

came the victim of small-pox—the foul disease that had proved fatal to more than one of his race. Great consternation took hold of his countrymen and the allies of Holland, and gloomy forebodings seized the Council. “What would become of the country, its liberties and religion, if the Prince should be called away,” were questions on every tongue. The roar of commerce was hushed, and the very children spoke softly to each other as they passed through the streets. The old Hague was crowded night and day by anxious men and women seeking for hourly information as to his state, and when the heaven-sent messenger of Hope visited the chamber of suffering, she cheered first the heart of the physicians, who stood round the sick bed, and then, appearing to the multitudes without, sent a thrill of joy from heart to heart. His recovery was rapid, and we are told that congratulations from Kings and Kaisers poured in upon him from all sides. King Louis, whose temper he had sorely tried, with native politeness, sent him a pleasant message to this effect—“Assure his Highness,” he said, “that, although he had cause of offence, yet on that account his affection for himself and his family had not lessened.” William not less polite, replied, thanking the King for his expressions of regard, and heartily reciprocating the same. This kindly incident reminds us of the genial conduct of the French and English soldiers during the Peninsular war. Firing at each other during the day, and at night when