

Republic was led out to die ; more than three score years and ten, older than the Republic over whose liberties he had watched in their feeble beginnings and in their matured strength—the aged Barneveldt. Leaning on his staff with one hand and supported by his servant, he walked composedly to the place of execution. “O God, what is man !” he exclaimed as he ascended the scaffold. He knelt down on the rough boards and said, “My friends, believe not that I am a traitor ; I have lived a good patriot, and such I die !” and then bowed his venerable head to the decapitating stroke.

The death sentence of Grotius was commuted to imprisonment for life. He was placed in the castle of Louvenstein, on the island of Brommelwoit, and his goods confiscated. At first his imprisonment was rigid ; by degrees its severity abated and his faithful wife was permitted to be with him. He beguiled the hours by study ; ancient and modern literature engaged his attention. Sunday he devoted to prayer and theology. He wrote a book on the Truth of the Christian Religion in Flemish verse for Dutch sailors, to assist them in instructing the natives of heathen countries, whom they might meet in their voyages. He continued his commentary upon the Scriptures, revised the plays of Euripides, the Greek poet, and the ethics of Seneca, the Roman philosopher.

After remaining in prison two years, his wife, impatient at his unjust incarceration, devised plans for his release. She noticed that the chest, three and a half feet long, used for conveyance of his books, linen, etc., was not examined as at first, in its passage to and from the prison. She entrusted the secret to her sympathizing faithful maid, had holes bored in the chest, persuaded Grotius to be nailed up in it—had it consigned to David Bazelaar, town clerk of Garcum, South Holland, some five miles from the castle. The box was removed to the boat. The guard spoke of its weight—wished to open it—the maid adroitly suggested “All right—Arminian books are heavy !” When the boat reached the landing from the castle island, our true-hearted maid cunningly suggested to some unemployed labourers, “glass is heavy and easily broken,” and employed two men to move the chest on a hand frame carefully to the house of Mr. Bazelear.