

THE BOYS' MOTLEY

BY
HELEN WARD BANKS



ILLUSTRATED BY A.D. M^cCORMICK

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THE BOYS' MOTLEY



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“NO, NOT THE STATES, BUT YOU, YOU, YOU!”—Page 32

THE BOYS' MOTLEY

OR

THE RISE OF THE DUTCH
REPUBLIC

BY

HELEN WARD BANKS

WITH TWELVE ILLUSTRATIONS IN COLOR BY

A. D. McCORMICK

“An honest man’s the noblest work of God”

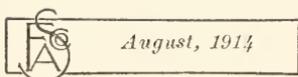
—*Pope*



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FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY
PUBLISHERS

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TO
ELIZABETH, HAL, AND THE TWO GEORGES
IN WHOSE COMPANY
I HAVE PASSED MANY PLEASANT HOURS

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CHAPTER I
THE NETHERLANDS IN THE
SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

PLACE

THE NETHERLANDS

TIME

THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY

CHARACTERS

- CHARLES V. *King of Spain and the
Netherlands*
- PHILIP II *His son and successor*
- HENRY VIII *King of England*
- ELIZABETH *His daughter and successor*
- FRANCIS I. *King of France*
- CATHERINE DE MEDICI . . . *His daughter-in-law*
- CHARLES IX, King of France }
HENRY III, King of France . } *Sons of Catherine*
FRANCIS, DUKE OF ANJOU . . }

CHAPTER I

THE NETHERLANDS IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY

ONCE upon a time—and the time was the first half of the sixteenth century—there were three young kings ruling over three kingdoms. The first was Henry VIII, king of England, the second was Francis I, king of France, and the third was Charles V, king of Spain, who was also emperor of Germany and ruler of the Netherlands. Charles had inherited Spain from his grandparents, the Ferdinand and Isabella who had sent Columbus out. It was from his father, the Duke of Burgundy, that he had inherited Holland and Belgium, which made up the Netherlands.

The first half of the sixteenth century is interesting because the men who wrote about these things tell us that it is the beginning of modern history. The last of the fifteenth century had seen the discovery of America, and this opened a new era. We will remember 1492, therefore, as a convenient peg on which to hang two facts—the discovery of America and the beginning of modern history.

Francis and Henry and Charles are important to us only as the fathers and grandfathers of the people who

move through our Netherland stories of the winning of Dutch liberty. Charles V was the father of Philip II of Spain—who was also ruler of the Netherlands,—and of Ferdinand, Emperor of Germany. Henry VIII was the father of Queen Elizabeth of England; and Francis I was the father-in-law of Catherine de Medici and grandfather of the kings of France, Charles IX and Henry III, Catherine's sons. We shall meet all these people so we must know a little about them.

Henry VIII had made England into a Protestant country and his daughter, Elizabeth, was a Protestant. As the Dutch struggle against "His Catholic Majesty," Philip II, was largely for freedom for the Protestant religion, it would seem as if England would have been a staunch friend to Holland. But though Elizabeth did not like Philip II and refused to marry him, she was afraid of him. She gave the Netherlands a little help from time to time with men and money, but it was grudging and slow. Holland never could count on England as a steady ally.

Germany, too, was an uncertain help. Some of the States were Protestant, and they occasionally helped William of Orange, the Dutch leader, while other parts of Germany helped Philip. There was no stout friend for Holland in Germany.

France was a Roman Catholic country, so we should not expect to find help for the Netherlands there. And still in the first part of the war, the French Huguenots were Dutch allies. Catherine de Medici was the real

ruler and she was wholly selfish. All she wanted was power and she gave her help to those who would serve her. Her sons were kings, one after another, but they were only her tools. The real king of France was Catherine de Medici.

She came from the Medici family of Florence who, before they had been dukes, had made great fortunes as merchants. The French nobles liked the money but they despised anyone who had worked to earn it. When Francis I therefore brought the little Catherine de Medici to Paris as his son's bride, she was not very happy. She was not beautiful, she was quiet, and while the gay times went on, she was left alone. Her husband neglected her and the courtiers laughed at her. She sat on one side and watched the brilliant scenes at court, all the while pondering in her scheming little head what she should do when power came finally into her hands. It did come when her father-in-law and her husband died and she was left with her sons.

There was beside her own, in France, another powerful Catholic party headed by the Duc de Guise. There was also a Protestant party led by the dashing Henry of Navarre, with Condé and Coligny and other nobles under him. They were both against Catherine, but she managed very cleverly; instead of fighting them singly, she kept them so engaged quarreling with each other that they had no time to quarrel with her. But all this planning kept her very busy. She had not much time for outside affairs unless they touched her own. If it

suited her, she would aid Philip, or if it were more to her interest, she would give her support to Protestant Holland. In any case her help was treacherous.

So with England afraid to help Holland and France unwilling to help Spain, Philip II was left to fight his own battles. He was well fitted for it. There is in history scarcely a more odious character than Philip II. His great general, the Duke of Alva, was ferocious and bloodthirsty, but Philip was scheming as well as cruel. In appearance he was small, thin-legged and narrow-chested, with a heavy lip and a protruding jaw. His manner was silent and shrinking, and when he talked he looked on the ground as if he were embarrassed. He always suffered from indigestion because he was too fond of pastry. The two times we are told that Philip II laughed with pleasure was when he heard of the massacre of St. Bartholomew in Paris, where hundreds of innocent men, women and children had been murdered by the orders of Catherine de Medici. The other time was when one of his own cities in the Netherlands was taken by the Duke of Alva and all its inhabitants ferociously killed.

Mr. Motley says that Philip sat in his great palace of the Escorial—which he had built outside Madrid to commemorate the fall of St. Quentin—as a spider sits in the heart of his web, spinning traps for unwary flies. All of Philip's spinning was to one end. He had a plan to make of Spain, the Netherlands, France and England a huge Roman Catholic empire of which he should

be emperor. France he would buy of the Duc of Guise. England he would crush, since Queen Elizabeth would not marry him and so join England to Spain. Already he was planning the Invincible Armada which should ruin England. The Netherlands were his; there he could begin at once to carry out his will of turning all Dutch Protestants into Catholics.

The word Netherlands means of course "the low countries," and they were so called because all the land was flat and much of it, especially in the north, lay below sea-level. Inch by inch the patient Hollanders had gained from the sea by heroic toil, the fields that fed their cattle and grew their crops. They cut canals to let inland lakes flow out to the sea, and made dykes to keep the sea from flowing in upon the land. They built pumps and sluices, locks and windmills till they had, by means of their dykes and canals, founded a country on the sea-bottom. The dykes or dams became cities—Rotterdam, Edam, Amsterdam—and the cities became a nation.

The river Meuse divided the Netherlands into two parts. North of it lay Holland, stretching up as far as Friesland. South of it lay Flanders, Brabant and the other divisions that now make Belgium, and below them on the French frontier, Artois, Hainault and the other Walloon provinces. Where the Meuse flows into the sea, its broad arms—with those of the river Scheldt—enclose the islands of Zeeland. In all these provinces powerful cities rose slowly and became noted for their

wealth. The country was devoted to commerce, agriculture and manufacture, and money poured in until the burghers became rich, and the cities had almost republican freedom. The country had its own Parliament or States General and the ruler could get money only by the vote of the States General.

Though Holland and Belgium were really one country, they were separated by differences of religious belief. The Dutch cities, Amsterdam, Haarlem, Leyden and many others, were Protestant. The cities of Flanders and Brabant,—Antwerp, Brussels, Ghent and the rest,—were Roman Catholic. While the whole Netherlands rebelled at Philip's cruelty in his attempt to fasten the Inquisition on the low countries, and refused to pay Alva's tax of the "tenth penny," still it was Holland that bore the brunt of the struggle and that stood firm to the end.

Philip's determination, as we have seen, was to leave no Protestant in the Netherlands. He would convert them or kill them, but Roman Catholics they should be. To help him in his purpose he meant to use the Inquisition.

This was a court of monks who had absolute power to arrest, torture and kill any heretic or anyone suspected of heresy. Heresy consisted in reading the Bible, in holding meetings to discuss religion or in disbelieving any doctrine of the Roman Catholic church. Indeed, if you were kind to anyone who did these things and did not do them yourself, you were a heretic. You



"IN GLOOMY DUNGEONS AT MIDNIGHT THE MONKS WOULD TRY BY TORTURE TO MAKE YOU ACKNOWLEDGE YOUR GUILT."—Page 9

could be arrested, and if you promised never to do so again, you would be merely beheaded or buried alive. If you declared your right to think as you pleased, you would be burned. The Inquisition had spies everywhere, so that the man who ate your bread one day might denounce you the next. Without proof, the Inquisition could arrest you, and in gloomy dungeons at midnight, the masked monks would try by torture to make you acknowledge your guilt. If you acknowledged you were a Protestant, you were killed. If you denied it, you were tortured till you did confess and then you were killed.

Already in 1550 Charles V had published in the Netherlands an edict authorizing the punishment of heretics. Philip had this edict republished and brought his Inquisition to carry it out. To make sure the Inquisition should not be interfered with, he kept a Spanish army in the Netherlands; and that he might have plenty of Inquisitors, he obtained permission from the Pope to establish in the Netherlands new bishops and archbishops of his choosing. These bishops were all to be Inquisitors and they were to select their own underlings. There would be no one there unwilling to carry out Philip's wishes.

The Spanish army which they must feed, so that it might have strength to punish them; the establishment of the Inquisition; and later, Alva's attempt, in violation of their charters, to make the provinces pay a ten per cent. tax:—these were the three things which roused

the Netherlands and plunged them into a long and terrible war. But at the end of the war stood freedom. Philip's Roman Catholic empire was never established. He got his Invincible Armada together to crush England, but the waves dashed it to pieces in the English Channel. He plotted and bargained with the Guise party in France, but Henry of Navarre scattered his plans and saved France. He planted the Inquisition in the Netherlands and sent Alva and his "Blood Council" to enforce it, but the Dutch courage and patience that had built Holland out of the sea, rose to resist tyranny. A nation of manufacturers and artisans, utterly unskilled in arms, opposed their patriotism against the skill and daring of the best-trained troops of the time, and won. The Dutch were fighting for home and liberty, while the Spaniards were fighting for pay.

Holland would have had an even harder time except for William of Orange—the hero of the "Rise of the Dutch Republic." Just as Washington came with his wisdom and courage when we needed him in 1776, so to the Dutch, untrained in war, came William the Silent, Prince of Orange;—wise, patriotic, unselfish, brave, stout-hearted and unfaltering. To the Dutch, William of Orange is the "Father of his Country" as Washington is to Americans.

The Motley stories then, we see, are written about the Dutch struggle for liberty which took place in the second half of the sixteenth century, when Elizabeth was queen of England; when Catherine de Medici and her

sons, Charles IX and Henry III, were ruling France; when Philip II was king of Spain and lord of the Netherlands. The Dutch were roused to resistance by Philip's trying to force the Inquisition on the Netherlands by means of his Spanish army and the new bishops, and by Alva's tax of the "tenth penny." The Dutch leader was William of Orange, and he was obliged to work without outside help. Germany was indifferent and so was England; France was treacherous. William of Orange tried to get England, Germany and France to adopt his nation, but failed. He was the natural leader and he was finally given full power. The Dutch did win their liberty and they have held it. The present Queen of Holland, descended from William's youngest son, Frederick William, owes her throne to William of Orange and to the Dutch Patriots who fought under him.

CHAPTER II
THE VALOR OF COUNT EGMONT

PLACE

THE WALLOON PROVINCES OF THE NETHERLANDS

TIME

1557

CHARACTERS

PHILIP II	<i>King of Spain</i>
DUKE OF SAVOY	<i>Commander-in-Chief of Spanish Army</i>
EGMONT	<i>Commander under Savoy</i>
MONTMORENCY	<i>Marshal of France</i>
NEVERS	<i>Commander under Montmorency</i>
COLIGNY	<i>Admiral of France</i>
ANDELOT	<i>His brother</i>
DE THERMES	<i>A French General</i>

CHAPTER II

THE VALOR OF COUNT EGMONT

WHEN Philip II inherited his father's crown, he inherited, too, a war against France, in which the English were his allies. The Siege of St. Quentin was almost the last event in this war.

St. Quentin was a town on the French frontier, standing high above the river Somme. It was filled with orchards and gardens and had many rich inhabitants. It was surrounded on three sides by a narrow lake, deep in some places and in others only a bog.

The French of course owned the city and they could not afford to lose it. If the Spaniards should take St. Quentin, they would open a road to Paris itself and then the French would be in a bad case. There was only a small garrison under Teligny in St. Quentin; he was short both of men and supplies. The Constable of France—Montmorency—and the famous Admiral Coligny were both in the neighborhood, and Teligny sent them word that he was sure the Spaniards meant to besiege St. Quentin and that it was not strong enough to stand a siege.

He was right as to the Spaniards' intentions. They did mean to take St. Quentin, and the Spanish troops

under the command of the Duke of Savoy were sent out for that purpose.

One of Savoy's most daring generals was Lamoral, Count Egmont. His title came from the Castle of Egmont away up in the German Ocean, on the northwest edge of North Holland. But, through his mother, the Princess of Gavere, Egmont was also a noble of Flanders. He had followed Charles V through his wars, and, like his friend William of Orange, had been one of the emperor's favorites. He was young, handsome and brave, already counted one of the five best generals in the army. In this attack on St. Quentin he saw a chance to make even a greater name for himself.

When Coligny received Teligny's message, he knew there was great need to get men and food into St. Quentin before the Spanish army should prevent him. In hot haste he set out with his army, but he himself traveled so fast that he outstripped it. He reached the city to find that the English allies had come on the field and were preparing to block the road. Without waiting therefore for his army to catch him up, Coligny with his few attendants entered St. Quentin and the gates were closed. The troops that followed could not get in.

All useless men were now sent out of the town and the women and children were locked in the churches so that their fear might not take away the courage of the garrison. The French army outside, under Montmorency, was doing its best to relieve the city but without success. Coligny sent out several skirmishing

parties to reconnoiter the country to find supplies and a way to get them into the city. Day after day went by without accomplishing anything and the plight of the garrison grew all the time worse.

Then Coligny made a discovery. On one side of the boggy lake which surrounded St. Quentin there was a narrow, difficult path only a little under water except in one place where it was crossed by a deep running stream. If Montmorency could lead his men over the path to the stream, Coligny from the town could provide boats to ferry them over, and so food and men might be brought in.

Coligny sent this word to Montmorency. It was St. Lawrence's day, August 10, 1557. St. Lawrence was a martyr who had been roasted to death on a gridiron, according to legend, and this 10th of August was sacred to him. Hereafter it was to be sacred, too, to Philip II of Spain.

Montmorency acted at once. There was no chance of a surprise. He must carry out his march under the enemy's eyes. He advanced with his artillery toward the besieging army, and after driving back a small force that tried to stop him, he turned his cannon on the Spanish camp. His balls were so effective that the tent of the Duke of Savoy was destroyed and the commander-in-chief had to hurry to Egmont's tent for safety.

Montmorency used the time of confusion to push forward his own troops. They found the path and some of them struggled over it; others were sunk in the bog.

When finally the foremost men reached the running water, they found few boats and those very small. The boats had to be so crowded with soldiers that many of them were swamped and the men drowned. Those that crossed found the opposite bank so steep that landing was almost impossible. Andelot, Coligny's brother, finally got inside St. Quentin with about five hundred men. That was all the expedition amounted to. Montmorency recalled the remainder of his army and began a retreat.

As he started, he thought with some uneasiness of a narrow pass between steep hills which he had come through in the morning. He had left a guard there, but now sent forward the Duc de Nevers with four companies of cavalry to strengthen the place till the French forces should pass through.

In the meantime, however, Egmont had thought of the same place. It was a spot where a few men could stop an army, and in the council of war held in his tent, Egmont urged that the French Marshal should be cut off there in his retreat. Others of the council were for letting Montmorency escape without risking a battle, since his expedition had failed and St. Quentin was sure now to fall in any case. But Egmont's impetuosity carried the day. It was decided to attack the French army as it fell back, and a cavalry force of two thousand men was detailed for that duty.

When Nevers therefore rode up with his French soldiers to hold the pass, he found the Spaniards before

him. His first impulse was to strike at the enemy's force and scatter it before it could firmly establish itself. Such a dash might have succeeded, but Nevers was held back by his officers, who said his orders were to hold the pass—not to attack the enemy.

He hesitated, therefore, and lost his chance. Reënforcements came to the Spaniards, and Nevers was obliged to fall back to wait for the French army. As it approached the pass, Count Egmont gave the signal of attack. While he at the head of his cavalry charged the front, assaults were also made on each side. The French wavered, and in that moment all the camp-followers, struck by sudden panic, turned and fled, carrying confusion as they went. Egmont had conquered at his first blow.

Escape was almost impossible to an army hemmed in on all sides. The Duc de Nevers with a handful of followers cut his way through to freedom, but the rest were lost. In an hour fifteen thousand men had been killed or captured. The Spaniards lost but fifty. So triumphant were they over their victory that they would not believe that Nevers had escaped. When he sent a messenger to negotiate concerning the prisoners they declared the man an impostor, for they were certain that Nevers must be dead.

Philip was convinced, however, finally that he was alive. Then in spite of knowing that Nevers had under him only six thousand men left from an army of twenty-one thousand, in spite of the fact that the Constable of

France was his prisoner and that Coligny was still shut up in St. Quentin, Philip's cautious fears began to revive. Egmont was ready to march the victorious army on to Paris and take it, but Philip held him back. He would wait until St. Quentin had really fallen.

In the meantime the country was ringing with the victory. "Egmont and St. Quentin" was the cry, until Egmont became the idol of the people. He had humbled France before the arms of Spain and placed a new crown of laurels on Philip's brow.

St. Quentin, in spite of its hopeless condition, still held out bravely. A fisherman had showed Coligny another path under the water by which he had succeeded in bringing a hundred and fifty more men into the city. That gave him in all barely eight hundred men, and the townspeople were growing so disheartened, that his courage and that of his brother scarcely kept up their spirits. Toward the end of August the enemy began a cannonade, and after several days of battering, they made at once a sudden assault from several points. The French held their ground bravely, but the Spaniards forced their way in through a tower that had been thought impregnable. Coligny, almost single-handed, fought the Spaniards as they came until he and the few men around him were taken prisoners. The fighting went on in the streets until Andelot also was captured. Then the city yielded.

Philip was in the camp before the town but he made no attempt to check the murder and pillage that fol-

lowed. Almost every man left in St. Quentin was killed. The women, scarcely clothed, were driven helplessly out into the country, for Philip announced that St. Quentin was now Spanish and he did not wish left in it anyone who could speak French. There was not much left to speak any language as the city was burned to the ground. Coligny and the officers were held as prisoners, and it is said that it was during this imprisonment that Coligny read the Bible so continuously that he turned from a Roman Catholic to a Protestant.

While St. Quentin was burning, homes being destroyed, men killed and women insulted, Philip, as an act of piety, had the body of St. Quentin placed in his tent. Here he shut his eyes and ears to the horrors outside, while daily mass was said to a dead saint. It was Philip's idea of religion.

In spite of the fall of St. Quentin and Montmorency's defeat, the French raised another army,—under the Duc de Guise this time,—and struck a blow against Philip's allies, the English. The English had owned Calais since the time of Edward III. Now, by a bold stroke, Guise captured it for France. De Thermes was appointed governor.

De Thermes attacked Dunkirk and took it, before he settled down in Calais. He was instructed on his march from Dunkirk to Calais to lay waste the country as he went. So he passed through, burning and killing and pillaging. Then it was that Count Egmont struck another bold blow for his king. With a force of ten

thousand foot and two thousand horse he lay in wait to catch de Thermes before he could get back to Calais.

Halfway between Dunkirk and Calais was the town of Gravelines. Here Egmont entrenched himself. As de Thermes drew near the village, he found he had an enemy in his path. How could he get past Gravelines without a fight? De Thermes and his officers held a council. It was resolved not to risk an encounter with Egmont if it could be avoided, but that the French army should wait till the tide was low and then try to march along the sands back to Calais.

De Thermes crossed the river to the ocean side, but Egmont saw what he was about, and he crossed too. So once again the Spanish army stood between the French and Calais.

This time the fight could not be avoided. De Thermes' army was almost as large as Egmont's, and he decided he had a good chance to cut his way through. Although he was ill, he rode his horse at the head of his army. Egmont placed himself in the post of most danger and led the cavalry charge against de Thermes' forces. The French held their ground until a fleet of English ships stood in near shore and opened fire on the seaward side where the French thought they were safe. Then all order was lost, and on the sands cavalier and soldier fought hand to hand in wild confusion. Egmont's horse was shot under him, but he mounted another and once more led his men forward. Finally the French gave way; horse and foot fled together. Many were

killed in the flight; many were pushed into the sea; and many more were murdered by the furious peasants whose homes de Thermes had just destroyed. De Thermes himself was taken prisoner. His army was annihilated.

This victory of Egmont's closed the war with France. That country was crushed and must make peace on Spain's terms. And it was Count Egmont who had won this new glory for Philip. We shall see later how Philip rewarded him.

Spain as a nation went wild over Egmont's skill and daring, but while he made so many friends, he made also one enemy. The Duke of Alva had been with Egmont in this engagement with de Thermes and he had strongly advised Egmont not to risk the battle which Egmont had risked and won. After he had won, he took no pains to conceal his triumph from Alva. The Duke of Alva, like his master, Philip II, never forgot an injury. Egmont would better have lost the battle with the French than have made an enemy of Alva.

The battle of St. Quentin which Egmont won for Philip had taken place, as we have seen, on St. Lawrence's Day. The story goes that Philip in his great anxiety to win the field, made a vow to St. Lawrence that if the victory should be to Spain, he would build the saint a fitting memorial. This memorial was built outside Madrid—the palace of the Escorial, in the shape of a huge gridiron in honor of St. Lawrence's martyrdom. It was in this big, gloomy palace that Philip sat and meditated over his cruelties. The King's supersti-

tion could build a palace to a saint to whom he prayed, but his heart could be as cold as the stones with which he built, to the man whose courage and gallantry had really brought him the victory.

CHAPTER III

WILLIAM THE SILENT, THE WASHINGTON OF THE NETHERLANDS

PLACE

GERMANY, SPAIN, FRANCE, THE NETHERLANDS

TIME

1533-1584

CHARACTERS

WILLIAM THE SILENT . . .	<i>Prince of Orange</i>
WILLIAM OF NASSAU . . .	<i>His father</i>
JULIANA OF STOLBERG . . .	<i>His mother</i>
LOUIS, COUNT OF NASSAU . .	} <i>His brothers</i>
ADOLPHUS, COUNT OF NASSAU	
JOHN, COUNT OF NASSAU . .	
HENRY, COUNT OF NASSAU . .	
MARGARET OF PARMA . . .	<i>Governor of the Netherlands</i>
BERLAYMONT	<i>One of her Council</i>
BREDERODE	<i>A Netherlands nobleman</i>

CHAPTER III

WILLIAM THE SILENT, THE WASHINGTON OF THE NETHERLANDS

GEORGE WASHINGTON brought freedom to the United States by his wisdom and courage and persistence. By just those same traits, William of Orange brought freedom to Holland. He had the boldness to strike when blows would count and the wisdom to wait when resistance would be useless.

Although William was a Dutchman, he was born in Germany. His first home was the Castle of Dillenberg, where he was born in 1533. His father was William of Nassau and his mother was Juliana of Stolberg. She was a good mother and loved her boys, William and Louis and Adolphus and John and Henry. She taught them all to be brave and honorable, and to know that for boy and man the only reliance is on God. She trusted God herself and loved her country so well that she gave her boys—all of them—to fight for freedom even at the cost of their fortunes and their lives, and when she was an old woman and but two of her sons were left her, she wrote to William that he should still trust God and make no peace that was not for the good of

the country even if such a peace should bring him ease. Was it strange that such a mother had brave sons?

When William was eleven years old, there came to the castle news that his cousin René, Prince of Orange, was dead. So William, who the day before had been only a little boy playing with his brothers, became all at once, as his cousin's heir, a Prince, and the owner of great estates. He was too important now to be left under his mother's care. Charles V was king of Spain and ruler of the Netherlands then, and he did not want William to grow up as a Protestant. So the little lad was taken away from home and sent to Brussels to be a page in the household of the King's sister. Here he was brought up as a loyal subject to Spain and a Roman Catholic. But in the end his mother's teaching was not forgotten.

When William was fifteen he was made page to the King himself. Charles became very fond of his new page and William learned to love his master. He learned more than that in the years he was in waiting on the King, for the Court was a great school for a quick, open mind. William was admitted to the Cabinet discussions and he kept his eager young ears and eyes open. He could speak in Latin, Dutch, German, French and Spanish, and as he came in contact with men he learned to watch their actions, to guess their motives and to weigh results.

In 1555 Charles V grew tired of the burden of power and determined to abdicate in favor of his son, Philip II.



"THROUGH GRAND ABBATIAL CEREMONIES, IT WAS UPON WILLIAM'S SHOULDER HE LEANED" = Page 29

Through all the grand court ceremonies of the abdication, it was upon William's shoulder that Charles V leaned, not knowing that he had, in his trusted and beloved page, raised up an opponent who was to defeat the plans of his son and successor, Philip II.

William did not like his change of masters. Before he was twenty-one, Charles had made him commander in his army. He was a good soldier, but young and gay and had little in common with the morose Philip, planning his Roman Catholic Empire and his murder of heretics. Philip did not like William either. The Prince knew no more the affairs of the court. When the fall of St. Quentin ended the French war, William was sent to France as a hostage for the fulfillment of the treaty. With him went the Duke of Alva, the Duke of Aerschot and Count Egmont.

This life was more to William's taste, for in the French court he lived in the midst of brilliance and gayety. It was here that he won his name of "William the Silent."

It came about in this way. The Prince of Orange never was silent; he liked to talk and laugh as well as the other young men, but he had learned enough under Charles V in the Spanish court to discover when it was best to keep silent. He was riding now one day with the French king, who knew how fond Charles V had been of William and supposed that Philip II trusted him in the same way. So he began to talk of a league between France and Spain by which the two kings meant

to convert or kill all their Protestant subjects. It was the first that the Prince of Orange had heard of the project, but he did not say so. He let the French king talk on till the whole plot was told, while William himself said never a word. So he earned forever the name of "William the Silent."

While William listened, he was also making up his mind. He was a Dutchman and his country, Holland, was a land of Protestants. Although he was still a Roman Catholic, he would do all in his power to keep his countrymen from being the victims of the cruel plot. In that hour of listening William grew from a dashing young courtier into a patriot ready to face hardship and danger for his people's sake. From this time on William and Philip were secretly enemies. Philip set spies on William and William had spies watching Philip. Both men were wary and clever, and the struggle was to be long. But Philip was working for selfish ends and William was moved by patriotism. It is truth that is always triumphant.

William did not for some time come to an open break with Philip; his friends Egmont and Horn never did. But he used his first leave of absence to go to the Netherlands to place his countrymen a little on their guard. Since the war with France, Philip had kept a Spanish army in the Netherlands. He needed it there to enforce the Inquisition. The soldiers were lawless and the support of them was a burden under which the Low

Countries fretted. Now, by William's counsel, they were ready to demand its withdrawal.

Philip II made his sister, Margaret, Duchess of Parma, governor of the Netherlands, and placed Orange, Egmont and Horn on her Council. There were long and splendid ceremonies at Ghent when she was installed in her office and Philip himself was present. He was very benignant, for after putting the people in good humor with much feasting, he went to ask the States General to grant him three million gold florins, with which he might convict and kill Dutchmen.

In spite of putting the great nobles in the Council, Philip took care that all the real power should lie with his mouthpiece, the Bishop of Arras, afterward Cardinal Granvelle. With many smooth words and false Spanish promises, he now did his best to make the people think it their duty and privilege to grant this money to the King. They answered that they would grant Philip the money if he would withdraw the Spanish army. Then Philip flew into a great passion. It was submission and obedience—and gold, that he wanted, and not the driving of bargains. There was no way out of it, however, for the States would not yield; to get the money, he had to promise that he would take home his soldiers. With Philip, promising was not always performing.

Philip knew who had stirred the Dutch people to this rebellion, and it made him hate the Prince of Orange more than ever. His anger broke out openly. He ac-

cused William of being at the bottom of all the trouble. The Prince replied calmly that the King had heard the voice of the States and that no man could be held responsible for their decision.

"No," Philip exclaimed, grasping William fiercely by the wrist, "not the States, but you, *you*, YOU!"

Then Philip sailed away from Flushing on the Island of Walcheren in the mouth of the Scheldt, and never came back to the Netherlands again. The struggle had really begun, though William still called himself loyal to the King. Indeed, through the whole war, the Dutch protested until the very end, that they were fighting against tyranny and not against Philip. It was a distinction that did not comfort Philip much.

At Flushing, just before he sailed, Philip was met by the news that the Pope had granted him the right to establish the new bishops with inquisitorial rights. When this spread abroad, it roused fresh indignation and fear. The blame of this new measure was laid upon Cardinal Granvelle and he became more hated than ever.

The Prince of Orange, as well as Egmont, saw the danger. He knew that if the King would not yield, rebellion must come. He and Egmont strongly urged Philip to withdraw the army as he had promised and to give up the plan of the bishops. Reluctantly Philip took away the soldiers for a while, but he kept the bishops.

The Prince of Orange was now about twenty-six years old. He was tall and fine looking, his head set well on his shoulders and his eyes deep and thoughtful. His manner had a charm that captivated everyone. He loved society and sports and had lived in much luxury. When, a little later, he wanted to economize, he did it by dismissing twenty-six of his cooks.

But events were changing him from a luxurious aristocrat to a lover of the people and from a Roman Catholic back to a Protestant. The pushing of the Inquisition brought so much misery that gradually everywhere the people began to talk of resistance. "Why not as well die with arms in our hands as be murdered?" they asked in whispers. They looked to William as their deliverer. On the gates of his palace was nailed the placard, "Rome awaits her Brutus."

William was not yet ready openly to oppose Philip, but some of the nobles, with rash, young Brederode at their head, formed themselves into a League and drew up a "Request" to be presented to the governor and her Council at Brussels. Brederode was a bold, gallant young noble without much wisdom. At the head of two hundred men, armed and mounted, he rode into Brussels with the Request. A crowd received and cheered them as their deliverers from Spanish tyranny.

Margaret trembled when she heard of the Request, and Berlaymont, one of her Councilors, urged that the petitioners should not be admitted to the Council. Wil-

liam of Orange protested that the meanest petitioner had the right to present a request, and finally Brederode and his followers were admitted.

When the Request had been heard there was a great discussion as to how it should be received. It was talked about so long that Berlaymont grew impatient. He exclaimed, "What, Madame, is it possible that Your Highness can entertain fears of these beggars? If my advice were taken, we should make them go down the steps much faster than they mounted them."

Later on that same day, as the Patriots passed Berlaymont's house, he said sneeringly, "There go our fine beggars again."

Some time after this, the nobles assembled at a great banquet in order to bind themselves firmly together to resist the Inquisition. They wanted to give their union a name. Should they be the Society of Concord? the Restorers of Lost Liberty? In the midst of the discussion one of the three hundred members arose, and looking down the long table, glittering with luxury, he told to his listening audience the story of Berlaymont's insult to the petitioners. To many it was new and it made them very angry. But the man spoke again:

"What name could be better? We will resist the Inquisition and be loyal to the King even till compelled to wear the beggar's sack."

Everyone in the hall cheered him. Just then a page appeared with the beggars' bag and the wooden bowl

out of which they drank. The speaker filled it to the toast, "Long live the Beggars!"

The roof rang with the cheers of the Patriots. Immediately they chose a uniform. Instead of gold lace and embroidery, the enthusiastic young nobles were to wear doublet and hose and short cloak of coarse ashen-gray cloth. They were to carry the beggars' bowl and sack and wear on their felt hats a leaden coin with Philip's head on one side and, on the other, two clasped hands under the inscription "Faithful to the King even to wearing the Beggars' sack." It was a loyalty which the King little appreciated.

With each week his persecution of the Netherlands grew more unbearable. All that the people asked was that they should not be burned alive for reading the Bible. It was a reasonable request, but it found no favor with the King. The horrors went on day by day in all parts of the land. "Titelmann the Inquisitor" became a word of fear throughout the country. Who can wonder, when it was possible that at any moment he might burst in and bear the household away to death. From one house he carried a man, his wife and four children, two newly-married couples and two other people; convicted them of reading the Bible, and burned them all at once, by the authority of their loving king, Philip.

But though for the time Philip had his way, there was in the making an opposing force. William of Orange

stood ready with life and fortune to make out of the gay nobles, the sober merchants and the savage islanders of the Netherlands, an army and navy with which, as "Land Beggars" and "Sea Beggars," he should, after years of courage and patience, free Holland forever from the cruelty of Spain.

CHAPTER IV
THE MASSACRE OF THE IMAGES

PLACE

ANTWERP

TIME

1566

CHARACTERS

WILLIAM *Prince of Orange*

MARGARET OF PARMA *Spanish Governor of the
Netherlands*

The Magistrates of Antwerp

The Image Breakers

CHAPTER IV

THE MASSACRE OF THE IMAGES

THE Beggars, whose beginning was almost a jest, soon became a word of terror through the land. All disturbances were laid to their charge whether they had any hand in them or not.

These disturbances increased daily. Philip had forbidden the Protestants to worship in any churches, so while the Catholics held their services in cathedrals beautiful with stained glass and jewels, images and pictures, the Protestants' only meeting place was in the open air. This injustice to quiet, loyal subjects stirred so much anger that sometimes even the preachers, forgetting that their task was to preach love to God and man, roused their hearers to hatred of popery and priests and cathedrals. The anger spread like a flame through the country till by and by people began to wonder if it would not be right to destroy the cathedrals that were the symbol of tyranny.

Sudden uprisings took place in several cities, and the Beggars were blamed for them. Usually they were not responsible, for all the better class of people, both Catholic and Protestant, stood firmly against riot and destruc-

tion. But nevertheless the uprisings were all laid to the Beggars, and people grew more afraid of them than ever.

In Tournay, a city of Hainault, this widespread fright took a funny turn. A Roman Catholic priest was preaching a sermon on the glory of being a martyr and telling his congregation how fine a thing it was to suffer torture and even death if the cause of the Mother Church demanded it. He was just saying bravely that he should count himself happy if he might be worthy to die for his people, when suddenly on the outer door came three distinct blows.

"The Beggars are coming!" someone in the congregation shouted.

Everything was in a panic at once. The poor priest forgot his courage and, pale and trembling, dropped down behind the pulpit, and then instead of dying for his people, he fled to the vestry where he locked himself in. The deserted congregation streamed into the street expecting to face a furious army. But all they found was one little boy who had been swimming with a couple of bladders for life-preservers. As he passed the church, partly to dry the bladders, and partly for mischief, he had struck them against the church door and thus made himself into a whole army of Beggars.

But though it was only a scare in Tournay, it was worse in Antwerp. Antwerp nowadays is a quiet old town with quaint, narrow streets and a big cathedral standing in an open square, but through the Dutch re-

bellion it was the scene of one terror after another. The first was the *Massacre of the Images*.

When the news reached Antwerp that the Beggars were attacking the cathedrals, the Burgomeister and other magistrates trembled, the Roman Catholic burghers crossed themselves in fear, and even the Protestants were troubled. They were all thinking of Antwerp cathedral and the treasures it held to tempt lawless men.

It was Assumption week, the festival which is kept in the Roman church in belief of the ascension of the Virgin Mary. Every year in Antwerp the statue of the Virgin was carried in procession through the streets and then placed in the open nave of the cathedral to receive the adoration of the worshipers.

The city was full of strangers come to witness the festival, and everyone was roused by the stories of the Beggars' doings in other cities. The presence of the Prince of Orange, who was Burgrave of Antwerp, prevented an open riot, but during the procession jeering cries came out of the crowd through which it passed, "Little Mary, little Mary this is your last walk; the city is tired of you."

The next day Margaret of Parma summoned William to Brussels, where she held her court. He went very reluctantly for he knew what danger he was leaving behind him in Antwerp.

He was right. It needed a strong hand now to keep order. When the crowd found that the image of the

Virgin had not been placed in the usual spot in the nave of the cathedral, but was standing beyond the guard of the choir rail, they cried in derision, "Ah, little Mary, are you afraid so soon? Beware! Your hour has come." And someone shouted, "Long live the Beggars!"

As there was no one to restrain them, from words the mob went a little further. A man in a tattered black gown mounted into the pulpit and began a coarse parody of a monk's sermon. Some of his hearers called out "Shame!"—which was answered on the other side by "Long live the Beggars!" A young sailor roused to anger by the disrespect, sprang into the pulpit, seized the mock preacher, and the two rolled down the stairs together. There was a crowd around them at once, some striking for the sailor and some for the preacher. Then a sudden voice called, "The officers are coming," and the guilty mob slunk away leaving the big cathedral to one more night of quiet.

That might have proved that a little show of authority would have restrained the tumult at once, but the magistrates were all this time sitting in the town-hall wondering what they could do about it. From all we read of the Dutch magistrates, they seem to have been much more fitted to ponder than to act, though the story of Leyden shows that there were heroes among them. These men of Antwerp were not of the hero type. They sat rubbing their heads in a sad state. Suppose they should order the mob to disperse and it

should refuse? And then suppose they should call out the militia to enforce the order, and the soldiers should side with the mob? It was such a very perplexing problem that the magistrates decided they would better do nothing at all. So they said good-night to each other and went home to bed with a vain hope that circumstances would take care of themselves.

But, as they were not interfered with, the mob took care of circumstances. The crowd was made up of a not very large body of the worst men in town. If William of Orange had been in Antwerp there would have been no riot. While the solemn magistrates slept, and then woke the next morning again to ponder, the people were once more pressing around the cathedral doors.

For years an old woman had sat there to sell her consecrated tapers and receive the coppers of the passers-by. Someone in the rough crowd began to jeer at her, telling her that her tapers were out of date. Someone else went further and overturned her wares. In her fury she began to throw at her tormentors anything that lay within her reach.

The care-takers of the cathedral tried in vain to clear the church. Then they fled to the town hall to summon the magistrates, and that grave body, deciding after two days of pondering that they would better do something, marched in their official robes to the cathedral hoping to overawe the rioters.

But it was too late. The crowd was grown too fond

of sarcasm by this time and threw their jeers even at the magistrates. "We wish to stay to hear the evening hymn," they cried. And when it was declared there would be no vespers, they shouted that they would sing for themselves, and struck up a Psalm of the Protestant church.

Then the magistrates tried a little trick. They closed all the church doors but one, and through that they marched solemnly out, hoping to draw the crowd after them and allow the care-takers to close the cathedral. But only a few stragglers followed them; most of the rioters remained inside and again opened the doors to whoever wanted to enter. The Council made one more feeble effort to enforce order, and then, thoroughly frightened, gathered up their robes and fled back to the town-house where they barricaded themselves against all danger. The cathedral was left to its fate.

As the clock in the belfry struck eight, the mob chanted another Psalm. Then, with repeated cries of "Long live the Beggars!" they sprang upon the statue of the Virgin, stabbed her, tore off her gorgeous robes, and broke her into a thousand pieces upon the pavement.

After this, the image breakers went systematically to work. The big cathedral was but dimly lighted by the tapers from the altar. Under these flickering torches, with ladders, ropes, axes, hammers and levers, the war was begun. The painted windows were shivered; the

pictures slashed into ribbons; statues of the saints were tumbled from their niches and knocked to atoms; the altars were hacked to pieces and the big organ destroyed; the missals and manuscripts were mutilated, the gorgeous robes trodden under foot, and with the sacred oil used in the anointing of kings, the reckless mob smeared their shoes.

By midnight there was only a shell where in the early evening there had been one of the most beautiful cathedrals on the Continent. Treasures that the citizens of Antwerp would have guarded with their lives from a foreign foe, were put out of existence in a few hours by less than a hundred of the worst men in Antwerp. And neither magistrates nor army had checked them.

Made frantic by their success, each wild creature seized a torch and rushed through the streets with the familiar cry of "Long live the Beggars!" All sober men shivered at the sound, got out their guns and looked well to the locks of their doors. But no person was hurt; it was only the images that were massacred.

For two days and nights the crazy, yelling mob swept through the streets like a tornado, leaving only wreck behind. Thirty churches were sacked; many monasteries had their valuable libraries burned, while the monks and nuns were turned into the street. The magistrates still kept themselves shut up, afraid that after the mob was tired of images it would take to burghers.

Philip II was wild with rage when he heard of the

murder of the images of the saints. He could laugh at the Massacre of St. Bartholomew and at the murder of thousands of his devoted subjects, but the insult to his sacred images of wood and stone moved him to tears. It was a sin for which he found no pardon.

CHAPTER V

HOW THE PRINCE OF ORANGE SOOTHED
THE MOB IN ANTWERP

PLACE

ANTWERP

TIME

1567

CHARACTERS

WILLIAM *Prince of Orange and
Burgrave of Antwerp*

MARGARET OF PARMA *Spanish Governor of the
Netherlands*

DE BEAUVOIR *Commander of her body-
guard*

MARNIX DE THOLOUSE . . . } *Netherlands noblemen*
BREDERODE }

The Calvinist Mob

CHAPTER V.

HOW THE PRINCE OF ORANGE SOOTHED THE MOB IN ANTWERP

THE image breaking in 1566 thoroughly alarmed the Duchess of Parma. She was in a hard position: head of a council whose members she did not trust; ruler over a country whose people she must continually torture, and yet with neither money nor an army to back her, for Philip was stingy with his gold and he had not yet found his chance to bring back the soldiers whom the States had forced him to withdraw.

Alone, the Governor could not meet the situation, so she turned for help to William of Orange, whom she used when she must and scorned when she dared. He, as Burgrave of Antwerp, saw in the fright of the Duchess a chance to advance the liberties of the people. He assured her that to gain peace she must make concessions. After much argument he succeeded in getting her to sign, in August 1566, the "Accord of August."

By this treaty Margaret promised, in the king's name, that all Protestants were to be allowed to hold service where they would outside the city walls, and,

more than this, they were to be free also to worship in any churches already established within the city walls where they had held service before the king's edict forbade them. This Accord was published by William in Amsterdam and Antwerp and other cities.

It was in 1566 that Brederode had sent in his first Request, which had received scanty attention. In 1567, made bolder by the Accord, he determined to present a new Request. He went to Antwerp to see the Prince of Orange, but William, although he had resigned from Margaret's Council, still refused to connect himself with Brederode. Nothing daunted, Brederode asked of Margaret safe conduct from Antwerp to Brussels. She contemptuously refused, and Brederode thereupon sent her his new Request. The first had merely asked that the Governor should stop killing Protestants; this demanded more boldly that the Protestants should be free to have their own churches everywhere.

"What manner of men are these," Margaret exclaimed when she received it, "who a year ago prayed only to be saved from the Inquisition, and now presume to talk about preaching in the cities?"

Brederode took this answer as a declaration of war and at once went to work to gather troops in Antwerp to raise the siege of Valenciennes.

All through the year Brederode had caused Margaret uneasiness, and this new move increased her alarm. Philip was quietly trying now to introduce Spanish garrisons again into the cities of the Netherlands, and some

of them—Valenciennes among the number—refused to receive the soldiers. So Valenciennes was in a state of siege by the Spanish army.

Once again the Governor called William of Orange to her help. He contented himself, as Burgrave of Antwerp, with issuing a proclamation against enlisting troops in the city. Otherwise he did not interfere with Brederode. Although he had resigned from the Council and was no longer a servant of Philip, he felt himself responsible for Antwerp.

At this same time Marnix of Tholouse, a young nobleman who had left college to fight for the Protestant religion, was cruising around the mouth of the Scheldt with several boat-loads of Beggars. They were not allowed to land at Flushing on the Island of Walcheren, as Flushing was loyal to Margaret, so they sailed further up the river and entrenched themselves at Ostrawell only a mile from Antwerp. Here they were well fortified, for they had the river and the dykes behind and to each side of them, while in front they threw up a breastwork of their own.

Tholouse set up his standard of rebellion and in a few days he had an army of three thousand men. Brederode, in the meantime, was busy raising troops in Holland.

When Margaret of Parma heard of this camp, she was much frightened. She told de Beauvoir, captain of her body-guard in Brussels, that he must at once destroy it. De Beauvoir chose eight hundred picked men

and with great secrecy started them out a few at a time, armed only with sword and dagger. The rest of their arms, with the drums and standards, were smuggled away by the officers to the appointed meeting-place. This was the Abbey of St. Bernard, not far from Antwerp.

At daybreak on the 13th of March, the soldiers and officers met. De Beauvoir allowed time for breakfast, and then gave his men their armor and told them his plan of battle. They were to march with furled banners and silent drums till they came in sight of the enemy; then the front rank was to fire, fall back to the rear to re-load, and give place to the second row, who were to fire and fall back in their turn. Not a shot was to be fired until the faces of the enemy were plainly seen.

It was but a short march to Ostrawell and it was made so quietly that Tholouse was taken completely by surprise. Although he had three thousand men to oppose to eight hundred, it was opposing a herd of wild cattle to the perfect mechanism of a steam engine. The Spanish discipline was faultless; the men were the best men in the best army in the world, and their commander had them in full control. Tholouse's men were either outlaws or raw troops who knew nothing of war. Tholouse himself, brave as he was, was scarcely more than a boy, with none of the experience and ability that enables a leader to control his men.

He thought at first that the advancing troops were

those of Brederode. When he discovered his mistake, he drew up his force and used all his powers to make his men stand firm against so small a foe. But they were instantly panic-stricken. Instead of holding their fire as they were told, they shot wildly over the heads of the Spaniards, who were coming on as dauntlessly as if it were they and not the Protestants who were sheltered by the breastwork. A single determined charge by the Spaniards carried the work, and its defenders fled in wild terror. What followed was nothing but a hunt of men; hundreds were killed; hundreds drowned in the Scheldt; and hundreds more burned alive in a farm-house where they had taken refuge. Hardly one man was left of the three thousand. Tholouse, too, was killed.

The fight lasted from daybreak till ten o'clock. All the houses and church-towers of Antwerp were crowded with people watching the fierce fight going on so near them.

To the Protestants, it was tragedy, for the destruction of Tholouse meant not only that Valenciennes could not be saved, but who knew what might happen to their religion even in Antwerp!

Most of the Protestants in Antwerp were Calvinists, though there were, besides the Calvinists, Lutherans and Anabaptists. The jealousies between Calvinists and Lutherans were almost as great as between Protestants and Roman Catholics. But this calamity united them for a time. They had not thought Tholouse

could be driven from his position. When they saw his utter rout, the streets were thronged with men pushing to the Red Gate, the easiest exit to Ostrawell, as Orange had had the Ostrawell draw-bridge destroyed. They were armed, some of them, with old-fashioned two-handed swords, some with lances and pikes and some with sledge-hammers. All were set on rescuing their comrades. The wife of Tholouse, not knowing that her husband had been killed, flew through the streets imploring help for him.

It was a wild, uncontrollable mob that was thus let loose in Antwerp, but William of Orange did not give it its head as the magistrates had done at the Massacre of the Images. Though his heart was sad at the slaughter of three thousand men, his duty as guardian of Antwerp made him determined that no more lives should be added to those already lost. The ten thousand undrilled men now under arms in the Antwerp streets could do no more against Spanish discipline than Tholouse's force had done.

The Prince of Orange on horseback rode to the Red Gate and faced the angry, yelling mob who were calling for vengeance on the Spaniards. They howled that the Prince was a friend of the Pope, and one man even tried to kill him. But gradually, as Orange stood firm, the people quieted enough to listen to him.

He told them that the battle was over and with it all hope of rescuing their friends; that to advance against de Beauvoir, ill-armed and ill-disciplined as they were,



"THE PRINCE OF ORANGE ON HORSEBACK RODE TO THE RED GATE AND FACED THE ANGRY, YELLING MOB"—Page 54

would be merely to give him occasion for more slaughter. Let them wait and take counsel.

The greater part of the crowd were convinced. Five hundred of them however were determined to attack the Spanish, and were finally allowed to pass through the gates. Once outside the city walls, they saw de Beauvoir, with his compact body of soldiers, advancing toward them, and the valiant five hundred were glad to run back through the gates to shelter.

William of Orange had saved a second massacre, but he had by no means mastered the mob. It swayed slowly and darkly into the Mere, a long, wide market-place in the center of the city with many cross streets leading out from it in every direction. By three o'clock in the afternoon twelve thousand Calvinists were crowded into the Mere. They were better armed now, for the arsenal had been broken open. They had broken the jails, too, and added the prisoners to their number. They did not know what they meant to do, but they had barricaded the Mere with overturned wagons and up-torn pavements, and planted a few field pieces.

The uncertainty of a mob is one of its most terrible attributes. It takes but a very little thing to turn it from a body of men into a tempest of frenzy and cruelty. Antwerp remembered too well the year before when the Protestants had destroyed the churches and sacked the city. The burghers stayed within their doors and trembled.

William did not sit still and he did not tremble. He

called out the eight companies of the guards and mustered them in the square in front of the city hall. Taking his life in his hand, he had again faced the guns of the Calvinists and compelled them to send eight deputies to meet the magistrates, whom he had called together in the city hall. Then very quietly and very quickly he drew up six articles to which both the magistrates and the deputies consented. They provided that the Prince should keep the keys of the city, while the citizens had charge of the charter. The magistrates promised to admit no Spanish garrison, and it was agreed that the city guard should be made up of both burghers and soldiers.

But though the deputies accepted these reasonable conditions, the mob rejected them. They demanded the keys and that the guard should be made up only of burghers, of all religions. Otherwise, they threatened to blow up the city.

With infinite patience William parleyed once more. His first aim was to prevent a night battle through the streets of Antwerp, and night was now coming on. He agreed to withdraw the soldiers from the city guard and that it should be composed only of burghers. But he proved his wisdom by posting the Calvinists far away on the ramparts and the Catholics and Lutherans as guards of the city hall.

No one slept much in Antwerp that night, although nothing worse happened than the harsh cries of the Calvinists, "Down with the Papists! Long live the Beg-

gars!" There were under arms in the city more than four thousand men of different religious opinions. Who knew when the flame might burst out! It seemed as if it would take a miracle to stop it.

William of Orange was the one man able to do it. All through the next day, he was busy conferring with the magistrates and the people in framing new articles of agreement. They were not very different from the first ones, except that more liberty of worship was to be allowed to the Protestants. It was night before these were ready, and it was thought wiser not to present them to the Calvinists before the next day, as their bad temper had been steadily increasing.

The Prince passed the night trying to avert danger for the morrow. There was little to be hoped for from the Calvinists, who were pouring out threats against the city. They had asked the Lutherans to join them in sacking the houses of the Catholics, telling them that if they refused, their houses would suffer with the others. William left the Calvinists for the time and worked with the Catholics and Lutherans, until he had so roused their loyalty that, for the sake of Antwerp, they were willing to forget differences of belief and unite to save the city.

The morning of the 15th dawned on a city under arms. At ten o'clock William of Orange, with a committee of magistrates and a guard of one hundred men, rode into the Mere. No one can doubt that he prayed for wisdom and eloquence as he faced the thousands of

fierce, unloving faces. The safety of the whole city hung just then on his words and his power.

If he had faltered, either through fear or indecision, he would have been lost. But William was not a man to falter. He spoke with the authority that is used to being obeyed—and the mob listened. He did not make a great oration; very quietly and directly he told them that the Calvinists had demanded freedom for the reformed religion, and freedom from foreign soldiers. Both these things the magistrates were ready to promise. As they had therefore gained the objects for which they were striving, let them now quietly disperse. If they refused peace, it must be war. And it would be a war in which not only they and their brother citizens would kill each other, but in which they would surely be worsted in the end, for they would have against them the united forces of the Catholics and Lutherans, who would outnumber them two to one. They had all to gain by peace and all to lose by war.

The mob was silent when William finished his address. Earnestly and affectionately he begged them to show themselves true citizens of Antwerp by repeating after him the words with which he should conclude: "God save the King."

As the Prince's voice ceased, there was a moment's hesitation; it was the moment on which hung the fate of Antwerp. Then, swayed by the calmness and authority of the Prince, the whole mob burst into the hoarse cry, "God save the King!"

By three o'clock the arms had been restored to the arsenal and the Mere was emptied; Catholics, Lutherans and Calvinists had returned to their homes exchanging friendly words, where but a few hours before they had been thirsting for each other's blood. Antwerp had been in the past pillaged by the image breakers; it was in time to come to be sacked by Spanish soldiers in the Spanish Fury and laid low again under the French Fury. But William of Orange had saved it from the disgrace of being destroyed by its own citizens.

CHAPTER VI
WHAT HAPPENED AT TOURNAY
AND VALENCIENNES

PLACE

TOURNAY. VALENCIENNES

TIME

1567

CHARACTERS

COUNT HORN	<i>Commissioner to Tournay</i>
GENERAL MOULBAIS	<i>Governor of Tournay Citadel</i>
NOIRCARMES	} <i>Spanish commanders</i>
EGMONT	
GUIDO DE BRAY	} <i>Protestant preachers in</i>
PEREGRINE DE LA GRANGE . .	

CHAPTER VI

WHAT HAPPENED AT TOURNAY AND VALENCIENNES

ALTHOUGH Philip had promised to withdraw his troops from the Netherlands if they would grant him the money he wanted, he did not keep them long away. After he had obtained the right to install his new bishops, he insisted that each city should again receive a garrison of soldiers to help the Inquisitors carry out their decrees.

These garrisons brought renewed courage to Margaret of Parma. It was only under the scare of the image-breaking that she had signed the Accord of August. As she began to feel more security, she cared very little that the Protestants should have the peace she had promised them.

After the image-breaking riots, William of Orange had quieted Antwerp; Egmont had with great severity punished the rioters in Flanders; Count Horn was now sent to Tournay to regulate religious differences there. He was not a clever statesman, any more than was Egmont, but he was honest, a devout Catholic and loyal to his king. Taking into consideration Margaret's shifting decrees, the king's servants, and the determined Protestants, it was no easy task to bring peace to the

city. Horn said he would rather endure a siege by the Turks than be placed in such a situation.

He did his honest best, however. To show that he came to make peace and not to carry punishment, Count Horn, when he arrived at Tournay, did not take up his quarters with General Moulbais, the governor, in the citadel, but accepted lodgings with a Calvinist merchant. This at once was a cause of displeasure to the King.

It gave hope, however, to the Protestants that Horn would allow them, according to the Accord of August, to have preaching within the city walls. The Accord had promised that any city that had had Protestant preaching within its walls prior to August 24, 1566, should be allowed to keep it. But the Accord did not weigh much with Margaret of Parma now that she had Spanish soldiers behind her. She was already beginning to pare her promises, and declared that those cities which held any Protestant services should hold them outside the walls. Horn tried to follow her directions in Tournay, but in a city where five-sixths of the population were Protestants, he was obliged to move carefully.

Immediately on his arrival he had published the Accord of August and said that he had come to enforce it. He also demanded that any property that had been stolen from religious houses should be returned. Under his efforts, the rioting in the churches stopped, and the people devoted themselves to their peaceful re-

ligious services. Horn gave the Protestants permission to build meeting-houses in three spots which he pointed out. The Duchess of Parma grudgingly added her consent.

One of the Protestants made "a brave and elegant harangue" to the magistrates, saying that as the largest part of the city's population was Protestant, and as the Duchess had consented to building the churches, and as the Roman Catholics already had possession of the city churches, it was only fair that the town should pay for the new buildings. It was all very good logic, but it did not appeal to the government. Their answer was a stern demand to know if the Protestants really expected them to pay for the maintenance of heresy. The heretics had to do their own building.

They began at once. The foundation of the first edifice was made of the broken images from the Roman Catholic churches. Of course it raised great anger against them, for the Catholics could scarcely endure to see their saints laid as a foundation to a heretic temple.

The autumn drew on before the churches were built. The people began to clamor for permission to have their services within the city, for it would soon be too cold to hold them in the fields. It was a just demand under the Accord, but Margaret of Parma by this time had money in her purse and soldiers behind her back and was not remembering promises. Horn told the Protestants that they might hold their services in a hall within the city until their own churches outside were finished,

unless Margaret countermanded his permission. It was not a very comforting abode, for the place allowed them was filled with relics of persecution—parts of scaffolds and gibbets and stakes, which had been used to kill heretics. But the Protestants fell to work with vigor to clean it and make it fit for use.

It was now that Horn said he would rather face the Turks than the position he was in. He had been sent to fulfill justice and make peace. He was responsible to the people, yet with no backing by the government. Governor Moulbais in the citadel, who was supposed to be under him, refused to obey him. Horn demanded his word that no more troops should enter Tournay, and the Governor declared he would promise that to no one. Day by day small bodies of soldiers were sent into the town by the Duchess of Parma. Horn was in despair. The people were losing their confidence in him and his good work was undone. In October he was recalled to Brussels by Margaret.

He obeyed, as he had always obeyed his superior, but his faithful service in Tournay had only added one more item to the list of misdeeds that Philip was counting up against him. His last act in Tournay, in allowing the Reformers to free the hall from stakes and gibbets, scrub and whitewash it, and make it an orderly place where honest men could worship God, was a sin Philip could not forgive.

When Horn was recalled, Governor Moulbais was put in chief command. The Accord of August received

no more attention. By the end of the year Tournay was crushed, and the Protestant services were stopped.

In the beginning of the new year, Noircarmes arrived from Margaret with eleven companies of soldiers to garrison the city. The magistrates were allowed an hour and a half to decide whether they would receive the garrison. They agreed submissively, and Noircarmes told them that if they had delayed their answer, he would have burned the city and killed every person in it. The burghers were at once disarmed, and so, according to Philip's ideas, peace was established. Horn resigned his posts in the government and retired to his estates in the country.

Tournay crushed, and Antwerp quiet for the time, Margaret of Parma had time to think of Valenciennes, which was also causing her trouble. In the beginning of this year of 1566 she had been unsettled and afraid. Now the image-breaking was over, the League and the Request had come to nothing, and she had soldiers to help her. If she had broken the Accord in Tournay, crushed out Protestant churches, and forced the city to accept a garrison, she could do the same elsewhere.

Valenciennes, like Tournay, was a city of Hainault on the Scheldt river. It had been originally founded, many, many years before this time, as a city of refuge. From that time to this any debtor or criminal could find safety in Valenciennes; but although it could protect a murderer, Philip was bound it should not be a refuge for heretics. The Calvinists swarmed within its walls

under their two noted preachers, Guido de Bray and Peregrine de la Grange. The city had strong fortifications and deep moats, with the Scheldt flowing through its center. It was thought to be impregnable.

When the guard was sent to Tournay, the demand to admit a guard was also made to Valenciennes, but it promptly and stoutly refused. Then Noircarnes ordered deputies to be sent from Valenciennes to confer with him, and after his arguments they went back convinced that the safest thing for them to do was to use their influence to induce their towns-people to submit to the will of Spain.

When the deputies reported to the city, the magistrates wished to yield, but the minister, de la Grange, spoke up boldly. "May I grow mute as a fish," he exclaimed, "if I persuade my people to accept a garrison of cruel mercenaries by whom their rights of conscience are to be trampled upon." He added that he had no fears for himself, but that the Lord would not forgive them if they should bend their necks to His enemies.

The people listened to de la Grange and refused the garrison. The magistrates left the city, and toward the end of 1566 the Duchess of Parma issued a proclamation stating that Valenciennes was a nest of rebels and that it was in a state of siege. No neighboring cities were to trade with Valenciennes or help her in any way. If they did, they also would fall under the ban.

Noircarnes now invested the town as closely as was

possible with the number of troops at his disposal. Brederode, as we have seen, began to raise an army for its relief.

At first the siege was received as a pleasant excitement. There were frequent skirmishes in which the Protestants showed both skill and courage. They kept themselves supplied with food by rifling the monasteries near by, and the preachers sustained the general courage by stirring sermons about Joshua, Judas Maccabeus and other Jewish patriots. When the runaway magistrate was sent by Noircarmes back to the city to try to induce the people to surrender, he was pelted with stones and was very glad to get away again alive.

The people of Valenciennes called Noircarmes and his six generals "The Seven Sleepers," because they did nothing, and to show further contempt, they mounted a great pair of spectacles on their walls that the city might see the artillery that it was rumored someone was sending to Noircarmes.

Valenciennes was stout-hearted, but for her real help she was relying on friends outside. There was one band of three thousand Protestants under a locksmith who had become a Calvinist preacher. He may have been a good locksmith and a good preacher, but he was not much of a general. His army was made up of peasants with pitchforks, of worn-out soldiers armed with rusty matchlocks, and of eager, undisciplined

young students with pikes. There was also a second company of about twelve hundred men gathered in another place. When the two bands of Protestants should unite to attack Noircarnes, Valenciennes thought the siege would be ended.

But Noircarnes was not asleep. He did not sit still and wait for the farmers and students to attack him according to plan. Early in 1567 after Tournay had been crushed, Noircarnes led part of his forces against the locksmith's army, and sent another force on the same day against the second body of Protestants. The locksmith fought bravely, but his undisciplined men, without firing, threw down their guns and ran. Noircarnes did not spare them. He is said to have killed twenty-six hundred men in an hour. The second little band of Protestants made a better stand, taking refuge in a cemetery and finally in the church, but they too were overpowered and slaughtered.

These massacres brought great hope to Spain and great sorrow to Valenciennes. Noircarnes closed in his siege, cutting off supplies from the nearby country. The surrounding villages were burned, and anyone who was found trying to help Valenciennes was killed. Still the inhabitants held their courage. They divided themselves into different companies to defend their city, rich and poor working side by side. Even the town paupers were made into three companies and did some good fighting. In the meantime, not a Catholic among them was disturbed; the priests were not allowed to say

mass, but otherwise they were not molested. It showed wonderful self-control in an age of persecution when religious toleration was almost unknown.

But the city was in sore straits. Brederode's attempt to help Valenciennes ended with the destruction of the force under Tholouse at Antwerp. The Duchess at once sent Egmont with the news to Valenciennes, accompanied by a demand for surrender. The deputies whom the town sent to meet Egmont refused to believe his news. Egmont scolded them well for disbelieving the word of the Duchess, and then sent them back to say that if the city would now receive the garrison and submit to have all religion except that of the Roman Catholic church crushed out, the Duchess would forgive their past insolence. As nearly the whole population was Protestant, and as their "insolence" had consisted in making a stand for their lives and liberty, the terms for Valenciennes were not too easy.

They were rejected. Preparations were at once made by Noircarmes to cannonade the town. Egmont himself went down into the fosse to find the best spot to plant the batteries. After he had advised Noircarmes, he returned to Brussels. Egmont had showed great severity in dealing with heretics in Flanders, and here too at Valenciennes he was certainly not showing them much mercy. Yet the King was already looking for proof of Egmont's disloyalty. No friend of Orange,—even the hero of St. Quentin—was safe from Philip's hate.

Noircarmes followed Egmont's advice as to the batteries, and on Palm Sunday the firing was begun. The chimes in the church had played each day a Psalm and this day it happened to be the Twenty-second Psalm, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" The people's courage had not once wavered through the whole siege, but now on this Sunday, when their very church-bell seemed to ring despair instead of hope, and the enemy's cannon-balls were knocking the tiles from the roofs and sending the chimneys crashing into the streets, the spirit of the whole town seemed at once to vanish. De la Grange's and de Bray's encouragements fell on deaf ears. Before the wall had been battered in any degree, the frightened inhabitants sent to Noircarmes an unconditional surrender. Noircarmes promised that the city should not be sacked and that the citizens should not be killed.

But no Spanish promise to heretics was held sacred. Noircarmes might spare the poorer inhabitants who had nothing to give him, but the rich ones he arrested immediately. De Bray and de la Grange escaped, to be recognized and arrested in a town outside. Both were killed, declaring that their only crime had been preaching the pure word of God to a Christian people in a Christian land.

The property of the wealthy inhabitants was seized by Noircarmes after he had killed the owners. "For two whole years," declared a Catholic burgher of the time, "there was scarcely a week in which several citi-

zens were not executed, and often a great number were dispatched at a time."

The submission of Valenciennes meant the submission, too, of the other Flemish cities. Tournay and Valenciennes having been garrisoned by Spanish soldiers, and heresy forbidden within their walls, why should any other city seek to escape? Even Antwerp, once William was gone, accepted the garrison, and submitted to a citadel within its walls.

It was a dark hour for the Netherlands. The cities' charters had been set aside by force; the Protestant churches had been torn down; the Protestants were being killed by hundreds on scaffolds built of their own church timbers; the industrious burghers were emigrating from the towns where there was no protection. It looked as if Dutch liberty were to be crushed out entirely. But William of Orange was never idle, and right was on his side.

The Prince, by dispersing the Calvinist mob, had undoubtedly saved Antwerp for the King. Horn had done his best wisely to bring peace to Tournay. Egmont had gone down into the fosse at Valenciennes to plant the cannon that should crush the heretics. To ordinary sight, it would seem as if all three men were doing their best for their king. But to Philip's vision, it was not so. At this very time he was reading letters from the Duchess of Parma, in which she said Orange, Horn and Egmont were united in a secret plot to seize the country and divide it among them. Philip read

eagerly. He was willing to believe his most loyal subjects traitors. And when Philip once planted suspicion in his breast, it was sure to bear some sort of evil fruit.

CHAPTER VII
HOW PHILIP KEPT FAITH WITH
HIS NOBLES

PLACE

BRUSSELS. SEGOVIA. SAMANCAS

TIME

1568

CHARACTERS

DUKE OF ALVA *Spanish Governor of the
Netherlands*

CARDINAL GRANVELLE *A favorite of Philip II*

JULIAN ROMERO *A Spanish commander*

COUNT EGMONT } *Loyal friends to Philip*

COUNT HORN }

MONTIGNY *Horn's brother*

CHAPTER VII

HOW PHILIP KEPT FAITH WITH HIS NOBLES

WHEN Philip II came to the throne, the Prince of Orange, Count Egmont, as well as the two brothers, Count Horn and the Seigneur de Montigny, were all good Catholics. William's strong belief in religious toleration made him finally into a Protestant, and events pushed him into war against Philip. The other three never turned from the Roman Catholic faith, and never for an instant wavered in their loyalty to their king. We have seen how Horn tried at Tournay to make peace and how Egmont had served Philip not only at Valenciennes but ten years earlier at St. Quentin. No gallant deeds, however, and no proved loyalty could influence Philip's mind in favor of men who were friends of the Prince of Orange. That was enough in itself to brand them. Beyond this, we have seen how Egmont had made an enemy of Alva at the battle of Gravelines. To this imprudence he added another; he made an enemy also of the king's favorite, Cardinal Granvelle.

Egmont was vain of his personal appearance, of his fame as a soldier and of his high rank. Granvelle was not a noble, and Egmont let him plainly see how much

he despised him for being of lowly birth. It ended in a jest that was serious for Egmont.

One of the rich barons of Antwerp one day gave a great dinner to his friends. Almost all the talk at the banquet was about Cardinal Granvelle—how the people hated him, how he was winning the King's favor, how he ape'd nobility with his many servants in gay liveries. Finally someone said that if an upstart made so much show, it would be better for the nobles to use unpretentious liveries for their servants. The idea pleased everyone, and on the instant they decided to invent a new livery which all the nobles should use and which should, in a hidden way, make fun of the Cardinal.

The lot of inventing the liveries fell to Egmont. Within a short time his servants appeared in the streets dressed in doublet and hose of coarse gray with long hanging sleeves. There was no gold or silver lace and no embroidery, except that upon each sleeve was worked something that was both a monk's cowl and a fool's cap-and-bells.

Everyone saw at once, in the coarseness of the material and in the device worked on the sleeve, the mocking allusion to the churchman who lived in such luxury. Before many days, all the nobles who had been at the banquet had their servants clothed in the same way. "The fool's cap livery" became so popular that the tailors used up the gray cloth in Brabant before all the servants were arrayed.

The complaints of the nobles against Granvelle came

to Philip, and he demanded that someone be sent to Spain to talk over the matter. Egmont refused to go, and Montigny was sent. He was received benignantly by Philip, who assured him that the Cardinal was not oppressive and that the new bishops were not for the purpose of enforcing the Inquisition. Montigny rather rashly told the King just what he thought of Granvelle and of his influence in the Netherlands.

On Montigny's return, seeing that he had accomplished nothing, Orange, Egmont and Horn joined in a letter asking for Granvelle's withdrawal from the Netherlands. Much against his will, Philip was obliged to yield to the demand and decided to give the Cardinal a little "vacation." He never forgave the men who forced him to this deed.

Again it became necessary for someone to go to Madrid, and this time Egmont accepted the mission. He was to set before the King the misery of the Netherlands under the Inquisition and the cruelties of Peter Titledmann, and try to get some mercy from Philip.

His reception at Madrid was very pleasing to his vanity. As soon as he reached the palace, Philip rushed from his private room into the great reception hall, and before Egmont could fall on one knee in proper style, the King had clasped him about the neck. This kindness lasted all through his stay. He drove in the King's carriage, dined at the King's table, and was heaped with flatteries by the whole court.

In the dazzle of such luxury and honor, to which were

added more material gifts, Egmont forgot that he was a friend of Orange, a Patriot come to represent the wrongs of an oppressed country. He listened to the king's promises, and did not stop to see how little after all they promised.

Full of satisfaction with his visit, Egmont went back to Brussels. He was swelling with vanity over the honors paid to himself, and very ready to talk about the graciousness and love of the king.

This happiness lasted a few days until Philip's edicts arrived in the city. They proved his love and graciousness in urging Margaret of Parma not to slacken in any way her persecution of the Protestants.

Orange was filled with sorrow, and Egmont was bursting with rage over this result of his mission. The Prince reproached Egmont with forgetting his country in listening to Spanish flattery. This reproof sank deep into Egmont's heart, for he loved and honored William, though he did not always follow his advice.

An edict of "Moderation" was issued to the Netherlands, in which heretics were privileged to be hanged instead of burned. As this was not wholly comforting, the people called the edict "The Murderation." Things went on as before, and it was decided to send a third mission to Spain. This time it was Montigny who went. He had been married only a few months, but he was forced to leave his bride. As he stopped in Paris on his journey, he was warned that the King was very angry at the Flemish nobles, and that it would be wise



"HE LAID BEFORE THE KING THE TERRIBLE STATE OF AFFAIRS IN THE NETHERLANDS"—Page 81

to pretend to be sick and so delay his journey. But Montigny kept on and reached Madrid in June.

He laid before the King once more the terrible state of affairs in the Netherlands, and urged him to abolish the Inquisition. Probably at this new sign of independence Philip thought regretfully of the old days when his predecessor, Philip the Fair, could with impunity declare void all the charters and privileges of the Netherlands; or of when Charles V could with a word reduce Ghent, the freest and most liberty loving city of Flanders, to abject obedience to his exorbitant demands. On that latter occasion the humbled citizens were glad enough to array themselves in sheets with halters knotted about their necks and to fall on their knees before the Emperor to implore his forgiveness and confess their sorrow for their disloyal conduct. What had become of the sovereign's supreme authority in these days, when subjects dared to dictate and heretics to read petitions to the king's face?

Montigny's petition was reserved as a link in a long chain of treason; first had been the demand for Granvelle's withdrawing; next, Egmont's mission to secure moderation; third Brederode's "Request"; and finally, this visit of Montigny to ask that the Inquisition be abolished. Such rebellion from the provinces, which the King loved so dearly, moved him to great sorrow. He must take time to consider these demands, and in the meantime Montigny must remain in Madrid.

Philip decided that Margaret of Parma was not stern

enough to do his will. He recalled her and sent the Duke of Alva to rule the Netherlands with absolute power as governor-general. Alva brought with him blank warrants of arrest and death signed by the king, to be filled in with the names of Orange, Egmont and Horn.

The Prince of Orange, on the news of Alva's coming, renounced all allegiance to Spain. But now that the time had arrived for action, he could find no one to act with him. Egmont and Horn still believed in the King's promises; Brederode and the nobles who had blustered over their League, were not to be depended on; the burghers were not yet roused. William was wise enough to see that if they could not act together against Alva, each should separately put himself out of Alva's reach. He met his brother Louis, Egmont and Horn at Dendermonde and laid before them this certainty. The meeting lasted only an hour or two and came to nothing.

William's parting with Egmont was sad. "Alas, Egmont!" he said, "I foresee too clearly that you are to be the bridge which the Spaniards will destroy as soon as they have passed over it to invade our country."

Then he threw his arms around his friend's neck and tears were in the eyes of both. They never met again. Egmont, firm in his trust of the King, remained in Flanders; Horn, still surly over his treatment at Tournay, withdrew to his estates in the country; and Wil-

liam with his family went to Germany to wait for the time to act.

He made one mistake. He left his oldest son, Philip, Count de Buren, at college in Louvain. Scarcely was William out of the country before Alva seized the boy and sent him to Spain as a hostage. Here he was kept for twenty years. Educated by Philip the king, Philip the count became a hard and bigoted man with no sympathy for his father's efforts.

While William was in Germany there was born to him in 1567 in the Castle of Dillenberg, where he himself had been born, his second son, Maurice of Nassau, who in later years was to carry on his father's work.

When Alva arrived in the Netherlands, Orange was in Germany, but Egmont loyally went to meet the new governor as he entered the country. At first Alva could scarcely conceal his hatred of Egmont. But policy helped him to cover his anger with a hypocritical pretense of love, and the two men rode side by side into Brussels, where they parted in apparent friendliness.

Horn did not come to Brussels. He sent his secretary to Alva, saying that he himself could not at that moment wait on him in person. The secretary was graciously received and assured that Count Horn was much esteemed by the King, who wished to bestow upon him some high post as a reward of his services. Urged by his secretary, and by Egmont as well, Horn's caution was finally overcome, and he was persuaded to leave his safe retreat and come up to Brussels.

On the night of the 8th of September, a Spaniard disguised came secretly into Egmont's house and urged him to leave Brussels that night. He refused. The next day there was a grand dinner given, at which Horn and Egmont were present. The Duke of Alva sent his own band to make music for this banquet, and about three o'clock he sent a message asking if the gentlemen would come to his house when the dinner was over, as he wished to consult them about some plans.

At this moment, the man who was sitting beside Egmont whispered to him, "Leave this place, Signor Count, instantly; take the fleetest horse in your stable and make your escape without an instant's delay." Egmont, finally moved by this warning coming on top of all the others, left the table and went into the adjoining room. Noircarmes, the general he had helped at Valenciennes, saw him go and followed him. Foolishly, Egmont told him the words of warning.

"What will the Duke of Alva and all the Spaniards say of such precipitate flight?" Noircarmes answered. "Will they not say that your Excellency has fled from the consciousness of guilt?"

Once more unsettled, Egmont went back again to the table to finish the banquet. At four o'clock Horn and Egmont and some other gentlemen went to the lodgings of Alva and were received graciously. The plans were brought out and earnestly talked over, the discussion lasting till seven in the evening. As the conference broke up, the captain of the Duke's guard asked Eg-

mont to remain a moment, and, as soon as they were alone, demanded his sword. At the same moment the doors were thrown open, and Egmont saw the rooms filled with Spanish soldiers. Too late, he recognized the trap his benignant king had set for him.

Horn was arrested as he left the house. From September 9 to September 23 the two Counts were confined in different rooms in the same house in Brussels. Their walls were draped in black, all outside light was excluded, so that day and night candles made the only brightness that was allowed them. They were permitted no communication with their friends. They were waited on in utter silence by Spanish servants and guarded by Spanish soldiers. Every night at midnight, they were awakened when the guard was changed, that the new captain of the guard might be sure the prisoners had not escaped.

On September 23 Egmont and Horn were moved, under a strong guard, to the Castle of Ghent. An edict of banishment was issued against Orange and his friends.

It was not until the 10th of January that Egmont and Horn were furnished with a copy of the charges against them, which were to be answered in five days with no help from lawyer or friend. The chief charge was that Egmont, Horn and the Prince of Orange had organized a plot to expel His Majesty from the Netherlands and to divide the provinces among themselves. Then followed articles concerning Cardinal Granvelle

and the fool's cap livery; the petition to the king to have him removed; and the meeting of Egmont, Horn and Orange, when Egmont and Horn had refused to act against the king. There were various other things too insignificant to follow.

The two Counts answered these charges, disproving any thought of treason and protesting their loyalty to the king. But it was useless. There was no trial, for Philip had already determined on the death of Egmont and Horn when he sent their death-warrants into the Netherlands by Alva's hand.

When Alva had sent word to Philip of the arrest of Egmont and Horn, he had also told him of a new council he had formed, which was to be the law court of the Netherlands. This has been called "The Blood Council," because all its acts consisted in murder. The show of justice in the case of the charges against the two Counts was merely to soothe the people with whom Egmont was popular.

In June Egmont and Horn were brought back to Brussels and lodged opposite the town hall on the square. The next day the sentence of death was pronounced against them. The sentence read that Duke Alva, after due examination of the evidence in the case, had found Counts Egmont and Horn guilty of high treason, for which they were condemned to execution the following day.

The terrible news came to the Countess of Egmont, and she went at once to Alva. She forgot her pride of

position and knelt at Alva's feet to obtain her husband's life. The duke assured her that the next day should bring Count Egmont's release. She withdrew, comforted, only to realize too late the irony of the answer.

The Bishop of Ypres was sent to Count Egmont to tell him of his fate. The bishop could not speak for sorrow but laid the paper before the count. Egmont could not believe it; he had been always certain of release in the end. He kept his courage, however, courteously thanked the bishop for coming to him, and asked what prayers he himself should use in the hour of execution. The bishop gave him the sacrament and told him to use the Lord's Prayer. Then Egmont exclaimed that his sentence was cruel and unjust and wept at the thought of his wife and children, their property confiscated, left helpless and alone. But he calmed himself again, and in this last night of his life wrote a loyal, loving letter to the King, as a dog licks the hand that strikes him. That done, he spent the night in prayer and meditation.

On the morning of June 5 three thousand Spanish troops, under Julian Romero, were drawn up around a scaffold erected opposite the town hall in the great square of Brussels. Egmont walked unbound, reading aloud the fifty-first Psalm. When he reached the scaffold, he expressed a bitter regret that he had not died sword in hand fighting for his king, rather than to fall here by his king's decree.

Egmont's execution preceded Horn's. He had asked this favor, that he should not see his friend die, as

he felt he was responsible for urging Horn to come to Brussels. As Horn died, it needed all the three thousand soldiers to keep the city in order, so great was the grief and horror of the people.

Montigny in Spain did not hear of his brother's death. Although not in appearance a prisoner, he had not been permitted to leave Madrid, and after Philip knew that Egmont was killed, Montigny was imprisoned in Segovia. After he had been in prison several months, one day a band of Pilgrims went through the city. Some of them were dressed as Flemings, and they were chanting a low song in Flemish as they walked. Montigny recognized the language and listened. To his horror he found they were telling him the story of the death of his brother, Count Horn, and of Egmont. At the same time they warned him to get away before it should be too late.

Montigny was guarded by eight soldiers. As soon as the friendly Pilgrims were gone, he began to plan for escape. He made one of his eight guards into a friend who would carry messages from him to his friends. His own cook had been allowed to serve his meals, and letters were sent back to him concealed in loaves of bread. Besides the letters, they sent him a file and a very delicate rope ladder.

Finally everything was ready. Horses were provided to take him to the sea-coast, where a ship would carry him out of the country. In a last loaf, instructions were given him as to where he should find the horses. Then



"ON THE SCAFFOLD HE EXPRESSED BITTER REGRET THAT HE HAD NOT
DIED SWORD IN HAND"—Page 87

just at the important moment an accident destroyed all hope.

Montigny's cook was very much in love. On the next day he expected to depart from Spain with his master, so he spent a long time saying farewell to the girl he must leave behind him. He did not get back in time to send the loaf of bread himself to Montigny; it was entrusted to a clumsy messenger who, instead of getting it to Montigny, gave it to the governor of the castle. When the bread was broken for the governor's meal, he found the letter and read all the plans for his prisoner's escape. Everyone connected with it was immediately imprisoned, and Montigny was guarded more closely than ever.

Alva determined then to try Montigny by the Blood Council that had condemned Horn and Egmont. A long list of questions was sent from Brussels to his prison in Spain, and his answers were taken down. He was told he might have someone to defend him, but his defender was to know neither what he was accused of nor how he had answered the accusation. The trial went on in Brussels, while Montigny was confined in Segovia in Spain.

His wife tried to move the King, as the Countess Egmont had tried to win mercy from Alva. But the King's heart could not be touched. On March 4, 1570, sentence of death was pronounced against Montigny.

The King was afraid of another public murder so soon after Egmont's; the country was scarcely yet rec-

onciled to that. Still he had no notion of letting Montigny escape. He went to work at one of his clumsy, underhand plots to convince the world that Montigny had died a natural death in prison and hide the fact of his execution.

He had Montigny removed to a new prison at Semancas, and gave directions that he should be allowed to walk in a long corridor in the fortress. Then things went forward. Montigny's jailor wrote in Latin a letter supposed to be sent to Montigny from a friend outside and containing directions as to how the prisoner should escape. He threw this letter down in the corridor where Montigny walked, and the second jailor picked it up, according to plan, and read it. It was shown to Montigny, and although he protested that he knew nothing about the matter, he was more closely shut up than ever.

The jailor wrote a letter to Philip, saying that his prisoner's new attempt to escape had made closer confinement necessary, and that it was more than Montigny could stand; that he was very ill. This report was also spread abroad in the town.

Montigny in his dungeon knew nothing of the report of his illness. Suddenly his jailor appeared and told him that he must die; that the executioner was already in the fortress. A priest was left with him to comfort him and to prepare him for death. The execution was to take place at midnight on the following day.

The surprise for a time took away Montigny's self-control. Like Egmont, he had not believed such a reward could come from his king. He soon recovered his fortitude, however, and spent his last hours in prayer and in drawing up a paper to declare his loyalty to the Catholic faith. In everything he wrote, he was forced to express himself as one grievously ill, so that he himself should bear testimony to the truth of Philip's falsehood.

At one o'clock the magistrate, the executioner and the notary from Valladolid were admitted, and Montigny was killed. Then in the dark they all rode back to Valladolid, carrying the terrible secret with them, and knowing that if they ever revealed it, they would also be put to death.

Immediately Montigny's jailor wrote a letter to the King, saying that in spite of the best care, his charge had grown steadily worse and that he had died at midnight. He had Montigny's body, in a monk's robe, carried to a neighboring church where his friends and servants could see his face and be sure of his death.

The King forwarded to Alva the letters telling of Montigny's death, and instructed him to make them public. He sent him at the same time a private account of the true method of Montigny's execution and his own twisted, cruel plot. Even then, perhaps, some of Montigny's friends had doubts concerning the "fever" of which he died. For us, the documents have been preserved which confess one more of Philip's evil deeds.

Orange, Egmont, Horn and Montigny had no greater desire than to serve their country. Philip, the king of the country, had killed three of these men, and nothing would have pleased him better than to kill the other. That is how Philip II, king of Spain and ruler of the Netherlands, kept faith with his loyal subjects.

CHAPTER VIII

THE SKIRMISHING OF COUNT LOUIS
OF NASSAU

PLACE

FRIESLAND

TIME

1568

CHARACTERS

DUKE OF ALVA *Spanish Governor of the
Netherlands*

COUNT AREMBERG } *Commanders under Alva*
COUNT MEGHEM }

COUNT LOUIS OF NASSAU . } *Brothers to the Prince of*
COUNT ADOLPHUS OF NASSAU } *Orange*

CHAPTER VIII

THE SKIRMISHING OF COUNT LOUIS OF NASSAU

AS soon as Alva had arrested Egmont and Horn, he established a new Supreme Council with full powers to try and judge any offense. So terrible were the decrees of this court that it is known in history as the "Blood Council."

Before this "Blood Council," which had killed Egmont and Horn, Alva now summoned the Prince of Orange. But William and Louis, safe in Germany, declined the invitation. It was as well, for Philip issued an edict condemning to death "all the inhabitants of the Netherlands." The only persons excepted were a few mentioned by name, and neither the Prince nor his brother found himself on the list. With one sweep of the pen, Philip had condemned to the scaffold three million people—men, women and children.

William, although an exile, was not idle. He sent appeals to the Protestants of Germany, England and France. He sold his tapestries, his gold and silver utensils, even his wife's jewels; and with the money he bought muskets and ammunition. He needed two hundred thousand crowns to pay an army. The Prince himself gave a quarter of the sum; the nobles of the

Netherlands, roused to their danger by Egmont's execution, followed the Prince's example and sold their valuables to raise money for an army; the English refugees did their part, and the rich Dutch and Flemish cities—Haarlem, Leyden, Flushing, Antwerp—poured in their wealth till the sum was subscribed.

Then William granted to his brother, Count Louis of Nassau, a commission to enroll in the Netherlands as many troops as he thought necessary to oppose Alva. The clerks and farmers, who had not money to give, gave their services and came to be drilled as soldiers.

William wanted to attack Alva in three directions;—one band of Huguenots was to cross the French frontier into Artois; a second was to attack between the Rhine and the Meuse; while Count Louis was to start a campaign in the north, in Friesland. William himself was to be ready to enter the field after these first efforts.

Only one of the three attempts met with any success, and that was the expedition of Count Louis. The other two armies were destroyed without accomplishing anything.

Louis advanced into Friesland. Aremberg, a Netherlander, was stadtholder of Friesland and a general under Alva. Louis seized his castle in his absence, and went on to the village of Dam, where his brother Adolphus met him with a company of horse. Louis set up his standard here. The banners bore the inscription "Freedom for Fatherland and Conscience,"

“Now or never,” “Stand or die.” The peasants gathered to him in numbers, armed with any farm implement that would serve as a weapon. The army grew so fast that the governor-general of the province wrote to Alva that the Beggars were getting dangerous.

Alva replied that the governor must keep his eyes open, and that help was on the way. Aremberg with twenty-five hundred men was immediately ordered to Friesland, and Count Meghem with fifteen hundred more was ordered to follow and work with Aremberg. Alva had not much fear that even a large body of peasants armed with farm tools could withstand four thousand picked Spanish troops. Nevertheless he told both generals to be cautious and not to be taken by surprise.

Meghem and Aremberg were agreed that they must keep together, for they had some fear of the wild Beggars who filled Friesland. Aremberg was ill with gout, but, carried in a litter, he kept with his army. After a long march his force reached Dam ahead of Meghem's army. Louis sent out a body of a thousand men from the city to oppose Aremberg's advance, but the Spaniards soon sent them flying back within the city walls. This little skirmish made the Spaniards think they had child's play before them in crushing Louis's entire force.

Meghem's troops were still delayed. Aremberg took up his position in the Abbey close to Dam to wait for him. On the 22nd of May, Meghem had come within fifty miles of Dam and had told Aremberg to expect him on the next day.

At midnight on the 22nd, Louis of Nassau changed his position. He left the city and went back along a forest road over a causeway through a swamp, till he came to a monastery called the Holy Lion. Here he entrenched himself, determined to strike a blow at Aremberg before Meghem could reach him. Louis's position was almost impregnable. The monastery was on a wooded hill which was the only bit of high ground in the midst of swampy pastures divided by deep ditches. Where the peat had been cut away, the fields were full of pits, which were concealed by green scum that made them the color of the surrounding grass. It was the same spot where Hermann had destroyed the Roman legions.

Aremberg, encouraged by the ease with which he had driven back Louis's first guard, led his troops in pursuit of the Patriots along the same causeway until he came in sight of the enemy's camp. A friendly peasant had warned Louis of the approach of the enemy while he sat at dinner with his brother Adolphus in the Holy Lion. Louis was ready, therefore, for the Spaniards. Behind him lay the woods, the little hill was to his left, and in his front the swampy field over which the narrow causeway was the only path. On the plain between the wood and the hill, the Beggars were drawn up in two companies. On the top of the hill was a body of light-armed troops, and the cavalry, under cover of the hill, was facing the way Aremberg must come.

Aremberg at once saw the strength of Louis's posi-

tion. He remembered, too, Alva's warnings against rashness and against acting alone. Meghem was expected to arrive the following day. Aremberg's policy therefore seemed to be to hold Louis where he was until Meghem should arrive, when the two bodies of Spanish might expect an easy victory.

But the army did not want to wait. The Beggars had, so far, always run when they were attacked, and the Spaniards despised them as a foe. They did not realize either the treacherous nature of the ground. They exclaimed that the right of victory was theirs without waiting for Meghem's loitering troops, and that if Aremberg kept them back, he was either a coward or a traitor. Aremberg let these insults move him from his wiser purpose. He yielded to his soldiers' desire to fight.

The Spanish artillery was brought from the cover of the wood and trained on the rebels. Very soon the light troops posted on the hill were seen to waver and then fall back. Almost in contempt at their easy victory, the Spaniards dashed forward.

The retreat, however, was only to lure on the enemy. The Spaniards had fallen into the trap. They were at once stuck in the bog or floundering in the pools. Helpless, they could not return Louis's fire, and as fast as they scrambled up on dry ground they were met by Louis's pikemen. At the onrush of the first body of Spaniards, Louis's cavalry had dashed out from cover of the hill and attacked the rear of Aremberg's force.

Dismayed by the sight of their perishing comrades in front, and surprised by this new attack, panic seized them and they were almost at once defeated. Aremberg saw that the cowardice of his officers and the foolhardiness of his troops had lost him the day. But he himself would not yield. At the head of a little body of cavalry he dashed into the thick of the fight. Adolphus of Nassau rode to meet him, and the two leaders crashed in single combat, like two knights in a tournament. Adolphus was killed at once. Aremberg, wounded and sick, scarcely able to carry the weight of his armor, his horse shot under him, standing alone, met the last charge of his enemies, and fell, covered with wounds.

Scarcely was the battle over when a trumpet told of the arrival of Meghem. He had left his army and had ridden forward in haste to help Aremberg. But he had come too late. Not strong enough to cope alone with the victorious Beggars, he returned to Groningen and secured it before Louis could take it. Louis followed and sat down to besiege the city.

The anger of Alva at having his veteran troops destroyed was beyond words. He ordered Meghem to hold Groningen but to make no rash movement. As soon as it was possible he himself led fifteen hundred veteran soldiers into Friesland.

Louis of Nassau had accomplished nothing since his first victory, because it had taken all his time to keep his mutinous troops in order. He had no money to pay them, and it took all his skill to hold them together.

He had about ten thousand men before Groningen, but he could not trust them. He was a good soldier, as unflinching in courage as his brother, William of Orange. But he lacked the wisdom and patience that helped to make the Prince a leader of men.

As soon as Alva arrived at Groningen, with a few attendants he reconnoitered Louis's camp. He found the Beggars well entrenched, with the river in front. Each of the two wooden bridges which led across the river was guarded by a fortified house which held all the materials for burning the bridges if necessary in a retreat. Alva studied the position of the Beggars, and after he rode back into the city, he sent a small force of his own men to try by skirmishing to get the rebels out from their defenses.

But the Beggars were still grumbling for pay and were not very eager for fighting. It took the whole of the long, warm day to sting them into action. Alva increased his force and finally, as the evening approached, the Spaniards drew some of the Patriots out of the trenches into a lively skirmish. It lasted only a few moments, but it had direful results. The Beggars gave way and fled back to their camp, carrying with them panic, that seized the entire army. Waiting only to burn the bridges and thus hinder pursuit, the Patriots made a disorderly retreat.

But nothing could hinder the Spanish pursuit;—some dashed across the burning bridges; others held to their horses' tails and were carried over the river; still

others leaped into the water and swam;—anything to hunt down the flying Beggars. The chase held until sunset, and then Alva recalled his men from the swampy, dangerous country to wait until morning to finish the work. But by morning there was no sign of the Beggars. Alva set out to find them. The peasants were loyal and would give no information to the Spaniards.

After four days' search, Alva arrived at the village of Reyden on the river Ems. His quick eye saw at once what a stand it would have been for Count Louis if he had occupied it. Not only was it naturally fortified, but a bridge across the river would have opened him a road into Germany, where the Prince of Orange was waiting his chance to bring an army into the Netherlands. But Louis, harassed with his cowardly, mutinous soldiers, had passed by the advantages of the place. He had gone further down the river to Jemmingen, and with a carelessness unlike his usual generalship, had occupied the corner of a little peninsula where, once shut in by the enemy, escape would be impossible because of the depth and current of the river. Perhaps, disgusted with the mutinous demands of his men, he had put them where they must fight or die. He had tried to make his position stronger by cutting some of the dykes, so as to put under water the roads over which the Spaniards must march. But he had not been quick enough about it.

Alva's grim soul rejoiced when he saw Louis thus de-

livered into his hands. He followed his usual plan of sending a band of skirmishers to draw the enemy out of their encampment. He had larger forces behind out of sight, but he made his little skirmishing line carry the fight alone. After some hours of this warfare, the Beggars grew bolder. They saw only a handful of Spaniards to oppose them and concluded the main body of troops had not yet arrived. Louis sent out a reconnoitering party in a boat, but they could see no sign of a Spanish army. Louis, glad at last to have roused some spirit in his troops, made the rash determination to cut his way out through the small Spanish force in front of him.

Then Alva, when he had succeeded in drawing the Beggars out of their trenches, let loose his real army. When the Patriots met it, their new-found courage was gone. They dropped their arms without firing a shot and fled back to camp. Even the artillerymen forsook their posts. Louis, with his own hand, fired the cannon, but one man could not oppose a Spanish army. Alva seized the guns, and turning them against the rebels, mowed them down unresistingly. Louis, seeing all was lost, jumped into the river and, with a few followers—Treslong among them—swam across and escaped into Germany. Treslong afterward did good service at Brill.

For two days Alva's murder of the rebels went on. Those who thought to escape and hide, were hunted out and slaughtered with the rest. In all, Alva killed seven

thousand Netherlanders and lost but seven Spaniards.

In spite of Louis's defeat, William of Orange led his army across the Meuse into the Netherlands in 1568. His attempt, too, ended in failure. He was driven back across the French frontier, where he, with Louis of Nassau, took service for the time under the Huguenots.

Alva thought now that the rebellion was over. He had killed Egmont and Horn; he had destroyed the Patriot armies; he had driven the Prince of Orange and his brother into exile. He and his Blood Council were the undisputed power in the land. Now that he was free to carry out Philip's decree of death to every inhabitant of the land, he would go a step further. He would not only kill the people, but would make them pay their own funeral expenses. To be sure, the charters of the Netherland cities said that no tax might be imposed without the consent of the States General. But that did not deter Alva. Very calmly he announced to the Netherlands that on every transfer of merchandise ten per cent. of the profit should go to the King. He wrote the King that this "tenth penny" would bring him in enough to run the government and that very soon he should require no more money from Spain.

As the execution of Egmont and Horn had roused the nobles to the fact that they must stand against Alva, so this edict of the "tenth penny" stirred the burgher population throughout the entire Netherlands. The

Hollanders might fight for their religion without much help from Roman Catholic Flanders, but where it came to a question of men's pocket-books, it touched all Netherlanders alike. No province, from the southern frontier to the North Sea, would promise to pay Alva's tax.

He had written contemptuously to Philip that he was dealing with "men of butter." Events so far had confirmed his opinion. He was joyous and confident. He had routed the Patriots and driven them out of the country. He expected no further trouble. But in the years ahead he was to find instead of "men of butter" it was men of iron he was trying to break and that he was attempting a task quite beyond his powers.

CHAPTER IX
DUKE ALVA'S SPECTACLES

PLACE

ZEALAND

TIME

1572

CHARACTERS

DE LA MARCK *Admiral of the Sea Beggars*
TRESLONG *Commander under De la
Marck*
PETER KOPPELSTOCK . . . *A ferryman of Brill*
BOSSU *A Netherlander, serving as
commander under Alva*
DE HIRPT *A Patriot of Flushing*

CHAPTER IX

DUKE ALVA'S SPECTACLES

WHILE Alva was trying to enforce his tenth penny, Admiral Coligny in France was urging on William of Orange the importance of a Dutch navy. William discussed the matter and went back to Germany in 1570 to organize the Hollanders into a navy.

Born and brought up in a country which was half water, the Dutchmen were sailors from their cradle. William had plenty of material to work with, but when the Sea Beggars became a navy, it was one utterly beyond control. Philip's cruelty had turned peaceful traders into savages more like pirates than marines,—cruel, fierce and bold, restrained by no discipline. Their admiral, William de la Marck, was a relative of Egmont. He had sworn an oath that he would shave neither his hair nor his beard until Egmont's death had been avenged. Treslong served with de la Marck, and his brother also had been killed by Alva.

The Duke himself in his state of complacency over the obedience of the Netherlands, had a rude surprise from de la Marck and Treslong. On the river Scheldt, not very far from Antwerp, lay the town of Brill.

The word *Brill* in Flemish means spectacles, and while Alva thought that Brill was as secure to him as the spectacles on his own nose, suddenly on April Fool's Day, 1572, de la Marck and his Sea Beggars sailed up the river, and the whole country rang with the rhyme:

"On April Fool's Day
Duke Alva's spectacles were stolen away."

De la Marck's fleet had been lying at Dover, England. Queen Elizabeth, anxious just then to keep in Philip's favor, was none too eager to help the Beggars. As she forbade her people to feed them, de la Marck's ships sailed away from England and went across to Holland. They headed for North Holland, but contrary winds drove them down the coast to Zealand, and sailing up the mouth of the river, they anchored before Brill, a town whose magistrates were loyal to the Spanish king and to Alva.

There was in Brill an old Patriot ferryman, Peter Koppelstock, who ran his boat between Brill and the opposite shore of the river. Peter was in the act of ferrying a load of people across to Brill as the Dutch vessels came up the river. The boats were too many to be trading vessels—there were twenty-four of them—and they were not Spanish, so Peter's passengers watched them curiously. Their curiosity changed to fright when Peter remarked that they were without doubt the Sea Beggars. Peter landed his passengers, and they ran wildly through the town spreading the

news, while Peter himself rowed out to the fleet. The vessel he hailed was commanded by Treslong. His father had been governor of Brill, so Treslong knew Koppelstock, and decided at once that he could be useful. The Sea Beggars were in a sorry plight; they had nothing left to eat, and it was necessary to land or starve. Treslong took Koppelstock with him to de la Marck's vessel, and persuaded the admiral to send the ferryman to the magistrates of Brill to demand the surrender of the town.

It was only because the Beggars were so badly off that they were so bold. They were but three or four hundred ill-armed and ill-fed men all told, and they were defying a walled and fortified town. It was starvation that made them desperate. Treslong gave Koppelstock his signet ring as proof that he had authority to treat for the Beggars, and he was sent off to demand the surrender of Brill.

Koppelstock was pleased with his important position. He rowed ashore, and pushing through the crowd of people who wanted to question him, he went straight to the town-hall where the trembling magistrates were assembled. Peter presented himself boldly, and asked, in the name of the Beggars, that the town be given up.

"How large a force have the Beggars?" inquired the frightened Council.

"Oh, perhaps some five thousand men in all," Peter answered carelessly.

This untruth finished up the small courage of the

magistrates. They feared one Sea Beggar; to five thousand they gave up at once. Treslong had announced that two citizens of the town should be sent out to the fleet to discuss terms, and after a long search two men were found brave enough to go back with Peter Koppelstock.

While the deputies were gone, all the citizens of Brill were very busy. They had been granted two hours in which to decide whether they should surrender or fight. They decided to do neither. They spent the two hours in collecting their valuables, and then, to a man, they boldly ran away.

When the deputies returned therefore, it was to an empty town with only a few of the poorer inhabitants looking over the walls. The Beggars had an easy victory. The city gates were closed but there was no one to defend them. One half of the invaders stormed and carried the south gate, while de la Marck made a bonfire against the north gate. When it was well burned away, a mast, as battering-ram, soon knocked it down, and the Beggars entered the city from both sides. Before sunset of this April Fool's Day of 1572, the two parties met in the center of the city. From that moment to the end of the war Brill was free from Spain and under the control of the Patriots.

The Beggars had a good supper that night. When their hunger was satisfied, they thought of their clothes, and soon their rags were exchanged for the gorgeous robes that they took from the churches.

Duke Alva in Brussels heard the rhyme:

“On April Fool’s Day
Duke Alva’s spectacles were stolen away.”

but it did not make him laugh. There was a picture, too, of de la Marck stealing the spectacles from Alva’s nose while Alva uttered his favorite exclamation: “It is nothing; it is nothing.”

It was more than the Duke could stand. He at once put Count Bossu, who was a Netherlander serving under him, at the head of ten companies of Spaniards and ordered him off to re-take Brill. The Beggars stopped their merry-making when they heard of that, and set their minds to the defense of the city. It had been in de la Marck’s thought to seize Brill merely for the sake of a meal, but Treslong was sure that the city thus seized could be held.

Bossu appeared on Easter day with the order to give Brill back to its owner. The four hundred Beggars were a small force to repel Bossu’s soldiers, if a Patriot carpenter had not come to their aid. With his ax, he swam out to the Niewland dyke, which held back the water from the north side of the town, and hacked open the sluice. Immediately the sea poured in, and there was no land left to make the Spaniards a path of invasion by the north gate.

Bossu, disappointed there, led his men along the top of the Niewland dyke to the south gate of Brill, leaving his ships in the river. At the south gate he was met

by an unexpected discharge of artillery that drove him back.

While this was going on, Treslong and another Patriot had rowed out to the Spanish ships. Some of the fleet they cast adrift, to others they set fire. Bossu's men, repulsed at the south gate, saw the flames on one side, and on the other, saw the sea rising over the dyke that was their only pathway to safety. Struck by a sudden panic at having fire and water to fight as well as Beggars, the Spaniards stumbled back as fast as they could over the muddy, slippery dyke. They pushed each other into the sea in their mad struggle, and many were drowned. Those who reached the remaining ships, finally escaped.

Once more the Beggars in Brill rejoiced, for this had been a graver danger than the first taking of the city. Many of the citizens had returned to the town after they saw that the Patriots were really in possession, and now de la Marck gathered them together and made them swear allegiance to the Prince of Orange. The Sea Beggars had secured a strong sea-port for the struggling Patriots.

This was not quite the end either, for the thrill of victory went as far as Flushing on the near-by isle of Walcheren. De Hirpt, a warm Patriot in that city, assembled the burghers in the market-place and told them that Flushing could do what Brill had done; if they would rise together, they could drive out the small Spanish garrison that held the town and declare for

William of Orange. The people listened and agreed.

That very day, however, a Spanish fleet appeared before Flushing with a large body of Spanish soldiers, meant to swell the number of the city's garrison. De Hirpt declared that now the die was cast and there was nothing to be done but resist the entrance of this new force. Excited by his words, a half-witted man offered to go on the ramparts and discharge a piece of artillery at the Spanish ships. His success was as quick and unexpected as the descent on Brill. Panic seized the Spaniards, and the whole fleet at once stood off and was soon out of sight.

The next day, however, the Spanish governor of the isle of Walcheren came to reason with the rebellious city of Flushing. He had a high opinion of his own eloquence and thought he could soon quiet the people. He was loaded with Spanish promises. But although the Governor talked fast, de Hirpt talked faster. When the Governor said finally that Philip II was "the best-natured prince in Christendom," de Hirpt asked if Egmont and Horn had found him so. The crowd cheered, and the Governor was hustled out of the city. Flushing, too, was in the hands of the Patriots.

The Patriots had the city, but they were not strong enough to hold it alone. De Hirpt sent envoys to Brill to ask de la Marek for a force to help him, saying he would promise arms and ammunition if the Admiral would but furnish the men. De la Marek by this time had had so many wild men flock to his victorious stand-

ard that he was able to spare two hundred to Flushing. He sent them off under 'Treslong. Every man in the fleet was dressed in the gorgeous robes stolen from the Brill churches, and they made a startling appearance as they sailed away, with their fierce Beggar songs, looking for new adventure.

Thus Flushing, too, was held, and Duke Alva lost not only his spectacles, but a second sea-port besides. He was left with only one city on the isle of Walcheren—the city of Middleburg.

CHAPTER X

HOW LOUIS OF NASSAU TOOK MONS
AND LOST IT

PLACE

MONS

TIME

1572

CHARACTERS

WILLIAM OF ORANGE . . .	<i>Stadtholder of Holland</i>
SONOY	<i>Lieutenant-Governor under Orange</i>
LOUIS OF NASSAU	<i>Brother to Orange</i>
ANTONY OLIVER	<i>A Patriot in Mons</i>
GENLIS	} <i>French officers helping the Patriots</i>
LA NOUE	
DON FREDERICK	<i>Son of Duke of Alva</i>
NOIRCARMES	} <i>Spanish commanders under Alva</i>
JULIAN ROMERO	

CHAPTER X

HOW LOUIS OF NASSAU TOOK MONS AND LOST IT

THE daring capture of Brill and the seizing of Flushing, gave the Patriots new heart. De la Marek had had no thought beyond a dinner when he made his mad dash on Brill. Treslong's keener sight in holding it, had given the Prince of Orange the sea-port for which he had been wishing. Enkhuisen, too, a city of North Holland commanding the entrance to the Zuyder Zee, deposed the magistrates who ruled for Alva and hung out the banner of Orange. Haarlem, Leyden, Alkmar, and many other cities in Holland, recognized William of Orange, instead of the Duke of Alva, as lawful stadtholder under the king. Amsterdam held to Alva. The new oath of allegiance swore to fidelity to the King of Spain and to the Prince of Orange; to resistance to Alva, to the "tenth penny" and to the Inquisition; and to the support of every man's freedom, civil and religious.

In June, 1572, Diedrich Sonoy was appointed Lieutenant-governor of North Holland by Orange. His instructions were to "see that the word of God was preached, without however suffering any hindrance to the Roman Church in the exercise of its religion." In

an age when it was praiseworthy to kill anyone who differed in religion, the Prince of Orange stands out as almost the only example of religious toleration.

The Protestants in France just now were in apparent favor with Catherine de Medici, and some of the great generals—among them Coligny—were Protestants. Their help had been promised to the Prince of Orange. Affairs looked very hopeful to him. The cities, at last bound together by resistance to Alva's persecution and the "tenth penny," had declared for Orange. France had promised him substantial help, and he had two sea-ports under his banners. Now his brother, Louis of Nassau, by a brilliant dash, snatched another city from Alva's grasp.

Louis was supposed to be in France, negotiating with the Protestants there, when to the surprise of both the Prince of Orange and the Duke of Alva, word came that he had captured Mons.

Mons was a city of Hainault, in the Walloon country where the southern part of the Netherlands joins France. The Walloons had much more Celtic blood in them than German, and that made them both quick to be stirred and little to be depended on after they were moved. The Walloon people never showed the steady, deep patriotism of the Dutch.

In this city of Mons there lived a geographical painter, Antony Oliver, who had made a good many maps of the surrounding country for Alva. The Duke trusted him completely. Oliver, however, was really on

the side of the Prince of Orange. Sent to France to watch the movements of Louis of Nassau and report them to Alva, he used his time to plan with Count Louis how to help along the Prince's cause. He told Louis that Mons might easily be secured by the Patriots. Through Oliver's exertions, many inhabitants of the city promised their help when the time should come. The French also were ready to act as allies.

Late in May Oliver went back to Mons with three wagon-loads of merchandise to take into the city. The loads looked harmless, but they concealed guns which, once admitted to the city, were distributed among the Patriots. That same day Louis of Nassau, with about fifteen hundred men, arrived in the vicinity of Mons and lay concealed in the woods.

Toward evening twelve of Louis's men, disguised as wine merchants, strolled into the town and went to a public-house. They said they had some wine to bring in, and asked what time the gates would be open.

"About four," answered the landlord, "but if you want to give the porter a little present, no doubt he would let you in earlier."

The wine merchants ate the supper they had ordered, paid for it and went back to Count Louis. They returned very early in the morning, and the porter, after receiving his "little present," opened the gate for them. Immediately fifty dragoons sprang out of the darkness and dashed through the gate into the city. It was Count Louis who led them, and he and his men galloped

through the streets shouting, "The town is ours," "The Prince is coming," "Down with Alva," "Down with the tenth penny."

But Louis and his fifty men soon saw they had put themselves in a perilous position. Not one of the citizens within the walls who had promised help showed himself, and Louis's army was not yet within sight. With his usual impetuosity, Louis rode out again to seek his troops. He found them lost in the woods, not knowing which way to go. Ordering each of his riders to take a foot-soldier behind him, and leaving the rest to follow, he galloped back to Mons. On the way, his little squadron was enlarged by the French force under Genlis and La Noue. They were almost too late at Mons. None of the Patriots whom Oliver had armed had showed their faces and the burghers had recovered from their fright. They had closed all the gates but one, and there the drawbridge across the moat was just rising. As it rose, a French officer jumped his horse and lighted on the drawbridge; his weight threw it back into place. It was secured, and Louis and the French rode over it into the town.

The bell was then rung in the market-place to assemble the burghers and magistrates. Genlis told them he was not taking the town for France, and then Louis added that neither could anyone suspect the brother of the Prince of Orange to have any design against the liberty of his country; that he was fighting merely to protect the country from Alva.

The magistrates, through all the Dutch struggle, were not usually bold. Here in Mons they were afraid to declare openly against Alva. The citizens, however, were braver. They brought money, raised and drilled troops, and repaired the fortifications. A large quantity of valuables from the churches in the country around had been stored in Mons, and this treasure fell into Louis's hands. His forces were still further strengthened by another detachment of French soldiers.

When Alva was told that Count Louis of Nassau was in possession of Mons, he would not believe it. "Count Louis is playing tennis in Paris," he answered. When he was finally convinced that Louis was really in Mons, he dashed his hat to the ground in a rage, cursing Catherine de Medici, who had let Louis escape her.

Alva never lost much time. Although bad news had come to him thick and fast within the last few weeks, he did not lose heart. He ordered his son, Don Frederick, with four thousand men, to besiege Mons.

William of Orange had been as surprised as Alva when he heard of Louis's venture. The Prince was in Germany with a force of twenty thousand hired German soldiers, and without money to pay them their wages. But the States General that had refused Alva's demand for the "tenth penny," came together at William's summons, and he sent his friend St. Aldegonde, to address them. The envoy reminded them that the Prince had given his whole fortune to provide armies against Alva's cruelties, and yet that when he had

marched into the country, the Netherlanders had not roused to his support. Now, he told them, they had another chance; the Prince must have money to pay his troops; let the States grant it to him.

Moved by his appeal, the States voted three months' pay to William's German army. Alva, when he heard of it, wrote the King, "It almost drives me mad to see the difficulty with which your Majesty's supplies are furnished and the liberality with which the people place their lives and fortunes at the disposal of this rebel."

Count Louis, in the meantime, had sent Genlis back to France for reënforcements to help in holding the city against Alva. The Prince of Orange had crossed the Rhine now from Germany into the Netherlands, strong in his present force and in Coligny's promise of more help from France. Louis, hearing of William's advance, sent word to Genlis to join William and to be very careful, as the city was surrounded by Don Frederick's troops.

Genlis, however, was still filled with the joy of victory and the ease with which he and Count Louis had captured the town. He did not think there was anything to fear now, and he did not wish to share his laurels with the Prince of Orange. He pushed boldly forward until he reached the neighborhood of Mons. Here he sent out a little reconnoitering party, who soon came back with the alarming news that Noircarmes with ten thousand Spaniards was marching against them.

The Spanish troops consisted of about five thousand

men, but Don Frederick had added a lot of farmers to his marching list to make his army look large. The trick was successful, for it frightened the Frenchmen. Almost with the news, came the dash of Noircarmes' cavalry, and Genlis's men ran like sheep. Many were killed. Genlis himself was taken prisoner. Only one hundred men finally got inside Mons, of the thousands Genlis had been bringing to its defense.

William of Orange heard of the rout of Genlis, but with the help that Coligny had promised him from France, he knew he was strong enough to keep on to the succor of Mons. As he passed along, the cities opened their gates to welcome him. This time, it seemed as if he could not fail.

But success was not yet to be his. Catherine de Medici struck it out of his grasp, even as he thought he had attained it. France too had been having its religious war—the Huguenots against the Catholic Guises—with Catherine true to neither side. When finally peace was made, Catherine gave in marriage her daughter, Margaret of Valois (the most treacherous of all her children), to Henry of Navarre, the gallant young leader of the Huguenots. It was a pledge of safety to the Huguenots, and they flocked to Paris in this August of 1572, to be present at the wedding.

Among the guests was Coligny. The King, Charles IX, took such a fancy to him, that Catherine de Medici was afraid that she would lose her complete control over her son. She made up her mind to put Coligny

out of the way, but the assassin failed. The attempt to kill Coligny raised such a tumult among the Huguenots, that Catherine was much alarmed. She went a step further, and determined to kill all the Huguenots while they were in Paris at the wedding. The Day of St. Bartholomew was chosen for the massacre, and, after much urging, the weak king of France, Charles IX, gave his consent to it, with the passionate condition that not one Protestant should be left in the kingdom to reproach him with the unholy deed. The condition was pretty nearly fulfilled. The bell of St. Germain l'Auxerrois in Paris rang as a signal a little past midnight on August 24th—St. Bartholomew's Day,—and the slaughter began. It was kept up for three days. Coligny was one of the first victims, and before the massacre was ended five thousand French Protestants had been killed. The daughter of Coligny saw her father and her husband murdered before her eyes.

The news of the massacre of St. Bartholomew came to William of Orange as he marched toward Mons to relieve his brother. He knew at once that his hopes were crushed. He had not money enough to keep his own army together, and now, with Coligny gone and the Protestant party wiped out of France, he could hope for no help from that quarter. He could no longer oppose Alva, who had joined Don Frederick before Mons and was making ready for his last attack on the city. His camp was strongly fortified, but William's only chance was to break through it to reach his brother.

He tried Alva's own plan of enticing the enemy from his camp to engage in a pitched battle. But that Alva would not do; he had used those tactics too often himself to be caught by the trick now. There was little to be gained by risking a fight with William's cavalry, when Alva knew that if he waited long enough Mons must fall into his hands. Everything was in his favor. Count Louis was dangerously ill; Genlis was a prisoner; and there was no real head to the discontented Huguenots in Mons; William had only three months' pay for his soldiers and he could not hold his army together without money. Alva preferred to sit still and see the Patriot army fall to pieces and Mons open its gates, than to waste energy in fighting.

Don Frederick's forces and the Prince's army, therefore, lay opposite each other: William trying to get reinforcements into Mons, and Don Frederick trying to prevent him. This was the time that a spaniel saved William's life, and that is why there is a figure of a little dog lying at his feet on his tomb in Delft.

It was a dark night, and Don Frederick thought he could surprise the Prince's camp. Six hundred picked men, under Julian Romero, stole inside the Dutch camp and killed the sentinels. Taken by surprise, the Prince's troops made little resistance. William himself was asleep in his tent, and Julian Romero hoped to capture him.

Outside the Prince's tent there stood always a horse ready saddled in case of need. As the Spaniards crept

up to the tent none of William's guards heard a sound. But on the bed beside him slept the little spaniel. His quick ears knew an enemy's foot. He leaped up with a furious bark and scratched his master's face. William, awakened, sprang upon his horse just as Romero entered the tent. One minute more would have made the Prince a prisoner and left Holland without a leader.

For the time, William was driven back again. What remained of his army was surly and unruly. The men refused even to try to rescue Count Louis from Mons. There was no more help to be had from France. Very sadly the Prince turned away from Mons, where his brother lay ill, sending him a final message that he would better capitulate on honorable terms; no more could be done to hold the city. William, deserted by his army, with less than a hundred men, went north into Holland.

Louis, left alone, was forced to follow his brother's advice. His garrison refused to hold out longer. Alva was so eager to get Mons in his possession again without the delay of a long siege, that he was willing to make terms that Louis could accept.

It was agreed that Alva should receive Mons, and that the soldiers might march out with their arms. Any of the towns-people who wished might go with them. Louis rose from his sick-bed and visited Alva in his camp. He was received courteously and escorted by a guard of Spanish troops out of the city. If Alva

had dared, he would have treated the Count very differently.

However, Count Louis rode away, and the garrison too departed. Noircarnes took possession of Mons. Those who had stayed in the town, trusting to Alva's promise that they should not be harmed, soon found the worth of it. The men were imprisoned and killed, the women and children banished, and the property seized. Twenty people a day were killed day after day. Noircarnes encouraged his men to make way with the citizens that he might inherit their wealth. For a year these executions went on, and when Requesens came, in 1573, to succeed Alva as governor, there were still seventy-five men in Mons' prison waiting for death.

With the fall of Mons came the return to Spanish allegiance of all the cities of the Southern Netherlands. Once more William of Orange had tried and apparently failed. But his courage was unshaken; he kept his faith in God and in his own purpose. With the patience and patriotism that made him the father of his country, with his little band of seventy followers, he waited in Holland, ready for the first occasion that should give him a chance to try again.

CHAPTER XI
THE CAPTURE OF HAARLEM

PLACE
HAARLEM

TIME
1573

CHARACTERS

DUKE OF ALVA	<i>Governor of the Netherlands</i>
DON FREDERICK	<i>His son</i>
BOSSU	} <i>Commanders under Alva</i>
JULIAN ROMERO	
NOIRCARMES	
SONOY	<i>Lieutenant-Governor under Orange</i>
RIPERDA	<i>Burgomeister of Haarlem</i>
DE LA MARCK	<i>Patriot Admiral</i>
BATENBERG	<i>Patriot commander</i>
JOHN HARING OF HORN	<i>A Patriot</i>

CHAPTER XI

THE CAPTURE OF HAARLEM

AFTER the sack of Mons by Noircarmes, Alva turned his hand against Mechlin. This city was to be punished because it had welcomed the Prince of Orange on his march to Mons. It was a terrible punishment. The city was destroyed, the inhabitants were killed and the property was confiscated. Alva and Noircarmes were both present during the sack, but neither raised a hand to stop the horrors. After Mechlin was destroyed, Zutphen shared the same fate. Alva's orders were that not a man should be left alive in the city, and he was obeyed.

The rebellion crushed for the time in the south, Alva followed the Prince of Orange north, where Holland thrusts an arm out between the Zuyder Zee and the North Sea. At the narrowest spot on this peninsula, where one could walk across from sea to sea in an hour, stood the city of Haarlem. East of Haarlem, across the arm of the Zuyder Zee that made Haarlem Lake, was Amsterdam, the only northern city that held for Alva. North of Haarlem was Alkmar and south of it was Leyden. The narrow neck on which Haarlem was built divided the peninsula almost in two. If Alva could get Haarlem, he could cut the connection between

the Patriots above Haarlem, under Sonoy, and the Patriots below Haarlem, under the Prince, and deal with each separately. That would make quicker work for him in crushing the rebellion. Alva established himself at Amsterdam, and ordered Don Frederick, his son, to march on Haarlem.

As Frederick advanced, one fearful city after another opened its gates to him, until he came to Naarden, on the shore of the Zuyder Zee. It was a weak little town, but its burghers had stout hearts. When Don Frederick sent a hundred men to summon its surrender, Naarden answered that it had always held the city for the King and for the Prince of Orange and with God's help they meant to keep on in the same way. Then they sent out messengers to Sonoy to ask help. He was unable to send either men or supplies and advised honorable capitulation.

There was nothing to do but follow this counsel, and Naarden sent to Don Frederick envoys, who were met by Julian Romero. He demanded the keys of the city, and promised solemnly that if they were delivered to him no inhabitant of Naarden should suffer in life or property. He gave his hand in a soldier's oath on this promise and, without any written pledge, the city admitted Romero and five hundred musketeers within the walls.

Everyone in the town hurried to prepare a banquet. It was a great feast which the women of Naarden served their guests, and the Spaniards ate their fill. Julian

Romero and his officers were specially entertained by one of the senators named Gerritt.

When the meal was over Romero and his host walked into the square where the great bell was ringing. Obeying its summons, the burghers crowded into the church, which was used as a town hall, to hear the conditions of surrender. As they waited patiently—five hundred of them—a monk was pacing up and down outside the door. Suddenly he turned his steps within the church and exclaimed, "Let all prepare for death."

At the same instant, the doors were flung open and a band of armed soldiers rushed in. There could be no resistance. Within a very short time there was no Dutchman left alive in the hall. Even Senator Gerritt, who had just entertained Romero at his own table, was slain with the rest. The building was fired.

Then began the work of sacking the city, and it was as terrible as Spaniards knew how to make it. No one escaped. The city was entirely destroyed. Philip II had laughed when he heard of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. The Duke of Alva now piously thanked God for this occasion to punish heretics, and Don Frederick hastened to Amsterdam to receive his father's blessing.

Haarlem knew that she would be the next, but instead of being terrified into submission by the fate of Mons and Mechlin, Zutphen and Naarden, she merely strengthened her heart. If submission brought, as its

reward, treachery and murder, it would be better to resist to the end.

Don Frederick advanced toward Haarlem with a gay heart. He seemed only to stretch out his hand in order to have every city fall meekly at his feet. He would not need to subject Haarlem to a real siege; the city could not hold out against him more than a week at the most. He would make short work with Haarlem.

As Don Frederick advanced, he came upon a little Dutch fleet which had been caught by the cold weather on Haarlem Lake and frozen in by the ice. As it lay in Don Frederick's way, he ordered out a body of picked men to destroy the vessels. The Dutchmen at once, by means of a trench, turned their fleet into a fort. Then strapping on their skates, guns in hand, they sallied out over the ice to attack those who had come to attack them. The Spaniards had no chance against these men who could advance like an avalanche and retreat like the wind. The skaters soon drove the Spaniards back to Amsterdam and remained masters of the field. The next day a thaw broke up the ice, and the brave little fleet sailed away in safety up north to Enkhuizen.

Haarlem knew that Don Frederick's way was open, but it did not quiver. The commander of the garrison was Ripperda. He called the people together in the market-place by the great church, and bade them choose whether they would open their gates to the Spaniards or resist even unto death. Zutphen and Naarden had proved what might be expected of the good faith and

mercy of the Spaniards. Let Haarlem show what resistance could accomplish.

All the burghers cried out with one voice that they would stand by the city. The magistrates were not so bold. Some of them stole away to try to make peace with Alva, but they accomplished nothing. Those who returned to Haarlem, Riperda put to death. He could afford no traitors within his walls in the struggle that was coming. New magistrates were appointed in place of the old.

When you go to Haarlem, you will find a quiet little Dutch city, with shaded streets on each side of the canals, clean bridges and trim houses. The tramcar will carry you from the railway station to the market-place, which—if it be a market day—will be lined with little booths ready to sell you almost anything you wish. The Great Church, dark with age and history, will loom up on one side of you, and on the other, will stand the old town hall, where you may see the greatest pictures of one of Holland's greatest artists. Within the huge, bare cathedral, if you listen to the big organ and watch the crowd of every condition of holiday-making Dutch folk, you will feel that Haarlem is very foreign and very picturesque, but you will find it hard to believe that this quiet, happy little town was the scene of one of the worst horrors in the Dutch struggle for liberty.

On the 11th of December, 1572, Don Frederick began his operations. He had thirty thousand men encamped around the city. Inside, for its defense, the

garrison numbered four thousand men, though added to this was a corps of four hundred women drilled and armed and ready to do their part. Alva did not yet know all that Dutch valor could do.

A heavy fog helped both Spaniards and Dutch. It made it easy for Frederick to build his forts and distribute his men, while over the frozen Haarlem Lake, swift sledges and swifter skates brought supplies into Haarlem under cover of the fog. Men, women, and even children, through the long dark nights, were helping the gallant little city to lay in enough food to resist the siege.

Orange had got together three or four thousand men at Leyden, and under de la Marck, he sent them to relieve Haarlem. They were met, however, by Noircarnes and Julian Romero, and cut to pieces. Then Haarlem knew it must depend on its own efforts.

Don Frederick at once brought his batteries to bear on the chief gate, thinking to make a breach which would let him into the city without the trouble of a long siege. But as fast as the cannon made holes in the wall, just so fast were they filled up; men, women and children working night and day, like a swarm of ants, bringing bags of sand, blocks of stone, cartloads of earth, and even the statues from the churches, to stop the breaches. Perhaps the Dutch hearts may have been grimly amused to think that the images, to whom Philip could not make them pray, should protect them from his cannon balls.

After his guns had been three days at work, Frederick ordered an assault, sure that the walls must by this time be knocked to pieces. The men of Haarlem were on the watch. The church-bells gave the alarm and brought everyone to the ramparts to repel the foe. The Spaniards met more than the regulation shot and sword. They were welcomed by unpleasant necklaces made of fiery hoops smeared with pitch, by heavy stones and live coals and boiling oil. Julian Romero, who had expected to blow upon Haarlem and see it fall like a house of cards, could scarcely credit his senses when he was obliged to sound a retreat. He left three hundred men behind him, dead or wounded, while the Dutch lost only four.

The Prince of Orange, straining every nerve to save Haarlem, had raised another army and sent it, under Batenberg, to the city. But the fog that had helped before, hindered now. The burghers lighted beacon fires for guides, rang their bells and fired their cannon, but confused by the mist, Batenberg's little force floundered helplessly, until the Spaniards fell upon them and destroyed them. As a brutal jest, they sent one of the men they had killed into Haarlem saying that this was the way he came to help the city.

Then Don Frederick, when he could not batter down the walls, began to dig an underground approach to the city. Here, too, the Dutchmen were ready for him. As he mined, they counter-mined; they dug their tunnels

under his and blew his passages about his ears. The Spaniards and the men of Haarlem met in these obscure ways and fought in the dark like wild beasts.

In the meantime, Don Frederick's cannonade against the Cross Gate had told. The citizens saw it must soon give way, so by day and night the men and women and children were at work again building inside the gate a half-moon of masonry, that should be their defense when the gate itself was destroyed. They worked so secretly, that Don Frederick knew nothing of it. Under the Cross Gate they built a mine.

On January 31, 1573, Don Frederick, sure of success this time, ordered another attack. Again the alarm bells rang out in the city, and the citizens hurried to the walls with their great stones and their fire-brands and their burning hoops. The Spaniards had their morning prayers, and then hurled a furious assault against the Cross Gate. It was successful. The gate was carried, and the soldiers streamed over the wall, jubilant with their success. But the joy was short. For the first time, they saw beyond them the new fortification, whose top was bristling with guns. The cannons at once opened their mouths at the foe and, at the same time, the mine under the gate blew up with a terrific explosion that killed all the soldiers that were on it. Seized with panic, the Spaniards fled back to their camp, a second time repulsed by the simple burghers whom they scorned.

The winter was severe, and by this time both Span-

iards and Dutchmen were weary of the melancholy game. Within the city, in spite of the supplies the Prince managed to send in, starvation was close at hand. The food was portioned out in strict allowance, and even these scant provisions were almost at an end. The citizens made desperate sorties against the enemy, glad of the excitement of a skirmish to make them forget, for the moment, that despair was waiting for them within the walls. Hundreds of the Spaniards, in the meantime, were dying of cold and hunger. Don Frederick would gladly have raised the siege, but Alva's grim answer to the request was, that if his son did not take the city, he would not leave the field alive. So the siege went on.

For two months the skirmishes continued, the city often brilliantly victorious, seizing supplies and ammunition from the very teeth of the strong opposing force and killing one hundred men to every one they lost themselves. Alva, with his sixty years' experience of hard and cruel fighting, wrote the King: "This is a war such as never before was seen or heard of in any land." He was beginning to find that Dutchmen were made of iron instead of butter.

The advantage for which both Spaniards and Dutch were trying was the possession of Haarlem Lake. So long as it had been frozen, it had given a chance for continual supplies to be carried into the city over the ice. When the ice should break up, if the Dutch could hold the Lake with their fleets, they might still victual Haarlem, and if they could cut the dyke, they might even cut

off Spanish supplies from Amsterdam. If, on the other hand, Don Frederick controlled the Lake, it would mean the surrender of Haarlem, for no more food could be carried in.

The Prince of Orange ordered Sonoy from the north to try to cut the dyke. None of Sonoy's efforts seemed very successful and he did not accomplish it. His men were over-powered and driven back. To give them a chance to rally, John Haring of Horn stood alone on a narrow strip of dyke, and by his single spear and shield, like the heroes at Thermopylæ, held the pass against a thousand Spaniards. But his fellows did not respond to his heroism. When he saw they still were fleeing, he held his place until they were all beyond reach of the enemy, and then jumped into the sea and swam to safety. But in spite of this gallant deed, the dyke was not cut. Alva was still in possession at Amsterdam.

On the Lake, too, the Patriots were defeated. The ice broke up in February and the Spanish fleet, under that Bossu who had failed to retake Brill, met the Dutch ships, under Batenberg, who had failed to get into Haarlem. Again Batenberg was routed. Master of the Lake, Bossu seized the forts on its shores, and Haarlem was cut off from help by water.

In great anxiety, the men of Haarlem turned again to the Prince. He too was almost in despair. Two of his armies had been routed and his fleet had been destroyed. Where could he raise more troops? Yet his carrier-pigeons flew into the city with messages of hope and

courage. He was getting together a new army, if the city could hold out a little longer.

It was June now, and if help did not come, the people must starve or surrender. All the small allotments of rations were gone, and they were eating rats and mice, or the grass that grew between the stones in the streets; they were even chewing shoe-leather. Still, they listened to William's entreaty to hold out for two days more. A new army was on the way toward them.

It was made up this time of wealthy Dutch burghers, who had volunteered to march to the rescue of Haarlem. William himself wanted to lead it, but that they would not allow. His life was too precious to be risked, for all the hope of Holland lay just then in him. Very reluctantly William yielded, and appointed to command Batenberg, who had already been twice defeated in his attempts to relieve Haarlem. He was a disheartened general to lead raw troops on a forlorn hope.

William's plans were well made, and he sent his carrier-pigeons to take them into the city. Some of the pigeons got in, but two of them were shot by the Spaniards, and William's message was read to Don Frederick.

Unsuspecting, the men of Haarlem were carrying out William's instructions. A breach was made in the walls opposite the place where Batenberg was expected, and they eagerly watched for the beacon fires that were to tell of his approach.

On July 8th the new force left Sassenheim on its

march to Haarlem. Don Frederick, too, was on the watch for it. Opposite the breach in the wall of the city, he built huge fires of green boughs. The heavy smoke not only hid Batenberg's beacon fires from Haarlem, but it served as an ambuscade for a force of five thousand picked men from the Spanish army. On each side another force was placed to fall on the left and right flank of Batenberg's army as he approached.

The ambush lay patiently in the smoke two days, before the unsuspecting Dutchmen marched down upon it. As they came out from the wood, they fell directly into the trap. The Spaniards closed around them, Batenberg was killed and the generous burghers utterly routed.

The Prince could do nothing more. Very sorrowfully he confessed to Haarlem his helplessness, and told her that she must make for herself the best terms she could.

The city was rigid with despair. If it held out, the inhabitants would die of starvation. If it yielded, they would be massacred. They came to a desperate resolve to place the women and children, the old and the weak, in the center of a square of the fighting men, and thus attempt to cut their way through the Spanish host; they would escape or they would die together.

The news of the plan came to Don Frederick, and caused him great alarm. His idea of these people in July was not the same one he had held back in Decem-

ber. He knew that the citizens of Haarlem were capable of any desperate deed of courage, and feared that they might even fire the city and perish in the flames, thus snatching the prize from him just as his hand was upon it. So he hastened to send into Haarlem some Spanish promises.

Haarlem was in despair and trusted him. He gave the city his solemn assurance that if it would surrender, no one should be punished except those whom the citizens themselves deemed worthy of punishment. While he was sending this pledge, he held in his hand a letter from the Duke of Alva commanding that no Dutchman of the garrison should escape alive. Frederick had no thought of disobeying his father.

On July 12, the great bells that had so often sounded the alarm, called the people together to give up their arms and to assemble, the men in the cloister of Zyl, the women in the cathedral.

Then again the people of Holland proved the worth of Spanish promises. There was no pity for those who had defended themselves so gallantly. Out of the eighteen hundred men left of the garrison, the twelve hundred Dutchmen were murdered to a man, with enough of the citizens to bring the number up to twenty-three hundred. Six hundred Germans were allowed to depart.

History says that King Philip was never known to laugh but twice in his life. Once was at the Massacre

of St. Bartholomew. The second time was when these twenty-three hundred innocent subjects of his had been treacherously killed in cold blood.

Haarlem had fallen, its helpless people had been slaughtered and Philip laughed. But, after all, neither he nor Alva had great cause for joy. To crush the weakest of Holland's cities, they had needed seven months of time and thirty thousand of the best Spanish troops, twelve thousand of whom never came away from the siege; and instead of striking fear to the hearts of the Patriots, they but nerved them to keener resistance. The heroism and pertinacity of Haarlem, the horror of Alva's treachery after the city had yielded, had made Holland into a more determined band of Patriots to resist Spanish tyranny. Should any Dutch city be less heroic than Haarlem? Could any task call men to greater endeavor than to punish Alva for all he had inflicted on the Netherlands? They would stand now under the Prince of Orange to the death;—dying with arms in hand rather than submitting to Spain to be murdered like helpless sheep. Alva had turned his seeming victory into real defeat for himself and his king.

CHAPTER XII
WHY THE DUKE OF ALVA LEFT
HOLLAND

PLACE

ALKMAR

TIME

1573

CHARACTERS

DUKE OF ALVA *Spanish Governor of the
Netherlands*

DON FREDERICK *His son*

BOSSU *Commander under Alva*

SONOY *Lieutenant-Governor under
Orange*

JOHN HARING OF HORN . . . } *Patriots*

PETER VAN DER MAY . . . }

CHAPTER XII

WHY THE DUKE OF ALVA LEFT HOLLAND

AFTER the destruction of Haarlem, Duke Alva issued proclamations to all the Patriot cities, calling them back to obedience to their loving and benign king. But the cities of the Netherlands had had much proof of the king's kindness and of the value of his promises. Not one city responded.

As the proclamations did not open the city gates to him, Alva went on to besiege Alkmar. In July it had been summoned to surrender, and had refused. Alva needed then all his men to reduce Haarlem, and could not stop to argue. But now he had an army with which to lay siege to Alkmar.

The little city was the northern point of Dutch patriotism. It lay north of Haarlem on the same narrow peninsula. Between Alkmar and the sea rose the gray towers of Egmont Castle. Don Frederick burned the village of Egmont to the ground, and by the end of August had invested Alkmar so closely that Alva said it was impossible for a sparrow to get in or out of the city. Within the walls were twenty-one hundred men who could fight. Outside, were sixteen thousand soldiers. It seemed a one-sided conflict, and

the burghers knew what to expect if they were forced to surrender. Alva had already written to Philip, "If I take Alkmar, I am resolved not to leave a single creature alive."

Diedrich Sonoy was still in command in North Holland, but all thoughts turned to the Prince of Orange. He was their reliance. Sonoy wrote to ask William if he had not gained the promise of help from some "powerful potentate," and William replied, "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." Thus trusting unwaveringly in God, William of Orange made his plans to help Alkmar.

The people of Alkmar knew that the sea could be turned into an ally. If the sluice gate called the Zyp were opened to the sea, very soon the rising waves would drive the Spaniards out of the country. But this would, at the same time, destroy all the crops, and that could not be done without permission of the owners. The citizens determined to send a messenger to Orange, Sonoy and other leading men, asking leave to inundate the country if they should be driven to it.

There was in the city a carpenter, named Peter Van der May, and he volunteered to be the messenger. With his papers hid in a hollow stick, he set forth.

In the meantime, Don Frederick, not yet taught his full lesson of Dutch courage, after he had battered the

city walls with his cannon for twelve hours, ordered an attack. His best regiments led the assault, one on one side of the city and one on the other. They dashed forward with cries of victory, for they thought it within their hands.

But the men of Alkmar were as stout-hearted as those of Haarlem. They used the same means of defense. Boiling oil and pitch, melted lead, with unslaked lime, as well as cannon balls, were poured upon the foe. If any man succeeded in fighting through these things and reaching the wall, there he was met by the burgher's daggers and thrust back into the moat.

For four hours the assault lasted, three times driven back. No man of Alkmar left his place on the walls unless he was killed. The women and children went back and forth between the arsenals and the walls with fresh supplies of ammunition. When night came the trumpet sounded a retreat for the Spaniards to their camp. They went, almost unbelieving that they had been repulsed. One soldier, who had got a glimpse into the town, said that he had seen no soldiers, only some men who looked like fishermen. Surely fishermen could not drive back Spanish veterans!

The next day another assault was ordered, but the soldiers refused. Don Frederick threatened and begged, but not a man would stir. They thought that since God surely must be on the side of Spain, it was the devil that took care of the fishermen of Alkmar. They would fight men, but not devils. So persuaded

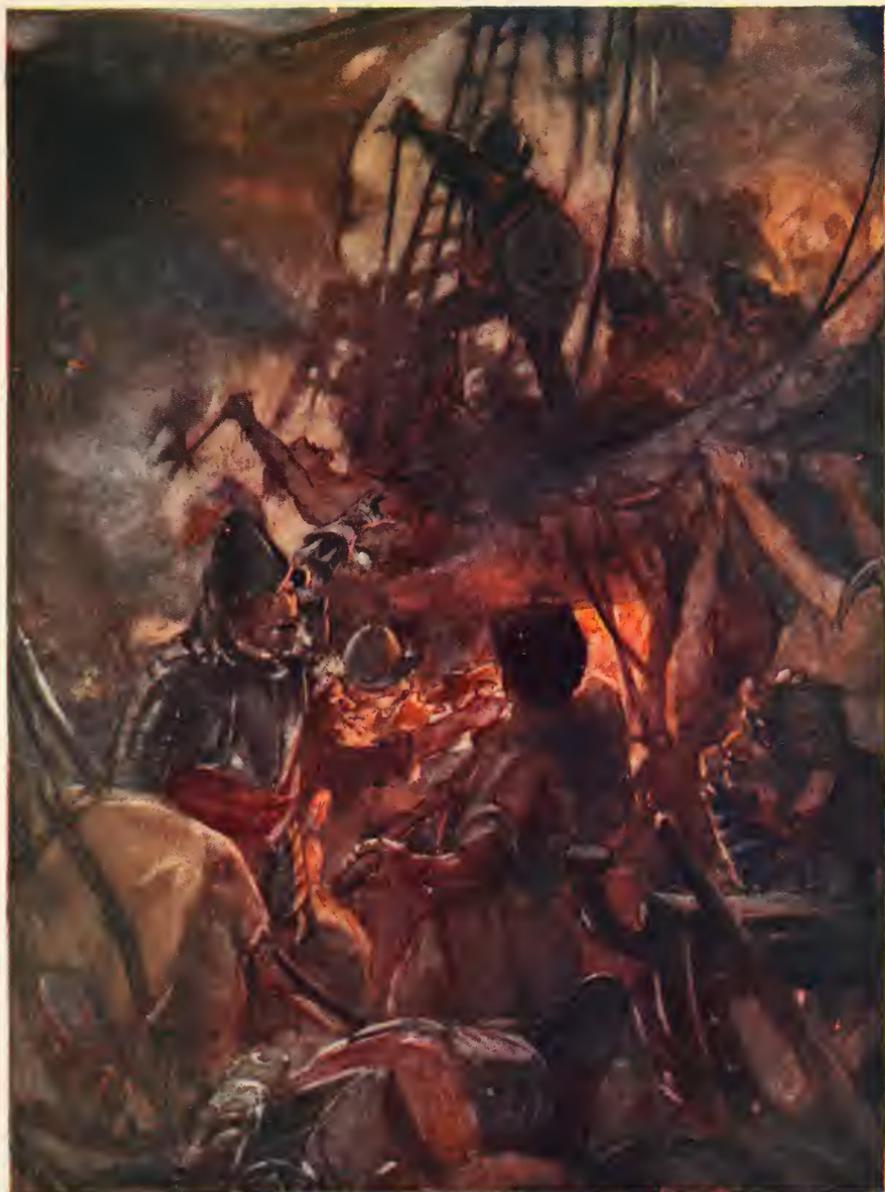
were they of this, that a Spanish soldier, who had been captured, offered, if they would spare his life, to kneel down and worship the devil just as the men of Alkmar did.

To this superstitious fear was added another. The water was rising. All the country about was getting marshy. If it should rise higher, the Spaniards would be drowned in their own camp.

The carpenter messenger had made his journey safely to the Prince, who had sent him on to Sonoy with orders to flood all the country rather than let Alva take Alkmar. Sonoy at once opened the Zyp, and was ready to cut the dykes at any moment it should be necessary. The carpenter was sent back to Alkmar, with his dispatches from the Prince and from Sonoy carried in the same hollow stick.

The journey back to Alkmar was not so smoothly made as the journey out. Peter was almost caught as he crept through the besieging lines, and though he escaped with his life, his hollow stick was left behind him. Inside the city again, he encouraged the citizens, however, with the promises of the Prince although his letters were lost.

The letters were found and carried to Don Frederick. He read of William's plans to bring the sea to attack the besieging camp, and he did not like it. His soldiers were already hard to manage, and he knew what panic the sea would bring. He had seen enough of Dutch courage and of William's steadiness of pur-



"OVER THE DECKS BACK AND FORTH WENT THE HAND-TO-HAND CONFLICT"
—Page 153

pose, to be sure that if he called the sea, it would come, and that the burghers of Alkmar would grimly resist his assaults in the meantime. He summoned a council of war, and all agreed it was better to raise the siege of their own account than to be driven out ignominiously by the rising water.

The siege had lasted seven weeks. Now Don Frederick withdrew and went back to his father in Amsterdam. Alkmar was saved. The sluices were closed and the dykes remained uncut. It had not been necessary to call in the sea after all to drive away the Spaniards.

It was only three days after the relief of Alkmar that Bossu, the Spanish admiral met the Patriot fleet in the Zuyder Zee. Bossu had failed when he tried to re-take Brill from the Sea Beggars, and now they defeated him again. His ships and his guns were heavier than those of the Beggars, so Bossu did not want to come to close quarters. He could fight better at long range. A helpful wind, however, finally carried the Patriot fleet down upon Bossu's, and the Spanish ships gave way before Beggar fierceness.

Bossu himself would not flee. The flag-ship was called the *Inquisition*—a name hateful to Hollanders. Three Beggar ships were grappled to the *Inquisition*, and over the decks back and forth went the hand to hand conflict. The John Haring, who had held back the thousand men at the dyke at Holland, was fighting here. After the struggle had gone on from three in the

afternoon till dawn of the next day, the vessels ran aground. John Haring of Horn gained the deck of the *Inquisition* and hauled down the colors. He was shot as he did it, but the victory was for his side. Aground near the enemy's shore, Bossu was cut off from supplies, while the Patriots were every moment reënfined; it was useless to hold out, and he surrendered. With three hundred prisoners, Bossu was carried into Holland and imprisoned at Horn. If the city had had its way, he would have been killed at once, for men remembered an act of treachery of the year before.

It was after he had tried to re-take Brill from the Sea Beggars and had been driven back, that he went to Rotterdam. He found the gates closed against him, and when he asked entrance, the people replied that they were loyal to the king and did not need a band of fierce Spanish soldiers to teach them obedience. Bossu then asked permission for his troops to march through the city without stopping, and this was granted, on condition that only a few soldiers should be admitted at a time. But no sooner had Bossu found the gate open, than the soldiers poured in, and, rushing through the streets, killed everyone who opposed them. Within a few moments four hundred citizens had been murdered. Although the Netherlanders were by this time used to treachery and murder, they hated their countrymen who did such deeds in the name of Spain.

The capture of Bossu now saved the lives of many of

the Dutch who were Spanish prisoners. St. Aldegonde especially, the friend of William of Orange, would have had as little consideration as Egmont and Horn and Montigny received, had the Prince not declared to the Duke of Alva that whatever happened to St. Aldegonde should happen also to Count Bossu.

Alva, driven back from Alkmar, sent a force to besiege Leyden. He was obliged to withdraw it to meet Louis of Nassau at Mook Heath, and that was Alva's last act of war in the Netherlands.

The loss of Alkmar and the defeat of Bossu, made Alva ready to give up his position. He had been in the Netherlands six years, and had failed to crush the rebellion, to establish the Inquisition or to exact the "tenth penny." He was losing the king's confidence and he was gaining the people's hatred. He was tired of the hardships of his rule and of being hated. He was even a little tired of murder. He asked to be recalled to Spain, and Philip sent Requesens out to the Netherlands in his place.

Alva had lived the last months at Amsterdam, and had made enormous debts there. At his coming, the unpatriotic citizens had welcomed him and set up his statues in their houses. After the retreat from Alkmar, they overthrew the images and burned his portrait. Alva was leaving a country of enemies, with not one to regret his going—except his creditors.

Sometime in November the Duke had proclaimed by

trumpet through the city that all those to whom he owed money should come on an appointed day with their claims, so that he might meet all his debts before he left Amsterdam. On the night before the specified day, very silently, the Duke and his followers stole out of Amsterdam. When the creditors came with their bills, there was no one to pay them. Once more the Netherlanders had trusted Spanish promises and been betrayed. Families who had been rich before, became beggars by this trick of Alva's.

And so Alva went home, leaving horror and hatred and desolation behind him in the Netherlands. His deeds had been more those of a monster than of a human being. His boast was that in the few years he had been governor of the Netherlands, he had executed eighteen thousand six hundred people besides those that he had killed in battle. Was it strange that the people of the low countries found it hard to understand the love and kindness of a king who approved the deeds of such a governor?

CHAPTER XIII
HOW COUNT LOUIS FOUGHT HIS
LAST BATTLE

PLACE
THE VILLAGE OF MOOK

TIME
1574

CHARACTERS

COUNT LOUIS OF NASSAU . . . *Leader of the Patriot forces*
COUNT HENRY OF NASSAU . . . *His brother*
SANCHO D'AVILA }
VALDEZ } *Spanish commanders*
MONDRAGON }

CHAPTER XIII

HOW COUNT LOUIS FOUGHT HIS LAST BATTLE

COUNT LOUIS of Nassau, driven out of Mons, no sooner recovered his health than he was ready to engage again in the service of the Netherlands. He had refused his parole to Alva, when the other Patriots in Mons had given their word not again to take up arms against Spain. One of his brothers, Adolphus, had been killed by Aremberg at the battle of the Holy Lion in 1568. The other two, John and Henry, were still with Louis.

After the massacre of St. Bartholomew, the Prince of Orange and Louis of Nassau had given up hope of help from France. Yet now they were turning to her again, for it suited the schemes of Catherine de Medici once more to aid the Netherland Protestants. At first, glorying in the Massacre, she had claimed praise from the church for destroying so many heretics. Later, when she saw the horror her act had raised through Europe, she tried to excuse it by saying that she had discovered a great Protestant plot in Paris, which had roused her rage to destroy it. Lies did not matter to Catherine, or to any of her sons, if they gained their point.

Of Catherine's three sons, Charles IX was king now; her second son Henry, she wished to make king of Poland; while the third, Francis, she was minded to marry to Queen Elizabeth, as well as to reap for him whatever other honors she could. To advance her own family, and to curtail the power of Spain, she would help Protestants if she must. William of Orange had much influence in the matter of the election to the Polish throne, so with William, Catherine, through Charles IX, was ready to make a treaty.

Count Louis arranged its terms in a long interview with the French minister to the German court. The Prince of Orange was to help Duke Henry to the crown of Poland in return for a large loan and for the privilege of raising a thousand horse and seven thousand foot soldiers in France. France was to take the Netherlands under her protectorate and to ensure religious liberty, not only to the Dutch but also to the French Protestants at home.

While Louis was signing treaties in Germany, the Prince was in Holland helping Haarlem and Alkmar and Leyden. He was very lonely without his brother in these sad times, for while everyone turned to him for help, there was no one on whom he could lean. He was almost persuaded to cut the dykes and let the sea in to destroy the country while he put the persecuted Dutchmen on ships to sail away and found a new land. But he did not do it. He stayed where he was and did what he could. It was bitter humiliation to take help

again from the treacherous hand of Catherine de Medici, but William could not refuse from anyone the money and the soldiers necessary to his cause.

With the aid of French money and French promises, therefore, Louis of Nassau went to work levying troops in Germany, while Count John was collecting funds from his relatives and from the Protestant German princes. To the German mercenaries already secured, Louis added two thousand French and German cavalry, who had escorted Duke Henry to Poland.

Alva's last act in the Netherlands had been to lay siege to Leyden. Louis's new army was to raise the siege. He was to cross the Meuse in the south, surprise and take the city of Maestricht on the way, and then march north to join the Prince in Delft. With such a force in the neighborhood of Leyden, there was little doubt that the Spaniards would be compelled to raise the siege and retire.

With three thousand cavalry and six thousand infantry, Louis and his brother, Henry, late in February 1574, crossed the Rhine and advanced toward Maestricht. It was cold weather and they started in the midst of a heavy snow-storm. But in spite of obstacles, by the end of the month they had reached the Meuse and were within four miles of Maestricht. They found the river filled with ice, too thin to bear up an army and too thick to make the stream easily navigable.

Great reports of Louis's preparations in Germany

had run through the Netherlands. Requesens, the new governor, had done all he could to strengthen Maestricht. He had not only added to the garrison but had placed a large force, under Sancho d'Avila, outside the city to intercept Louis on his march. He had also drawn the besieging army, under Valdez, from Leyden to help defend Maestricht.

Louis of Nassau therefore, merely by his fame as a soldier, had for the time being accomplished his object and raised the siege of Leyden. His reputation was great. While he lacked his brother's genius and statesmanship, yet in courage and loyalty and high-heartedness he was as noble as the Prince. By his honesty, he had made his cause respected and had won it friends. By his boldness he had, in the first of the war, won the battle of the Holy Lion, and by the same dashing bravery later, had captured Mons. By his steadfastness he had helped the Prince through his hardest times. He was the second son, and William's friend and intimate.

Though Count Louis had drawn the Spanish army away from Leyden, he could not take Maestricht, or even get across the Meuse to join his army to William's. He could find no boats for the crossing, and as he waited, his army was weakened by desertion. He lost a thousand men by that cause and seven hundred by an unexpected assault from the enemy. Finally he broke camp and fell back down the river, hoping to find a place where he could cross and help his brother.

In the meantime, Valdez with his Leyden army had come on the scene and Mondragon, just released from Middleburg, had added sixteen companies of veterans. Still keeping his courage, however, Louis went on along the river bank, while Sancho d'Avila followed him on the opposite shore, determined to prevent Louis's crossing and the union of the two Patriot armies.

On the 13th of April, Louis encamped in the village of Mook. The scouts he sent out came back with the worst of news. Sancho d'Avila had out-marched Louis's army, and by a bridge of boats had brought his men across the Meuse. Now he lay directly in the path.

It was a hopeless position. Alone, with a mutinous army, Louis must face a desperate battle or else retreat into Germany and leave William unaided. Running away, when he could fight, was not in Count Louis's nature. He reviewed his troops, appealing to their bravery and honor, and they replied by sullen demands for money. Then he strengthened his position as well as circumstances allowed.

Before Louis lay the village of Mook, with the river on one side and a chain of hills on the other. The narrowness of the plain between river and hills gave little room for cavalry maneuvers, and Count Louis's strength lay in his cavalry. He had fortified himself behind a deep trench and placed his soldiers to the best advantage. Opposite him, on the other side of the village, lay the army of Sancho d'Avila.

At early dawn the Spanish attacked the Patriots' trench, but the action was confined to skirmishing until ten o'clock, when Louis became annoyed at the shilly-shallying, and his trumpets sounded defiance. The Spanish were ready to charge the Patriots, when suddenly messengers arrived with the news that an army of five thousand men was on the way and would be with them the next day. Immediately Sancho d'Avila thought of Aremberg at the Holy Lion, who had refused to wait for Meghem's reinforcements and had been cut to pieces. In his judgment, it would be better to wait for the new army and the certainty of crushing the Beggars completely.

His officers, however, were as loud in pleading the wisdom of an immediate engagement, while Count Louis was under their hand. Everyone knew the willingness of these Beggars. If they waited till next day, Louis might slip away in the night to join the Prince, and leave them no one to attack. After much discussion, the bolder counsel was taken, and the charge was made.

After a fierce fight the Spanish carried the trench and poured into the village of Mook. Count Louis sent his infantry against them, and d'Avila ordered up all his infantry to meet the attack. At first the Spaniards were driven back, but by a second desperate charge, they possessed themselves of the Patriot defenses in Mook.

Count Louis, at the head of his horsemen, had

watched the battle. When he saw his foot-soldiers driven back, he charged with his cavalry. His shock broke the Spanish van, who fled in all directions, but unfortunately, while the Patriots wheeled to re-load, they were attacked by the Spanish lancers and completely overthrown.

Count Louis saw that the day was hopeless. Without help, in the heart of the enemy's country, he had played a desperate game and lost. He placed himself now at the head of a little body of troops, and with his brother, Henry, made a final charge.

It is the last that is known of the two gallant brothers. There are differing rumors as to the manner of their death, but in the slaughter that followed, there could be no certainty as to anyone's fate. They were never heard of again. The Patriots had lost two of their bravest commanders. Of the Counts of Nassau, only John was left now to help and comfort William of Orange. As to Louis's army, there was nothing left to go to the assistance of the Prince.

There is a story that Louis's defeat and death at Mook Heath had been foretold by a phantom battle in the heavens. The burghers on guard in Utrecht at midnight in the early part of February, had been much frightened by the strange sight they had seen. The whole sky was black, except for a space just over their heads, where they saw sweep up from the northwest what looked to be an army with banners and spears and trumpets. From the southeast came another army,

and the two met in the clear space in the heavens. For a few minutes there was a fierce shock between the two, the guns were heard, the tramp of the soldiers and the galloping of the horses. The northwestern army was repulsed, but only for a moment; again it advanced, and before it the southeastern army was driven back till it was swallowed up in the surrounding blackness. The victorious army vanished too, and the clear space in the sky was again empty, until suddenly across it flowed broad blood-red streamers. Then the vision was gone.

The burghers of Utrecht were so overcome by the sight that they told it to the magistrates, who wrote the story down. It was accepted at once by everyone who heard it as an omen of the coming battle. When it was known that Louis had reached Mook Heath from the southeast and that Sancho d'Avila had come upon him by the northwest, there was no doubt in any simple burgher's mind as to the result of the struggle.

The battle of Mook Heath is one of the sad stories in the Rise of the Dutch Republic. Holland, in Count Louis, lost one of her truest Patriots and bravest generals. To William, the thought of sorrow over the failure to take Maestricht, was as nothing compared to his grief for his brother and trusted comrade.

CHAPTER XIV
LEYDEN AND THE SEA BEGGARS

PLACE

LEYDEN

TIME

1574

CHARACTERS

WILLIAM OF ORANGE . . . *Stadtholder of Holland*
BOISOT *Admiral of the Patriot fleet*
VALDEZ *A Spanish commander*
The Burgomeister of Leyden

CHAPTER XIV

LEYDEN AND THE SEA BEGGARS

ALVA had besieged Leyden after he lost Alkmar. When he sailed away from the Netherlands, he left Valdez with a Spanish army tight around the city. This army had been called south to meet Count Louis at Mook Heath and, for the time, the siege was raised. William however knew that it would be renewed.

“This is your opportunity,” he said to the men of Leyden. “Do not doubt but the Spaniards will come back. They have given you time to breathe, and you must use it in victualing your town and strengthening your garrison.”

But the men of Leyden had apparently forgotten the horrors of Haarlem. They were at ease for the present, and paid no heed to the Prince’s warning to care for the future.

After the battle at Mook Heath, Valdez came directly back to Leyden and at once invested it. That was in May 1574. Then it was too late for the town to prepare for siege. The garrison was weak and the supplies were scanty. The magistrates came suddenly

to their senses, with a vain regret that they had not followed William's advice. They proved, however, that though they had been foolish, they were not the cowards that the magistrates had been in Antwerp and in Brill.

Valdez' plan was to starve the city into surrender and not to waste men and powder on fruitless attacks. He girdled the city with sixty-two redoubts, and so disposed of his eight thousand soldiers that there was no possibility of relief reaching Leyden by land. Inside the city, the magistrates set as stoutly to work at resistance. All the food within the walls was bought up and parceled out in a strict daily allowance.

William of Orange was back again at Delft. Vexed at Leyden's carelessness, which had placed her in this unnecessary danger, he nevertheless set to work at once to release her from it. The surest ally in Leyden's cause he thought to be the ocean. The States shook their heads over the idea. To be sure the sea had saved Alkmar, but to bring it in over all those level miles of orchard and meadow until it should reach Leyden—that was a different matter. And even if the water should come far enough to drive out the Spaniards and bring the Patriots' ships to the city, what scores of villages would be destroyed as it came!

But though the States cudged their brains till the middle of July, they could find no better way to save Leyden. And Leyden must be saved if Holland were to be saved. "Better a drowned land than a land of slaves," cried the Patriots, as they cheerfully gave

their money to destroy their land. Even the women added their silver and jewels to the store.

On the 3rd of August, Orange himself went along the river and saw the great dyke cut in sixteen places. The sluices at Rotterdam and Schiedam were opened, and the ocean began to rise over the land.

Meantime things in Leyden were even worse than they had been in Haarlem. Their scant provisions had shrunk away, and starvation was ahead of Valdez in its readiness to take the town. The Spaniards, knowing that Leyden must be at the point of despair, took occasion to offer a broad pardon to all who would return to their loving father, Philip of Spain, and to the bosom of the Roman Catholic church. William of Orange watched with some anxiety the result. He need not have been afraid. The Hollanders knew the worth of Philip's pardon, and they had not risked so much for liberty, to yield now to Spanish promises.

Valdez took especial pains to have his proclamation sent into Leyden. The only answer he received was a single line in Latin: "The fowler plays sweet notes upon his pipe while he spreads his nets for the bird." One brewer from Utrecht, and a peddler's son from Leyden, returned to their king and his church. But otherwise, the offer of mercy was received through all Holland with a contemptuous silence.

By his carrier-pigeons, the Prince told Leyden that the dykes were cut. Although there was no bread left in the city, the people acted as if they were keeping a

feast day. They fired cannon and beat drums to show their joy. The sounds, added to the fact of the rising water, filled the Spanish commander with alarm. It looked as if he, the besieger, were in turn to be besieged by a foe against whom Spanish arms would be powerless.

Valdez consulted everyone in whose ability he felt any trust. They all laughed at his fears and he was comforted. William of Orange might rule the hearts of his countrymen, they expostulated, but he could not rule the ocean as well. No one but a crazy man would think it possible to call the sea from its bed, across all those level miles, to save an inland city.

In the center of Leyden on its highest point there are still some remains of a tower. Many times a day in that anxious summer of 1574 the people would climb to this tower, straining their weary eyes seaward to discover the ocean coming to their help. The few Royalists in the city taunted the despairing burghers with their credulity. "Go up, go up to the tower, ye Beggars, and tell us if ye can see the ocean coming over the dry land to your relief." They could not see it, and hope grew faint as day after day wore away and no one outside Leyden seemed to remember them.

At the end of August the pigeons carried to the States a message of despair from Leyden. "We have surely been forgotten," they cried. "If help does not come soon, we must all perish." Back went the stout answer, "Rather will we see our whole land and all our

possessions perish in the waves than forsake thee, O Leyden." It was true. A salvation was on the way, as mighty and miraculous as any of the old Bible stories, when the Red Sea turned back from its bed to let through the Children of Israel, or when Sennacherib's mighty host was smitten before Jerusalem.

But in the meantime, the whole country held its breath in anxiety, for the Prince, their only reliance, lay desperately ill in Rotterdam. If his clear wisdom and untiring perseverance should fail, there was little hope for the Netherlands. "Rest and quiet of mind," his doctor prescribed, but where could William find either just then? He kept his calm trust in God, however, as he had in all adversity, and he did not die. Through all his illness, his thought was with starving Leyden.

About the first of September, Admiral Boisot had succeeded de la Marck, when the former Admiral had grown so inhuman and ferocious that the Prince had been obliged to take away his command. Boisot had eight hundred Zealanders with him, the wildest of the wild Sea Beggars. Maimed and scarred, wearing in their caps crescents, with the inscription, "Rather Turkish than Popish," they gave no quarter and expected none, for they had sworn to spare no Spaniard. Their courage and their nautical skill were equally famous.

When Boisot had swelled his army to twenty-five hundred men, shipped in two hundred vessels, each carrying ten guns, relying on the wind and the waves as his allies, he set out in earnest to relieve despairing

Leyden. The cutting of the outer dyke, fifteen miles from Leyden, had made a new sea. Over it the ships sailed until they were only five miles from the city. There they were stopped by a second strong dyke, called the "Land-scheidung," and within that lay numerous lesser dykes. Within those again, close about the city, lay villages and Valdez' sixty-two redoubts, manned by four times as many men as Boisot could count in his army.

The Spaniards, in their certainty that the sea could not reach Leyden, had been careless about this "Land-scheidung." They should have strongly fortified it and held back the Beggars at that point. Boisot quickly drove off the few Spaniards that were guarding the dyke, and put his own men in their place. Then he cut it, and let the sea rush in, and soon all his vessels were sailing over the fields to the next dyke, the "Green-way," which was three-quarters of a mile beyond. This the Beggars also captured and cut.

But after he had passed the Green-way, Boisot found himself still far from Leyden. The sea had reached here a wide plain, where it spread itself into a huge lake too shallow to float any ship. Boisot, who had expected to find enough water to carry him directly up to the city, felt his courage fail. The wind was against him too, for, blowing from the east, it drove the water back toward the ocean instead of heaping it up into an inland sea. Since the day, almost a week back, when Boisot had cut the great dyke, he had sailed scarcely two miles.

For three days the ships lay motionless on the shallow water. Then the wind whirled suddenly around to the northwest and for three days blew a gale. It swelled the water into the plain, and Boisot joyously found his ships would float. As his fleet approached the next dyke, the Spaniards in possession, alarmed at the rising water, fled to the little village of North Aa near Leyden, and left the dyke in Boisot's possession. Through that dyke, and over all other obstacles, the rising water carried the Dutch boats up to North Aa. Boisot burned every village that the Spaniards had deserted, that they might not find a shelter again.

At North Aa was still another dyke to be cut, and there again, on the inner side, was a broad plain that made a lake too shallow to float the vessels; there were but nine inches of water where they needed twenty. Once more, day after day dragged away in inactivity. The men grew so impatient that only the presence of William of Orange, who rose from his sick bed to visit the fleet, kept them from insubordination.

In Leyden things were at their worst. The burghers had watched Boisot's blazing villages as beacons of hope. But as darkness succeeded the flames and the days wore away without tidings and no help came, they began again to despair. They knew now that their fate was swung by the wind. Every hour eager eyes were fastened on the weather-vane and earnest prayers were sent up that the wind might change. And still the vane pointed steadily into the east. If help did not come soon, it

would be in vain, for there would be only a city of dead men to receive it. Scores were dying every day, and those that were left had for their food only the few leaves on the trees and the scant grass in the streets. Rats and mice had grown to be delicacies.

Every day Valdez sent messages of pardon into the city. The Burgomeister showed no signs of yielding. By and by a few of the fainter-hearted burghers began to murmur. They gathered around him one day in the center of the city and let their complaints reach his ears. He stood still, tall and gaunt with hunger, and spoke. And no one could do anything but listen.

“What would ye, my friends?” he asked in his calm authority. “Why do ye murmur that we do not break our vows and surrender the city to the Spaniards—a fate more horrible than the agony she now endures. I know that we shall starve if we are not soon relieved, but starvation is preferable to the dishonored death which is the only alternative. Expect no surrender so long as I remain alive.”

Touched by his calmness and courage, the grumbling changed to cheers, and once more the thought of surrender died. When the Spaniards threw their taunts into the city—“As soon expect the Prince of Orange to pluck the stars from the sky as to bring the ocean to the walls of Leyden”—the men of Leyden had a new and bitter retort. “Ye call us dog-eaters, and it is true. So long, then, as ye hear dog bark or cat mew within the city, ye may know that the city holds out. Should

God deny us all relief, even then we will maintain ourselves forever against your entrance. When the last hour has come, with our own hands we will set fire to the city and perish—men, women and children together in the flames—rather than suffer our homes to be polluted and our liberties to be crushed.”

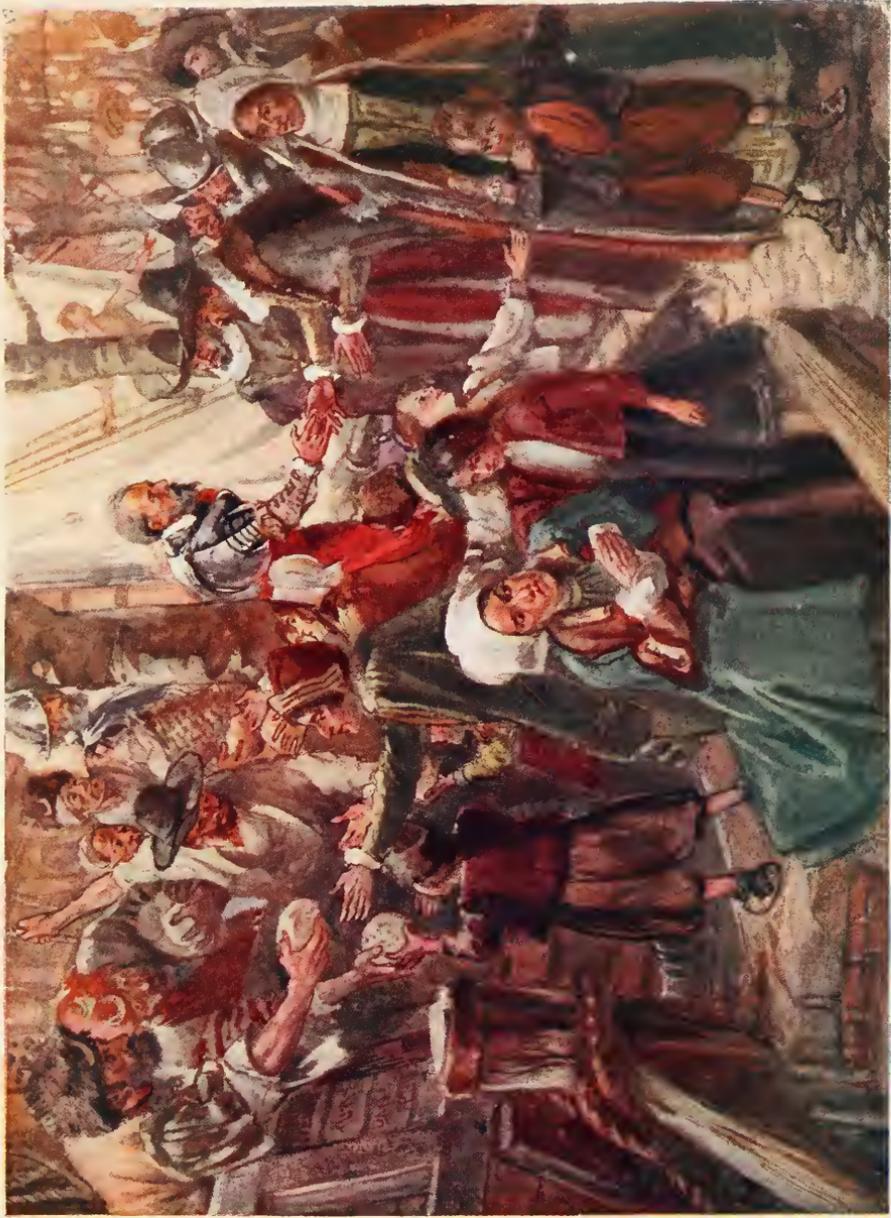
Boisot sent encouraging messages to the Burgomeister, but the wind held in the east, and he could not move his fleet. Then suddenly, from the northwest, dashed a furious equinoctial gale. After it had blown awhile from that quarter, it shifted and blew even more violently from the southwest. The waters of the North Sea were piled in masses upon the south coast of Holland, and thrown madly landward, the ocean sweeping unrestrained across the ruined dykes.

In a few hours, the water about Boisot's vessels had deepened to twenty-four inches. He lost no time. Over the third dyke the fleet sailed—through the branches of submerged orchards and the chimneys of buried cottages, as they got into deeper water. It was midnight, pitchy black and with the storm howling on every side. Somewhere in this blackness they met the Spanish fleet, and the glare and thunder of cannon were added to the roar of the wind. The Spanish were never at their best on the water, and the mad Zealanders swept all before them. With no Spanish ship left to oppose them, the hardy Dutch sailors—when their vessels reached the shallows that led into the lake—plunged into the water and fairly shouldered every boat through.

There lay now between the fleet and Leyden two strong forts—Zoeterwoude and Lammen—as well as the village where Valdez was camped. Boisot had many misgivings as to the ability of his light ships to stand a Spanish cannonade, but he pushed on to Zoeterwoude. He met no resistance. Of a sudden, the incredulous Spaniards had been convinced that the magician called William of Orange, could indeed bring the sea to the city. At the first approach of the Sea Beggars they fled, streaming off along the slippery dyke. The waves dashed many from the narrow path into the water, and others were killed by the harpoons of the Zealanders. The remainder escaped to The Hague.

Zoeterwoude taken, Lammen still lay ahead, full of soldiers and bristling with guns. Boisot was afraid to attempt the assault by daylight, and lay all day reconnoitering.

So night dropped down again, a night of suspense and mystery and foreboding to Dutch and Spanish alike. There was no sleep in Leyden nor in Lammen nor in Boisot's fleet. They all knew—besieged and besieger and Sea Beggar—that only Lammen lay between Leyden and salvation. Leyden spent her anxious hours wondering if Lammen would make a sudden assault before Boisot could attack; Boisot pondered his ability to take the fort; the Spaniards measured the rise of the water and wondered how long they could stand against the invading ocean.



“THE STARVING PEOPLE THROGGED THE WHARVES, SNATCHING AT THE BREAD THROWN THEM FROM THE VESSELS.”—Page 179

About midnight a tremendous crash came from the direction of Leyden. The Dutch believed that the Spaniards were storming the town; the Spaniards thought it the signal for a desperate sortie on the part of the men of Leyden; Boisot did not know what to believe. To add to his perplexity, after the crash he saw a long line of lights dancing across the water from the fort.

When morning dawned, Leyden, with a great breach in her walls, lay exposed to attack from Lammen, but the fort was as silent as the grave; only from its wall a boy waved his cap. To Boisot it was all more mysterious than ever. Was it possible that Leyden had been carried in the night? And was this solitary boy a new piece of Spanish treachery to lure his fleet to destruction?

His questions were soon answered. A man waded out from Lammen, breast-high through the water. His news turned fear to joy. The rising water, the approach of the fleet, the crash of the falling wall, had carried such panic to the Spaniards that they had fled just as success was theirs. Their strong defenses could have held Boisot at bay; the broken wall had laid Leyden open to their mercy. But terror had struck to Valdez' heart and he had retreated, taking the garrison of the fort with him. Those were the mysterious lights which the Beggars had seen moving across the waters.

So on the morning of October 3, the Dutch fleet sailed up to Leyden. The starving people thronged

the wharves, snatching at the bread thrown them from the vessels. It was the first wholesome food they had tasted in two months.

The burst of welcome over, everyone fell into solemn procession; half-starved citizens, wild Zealanders, the gaunt garrison and magistrates, the women and the children, headed by Boisot, all turned toward the great church to thank God for his wonderful deliverance.

The Prince of Orange in Delft was as wild with joy as Leyden itself. No doctor's advice could keep him quiet now. He must see the brave city with his own eyes, and speak with the heroic Burgomeister, and congratulate Boisot.

To crown the city's courage, William offered it either a university or a ten days' annual fair. She chose the former, and the University of Leyden has carried famous names on its roll, names that have made history. Even now, when its prestige is somewhat gone, one cannot stand outside its iron gates and realize the reason for its being there, without feeling a thrill of admiration for the brave men of Leyden who were saved in such a miraculous fashion by the sea and the Sea Beggars in the years of long ago.

The day after Boisot reached Leyden, the wind again shifted to the east and blew the water back to the ocean. The sea had fulfilled its purpose as an ally, and now it withdrew, leaving the people free to mend their dykes.

CHAPTER XV
THE EXPLOITS OF MONDRAGON

PLACE

THE ISLANDS OF ZEALAND

TIME

1572-1576

CHARACTERS

PRINCE OF ORANGE . . . *Stadtholder of Holland*
BOISOT *Patriot Admiral*
REQUESENS *Spanish Governor of the
Netherlands*
MONDRAGON }
SANCHO D'AVILA } *Spanish commanders*
JULIAN ROMERO }

CHAPTER XV

THE EXPLOITS OF MONDRAGON

IF the burghers of Amsterdam and Middleburg had been made of as patriotic stuff as those of Haarlem and Leyden, Holland would sooner have been free.

Mondragon, the Spanish commander, had been shut up in Middleburg, besieged by Patriots, while the Spaniards were besieging the Patriots in Haarlem. He was almost as hard pressed as they. He had received some help soon after the Sea Beggars had taken Brill and Flushing, for a Spanish fleet had sailed under the guns of Flushing and seized the Castle of Rammekins, whence they carried men and supplies into Middleburg. A second fleet, however, which had tried to do the same thing, had been captured with all its treasures by the Beggars in Flushing. Then, by a sudden move, they had re-taken the Castle of Rammekins, and left Mondragon in a bad way—shut up in Middleburg on the island of Walcheren.

Where the three rivers, the Rhine, the Meuse and the Scheldt, reach the sea, they stretch out arms around the islands that make up the province of Zealand. The island nearest the shore is South Beveland. Above it

are Tholen, Duiveland and Schouwen. West of Tholen is North Beveland, and still further west is Walcheren with its important cities of Flushing and Middleburg. Mondragon had a series of exploits in these islands of Zeeland, and we will tell the stories as they happened.

The first, in 1572, concerned the island of South Beveland and its chief city Goes. South Beveland had not always been an island. It had been part of the mainland until, fifty years before this time, a terrible storm had driven the North Sea over it, burst all the dykes and torn it off into a separate body of land. The space between it and the shore was called "the drowned land," because, although the tide rose over it to a depth of ten feet, at low tide the water was only four feet deep, and it was possible to ford across to the mainland, if one did not get stuck in the treacherous mud bottom, or drowned in the deep channels that crossed the shallower parts. Goes in 1572 was held by the Spaniards and besieged by the Beggars. The garrison was small and needed instant help if it were to be saved.

To the Spanish commander of Antwerp, Sancho d'Avila, and Colonel Mondragon was given the task of relieving the city. It was too closely invested to let supplies slip in by land. They tried to get them in by sea, but the Sea Beggars were native Zealanders and knew every inch of water thereabout, so that attempt failed.

Foiled by land and sea, Sancho d'Avila and Mondragon were in despair until a Fleming, Captain Plomaert, came to their help. He was a loyal subject of the king and was thoroughly acquainted with all that part of the country. He knew that at low tide, portions of the "drowned land" were fordable. With two peasants, he twice made the journey across the shallows from the mainland to South Beveland before he told his plan to Colonel Mondragon.

Mondragon never knew fear. At once he eagerly caught at the thought of bringing help to Goes, not by land alone or by water alone, but by both. Three thousand men were chosen and assembled on the mainland at Bergen op Zoom, ready to make their start. It was late in the fall, but the weather was still fair.

Mondragon was beloved by his soldiers. They called him "good old Mondragon." When he had picked his men, he made them an address. He did not hide the dangers of the expedition. He told them they must walk through water always breast-high and sometimes higher; that the bottom was muddy and treacherous; that they must swim the currents; and that the whole distance of ten miles must be traveled in six hours, or the tide would rise and the ocean would swallow them up. Would they do this for the salvation of their brothers shut up in Goes?

Bravery is very contagious. The men caught his spirit and were eager for the exploit. When all was ready, at half-ebb tide, they stepped almost gayly into

the water. Each man had on his head a sack filled with biscuit and powder, which he must keep dry. First went Plomaert and the scouts; Mondragon followed next, and after him came the three thousand men in single file.

For five hours the little army kept up its dark and gloomy march through the water; sometimes swimming, sometimes wading; sometimes caught in the mud, but always going forward. At last, before the tide was more than half-flood, and before the dawn of day, the army felt dry ground beneath their feet. Of the three thousand men only nine had been drowned.

Immediately beacon fires were lighted to tell Sancho d'Avila on shore that they had been successful. Then the soldiers were given a little rest before they started on their march to Goes.

At daylight they set out. The news of their coming flew before to the besieging army, who had held the Spaniards away by land and defeated them by sea, only to see them rise from the bed of the ocean itself to bring help to Goes.

What human beings could walk across the water to save their friends? Surely it must be an army of ghosts. Panic seized the Patriots. Their commander could not induce them to strike a blow against the advancing Spaniards, whom they surpassed in numbers.

All the besiegers fled in hot haste to their ships. The foremost escaped; the rear were destroyed by Mondragon's force. Then the men with their sacks were

admitted into Goes, and "good old Mondragon" returned, knowing that he had indeed saved the city.

Then Mondragon was sent to Middleburg, and in the winter of 1573, he and his garrison were shut up there, with little to eat besides rats and mice. When Requesens became governor in Alva's place, after he had ordered Valdez back to the siege of Leyden, he made it his business to relieve Middleburg.

Seventy-five ships, under Julian Romero, were collected at Bergen op Zoom. Sancho d'Avila in Antwerp had gathered a second fleet of thirty vessels to help his comrade-in-arms who had worked with him at Goes. Loaded with supplies, the two fleets were to approach Middleburg by their different routes and together make a strong effort to get their provisions into the city. In the meantime, Admiral Boisot with his Sea Beggars was getting a squadron ready in Flushing.

In January 1574, Sancho d'Avila brought his ships up near to Flushing to wait for Romero. The new governor, Requesens, had come to Bergen op Zoom to encourage the Spaniards under Romero before they should sail forth on their expedition. The Prince of Orange had also come to Flushing to give inspiration to the Sea Beggars. On the 20th of January William, in his galley, sailed out from Zierick Zee, on the island of Schouwen, to the Dutch fleet anchored off Bergen op Zoom. He was open to the guns of the fort, but sailed safely through to Boisot's flag-ship. There he assembled the commanders of all the fleets and with a

few words stirred their courage and patriotism. He told them that Middleburg was ready to fall into their hands if they could destroy the two Spanish fleets; that whatever the Spaniards could do as soldiers, the Zealanders were easily their masters on the water; one great struggle now to get Middleburg, and thus control Walcheren, and all of Holland would be nearer freedom. Officers and men responded to his appeal with a solemn oath that they would uphold the Prince and Holland to their last drop of blood; that they would fight without wages and give up all their possessions, rather than forsake their fatherland. Schiot, captain of the flag-ship, who had been left on shore fatally ill with a fever, rose from his bed and was carried to the fleet to claim his command. Almost too weak to stand, he nevertheless took his vessel into action. William, in the meantime, secure in the loyalty of the Zealanders, went back to Delft.

Requesens at Bergen op Zoom stood on the dyke to watch Romero's fleet depart. They saluted as they sailed away, and the discharge fired one of his ships, blowing it up with all on board. Under such an omen the Spaniards went into battle.

The victory from the first was with the Beggars. Romero fired the first broadside, which killed the brave Schiot. Immediately the Dutch ships grappled with the Spanish and boarded them. Then the wild Zealanders were in their element. With pikes, battle-axes and daggers they fell on the Spaniards, giving no quarter and tossing their enemies into the sea without even tak-

ing their gold chains from them. Fifteen ships were captured and twelve hundred Spaniards killed. The flag-ship ran aground, and Julian Romero, with some of his officers saved himself by diving from a port-hole and swimming ashore. He made the dyke where Requesens had been standing all day in the rain watching the operations of his fleet. Before he could be blamed, Romero said calmly, as he stood dripping before Requesens, "I told your Excellency that I was a land-fighter and not a sailor. If you were to give me the command of a hundred fleets, I believe that none of them would fare better than this has done."

Requesens and Romero went back to Brussels, and Sancho d'Avila, hearing of the fate of the first fleet, went as fast as he could home to Antwerp. Mondragon was left to take care of himself. There remained for him nothing but surrender. The Patriots demanded an unconditional surrender, but the "good old Mondragon" declared that he would fire the town and die in the flames rather than give up unconditionally. Respecting Colonel Mondragon's bravery, the Prince finally signed articles of capitulation, by which he allowed Mondragon and his troops to march out with arms and property. The burghers who stayed in Middleburg were to swear allegiance to William as stadtholder. On the 21st of February, Mondragon left the city and the Prince took possession. The Patriots now held the island of Walcheren and commanded the seacoast.

Requesens, however, was as anxious as William to

secure a seaport. The inner islands of South Beveland and Tholen the Spanish had held since Mondragon had relieved Goes, but Requesens wished to secure a seacoast town to make up for the loss of Middleburg. As he could not hope to re-capture that city, the governor set his mind on the town of Zierick Zee, on the island of Schouwen, north of Walcheren. He determined on another "submarine" expedition, and Mondragon was to command it.

Between Schouwen, held by the Patriots, and Tholen, held by the Spanish, lay the little island of Duiveland—Doveland in English. Between Duiveland and Tholen were shallows like the "drowned land" which Mondragon had waded to South Beveland. Once in Duiveland, a second fording would take them across to Schouwen and the seaport of Zierick Zee. Some Zealanders, traitors to their own country, volunteered to show Mondragon the fords.

This was much more of an undertaking than fording the "drowned land" to relieve Goes, for instead of a surprise, this march must be taken under the enemy's eyes and through waters patrolled by enemy's ships. This, too, was not to relieve a Spanish town, but to seize a Dutch town.

The Antwerp fleet was summoned to Tholen, and Requesens himself came to that city to start the enterprise. He had about four thousand men at his command and he divided them into two parts, one of which was to go on the fleet under Mondragon, while the

other—carrying powder and rations slung round their necks in bags—was to ford the flats, under Ulloa.

On a night near the end of September, when the moon rose late and low tide was in the early morning, the brave little band started. Requesens stirred their courage in a short speech, to which they answered with cheers. Then Ulloa plunged into the water behind the guides and his men followed, the sappers and miners in the rear.

A thunder storm was raging as they started, and the lightning lit up the black waters they had to pass through. They marched two by two, and their road was so narrow that a slip either to right or left plunged them in deep water. Even on the path the water was nearly up to their necks. As close as they could get on either side lay the Patriot ships, through which the Spaniards must march. They saw them by lightning-flashes and by the moon that broke occasionally through the clouds. The guns from the ships played constantly, but the uncertain light and the water prevented sure aim. Those nearest the path pierced the Spaniards with their harpoons or dragged them into the ocean with boat-hooks. Occasionally the Spaniards paused for breath, and then, standing breast-high in the water, they poured a shower of bullets against the Beggars. Thus slowly they made their way in the dark, taunted by the unseen Dutchmen as “water dogs,” who fetched and carried for a master who despised them.

Soon after daylight the van of the expedition reached

shore, but the miners and sappers in the rear were caught by the rising tide and engulfed. The survivors, after their march of six hours through the water, took only a few moments to rest and eat and pray before they moved forward to attack the Patriots defending Duiveland. They, like their brothers before Goes, were thrown into panic by this army risen from the sea-bottom. Without an effort to stop the invader, they threw down their arms. Some swam out to the Zealand fleet, but the others were taken by Ulloa's force.

As yet the Spaniards were only in Duiveland. They had still a river to cross before they could reach Schouwen and attack Zierick Zee. This, however, was an easier matter, as the distance was less and the creek so over-grown with rushes that vessels could not get in. Before long Ulloa and his band stood on the island of Schouwen. The five companies of Patriots sent to stop them fled back to Zierick Zee without striking a blow. The Spaniards by signals informed Mondragon on the fleet that the expedition had been successful. The men landed from the boats, and after taking one or two smaller places, laid siege to Zierick Zee.

The city held out for several months. The Prince of Orange in person tried to bring it help. In May Admiral Boisot attempted to send in supplies by sea. Mondragon had filled the harbor with obstacles to keep out Patriot vessels, but this did not daunt Boisot. He drove the flag-ship—the Red Lion—against the submerged dyke, hoping to cut it through. Instead of

breaking the obstruction, the vessel was caught by it and held. The shots from the besiegers had driven back all of the Patriot fleet except the flag-ship, which was thus bound fast under the enemy's guns. Rather than stay where he was only to be captured, Boisot as night drew on, plunged into the sea with three hundred of his men. Some of them escaped, but Boisot was drowned. His death was almost as much of a blow to Orange as the loss of Zierick Zee.

The city could no longer hold out. Orange advised it to capitulate. It was able to make honorable terms, because Mondragon's soldiers, tired of the long siege and clamorous for back pay, were on the point of mutiny. The Dutch garrison was allowed to march out with their arms, and the citizens were to be unmolested if they would pay an indemnity of two hundred thousand guildens. At once the magistrates appointed mint-masters in the town hall. To them, the burghers brought their silver dishes and spoons and buttons to be melted up and stamped into dollars. The payment was made, and Zierick Zee was given up.

The loss of this city cut the communication between Walcheren and the other Zealand islands, and so disabled the Patriots, while it gave Requesens the seaport he needed. William of Orange wrote, "If we had received the least succor in the world from any side, the poor city should never have fallen. I could get nothing from France or England for all my efforts. Nevertheless, we do not lose courage, but hope, that though

abandoned by all the world, the Lord God will extend His right hand over us."

Mondragon, after he had taken Zierick Zee, could not hold it many months because of the increasing mutiny in his army. It rose finally to the danger point. The soldiers said they had worked for Philip II like demons for nine years and had had little pay but promises. Philip owed them money, and these "low countries" in which they found themselves belonged to Philip; therefore, if Philip would not pay them, they would help themselves from the Netherlands. Zierick Zee had surrendered in June. By July, the mutiny had gone so far that the officers were imprisoned in their own houses.

The soldiers even surrounded the house of "good old Mondragon." Instead of cheers, they had for him now threats, if he did not give them their pay. Furious at the insolence of his men, Mondragon faced them unarmed. He told them that if he had had any money, he would have shared it with them, but as all he had was his life's blood,—that they might take if they wished. Ashamed before his wrath and courage, his men left him unharmed. But they did not return to allegiance. They swarmed over the island of Schouwen till everything was destroyed, and then swept into Brabant, carrying terror as they went.

Mondragon alone could not hold Zierick Zee. In November it fell again into the hands of the Patriots, together with the whole island of Schouwen. Tholen was all that was left in Zeeland to the Spaniards.

These were some of the exploits of the "good old Mondragon," who, years after, became governor of Antwerp. While we are telling so many stories of Dutch courage, it is only fair to show that the Spaniards too, in spite of Alva, were sometimes human beings.

CHAPTER XVI
THE SPANISH FURY

PLACE

ANTWERP

TIME

1576

CHARACTERS

CHAMPAGNY	<i>Governor of Antwerp</i>
SANCHO D'AVILA	<i>Governor of Antwerp Citadel</i>
JULIAN ROMERO	} <i>Spanish commanders</i>
VALDEZ	
OBERSTEIN	<i>Colonel of a German regiment</i>
VON ENDE	<i>Colonel of a German regiment</i>
HAVRÉ	<i>Colonel of a Walloon regiment</i>

CHAPTER XVI

THE SPANISH FURY

THE mutiny of Mondragon's men in Schouwen went on, made worse by the fact that Requesens died suddenly, and until his successor, Don John of Austria, arrived, the Netherlands were left without a Spanish governor. The discontent that had been growing for years among the soldiers, now broke out into the *Spanish Fury*.

Promises had not proved any more valuable to Spaniards than to Dutchmen, for they did not provide food and clothes. The grumbling in the army had grown louder and louder and the mutinies more frequent. At the siege of Haarlem in 1573 a mutiny had kept Alva busy for a month. The soldiers went so far as to form a plot to give Haarlem over into the hands of the Prince of Orange. Some of the Spanish soldiers, in the disguise of merchants, went to William in Delft with the offer to sell him Haarlem. He was unable to raise the necessary sum, however, and Alva, by some means, paid the army part of their back wages, and things quieted again for the time.

After the battle of Mook Heath, too, the value of the victory to Philip was almost destroyed by another

mutiny. The soldiers again demanded back pay and, as it was not forth-coming, they marched to Antwerp and took possession of the city. Requesens, at that time governor, tried to soothe the troops with words, but the response he got was, "Dollars, not promises." He had turned to the frightened citizens with the argument that it was wise for them to give in the first place the money to the soldiers who would not leave Antwerp till they were paid, and who would soon eat up the amount of their wages and still be clamoring for them. The people yielded to his logic, and furnished enough money and valuables to satisfy the army and take it out of Antwerp.

Then came the outbreak in Schouwen, and that was only the beginning of worse things. All the mutinies were conducted with a certain order and authority that made them the more dangerous. The king's officers were deposed and the army chose officers to suit themselves. The chief of these was called the "Eletto," and he served only on approval. If he displeased the body of the army by his decrees, he was taken out of office as quickly as he had been put in, and a new Eletto was chosen. After the Eletto had been appointed, the army—under strict discipline—marched to a near-by city and established itself. The Eletto was quartered in the town house and the soldiers on the citizens. The common soldiers demanded linen sheets and the finest fare for themselves, with "wheaten bread" for their dogs. From the balcony of the town-house, the Eletto

daily gave out his orders. If they were pleasing, the soldiers applauded; if not, they hissed, and the Eletto's rule was over.

No city was anxious for guests like these. Antwerp thought she had done well to rid herself of them after Mook, by paying ten months' wages in silk and woolen cloth. But unfortunately that still left a large amount unpaid, and the soldiers were coming back for further booty. Antwerp was to suffer again, more severely than in the *Massacre of the Images* or in the riot of the Calvinists or even in the last visit of the mutinous soldiers. The *Spanish Fury* was upon her.

When Mondragon's soldiers had left him alone in Zealand and had roamed into Brabant, they had settled down in Alost in Flanders. Here Antwerp was before their eyes. It was one of the richest cities in the Netherlands. Situated on the river Scheldt, it was open to a wide commerce, and its thrifty merchants had made themselves rich; the city was full of gold and jewels, laces and silks, things of the sort to tempt men who were seeking money. The governor of the city was Champagny, who, although brother to Granvelle and a firm Roman Catholic and loyal to the king, hated the Spaniards and admired the Prince of Orange. The governor of Antwerp Citadel was Sancho d'Avila, whom we have met before with Mondragon.

The Citadel of Antwerp had been built in 1567 by Alva, who had used two thousand men and one million five hundred thousand florins in the task. It was not

to protect the city, but to control it. Its form was a perfect pentagon, and of its five towers, four were called for the Duke of Alva—*Duke, Ferdinando, Toledo* and *Alva*; the fifth was named *Paccheo*, in honor of the engineer who constructed the citadel. It stood on the edge of the city, with only a little parkway between it and the city wall, and its own wall and moat surrounded a large plot of ground about the citadel, where houses and a church made a village within the city of Antwerp. Whoever held the citadel, therefore, was not only safe himself, but all Antwerp lay at his mercy.

The mutinous army at Alost was in close communication with Sancho d'Avila in the citadel of Antwerp. By this time, many of the officers sided with the soldiers, and ridiculed the edict of the Council at Brussels, which declared the Spanish army outlaws. With no governor in the Netherlands, and the officers siding with the mutineers, there was little hope for any city that might be chosen for attack.

Champagny, in his perplexity, consulted with William of Orange. They saw the danger that threatened Antwerp and Champagny did his best to meet it. The soldiers in the citadel with Sancho d'Avila were known to be in sympathy with the mutiny. Those Champagny could not control. He was not even sure of the German troops in the city. Colonel Oberstein he knew to be trust-worthy, but Colonel Von Ende he suspected of being in league with the citadel. Oberstein promised

to obey Champagne in every way, but though he meant to keep faith, he was not keen enough to be a match for Sancho d'Avila. Don Sancho made Oberstein drunk, and while he was in that state, induced him to sign a treaty, by which he promised to disarm the citizens of Antwerp and to put himself under the command of the citadel. When Oberstein came to his senses and found what he had done, he made up his mind at once that such a dishonorable promise was not to be kept. He told Champagne what had occurred, and that he believed that he and his regiment were the only honest Germans in the city. He was not even sure that his own men had not been tampered with.

At the moment when they so much needed friends, the Marquis de Havré arrived with a body of Walloons. In spite of the need, Champagne admitted him reluctantly. He did not think the Walloons traitors, but they made uncertain soldiers. The Walloon countries were the southernmost of the Netherlands on the French frontier, and the population had a good deal of Gallic blood, that made them easily roused but very little to be depended on for steadiness in action. Immediately now they chose the best houses in the town to quarter themselves, and began to insult the citizens whom they had come to protect. That was more than Champagne could stand. He dashed in and out of houses, driving forth the Walloons to bivouac in the streets. When they did not obey his word, he used his sword.

Havré had brought with him a package of intercepted

letters from Sancho d'Avila to the mutineers at Alost, that proved Don Sancho to be the head of the mutineers. He had ordered Julian Romero to fortify himself on the Scheldt opposite Antwerp, and every plan was ripe for seizing the city.

Champagny at once set to work to make the strongest bulwark possible between town and citadel. There were no miners among the troops, but in less than an hour twelve hundred citizens, including the women and children, were hard at work building a barricade with casks of earth, overturned wagons and bales of cloth. It was not very strong, but it was the best they could do. Even that was raised with difficulty for after Colonel Oberstein had refused to give the city up to Sancho d'Avila, a steady fire from the citadel had poured into the town. Even when night fell, the moon was so bright that the builders were no more safe than by day. Finally they became discouraged and forsook the works, thinking to finish them when the night grew darker.

On Champagny fell the burden of responsibility. All night he prowled about the streets, and with his own hands planted the few cannon at a place which commanded the citadel. He found all his directions unheeded. No troops had been placed in the outskirts of the city to oppose the soldiers under Romero and Valdez, who were waiting to join Don Sancho in the castle; the only barricade to the most important street opening on the parkway around the citadel was an over-

turned wagon; there were not enough scouts to bring in information.

The morning dawned under a thick mist which hid the surrounding country, but dimly bodies of men could be seen approaching. The troops within the city were stationed at once. Havré and his Walloons claimed the post of honor—the spot directly opposite the citadel. There were thus six thousand men behind the slender barricade, brought here to defend the homes and families of their countrymen against the fury of Spain. The cavalry was posted on the opposite side of the city. The German troops were stationed nearer the center. Champagne rode through the town, talking to the officers and encouraging the men. He visited the little battery which he and his servants had planted, and himself trained the guns on the citadel. About ten o'clock Champagne saw a forest approaching the city. It was the Spanish army from Alost marching to join their companions, each helmet crowned with a green branch. The new troops were admitted to the citadel and demanded at once to be led against the burghers. "We will dine in Paradise or sup in Antwerp," they cried.

Don Sancho did not restrain them. It was an hour before noon. After the prayers, with which the Spaniards always preceded their bloody work, the whole garrison, like an avalanche, fell on the feeble breastwork. Without waiting to strike a blow, the six thousand Walloons fled at the first shock. The next moment, the Spanish horde was sweeping into the city.

Champagny saw the wild charge of the foe and the disgraceful flight of the defenders. He leaped over a wall, passed through a house into a lane and, reaching the nearest body of Germans, led them to the rescue. But though they fought bravely, they could not overcome the disorder created by the cowardly Walloons. The troops were in such wild confusion that even Champagny in person could not restore them, nor could he tell which of the Germans were true and which were traitors. He stormed among them, seized a banner and called the soldiers to follow it. But no one heeded him.

Then, not yet despairing, Champagny called upon the burghers to defend the city. From every house and lane they swarmed to fight for their homes and their families. But their courage was no match for the discipline of the avaricious, blood-thirsty army that had hurled itself upon them. Although Oberstein's regiment held firm, Von Ende's had gone over to the assailants, and the citizens could not tell their friends from their foes.

Back and forth through the city swayed the strife, in and out of the Mere where the Calvinists had camped. It was not a battle; it was a massacre. Over all the surging fury, the tall cathedral spire cast its shadow and dropped every quarter of an hour the music of its chimes upon the mass below, who thought they were fighting in the name of the religion that the cathedral preached. But they had forgotten that religion means love.

Champagny, seeing the Walloons fleeing, the Germans killed or false, and the citizens slaughtered, dashed through to the cavalry posted at the far side of the town. Here he tried to make his last stand. But this too was useless. The Spanish cavalry scattered Champagny's force to the winds. Only then, when all was hopelessly lost, did Champagny think of his own safety. He had used super-human efforts to save the city, and had failed. He was able to escape to the Dutch fleet in the river. Oberstein, trying to get into a boat, made a misstep and was drowned by the weight of his armor.

Night fell on a city open to its foe and with no defenders. Thousands had been killed, and the flames which the Spaniards had started were now spreading through the city. They had already burned much treasure, but the mutineers determined to lose no more. To gain at last the reward of their efforts, they rioted through the blood-stained streets, lighted by the glare of burning buildings. Even their delight in murder yielded for a time to their greed for gold. Nothing escaped them. The wealth of the merchants—the gold, silver and jewels, the velvets, brocades and laces—was easily seized in the ware-houses. When the private property was not discovered by search, the supposed owners were tortured to make them reveal their hiding places. If they did not possess enough gold and silver to satisfy the greedy Spaniards, they were cruelly killed. No one was spared; no act was too horrible or brutal

for the heartless Spaniards. Antwerp had trembled before when the Image-breakers swept through the city; it had shivered when the Calvinist mob held the Mere, but the horror that had fallen on her now petrified her to shuddering silence.

The sun rose the next morning on a wrecked city. The marble town-hall was a ruin; five hundred palaces were smoldering; the ware-houses were robbed of their wealth; the streets were filled with the dead. The ferocious mutineers were still ravaging the city, stealing and slaying.

The work went on for two days. More men were killed than in the Massacre of St. Bartholomew at Paris, and the spoil taken by the army had paid their wages many times over. Much of the wealth was immediately gambled away. Those that kept their gold, had it made into sword-hilts and coats-of-mail. The shrewd Antwerp goldsmiths recovered some of the treasure by putting much alloy into the hilts and armor and keeping back the gold.

When Don John arrived in the Netherlands, and the army was sent back to Spain, the Prince of Orange tried to persuade Antwerp to pull down Alva's citadel, which was so much more a danger than a protection to the city. Antwerp delayed, however, until once more, under Don John's soldiers, the citadel had threatened her safety. Then she saw finally the wisdom of William's advice. In August 1577 the citizens rose in a body and worked by day and night, until all the fortifi-

cations on the city side were level with the ground. Mr. Motley says, "Grave magistrates, great nobles, fair ladies, citizens and their wives, beggars and their children, all wrought together pell-mell. All were anxious to have a hand in destroying the nest where so many murders had been hatched, whence so much desolation had flown." As the people worked, someone chanced in a cellar on a statue of Alva, pulled down when he had left the country. Everyone flew at it in fury, and the sledge-hammers soon made it only a shapeless mass of lead.

This sack of Antwerp by the mutineers is known as the *Spanish Fury*. Antwerp had suffered before and was to suffer again, but no chapter in her history is so terrible as this.

CHAPTER XVII
WHEN DON JOHN CAME TO THE
LOW COUNTRIES

PLACE

NAMUR, ANTWERP, GEMBLOURS, AMSTERDAM

TIME

1577

CHARACTERS

WILLIAM OF ORANGE	<i>Stadtholder of Holland</i>
LIEDERKERKE	<i>Patriot Governor of Antwerp</i>
MARTINI	<i>Patriot of Antwerp</i>
DE BOURS	<i>Patriot commander in Antwerp Citadel</i>
SONOY	<i>Lieutenant-Governor in North Holland under Orange</i>
BOSSU	} <i>Patriot commanders</i>
CHAMPAGNY	
HAVRÉ	
PHILIP EGMONT	
DON JOHN	<i>Spanish Governor of the Netherlands</i>
PRINCE OF PARMA	<i>His nephew</i>
MARGARET OF VALOIS	<i>Daughter of Catherine de Medici</i>
DUKE OF ANJOU	<i>Her brother</i>
THE ARCHDUKE MATTHIAS	<i>Brother of Emperor of Germany</i>
JOHN CASIMIR	<i>English representative</i>
MONDRAGON	} <i>Commanders under Don John</i>
BERLAYMONT	
AERSCHOT	<i>Governor of Antwerp Citadel under Don John</i>
DE BLOIS	<i>Governor of Antwerp Citadel under Don John</i>
VON ENDE	<i>German officer under Don John</i>

CHAPTER XVII

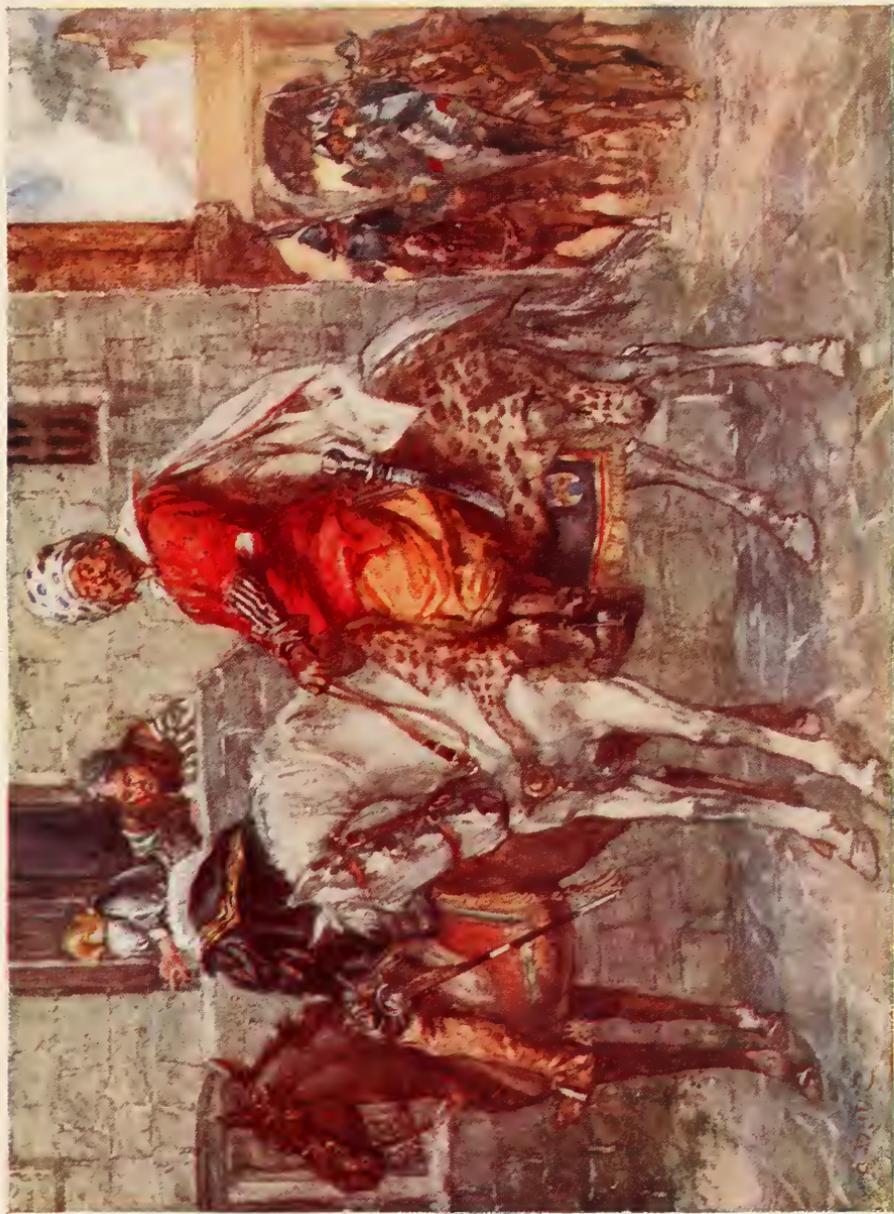
WHEN DON JOHN CAME TO THE LOW COUNTRIES

ON the day before the *Spanish Fury* there crossed into the Netherlands the train of a Flemish nobleman. Among his followers rode a Moorish slave, who was really not a servant at all but the new governor of the Netherlands, Don John of Austria. He had come in disguise, partly to please his romantic fancy, and partly to make the journey unhindered. But though he had used great speed to reach his new post, he came too late to save Antwerp.

The sack of Antwerp sent horror thrilling to the ends of the country. The provinces of Flanders and Brabant, as well as the Walloon provinces still further south, up to this time had not so much concerned themselves with the religious persecution of their countrymen above the Meuse, for the southerners were Roman Catholics and had little sympathy with the new religion. Alva's edict of the "tenth penny" had stirred their resistance, but under Requesens' more peaceful rule, they had again grown apathetic. Now the *Spanish Fury* made them tremble, and in their fright they turned for protection to the surest refuge they knew—William of Orange.

William's influence had steadily grown. Although he was still under an edict of banishment by the government and had not been in Brussels since he had given up his seat in the Council on Alva's coming to the Netherlands, he had more adherents and more authority now than any other one man in the country. The Protestants had long clung to him as their only hope, and now the Roman Catholics too were forced to seek his protection against Spanish tyranny. To the burghers, he was their beloved "Father William"; to the nobles, he was a leader who must be respected—though perhaps secretly hated at the same time, because his power and single-mindedness roused their jealousy. They were not always loyal. While Aerschot, who had been a hostage in France with the Prince; Bossu, who had fought against him under Alva; Champagny, who had been so true to him in Antwerp; and many other Flemings of high birth, were all professedly his friends, none of them wanted William's power to grow so great that theirs should be eclipsed. More than one of them played fast and loose between Orange and Spain and, later, were bribed to betray their country. There were really three parties therefore—those who held for Spain; those who held for Orange; and between the two, the vacillating nobles who turned their coats as circumstances dictated.

William had long been urging on the States General the need of a union against Spain between the Roman Catholic country south of the Meuse and the Protestants



"A MOORISH SLAVE, WHO WAS NOT A SERVANT AT ALL, BUT THE DISGUISED NEW GOVERNOR OF THE NETHERLANDS"—Page 213

north of it. Alva's "tenth penny" had once roused Flanders and Brabant to a thought of union with Holland. Now the sack of Antwerp drove them, on November 8, 1576, into signing "The Pacification of Ghent," a treaty which bound all the seventeen provinces of the Netherlands into one nation, with William as the leader. It pledged them to join in driving the Spaniards from the Low Countries and in stopping all religious persecution. The Catholics were not to interfere with the Protestants nor the Protestants with the Catholics. There was scarcely a man in the Netherlands, except William, who had any regard for religious toleration. Even his brother John, after the Protestants came into power, did not see why they should not take a hand at driving the Catholics out of the churches.

Thus, within a few days, had come four great events—the fall of Zierick Zee, the Spanish Fury, the signing of the Pacification of Ghent, and the arrival of the new governor, Don John of Austria.

Margaret of Parma, the Duke of Alva and Requesens had failed in converting the Netherlands. One obstacle had stopped them all—it was called William the Silent. At first, Philip had scorned him; then he had banished him. Now he saw that so long as the Prince was the heart of the rebellion, it could never be crushed. Don John, therefore, had come with instructions to buy William over to the side of Spain; he was to promise Orange the restoration of his fortune and position if he would

withdraw from the struggle and leave the country to Philip's vengeance. Mr. Motley says it was a simple thing Philip asked—merely that a man, for the sake of regaining his temporal possessions, should betray two million of his countrymen who trusted him. We do not need to be told that Don John's bribe and his pleas were unsuccessful. No Spanish gold could buy William's patriotism.

Since the time when William had resigned from the Council in Brussels, he had steadily gained. The Patriots now held all of the islands of Zealand except Tholen, and all of Holland except Amsterdam. The Pacification of Ghent had built a nation. William himself was so much of a power that Philip had tried to buy him, and the nobles were afraid to side either with or against him. But he had never meant to make himself king of the country. He had held to the pretense of loyalty to Philip as long as that was possible. When the final break came with Spain, the Prince's only thought was to find a new monarch to adopt the young nation.

Germany at this time was broken up with private religious quarrels. Elizabeth of England was in her usual undecided state of dread of offending Philip if she countenanced the Netherlands, and fear that if she did not, France would get in ahead of her and assume the leadership. She sent John Casimir with a few soldiers as her feeble representative. While he stayed, he did much more harm than good, and finally went home

and was forgotten. There remained, then, only France.

The youngest of Catherine de Medici's sons, Francis, the Duke of Anjou, was ready to hand. Like all his family, he was weak and vain and treacherous, but he had not yet proved how far his treachery could go. His sister, Margaret of Valois, whose wedding with Henry of Navarre had been celebrated by the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, was doing all in her power to help him. William, although he had little faith in the Medici family, was nevertheless willing to accept Anjou as the best he could do at present.

But, in the meantime, jealousy on the part of the Catholic nobles led them to make an effort themselves to find a sponsor for the new union. They turned to the Archduke Matthias, a boy of twenty, brother of the Emperor of Germany. The project pleased his young fancy, and like a lad seeking his fortune, he stole away out of his warm bed at night to journey across the frontier to make himself master of the Netherlands. The Prince of Orange, however, was greater than the plot which the nobles had made to weaken his power. When he heard of the Archduke's arrival, he rode out of Antwerp at the head of two thousand cavalry to welcome and take charge of him. Thus he had the game in his own hands. If he had refused to admit Matthias, he would have aroused the Emperor's anger. If he had taken himself to Holland and left Matthias to the care of the nobles, he would have strengthened the party

against himself. His calm wisdom had as usual chosen the right course. He recognized the German Archduke, and let him stand, for the time, as nominal head, while the reins of government were really in his own hands.

Don John was not greatly interested in the Netherland government. When he made his romantic entrance into the country, he had come with a fixed purpose. He was very easily influenced by a beautiful woman, and if she were in any difficulty, he was eager to be the knight who should deliver her from trouble. The beautiful Mary, Queen of Scots, oppressed by her cousin, Elizabeth of England, had touched Don John's chivalry. He was determined to kill Elizabeth, win and marry Mary, and reign himself over England and Scotland. When his brother, Philip, had sent him as governor to the Netherlands, he had taken the position merely as a step on his way to fulfilling his plans. He would soon quiet the disturbances there, and then he would embark the Spanish army and sail over to conquer England.

But at once the States General demanded two things—first, that he should recognize the Pacification of Ghent; and, secondly, that he should send out of the country by land the Spanish army that had ravaged the Netherlands for so many years. As Don John still would have ten thousand German troops in his pay after the Spaniards were gone, he did not so much mind sending the Spanish soldiers away, but he wanted them to

leave by water, on their way to England, to help along his scheme.

The States were firm, however. They insisted on his signing the treaty, and not only on the troops leaving, but upon their going home overland. Don John was obliged sullenly to yield. His secretary had much scurrying to do before he could raise the money for their pay, but this was finally accomplished. Toward the end of April 1577, the army started on their homeward march. The people could scarcely believe their eyes when they saw the hated soldiers depart. Sancho d'Avila gave up the citadel of Antwerp to the Duke of Aerschot, one of the noblemen who professed to stand by Orange.

Don John—with his army marching home to Spain—perceived himself in an uncertain position. Although, as Philip's representative, he was presumably in control of all the cities in the Netherlands, he saw that the real master of the country was the Prince of Orange, whom he could neither deceive nor bribe nor supplant. He did not find it so easy to get possession as he had supposed and, to accomplish his purpose, he fell back upon trickery.

When he had first come into the Netherlands, before he had promised to stand by the Pacification of Ghent, he had tried, with five hundred troopers, to enter the important city of Namur on the French frontier. He had been refused. He determined now to seize Namur citadel, standing on a precipice five hundred feet above

the city, which lay snugly tucked into an angle of the Meuse and Sombre rivers on the green plain below. He used Margaret of Valois as his pretext for getting into the city.

She was passing through the Netherlands on her way to the baths of Spa. Beautiful and clever and fascinating as she was false—able to turn almost any man to her way of thinking—she had chosen that her journey should lie through the Netherlands, that she might use all her influence over the vacillating nobles in favor of the claims of her brother, Anjou. Thus it was a plot within a plot. She was using the Netherlands for her purposes, while Don John used her for his plans.

Don John rode to the frontier to meet Margaret and escort her to Namur, not knowing that she was winning over to her side all the nobles she met. Namur admitted her; it could not refuse to entertain the Queen of Navarre.

The Governor received Margaret royally in a suite of apartments furnished with priceless satins, velvets, brocades and tapestries. There was a great banquet in her honor, at which Don John and the Queen sat at a table apart from the others and were served by a noble on his knees. It was the same man in whose train Don John had ridden, disguised as a slave, into the country he had come to govern.

In the morning the Queen continued her journey. Don John sent Berlaymont—always loyal to the Spanish rule—to the citadel to tell the governor of the for-

tress that Don John was about to ride forth on a hunting party, and that it would be courteous for the citadel to entertain him before he started. After the Queen was out of sight, Don John leaped on his horse and, with a few followers, dashed across the bridge that led to the fortress, standing high above Namur, and with a blast of his bugle appeared at the gate.

The governor of the citadel admitted Don John, and they went together to breakfast in the great hall. In the meantime, Berlaymont and his men had remained outside to watch for some Spanish soldiers who had been hidden in the woods below. Slowly these soldiers climbed up the precipice, and when they had reached the top, one of the gentlemen in Don John's train went into the dining-hall to give the signal that all was ready. At once Don John sprang up and drew his sword, Berlaymont and his men pulled out their pistols, the Spanish soldiers dashed in, and the governor of the citadel was forced to surrender. He and his garrison were turned out and the newly-arrived Spaniards were left to guard the fortress.

Encouraged by the ease with which he had seized Namur, Don John determined to do the same with Antwerp. Although the Spanish army was gone, Don John had kept up a secret correspondence with the officers commanding the German troops and they were hand-in-glove with him. The Governor, however, did not trust Aerschot, who was governor of Antwerp citadel. He invited Aerschot to Namur for a visit, and

put in his place in Antwerp Louis de Blois, and a German regiment under that Colonel Von Ende who, in the Spanish Fury, had been sent to defend Antwerp but who had yielded to Sancho d'Avila's bribes and had betrayed his trust.

The Spanish Fury had occurred in the previous November. The burghers who had outlived it had not had time to forget Von Ende's treachery, and they refused, even under Don John's orders, to admit him a second time within the walls.

As Don John seemed to have a plot on hand, the Patriots started a counter-plot. The governorship of the city was no longer in the hands of Champagny, the strict Papist, but was held by Liederkerke, who had been appointed through Martini, a friend of Orange and a Protestant. Martini and Liederkerke determined with de Bours, an officer in the citadel, that it should not be Don John but the Prince who should seize Antwerp. The rich burghers in the city readily came into their plans and contributed a large sum of money, which was used to buy the soldiers of the garrison to the support of William. Only one company refused.

The first of August was the day set to seize the fortress. Liederkerke was concealed in Martini's house in the city, while de Bours led the charge against the citadel. In the struggle, his hat, with its white plume, was struck from his head and fell into the moat. It was recognized by patriot scouts, who hurried to Martini

with the news that de Bours was killed. Martini, however, went out himself to see if the report was true. He had scarcely got into the street before he heard the cry, "The Beggars have the Castle! The Beggars have the Castle." Then Martini met a lieutenant who told him that de Bours had been successful, and that de Blois was a prisoner. Martini and Liederkerke hurried to the citadel and took possession for the Patriots.

Then once more Antwerp trembled. The Beggars held the citadel, but the city was full of German troops, some fighting on one side and some on the other. It was with them, merely a matter of who paid the most, and any instant might change their views. There was a quick council held, and the rich merchants offered to pay three hundred thousand crowns to rid Antwerp of foreign soldiers.

The troops were assembled in the streets, barricaded by bales and boxes. The citadel sent them a white flag, with the offer of one hundred and fifty thousand crowns on the spot, if they would evacuate the city and never return. The merchants—who were shrewd enough to offer only half of what they were really ready to pay—stood by with the money in hand, waiting the soldiers' decision. It was drawing near sunset, and still the bargaining was going on, when suddenly a Patriot fleet appeared in the river and sent a few shots among the barricades, carrying terror to the soldiers. "The Beggars are coming!" they cried, and scattered in every direction. The merchants, with purses in

hand, still stood, ready to pay to the soldiers the money, but they would not wait to take it; they would not stop even to gather their own possessions together, but fled as best they might, by river or dyke or fields. Antwerp was evacuated, and the merchants still kept their gold.

When Don John heard of the failure of his plot, he immediately, to the joy of William of Orange, declared a renewal of war. The Prince did not fear war but he did fear peace. Since Alva had left the country, and Philip had been trying the effect of mildness through Requesens and Don John, the Prince's only dread had been that the people, deceived once more by promises, and thinking freedom won, should return to allegiance to Spain. William knew that whatever Philip might promise, he would never willingly grant the Netherlands religious liberty. What the Dutch had obtained by rebellion, they could only hold by further resistance.

The Patriots had as yet no thought of yielding. They were still holding to the Pacification of Ghent; they had defied the king's governor and were honoring the "rebel," who was the thorn in Philip's side. The States General now went one step further and invited William to come to Brussels. It was eleven years since he had left the city and the Council, and he had never once been back. He would not go now without authorization from Holland, for he would not risk falling into a trap set by the Catholic nobles. Holland

rather reluctantly consented and William went to Brussels.

Eleven years before he had fled to save his life. Not one moment since that hour had he failed in his devotion to his country. Now, the most important man in the Netherlands, he was petitioned to come back to Brussels to help with his wisdom. This is what Mr. Motley says about the visit:

“The Prince was met several miles before the gates of Brussels by a procession of nearly half the inhabitants of the city, and thus escorted, he entered the capital in the afternoon of the 23rd of September. It was the proudest day of his life. The representatives of all the provinces, supported by the most undeniable fervor of the United Netherland people, greeted ‘Father William.’ Perplexed, discordant, hating, fearing, doubting, they could believe nothing, respect nothing, love nothing, save the ‘tranquil’ Prince. His presence at that moment in Brussels was the triumph of the people and of religious toleration. He meant to make use of the crisis to extend and to secure popular rights, and to establish the supremacy of the States-General under the nominal sovereignty of some Prince, who was yet to be selected, while the executive body was to be a state-council, appointed by the States-General. So far as appears, he had not decided as to the future protector, but he had resolved that it should be neither himself nor Philip of Spain. The outlaw came to Brussels

prepared at last to trample out a sovereignty which had worked its own forfeiture. So far as he had made any election within his breast, his choice inclined to the miserable Duke of Anjou, a prince whom he never came to know as posterity has known him, but whom he at least learned to despise. Thus far the worthless and paltry intriguer still wore the heroic mask, deceiving even such far-seeing politicians as Saint Aldegonde and the Prince."

While the Prince was winning in the south, there came also a great gain in the north, for Amsterdam, the one hostile Dutch city, was also won over to the Patriots. William had said that the cause had suffered more from the disloyalty of Amsterdam than from all the attacks of the enemy. It was filled with monks and its magistrates were Roman Catholics, so that the Protestant burghers had never been able to make headway. Holland and Zeeland had wanted to carry the city by force, but this the patriotic Prince would not permit. The disloyalty of Amsterdam however was a constant menace to the Patriots.

There was in Amsterdam a man called William Bardez, who resolved to rid the city of monks and magistrates at one blow. He sent to Sonoy asking for soldiers and also for a "morion and buckler of proof," and Sonoy furnished both men and armor. The latter, Bardez put on; the soldiers he concealed in friendly houses through the town. The Calvinists were all on his side, for the Roman Catholic magistrates kept them



"IT WAS THE PROUDEST DAY OF HIS LIFE" — Page 225

in such a ferment of discontent that they were ready to rise in a body against them at the first word. It was a great grievance to the Calvinists that they were not well represented in the burgher militia. There had been a good deal of wrangling about it with the magistrates, and Bardez, taking this subject as an excuse, entered the council-room with three friends to argue the matter with the Council. They talked until mid-day, and then one of Bardez' friends went out for a moment on the balcony that commanded the public square. As he stood, he took off his hat and replaced it. That was the signal for the rising.

Immediately a sailor ran across the square shouting, "All ye who love the Prince of Orange take heart and follow me." From every house poured forth citizens and soldiers. Bardez led a body of men to capture the magistrates, while the others hunted out every monk in the town. Both monks and magistrates were marched down to the wharf and embarked on a ship.

The poor old burgomeister believed with the rest that he was to be killed. His careful wife had sent him some clean shirts for the journey, but he said dolefully to the maid who brought them, "Take them home again. I shall never need clean shirts again in this world."

Bardez however was a good pupil of William of Orange. None of the prisoners suffered, but they were forbidden ever to return to the town. A new Council, including William Bardez, was chosen, and Amsterdam took her place among the Patriot cities.

One brilliant victory Don John did gain in the battle of Gemblours. That was won by the dashing courage of a young officer, Alexander Farnese, Prince of Parma. He was later to succeed Don John as governor.

The victory was due not only to Parma's gallantry, but also to the disloyalty of the Patriot commanders, whose jealousy of William of Orange made them careless of their duties. The Patriot force drawn up near Namur were equal in number to Don John's, but they were officered by inefficient men or by raw, inexperienced boys. The chief officers, although they knew the enemy was in their neighborhood, were off at a merry-making. Bossu and Champagny were the ablest in command, but even they were not heart and soul with William. Besides them, there was Havré who, with his Walloons, had served Antwerp so badly, young de la Marek and Philip Egmont, son of the hero of St. Quentin. None of them was able to lead an important action, and the men above them knew it. But Anjou had tampered with them and, in their jealousy of the Prince, they had listened to his lure.

The Patriots fell back from Namur nine miles to Gemblours. At dawn the Governor's troops started in pursuit. In the center rode Don John himself, with the Prince of Parma, who was his nephew. On his banner was the crucifix with the inscription, "By this symbol I conquered the Turks; by this I will also conquer the heretics."

Before long the Spaniards came in sight of the enemy's rear. Don John sent forward six hundred horse under "good old Mondragon" to harass the rear of the moving troops, but not to fight until a second detachment, under the Prince of Parma, should come up. When Alexander Farnese joined his companions, he found the Patriot army on the opposite side of a steep ravine so filled with water and mud that it was almost impassable. Farnese saw at once his chance in a flank attack. The enemy was not only harassed by the Spanish cavalry in their rear, but to avoid the ravine, they were marching out of order. Alexander mounted a fresh horse and called his troops to follow him. "Tell Don John of Austria," he said to his messenger, "that Alexander of Parma has plunged into the abyss to perish there or come forth again victorious."

Into the abyss he plunged at once and his men followed him successfully through the danger of swamp and river. When they reached the other side, after a moment's pause for breath, still unobserved by the enemy, they made a sudden flank attack on the cavalry under young Egmont. Already in confusion by reason of the broken ground and the annoying Spaniards in the rear, they staggered and broke. Egmont could not hold his men; they fled in wild disorder through the center of their own army carrying panic with them. Parma at once threw himself on the disorganized center, which was in such a state of fright that it could not even run. What Alva had inflicted on Count Louis's

troops at the village of Jemmingen, Alexander of Parma now dealt to this second Patriot army. Alva had lost seven men and killed seven thousand. Records say that at Gemblours the Prince of Parma in an hour and a half with twelve hundred men killed and captured an army of eight times that number, taking standards, field pieces and ammunition.

It was a brilliant victory to the Spanish and a shameful defeat for the Patriots. So great was their rage against the leaders who had not been with their troops in such a time of danger, that William had to go from house to house in Brussels to soothe the anger ready to rise against them. Men were daily coming to see that in William of Orange was their only trust. Matthias was called head of the nation, and William his lieutenant-governor, but Matthias was little more than secretary to the Prince. William was the power and William was the Patriot. To him alone could the people look for unfailing wisdom and loyalty.

That was almost the end of the fighting with Don John. Philip would send him no money for his soldiers, and the Patriots were as poor as he. The States General raised another army, but it merely lay in its camp watching its inert enemy without coming to action.

Don John's career was ended. His expedition against the Turks had made him famous, and he will always be known as the hero of Lepanto. But in the Netherlands he had accomplished nothing. He had

not bought the Prince of Orange; he had not conquered the Netherlands; he had not married Mary of Scots and made himself king of Great Britain. Disappointed in all his hopes, and disgusted with Philip's lack of appreciation, he had no vigor to repel the fever that now attacked him. His house in camp was only a pigeon-cote, and here for many days he lay ill, planning great battles in his delirium and raising the shout of victory. Finally on the first day of October, 1578, he died, leaving to his nephew, the Prince of Parma, the responsibility of the guardianship of the country.

CHAPTER XVIII
THE WEAPON OF THE
PRINCE OF PARMA

PLACE
THE WALLOON PROVINCES

TIME
1579

CHARACTERS

WILLIAM OF ORANGE . . . *Stadtholder of Holland*
COUNT JOHN OF NASSAU . . *His brother*
PHILIP EGMONT *A Patriot commander*
ALEXANDER FARNESE,
PRINCE OF PARMA *Spanish Governor of the
Netherlands*

CHAPTER XVIII

THE WEAPON OF THE PRINCE OF PARMA

ALLEXANDER FARNESE, Prince of Parma, was made fifth governor of the Netherlands. Of all the governors that Philip had appointed—Margaret of Parma, the Duke of Alva, Requesens, Don John, and now this young Prince—the last was the only one able in any way to work out the king's problem in the Low Countries.

His mother, Margaret of Parma, had come to her task scornfully, sure—in spite of occasional frights—that her royal brother's will could be accomplished. Alva, too, had not doubted that his hand of iron could crush the heretics into obedience to Spain. Requesens had tried, according to his instructions, to see what a few false promises of peace would do to soothe the tumults roused by Alva's brutality. Don John's orders had been to pay any price necessary to induce William of Orange to betray his cause. All four had failed. The years had merely made the heretics bolder in their resistance and stronger in love for their leader.

The task of Alexander Farnese was to overthrow a united nation, fighting under a leader as skilled in

statesmanship as in war and so loyal to his people that no royal favor could bribe him to treachery. Alexander, too, was a clever statesman and a brave soldier, but his weapon to conquer the Netherlands was neither pen nor sword; it was a purse of gold. Though the Prince of Orange could not be bought, there were others who could. The new governor was to find use for his money among the vacillating Catholic nobles, jealous of William and out of sympathy with Protestant Holland. At the bottom of their hearts they were more ready to endure the tyranny of Spain than union with heretics. Although Alexander was never able to undo William's work in the north, he succeeded, by his skillful handling of the jealous nobles and the discontented Walloon soldiery, in breaking the southern union.

Alexander Farnese was the son of Margaret of Parma, and therefore was nephew to Philip II and to Don John. His great-grandfather, who was a Pope, had blessed him when he was a tiny baby and had said he would become a great warrior. This prophecy came true. Alexander was almost the same age as his uncle, Don John, and the two were much alike and much together; their only sport as children was in playing at war. Alexander was but eleven years old at the siege of St. Quentin, and he cried bitterly when Philip II refused to let him go into battle as a volunteer. As he grew older, his pastime was to go disguised into the street at night with his sword, and challenge every passer-by to fight him.

When Don John was sent against the Turks, Alexander of Parma went with him, and his bravery in this, his first campaign, equalled Don John's. He was given the command of several galleys in the famous battle of Lepanto. His ship grappled with the Turkish treasure-ship—which because of its importance had a double guard of men—and without waiting for a companion, Alexander, with his great two-edged sword, dashed aboard the Turkish ship, and swinging his weapon right and left cut a path to the commander of the vessel, whom he killed at once. Alexander's soldiers by this time had followed him and soon had possession of the ship.

After this campaign, the Prince of Parma had no more fighting until he was sent to the Netherlands—once more to help Don John. We have seen how he won the victory at Gemblours. He had always the gift of inspiring his followers with his own courage, and he had, too, the power of winning men to his standpoint in calmer moments. Mr. Motley says of him that he united the “unscrupulous audacity” of a soldier-of-fortune with the “wily patience” of a Jesuit. The double traits made him a formidable antagonist even to William of Orange.

While Parma was stirring the nobles to jealousy of Orange and skillfully bribing them back to allegiance to Spain, he did not wholly neglect military operations. There were battles and sieges with varying fortunes. The most important was the siege of Maestricht.

Maestricht had more than once changed hands since Count Louis of Nassau had failed to take it in April of 1574. Two years later, the citizens of Maestricht boldly rose and drove out the Spanish garrison. For a time they held both the city and the long bridge over the Meuse. The Spaniards entrenched themselves in a town near-by. They tried to carry the bridge, but it was too strongly defended. Then the commander chose a cowardly way of winning through to the city. He told each soldier to seize a woman from among the villagers and, firing over her shoulder, to hold her before him as he marched. With this shield, the Spanish force advanced in safety, for no citizen of Maestricht could fire against a body of women, any one of whom might be a relative. Once more the Spaniards took the town.

With the expulsion of the foreign troops from the Netherlands, however, many of the cities passed again into the hands of the Patriots and were garrisoned by soldiers of the States General. Alexander wanted Maestricht, for its position near the frontier made it an important post. The city was well fortified and surrounded by a moat sixty feet deep and sixty feet broad, but its garrison consisted only of one thousand men, assisted by a burgher guard of twelve hundred and a body of two thousand peasants who could act as sappers and miners.

So Parma laid siege to Maestricht. He had under

him two thousand men besides four thousand miners, and he was constantly receiving reënforcements. At once he threw two bridges across the Meuse—one above the city and one below it—and closely surrounded the town. There were three gates—Tongres, Bois-le-Duc and Brussels—any one of which he might storm. He chose the Tongres gate.

William of Orange, in the meantime, had done his best to rouse the Patriots to the necessity of helping Maestricht, but as Congress in our American Revolution hampered Washington with niggardly supplies, so the States General continually held back the Prince of Orange and drove him into distraction by their miserly support. He could not obtain the money to equip an army strong enough to interfere with Alexander's schemes.

In Maestricht, the burghers were doing what Haarlem had done in her siege—erecting extra fortifications behind the gates, so that if the gates themselves should be carried, there would be still an inner defense. Then, knowing that the Spaniards would make mines beneath the city, the Patriots prepared—with the body of peasants used to pick and shovel—to counter-mine.

Alexander erected a battery opposite the Tongres gate and for several days assaulted it with forty-six big guns. Finally, after six thousand shots, the wall gave way. It was only then that the besiegers saw beyond, the second strong wall surrounded by a deep moat.

Parma decided that after all the Tongres gate was not a wise place to force, and moved his batteries around to the Bois-le-Duc gate.

But though he moved his batteries, he left his miners at work. At a distance from the city they sank their shaft, and with magnet and level and plumb-lines as guides, they worked their way back to the gate. The women in the city now enrolled themselves into companies, and with a "mine mistress" at the head of each company, they toiled daily with the mining peasants. They undermined the Spanish works. They cut across them at right angles, and with the organ-bellows from the churches suffocated the Spanish miners with thick smoke from fires in the Patriot mine. They blocked the enemy's passage and flooded it with water that drowned the workers. Finally the Spaniards were forced to abandon their work.

Unfortunately, however, they only withdrew to start in a new place. This time they succeeded in bringing their under-ground passage up under the Tongres gate, where they made an elaborate room with pillars and arches, and stored in it huge chests of gun-powder. The train was laid and fired. There was a terrific explosion, which over-threw the outer wall and filled the moat with stones and earth, making a bridge for the Spanish soldiers, who were ready for assault. They rushed across the moat, but the citizens met them in the breach and let them pass no further. After a fierce

fight of many hours, the burghers were still masters of the city.

Patiently the Spaniards again went to work. The batteries had been pounding at the Bois-le-Duc gate for two weeks, while a new mine was dug under the Tongres gate, for this time Alexander meant to assault both points at once. The rubbish in the moat still made an easy path up to the city walls.

On the 8th of April, Alexander exhorted his men to bravery, and after the usual Spanish prayers, the assault was sounded. The soldiers rushed toward the battered Bois-le-Duc gate as to an easy victory. But the Maestricht women had learned arts of war from the Haarlem women; boiling water, blazing hoops, burning torches, they flung among the foe, while the men used bullet and sword. The mining peasants turned the wooden flails, with which they thrashed grain, into battle-axes, and dealt terrific blows. The Spaniards fought desperately, but they could not carry the gate.

Neither did the assault at the Tongres gate succeed. The soldiers mounted over the first wall, only to be mowed down by the guns planted on the inner defense. While the line wavered at this unexpected hindrance, the new mine blew up, not under the wall as they had meant, but under the Spaniards themselves. Alexander had ordered that the courage of the assaulting parties should be kept up by crying to one that the Spaniards had taken the Bois-le-Duc gate, and to the other,

that the Tongres gate had been taken. But though, inspired by the cry, both parties had fought with new fury, neither was successful. The explosion had destroyed five hundred men at a blow, and of the other force thousands lay dead. Altogether the Spaniards had lost four thousand men, among them six hundred and fifty officers.

Parma was begged to withdraw the troops, but the request drove him to a frenzy. He declared that if no other officer would lead them, he would put himself at their head. "Go back to the breach," he cried with his usual boldness, "and tell the soldiers that Alexander is coming to lead them into the city in triumph or to perish with his comrades." It was with the greatest difficulty that he was finally induced to give up this rash project and sound the recall.

The many repulses only increased Parma's determination to take the city. He was sure its little garrison must surrender in the end, if he could prevent the army, approaching under Count John, from getting reinforcements into the city. Outside the walls of Maestricht, completely encircling the city, Parma built new city walls, well fortified by towers. The space between his new battlements and Maestricht made a city in itself large enough to house his whole army. He was not afraid of attack from the weak garrison of Maestricht inside, and his new outside city could be easily defended by a small army from an assault without, leaving his main force free to march out to attack any approaching

enemy. Meanwhile he could mine or cannonade helpless Maestricht, or merely wait for it to fall into his hands. Count John of Nassau brought up his small army, and withdrew. To attack Parma's impregnable fortress with his handful of men was impossible.

The Prince of Parma, thus secure in his defenses, gave up, for the time, his attack on the Tongres and Bois-le-Duc gates and made an attempt against the Brussels gate. Here the burghers had also built an extra fortification which—to show their scorn of the Spaniards—they had called "Parma." Alexander brought his strongest batteries to bear on this spot, and finally, after a fierce assault, carried it. The defenders were heroic in their stand, falling back slowly from point to point and only yielding as the fortification gave way entirely. One thousand burghers were killed before they left the Brussels gate in the hands of the enemy.

There was left of the garrison in Maestricht now only four hundred weary, wounded soldiers who, in despair of holding the city, were ready to retreat. The burghers heard the proposition, and with a shout of anger declared that they would kill the garrison before they would surrender to the Spaniards. Immediately they went to work again—the women and children as usual lending their help—to add to the inner fortifications behind the Brussels gate. Beyond this, was still a breastwork of earth as a last rallying spot, and the whole was surrounded by a ditch thirty feet deep.

Against this inner defense, Alexander directed his new efforts. But first he had to build a bridge across the moat, directly under fire from the walls. Despite his officers' protests, Alexander put himself in the front of the danger; with a mallet in one hand and a pick-ax in the other, he went forward to drive the first pile for the bridge, and though men were shot on all sides of him—both soldiers and officers—no ball touched Parma. He stayed, with the bullets whistling about him, until the bridge was finished and ten great guns had been carried across and planted. Then he retreated as coolly as he had advanced.

The guns began their work, the mines under the gate were fired, and the Spaniards sprang to the assault. The mines did their work; the inner fortifications were destroyed by the explosion, and the burghers were driven slowly back to their last defense—the breastwork.

Here, however, they made a stand, and the Spaniards, once more failing to gain the city, retired to their camp. Left alone, the people of Maestricht began at once to strengthen the breastwork. All the ablest men of the town, armed and ready for the foe, ate and drank and rested on that spot, served and cared for by the women.

If only they could have kept that vigor and alertness! But Alexander of Parma fell ill just then and the Spanish assault was not pressed. The burghers inside the city, tired out with their long exertions and seeing

nothing of the enemy, relaxed their guard. Even the sentinels slept at their post.

The Spanish watch, on the other hand, was vigilantly kept; their outposts even crept up to the city walls to discover what was going on within. One night a soldier, in his reconnoitering, found in the walls a hole left by a cannon ball. He pried at the opening until he had made it large enough to let him crawl through. Once in the city, he stood listening, but not a sound could he hear. He stole on through the silent streets under the clear stars, but in the whole town he did not find one person awake. Back through his hole the soldier crept, and told Alexander of the state of the besieged city.

Parma at once ordered the attack, and it broke in the darkness upon the sleeping town. Taken utterly by surprise, the burghers could make little resistance. Thousands of Spanish soldiers, eager for revenge, were pouring through the streets; the way in had been opened for them, but there was no way out for the burghers. Every exit was barred. There was no escape. What had happened in other cities, now happened in Maestricht—a wholesale murder of men, women and children. Indeed the women suffered the most, for the army could not forget that Netherland women had for three months held veterans at bay.

Alexander had taken Maestricht, and he had accomplished more than that. Before the siege, and while it was going on, his trusted agents had been at work

among the nobles with flattery and bribes and insinuations against Orange, until they were gradually and secretly coming over to Parma's side. The Walloon provinces—both nobles and soldiers—were quite ready to overthrow the Pacification of Ghent. Matters had come to a head when the States General had sent St. Aldegonde to the city of Arras to ask contributions for the Patriot cause. There was an eloquent and artful prior in Arras, and his influence caused the city not only to refuse Aldegonde's request, but also to speak words of hatred and contempt for William of Orange.

For, second only to their greedy desire for gold, was the nobles' hatred of William. They felt his patriotism a rebuke to their selfishness, but they could not endure that his power should exceed theirs. They had plotted to put the Archduke Matthias in his place, but William had adopted Matthias and thus strengthened his own position. They had intrigued with the Duke of Anjou, but the time was not yet ripe, and that had come to nothing. They were at the point now when they would rather have Spain than Orange.

Besides the nobles, there were the discontented, unpaid Walloon soldiers—"Paternoster Jacks," the Patriots called them—who, under pretense of protecting the Catholic clergy, were ravaging the Walloon counties and plundering every defenseless village. They, too, were tired of union with heretics, and were ready now to ignore the Pacification of Ghent and sell their services to any Catholic who would pay for them.

The States General at Brussels heard with dismay the reports of Walloon disloyalty. But Orange, on the watch tower, had long before this seen, with his usual clear vision, the approaching signs. He was not taken by surprise. Foreseeing that the Pacification of Ghent was doomed to fall, he had been steadily preparing within that wall a smaller and more compact defense in a union of the northern provinces. All through December of 1578, he and his brother John had been corresponding with the Dutch provinces to accomplish the union of Holland, Zealand, Utrecht, Friesland, Groningen, Overysse and Gelderland, so that when the treaty that bound the provinces of the Netherlands together should fall, there should be ready to take its place a union of seven provinces against tyranny.

Thus while Parma was working in the south, Orange was working in the north, and so it happened that early in January 1579, before Maestricht was yet taken, two new treaties were signed. One, between Parma and the Walloon provinces of Artois, Hainault, Lille, Douay and Orchies; the other, between William of Orange and the seven northern provinces, of which Holland and Zealand stood at the head. The first put the southern counties back under Spanish tyranny; the second made Holland forever a free country.

The northern treaty was called the Union of Utrecht. By it the seven provinces agreed that while each was to keep its individual character, yet as one nation

they would stand against any violation of their civil and religious rights. In the signing of the Union of Utrecht, William had obtained his country's freedom, for which he had given, since 1566, not only his fortune, but his very existence. He could say without faltering, "neither for property nor for life, neither for wife nor for children, would he mix in his cup a single drop of treason."

We cannot tell the stories of all the nobles who, while William stood firm, stained by their treason the great names that had stood for uprightness and patriotism in the first part of the struggle, but this is the story of Philip Egmont, the eldest son of the Count Egmont who, on June 5, 1568, died for his country on the great square in Brussels.

Philip Egmont was the colonel of a Patriot regiment stationed just outside Brussels. Egmont himself lived within the city with a small cavalry force as body-guard. Philip Egmont had never showed his father's dash and steadiness in fight; we have seen how he was overthrown by Parma at Gemblours. But, though inefficient, he had up to this time been loyal. For a long time Egmont had watched with envious eyes his fellow nobles as, one by one, they crept up to kneel at Parma's feet and take gratefully the gold he dealt out to them. If money were pouring out, why should not he have some before it was all gone? He determined, therefore, not only to go over to Spain with his regiment, but

to take Brussels with him as a gift; that surely would be worth a good price.

Though his regiment was camped outside of Brussels, his horse were with him inside the city walls. He was always sending them dashing on errands about the country, so no one thought it strange when at dawn on the morning of June 4 they galloped out of the gates and by and by galloped back again. As they came in at the city gate, however, they suddenly turned on the guard and killed them. Then through the gate, guarded by their own men, Egmont's regiment marched into the city.

By this time the burghers were roused. Egmont tried to seize the palace but was driven back. Then he led his regiment into the great square opposite the town-hall, where, eleven years before on this very 4th day of June, the scaffold had been erected for the execution of his father who had died for his country.

From every house the burghers poured, under arms. Their first task was to barricade all the streets that led to the square. Egmont, instead of taking the city for Spain, was shut into a trap by the Patriots, who had the day before been his brothers-in-arms. All through that long June day, with nothing to eat or drink, Egmont and his soldiers were shut up in the square of Brussels. His rage and shame kept him miserable. His own soldiers grew disorderly and insolent before the day was gone, and the towns-people threw him end-

less bitter taunts. They told him that the next day would be the anniversary of his father's death on that very spot at the hands of the Spanish king, to whom Philip Egmont wished to sell Brussels. "Tear up a few stones from the pavement beneath your feet," they jeered, "and your father's hero blood will cry out against you from the very ground."

All through the night Egmont was forced to remain shut up in the square, and we can imagine the pictures that filled his mind of the night, eleven years before, when the Spanish force, under Julian Romero, guarded the scaffold erected for the execution of Count Egmont and Count Horn at the coming dawn. He might better have died with his father than lived to be a traitor to his country.

In the morning he was allowed to depart. His shame did not lead to repentance. Though he had failed in his effort to sell Brussels to Spain, he sold himself—only to find, as his father had found, that Philip's promises were very big and his performances very little.

There were some traitors even in the north who betrayed their cause, but the country stood firm. So while the Walloon counties had voluntarily put themselves back under Spain, and while in Flanders and Brabant the Pacification of Ghent still held, it was in the north that liberty expressed itself in the Union of Utrecht.

CHAPTER XIX
THE FRENCH FURY

PLACE

ANTWERP

TIME

1583

CHARACTERS

WILLIAM OF ORANGE . . . *Stadtholder of Holland*

DUKE OF ANJOU . . . *Ruler of the Netherlands*

CHAPTER XIX

THE FRENCH FURY

ALTHOUGH the Union of Utrecht, signed by the seven Dutch provinces in 1579, had made a new nation, it had still no notion of standing alone. The provinces had finally renounced their allegiance to Philip, after years of proclaiming their loyalty to him while they fought against his armies. Now, in throwing off his rule, their only thought was to choose a new sovereign.

We have seen that Holland had little cause for gratitude to its allies. Germany had been sluggish; England, dallying and niggardly; France, treacherous; and still it was from one of these countries that the Dutch nation was looking for a leader. The Prince of Orange might have had the position, but the only honor he would accept permanently was the post of commander-in-chief under the new king.

So far, the efforts for a sponsor to the baby nation had brought only trouble. The Archduke Matthias had come from Germany to be—while he stayed in the Netherlands—nothing more than the Prince's secretary, and finally to go quietly home again. Elizabeth of England, afraid that France would gain control of

the Netherlands, had sent John Casimir to meddle with Dutch affairs in her name. He had stirred up many pecks of trouble in Ghent, and then he too had gone away. From France had come Margaret of Valois to intrigue for her brother, the Duke of Anjou, and later had come Anjou himself—small in stature and ungraceful in shape, his face seamed with smallpox, and his nose so swollen that it looked double and gave his enemies a chance to say that a man who was double-faced might also have two noses. He had followed up his sister's work by efforts of his own, and he had won the favor of the Prince.

For in spite of what he knew about Catherine de Medici and her sons, the Prince of Orange held that out of the choice offered for king of the Netherlands, Anjou was the best. One reason for his preference was that Anjou would bring all France at his back, and another was his belief that the Duke of Anjou would finally marry Elizabeth of England, and so bring that powerful force also over on his side. But fickle Elizabeth, much as she let policy govern her, could not make up her mind to accept the hideousness of Anjou. He had come back now from his unsuccessful courtship, but even in spite of this failure, Orange did not see how, if he too threw Anjou over, he could find anyone better to put in the Duke's place. Anjou, therefore, was invited to be ruler of the Netherlands.

It was not until the 10th of February 1582, that the Duke of Anjou sailed from England to Flushing to

become master of the Low Countries. He brought in his retinue men as famous as the Earl of Leicester and Sir Philip Sidney. He was welcomed by the Prince and a great train of nobles, and escorted to Middleburg amid the roar of welcoming cannon and the ringing of bells. From Middleburg, Anjou and Orange sailed to Antwerp.

This, then, was the man who had come to reign over the Low Countries—ugly in face and figure; false and rash in temper; selfish, cowardly and treacherous in character! Unfortunately history was not able at that time to show Orange his true character.

Outside the gates of Antwerp, among a throng of gayly dressed people, while the bright winter sun shone down on the flags of the ships in the river and on the magnificent uniforms of the troops on shore, the Duke of Anjou took the oath to defend the constitution of Brabant. The Prince then clothed him in the ducal hat of Brabant and the velvet cloak lined with ermine, while the heralds shouted, "Long live the Duke of Brabant," and the crowds scrambled for the gold and silver coins tossed among them.

Then came the triumphant procession into the city. The Duke rode a white horse caparisoned in cloth-of-gold; on every side of him were great nobles of England and France and the Netherlands. Among the number rode William of Orange and his second son, Maurice of Nassau, a boy of fifteen, who was soon to prove himself worthy of his descent. The gay proces-

sion had at its tag end three hundred prisoners, whom the Duke's entrance was to pardon. Thus he came to his new kingdom amid blare of trumpet and glare of bonfire, pardoning prisoners, feasting with his new subjects, swearing to protect all the liberties of the Low Countries.

Once the merry-making was over and Anjou installed in his new office, it did not take him long to find out that his power was only a name and that all the real authority lay now, as before, with the Prince of Orange. Anjou, like Matthias, was only a figure-head. There are always plenty of people at hand to stir up jealousy and urge on selfish ambition. Little by little the Duke's favorites increased Anjou's desire to rule, until finally a plot was made by which he might seize violently by one blow, and annex to France, the principal cities of Flanders and Brabant, whose charters he had sworn by a solemn oath to respect and protect. It was not the good of the Netherlands that Anjou cared for—but his own advancement.

In 1583 the plans were ready, and the 15th of January was set as the day to carry them out. Urged by his worthless favorites, the Duke of Anjou sent men to stir up quarrels in Bruges and Ghent and many other cities. Then, the quarrels once started, Anjou meant to send his soldiers in to quiet them and so gain possession before the citizens knew what had happened. While his captains thus carried out the plot in the smaller cities, the Duke himself, at the same hour,

would seize Antwerp—poor Antwerp, who had been struck down so many times that it did not seem as if she would have any citizens now left to strike. There was only one honorable man among the Duke's followers and, to get him out of the way, he was sent on a special mission to Margaret of Valois.

The plan of quieting the quarrels succeeded in most places, and Anjou's soldiers seized the towns. In Bruges, the citizens had a hint given them of coming events, and when the French troops appeared, they had to go back faster than they came. But nothing of this was known in Antwerp.

Anjou had quartered a regiment at the village of Borgerhout, just outside Antwerp. No one saw anything suspicious in this. But at midnight a masked Frenchman entered the guard-house of Antwerp and, in a few words, announced that a great sin was about to be carried out. He vanished as mysteriously as he had come. As the man was French, an uneasiness crept about lest the crime should concern the Duke of Anjou. The officers of the militia consulted Orange, but he could not believe that Anjou was plotting treachery. Nevertheless, he advised that the drawbridge should be raised an hour earlier than usual and that every precaution should be taken. He sent a message to Anjou, telling him of the report, and that the people were anxious about his troops. The Duke protested that he had no thought about Antwerp but her protection, and that he was ready "to shed every drop of his

blood in her defense." He used all his powers of eloquence to persuade the magistrates that his love for Antwerp exceeded their own. Finally he even promised not to leave the city all day.

As the Duke seemed so injured and so honest, the magistrates' suspicions were quieted. They separated with easy minds. The Prince went to his own house near the dismantled citadel, far from the Kipdorp gate, which opened upon the road to Borgerhout where the French troops lay.

The Duke of Anjou dined as usual at twelve o'clock. A letter was brought to him while he was at the table. As he read it, he turned pale and concealed it in a muff he carried. As soon as dinner was over he ordered his horse and, at the head of three hundred men, in spite of his promise not to leave the city, rode out of the palace yard toward the Kipdorp gate.

The town was drowsy and quiet, for everyone, satisfied by the Duke's promises that no evil was intended, was still comfortably at dinner. Even the guard at the Kipdorp gate paid little attention to Anjou's cavalcade as it clattered out. Perhaps they had not heard that he was to stay in Antwerp all that day.

When he had passed out of the town over the drawbridge, Anjou turned; rising in his stirrups, and waving his hand he cried, "There is your city, my lads. Go and take possession of it." Then he wheeled again and galloped off toward the French camp at Borgerhout.

Instantly a French gentleman, not yet through the



“THERE IS YOUR CITY, MY LADS. GO AND TAKE POSSESSION OF IT”

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gate, pretended that the plunging of his horse had broken his leg. The commanding officer of the guard stepped forward to help him, and, instead of thanks, received a desperate sword-thrust. That was the signal for attack. Anjou's cavalry set on the guards and killed them and put a French sentry in their place. Thus holding the gate till the Borgerhout regiment could come up, the cavalry charged back into the city, down the Kipdorp street, through the Mere that had been the Calvinists' camping-ground, and over the city that had before been swept by a Beggar rabble and a Spanish Fury. "The city is taken! Long live the Duke of Anjou!" they shouted. "Kill! Kill! Kill!"

The startled citizens left their dinner tables to find out the reason for the confusion. At first they were not greatly alarmed, thinking it a passing riot. Then there flashed into their minds, not only the mysterious warning in the guard-house, but the fact that within the last few days the French officers had been carefully examining the gold and jewels in the different shops. The burghers saw, too, that the musketeers, as well as Anjou's body-guard, were in the city now, and that, secure in the belief that it was theirs, they were scattering into the streets which held the most costly goods. They had studied their ground well beforehand.

Convinced of Anjou's treason, the burghers at once flew to arms. The trumpets sounded; the municipal guard assembled; chains were thrown across the streets for barricades. Every citizen—rich or poor, weak or

strong—armed himself with the weapon readiest to his hand—whether it was a musket or a hammer—and rushed to the great square. If the muskets lacked bullets, the men tore the silver buttons from their coats and rammed them into their guns. The women and children, brave always as the men, went up to the tops of the houses and flung their heavy chairs and tables down on the French soldiers in the streets below. The burghers this time were not trusting to treacherous or cowardly foreign troops to defend them; they were doing their own fighting.

The French soldiers had almost the same numbers as the Spaniards in 1576. They had heard stories of the ease with which that army had taken Antwerp and enriched themselves with the booty, and they had expected as quick a victory. That made them careless. Before they had even secured the city, they scattered to help themselves to as many jewels and as much gold as possible before the fresh troops should come in to share their plunder. Thus, off their guard, they were an easy prey for the infuriated citizens, who fought everywhere like wild men in defense of their homes. At the Kipdorp gate was a pile of dead ten feet high; in every street lay Frenchmen slain by the stout burghers, armed with gun or ax, with lance or hammer. A baker, standing by his bread, heard the tumult and rushed out naked—as was the custom of bakers of his day—with his huge oven-shovel in his hand. Using the shovel as his weapon, he killed a French officer and mounted his horse.

Then he dashed through the streets, striking as he rode, and carrying as much courage to his friends as fear to his enemies. His services were so great that the town rewarded him afterward with a public pension.

Unable to resist the fresh waves of burghers which were constantly pouring over them, the French soldiers gave way and fell back toward the Kipdorp gate. Here the heap of slain made a terrible barricade. Those outside could not enter, though the officers vainly struggled to get in to help their friends; and those inside could not get out, in spite of their wild, terrified efforts. The officer in command tried his best to lash his men back to the city to complete their enterprise, but he was powerless. Many, when they could not escape any other way, threw themselves over into the moat.

When Anjou, watching in Borgerhout the result of his treachery, saw the soldiers leaping from the walls, he cried that Antwerp was in the hands of his gallant troops, who were hurling the citizens from the ramparts. But he soon found that his plan had utterly failed. Two hundred and fifty officers and two thousand French soldiers had been killed or captured within an hour in Antwerp streets by her brave citizens, who had themselves lost but one hundred men. The French Fury left them in possession of the city. So quickly had the plot been crushed, that the Prince of Orange, on the other side of the town, knew nothing of it till it was over.

The Duke of Anjou was in a sorry plight. All the honorable men in his command despised him for his

treachery; his plot had failed; his army was destroyed; he had lost his position in the Netherlands; he could not even return to Antwerp to claim his valuables. Unable to face his own officers or William of Orange, the Duke of Anjou mounted his horse and fled.

In a town near by Anjou encamped, and sent back messages to Antwerp to tell the citizens that however deeply their recent conduct had grieved him, he was willing to forgive them if they would but send him his valuables.

The question of reconciliation was a hard one to decide, and as usual Orange was summoned to give counsel in the matter. Utterly disgusted as he was at this fresh proof of French treachery, he was not able to show his feelings. Although the Walloon provinces had gone over to Spain, Flanders and Brabant held with the Patriots, and to the Prince it still seemed possible to bring them within the Union of Utrecht.

He laid before the States General the proposition that there were three courses open to them. First, they could reconcile themselves to Spain as the Walloon provinces had done. They had had many proofs themselves of Spain's bad faith, but if they needed another, they had it now in the fact that no sooner had Parma received the Walloon submission, than he had brought back the Spanish soldiers which had, according to promise, been sent out of the Netherlands. If, distrusting Parma, they did not wish reconciliation with Spain, there was the opposite alternative waiting—if the prov-

inces would forget their private jealousies and ambitions, lay aside the niggardly spirit that dealt such grudging gifts of money to the cause, and give generous patriotism full sway, they might unite in a strong, rich nation, able to defy not only Spain but France, and stand entirely on their own strength. If they were not ready for either of these extremes, there remained only the half-way policy of overlooking the French Fury and reconciling themselves with France, so that they should not have a bitter enemy in place of a lukewarm friend. As they were now, they could not afford to make France angry.

It was the last choice that the States General finally accepted. They submitted to being forgiven by the Duke of Anjou "for the indignities which were put upon him, and the intention of the States to make a Matthias of him"—as he wrote his brother, the king of France. Anjou's valuables were sent him; his captured soldiers were liberated and he himself—still grieving over the ingratitude of the nation he had so fondly cherished—departed to his own country, no more to return to the Netherlands. The burghers of Antwerp did not weep for the loss of a "benignant care" of a ruler who had tried to sack their city in the same day in which he had sworn to defend it.

CHAPTER XX
CARDINAL GRANVELLE'S BAN

PLACE

ANTWERP, DELFT

TIME

1582-1584

CHARACTERS

WILLIAM OF ORANGE . . .	<i>Stadtholder of Holland</i>
LOUISE DE COLIGNY . . .	<i>His wife</i>
HIS SISTER	
MAURICE OF NASSAU . . .	<i>His son</i>
ST. ALDEGONDE	<i>Friend of Orange</i>
HOHENLO	<i>Patriot commander</i>
PRINCE OF PARMA	<i>Spanish Governor of the Netherlands</i>
ANASTRO	<i>An Antwerp merchant</i>
JUAN JAUREGUY	<i>His clerk</i>
BALTHAZAR GERARD . . .	<i>Assassin of the Prince of Orange</i>

CHAPTER XX

CARDINAL GRANVELLE'S BAN

WE have seen that, from the day Philip II mounted his throne, he hated William of Orange; we have seen how Margaret of Parma used the Prince or threw him aside as suited her; how Alva banished him; how Don John tried to buy him. In spite of it all, the Prince had gone steadily forward. He had not made all the Netherlands into an independent nation, but he had formed his Union of Utrecht with the provinces above the Meuse, and they were begging him—in default of Anjou—to become their hereditary head.

The Prince of Orange therefore was still the worst foe that Philip had in the Netherlands, and he was unable either to kill him in war or bribe him in peace. When Parma went into the Netherlands, Philip wrote him instructions as to a new method of getting rid of the Prince. "It will be well," the King wrote, "to offer thirty thousand crowns or so to anyone who will deliver him dead or alive."

It was Cardinal Granvelle who had put this thought into Philip's mind. He had had his revenge on Egmont and Horn, but William—the third man who had been powerful in sending him out of the country—was still

living and successful. Granvelle's hatred devised this plan of setting a price on William's head, as if he had been a wild beast.

This Ban of Cardinal Granvelle's was published in the Netherlands in June 1580. Against William, as against Egmont and Horn, various acts of treason were charged, from the time of the Request down to the Union of Utrecht. The document ended with the words:

"For these causes, we declare him traitor and miscreant, enemy of ourselves and of the country. As such we banish him perpetually from all our realms, forbidding all our subjects, of whatever quality, to communicate with him openly or privately—to administer to him victuals, drink, fire, or other necessaries. We allow all to injure him in property or life. We expose the said William Nassau as an enemy of the human race—giving his property to all who may seize it. And if any of our subjects or any stranger should be found sufficiently generous of heart to rid us of this pest, delivering him to us, alive or dead, or taking his life, we will cause to be furnished to him immediately after the deed shall have been done, the sum of twenty-five thousand crowns in gold. If he have committed any crime, however heinous, we promise to pardon him; and if he be not already noble, we will ennoble him for his valor."

Such a proclamation was sure to arouse, not only those who were greedy for money, but the half-crazy souls who are always waiting to be stirred up to acts

that they think patriotic or religious. Already in 1578, when Artois had refused to furnish money for the Patriots to Aldegonde, someone had said that the best answer they could give would be "the finishing of Orange." No one was brave enough to try it, however, until the Ban made murder a virtue.

The first attempt under the Ban to kill Orange was made immediately after Anjou's accession by an Antwerp merchant named Anastro. He was on the point of failure in business, and to save himself, he made a cool bargain with Philip II that for killing the Prince within a certain time, he should have eighty thousand ducats. Not wishing to do the deed with his own hand, Anastro worked upon the patriotism and religious superstition of a youth in his employ, Jaureguy. He offered Jaureguy, in return for killing William, two thousand crowns, the glory of freeing his country from an enemy and the winning of an eternity in heaven. Jaureguy was told also that the Virgin, for such a pious deed, would make him invisible, so that no one could convict him of the murder.

With these promises in his mind, and with two scraps of rabbit skin and two dried toads in his pocket as charms, Jaureguy waited his chance. It came on the birthday of the Duke of Anjou, who made a great feast and invited all the nobles. Orange was to go, but dined first at home as usual. Among those at his table were his son, Maurice, the two sons of his brother John, and two French commissioners. When the party came out

from dinner, William paused to show his guests some wonderful tapestry, and as they stood, a small, dark, sickly-looking youth stepped out from the body of waiting servants and presented a petition. At the same moment that Orange took the paper, the youth drew a pistol and fired at such close range that the bullet passed directly through the Prince's head, the charge setting his beard and hair on fire. He stood for a second stunned, perfectly quiet; then as he realized what had happened, he called out, "Do not kill him. I forgive him my death."

The youth was already dead, however, for the Frenchmen had run him through with their rapiers. The Prince was taken to his room and put to bed. Still he had no thought for himself; his trouble was for the Duke of Anjou who, if the Prince died, would be left in a perilous position. "Alas, what troubles will now beset thee!" he cried more than once.

As the Prince was carried away, Count Hohenlo, the officer in charge, ordered all exits fastened and forbade that anyone should either come in or go out. Everyone's suspicions turned at once to the French in Antwerp. Had the gentlemen killed the murderer so quickly that he might tell no tales? Had Catherine de Medici planned another massacre in the Netherlands to celebrate her son's birthday, as St. Bartholomew's had celebrated her daughter's marriage in Paris?

Maurice of Nassau, although only fifteen, showed himself a man of affairs. In spite of his horror at the

sudden accident, he did not leave the room with his father, for he was for the time the head of the house. He took his stand at once by the murderer, and demanded that the man should be searched. All papers found on his body were given to Maurice, and to guard against any attempt to snatch the papers, a faithful old servant wrapped Maurice in a long cloak and led him to a private room far from the scene of attack. Here St. Aldegonde joined him, and the examination was made.

Nothing was found to throw any blame on the French, and the news was at once gladly announced. Besides the toads and the rabbit skin, Jaureguy had in his pocket a Jesuit catechism, writing tablets filled with vows to the Virgin if he succeeded, a crucifix, a prayer-book, and the notes for the two thousand crowns that Anastro had given him for the deed. The house of Anastro was immediately searched, but he had escaped. His cashier and a friar of his household were arrested.

In the meantime, the surgeons were imploring the Prince to keep quiet if he wished to save his life. The flame from the pistol had cauterized the wound and stopped the bleeding. The Prince ceased talking but he wrote incessantly. Even when he thought he was dying, he must serve his country. The captain of the city guard would not believe the Prince still lived until he had forced his way to the room where he lay. Then, satisfied, the captain went back to quiet the tumult in the town.

From his sick bed the Prince sent a written request that Anastro's servants who had been arrested, should not be tortured, but put to death in the easiest way. For many days the Prince lay in danger. His wound broke out again, and he was only saved from bleeding to death by his faithful servants, who, each in turn, held his thumb over the wound until it healed. We have often heard of the boy who saved Holland by holding his thumb in the dyke. These men saved a hero by the same patience and loyalty. A solemn fast was proclaimed in Antwerp, all amusements were set aside, and the whole population went to the churches to pray for William's recovery. The Prince got well, but the shock and anxiety killed his wife, Charlotte of Bourbon.

Before the year was out another plot was discovered, in which an Italian and Spaniard had tried to poison both Orange and Anjou. They confessed that Parma had hired them. The Spaniard was a friend of a second of Egmont's sons, Lamoral Egmont, and he was concerned in the plot. So great was Orange's friendship for the boy's dead father, however, that he forgave him. In Flushing Hans Hanzoon concealed gunpowder both under the Prince's house and under his seat in church. This attempt also failed.

After the death of Charlotte of Bourbon, William had married Louise de Coligny, daughter of the famous Admiral. They had one son, Frederick William. In 1584 the Prince was living in Delft with his family.

His house, built of brick with a red-tiled roof, was opposite the "old church," separated from it by the canal, the street and a large courtyard. A narrow lane ran by the side of the house, connecting the street with the city wall. From the lane there was an entrance, under a low, dark arch, into the Prince's lower hall, out of which opened his dining-room. From this same hall the stairs ascended to the Prince's private rooms on the floor above.

While Orange lived in Delft, happy in the thought that after many calamities and mistakes, he had helped the Dutch throw off the Spanish yoke and win their freedom, there was in Paris a fanatical Catholic named Balthazar Gerard, who was plotting to take William's life. Gerard was devoted to the church and to the king; for years he had been planning how he might rid Philip of the Prince of Orange. When Gerard was but twenty, he had fiercely struck his dagger into a door with the exclamation, "Would that the blow were in the heart of the Prince of Orange."

When the Ban was published, Gerard had come to the Netherlands to offer his services as assassin to Alexander Farnese. Alexander had paid out endless sums to swaggering bravos who had offered to kill the Prince and had never done it. He was inclined now to be a little suspicious of this man of twenty-seven, short, thin, shambling, muddy of complexion, utterly insignificant in appearance. Finally, however, Gerard induced

Parma to trust him with the mission of murdering Orange, though Parma would advance no money for the purpose.

Early in the spring of 1584, therefore, Gerard presented himself to the household of Orange, saying his name was Francis Guion, and that he was the son of a Protestant who had been killed for the faith. He went regularly to Protestant service, carried a Bible and hymn-book under his arm, and seemed a pious Calvinist. Finally he was sent to France, where negotiations were still going on as to the return of Anjou. Anjou's death, however, at this moment, ended the negotiations. Guion received the commission to carry to Orange the dispatches announcing the Duke of Anjou's death. He arrived in Delft on July 8, a Sunday morning, and the papers were given to the Prince before he left his bed. Immediately Guion was summoned to his bedside.

It was so sudden and unexpected a chance to carry out his purpose, that Guion was not prepared. The Prince alone, unarmed, in the power of the man who for seven years had planned to kill him—what more could the assassin ask? And yet he was not ready. He could only stammer his answers to William's questions, and leave him.

The church bells were ringing as he came out. Instead of going to his own room, Guion lingered about the courtyard, examining the narrow lane and the entrance into William's hall, until a sergeant asked him what he

was about. Guion meekly and piously answered that he would like to go to church but that his clothes were so travel-stained that he was not fit. The sergeant felt sorry for the puny, awkward little Calvinist and reported his poverty to the officer, who took it to William of Orange. The Prince immediately ordered Guion to be given money enough the next day to buy a suit of clothes.

The supposed poor Calvinist took William's money, not for clothes, but for the pistols that Parma would not furnish. He bought them from one of William's own soldiers, who, when he heard how they had been used, killed himself.

On Tuesday, William with his wife and family—his sister among them—went as usual to dinner about half-past twelve. It was the 10th of July, 1584. William wore the Beggar uniform—a loose gray cloth coat over a yellow leather doublet, a large, soft felt hat, and a high ruff, with the Beggar medal. As he approached the door with his wife on his arm, Guion stepped forward and requested a passport. The Princess asked who the man was, and Orange carelessly explained, while he ordered his secretary to prepare the passport. The Princess said she had “never seen such a villainous countenance,” but the Prince merely laughed at her and led her into the dining-room, where they had a cheerful and happy meal.

At two o'clock the company left the table. As they came again into the hall, the Prince stepped upon the

staircase, meaning to go to his rooms above. It was a distance of scarcely six feet from the foot of the stairs to the archway which opened on the lane. As William gained the second stair, Guion sprang out from the dark arch and fired a pistol three times straight at the Prince's heart. Then he darted down the lane, hoping to escape, but he was seized and afterward executed.

William sank down on the stairs in the arms of his master-of-horse. His sister asked if "he commended his soul to Jesus Christ," and he answered with a faint "yes." Except for that, his last words were, "O my God, have mercy upon the poor people!" He was carried into the dining-room, and there on the couch, he died in the arms of his wife and sister.

William's body lay in state for a month, and then his funeral was that of a king. He had been more than a king to his people; he had been their liberator. Neither the fears of his friends nor the hate of his foes had ever moved him from what he knew was the right; neither victory nor defeat had ever affected the wisdom of his decisions. Always calm, always brave, always patriotic, he was indeed the "Father William" of his people, "the rock in the ocean, tranquil amid raging billows."

"He went through life," Mr. Motley says, "bearing the load of a people's sorrows upon his shoulders with a smiling face. Their name was the last word upon his lips, save the simple affirmative with which the soldier who had been battling for the right all his lifetime, commended his soul in dying 'to his great captain,



“HIS LAST WORDS WERE, ‘O MY GOD, HAVE MERCY UPON THE POOR PEOPLE!’”

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Christ.' The people trusted the character of their 'Father William,' and not all the clouds which calumny could collect ever dimmed to their eyes the radiance of that lofty mind, to which they were accustomed in their darkest calamities to look for light. So long as he lived he was the guiding star of a whole brave nation, and when he died the little children cried in the streets."



