with the angry elements, a race thus to be educated for a great struggle with the still more savage despotism of man. Here they chained the ocean with their dykes, and forced mighty streams to fertilize their soil; and here they laid the foundation of a commerce with the furthest ends of the world, and of a great republic, destined to endure for more than two centuries.

When the Empire of Charlemagne fell to pieces, the Netherlands, early in the tenth century, pass out of France into Germany. Now there arise earldoms and dukedoms and other petty sovereignties of the Netherlands, which became hereditary. There are the Dukes of Brabant, the Earls of Flanders, and the Counts of Namur, Hainault,

Zutphen. There were also the Counts of Holland, dividing sway for centuries with their constant and powerful foes, the Bishops of Utrecht, over the seven little districts of Holland, Zeeland, Utrecht, Overijssel, Groningen, Drenthe, and Friesland; all seven being portions of Friesland in the general sense, and destined afterwards to become the United States of the Netherlands, one of the most powerful republics of history.

By the tenth century the old Batavian, and later Roman forms of government, had faded away. There is no great popular assembly, as of old; no generals and temporary kings chosen by the people. The government is by the creatures of kings, till they abjure the creative power, and set up their own. The degenerate Carloyingians have not an arm strong enough to wield the sceptre over the wide realms of their empire. The people are alternately preyed upon by duke and by prelate, and esteem it a happiness to sell themselves into slavery, or to huddle together beneath the castle walls of some little potentate, for the sake of his wolfish protection. But during the five following centuries, three forces are operating upon each other, and upon the general movement of society: the force of the sword in the hands of bishop and of baron; the power of clerks, or the force of educated mind measuring itself against brute violence; and a third force, more potent than either of the preceding, the force of gold, the power of commerce embodied in cities leagued with cities. It is commerce which plucks up half-drowned Holland by the locks and pours gold into her lap; and gold brings strength, and then confidence and courage follow. Thus the mighty power of the purse develops itself, and municipal liberty becomes a substantial fact.

Thus, in these obscure provinces, as in all Europe, modern civilization builds itself up; and society, impelled by great and conflicting forces, makes progress. Agriculture and mechanical occupations begin to devolve upon freemen

instead of serfs. Little boroughs outside the castle gates of the land's master, began to be built up, and were encouraged by the nobles, to aggrandize themselves. Then the population, thus collected, began to divide into guilds, which afterwards grew to be bodies corporate, under charters from the sovereign. Tribunals were set up under these charters, where men of the burgher class were to sit in judgment. The Schout and Schepens, or chief magistrate and aldermen, in process of time came to be elected by the communities. Thus organized, and inspired with the breath of civic life, the communities of Flanders and Holland began to move rapidly forward, owing their advancing prosperity to commerce and to manufactures; and thus, too, the cities began to participate, not only in their own, but in the general government; and towns, as well as nobles, accordingly appear in the assembly of the provincial estates. Thus, also, in lands which nature had apparently condemned to obscure poverty, the principle of rational freedom or regulated liberty was taking deepest root. Already in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, Friesland was a republic, all but the name; and Holland, Flanders, and Brabant, had acquired a large share of self-government.

About the close of the thirteenth century, the long line of the Counts of Holland dies out, and the title, with all its rights, passes to the Counts of Hainault. In another half century, the Hainault line expires. And now the country passes, by marriage, under the rule of the house of Burgundy. Philip, surnamed "the Good," seeks to curtail the political privileges of the Netherlands. A worse tyrant succeeds Philip—his son, Charles the Bold. The Netherlands were for him but as a bank, to be drawn upon for money. By two measures he prostrated the provinces: the removal of the supreme court from the Hague to Mechlin, and his maintenance of a standing army. The court, however, still held its sessions in the country, and the sacred privilege,

*de non evocando*, the right of every Hollander to be tried in his own land, (his *habeas corpus*,) was retained.

But in 1477, Charles lost his life ; and his only child, the Lady Mary, succeeds. Within the provinces where Charles had played the tyrant, there is an elastic rebound, and all that was lost is recovered. The cities met in convention, and all feuds and parties are reconciled, in order to regain their rights. On the other hand, Louis the Eleventh seizes Burgundy ; the Lady Mary appeals to the convention at Ghent for aid, and freely promises to confirm all their old immunities. Now is formally granted by her the "Groot Privilege," or *Great Privilege*, the Magna Charta of Holland. It was a recapitulation and recognition of ancient rights, not an acquisition of new ones—a restoration, not a revolution. Its main points were :

1. The duchess should not marry without the consent of the estates of her provinces.
2. All offices should be filled with natives only.
3. The "Great Council of Holland" should be reëstablished.
4. The cities might hold diets as often as, and wherever, they chose.
5. No taxes should be imposed, and no war undertaken, without consent of the estates.
6. The Netherlands language to be employed in all public and all legal documents.
7. The commands of the duchess to be invalid, if in conflict with the rights of any city.
8. The sovereign to come in person before the estates to make requests for supplies.

Thus at one blow, the law, the sword, the purse, were taken from the sovereign's hand, and given back again into that of the Parliament.

Such, in brief, is Mr. Motley's graphic account of the rise and progress of Dutch freedom, down to the period of its formal acknowledgment in the celebrated instrument just

described. He has himself characterized it as "a recognition of ancient rights, not an acquisition of new privileges." Surely, then, it is not very consistent for him to represent it now as "a noble and temperate vindication of natural liberty." He proceeds to observe that "to no people, more than to the stout burghers of Flanders and Holland, belongs the honor of having battled audaciously and perennially in behalf of human rights."\* Was it on behalf of *human* rights, or of *Netherland* rights, they contended? Did these stout burghers ever dream of acknowledging that all men had the very same? No more than Mr. Motley's forefathers or ours contended, in the revolution of 1776, for the rights of men, and not the rights peculiarly of Britons. To show the author's inconsistency with himself, in these and the many other similar expressions, which all along through this history drop from his pen, we may appeal to the reader of the foregoing sketch, every statement of which is borrowed from him, whether it is not a sketch of the history of constitutional, in distinction from natural freedom. We have said nothing not found in his pages, and we have said nothing respecting any rights except those of Flanders and Holland. But Mr. Motley is, in this particular, not only inconsistent with himself and his own statements, but he suffers himself to fall here into one of the most vulgar errors of our time. He contrasts "natural liberty, the doctrine of more enlightened days," with "natural servitude, the dogma of the dark ages." The enlightened days which the author talks about, are witnessing, in his own New England, and in the whole United States, the tame submission of freemen to a despotism which tramples their constitutional rights under foot; nay, the earnest coöperation of those freemen in every effort of that despotism to destroy constitutional liberty where alone it now exists upon this continent—in these Confederate States.

---

\* Vol. I., p. 52.

Natural liberty is not the doctrine of any truly enlightened age, concerning man fallen and under the curse. It is, on the contrary, a doctrine of French infidelity. The turbid flow of such Jacobin ideas, alas! mingled early with the pure stream of the English doctrine of liberty, as it was asserted by our revolutionary forefathers. It mingles with and defiles the whole course of our author's observations upon the struggles of the Dutch for constitutional freedom. Mr. Motley partakes of the popular sentiments of his own people respecting human rights. His work has no doubt helped to confirm his countrymen in their creed on this subject. His charming story is the vehicle of conveying to the reader's mind, along with many just and noble political sentiments, much, also, that is false and corrupt. In opposition to these radical ideas, we assert that, as to the rights of man, whether considered in the light of the Christian Scriptures or of the soundest political wisdom, the truth is just this, that men have the same right to liberty that they have to property; that is, a right to so much of either, and no more, as they are born to, or as they may lawfully acquire. For there is no liberty worth the name, but rational and regulated liberty; and that is the creature of law, and a matter of inheritance. And thus Dutch rights and British rights have always been held to be very different from the rights of savages or of semi-barbarians, be they red or yellow, black or white.

To return from this digression. The Lady Mary espouses the Archduke Maximilian, and four years after bearing his son Philip, she falls from her horse and dies. This child is her recognized successor, and the Netherlands pass under the dominion of Austria. Thus the house of Hapsburg follows that of Burgundy, as it followed those of the Counts of Hainault and of Holland, and the puissant family of Brabant, in the rule over these provinces. Maximilian is regent now, and step by step he tramples out the liberties he had sworn to protect. He becomes Emperor in

1493, and the boy Philip, surnamed "the Fair," receives, at seventeen years of age, the homage of the different states of the Netherlands. He swears to maintain only what Philip the Good and Charles the Bold had granted; and relinquishing the Great Privilege, and all similar charters, the provinces accept him on these ignominious terms. In 1496, Philip the Fair marries Joanna, daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella. In the first year of the sixteenth century is born of her the second Charlemagne.

Charles the Fifth, King of Spain, Emperor of Germany, Autocrat of half the world, is now Lord of the Netherlands. His course of policy there, especially as carried out by his son, Philip the Second, after him, resulted in the revolt of those provinces. That revolt was both religious and political in its causes. Heresy was a plant of early growth in the Netherlands. From the most ancient period, neither prince, nor people, nor prelates, there, were very dutiful to the Pope. No where did those harbingers of the Reformation, the Waldenses, the Albigenes, the Lollards, the Arnaldists, the Bohemian Brethren, endure a greater share of persecution, than in the Netherlands. Yet in the face of it, heresy flourished in that country. The Scriptures in Netherland rhyme were a potent engine in its hands. Meanwhile, the growing power and luxury of the clergy, and the Church's monstrous wealth, were provoking the hatred of many and mighty persons. Princes and barons, accustomed to the feudal right of military service from all who held lands of them, began, from the thirteenth century downwards, to dispute the title of ecclesiastics to hold vast estates without taxation, and without the performance of military duty. The Netherland sovereigns set themselves vigorously against clerical abuses of all sorts. In the fourteenth century, Wickliffe's doctrines make great progress in the land. In the next century, the invention of printing greatly advances the cause of the Reformation. At the same time, there is a great increase of ecclesiastical abuses in the



provinces. The people cry aloud there, as elsewhere, for reformation. Luther appears, and his doctrines are welcomed in the Netherlands. Charles the Fifth will suppress them by force. He introduces there the papal Inquisition. It is the bloody work of that inhuman court, and the bloody edicts of Charles, without even the pretence of sanction by the estates of Holland, which mainly distinguish the reign of Charles, so far as concerns the Netherlands. Tens of thousands of virtuous, well-disposed men and women, and not Anabaptists, were butchered in cold blood. For twenty years these dreadful edicts were the law of the land, condemning all heretics to death, but allowing repentant males to be slain with the sword, and repentant females to be buried alive, whilst the obstinate, of both sexes, were to be food for the flames.

This was the religious state of the Netherlands at the time of Charles' abdication in favor of Philip the Second, and these were the religious influences which operated in the great Netherland revolt. Let us now glance at the civil condition of the provinces at this period. Mr. Motley says, "the tendency was to substitute fictitious personages for men; a chain of corporations was wound about the liberty of the Netherlands." He says, "the people of the United Netherlands was the personage yet to be invented." "Instead of popular rights, there were state rights; for the large cities, with extensive districts and villages under their government, were rather petty states than municipalities." In his view, it was a great defect that these institutions of the provinces were in so moderate a degree democratic in their character. "There was popular power enough to effect much good, but it was widely scattered, and, at the same time, confined in artificial forms." The supreme legislative and executive functions belonged to the sovereign, yet each city made its by-laws, and possessed, besides, a body of statutes and regulations, made from time to time by its own authority, and confirmed by the prince.

The chief city of the Netherlands, and the commercial capital of the world, Antwerp, for example, had the sovereign solemnly sworn to govern according to the ancient charters and laws. The stadtholder, as his representative, shared his authority with the four estates of the city. There was a Senate of eighteen, appointed by the stadtholder out of a quadruple number nominated by the Senate itself and by the fourth body, called the Borgery. The deans of the guilds, fifty-four in number, two from each guild, selected by the Senate from a triple list of candidates presented by the guilds, composed this fourth body. Their duty was to conduct the examination of candidates claiming admittance to any guild, and to superintend the general affairs of the guilds. Then there was the board of ancients, or ex-senators; and the board of ward-masters, appointed, two from each ward, by the Senate, on nomination by the wards, whose special business it was to enrol the militia, and to attend to its mustering and training. These four branches, with their functionaries and dependents, composed the commonwealth of Antwerp. Assembled together in council, they constituted the great and general court. And no tax could be imposed by the sovereign except with consent of the four branches, all voting separately.

Now our author, of course, believes in the government of the people, directly exercised. We, on the contrary, believe in representative government, both in church and in state; that is, government by the people, but not exercised directly and immediately; government in the hands of chosen rulers. We are as great enemies as Mr. Motley can be to "arbitrary rule," where it robs a people of an inheritance of liberty which has been handed down to them from their fathers, and for which, accordingly, they are prepared by having been educated in its use and enjoyment. But we have no sympathy with his ideas of "human rights." Nor can we sympathize with his appreciation of "popular rights," in distinction from "state rights." Both are

sacred, precisely in proportion as they are just and well-founded. Indeed, what a grand and sacred struggle for state rights that is, which Mr. Motley's own people are just now ruthlessly forcing upon this free-born Confederacy. He rightly observes, that "it was the principle of mercantile association, in the middle ages, which protected the infant steps of human freedom and human industry against violence and wrong." Alas! freedom, let us tell the author, is no more an attribute of humanity, in its present fallen state, than is industry. Those "loftier ideas of human rights," which he so frequently alludes to, in a very indefinite way, are nothing but lower ideas of what liberty is, and what is necessary to be developed in any people, before they can possess or enjoy it. "State rights" go for little with Mr. Motley, as with his countrymen; yet he well remarks that "the spirit of local self-government was always the life-blood of liberty." They are its life-blood now, on this continent, where not the centrifugal force has been too much developed, as he says it was in the Netherlands, but the centripetal, and where the liberties of the Southern States, we trust, are being saved from that central Maelstrom which has swallowed up all those of our former associates of the North.

What we have been pointing out, is one of the defects of this author. His work is tinctured with radicalism. He sneers, for example, at Philip of Burgundy's sovereignty "by inheritance" over some of the provinces, and he equalizes it with his sovereignty over others of them "by force or fraud." \* Now, we submit that these reproaches cast upon *inherited rights*, ill become any philosophic historian. Even for New England this is a dangerous doctrine, where there is such vast inequality of wealth. As for ourselves, we believe what the Saviour of mankind taught upon this subject. Some men are born to rule, and others to be ruled

---

\* Vol. I., p. 184.

by them. Cæsar has *his things*, which must be rendered to him. We believe that absolute government is ordained of God, as well as republics; it follows that the rights of different nations are different, and their duties different. The charm of Mr. Motley's story of the Netherland struggle against tyranny is, that it is the tale of a people's maintaining what of liberty and self-government was theirs by right of birth, and also of the same people's legitimately acquiring in the conflict other and larger franchises. It is the same conflict which, in the seventeenth century, kings and parliament carried on in England, when the liberties of England grew apace. The same general principles were at work, and the same results were attained. It is the same conflict now waging on this continent, between the sovereign States of this Confederacy and the tyrant at Washington, who seeks to despoil them of inherited and chartered rights. It is natural, of course, that Mr. Motley, with his radical ideas, should view the position of affairs in the Netherlands differently from ourselves. He is for universal liberty and human rights. We have been taught in no such school of infidelity. The question of a creature's rights is, with us, a question of God's providence. Government is a divine ordinance, and rights a divine allotment. The rights of Dutchmen, Britons, Americans, are not the rights of all men. If Mr. Motley's radical ideas make him confound things that are not the same, and can not be made the same, it is his misfortune, and a blot upon his beautiful production. He ought to know that all true liberty for nations must be the growth of ages, a thing of gradual and very slow acquirement, a developement from within a people, and not a gift conferred, *ab extra*, upon them.

The author has been charged with perverting and falsifying history. A writer amongst ourselves has published that Motley gives an "*angelic*" portrait of William of Orange, but a "*fiend-like*" picture of Philip the Second. It is not to be denied, that both these characters are strongly drawn,

and William has certainly been charged with some faults by others, which we do not observe that Motley refers to at all. But as to Philip's character, let it be remembered that he does not stand solitary in his infamy, as described by our author. Catharine de Medici, he writes down as "the Italian she-wolf with a litter of cowardly and sanguinary princes." And, indeed, was not Henry the Second fit to be reckoned the progenitor of a race of wolf's cubs, when he leagued himself with Philip the Second to extirpate Protestantism by a murderous extirpation of his own Protestant subjects themselves? Or, will it be questioned that the Duke of Alva was the savage wretch he is here described as being? If Philip's picture is "fiend-like," what shall be said of Alva's, or of Granvelle's, or of that of Charles the Ninth, the author of the stupendous massacre of St. Bartholomew? It seems to us that Motley says well, "The time is past when it could be said that the cruelty of Alva, or the enormities of his administration, have been exaggerated by party violence." "No historical decision is final; an appeal to a more remote posterity, upon more accurate evidence, is always valid." But when "the Duke's own letters can be read; when the testimony to the Duke's crimes are from the criminal's own lips," it is certainly "vain to be expressing historic doubts" of the justice of the charges against him.\* And so it must seem that when, "by the resuscitation of secret documents, over which the dust of three centuries has gathered, we are enabled to study the working of a system of perfect tyranny," when we find amongst these dusty records "a careful portrait of a consummate tyrant, painted by his own hand, in a living daily correspondence with his most trusted confidants;" surely, then we need not question the truthfulness of the picture, merely because it is "fiend-like." Have we never before heard of fiend-like dispositions in human nature?

---

\* Vol. II., p. 505.

In the very war that is now being waged by Mr. Motley's countrymen against ourselves, has there been no display of diabolic deceitfulness or fiendish malignity? Witness the constant misrepresentations of the mendacious Northern press, and even of the chief generals of their army, stimulating their government and their army by false telegrams about victories gained, where, in fact, they met defeats. Witness the brutal attempt to starve the people of Norfolk into the profession of a loyalty they did not feel! Witness the atrocious inhumanity of some of their appliances of war, as, for example, of the bomb-bullet, made of two parts, with explosive materials within one of them, the whole arranged so that upon entering the flesh of our soldiers, and meeting with a bone, the bullet must burst and inflict the most ghastly and fatal wound.\* Witness, above all, that infamous order of their general, Benjamin F. Butler, encouraging his soldiers to treat any lady of New Orleans, who should "by word or gesture" manifest her natural and just contempt and hatred for our invaders, "as a woman of the town plying her vocation"!

Let it also be borne in mind, when we stand aghast at the mendaciousness of Spanish, and even French politics, as portrayed by Motley, that Machiavelli was the common teacher of all European statesmen of that day. But, not to dwell upon this point, there can be no doubt that our author has had access to the best sources of knowledge.

---

\* This statement is made on the published authority of M. F. MAURY, under his own name. This distinguished officer writes as follows:

"To shoot with poisoned arrows is universally admitted to be both savage and barbarous, but our men have been shot with explosive bullets. Imagine a Minie bullet to be cut in two, transversely, and a wire to be inserted endwise through the front half, or cone; the other part is then hollowed out into a cup, filled with fulminate or some other explosive substance, and then securely fitted upon the front part, and in such a manner that when the ball strikes, the wire is driven back, and so by concussion explodes the ball inside the wounded man. Is not that, think you, equal to the poisoned arrow? There can be no mistake about it, for I have seen the missile itself, and would send you one if I could find a safe conveyance for the dangerous thing. The true aim of the savage warfare is to kill and murder; of civilized, to wound and disable. Which is it that the Yankees are waging?"

He has studied this history as well in Dutch as in Spanish writers that have not been generally accessible. Moreover, it is well known that recently the governments of Europe have opened their archives to the inspection of scholars; and thus Mr. Motley has possessed himself of information upon many points not hitherto understood. His integrity ought not to be questioned without good reason. From Brandt he has copied much into his text, and we have found on comparison that he is accurate and careful. The various other Dutch and Spanish authorities followed by him, we have had no opportunity to examine; but he gives chapter and page, wherever he makes statements upon their authority, and so he could hardly venture, even if we supposed him a dishonest writer, to quote them unfairly.

Mr. Motley is a great portrait painter. His work abounds with admirable pictures of men and scenes. We are not now expressing any opinion of the justness of the portraits, but only of their skilful execution as works of art. Charles the Fifth, Philip the Second, William of Orange, the Duke of Alva, the Cardinal Granvelle, Lamoral, Count of Egmont, St. Aldegonde, Don John of Austria, Louis of Nassau, Juan de Vargas, Alexander of Parma, President Viglius, and Balthazar Gerard, the assassin of the Prince, are all life-like, exquisite pictures, now provoking the reader's admiration, and again exciting his detestation of the subject portrayed for his inspection. So, the humiliation of Ghent, the abdication of Charles, the iconomachy in the Netherlands, the origin and rise of the party of the Gueux, the siege of Alkmaar, the sack of Zutphen, the razing of Naarden, the heroic but unavailing defence of Harlem, the massacre at Antwerp, the rescue of Leyden; these are all masterpieces of historical description. The author has vast command of language, and a fine imagination. In the titles affixed to his various chapters, he is frequently a little finical, but we do not observe any such offences against good taste in the body of the work. He

is always attractive, and frequently very eloquent. In short, what he says of the manuscript history of Pontus Payen, so often referred to by him for authority, may be justly said of his own production: his striking sketches, characteristic anecdotes, minute traits, shew the keen observer of men and things: he possesses the dramatic power of setting men and things before the eyes of his readers: his work is full of color and invaluable detail.

We propose to present to the readers of this journal, who can not now obtain the work itself, a sketch of the main facts of the story, and then to offer some observations upon them.

Seven years before his accession, Philip the Second had sworn allegiance to all the charters, constitutions, and privileges of the Netherlands cities. Neither his father nor his grand-father had taken so large an oath. The object was to conciliate the people. Feeble in body, Philip was incredibly small in mind. He had a petty passion for contemptible details, and was slow of speech, but especially prolix with the pen. To one great purpose, early formed, he adhered inflexibly; and that was, the extirpation of Protestant heresy, and the vindication of his title of the most Catholic king. He was intensely Spanish, and it was his policy to rule the Netherlands by Spaniards. Herein his feelings were not like his father's, and herein he forgot one of the wisest lessons Charles had given to his son.

The truce of Vaucelles, signed the 5th of February, 1556, was, through the arts of Pope Paul the Fourth and his nephew, Cardinal Caraffa, very soon interrupted by war between France, in league with the Pope, and Spain. It was an unnatural war, considered in its religious aspects. Philip did so consider it. He was troubled in conscience at the hostile position in which it placed him, as respected the head of the Church of Rome. Nor did Henry the Second himself desire the war. An interview occurs at Peronne, between two ecclesiastics, which involved the future fate of



millions. The Bishop of Arras, afterwards Cardinal Granvelle, and the Cardinal de Lorraine, brother of the Duke of Guise, together resolved upon an end of the present war, so that the two monarchs might unite heart and hand for the extirpation of heresy. Philip determines to begin his crusade against it in the Netherlands, and, with a view to this, arranges to remove his residence to Spain. He appoints Margaret of Parma, the natural daughter of Charles the Fifth, to be Regent; three boards of council are to assist her in the government; the real power, however, was in the *Consulta*, a committee of three members of the state council, by whose deliberations she was instructed secretly to be guided on all important occasions. These three, however, Viglius, Berlaymont, and Arras, were but one, and that one was Arras.

There remained after the peace about four thousand foreign soldiers in the provinces; they were a licentious and rapacious crew, and were felt by the people to be an intolerable burthen. On the 7th of August, 1559, all the provinces were assembled, by their representatives, at Ghent, to receive the parting words of the King. They were spoken through Arras, and full and free mention was made of the "new, reprobate, and damnable sects," and the Regent was publicly enjoined to enforce the edicts for their extirpation; at the same time, the King demands a new levy, of considerable amount. The provinces return their answer, agreeing, all of them, to pay their respective contingents, but all stipulating, as an express antecedent condition, the removal of the Spanish soldiery. The King is grievously offended, but promises what he intended never to perform. Especially was he offended with Orange, at whose door, when departing for Spain, he publicly and with insults laid the thwarting of his plans.

Arras was not only a selfish flatterer, and a ready tool of the Spanish monarch, but he was also his adroit manager, and the guide of his conduct. Being a strict absolutist, he

readily opposed himself to the natural rights of the Netherlands. It was by his advice, too, that the remorseless edict of 1550, an ordinance of blood and fire, was reenacted, as the very first measure of Philip's reign. It provided that no one should sell or buy, give or possess, any writing of Luther, Zwingle, Calvin, or other heretics; no lay person should converse or dispute concerning the Scriptures, or read, teach, or expound them, unless theologically educated; no conventicles should be held; no one should give food or lodging to any suspected of heresy. What was the penalty? Men transgressing, if they did not persist, were to be slain with the sword; and women, in the same case, were to be buried alive; but if they persisted, of whichever sex, they were to be burned alive! Such was Philip's first gift to the Netherlands; and now, upon his departure, this bloody edict was to be executed with the utmost rigor. To add to the apprehensions of the people, both Roman Catholics and Protestants, the number of bishops and the force of the inquisition were to be increased. Instead of the existing four sees, there were to be three archbishoprics, to be filled by the King and the Pope, with fifteen subordinate bishoprics; moreover, each of these fifteen bishops was to appoint nine additional prebendaries, to assist him in the matter of the inquisition throughout his bishopric, two of whom were themselves to be inquisitors.

It was in 1560, the same year that John Knox and his brethren in Scotland organized the Presbyterian Church of that country, that these causes of agitation and dismay in the Netherlands began to operate. To their ancient constitutions, called *handvests*, because the sovereign made them fast with his hand, the people appealed against the dreaded threatenings of Philip's arbitrary power; of Philip's tyranny, who, of all their monarchs, had made especially fast those same constitutions. There was the constitution of Brabant, which provided that the prince should "not increase the clerical powers without the consent of the

nobility and the cities; that he should prosecute no one of his subjects, except in the ordinary and open courts, where the accused might answer, with the help of advocates; that he should appoint no foreigners to office in Brabant; and that, should the prince violate any of these privileges, the inhabitants of Brabant should be thereby discharged of their oaths of allegiance, and might thenceforward conduct themselves as free, independent, and unbound people." Similar were the constitutions and charters of the other provinces, and they were all duly signed and sealed. It was this kind of freedom to which the Netherlands had been long accustomed—the freedom of chartered rights; and of this the hand of a ruthless tyrant was now about to rob them. The clerical state was to be enlarged, against the will of nobles and of cities both, and the administration of justice was to be in the hands of bishops and their creatures, many of them foreigners, and most of them monks. It was not the rights of man, as the author so frequently allows himself to state, but the peculiar and inherited rights of Brabant and of Holland, that were assailed, and in defence of which a long and bloody contest was impending.

Foremost in resistance to aggressions upon these rights, was the Prince of Orange. He was the heir of vast estates and exalted ancestral honors. He was now the stadtholder of Holland, Zeeland, and Utrecht. At a very early age he became a page in the Emperor's household; and, with his customary quickness, the Emperor had recognized the remarkable character of the boy. At fifteen, he was the intimate, almost confidential friend of the Emperor, at whose interviews with the highest personages and on the gravest affairs, Charles would never suffer him to be considered superfluous or intrusive. Thus, carefully to observe men's actions, and silently to ponder their motives, was the favorite occupation of the Prince during his apprenticeship at court; and as he advanced to man's estate, he was con-

stantly selected by the Emperor for the highest duties. It was while sojourning at the French court, as one of the four hostages for the fulfilment of the Spanish treaty, and when hunting with King Henry in the forest of Vincennes, separated from the rest of the company, that the monarch, by a strange fatuity, confided to him the secret scheme agreed on between Philip and himself for the extirpation of "that accursed vermin," the Protestants. His fellow-hostage, the Duke of Alva, was to be the appointed agent in this dreadful business; and Henry appears to have supposed that William was also party to the plot. The way in which the Spanish regiments, detained in the Netherlands, were to further the scheme, and the whole details of it, were laid open by Henry in the most unsuspecting manner. Horror-struck and indignant, the Prince yet held his peace, and kept his countenance; and thus, he who was so rich in conversational endowments, earned his celebrated surname of "the Silent." His purpose, however, was fixed from that hour. To the further stay of the foreign troops, and to the increase of the bishops, he began to oppose the most earnest efforts with the Regent, with Arras, and with the King himself. Egmont and other influential nobles second his efforts, and upon one point they are successful—the troops are removed.

It was soon after this there began the long and mortal combat of Arras, now Cardinal Granvelle, with Orange and the two counts, Egmont and Horn. He was setting himself to monopolize all the powers of the government, and at the same time filling Philip's mind with suspicions and resentment against these nobles. They were represented as wishing to reduce the King's power to a cipher, and to set up a republic or oligarchy under themselves; they were all bankrupts, and this was their plan to enrich themselves. Their opposition to the increase of the bishops, and to the further development of the inquisition, was to throw dust into the people's eyes, and to render his Majesty odious.

The nobles write to the King, on the 11th of March, 1563, a letter of complaints against the Cardinal, and of warnings to himself. His answer, from Spain, was dictated by Granvelle, in the Netherlands. It acknowledged their zeal, but proposed, as they have made no specific charges, that one of them should in person visit Spain, for the purpose of conference. But they all declined the journey. Meanwhile, the Duchess of Parma herself grows weary of the arbitrary sway of Granvelle, and sends her secretary with no friendly reports of him to the King. The nobles formally withdraw from all share in the management of affairs. Philip takes counsel of Alva, and Alva recommends the use of force without stint, to crush the rising spirit of the Dutch. Meanwhile, the Cardinal continues to chronicle for Philip's eye all the sayings and doings of the chief men of the Netherlands. He deplores the progress of heresy, and the slackness of the inquisitors; and he entreats the King, for the love of God, to put his royal hand to the blessed work. He reports to Philip the gathering of German troops on the borders of the Netherlands, as in the employment of the disaffected rebels; and into the most suspicious ear that ever listened to a tale of treason, he poured his own conviction that a republic by the aid of these foreign troops was being planned. Thus, little by little, he spread before his sovereign's eye a canvass, on which certain prominent figures, highly colored by patiently accumulated touches, were represented as driving a whole nation, against its own will, into manifest revolt. The situation was just one of factitious popular discontent, procured by a few impoverished Catilines; not a rising rebellion, such as the world had never seen, born of the slowly-awakened wrath of a whole people, after a martyrdom of many years.

But Philip, urged by Margaret, decides to remove Granvelle. A feeling of relief is experienced in the provinces upon his departure. Orange and the other two nobles return to the council. The Prince keeps steadily in view, in all

his labors for reform, three great objects: first, the convocation of the states-general; secondly, the abolition or moderation of the edicts against heresy; and, thirdly, the suppression of the privy council and the council of finance. These were both sinks of iniquity. There was general corruption amongst the officials of the government, and the highest dignitaries were really the most mercenary hucksters. The Duchess herself, and her secretary, Armenteros, (nicknamed Argenteros, from his cupidity,) were both rolling up fortunes for themselves; and the latter, though a mere clerk, was acquiring a complete ascendancy over the Regent. Against this monster of corruption, Orange found as great a battle before him as that he had been waging against the selfish ambition and intolerable arrogance of the Cardinal. Impoverished himself, yet never did he plunge his hands into the public treasury; his honor was never tarnished by any such suspicions.

Meanwhile, the prisons were thronged with victims of the inquisition, and the streets were filled with processions to the stake. The population of Flanders, especially, is maddened with barbarities, exercised not only upon criminals, but upon men of blameless life. Peter Titelmann, the sub-inquisitor, is violating all decency as well as justice in his horrible cruelties. The four estates of Flanders complain of him in vain to the King. The Duchess herself is evidently in mortal fear of him. But there is no yielding by Philip. On the contrary, he issues new decrees against heresy. The inns are to receive no travellers, the schools no children, the alms-houses no paupers, the very graves no dead, unless orthodox in the faith. Marriages, births, and deaths, all alike are to be under the baleful shadow of the Church.

The Regent is in great difficulty respecting the publication of these edicts. Egmont is to be sent on a special mission to Spain, and the council are preparing his instructions. When it is Orange's turn to vote, the Silent opens

his lips, and pours forth vehement discourse. The time had come when the King must be told the whole truth. The whole machinery of scaffolds, inquisitors, etc., must be abolished. The Netherlands were free, and to be free. The frightful corruptions must, also, be exposed to Philip. The two lesser councils must be abolished. Above all, the canons of Trent were not to be enforced. A Catholic himself, he intended to continue such, but he could not look on with pleasure and see princes undertake to govern the souls of men, or take away their liberty of conscience and of religion.

Egmont goes to Spain, but accomplishes nothing. Philip overpowers him with blandishments and gifts. Returning, he brings back nothing satisfactory. Orange reproaches him to his face. But an assembly of bishops and doctors is called by the Duchess, in accordance with Philip's instructions; and they concluded, unanimously, that the edicts had been working well for thirty-five years, and that there should be no change in the treatment of offenders. It is thus settled that there shall be no compromise with heresy. There is great agitation amongst the people—it were better to die arms in hand, than be butchered by the inquisition. The Regent beseeches Philip to revise his instructions for the inquisitors. His reply is decisive, and produces the extremest consternation. Inflammatory hand-bills amongst the people call on the three nobles to come forth as champions of popular liberty. Orange, in the council, declares there is no middle path between obedience and rebellion, and he washes his hands, as a councillor of state, of the whole proceedings of the government. Nevertheless, a proclamation is prepared, ordering that the canons of Trent, the edicts, and the inquisition, should be published in every town and village immediately, and also once every six months for ever afterwards. The deed is done. Orange stoops to the ear of his next neighbor, and whispers: "Now begins the most extraordinary tragedy ever enacted."

This decree is answered with a howl of execration by the people. The four chief cities of Brabant formally denounce the outrage in an elaborate document, addressed to the Regent, setting forth that the recent proclamation violated many articles in their city charter.

In the early part of 1566, is formed what was called the Compromise, a league chiefly of the lesser nobles at first, but afterwards of many burghers and citizens, bound together by solemn oaths, for mutual protection against the edicts of the inquisition. Orange stood aloof from it, having no confidence in the chief movers. A new step is shortly taken by the confederates, which was to make "a Request" of the Regent. Orange gathers the chief members of the league and of the nobility together, to confer about it, and to moderate it. He desired a convocation of the states-general—but there was no agreement effected. On the 3d of April, 1566, the long-expected cavalcade of leaguers enters Brussels, two hundred in number, with Brederode at their head. Next day, one hundred more appear. On the 5th of April, they present their "Request" to the agitated Duchess. It asked for the abolition of the edicts of the inquisition. A meeting of the council is assembled. Orange seeks to calm the fears of the Regent. Berlaymont, another of the council, speaks of them as "beggars," (*gueux*,) and urges Margaret to make short work with them. No good came of the "Request," nor of the Compromise itself. The Regent put them off. They meet at Culemburg, to partake of a dinner provided by their leader, where wine and dainties were plentiful. They want a name. Brederode proposes "the beggars." It is accepted vociferously, and they all drink to the toast, "*Vivent les gueux!*" Thus originates a war-cry destined to ring over sea and land, amid blazing cities, and on blood-stained decks, and through the smoke and carnage of many a stricken field. The beggars next select a garb which the young gentlemen should wear, discarding gold lace and



velvet. It was a doublet and hose of ashen grey, with short cloaks of the same color, all of the coarsest materials. They wore, also, felt hats, and carried beggars' bowls and sacks at their side. They also, like mendicants, shaved close their beards, saving their long and pendant moustaches. Minutely and carefully were all these things reported at Madrid. Meanwhile, the rumor goes forth of a moderation of the edicts, through the influence of the Request. But when the project did appear, in fifty-three articles, drawn up by Viglius, what was it? Only a substitution of the halter for the fagot! The common people called it the *murderation*. It passes the estates of Artois, Hainault, and Flanders; and Baron Montigny and the Marquis Berghen are persuaded, very reluctantly, to carry it to Madrid, for the royal sanction. They did not know the full danger of the mission. They did not suspect how continuously Granvelle had been reporting them as renegades and rebels. Both of them fell victims to the Cardinal's treacherous wiles and the cruel craft of Philip, and neither of them ever returned out of Spain. Their mission was but an elaborate farce, to introduce a terrible tragedy. Sent to procure the abolition of the inquisition, and the moderation of the edicts, Margaret of Parma possessed at the very time secret letters evincing the King's fixed purpose to maintain both in their rigor.

While riotous nobles were profaning the sacred cause of the Netherlands, which they assumed to protect, and while a tyrant king was projecting such measures of savage bigotry for his people, these were conducting themselves in a way to put both to shame. For now was beginning to be manifested the first great popular phase of the great rebellion. The people's thirst for the exercise of the Reformed religion was mustering them in thousands, in the open fields, to sing hymns and hear sermons. They were, perhaps, emboldened by a lull of the persecution, and by the apparent success of the Request. Their preachers were,

some of them, hatters, tanners, etc., and some learned and profound scholars, as Francis Junius, Wille, De Bray, and Marnier. The assembly was sometimes of six, sometimes of ten, sometimes of twenty, and sometimes even of thirty and forty thousand persons. These preachings spread throughout the Walloon provinces to the northern Netherlands. The worshippers were mostly of the Calvinistic faith, but some were Lutherans, and some Anabaptists. The Duchess orders the magistrates of Antwerp to put down the meetings. Tumults threaten. The Prince of Orange is called on to quiet them; and his temperate firmness is successful so long as he is able to remain there. But his own government of Holland and Zeeland demands his care. Armed assemblages, utterly beyond the power of the civil authorities, were taking place at Amsterdam. Yet he could not be spared from Antwerp for a day. Meanwhile, a fresh complication with the confederate nobles was at hand, and the Prince must meet, by Margaret's orders, a committee at Duffel. The body represented was a wild, tumultuous convention of fifteen hundred cavaliers, with other armed attendants. There was a constant din of revelry and uproar, in which the cry of "*Vivent les gueux*" was incessant. It was an ill-timed and violent demonstration, without beneficial results. But the dissolution of this convention is followed immediately by a sudden and terrific explosion of popular feeling, productive of the most serious consequences. The 18th of August was approaching, when the ceremony of the Ommegang was to occur, the principal object of which was to conduct around the city of Antwerp a colossal image of the Virgin issuing from the door of the cathedral. A meeting of the knights of the order of the Golden Fleece was to be held, and the Regent desired Orange's presence at Brussels. He knew the danger of his leaving Antwerp, and warned her of it—but his presence seemed indispensable at the capital. He left; and there took place the Netherlands' iconomachy, when all the grand architect-

tural monuments of Gothic art in the Low Countries were trampled under foot. It began, on the above-mentioned day, at Antwerp, and it was all finished in the course of six or seven days. It was a sudden explosion of the popular revenge against the symbols of that Church which had so long persecuted them and their brethren. It was a violent expression of sympathy for doctrines that had taken possession of the popular heart. It was a depravation of that instinct which had led the thousands to hear the truth of the Gospel proclaimed. The Reformed ministers all denounced the iconomachy. No personal outrages, and no pillage, accompanied the movement. Yet the effects of it were disastrous to the Reformation party—it was an abandonment of the high ground occupied by the people, when, quietly and peacefully, being shut out from the public exercise of their worship in the cities, they had gone forth, a sublime spectacle, in thousands, to the preaching of the Gospel in the fields.

The immediate result of it was, the greatest terror on the part of the Regent, and her "Accord" of freedom to the Reformed worship wherever it had been already set up.

The course of the government at Madrid, whilst these events were occurring in the Netherlands, had been simply to procrastinate and to dissemble. Very plainly and honestly did Berghen and Montigny portray to the King the popular discontent, and the danger of actual revolt. Three points, they urged, must be conceded: the abolition of the inquisition, moderation of the edicts, and ample pardon for all past transactions. Daily consultations are held about these demands of the envoys, at the grove of Segovia. Philip said little, but he took notes plentifully. There had been, to his mind, three previous, and now here was a fourth link in the chain of treason. There was: *first*, the cabal against Granvelle; *secondly*, Egmont's mission to obtain a moderation of the state council, with the design of bringing it under the control of the great nobles; *thirdly*, the

insolent and seditious Request; and now, *fourthly*, this proposition of the envoys.

Philip's answer is at length given. *First*, the papal inquisition might cease for a time, as the episcopal was quite vigorous; *secondly*, the moderation proposed was inadmissible, and a new project might be submitted; *thirdly*, the pardon might be granted, but it must be so restricted as to exclude all who deserved to be chastised. This gracious answer, however, had been delayed for months, and meanwhile the field-preachings and the image-breaking had taken place.

But, immediately after this answer to the envoys had been given, the King sends for a notary, and before witnesses declares the pardon not free, and so not binding on him. He writes, also, to the Pope, that the suspension of the papal inquisition was, of course, not binding on him without the sanction of his Holiness; and that as to any moderation of the edicts, it should never be by him accepted. The whole he desired might be kept a profound secret.

When the answer of the King reached Brussels, the administration there made great efforts to represent it as what ought to be entirely satisfactory to all. The people, however, suspected the truth, and Orange was convinced of it. Viglius urges the promised visit of the King in person, and if that might not be, then the assembly of the states. Philip writes to the Regent that this assembly never should take place, but to "keep this a profound secret."

Now arrives at Madrid the news of the field-preaching, and the iconomachy, and the Accord of the Duchess. The Regent sends, also, her confession of her fault in granting it, and her excuse for the same, together with her accusations against Orange, Egmont, and Horn, as having compelled her to this course. At the same time, she reminded Philip that her promise did not bind him, and expressed the hope that he would pay no regard to it.

Philip is enraged, but dissembles. He speaks softly and gently, but he prepares to send to the rebellious Netherlands the terrible Duke of Alva.

The popular mind turns to Egmont for a leader, and he might have had the whole country at his back. But the image-breaking had disgusted him, a zealous Roman Catholic. He repairs to his government of Flanders, and there he acts the unscrupulous partisan of government against the people, in the execution of numerous offenders.

William of Orange himself executes, at Antwerp, three of the rioters; but the preaching having occurred within the city before the Accord, he arranges an agreement with the Reformed upon that basis. He allows three churches to the different sects, and stipulates for mutual toleration between Protestants and Catholics. Such a religious peace (destined to be very short lived) he also established at Amsterdam, Utrecht, and other cities of his government. By this course, he gave great offence to those who were above him, but has thereby gained immortal renown. To him belongs the imperishable honor of having practised religious toleration in an age of universal dogmatism.

At Tournay, where three-fourths of the people were of the Reformed, Horn also allowed three places outside the walls, where churches might be built for the Reformed, and the Duchess formally consented to the permission. But as the winter came on, the people urged that they should be suffered to have meeting places within the walls, and Horn agreed to it. Great offence was thus given to the Duchess, and in the King's eyes it was a fatal crime. The fierce Noircarmes is sent to Tournay, and the city forcibly subjugated, and the Reformed religion suppressed. Meanwhile, Margaret is constantly writing to Philip against the great nobles. She charges them with the design of dividing the country out amongst themselves, and having arranged a general massacre of the Roman Catholics, to commence as

soon as the King should put foot on shipboard to come to the Netherlands.

The Prince of Orange, thoroughly understanding the *situation*, and perceiving that his country was to be subjugated, and his own life sacrificed, begins now, in 1566, to think and speak "treasonably." To Egmont and to Horn he writes, accordingly, warning them both of the common danger, and proposing that they should league together against Philip, in order to remain loyal to their duty and their country. Now occurs, also, the famous Dendermonde Conference, between Orange, Egmont, Horn, Louis of Nassau, and Hoogstraten. Henceforward, however, the paths of the three chief nobles diverge. After long vacillation, Egmont had decided for loyalty to Philip; and Horn, in wrath and moodiness, had retired to his "desert." Thus the two men upon whom William had relied the most, had separated from him. The confederacy of nobles had been dissolved, without accomplishing any thing for the country. They well-nigh ruined it by their folly and incapacity. Its sacred and holy cause they had profaned by indecent orgies, compromised by seditious demonstrations, and then abandoned, when it was most in need of assistance. For many individuals of them, no doubt, it was reserved to render honorable service in the national cause. The names of Louis of Nassau, Marnix of St. Aldegonde, and Bernarde de Merode, were to be written in letters of gold upon the country's rolls; but at this moment they were impatient, inconsiderate, and out of the control of Orange. What was he to do? Valenciennes had been summoned to receive a garrison at the same time with the unhappy Tournay, and had met the demand with a peremptory refusal. Her resistance could hardly have been prevented, even by the opposition of the Prince. But why should he take the field against men or cities who, however rashly and ineffectually, were endeavoring to oppose tyranny? Had his warnings been heeded, there might have been some head

made against the common enemy. But, alas! so it was not. Till late in the autumn of 1566, he had believed in the possibility of getting convoked the states-general. Even the Regent, as well as the Roman Catholics generally, had favored the measure. But when Tournay, and also Valenciennes, had fallen, she was less alarmed, and the people began to lose courage. The Prince, therefore, remains comparatively quiescent, but watchful.

It is not long before the Duchess calls on William, and all the stadtholders and other functionaries, to take a new oath of allegiance. He indignantly refuses, and resigns all the offices he filled. In Brederode's expedition to relieve Valenciennes he took no part, as he lacked confidence in the man and his measures. But in the tremendous tumults for three days at Antwerp, which followed the destruction of Brederode's forces under young Thoulouse, the Prince showed his characteristic courage and determination, and it was his wisdom and bravery which suppressed the tumult.

Valenciennes falls at the hands of Noircarmes and Egmont. The utmost cruelty is practised upon its inhabitants. Many hundreds of victims are sacrificed by strangling and the sword. The franchises of the city are all revoked. "For two whole years," (says a Roman Catholic historian,) "there was scarcely a week in which several citizens were not executed, and often a great number were dispatched at one time." Upon its fate had depended, as if by common consent, the whole destiny of the anti-Catholic party. It fell, and the consternation was extreme, and the general submission immediate, and even abject. Other important places accepted their garrisons without a murmur. Even Antwerp had made its last struggle, and as soon as the back of Orange was turned, knelt down in the dust to receive its bridle. The country was desolate indeed. Its ancient charters were superseded by brute force, its industrious population were swarming from the land in droves, as if before a pestilence; in every village gibbets

and scaffolds were erected, and there was universal a sickening apprehension of still darker disasters; for on the 15th of April, the Duke of Alva left Spain to go and crush out every vestige of the liberties of this people, which had for centuries enjoyed a nearly complete self-government. Thus was Philip become, by every reasonable construction of history, an unscrupulous usurper, attempting to become the absolute monarch of a free people. It was he that was attempting a revolution; while William, according to his well-known motto, was *maintaining*.

Choosing exile in Germany, rather than behold the ruin of the country he can not then save, Orange sets out for Dillenburg, the ancestral seat of his family, upon the 22d of April, 1567. He once more warns Egmont and Horn of their own impending fate. The Regent had thanked the former for his loyalty. The King himself had especially written him a commendatory epistle. Yet the royal hand had already signed the counts' death-warrant, and it was even then in Alva's possession! As for William, the Duke had Philip's orders to arrest him immediately, and not to let his trial last over twenty-four hours.

Alva comes to the Netherlands. He demands the keys of the chief cities. Egmont and Horn are arrested, and the populace are in consternation. The Duke establishes a new court, called the Council of Troubles, but better known, and to be for ever known in history, as the Blood Council. It superseded all other courts and all other councils. It was an absolute and thorough violation of all charters, laws, and privileges. It defined and it punished treason. It was treason to have signed any petition against the new bishops, the inquisition, or the edicts; to have tolerated public preaching, under any circumstances; to have omitted resistance to the image-breaking, to the field-preaching, or the presentation of the Request; to have asserted that the King did not possess the right to deprive all the provinces of their liberties; or to have maintained that the present tribunal



was bound to respect, in any manner, any laws or any charters. Such was treason. The punishment of it was instant death, in all cases. In three months from the time of its creation, eighteen hundred persons suffered death by the summary proceedings of this tribunal.

The provinces were in despair. Margaret of Parma shortly gets leave to retire from her post of regent, and leaves the control of all affairs to this dreadful military chief. The principal cities are fortified against their own inhabitants. In particular, the citadel of Antwerp is in a few months erected and prepared, by the labors of two thousand workmen, at a cost of fourteen hundred thousand florins, of which the citizens of Antwerp, whom it was built to terrify and to tame, had to pay more than one-fourth.

On the 19th of January, 1568, Orange and sundry other nobles are summoned to appear before the Council of Blood. The Prince replied by a brief and contemptuous plea to the jurisdiction. As knight of the Fleece, as a member of the German Empire, as a sovereign prince in France, as a citizen of the Netherlands, he rejected the authority of Alva and his self-constituted tribunal. Meanwhile, he still maintained an attitude of dignified respect to the monarch, while he hurled back with defiance the insolent summons of the viceroy; for he knew how much strength was to be derived from putting an adversary irretrievably in the wrong.

Events now marched with rapidity. William's eldest child, the Count de Buren, left, by a remarkable oversight of his wise father, to pursue his studies in the college of Louvain, is seized as a hostage for the Prince's good behavior, and carried into indefinite captivity in a foreign land. Then, upon the 16th of February, 1568, a sentence of the holy office condemns all the inhabitants of the Netherlands to death as heretics, excepting only a few persons, whose names were given. The two imprisoned nobles also were now brought to trial, after having lain in confinement for two months. The charge of treason, as treason had been

defined by the Blood Council, it was not difficult, of course, to prove against either of them, or against almost any other Netherlander. But the difficulty in the way of their condemnation was, that as knights of the Fleece, it was only that famous order which had jurisdiction of their crimes. But Alva, by the aid of President Viglius, soon disposed of that difficulty, by a bold declaration that the statutes of the Fleece did not extend to such crimes as those charged against these nobles. Of course, Philip sustained the viceroy—the execution of these nobles had been settled before Alva left Spain. A despot like Philip the Second scrupled not at any arbitrary act. As the constitutions of the Netherlands and the statutes of the Fleece stood in his way, it was necessary to stride over those constitutions, and to set aside those statutes. The sentence against them, signed by Philip in blank, had been brought in Alva's portfolio from Madrid. The proceedings against them were a mockery. Rights and justice were abrogated throughout the land. The whole country was under martial law. The entire population was under sentence of death.

Where now is William of Orange? Proscribed, outlawed, his Netherlands property confiscated, his eldest child kidnapped, surely he has private reasons enough to justify him in rebellion, were there no public grounds for it whatever. The prospects of any such movement are dark enough. The Spaniards, under the first military chieftain of the age, are encamped and entrenched in the provinces. The Huguenots have just made a fatal peace in France. The leading men of liberal views in Netherlands are captives or in exile. Confiscations have severed the nerves of war. The country is terror-stricken, paralyzed, motionless, abject, forswearing its convictions, and imploring only life. At such a moment as this, the Prince reappears upon the scene. Early in the summer of 1568, he publishes to the world his justification of all his past acts, and then begins to make war. He gets help in Germany; he has hopes from England.

He commissions his brother Louis and other friends to levy troops. Some of the cities of the Netherlands send him funds. Refugee merchants in England do the same. He sells his jewels, plate, tapestry, etc., of regal magnificence, and his gift to the treasury of the army is fifty thousand florins. Others of the patriot leaders imitate his example. But his first army of three thousand men, under De Villars, were shamefully beaten by less than half their number of Spaniards, under Sancho de Lodroño, and that notwithstanding they were entrenched. This signal misfortune happened on the 25th of April. Towards the end of June, another force of two thousand five hundred men took the field, under De Cocqueville, and were cut to pieces on the 18th of July—scarce three hundred escaped. Meanwhile, at the end of May, Louis of Nassau had gained the victory of Heiliger Lee, over the imprudent Aremberg. But it was a barren victory, and it cost the life-blood of young Adolphus of Nassau, brother of William and Louis. Alva is enraged beyond measure at this defeat. The lion is roused. The executions of Egmont and Horn are hastened, and the Duke takes the field in person against Louis. On the 21st of July, he totally routs him at Jemmingen. But *seven* Spaniards were killed, while *seven thousand* rebels perished, partly by the sword and partly in the river. The wounding, killing, burning, and drowning, lasted two days, and very few of the whole army escaped. Louis himself got off naked, and by swimming the Ems. There followed this slaughter of the army all the horrors of barbarous war, inflicted upon old men and upon females. The earth, as Alva marched back to Groningen, was made red with blood, and the sky with conflagration.

The insurrection being thus quelled in Friesland, Alva returned triumphant to Brussels. All unsoftened by success, the butchery of the Reformed there began again, under the Duke's auspices. Hundreds of martyrs, some eminent personages, were tortured unto death.

William of Orange is not disheartened by these sad reverses, although many of his friends urge him to suspend his warlike efforts. The Landgrave William, the Elector Augustus, the Emperor himself, all urged him to sit still for the present. But he knew well how little good would come of such moderation on his side. And he felt that the more impenetrable the darkness now gathering over that land of doom which he had devoted his life to defend, the more urgently was he forbidden to turn his face away from it in its affliction. He had by this time become himself a Protestant, at first of Lutheran, but subsequently of Calvinistic faith. But he was no more now than before a bigot. Toleration, now in almost all eyes a vice, he had long held, and now even more than ever, to be a virtue. "Should we obtain power over any city or cities," he wrote, in his letter of instructions to his most confidential agent, John Bazius, "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." He considered his undertaking for the Netherlands a mission from God, and, with simple trust, he looked up to God for help in the work to which he had been called. It was this inward principle of evangelic faith which made William of Orange *sævis tranquillus in undis*—never more tranquil than when the storm was wildest and the night darkest.

And thus did the sovereign of an insignificant little principality stand boldly forth to do battle with the most powerful monarch in the world. At his own expense, and by almost superhuman exertions, he had again assembled nearly thirty thousand men. He crosses the Rhine, and then the Meuse, and boldly offers battle to Alva. But the Duke had determined upon his tactics, and would not fight. His plan was to overcome his enemy by delay. This army of the Prince was the last hope of the patriots. The winter alone would soon disperse these German mercenaries; for

without victory they would get neither pay nor plunder. He would, therefore, parry the strokes of his adversary, but not give him battle. He would hang upon his skirts, follow him move by move, check him at every turn, harass him continually, and foil all his enterprises, but not fight him.

The campaign lasted about one month. Twenty-nine times the Prince changed his encampment, and at every remove the Duke was still behind him, as close and as palpable as his shadow. Thrice were they within cannon shot of each other, twice without a single trench between them. Orange's soldiers were maddened and tantalized by these tactics. They were constantly in the presence of an enemy who seemed to court a battle at one moment, and at the next to vanish like a phantom. There was but one important action in the campaign, and that was favorable to the Duke. The Prince was disappointed, not only in the hope of a general battle, but also, and still more bitterly, in the supineness of the country. Not a single city opened its gates to him. All was crouching, silent, abject. Had a brilliant victory been obtained, perhaps the rising of the people would have been universal. There was no victory at all, and no rising at all. William sought to carry his army into France, to try the fortunes of the civil war, but in vain. They insisted on being led back into Germany. He disbanded them at Strasburg, making up in promises to them what he could not pay in money.

Thus triumphantly for Alva, and thus miserably for Orange, ended the campaign. Thus hopelessly vanished the armies of the Prince. Eight thousand had he lost in paltry encounters, and thirty thousand had he been compelled to disband. All his funds had been wasted, and no result. There seemed no hope for the Netherlands. But the war of freedom had been renewed in France, and with twelve hundred mounted men, who were willing to follow his fortunes, William, with his brothers, Louis and the

youthful Henry, set forth in the following spring to join the banner of Condé.

The haughty, and now apparently omnipotent Duke, returns to Brussels, and almost assumes the god. He institutes a succession of triumphant festivals, and requires the people to rejoice and strew flowers in his path, although coming to them covered with the blood of men who had striven in their defence. He goes farther, and rears a colossal statue of bronze to himself, as having "extinguished sedition, chastised rebellion, restored religion, secured justice, established peace!"

To add to the disappointments of the Prince, the Emperor of Germany, who had at first espoused his cause with apparent frankness, so far as friendly mediation went, now courted Philip's favor. The King had become a widower again, and the Emperor, among his sixteen children, had more than one marriageable daughter. If it were good to be the guardian of religious freedom in upper and nether Germany, it were better to be the father-in-law to the King of Spain and to both the Indies.

There arose at this time a quarrel between Queen Elizabeth and the haughty Duke of Alva. But neither the torrent of his wrath against the English sovereign, nor the complacency of his triumph over the Prince of Orange, could for a moment cause a pause in that which was his main pursuit. He was zealously engaged in enforcing the edicts with fire and with sword. But the murder of heretics had not proved as lucrative a business as he had expected. Confiscations must of necessity offer but a precarious supply to any treasury. Only the frenzy of an Alva could suppose it might form a permanent revenue. He was now determined to exhibit, by still more fierce, and in one sense ludicrous experiments, how a great soldier may be a very paltry financier. His promise to Philip had been, that a stream of gold a yard deep should flow into Spain from the provinces, the value of which should be two millions yearly

over and above all expenses of the army and government in the Netherlands. He now forms a scheme of arbitrary taxation by the crown, to be substituted for the legal and constitutional taxation of the provinces by themselves. A general assembly of the provincial estates is summoned at Brussels, and decrees are laid before them, instituting,

I. A tax of the hundredth penny, or one per cent., upon all property, real and personal, to be collected instantly; this, however, was not a perpetual tax.

II. A perpetual tax of the twentieth penny, or five per cent., upon every transfer of real estate.

III. A perpetual tax of the tenth penny, or ten per cent., upon every article of merchandise or personal property, to be paid as often as it was sold.

The consternation in the assembly was extreme. He was touching the nerve that lay in their pockets. Comparatively few men of any nation will suffer martyrdom for religious or political principle, but opposition to material and financial tyranny will generally be unanimous. Alva struck at every Netherlander now, and struck where all must be sensitive. The tenth-penny tax was absolutely monstrous; for the same article might be sold ten times a week, and might, therefore, pay away its whole worth in that space of time. The infantine simplicity of the scheme seemed a thing incredible. The ignorance was as sublime as the tyranny. But the Governor-General would listen to no arguments; his determination was as stern as it was stupid and absurd.

Here was the beginning of an earnest popular resistance to the tyrant. The city of Utrecht distinguished herself for her stubborn opposition to this taxation, and lost all her charters by it, for the time. The various assemblies of the patrimonial provinces, one after another, exhausted, frightened, hoping that no serious effort to collect the tax would be made, did, indeed, all consent, under certain restrictions, to its imposition. But they soon withdrew their consent,

as having been obtained by violence or fraud. Compromises were finally agreed to, which postponed the final struggle.

Alva grows sick of his office. His power is evidently on the wane, for the King did not heartily approve the wisdom of his financial measures. His brutality, also, had overshot the mark, and produced disgust amongst some who at first supported him heartily. He earnestly begs to be recalled from his post.

Toward the end of the year 1570, occurred an unexampled inundation, more disastrous in its effects upon the Netherlands than even the famous deluge of the thirteenth century, which gave birth to the Zuyder Zee. The people felt that the hand of God was upon them. As for the Spaniards, they loudly maintained that the vengeance of Heaven had descended upon the abode of heretics. The poor Netherlanders seemed to be doomed to destruction by both God and man.

In France, affairs grew almost as black for the cause of freedom as in the Netherlands. Condé is killed at the battle of Jarnac, and Coligny overthrown at that of Montcontour. Dark indeed were these years of 1569 and 1570 for the Reformed cause every where; but in these darkest hours for his country, never did William of Orange despair. In the autumn of 1569, he returns to Germany; but Count Louis remains with the Huguenots. The deadly peace between them and the court of France succeeded, and the massacre of St. Bartholomew was hastening on. Never had William been in so forlorn a condition as on his return from France. He had no funds to raise new levies, and was daily exposed to annoying claims from his disbanded soldiers. A deep gloom seemed to settle upon his cause. Yet was his spirit unbroken. His letters of this period show a perfect appreciation of the situation, but were also full of modest but lofty courage and pious resignation, without one trace of desponding weakness.



Early in 1571 were renewed the struggles of the Duke and the estates about the taxes. The estates were satisfied that the King was less in earnest than the viceroy. The supple Viglius is satisfied of the waning power of the Duke, and openly turns against him.

Meanwhile, Orange is slowly gathering funds from the gifts of many obscure persons, and the daring exploits of "the beggars of the sea," or privateers, who had sailed under his commission. His emissaries were sent every where, and actively canvassed the governments and peoples of Germany. To the Northern courts his missions had failed. Sweden and Denmark received his envoys with barren courtesy. He furnishes his ambassadors with documents from his own hand, pleading for arms and other assistance. These missives were stamped with the warm religious impress of the Reforming party. Sadly, but without despondency, they recalled the misfortunes of the past, and depicted the gloom of the present. Earnestly, but not fanatically, they stimulated hope, and solicited aid for the future.

At the same time, the affairs of Alva with the estates reached a crisis. The citizens were in open revolt against the taxes. In order to escape the levy of the tenth penny, no goods were sold at all. Not only the wholesale commerce of the provinces was suspended, but the minute and indispensable traffic of daily life was at a stand. The shops were all shut. The brewer would not brew, nor the baker bake. Alva is furious. He orders the hanging of eighteen of the butchers and bakers of Brussels, at their own doors. This was his method of giving a stimulus to trade. The hangman is getting ready his cords and ladders. Alva grimly waits for the rising dawn, which is to usher in his speedy triumph over the obstinacy of the tradesmen. An unforeseen event arrests the tragedy. In the night arrives the news of the capture of Brill, by Orange's sea-beggars, under Admiral William de la Marck. A reconciliation

had been effected between Alva's government and that of Queen Elizabeth, and the Netherland privateersmen had been ordered out of the English ports. It looked like a fresh misfortune for Orange; but it was a blessing in disguise. De la Marck's fleet of twenty-four vessels, nearly starving, appear before Brill, and as they must land to get food, William de Blois, the bold seigneur of Treslong, persuades the Admiral to demand the surrender of the town. The magistrates, in terror, flee the city, and it is taken. The corner-stone of the Batavian republic is laid.

Count Bossu is ordered by Alva to retake the town, but he fails. He turns towards Rotterdam, and finds the gates closed against him. Professing perfect loyalty, the inhabitants refuse to receive a garrison to enforce their obedience. By a perfidious stratagem, he is admitted, and four hundred citizens are murdered, and the women meet a fate worse than death. The city of Flushing, on the island of Walcheren, is the first that vibrates with the patriotic impulse given at Brill, and revolts. The example is followed by nearly all the important towns of Holland and Zeeland. With one fierce bound of enthusiasm, the nation shakes off its chain. The first half of the year 1572, is distinguished by a series of triumphs, rendered still more remarkable by the reverses which followed at its close. City after city, in Gelderland, Overijssel, and the see of Utrecht, all the important towns of Friesland, accepted the garrisons of the Prince, and formally acknowledged his authority. The stadtholderate over Holland and Zeeland, to which the Prince had been appointed in 1559, he now reassumed. Upon this fiction reposed the whole provisional polity of the revolted Netherlands. There was no claim, at first, of freedom, beyond what was secured by Philip's coronation oath. There was no pretence that Philip was not sovereign, but there was a determination to assert freedom of conscience, and to reclaim their ancient political liberties. The purpose of William, and of the people, was to recover

historical rights, and to shake off a sanguinary and usurping tyranny.

Louis of Nassau, meanwhile, performs a daring feat—the surprise and capture of the important frontier town of Mons. Alva is in dismay at the suddenness of all these blows. Moreover, he is without money, and is compelled to offer an abolition of the whole tax, upon condition of the payment annually of two millions of florins by the estates. He issues a summons on the 24th of June, for them to assemble on the 15th of July. His healing measures come too late. The estates did meet on the appointed day; but not at the Hague, as he proposed, but at Dort; and not in obedience to his call, but that of Orange. They met at his call as the representative of Philip, and by the authority of Philip, to wage war against Philip. They vote the most liberal supplies. They will give the whole, if necessary, to William, rather than the tenth to Alva—to their liberator all, rather than any thing to their destroyer. They also declared William the King's lawful stadtholder over Holland, Zeeland, Friesland and Utrecht. They ordain freedom of worship, both to Roman Catholics and the Reformed. They make William supreme dictator, and it was reserved for this patriot himself, by an act supplemental to their proceedings, to impose limits upon his own power.

Now begins a series of terrible reverses to the Prince and his cause. Genlis, with reinforcements for Louis, from France, is routed by the Spaniards, and Louis himself closely shut up in Mons. William takes the field with an army of fifteen thousand foot, seven thousand horse, and about three thousand other Walloon troops. He found it hard to restrain his half-paid soldiers, when the city of Roermond was taken, on the 23d of July. Yet the difference was vast between a leader like him, who restrained excesses to the utmost of his power, and Alva, who inculcated robbery, rape, and arson, upon his army as their duty.

As he marched onwards, city after city, including Mechlin, submitted cheerfully to his authority. He was sanguine of French help, notwithstanding the sacrifice made by Genlis of his army. He allowed himself to boast that Alva was in his power, and that the Netherlands would soon be free. Then it was that the earthquake of St. Bartholomew's day appalled all christendom with him, and scattered all his well-matured plans and legitimate hopes. It is not long before his army mutinies, and dissolves into nothing. Mons capitulates. The terms of the capitulation are horribly violated by the Spaniards. The keys of that city unlock every other in Brabant and Flanders. The towns all hasten to disavow the Prince, and to return to their ancient, hypocritical, and cowardly allegiance. Unhappy Mechlin is selected for an example. Alva's soldiers are to be paid their arrears at its expense. Three days did the sack continue; one for the Spaniards, and two more for the Walloons and Germans. No rank, no age, no sex, no religious faith, was spared. Roman Catholics, as well as the Reformed, were freely made victims. Thus was poor Mechlin abandoned to that trinity of furies which ever wait on the footsteps of War—Murder, Lust, and Rapine.

And now there follow what our author calls three thorough massacres. Zutphen, Naarden, and Harlem are sacked; and the story is in each case sickening. When Zutphen fell, and was given up by the cruel Duke to his ferocious soldiery, he piously remarked that it was "*a permission of God* that these people should have undertaken to defend a place so weak." Similar to this was the Christian language of Mendoza, relative to the fall of Naarden: "It was a chastisement which must be believed to have taken place by the express permission of Divine providence; a punishment for having been the first of the Holland towns in which heresy built its nest, whence it has taken its flight to all the neighboring cities." As for the siege of Harlem, it is a story of unexampled heroism. Ripperda, the stout

commandant of the little garrison, assembled the citizens and soldiers together in the market-place, warned them, by the fate of Mechlin, Zutphen, and Naarden, of the terrors before them, should they be base enough to surrender the city, and urged them to make no composition with foes as false as sanguinary, but to make one last vigorous effort for freedom. They did make it. There were about one thousand delvers, three thousand fighting men, besides three hundred fighting women, all armed with sword, musket, and dagger. With such a spirit in the maids and matrons of the city, it might be expected that the men would not surrender without a struggle. It was fierce, and bloody, and long continued. The most daring sallies were frequently made, the most patient labors were cheerfully undergone; men, women, and children, working day and night to repair the breaches in the walls as fast as the enemy could make them. They encountered the besiegers not only with sword and musket, but with heavy stones, boiling oil, and live coals. Hoops smeared with pitch and set on fire were dexterously thrown upon their necks. As fast as the Spaniards mined, the citizens countermined; and Spaniard and Netherlander met daily in deadly combat within the bowels of the earth. The siege continued all through the winter and early spring. William of Orange did all that was possible for him, in the vain endeavor to give succor to the devoted city. Batenburg's expedition for their relief was a miserable failure. He was probably intoxicated in the time of the action. At length the city surrendered at discretion, on the 12th of July. Next day the massacre commenced. Six hundred Germans of the garrison were dismissed on oath to fight no more. The remaining twelve hundred were butchered, with at least as many more of the citizens. Five executioners were kept constantly at work, with their attendants. Three hundred wretches were tied two and two, back to back, and drowned

in the Harlem lake. At last, after twenty-three hundred executions, the farce of a pardon was enacted.

The reduction of Harlem is an event which makes us wonder equally at human capacity to inflict and to endure misery. If it was a triumph to the Spaniards, it was one they might well have given in exchange for a defeat. Twelve thousand of them had died of wounds and of disease during the seven months of the siege. The Spaniards celebrated their victory, but it was evident their empire could not endure many such. If it required thirty thousand choice troops to conquer, in seven months, the weakest city of Holland, with a loss of twelve thousand men, how long a time, and how many deaths, would it take to reduce the rest of that little province? The sack of Naarden had inflamed instead of subduing the spirit of Dutch resistance; and the long and glorious defence of Harlem operated to strain to the highest pitch the patriotic hatred of her sister cities. All the treasures of the New World would not suffice to pay for the conquest of the little sand-bank thus defended by its heroic inhabitants.

The Spaniards were exultant, but Orange was neither dismayed nor despondent. His trust was in a higher power than man's. "Since it has otherwise pleased God," he writes to Count Louis, "we must conform ourselves to the divine will. I take the same God to witness, that I have done every thing, according to my means, which was possible, to succor the city." When, after a few days, the Zeelanders capture the castle of Rammekens, on the island of Walcheren, he writes to his brother, in the same spirit: "I hope this will reduce the pride of our enemies, who, since the fall of Harlem, have thought they were about to swallow us alive. I assure myself, however, that they will find a very different piece of work from the one which they expect."

The tide of tyranny is at the flood, and now it begins to ebb. The government makes some awkward and fruitless

attempts at conciliation. The Spanish troops shew signs of mutiny, and even make secret overtures to Orange. With difficulty, Alva restores obedience. The town of Alkmaar is besieged. Sonoy, the lieutenant-governor for Orange of the province of North Holland, an experienced officer, is uneasy at the prospect of the unequal conflict. All looked instinctively to the Prince in every danger, and their hopes were that he had made some foreign alliance that would save them. Sonoy looked, and Sonoy hoped, as did the rest. The Prince's answer to him was full of lofty enthusiasm, such as Christian faith can best inspire. "You ask," says he, "if I have entered into a firm treaty with any great king or potentate; to which I answer, that before I ever took up the cause of the oppressed Christians in these provinces, I had entered *into a close alliance with the King of kings*; and I am firmly convinced that all who put their trust in Him shall be saved by His almighty hand. The God of armies will raise up armies for us, to do battle with our enemies and His own." In conclusion, he stated his preparations for attacking the enemy by sea as well as land, and encouraged Sonoy and the citizens to maintain a bold front.

When the Spaniards assault the town, resistance is made by every man, woman and child. Three times the attack is made, and three times repulsed. Darkness puts an end to the strife. The next day, the order is given to renew the assault, but the Spanish soldiers refuse to attempt it. The place was protected by more than mortal powers; else how could a few half-starved fishermen have so triumphed over the legions of Spain. Some of them were run through the body for disobedience, but still they refused, and the assault was indefinitely postponed. Finally, the Spaniards discovering that the dykes were about to be opened, so as to flood them with the ocean, the siege was raised.

Meanwhile, the court of France assumed a tone of compunction for the bloody deed of St. Bartholomew, and Orange reluctantly enters into negotiations with it again.

He also puts forth another appeal to the patriotism of his country, in an address to the general assembly of the Netherlands. At the same time, he puts into circulation one of the most vigorous and impassioned productions which ever came from his pen. It was "An Epistle, in form of supplication, to his royal Majesty of Spain, from the Prince of Orange and the estates of Holland and Zeeland."

Three days after the deliverance of Alkmaar, the patriots meet with another success. It was a victory on the Zuyder Zee, by Admiral Dirkzoon, with twenty-five ships, over Count Bossu, with thirty, larger and more heavily armed. The victory was complete, and Admiral Bossu was sent a prisoner to Holland. On the 17th of November, 1573, Requesens arrives in Brussels, to succeed Alva; and on the 18th of December, the Duke gladly, yet in deep humiliation, takes his departure for ever from the Netherlands.

Our author well remarks, that although his military fame was unquestionable when he came to the provinces, yet he left them a baffled man. As Alva penetrated into the heart of the ancient Batavian land, he found himself overmatched by the spirit of national freedom, (more audacious, more inventive, more desperate, than all commanders,) as he had never been, even by the most potent generals of his day. The same lesson had been read in the same thickets by the Nervii to Julius Cæsar, by the Batavians to the legions of Vespasian. And now a loftier and a purer flame glowed within the breasts of these descendants of the same people. Alva came to deal with them as with conquered provinces, but he found that the conquest still had to be made, and he left the country without having accomplished it. Neither his legions nor his strategy availed him against an entirely desperate people. He proved himself utterly deficient in every attribute requisite in a man appointed to deal with a free country in a state of incipient rebellion.

These are certainly wise and just reflections, and evince that the author has not studied history in vain. It had



been well for that United States government, which he is now representing, we believe, at some court in Europe, if they had carefully read and pondered deliberately this page of his work, before they sent their Butlers, and Hunters, and McClellans, upon similarly preposterous, absurd, and wicked enterprises, into the states of this Confederacy.

Upon the retirement of the Duke, it was industriously circulated that a change of policy was intended. But, in fact, it would seem that the Spanish government regarded this period merely as a breathing-time, in which "still more active preparations might be made," says the author, employing the term which his countrymen have made so familiar, "for *crushing the rebellion.*" Seven years of executions, sieges, and campaigns, had not brought Philip any closer to the subjugation of the provinces. The new governor was, therefore, authorized to employ concessions, but it was on the basis of the King's absolute supremacy, and the total prohibition of every form of worship except the Roman Catholic. He was authorized to concede to the people a pardon; but it was only in case they would abandon every object for which they had been so heroically contending. Towards the coming of Requesens, therefore, as successor to Alva, all looked forward with indefinite hopes of peace.

Requesens found such a state of the exchequer at Brussels, as to render some little respite to the war an absolute necessity. The army numbered sixty-two thousand men, and forty millions of dollars had been already sunk. The whole annual produce of the American mines, it seemed, would be required to sustain the war. Six and a-half millions of ducats were due to the soldiers. Seven millions of dollars were the yearly necessities of the exchequer, and to meet them, Requesens had not one stiver. He writes to his sovereign: "Before my arrival, I did not understand how the rebels could maintain such considerable fleets, while your Majesty could not support a single one. It ap-

pears, however, that men who are fighting for their lives, their firesides, their property, and their false religion, for their own cause, in short, are contented to receive rations only, without receiving pay." "He saw what few bigoted supporters of absolutism, in any age, have ever comprehended," says Mr. Motley—and the remark is a striking one, as coming from a Yankee author, and a public defender, with his pen, of the Seward-Lincoln war—"that national enthusiasm, when profound and general, makes a rebellion more expensive to the despot than to the insurgents." The policy of the Requesens administration, therefore, in a word, was to deceive the people with the idea of pardon and peace, and so to gain time.

The situation of the patriots, at the same time, was not very encouraging. They had the superiority at sea, but their land forces were mercenaries, constantly mutinying for want of pay. And then Holland was now cut in twain by the loss of Harlem and the leaguer of Leyden. The estates, moreover, were much given to wrangling about economical details. Orange had strong hopes now from France. But he was dreading the effects of the promised pardon upon the spirit of the people.

The chief military events of the administration of the Grand Commander Requesens were, the capitulation of the town of Middelburg, held by Mondragon, to the forces of Orange, and thus the evacuation by the Spaniards of the whole island of Walcheren; the battle of Mook-heath, and the overthrow and death of Louis of Nassau; the mutiny of the Spanish soldiers, and their savage occupation, for a time, of the city of Antwerp, to be renewed, two years later, with all the horrors of massacre and sack; the successful expedition of the Spaniards to the island of Duiveland, and their siege of Zierickzee; the destruction of Spanish fleets of Bergen and Antwerp; and the grand and affecting drama of the siege and the deliverance of Leyden.

The council of nobles was formally abolished on the arrival of the Grand Commander, by letter from Philip's own hand. Negotiations for peace, informal and insincere perhaps, were carried on during the whole summer and autumn of 1574. During the autumn and winter of that year, the Emperor Maximilian actively exerted himself to bring about a pacification. Commissioners of the states and plenipotentiaries of the King met at Breda, in March, 1575. Nothing was effected. On the close of the negotiations, on the 13th of July, each party blamed the other for their failure.

In the course of 1575, the foundation was laid for the union of Holland and Zeeland, under authority of Orange. He was to have absolute power in all matters of the country's defence, while the war lasted. He was to maintain the law, in the King's name, as Count of Holland. He was to protect the exercise of the Reformed, and to suppress that of the Roman religion, without, however, permitting search into any man's creed. William accepted the government July 11th.

A new and improved act of union was duly signed upon the 25th of April, 1576. This was a confederation of the estates, that is, of the knights and nobles of Holland, with the deputies from the cities and countships of Holland and Zeeland. It was a confederation of virtually independent little republics. Each municipality, (says Mr. Motley,) was, as it were, a little sovereignty. Yet, while the various members of the confederacy were locally and practically republics, the general government they established was monarchical. But the whole system was rather practical than theoretical; and so thoroughly was William absorbed in his patriotic work, that it was a small matter with him whether men called him stadtholder, prince, or king. His name amongst the people, from the highest to the lowest, was the name he liked best, and that name was "Father William." He was the father of his country. The vulgar

thought of carving for himself a throne out of the misfortunes of his people, seems not to have entered his mind. Upon one point only had he been peremptory. He would have no persecution for creeds. He stood out resolutely against all meddling with men's consciences. Thought should be toll free.

The expedition to Duiveland was the most brilliant exploit of the war, and was attended with very important results, adverse to William's cause. It cut the province of Zeeland in two, as the sister province of Holland had been severed by previous misfortunes. The Prince is excessively chagrined. He feels that the time is come when foreign assistance must be obtained. Poverty was fast rendering it impossible to keep up the conflict. He and his little country are all alone. He must throw away the fiction of allegiance to Philip, and seek the protection either of France or of England. The estates, early in October, 1575, agreed, unanimously, to declare themselves independent of Philip. Then were resumed fruitless negotiations with the other powers. Germany, England, France, all refused to stretch out their hands to save the heroic but exhausted little provinces. The Prince meditated the sublime but desperate purpose, to collect a numerous fleet, and move the whole population, with their effects, to some new home beyond the seas. The wind-mills were then to be burned, the dykes pierced, the sluices opened in every direction, and the country restored to the ocean, from which it had sprung.

Here we are compelled, for want of space, to arrest our sketch. The way in which Divine providence, at this dark hour, once more interposes for the help of the good cause, by the sudden demise of Requesens, and the consequent confusion of the Spanish councils, we need not recount. We can only refer, in general terms, to the Pacification of Ghent, that masterpiece of diplomacy on William's part, by which he bound together, on the 8th of November,

1576, the estates of Holland and Zeeland, with Brabant, Flanders, and the other provinces. The two former contained a population almost entirely Reformed, but a large portion of the people in the other fifteen provinces were Roman Catholic; and yet they are now united in a toleration of one another's creed, and the effort to drive out the foreign foe. Notwithstanding the fatal difference of religious opinion, they are now at length united in one great hatred and one great hope. There followed, in January, 1577, the celebrated "Union of Brussels"—sent, after its adoption by the states, into every province, that each particular man might be called upon, by signing or refusing to sign it, to range himself either on the side of the fatherland or of despotism. The tenor of the document was to engage its signers to compass the immediate expulsion of foreigners and the execution of the Ghent Pacification; but it also provided for maintaining the Roman Catholic religion and the King's authority, as well as the defence of the fatherland, and all its constitutions. Thus was laid a stepping-stone to the "Union of Utrecht," itself the foundation-stone of a republic destined to endure more than two centuries. The "Union of Brussels" held within itself the seeds of its own destruction. It was impossible that a permanent crystallization should take place, where so strong a dissolvent as the Roman Catholic religion had been admitted. In the sequel, the union fell asunder precisely at this fatal flaw. The next union was one which definitely separated the seventeen provinces into Protestant and Roman Catholic—self-governing republics and the dependencies of a distant despotism. The contracting parties agreed to remain eternally united, as if they were but one province. But at the same time, each was to retain its particular privileges, liberties, and laws. All the ancient constitutions were to be guaranteed. They were to defend each other with "life, goods, and blood," against the King, and all other foes. Every

conscience. Thus the seventeen provinces became a state single towards the rest of the world, a unit in its external relations, while permitting internally a variety of sovereignties. The author observes that this differed from the German confederation, in that it acknowledged no single head; from the Achaian league, in the greater weakness of its federal assembly, and the greater fulness of the sovereignty of the individual states; and from the Swiss confederacy, in the more thorough completeness of the union formed. He then distinguishes it from "the American federal commonwealth," in the great feature, that it was to be merely a confederacy of sovereignties, and not a representative republic." "Its foundation was a compact, not a constitution." "The contracting parties were states." "The people of the United States of the Netherlands never assembled—as did the people of the United States of America two centuries later—to lay down a constitution by which they granted a generous amount of power to the union, while they reserved enough of sovereign attributes to secure that local self-government which is the life-blood of liberty." Now, we are neither politicians nor statesmen, nor do we set ourselves up as judges of constitutions and laws, yet we claim to possess (as becomes every citizen) some little knowledge of the Constitution under which we lived, till lately, and of its history. And what little we do know on that subject, is enough to enable us to show, in few words, that our author is far astray in these representations of the Constitution and government of the late United States of America. Those states, when they formed and ratified the Constitution in question, were certainly distinct, independent, and sovereign communities. The thirteen colonies began the contest with Great Britain as distinct communities, and came out of it, severally, sovereign and independent states. Even the Articles of Confederation, (which was merely a league offensive and defensive,) were not ratified by any of the states till three years after the

war began, and two years after independence was declared; and three years more passed away before it was ratified by all of them. During all this period, they were separate and independent states or nations, and had their separate local governments in complete operation. And each, or either of them, might have continued in a condition of separate nationality to this day, had such been its sovereign will or pleasure. And as such sovereign and independent states, they were acknowledged, at last, by the mother country. Now, in what way did the Constitution come to be subsequently set up and established, in the room of the Articles of Confederation? It was first prepared by the states, through their delegates, in convention at Philadelphia, and then it was submitted to the states, separately and respectively, to be approved or rejected by them in their respective conventions, each acting for itself. It was the act of ratification which established it as a constitution between the states so ratifying it, and only between them, on the condition that not less than nine of the then thirteen states should concur in the ratification, as was expressly provided by the seventh and last article of the Constitution. Now, who performed the acts of ratification, except the several states, through conventions of delegates chosen in each state by the people thereof, and acting each in the name and by the authority of its state? And, as all the states ratified it, "we, the people of the United States," (the opening phrase of the preamble,) means, of course, "we, the people of the several states, who do so ratify the Constitution and form the Union. This Constitution, so ratified, was clearly a compact between sovereigns. When the question arose in the convention which framed the instrument, what tribunal should be empowered to decide in doubtful cases of its interpretation, no provision was made; for it was clearly seen that a compact between sovereignties could be interpreted only by each sovereignty for itself. Time and again it was proposed, in the convention, to

make the supreme court "the tribunal to decide in doubtful cases," but not in any form did the proposition prevail. The inference is plain.

Now, this compact between the states of the American Union, was one that came to be broken by some of the sovereignties. Even Mr. Webster, who never leaned too strongly towards state rights, said, in 1851, "If the northern states were to refuse to carry into effect the Constitution, as respects fugitive slaves, the South would no longer be bound to observe the compact. A bargain broken on one side, is a bargain broken on all sides." The northern states did, many of them, formally and deliberately, so refuse; and according, therefore, to the great New England statesman, the Constitution was not only a compact, but a compact broken; a compact broken effectually, and deserving to be discarded for ever. It has been so discarded by the Confederate States. And thus it comes to pass, that the author is living in the days of a struggle for chartered rights, every way greater, though in some remarkable particulars very similar, to the one he so laboriously, eloquently, and, we hope, honestly describes. The contrasts between these two struggles are as striking as the parallels.

A few of these parallels and of these contrasts we shall now briefly suggest.

1. There are the same elements combined in the cause and origin of these two struggles. The Dutch struggle was partly religious and partly political. The inquisition and the charters were the main points at issue. In the present contest, also, religious and political interests commingle. We struggle for our states' rights and our local governments, against a consolidated nationality, to which our fathers never gave consent. And we also struggle for the right of a free people to change their government whenever it becomes dangerous to them. The government at Washington never was, and never shall be, our master-



It never was designed, according to the Constitution, to be any thing but an agent, with limited powers, for the States; and so, in a certain sense, the servant of the States. It is, therefore, the Constitution of our fathers, as against a usurping central despotism, for which we contend; so that (as with the Dutch) not we, but our foes, are the revolutionists. We also struggle for God's word and providence, both impugned by our enemies. It becomes clearer every day, that the war is against slavery, and on religious grounds, in part. It is human reason and human piety against the Bible. If we had been willing to learn from New England wisdom a better religion and morality than the Bible's, this war had never been begun; and even now, all would at once be well again, if we would just consent to be so taught. Thus the struggle is both religious and political.

Another element in the cause and origin of both struggles is money. Alva promised Philip a stream of gold one yard deep, flowing perpetually from the provinces into Spain. The North went into this struggle to recover southern trade. She now prosecutes this war to secure the payment of its enormous cost.

There is a fourth element, which we will call the sectional element. In the case of the Dutch and Spanish there was an absolute difference of race. There is no such difference in the present case, and yet there is a difference of ideas, habits, notions, and ways of feeling, thinking, and acting, which has long constituted us two distinct peoples, and which forms a real element in the present discord. The *true and genuine Yankee* always has been hateful to the South. The whole North, nay, even the whole of New England, is not true and genuine Yankee. Some of the noblest specimens of humanity are here amongst us, who came to us from the now hostile North—and New England itself has furnished some of the very best citizens and soldiers of our Confederacy. But, however this may be, the war, as waged against us, and the government that wages

it, is *true and genuine Yankee*. Yankee principles and Yankee motives originated the war, and Yankee policy controls and conducts it. The press of the North has long been accustomed to sneer at those chivalrous notions upon which the Southron prides himself; and it would, indeed, seem as though the sense of honor, that most important element of high character, is utterly wanting in the North. If there is any thing selfish, base, cowardly, deceitful, in Yankee character, it has all been exhibited in every stage of the policy and conduct of this war upon us by the North. So that the whole North is now become *Yankee* to the people of this Confederacy. The feelings once cherished towards the tricky, mean, meddlesome, unmanly, canting, hypocritical, rapacious Massachusetts or Connecticut man, are now transferred, throughout these states, to all classes at the North. They have all assumed that character, and are acting that way towards us. We did but claim our inheritance of independence and freedom; and, believing themselves able, they have, with one accord, shewed themselves willing, to spoil us of every right for their own advantage. The property, the lives, the liberties of their southern brethren, the very honor of their southern sisters, they would sacrifice it all to their self-aggrandizing malice; whilst the means and the methods they employ, are such that we are at a loss to say which is the most despicable, their cowardice, their deceit, or their cruelty. Sprung from a common ancestry, to a great degree, yet educated under different influences, and trained to contrary ideas and principles, it has come to pass, at length, that one great hatred now unites our people against the whole North, as fierce and undying as ever the Dutch felt for their Spanish foes.

2. There is the same blind infatuation manifest in the two attempts of tyranny. Philip's scheme, to force the inquisition upon the Dutch, and to compel them to give up their charters, was a mad conception, and insane was the

obstinacy with which he sought to carry it into execution. On the part of the North, there is the same infatuation in their belief that they can subjugate us, and the same obstinate persistence in the mad attempt. It is, on their part, a war of delusions—of delusions perfectly easy to account for, as they have been all along, ever since the rise of abolitionism, misled by their own press, and other educators. The South knew the North well, for they took and read their papers. But no southern writing ever reached the North, and so the North fell an easy prey to falsehoods concerning both our slaves and ourselves. Accordingly, they imagined that a union party would be found amongst us. They will not give up the infatuation. They imagined that the non-slaveholders of the South would refuse to take up arms in defence of their own invaded soil. They have not yet awaked up to their tremendous error. They imagined that our slaves would all rise up to welcome them as deliverers. They cling still to this delusion. They imagined our people too soft, luxurious, and effeminate to carry on a determined and protracted struggle. Up to the time of McClellan's late defeats, they still persisted in believing "the rebellion almost crushed out." It remains to be seen how long they will continue to cherish this fond imagination.

8. There is the same popular heartiness in the two efforts to resist despotism. At the beginning, the people of the Netherlands were not hearty. William was, for a long time, the head and front of that movement. But when the Duke of Alva made the case plain to every person, by his tenth-penny tax, then he united all interests against his master. From that moment, the question of Dutch independence was settled. There were, of course, great sufferings to be endured, and great reverses to be met, and many a time thick clouds must appear to settle over William's prospects; but the moment Alva had

united the whole people in one earnest purpose, the case was already a determined one.

It is precisely so in our present struggle. If any did not understand the true nature of the issue at the very beginning, long since it has become perfectly plain to every one. The Yankee government has made all classes in the Confederacy of one mind. This war on our part is, in the strictest sense, a war of the people. It is not a war of our government, but it is our people's war. It is every man's war, and every woman's war, and every child's war. Both sexes, and all ages and classes, unite in its support. As for the women of our country, history shall speak their praise. They have clothed the army fighting, and they have nursed the army sick. Well might the brutal Butler strike so basely at them, in his infamous order concerning their New Orleans sisters—the women of the South are all foes of the Yankee government! There is no class of people in our whole Confederacy that does not heartily endorse and encourage the Confederate cause. The merchant, the planter, the manufacturer, the farmer, the slaveholder and the non-slaveholder, the rich and the poor, the minister and his people, the lawyer, the physician, the inhabitants of the towns and cities, and the rural population; men formerly of all the various political parties, (for there now exist no parties of this sort whatever,) people of all religious denominations alike; in one word, the whole people are united in the struggle.

One consequence is, that in both struggles the spirit of the people is seen to rise with the reverses that come upon them. Once fairly roused, Dutch patriotism only burned the brighter for the thick darkness and gloom that gathered around. The sack of Naarden inflamed, instead of subduing, popular resistance. The terrific siege of Harlem strained to the highest pitch the patriotic devotion of her sisters. And so is it in this Confederacy. There is no sacrifice our people are not now prepared to make, rather

than submit to the rule of a government they have so many fresh reasons to abhor. It is foul with the blood of their sons; it has desolated their cities; it riots in the oppression of some portions of their territory. They felt a warm indignation at the first against the despotism, but their wrath is now hot. They want offensive war; they want blood and fire to be opposed by blood and fire.

4. There is the same high religious confidence that God will give deliverance. Viewing Orange as the embodiment of Netherland feeling and spirit, this is true of the Dutch. But it is true of the people of the Confederate States in a literal sense. We do not mean to assert that all our people are possessed of evangelical faith. But, whilst we see amongst Christian people of every denomination the exhibition continually of a humble reliance on Him who has sore broken us, and of a chastened confidence in His favor to our cause, such as Orange so sublimely expressed when he said, "I have made no treaty with any great potentate on the earth, but I have entered into a close alliance with the King of kings," we behold, also, amongst all classes of the people, a lofty persuasion that this is a great providential movement, by which the states of this Confederacy are certain to become a separate and independent people. This is a wide-spread popular belief. Men who never saw God's hand any where else, can see it in this movement.

Such are some of the broad parallels which strike us, when reading this history in the midst of present events. In innumerable particular circumstances, the parallel is equally visible between our case and that of heroic Orange, battling for right against deceitful, ruthless might. Thus do we encounter once more "the perpetual reproductions of History." But let us hasten to close these observations, by referring to a few of the contrasts distinguishing, so remarkably, from one another these two great movements in the history of constitutional freedom, which, in several respects, are so entirely similar.

1. The present struggle is certainly by far the greater in that which is *at stake*.

The Netherland provinces were not the peculiar home of constitutional freedom in that day; but Americans have long been accustomed to boast that in our age she has been dwelling peculiarly upon this continent. It has long been conceded, that the brightest hopes of mankind for this world have attached themselves to the republican institutions of North America. Holland was little and obscure at the time of her struggle for chartered rights, and had she perished, the cause of regulated liberty had not been either disgraced or overthrown. But to these western shores, the eyes of thousands in older countries have been long turned, with mingled hope and fear. They have watched the solution of the American problem, anxious beyond measure to have it demonstrated that, under certain favorable circumstances, man is capable of what is called *self-government*.

There can be no doubt that the best friends, the most intelligent and sincere friends, of true liberty in Europe, are now full of disquiet for their sacred cause. They behold their best hopes and the dearest temporal interests of mankind in jeopardy. Lord Brougham (no friend to the South) said recently in Parliament, that, "gloss it over as they might, the war threatens fatal results to the character of the American people." It is perceived in Europe, that the government at Washington tramples under foot equally the constitutions of states and the personal franchises of individuals; that they are denying to the men of this Confederacy what is asserted in the Declaration of Independence—the right of every free people to abjure a government not of their own consent; and that their outcry of rebellion against us, and their attempt to force upon us a continuance of the Union, against our will, is a renunciation of the principles of the Americans of 1776, and an unworthy imitation of the mad and wicked attempts of British tyranny at that time. The friends of constitutional

liberty in Europe know how unjust, as well as absurd, is the very idea of restoring the American Union by force. They know that a republic by coercion is an impossibility. They stand aghast at the thought of all these Confederate States being reduced to the condition of subject provinces, simply because they do not choose any longer alliance with the states of the North. They are not asleep to the fatal blow which freedom's cause, the world over, must receive, should so dire a project be crowned with success.

It is such considerations as these which set forth the real importance of the struggle now carried on by us for our chartered rights and immunities. Europe does not yet perceive, but it may one day be made plain to her intelligent and honest statesmen, that it is the Confederate States which, on this continent, are the only assertors of freedom's grand and precious cause; and that here, in the South, the slaveholding South, here, after all, dwells the largest, truest, healthiest liberty in this western hemisphere: liberty not for all, but for the largest possible number; liberty for all capable of using liberty well; liberty for all to whom liberty would be any blessing.

2. There is a striking contrast between these two struggles, as to their *scale and dimensions*. The Netherlands were invaded only by hundreds, and tens of hundreds. Our foe boasts of having sent into our country seven hundred thousand soldiers, and is now calling for three hundred thousand more. There is no end to the number of ships, also, employed to cut us off from intercourse with the rest of mankind, and to penetrate our country with agents and means of terror and destruction. What quantities of powder and shot, what countless numbers of shells, of every sort and size, have been used against us! What vast expenses have been assumed to carry on this invasion! Philip's war cost him, for military expenses, seven millions of dollars per year. Abraham Lincoln's government, it is declared on the floor of their own Congress, have had to

expend, for fourteen months past, that much about every three days!

3. The undertaking of our author's countrymen is in striking contrast with that of Philip of Spain, in the immeasurably greater obstacles which they have cheerfully encountered. It will be for some future Motley—some philosophic historian of another age—to determine whether this Herculean effort illustrates better their courage or their cupidity.

It is manifest that all the material conditions of success were with the Spaniards. "Who could suppose," well remarks Mr. Motley, "that upon that slender sand-bank, that narrow tongue of half-submerged earth, one hundred and twenty miles in length, and varying in breadth from four to forty miles, one man, backed by the population of a handful of cities, could do battle nine years long with the master of two worlds, the '*Dominator of Asia, Africa, and America,*' the despot of the fairest realms of Europe—and conquer him at last? Nor was William entirely master of that narrow shoal. North and South Holland were cut in two by the loss of Harlem, while the enemy was in possession of the natural capital of the little country, Amsterdam."

Was it madness in Philip to suppose that he could subjugate three millions of Netherlanders, united heartily against him? It was some excuse for his folly that he knew that they were inhabitants of a handful of cities, and their country a few petty and insignificant provinces. But now the world looks on and sees the "universally educated," the "shrewd," "smart," "cute," Yankee nation, rushing headlong into the serious endeavor to subjugate ten millions of people, inhabitants of half this continent of North America!

Again: William's soldiers were chiefly mercenaries, and could never stand in the open plain against their accomplished enemies. For the soldiers of Philip were of "ro-



mantic valor, unflinching fortitude, and consummate warlike skill." It followed that the Hollanders were always beaten whenever it came to a fair and open fight on land, although ever superior at sea. In the present case, no comparison on the sea is admissible, for obvious reasons. But how is it on the land—how is it all over that mighty breadth of states which it is attempted to overrun, and to subdue and possess? The defence of our soil is in the hands of natives, or of men who have adopted our country for their own. It is the children of this soil, it is the owners of this land, that have banded together as one man to withstand invasion and rapine. And where, in a single instance during this war, have the men of the South not shewn themselves able, by the blessing and favor of God, to conquer their foes against odds in any fair and open field?

Again: the Netherlander had been, to a large extent, a freeman, and was contending for privileges and charters long enjoyed by him, such as they were. This made his resistance to Philip's attempt at subjugation so spirited and so stubborn. But the people of this Confederacy are the natural-born heirs of British freedom in all its fulness, and have enjoyed, moreover, for eighty years and more, all the rights and immunities of American citizens. What is yet more to the point in hand, they have long been themselves the masters of a subject race. To bring freemen of this kind and of this character under a domination, of all others on the face of the earth the most despicable and odious to them, this is the stupendous enterprise in which the Lincoln government has engaged!

The natural conditions of success were, indeed, all with the Spaniards, except the great, controlling one of their being opposed by a thoroughly roused, and united, and determined people. But the moral conditions of success, such as justice, and truth, and right, were with the Hollanders. In the case of our Confederacy, we have both

the moral conditions and the natural conditions of success all for us. If nothing else would wear out our foe, the country where we dwell will do it. If nothing else would bring him to a state of exhausted weakness, his invading this land of ours will do it. His million of soldiers will melt away like snow upon our fields. But were our country not fitted as it is to devour an invading host—were it far smaller, and far healthier, and far more densely populated than it is, the one circumstance of our people being so united in their purpose, would still make the Yankee scheme a perfectly hopeless one.

Deeply impressed ourselves with the example of patient, cheerful, heroic endurance furnished us by Orange and his Netherland countrymen, we have essayed to set it before our readers, as, perhaps, the best service we could possibly render at this time to the cause of our country. On the 25th of April, 1568, William's first army, of three thousand men, are shamefully beaten by half their own number of Spaniards. On the 18th of the following July, his second army, of twenty-five hundred, is cut to pieces, scarce three hundred escaping. On the 21st of July, Count Louis is totally routed at Jemmingen, and the Spanish loss in the fight is but seven, against as many thousands of William's men. Yet do not these terrible reverses dishearten the hero. At his own expense, and by almost superhuman exertions, he gathers another army, of nearly thirty thousand soldiers; but the masterly tactics of Alva baffle all his schemes of battle, and in about one month this army of wretched mercenaries also disbands, and the campaign ends miserably for the Prince and his cause. But if the year 1568 was dark, yet darker for the Reformed were those of 1569 and 1570. William had gone with his brothers, Louis and Henry, to join the banner of the Huguenots, in France. Condé was killed and Coligny overthrown, and William found himself again in Germany, without funds to raise new levies, nor yet to relieve himself from the annoying

claims of those he had been compelled to disband. But even now his spirit is unbroken; and while he comprehends his own weakness, he is still full of lofty courage and humble confidence in God. Not yet, however, has he sounded the profoundest depths of reverse and misfortune. In 1572, at the head of a new army, justly sanguine of French help, reasonably confident that Alva is now at length in his power, suddenly the earthquake of St. Bartholemew's day scatters all his well-matured plans, and blasts all his legitimate hopes. His mercenaries once more mutiny, and his army again dissolves. And many of the towns and cities of Belgium, which had been quick to raise his successful standard, now disown his cause, and hasten to return to their old allegiance.

These Confederate States have had their reverses, too, and by these reverses their overweening pride and self-confidence have been humbled. This single result has, perhaps, fully compensated for all our sufferings and losses. Sweet are the uses of adversity—wholesome the lessons of necessary discipline. God of our fathers, and our God, grant in mercy that we be not now again unduly uplifted by the great victories vouchsafed our army in Virginia. But what have our reverses been, at any period since the war began, in comparison with those borne by the heroic Dutch with such sublime fortitude?