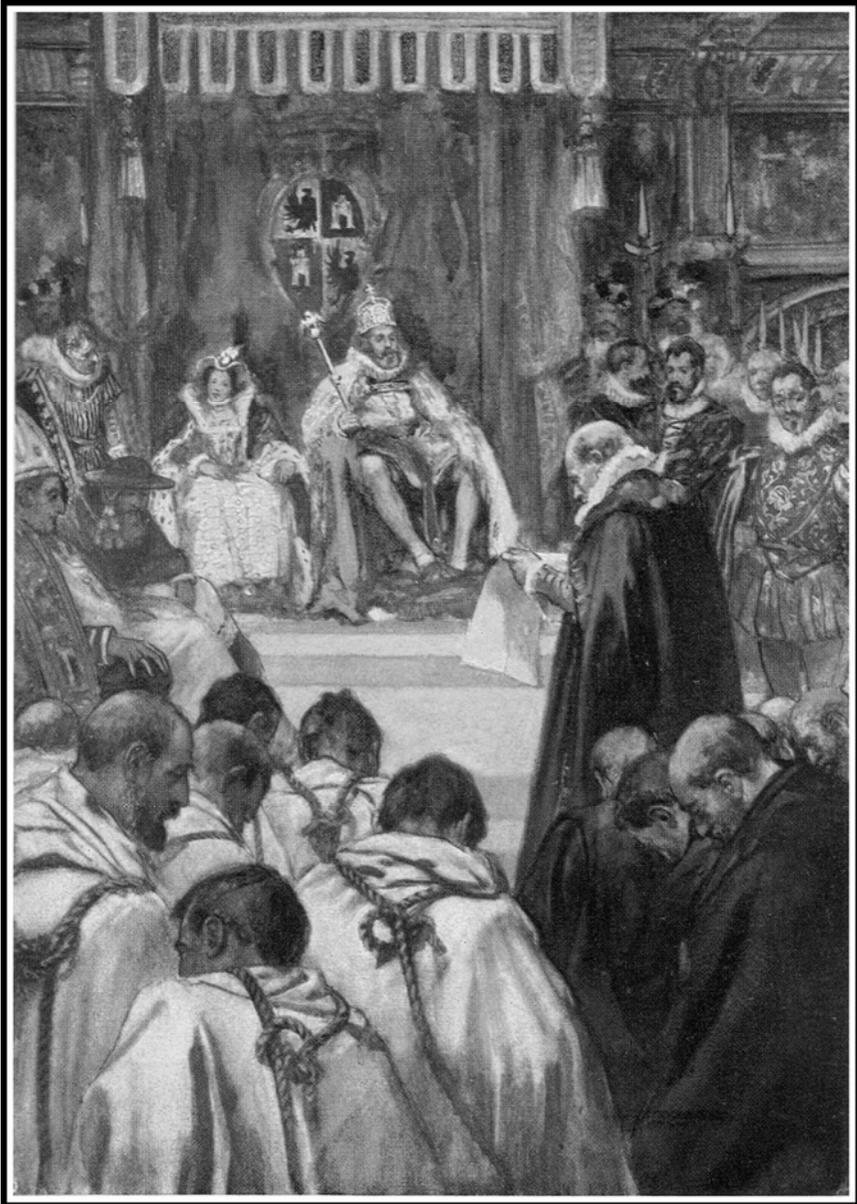


THE NETHERLANDS



They were to humbly implore the Emperor's forgiveness.

THE NETHERLANDS

BY

MARY MACGREGOR

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY

A. D. McCORMICK



YESTERDAY'S CLASSICS

CHAPEL HILL, NORTH CAROLINA

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**TO
JACK AND AMY**

NOTE

The facts for this history have been gleaned from Motley's *Dutch Republic* and Prescott's *Philip II*.

The picturesque setting of the facts has made it difficult to escape from the influence of these books, and it is to them that I owe all that is of worth in this volume.

MARY MACGREGOR.

INTRODUCTION

I BELIEVE there is no boy, the wide world over, who has not once upon a time set out in search of a hero, and found him, too, in many an unlikely corner. And thereupon he has set him up in a niche of the temple which he keeps for the most part locked, but which at rare moments he visits, reverently and with care.

I who write came one day to a little sea-swept land bound by great reaches of grass-tied dunes, and there, lingering to learn the history of the country, unawares I found my hero.

For the Romance of the Netherlands is in truth the life of William the Silent writ large. And in these pages, if the face of William of Nassau, Prince of Orange, does not look at you with living eyes, and if his voice does not vibrate in your heart in living tones, the glamour of the tale has been lost in the telling. You may shut the book in discontent.

But if you find a living man, baffled indeed and often beaten, yet one who struggles on through failure to victory, one who gives his time, his possessions, and his life for the sake of his country, then unlock the temple where your heroes stand, and in a niche apart place William the Silent, the father of his people.

And at rare moments look at him, listen to him, and, if it may be, imitate him.

MARY MACGREGOR.

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CHAPTER I

THE EARLY STRUGGLES

LIBERTY! Clear as a trumpet call the word is heard echoing down through the centuries.

In no country rang the clarion voice more clear than throughout the provinces of the Netherlands. Brave and indomitable, the people of the Netherlands rose, even in the Dark Ages, to do battle for their rights.

Even thus in Friesland rose the pagan Radbod. Pagan he was, and yet well-nigh had he been forced to receive the Christian rite of baptism. "Where are my dead forefathers at present?" demanded Radbod, the Frisian chief, ere the rite could be performed. Rashly answered Bishop Wolfran: "In hell with all other unbelievers." "Mighty well," answered Radbod, "then will I rather feast with my ancestors in the halls of Woden than dwell with your little starveling band of Christians in heaven." Thereafter neither threats nor blows were of avail. Radbod would live a heathen to the day of his death. Radbod would do what he might

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to win freedom of thought and action for himself, and for those who would follow him. All honour to the brave Frisian chief who struggled that his beloved Friesland might be in very truth a free land.

Yet many were the times when the doughty champions of freedom were crushed by tyranny, and yet as many were the times when they rose, true to the master passion of their lives, the love of liberty. The Netherlands, lying low among swamps, inundated by rivers, exposed to the ravages of the sea, was redeemed through the energy of her people. "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further," the great dykes seemed to assert and reassert in proud defiance as the ocean dashed itself vainly against the stalwart bulwarks. Bulwarks these, reared by the prowess of the people who dwelt in the land. The destructive rivers which had overflowed the fields and destroyed the homes of the Netherlands were changed into countless canals and formed great highways for intercourse and commerce.

Thus as the years went by the morasses and the barren wastes of furze, with their miserable huts and hovels, disappeared, and villages and towns were dotted all over the country. Commerce grew strong and increased, till workmen, many thousand strong, tramped along the busy streets. Great guilds were formed for the protection of the different workers, guilds of silversmiths, armourers, silk-weavers, wool-weavers, tapestry workers, gardeners, and of many another. Centuries have passed since the defiance of Radbod, the Frisian chief. Through victories and

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defeats the Netherlanders have reached a time of great commercial prosperity.

In the fifteenth century Holland, Flanders, Brabant, and other leading provinces were developing the resources of their country to the uttermost. The fisheries, the agriculture, the manufactures, all were in a prosperous and thriving condition. And now in 1437 Philip, the bad Duke of Burgundy, who yet was named "Philip the Good," had become through inheritance, but in part also through treachery, the possessor of the principal provinces of the Netherlands. Philip, while taxing the Provinces heavily, yet protected their commerce and manufactures, for he knew well that his power to exact the taxes he imposed depended on the prosperity of his subjects. Yet from the time of Philip the Good to the death of the Lady Mary—that is, as long as the House of Burgundy ruled in the Netherlands—was there but little liberty given to the true owners of the soil, to those who by their struggles and perseverance had redeemed the country from a dreary waste of flood and swamp.

With Philip's death Charles the Bold became head of the House of Burgundy. A restless, ambitious duke he, who would never rest satisfied with a dukedom; a kingdom would better become him, could he but gain a crown. In this vain desire for kingship he oppressed his subjects in the Netherlands. He seized their wealth, he crushed their freedom. He forced on the country a standing army, and removed the supreme court of Holland from The Hague to Mechlin, insults hard to be borne by a people who had well-nigh won their way to liberty.

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Charles the Bold did not gain the crown on which his heart was set, but he almost ruined the Netherlands in his effort to fulfill his ambition. He found them flourishing, self-ruling little republics. He left them with their trade and manufactures spoiled by his heavy exactions, and with the government of their Provinces destroyed. In 1477 he died, leaving the realms of Burgundy, an odd collection of provinces, duchies, and lordships, to his only child, the Lady Mary.

Charles dead, the Netherlanders roused themselves as from an evil dream. Where was the freedom for which they had striven long and fiercely? A great desire for liberty sprang up once more in their undaunted hearts. Holland and Flanders and many other provinces met together at Ghent. The burghers forgot all smaller differences, and united in a determined effort to secure the freedom of their country. The Lady Mary was herself in difficulties, for Louis XI., King of France, had seized her Burgundian possessions, and demanded the heiress in marriage for his son. In her strait the Lady Mary appealed to her faithful subjects in the Netherlands. They rallied round their young mistress, resolved to resist the greed, and, if necessary, the force of Louis. Yet they did not fail to tell her plainly that the Provinces had been much impoverished and oppressed by the enormous taxation imposed upon them by Duke Charles from the beginning to the end of his life. They added, these brave burghers, that “for many years past there had been a constant violation of their charters, and that they should be happy to see them restored.” They

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conferred together, the Lady Mary and her doughty burghers. She secured their allegiance and they gained from her the "Great Privilege," the Magna Charta of Holland.

What would Charles the Bold have felt could he have seen his daughter as she undid the work of his years of tyranny and oppression, the law he had wrested from the people restored again to their hands, his standing army disbanded, his taxes remitted? Charles might well have wept tears of rage at the sight.

The Netherlanders had wrung the "Great Privilege" from the Lady Mary, but not thus readily was their country secured in its privileges. Time and again the Magna Charta was violated, it was even abolished, yet in years to come with its recognition of the ancient rights of the Provinces it became the basis of the Republic. Meanwhile, nowhere in the fifteenth century was there a country more free than the Netherlands with their "Great Privilege" formally confirmed.

The Lady Mary bethinks herself that now perchance it were well to negotiate with Louis XI., the king who had hoped to dispossess her of her Burgundian possessions, for she feels secure in her newly formed alliance with her faithful subjects of the Netherlands. The Estates or Provinces are sending envoys to Louis XI. The Lady Mary sees them before they set out and gives them secret instructions. She hopes to negotiate privately with the French king. The envoys Imbre-court and Hugonet accept the secret commission, and thereby prove themselves traitors to their country. But Louis XI. rejects the Lady Mary's

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overtures, and, for purposes of his own, betrays the treachery of Imbrecourt and Hugonet to the Estates. In great wrath the members of the Estates order that the envoys be seized and conveyed to Ghent. Their trial takes place at that town without delay, and straightway they are condemned to be beheaded. And beheaded they are, for all the prayers of the Lady Mary. She dons a robe of black, and, with girdle unclasped and hair hanging loose, she goes to the Market-Place. Weeping bitterly she begs that Imbrecourt and Hugonet, who had obeyed her behest, may be pardoned.

But had the Lady Mary's negotiations proved successful it would have gone hard with the prerogative accorded to the citizens by the "Great Privilege." The possible dishonour to the Magna Charta, gained as it was after bitter oppression, steeled their hearts against all her entreaties, and punishment sharp and swift descended on the envoys. They were beheaded as traitors to their country.

On the 18th August 1477 the Lady Mary married Maximilian, the Archduke of Austria. A few years later she falls from her horse and dies, leaving her little son, Philip, who is only four years old, to succeed her. Thus, with Maximilian recognised by all the Provinces but Flanders as Governor and guardian during the little Philip's minority, the Netherlands passed from the House of Burgundy into the power of the House of Austria, and continued to be governed by that House until the Estates formed their country into the Dutch Republic.

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At the age of seventeen, Philip, named the Fair, was prepared to receive the allegiance of the Provinces. Then a strange event occurred, strange in this land where liberty was loved so well. The young Philip declared that all charters and privileges granted since the death of Charles the Bold would be considered as void. He would keep faith with none of them. Resistance stern and resolute would inevitably follow? No, incredible as it may seem, Holland, Zeeland, and the other Provinces accepted Philip the Fair as Governor, even after his reckless declaration, nor is there record of any struggle to retain the "Great Privilege" or other important charters. The Provinces, not always at one amongst themselves, were now united in a bond of common servitude. Unitedly they learned to regret the rights they had forfeited.

To the Netherlands the marriage of Philip the Fair to Joanna, Princess of Castile and Aragon, was an event of great importance; for their son, Count Charles II. of Holland, better known as Charles V., was destined to attempt to unite Spain and the Netherlands, and many another great and distant kingdom, under his single sway. The union of Spain and the Netherlands was likely to prove no easy task; it was beyond the power of even the clever and versatile Charles V. to cement any real friendship between the two peoples. From the outset they hated each other, the Spanish nobles with their haughty, arrogant airs, with their bigoted belief in only one form of religion, the Netherlanders with their busy, vigorous life, their love of liberty in religion as in all else. The Provinces, with what power and wealth they still possessed, were

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now, under the Emperor's rule, treated as distant dependencies. Absorbed by the cares of empire, Charles V. found it necessary to appoint a Regent to govern the Netherlands. His choice fell on his sister, Queen Mary of Hungary, who for twenty-five years ruled the Provinces, her efforts being directed rather to enforce Charles's orders than to develop the interests of the country. If the sturdy burghers in the different cities of the Netherlands had any doubt as to what treatment they would receive at the hands of the Emperor, their doubts were soon resolved. As he treated Ghent, so would he treat any other city or province which ventured to claim the prerogatives of the "Great Privilege" or of any more ancient charter. And Ghent, for that she was the freest and most liberty-loving city of all the liberty-loving cities of Flanders, had dared to claim the provisions of the Magna Charta, although these had been legally disposed of by Philip the Fair when he received the homage of the States of the Netherlands.

Ghent was a great city surrounded by strongly built walls. Its citizens were amongst the most wealthy and active in the country, and they had spared neither expense nor energy to beautify their town. Round ancient castle and stronghold clustered stories of the long-ago days. Churches and other public buildings, whose stories were yet to be told, adorned the streets and squares of the town. Above all towered the well-loved belfry, topped by a dragon, wherein swung Roland, the famous bell, which from generation to generation had called their sires to arms. Roland was known, not alone in Ghent, but throughout the land.

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By the burghers of each generation the bell had been beloved. Its tongue vibrated with the story of the city, its struggles and its victories.

Charles V. had demanded from Flanders a subsidy of 400,000 florins. Three members of the province willingly, or more probably unwillingly, decided not to oppose the payment of this subsidy, large as it was. But Ghent, through its member, was vehemently opposed to any payment being made, and urged that if the four members of the province were not agreed no subsidy could be granted. The citizens therefore deputed one named Lievin Pyl to carry their refusal to the Queen Regent. He, however, basely betrayed his fellow-citizens, promising in the name of the burghers of Ghent that the subsidy should be paid. For this treachery Pyl was seized, tortured, and beheaded, for the burghers, when roused, did not hesitate to strike. And roused they were in very truth; it needed only the tongue of Roland, loud and clamorous, and the citizens crowded to the square in angry guise. Soon they were in open rebellion. Rather than pay the enormous subsidy which Charles V. demanded in order to carry on his foreign wars, the Ghenters determined to make overtures to France. But Francis I. had no wish to offend the powerful Emperor. He rejected the advances made by the citizens of Ghent and betrayed them to Charles. Then the Emperor decided that the insurrection must be put down and the city punished. He left Brussels with an enormous train on the 9th February 1540. Lancers, archers, halberdmen, musqueteers formed his body-guard, a force armed to the teeth, and meant to

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intimidate the rebellious citizens of Ghent. Cardinals, archbishops, bishops, dukes, earls, and barons surrounded the Emperor, dressed these in their most gorgeous dress of office, that their magnificence might impress, if it could not cow, the obstinate burghers. An imposing spectacle, thought Charles, as his brilliant cavalcade moved slowly along.

On the 14th February they reached Ghent, but for a month he dallied with the fears of the inhabitants, a month in which they knew not what fate awaited them. The stroke fell on the 17th March, when nineteen burghers, believed to be ringleaders of the rebellion, were beheaded.

Yet another month passed ere the fate of the city was announced. Then in the public hall, thrown open to all who chose to come, Charles, supported by the Queen Regent and the officials of Church and State, made known his will. Nevermore need Ghent appeal to her charters or privileges. All charters, privileges, laws, were annulled. Public property was confiscated, as likewise all that the traders or corporations possessed in common. And Roland was doomed. Never again would the great bell be heard from the belfry of Ghent. It was to be removed without delay. As for the 400,000 florins which had actually caused the revolt, it would be claimed from the provinces of Flanders, while from Ghent itself would be demanded an additional sum of 150,000, and 6000 florins a year for ever after. Nor was this all, for on a day to be appointed by the Emperor, the senators, with their clerks, thirty distinguished citizens to be named by the Emperor, the great dean and

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second dean of the weavers, all dressed in black robes, without their chains of office, and bareheaded, were to appear at the palace. They were to be accompanied by fifty members from the different guilds and another fifty chosen at random from the multitude of rebellious citizens. These latter were to be clad only in sheets, and on their necks they were to wear halters. Thus arrayed, as representatives of their city, they were to fall upon their knees before the Emperor and confess their sorrow for their disloyal conduct. Promising never again to transgress, they were to humbly implore the Emperor's forgiveness for the sake of the Passion of Jesus Christ.

The fateful day was fixed for the 3rd May. The streets were lined with troops. Well did Charles know that nothing but force would keep the angry and humiliated city from taking vengeance. Slowly the gloomy procession, senators in their black robes, burghers in white sheets with halters round their necks, moved from the senate hall to the palace of the King. On his throne sat Charles V., the Queen Regent by his side. His safety was secured—and need was there to secure it—by his bodyguard of archers and halberdiers. The senators and burghers entered and knelt before the King, while one of their number read aloud the prescribed words of penitence. “What principally distressed them,” we are told, “was to have the halter on their necks, which they found so hard to bear, and if they had not been compelled, they would rather have died than submit to it.”

The Emperor was in no hurry to ease the mind of the sullen suppliants. “He held himself coyly for a

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little time, without saying a word, as though he were considering whether or not he would grant the pardon for which the culprits prayed." At length the Queen Regent, as the King had privately commanded, turned to him, urging him to forgive the city since it had the honour of being his birthplace. Thereupon the Emperor turned to the suppliants, who still knelt before him, saying that he was a "gentle and virtuous Prince, who loved mercy better than justice," and therefore, for the sake of their penitence, he would grant his pardon to the citizens of Ghent. The city, forgiven but despoiled, bowed its head in silence. Gloom and consternation reigned throughout the Provinces. The Netherlanders realised that they were in the hands of an oppressor.

Nor did Charles limit his oppression to the extortion of large sums of money, or to the abolition of the political privileges of the land. Himself a Roman Catholic, he had determined to crush out all those who did not conform to the religion of Rome, and to attain this end he shrank from no cruelty. He introduced the Inquisition into the Netherlands, and with it his terrible "placards" or edicts, which were in reality veiled inquisitions. Thousands were burned, strangled, beheaded, or buried alive, as the edicts of the Emperor ordained, for reading the Bible, for refusing to bow to an image, or for meeting together to preach and pray.

Yet the struggle for freedom was never extinguished. Now with the dawn of the sixteenth century it had become more keen and determined than ever, for into the struggle there had grown the bitterness wrought of religious persecution.

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By the middle of the sixteenth century the little country of the Netherlands was standing at bay, defying those who, with the aid of inquisitions and edicts, were trying to stamp out all who would not subscribe to the Roman Catholic faith. The fight was long and desperate, but it was fought to the death by the Provinces, under the leadership of the hero and liberator of the Netherlands, William of Orange.

CHAPTER II

THE ABDICATION OF CHARLES V

ON the 25th October 1555, Brussels, the fair capital of the province of Brabant, was all astir. Banners were streaming and drums were rolling. Flags were waving from windows adorned with flowers, and garlands were swinging from every doorway. In the streets prosperous citizens in holiday attire pushed their way towards the palace gates. Conspicuous among the crowd were the famous guilds of armourers, whose suits of mail no musket-ball could pierce, the guild of gardeners, whose flowers were the wonder of the world, and the guild of tapestry workers, who wove magic colours into their fine-spun fabrics.

A gala day indeed was the 25th of October in the year 1555. Yet for no mere festival was the gay city of Brussels thus bedecked, but for an event of world-wide interest and importance.

Count Charles II. of Holland, better known as Charles V., King of Spain, Sicily, and Jerusalem, Duke of Milan, Emperor of Germany, ruler in Asia, Africa,

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and over half the world besides, had fixed this day for the abdication of his possessions in the Netherlands. He had determined that the event should be celebrated in a manner worthy of its importance. It should be a spectacle imposing and magnificent, that should be spoken of in long after years.



**The Emperor arrived, leaning on the shoulder
of a tall, handsome lad**

The ceremony was to take place in the great hall of the palace. The walls were hung with gorgeous tapestry, and a profusion of flowers and garlands gave it a festive appearance. At one end of the hall a platform had been erected. Above the centre of the platform hung a huge canopy, and beneath it was the throne. On either side of the throne were two gilded

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chairs. To the right of the platform were ranged seats, covered with richly coloured tapestry, and reserved for the nobles and knights among the guests. Seats were also provided for members of the three great councils which governed the Netherlands. Beneath the platform the benches were already filled with those who had come to represent the different provinces. Magistrates were there, weighty with importance, robed in their gowns and chains of office; officers of State were there, resplendent as befitted the occasion.

The body of the hall was crowded with those of the citizens who had secured admission. At the door stood the archers and halberdiers to preserve order. Within, all was eagerness and expectation, without, the crowd still surged expectant.

Meanwhile Charles V. was signing the document by which his son, Philip II., was to become sovereign over the Netherlands. He then attended Mass in the chapel, and when the service was over, accompanied by a numerous retinue of knights and nobles, he walked towards the great hall, where he was so eagerly expected.

It was three o'clock when at length the Emperor arrived, leaning on the shoulder of a tall, handsome lad of twenty-two, whose face was already grave and thoughtful. The youth was William of Orange. Behind the King came Philip II. and the Regent, Queen Mary of Hungary, and following them were the knights and nobles, escorted by a glittering band of soldiers. Charles seated himself on the throne, Philip and the Queen Regent on either side. The knights and nobles

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took the places allotted to them. The vast crowd rose to its feet as the Emperor entered, with involuntary homage, but Charles, acknowledging their greeting, bade them be seated. The eyes of all were fixed on the throne. There, amidst the brilliant throng of courtiers, sat Charles, a strange, grave figure dressed in black. The face was known to all, the blue eyes, broad forehead, sharp pointed nose, the large mouth and protruding jaw, characteristic these latter of the Burgundian race. But in this sombre and gloomy figure, bent and crippled by disease, the burghers found it hard to trace a likeness to the Emperor they had known. He had been a brave and gallant soldier, who, laughing at danger and fatigue, himself had led his army forth to victory. He had been the muscular athlete, of whom the Spaniards told the tale that, single-handed, he had vanquished a bull in their great national sports. But he, the grave, sombre figure on the throne, was already, at the age of fifty-five, a feeble, diseased old man, needing for support a crutch and an attendant's arm.

Already, as the assembly gazed, the document transferring to Philip II. all the realms of Burgundy, in which were included the seventeen provinces of the Netherlands, had been read, and a long speech by one of the nobles of the land had come to an end.

Charles, leaning on his crutch, and supported by William of Orange, now rose amid breathless silence. He spoke of his love for the Netherlands, this Emperor who had wrung from them vast sums of money to enable him to carry on his foreign wars, and who in doing so had crippled the resources and

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industries of the Provinces. He spoke of his affection for his people, this Emperor who had planted the Inquisition in their midst, and who in doing so had put to torture and to death many thousands of their countrymen. And still the vast assembly listened breathlessly as he told them of the great achievements of his reign, achievements which seemed at the moment to shed some reflected glory on themselves and on their land. "I know well," he concluded, "that in my long reign I have fallen into many errors and committed some wrongs, but it was from ignorance, and if there be any here whom I have wronged, they will believe it was not intended, and grant me their forgiveness."

Overcome by his emotion the Emperor, half fainting, sank back on his throne, while the silence was broken by the sobs of the great assembly. For the moment the people forgot their injuries. The memory of industries hampered by extortion, of charters ruthlessly ignored, slipped from their minds, even as did the terrors of the Inquisition. For the moment they remembered only that Charles belonged to them by birth, that he could talk to them in their own language, that he was dear to them for his friendly, familiar ways. He had joined in sport with the Flemish nobles, and bent his crossbow with Antwerp artisans; he had even drunk and jested with the boors of Brabant. By these easy, popular ways he had won a place in the people's hearts, despite his oftentimes cruel deeds. Therefore it was that the people sobbed as the farewell words of the Emperor ceased. Even his son, Philip II., usually cold and haughty, was moved, and, dropping on his

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knees before his father, seized his hand and kissed it. Solemnly Charles placed his hands on his son's head, then, making over him the sign of the Cross, he blessed him in the name of the Holy Trinity.

Philip rose and turned to the great assembly. Before them they saw their future lord. Like his father in features, having all the Burgundian characteristics, he looked a Fleming, yet was haughty as a Spaniard. With none of his father's popular ways, unable even to speak the language of his new subjects, Philip failed at the outset to win the hearts of the Netherlanders. Through his interpreter, the Bishop of Arras, he addressed his people, telling them of his gratitude to his father for entrusting to him these great possessions, promising also to do his utmost to carry out the wishes of Charles in the ruling of the Provinces. Thereafter Queen Mary of Hungary rose to resign the Regency, which she had held for twenty-five years. Speeches followed, in which the Queen Regent's resignation was accepted and Philip was congratulated on his new possessions.

At length the ceremonies were over. Charles V., still leaning on the shoulder of William of Orange, left the Hall, followed by the whole Court. The citizens dispersed, chatting volubly of the great event, perhaps wondering, as their excitement lessened, what had moved them to tears, perhaps remembering the taxes and the Inquisition which threatened to crush their liberty, and mocking at the tears they had but lately shed.

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Some months later, Charles, now no longer monarch, left the Netherlands. On the 13th September 1556, bidding Philip an affectionate farewell, he sailed from Flushing with a fleet of fifty-six ships, and an escort of one hundred and fifty courtiers, whom he had chosen out of the royal household. He had selected for his retreat the monastery of Yuste, where he purposed to spend his life in quiet, and in the observances of the Roman Catholic religion.

CHAPTER III

PHILIP, THE PRINCE

PHILIP, who at twenty-eight years of age had been made sovereign of the Netherlands, was born at Valladolid on the 21st May 1527. The birthday of the little Spanish prince was hailed with delight, not only by Charles V., but by the whole Spanish nation, for surely never before had babe been born to a more splendid inheritance. The country hastened to show its pleasure, and preparations to celebrate the event went on apace. These were, however, deferred by news that startled not only Spain, but Europe itself. The Pope, the great head of the Church, had been captured! Europe was ringing with the news. Rome had been sacked by the Spanish troops! Europe was holding her breath in horror as she listened to the tale. No time this for rejoicing on Spanish soil, even over the birth of so illustrious a prince, a time rather for shame over the brutalities of the Spanish soldiery, and for repentance at the insult to Holy Church and sacred city.

But not for long would Spain be baulked of her welcome to the little prince. Eleven months later, in the year 1528, the country found her opportunity.

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The occasion was the recognition of the heir as lawful successor to the throne, and the ceremony was to take place at Madrid, where the Cortes, or Parliament, was used to assemble. Carried by his mother, the Empress Isabella, and accompanied by the Emperor, the royal babe was brought before the nobles, clergy, and commons, who hastened to take the oath of allegiance to their future lord. Thereafter the nation gave itself up to rejoicings. Towns and villages were lit up with brilliant illuminations, bonfires blazed on every hill. Throughout this land of quick-changing passions, sports and pastimes had their way.

The festivities were barely over when Charles V. left Spain, called away by the cares of his great possessions, nor did he see his little son again until he was seven years old. During his absence the Prince was in the care of his mother, and wisely and lovingly did she guard her boy; but when the Emperor at length returned, he formed a separate home for the Prince, that he might be under the immediate influence of the two tutors who were to direct his studies. With one, Siliceo, Philip learned Latin and Greek, and in these languages he could soon write, not only correctly, but with ease. French and Italian he also studied, but with these he never became familiar, nor did he, even in later days, often venture to converse in aught but Spanish. Siliceo was not long in winning the affection of his royal pupil, nor did he ever lose his goodwill, for in after days Philip raised him from the position of a humble clergyman to be one of the greatest dignitaries of the Church.

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Of far different type was Don Juan de Zuniga, the tutor who taught Philip to fence, to ride, and to take part in the tilts and tourneys of his day, and who also urged his pupil to take part in the chase, believing the hardy exercise would strengthen his constitution. But neither then, nor when he grew older, was Philip fond of such recreations. Belonging to an ancient family, Don Juan de Zuniga was a courtier, with all the polish belonging to one familiar with courtly ways, and he was therefore fitted to teach the Prince the duties belonging to his royal station. But he could do even more for his pupil by the direct influence of his character, for, knowing well the power to be gained by flattery, Zuniga had yet never lost his love of truth, nor did he trifle with her, as the way of courtiers was.

Thus Philip, flattered on all sides, was never flattered by his courtier guardian. From him he heard only the truth, which, being unaccustomed to plain speaking, he was not always quick to appreciate. To the Emperor, however, Zuniga's honesty was his best qualification for the post to which he had appointed him, and he wrote to his son to honour and reverence his truth-speaking guardian. "If he deals plainly with you, it is for the love he bears you. If he were to flatter you he would be like all the rest of the world, and you would have no one near you to tell you the truth."

Thus under the influence of the gentle Siliceo, and the stronger influence of the truth-speaking Zuniga, Philip grew. A strange, unboylike boy, slow to speak, yet wise beyond his years when speech was necessary. No buoyant, generous prince winning the hearts of all who served him, but a cautious, reserved

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lad, serious, and at times almost melancholy, but already self-possessed and rarely off his guard.

When Philip was twelve, his mother, the Empress Isabella, died, and from that time the Emperor surrounded his young son with statesmen, that even thus early the Prince might gain some insight into the vast system of government which one day he would have to control. The Emperor being frequently called away from Spain, it became necessary to appoint a Regent to carry on the affairs of State. In 1541 Philip was appointed to this important post, which he held under a council of three, the Duke of Alva, whose very name in later years became a terror to the Netherlanders, being on this select council.

Charles, writing to his son of the new responsibilities which awaited him as Regent, refers to the Duke thus: "He is the ablest statesman and the best soldier I have in my dominions; consult him, above all, in military affairs, but do not depend on him entirely; in these or in any other matters. Depend on no one but yourself. The grandees will be too happy to secure your favour, and through you to govern the land. But if you are thus governed it will be your ruin. Make use of all, but lean on none. In your perplexities ever trust in your Maker. Have no care but for Him."

Philip, despite his grave and serious ways, had been indulging in the pastimes and pleasures of his age. Charles had heard of these indulgences, and his letter continues: "On the whole I will admit I have much reason to be satisfied with your behaviour. But I would have you perfect, and, to speak frankly,

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whatever other persons may tell you, you have some things to mend yet." The Emperor in distant lands, with the care of empires on his shoulders, was yet desirous to influence his son's still pliant character.

In 1542 Philip was engaged to Maria, the Princess of Portugal. A year later, the bride and bridegroom both being sixteen years old, arrangements for the wedding were completed. Maria set out from her father's palace in Lisbon for the ancient city of Salamanca, for it was there that the ceremony was to be performed. A splendid train, led by the most powerful lord in Andalusia, met the Princess on the borders of Spain. Even the mules which drew the litters were shod with gold. At Badajoz a palace was gorgeously adorned for the reception of the bride. Not only were the countless draperies of golden cloth, but sideboards and couches were of burnished silver. Thus sumptuous as the entrance into fairyland was the entrance into Spain of the young Princess. As she approached Salamanca a long procession came out to greet her. The University sent her rector and professors in their academic gowns; the judges followed in their robes of office—crimson velvet, with hose and shoes of spotless white; while gayest of all were the military in their glittering uniforms. Thus escorted, to the sound of music and the shouts of the populace, Princess Maria arrived at the gates of Salamanca.

Philip, meantime, with a burst of rare impatience, had sallied out of the palace, with a few attendants disguised as huntsmen. Five or six miles from the city they had met the procession, and Philip, with a slouched hat and face well hidden by a gauze

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mask, mingled with the crowd and pressed close to the side of the Princess. Thus, unknown to all, he caught his first glimpse of his bride, and, keeping pace with the procession, followed it to the gates of the city. The following day, November 12, the marriage was solemnised. Thereafter for a week the cloistered quiet of Salamanca was invaded by laughter and merriment. Tourneys and tilts of reeds were the fashion of the day, banqueting and dancing the order of the night. On November 19 Philip and his bride left the ancient city to its wonted tranquillity and proceeded to the palace at Valladolid. Here, two years later, was born the celebrated Don Carlos, and Maria died, leaving Philip, himself but a lad, alone with his infant son.

Meanwhile the Emperor, after a hard but successful career abroad, had withdrawn to Brussels. For six years he had seen but little of his son, and he now desired not only to see him, but to introduce to the Netherlanders the prince who would one day be their ruler. Instructions were therefore sent to Philip to come to Flanders after having reorganised his household on the Burgundian model. This would, Charles believed, flatter the Flemings, who had been accustomed to the pomp and grandeur of the former princes of that house. In obedience, therefore, to the orders of the Emperor, Philip remodelled his household, creating new positions, and placing in them nobles of the highest rank, filling even the more simple posts in his household with men of rank. Formerly he had dined alone, but now he dined in public and in great state, surrounded by nobles and attended by celebrated musicians and minstrels. But this change

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was pleasing neither to Philip nor to his Spanish nobles, to whom the simple customs of the Castilians were dearer than the grandeur and formality of the Burgundian court.

It was, then, in the autumn of 1548 that Philip began his journey, accompanied by a brilliant retinue. A Genoese fleet awaited the Prince at the nearest port, commanded by the veteran of many a battlefield, the world-famed Andrew Doria. Over the fifty vessels riding at anchor, the imperial flag flaunted gaily in the breeze. The passage to Genoa was accomplished in safety, though the fleet encountered stormy weather. A magnificent galley, in which were the doge and principal senators, came out beyond the port to welcome Philip. He landed amid the jubilation of the Genoese, and was lodged in the palace of the Dorias, a palace famous for the beauty of its architecture. While here, he received from the Pope, who foresaw in him a true champion of the Church, the gift of a consecrated sword, and also a hat worn by his Holiness on Christmas Eve.

A fortnight later Philip and his retinue resumed their journey. They crossed the battlefield of Pavia, where Francis I. had yielded himself a prisoner, and where the fortune of the day had been decided by the sally of a Spanish ambushade—crossed it exulting in the generalship of their Emperor and the valour of his troops. From Pavia Philip passed on to Milan. Along a road spanned for fifty miles by triumphal arches the people thronged to meet the Prince. Nearer the town a special escort of two hundred gentlemen met him, clad in complete armour of the finest Milanese workman-

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ship. After some weeks spent in festivities, but little pleasing to Philip, he said farewell to Milan and set out for the North.

In Germany he was joined by a body of two hundred mounted arquebusiers, wearing his own yellow uniform, and commanded by a Netherland noble, the Duke of Aerschot. These had been sent as an additional escort by his father. Everywhere along the route, by Munich, Trent, Heidelberg, multitudes crowded, anxious to catch at least a glimpse of the young prince who would one day wield the mightiest sceptre in Europe. After a journey of four months Philip at length reached Brussels. Here the enthusiasm of the people was unbounded. The expectant crowds vented their excitement in shouts and cheers, while amid the roar of cannon, the ringing of bells from every tower and steeple, Philip made his first entry into the land of the Netherlands.

Not till the public reception was over were Charles and Philip free to embrace. The separation between them had been a long one, and the father noted with pleasure the changes time had wrought on his son. Philip was now twenty-one, below medium height, slight and well-built. His likeness to his father was marked, though his features were of a less intellectual type. He had a fair, even delicate complexion at this time, blue eyes with eyebrows closely knit together, and with hair and beard of light yellow. His dress was suitable to his position, though devoid of ornament. In manner he was still, as in his boyhood, grave and ceremonious, and indeed his demeanour seemed to suit his slow, deliberate nature. And Charles,

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noting all these things, was well pleased with the appearance and manner of his successor.

After a long residence in Brussels, Philip prepared to carry out the object of his journey to the Netherlands. This was to make a tour through the Provinces, to receive proofs of the people's loyalty to him as to their future lord, and himself to learn something of their characters and country. There was indeed no lack of loyalty in the welcome accorded to the Prince. The Provinces vied with each other in the splendour of the reception they offered him. The joyous entrance prepared for him into Antwerp surpassed in outlay and in magnificence the welcome of all other towns save Brussels.

Philip, already surfeited by these displays, from which he was naturally averse, could not but be aware of the unparalleled efforts made by the citizens of Antwerp to welcome their future sovereign. A company of magistrates and notable burghers, "all attired in cramoisy velvet," and attended by pages in gorgeous liveries, followed by four hundred citizens and soldiers in full uniform, went forth from the city to receive him. In streets and squares triumphal arches, hung with fruit and flowers, abounded, and every possible form of respect and affection was lavished on the Prince and on the Emperor, who accompanied him. Charles V. responded with the cordiality which was well known and well loved by the people, but Philip's icy manner never thawed, nor did his haughty glance soften as he acknowledged these and similar transports of joy.

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The result of the tour was not to add to Philip's popularity. The more the Netherlanders saw of him, the less did they like him; indeed there were those who could only speak of him as "detestable," as they compared his scornful manner with the easy familiarity of his father. And Philip encouraged the feeling of dislike which had been engendered, by obtruding on every occasion his foreign taste. His thoughts were Spanish, and were spoken aloud in that language. His friends and counsellors were of his own race, and he did not hesitate to let it be known that he found his absence from Spain disagreeable. There was therefore but little regret when the time came for Philip to leave the Netherlands.

He again sailed in the fleet of the famous Doria, and landing at Barcelona in July 1551, he hastened to Valladolid, there to resume the government of the country that was dear to him. His return was gladly welcomed by the Spaniards, to whom Philip was endeared by those traits which were characteristic of the national type.

Three years later, in 1554, the Prince again left Spain. He journeyed to England that the marriage arranged for him by Charles V. with Mary Tudor, Queen of that country, might be solemnised. Urged by the Emperor and Queen Mary of Hungary, Philip laid aside the cold and haughty air that had impressed the Netherlanders so unfavourably, and showed such "gentleness and humanity" on his journey to England that he charmed all whom he met. After landing at Southampton, Philip was escorted by the Earl of Pembroke and a body of English archers to

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Winchester. As they proceeded the rain fell in torrents, and through the storm a cavalier was seen riding at full speed towards them. He brought a ring for Philip from Queen Mary, and an entreaty that he would not travel farther till the storm had spent itself. The Prince, not understanding English, and fearful of evil in a country where he was disliked by the populace, believed the cavalier had ridden to warn him of impending danger. He instantly drew up and consulted with the Duke of Alva and Egmont, who attended him. Seeing his dismay, one of the English courtiers rode up and explained the Queen's message. Relieved of his alarm, Philip no longer hesitated, but with his red cloak wrapped closely round him and a broad beaver slouched over his eyes, pushed doggedly forward in spite of the tempest, and that evening he met Mary for the first time. Two days later they were married in the Cathedral at Winchester, the ceremony lasting nearly four hours.

After a few days of feasting and merriment, Philip and Mary made their public entry into London. Philip, still with his conciliatory manner, gained greatly on the goodwill of the people. But his spirit, haughty as ever, could not easily brook the subordinate part which he was compelled to play in public to the Queen; for, despite Mary's wishes, the Parliament had never yielded so far as to consent to Philip's coronation as King of England. Nor was it without difficulty that he suited himself to the tastes and habits of the English. The effort to do so grew daily more irksome. For these reasons Philip, as also his followers, who cared as little as their master for the strange

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customs of the English nation, hailed with pleasure a summons from the Emperor to join him in Flanders. Mary prevailed on her husband to linger yet a few weeks in England. Thereafter, with a heavy heart, she accompanied him down the Thames as far as Greenwich, where they parted. Philip reached Flanders in safety, and proceeded to Brussels, there to be present at the abdication of the Emperor. It was at this great ceremony, as we have seen, that Philip became sovereign of the Netherlands. Nor was it long before the youthful ruler received from Charles V. the whole of his vast possessions.

Philip, ruler of the Netherlands, became also King of Spain and of both Sicilies. As to the father, so now to the son, belonged the arrogant title, "Absolute Dominator" in Asia, Africa, and America. He became Duke of Milan and both Burgundies, and if he had not the responsibilities of kingship, he had at least the title of King in England, France, and Jerusalem.

CHAPTER IV

PHILIP IN THE NETHERLANDS

AS sovereign of the Netherlands Philip's first act was to visit the Provinces to receive from them their oaths of allegiance. He was but little known to his new subjects, for it was now seven years since he had first visited the Provinces, damping the enthusiasm of the people by his cold, ungracious manner. The impression of disappointment had been renewed by Philip's unfortunate reserve and inability to speak to the people in their own language on the occasion of Charles V.'s abdication, which had just taken place. In spite of this his tour through the Provinces was prepared for with an eagerness which might well have gratified the new ruler.

But once again enthusiasm was met by indifference. Philip rode through the streets of the different Provinces shut up in a carriage, seemingly anxious to escape from the gaze of his subjects, while their demonstrations of loyalty served only to annoy him; and it was scarcely surprising that as the tour was drawing to a close the enthusiasm of the Provinces

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waned. Slowly they realised that they, with their country, had passed into the hands of a foreigner, to whom their nature and their customs were alien.

On his return to Brussels Philip proceeded to appoint a Regent in the place of Queen Mary of Hungary, who had resigned the post on the abdication of Charles V. His choice fell on the Duke of Savoy, a vagrant cousin of his own, who was yet a brave and experienced soldier, having indeed been beloved by the Emperor as one of his most successful commanders. War being his element, his adventurous spirit had but little love for peace. Yet at the moment of his appointment to the Regency of the Netherlands peace reigned. For Charles, who had waged war all his life, thinking to make his son's career more smooth than had been his own, attempted, as the last act of his reign, to procure peace among the nations. By his efforts a treaty of truce, rather than of peace, had been signed on the 5th February 1555, a truce of five years by land and sea for France, Spain, Flanders, and Italy, and for all the dominions of the French and Spanish monarchs. Unfortunately those who signed the treaty had no intention of keeping it longer than was convenient.

Meanwhile, however, the Netherlands especially rejoiced that at last peace reigned. And they had reason to do so. For to furnish money and soldiers had been their part throughout the long campaigns of their Emperor, and even victory when it came had brought them little benefit.

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Antwerp, whose trade had suffered greatly during the long wars of Charles V., believed that with the truce her troubles would be over. Her rebound from depression to rejoicing was, as ever, exuberant. Oxen were roasted whole in her streets, barrels of wine were freely distributed to the citizens, and triumphant arches adorned the pathways. And while the Netherlands were, as was their way, feasting and ringing merry bells and lighting bonfires, Philip, knowing well how unstable was the treaty, had even now begun to revolve new military schemes—schemes which would once more plunge his unconscious subjects into the horrors of war. Vain indeed were the rejoicings of the Netherlanders, for a year later the truce was broken by the French King Henry.

Philip, finding his expectation of war realised, crossed to England, there to cajole the Queen, and if possible to browbeat her ministers to join with him in war against France. He spent three months in England, and, as a Spanish historian tells us, did more than any one could have believed possible with that proud and indomitable nation. He caused her to declare war against France with fire and sword, by sea and land. Queen Mary, always willing to gratify Philip, and on this occasion supported by her Parliament, sent an army of 8000 men to join in the war against France. These—cavalry, infantry, and scouts—were all clad in blue uniform.

Philip meanwhile returned in haste to the Netherlands, and at once gave orders to organise a large army, composed mainly of troops belonging to the Netherlands. With some German auxiliaries, the army

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of 85,000 foot and 12,000 horse assembled under the Duke of Savoy, who, as Governor-General of the Netherlands, held the chief command. All the well-known nobles of the Provinces were present with the troops, Orange, Aerschot, Berlaymont, Meghem, Brederode; but conspicuous among them all was Lamoral, Count of Egmont, the life and soul of the army.

In the thirty-sixth year of his age, handsome and valiant, Count Egmont was eager to win new laurels in the campaign that was just beginning. Prompt in emergency, bold almost to rashness, he was accounted one of the most distinguished generals in the Spanish service as he took his place at the head of the King's cavalry in 1557. But as a statesman he was singularly unsuccessful, being vacillating and vain, and easily led by those who understood the weakness of his character.

In the beginning of the campaign the tactics of the Duke of Savoy were to deceive the enemy. The real point of attack being Saint Quentin, the army was directed to make a feint upon the city of Guise, in order that the enemy might draw off their forces from the real point of danger. Montmorency, the Constable of France, was not, however, deceived by this expedient. Knowing that Saint Quentin was the most dangerous point on the enemy's route towards Paris, he was convinced that it was the city which was in reality to be attacked. And his conviction was correct, information reaching him from the well-known Admiral Coligny that the Spanish army, after remaining

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three days before Guise, had withdrawn and invested Saint Quentin with their entire force.

Saint Quentin, standing on a height, protected on one side by a great stretch of morass, through which flowed a branch of the river Somme, was a wealthy city, whose inhabitants were thriving and industrious. A detachment of the Dauphin's regiment, commanded by Teligny, was in the city. Both Teligny and Captain Brueuil, commandant of the town, informed Coligny of the urgent need of reinforcements, both of men and supplies, if the city were to be able to sustain a siege.

Coligny, knowing well that dire indeed would be the consequences should Saint Quentin fall, and the enemy be thus left free to march unopposed on Paris, determined to go to the help of the besieged city. Without delay he set out, but it was too late to introduce help by the route he had taken, for it was already occupied by the English, who had joined the Duke of Savoy and were now in the camp before Saint Quentin. Coligny, however, in his anxiety had ridden in advance of his army, and thus he, with the few troops which had followed him closely, was able to gain an entrance into the city. Having done this he resolved either to effect her deliverance or to share her fate. The presence of the Admiral inspired in the inhabitants of the beleaguered city a confidence which he did all in his power to increase, but which he could not share; for, gazing over the country from one of the highest towers in the city, he tried in vain to discover fords across the morass by means of which supplies might be introduced.

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Meanwhile the garrison was daily growing weaker. Coligny ordered those not engaged in active defence to leave the city, while the women he ordered to be lodged in the Cathedral and other churches, where they were locked in, lest by their tears they should weaken or depress the garrison. At the same time the defences of the city were strengthened and all that was possible was done to confirm the resolution of the inhabitants to withstand the siege. Still affairs were growing desperate, and the Admiral wrote to Montmorency that without relief the city could not hold out more than a few days, while at the same time he told him of a route he had discovered by which it might yet be possible to relieve the city. This route was across the morass, which at certain places was traversed by a few narrow and difficult pathways, usually under water, and by a running stream which could only be crossed in boats. No sooner did Coligny's information reach the Constable than he set out at once with 4000 infantry and 2000 horse. Halting his troops at a small village, Montmorency himself walked to the edge of the morass to view the ground and prepare his plans. Thereafter his decision was to attempt to introduce men and supplies by the plan suggested by the Admiral, who had undertaken to provide the boats that were necessary to cross the stream.

On the 10th August 1557 the Constable had advanced far enough to see that his project would have to be carried out in full view of the enemy, for the Spanish army, under the Duke of Savoy, was encamped near the morass, and their white tents

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stretched far beyond the river. On Montmorency's right stood a windmill, commanding a ford of the river which led to the Spanish camp. The building was in the possession of a small company of the besieging troops, and while it was held by them it was impossible for the Constable to advance. The mill accordingly was secured, and Montmorency, placing a detachment under the Prince of Condé at that point, felt he might safely proceed; for in the meanwhile a cannonade directed upon the quarters of the Duke of Savoy had torn his tent to pieces, and he had been forced to abandon his position and to withdraw his camp three miles farther down the river. Taking advantage of his success, Montmorency at once began to move his soldiers across the morass. It was then that the real difficulties of the passage were apparent. Many of the soldiers lost the narrow and submerged pathways and fell floundering into the morass, while the boats promised by Coligny for the passage across the stream did not appear until two hours had elapsed. The delay was serious, and even when they at last arrived, the boats were so small that each as it left the shore was overcrowded by the eager soldiers and in imminent danger of being swamped. In the middle of the stream, the risk being apparent, some of the soldiers jumped out to lighten the load. Many were drowned, and those who reached the opposite shore were unable to land owing to the steep and treacherous nature of the bank. Some of the boats stuck fast in the marshy water, and while trying to free themselves were subjected to the fire of Spanish troops stationed on an eminence that commanded the stream. In the end there were few who entered the town, but among those who did were

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Andelot, the brother of Coligny, and about five hundred of his troops.

Meanwhile in Count Egmont's tent, to which the Duke of Savoy had hastily retreated, a council was being held. Should the Constable be allowed to retire with the army he had failed to introduce into Saint Quentin, or should an engagement be risked? Amid the deliberations and the indecisions of the officers, Egmont's voice was heard. Vehement and eloquent as ever, the Count urged an immediate encounter. The Constable, on a desperate venture, had placed himself and the bravest troops of France in their grasp. Could they dream of letting them depart unhindered? His fiery words had the desired effect, and it was determined to cut off the Constable's retreat.

Montmorency, finding it impossible to throw the body of his troops into the besieged city, and realising the danger of his position, had resolved to withdraw. Remembering, however, a narrow pass between steep and closely hanging hills where it would be easy to intercept his retreat, the Constable, who, when advancing, had merely guarded the spot with a company of carabineers, now determined to further safeguard it, and for this purpose he sent forward the Duc de Nevers with four companies of cavalry.

But his act of caution came too late. Egmont's quick eye had already detected the narrow defile, and immediately 2000 of his cavalry had been sent to occupy the narrow passage. The Duc de Nevers, reaching the fatal spot, found it already occupied by the Spanish troops. His first impulse was to order a

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headlong charge, which indeed might possibly have cleared the pass and left an exit for the Constable had he followed up the movement by a rapid advance. But his orders had been strict, that no engagement was to be risked, and as he hesitated the passage was completely blocked by fresh troops of Spanish and Flemish cavalry, while the Duc was forced to fall back on the mill where the Prince of Condé, with the light horse, had been stationed. Here they were joined by the Constable with the main body of the army. Having failed to secure the pass, Montmorency knew that escape was well-nigh impossible; the morass was behind them, in front and on either side the enemy. No sooner had they come in sight of the pass than the signal of assault was given by Count Egmont himself. The camp followers in the French army, a motley, undisciplined crew, fled at the sight of the foe, and in their flight carried confusion throughout the army. The cavalry was nearly destroyed at the first onset, while that part of the infantry which still held firm and attempted to continue its retreat was completely annihilated. The defeat was complete, the Constable himself being wounded and taken prisoner, most of his officers also being in the same plight. The Duc de Nevers and the Prince of Condé had escaped in some miraculous way, though the Spaniards apparently did not believe in their safety; for when Nevers sent a trumpeter, after the battle was over, to the Duke of Savoy to petition the exchange of prisoners, the trumpeter was called an impostor and the letter a forgery, so hard did the victors find it to believe that Nevers still lived.

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Philip II. might well be proud of his army, of whom but fifty had lost their lives. He arrived in camp the day after the battle was won, the Duke of Savoy hailing him as victor, and laying at his feet the banners and other trophies of the fight. Philip cordially congratulated the General on his success, and at the same time acknowledged the promptness and bravery of Count Egmont, to whose readiness and insight the success was mainly due. The victory had saved the Flemish frontier, and this was enough to account for the unmixed joy with which it was hailed by the Netherlanders. "Egmont and Saint Quentin!" The name of the brave Hollander rang throughout the Provinces. "Egmont and Saint Quentin!"—the names were shouted henceforth as the battle-cry of the army.

Among the Spanish officers there was not a doubt that the victory would be followed up by an immediate march upon Paris, but they had forgotten to take into account the lack of enthusiasm and the abundance of caution possessed by their King. The city of Saint Quentin, although defended by only 800 soldiers, was still untaken. Philip feared to leave it behind. He also feared that the Duc de Nevers, who was in front with the wreck of the French army, might organise fresh troops and intercept his army in its victorious march upon Paris. Thus timidly the fruits of Count Egmont's great triumph on the battlefield of Saint Quentin were lost.

And Coligny, shut up in the city, was still holding out bravely, knowing that every day the siege lasted gave his nation a day longer to recover from the heavy blow that had been dealt her. Yet the condition of the

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besieged was desperate. Toil and exposure, with but a scanty supply of food, had done its work and left them feeble and despondent. In spite of failures, Coligny still talked hopefully of resources at his command. If any should hear him even hint at surrender, he gave them leave to tie him hand and foot and throw him into the moat; while, should he hear so much as a whisper of surrender, he himself would tie the whisperer hand and foot and throw him into the moat. But if the Admiral's words were brave, so likewise were his deeds, for, learning from a fisherman of a submerged path, he succeeded in bringing into the city by means of it 150 soldiers. The pathway being covered several feet deep in water, it was true that the soldiers entered the city unarmed and half drowned; yet even thus they were greeted gladly as more fit to fight than were many of the city's well-nigh starved defenders. Mining and countermining were now resorted to, and for a week a steady cannonade was directed against the wall of the city.

On the 21st of August, eleven breaches having been made, an assault at four of these openings was commanded. Citizens were stationed on the walls, soldiers manned the breaches, resisting every attack with the greatest bravery, inspired by the spirit of the heroic Admiral. The contest was short but severe. Suddenly an entrance was gained by the Spaniards through a tower, which, being strong, had been left unguarded. Coligny, rushing to the spot, fought almost single-handed, but was overcome and taken prisoner. In the streets the fight raged fiercely, Andelot, Coligny's brother, resisting to the last. Half an hour

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from the time the Spaniards had effected an entrance, resistance had ceased. The town was won, and Philip, arriving in the trenches by noon, in complete armour, with his helmet carried by a page, was told the city was his own.

A terrible scene followed. The victorious troops spread over the town, killing and torturing all whom they met, till women and little children fled in terror, hiding themselves as chance served them in cellar or garret, anywhere to escape the soldiers. Fire breaking out in the city added to the horror of the situation, but nothing could daunt the troops in their eager search for booty. Heedless of danger, they dashed through the flames to secure were it only some broken image which might be converted into coin. For nearly three days the fires blazed and the soldiers plundered, and when at length the flames were extinguished and the soldiers under discipline, the city was well-nigh ruined. Many of the women and children who had again sought shelter in the Cathedral were crouched together anxiously awaiting their fate. On the 29th August they were driven by Philip's orders into French territory, for Saint Quentin, which seventy years before had been a Flemish town, was to be reannexed, every single man, woman, or child who could speak the French language being banished from the city. Few, if any, were the men who had escaped the siege or the sack of the city, but 8500 women, starving, desperately wounded, and for the most part husbandless, fatherless and brotherless, were escorted by a company of armed troopers out of their native city. Children between two and six years of age were alone transported in carts, the

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rest of the homeless multitude having to make the journey on foot.

After Saint Quentin had fallen, time was wasted in the siege of a few unimportant places, and in September Philip disbanded his army and returned to Brussels. The campaign of 1557 was ended.

In January of the following year the French were again in the field, with a large army under the Duke of Guise. But Philip was now anxious to conciliate Henry, that together they might wage a warfare against a common foe, even against heresy, which Henry held in horror, and which Philip himself believed was the arch-enemy of France and Spain, and indeed of the whole world. With the hope, therefore, of furthering Philip's desire for reconciliation with France, the Bishop of Arras, on behalf of the King of Spain, met the Cardinal de Lorraine, the representative of the French King. Before they separated, the Bishop had convinced the Cardinal that peace with Spain would advance, not only the glory of his country, but his own house. He accordingly returned to France resolved to use his influence on the side of peace; resolved, too, to induce Henry to join in a crusade with Philip against all heretics to be found in their dominions.

Before these plans had time to ripen, a new campaign and fresh disaster to France predisposed Henry to move in the direction desired by his Cardinal. The battle of Gravelines, in July of the year 1558, won by the Dutch hero Egmont, was of so decisive a nature

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as to settle the fate of the war. It also placed Philip in a position from which he could dictate terms of peace.

With King Henry tired of defeat, and Philip eager to begin his battle with heresy, with the Duke of Savoy now in favour of peace, and the people of the Netherlands clamouring for it, the treaty of Cateau-Cambresis was readily signed in 1559. The Prince of Orange and the Duke of Alva were among the commissioners who acted for Philip on this occasion, and were also, along with the Duke of Aerschot and the Count of Egmont, hostages with the King of France for the execution of the terms of the treaty of Cateau-Cambresis. During the negotiations Philip lost both his father, and his wife Mary Tudor, Queen of England. But while Philip mourned, his subjects in the Netherlands were once again rejoicing at the prospect of peace. Once again joybells were ringing, while for nine days business was suspended that the populace might join in the national enthusiasm; and once again Philip found himself in but little sympathy with the mood of his subjects. Peace had been made not that the industrious citizens should leave their industries and ring their joybells and strew their flowers along the streets. It had been made for other and sterner reasons, as the people would soon learn. Peace would leave Philip free to combat heresy, and to crush it in its strongholds, which were at present to be found in his own dominions, notably in the provinces of the Netherlands. Peace would also leave him free to return to Spain, and of this he was speedily to take advantage, believing that from his distant Cabinet he could better

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carry out his designs against the religious freedom of his Netherlander subjects.