

Inauguratio – Hugo Grotius

I. 1. προοίμιον – lines 1-36 announce the occasion: the coronation of King James. Grotius' *bina...bisque* reflect Claudian *tertia...terque*, *III Cons.* 1-2:

*Tertia Romulei sumant exordia fasces
Terque tuas ducat bellatrix pompa curules.*

“Let the consular faces of Romulus open a third year, and for the third time let the warlike procession accompany thy curule litter.”

Grotius urges the sun to scatter all clouds and bring fine weather (12-22), as does Claudian:

*Sol, qui flammigeris mundum complexus habenis
Volvis inexhausto redeuntia saecula motu,
Sparge diem meliore coma... (Prob. 1-3)*

“Sun, that encirclest the world with reins of flame and rollest in ceaseless motion the revolving centuries, scatter thy light with kindlier beams...”

The poet then expresses his inadequacy for the task at hand (37-42), a commonplace recommended by the rhetoricians. Doxopater writes: “It is a rule for a writer of panegyric to always state that the topic at hand is greater than his ability to speak”.¹ With *Inauguratio* 37-60 *O mihi si nullo deses torpore iuventus...* compare Claudian's *Prob.* 55-7:

*Non, mihi centenis pateant si vocibus ora
multifidusque ruat centum per pectora Phlebus,
acta Probi narrare queam...*

“Could my words issue from a hundred mouths, could Phoebus' manifold inspiration breathe through a hundred breasts, even so I could not tell of Probus' deeds...”

[1] Two realms are now united under the Scottish crown; twice has James earned a fresh golden diadem on his head.² Nature has chosen this as the day which can overshadow all ages, for the three sceptres which rule the deep have been united under one commander, and the royal purple, the gift of the Britannic Sea, has at last been summoned to grace a man and delights in glowing with a blaze of Indian jewels. That man, the object of the nation's prayers, one chosen by the unanimous voice of the nobility, a man whose merits could give him the throne, if the right of inheritance had not brought it to him—that ruler is nigh and takes into his hands the orphaned reins of the state. Let Phoebus scatter all clouds; let him display to the dazzled nations the tranquil sky of our peace-

loving lord. Thus may Phoebus endorse James' reign, and may the world live in Britain's light, which Jove scarce disturbs with thin mist. Indeed, he keeps black night from following this day. While His Majesty's glory carries out the customary solemnities of English ceremony, and while the Scotsman, glorious with his ancestral sceptre, is adored as the inheritor of the Norman name, may the royal spectacle slow the sun's chariot and may many days become as one. May the golden torch never set—and may only the Spaniards be doomed to darkness.

[23] You, Ocean, father of all things (as antiquity, often truthful, states), you originally surrounded shapeless realms until from you emerged a barely formed world. (Our present knowledge adds trustworthiness to these old tales, and with such evidence it is believable that you engendered the gods.) Come now, o great blue Ocean, add the farthest shore to your waters and make them swell even under an unwilling moon.³ Take courage from your king and lift your tides under a better star. Reveal to all nations warmed by the sun everywhere throughout this vast world which you encircle that king who gives laws to the seas. May all learn of this, the wild Scythian under his snowy pole, the scorched Libyan, the men who hold the Bosphoran strongpoints and farthest Ecbatana, and the Indian guardian of his native gold.

[37] O, if only I were a vigorous youth, not sluggish, if only I had a spirit full of the prophetic frenzy which dared to endure such stimulation, would I rather sing of the crimes of wicked Phlegra,⁴ the many evils of Thebes, or the walls defended by Hector's might, rather than of the Orkneys, the children of kind Nereus, or of Thule, borne on the tidal swell? Should I rather sing of you who alone possess the shores of Ireland and all Britain, a world once divided among powerful tribes? If I had such a spirit, what inspiration would bear me to the heavens with song about a man greater in power and merit than his fathers, an ornament to his kingdom! But a supreme power that cannot bear mediocrity, a power which no Muse can match, now terrifies me. Neither Mount Parnassus, although held by more than one god, nor the Sisters Nine is enough for me. But if some divine inspiration commands me to ascend to the heights, then may a greater genius settle in my

heart. May you come to me yourself, most august prince, and grant me your strength and the tunefulness of your blessed harp. Your crown alone has woven our poetic laurels into a wreath for itself.⁵ For who does not know the “lofty-sailed line of ships” and the “bloody waves” of Ionia (that Turkish disaster was repayment for Cyprus), a song which is sung even in the farthest Indies. You have been the only poet great enough to be able to sing our native heroes.

II. γένος – 60-97. The ancient origins of the Scottish royal dynasty, which has outlasted the Greek and Roman empires. As recommended, Grotius puts the *genos* right after the *prooemium*. Claudian's *IV Cons.* 18-121 contains a long description of Honorius' ancestors. Compare particularly *Inauguratio* 60-5 with

...Nec tantam vilior unda

Promeruit gentis seriem: cunabula fovit

Oceanus; terrae dominos pelagique futuros

Inmenso decuit rerum de principe nasci. (IV Cons. 20-25)

“No common stream was held worthy to water the homeland of so illustrious a race; Ocean laved their cradle, for it befitted the future lords of earth and sea to have their origin in the great father [viz. Ocean] of all things.”

Both the Roman and the Scottish families arise and are fostered by the surrounding Ocean.

[60] It is God's care, not merely the purity of your royal blood, that has placed not just any purple on you, but a purple more noble than any other, more rich in ancestral glory, a purple worthy to be born from Nature's source, from a famous, ancestral line of kings whose origin is hidden in the springs of Ocean.⁶ We may believe that the relics of the drowned world, as soon as they were allowed to coast along the shore with the help of the winds and to reach the mountains which they could now see, here [in Scotland], after braving the distant waves with such daring, restored the human race.⁷ Or perhaps the Celtic race, so productive of men, sent its people to the Hebridean Sea, spurning the shores of Brittany. First great Ireland received them, then transferred them to the ancient lands of the Britons. Or (perhaps more believable) the association with the Scythian name still survives along with the impressions of their raw strength.⁸ Whatever their descent, Heaven,

whose envy never fell on this race, gave them the power to long exist, to never yield to time's ravages. For now as the heavens have rotated in their orbit, old Titan Sun has brought the twentieth century around since the year when the Scottish standards stood on the Caledonian plains and when Fergus' trumpet rang out.⁹ Fergus' blood still flows in his descendants and his family's rule still rests on his grandchild. In the meantime, the long span of days has overturned the phalanx of the Macedonians and the fasces of the Romans, and no hand during that period has succeeded to their thrones. What were the Fates preparing? Whence comes this unchanging support? Why could time have no power over the Scottish realm? Now we know that you were the one destined to receive her at last. The Fates who know the future revere you, and even when Fortune was bringing other kingdoms low in their turn, she was making you the only exception. Even though all great kingdoms fear their fall, the power promised to James will remain as long as do the land and sea.¹⁰ What Muse could sing the stars of your family, your Stuart forebears and the courage of the Douglas. Few have been privileged to touch two sceptres, to count two grandfathers as rulers of both Britains and enjoy a descent entirely royal.¹¹ It has been the work of old to recount your ancestors, and mindful bards in Albion's songs have made sacred the stupendous names of your noble blood. But now more recent events summon me.

III. γένεσις – 98-131. James' birth. Astrological signs (100-114). Miracles occurred: Cadiz trembled with an earthquake; pearls, gold, and honey flowed abundantly (115-131). Compare:

*Te nascente ferox toto Germania Rheno
Intremuit movitque suas formidine silvas
Caucasus... (III Cons. 18-20)*

“When thou wast born fierce Germany trembled along the Rhine's full course, Caucasus shook his forests in fear...”

Also compare the entire paragraph of *Praise* 70-85, where Claudian recounts that at the birth of Serena (Stilicho's wife, born in Spain) the river Tagus overflowed with gold, the white fleeces of the sheep turned to purple, the ocean cast up pearls on the shore, earth gave up its gold with no need for mining, among other miracles.

[98] When your birth day gave you to the palace and robbed heaven of its foster-son, what stars should I assume blazed in the sky?¹² Did Virgo revisit the earth and grant her Golden Age to the new-born child? Or did both claws of Scorpio blaze, or did Capricorn in its eastern quadrant suggest the birth of a Caesar Augustus? Jupiter stood in the highest house. The sun's rays, although making no grim threats, pressed on Leo, the lion of Cleone, where the heart's nobility is inflamed. Kindly Venus, with a prognostic of marriage, placidly viewed the Getic North. Maia's child Mercury received her gaze and more visible fire illuminated the riches of the Golden Fleece of Aries. Why do all the stars of Lyra shine bright? Does this lyre prefigure an Irish king, or will that light make a poet? For Aquila, the great bird of the thunderbolt, sees the constellation of Arion shining brightly. What of the constellation Argo, which is fully risen, does not fear the Cyanean Rocks, and gleams, curved with its three crowns?

[115] Then they say that Cadiz trembled, and the kingdom which Phoebus sees far in the West sought the light which had not yet sunk in the neighbouring stream of Ocean.¹³ They say that the shores of Kent luxuriated with strange pearls of a quality exceeding those which the teeming crowds in the depths of the Red Sea gather from their rich shells. Of their own accord the Brigantes marvelled at newly made honey. Here and there veins of golden metal flowed abundantly. Blasts of wind dared not disturb the sea as the turning of the tide slipped unnoticed over the silent sands. That was the peace which you gave to all realms. Even Father Tweed and Solway with its glassy waters, the boundary which divides Albion, the riverbanks which make the sovereignties distinct, hid in their shallows and thus testified that there would be no bounds to your empire, since the Fates had given the world a chief for all. The world gave similar signs at the nativity of Hercules. Likewise when Bacchus was born, sober Cithaeron sprouted with unknown vines.

IV. ἀναστροφή – 132-173. Education and early life. James was precocious, exceeding everyone's expectations, with a great interest in military matters. The crown was his plaything (*Ludus erat diadema tibi* 136). Compare Claudian's comments on the childhood of Honorius:

Reptasti per scuta puer, regumque recentes

Exuviae tibi ludus erant... (III Cons. 22-3)

“As a child thou didst crawl among shields, fresh-won spoils of monarchs were thy playthings...”

James' precocious maturity is just like Jupiter's (144-8). The same is said of Honorius as he became ruler (aged 10!):

Talis ab Idaeis primaevus Iuppiter antris

Possessi stetit arce poli famulosque recepit

Natura tradente deos...

.... tum scindere nubes

Discebat fulmenque rudi torquere lacerto. (IV Cons. 197-202).

“So the young Jove, issuing from the caves of Ida, stood upon the summit of the conquered sky and received the homage of the gods whom Nature handed to his charge...He was yet learning how to cleave the clouds and hurl the thunderbolt with unpracticed hand.”

Grotius seems to have thought that the terrified mother was a nice touch. It is certainly a fine example of a variation on a theme.

[132] How swiftly did homage come to you! Your country brings it to the king's cradle, and while you, an infant, nestle at the breast of your nurse, your country greets you as “Lord,” even when you did not understand the word. The toys of commoners' children did not attract your unformed senses; the crown was your plaything. As you crawled on purple, your chiefs swore on your health; royal standards protected your crying. What a sign was it of your true nature that when your first words broke your silence, these words were framed as adult speech! Whatever you began to do was characteristic of a king, not of a child. Precocious maturity shone in your genius. Wisdom was afraid to wait for her proper time, and your age was belied by your actions. In just the same way (if old songs are true) the still young Jove, who resembled his sister, tried out his thunderbolt in the groves of Ida, and the roar scared his mother. The child's companions were amazed, and the Dictaeon tambourines fell silent from the hand of the Curetes.¹⁴

[149] Your nobles were equally amazed as your young and tender heart pondered on the realm. Your lofty spirit refused to follow the demands of others. Their expectations and the tasks assigned you

were always surpassed as you hurried ahead. In many respects Nature was your teacher, rather than a schoolmaster's care. Barbarous error did not draw you to follow its example, to know nothing of the current glory of the realm. Instead as a boy you read about antiquity, the Greek leaders and the Italian republic, once supreme in war. You learned under what laws wild tribes can be subdued; you learned the sources of lasting peace. You know how to shut out war with a rampart and how to send in your armed forces. Even though your youth was peaceful, you devoted yourself to Mars, and no one will have more success in war. Bellona will always find her commander, whatever dangers may at any time summon her. Then, if you had any time free from studies, free from cares for the kingdom, that leisure was not idle. Permessus and the waters rarely tasted by kings held sway over those hours.¹⁵ Then, as you reviewed in your mind Achilles, inflamed by hatred and by his lust for a maiden, or Ulysses, delayed in his wonderings, Homer would rather have his pages turned by your hand than by Alexander's, the king who struck down Porus in his palace and enslaved the streams of the Ganges. The poet of Trojan Aeneas soothed you with song, as did the lesser crowd of poets—who feared the judgment of such a reader.

V. ἐπιτηδεύματα – Habits and Occupations, 174-253. James writes poetry and is known as a theologian. He is devoted to study, not to hunting. He is a skilful helmsman, guiding his people through stormy seas. Compare 215-221 to Claudian, especially the phrase *arbiter alni*:

...velut arbiter alni,

Nubilus Aegaeo quam turbine vexat Orian,

Exiguo clavi flexu declinat aquarum

Verbera, nunc recta, nunc obliquante carina

Callidus, et pelagi caelique obnititur irae. (Stil. I 286-290)

“...as the ship's pilot, tossed in mid Aegean by the storms of rainy Orion, eludes the waves' buffeting by the least turn of the tiller, skilfully guiding his vessel now on straight, now on slanting course, and struggles successfully against the conjoint fury of sea and sky.”

In his judgments James is mild, prone to forgive even the guilty, not subject to hatred and rage (225-7). Compare Claudian's portrait of Stilicho:

...ut non infensus alendis

Materiam praestes odiis; ut sontibus ultro

Ignovisse velis, deponas ocius iram

Quam moveas, precibus numquam implacabilis obstes... (Stil. II 16-19)

“Though angered thou feedest with no fuel the flame of hatred; thou forgivest the guilty even before they ask, thou layest aside thy wrath more readily than thou are moved to wrath, thou never turnest a deaf ear to prayers...”

[174] Whether your eloquence cultivates the laws of poetry as you so magnificently narrate in verse the battles of men and their bloody conflicts, or whether you interpret the oracles of old as the empire's high priest, in the Persian fashion—in either case the heavens have never opened so widely to anyone else.¹⁶ While concentrating on your country's affairs, you give peace and tranquillity to the world. But during your reign, this tranquil peace is denied only to the author of that peace. You are just like that Phoebus, who sheds his light on the globe and traverses all lands while guiding his fire-bringing reins. Ever watchful, he governs time with untiring motion and divides it into individual years. In a like manner those leaders arose, whose glory makes them worthy of Olympus, if only they had not lacked that religion (of which they were ignorant), and not had a spirit which was displeasing to God. But in your heart you hold firmly to that religion which has been handed down from heaven and never subservient to human laws. This is the bulwark of your realm, not that Destiny, that image falsely called a goddess, which could be stolen by Diomedes, not the weapons sent down through the air to Numa as he was sacrificing to the gods.¹⁷ No, your religion knows no sham nor does it allow morals to grow filthy. You concentrated your efforts on these studies, and what you as a boy learned in youth, you taught when mature. You did not wish to labor for yourself alone. Now let Fame, that devotee of antiquity, compare with you whatever old tales she possesses! What youth was so learned, even one free from public duties? O glories of your talent! O singular Faith! With other doctrines banished from the court, this Faith gives you a sacred furnishing of texts. Whatever saintly hand has written, to you these were as spear and bow. You were more pleased to survey the wilds of Parnassus than to ask what beasts roamed the Scottish fields. Thus

honour has been restored to learning. Scotland, a rival of nature, has never plunged more boldly into the Socratic arts; she has denied the prize to Athens.

[208] But what a talent you have shown for planning, the true forecast of intelligence, never deceived about the doubtful future; what skills in ruling! With what natural gifts did your keen intelligence, so present in troubled times, counterbalance your lack of experience, even before full maturity appeared in your face! Your wisdom was sufficient for the whole kingdom and sustained the full burden of your nation, with your concern not limited to any one area. Just like the steersman of an alderwood barque,¹⁸ even while he carefully observes the stars slipping through the sky and does not ignore the wain of slow Bootes, and while he marks the clouds and why the moon's horns are waxing and waning, and notes what storms the sky's appearance portends, still ever mindful he avoids the wrath of the tenth wave and looks for waters which he can breast.

[221] Since you have become judge, reverence for the old laws and for noble Justice prevails, nor is the law for sale. Armoured with strict uprightness, you forbid the defilement of your age; Astraea rejoices to see all litigants equal. You are not carried away by anger, but deplore any harshness, and as a result, although you condemn crimes, you lean towards mercy and allow offenders to live and to grow wiser. Wealth does not serve as an accusation for you; neither is the favour of the mob nor noble birth a sign of innocence, but your justice prevails by means of blameless fear. You follow the ancient examples reported from antiquity: Minos, who ruled one hundred cities under his laws, and Lycurgus, the Spartan exile who decreed laws for his people with the authorization of Delphi.

[233] How rare is your steadfastness, and even if proclamations of morality are reinforced by less important virtues, you have grace in your countenance, majestic loftiness, and a glory in your face which is compatible with love. If the glories of Coan sculpture were to return, Apelles would take you as a model for his images of the gods.¹⁹ You control yourself: anger does not trouble you, nor the base love of the executioner's axe. Luxury is exiled from the court, as is ambition, so puffed up in favourable times. Anyone who thinks that praise for uprightness and justice is an ornament only

for private citizens is scorned. Renown for endurance under troubles, for restoring the tables of our ancestors in this corrupt age, for not setting a Pope over our religion – all this is due to you alone. In this way your merits, practiced in the harsh reality of Scotland, deserve these honours which you did not seek. God himself, that examiner of your heart from childhood, thrust into your hands this wealth that you despise and entrusted England to you. With eager hope, who would not wish to hasten such an answer to prayer and to break off any delay. A loftier fortune comes to you, even as you are content with your own.

VI. πρόξεις – 251- 352. James' marriage and family life. He has been successful at the vital task of producing an heir, unlike Elizabeth. Compare Grotius'

Hoc tibi certa toro soboles, et fulta verendis

Aula puerperii. (261-2)

with Claudian's

...ululata verendis

Aula puerperii. (*IV Cons.* 140-1, referring to Honorius' birth)

“A palace rang with joy at that royal deliverance.”

His early years have been like those of a young lion (275-280), a direct borrowing from Claudian:

...Cum crescere sensit

ungue pedes et terga iubis et dentibus ora

iam negat imbelles epulas et rupe relicta... (*III Cons.* 77-80)

“...so soon as he finds talons beginning to grow from out his paws and a mane sprout from his neck and teeth arm his jaws, will have none of this inglorious food, but burns to leave his cavern home...”

Non vult sine sanguine pasci (280) is a clever variation for Claudian's *imbelles epulas*.

James does not owe his elevation to any coup or act of violence, to purchase, or to factional conflict (322-334). God and Nature made him king with the consent of all orders of society. Compare

Haec tamen innumeris per se quaesita tropaeis,

Non generis dono, non ambitione potitus,

Digna legi virtus. Ultro se purpura supplex

Obtulit et solus meruit regnare rogatus. (*IV Cons.* 46-8)

“Yet all these lands won by countless triumphs of his own, he gained them not by gift of birth or

from lust of power. It was his own merit secured his election. Unsought the purple begged his acceptance of itself; he alone when asked to rule was worthy to do so.”

(All this refers to Honorius' father, Theodosius. Honorius himself, the consul, was 14 years old.)

[251] Wicked lust, that well-known vice common to kingship, does not disturb your youth. You dedicate all your love to your marriage. What a happy day it was, what a joy to two nations, when the queen was escorted from the Danish Sea and reached her husband's land, when a sacred bond united opposing peoples in an everlasting pact.²⁰ Believable it is that the Kattegat laughed, its waters bestrewn with flowers, and that the Nymph of the Orkneys danced in time with the song among her verdant sisters. Thence comes progeny sure of their birth and a court upheld by this royal deliverance. Wretched are those rulers pressed by their nearest successor and by the fear of uncertainty.²¹ You make so bold as to show your heir to the nations, an heir whose prayers match those of the people: that he never succeed to the throne. You ever teach him your precepts and, reflecting on history, you guide him as he grows into his ancestral role. You control his development, and you give him the fount of all fame, the laws of religion and kingship, your *Basilikon Doron*.²² He receives both the habit of peace and the thunderbolts of war. Now, with a useful impulse, he begins to learn of the Scottish kings and the martial daring of the Hyperborean race, and promises that he will be a true descendent of both. He's like a lion: even when small, not yet a foe of the natives in their huts, still the Libyan tribes fear him. Even as his mane begins to bristle around his neck, he takes his tawny parent's wrath as a model. All the plains and his maternal crags echo from afar with his roaring, and he boldly inspects his as-yet soft claws and arouses himself by lashing his tail. Then he picks horned prey for his fangs and wants to eat food fresh with blood.

[281] While your native land saw you a husband for all, a father for all, Heaven believed your realm was too limited for your many virtues and granted all Britain to you. O king, happy in your reception of this union of three kingdoms, a union preserved for you! The old history comprised in

the annals of Scotland reminds us that kings often attempted this harmony, but as often failed.²³

Never before your day could any agreement bring such powers together. This greatest of all islands, whose equal the all-embracing sea-blue Nereus has never surrounded with his waves, this new world of the invincible Caesar, this second earth, has come under your rule. Even Ireland, no longer wild, obeys you, for recently, when your throne was awaiting you, Ireland received civilization, since the Fates were hastening to give you everything at peace. Thus that nation's innate ferocity grew mild and expelled everything Spanish.

[298] The history through the centuries of these kingdoms which were destined to share this good fortune has culminated in you.²⁴ The weapons with which Albion spread its power were used by all antiquity to wage war for your benefit. For your sake the Ocean was first stirred by Belgian oars and Gaul uprooted its Armorican settlements, seeking a new land abroad.²⁵ While they were founding pioneering kingdoms, the Druids sang your future to their own people. Soon the Scots ruled by your grandfathers divided remote Ireland with the Picts who tattooed their bodies. Britain was disturbed by war waged by these neighbours in lands where northern billows roll. Then Julius Caesar conquered the Germans and revealed a world unknown to the nations, and the Briton, who drove his ancestral war chariot and stained his body with mud, came to fear the fortunate eagles. Other calamities followed, but never did war raise up a master of this island, not then when from all its beaches it viewed the Saxon approaching whenever the wind blew, nor when it saw the Dane, who burnished his glory with another's blood and was no less a disturbance to the unsteady commonwealth as he traversed the Arctic Sea with his fleet. Norman forces finally gave to this realm new laws and a new kingdom which would descend to you. No longer did the noble sceptre come to low-born hearts incapable of ruling the state. England has made countless kings, but she found you.

[322] No empty shadow of a high-born name elevated you to be standard-bearer for the Furies, nor did the mob, raging for liberty, lead you to a palace for which you had plotted. The nobility did not

unite their schemes and their factions to bring you to power, nor did power seized in the whirl of war give you your rights with a sword at the nation's neck. You hold a crown not bought with blood or money.²⁶ Nature and God made you ruler, the voices of the nobility proclaimed it, and the people wished it. Even at the loss of its previous ruler, the kingdom felt no disturbance of the hand guiding the tiller. A vacant place of honour sought by no one else awaited you—an unheard of thing!—as well as a peace secured by reverence for the coming king. You were the first person to deserve the call to the throne.²⁷

[335] O wondrous confirmation of fate! O omens at last understood! Significant it is that chance brought that noble stone to the palace in London, for legend forbids the Scots ever to despair of the kingdom as long as that stone is held hostage.²⁸ This happenstance marked the day which would bring the lord of the Scots to London and put him in charge of the city on the Thames. Now forget, never speak of the disaster by the mournful waves of Bannockburn, along with Flodden Field. Be satisfied to abolish old triumphs and to preserve our glories with no trophies, as if these battles were just domestic troubles. Noble British hearts have united in true faith. Those joined on one island are now united in one kingdom and want to be seen as one race. Just as bees, whose hostile ranks on Attic Hymettus join battle and draw their stingers at each other—but if the commonwealth comes to one king, conspicuous by his scales, then they hasten to their hives in allied swarms. He gives laws to their honeycombs, and for him the bees' watchmen guard their ramparts, collect thyme, and work on their honey.

VII. Eulogy of Britain (353-392).

[353] But what suitable praise can the human voice give you, Britain, who are set apart from the whole world and have nothing greater than this, nothing beyond this?²⁹ Nature, the creator of all things, has separated nations and marked their boundaries. Thus the Pyrenees mountains, the Rhine, and the Alps were once the measure of empires. But Nature confined you with no river, with no lofty battlement of snowy peak; instead Father Ocean embraced you as a whole and set himself as

the bound, wanting you to be encircled by one limit. Nereus set you apart for himself in the farthest depths. This is a bound which lacks all bounds. What is a limit for Britons is a shore for everyone else. What lies open to the winds and the sails is an addition to such a great kingdom. I could believe that no other land better deserves the name "Isles of the Blessed," were it not that the Spaniard has stolen this glorious epithet and has attached it to his western waters.³⁰ What assets of land and sea does this realm fail to supply? None, for the beaches give us pearls; the fields rejoice in their crops; the ground blossoms with the ores enriching it. This earth is by far the best for cattle and its herds are lovely. The climate remains temperate, never attacked by any star. It is not roasted by heat nor does it fear the revolving constellations of icy frost. Serpents have fled, and the miraculous Gaggates, prohibiting their venom, protects the countryside with its secret flame.³¹ When the sun is high in Cancer, the days are very long and shadows are short.³² This is a land more fortunate than any other, one which deserves to be gazed on without intermission.

[381] What raiment, what riches does Britannia see in her own nobility! Their gold and flashing jewels rival the rays of the sun. Who has transferred to Britain the Orient's shore and has given Taprobane to the Thames and the Humber? Robed in purple, the king sits awe-inspiring in dress and habit. His hair glows golden and his hand, distinguished by the sceptre of his forefathers, consecrates the ancestral laws for the Britons and pledges to respect them. Then countless nations on bended knee worship the king in suppliant posture. In the same way on the banks of the Euphrates, Macedonian Alexander saw the conquered races of the dawn and the world of the setting Titan flock together to him, and he saw you, Spaniard, by your gifts confess your dread of him.

VIII. Argumentatio - 393-614. This final section includes speeches given by the nymphs representing several nations: Anglia (393-429), Scotia (430-445), Ierne (Ireland, 446-457), Gallia (457-471), Dania (471-4), and Batavia (475-614) address the king urging war with Spain. Each speech is individualized to suit each nymph's national character: England proud of her wealth,

Scotland proud to be the nurse of kings, Ireland apologizing for her previous barbarous condition, Batavia (by far the longest speech) describing her sufferings and pointing out the resources which she could bring to the war. Compare the long passage in Claudian, *Stil. II* 230-268, where Spain, Gaul, Britain (*ferro picta genas*, “with cheeks tattooed,” cp. *ferro sua membra notanti - Inauguratio* 305), Africa, and Oenotria (Italy) approach the goddess Roma and beg her to convince Stilicho to accept the consulship, however unwilling he might be.

[393] First Anglia, lovely in appearance, her robe embroidered with full-sailed hulls bringing riches and war, hastens to speak: “O greatest of kings, whom your court brought to me with throngs of aristocrats, with crowds of nobility flocking around, accept my pleas and do not consider me as separated from your Scots; for in blood you belong to me no less—in fact even more so because of your paternal family.³³ Who doesn't know the bedchamber of Henry VII, his union with Elizabeth of York, and the factions pacified by marriage, when Hymen officially arranged a high-born wedding on your behalf, their kindred king, and an everlasting love allowed the quarrelling roses to join in a nuptial wreath. From them comes your magnificent family. It is fitting that the man who was to bring an end to war and hatred should be born from this peace-making pact of kings. However, do not preclude the use of men of foreign blood, since my vigour does not know the meaning of the word rest.³⁴ It has been victory above all that has brought Britain the wealth which astonishes you and which the whole world envies, not simply long peace at home, the tribute of colonized lands, and our trade with the Eastern World and the Russian zone. I have a just case to make, and I have an enemy to be plundered. Take command of your forces, for not yet has that nation paid the penalty to me for the Armada—even though we were victorious fifteen years ago, all Tartessus lies in ashes, and not long ago that shore which lies opposite our land took so many blows from this strong right hand.³⁵ Will we surrender to the Spaniard those lands which take their name from that noble virgin? If armed men can gain glory by seeking new realms, I have fleets and young men trained in war. Or

are only Andalusians allowed to do this? We ask that you permit your sceptre to be honoured wherever the huge ocean rolls. Thus live long, and long govern your people now united in one empire under your name. Let the era of James surpass the noble age of Augustus and the years of the Pontic king.³⁶ Why do I look afar for examples of answered prayer? Here is a greater: May you surpass in happy years of rule that queen, whose loss I do not feel, since you are succeeding her.”

[430] Then a second nymph, Scotia, productive of men, speaks with lofty mien. “O Prince, not farfetched legalities from the past, but your very birth assigned me to you. Even if every good fortune is bestowed on you, Scotland remains your first realm. We marvelled at your cradle, at your first hesitant steps, and we were astonished that you grew so great in my arms. Nevertheless I do not boast of the gift of life given to you and then preserved, since I freely admit that I owe you much more: the fact that you were born in my citadel. But if there is a homeland of kings, I am certainly yours, and I certainly possess courage and glory handed down from ancient days. If you ready your vengeance, no one's arms will better fight for you, for we know what race in Flanders' fields massacred our unarmed troops, criminally and against the inviolable sworn laws of war.³⁷ We also know who... But this is no time to indulge in sorrow.”

[446] Next Ireland laid aside the practice of her ancestral barbarism and said: “First I ask pardon. Our sins are certainly culpable, but our mistakes due to naiveté, and the crime belongs to the Spaniard. Please allow us to expiate our sins. We will come right to the point.³⁸ Soon the enemy, when they find that a man is now king, will know how expensive it is to make nations rebellious. I plead for mercy, My Leader, as your ancestor. I am the one who was the primary nurse of Scotland. From me into the Caledonian lands of the Picts came that founder of a name which will last through the ages.³⁹ What better evidence could I cite in my defence than to be the origin of such a great nation?”

[457] Then France gently enters with soft words, gazing sweetly: “I will mention alliances with the Scots faithfully kept for a thousand years. Ages have not known nor has the sun ever seen a

friendship endure so long. At no time has a dawn broken more brightly than this one, when I see you holding three sceptres, O offspring of French ancestors. Harmony increases; it is even an essential part of your rule, but if a cloud of conflict remain in any heart, I forgive it for your sake. It is evil to hate any nation which is under your control. Unprompted, the great King Henri IV promises all his resources to you, for he usually favours those born into power—he fought for the same cause. Even when the Tagus overflowed with war and floods of gold, we won.”

[471] Then comes the land of the Danes: “I congratulate you as a kinsman, because such a power, our twin islands, handed the neighbouring waves to you. With the Britons under your direction, I affirm with all my heart that I seem to be settling in my old kingdom.”⁴⁰

[475] The final maiden, Batavia came with her turreted crown, and illuminated by her allied sisters, uttered these brave words: “Happy, too happy, are those subjects whose just prince cares for them under their own laws, under the laws of Heaven, when justice is the measure of government, when the ruler's freedom of action rejects of its own accord his ability to transgress the bounds of utility and right, and what is owed to God is of most concern and is used in the people's interest. Fortune has given this to Britain. But woe for us! Surely it was possible for us not to suffer such a dire fate, Spaniard. Why do you use the Dutch as evidence of how far your madness can carry you? I don't complain of towns put to the torch, of cities incinerated by hostile fires, but of men burned alive.⁴¹ For what offence have these masters of crime burst into our homes and laid them all in ruins? What great evil have we done that one kind of death is not enough! Does knowing God and adhering carefully to his commandments merit fire and steel? I suppose, Spaniard, that this excuse is given for your violence, namely that you are making yourself an heir to the kings who stand free from any yoke, who refuse to owe their crown to anyone except Heaven. But even if you are religiously devoted to the one goal—seeking domination—you could see that we were already under your power. What benefit is there to devastate your own people and spill the blood of their leaders? Why such fear of not conquering in war? I went to war unwillingly; to prove this I call as witnesses the

ashes of Egmont, the many exiles of my people, and whatever we have yielded to cruel Alba.⁴² But a friendly power wanted this and did well to entrust its cause to war. Ever since, how often have I wanted to lay down the sword? But a peace treacherous in its deceits and lying treaties have forbidden it. We are examples of how well Spanish honour can be trusted. Assuredly God himself has shown us foreign aid and has added you, England, to our forces. O maiden, happy that her wars are foreign, who can safely defend oppressed nations with the ocean as your bulwark! I would not attempt to predict how your power will increase after a victory over the Spanish—but this victory is in your hands. Don't dismiss the triumphs that you have already won; don't seek to exchange your valuable goods for western gold when you can well buy it with your sword.” Saying this, the nymph sank to her knees and silently worshipped the king for a long time.

[516] Then she resumed: “I am happy, o prince, not because of my previous mistress' death, whom I honoured and who lived too long only in the eyes of the Spaniard, but because I have often received your favour⁴³ and believe you can do more for me: first, because the destiny that has come to you from heaven matches your character; and second, you are the true, most worthy heir to the sceptre which you bear and which is holy to righteous men; and third, because your unshaken power, magnified by the addition of these states, can terrify the Spaniards.⁴⁴ If my breast could lie open to reveal my feelings, and if my heart could show the impulses of my soul, what a state of joy would you see in me, what prayers for your welfare. On the other side, you would see Spain hiding her heart's pain and burning with fury and vain tantrums, never showing her true face. But in fact you see everything (I have no doubt). Hearts lie open to you, and long-tested loyalty on both sides does not escape your sight. Look, I have always been a friend to princes. Even Rome was long victorious while using my soldiers as allies. Of all races, I alone deserved to be the one who saved the master of the world, for the main protection for Caesar's life was always given to a Batavian and his safety was annexed to my land.⁴⁵ A later age attached me to those British kings who are separated from me only by the sea: the waters of the Rhine mix with the riches of Britain. A love not of recent vintage

also joined them. A Scottish marriage connected the rulers; England linked them in a harmonious pact.⁴⁶ But your virtue—indeed, no previous age has produced its equal and no future age will wish to have a rival—and the God whom we worship in common have bound me in a closer tie. I had earlier honoured this realm, but now I venerate you as its king. Now I may boast to the world and to all posterity that I found favour with you; your royal son demonstrated this favour when you had him christened as I stood witness.⁴⁷ What an honour it was to share the title of parent in common with the king; what an honour it was that you entrusted to Batavian loyalty that boy, who will inherit many sceptres! But what reason, O England, makes the Spaniard (with his false heart) want to seem friendly? Did he conciliate you in any way as one who steered a middle course in this war and refused to support either side, or did he not believe that you are really mine? And justly so, for Scotland sent not only her best wishes to me, but also arms, men, and their courage. Even if he had lacked everything, he would not lack a reason for hatred. That puffed-up and ferocious Iberian, who can never be satisfied after his seizure of the gold-bearing Indies, aims to put the vast globe under his sway. Since he holds territory spread as far as the sun shines, whatever he does not now possess he thinks an enemy, and a wealthy state particularly deserves to be attacked. Why did he first excite a French war? What rights over you is he claiming, o Englishmen? I should not mention the shores stretching from the sunrise in the East to the sunset in the West, which Antonius is reclaiming from your forces.⁴⁸ The victor never lacks a colour of justice. He has prepared a specious argument against you, if fortune ever favours him. The case will be heard before a hostile judge, who will say that you follow accursed ceremonies and a foreign religion, and therefore hold the crown although only a private citizen. But he will hold out some agreement and will send you one of his olive branches. In other words, he admits that he can't do anything without trickery, and he fears your vengeance. Our ally Britain cannot be caught unawares unless she is careless, and while strong enough to conquer openly professed enemies, she is still vulnerable to treachery. Now the Spaniard prepares plots, now he picks the moment suitable for action, which will be forestalled better by war

than by peace.

[577] But what arguments could persuade you to consider worthy of a treaty this nation who considers it obligatory to violate its word, who delights in breaking promises, and who swears by a God whom it seeks to deceive? There will be peace as long as lying does not yet appear to be safe. Meanwhile, if victory gives the Spaniard hope, every one of his trees will fall as ship-timber. He will pretend that he goes to Flanders—but you will be Flanders. But if he sees resistance, he will lose hope in his forces, but one dreadful Spanish crime will remain. This race, more barbarous than the barbarians, establishes its power even by taking the head of a king, and they call these attempts on his sacred person “righteousness.” Their young men learn to despise both crime and death, and armed with loathsome poisons and driven by the Furies, they set out against kings. Thus they make war, thus they act in peace. Not only does England's experience teaches us this, but also the French, so oft attacked through their king, and we Batavians even more. Would that they dared to attack us only face-to-face! If this were true, my William of Orange would never have fallen, alas, to their arms.⁴⁹ Perhaps even now (since we can trust the Spaniard not at all), when he sends envoys, he will also be sending swords and seeking peace by murdering you. As king yourself, you can punish this wicked race and avenge murdered kings, a most holy task. Thus Elizabeth, the model of a blessed queen, was secure not through any fictitious treaty, but through war, since the Spaniard is not dangerous to an aggressor. So that she would not fear the arms of Seville, she terrified the Spaniard and gave peace to her own Britons by her war on Spain. Do not reject the policy of that queen who has left the sceptre to you nor condemn our good faith.

[604] If I had been defeated and were coming to request your help in a losing war, I think you could be moved, could pity the lost, and would defend both me, an object of pity, and the true religion. But as it is, I am a nation known to you, a nation crowned by a hundred walled cities and whose unconquered navy cuts the waves. I am eager to bring a favourable outcome and a victorious army to you, my neighbour. Use these advantageous circumstances. Or if fear is a better motivator, you

know what unhappy years my Ostend, surrounded on all sides, can count. You must beware of seeing an enemy shore opposite you.”⁵⁰

- 1 Struthers 57 referring to Walz *Rhet. gr.* 2.449, my translation.
- 2 James had been crowned king of Scotland in 1567. This coronation as king of England is the second. Ireland is the third sceptre. Nedham translated these lines as
Three scepters of the Deep their pow'rs do bring,
To make a Trident for a mightie King.
Day/*dies* is a catchword of panegyric: "this day is the day of days." Cp. the first line of Erasmus, *Carmen gratulatorium* to Prince Philip on his return: "O semper memoranda dies plaudendaque semper" (*Opera Omnia* 1703 vol. 4, 553).
- 3 The tides, governed by the moon, might in fact be ebbing. Nedham translated these lines as
Take courage from thy Roial Governor,
As by the influence of a better Star,
And in thy cours about the World explain
To all mankinde, who 'tis that rules the main.
- 4 Phlegra, third sceptre. Marchemont Nedham translated these lines as
Three scepters of the Deep their pow'rs do bring,
To make a Trident for a mightie King.
These first lines are closely based on Claudian, *IV Cons.* 1ff. (*bina regna for tertia exordia, Hydaspeis gemmis*, where the gods fought the giants. Thebes is the city of Oedipus, Antigone, and the Seven against Thebes, as well as Seneca's influential *Hercules Furens*).
- 5 In 1591 King James had published his *Lepanto*, a poem of over 1000 lines, on the 1571 battle between the Turks and the Holy League under Don John of Austria. The expedition was initially to relieve the Venetian colony of Famagusta on Cyprus, but after that city's fall, to take revenge for Turkish barbarities on the island (see line 57). This poem established James as a champion of the Protestant cause in Europe. The poem, which enjoyed several editions, was translated into Dutch in 1593 and into Latin by Thomas Murray (Thomas Moravivs) in 1604, after the composition of this *Inauguratio* in 1603. (Murray's Latin version is in vol. 2 of *Delitiae Poetarum Scotorum* pp. 180-200. For details see Reid-Baxter 2014.) Grotius may have seen the Dutch version, but his references to *velivolas acies* and *fluctus cruentos* are vague enough and may have been quoted from one of the many Latin poems on the battle of Lepanto (see Wright 2014).
- 6 References to Scottish history may come from Camden's *Brittania*, a copy of which Grotius possessed, and for the period of Fergus and later from Buchanan's *Rerum Scotarum Historia* (1582). The ocean as father of all things is from Homer, *Il.* 14.246-7 and Vergil, *Geo.* 4.382. Cp. *IV Cons.* 20-23.
- 7 Genesis 8:5 *apparuerunt cacumina montium*.
- 8 Obscure, but perhaps a reference to the similarity of the words *Scoti* and *Scythi*. In other words, the Scots descend from the Scythians.
- 9 According to Buchanan *Rerum Scotarum Hist.* 4.5, around 330 BC.
- 10 Nedham translated these lines as:
Though all great things a fall do fear,
Yet James his power must stand,
Beeing enlarged and compos'd
Both of the Sea and Land. (Nedham took cum with *potestas*, not with *manet*.)
- 11 James' grandfather, Matthew Stuart, was associated with the Stuart royal family. His wife, Margaret Douglas, was the daughter of Margaret Tudor, daughter of Henry VII of England.
- 12 In 1600 Grotius had translated Aratus, *Phaenomena*, into Latin, and from this comes his familiarity with astronomy and astrology. However the astral phenomena mentioned in the next lines generally reflect the time of year when James was born (June 1566), not the actual horoscope for his time of birth (9:10 am on June 19). Some explanatory details: Virgo (101) is identified with the goddess of Justice Astraea, who abandoned the earth during the Age of Iron (Ovid *M.* 1.149). The claws (Chelae) of Scorpio are the ancient equivalent of Libra. For reasons which remain obscure, Capricorn (103) was associated with Caesar Augustus. (It was not his birth sign.). The sun is in Leo (105) in July/August. Venus (107) viewing the Getic North refers to James' marriage with Anne of Denmark. The golden fleece (109) symbolizes Britain's prosperity. The lyre of Orpheus (110) refers to the king's talent for poetry. Argo (113) refers to English seafaring; the Cyanean rocks are the Symplegades, which clash together and which Jason's Argo traversed successfully. The three crowns (114) of Argo are either three bright stars or the three subdivisions of the constellation: carina, puppis, vela.
- 13 Hesperia, Spain. The next sentence mentions Rutupiae/Richborough, the main port of Roman Britain (with Dubris/Dover), in Kent. Hence metonymy for Kent or Britain. Miraculous signs at the ruler's birth are common in late Roman panegyric. Cp. especially Claudian *Praise* 70-85 for the pearls, gold, honey, and subsiding waters (*refluos amnes*). The Brigantes (120) are a tribe of Roman Britain.
- 14 Same simile in Claudian, *IV Cons.* 197-202. Cp. Claudian's *Talis ab Idaeis primaevus Iuppiter antris...* (197) with *Inauguratio* line 144. These Curetes (Kouretes, Korybantēs, some confusion of nomenclature in ancient sources) were guardians of Zeus/Jupiter (born in Crete; Dictaeon = Cretan) who clashed swords and spears to drown out the cries of the infant and hide him from his father Cronus/Saturn.
- 15 A river arising from Mt. Helicon and sacred to Apollo and the Muses. "Waters" refer to the Castalian spring at Delphi.

- 16 The reference to the Persians is obscure, but the sentence as a whole refers first to James' *Lepanto* ("battles and bloody conflicts") and second to James' devotional works, such as his *Meditations on 20 Chap. of the Revelation* (1588) or *on XV Chapt. of the Chronicles of the Kings* (1589).
- 17 The image is the Palladium, which embodied the fate of Troy and was stolen by Diomedes and Odysseus. The weapon is the ancile, a shield that fell from heaven during the reign of Numa. It, along with replicas made to fool thieves, was kept by the Salii.
- 18 References to the ruler as helmsman of the ship of state are frequent. Grotius' *arbiter alni* is from Claudian's *I Stil.* 286 *velut arbiter alni*. The tenth, and disastrous, wave is from Ovid *Met.* 11.529-30.
- 19 *Cerae*, "wax" must refer to sculpture, but Apelles was actually a painter from Cos, an island of the Aegean.
- 20 James and Anne of Denmark were married in Oslo 23 Nov. 1589, and returned to Scotland on 1 May of the next year. Their eldest son Henry, mentioned in the following lines, was born in 1594 and died in 1612. For a poem about Prince Henry, see the Philological Museum John Barclay *Poemata* I.4
- 21 Like Elizabeth, who lacked an heir.
- 22 First published in 1599 as a guide for Prince Henry, the *Basilikon Doron* became a best-seller when James ascended to the English throne. Its three books address the king's duty to God (Bk. 1), his duty to his nation (Bk. 2), and matters of deportment and behaviour (Bk. 3). *Regalia Dona* is Grotius' translation of the title.
- 23 References to annals are traditional in panegyric and not a sign of Grotius' reading. See Claudian, *III Stil.* 183-4, *IV Cons.* 311. Ireland receiving civilization (295) refers to the generally unsuccessful 1599 campaign of Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, whose treason disquieted the Queen's final years of rule.
- 24 These lines contain the best example of Grotius' argument for the king as the final goal of all history.
- 25 Caesar, *Bellum Gallicum* 5.12: *...maritima [pars] ab eis, qui praedae ac belli inferendi causa ex Belgio transierunt.*
- 26 Grotius distinguishes four types of ruler: one chosen by birthright alone (322); one chosen by the plebs for his strong hand (323-4); one enthroned by a faction of the nobility (325-6); a military dictator (326-7). James in contrast was chose by Nature and God, with the assent of all orders. Late Roman panegyric makes the same point: Claudian, *III Stil.* 1ff, *IV Cons.* 45-8.
- 27 The rapid and peaceful transition from Elizabeth I to James I may be a fact of history, but "peaceful transition" is also a trope of panegyric: cp. Claudian, *tantoque remoto / principe mutatas orbis non sensit habenas*; "though so great a prince [Theodosius] was dead the world knew not that the reins had passed into another's hands" (*I Stil.* 149-150).
- 28 The Stone of Scone, taken to London by Edward I in 1296. Its role in coronations is mentioned in Buchanan, *Rerum Scotarum Historia* 6.3. Also called *marmor* by Grotius' contemporary David Hume of Godscroft (<http://www.philological.bham.ac.uk/hume4/text.html#aa7>).
- 29 Praise of the addressee's native land is traditional in panegyric. Cp. Claudian *Praise* 50ff, *Quid dignum memorare tuis, Hispania, terris / vox humana valet?* Nedham translated the following lines as:
 Nature herself the mistress of mankind
 Hath sever'd Nations, and their bounds design'd.
 So the Pyrenean Tops, Alpes, and Rhine,
 As bounds to Empires Shee did once assign.
 Yet Thee Shee with no River hath confin'd,
 Nor loftie Tower that dares the stormie wind.
 But having thrown her wide imbraces round
 The Univers, here fix't herself thy Bound,
 And mean't one limit should you both contain,
 Thee Nereus hath secluded in the main.
 This Bound unbounded is. Great Britain stands
 Confined by the Shores of other lands;
 And all that may by Winds and Sails bee known
 Is an accession of so great a Crown.
- 30 "Insulae Beatae/Fortunatae" usually refer to the Canaries or Azores, Spanish possessions at the time.
- 31 An obscure allusion. In Pliny *N.H.* 36.141ff *gagates* is a black stone from Lycia, lightweight and porous, that (among its other virtues) drives snakes away—the point of its mention here. I suspect that Grotius took it to mean "coal," hence the *tacito igne*.
- 32 Or "the period of darkness is short."
- 33 See line 92, James' grandmother. The following lines refer to the marriage of Henry VII of Lancaster and Elizabeth of York in 1486, which ended the War of the Roses. As usual, all British history has James as its final goal.
- 34 i.e. Do not fail to use Englishmen, whom the Scottish James might consider as foreign.
- 35 Probably a reference to the sack of Cadiz in 1596 under Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex (see line 295). The next sentence refers to the Virginia Colony.
- 36 Mithradates VI Eupator, Rome's rival in the East during the 1st century BC, a model of wealth and power.
- 37 Despite surrendering under conditions at Snaaskerke in 1600, a Scottish regiment in Prince Maurice's service was massacred by the Spanish. Grotius wrote a poem on this event, "Clades ante praelium Flandricum accepta." The anacoluthon in Scotia's final line might be completed with (for example), *et qui te petit incautum male foedere doli...* "We also know who evilly attacks you with a treaty of deceit," the very point made by Batavia in ll. 595-6.

- 38 Or “we will plead our case for our life.” In the orators (Quintilian, Pliny) *iugulum petere* means “to come to the point.” Otherwise *iugulo* might be a dative of purpose, to plead a case “for our lives.” Both seem possible here.
- 39 Fergus again. See line 305.
- 40 i.e. before the Danes were driven out of England, before the Norman conquest.
- 41 The 1572 massacre at Naarden, North Holland. Spanish troops opened fire on the inhabitants, who had gathered to hear peace proposals. The Spanish then burned the town and everyone in it.
- 42 Lamoral, Count of Egmont, a leading nobleman, was a member of Spain's Council of State for Flanders. Along with the William, Prince of Orange and Philip de Montmorency, Count of Horn, he protested the introduction of the inquisition into Flanders, although remaining a devout Catholic. When Philip II sent the Duke of Alba to the Netherlands to repress anti-Catholic agitation, Egmont and Horn stayed in Brussels as a sign of their loyalty to the king. (William had fortunately left Brussels.) Nevertheless Alba seized them both and had them beheaded in the Grand Place/Grote Markt in Brussels 5 June 1568. This atrocity led to widespread uprisings in the Low Countries, only encouraged by Alba's savagery at Naarden and elsewhere. Grotius details Spanish barbarities at length in his poem “*Historia Borrii*” (a verse eulogy for a history of the Dutch revolt published by Peter Borrius (Pieter Christiaensz Bor (1559-1635) in 1601) which probably expresses the Dutch attitude: “What more can we suffer?” *si satis Hesperiae nostro maduere secures Sanguine, et affines manibus cecidere suorum, Si fera civiles explevit dextra furores, Communique pudet sceleri tot vindice nullo Impensas insontum animas; si poenitet ipsos Jam monstrata sibi passos exempla magistros: Quid gratis servire iuvat? metus ecquis adegit Deteriora pati, quam quae potuere timeri?* (*Historia Borrii* 1-8) “If the Spanish axes are already sufficiently wet with our blood And enough kinfolk have already died at the hands of their own; And if mad violence has created enough civil war And even in our shared crimes we are ashamed that so many Innocent souls have perished; and if these very masters of crime Blush when shown what we have suffered—then why should We still be voluntary slaves? Does any terror force us to Suffer anything worse than what we could already fear?”
- 43 It is unclear what contacts (if any) there had been between James and the Dutch before his coronation. These lines are primarily a hope for the future.
- 44 The righteous men are Protestants; the states are the Dutch provinces in revolt.
- 45 Grotius describes at length the service of Batavians in the Roman army and elsewhere in his *De Antiquitate R.P. Batavicae* 3.5-6. Batavian bodyguards in Dio Cassius *Hist. Rom.* 55.24.7-8. The comment about British kings in the next sentence is from *De Antiquitate* 3.11, whose source is Ammianus Marcellinus 27.8.7.
- 46 Perhaps a reference to the marriage in 1449 of King James II of Scotland to Mary of Guelders, daughter of Arnold of Egmont, an ancestor of Lamoral Duke of Egmont (line 499).
- 47 The christening of Prince Henry (30 Aug 1594), an elaborate ceremony at Stirling in Scotland, was attended by representatives of the States General (Grotius 1613 275-6)
- 48 “Antonius” may conceal a reference to an English military commander. Sir Walter Raleigh would be a good candidate; he is the Mark Antony, taking care of matters abroad, to James's Octavian.
- 49 William of Orange was assassinated in Delft, 10 July 1584, by Balthasar Gérard. Batavia thinks this precedent will further alarm James.
- 50 The famous siege was ongoing when Grotius wrote the *Inauguratio*. The town fell in Sept. 1604. Poems about Ostend by John Barclay and Grotius can be found in the Philological Museum: John Barclay *Poemata* II.27, 18, 19.