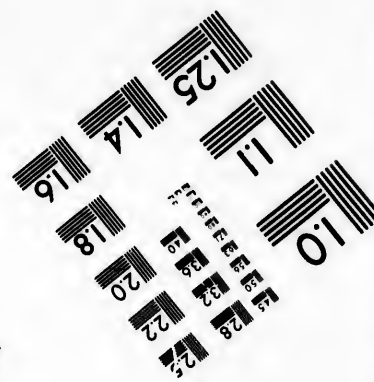
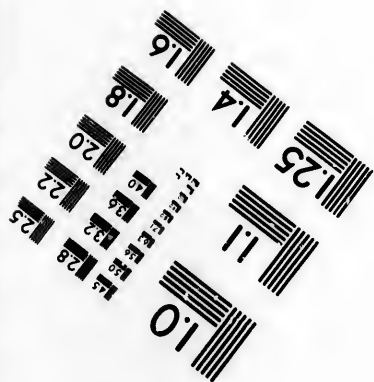
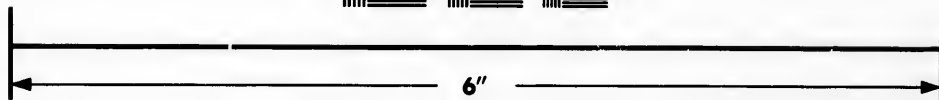
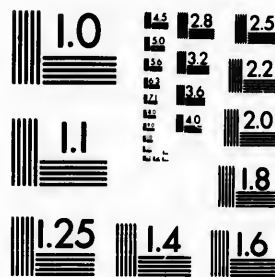


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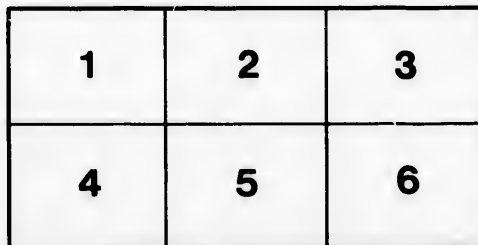
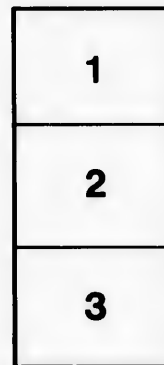
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THE LIFE  
OF  
WILLIAM III.,

Prince of Orange

AND  
KING OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND

BY HISTORICUS,

OF BELFAST, IRELAND.

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"SANS PEUR ET SANS REPROCHE."

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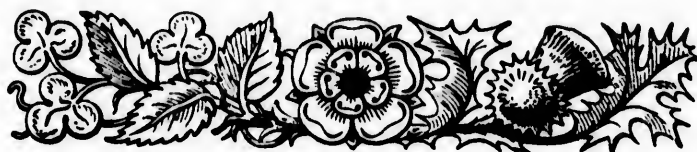
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The Life of William the Third,

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## P R E F A C E .



**A** FEW words may seem necessary as a reason for the publication of another life of King William III. One reason might suffice for all, viz.—that, since Macaulay wrote his great History of England, no concise life of the real founder of our Protestant liberties has been published in this country. It appeared, therefore, to the author of the present little work, that a short narrative of the life of the Prince of Orange would not be out of place, and he has ventured to publish what he trusts will help to illustrate, in a humble degree, the career of a Monarch whom the late Prince



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Consort characterised as one of the greatest Sovereigns that ever occupied the English Throne.

Moreover, the present period seemed to the author most opportune. Recent movements of the Roman Hierarchy for the revival of the mediæval power of the Church, and also the proclamation of its startling dogmas—the Immaculate Conception and Papal Infallibility—appeared to demand new and skilful treatment on the part of free Governments. What was done by England in the past may require to be repeated in the future, and it will be well for her if, when the hour of trial comes, she be found faithful to her traditions, and prompt to place her old ægis of Truth between her children and the advancing tide of slavery and error.

BELFAST, *May*, 1876.



# LIFE OF WILLIAM III.

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## CHAPTER I.

*“Vulgar parents cannot stamp their race,  
With signatures of majestic grace.”*

—HOMER.

THE illustrious family of Nassau, of which William III. of Orange, our noble king, was so famous a member, is one of the most ancient of the princely houses of Germany. Historians have endeavored to trace its origin to a date verging on the Roman invasion of Northern Europe, and many doughty deeds are recorded of heroes about whose very being and surroundings grave doubts exist. But there is abundant evidence within the period of authentic history to demonstrate the eminent *role* which it was the glory of this distinguished family to work out. A hardy and resolute race from the first, they carved a name for themselves wherever their destiny led

them ; and when in the order and course of Providence a member of the house settled in Holland, the sturdy proprietors of its oozy polders and rich pasture lands very rapidly fell in with his aims and aspirations. By a long and painful preparation the people of the Netherlands were gradually educated to know what liberty meant. The ancient Batavians, their remote ancestors, had struggled manfully with the Roman legions, and had often victoriously driven them over the two-forked Rhine, and, retiring within their dense Hyrcanian forests, defied the haughty Cæsars. Through the many slowly passing centuries the brave savages, by steady steps, rose with the rising lands to become one of the most industrious races in Europe. At first sight it strikes a cursory observer as strange that cultivated Italians should have envied so sad a swamp as Holland must have been at that pristine period. Yet so it was. The lust of conquest is insatiable : so, in the end, the "Low Countries"—fit appellation for the place—became in turn the hunting-grounds for Romans, Germans, Spaniards, and Frenchmen, who with restless energy tried to deprive the resolute inhabitants of their dearly-earned wealth and liberties. The story of the growth of this wealth and those liberties are interesting, but too long for the space at our disposal. Suffice it to say that, after centuries of continual trouble and suffering, the foundation of the future greatness of Holland was securely laid. From the hour when the Netherlands freed themselves from

France—during the reign of Charles the Simple, the last Carolingian King, in 922—an advance forward is distinctly noticeable, and it was at this time that the various Dutch dukedoms, earldoms, and other small sovereignties became hereditary. Then arose the Counts of Hainault, Namur, Luxemburg, Gueldres, Limburg, Zutphen, and many others, who said their mighty say, and held aloft their haughty heads to the stars. But what is of more importance, it was through the course of events at this period, and the pride and insolence of these petty autocrats in league with the enemies of the country, that Holland (North), Zeland, Utrecht, Oversyssel, Dreuthe, Groningen, and Friesland—all close one to the other, and forming but an insignificant part of Charlemagne's empire—became closely allied, and ultimately constituted those United Provinces which, under Republican forms of Government, carried their power over the known globe, enriched Europe with the treasures of the East, and what is of infinitely more value, taught the nations that independence of spirit without which no people can become great or respected. Gradually, also, arose the numerous cities whose art treasures and curious public buildings are, to this day, objects of the deepest interest—cities too, which, in their pride and intelligence, created the municipal idea, and exhibited to the world the true principles of liberty and self-government. “At last,” says an eloquent writer, “in the sixteenth century a new and powerful spirit, the

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genius of religious freedom, comes to participate in one great conflict. Arbitrary power, incarnated in the second Charlemagne, assails the new combination with unscrupulous, unforgiving fierceness. Venerable civic magistrates, haltered, grovel in sackcloth and ashes; innocent religious reformers burn in holocausts. By the middle of the century the battle rages more fiercely than ever. In the little Netherlands' territory, humanity bleeding but not killed, still stands at bay and defies the hunters. The two great powers have been gathering strength for centuries. They are soon to be matched in a longer and more determined combat than the world had ever seen: The Emperor (Charles V.) is about to leave the stage. The Provinces, so passionate for nationality, for municipal freedom, for religious reformation, are to become the property of an utter stranger—a prince foreign to their blood, their tongue, their religion, their whole habits of life and thought. Such was the political, religious, and social condition of a nation who were now to witness a new and momentous spectacle." That spectacle we shall revert to immediately.

Recurring to the family of Nassau, and to the antiquity of the House, it is on record that in one member, at least—Adolphus of Nassau—a successor of Rudolph of Hapsburg, founder of the Austrian royal dignities, was vested the imperial purple. Otho, count of Nassau by marriage, acquired in the twelfth century the countries of Guelderland and Zutphen: and

another Otho, also secured a large territory in the Low Countries. Then followed—not in order of succession, but of fame—Engelbert, John of Nassau, Henry and William. History tells us, that Henry of Nassau by his influence with Francis I. of France, secured the Imperial dignity to the famous Charles V., and on the day of his coronation placed the crown on the Emperor's head. At a future period he was sent to France to do homage for the counties of Flanders and Artois and while there Francis gave him in marriage Claudia de Chalons, only sister of Philibert de Chalons, Prince of Orange. Thus it happened, that the Nassau family having become owners of the Principality of Orange, acquired that world-renowned title, whose glories it should be duty of all true Protestants to hold in faithful remembrance.

Henry's younger brother, William, became a Protestant, and suppressed the Roman Catholic religion in his dominions. He found, as other Rulers have since discovered, that Liberty and Popery are contradictory terms, and can never be reconciled. "No man can serve two masters;" and there must be one authority, or none—the sequel of our history will fully prove this, if proof were needed. This younger brother, so decided in his principles, was honoured to become the father of William of Orange—afterwards called the "Silent," the deliverer of the United Provinces—whose career, so glorious and so wonderful, would take many volumes to record. We can barely do

more than touch upon the history, as an introduction to that of the other and still more illustrious William, whose life we shall humbly attempt to describe.

William I., Prince of Orange, great-grandfather of King William of England, first saw the light in the fastness of Dillenberg, in Nassau, in the year 1533. Very little is recorded of his boyish days, but we are told that in infancy, the Emperor Charles V. having been attracted by his pleasing and intelligent face, placed him, with his sister, the Queen of Hungary, to be educated. The young Prince was brought up in the Roman Catholic religion, to which he adhered till the revolt of the Netherlands. As Gentleman of the Bed-Chamber to the Emperor he speedily became acquainted with many of the State secrets, which he treasured carefully in his own mind. He was much admired for his courage, his perceptive qualities, and his general behaviour. At twenty-two years of age he was raised to the commanding position of Generalissimo of the army on the French frontier. The young Prince acquitted himself in this high and much-coveted position in a manner which gave the greatest satisfaction to his superiors. At the request of the Emperor, he went to France in 1559 as a hostage in connection with the famous Treaty of Cambrai, and it was while in France he became acquainted with the noble and pure-minded Admiral Coligny, whose principles and example exercised a great and

an abiding influence on his mind. In several points these two distinguished men were like each other—wise, moderate, reserved, politic; constant in adversity; often defeated, but never, in spirit, finally conquered; both proscribed, and a price set upon their heads; and both destined to a violent death—thus speak the annals regarding men of whom the world was not worthy.

So highly was the young Prince estimated by the Emperor, that during the imposing ceremony at Brussels, when Charles abdicated his throne in favor of his son Philip, he leant on the shoulder of the Prince of Orange, and showed him other marks of his attachment to him.

It is stated that when William was in France it happened that, while hunting with King Henry, the French King, finding himself alone with the young Prince, and thinking, no doubt, that he was in the secret, revealed the Plot which Philip and himself had concocted for the extirpation of the Protestants (that "accursed vermin," as he called them) in their dominions. William was horror-stricken at the news, yet held his tongue, and behaved himself with such sagacity as completely to deceive the French Monarch. From his conduct in this interview, he received the name of "William the Silent," a title that went down with him to his grave. From that hour his purpose was fixed. Resolved to do his utmost to defeat the machinations of the two Kings, and prevent, if possible



the establishment of the Inquisition in the Netherlands, he found an excuse to return to his home. Though, at this period, he was still nominally a Roman Catholic, he gave his aid and influence in protecting his Protestant dependents, and in warning others to escape the impending ruin. A few years later he became the champion of Protestant truth. It should be remarked that the appellation "Silent" only applied to the incident connected with the French King. In private life he was neither silent, gloomy, reserved, nor taciturn; but, on the contrary, he was bland in his manner, affable, kind, cheerful, and an excellent companion; and the historians tell us that he could speak with great precision and beauty, and had the command of an able, trenchant, and eloquent pen. His attainments in letters were far from contemptible and he could speak with considerable facility the Latin, German, Flemish, French, and Spanish languages.

We must leave our readers to further pursue the history of William the "Silent;" watch his ceaseless struggles with the enemies of his country; his advance to the office of Stadtholder; his noble relief of Leyden, when the Spaniards, after the sluices were opened, dared in vain to face the terrible inroads of the ocean; the crowning of his labours in the foundation of the Dutch Republic, and, finally, his sad and tragical end. No more interesting or profitable study could well be found—a study, too, which, read in the light of the

nineteenth century, throws a flood of information on the secret springs of action which have always animated the Church of Rome.

The story of the Prince's death, as told by a living historian, is so full of interest that we cannot refrain from quoting a passage. Let us preface the account by saying that a secret plot had been formed against his life, one of many, and there is little doubt that the wires were pulled within the Vatican at Rome. The chosen instrument to carry out this cruel design was Balthazar Gerard, a fanatical Catholic, probably a native of Burgundy. He had himself long formed the idea of murdering the Prince of Orange, and when but twenty years of age he had stuck his dagger into a door, saying as he did so, "Would that the blow had been in the heart of the Orange." After the "ban" had been published against the Prince, Balthazar became still more resolved to carry out his plan, and confided it to those who had longed for the death of the "Silent" man for many years. William was living in that old and very curious residence still to be seen in the quiet and sombre village of Delft. Amidst the seclusion of home he enjoyed the happiness of social life, surrounded by a few faithful friends. Little dreamed he or they that the pleasant retirement should so soon become the scene of a great crime and the tragic end of a grand and useful life.

"It was Sunday morning, and the bells were tolling for church. Upon leaving the house he (Gerard)

loitered about the court-yard furtively examining the premises, so that a sergeant of halberdiers asked him why he was waiting there. Balthazar meekly replied that he was desirous of attending Divine worship in the church opposite, but added, pointing to his shabby and travel-stained attire, that without at least a new pair of new shoes and stockings he was unfit to join the congregation. Insignificant as ever, the small, pious, dusty stranger excited no suspicion in the mind of the good-natured sergeant. He forthwith spoke of the wants of Gerard to an officer, by whom they were communicated to Orange himself, and the Prince instantly ordered a sum of money to be given him. Thus Balthazar obtained from William's charity what Parma's thrift had denied—a fund for carrying out his purposes !

“Next morning, with the money thus procured, he purchased a pair of pistols, or small carabines, from a soldier, chaffering long about the price, because the vendor could not supply a particular kind of chopped bullets or slugs which he desired. Before the sunset of the following day that soldier had stabbed himself to the heart, and died despairing on hearing for what purpose the pistols had been bought.

“On Tuesday, the 10th day of July, 1584, at about half-past twelve, the Prince, with his wife on his arm, and followed by the ladies and gentlemen of his family, was going to the dining-room. William the Silent was dressed upon that day according to his usual custom,

in very plain fashion. He wore a wide-leafed, loosely-shaped hat of dark felt, with a silken cord round the crown—such as had been worn by the Beggars in the early days of the revolt. A high ruff encircled his neck, from which also depended one of his Beggar's medals, with the motto, "*Fideles au roy jusqu' a la besace*," while a loose surcoat of grey frieze cloth, over a tawny leather doublet, with wide, slashed underclothes, completed his costume. The whole dress worn by the Prince on this tragical occasion is still to be seen at the Hague, in the National Museum. Gerard presented himself at the doorway, and demanded a passport. The Princess, struck with the pale and agitated countenance of the man, anxiously questioned her husband about the stranger. The Prince carelessly observed, that it was merely a person who came for a passport, ordering at the same time a Secretary forthwith to prepare one. The Princess, still not relieved, observed in an under-tone, that 'she had never seen so villanous a countenance.' Orange, however, not at all impressed with the appearance of Gerard, conducted himself at table with his usual cheerfulness, conversing much with the burgomaster of Leewarden, the only guest present at the family dinner, concerning the political and religious aspects of Friesland. At two o'clock the company rose from table. The Prince led the way, intending to pass to his private apartments above. The dining-room, which was on the ground floor, opened into a little square vesti-

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bule, which communicated, through an arched passage-way, with the main entrance into the court-yard. This vestibule was also directly at the foot of the wooden staircase leading to the next floor, and was scarcely six feet in width. Upon its left side, as one approached the stairway, was an obscure arch, sunk deep into the wall, and completely in the shadow of the door. Behind this arch a portal opened to the narrow lane at the side of the house. The stairs themselves were completely lighted by a large window, half-way up the flight. The Prince came from the dining-room, and began leisurely to ascend. He had only reached the second stair, when a man emerged from the second arch, and standing within a foot or two of him, discharged a pistol full at his heart. Three balls entered his body, one of which, passing quite through him, struck with violence the wall beyond. The Prince exclaimed in French, as he felt the wound, "O my God, have mercy upon my soul!" O my God, have mercy upon this poor people!' These were the last words he ever spoke, save that when his sister Catharine immediately afterwards asked him if he commended his soul to Jesus Christ, he faintly answered 'yes.' His master of the horse, Jacob Van Maldere, had caught him in his arms as the fatal shot was fired. The Prince was then placed on the stairs for an instant, when he immediately began to swoon. He was afterwards laid upon a couch in the dining-

room, where, in a few minutes, he breathed his last in the arms of his wife and sister."

Thus the hell-conceived design to quench this noble heart at last succeeded. Such are the mysterious ways of Providence! Within two years, we are told, five different attempts were made against his life. Rewards of untold gold were offered to any scoundrel who would consent to put him to death. He had been shot through the head and nearly paid the penalty of his indifference to danger. He was a fatalist of the right sort, for he committed all his ways to Him who rules the destinies of all men, and who will not forsake those who place their trust in Him. "God in His mercy," said the good and noble Prince, "will maintain my innocence and my honour during my life and in future ages. As to my fortune and my life, I have dedicated both long since to His service. He will do therewith what pleases Him for His glory and my salvation." Such was William the Silent. "He went through life 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 Christ.' The people were grateful and affectionate, for they 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. As 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."





## CHAPTER II.

*"He was a king, bless'd of the King of Kings."*

Shakespeare, Henry VI.

**OUR** limited space will not permit us to refer to all the children of William the Silent. We must, however, mention the illustrious and courageous Maurice, whose greatness of soul was said to have been worthy of his father. In several decisive battles, both by sea and land, he humbled the pride of Spain, and bravely carried forward the work his father had begun. He has been severely blamed for the death of the patriot Barneveldt, the Pensioner of Holland, and several facts appear to be against him. But the exigencies of the times, and the obstinacy of the Pensioner, have also to be taken into account when considering the public actions of so great a man. After the death of Maurice, in 1625, his brother, Prince Henry Frederick, succeeded to power. His conquest over the Spaniards, rapid and effective as it was, compelled them to renounce their claim to the United



Provinces, and to acknowledge them as an independent State. His only son, William II., Prince of Orange, and Stadholder, was both ambitious, brave, and a little despotic. He also lacked prudence, and became involved in quarrels with the States of Holland—a mistake which he discovered when it was too late. After a foolish, ill-advised and fruitless attack on Amsterdam, he became low-spirited, and died of fever on the 26th October, 1650, in the 24th year of his age. His wife, the Princess Mary, daughter of Charles the First, of England, taking this calamity to heart, gave birth, some days after his death, to a son—William Henry, of Nassau, Prince of Orange, and afterwards William III. of England. History provides us with few details of this event, and, indeed, there is a dearth of materials wherewith to illustrate his early life. There is less to complain of in the political annals of this period, and all the records point to the times as full of troubles, and dark with ominous clouds. He was cradled in anxiety, and men trembled with fear. The rash attempt on Amsterdam by his uncle Maurice had created a strong party against the House of Orange, which soon carried its opposition into effect. At the head of this cabal was the famous Pensionary De Witt, whose influence was exerted to deprive the young Prince of his hereditary honours. Their first meeting-place was at the Hague, within sight of the Palace of Orange, where the infant Stadholder and his noble mother still remained. The meet-

ing carried a resolution by which they practically took away all power to make appointments from the Prince. We are informed that this success so inflated the cabal that they struck a medal in honour of the event.

We have said that the political horizon, at the birth of the Prince, was dark and gloomy. King Charles the First of England, rushing, with eyes blindfolded and ears closed to the calls of a nation, had been but yesterday laid in his tomb, and the Commonwealth been erected on the ruins of the ancient monarchy of England. His unfortunate son, tempting Providence, and also rushing on his fate, had, after the loss of several battles, fled from his home, and was now a wanderer in foreign lands.

France, restless France, was at this period, the hot-bed of intrigues, and the home of assassinations. The Regency of Anne of Austria, at first feeble, though peaceful, was soon complicated and rendered unpopular through the schemes of her Minister, the clever and designing Mazarin, the second great Cardinal Prime Minister of France. By his haughty and tyrannical bearing, he had produced the war of the Fronde—a war which even French historians themselves characterise as childish, and well worthy its juvenile name.\* Paris was filled with tumult and utter confusion. Torn to pieces by rival factions, she was not able to choose for herself. Wars and rumors of wars on all sides,

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\* *Fronde*, a sling used by the children of Paris.

victories here and defeats there, Condé and Frondeurs doing their best to outwit Turenne and the Royalists, and Turenne trying to circumvent the slingers. The Cardinal, quietly watching events and guarding his youthful charge, King Louis XIV., very soon found it easy to out-wit them all, and settle for a time the internal troubles of France.

Germany, after her long thirty years war, had just signed the peace of Westphalia, crowned with the victories of Gustavus Adolphus, whose arm of steel had crushed the power of bigoted Austria. Spain, the region of inquisitions and poniards—no longer under the rule of her great Charles and second Philip—was sunk in ignorance and weakness. Bruised by the sledge hammer of the House of Orange, and destined to still further humiliations from King Louis, her sun seemed hastening too rapidly to the West. Coming nearer home, the destinies of England were now swayed by the mighty Cromwell, whose Ironsides had struck terror into the hearts of the enemies of England.

Such were some of the European surroundings of the infant Prince. The resolution of the States-General was vigorously opposed by the Princess Mary, who endeavoured in vain, to preserve for her son, the various prerogatives to which he was entitled. That resolution, based on ingratitude, proved how uncertain the *vox populi* very frequently becomes. The doughty Burgomasters forgot, too soon, the benefits conferred

upon them by the founder of their liberties. When the Prince was but six years of age, this opposition to his advancement became formidable, and called for the active interference of his friends. The De Witts, two of the most able and experienced statesmen of Holland, on whom the mantle of Barneveldt seemed to have fallen, were, unfortunately, among the most decidedly hostile to Orange. Dark as were the prospects of the young prince, and hopeless as his cause appeared to be, his noble and active mother, the Princess Mary, never lost courage, but continually promoted, in secret and in public, the interests of her son, who, even at this early age, gave evidence of much spirit and determination. The Princess and her party ordered two medals to be struck, with the titles and honours of Orange upon them, that the people might be kept in remembrance of their Prince. One of them, struck in 1657, had on the one side "William III., by the grace of God, Prince of Orange, Count of Nassau," and on the reverse, "Though the Orange tree be fallen, this noble branch has been preserved in the breast of Mary. Thus the Father, like the Phoenix, arises after his death in his son: May he grow, flourish, and, in virtue, excel the greatest prince, to the glory and safety of the country, 1657."

It is said that the Pensioner, John De Witt, who, at this time, swayed the Councils of the States, purposely connived at the non-education of the Prince. What his object could be is not apparent, but almost all

contemporary writers agree, in saying, that there was neglect somewhere. We cannot, however, consent to the belief that the Prince was left in total ignorance of letters. He was a very fair military mathematician, and he could speak, with fluency, at least four languages.

Barren as are the annals of his early life, we find one thing clear enough, and that is his strong desire to emulate the greatness and excellency of his ancestors. There is also this to be noticed, that, probably from the circumstances in which he was placed in those days of trial and intrigue, his manner became reserved and his style somewhat abrupt. There is no evidence to prove the existence of that coldness of heart, which his detractors delight to condemn. His heart was in the right place, and he did not choose to wear it on the outside of his dress. In the sequel of this history, we shall have again to refer to this subject. Among the few remarks about him which we find in books there is one we cannot help quoting, as it gives us another side of his character. The remark is by St. Evremond, who says—"We go now and then to make our court to the young Prince, who shall have reason to complain of me for letting you only know that a person of his age and quality was never master of so good a turn of wit." His coolness in danger and perseverance under difficulties, which seemed insuperable, marked him out as a man capable of glorious and kingly actions.

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When about ten years of age, the death of Cromwell and the return of Charles II. to the throne of his fathers, revived the hopes of the House of Orange. Charles, on leaving Holland, where he had enjoyed the hospitality of the friends of the Prince, vowed eternal friendship for his nephew, which did not prove eternal, and made promises which turned out to be mere ropes of sand. Still, the relationship between the King and Prince tended, undoubtedly, to raise the prestige of the latter. The death from small-pox of his mother, the Princess Mary, who had gone to England in the year 1660 to see her brother, King Charles, saddened Prince William, and was his first great grief. The Princess was buried in King Henry VII.'s chapel at Westminster. The guardianship of the Prince was now committed to his grandmother, Emilia de Solmes, widow of Frederick Henry of Orange. Her fidelity to this important trust is the subject of much commendation by the historians of the time.

“When sorrows come they come not single spies, but in battalions,” says Shakspeare; and so it happened to our hero. The grave of his mother had scarcely been sealed when the irrepressible Louis XIV., of France, now free from the grasp of his great Minister, Cardinal Mazarin, drank his first delirious draught of success as a conqueror. Without ceremony, and destitute of the faintest colour of justice, he seized the small province of Orange and appro-

priated it to himself. It was restored, however, in five years to its rightful owners. This incident illustrates a homely English proverb, that, "It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good," for the mutual dislike thus engendered between them, helped materially to advance the cause of truth and liberty in Europe.

Events now followed each other in rapid succession. Charles II., of England, oblivious of his wordy friendship, had, in the year 1664, for the merest trifle, declared war against the Dutch, which he followed up by sending the fleet, under the Duke of York, to Holland. The Dutch were defeated; lost their Admiral; nearly all their most powerful vessels; and about eight thousand men. This, doubtless, was a signal triumph, effected at an incalculable price. The Dutch, feeling themselves unable to continue the struggle, applied for, and obtained, the fatal aid of Louis, about which more will be said hereafter. Another naval engagement took place under Prince Rupert and Monk, which continued for three days, and ended in a second decisive victory over the Dutch.

It was impossible this could continue long. The two nations were too nearly allied to prolong so insane a struggle, and, so it happened that, on the 9th of July the news reached London that peace had been signed at Breda, and the last gun fired. Just prior to this fortunate event the Dutch fleet had displayed

great determination and bravery, and actually had the hardihood to sail up the Thames; destroy several ships; frighten the good citizens of London, and sail off in triumph. As an instance of pluck, this expedition has had few equals, but it was fruitless in results, and only saved itself from total annihilation by a speedy retreat.

In the year 1667, on the 5th of August, an edict was published, which, for the time being, sounded the death-knell to the Prince's hopes of restoration to his paternal dignities. The States of Holland and West Friesland, after mature deliberation, passed a resolution the effect of which was to deprive him of most of his legal rights.

Charles II., of England, whose self-pride was wounded by this treatment of his nephew, instructed Sir William Temple, his accomplished Ambassador in Holland, to do what he could for Prince William. Little satisfaction was obtained by the first intervention. But the Ambassador persevered, and, in process of time, secured a number of concessions in favour of the Prince. William now resolved to act for himself, and we are told by his sober chroniclers that, under pretence of hunting, he proceeded to Zealand, got admittance to the meeting of the States, and requested his appointment as Premier Noble, an old and much-respected title of his House. Strange to say, the States at once complied with his wish, and, while doing so, made use of some very kind expressions in



his favour. Orange had now reached his eighteenth year. Our readers will pardon our quoting from Sir Wm. Temple with regard to his opinion of the Prince. His style appears quaint to us, but there is great force, terseness, and significance in his remarks. He reports, "That he was a young man of more parts than ordinary, and of the better sort—that is, not lying in the kind of wit which is neither of use to oneself or anybody else, but in good plain sense, which showed application, if he had business that deserved it, and this with extreme good and agreeable humour and dispositions, without any vices ; that he was in bed always at ten o'clock ; loved hunting as much as he hated swearing." A capital certificate of character, and one, too, which was probably drawn up and signed at the time ; a true and correct portrait painted from the life.

Prince William, in 1670, paid a visit to England and to his mother's grave. He was well-received in London, and appears to have had a short but pleasant sojourn in the land whose ancient crown he was destined soon to wear.

On his return to Holland he found that the power of De Witt was drawing to its close, and that the iron hand of Louis XIV. of France was driving the States to destruction. Louis, young and ambitious, was surrounded by the ablest statesmen and warriors. By the wonderful success of his armies he gave great concern to all the countries of Europe, and even the

Doge and Papal Legate sued humbly at his court for peace. He was almost deified in France for a time, and received the title of "Great." The brilliant literature of the time is only half solemn and an absurd hymn in praise of royalty. Louis was nevertheless a tyrant. To silence his conscience for browbeating the Pope, on that memorable occasion when his Ambassador insolently marched into Rome at the head of 800 men, and maintained his privileges at the point of the sword, the French monarch indulged his cruel propensities by persecuting his loyal and inoffensive Protestant people.

Such was the opponent which the youthful Prince of Orange and his country were about to meet face to face. The struggle was a terrible one. Heaven grant that the devoted people called upon to suffer and endure may emerge bravely from the fire!

The web of intrigue against Holland was now almost woven. A few words will unveil a portion of its secrets. Louis, fired with the lust of conquest, determined to attach to his interests as many European Powers as gold or influence could secure. Among others he made certain of England, or rather of its weak and unprincipled King. To destroy the natural alliance of Holland and England was the object, and the effort proved only too successful. Charles had already betrayed his country by selling Dunkirk and Mardyck to France, and he was about to perpetrate even a more disgraceful crime. His reckless and licen-

tious conduct is known to all the world. As if to consummate her brother's shame, the young and beautiful Henrietta, Duchess of Orleans, was sent in great pomp to England to negotiate the proposed treaty. She was that princess in honor of whom Corneille and Racine wrote their famous "Berenice," and on whom the great court preacher, Bosuet, composed his funeral oration. Her early and premature death was said to have been caused by poison. The treaty was discreditable to both kings, and covers the memory of Charles with eternal infamy. The conditions which he agreed to were—That he should abandon his late friends the Dutch, join Louis in invading Holland, supply a certain number of men and ships, make a public profession of the Roman Catholic religion, and do his utmost to extend it over his dominions. The price paid to the traitor is said to have been £120,000 a year, during the war, and several fortresses on the Scheldt.

Louis, having secured the neutrality of Sweden, the Emperor Maximilian of Germany, and having obtained the active aid of the Electors of Hanover, and Cologne, and that of the warlike Bishop of Munster rapidly made preparations for his unjust attack upon Holland. War was declared immediately, and in a very few weeks the French army, commanded by Louis himself, accompanied by the world-famed Turenne, Conde, and Vauban, marched, with every pomp and circumstance, into Flanders.

But what of Charles? What offence had friendly

Holland given him for also declaring war? In the histories we can trace none. The statement that a certain picture in the House of Cornelius De Witt had displeased him is really too contemptible a matter even for this cowardly Stuart. He entered on the war with vigor, sending his navy with orders to destroy the Dutch fleet far and near. It is a circumstance curious and characteristic that, though he did all this without the sanction of his Parliament, heedless as he was of his father's doom, the army and the navy, respecting the "King," obeyed his orders without a murmur. His first naval attempt was, however, a disgraceful failure.

And what of Holland? Unfortunately, she was not prepared for the struggle. Nearly mistress of the seas, she was vain enough to think herself invincible. The De Witts in the Council Chamber, and Ruyter on the waves, the navy was deemed supreme, and the land forces were therefore neglected. These otherwise able and cautious Dutchmen forgot that Holland was part of a great continent and not some island of the Northern Sea. Hence, we are informed, her fortresses were in ruins, and her army a rabble of only 25,000 men. Is it matter of surprise that the country was alarmed, and, in an hour of profound weakness, tried to stay the invader's hand? King Louis was not so easily pacified. He waived aside the deputies that were sent to him, and, as might have been expected, told them to say to their masters

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that he was accountable to himself alone. "L'Etat c'est moi"—the State is myself—was his credo, and he royally carried his absolutism into effect. The deputies were, to the disgrace of the States, instructed to offer what must ever be considered most humiliating terms. Proud Louis haughtily rejected the offer they made, and demanded possession of North Brabant, Flanders, and the Dutch possessions south of the Meuse and the Wahl, and the large sum of twenty millions of livres to help his Catholic Majesty to pay for his trouble in robbing and murdering a people who had done him no wrong.

To enforce his unjust demands Louis had marched his formidable army into the devoted lands, and had, without difficulty, penetrated within a few leagues of Amsterdam. The attitude of the States, which was now like that of a tiger at bay, determined to resist to the bitter end—that was the unanimous resolution—but where was the man whose skill and courage could cope with the greatest potentate then in Europe, and hope to have a chance of success against his world-renowned generals? The Council wavered; there were heart-burnings and recriminations, and no settled line of action. Such was the state of matters when the enemy was knocking loudly at the door. At the last moment, and when they could do no better the dominant party in the States turned to the friends of Orange and hinted at a reconciliation. They were not an hour too soon, for the hurricane blast of revolu-

tion burst furiously upon them, and speedily called for vengeance. The States of Holland and West Friesland were assembled on the 24th of July, 1672, at which the Prince of Orange was appointed Captain and Admiral-General of the United Provinces—the two ancient dignities of which he had been deprived. He was shortly after this, on his visit to Dort—which had the honour of being the first to declare against the French—invested in his proper office of Stadtholder, which appointment was soon afterwards confirmed at a full Assembly of the States-General.

The revolution was not bloodless. Popular indignation fell suddenly on the brothers De Witt, who were murdered, under circumstances of great brutality, on the 27th of August of the same memorable year. Their sad deaths are a blot on the fair fame of Holland, but the Prince did not connive at the destruction of the men. He deeply regretted the unfortunate event. The Pensioner, we are bound to say, though led into several grievous errors, was, in the main, right in his general policy. A true patriot, and a wise and far-seeing Statesman, he and his able brother deserved a better fate. In their case the "*vox populi*" was certainly *not* the "*vox Dei*," and it would have been a happier omen of success for the cause of Orange had the hands of the people not been imbrued in such honorable blood. But we draw a veil over this dark and painful tragedy. Would to God it had never happened!

William III., Prince of Orange, was now Dictator of Holland. All the forces of the Republic were placed in his youthful hands. Barely twenty-two years of age, and having what appeared a feeble and sickly body, there yet smouldered in his "heart of hearts" a fire of indomitable courage and determination, which was guided by a will to command. He was not, as a famous French writer has said, "a man of bronze, strange to every feeling of nature and humanity," but a true soldier, humane and considerate, and a patriot whose love of country death itself could not quench. Raised up by Providence at a moment when Protestantism seemed about to be strangled, and all the glorious results of the Reformation extinguished; called to the front when his boyish hand was scarcely able to wield the sword, and his untried frame seemed unfit for the hardships of war, William, nevertheless, altered from this hour, not only the political and religious destinies of Holland, but of Europe, and by his victorious career curbed and limited the power of Louis.

No sooner in the saddle than, with an activity that surprised the most energetic, he collected an army hastily equipped, and hastened to meet the foe, engaged in vigorously assaulting the town of Ardenburg. The enemy was twice bravely repulsed with great loss, and retired, leaving behind him five hundred prisoners. Other successes, equally decisive, raised the hopes of the Republic, and pointed to its ultimate

triumph. The French monarch, having thus discovered that his arms were not invincible, determined to try what *finesse* could do. Intriguing in those days was the vital air on which politicians and statesmen seemed to live. His next move was cool and bold. He resolved to buy the Prince of Orange and seduce him from his fidelity to the States. Louis did not know of what stuff the Prince of Orange was made. The reply of William was not long in coming. "Tell the King," he said, "that I never shall betray the trust reposed in me, or sell the liberties of the country, which my ancestors have so long held dear, and, for which they sacrificed their lives." It is also clear that the influence of England was brought to bear on him, and the dissolute Buckingham sneeringly told the Prince that Holland must succumb. William quickly answered, "Be it so, I shall not live to see my country's ruin. I shall die in the last ditch."

Louis, thus once more defeated, made up his mind to crush the Netherlands and give no quarter. The French armies were quickly in motion, and rapidly reached the flat meadows round the grey old towers of Leyden. Cruel and rapacious ever, on this occasion the soldiers of *la belle France* proved even more like themselves than usual. What they could not carry away they destroyed, and their footsteps were traced in blood. But the Prince was ready to meet the foe once more, and with a small but devoted band of men, he attacked the French forces, and drove them into



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their trenches at Utrecht. Very varied were the fortunes of Holland during these troubled times. The French, by the superiority of their numbers, not unfrequently had the better of it, and the States had much to suffer; but, on the whole, things advanced, and to the Prince of Orange this progress, slow but sure, was rightfully ascribed. The campaign of 1673, when Louis again startled the country by sending another army of 30,000 men, which succeeded in capturing the fortress of Maestricht—an important success too dearly purchased, nine thousand Frenchmen having perished in the attack. While these events were transpiring, the Dutch navy had also enough to cope with at sea. Several desperate engagements with the combined English and French fleets are recorded, but neither party could boast of much result, and each seemed, after a fair fight, to avoid rather than court future hostilities. The Prince, finding that after the various checks which the French had received, he might safely absent himself for a little from the country, joined the Spaniards, in Brabant, and, taking the command of their army, he, with the aid of 30,000 Imperialists under the famous Montecuculi, took Bonn, crossed the Rhine and captured the cities of Brevel and Schwich. This brilliant movement was effected almost in sight of Marshall Turenne, who was unable to render any assistance, and the result was that the allies became masters of the Rhine.

The States, in consideration of this unexpected turn of affairs, and in gratitude for the important services of the Prince, settled, by decree of February 2, 1674, the office of Stadtholder on his sons, an example soon followed by Zealand and Utrecht.

England, at last fully aroused to a sense of the degrading position she occupied in relation to the United Provinces, loudly demanded that her false and wicked King should sever his connection with Louis. This was done and peace signed between England and Holland in February, 1674. The tide now appeared to turn against the proud French King, who immediately withdrew his armies and retired upon France. For the time, at least, Holland was delivered.

France continued, however, like a chronic war-cloud hanging around the Dutch frontiers, and it was about this period that Prince William was fated to meet the great Condé in a death struggle such as the world has seldom witnessed. The scene of this desperate duel between the flower of the French army and the Imperialist and Dutch forces, under the Prince of Orange, lay near the village of Seneffe, and the date on which it was fought was the 11th of August, 1674. A French historian has said—"Condé conquered, but it was a victory for the Prince of Orange to have held his ground with no more loss than was sustained by Condé;" to which we would add, that, but for the cowardly conduct of the Spanish portion of William's army, this desperate fight,

instead of being what it really was—a drawn battle—would have ended in the total destruction of Condé's troops. The behaviour of Orange on this, as on every other occasion, was splendid. He was seen everywhere rallying his soldiers and leading them to victory. Heedless of his own life, he exhibited such an example of daring as shamed even the timid into deeds of bravery. On that fatal night the harvest moon threw her pale beams over a field covered with 20,000 corpses. Condé is reported to have said, that "the Prince had proved himself a great commander, but had too rashly risked his own life." General Zouches, in his letter to the States, writes—"I have tried to do my duty to his Highness the Prince in this great and sanguinary battle between the confederates and his most Christian Majesty, the happy result of which has redounded to the high honor of Orange, whose conduct showed the foresight of a veteran captain, the courage of Cæsar, and the coolness of Marius. All which, my lords, I speak without flattery, to which I am not accustomed."

On the 12th September of the same year the Prince captured Grave, the last town in the United Provinces held by the French. The siege had been dragging along with little or no result, but the moment the Prince reached the camp things took a different turn. With his usual energy and example he compelled the French commander to surrender, and to leave the country with all the honours of war. Many

lesser events transpired at this period, which our limited space does not permit us to record; but we must tell it to the credit of William, that during the many diplomatic visits which were paid to him by eminent English ambassadors, with the object of securing his assistance in future wars against France, he still maintained an independent position. Our readers will scarcely thank us for recounting all the intrigues which Charles and his famous "Cabal" invented for the purpose of involving the Prince. He steered clear of them all, and steadily and consistently pursued the plan he had drafted out for himself. He longed for peace, but he desired to have it only if based on a solid foundation. The kind of peace wished for by Charles he would not agree to, for he well knew that its duration would be like that of a house built upon sand. One thing is very evident, that in all the negotiations between himself and Foreign Powers, Orange very prudently consulted the States before finally deciding on any line of action he might deem safe. Unlike the Stuarts, he carried his Parliament with him.

We have said in the earlier part of this biography that William was not robust, and possessed what appeared a feeble constitution. We have found this to be an error. He must have had a very hardy frame. Nothing else could have carried him through the ceaseless fatigues of so many campaigns. But he was only human, and shortly after his last exploit he be-

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

the bugles sang truce, helping each other across the lines to little comforts, which each sadly needed. "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

It is not possible for us to record even a tithe of the events which happened from the date of the Prince's illness to the conclusion of the general peace at Nimeguen, in the year 1679. Tedious efforts were made to bring about this long-wished for peace by all the nations engaged in the struggle. The only person averse to it was the Prince of Orange, who would willingly have continued the war till he had driven the French King to accept of better terms. After some preliminary negotiations, he proceeded to England, and married the Princess Mary, eldest daughter of the Duke of York, on the 23rd October, 1677. Immediately thereafter a treaty of alliance between England and the States was signed. Louis had, upon the whole, been successful in most of his expeditions. Cambrai and St. Omer had fallen into his hands. Ghent and Ypres soon followed, and Orange received a severe check at Cassel. William's object was to secure the support of England, but Charles had again sold himself to France for a bag of gold. It is curious to find that, when the Prince was besieging Maescricht, he was compelled by Schomberg, with his Frenchmen, to raise the siege and retire. Of this General we shall hear more in due course. The successes of Louis drove the States of Holland to sign the general peace, which was virtually dictated by France. Her proud and

haughty monarch, now elevated to the highest pinnacle of fame, received the homage of the whole French nation, who bowed before his glory and worshipped at his shrine. One infatuated worshipper kept a light burning before the King's statue, as if on an altar. He was feared both at home and abroad, and, for the time at least, forgot that he was human. By ingenious devices he broke the spirit of the treaty of peace, and wrested no fewer than twenty towns from neighboring princes. Amongst these, and towering above them all with its beautiful Cathedral, was Strasburg; into which ancient city Louis entered, on the 25th October, 1681, without firing a shot. The great Vauban set to work and fortified the place, which for many years was thought to be impregnable. Strasburg remained in the possession of France till the year 1870, when the victorious and all but invincible armies of Germany captured the city, and destroyed with ease and great rapidity the now obsolete fortifications of Vauban.

These usurpations of France once more roused the ire of the Prince of Orange, who endeavored to bring about a fresh league against Louis, but he was not supported. The tocsin of war was again sounded, and Spain prepared for the fight. The States-General however mediated, and the twenty years' treaty of Ratisbon, was concluded on the 15th August, 1684, between France, Spain and the Empire.

Satiated, for the time being, with armies and camps, the French King retired to the luxuries of his palace, and soon became lost in the midst of love intrigues, very discreditable to himself and injurious to the kingdom. The Queen, Maria Theresa, died in 1689, and her place was filled by the clever and attractive Madame de Maintenon—the “cold-hearted”—who was said to have been secretly married to Louis by his confessor, the famous Pere la Chaise. Her influence over him, much greater than his own Queen had exercised, very soon became visible. She had the credit, or rather discredit, of stirring up from the depths, as from the bottom of an impure well, many of the worst qualities of his heart—relentless cruelty, horrid barbarism, and heartless treachery. He was persuaded by this lady that the only way to atone for his innumerable sins was to prosecute all who differed with him in his religious opinions. His noble Protestant subjects, the very backbone of the nation, and whose skill and industry had rescued the kingdom from savagedom, first felt the cruel blow. No longer protected by the kindly arm of the great Colbert, whose death they had reason to deplore, the Huguenots entered upon another and fatal epoch of their chequered history. On the memorable 17th of October, 1685, Louis placed his name to the celebrated Deed entitled the “Revocation of the Edict of Nantes,” a decree that disgraced himself and Council, and left a stain on the escutcheon of France, which many cen-



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turies of just actions shall not be able to wash out. The cruelties which followed cannot be numbered. The recording Angel, whose pitying eye witnessed the terrible events, alone can tell.

The eloquent Frenchmen, Michelet, in speaking of this sad period, says—"Vexations of every kind, confiscations, the galleys, the wheel, the gibbet, every means was employed. The State lost 200,000 subjects, some say 500,000. They escaped in crowds, and established themselves in England, Holland and Germany, especially in Prussia, and became afterwards the most inveterate enemies of France. William of Orange charged the French more than once at the head of a French regiment." The thirst for blood became universal. It spread over the face of fair France like a contagion. In reading this sanguinary history one almost feels compelled to believe the theory of a modern philosopher, who traces our origin to the savage man-like creatures of the woods. The King was praised for his zeal, and the officers who obeyed his commands were cheered to the echo. Even gentle students and scholars—such as Racine, La Bruyere, La Fontaine, Massillon, and Bossuet—poets and divines, thought it their duty to praise the insane conduct of the King. Among the notables who were compelled to leave France during this awful period was Marshal Schomberg, whom we have already referred to, and who was allowed to cross the frontier in peace. He

placed his sword at the disposal of William of Orange, and ultimately died fighting, honourably, in the cause of Protestantism, at the battle of the Boyne. Divine Providence, whose will is supreme, and who moulds all events to fulfil His lofty purpose, turned this odus of skill and principle to good account. The Protestant inhabitants of Great Britain and Ireland owe their freedom and their industries to those noble fugitives who fled from the draggonades of France and brought their civilization with them. Some of the noblest names in these islands of ours indicate their Huguenot origin, and better than all this, many of our arts and manufactures show evidence of a similar origin. We are, therefore, debtors to France in this matter.

Unable to prevent these fearful events, William of Orange could only suppress his fierce indignation, and bide his time for righteous vengeance.





### CHAPTER III.

*" Un re, dal trono  
Cader non debbe, che col trono istesso ;  
Sotto l'alte rovino, ivi sol, trova  
Morte onorata ed onorata tomba."*

*" A King should not fall from his throne  
But with the throne itself. Under its  
August ruins--there only, he may meet  
A noble death, and find an honorable grave."*  
Alferi, Polinice.

**A** MIDST the many anxieties of the Prince of Orange the news reached Holland that King Charles II. of England was dead. There was cause for alarm amongst all free men, for, by this death the Duke of York, his brother, a confirmed Roman Catholic, ascended the throne as James II. Affairs in England during the latter end of Charles' reign had been like the troubled sea—never at rest. Conspiracy, injustice, and crimes of all kinds, committed by the Throne as well as by the Government, render his reign conspicuous for its iniquity. Charles had little or no ambition, and lacked the dignity of a statesman. His foreign policy was detestable, and his home policy was

mean and tricky. As a husband he was unfaithful to his Queen, and treated her with marked disrespect. He was gay, easy, and elegant in his manner, but proved himself incapable of true friendship. He was unmanly and superstitious, and in the heyday of health had no religion; but when danger loomed in the distance he usually fled to the altar of superstition and paid his vows to priest and wafer. He died a Roman Catholic, and his less hypocritical brother, afterwards King James II., smuggled a father confessor into his chamber just before his decease. Macaulay thus graphically tells the disgraceful story—"The Duke's orders were obeyed, and even the physicians withdrew. The back door was then opened and Father Huddleston entered. A cloak had been thrown over his sacred vestments, and his shaven crown was concealed by a flowing wig. 'Sir,' said James, 'this good man once saved your life. He now comes to save your soul.' Charles faintly answered, 'He is welcome.' Huddleston went through his part better than was expected. He knelt by the bed, listened to the confession, pronounced the absolution, and administered extreme unction. He asked if the King wished to receive the Lord's Supper. 'Surely,' said Charles, 'if I am not unworthy.' The Host was brought in, Charles feebly strove to rise and kneel before it. The priest bade him lie still, and assured him that God would accept the humiliation of the soul and would not require the humiliation of the body. The King

found so much difficulty in swallowing the bread that it was necessary to open the door and procure a glass of water. This rite ended, the monk held up a crucifix before the penitent, charged him to fix his last thoughts on the sufferings of the Redeemer, and withdrew. The whole ceremony had occupied three-quarters of an hour, and during that time the courtiers who filled the outer room had communicated their suspicions to each other by whispers and significant glances. The door was at length thrown open, and the crowd again filled the chamber of death." Hardened to a degree, and possessing a conscience seared as with a hot iron, he appeared to die destitute of all right feeling, and unconscious of the awful position in which he stood. So we are told that he apologised, with his usual politeness, to his attendants for the trouble he had given them, remarking that he had been a most unconscionable time in dying, but hoped they would excuse it! At noon of Friday the 6th February, 1685, this vain and heartless creature passed on to the tribunal of the King of kings, in whose august presence that "urbanity, so often found potent to charm away the resentment of a justly incensed nation," would charm no more for ever.

Did Charles die a natural death? History answers this question doubtfully, but with positive evidence to the contrary, we cannot believe there were grounds for the current suspicions regarding the cause of his death. We need not trouble ourselves with this point.

The bearings of his death on the future of the Prince of Orange is what most concerns us. There is not a doubt that the Prince was not an unmoved spectator of the event, and there is proof that he was privately invited, in the interests of the Protestant religion, to contest the throne with James. The time, however, had not yet arrived for his advent in England, and we must leave him in Holland for a little and watch the proceedings of the new King, who, without ceremony and without fear, at once avowed his principles. It has been tersely said that James, having declared himself a Catholic and a Jesuit, "did all he could to ensure a fall, and fell." His case was an apt illustration of the saying, "Quos Jupiter vult perdere, prius dementat," for no sane mind could have done the things he seemed to revel in.

James, having been proclaimed King, thus addressed his Privy Council—"Before I enter on any other business, I think fit to say something to you. Since it hath pleased Almighty God to place me in this situation, and I am now to succeed so good and gracious a king, as well as so very kind a brother, I think it fit to declare to you that I will endeavor to follow his example, and, more especially, of that of his great clemency and tenderness to his people. I have been reported to be a man for arbitrary power, but that is not the only story that has been made of me, and I shall make it my endeavor to preserve this Government, both in Church and State, as it is now by law

established. I know the principles of the Church of England are for Monarchy, and the members of it have shown themselves good and loyal subjects, therefore I shall always take care to defend and support it. I know, too, that the laws of England are sufficient to make the King as great a monarch as I can wish; and as I shall never depart from the just rights and prerogatives of the crown, so I shall never invade any man's property. I have often hitherto ventured my life in defence of this nation, and I shall go as far as any man in preserving it in all its just rights and liberties." A brave speech indeed, and one, too, it would seem, not of the modern sort, that kings make mildly through their chancellors. It was all his own, and it would have been well had he on every future occasion borne in mind what he had so lavishly promised. But, for the nonce, the public became almost wild with enthusiasm, and shouted, "We have the word of a King! and of a king who was never worse than his word." Much as many suspected his religion, they gave him credit for sincerity in his professions of fidelity to the country. How sadly all were disappointed in him the sequel of our history will show. Scarcely had the ancient crown of England been placed on his treacherous brow, and while the plaudits of the crowd were still ringing in his ears, the new King conspired with Barillon, the French Ambassador, to sell the country for gold. Louis knew well the abject weakness of the man, but he also mis-

calculated and knew not the temper of the people of Great Britain. And even while the bag, filled with its 500,000 livres, was being secretly placed in James' coffers, the doom of the false Stuart had already been decreed. Louis would, with money, bind him to his interests, and he had enough of his society ere all was done. James commenced by making himself the tool of France, and ended by becoming its most illustrious pauper. The men who aided him in this disgraceful compact with Louis were Churchill, Sunderland, Rochester, and Godolphin—names great in the history of their country, but which they sullied by this connection with the King's perfidy. Louis did not dream of the future hour when that very Churchill, whose interest he had now purchased, would, like a Northern Nemesis, sweep down upon and cage him within his own territories. Such, however, was the case, and history has not a stranger tale to tell.

James wanted money—a very Stuart-like characteristic! The Royal revenue ceased with the death of Charles. Hence a Parliament was wanted, not desired. Having once met, the King would try to do in future without its help. The new House of Commons, from causes we cannot pause to relate, was composed of men pledged to do his behests. So we find that one of their first acts was to provide the King with an annual revenue of two millions. Various events contributed to promote his interests, and, for a little, make him popular. The fatal attempt of



Monmouth, and the wild expedition of Argyle in Scotland, did not a little to raise the country in his favor. Both paid the penalty of their rashness. James was cruel, and vindictive, and cared little for human life. The "quality of mercy" was to him unknown. He had, doubtless, more than a show of reason for severity in Monmouth's case, but in that of Argyle little or none. Halifax had protested against the sentence of death pronounced against him, saying, "We should not hang a dog here on the grounds on which my Lord Argyle has been sentenced to death." The Earl had escaped to Holland, and was fated to return and fall into the ruthless hands of King James. One thing we should note emphatically in this place, both Monmouth and Argyle, like other unfortunates, had found shelter at the Hague, which at all times was a haven of refuge for political refugees. The Prince of Orange not only used all his influence to dissuade Monmouth from his fatal attempt on England, but he offered his father-in-law, King James, the services of several regiments to assist in suppressing the rebellion—a fact which proves the honesty and disinterestedness of the Prince.

It was in this matter of Monmouth's rebellion that we find the first outbreak of the cruel disposition of the King, and the beginning of the second Stuart tyranny. The King with a "bloody flux of oaths, vowed deep revenge," and chose a weapon forged in the hottest region of the damned. This chosen of the

King, this fiery brand of Tophet, the infamous Jeffreys—a rascal destitute of honor, religion, and humanity, a fiend, bloody, vindictive, and merciless—was sent to try, by commission, those who had aided the unfortunate Monmouth. Speedy and terrible was his wrath. A cry of horror filled the land when the news of his butcheries spread abroad. Out of 500 condemned 250 were put to a cruel death, and Jeffreys boasted that he had hung more men than all the judges of England since William the Conqueror. He was assisted in his legal crimes by the notorious General Kirk, a man only less infamous than the Judge. This was called the “Bloody Assize,” and it was well named. “More than 800 were sold into slavery beyond the sea. A yet larger number were whipped and imprisoned. The Queen, the Maids of Honor, the Courtiers, even the Judge himself, made shameless profits from the sale of pardons. But what roused pity above all were the cruelties wreaked on women. Some were scourged from market-town to market-town.” Many were sent to the block. “Pity turned to horror when cruelty such as this was avowed and sanctioned by the King.” We are told that even the icy heart of General Churchill was melted at the sight of such heartlessness, and that he is reported to have said, as he struck the chimney-piece against which he leant, “This marble is not harder than the King’s heart.”

Yet this was only the beginning of evils. King

James had long before carved out his rôle—a rôle which embraced a wide and far-seeing purpose—a purpose one-sided and selfish, of which he could not trace the end, but which, in the space of four short years, decided his destiny, and drove him from a throne which he had done his best to brand with disgrace for ever. He had inherited the traditions of his House, and the doctrine of “passive obedience” was the chief item in his bigoted creed. In a speech delivered in the Star-chamber, the first James had said—“As it is Atheism and blasphemy to dispute what God can do, so it is presumption and a high contempt in a subject to dispute what a king can do, or to say that a king cannot do this or that.” Emperors and kings have since learned, that such lofty speech and such haughty thought become not creatures of clay, and that there is a bar of justice—the tribunal of popular opinion—before which even *they* must appear and give an account of their stewardship. Sir James Macintosh has laid down this canon—“That a Government is entitled to obedience from the people, because without obedience it cannot perform the duty for which alone it exists, of protecting them from each other’s injustice. But when a Government is engaged in systematically oppressing a people, or in destroying their securities against future oppression, it commits the same species of wrong toward them which warrants an appeal to arms against a foreign enemy. A magistrate who degenerates into a systematic oppress-

or, shuts the gates of justice, and thereby restores them to their original right of defending themselves by force. As he withholds the protection of the law from them, he forfeits his moral claim to enforce their obedience by the authority of law"—a case tersely stated, and whose leading principle was, practically, worked out by the Revolution of 1688.

The King's next step was bolder still. He urged the repeal of the Test Act, that he might open the door to admit his Catholic friends to all offices of trust. Parliament, at first loyal and even subservient, awoke to its true position, and refused to become a tool any longer. Grievances had, meanwhile, become more and more difficult to bear, and the King's favorites were becoming more insolent every day. His determined attitude towards the Universities, especially Oxford, whose authorities he had treated with gross injustice, roused all thinking men to a sense of the position of the country. His idea was simply this, that by converting the chief seats of learning to Popery the rising generation of young Englishmen would become his firm and devoted supporters. He was foiled in his attempt in this quarter. The Fellows of the two Colleges interfered with, bravely resisted his encroachments, and maintained their rights. His next object was to brow-beat his Parliament, intending as we have previously said, to do without it altogether. He had already filled many important posts with Catholic adventurers, and the army was crowded with

Popish officers against all law and custom. He did not forget Ireland, and ultimately determined to fight for his principles through Irish influence and on Irish ground. He had, almost immediately on his accession, directed his attention to affairs in the Green Isle, and had recalled Ormond from its government, not finding him suit his purpose. Next followed the dissolution of the Irish Privy Council, and a new one appointed, composed largely of Roman Catholics. The tables were now turned against the Protestants. Popish influence became predominant, and many insults were heaped upon all who dared to question the powers that were. Under pretence of protecting the capital from all attacks, the militia, both in and out of the City of Dublin, gave up their arms to be stored in readiness for all emergencies. Thus disarmed, there was little difficulty in finding Popish soldiers to equip. Some 6,000 soldiers were disbanded, in order to make room for Roman Catholics. This somewhat clever *ruse de guerre* was effected by Talbot, created Earl of Tyrconnel, and appointed Lieutenant-General of Ireland.

Parliament having refused to accede to his commands—for *demands* had now become *commands*--King James prorogued both Houses, and determined to obtain all he wanted from the Judges. He remodelled the House, replacing dissentients by his Popish adherents. Thus, even in the face of high Heaven and before the gaze of England, he threw aside all decency, and openly

defied law and authority. The "Divine right," though a figment too frivolous for later centuries, was yet powerful enough to annihilate the Stuart dynasty.

Catholic priests in their robes crowded the streets of London, and the Jesuits publicly opened a school in the Savoy. On the occasion of a riot in the city on account of these Popish doings, the King ordered his army to encamp at Hounslow to overawe the capital—a very bold and fatal step, and one, too, that Englishmen were not accustomed to.

He next attacked the Church of England, and endeavored to make her a slave to his interests. He soon discovered his mistake, and perceiving that force only could accomplish his object, tried that without delay. He commanded the Bishops to prohibit their inferior clergy from preaching on controversial subjects. The Bishops could not obey this mandate, and the famous and illustrious Seven were sent to the Tower for disobedience. They were tried for committing what was called a "high misdemeanor," but acquitted, and received with acclamations of joy, which were echoed from street to street.

In Scotland he began his reign as a pure and perfect despot. Unfortunately, the process of corruption amongst the nobles and others in authority under Charles II. had been only too rapid and destructive to liberty. The Scottish Parliament, unmindful of its traditions, had sold itself to the King, and had become his creature. But for this the long and terrible

persecution of a devoted, loyal, and religious people, could scarcely have been attempted. That long season of trial, prolific of martyrs and confessors, created numberless examples of undaunted courage, surrounded with incidents of deep and touching pathos. The wrongs of the Protestants of Scotland during this awful period were burned into the very heart of the nation, and will never be forgotten. The absurd and unnatural attempt to force by fire and sword an alien form of Church Government upon the people, would, but for the happy Revolution of 1688, have severed that ancient kingdom from the Crown of England for ever. The crimes of the Stuarts and their minions in Scotland were sufficient to brand the family with eternal infamy.

One of James' brilliant ideas was that of reconciling Great Britain and Ireland to his Holiness the Pope, and he actually sent Earl Castlemaine to Rome to effect this object. The Pope, wiser in his day and generation than the infatuated King, treated the matter, as well as the Ambassador, with indifference; said to him that the idea was premature; that England was not so easily converted; and that he would have no part in a farce so absurd and ridiculous! This was, indeed, a sensible Pope!

King James, not discomfited, thought that if he could not do any good on a grand scale at Rome, something might be done at home. And so it happened that having publicly thrown off the mask, he



resolved to give a grand public reception to the Nuncio of the Pope, an event which soon occurred—processions of priests and monks in their ecclesiastical dresses marching through the streets of London, which for centuries had not witnessed such a sight. The Nuncio was received in State at Windsor, and was accompanied by the notorious Petré, a Jesuit lately called to the Privy Council. The vast body of the English nobles were loyal, but not subservient, and so we are told that James gave to the Duke of Norfolk the sword of State to bear before him as he went to Mass. The Duke halted at the door of the Royal Chapel. “Your father would have gone further,” said the King. “Your Majesty’s father was the better man,” replied the Duke, “and he would not have gone so far!” This is a significant fact. Here is another. The young Duke of Somerset was ordered to introduce the Nuncio to the Presence Chamber, but refused, remarking courageously, “I am advised that I cannot obey your Majesty’s orders in this behalf without a breach of the law.” “Do you not know that I am above the law?” asked James, with suppressed rage. “Your Majesty may be, but I am not,” replied the Duke. He was very speedily dismissed the Royal service. Murmurs of discontent which had been heard distinctly from the first now broke out into loud bursts of dissatisfaction. The lion of old England growled with unmistakable expression. Storm-clouds began to gather round the horizon, and



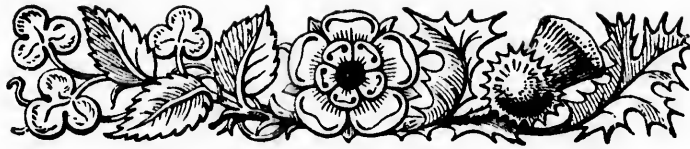
the roar of political thunder was heard in the distance. It was during these dark days that King James' luckless son, afterwards named the Pretender, was born. He was cradled amidst doubts and suspicions, and began his unhappy life under a cloud. His birth, moreover, was a serious consideration for the Prince of Orange.

While England was distracted by Popish plots and Royalist reactions, the Prince of Orange was not an uninterested spectator of events. King James had again sold himself to France, and with its aid felt confident of his success in his warfare against his own subjects. William was pained in observing this madness, and felt ill at ease for the results. He protested against King James's persistent attempts to repeal the "Test Act," and condemned the second "Declaration of Indulgence" in language of merited severity, in which his Princess joined. William, however, did not intend to interfere in the struggle between James and his people, and refused again and again the solicitations of leading men in England, to interpose by force of arms. He was, in the end, compelled to rouse himself to action, for he discovered that the King had concocted a plan which, if it had been carried out, would have deprived his wife of a portion of her future dominions. The Prince and Princess lodged a protest against this treachery.

Affairs in England having reached a climax, the nation, wearied with so many troubles and intrigues,

as with one consent resolved that the end should be. On the evening of the same day on which the Bishops were acquitted—the famous 29th June, 1688,—an invitation, signed by the leaders of opinion, was formally drawn up, and sent to the Hague by the hands of the illustrious Herbert, an honest and a popular sailor. This invitation called upon the Prince of Orange to come over to England, become its King, and save the country from destruction. From this hour the Glorious Revolution of 1688 may be said to have begun.





## CHAPTER IV.

*“ O Statesman, guard us, guard the eye, the soul  
Of Europe, keep our noble England whole,  
And save the one true seed of freedom, sown  
Betwixt a people and their ancient throne,  
The sober freedom, out of which there springs  
Our loyal passion for our temperate kings.”*

Tennyson.

**T**HE Prince of Orange did not refuse the challenge to go to England, and confront the enemies of European freedom. Negotiations having been completed, and the States of Holland, much to King Louis' annoyance, having readily assented to his plans, William, assured it was now time that the intrigues of James and the French King should cease, rapidly made all arrangements. Fortunately for him, his devoted wife, King James's daughter, fully acquiesced in his plans. Macaulay has beautifully said—"From his wife William had no opposition to apprehend. Her understanding had been completely subjugated by his, and what is more extraor-

dinary, had won her entire affection. He was to her in the place of the parents she had lost by death, and estrangement of the children who had been denied to her prayers, and of the country from which she was banished. His empire over her breast was divided only with her God." In the power which this affection afforded him, as it has always done to all true heroes whose loving fidelity to their consorts marked their career, Orange buckled on his armour and prepared for the fight. With the object of protecting Holland should Louis attack that country in his absence, he secured the alliance and support of several of the States of Germany. This he did with his usual forethought.

His schemes were silently set in motion; not, however, too silently for the King of France, who was not sleeping, and offered James his aid in suppressing them. The King had the sense to refuse the offer, and being alarmed at the condition of affairs, resolved to undo some of his illegal and unkingly acts. It was too late. Finding that the Prince of Orange was in earnest, and preparing to come over to England, he made frantic attempts to increase his army. He issued a proclamation on the 28th September, in which he characterised the approach of the Prince as a vile invasion, promoted by some of his own subjects—persons of wicked and restless spirits and of implacable malice—and solemnly conjuring all his people to unite for the defence of the country. His concessions

both in the matter of the Church of England and the Universities—made at the last moment, and when his doom was staring him in the face—did not improve his position, for it was evident to all that he was moved by fear rather than by respect for his oath to the Constitution.

The Prince of Orange also issued a Declaration, in which he justified the steps he had taken and those about to be proceeded with. This elaborate document, consisting of six-and-twenty sections, set forth his purpose very plainly and candidly, and would have been despatched at once to England, but news reached the Prince that King James had made several concessions, and for the time had staved off difficulties. The Prince therefore added a rider to his Declaration in which he pointed out how little dependence could be placed in promises which gave no guarantee that they would be fulfilled. He also decided to submit his cause to the arbitration of a free English Parliament.

King James, driven mad by disappointment, determined to fight to the bitter end—or, at all events, to sacrifice the lives of his subjects in thousands in a useless and hopeless struggle. Luttrell tells us that Tyrconnell seconded him in this matter, and sent over regiment after regiment of Irish Roman Catholic soldiers to England, to the great disgust of the people, whose rage at so great an insult by the King knew no bounds. So we are told that this last instance of

his infatuation and senseless bigotry was the act that sealed his fate. The streets of the pleasant "village" of the Hague, which usually, even now as in the olden times, are seldom accustomed to the hum and roar of crowds, were, at this memorable epoch of its then history, enlivened by the noise of men, and the clatter of the hoofs of many horses, increased by the voices of women and children, merry as the unnumbered laughter of the waves of a summer sea. Great events were about to transpire.

On the 16th October the Prince of Orange bade a solemn farewell to the States of Holland. He addressed the Magnates, then assembled, in terms at once serious and affectionate, urging them all to hold fast to the Protestant truth, and preserve with sacred care the dearly-purchased liberties they now enjoyed, and added, "That as he did not know how God might dispose of him since he had put on his sword, and did not know when he should put it off, and, in case death should overtake him in the expedition, he asked them to take his Princess under their protection, and he further requested to be remembered in their public and private prayers, as he would also them." Having uttered these words, we are told by an old historian, "the tears ran down his face." And this is the cold and stern man his enemies have painted him! It is not often we find the heart of this "King of Men" revealed; but, when it is, we see written on its por-

tals the law of human kindness, and stored in its secret chambers sympathies without measure.

Preparations in Holland went on apace, urged with even more than the Prince's accustomed energy. Money flowed in upon him. Besides the large amount which, by his own economy, he had in store, many of the expatriated Huguenots in England sent over considerable subsidies, trusting that, should he succeed, they might hope for a return to their native country. Feeling how great the risk he was about to run, and how great the damage to the cause would be should he himself be cut off by a random shot, or the dagger of an assassin, he resolved to select as his second in command the illustrious Frederic Count of Schomberg, whom we have twice alluded to already. A Protestant, he had won from Louis the baton of a Marshal of France. After many brilliant actions, and rather than barter his faith for gold or further Royal favours, he became an exile from his native country. Though over seventy years of age at this period he was vigorous in mind and body, and ready once more to cross lance with the foes of freedom. No abler soldier could have joined the expedition of the Prince. He was a host in himself. The records inform us that he had been in England, and was much honoured and beloved by its Protestant people.

On the 16th October, 1688, the Prince of Orange, having completed all his preparations, embarked on board a frigate of thirty guns, called the "Brill." She

carried a flag with the English colours, and the words, "The Protestant religion and liberties of England," and beneath, "Je Maintiendrai" (I will maintain), the ancient motto of the House of Nassau. He was followed by a fleet of fifty men-of-war—twenty-five frigates and twenty-five fire-ships—which acted as an escort to 600 transports, on whose crowded decks were disposed his army, of 4,000 horse and 10,000 foot. Many English noblemen, who had been in Holland, embarked with the Prince on board the fleet.

On the 19th the fleet weighed anchor and stood out to sea. They had scarcely lost sight of the flat shores of Holland, when a terrific storm caught the ships, and drove them back again to its harbours of refuge. Here, also, Orange displayed his usual coolness and bravery. Nothing seemed to disturb his composure. He was calm, resolute, and collected in the midst of a gale, and but for this the expedition might have been scattered to the winds.

On the first day of November, at noon, the fleet once more put to sea, having sustained little or no damage from the storm. On the 3rd of the same month the ships sailed slowly down from the English Channel, and drew up between Dover and Calais. On Sunday, the 4th—the anniversary of William's birth and marriage—the fleet passed the Isle of Wight; and, having safely doubled haughty Berry Head, cast anchor in the pleasant little harbour of Torbay.

The disembarkation was immediately and safely



effected, amidst the hearty welcome of crowds of people on the beach. Resting for the night, the Prince of Orange marched next morning into the old town of Exeter. The brilliant spectacle is thus described by Macaulay:—"First rode Macclesfield at the head of 200 gentlemen, mostly of English blood, glittering in helmets and cuirasses, and mounted on Flemish war horses. Each was attended by a negro, brought from the sugar plantations of Guiana. Then, with drawn broadswords, came a squadron of Swedish horsemen in black armour and fur cloaks. They were regarded with a strange interest; for it was rumoured that they were natives of a land where the ocean was frozen and the night lasted through half the year, and that they had themselves slain the huge bears whose skins they wore. Next, protected by a goodly company of gentlemen and pages, was borne aloft the Prince's banner. On its broad folds the crowds which covered the roofs and filled the windows read with delight that memorable inscription, 'The Protestant religion and the liberties of England.' But the acclamations redoubled when, attended by forty running footmen, the Prince himself appeared, armed on back and breast, wearing a white plume, and mounted on a white charger. With how martial an air he curbed his horse, how thoughtful and commanding was the expression of his ample forehead and falcon eye, may still be seen on the canvas of Kneller. Near to the Prince was one who divided with him the gaze of the multitude.

Men said that this was the great Count Schomberg, the first soldier in Europe since Turenne and Condé, the man whose genius and valour had saved the Portuguese monarchy on the field of Montes Claros, the man who had earned a still higher glory by resigning the truncheon of a Marshal of France for the sake of the true religion. Then came a long column of the whiskered infantry of Switzerland, distinguished in all the continental wars of the century by pre-eminent valor and discipline, but never till this week seen on English ground. And then marched a succession of bands designated, as was the fashion of that age, after their leaders, Bentinck, Solmes, and Ginkell, Talmash and Mackay. Some of them had repelled the fiery onset of the French on the field of Seneffe, and others had crossed swords with the infidels in the cause of Christendom on that great day when the siege of Vienna was raised. Nor did the wonder of the population diminish when the artillery arrived—twenty-one heavy pieces of brass cannon, which were with difficulty tugged along by sixteen cart-horses to each.” Many other things contributed to swell the admiration of the people, who were struck with the orderly conduct and high discipline of the troops—“surprised to see soldiers who never swore at a landlady or took an egg without paying for it.” Is it, therefore, matter of wonder that the army earned a reputation which won for it the affection of every spectator ?

We are informed by the writers of the time that few, if any, men of eminent position joined the Prince at first. He was disappointed, and would have thought little of wheeling round and returning to Holland. Soon, however, after his arrival some of the principal men of the country flocked to his standard. On his reaching Salisbury, Lord Colchester, Earl Abingdon, Mr. Wharton, and Colonel Godfrey, with three score armed and mounted followers, arrived in the camp. Lord Cornbury, son of the Earl of Clarendon, having abandoned King James came to the Prince, and brought with him not only his own regiment but that of St. Alban's and Berwick.

A new Declaration was immediately published that all the world might know the reasons for this Revolution. It will be interesting to our readers to give a few of these reasons. "1. Because of the King's dispensing with all the established laws at his pleasure. (A very weighty one, and sufficient for all.) 2. By his displacing all officers out of all offices of trust and advantage, and placing others in their room that are known Papists, deservedly made incapable by the established laws of our land. 3. By destroying the charter of most corporations in the land. 4. By discouraging all persons that are not Papists, preferring such as turn to Popery. 5. By displacing all honest and conscientious Judges unless they would, contrary to their consciences, declare that to be law which was merely arbitrary. 6. By branding all men with the

name of rebels that offered to justify the law, in a legal course, against the arbitrary proceedings of the King or any of his corrupt Ministers. 7. Burdening the nation with an army to maintain the violation of the rights of the subjects. 8. By discountenancing the established reformed religion. 9. By forbidding the subjects the benefit of petitioning, and construing them libellers, so rendering the laws a nose of wax to serve their arbitrary ends." A long indictment, and yet shorter than the real one! An indignant nation could endure this no longer, and prayed for the hour when, as with the besoms of destruction, the vile tyranny would be swept away for ever.

This unsanguinary Revolution advanced rapidly, events following each other in quick succession. A number of the nobility, as a last resort, petitioned King James to call a Parliament immediately, and by this means, if possible, try to save the Royal cause from an utter collapse. The King replied that he would do so when the Prince of Orange had left the country. His cause was, indeed, hopeless. One important defection after another of men of the highest rank and influence—patricians, soldiers and sailors, senators and churchmen—at last broke the spirit of this imperious King, and, when it was reported to him that his own daughter, the Princess of Denmark, had deserted him, he exclaimed, "God help me, my own children have even forsaken me." Grafton also and Churchill, abandoned him, and with their defec-

tion hope and comfort fled away. Churchill, afterwards known through all time as John Duke of Marlborough, the hero of Blenheim, Ramilies, and many another fight, owed his advancement to the King. His desertion was, therefore, all the more keenly felt. As to his sincerity in this matter very grave doubts existed. Of gratitude he never had much. But one thing, however, is certain, he rendered essential service to the Protestant cause, and, as has previously been stated, curbed the mighty Louis, and kept him in his proper place. The Duke's wife was the famous Sarah Jennings, Maid of Honor to the Princess of Denmark, and destined to play a *role* very distinguished, and not a little discreditable, in the reign of Queen Anne.

King James advanced on Salisbury, and to give him all due credit he seemed anxious to join issue with the Prince, yet nothing but "little combats," as they have been termed, took place during this short campaign—skirmishes merely, and unworthy the name of battles. The Prince appeared indisposed to attack the King, and allowed the natural course of events to proceed. James perceiving that his game was now played out, retired to London, while his army, having lost heart, melted away and disappeared in a very few days.

At midnight of the 9th December the Queen and the Prince of Wales, in disguise, silently left the capital. Her departure is thus graphically told by Har-

ris, whose well-written and most trustworthy life of King William is the foundation of many of the histories of the Prince:—"It was in the night, between the 9th and 10th of December," he relates, "that Lauzan, being then employed in the Court of England, concerted with his Majesty the flight of the Queen and the young Prince, and, by one of the most happy adventures of his life, was successful. Riva, an Italian, a domestic of the Princesses, L'Abadie a Frenchman, page of the back-stairs to the King, both persons of experienced fidelity, were ordered to provide all things necessary for their voyage, and to convey them from Whitehall to the yacht, which his Majesty had appointed to carry Count Lauzan to France. It was not without great danger of being stopped and discovered that the Queen and Prince, not six months old, went out of their palace at a time full of suspicion, and when the least cry of the child might have broken the best concerted measures. However, the Queen, in disguise, accompanied by the Marquis and Marchioness of Powis, the Countess Dalmon, Signora, Vittoria Montecuculi, lately arrived from Italy, Signora Pelegriua, Turini, the wet and dry nurses, and a woman or two more, stole through a private stair to the water-side, and crossed the Thames on a dark night, exposed to the wind, rain, and roughness of the river; and, being got on the other side, waited near the walls of a church, insulted by the stormy weather, till the coaches were got ready in a neighbouring inn.

The curiosity of a man who at the same time went out of the inn and was making his way towards the Queen with a lantern in his hand, made her Majesty afraid of being discovered, when Riva, fearing the same, followed him immediately, and jostled him so rudely that both fell into the dirt. This was a fortunate diversion, for the fellow attributing the fall to an accident, he and Riva begged one another's pardon and the thing went no further. The Queen and her attendants took coach, and on going on ship-board at Gravesend, L'Abadie's wife, who was acquainted with the captain, amused him awhile until the Queen, who passed for an Italian lady returning to her native country, was got into the cabin which had been prepared for her. Three Irish captains embarked at the same time, being appointed by the King to have an eye on the commander of the vessel, in case, upon any suspicion, he should have refused to do his duty. This precaution proved unnecessary. The yacht, having put to sea, had a very quick passage, and safely landed the Queen at Calais."

The Queen having departed with the youthful Prince of Wales, King James very speedily made preparations to follow. He had prepared writs for a new Parliament—a feint, intended only to blind the people and deceive them as to his intentions. These writs he took care to burn before he left London; and, as if to cap the climax of his wretched career, he ordered the army to be disbanded, and, on the 11th December,



having taken the great broad Seal of England, he threw it into the Thames at Lambeth, as he slunk secretly away. The Seal, we are informed, was discovered by a fisherman some months afterwards. Thus, it would seem, that the cowardly despot by these wild and desperate acts, wished to convey to the English people the fact that all law and Government, with their solemn symbols, had been overturned, and an age of anarchy begun.

The news of the King's departure spread with lightning rapidity, and much commotion was the result. He had left his few and uncertain friends in the lurch. London was in a state of excitement—the mob ready for any mischief, and careless for whom they declared. The magistrates met at once, and resolved to apply to the Prince of Orange and place the city in his hands. They entreated the Prince to come to London. Now was the moment for testing the stuff that men were made of! Who for the King? Who for Orange? All government gone, the Great Seal lost, and no Regency appointed, what was to be done? Rochester had till that day adhered firmly to the Royal cause. He now saw that there was only one way of averting general confusion. "Muster your troop of Guards," he said to Northumberland, "and declare for the Prince of Orange." The advice was promptly followed. The principal officers of the army held a meeting and determined to submit to William's authority. Very shortly the whole nation endorsed this step.



The Prince of Orange arrived at Windsor, a proud and apparently happy man. Every thing seemed to conspire to make him so—a throne, ancient and mighty, and a people rich, cultivated, and free. What more could be desired? Such, no doubt, were his thoughts as he rested after his many labours under the protection of the old and venerable towers of Windsor. Scarcely, however, had the cheerful voice of the crowds who welcomed him been hushed, when the news reached London that James had been brought back and desired to have a conference with the Prince, which was refused. The Earl of Feversham conveyed the wish of the King, but William would not see him, and quietly ordered his arrest. The King, intimidated by this decided measure, again quickly left London, and shortly thereafter sailed for France, to the great relief of Orange and the English people.

“This desertion of the King,” says Harris, “gave no small joy to those who wished to see the Protestant religion, the laws and liberties of England, secured by a new settlement. For, had his Majesty been so resolute as to stay and meet his Parliament, the governing party would have been much embarrassed with his person, since, by the original constitution ‘The King can do no wrong, and his ministers only are answerable for all miscarriages and unwarrantable proceedings.’ This flight was afterwards interpreted by a solemn vote of the representatives of the Commons of England as a voluntary and absolute abdication,

whereby the people were restored to their primitive right of filling the vacant throne, and the Prince of Orange left at liberty to wear a diadem unspotted by parricide. Thus ended the actual reign of James II., and from henceforth he can be called no more than a titular King, struggling afterwards through the whole course of his life to recover his lost power."

James having practically dethroned himself, the nation resolved to endure his usurpations and tyranny no longer, but asserted their legal rights, and vigorously defended them by means of the powerful hand of the Prince of Orange, who came to the rescue when it seemed as if all the safeguards which the Constitution had built up were about to be destroyed.

William of Nassau, Prince of Orange, Stadtholder of the Republic of the United Provinces, and his consort, the lady Mary, the eldest daughter of the King, were now virtually King and Queen of Great Britain, France and Ireland.

A Dutch historian tells us that at the very moment when the King's barge was steering its way down the river the troops of Orange were marching regiment after regiment into the capital. A noteworthy day this 18th of December, 1688! Kings going and Kings coming! and a new reign begun without sound of trumpet or drum, and, happily, without bloodshed.

Many pleasant greetings awaited the fortunate Prince. Orange was now the colour, and hats and caps and canes and flags, and windows displayed the significant

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and honourable emblem. Bells rang in the joyful welcome, and bonfires and illuminations cheered the city and the people. At sunset, William, accompanied by the venerable Schomberg, quietly reached the palace of St. James, which he found crowded with the noblest men of England, eager to do him homage. Then followed addresses and congratulations from all the public bodies, beginning with the Mayor and Common Council of London. It is said that the lawyers were represented by the famous Sir John Maynard, now ninety years of age, the same undaunted Maynard who had boldly accused the haughty Strafford. "Mr. Sergeant," remarked the Prince, "you must have survived all the lawyers of your standing." "Yes, sir," said the old man, "and but for your Highness I should have survived the laws too."\*

The Prince having, in his original Declaration, to which we have already referred, stated that he would leave the method of settling the Government to a free Parliament, refused to take a single step till this was done. The Peers therefore met, and, after several deliberations, resolved to offer him the administration, both civil and military, with a request that he would call a Parliamentary Convention for January ensuing. The addresses were signed by ninety Lords, and presented on the same day to the Prince. His reply was prompt and satisfactory, and to the effect that he had

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\*Burnet.

pleasure in acceding to their request, and would pledge himself to do what he could for the good and welfare of the nation.

The Prince was further encouraged by an address from Scotland, signed by thirty Lords and eighty gentlemen, entreating him to assume the Government of that country, which had been so mismanaged by his predecessors.

Things in Ireland were not so satisfactory. Tyrconnel being at the head of affairs, it was not likely he would readily fall in the new régime. A bigoted Catholic, surrounded by a Council of co-religionists, who had determined, as on former occasions, to wage war to the knife against Protestantism, he bade defiance to William, and said that even did King James commanded him to sheath his sword, he would refuse obedience, and so he did refuse, and that too very emphatically—so very much so, indeed, that the prudent Protestants of the North, thinking that “forewarned is forearmed,” prepared for the worst; fortified Derry and other places; sought the aid of the Prince; and committed their cause to the God of battles.

We shall have somewhat more to say, in its place, of the noble conduct of those Protestant heroes whose deeds of glory have not been forgotten.

William, though now apparently within reach of the Crown, did not find everything proceed so smoothly as he could have desired. He was, in fact, only entering on a career glorious undoubtedly, but one

both thorny and painful. Many hot and tedious debates kept the Houses of Parliament busy over the state of affairs of this strange and unprecedented interregnum. The question as to whether James had "deserted" or "abdicated" the throne occupied their attention for days, instead of meeting the main difficulty, and determining who should be his successor. The Prince was both an interested and amused spectator of these childish debates, but purposely withheld interfering till things became ridiculous. He then sent for some of the leaders, and told them plainly that he expected to be their King. He would neither consent to be Regent, nor reign as King Consort to his wife as Queen, and that if Parliament did not see its way to make him King, he would at once return to Holland and leave them to their fate. There is no shirking from this plain language. He did not mean this as a threat, but as the interpretation of patent facts. For what did he come to England? Was it merely to fight King James, and rid the country of his tyrannies? Why had they invited him over, if, after all, they could not agree amongst themselves? These, and other cogent remarks, we are told, were communicated to the Lords, and helped them to decide very speedily.

On the 7th February they came to the sensible resolution, that the Prince and Princess of Orange should be King and Queen of England, and that the regal authority should be vested in the Prince alone, in name of both. On the 13th the old Banqueting House at

Whitehall witnessed an interesting spectacle—one more interesting, important, and august having seldom been seen within the grey old walls. Both Houses waited on the Prince and Princess, and, after causing the “Declaration of Right” to be read, formally offered them the Crown. The Prince having, on his own behalf and on that of his Princess, accepted the gift, returned their joint and hearty thanks for the high honor conferred upon them, and while doing so, promised to preserve the religion, laws and liberties of the realm. Loud acclamations followed this reply, which was quickly carried out of doors and spread over the land as on the wings of the wind. Next day, the Prince and Princess were proclaimed, amidst great rejoicings, King and Queen of England, France, and Ireland.

Thus ended the Revolution of 1688. “We are henceforth,” says an old writer, “to change our style, and no longer talk of the Prince and Princess of Orange, but of King William III. and Queen Mary II.”





## CHAPTER V.

*“ And, indeed, he seems to me  
Scarce other than my own ideal knight,  
Who revered his conscience as his king ;  
Whose glory was, redressing human wrong.”*

Tennyson.

**W**ILLIAM was now King, though not yet crowned. Some awkwardness was created by the circumstances, which was ultimately got over by the Parliament, or Convention as it was temporarily designated. Averse to arbitrary power, he desired to divide his authority and obtain the aid of an able and powerful Privy Council. This Council was speedily organized and in working order. The King very soon expressed his wish for reform, and began by asking that the Act for raising Hearth Money should be repealed, which was done forthwith, and for which the House of Commons gave him hearty thanks. We regret to observe that much as William had cause for congratulation on account of his wonderful success, it was not gained without considerable annoyance and trouble. This was to be expected. The rough waters



of a stormy political sea could not be smoothed down in a day. So we find that various sections of the people—notably the army and the church—were not altogether pacified. The English army had at this time little personally to boast of. The Dutch had, lately, done the fighting, and were now in high favor, which created considerable dissatisfaction. The Church, too, had only too readily been led by prejudice and exclusiveness. William wished to open wide the door to all loyal Protestants by whatever name they might be called, an amount of liberality which did not suit the ideas of certain non-juring prelates. This, with the vexation caused by the desertion of some of the troops—one Scotch regiment and part of another—contributed to make the King feel somewhat uncertain as to the turn things might ultimately take. The runaway soldiers, overpowered by numbers, were duly captured by the brave Ginkell, at Sleaford, in Lincolnshire, and brought to London. They had, without doubt, forfeited their lives by this revolt, and their leaders were duly convicted of high treason at the Bury Assizes; but William, with the clemency of a true hero, procured their pardon, and kept them out of further mischief by despatching the whole regiment to Holland, where they washed out the disgrace by deeds of daring worthy of their honoured name—the 1st Regiment of the Line.

The Coronation was accompanied by circumstances of magnificence befitting the occasion, and congratu-



lations flowed in from every side. On the same day William and Mary were proclaimed King and Queen of Scotland. Affairs in England began to settle down quietly and orderly, and Constitutional Government speedily commended itself to all thinking minds.

But what of Scotland and Ireland, two integral portions of the United Kingdom, whose influence might either make or mar a glorious reign ?

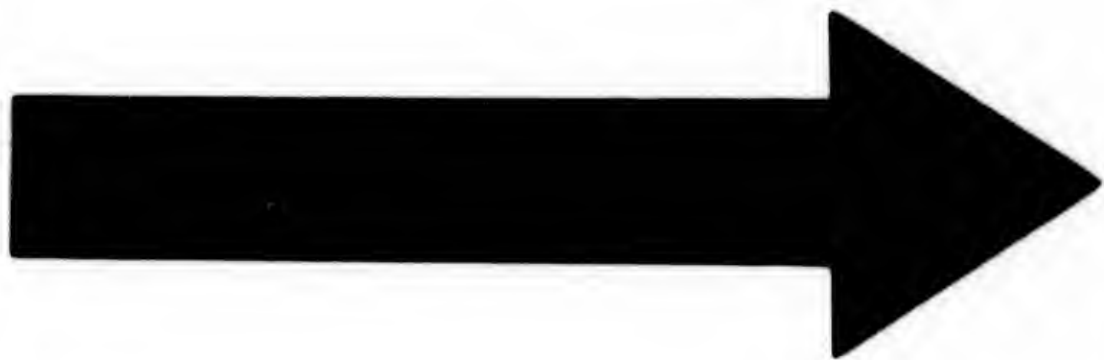
In no part of the empire did the news of the Revolution create more joy than in Scotland. The terrible persecution of her people by the minions of Charles II. and King James, which we have formerly referred to, and during which, it is said, some twenty thousand of her Protestant inhabitants had either been cruelly put to death or banished to the Plantations, had nearly prostrated the nation. Driven by their persecutors to open resistance they fought with desperate bravery, and fell confessing, boldy, their fidelity to the Protestant Religion. There was scarcely a mountain pass, or valley, or moor in the South and West of the country, which was not dyed with their blood, and where may still be seen the rude headstones that mark their martyr graves. Such noble constancy and fealty to Protestant truth is unequalled in the history of Europe. But for the stand which they took, during all those painful years, the precious ark of Protestantism in these Kingdoms would probably have foundered. Nothing can justify the policy of the Government in this matter. Execration, through-

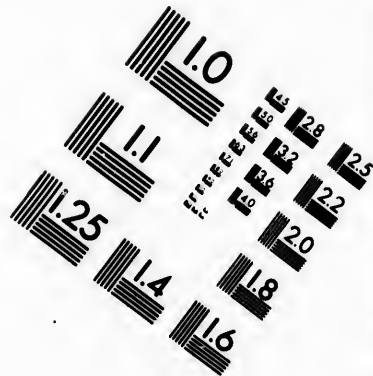
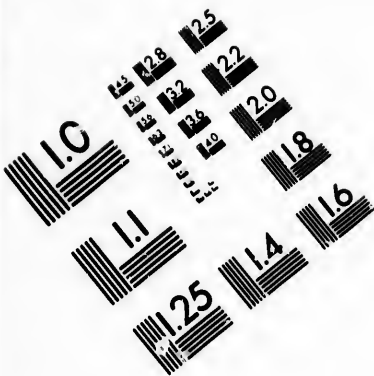
out all ages, must be the punishment of men who could let loose a foul fiend, like the notorious Claverhouse, on an innocent people, arming him with fire and sword to waste, ravage, and destroy. And, yet, he is one of the "Scottish Cavaliers" whom some of our sentimental poets delight to honor! Had he done nothing else in all his black history than murder the poor carrier of Priesthill, his name would have been handed down to endless ages as one of the most atrocious and cowardly recorded in the long category of villains. The story is so touching that we must be excused for introducing it here. Hetherington thus graphically writes—"John Brown lived at a place called Priesthill, in the parish of Muirkirk, and earned a subsistence by the humble employment of a carrier. He was a man of deep personal piety, but had not joined in any acts of open resistance to the Government. He was known for these principles, and the shelter which his solitary abode occasionally furnished to the persecuted wanderers and their ministers. Of this, information had been given to Claverhouse himself. He was brought back to his own house, and there the usual ensnaring questions were put to him—the brief examination closing by Claverhouse saying to him, 'Go to your prayers, for you shall immediately die.' Calmly the martyr knelt down upon the heath, and poured forth the emotions of his heart in a strain of such fervent and lofty devotion as to move the rude and hardened soldiery, if

not to tears of repentance, at least to strong, though transient remorse. Thrice was he interrupted by the relentless Claverhouse, who exclaimed, that 'he had given him time to pray but not to preach.' Turning to the merciless man he answered, 'Sir, you know neither the nature of preaching or praying if you call this preaching,' and continued his devotions untroubled and unconfused. When he stopped, Claverhouse bade him take farewell of his wife and children. Turning to the afflicted woman, who was standing beside him with one infant in her arms and another clinging to her knee, he said, 'Now, Isabel, the day is come, that I told you would come when I first spoke to you of marriage.' 'Indeed, John,' replied she, 'I can willingly part with you.' 'Then,' said he, 'that is all I desire, I have no more to do but die; I have been in ease to meet death this many years.' After he had kissed his wife and children, Claverhouse ordered six soldiers to fire. The men hesitated; the prayers of the martyr were still sounding in their souls; they positively refused. Enraged at their delay and refusal, Claverhouse, with his own hand, shot him through the head; then turning to the new-made widow, in a voice of fiend-like mockery, said, 'What thinkest thou of thy husband now, woman?' 'I ever thought much good of him,' she answered, 'and as much now as ever.' 'It were but justice to lay thee beside him,' exclaimed the murderer. 'If you were permitted,' replied

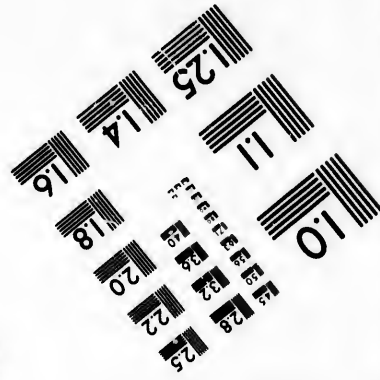
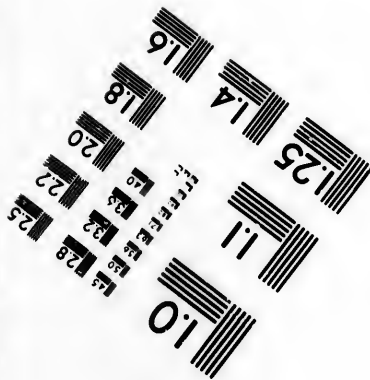
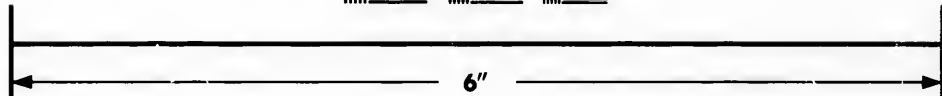
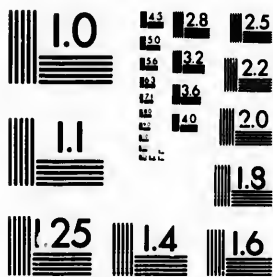
she, 'I doubt not but your cruelty would go that length ; but how will you answer for this morning's work ?' 'To man I can be answerable,' said the ruthless persecutor, 'and as for God, I will take Him in my own hand !' and, wheeling round, rode off at the head of his horror-stricken troop. The poor woman laid down her fatherless infant on the ground, gathered together the scattered brains of her beloved husband ; then taking the kerchief from her neck and bosom, wound it about his mangled head, straightened his stiffened body, covered it with her plaid, and sat down and wept over him, with one infant on her knee and the other clasped closely to her desolate heart. Not a friend or a neighbour was near in the dismal solitude of that dark hour to aid her in performing the last sad duties of humanity, 'it being a very desert place where never victual grew ;' but she was not alone, for her soul felt the strong support of her very present God."

And what was the cause for which this "Cavalier" thus dishonoured his name ? The truth *must* be told without fear. Our Episcopal ancestors themselves, at that time, only half-reformed, and with sadly intolerant ideas of religion, lent themselves in those ruthless days to the wild and wicked acts of the heartless Stuart Kings, and with weapons sharp and keen endeavoured—oh, how cruelly!—to force a whole brave nation of true Protestants to abandon their faith. God bless the memory of the noble William,





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who came to end this fratricidal war ! The Scottish people, though they can never forget the grievous wrong, have long ago forgiven it, and are now in heart and hand, united to England, in a bond of brotherhood, that can never be broken. May God hasten the day when the same shall be said of old Ireland !

King William's authority was not at first fully recognized in Scotland. A party, formidable enough, still held for James. This party had for its leaders Viscount Dundee, (Claverhouse,) Lord Balcarras and the Duke of Gordon. It is a curious fact that on the same day on which the convention of the Scottish Estates received a letter from James, a courier from King William arrived from Hampton Court. There was, thereafter, a stand-up fight for the kingdom. Dundee, to do him justice, was loyal to his master. He retreated from Edinburgh, and retired to the Highlands, where he called some of the Clans to his standard, and determined to resist the new authority. James hoped much from him—a folorn hope it proved ; for, although Dundee in his famous battle at Killiecrankie, on July 27th, 1689, with his impetuous Celts, succeeded in breaking the ranks of King William's troops, commanded by General Mackay, yet he himself fell in the action, and, with his death, crushed the hopes of the Jacobites in Scotland.

On the 11th May, 1689, the Earl of Argyle, Sir James Montgomery, and Sir John Dalrymple arrived



in London in the capacity of Commissioners from the Scottish Convention. They had an interview with the King and Queen, at Whitehall, and presented a letter from the estates, together with a draft of scheme for the Government of Scotland, and a document asking for redress of several grievances. King William received them very cordially, and satisfied them as to his intentions towards the country. The Commissioners then tendered the Coronation Oath, which the King and Queen solemnly took with uplifted hands; but, when the Earl of Argyle came to the words, "We shall be careful to root out heretics," he declared that he did not mean by these words that he was under any obligation to become a persecutor. The Commissioners replied, "neither the meaning of the oath nor the law of Scotland did import this." His Majesty answered, "I take the oath in that sense," and made his remark more emphatic, by calling on all present to bear witness to what he had done. This is in harmony with what he had said on another occasion. "We never could be of that mind that violence was suited to the advancing of true religion, nor do we intend that our authority shall ever be a tool to the irregular passions of any party." Very noble words, affording much comfort to the nation at large, and, more especially, to all lovers of toleration and free thought. We do not know that he ever wounded the spirit of this pledge, and, if apparently, he seemed, at times, to administer severely the unjust Penal Laws,

it was simply in self-defence. These enactments, all now cordially admit, were a sad mistake, and did incalculable mischief. No enlightened Protestant will attempt, for an instant, to justify any intolerance his ancestors may have been guilty of, but there were extenuating circumstances. The Reformers had been nursed in an intolerant Church, and it was little wonder they should bring with them some ideas not consonant with their own true principles. The genius of Protestantism can live only in an atmosphere of freedom, and brotherly kindness, and charity. When that atmosphere becomes vitiated by passion or prejudice, Protestantism sickens and dies.

Scotland and England thus, in a measure, pacified, attention was drawn to the lamentable condition of Ireland. The Protestants of the North had reason to believe that mischief was brewing, and that the emissaries of James were busy all over the country. Bearing in mind the horrors of 1641, and having no leader upon whom they could depend, they determined to act for themselves—and that they did well and bravely. On King William's arrival in London, a deputation of Irish Protestant gentlemen had waited upon him, and entreated his protection. At that moment the Prince was undecided, not knowing whom to trust, and was therefore unable to assure them of immediate assistance. He despatched General Richard Hamilton, a Roman Catholic, to Ireland, with the object of obtaining the resignation and submission of Tyrconnel.

General Hamilton, like many another, proved a traitor, and instead of using his influence with Tyrconnel to cease resistance, he encouraged him to hold on for King James. As we have already stated, that de-throned King had resolved to fight out his cause in Ireland. He was despised at the Court of King Louis not only for his intense bigotry—too strong even for St. Germain's—but also for his weak and unmanly character. It is said that on one occasion the Archbishop of Rheims, observing him passing remarked sarcastically, "There goes an honest gentleman who has abandoned three Kingdoms for a mass!"

Louis, though little respecting his royal guest as a man, yet determined to aid him in Ireland. On parting the exiled Monarch, Louis is said to have remarked to him, "Tout ce que je puis vous souhaiter de mieux, c'est de ne nous jamais, revoir," ("my best wish for you is, that we may never see your face again")—a not very polite way of bidding his friend farewell!

James sailed with a considerable fleet, mostly French, from the port of Breast, on the 7th of March, 1688, landed at Kinsale on the 22nd, and made a grand entry into Dublin on the 24th of same month. He issued no fewer than five proclamations, the main substance of which was a command to all to join issue with him against the Prince of Orange. Tyrconnel was created a Duke and invested with increased power. The Protestants were on the alert—not to be

deceived by false promises. Derry, Enniskillen and Coleraine promptly led the van, and resolved to stand by the Prince of Orange to the death. The first real encounter with the Jacobites took place at Dromore, County Down. Sir Arthur Rawdon was their leader. Here they did not behave well, but fled before their enemies, and lost one hundred men. At Coleraine, however, the Jacobites met with such a determined resistance, that they, in their turn were compelled to retreat. King James, annoyed by this success of the brave men of Coleraine, prepared to march to the North and pull down all opposition. Much consternation seized the inhabitants of Uister, and the hearts of the friends of King William beat rapidly. Everything became unsettled. The Roman Catholic population were treacherous, and many acts of cruelty were committed by them during those weeks of suspense. Derry—the true and noble, whose deeds of glory in its famous siege shall be told with admiration to endless ages—quickly proved of what metal she was made. Finding that a rabble of half-trained soldiers, said to have been of the veriest scum of the people, were on their way to occupy the city, the magistrates hesitated, but the brave populace decided for them: and when the Redshanks, as they were called, were just on the point of entering, a few young apprentices, seizing their swords and rushing to the rescue, raised the drawbridges, shut the gates, and locked them in the teeth of the enemy. The

foul traitor Lundy having disappeared, to the great relief of the people, the Government was handed over to Dr. Walker and Major Baker, who, with a garrison of some 7,000 men badly armed, and a few officers, calmly awaited the attack of King James. It is stated that, after thinning out the population in preparation for a siege, there remained within the walls no fewer than 20,000 people—too large a number it was very soon discovered. On the 19th of April the city was called upon to surrender, to which she gave a prompt refusal. On the 20th the army of King James invested the devoted place, and commenced to bombard it, without further ceremony. The courage and sufferings of the defenders of Derry are known to all. Famine, disease and death stalked through the streets, and the children cried for bread to mothers perishing of hunger. Episodes of daring, such as few patriotic conflicts have witnessed, were of daily occurrence. Much has been said and sung of all this; but the poet has yet to appear who shall worthily celebrate the grand deeds of the men of Derry and their famous apprentice Boys. Relief at length arrived. On the 30th July the "Mountjoy," accompanied by the "Phoenix," laden with provisions, and protected by the "Dartmouth," frigate, broke the boom, and gallantly sailed amidst shot and shell to the quays, where they were met by famishing crowds, who sent up a shout of joy, and praised the God of Battles for this. His wonderful mercy. King James's army retired, and from this

hour may be dated the utter collapse of all his hopes. The men of Enniskillen were not less brave, and patriotic. Having been summoned to surrender, they refused, bade defiance to the invader, and boldly proclaimed for King William and Mary. They were fortunate in not being long besieged, and were always too eager to meet the enemy to allow themselves to remain idle. The enemy wisely retreated, leaving the place untouched. Burning with desire to meet the foe, the courageous Enniskillieners, on the very day on which Derry was saved, encountered at Newton-Butler a body of Jacobites 6,000 strong, commanded by Major-General Macarty. The fight was short and decisive. An old writer, whose account was written a few years after the event, thus remarks—“They fought and routed them, took Macarty prisoner, and killed and drowned nigh 3,000 of them, tho’ they themselves were not above 2,000 in all, and did not lose above twenty men, and had about fifty wounded.”\*

King James, having succeeded in getting his Irish Parliament together, once more attempted the Stuart method of doing things. He, of course, thought first of himself—then of the Prince of Orange, against whom he had a bill passed, in which William was declared a usurper. He pretended to be friendly to the

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\* See also “Actions of Enniskillen Men,” by Andrew Hamilton, London, 1690.

Protestants ; but his deceitful offers were not accepted. With impotent rage he attainted more than 3,000 of the best men in Ireland, including two archbishops, one duke, seventeen earls, seven countesses, a great many barons, baronets, knights, &c. On his arrival in Dublin he turned out the Provost and Fellows of Trinity College, seized the Library, the Communion Plate, &c., and made a barracks of the College. This was bad enough ; but King James never stopped at trifles. So we find that he issued an order by the hand of Luttrell, Governor of Dublin, to the effect that all Protestants, not housekeepers, should leave the city, and that not more than five Protestants should be allowed to assemble in any place under pain of death.

William was not unaware of all these doings of his father-in-law, and only delayed bringing him to his senses till he had settled affairs in England. Meanwhile, feeling keenly the hardihood of Louis in invading Ireland in the cause of James, he consulted the Houses of Parliament, and received their hearty promise of support. War was immediately proclaimed against France, and Louis was characterised as a grand disturber of the peace of Europe, the enemy of Christianity, and the persecutor of Protestants. William, at this time, to all appearance, carried with him the majority of his Parliament, and was vastly strengthened by their unanimity. Things did not always continue so, and much thwarting from them was, in after times,

the rule rather than the exception. Nearly all the European Powers congratulated him and his Queen on their ascension to the throne.

William, having arranged matters in London, quickly made preparations for his Irish campaign, and despatched Duke Schomberg in advance, with a small army of 10,000 troops. This brave and hearty soldier landed on the shores of Down, at the pleasant little town of Bangor, now a popular summer resort of the people of Belfast. His army was largely made up of Dutch, a number of Englishmen, and a body of the faithful Huguenots. He marched, on the 17th, to Belfast, and reached that town without firing a shot. The plucky town of Carrickfergus showed fight, and kept the gallant old captain at bay for eight days, and only surrendered when the powder was used up. The Duke then directed his attention to the south, and having compelled the enemy to retire from Newry, arrived at Dundalk, where he resolved to winter. Unfortunately, from the swampy nature of the encampment, his soldiers were seized with sickness amounting to an epidemic, which cut off some 2,000, and disabled as many more. Several distinguished officers also perished. Colonel Henry Wharton, Colonel Hungerford, and the famous Sir Edward Dering were amongst the number. The men and horses were starving, and the surgeons had no medicine for the sick. News of the state of matters reached William, who, we read, sent over a Commission to know the cause. Schomberg



having obtained supplies, was in a position to take the field early in the year 1690. James, with a culpable want of decision, lost his chance, for while the troops of his enemy lay prostrated at Dundalk, he might with ease have driven them all into the sea. Some people who believe in fate, would say, that he had been born under an evil star, as things seemed to cross his path in all directions.

King William, having given his assent to his Queen being appointed Regent during his absence from the kingdom, set out for Ireland, and landed at Carrickfergus on the 14th June, attended by Prince George of Denmark, the Duke of Wurtemberg, the Prince of Hesse Darnstadt, the Duke of Ormond, and the Earls of Oxford, Portland, Scarborough and Manchester. William received a most hearty reception at Belfast, the people shouted on all sides. "God bless the Protestant King," and cheered him to the echo. He proceeded to Lisburn, and then to Hillsborough, and held a Council of War. Some of his officers advised caution, but he replied that he did not come to Ireland to let the grass grow under his feet. On the 22nd the whole army encamped at Loughbrickland, near Newry. William here reviewed his troops, amounting to some 36,000 men of many nationalities—English, Dutch, Danes, Germans, and Frenchmen—all well appointed, well trained, and well commanded. Having received information that James was to be found somewhere near Drogheda, having retreated through Ardee with

an army stated to be 20,000 strong, William moved with his advance guard to within a couple of miles of the town. He is stated to have said that the country was so beautiful it was worth fighting for.

The two armies confronted each other on the banks of the River Boyne on the memorable 30th of June, 1690. On perceiving the Irish army, William is reported to have said, "I am glad to see you, gentlemen, and if you escape me now the fault will be mine." The Jacobites occupied the hill of Dunmore—with its right wing towards Drogheda and its left on the banks of the river. William, approaching from the North, took up a favorable position, and began operations without delay. He opened a destructive fire on the Irish lines on the afternoon of the 30th, and determined to cross the river on the evening of the same day. While surveying the position of the enemy from a slight eminence, he was instantly fired at and wounded, the ball carrying away a portion of his coat and grazing his shoulder. His staff were in consternation, but he was calm and collected, and simply remarked, "There is no necessity; the bullet should have come nearer." He must have endured considerable pain, and the enemy circulated a report far and near that he was seriously wounded. But, like a true hero, he concealed his sufferings in the silence of his usual reserve. In the evening of the 30th June he issued his final orders to the troops, fixed "Westminster" as the

watch-word, and by torch-light rode through his lines and surveyed the whole army.

July 1st, 1690, was a notable day. Two monarchs were about to play a decisive game for a crown, and Popery and Protestantism to join issue with each other for the ascendancy. The liberty of the Three Kingdoms was at stake, and now was the hour to say whether freedom or slavery, moral or physical, should have the mastery! God speed the war-horse of Orange! Heaven preserve the right!

At six in the morning, the attack was begun at Slaney by William's right wing, led by the brave Douglas and the dashing young Schomberg. The whole army speedily plunged into the river, and with some difficulty crossed to the other side. At Oldbridge the Dutch Blue Guards dashed into the stream ten abreast, headed by De Solmes; then followed in double quick time the Derry and Enniskillen dragoons—always ready. After then came the faithful Huguenots, who preceded the English infantry under Hanmer and Nassau. William selected the fifth ford, where the water was deepest, and rode in at the head of the cavalry of the left wing. It was a magnificent sight! The river filled with men, and the banks crowded with the enemy, sternly resolved to hurl them back into the surging flood! The French Protestant regiments of La Caillemote and Cambon, and the Danish brigade were for a moment staggered by the shock of the Jacobite squadron of Hamilton, and

thrown into confusion. The aged Duke of Schomberg, who had been offended by William's impetuosity in deciding to give battle at once, quickly noticing the state of matters, lost not a moment in crossing the river, and, without his armour, charged at the head of the Huguenots. Pointing to the troops of James, he called out, "Allons, Messieurs! Voila vos persecuteurs!" "Let us advance, gentlemen! There are your persecutors." At this instant the brave old general received two awkward, though not fatal wounds on the head from some of James's guard, who had been allowed by Cambon's men to pass. Cambon, in order to redeem this mistake, fell unwittingly into a far more disastrous error, for while firing all too rashly at the enemy, shot the grand old Schomberg in the neck, of which unlucky wound he died almost immediately. Thus, at the advanced age of eighty-two, ended the career of one of the first soldiers of Europe, whose deeds of glory are indelibly engraven on the scroll of fame. With a judgment clear as light, polite and pleasant, kind and considerate, he commanded general respect. In him William lost a personal friend, and one of the brightest ornaments of his camp and court.

The good La Caillemote also succumbed from his wounds, and while being carried from the field shouted to his affectionate Huguenots, "A la gloire, mes enfans, a la gloire!" "To glory, my children, to glory," and closed his eyes in death. Amongst those

who fell early in the day was the famous Dr. Walker, who had covered himself with fame at the siege of Derry.

King William was all but ubiquitous—directing affairs in every part of the field. The English cavalry, for the moment, under the command of Prince George of Denmark, hesitated before the enemy near the hamlet of Dunmore. William, hearing this, rode up instantly to the men of Enniskillen, who, after a few encouraging words, followed the King and made sad havoc of the foe. The battle now raged with increased fury, and many a brave soul was sent down to Hades and Night in this final struggle for the mastery. At last, General Hamilton was wounded and captured, and, with this event, the ardour of the Jacobites was cooled. William asked him if his army would still keep up the fight. Hamilton replied, "Yes, sir; upon my honour I think they will." The King, remembering his treachery, turned round and said with an ironical smile, "*your* honour!"

The Irish army now put *hors de combat*, began a very steady retreat, covered by the French infantry and the Irish cavalry. James had ordered Lauzan to march in a direction parallel with Douglas and young Schomberg to Duleek. He himself, like a coward as he was, fled in trepidation to Dublin. His craven-heartedness drew contempt even from his own followers. "Change Kings with us," an Irish officer replied to an Englishman who had taunted him with the

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panic of the Boyne, "Change Kings with us, and we will fight you again." And, without a King, they did fight well again. Would that it had been in a better cause!

"Thus," says a writer who is, generally, just in his opinions, though in this instance he is excusably sarcastic—"Thus ended the famous battle of the Boyne. England obtained thereby a new Governor and a National Debt, Ireland fresh oppression and an intensification of religious and political animosity unparalleled in the history of nations."\* "Quid est Veritas?" asked Pilate, but did not wait for an answer: and Truth replies, "England, by this victory, secured a Constitutional Government, free institutions, and the permanent establishment of the Protestant religion; Ireland ultimate, if not immediate, deliverance from anarchy; partial freedom from an unhealthy foreign influence; the possibility of her own voluntary secession from the Church of Rome, and her hearty union with England."

Our Catholic friends too often forget, when speaking of the Penal Laws, which no one now defends, that Protestants had every reason to stand on their guard. If they sometimes did make reprisals sharp and decisive, they had received most terrible provocation. What of St. Bartholomew? of Piedmont? of Bohemia? of the Dragonnades? of Scotland? of

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\*Cusack.

Spain? What Catholic nation at this period and long afterwards even tolerated the Reformed religion, and did not, by fire and sword, endeavour to stamp it out? Not one!

The Prince of Orange also came in for his share of obloquy, and his name was, to the Catholics, synonymous with tyranny. Yet, after all, he did not make war to kill men, but to eradicate evil principles, and we heartily concur in the remark of an eminent writer that, "In truth the glorious blood of Orange, could scarcely have run in a low persecutor's veins."\* All who have studied his history will cordially add their testimony to the truth of this statement. When the real character of William is known, the world of free thought will be surprised to learn how much it owes to his influence.

James arrived in Dublin that evening; issued an ungrateful declaration, and insulted Lady Tyrconnel by a rude remark about the skill the Irish had displayed in running away, to which she replied that the King had shown them a very good example. He remained only one night in the capital, quickly passed on to Kinsale and embarked for France, "Where he arrived with an excellent appetite, in high spirits, and in a talkative humour."†

A Provisional Council met, and sent an invitation to William to honour the city with his presence. Pre-

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\*Goldwin Smith.

† Macaulay.



vious to his entrance into Dublin, he ordered Melloniere to attack Drogheda, which surrendered without resistance. Kilkenney, Duncannon, and Waterford followed in due course. When within two miles of the metropolis, he heard that Wexford had declared for him, and that Sligo was free. He entered Dublin on the 6th July, and was received with joy by the Protestants, who now breathed the air of freedom. After resting a few days, he proceeded to Limerick, which still held out for James. Here William met with a decided check. He lost his ammunition train and was vigorously resisted by the enemy. He was ultimately compelled to raise the siege; and finding that things on the Continent of Europe were looking ominous, and affairs at home imminent, he embarked for England, leaving the conduct of the war to Marlborough, who made quick work of opposition to the cause. Cork succumbed after forty-eight hours, Kinsale a few days later; and other places speedily submitted. In the spring of 1691 Ginkel captured Athlone, and compelled St. Ruth, who was now in command of the French and Irish forces to stand at bay. St. Ruth addressed his soldiers, and closed his speech with orders "to give quarter to none, especially not to spare any of the French heretics in the Prince of Orange's army." On the 12th July was fought the famous battle of Aughrim. The fight was long and stubborn on both sides, and but for the death of St. Ruth, whose head was carried off by a canon



ball just as he had exclaimed, "They *are* beaten ; let us beat them to the purpose," historians tell us Ginkel might have been driven out of the West. Seven thousand men perished before darkness stopped the carnage. One touching story comes down to us from this bloody combat. "An Irish officer who had been slain was survived by his faithful dog. The poor animal lay beside his master's body day and night ; and though he fed upon other corpses with the rest of the dogs, he would not permit them to touch the treasured remains. He continued to watch until January, when he flew at a soldier who he feared was about to remove the bones, which were all that remained to him of the being by whom he had been caressed and fed. The soldier in his fright unslung his piece and fired, and the faithful wolf-dog laid himself down and died by his charge."\*

The siege of Limerick had been again commenced, and continued with vigour, till at last the brave defenders of the town, perceiving that resistance was hopeless, called a parley and proposed terms of surrender. A military treaty was signed on October 3rd, and thus virtually ended the war. Sarsfield, with 10,000 of his troops, was permitted to leave the country and go to France. An eloquent writer thus beautifully remarks, that "When the wild cry of the women who had witnessed their departure was

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\* Cusack.

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hushed, the silence of death settled down upon Ireland. For a hundred years the country remained at peace, but the peace was the peace of despair.”\*

William has often been blamed for want of vigour in following up the victory of the Boyne; but the secret of his leniency and tardiness is thus truthfully stated by Froude—“He betrayed no intent,” he remarks, “and he felt no desire to break down by violence a people whom, in his inexperience, he believed it possible to win by indulgent terms. He refused to look upon them as rebels when they were in arms for one whom they regarded as their natural sovereign.”†

King William having arrived in London, purposed to start forthwith for Holland, and as a leading member of the “Grand Alliance” against Louis XIV., to aid in directing measures against the French monarch. He had ample cause of uneasiness, for Louis was carrying all before him. The victory of Fleurus, in Flanders; his successes in Savoy, and the all but magical triumph of his fleet under Tourville, rendered it necessary that something should be done. The burning of Teignmouth by the French, by raising English patriotism, together with the result of the battle of the Boyne, greatly increased the fame of William and tended for the time at least to keep down the restless energy of his enemies. His Parliament again met on

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\* Green.

† Froude's English in Ireland.

October 3rd, 1690, and he received the hearty congratulations of both Houses; and, what is more satisfactory, a vote of four millions to maintain both the military and naval service in active efficiency, was cordially agreed to. A conspiracy had just been discovered for the restoration of King James, the leaders of which were seized and peace secured. James had, indeed, reached France, but his intrigues were as numerous as ever. We are told that he conducted himself at St. Germain's like a fool—so much so that Louis was forced to remark, "Le roi mon frere est fier, mais il aime assez les pistoles de France." (The King, my brother, is proud, but he is very fond of French pistoles.)

William embarked for Holland with a splendid train of nobles, to attend the Congress at the Hague on the 18th January, 1691. Among his attendants were the Dukes of Norfolk, Ormond, Devonshire, Dorset, Portland, Monmouth, and Zudestein, Admirals Cloudesley, Shovel, and George Rooke, who commanded the English fleet which acted as a convoy. The voyage was tedious and stormy, and a landing appeared to the Admirals difficult and dangerous. William, impatient at the delay, against all advice, ordered out the boats and proceeded to effect a landing. The hazard was so great that some of the sailors expressed their fears, which so annoyed the King that he called out, "Are you really afraid to die in my company?" He is stated to have been as calm and composed

amidst the danger as if he had been in the drawing-room at Kensington.

The enthusiasm with which William was received by his countrymen was almost without parallel, and his own joy on returning to his native land was unbounded. The Dutch are a kindly and homely people, with ideas of order and patriotism such as few nations can surpass. Slow they may be thought, but they think little of time, and vastly more of the results of time. He might have been a happier man had events tended to keep him at home in his own dear Holland ; but he was driven on by circumstances over which he had no control, and his life was one of ceaseless anxiety and suffering. On this memorable day the people thronged around him and pressed to touch his clothes. His officers remonstrated with them, but he said—" Do not keep the people off, let them come close to me, they are all my good friends."

At the Congress of Confederate Princes, held at the Hague, King William spoke vigorously in favour of a powerful combination against Louis in order to reduce him within reasonable limits. It was resolved to raise an allied army of 222,000 men against France. But Louis, never asleep, had anticipated the movement, and while his enemies were in council, and only thinking and talking, his army sat down before Mons, which was defended by the Prince of Bergue, and, after a short siege, captured what at that period was considered the strongest fortress in the Nether-

lands. William, compelled by considerations connected with his Government at home, and being not a little vexed by the disaster at Mons, embarked for England, and reached London on the 19th Oct., 1691. Three days afterwards he opened Parliament in person. During his absence one of the many conspiracies against his Government was discovered and promptly exposed and punished. He received the hearty thanks of Parliament, which conceded all he wanted, and voted large supplies to enable him to carry on the war with Louis. Public thanksgivings for his preservation and safe return were solemnly rendered to the Divine Being, by whose providential mercies the Prince had been brought back in safety.

One of the important events which happened about this period was the dismissal of Marlborough from the King's service. Ungrateful and treacherous, his too indulgent master had borne with his intrigues too long, and but for the "mercy which sits enthroned in kings," the haughty, cold, and fickle soldier had, deservedly, lost his head.

In a short history like this it is possible to relate only a few of the events that crowd the reign of so great and so illustrious a Prince. We can only glance at affairs and hurry forward with the story.

One catastrophe, sad and unfortunate, occurred in Scotland in 1692—a catastrophe that has been used as an argument against King William, and regarded as a blot on his fair fame. We of course refer to the

massacre of Glencoe. The story has often been told. No more dastardly, cruel, and atrocious deed ever disgrace the history of any nation, within the pale of civilization, and every actor in the base and cowardly transaction should have been instantly tried and executed. The unhappy civil war carried on by Viscount Dundee involved many of the Highland clans in difficulty. An escape for them soon appeared in the form of an indemnity to all who would take the oaths to the King and Queen before 1692. All the heads of the clans had complied with the terms of the proclamation, excepting Macdonald of Glencoe, and his omission to do so was a matter of pure accident. A few days after the period fixed he duly submitted, together with his clan. But there is, we think, no doubt that he had enemies, who, for some reason, owed him a grudge. Among these was notably the Master of Stair, Secretary for Scotland, from whose correspondence it is evident that the mishap of the poor Highland Chieftain afforded him great satisfaction. This Master of Stair, and master of strategy, by his foul plans for the destruction of the Macdonald's did more to injure his indulgent master's fame than all King William's numberless detractors put together.

The story as told by Macaulay and Aytown is touching and dramatic in the extreme, and had we space we should willingly insert it here. These two distinguished writers arrived at opposite conclusions—

the first all but acquitting and greatly extenuating the conduct of King William; and the second condemning him in terms of fearful severity.\* After a careful study of the whole tragedy, and an examination of the State papers of the times, we feel bound to go further than Macaulay, and discharge the King, absolutely, from all liability in the case. We can find nothing to implicate him in the dire tragedy, which was without a doubt, the result of malice on the part of the leaders, who conspired to destroy the Macdonald's. It is not necessary to enter fully into the history, and we consider it enough, in this place, to quote from the Report of the Royal Commission appointed to inquire into the matter, and which was subscribed at Holyrood House on the 20th day of June, 1693. This Report with other documents equally important, is now before us. It thus proceeds:—

“*Thirdly*—That there was nothing in the King's instructions to warrant the committing of the aforesaid slaughter, even as to the thing itself, and far less as to the manner of it; seeing all his instructions do plainly impart that the most obstinate of the Rebels might be received into mercy upon taking the oath of allegiance, tho' the day was long before elapsed; and that he ordered nothing concerning Glencoe and his Tribe, but that, if they could be well separated from the rest, it would be a proper vindication of the

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\**Vide* his poem called the “Widow of Glencoe.”

Public Justice to extirpate that sect of thieves; which plainly intimates that it was his Majesty's mind that they could not be separated from the rest of these Rebels, unless they still refused his mercy by continuing in arms and refusing allegiance; and that even in that case they were only to be proceeded against in the way of Public Justice, and no other way." It is ever to be regretted that the perpetrators of the outrage were not punished. Why they *were* not, is one of the strangest things presented by the history of any king or nation. It is not to be forgotten, however, that the Report of the Royal Commission, which was the result of careful investigation, was suppressed during King William's reign, and should have been published in vindication of his Majesty's honour. In fact the king's hands were full, and his mind pre-occupied by affairs trying and embarrassing, and sufficient to engage the minds of half-a-dozen ordinary kings. Had matters been otherwise, and had the Report been laid before him, there cannot be the shadow of a doubt, that the murderers would have been visited with a speedy and terrible judgment.

William again embarked for Holland on the 5th March. While absent, the Jacobites again became troublesome; but the famous battle of La Hogue, in which the French navy was destroyed, sounded the death-kneel of King James' hopes and aspirations for ever. He retired from public life to St. Ger-



mains, and became a royal pauper and pensioner of France.

Macaulay tells us, that "Misfortunes generally made him devout after his own fashion; and he now starved himself and flogged himself till his spiritual guides were forced to interfere."

Things on the Continent were not so successful as could have been desired. The siege of Namur and the battle of Steinkirk were dearly-bought triumphs of Louis—defeats rather than victories if results are taken into account; and disasters truly they would have been, had William been properly supported by his allies. Here again another conspiracy against his life very nearly closed his career—a conspiracy not only implicating King James, the Duke of Luxembourg, Madame de Maintenon, but also, it is feared, King Louis himself. History, at all events, fails to disprove the charge.

The campaign of the allies in Piedmont was more favourable, and ended by placing the persecuted Waldenses in a position of greater safety and comfort.

During the King's absence, several stirring occurrences happened at home, notably the dismissal of Lord Marlborough from his office of State, and afterwards, on the 5th May, his committal to the Tower on a charge of treason, and for a supposed, and very probably, a real correspondence with James, but as the letters that were produced at the time proved to be forgeries, he was discharged on bail. He escaped

punishment, though strong suspicions were entertained of his loyalty, and there is little doubt that he had been playing a double game, though legal evidence of it was then wanting.

King William, having left affairs in good hands, started for England on the 15th October, and on the 18th landed at Yarmouth. His Queen met him at Newhall, and their Majesties passed through London, and reached Kensington, amidst the hearty rejoicings of the people, the great heart of the Nation throbbing with gladness at the safe return of its Hero King.

Still once more, to Holland! Ever active and resolute, he had obtained further aid from Parliament in his design against Louis, and returned to the Continent, where after a vigorous campaign—battles here, sieges there, rest for William none—he again came back to England, reaching London on the 30th of October, 1693. On the whole this campaign was not satisfactory, neither on land nor on sea. His next expedition was more successful, and proved that the indomitable Louis and his people were nearly exhausted, and that they, in secret, longed for peace.

Many important home events took place during these years—new Charter to the East India Company; new Charter to the Bank of England; settlement of affairs in Ireland—ever the region of unrest; and the solacement of irritation in Scotland, with endless political unravelments. In this year of grace one thousand eight hundred and seventy six of the Chris-

tian era, how little we understand those struggles which ended in the right ordering of that Constitution, under whose beneficent protection we now happily live.

Numberless were the griefs and sorrows and disappointments which the generous heart of William endured ; but all were dwarfed into insignificance in the presence of the great Shadow that soon darkened his life, and deepened the sadness which, frequently, seemed to affect his magnanimous spirit.

Queen Mary, the King's noble and faithful helpmate, who had always sympathized with his troubles but was not proof against the anxiety created by those times, was seized with, what was then the most terrible disease known—the horrid and disgusting small-pox, which raged at that time, and swept away both peasant and peer, both King and Kaiser with little compunction. The strong hand of science had not yet bridled its fury, or curbed its thirst for blood.

Kindly and considerate ever, this gentle lady thoughtful for all around her, sent her maids of honor and her servants away, lest they should also be seized with the dire disease. King William was himself inconsolable, and remained day and night near her bedside. His couch, spread for him in the antechamber, we are told, was seldom touched. Sleep fled from him, and his misery was sufficient to soften the heart of the stoutest spirit. Nothing

seemed to be left of the man whose serene fortitude had been the wonder of old soldiers on the disastrous day of Landen, and of old sailors through that fearful night among the sheets of ice and banks of sand on the coast of Goree. The very domestics saw the tears running unchecked down that face, of which the stern composure had seldom been disturbed by any trouble or by any defeat. The King drew Bishop Burnet aside, and gave way to the agony of grief. "There is no hope," he cried, "I was the happiest man on earth; and I am the most miserable. She had no fault; none; you knew her well: but you could not know, nobody but myself could know her goodness." "Twice she tried to take a last farewell of him, whom she loved so truly and entirely; but she was unable to speak."\* She soon after this expired, and the King, stunned and insensible, was carried from the chamber of death. Both Houses of Parliament addressed his Majesty, and condoled with him on the loss which himself and the nation had sustained.

Thus closed the short and unrestful life of one of the best and most worthy of England's Queens. She was gentle and amiable, pious and humble, and every inch a Queen. Mary sleeps in Westminster Abbey.

History informs us that while death was busy among those whom William loved, the grim tyrant was also busy among his enemies—the Duke of Luxembourg

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\*Macaulay.

dying on nearly the same day on which Mary breathed her last. Luxembourg was a worthy antagonist, and gave William abundant cause for respect—the respect which one brave soldier owes to another. Louis is reported to have remarked—“How glad the Prince of Orange will be when the news of our loss reaches him!” Of this same brilliant Luxembourg it was said that he had carried away so many standards from the enemy as to be designated the “Upholsterer of Notre Dame.” His portrait tells us that he was not much favored by nature, and William of Orange once exclaimed, “Shall I never be able to beat that little hunchback?”

William was altogether prostrated, and it is just possible that at this moment he felt within his great soul the forebodings of a decadence which, in a few years, would culminate in his own dissolution. In one of his private letters he writes—“I tell you, in confidence, that I feel myself to be no longer fit for military command; yet I will try to do my duty, and I hope that God will strengthen me.” Yes, noble Prince, the God who never slumbers nor sleeps, and whose arm is omnipotent, *will* strengthen thee, and keep thy brave heart strong even unto the end.

The Queen's Royal sister, the Princess Anne of Denmark, afterwards Queen of England, wrote William a kind, affectionate, and respectful letter, which so pleased the King that he became reconciled to her and presented her with many of the Queen's jewels.

William had little time afforded him for grieving. Affairs both at home and abroad demanded instant attention. England was in the throes of a new political birth; abuses, old and venerable, were passing away, and the Constitution, gradually unfolding itself, was beginning to assume a permanent and well-rounded form.

The King again determined to conduct the campaign against Louis, and setting out for Holland arrived at the Hague on the evening of May 14th, 1695. He immediately proceeded, with the Confederate army, to attack Namur, which, after a close and bloody investment, surrendered to the allies. This victory, taken in all its bearings, was the most decisive of the campaign. A distinguished Frenchman says that William's tactics on this occasion were like the moves of a clever and thoughtful chess player. An incident at this famous siege is characteristic of the King. It appears that Mr. Godfrey, Deputy Governor of the Bank of England, had been sent to Holland to consult the King about the best method of bringing money over to the Netherlands. He pushed his way through the army to the Staff surrounding the King, who was giving his orders in the midst of a hurricane of bullets. William was surprised and displeased, and as a thorough captain, did not like idle curiosity. "Mr. Godfrey," he said, "you ought not to run these hazards, you are not a soldier, you can be of no use to us here." "Sir," God ey

answered, "I run no more hazard than your Majesty." "Not so," said William, "I am where it is my duty to be, and I may, without presumption, commit my life to God's keeping; but you——" The sentence was not completed, for, while the King was speaking, a shot from the enemy killed the unfortunate banker.

On the King's return, about the 12th October, 1695, he was again hailed with many joyful demonstrations. Bells were rung, salutes fired, and shouting multitudes filled the streets. Almost immediately on arriving he went to business, met his Council, and settled the question of the dissolution of Parliament and other weighty matters. He then resolved to make a tour through portions of England he had not before visited. He was well received, and came back to London to be presented with an ovation worthy of the occasion.

Very fortunately, another Jacobite conspiracy to assassinate the King, and which had been concocted in William's absence, was discovered, and its leaders tried and punished. William seemed unconcerned, and appeared to possess a charmed life. He was, indeed, a fatalist of the right sort—believing that every man is immortal till his work is done, that "cowards die many deaths, the brave but one," and that the Divine Being, whose shield had protected him amidst the crash and turmoil of a hundred battles, would deliver him from the dastardly hands of base assassins.

Both Houses of Parliament voted an address to the



King, in which they gratefully confessed their gratitude to Almighty God on the preservation of his precious life, and humbly asked his Majesty to be less careless of his royal person.

One most remarkable home event signaled this period. The people of England, feeling deeply the disasters that might befall the kingdom should the designs of conspirators succeed, heartily seconded the efforts of the Commons' Association for the defence of the order of succession to the Crown, the liberties, and religion of the people. This Association secured the suffrages of fully four-fifths of the whole nation of all ranks and professions.

It was while King William was in Holland, in 1697, that negotiations were initiated for ending the war and bringing about a solid peace. The meetings of the Plenipotentiaries were held at the little village of Ryswick, near the Hague. After much tedious discussion, in which Louis and William, through their Ambassadors, tested each his skill in state-craft and finesse, matters were finally settled, and the treaties of peace signed on the 10th of September. By these treaties France abandoned all her recent conquests save Strasburg. Luxembourg was returned to Spain, and the Duke of Lorraine restored to his dominions. Louis was compelled to acknowledge William as King of England—a greater mortification than all the other concessions. Louis was now humbled, and his attempts to convert England to the religion of Rome



and her fair fields into a province of France, for ever frustrated.

Great joy was manifested in England when authentic news arrived that the peace had been signed. All but the Jacobites seemed to grow wild with enthusiasm, and it is said that the people of London, with one hundred and forty barrels of pitch, made a huge bonfire before the residence of the Dutch Ambassador. A solemn thanksgiving was appointed for the 2nd of December, and the King attended service in the chapel at Whitehall on the occasion.

On the 27th February, Lord Portland, the British Ambassador, made his public entry into Paris, and was received with respect both by King Louis and his people. It is said that the secretary, Mr. Prior, when at Versailles, was shown Le Brun's famous paintings representing the recent French Victories, and was asked if King William had similar pictures in his palaces. "No, sir," Mr. Prior finely answered, "No, sir, the monuments of my master's actions are to be seen everywhere, but in his own house."

Lord Portland returned to England, having obtained no satisfaction regarding King James and other matters. He was not popular, and soon succumbed before the rising sun of Albemarle.

During the year 1698, the Czar of Russia, the great Peter, shipwright and Emperor, visited England, and spent his time busily acquiring nautical ideas. He

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was frequently seen sailing his yacht up and down the river Thames.

One event of this year gave the King much pain, and very nearly induced him to abdicate the throne. The cause of trouble was the introduction of a bill for disbanding the army. The Bill, however, passed, and William, after second thought, and in graceful language assented; but he warned Parliament that the step they had taken was dangerous in the extreme. His cheerful acquiescence greatly pleased both Houses of Parliament. Nevertheless his generous heart suffered, and his body only too acutely sympathized with his pain of mind. The noble tabernacle where dwelt his lofty spirit, received a shock both rude and lasting. The departure of his honest and faithful Dutch Guards was a sight sad and humiliating to their glorious Stadtholder, the father of their country, in whose cause, and in that of religion and liberty, they had left their own pleasant homes. To be banished from his presence was a grief such as children feel when they first leave the parental roof.

It was now that King William felt the "soul-call," that inarticulate voice which warns us of the coming end. About this time he said to the Earl of Portland, while walking in the pleasant gardens of Hampton Court, "I find myself so weak that I do not expect to live another summer, but this is a secret not to be revealed."

Many events happened between the years 1698 and

1701, both on the Continent and at home, and the King was compelled to visit Holland more than once, even in his doubtful state of health. The peace with France had, after all, proved only a truce, and a breathing time for the nations of Europe. War would come again, and France, as usual, would be the cause. Louis, ever fickle and treacherous, scandalously broke one of the most important stipulations of the Treaty of Ryswick, by proclaiming the Pretender, son of James, King of England, thus quietly disposing of William. It was, certainly, a farce ; but it led, in the next reign, to great and disastrous issues, so far as France was concerned. William was indignant, and instantly recalled his Ambassadors. Louis saw his mistake, and directed his ministers to say, that he did not mean to insult the English Government, or to violate the Treaty of Ryswick, but only to gratify an unfortunate family ! A very lame excuse, which the English people could not understand. No sooner did the news reach London, than the Common Council met, and moved a resolution, in which the conduct of the French King was condemned in indignant terms. Nearly every important town in the kingdom followed suite, and expressed its attachment to William. Now it was that the contradictory spirit of Parliament, which had so frequently crossed his wise purposes, and vexed his soul, suffered the punishment it deserved. Macaulay very properly remarks on this point: " His Majesty," he says, " would never have been so grossly

affronted abroad, if he had not been affronted at home." The Protestant people, however, were sound at heart, whatever many of their representatives might be, and this was William's consolation. Had the pulses of the nation been allowed to beat without interference, from jealous statesmen and disappointed Jacobites, he would have lived and died the idol of a grateful people.

King William arrived, for the last time, from Holland on the 4th of November, 1701. Parliament having been dissolved and a new one summoned, to meet at Westminster on the 30th of December, much excitement prevailed all over the empire, and party spirit ran high. The Protestants were delighted; but the followers of James, some of whom had by some sort of necromancy been returned to Parliament, were dismayed.

The New Parliament was distinguished by that Act of Succession which secured that the Protestant religion should be the religion of the Crown and the Government of the country, an Act greater to us in some respects than even the ancient Magna Charta. King William's last speech from the Throne was delivered on this occasion. Clear, straightforward, and with the ring of true statesmanship in every sentence of it, this final voice of the good Prince seems like the silver bell of truth, to sound distinctly down the ways of time, and to remind the Protestant intelligence of the world of its duty. In that memorable

speech, amongst other things he urges his people to lay aside all party strife, and stand shoulder to shoulder for the good of England, "Let me conjure you to disappoint the only hopes of our enemies by your unanimity. I have shown, and will always show, how desirous I am to be the father of all my people; do you, in like manner, lay aside parties and divisions." And he closes thus—"I will only add this: if you do in good earnest desire to see England hold the balance of Europe, and to be, indeed, at the head of the Protestant interest, it will appear by the present opportunity."

With regard to this period, and to the dissensions that broke out from time to time, Hallam has said, "Amidst these scenes of dissension and disaffection, and amidst the public losses and decline that aggravated them, we have scarce any object to contemplate with pleasure, but the magnanimous and unconquerable soul of William. Mistaken in some parts of his domestic policy, unsuited by some peculiarity of his character for the English nation, it is still to his superiority, and virtue, and energy over all her own natives in that age, that England is indebted for the preservation of her honor, and liberty." Yes, we would add, this energy was shown unceasingly, and even when the icy hand of death had touched his hitherto, all but invincible frame, he was cool and composed. Lord Mahon, in his interesting "History of the Wars of the Spanish Succession," thus speaks

of him—"Let those," he remarks, "who doubt the dominion of the soul over the bodily powers, who deny that a strong mind can sway, and strengthen, and force onwards a feeble and suffering frame; let such observe whether in the last labors of William to form the alliance, or in the alliance itself when formed, they can discover any trace of sickness—one single case of languor or decline!" True, but all this was due to an indomitable will, which often makes even a weak woman irresistible.

But we must now, and with sadness of heart, hasten to the end.

King William had suffered in secret and kept his griefs from his people, shut up in his "heart of heart." The doctors were baffled, and there seemed to be no hope of an ultimate recovery. His constitution was undermined, and indicated a slow but certain decline. In the midst of all this, he thought not of himself, but of the future, and not only England, but his beloved Holland continually occupied his thoughts. In sending to the Pensionary of Holland—perhaps the last letter he ever wrote—he thus unselfishly expresses himself, and while sympathizing with his faithful friend, forgets all about his own sufferings:—"I am infinitely concerned," he says, "to learn that your health is not quite re-established. May God be pleased to grant you a speedy recovery. I am unalterably, your good friend, William."

The histories tell us, that William was a skilful

horseman, and it appears that, when cantering through the park, at Hampton Court, on the 20th of February, his horse stumbled and threw his illustrious rider. William's collar-bone was broken. The bone was immediately set by his Sergeant-Surgeon, but as William insisted on returning to Kensington on the day, the damage by the jolting of the carriage, was repeated. The bone was re-set, and he slept soundly, and for a few days the accident seemed to give little concern, and the good King hoped, in his secret soul, that it might please the Ruler of his destinies to spare him till he had accomplished a little more for the good of the country. Nothing saddened his noble heart more than the thought that he should leave his work undone. One of his dearest projects was to bring about a union with Scotland, an event he did not live to witness.

On the 1st of March, symptoms both painful and serious manifested themselves. His knee became affected by a tumour, which rendered his walking difficult. This was got over. All the science of that period was tried, and the symptoms gave way. But on the 4th fever, with the usual rigours, attacked his enfeebled body, and he became completely prostrated. He was scarcely able to sign several important documents, and, at last, his hand refused its aid. Parliament prepared a stamp to serve the same purpose. His bodily powers were fast failing him, and he knew it. Yet, amidst all this, his mind was clear and unclouded



even to the last. Quiet and collected, his fortitude never wavered. He had settled his peace with God, and could look cheerfully at the prospect of meeting that king of terrors, whose desolations he had so often witnessed on the field of battle. Death was now even more than a friend, for he held the key of William's creed, and opened the portals to a higher and more glorious life. He said to Albemarle calmly, yet with a touch of deep feeling, "Je tire vers ma fin" (I am drawing near my end). In the evening the medical men held another consultation, and reported that their only hope lay in the remedies they had now prescribed, and the King being able to take some nourishment. If fortitude and coolness second the effects of medicine, William was an excellent patient. Humbly and thankfully he accepted his position. He had said to those about him that he never feared death; that there were times when he could have wished it; yet, now, that this great new prospect (the next campaign in Holland) lay before him, he could have wished to remain a little longer. He thanked his physicians very warmly, and said, "I know that you have done your best, but my case is hopeless. I submit." Dr. Bidloo whispered to him in Dutch that all might go well could he take some food. William answered softly, "I shall try, pray lift me up." All of no use, for the order to march had passed the great seal of Heaven, and the result was now only a matter of hours. He took affectionate leave of several friends,



especially of the faithful Auverquerque, and turned his thoughts elsewhere. His lips were frequently seen moving in silent prayer and in converse with the Unseen. The Sacrament was administered to him on Monday morning, during which he solemnly professed his fidelity to the religion which had been the pole star of his life. He then called Albemarle and gave him the keys of the closet containing his papers, saying, feebly, "You know what to do with them," and turning his eyes to the doctor he asked, "How long will this last?" In the stillness of that Sunday morning many hearts throbbed with anxiety, and every voice was hushed with fear. The King inquired for his oldest friend, Lord Portland; estranged from him for a time. He instantly came to the bedside of his Prince, who was now unable to speak articulately. William took his hand and placed it affectionately over his great heart. Before the clock struck eight a spasm seized him and he gasped for breath. A few more pulsations and all was over. Orange had resigned his soul to Him who gave it, and laid his weary head on the pillow of death, resting in peace till the day of the final account.

Thus died our noble Prince, our great deliverer, in the prime of life, after he had lived but five decades of years, and ending a career grand and glorious, fraught with results that the centuries shall not exhaust.

One touching incident after his death speaks volumes for the tender constancy of the man. When his

remains were laid out, there was found, next his skin, a ring containing a lock of the hair of Mary his Queen, whom he had gone to meet in that region of joys into which death shall never enter, and where separations are unknown.

King William was of middle height, well made, though not robust, dark complexion, features delicate though not unmanly, nose aquiline and prominent, eye keen and quick as that of an eagle, and possessing hands small and beautiful. His activity was wonderful, yet as a rule he never exhibited any evidence of hurry, fatigue, or vexation. His manners were easy and graceful, and his natural dignity was seldom ruffled by any outbreak of temper. In his Cabinet he was as cool and calm as on the battle-field.

Good John Evelyn, of the arrival of the Prince, says, "All the world go to see the Prince at St. James', where there is a great Court. There I saw him and several of my acquaintances who came over with him. He is very stately, serious and reserved." Again, "He has a thoughtful countenance, is wonderfully serious and silent, and seems to treat all persons alike gravely, and to be very intent on affairs—Holland, Ireland, and France calling for his care."

King William's body was emblomed and deposited in the vault under King Henry VII.'s Chapel, Westminster. After an anthem had been sung, Clarencieux proclaimed his late Majesty's style, besought Almighty God to bless and preserve the successor to the Crown

the Lady Anne, now by the grace of God, Queen of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, and Sovereign of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, and added, "God Save Queen Anne." The White Staff Bearers then broke their staffs and cast them into the vault, and thus ended this august ceremony, and opened the first chapter of a new reign.





## CHAPTER VI.

*“ We are selfish men ;  
Oh, raise us up, return to us again,  
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power ;  
Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart ;  
Thou had'st a voice whose sound was like the sea ;  
Pure as the naked heaven, majestic, free.”*

Wordsworth.

**T**HE life of King William Third, which we have but feebly attempted to describe, affords material for serious reflection. We have risen from its study influenced with a feeling of genuine admiration, deep respect, and esteem, for the man, and unmingled gratitude for the blessings his reign bestowed on England and its Protestantism. Hallam, one of our greatest authorities in English history, nobly says, “ But it must ever be an honour to the English Crown that it has been worn by so great a man. Compared with him, the statesmen who surrounded his throne, the Sunderlands, Godolphins, and Shrewsburys, even the Somerses and Montagues, sink into insignificance. He was in truth, too great, not for the time wherein he

was called to action, but for the peculiar condition of a King of England after the revolution. His reign is no doubt, one of the most important of our constitutional history, both on account of its general character and of those beneficial alterations in our laws to which it gave rise." We have traced, though only in outline, the complicated state of matters, both before and during the period—all too short—of his residence among us, and have noticed the principles which carried him forward in his glorious career—love for the Reformed religion, and a strong determination to curb the dangerous power of France. We have witnessed his resolution that, come what might, he would fight to the last, even at a time when all seemed hopeless, and doomed to defeat and disappointment. Following him from his cradle to his grave, we have watched his conduct under many strange circumstances, in the midst of which he exhibited the same magnanimity of soul. We have dared to look into his great heart; and have reverently observed its tender and affectionate impulses. We have witnessed the almost unconquerable difficulties which surrounded his home and foreign policy. We have been with him on the field of battle and have seen his almost terrible indifference to danger. We have watched him at home struggling to keep the State from again crumbling into ruins, and labouring with ceaseless energy to build up the Constitution and fence it about with legal sanctions. Surrounded by intriguing men and women, bequeathed

to him by previous reigns of corruption, he could trust but few, and the number of those really worthy of his confidence could be told on the fingers.

His reign was fruitful in good results. At home, the hydra-head of Popery was bruised ; its political power in England destroyed ; and the Bible, the sheet-anchor of Protestantism, enshrined in the heart of the nation. Free institutions ; constitutional liberty ; representative and responsible government, owe their development to his beneficent reign. Commerce, which previously had been restricted in every direction, began to shake off her fetters. Great errors were indeed committed, and the country was still very far from the grand epoch when Free Trade threw open the prison gates, and delivered Commerce from her thralldom. State finance now started on a new and better career, built on a sounder basis. The customs and excise, which were before adopted only under the fallacious idea that they protected British industry, changed their character, and became sources of revenue to meet the increased costs of Government. The expense of the great wars carried on by William fell on all classes alike. Loans had become fashionable ; but as an eloquent authority remarks that it was not the system of borrowing, but the system of honestly paying that was introduced by the Revolution. Government loans were funded, and a new trade of buying and selling stocks was created.

The goldsmiths had, up to this period, performed

nearly all banking operations, and had become wealthy, powerful, and often exacting. Hence arose the necessity for a new state of things, the result of which was the permanent founding of the Bank of England, which was a grand success from the first. Its charter received the sanction of Parliament under the pretext that the object of the Bank was to raise the sum of £1,200,000 for the service of the Crown, upon the guarantee of tonnage dues, at 8 per cent.

The history of the legislation of England during William's reign, is also one of deep interest to all who love their country. Great strides in the direction of reform distinguish this period. Improvements in the Constitution were the order of the day—Bill for Triennial Parliaments; Law of Treason; Law of Libel; Liberty of the Press; Religious Toleration; Act of Settlement; Limitation of Prerogative; Cabinets, instead of Privy Councils; and many other subjects engaged the attention of the King and his Parliament, and in most of these vital questions, substantial progress was effected.

We have referred already, with grief in our heart, to the Penal Laws against Roman Catholics. All true Protestants of the present day utterly condemn these laws as iniquitous and impolitic, and rejoice in their repeal. The age of confiscations and forfeitures has long been numbered with the things that were, and we now live under the protection of laws whose justice has not been equalled, and certainly never surpassed,

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in the history of any nation. We now possess religious toleration, amounting almost to license; civil liberty, like the all-embracing atmosphere, permeating every rank of society, and opening a way to distinction to every creed and confession. What more can any rational mind demand? The ancient law of revenge, which formulated the maxim, "An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth," has, thank God, been abrogated and all but forgotten. Roman Catholics have nothing now to complain of, and their grievances at the present day are only imaginary, and should not be urged. We again repeat, that, as Protestants, we heartily regret any acts of our ancestors that were inconsistent with justice or kindness, and, as Christians, we bury the hatchet and hold aloft the white banner of peace. But we demand fair play and equal justice from the other side. Speaking of the time of King William, Mr. Froude remarks, in confirmation of what we have already written in another chapter—"Roman Catholics, at all events, had no right to complain. They who had never professed toleration could not demand the protection of it. To them the same measure only was meted out which they had allowed to others in England while the power was theirs; and which they continued to allow them in other countries where the power was still theirs. They suffered under no disabilities in Great Britain which Protestants did not suffer under in France, and Spain, and Italy. So long as differences of religion affected the public policy of



Catholic and Protestant Governments, the English and Irish Catholic was the natural ally of the enemies of the English throne, and, as such, in the opinion of the times, a legitimate object of restraint."

We cannot, however, conceal from ourselves the fact that the truce which now happily exists between the Protestant and Catholic systems in this country may at any moment be rudely disturbed. Of recent years the development of what has been termed "Ultramontanism" has given much annoyance, and has produced not a little serious mischief. It has, without doubt, inculcated the mediæval ideas of the Papacy, intensified to a degree, altogether incomprehensible to men of liberal thought in this nineteenth century. An illustrious leader of opinion \* in England has shown beyond question that recent "Vatican Decrees" prove that the ancient spirit of the Papacy has never changed. What is that spirit? To answer this question in a word would simply be to characterise the Papal system from the day when an audacious Pope placed his heel on the prostrate neck of an Emperor to the present hour, as an attempt to acquire universal domination, not only over the bodies and estates, but also the souls of these and thinking men. Universal dominion is the end, and we are told that "the end justifies the means"—a maxim so absurd that intelligent Roman Catholics themselves blush to hear it repeated.

\* Gladstone.

Protestantism professes to be based on the Bible, and rests its claims to be true on that foundation only. It acknowledges no spiritual authority, but Christ, yet "Honors the King." It distinguishes between the civil and religious powers, and rightly separates the one from the other, giving to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and to God the things that are God's. It is a religion of liberty, though not of license, and permits the free development of every faculty of the human soul. *He* is a true Protestant only, who, standing on his unalienable right to think for himself, keeps within the laws of his Bible, and obeys the laws of his country. He must not however, permit his liberty to be encroached upon; but must be prepared to combat to the death against all who would attack the Truth. Thus it is we read the record, and if any other Evangel be taught, woe be to him who teaches it! Protestantism proclaims peace and brotherhood to all men, and though its armies, like those of our good Prince, are composed of all nationalities, and of every form of Church Government, its fold is one, and its aspirations are one.

The attitude which Christian States should assume with regard to Ultramontane Catholicism, is momentous in the extreme; and their duty is clear. Their attitude should be an unalterable resistance to its demands, and their duty should be the unflinching protection of Protestant truth. While giving generously, as the light, all civil and religious liberty to

men, let them grant no concession to error. By healthful religious instruction, by education in every liberal science and art, by all that enobles the individual being, let them advance on their grand career, and the result will be, that mediæval darkness, which still hovers over myraids of men, will, at last, be dissipated, and the reign of peace established on earth.

We humbly hope that this brief life of the King, "sans peur et sans reproache" may help, in ever so small a degree, to contribute to this glorious Millennium.



