The

MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW

HENRY WHITE

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Title: The massacre of St. Bartholomew
Preceded by a history of the religious wars in the reign of Charles IX

Author: Henry White

Release date: April 27, 2025 [eBook #75970]

Language: English

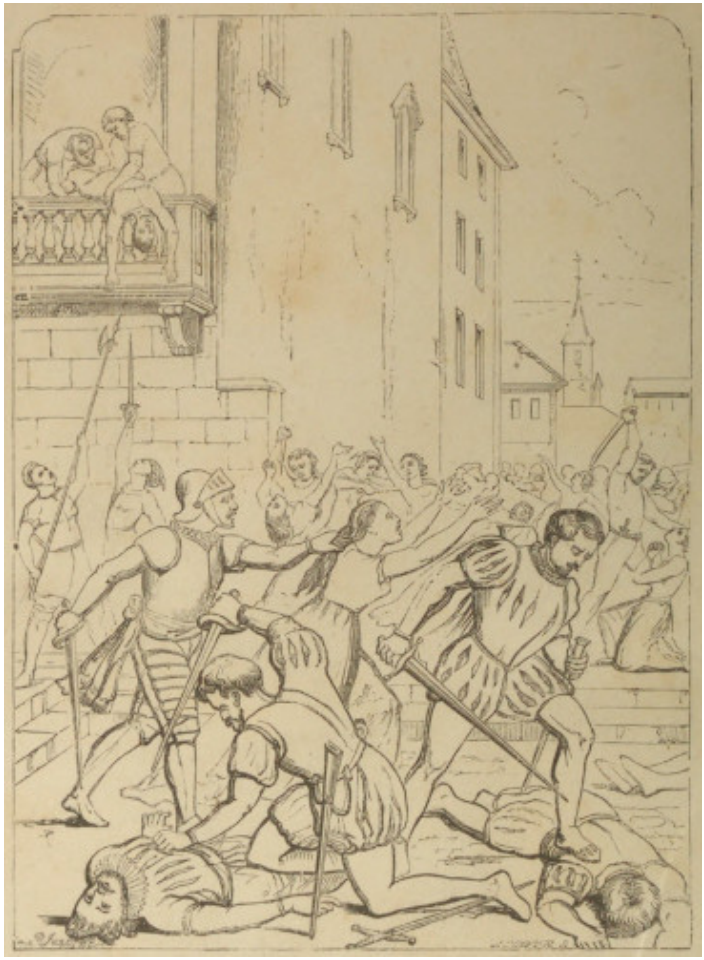
Original publication: New York: Harper & Brothers, 1868

Other information and formats: www.gutenberg.org/ebooks/75970

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CÆDES COLIGNII ET SOCIORUM EJUS.

THE MASSACRE IN PARIS.

From the Picture in the Vatican by Vasari.

THE

MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

PRECEDED BY A

HISTORY OF THE RELIGIOUS WARS IN THE REIGN OF CHARLES IX.

By HENRY WHITE.



WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

NEW YORK:

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,

FRANKLIN SQUARE.

1868.

PREFACE.

In the following pages I have endeavored to describe the great struggle which devastated France in the latter half of the sixteenth century, and culminated in the memorable tragedy of St. Bartholomew's Day. The nature of that struggle can not be fairly understood, unless the condition of the Protestants under Francis I. and his two immediate successors be taken into consideration. In those fiery times of trial the Huguenot character was formed, and the nation gradually separated into two parties, so fanatically hostile, that the extermination of the weaker seemed the only possible means of re-establishing the unity of France.

The three preliminary chapters necessarily contain many notices of the cruel persecutions which the Reformers had to suffer at the hands of the dominant Church; but the author would be much grieved were it supposed that he had written those chapters with any desire to rekindle the dying embers of religious strife. On that portion of his work he dwells with pain and regret; but such pages of history contain warnings that it may be well to repeat from time to time. Though there may be little danger of our drifting back to the atrocities of the sixteenth century, and though we no longer burn men, mob-law and other forms of terrorism are still employed to stifle free discussion, and check individual liberty. From this to the prison, the rack, and the stake, the step is not so wide as it appears. Moreover, it is good to revive occasionally the memory of those who have "served God in the fire," for the instruction of their

descendants, who have the good fortune to live in times when they can “honor God in the sunshine.” Such examples of patience and firmness under torture, of self-devotion, of child-like reliance on the spiritual promises of their Divine Master, of obedience to conscience, and of faithfulness to duty, are fruitful for all ages. They serve to show not only that persecution is a mistake, but that the final victory is not with the successful persecutor. Man’s real strength consists in prudence and foresight—qualities which belong but to few; and if this small intelligent class (and such the early Reformers were, even by the confession of their enemies) be driven out or exterminated, the ignorant masses are lost. Spain and Italy have never recovered from the self-inflicted wounds of the sixteenth century; and if France has suffered in a less degree, it is because persecution did not so completely succeed in destroying freedom of thought and liberty of conscience.

The author has tried to write impartially: he has weighed conflicting evidence carefully, and has never willingly allowed prejudices to direct his judgment. That he has succeeded in holding the balance even, is more than he can venture to hope; but in such a cause there is consolation even in failure. If he has not painted the unscrupulous Catherine de Medicis and the half-insane Charles in such dark colors as preceding writers, he has carefully abstained from whitewashing them. He has shown that they both possessed many estimable qualities, and has carefully marked the steps by which they attained such an eminence in evil.[1]

In the earlier pages of this history the followers of the new creed in France are called indifferently

Protestants or Huguenots. The use of the former word is not strictly correct; but it is preferable to the awkward term "Reformed," by which the French Dissenters designate themselves. By their enemies they were usually denominated Calvinists—a term which I have generally avoided on account of the erroneous ideas connected with it among ordinary readers. In the present day it is seldom used without a sneer. With all the complacency of ignorance, men write of "grim Calvinists who justify the burning of Servetus." Calvinists, grim or otherwise, do not justify persecution; and as regards Servetus, his execution was approved of by all the Protestant divines of Germany and Switzerland, and Calvin was perhaps the only man who tried to save the arch-heretic's life. Whatever may have been the errors of the Reformer of Geneva, he was one of the greatest men of his day, and as an author he stands in the first rank of early French prose-writers. Englishmen who owe so many of their liberties to the influence of his opinions during the counter-reformation of the seventeenth century, should be the last people to look unkindly upon his failings.

Respecting the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, there are two theories. Some writers contend that it was the result of a long premeditated plot, and this view was so ably maintained by John Allen in the *Edinburgh Review* (vol. xliv. 1826), that nothing farther was left to be said on the subject. Others are of opinion that it was the accidental result of a momentary spasm of mingled terror and fanaticism caused by the unsuccessful attempt to murder Coligny. This theory has been supported by Ranke in a review of Capefigue's "Histoire de la Réforme," printed in the second volume of his "Historisch-politische Zeitschrift" (1836), and in the first volume

of his “Französische Geschichte;” by Soldan in his “Frankreich und die Bartholomäus-Nacht;” by Baum in his “Leben Beza’s;” and by Coquerel in the “Revue Théologique” in 1859. Since they wrote, many new materials tending to confirm their views have come to light, some of which are for the first time noticed in this volume.

Foremost in value among the materials for this portion of the French history are the extracts from the “Simancas Archives,” published by M. Gachard in the “Correspondance de Philippe II.” The letters of Catherine de Medicis (as published by Alberi) throw a new light upon some of the obscurer parts of the reign of Charles IX.; and though it would be unwise to trust them implicitly, I can scarcely imagine a more valuable contribution to French history than a complete collection of her correspondence. Her letters are scattered all over France: a few have been printed in local histories, but far the greater part of them (including those in the collection of Mr. Murray of Albemarle Street) remain almost unknown. Much curious information has been gleaned from the “Relazioni” of the Venetian embassadors, edited by Alberi, or in the more accessible volumes of Tommaseo and Baschet. I need not point out the value of the documents contained in the correspondence of Aubespine, La Mothe-Fénelon, Cardinal Granvelle, and in the “Archives de la Maison d’Orange-Nassau,” published by Groen van Prinsterer. The letters of the English agents in France, so singularly neglected by many writers, help to explain several of the incidents of the Tumult of Amboise and the proposed war in Flanders in 1572. The omission from Walsingham’s correspondence of all account of the Massacre is much to be lamented. Though I have sought for it in vain, I still entertain a

hope that it may some day be recovered. In the Record Office there is a curious report by the famous Kirkaldy of Grange, of which Mr. Froude has already made use in his last volume. Two other remarkable contemporary letters—one in Spanish, the other in German—are noticed in their proper place.

Either personally or through the help of kind friends the author has searched far and wide among the provincial records of France. The sources of the information thus acquired have been carefully indicated in the notes, and the result has often been to discredit the statements of the older writers, carelessly copied by their successors. Two remarkable instances connected with Toulouse and Lyons will be observed in the course of the history. The Médicis MSS. at Le Puy, the manuscripts in the public library at Rouen, the letters of Charles IX. at Tours, the Acts Consulaires of Lyons, the Consular and Parliament Registers of Toulouse, the Registers of Caen, the Livre du Roi at Dijon, the Municipal Archives and Baptismal Registers at Provins, the Comptes Consulaires at Gap, have contributed to enrich this volume on several important matters. The public records of Montpelier, Nismes, Grenoble, Clermont-Ferrand, Bayeux, and other places, as well as the unpublished Memoirs of Jacques Gaches, and the MS. of President Latomy, which differs considerably from the printed text, have also furnished their contingent of information. Much curious and interesting matter has been found in Haag's "France Protestante," and in the "Bulletin de la Société de l'Histoire du Protestantisme François."

The reader will find very little in this volume about the internal development of the Reformed Church; for such information he must look to

theological histories and to writers who have made theology their study. Laymen who venture into that field rarely escape the imputation of ignorance or heterodoxy.

December, 1867.

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THE

MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION.

[1500–1547.]

Causes of the Reformation—Lefevre of Etaples—Francis I.—Revival of Learning—La Renaissance—Clerical Manners—Early Converts and First Victims—Jacques Pavannes, Berquin—Margaret of Valois—Calvin and his Institutes—The King's Inconstancy—Edict of Fontainebleau—Two Heretics Burned—Treaty of Crespy—Vaudois Persecution—The Baron of Oppede—Massacre at Merindol—Cry of Indignation—Sadolet, Bishop of Carpentras—Tragedy of Meaux—A Cloud of Witnesses—Stephen Dolet and Robert Stephens—Marot—The Last Martyr—Death of Francis I.—His Funeral Sermon—His Character.

The sixteenth century has been rightly called the era of the Renaissance. Then learning and religion revived; the fine arts received a fresh development. Then a new spirit breathed upon the nations, and the people began to feel that they were intended to be something better than hewers of wood and drawers of water—mere beasts of burden or tribute-paying machines for the use of their lords. The great Reform movement had been preparing from afar. Had Constantinople never fallen, had Eastern learning not been driven to seek an asylum in the West, the

religious revolution might have been retarded; it could not have been prevented. In the hour when Guttenberg printed the first sheet of his Bible the spiritual despotism of Rome began to totter. It was a strange period of excitement, when Vasco de Gama made his way to India round the Cape of Storms, and when Columbus returned triumphant from the discovery of a new world. A spirit of restlessness and scepticism pervaded all Europe. Monks in their cloisters, hermits in their cells, barons in their castles, lawyers in their courts, priests in their rural parsonages, all felt it alike. Princes on the throne doubted the infallibility of the Church, or drove the Holy Father from his capital. There seemed to be nothing sacred against the attacks of the wits and scholars of the day. Rabelais, under the mask of his cynical buffoonery, made the clergy a laughing-stock. Erasmus, with a satire as keen as Voltaire's, assailed the most prominent abuses of the Church. Ulrich von Hutten, in his "Epistles of Obscure Men," attacked the same abuses, with less polished weapons but in a more popular style. But if the iconoclasts of the sixteenth century had used no other arms than wit and satire, and done no more than brand the vicious lives and extortionate practices of the clergy, they would never have reformed the world. The doctrines of the Church had degenerated into an empty formalism leaving the heart untouched, the life unchanged. On a sudden, as if by mutual arrangement, a new race of preachers sprang up in Europe. Lefevre in France, Zuingle in Switzerland, Tyndale in England, and Luther in Germany, all taught the same doctrine. In each country the Reformation assumed a peculiar form, though preserving the same general characteristics; and just in the proportion as Protestantism has

yielded to, and in its turn moulded these characteristics, it has survived and flourished to the present time. If the Reform was almost crushed out in France, it was because it took too little account of national character. And yet the French Reformation was exclusively of native growth. Lefevre and his disciple Farel began to preach, some years before Luther, that great doctrine of justification by faith which was the foundation-stone of the new Church.

There are men who still deny the necessity of the great religious revolution of the sixteenth century, and contend that a slight reform in discipline, such as a pious pope would have conceded, was all that the Church required. But if such a reform had been possible, would it have been lasting? We have seen within these few years how little that singular phenomenon, a liberal pope, can do—how impotent he is when the clergy are opposed to him. It is very probable that if the Church had seriously undertaken to reform itself, the great disruption never would have taken place; for, as Ranke says, “Even the Protestants severed themselves slowly and reluctantly from the communion of the Church.”[2] France was fully prepared for a religious reform. The king had made his court the most learned centre in Europe; for among the many noble qualities possessed by Francis I., not the least of them was the patronage he extended to artists and men of letters. The great painters Leonardo da Vinci, Andrea del Sarto, and Rosso were invited from Italy to adorn his palaces with their magic pencils. Lascaris, a learned Greek, was commissioned to form the king’s library at Fontainebleau. Under the advice of the learned Budæus the college of France was established for the study of the Greek and Hebrew languages. This great intellectual movement, especially the study of

Hebrew, "which turned Christians into Jews,"[3] so terrified that guardian of orthodoxy, the theological college of the Sorbonne, that

> They in their zeal splenetic
> Forbade the Greek and Hebrew tongues as heathen and heretic.

So wrote Marot, adding that they proved the truth of the old proverb, "Learning has for enemy no creature but a dunce."

The Church of France was no worse than many other portions of the Roman fold. So long as the people themselves were ignorant, the ignorance of the priesthood did not trouble them; but immediately their own eyes were opened, they became conscious of the deficiencies of their pastors. And it would have been well for them had ignorance been the worst failing of the clergy: they were vicious also. A contemporary manuscript tells us that "many are so ignorant that they can not interpret what is said in the course of divine service, and are unable to read or write; so negligent that they have left off preaching altogether.... They take delight in worldly pleasures, and spend the greater part of the day in taverns, drinking, gambling, and toying with women, and keep a *truande* in their houses."[4] How the priests abused the simple confidence of their flocks is evident from the pious frauds they practiced, particularly in the matter of relics. Of one instance of this tampering with the religious feelings of the people, it was said, "that either the Virgin Mary must have had two mothers, or her mother must have had two heads." A feather from the angel Gabriel's wing, or a bottle of Egyptian darkness, were silly but harmless deceptions; but there were others which to name is impossible.[5]

In the field thus prepared for the truth, the new doctrines spread rapidly, one great help to their diffusion being the use of the French language, while the orthodox clergy stuck so obstinately to their Latin, that Antony de Mouchi, surnamed Democharès, felt it necessary to apologize for using the vernacular in a work he had written in answer to a Huguenot pamphlet.[6] At first the converts were more numerous among the educated and high-born, than among the low and unlettered multitude. They early received the baptism of fire. In 1524, while Francis I. was in captivity at Madrid, the Parliament of Paris revived an edict of Louis XII. concerning blasphemy, and nominated a commission to try Lutherans and other heretics. In the following year, a brief of Clement VII. ratified this encroachment on the rights of the Church, approving of the commissioners or inquisitors appointed, permitting them to enter upon their duties "with apostolical authority," and ordering them to try their prisoners "without noise and without form of judgment, as is the custom in such cases."[7] This bull, besides condemning heretics to be punished in body and goods, forbade all persons to supply them with corn, wine, oil, or other merchandise, under pain of being treated as accomplices. That this bull was something more than an empty threat, is evident from a letter written by Clement to congratulate the Parliament of Paris on the way in which they had carried it out, adding "that the new errors were as opposed to the State as to the Church." We need not stop to show that the kingdom which has always put itself forward as the champion of Popery, both in the East and in the West, is that in which the Church and the State have suffered more from revolution than any Protestant country.

One of the first victims in Paris was Jacques Pavannes, who procured a temporary respite by recanting. Although young in years, he afterward showed a firmness and faith that would have become a veteran warrior of Christ. Withdrawing his recantation, he was condemned to suffer by fire, and when at the stake he spoke with such unction that a doctor of the Sorbonne declared “it would have been better for the Church to have paid a million of money than have allowed Pavannes to address the people.” (1525). A more illustrious victim was Louis de Berquin, scion of a noble family of Artois: by his scholarship and wit—he was of the Erasmian school—he had mortally offended the monks and (if the expression be allowable) the old fogyism of the Sorbonne. The king and his sister, Margaret of Valois, had saved him two or three times; but at last he was caught in the toils, and his trial was hurried on so that Francis should not have the opportunity of interfering. (1529). Fourteen victims of less note suffered not long after; but ideas are not to be burned out at the stake or stifled in prisons, and it soon became evident that the new doctrines were spreading wider and wider every day. “The smoke of these sacrifices,” says Mezeray, “had got into people’s heads.”

The followers of the new creed had but one friend at court, and this was Margaret of Valois, the king’s sister, a pious tender-hearted woman, who had interposed more than once to rescue the victims of the Sorbonne and of Rome. She was not a Protestant, and shrank from any rupture with Catholicism. She would have liked to see the old and the new Church united, each yielding something to the other. The age, however, was not one for compromises. Day by day the lines of demarkation became more strongly

marked, especially after the publication of Calvin's "Institutes of the Christian Religion" (1535), which became at once the text-book and the charter of the evangelicals in France. Calvin was a thorough-going reformer. To adopt a familiar distinction, while Luther rejected nothing that was not condemned by Scripture, Calvin accepted nothing that was not directly countenanced by it. Luther's system was, probably, the wiser, as it did not break directly with the past; but either principle carried to extremes is faulty. Looking at the subsequent history of Protestantism in France, we can see how (under the Calvinistic form) it excited an antagonism never felt in Germany; it seemed to aim at deposing the king as well as the pope. And it is doubtful whether such a cold undecorated form of religion is suited to the warm and impulsive temperament of the Celtic race which forms the lowest stratum of the French population.

In France it was long before the Reformation reached the lower classes—the masses, as it is the fashion to call them; the rural gentry, the men of education, the well-to-do tradesmen, artists, and "all who from their callings possessed any elevation of mind," were the first converts.[8] They were naturally opposed by the clergy and the lawyers, for corporate bodies are always great enemies to change.

Francis I. appears to have seen the desirability of a reform in the Church, not so much from religious as from political motives. He hated the monks, and was thwarted by the Sorbonne; he read the Holy Scriptures with his sister Margaret, and took the extraordinary step of inviting Melanchthon to France in order to arrange some compromise by which Popery and Protestantism might be united. It was a

vain dream, even if the king were sincere, which is exceedingly doubtful. He might at one time have pleaded that the persecutions were carried on without his knowledge and even in defiance of him; but on 21st January, 1535, he took an active part in the burning of six unfortunate "Lutherans." In this case his pride had been hurt by some rude and indefensible proceedings of the Reformed party;[9] but he could be equally unfeeling and unscrupulous from mere political expediency. In the same month of January, 1535, he issued a royal edict commanding the instant extirpation of heresy in every form; all who aided or harbored heretics, or did not inform against them, were to be punished as principals; and informers were to receive one-fourth part of the confiscation and fines—a sure mode of procuring victims. This decree was modified in June, when Francis was coquetting with the Protestant princes of Germany; but the pains and penalties were only remitted to such as abjured their faith and returned to the bosom of the Church. On 1st June, 1540, appeared the famous edict of Fontainebleau, confirming all previous edicts, and ordering the strictest search to be made for heretics; and, as if its provisions were not harsh enough, letters patent were issued at the end of October, 1542, enjoining every parliament in the kingdom to "execute prompt and rigorous judgment," so that the new heresy might be destroyed root and branch. No time was lost in carrying out these dreadful instructions. Among the victims of this renewed persecution was one Delavoye, who being told that a warrant was out against him, and that the officers were on their way to seize him, refused to hide himself as his friends advised. "Hirelings and false prophets may do so," he said; "but following the example of St. Paul, '*I am*

ready not to be bound only, but also to die for the name of the Lord Jesus.'" Another sufferer, Constantine by name, was taken to execution in a scavenger's cart. In allusion to this he said, "Truly hath the apostle declared, '*We are as the filth of the earth, and the offscouring of all things.*' We stink in the nostrils of the men of this world; but let us rejoice, for the savor of our death will be acceptable to God and serviceable to the Church."

A German residing in Paris in the summer of 1542 wrote to a friend an account of the execution of two heretics which he had witnessed. In his letter we learn how sympathy for the victims tended to make converts. One of them was a smooth-cheeked youth under twenty years of age, the son of a shoe-maker; the other, a man with a long white beard, stooping under the burden of fourscore years. The young man had spoken contemptuously of images, comparing them to the gods of the heathen; the old man had protested against prayers to the saints, and had declared that all Christians were priests. Both were condemned to suffer at the same stake for their "Lutheranism," as it was called. As the youth refused to retract, he was to have his tongue cut out. No change could be observed in his face when the hangman approached him to perform this first act of cruelty. He put the tongue out as far as he could, the torturer pulled it out still farther with pinchers, and cut it off, slapping the martyr with it on the cheek. He then threw the tongue among the crowd, who, "it is said," adds the writer conscientiously, "picked it up and flung it back in the martyr's face. As he got out of the cart, he looked as if he were going to a feast and not to punishment." Unmoved by the howling and the savage cries of the mob, he took his place calmly at the post, where a chain was passed

round him. He now and then spat the blood from his mouth, but kept his eyes fixed on heaven, as if looking there for help. When the executioner covered his head with sulphur and pointed to the fire, he still smiled and bowed, as if to show he died willingly. The old man, who was the father of a large family and much respected for his upright life, had retracted, and his punishment was consequently modified. He was strangled before being thrown into the flames; “yet some,” adds the eye-witness, “thought this punishment too mild, and would have had him burned alive.”[10]

The history of persecution contains little novelty: it is the same story of calumnious accusations and savage fury from the letter of Pliny to the invectives of the monks in the sixteenth century. The council which assembled at Bourges in 1528 not only condemned all Lutheran doctrines whatsoever, but compared heretics with sorcerers and magicians in order to render them more odious. The Reformers were accused of being bad subjects, rebels, revolutionists, aiming at the overthrow of the monarchy as well as the perversion of religion. This Francis I. pretended to believe, though he knew better; and it is this charge which Calvin so eloquently refutes in his “Letter to the King,” prefixed to his “Christian Institutes.” “Is it possible,” he asks, “that we who have never been heard to utter a seditious word, and whose lives have always been known to be simple and peaceable, should be plotting the overthrow of the kingdom? And what is more, being now driven from our homes (he is referring particularly to the emigration after the persecutions of 1534), we cease not to pray for your prosperity.... Praised be God, we have not profited so ill by the gospel, that our lives can not hold forth to

our detractors an example of liberality, chastity, compassion, temperance, patience, modesty, and all other virtues. Verily the truth beareth witness for us that we fear and honor God purely, when by our life and by our death we desire his name to be sanctified." In the "Institutes" he went still farther, laying down principles that almost consecrate oppression. "We must show a wicked tyrant such honor as our Lord has condescended to ordain.... We must show this obedience through fear of God, as we serve God himself, since it is from him that princes derive their power." This obedience, however, he is very careful to restrict to secular matters. "When God ordained mortals to rule, he did not abdicate his rights. If kings command any thing contrary to him it should have no honor, for, says Peter, we ought to obey God rather than men."

The cruelties of this age may be accounted for, though they can not be excused. Within the memory of living men, political heretics have been punished quite as severely (the stake excepted) as religious heretics, and that too without the same excuse. The priest when he burned the body hoped, or professed to hope, to save the soul: the political heretic was often sacrificed to secure a party or a minister in power. The persecutors of the sixteenth century must not, therefore, be overwhelmed with inconsiderate reproval: they were but men, living in an age when persecution was a duty, and heretics had no rights. There is still too much of the savage in the human breast, though civilization has done much to extinguish it; in the reign of Francis I. the savage was uppermost. But so remarkably did the blood of the martyrs prove the seed of the Church, that a Catholic writer compares the "Lutherans" of this time to the fabulous hydra; when one head was cut off, two

sprang up in its place. And no wonder; for the author of the “History of Heresies” writes of these martyrs, even while ascribing their patient endurance to satanic influence, “that Christianity had revived in all its primitive simplicity.”

In 1544 Francis I. concluded the treaty of Crespy with the Emperor Charles V., by which the two monarchs bound themselves to exterminate heresy within their respective dominions. The king chanced to be ill of a dangerous disease brought on by his licentiousness, and for five or six weeks his life hung upon a thread. The bigoted Cardinal de Tournon, making him believe that his sufferings were a judgment from God, urged him to propitiate heaven by destroying heresy. Moved by these motives, and by misrepresentations which the victims had no opportunity of correcting, for they were never heard, Francis issued an order for the extirpation of the Waldenses of Provence, who appear to have excited the wrath of the clergy to a terrible height. These Vaudois, as they are usually called, the better to distinguish them from the Waldenses of Savoy, lived in the south-east corner of France, between the Durance and the Alps. They were a peaceable, God-fearing, industrious race,[11] and had been a living protest against the Church of Rome for hundreds of years—even from the days of Constantine, if their annals may be trusted. Louis XII. is reported to have called them “better Christians than himself;”[12] and a Romish missionary, who was sent to turn them from the error of their ways, was himself converted and forced to acknowledge that “he had learned more from the little Vaudois children than he had ever done at college.” In the wildest valleys of the Alps, and on rocky heights where the chamois could hardly keep his footing, they built their huts and

tended their flocks. They had covered a barren district with smiling harvests, “making the desert blossom as the rose.” Du Bellay, governor of Piedmont, describes them as “a simple people,” paying their *taille* to the crown and the *droits* to their lord more regularly than their orthodox neighbors. But their virtues were their chief crime in the eyes of the king’s clerical advisers. In 1540 the Parliament of Provence had condemned twenty-three of these poor creatures to be burned alive for contumacy, and ordered their country to be laid waste. The sanguinary decree farther directed the towns of Mérindol and Cabrières, and other places, which had been the refuge and retreat of the heretics, to be razed to the ground, the caves which had served them for an asylum to be destroyed, the forests cut down, the fruit-trees rooted up, the rebel chiefs put to death, and their wives and children banished for life.”[13] Some friends of the poor Vaudois succeeded in getting the decree suspended until 1st January, 1545; when Francis I., hoping to do a meritorious work that would atone for his dissolute life, ordered it to be enforced. To John Menier, baron of Oppède, and chief president of the Parliament of Provence, was entrusted the task of carrying out the royal decree. He was one of those happily rare individuals who delight in slaughter from mere blood-thirstiness. He made no distinction between believers and heretics. The troops under his orders—wild mercenaries with more of the brigand than of the disciplined soldier—wasted the country with fire and sword. From the frightful detail of cruelties one little fact may be gathered characteristic of the man. All the inhabitants of the town of Mérindol, which stood on the Durance,[14] were put to the sword, with the exception of one person, a poor idiot, who had

ransomed his life by promising a soldier two crowns. Oppède heard of it, and sending for the soldier, gave him the two crowns, and having thus bought the prisoner, ordered him to be tied to a tree and shot forthwith. “I know how to treat these people,” he roared out; “I will send them, children and all, to live in hell.” The small town of Cabrières, in the same neighborhood and a little south of the poetic Vaucluse, was treated with similar severity. Every house was destroyed; between 700 and 800 persons were killed in the streets or fields; a number of women who had fled for refuge to a barn were burned to death, and those who had escaped the sword and fire were sent to the galleys “with circumstances of inhumanity,” says the historian, “that would have deserved our pity on any other occasion.”[15] “In one church,” says Guérin, “I saw between four and five hundred poor souls of women and children butchered.” Twenty-five women—

> Præcipites atra ceu tempestate columbæ
> Condensæ—

who had taken refuge in a cavern in the papal territory of Avignon, were smothered to death, the vice-legate kindling the fire with his own hands.[16] In fine, twenty-four towns and villages were destroyed and 3000 persons put to death. Such little boys and girls as the soldiers did not want were sold into slavery: they might be purchased for a crown apiece. And that none might escape, the Parliament of Provence issued a proclamation, forbidding the neighbors to offer the Vaudois either food or shelter, so that many were starved to death in the mountains.[17]

The tale of these fearful atrocities provoked a cry of indignation from one end of the country to the

other:[18] even the king complained that his orders had been exceeded, but not until after the letters patent of 18th August, 1545, approving of all that had been done. We are told that the memories of these cruelties haunted his dying-bed, and that he bequeathed to his son the duty of taking vengeance on the murderers of the Vaudois. This may be true, but when the Swiss cantons remonstrated with him for his cruelty, he bade them mind their own business, for the heretics had merely received the just reward of their crimes. The only person punished for these horrors—and that was at the suit of Madame de Cantal, whose property had been ruined by the slaughter of her peasantry—was one Guérin, king's advocate in the Parliament of Aix.[19] M. d'Oppède appears to have been so terrified at the mere idea of being tried, that he fell ill and died in great suffering; a judgment of God, as the Reformed declared it. A Catholic historian of these days has ventured to apologize for cruelties which could find no defender in the sixteenth century. "Certain names," he says, "are branded for what is the result of a popular force and movement by which they are carried away. In a religious and believing state of society there are necessities, as there have been cruel political necessities at another epoch. Exaltation of ideas drives men to crime as by a fatality."[20] Such reasoning will justify any crime, public or private. To admit the cowardly doctrine of "necessity," is to destroy moral responsibility, to make intellect subservient to matter, and justice to brute force. It makes the usurper or the murderer accuser, judge and executioner in his own cause. It is a vindication of *coups d'état*—a deification of successful villainy. If generally admitted, it would induce a moral torpor fatal to all intelligence. There were men living in the

Catholic communion in the sixteenth century who thought very differently from the paradoxical historian of the nineteenth. Sadolet, Bishop of Carpentras—a man so full of kindness and charity that a modern writer has called him the “Fénelon of his age”—interfered to suspend the execution of the first decree against the Vaudois of Mérindol. He was a ripe scholar and corresponded with all the learned men of the day, heretical or orthodox, including Calvin and Melanchthon. To the latter he wrote: “I am not the man to hate another because he differs from me in opinion.”[21] When Sturm of Strasburg accused him of lying, he said: “You should have left such coarse terms to Luther: they are unbecoming a mind like yours. But you are mistaken, and I am sure you will return to your usual polite style. If ever you, Bucer, or Melanchthon have need of me, I am ready to serve you in more than words.” It is pleasing to meet with such a character, when religious prejudice ran so high on both sides.

One of the most terrible tragedies to which the persecuting edicts gave rise occurred at Meaux, in October, 1546, when sixty persons were seized in the house of Stephen Mangin, where they had met to hear a sermon. As the soldiers were taking them through the streets to prison, some of the Protestant spectators burst out with Marot’s noble version of the seventy-ninth Psalm—

> Behold, O God! how heathen hosts
> Have thy possessions seized;
> Thy sacred house they have defiled,
> Thy holy city raz’d.

From Meaux they were transferred to Paris for trial, which resolved itself into an attempt to extort a confession from them by torture. They were sentenced to be carried back to Meaux, and fourteen

of them were to be burned alive in the market-place, after suffering the question extraordinary. Others were to be hung up by the shoulders during the execution of their brethren, and then to be flogged and imprisoned for life in a monastery. As they were passing through a forest on their way back, a man followed them shouting: “Brethren, remember Him who is in heaven above.” He was caught, flung into the cart, and put to death with the rest. Stephen Mangin, who was regarded as the ringleader, first had his tongue cut out; he was then dragged on a hurdle from the prison to the place of execution, where he and his companions, after being tortured, were burned at fourteen stakes arranged in a circle, praising God to their last breath. One Dr. Picard, a celebrated man in his day, preached a sermon on the occasion, in which he declared it was necessary to salvation to believe that these fourteen poor creatures were condemned to the bottomless pit; and if an angel came from heaven to say the contrary, he must not be listened to; “for God would not be God, if he did not damn them eternally.”

The example thus set at Meaux was imitated in other parts of France; but, far from checking the progress of the new doctrines, it served to prove the strong faith of the converts. Thus Jean Chapot, who had been denounced for bringing a bale of heretical books from Geneva, would not give up the names of the persons to whom he had sold them, though he was almost torn asunder on the rack. One Mark Moreau of Troyes displayed similar firmness and constancy at the stake, to which he was condemned after being tortured, because he refused to betray the other Lutherans in that city. Francis Daugy cried out from the midst of the flames: “Be of good cheer, brethren, I see heaven opening and the Son of God

stretching out his arms to receive me." As the Demoiselle Michelle de Caignoncle was going to the stake, one of her poor pensioners ran by her side crying: "You will never give us alms again." "Yes, once more!" she said, and threw her slippers to the woman, who was barefoot. One Thomas of St. Paul was taken out of the flames and urged to recant. "Put me back into the fire," he exclaimed: "I am on the road to heaven."

Among the victims of this reign was one whose name occupies a conspicuous place in the history of the revival of learning. Stephen Dolet, famous among the poets of the Renaissance, had set up a printing-press at Lyons, where he appears to have been unpopular among those of his own trade, through supporting the compositors who had "struck" for higher wages. He had been twice condemned for heresy: once on the information of the infamous Anthony Mouchi, a doctor of the Sorbonne and heretic-finder to the Inquisition, who has transmitted his name to posterity under the form of *mouchard*. Dolet had escaped to Piedmont; but yearning with that love for his native country, which is so strong a characteristic of the French people, he returned to Lyons, where he was speedily arrested and carried to Paris. Here he was accused and convicted of atheism, the charge being founded on his translation of a passage in Plato. While in prison, hourly expecting death, he exclaimed: "My whole life has been a struggle; thank God, it is over at last."[22] When he was led to the stake in the Place Maubert, the executioner bade him invoke the Virgin and St. Stephen, his patron saint, or else his tongue would be cut out and he would be burned alive. Dolet repeated the required formula, and then was hanged and burned (3d August, 1546). Dolet must not be ranked

among the martyrs of religion: he suffered because he had offended the clergy by his independent spirit. The doctors of the Sorbonne would willingly have forgiven his being a printer and an atheist, if he had not stood forward as the champion of free thought.

Robert Etienne (or Stephens, as he is called by English scholars) was more fortunate than Dolet. Up to the age of twenty-five he continued in the Romish Church, professing a doubtful sort of orthodoxy, like many other celebrated men of that day; and it is probable that he would have continued in this undecided equivocal state all his life, but for the virulent attacks made upon him by certain theologians, who were violent in proportion to their stupidity. His quarrel with the Sorbonne began as early as 1523, when that same body, which in 1470 had invited the first printers to Paris, took alarm at the agitation of men's minds and turned fiercely against its own work. The presumption of a young man, and he a layman, to correct a text of Scripture, seemed monstrous. The publication of his Latin Bibles in 1528 and 1532, and more especially that of the small portable Bible in 1534, aggravated their hostility. But all this was as nothing to the rage excited by his edition of the Latin Bible in 1545, wherein he had collected the notes of that learned professor of Hebrew, Francis Vatable. In these notes the active inquisitors of the Sorbonne found a number of heretical propositions, such as a denial of the existence of purgatory, of the efficaciousness of confession, and so forth. Hitherto Robert had been able to escape the fate of his heterodox brother Dolet, through the intervention of the king and the influence of John du Bellay and others. But against this last tempest the royal authority seemed powerless. The Faculty of Theology instituted

proceedings against him, when, unhappily for him, Francis I. died; and although Robert Etienne found an equally kind patron in his successor, the character of the new king was more impressionable. The Sorbonne attacked him more violently, and foreseeing that Henry would be unable to protect him, he quitted France, as Clement Marot, Olivetan, Amyot, and most of the professors of the Royal College had done before him. Beza tells us that all learning was suspected, and that hence many good but learned Catholics were numbered among the heretics. A man was liable to be condemned for not lifting his cap on passing an image (and they were at the corner of almost every street), for not kneeling at the sound of the *Ave Maria* bell, and for eating meat on fast days. Clement Marot was sent to prison and narrowly escaped burning for eating some bacon during Lent.

> Ils vinrent à mon logement:
> Lors se va dire un gros paillard,
> Par là, morbleu, voilà Clement,
> Prenez-le, il a mangé le lard!

The fasting, or not fasting, on certain days soon became a test of orthodoxy.

One of the last victims of this reign was Jean Brugière, who, after several imprisonments and escapes, was taken to Paris, tried, and condemned to be burned alive at Issoire (3d March, 1547). He was transferred to Montferrand, where Ory, the inquisitor, discussed the “real presence” with him. “If you deny,” said Ory, “that the body of our Lord is in the host, when the priest has pronounced the sacramental words, you deny the power of God, who can do every thing.” “I do not deny the power of God,” answered Brugière, “for we are not disputing whether God has power or not to do it, so much as

what he has done in his Holy Sacrament, and what he desires us to do." When the time of his suffering came, the priests pressed a crucifix to his lips, and bade him call on the Virgin and saints. "Let me," he said with a smile, "let me think of God before I die. I am content with the only advocate he has appointed for sinners." While preparing the rope or chain, the executioner slipped and fell. Brugière, who remained calm and unmoved, held out his hand to raise him. "Cheer up! M. Pouchet, I hope you are not hurt," he said. When the fire was kindled, he raised his eyes to the cross and exclaimed: "Oh heavenly Father, I beseech thee, for the love of thy Son, that thou wilt be pleased to comfort me in this hour by thy Holy Spirit, in order that the work begun in me may be perfected to thy glory and to the benefit of thy poor Church." When all was over, the crowd withdrew in silence. The curate of Issoire said, as he returned home: "May God give me grace to die in the faith of Brugière."[23]

Francis I. died slowly of a disgusting malady, the consequence of his licentious amours. For a time his life was prolonged by the use of potent medicines; but the opportunity thus given him of redeeming the past was wasted in regrets that he had not extirpated heresy.[24] He used often to say, if we may credit Brantome, that this novelty—the Reformation —"tended to the overthrow of all monarchy, human and divine." Yet none of the kings who embraced the new creed lost their thrones; while the devotee Henry III., and the converted Henry IV., both fell by orthodox daggers. The king's funeral sermon was preached by Pierre du Chastel, Bishop of Macon, whose orthodoxy had become suspected in consequence of the attempts he had made to save Stephen Dolet. When Cardinal de Tournon

reproached him with this, the good prelate made answer: “I acted like a bishop, you like a hangman.” When the sermon was published, the Sorbonne hunted out several heretical propositions, particularly a passage where the bishop, after extolling Francis as a saint of the highest order, continued: “I am convinced that, after so holy a life, the king’s soul, on leaving his body, was transported to heaven without passing through the flames of purgatory.”[25] The Sorbonne protested against this, and a deputation of doctors went to St. Germains, where the court was staying, to denounce the heretical panegyrist. They were received by John de Mendoza, the first chamberlain, who desired them to be quite easy in their minds: “If you had known His Majesty as well as I did, you would have understood the meaning of the bishop’s words. The king could never stop anywhere, however agreeable the place might be; and if he went to purgatory, he only remained there long enough to look about him, and was off again.” *Solvuntur risu tabulæ!* The doctors retired in confusion: there was no answering such a jest.

The character of Francis is a “mingled yarn.” He had great virtues, but he also had great vices. He had noble aspirations, but he often suffered them to be obscured by ignoble passions. All his life long he allowed himself to be led by women. Had they all been like his sister, Margaret of Valois, it would have been well for him, for France, and for religion; but they were more frequently such as the Duchess of Valentinois, and even worse. He was ambitious, but it was more for his kingdom than for himself; he was a warrior, though not equal to his rivals; he was sumptuous and extravagant, but architects and painters, historians and poets, scholars and wits,

were not neglected by him. He was impressionable and superstitious, but he often checked the fiery zeal of the persecutors, tried to reform the clergy in his dilettante fashion, and was never bigoted except when frightened by the priests, or when he fancied his personal dignity insulted. It is not wonderful that Frenchmen look back to him with pride, for he represents the national character in its best as well as in its worst phases.

CHAPTER II.

HENRY II.

[1547–1559.]

Henry II.—Catherine and Diana—Montmorency—Coronation—King Enters Paris—Fêtes—Heretic Burning—New Edicts—Chambres Ardentes—Edict of Chateaubriant—Persecution at Angers, Le Puy, Velay—Inquisition Proposed—Resistance of Parliament—Siege and Battle of St. Quentin—Affair of the Rue St. Jacques—Martyrdom of Philippa de Lunz—Calvin's Letter—Pre Aux Clercs and Marot's Psalms—Peace of Cateau-Cambresis—Divisions in the Paris Parliament—The Mercurial of June—Du Faur and Du Bourg Arrested—First Synod of Reformed Churches—Confession of Faith and Book of Discipline—Edict of Ecouen—The Tournament—Henry's Death.

Henry II. was twenty-nine years of age when he ascended his father's throne (31st March, 1547), his elder brother, the dauphin Francis, having died almost ten years before. He was rather tall, well-proportioned, fond of athletic sports, and vain of his skill in the tournay—a weakness that proved fatal to him at last. His hair was dark, his beard short and pointed, his complexion pale, almost livid. His large, black, lively eyes somewhat contradicted his melancholy, saturnine character. He rarely laughed, and, according to the Venetian envoy, Matteo Dandolo, some of the courtiers declared they had never seen him smile. His portraits would leave us to

suppose that he was of a mild and gentle disposition; but bigotry often made him cruel, and his pride was impatient of opposition. He could be liberal, too—especially with other persons' money. Thus he gave the notorious Diana of Poitiers the renomination of all the officials whose posts had become vacant by the death of his predecessors, by which she appropriated more than 100,000 crowns in the shape of fines and presents. Henry possessed good natural abilities, and a retentive memory, but was uninstructed;[26] he had a taste for music, and spoke Italian and Spanish. He was also religious, so far at least as not to ride out on Sunday until after mass. Though not much distinguished in war, he never shrank from danger, and at Landrecy conducted himself as a good captain and brave soldier.[27]

His queen was Catherine de Medicis, one of the most enigmatical personages in history. Attempts have recently been made to reverse the judgment of time, and rehabilitate her character,[28] which possibly has been painted in darker colors than it deserved; but to convert her into a martyr and victim, entitled to our respect and sympathy, is to write not history but romance. In early life she had more than one narrow escape, and her later career can hardly prevent our regretting that she lived to be old. At her birth (so runs the story) astrologers foretold that she would be the ruin of the family and the place where she was married. She was accordingly put into a convent; but when her uncle, Clement VII., besieged Florence, in 1530, the council of that city proposed taking her out and hanging her in a basket over the battlements, so that she might be killed by the besieger's cannon. A still worse fate was proposed by others, which, to the honor of humanity, she escaped. Although the niece of a pope, she was a

portionless orphan, and apparently doomed to spend her days in the seclusion of a cloister. Such a life would have been happier for her and for France; but it was not to be so. Her marriage with Henry of Valois, in 1533, was strictly a political one—a bond of union between Francis I. and Clement VII. against the emperor. The child-bride[29] displayed at this time none of the darker characteristics which afterward distinguished her. She was rather below the middle height, her eyes were large and sparkling —they were peculiar to her family,[30] her complexion was beautiful, her voice clear as a bell; she dressed with care, and exercised a singular fascination over all who came near her. Foreigners who saw her twenty or thirty years later describe her as still possessing an excellent figure, with a hand and arm that were the despair of the sculptor. She possessed many shining qualities, which she often marred by devoting them to evil purposes. In an age when female purity was not held in high esteem, she preserved a reputation that scandal scarce has touched. She was prompt in action, fertile in resources, could read character well, and had perfect control over her own feelings. She never designedly made an enemy of any one; and with her sweet smile, musical voice, and courteous manner, converted many an enemy into a friend.

After the disastrous battle of St. Quentin she gave the first indications of her skill in public matters. The king had urgent need of money, and as he was absent from Paris, Catherine went to the parliament, explained the royal necessities, and obtained a grant of 300,000 livres. “She thanked them in such words that all wept with tenderness.... Throughout the city men talked of nothing but her majesty’s prudence.”[31] After this time (we are told) the king

went more into her society. During her husband's life, she possessed but little influence: his dislike to her at one time nearly approaching to hatred. He often taunted her with her plebeian origin; and, but for the love Francis I. bore her, she would have been repudiated and sent back to her relations. In the earlier years of her wedded life she was unpopular, because she was childless, and because her uncle, Clement, who deceived all who trusted in him, had evaded his engagements. By degrees, however, she won the love of the people, who would willingly have shed their blood for her.[32]

If she did not love her husband, she made a great show of sincere attachment. When he was away from her with the army, she would put herself and her attendants into mourning; and go in procession to various shrines to pray for his happiness and success. She has been described as *molto religiosa*, but that means very little in an Italian mouth. In later years, it was not easy to tell when she was sincere, or when playing a part. She had been trained in that school whence Machiavelli derived his maxims. She thought nothing of right or wrong: her principles, if such they may be termed, were prudence, expediency, and success; and she preferred a tortuous to a straightforward policy. During the life of her husband, Catherine had filled a subordinate position, having the title, but little of the respect, that surrounds a queen. She never had fair play, and her early years were blighted by the shadow cast upon them by Diana of Poitiers.

Diana, Duchess of Valentinois, was the widow of Louis de Brézé, high seneschal of Normandy,[33] and the most beautiful woman of the age.[34] In her youth she had captivated the affections, such as they

were, of Francis I., and even during his life-time had enthralled the future king by her dazzling charms. Henry used to wear her colors, black and white;[35] consult her on affairs of state, and permit her to dispense the ecclesiastical patronage.[36] It has been said that the love between them was purely platonic: the statement—borne out in some degree by the difference of their years—is not, however, in accordance with the opinion of her contemporaries. [37] The king at one time seems to have been quite infatuated with her. At the foot of her portrait he wrote the first words of Marot's version of the forty-second Psalm—

> As pants the hart for cooling streams,
> While heated in the chase,
> So longs my soul for thee!

Brantome describes her as "a good Catholic and very devout;" but the abbe's standard is not a high one. He adds that "she hated those of the religion."[38] This we can believe, but her dislike did not extend to their possessions, by which she grew enormously rich. The historian Matthieu records that the people said of her: "For twelve years an old woman kept heaven so close, that not a drop of justice fell on France, except by stealth." She was very extravagant in her tastes, to meet which added much to an already oppressive taxation. The ruins of her little palace of Anet, on the Eure, near Dreux, still exhibit some faint traces of the splendor and elegance of its first occupant, and of its architect Philibert de l'Orme. In 1547, Henry II. made her a present of the castle of Chenonceau, a marvel of the Renaissance, built by that unfortunate superintendent of finance, Jacques de Beaune-Semblançay. In the letters patent conveying this magnificent present to his favorite, the king declared it was "in consideration of the

great and most commendable services rendered to the crown by her late husband, Louis de Brézé." But when Henry died, Catherine forced her to give up the château, and retained it for herself. To decorate this building and add to its pleasure grounds, Henry imposed a tax upon bells—twenty livres each. The people murmured loudly at this, and Rabelais, echoing the popular complaints, pretended that "the king had hung all the bells of the kingdom round the neck of his mare."[39]

One of Henry's first acts, after his accession, was to dismiss his father's ministers, and place the management of affairs in the hands of Montmorency, conjointly with the Duke of Guise, the Cardinal of Lorraine, and Marshal St. André, who had been the king's playmate. The constable was nearly sixty years of age when he was thus recalled from the retirement to which Francis I. had banished him. He was a man of harsh manners, ignorant,[40] greedy of money, and a bigot in religion; or, perhaps it may be truer to say, vain of his descent from Pharamond, and of being "the first Christian baron of France." At times he could be exceedingly pompous and haughty, and though he had seen much service, he possessed but little military capacity. Some of the stories told of his ferocity have a certain grim humor about them, notwithstanding their brutality. While saying his prayers, he would break off suddenly and order this man to be whipped, or that to be hanged, or a village to be burned, and then continue ("tant il était consciencieux," says Brantome) as if he had done the most natural thing in the world. These *paternosters* had passed into a proverb, during his life-time. When he marched to Bordeaux, to put down an insurrection occasioned in the south-west of France by the severity with which the infamous *gabelle* or

salt-tax was levied, he told the citizens as they came out to present him with the keys of the gates: “Begone with your keys. I don’t want them. I will open your gates with mine (pointing to his cannon), and have you all hanged. I’ll teach you to rebel against your king.” And for five weeks terror reigned in the city. More than one hundred and forty persons were hanged, decapitated, burned alive, or otherwise put to death; not a few of them having been torn asunder by horses, impaled, or broken on the wheel. “It was an exemplary punishment,” says Brantome, “but *not so severe* as the case required.” The country was laid waste far and wide by an ill-disciplined, unpaid soldiery—a course of treatment which did not increase the loyalty or orthodoxy of the inhabitants. Montmorency was a great favorite with the king, and his son Francis married Diana of Angoulême, Henry’s natural daughter.[41]

Henry II. was duly crowned at Rheims in July, 1547, and the particulars recorded of the ceremony show that we have fallen off in the matter of kingly pomp. On a platform erected before the gate of the city, there was a representation of the sun, which appeared to expand like a flower. In the centre was a crimson heart, out of which stepped a young girl in costly attire, who offered the keys of the city to the monarch. Henry suffered two years to elapse before he visited his capital. On 16th June, 1549, all Paris was in commotion. A grand procession of the notabilities of the city, both lay and clerical, went out to meet and harangue him, according to the wearisome custom of the age. The king, richly dressed, rode a white horse, and was attended by the princes of the blood, foreign ambassadors, marshals of France, and knights of the various orders of chivalry, all well mounted. The glittering procession

took its way through streets hung with tapestry, and under triumphal arches, to Notre Dame. After the usual *Te Deum*, Henry was escorted with boisterous acclamations to the bishop's palace, where a royal banquet had been prepared for him in the great hall. Only the princes of the royal house ate at his table. On his right sat the Cardinals of Bourbon and Vendome: on his left the Dukes of Vendome, Montpensier, and Roche-sur-Yon. The Constable Montmorency, by virtue of his office, stood in front of him with a drawn sword. Henry remained at the palace two days, until the solemn entry of the queen. She was in a horse-litter profusely ornamented, and at her side rode the Cardinals of Amboise, Chatillon, Boulogne, and Lenoncourt. Two other litters were used by the princesses, their ladies following on hackneys, and attended by pages on foot. After the customary prayers at Notre Dame, and the dinner at the bishop's palace, a ball was given (for churchmen could dance in those days), at which the "enfants de la ville," some sixscore young men, danced with the court ladies, and acquitted themselves with much grace, to the evident satisfaction of Henry, who had arranged this little incident. After the ball there was a supper—a collation of preserves and sweetmeats; and to end the feast, the provost of the merchants and the aldermen presented the queen with a "buffet complet," a complete set of double silver-gilt plate, adorned with fleur-de-lis and "crescents."[42]

The morrow being Corpus Christi day, the provost and aldermen waited upon the king at the palace of the Tournelles, to present him with a piece of plate, which the chronicles are careful to tell us was of "ducat gold." It was a grand allegorical work of art, at that time unmatched in Europe.[43] The provost made a complimentary speech on presenting it, and

the king, who was delighted with the gift, thanked him in language as flattering as it was gracious. This emboldened the provost to invite him to follow the example of his ancestors, and come to the Grève next Sunday—the eve of St. John—and set fire to the great tree. Henry complied with the request, and went, accompanied by the queen, the princes and princesses, and kindled the fire with a torch of white wax handed him by the provost. Thence he proceeded to the Hotel de Ville, where, after the usual collation—a good custom which still prevails in civic entertainments—the city dames had the honor of dancing with the king and his court. It was still light when he returned to his palace of the Tournelles.

During the month Henry remained in Paris, there were frequent tournays in the lists, prepared by the city in the Rue St. Antoine. The provost had also built a fort on the islet of Louviers in the Seine, to afford the king the pleasing spectacle of a bombardment and a sea-fight. A bridge of boats had been constructed from the island of Notre Dame to that of Louviers for the passage of the troops that were to attack the fort. These were harmless amusements compared with some that followed. On Thursday, 4th July, Henry quitted the Tournelles at seven in the morning, and rode in grand procession to the great cathedral, where he heard high mass, and then went to dine at the episcopal palace, after which the royal digestion was gently stimulated by the burning of some heretics. On another occasion, after a similar procession and banquet, some more heretics were burned in the Rue St. Antoine, “where the king stopped and advised them to recant.”[44] Heretic-burning was one of the popular sports of the day, at which—if contemporary engravings are any

authority in such matters—high-born dames attended in full dress. It was on one of these occasions (4th July, 1549), that Henry witnessed the execution of a poor tailor, who had offended Diana by language not unlike that which John the Baptist used with regard to Herodias. The sufferer, we are told, turned upon the king such a look of calm reproach, that he withdrew frightened from the window, and for several nights after fancied that the dying man haunted his bedside.

Meanwhile the reformed doctrines had been spreading fast. Extending beyond the small circle of nobles, scholars, and church dignitaries, by whom they were first taught and defended, and making their way into the lower strata of society,[45] they had become more definite and radical. The uneducated shoe-maker or ploughman could not appreciate such nice distinctions as Margaret of Valois drew in her "Mass of Seven Points," and would not have cared for such subtleties if he had understood them. These simple men heard the Bible read and explained to them, and the doctrines of Free Grace and of the Atonement sank straight into their hearts. There was very little but habit to keep the people faithful to the old Church. "They are more affected," says Matthieu, unconsciously imitating Horace, "by example than by instruction, and estimate the truth of a doctrine by the purity of a man's life." Such an example was rarely found in the Catholic clergy. Another strong reforming agent was the misery of the times. With reference to Normandy, which was better off than many other provinces, a local historian writes: "The people were easily seduced; the dues and taxes were so excessive that in many villages there was no assessment. The *decimes* were so high that the parish priests and their curates

ran away for fear of being imprisoned, and ceased to perform divine service in many parishes near Caen.... Seeing this, the preachers from Geneva took possession of the churches and chapels."[46]

Yet great as had been the increase of numbers, the Reformed at this time could hardly have amounted to a hundredth part of the population; even in 1558 they were not estimated at more than 400,000. The cities along the course of the Rhone and those lying at the foot of the Alps were strongly Calvinistic, as was also Languedoc, where probably some relics of the old Albigensian spirit of revolt still lingered. In this province the Romish Church was especially hateful, as it had been enriched by the confiscated estates of the Albigensian nobles.[47] Anjou and Normandy were divided; Picardy felt the influence of Flanders, where the new doctrines were extending with civil liberty. Nearly all the rest of France was Catholic. The rural population was then, as now, under the influence of the clergy, as also were the inhabitants of the smaller country towns. These are usually a narrow-minded class, an almost inevitable consequence of their isolation, and the dull nature of their habits and occupations. In Paris, the mass of the population was Catholic, the dangerous classes being especially demonstrative in their orthodoxy. The progress of religious reform might have been more rapid but for certain peculiarities in the state of society, which made every innovation difficult. The guilds in the towns had their patron saints and annual festivals. If a man adopted the reformed faith, he must renounce these, and become a sort of outcast among his comrades, and perhaps the severest persecution he had to undergo was that he endured at the hands of his fellow-workmen. We all know how much this prevails in large factories and in trade

unions among us: and it must have been incalculably worse at a time when the guilds were such close bodies that it was impossible to carry on a trade independently of them.

Henry II., like his father, cared little about the new doctrines, so long as they were confined to the learned and the well-born: but when they spread among the lower classes, he determined to punish heresy as worse than treason. His father's edicts were carried out with great severity; but they were so far from producing the desired effect, that the Reform spread more and more. In order to hasten its extirpation, a new edict was issued (19th November, 1549), in which, after complaining that the bishops and their suffragans proceeded too slowly and tenderly—a statement which it is hard to accept—Henry established special chambers of Parliament for the trial and punishment of heresy only. It was a kind of lay inquisition, of which all the judges in the realm, both civil and ecclesiastical, were members *ex officio*. These were the famous *chambres ardentes*, so called, says Mezeray, "because they burned without mercy every one they convicted." But the new edict appears to have had as little effect as its predecessors, for in the following month of February the king by letters patent reproached the judges for want of zeal "in discharging their duty in this holy and laudable work, so acceptable to God." Finally the sanguinary edict of Chateaubriant[48] was issued (27th June, 1551), by which all the old laws on heresy were revised and codified. In the preamble, after recounting the efforts of his father as well as his own to suppress heresy, Henry declared that "the error went on increasing day by day and hour by hour;" that it was "like the plague, so contagious that in many large cities it had infected the majority of

the inhabitants, men and women of every station, and even the little children had sucked in the poison;" and that he saw no hope of amendment except by employing the severest measures "to overcome the willfulness and obstinacy of that wretched sect, and to purge and clear the kingdom of them." The magistrates were, therefore, ordered to search unceasingly for heretics, and to make domiciliary visits in quest of forbidden books (among which the Latin Bible of Robert Stephens was included).[49] This edict made denunciation a trade by giving the informer one-third of the heretic's confiscated property, and farther enacted that a person acquitted of heresy in any ordinary court of justice might be again tried before an ecclesiastical tribunal, and *vice versâ*, thus depriving the poor Reformer of all chance of escape. Every suspected person was required to possess a certificate of orthodoxy, and even intercession on behalf of convicted heretics was made penal. These severities —though they were called "too lenient" by the pope —drove the Reformed to emigrate in such numbers in spite of all attempts to stop them, that a president of the Parliament of Bordeaux wrote to Montmorency expressing his alarm at seeing on the one hand the emigration increasing every day, and on the other the great progress made by Calvinism. But the king was not to be moved from his purpose. "In God's cause," he said, "every one should be ready to put his shoulder to the wheel." A very proper sentiment, only we must be sure that the cause is of God. When the Parliament of Paris registered the edict of Chateaubriant, they compared Henry to Numa, "quod Numa primus condidit templum fidei." The decree was carried out with extreme severity all over the kingdom, but particularly in Saumur, Lyons,

Nîmes, Toulouse, Paris, Guyenne, Bresse, and Champagne.

In Poitou and Anjou the fires of persecution blazed fiercely. Of three pastors at Angers two were burned alive, and of the flock six were put to death, and thirty-four who fled were burned as they were caught. The Reformed meditated taking up arms in self-defense, but were strongly advised by Calvin not to do so, and they obeyed. But the trial of their endurance must have been severe; for so great was the terrorism toward the end of 1556 that the Reformed ceased from writing to one another, or if they wrote, directed their letters, “To the brethren whom we *dare not name* lest they should suffer harm.”

In other parts of France, especially in the south and centre, the Reformers suffered less. At Le Puy the discontent first showed itself in the destruction of a venerated crucifix during the Holy Week. The sacrilege was atoned for by a solemn procession. The shops were closed, all work ceased, the bells rang out noisily from the great belfry, and the priests in a long line climbed the steep and narrow streets of that gloomy-looking town, up that giant flight of one hundred and eighteen steps to the grand portal of the cathedral. On this lofty platform the procession halted—not to admire the wide prospect that now charms every traveler—but to chant the penitential psalms before entering that old grey temple. The bells, which had ceased their monotonous din during this solemn moment, now pealed out joyously. The priests took off the emblems of mourning which they had worn until this moment, and entered the cathedral, the citizens following, each man in his own guild. The very next night a similar outrage

occurred, and as the real culprits could not be found, two men were burned for heresy, their tongues having been first torn out (July, 1552). But “justice” was not overprecise in its nomenclature in those days, for we find two thieves who stole a chalice put to death as heretics, and two coiners of base money suffered a like fate. In 1555 two “most rascally heretics” were burned to death in the midst of a pile of “pestilent books from Geneva.” Oh, those books! how tyranny and falsehood hate them!

Two years later a wretched pedlar was convicted of selling “the damnable writings of Calvin,” and his execution ordered to take place on one of the chief festivals of the Church—that of Corpus Christi. It was a bright morning in summer. The walls of the houses were hung with drapery and the windows filled with spectators, while the procession moved along more like a Roman triumph than a Christian celebration. Music led the way, the guilds followed with their insignia, next came the religious brotherhood with their banners, while troops of boys and girls, all dressed in white, scattered roses and burned incense. The clergy in their costliest robes followed next, escorting the Holy Sacrament, which the bishop held up to be seen and worshiped by all. Again came white-robed youths and maidens, and last of all the poor pedlar in a shirt of sacking. He was barefoot, carried a lighted taper in his hand, and the rope was round his neck. Every time the procession halted, the wretched man fell on his knees and made the *amende honorable*, according to the terms of his sentence. This long agony lasted five hours, until at length the martyr was committed to the fire.

After this the heretics of Velay, where this mournful tragedy had been enacted, grew bolder and

began to assemble “in open day in fields, gardens, barns, no matter where.... Their preachers were butchers, brick-layers, publicans, and other venerable doctors of that sort,” says a contemporary manuscript. The populace jeered and hooted at them as they went to their meetings, and the Reformers retaliated by fastening rosaries to their dogs’ necks, and breaking the images of Our Lady, calling them “useless logs.” Sometimes the persons who thus insulted the established religion were discovered and punished, but heresy flourished nevertheless. The heretics banded together and entered into a covenant of mutual aid. They established a sort of benefit club, elected leaders, collectors, and treasurers, bought arms and ammunition, and kept themselves ready for all eventualities. The society numbered about four hundred—all resolute men, and strong enough to ensure freedom of worship—at least for a time.

Confiscations, imprisonment, and death having failed to purge the kingdom of heresy, the Cardinal of Lorraine suggested (in 1555) a new edict, by virtue of which all persons convicted of heresy by the ecclesiastical judges should be punished according to the magnitude of the crime without appeal, and proposed the appointment of Ory as “inquisitor of the faith in France;”[50] but bishops and Parliament alike protested against it. The magistrates were especially offended at having a court set over them, before which they were liable to be tried. President Seguier remonstrated to the Council in language worthy of the occasion: “We abhor the establishment of a tribunal of blood, where secret accusation takes the place of proof; where the accused is deprived of every natural means of defense, and where no judiciary form is respected. Commence, Sire, by

giving the nation an edict which will not cover your kingdom with burning piles, or be wetted with the tears and blood of your faithful subjects." He suggested that instead of employing fire and sword to establish and extend religion, they should try the same means that had been employed to found it, namely, "the revival of pure doctrine, combined with the exemplary lives of the clergy." Henry received the advice courteously, and the edict was not enforced.

It might be supposed that there was little to choose between the Inquisition and the Chambres Ardentes; but the difference was vital. From the sentence of the Inquisition, which derived its authority from the Holy See, there could be no appeal. Its victims were handed over to the secular arm, and not even the king had power to come between them and death.[51] But it was a fundamental principle of the French law that the king alone, as supreme head of the state, had the power of life and death over the subjects of the state; and that all appeals should be heard and decided by lay judges.[52] In the next reign we shall find the great Chancellor L'Hôpital declaring the edict of Romorantin with all its harshness and restrictions to be more merciful than any copy of the Spanish tribunals of blood could be.

The cardinal was not a man to be daunted by this repulse, and in April, 1557, he procured a bull from Pius IV. ordering the establishment of an inquisitorial tribunal of which himself and the Cardinals of Bourbon and Chatillon were named directors, with authority to set up new courts of bishops and doctors of divinity, with full power to arrest, imprison, and put to death, without regard to

rank or quality, all persons suspected of heresy. The king seems to have been as eager as the cardinal to obtain this bull, his embassador at Rome being ordered to press the matter as “the only means of extirpating false doctrine.”[53] The pope also sent Henry a sword and helmet as symbols of the war he had declared against heresy. We shall see ere long to what use the sword was put. Again the Parliament stood forward and resisted the establishment of the irresponsible tribunal. If their motives were selfish, their object was good, and farther proceedings were adjourned for a year. It is possible too that Henry yielded from opposition of another kind, having discovered that the new doctrines had made greater progress than he had imagined among the nobles, who were not the men to suffer patiently like poor scholars and mechanics. A certain amount of toleration was therefore conceded, until the treaty of Cateau-Cambresis made persecution an international duty.

Although the persecution never ceased in France during the reign of Henry II., there were intervals of reaction when the fires burned dim and the sword of the executioner hung idle on the wall. These were usually connected with the foreign policy of the government—a subject not within the scope of these pages. It may be sufficient to mention generally that as the basis of every diplomatic arrangement with the Pope, the Emperor, or the King of Spain, was the extirpation of heresy, so a certain toleration accorded to heretics was a means of showing dissatisfaction with one or all of those three powers. The furious outburst of persecution which occurred at the period we have now reached, may be partly traced to the changes that had taken place in foreign countries. Mary was fiercely persecuting her English subjects,

Cranmer having atoned for his weaknesses by his heroic martyrdom in 1556; Philip II. had succeeded to the throne of Spain and re-enacted his father's cruel edict of 1550; and Paul IV., the restorer of the Inquisition, sat in St. Peter's chair. France was at war with Spain and had suffered many reverses; Francis, Duke of Guise, was unsuccessful in Italy, where Alva, as yet unstained by blood, was carrying all before him; while on the northern frontier the Constable Montmorency tried in vain to make head against the impetuous attacks of Emmanuel Philibert of Savoy, who commanded the Spanish troops in Flanders. Philibert laid siege to St. Quentin, where Admiral Coligny held out stubbornly against overwhelming odds. Montmorency marched to the relief of the city and re-enforced the garrison by 500 soldiers, under the command of Andelot, but suffered a bloody defeat (10th August, 1557) a few hours afterward, when his cavalry was routed and his infantry cut to pieces. He himself was wounded and made prisoner, along with Marshal St. André. So complete was the rout, so crushing the defeat—the severest that France had received since the battle of Agincourt—that the Parisians trembled lest the conqueror should appear before their gates. More than once has that beautiful city been spared by the procrastination of a victorious enemy, and the fear of driving a gallant nation to extremity. The fortress of St. Quentin fell on the 27th August, Coligny and his brother Andelot being made prisoners.

Such national disasters were regarded as a judgment from heaven, and the evangelicals were made the scape-goats. Priests went into the pulpit and inflamed the passions of their ignorant hearers by the coarsest vituperations. "God is punishing us," they shouted, "because we have not avenged his

honor," and the populace yielding to the superstitious impulse caught up the cry.[54] They soon had an opportunity of putting into practice the lesson they had been taught. On the night of the 4th September, 1557,[55] a number of adherents of the new religion, amounting to three or four hundred, assembled at a private house in the suburbs on the left bank of the river for the purpose of united worship. The men belonged chiefly to the upper classes, and the women were of good families, some of them being ladies in attendance on the queen.[56] The service had been conducted in quiet, the Lord's-supper administered, and the congregation was about to separate when they found the street—the Rue St. Jacques—blockaded by a furious mob bearing torches and armed with every weapon they could catch up. "Death to the traitors! down with the Lutherans!" they shouted, as they rushed to the door and tried to force an entrance. They were kept at bay by a few resolute gentlemen who, by their rank, were entitled to carry swords, while the women and the elders sought to escape through the garden which opened into the fields. But every outlet was guarded and all opportunity of flight cut off. What was to be done? Death, a horrible death at the hands of the mob, appeared imminent. The only chance of safety lay in seeking the protection of the magistrates before the city gates were opened, and all the ruffianism of Paris was let loose upon them. With this intent a few gallant gentlemen volunteered to attempt to reach the Hotel de Ville, the others remaining to guard the helpless women and old men. Suddenly the door of the house was thrown open and the desperate little band rushed out and cut its way through the crowd with the loss of only one of their number. Throughout the long night those left behind

waited in trembling apprehension for the dawn. They prayed to God for support, and sometimes one of their number would read a consolatory chapter from the Bible, the yells of the populace frequently drowning the voice of the reader.

Day-light came at last, but it brought no relief. The doors were forced, and the unarmed worshipers would have been torn to pieces, when a detachment of the city guard arrived and took them off to prison, saving many of them for a still crueler death. As the helpless captives were dragged through the streets, the mob reviled and cast mud at them. On reaching the Châtelet, they were thrust into filthy dungeons from which the vilest criminals had been removed to make room for them; where the light of day hardly penetrated, and where "they could neither sit nor lie down, they were so crowded."[57]

The Reformed Church of Paris was in a pitiable state, so many of its members being in peril of their lives. Extraordinary prayers were offered up in every family for the delivery of the martyrs, and a remonstrance drawn up by the elders was presented to the king, who put it aside unnoticed. But (strange to say!) there was no eager haste to punish the prisoners any farther, the example of their seizure having frightened many back to orthodoxy. But orthodox agitators were busily at work to keep up the popular excitement and prevent the escape of the captives. The heretics and all who would shelter them were vehemently denounced from the pulpit, and inflammatory placards were stuck on every wall. A verse from one of these, posted all over Paris on Christmas day, 1557, will show the style in which the popular fury was stirred against the "Lutherans."

Paris, en ce temps froidureux

Que les nuits sont longues et fraiches,
Tu dois bien veiller sur tous ceux
Qui font auprès de toi des prêches.
Si, de bref, tu ne les dépêches,
Jamais paix n'auront les chrétiens;
Car ceux que tu souffres et tiens
Te causeront tant de courroux,
Que tu diras, toy et les tiens:
Montagnes, tombez dessus nous.

When the excitement had abated, and the affair was almost forgotten, the prisoners of the Rue St. Jacques were brought to trial. Their lives were forfeited by the mere fact of their presence at an unlawful assembly, and the alternative of recantation or death was presented to them; but they would not yield an inch. They found that man's weakness was God's strength.

Among the captives was Philippa de Lunz, a woman of good family, a widow, and only twenty-two years old. She was interrogated several times, but her answers were such as to destroy all hope of pardon. On the 27th September, 1558, more than a year after her imprisonment, she was led out to death, in company with Nicholas Clinet or Clivet, a school-master, and Taurin Gravelle, an advocate, both elders in the Reformed Church. Before they were placed in the tumbrel that was to carry them to the stake in the Place Maubert, they were to have their tongues cut out, to prevent their praying aloud or addressing the people on the road to death. The two men suffered this cruel mutilation without a groan. Turning to Philippa, the executioner roughly bade her put out her tongue. She did so immediately. Even he was struck by her intrepidity: "Come! that's well, *truande*," he said; "you are not afraid then?" "As I do not fear for my body," she replied, "why should I fear for my tongue?" The knife flashed an instant before her eyes and her tongue fell to the

ground. She was then thrust into the cart at the feet of her two companions and bound to the same chain. Before leaving the prison she had taken off her widow's weeds and put on the best garments left her, saying: "Why should I not rejoice? I am going to meet my husband."

Around a pile of faggots in the Place Maubert there had collected all that was vilest in Paris, dancing and calling out for blood, just as some two hundred years later a similar mob danced round the victims of the guillotine. The king is said to have been a spectator of the horrible scene that followed. It was Philippa's fate to look on while her two companions were burned to death—to witness their horrible convulsions, and hear the shrieks which the mounting flames extorted from them. But even this did not shake her faith, which found support in earnest prayer. And now her turn had come; the executioners roughly seized her with their strong arms, shamefully tearing her clothes, and held her over the hot ashes until her feet were burned to the bone. Then with a horrible refinement of cruelty the savage torturers hung her head-downward in the fire, until the scalp was burned off and her eyes scorched out. After that she was strangled, and heaven received another saint.

A few days later four more of the prisoners suffered death at the same place. One of them, as he opened the shutter of his cell on the morning of his execution, that he might behold the sunrise once more, exclaimed: "How glorious it will be when we are exalted above all this."

One of Calvin's noblest letters was written at this time to the prisoners still remaining in the Châtelet, and more particularly to the women, whom he

exhorted to imitate the strength and faith of Madame de Lunz: “If men are weak and easily troubled,” he said, “the weakness of your sex is still greater, according to the order of nature. But God, that worketh in weak vessels, will show forth his strength in the infirmity of his people.... He who sets us in the battle supplies us from time to time with the necessary arms, and gives us skill to use them.... Consider how great were the excellences and firmness of the women at the death of our Lord Jesus Christ. When the apostles had forsaken him, they still remained by him with marvelous constancy, and a woman was his messenger to inform them of his resurrection, which they could neither believe nor understand. If he so honored them at that time and gave them such excellence, do you think he has less power now, or that he has changed his mind?” Calvin showed that his was not a barren sympathy by making every effort to induce the cantons of Berne and Zurich and the German princes to intercede in behalf of the poor prisoners. Their intercession prevailed to save such as remained alive. The doors of the Châtelet were thrown open: the younger prisoners were transferred to monasteries from which they easily escaped; while others obtained a full pardon after making an ambiguous confession of faith before the bishop’s officers. Pope Paul IV. complained bitterly of this moderation, and declared that he was not astonished at the bad state of affairs in France, now that the king trusted more in the support of heretics than in the protection of heaven.[58]

Not only did the severe measures we have described fail of their effect, after the first alarm had passed away, but the reformed doctrines made so many new converts that Beza, writing to his friend

Bullinger about this time, declared "that the king must either destroy entire cities, or make some concession to the truth."[59] The severity exercised upon the martyrs of the Rue St. Jacques had overleaped itself. A contemporary historian and a Romanist says, that such mournful sights disturbed many simple souls, who could not forbear thinking that the men and women who could undergo such tortures with calmness and resolution must have truth on their side, and he adds with touching simplicity, "They could not contain their tears, their hearts wept as well as their eyes."[60]

The summer of 1558 witnessed a singular protest against the persecuting and obstructive policy of the Church. It assumed a form, and was carried out with a pertinacity and a *malice* peculiarly French. Clement Marot, the earliest of French poets and a favorite of the late king, had translated some of the Psalms of David into verse, which immediately became popular. They sold faster than they could be printed. Francis I. quoted them on his dying-bed,[61] and by his order the translator had presented a copy of his first series of thirty to Charles V., who rewarded him for it and pressed him to continue it.[62] The ladies and gentlemen of the French court took a strange delight in singing them, but not always to the most appropriate tunes. The martyrs of Meaux had sung them at the stake. Henry II., when dauphin, was fond of singing them; and on one occasion, when recovering from an illness, he had them chanted to him by his choristers, with the accompaniment of "lutes, viols, spinnets, and flutes." His favorite was the 128th Psalm: *Blessed is every one that feareth the Lord*, which he is reported to have set to music. Catherine had her favorite: *O Lord, rebuke me not in thine anger*; that of Diana of Poitiers was the solemn

De Profundis (Ps. 120). The King of Navarre selected the 43d: *Judge me, O Lord*; and even Charles IX., at a much later period, used to repeat, *As pants the hart*; probably because of its allusion to the chase. The Protestants of France sang them at all times, and as neither the music nor the words could be condemned as heretical,[63] they were sung when no other mode of divine worship was practicable. Thus when the citizens took their evening walk in the Pré aux Clercs,[64] the Hyde Park of those days, some student or Reformer would strike up one of Marot's Psalms, in which they would all join. Many may have done this out of pure bravado, but others out of love for the truths they contained. The King and Queen of Navarre were fond of that pleasant promenade by the river-side, and took delight in listening to this multitudinous singing.

These things cease to move us now, not because we are less religious, but because we are less demonstrative, and there is no opposition to force us into an external display of our faith. There have always been occasions when large bodies of men have tried to conceal or perhaps to alleviate their excitement by singing. Cromwell's troopers thundered out a Psalm as they marched up the breach at Dunkirk, and the Girondins sang the Marseillaise as they stood at the foot of the guillotine.

But there was something more than this in the sudden popularity which Marot's Psalms acquired among all classes. It was the revival of an old Christian custom; it popularized a new mode of worship. In the earlier and purer days of the Church, singing had been congregational; but it had long since become the business of priest and chorister

solely. The old tunes had grown obsolete, and airs wedded to mundane songs had been introduced into the Church service. “The *Miserere* is chanted to a jig-tune,” said a Catholic writer. Other influences, many of them sacerdotal, were at work to widen the interval between the priest and his flock—to reduce public worship into a sort of theatrical performance in which he and his colleagues were the actors, and the others the spectators and listeners. But if the people did not sing at church, there is ample evidence that they sang at home; and it is probably owing to this circumstance that we possess so many partsongs in our old music-books. It is one of the glories of the Reformation that it gave a religious character to these songs. Luther and Calvin both saw how music might be employed to advance the truth, and neglected no opportunity of recommending the study of singing. Luther had but a poor opinion of a school-master who could not sing, and ranked music next to theology. “It has been commanded unto all men,” he said, “to propagate the word of God by every possible means, not merely by speech, but by writing, painting, sculpture, *psalms*, *songs*, and musical instruments.” He composed many tunes: these and the chorales of Senfel penetrated into France, and German airs form the basis of a large part of the French hymnal. Calvin took no less pains at Geneva, and the tunes composed by his desire were distributed by thousands, each part being printed separately to facilitate their execution. Even Catholics were to be found using these Protestant scores—a practice which Florimond de Remond, the historian of heresy, bitterly condemns: “The wise world—stupidly wise in this—which judges of things by outward appearance only, praised this kind of amusement, not seeing that under this chant, or

rather new enchantment, a thousand pernicious novelties crept into their souls."[65] The time came, however, when even psalm-singing was interdicted. At Bourges, in April, 1559, the Reformed began to hold open-air meetings, similar to those at Paris, to the great annoyance of the orthodox, who caused proclamation to be made forbidding the singing of Psalms under pain of death, and a gibbet was erected, *in terrorem*, in the middle of the promenade (the Pré Fichault); but even that grim monitor failed to terrify the Reformers into submission. In the Velay, the opposition was equally determined. The very day an order was issued forbidding the people to sing the Psalms of that "sacrilegious apostate," Marot, the heretics, "fearing neither God, pope, king, law, nor justice, sang them all the louder."[66]

Meanwhile both France and Spain had grown weary of the war, and a treaty of peace was concluded at Cateau-Cambresis (3d April, 1559), France agreeing to give up all her conquests. Indeed that country was exhausted, and her treasury empty, and there was little hope that the people would submit to additional taxation. Philip II. on his part was equally glad to put an end to hostilities, which prevented him from turning his attention to the progress of heresy in the Low Countries. The treaty was regarded by the Reformers as "disgraceful and injurious to the kingdom," and with our subsequent knowledge we may add, full of danger to the Reformers themselves. During the negotiations, which lasted from January to April, the Duke of Guise and the Cardinal of Lorraine had sought a private interview with the Spanish Minister Granvelle, Bishop of Arras, at Peronne, in which they expressed their devotion to Spain, and entered into a

league for the extirpation of heresy in Navarre, France, and the Netherlands.[67] What after-thought there may have been in the cardinal's mind is uncertain, but he had probably hoped for the support of Spain in the ambitious views of his family upon the crown of France.

The treaty had been concluded in opposition to the advice of the Guises, who consequently fell into disgrace at court, while the constable triumphed. Henry seems, indeed, never to have liked the Lorraine family, and his feeling toward them is strongly marked in a letter he wrote to Montmorency, then a prisoner: "I have been constrained to create the Duke of Guise lieutenant-general; also affairs have now compelled me to conclude the marriage of the dauphin with the duke's niece (Mary Stuart), and likewise to do many other things. Time, however, *m'en fera raison*."[68] By the treaty the Cardinal of Lorraine lost three sees, and he swore to be avenged of Montmorency and the admiral. In this he so far succeeded, with the help of Diana of Potiers, who worked upon the king by stories of the increase of heresy, that the persecution which had been suspended by the war (except in the affair of the Rue St. Jacques), broke out again, and was conducted with more regularity.

The Parliament of France was originally, like the Parliament of England, a national council with functions both legislative and judicial.[69] In the course of time a separation of classes and powers took place: in England the judicial power fell into disuse, and the Parliament became a mere legislative body; in France, the Parliament lost its legislative authority, and subsided into a high court of justice of last resort, and a court of revenue. It consisted of a

fixed number of churchmen, lay peers, and councillors—all equal in voice and authority. Each province had its independent Parliament, over which that of Paris asserted, but was rarely able to enforce, its authority. In the early days of the new religious movement, the Parliament of Paris was hardly less hostile than the Sorbonne to the new doctrines; but as time rolled on and the principles of the Reform were better known, the Parliament became divided in opinion. As in all similar bodies, there were three parties: those who sympathized with the religious reform movement, those who were opposed to it, and those who, either from policy or coldness of temper, floated between the two. To this party belonged the elder De Thou, Harlay, and Seguier, all members of the Tournelle. On the last Wednesday in April, 1559, Bourdin, the king's proctor-general, made a proposition that as the laws were enforced so irregularly—the Grand Chamber burning heretics implacably, the Tournelle only banishing them, to the great scandal of justice—the two courts should come to some arrangement by which uniformity of action would be insured. Each judge gave his opinion, and there was naturally great diversity of sentiment. Arnauld du Ferrier proposed the convocation of a general council for the settlement of all religious controversies, and that in the mean time all measures against the Reformed should be suspended. This learned lawyer, like many others of his day, not only did not appear to contemplate the possibility of the Romish and the Reformed religions existing quietly side by side in France, but thought the differences between the two were so trifling that union might be restored by a few mutual concessions. Arnauld's proposal was supported by a majority of the meeting,[70] and, among others, by

Anthony Fumée, whose father and grandfather had filled the highest judicial offices. He not only vindicated the Calvinistic interpretation of the doctrine of the Lord's-supper, but advised an address to the king, praying him to summon a general council, in which all erroneous doctrines should be exposed, and all heresies condemned; and that the persecution of those who held heterodox opinions upon secondary points should cease. The matter began to look so serious that the Duchess of Valentinois urged Henry II. "to hang half a dozen at least of the councillors as heretics," and show Spain (with whom the marriage-treaty between Philip II. and Isabella was going on) that he was firm in the faith, and would not tolerate heresy. The Cardinal of Lorraine strongly advised a similar course; while Marshal Vieilleville tried to dissuade the king: "Sire," he said, "if you think of going to play the theologian or inquisitor, we must get the cardinal to come and teach us how to hold our lances in the tournament."[71] But the churchman prevailed; not, however, until the king was threatened with the anger of God if he refused a *Mercurial* against those free-thinking lawyers. These Mercurials were assemblies of the Parliament held on Wednesday (*dies Mercurii*), at which the members of that body were censured for any thing they might have done contrary to their dignity or duty. The word was afterward extended to the censure or judgment itself. On the 15th June, 1559, "after dinner" (about noon) Henry, attended by the Cardinals of Lorraine and Guise, unexpectedly entered the great hall of the Augustines' convent, where the sittings of Parliament were temporarily held, just as the councillors were discussing the means of settling a uniform jurisprudence in heretical matters.[72] After taking

his seat, the king said: “I desire to secure the repose of my kingdom, and the maintenance of religion. Having concluded a peace abroad, I will not have it disturbed at home by religious disorders. For this reason I am come among you, that I may hear what is your opinion about the present religious differences, and know why you have not carried out my edicts constraining the judges to condemn all Lutherans to death.” Undismayed by the king’s presence, the moderate party defended what they had done. Louis du Faur acknowledged that the present troubles were caused by religion, but he added: “We must trace them back to their source, lest we be exposed to the reproach the prophet Elijah made to King Ahab: ‘I have not troubled Israel, but thou and thy father’s house.’” Anne du Bourg was equally bold in his language: “There are certain crimes,” he said, “that deserve to be punished without mercy; such are adultery, blasphemy, and perjury, which are countenanced daily by men of disorderly life and infamous amours. But of what do men accuse those who are handed over to the executioner? of treason?... They never omit the name of the king from their prayers. What revolt have they headed? what sedition have they stirred up? What! because they have discovered, by the light of Holy Scripture, the great vices and the scandalous offenses of the Roman Church—because they have petitioned for a reform: is that an offense worthy of the stake?” The king trembled with anger, but listened with pleasure to the first president, Gilles le Maistre, who advised him to treat the new sectarians as the Albigenses had been treated by Philip Augustus, who burned six hundred of them in one day; and the Vaudois by Francis I., who killed them in their own houses, or stifled them in the caverns to which they

had fled for refuge.[73] Henry closed the sitting by reprimanding the judges for their laxness in administering the laws against heresy, and ordered Du Faur and Du Bourg to be arrested—the first for having spoken of Ahab, the second for condemning adultery, both of which the king applied to himself. Montgomery, captain of the royal archers, seized the two lawyers and conveyed them to the Bastille. This was the same Montgomery who was shortly to be the innocent cause of Henry's death, and some years later to die on the scaffold as a heretic and traitor. The two prisoners were put into separate dungeons, and denied the use of paper, ink, and books, or communication with their friends. The king, unwilling to leave them to be tried before an ordinary tribunal, appointed a commission to hear and condemn them, unless they retracted, and swore he would have them burned before his eyes.

Du Bourg's arrest was not a solitary act of persecution. By the treaty of Cateau-Cambresis, Henry and Philip had bound themselves to maintain the Catholic worship inviolate, to assemble a general council, and to extinguish heresy in their respective dominions.[74] To William of Orange, rightly surnamed the Taciturn, then a hostage for the due execution of the treaty, the king imparted the secret of these negotiations with the King of Spain.[75] William listened, but held his peace, and it was probably his knowledge of this projected massacre—delayed for thirteen years—that converted him into the liberator of the Netherlands.

The violence with which the storm of persecution raged may be conceived from a few isolated examples. The edicts were enforced with such vigor that the Reformed feared to meet in groups of more

than twenty or thirty at a time. In some places they ceased altogether to assemble, or else they met in the woods and fields, in caves and quarries. Great mystery was used in summoning the faithful together. On the evenings when there was to be a sermon, a man would go through the streets and whistle the signal. If there was reason to fear the watch or patrol, the summoner carried a lantern of a peculiar form, and passed along without uttering a word. The worshipers crept muffled up to the place assigned, where they sang in a suppressed voice one of Marot's Psalms, prayed, and then separated, often without any sermon. It was this meeting by night which gave a substance to the licentious and calumnious stories told of the Reformed.[76]

The Parliament of Bordeaux received instructions to hold the "grand jours," or special assize, at Saintes, not that they might listen to the grievances of the people, as was the ancient custom, but to operate on a large scale against heresy. When all the prisons in Saintonge were crammed, the rest of the heretics were sent to Bordeaux. In order to remove the odium under which they labored, the Reformers of France resolved to draw up a confession of their faith, and lay it before the king, begging Anthony of Navarre, Governor of Guienne, to present it, adding that they were prepared, if necessary, "one and all to seal their faith with their blood." But Anthony objected, and like a true man of the world as he always was, advised them to keep quiet and let the storm blow over. It was in circumstances such as these—in the "midst of burning piles, and gibbets erected in every corner of the city"—that the first Protestant synod met in Paris (May, 1559), and continued sitting four days. Francis Morel, sire of Collonges, a gentleman by birth, and now pastor of

the metropolitan church, was their president. Not more than a dozen provincial churches—there is a slight discrepancy in the numbers—sent deputies; but, being earnest men, they soon succeeded in giving French Protestantism the organization which it has preserved, with few trifling exceptions, until the present day. The church in Paris had been the first to organize itself with pastor, elders, and deacons,[77] and the example was speedily followed by many provincial cities; but these churches were all isolated, and it was felt that by uniting into one body, they would be stronger against their enemies, as well as richer in the divine graces.

In thus assembling together the deputies carried their lives in their hands, for, by an edict then in force, all preachers found in the kingdom were to be put to death. But, undeterred by peril, they drew up a Confession of Faith and a Book of Discipline, each consisting of forty articles. In the former the doctrine of non-resistance was laid down with a thoroughness somewhat startling. Thus the fortieth article says: “We must obey the laws and ordinances, pay tribute, tax, and other dues, and bear the yoke of subjection with good and hearty will, even should the magistrates be infidels.... Furthermore, we detest those who would reject superiorities, set up a community of goods, and overthrow the order of justice.” The synod clenched these doctrines by reference to Matthew xvii. 24, and Acts vi. 17–19. Calvin’s opinions on this point are briefly shown in one of his sermons delivered three or four years later: “All principalities are types of the kingdom of Jesus Christ; we must hold them precious, and pray God to make them prosper.”[78] Yet the ecclesiastical constitution which he drafted was entirely republican in form, every thing being made to

depend upon the votes of the people, who elected a consistory (or kirk-session), which chose the pastor, whose final appointment rested on the decision of the congregation. A certain number of churches formed a conference or presbytery which met twice a year, and in which each church was represented by the pastor and one elder. These presbyteries united into provincial synods, and above them all presided a general assembly, the supreme court of legislation and appeal, composed of two pastors and two elders from each provincial synod.

There can be little doubt that this organization of the Reformed churches added another element of strife to the contest between the two religions. The Romish clergy naturally abhorred it, as a sign of the increasing power and boldness of the Reformed party; while the statesmen of the day could not but look upon it with suspicion as a sort of *imperium in imperio*—a dangerous rival to the civil power, and savoring of rebellion, inasmuch as it ignored the headship alike of pope and king, acknowledging that of God alone. Men did not take the trouble to examine closely into the causes of their dislike: they felt instinctively that such an organization proclaimed the sovereignty of the people, and that the doctrine might easily be extended from spiritual to temporal matters. The subsequent history of the chief Calvinistic churches shows that this instinctive hatred was not altogether unreasonable. In Switzerland and Holland, in England and in North America, wherever this organization has been able to control the political power, a republic has followed. These are indeed the parts of the world where liberty flourishes most, and for this noble fruit we may well love the tree that bore it; but in the sixteenth century, the tendency of society was toward

despotism, not toward self-government; and the statesmen of Europe must be excused if they were not clear-sighted enough to see that the new movement must inevitably succeed, or wise enough to become the leaders and controllers of the popular feelings. And so far it may be doubted whether Calvin's influence in France was altogether for good, and whether the Reformed Church would not have struck deeper root in that country, if its organization had been less antagonistic. By separating itself entirely from antiquity, it risked a doubtful good for a certain evil. As church-government is not a matter of faith but of discipline, those have much to answer for who array Christians in hostile ranks on a secondary matter.

The news of this synod and the merciful tendency of the Parliament inflamed Henry's orthodoxy to such an extent that he issued an edict (June, 1559) more terrible even than those which had gone before. It was dated from Ecouen, a castle belonging to the constable, and situated about four leagues north of Paris. By that decree all convicted Lutherans were to be punished with death—instant and without the chance of remission. It was registered by all the Parliaments without any limitation or modification whatsoever, and the judges were forbidden, under severe penalties, to diminish the pains of the edict, as they had lately been in the habit of doing. Such terrible powers could scarcely have failed completely to eradicate heresy, if they had been carried out as Henry II. intended they should be. But there was a providence watching over France, by which the religionists were unexpectedly saved from the jaws of the lion.

One of the regulations of the treaty of Cateau-

Cambresis was that Philip II.—now a widower through the death of Mary of England in the preceding November—should marry Henry's sister, Elizabeth of Valois, then just turned of thirteen. The betrothal was to take place at Paris, and thither came the Duke of Alva, attended by a numerous suite of nobles and gentlemen. Even at such a time, when we might suppose the king entirely occupied with nuptial festivities—for his sister Margaret was also to be married—he proposed a crusade against Geneva, "that sink of all corruption,"[79] and, but a few hours before his death, he had given Montgomery instructions about an expedition on a grand scale into the Pays de Caux for the extermination of the Reformed. But the finger of God was upon him.

On the 26th June,[80] the Spanish marriage was celebrated, the Duke of Alva acting as proxy for Philip II. Magnificent rejoicings followed the ceremony, and a tournament was held in the lists erected at the end of the Rue St. Antoine. It must have been a grand sight, that old historic street. In front of the palace of the Tournelles stood a gallery in which sat the youthful Queen of Spain under a canopy of blue silk, ornamented with the device of her husband whom she had not yet seen. Around her were grouped men destined to become famous in history: Alva, the Prince of Orange, and Count Egmont. Catherine sat in a gallery apart, with Mary Stuart on her right, and Margaret, affianced to the Duke of Savoy, on her left. The king had declared his intention of entering the lists, in order to display his skill before the Spanish grandees. As if foreseeing evil, the queen besought him to forego the dangerous pastime; but, confident in himself, he only laughed at her fears. After two successful encounters with the Dukes of Savoy and Guise, he challenged Gabriel de

Lorges, Count of Montgomery. De Lorges was captain of Henry's Scotch guard, and had been sent to Scotland by Francis I. in 1545, in command of the troops dispatched to the assistance of the queen-regent Mary of Guise. In the first course the advantage lay with the count, and the king, chafed by such a partial discomfiture, challenged him to try another turn. The queen and Marshal de Vieilleville entreated him to be satisfied, and Montgomery declined a second encounter. But Henry would take no refusal. Once more they met; their lances were shivered, but both retained their seats. Again the trumpets sounded, again they spurred their horses, when Montgomery's lance struck the king's helmet, knocked off the plume, and snapped in two, a splinter from the lower portion of the shaft entering his right eye. There was a loud shriek from the royal gallery, which for a moment distracted the attention of the spectators from the king, who had lost all command over his horse, and was reeling in his saddle. The attendants were hardly quick enough to save him from falling to the ground. His helmet was loosed and the splinter pulled out. It was "of a good bigness," says the English embassador, who was an eye-witness.[81] "Nothing else was done to him upon the field; but I noted him to be very weak, and to have the feeling of all his limbs almost benumbed; for being carried away as he lay along, nothing covered but his face, he moved neither hand nor foot, but lay as one amazed. There was marvelous great lamentation made for him, and weeping of all sorts, both men and women." The wound proved more serious than Throckmorton had imagined: Henry never left his bed again. Twice he received the last sacraments of the Church, and calling for his son Francis, "commended the Church and the people to

his care." After an interval of repose—for the exertion of uttering these few words was almost too great for him—he added: "Above all things, remain steadfast in the true faith."[82] Henry II. died on the 10th of July, leaving behind him four sons, three of whom wore the crown of France. He also left three daughters and a bastard son, Henry of Angoulême, who cruelly distinguished himself at the massacre of St. Bartholomew.

The Protestants were accused of rejoicing at Henry's death: they not only made songs upon it, but "offered thanks, or rather blasphemies, to God, daring to say that the Almighty had struck him under the walls of the Bastille, where he detained the innocent in prison."[83] It is possible that there may be some foundation for this charge, for it requires a great amount of true Christian feeling to make the victims forbear from exulting at the removal of their persecutor by what seems to them the judgment of God. In his dedicatory epistle of the *Psalms done into French Verse*, Beza thus paints the second Henry:

> Je vois un masque avec sa maigre mine
> Qui fait trembler les lieux où il chemine.

But the "Lutherans" did not tremble: they bore their testimony with Christian resolution, and acted up to the noble lines in the same poem:

> S'il faut servir au Seigneur de témoins,
> Mourons, mourons, louans Dieu pour le moins.
> Au départir de ces lieux misérables,
> Pour traverser aux cieux tant désirables.
> *Que les tyrans soient de nous martyrer*
> *Plutôt lassés, que nous de l'endurer.*

The sincerity of Catherine's grief for the loss of her husband has been much doubted, but without sufficient cause. To a woman of her temper the change wrought in her position by widowhood must

at first have been hard to bear. She certainly felt as much for her husband while living, as such selfish natures can feel, and commemorated her bereavement and regret in the ornaments of her palace of the Tuileries, where the broken mirrors, plumes reversed, and scattered jewelry carved on certain columns have been regarded as emblems of her sorrow.[84] A garrulous contemporary (whom we shall have frequent occasion to quote), lamenting the death of Henry II., praises him particularly for the discipline he introduced into the army,[85] which was such "that the peasants hardly deigned to shut the doors of their cellars, granaries, chests, or other lock-up places for fear of the soldiers, who conducted themselves most becomingly. When billeted in the villages, they would not venture to touch the hens or other poultry without first asking their host's leave and paying for them."[86] It is a pity to spoil so Arcadian a story; but if it is true, there must have been a sad falling off in the military discipline in a few months, for Francis II. writes in 1560 to the Duke of Aumale, then in Burgundy, "to punish the men-at-arms and archers who had lived without paying."[87]

CHAPTER III.

REIGN OF FRANCIS II.

[1559–1560.]

Catherine de Medicis—The Duke of Guise and the Cardinal of Lorraine—St. André—Anthony of Navarre and Condé—Coligny and Andelot—Disgrace of Montmorency—Persecuting Edicts—Execution of Du Bourg—Discontent in France—Edict of Chambord—La Renaudie—The Meeting at Nantes—Tumult of Amboise—Bloody Reprisals—Castelnau's Trial and Execution—The Duke's Viands—Aubigné and his Son—Grace of Amboise—Regnier de la Planche—Renewal of Persecutions—L'Hopital made Chancellor—Edict of Romorantin—Religious and Political Malcontents—Abuse of the Pulpit—The Tiger—General Lawlessness—Huguenot Violence—Demand for a Council—Montbrun and Mouvans—L'Hopital's Inaugural Address—Les Politiques—The Notables at Fontainebleau—Montluc and Marillac—Meeting at Nerac—Address presented to Anthony—The Court at Orleans—Arrest and Trial of Condé—Death of Francis II.

Francis II., husband of the beautiful and unfortunate Mary Stuart, had only reached his sixteenth year when he ascended the throne (10th July, 1559).[88] On the very day of his father's funeral he gratified his mother's ruling passion by assuring her that all authority should be in her hands, and that she should administer the

government in his name. But she had to hold her own against unscrupulous rivals; and in those rude days the spindle had very little chance against the sword, unless it were aided by dissimulation. We shall see that Catherine met force with craft, proving herself at times more than a match for all her rivals. She soon found that she had no chance with the queen-consort, who used all her influence in behalf of the house of Lorraine. In a letter to her daughter Elizabeth she says: “God has deprived me of your father, whom I loved so dearly, as you well know, and has left me with three children and in a divided kingdom. I have no one in whom I can trust: all have some private end to serve.” Mary Stuart behaved to her with all the insolence of youth and beauty, calling her a Florentine shop-keeper,[89] and Catherine returned contempt for contempt.

It will be impossible to understand the stormy period upon which we are now entering, unless we know something of the parties into which France, as well as the court, was divided, and of the individuals at their head. There were in reality only two parties, but it will be more convenient to consider them as represented by the four houses of Guise, Bourbon, Montmorency, and Chatillon. The most formidable of these claimants of the government was the first—the family of Guise, to which Mary Stuart belonged on her mother’s side. The power of this house dates from the reign of Francis I. Genealogists delight to trace its origin back to Charlemagne, and even to Priam, King of Troy: with about equal truth in both cases. The chief of the family was Claude, son of that Réné, Duke of Lorraine, who defeated and slew Charles the Bold under the walls of Nancy. Being a younger son, he had gone to the French court in search of fortune, and the search was not in vain. He

married Antoinette of Bourbon, a descendant of Louis IX., and dying, left six sons and four daughters, and an income of 600,000 livres, about equivalent to 160,000*l.* sterling. The eldest of his sons was Francis, Duke of Guise, now in his fortieth year, a skillful, violent, and unscrupulous soldier. He kept up an almost royal establishment; and when his steward represented to him that the best way of getting out of his pecuniary embarrassments would be to retrench his expenditure, and that he would do well to dismiss a number of poor gentlemen who lived at his expense, he replied: “It is true I do not want them, but they want me.” He was exceedingly popular in Paris, ever ready to listen to the complaints of the humblest citizen; and was beloved by his soldiers, for he never failed to recompense any remarkable exploit. After the surprise of Calais he appointed one Captain Gourdan to be governor, passing over many officers of higher rank; and when these murmured at the preference, the duke justified his choice. “Captain Gourdan is very useful,” he said, “to guard the place he helped to take, and where he left one of his legs during the assault. You have two legs, gentlemen, with which you can go and seek your fortune elsewhere.” He was cool in the midst of danger, brave as his own sword, and even his name was a terror to his enemies. At Terouenne, the Spaniards were checked in the very moment of victory by shouts of “Guise! Guise!” Above all, the family of Lorraine professed to be the champions of orthodoxy, and Duke Francis in particular seems to have entertained an insurmountable aversion for heresy in every form. He possessed almost every advantage that fortune can shower upon a man. He was above the middle height, with oval face, large eyes, and dark complexion, but his beard and hair

were reddened by exposure. He was not a fluent speaker, although he could use the right word at the right time. He married Anne of Este, daughter of Renée of France, granddaughter of Louis XII., and first cousin of Henry II.—a connection which will partly account for the ambitious schemes of his son.

The other members of the Lorraine family were Charles, the cardinal; Claude, Duke of Aumale, who married Louisa de Brézé, eldest daughter of Diana of Poitiers; Francis, grand-prior of Malta; Louis, Archbishop of Sens and afterward cardinal; and René, Marquis of Elbœuf; besides three sisters, one of whom married, first, Louis of Orleans, and second, James V. of Scotland, to whom she bore a daughter, the unhappy Mary Stuart of Scottish history. When they were at court, the four younger brothers usually waited upon the cardinal at his rising, and then all five proceeded to pay their respects to the duke, by whom they were conducted to the king.

Charles, better known as the Cardinal of Lorraine, was one of the wealthiest ecclesiastics of the day. In addition to his share of his father's large fortune, he possessed benefices yielding him a yearly income of 300,000 livres.[90] This prelate, whom Pius V. called "the Ultramontane Pope," was a man of unbounded ambition, strong passions, great craft, and such fertility of expedients, that his enemies declared he must have a familiar spirit at his elbow. He was a graceful speaker, and of goodly presence,[91] but such an arrant coward, that (like Horace) he used to make a jest of it. Charles IX. gave him permission to be attended by an armed guard even to the steps of the altar, intermixing the smell of gunpowder with the odor of incense.[92] His character has probably been much distorted. He had enemies everywhere,

and, in an unscrupulous age, slander and falsehood were ready weapons to damage a rival. He was not so bad as many churchmen of his time; for if he was profligate, he was not profligate openly. He kept neither hawks nor hounds; he sang mass often, fasted regularly, wore sackcloth, and always said grace before his meals. Claude de Saintes, who was in almost daily attendance upon him for sixteen years, speaks of the mortifications of his life, and denies his excessive timidity.[93] Contarini, the Venetian ambassador, extols his virtuous habits, so unlike those of other French cardinals; and Giovanni Soranzo, writing seven years later (1558) says: "He is not much beloved; he is far from truthful, naturally deceitful and covetous, but *full of religion*."[94] The religion thus praised was one of forms only.

There is a letter of his in the public library at Rouen, addressed to the French embassador to the court of Spain, in which, speaking of his retirement to his diocese of Rheims during the season of Lent, he says: "I have nothing to write about but prayers and preaching, in which I am busied, instructing my little flock, whereat I assure you I take as much pleasure as I once did in the cares and toils of court, and I feel such sweetness and repose, that the desire to return to court is far from me."[95] This "world forgetting by the world forgot" is too common with statesmen under a cloud to be taken literally. The cardinal was vindictive as churchmen (and women) alone can be, and so violent that he often marred his brother's plans. The intoxication of prosperity had made him intolerable.[96] Nor did his religion prevent him from being covetous: he has been charged with robbing his uncle's creditors by taking his property, and with appropriating the estate of Dampierre, which belonged to Treasurer Duval; that

of Meudon, which belonged to Cardinal Sanguin-Meudon; and that of Marchais, which belonged to the Sire of Longueval. He also took up the mortgaged city of Chevreuse without paying for it; and rich as he had become through these exactions, he never paid his debts. He was a shameless pluralist, holding at once the archiepiscopal sees of Lyons, Rheims, Sens, and Narbonne, the bishoprics of Metz, Toul, Verdun, Terouenne, Luçon, Alby, and Valence, and the abbeys of Fécamp, Clugny, and Marmoutier. The last-named abbey he obtained by force. Hurant de Chiverny being unwilling to resign, the cardinal shut him up in the Bastille, where he died, and then took his abbey. In despite of his greediness the French clergy had a boundless devotion for him.[97]

Among the chief adherents of the Lorraine party were the Duke of Nemours, Brissac, and Jacques d'Albon, Marshal of St. André. The latter had been a great favorite with Henry II., who loaded him with presents. He was brave, insinuating in address, magnificent in disposition, greedy, and always in want of money. He received the order of the Garter from Edward VI., to whom he had been sent with the decoration of St. Michael.

Another competitor for the government was Anthony of Bourbon, first prince of the blood. He traced his descent from Louis IX., who left two sons, Philip III. and Robert: from the former descended the house of Valois, from the latter the house of Bourbon. Of this there were two branches—Vendome and Montpensier. Anthony was the head of the elder branch, but his younger brother, Louis of Condé, was its most distinguished member. The family had lost much of its wealth and influence—especially among the populace, who are always the first to take up and

the last to discard a personal prejudice—in consequence of the treason of the Constable of Bourbon in the reign of Francis I., but they were still powerful enough to venture to aspire to the crown. Anthony, Duke of Vendome, as he was generally styled before his marriage with Joan of Navarre,[98] was frank and affable, but irresolute and deficient in moral courage; he was of noble presence, fond of dress, and the "mirror of fashion" among the courtiers. Brave in the field, he wanted energy in the council-chamber; he was vacillating in religious principles, and of loose private morals. Thus he became a mere tool in the hands of others, and though trusted by no one, was courted for the splendor and prestige of his name. His only aim in life seemed to be to exchange his petty nominal sovereignty of Navarre for a real kingdom no matter where.

Louis, Prince of Condé, now in his twenty-ninth year, and the youngest of the family, was the reverse of his brother Anthony. High-shouldered, short, ungraceful, and at first sight ill-adapted either for court or camp, he shone in both. He had shared with the Duke of Guise the honor of defending Metz, and had rallied the flying troops after the defeat at St. Quentin. From policy he seems early to have adopted the Reformed religion, though he took no pains to live up to its principles. The great Reformed party was to him a means of power and advancement. By his marriage with Eleanor de Roye, the richest heiress in France, he united against the Guises the powerful houses of Montmorency, Chatillon, and Rochefoucault—the latter being connected with the royal line of Navarre.

A third brother of this family was Charles,

Archbishop of Rouen and Cardinal of Bourbon, a weak man, not overburdened with sense, who adhered to the Church of Rome. To the younger branch of the same house belonged two brothers, the Duke of Montpensier and the Prince of Roche-sur-Yon, both inclined to the Reform.



GASPARD DE COLIGNY, ADMIRAL OF FRANCE.

But besides the Duke of Guise and Anthony of Navarre, there was a man of noble birth and large family influence—the representative of a great party in the kingdom—whom it was not safe to neglect. This was Gaspard de Coligny, Governor of Picardy,

Admiral of France, and second son of the Count of Chatillon. The Chatillons were originally a sovereign house, and Gaspard's father had been a marshal of France. He had married Louisa of Montmorency, sister to the constable, and thus became allied to one of the noblest houses in France. The eldest son of this marriage was Cardinal Odet, the youngest François de Chatillon, sieur of Andelot.[99] Gaspard, Count of Coligny, was born in 1518, and in his earlier years was very intimate with Francis of Guise (then Prince of Joinville). He was present at the battle of Renti, all the glory of which the Lorraine party wished to ascribe to Prince Francis. Coligny thought "he might have done better," and this remark being exaggerated by false friends, the coolness already beginning to exist between them, and which was the work of Diana of Poitiers, gradually increased until they became totally estranged. The admiral was at one time a great favorite with Henry II. and the sharer of all his pleasures. He was Governor of the Isle of France, captain of a hundred men-at-arms (an expensive honor), and knight of the order of St. Michael. He had been made prisoner at the battle of St. Quentin (1557), and it was during the consequent enforced retirement from public life that he strengthened those religious convictions which he had first learned at his mother's knee. Andelot, the younger brother, was the first convert to the new opinions. Made prisoner in 1551, and detained in the castle of Milan until 1556, he employed his long captivity in studying the works of Calvin: "Such are the sad fruits of leisure and idleness," says Brantome with a sigh. He was taken with his brother at the siege of St. Quentin, but made his escape, and was present at the surprise of Calais. When he visited his vast estates in Brittany, he encouraged two Reformed

ministers in his suite to preach openly wherever he halted, thus laying the foundations of many a Christian church in the north-west of France. Returning to the court where he was in high favor with Henry II., he was denounced by the Cardinal of Lorraine as a heretic and impudent violator of the edicts. To the king's questions Andelot replied that he had never gone to the Pré aux Clercs, although the religionists did nothing there but sing the Psalms of David, and offer up prayers for the welfare of the king and the safety of the kingdom. He confessed that he had forwarded books of consolation to his brother the admiral, and had countenanced the preaching of a good and sound doctrine, deduced from Holy Scripture. "Your Majesty," he continued, "has loaded me with such favor that I have spared neither body nor goods in your service, and I will continue to spare neither so long as I live. But having thus done my duty, your Majesty will not think it strange if I employ the rest of my time in caring for my own salvation. It is many years since I have been to mass, and I shall never go again. I entreat your Majesty to leave my conscience alone, and permit me to serve you with my body and goods, which are wholly at your disposal." Henry II., who could bear no contradiction, flew into a passion, and seizing him by the collar of St. Michael that was round his neck, exclaimed: "But I did not give you this to use it thus —keeping away from mass and refusing to follow my religion." "I did not know then, what it was to be a Christian," answered Andelot, "or I should not have accepted it on such conditions." Henry could contain himself no longer. He seized a platter which lay before him and threw it across the table, but it struck the dauphin; he then drew his sword upon Andelot, who was hurried away by the guards and afterward

shut up in the castle of Melun. From prison he wrote to the church of Paris: "*Christ shall be magnified in my body, whether it be by life or by death. For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.*" He also addressed a letter to the king: "Sire," he wrote, "if I have done any thing to displease you, I beseech you in all humility to forgive me, and to believe that, the obedience I owe to God and my conscience excepted, you can command nothing in which I will not expose my goods, my body, and my life. And what I ask of you, Sire, is not, thanks be to God, through fear of death, and still less from a desire to recover my liberty, for I hold nothing so dear that I would not resign it willingly for the salvation of my soul and God's glory." He was alike unmoved by the tender entreaties of his wife, Claude de Rieux, and by the prudent advice of his brother the cardinal, who urged him to satisfy Henry II. if it were only by an apparent submission. At length, however, he consented to hold a conference with a learned doctor of the Sorbonne, and to hear mass in his presence, but without previous abjuration. Calvin, who had written exhorting Andelot to be firm, now reproached him for his weakness; but it was easy for the Reformer of Geneva, who was in a place of safety, and who had never been tested by the fires of persecution, to censure one whose faith was weak, and whose affectionate, loyal nature was worked upon by those who were dearest to him.

But Andelot's elder brother, Gaspard, was made of sterner stuff. While in prison the Bible was his constant companion and chief study. Calvin, who had probably heard of his conversion through Andelot, wrote to him: "I shall use no long exhortation to confirm you in patience, for I have heard that our gracious God hath so strengthened

you by the virtue of his Spirit, that I have rather occasion to return thanks to him than to excite you more. Only I would pray you to remember that God, by sending you this affliction, hath wished to draw you out of the crowd, that you may the better listen to him." In the end, Gaspard adopted the Reformed creed, and became the idol of the Reformed party. In his wife, Charlotte de Laval, he found an affectionate sympathizer in his religious opinions, and a support during many an hour of distress. He was of the middle height, and well-proportioned; he stooped a little as if in meditation, and his countenance was always calm and serious, except on the battle-field, where (as we are told) his face lighted up, and he would chew the tooth-pick which he used to carry in his mouth.[100]

His intrepidity was remarkable, even among the fearless men of his day. "Do not go to Blois to the king and the queen-mother," his friends said to him; "be sure there is some plot at the bottom." "Yes, I will go," he answered; "it is better to die by one bold stroke than to live a hundred years in fear." He was not a fortunate commander, but was so fertile in resource, and so rapidly did he reorganize his beaten troops, that he was said to be more formidable after a defeat than before it.[101]

At the death of Henry II. the Constable Montmorency was at the head of the government, but he now learned that his influence had expired with his old master. When a deputation from the Parliament of Paris waited upon Francis II. to congratulate him on his accession, he told them that he had selected his uncles the Cardinal of Lorraine and the Duke of Guise to conduct the public affairs, and that to them they must apply in future.

Montmorency struggled for awhile, but finding no support, he acted upon the king's suggestion and retired to his estate at Chantilly. He was deprived of the high-stewardship of the household, and the office was conferred on the Duke of Guise, who, besides assuming the war department, was lord chamberlain and master of the hounds. The department of finance was assigned to the cardinal, and thus the two brothers disposed of all France. "Not a crown could be spent or a soldier moved," says Buchanan, "without their consent."[102] Catherine sympathized with Montmorency in his disgrace. In a letter to him she says: "I very much wish your health might permit you to remain at court; for then I believe things would be better conducted than now, and that you would aid me to deliver the king from tutelage, for you have always desired that your master should be obeyed by all his subjects."

The constable, foreseeing the change that was likely to take place in the new reign, had profited by the last few days of the late king's life, to urge Anthony of Navarre to come to court and assert his rights as prince of the blood to be one of the new council. A meeting of the chiefs of the Bourbon, or opposition, party was accordingly summoned at Vendome to decide on the line of conduct to be pursued. Condé, Coligny, Andelot, the Vidame of Chartres (Francis of Vendome), and Prince Porcien, all relations and friends, attended the summons. In the interval the Guises had been installed in office, and the question now arose, how their government should be resisted. Condé, Andelot, and the Vidame were for war; the admiral advised delay, as the queen-mother would be sure to join them, if she found securities on their side, and in that case the government must fall. Moderate counsels prevailed,

and Anthony, after much vacillation, started for the court; but Francis II. refused to see him except in the presence of his ministers, who offered him every indignity. At length Condé joined him, and instilling some of his own spirit into his brother, urged him to assert his claim. It was granted after some little demur; but he was too much in the way, and to get rid of him honorably he was commissioned to escort the Princess Elizabeth to Spain. He fell into the trap so cunningly laid for him, and the Guises were once more sole masters. Catherine was still ostensibly consulted, and the royal edicts continued to run in this form: “It being the good pleasure of my lady the queen-mother, We also approving the things which she advises, are content and command that,” etc.

Whatever little influence she possessed was exerted to drive her late rival Diana from court, and force her to disgorge much of her ill-gotten wealth. At her instance, the king wrote to the fallen favorite: “That in consequence of her evil influence (mali officii) over the late king his father, she deserved severe punishment; but, in his royal clemency, he would trouble her no farther, but she must return to him all the jewels that had been given her by the king his father.”[103]

The accession of the young king produced no amelioration in the condition of the Lutherans. “In the midst of all these great matters and business,” writes Throckmorton, “they here do not stay to make persecution and sacrifice of poor souls. The 12th of this month [July] two men and one woman were executed for religion.” This was a remnant of the last reign. That the new reign would not be more tolerant was shown by a proclamation issued the next day, “by sound of trumpet, that all such as should speak

either against the Church or the religion now used in France, should be brought before the several bishops, and they to do execution upon them."[104] The edict of Villars-Cotteret (4th September) forbade all "unlawful" meetings, whether by night or by day; the houses in which such meetings were held were to be pulled down, and the proprietors held to bail for their future good behavior. Another edict (that of Blois, November, 1559) punished all who attended the assemblies with death "without hope of pardon or mitigation." By other decrees (13th November) a reward of 100 crowns and a free pardon were offered to any person who should give information of a secret meeting. Nor were these severe measures confined to Paris. On 23d September, 1559, the magistrates of Poitiers issued an order forbidding religious assemblies, enjoining all strangers to leave the town in twenty-four hours, and innkeepers to send in lists of the lodgers in their houses. There was to be no preaching in public or private, the citizens were to give neither fire nor water to the pastors whom any body might arrest, they were to be tried for sedition, and the lightest penalty was confiscation of goods.[105] The result was that the country was overrun with spies and informers, and the charge of heresy was often made the means of gratifying private revenge.

Meanwhile neither Henry's death nor the assassination of President Minard by a man named Stuart,[106] had any power to suspend the trial of Du Bourg. He made use of all the forms of the court to find some loop-hole of escape, and lodged appeal after appeal, all of which were decided against him. At length, on the 23d of December, 1559, the long contest was brought to an end.[107] After sentence of death had been delivered, he said: "I am sent to the

stake, because I will not confess that justification, grace, and sanctification are to be found elsewhere than in Christ. This is the cause of my death, that I have embraced the pure doctrine of the Gospel. Extinguish your fires and return unto the Lord with real newness of heart, that your sins may be blotted out. Let the wicked man forsake his way and turn unto the Lord. Think upon these things; I am going to my death." So great were the apprehensions of the court of an attempt at rescue, that the streets were barricaded and lined with armed men, and nearly 600 soldiers were stationed round the Grève, the Tyburn of those days. Du Bourg met his fate like a Christian hero: on reaching the place of execution he said: "Six feet of earth for my body, and the boundless heaven for my soul, are the only possession I shall soon have." Then turning to the spectators he said: "I am going to die, not because I am a thief and a murderer, but because I love the Gospel. I rejoice to give my life in so good a cause." His last words were: "My God, my God, forsake me not, lest I forsake thee." The executioner then adjusted the rope round his neck, uttered the terrible formula: *Messire le roi vous salue*, and Anne du Bourg was a corpse. His lifeless body was afterward burned to ashes. The royal historiographer, who rarely spares a heretic, writes amplifying the words of the centurion at the foot of the cross. "His execution inspired many persons with the conviction that the faith possessed by so good a man could not be wrong."[108] Florimond de Remond, the historian of heresy, and at that time a young man, was an eye-witness of Du Bourg's death. "We burst into tears (he says) in our colleges on returning from the execution, and pleaded his cause after his decease, cursing those unrighteous judges, who had so unjustly condemned

him. His preaching at the gallows did more evil than a hundred ministers could have done."[109] Chandieu, pastor of the church of Paris, shows us how it was that these executions made so many converts. "Most people like what they see hated with such extreme hatred. They think themselves fortunate in knowing what leads others to the gibbet, and return home from the public places edified by the constancy of those whom they have themselves reduced to ashes."[110]

It is not necessary to dwell upon the sufferings or to count up the number of the victims. Regnier de la Planche describes from personal knowledge the lawless state of the capital. "From August to March there was nothing but arrests and imprisonments, sacking of houses, proclamations of outlawry, and executions of the members of the religion with cruel torments."[111] Numbers hastened to escape from Paris, and sold their goods to procure the means of flight. The streets were filled with carts laden with furniture, the houses were abandoned to plunderers, the magistrates conniving at the wrong, so that "the poor became rich and the rich poor." We need not point out what an incentive this was to denunciation, and how often men must have been condemned as heretics whose only fault was their wealth, or their having offended some neighbor. A remarkable passage from Theodore Beza shows how wide and general was the ruin caused by this terrorism. "Poor little children [the children of martyred Reformers], who had no bed but the flag-stones, went crying piteously through the streets with hunger, and yet no one dared relieve them, for fear they should be accused of heresy. So that they were less cared for than dogs." The pettiest vexations were employed against the Reformers. Crosses and images, with

tapers always burning before them, were set up at the corner of every street, and round them gathered a crowd of noisy worshipers, singing, praying, and beating their breasts. If any one refused to take off his hat as he passed, or to put money into the alms-box before the shrine, some dirty priest or monk would raise the cry of “heretic,” and the poor Reformer would be pelted, beaten, and perhaps dragged through the mire to prison. “Death was made a carnival,” says an eloquent Frenchman. It was indeed a show in which the mob—and the same mob reappeared in 1792—feasted their eyes on the sufferings of the Protestants, and often would not allow them to be strangled before they were burned, lest their agonies should be diminished. One Barbeville was thus tortured contrary to the sentence condemning him to be hanged first; but at the same time they rescued a thief from the gallows, “as if they desired to condemn Christ and deliver Barabbas.” To call a man “Lutheran” was to doom him to certain death, often too without any form of justice. By this lynch law many a man worked out his own private revenge: the debtor paid his creditor. [112] Even children dipped their hands in the martyrs’ blood and boasted of it.

The treaty of Cateau-Cambresis had left a number of soldiers of every rank without employment and without resources. There was a public debt of forty-eight million livres, the interest of which was paid with difficulty; the treasury was empty, and there were no ready means of filling it. Perhaps the persecution of the heretics, which was always attended with confiscation of property, may not have been entirely unconnected with the financial difficulties of the royal household. But there certainly was no money, and when the disbanded

soldiers applied to the Cardinal of Lorraine for their arrears of pay, he not only threatened to hang them, but erected two gibbets before the gate of the palace of St. Germains, or, as others say, of Fontainebleau. It was a threat as unwise as it was cruel, and nearly cost the Guises very dear. The malcontent soldiery joined the persecuted Huguenots—each party feeling a common hatred against the "Lorrainers," and resolved to get rid of their common enemy. It has been asserted, but without any solid grounds, that Catherine looked favorably on this coalition, she being equally desirous of freeing herself from both duke and cardinal. But, whatever she may have suspected, she certainly knew nothing of what was actually preparing. In these humaner and more civilized days, obnoxious ministers and administrators are got rid of by dismissal, or by a vote in Parliament: in ruder times they were removed by revolt or assassination. In the middle of the sixteenth century the government of France was a despotism moderated by the dagger. Even within a month of the death of Henry II. a union of the malcontents was meditated, the Reformed only holding back until they should be assured of its lawfulness. They consulted Calvin, who declared that "it would be better they should all perish a hundred times over rather than expose the name of Christianity and of the Gospel to the disgrace of rebellion and bloodshed." They were more successful with some German divines, who thought "they might lawfully oppose the usurpation of the Guises, even with arms, if the princes of the blood, their lawful magistrates by birth, or even one of them, should be at their head."

The discontent increased and grew bolder every day. "We will go and complain to the king," said the

oppressed peasantry. As early as the 15th November, 1559, Killigrew wrote to Queen Elizabeth: “The king the last day being on hunting, was (for what cause or upon what occasion we know not) in such fear, as he was forced to leave his pastime, and to leave the hounds uncoupled, and return to the court [at Blois]. Whereupon there was commandment given to the Scottish guard to wear jackets of mail and pistols.”[113] And writing again at the end of the year (29th December), he adds: “It is evident that the discontent has reached a point when something desperate may be expected.” The Guises knew this, and being conscious of the weak foundation on which their authority rested, and fearing an insurrection, they forbade the carrying of arms and the wearing of any kind of dress favorable to the concealment of weapons.[114] At that time the ordinary cloak had no sleeve, and reached to the middle of the calf of the leg, and the large trunk hose were more than an ell and a half wide. This injunction seems to have been binding only on the Protestants, and was intended to prevent them from protecting themselves. That they sometimes did this very effectually is proved by a little incident recorded by Killigrew. Seventeen persons had been arrested at Blois “for the Word’s sake,” and committed to the sergeants to be taken to Orleans for trial; but on the road their escort was attacked by sixty men on horseback, who set them all at liberty.

Although the Ordinance of Chambord (17th December, 1559), by facilitating the trial of heretics and condemning to death all who sheltered them, seemed intended to drive the Reformed to despair, they as yet entertained no serious thoughts of rebellion. There were not wanting men of their own class who preached the doctrine of resistance,[115]

yet none of the higher orders came forward as their leaders. Without such champions they would be little better than an undisciplined mob. At last, however, they found the man they wanted in Bary de la Renaudie, a gentleman of a good family in Perigord, and a soldier of some reputation—one of those daring men who always spring up in troublous times. At one period attached to Francis of Guise, who had helped him to escape from prison, he became his most violent enemy in consequence of the duke's barbarous cruelty to Gaspard de Heu, who was allied to him by marriage.[116] Probably it was this enmity which made him renounce his religion and join the Reformers. He was just the man for getting up a conspiracy, and by his ability and address soon won over great numbers in Switzerland as well as in France. He constantly asserted that Calvin and Coligny approved of the design, and that the Prince of Condé would declare himself at the proper opportunity. As regards the two former, the statement is incorrect; but Condé appears to have played an undecided part, "letting *I dare not* wait upon *I would*."[117] The first meeting of the conspirators was held at Nantes in February. It was a remote place, and as the Parliament of Brittany was then assembled, their numbers would not be noticed. In their articles or bond of agreement they swore to respect the person of the king, but never to lay down their arms until they had driven the Guises from power, brought them to trial (if not worse),[118] and procured the suspension of every edict, both old and new, against the Reformed, pending the assembly of the States-General. Their plan was for each gentleman or captain, of whom there were twenty, to collect a body of troops in his own district, and so to arrange their march that they should all arrive at

Blois at the same time. The 6th of March was the appointed day, afterward changed to the 16th, when they hoped to find the Guises unprotected. It was an absurd scheme, and could hardly fail to miscarry, even if it had not been frustrated at the very outset by a circumstance which seems never to have entered into the minds of the conspirators. The court removed from the open town of Blois to the strong castle of Amboise on the Loire, in accordance with arrangements which had been made some time before.[119] That old royal residence had been forsaken by the court since the death of Charles VIII. Its massive walls still tower boldly on the heights above the river, and the cheerful little town clusters at their feet, as if for protection. The Guises accompanied, or rather followed, the king in perfect security: they did not so much as know that La Renaudie was in the kingdom. They had heard rumors of plots, and warning letters had been sent them from Spain, Italy, Germany, and Savoy; but nothing reached them in a definite form until some days after their arrival at Amboise, when one of La Renaudie's friends[120] betrayed him to the Cardinal of Lorraine. "The duke and the cardinal have discovered a conspiracy *against themselves*, which they have bruited (to make the matter more odious) to be meant only against the king; whereupon they are in such fear as themselves do wear privy-coats [of mail], and are in the night guarded with pistoliers and men in arms.

... On the 6th they watched all night long in the court, and the gates of the town were kept shut."[121] The cardinal was indeed thoroughly frightened; but the duke, acting with great promptitude, strengthened the garrison by troops hastily drawn together from every quarter. Still the Guises were by

no means free from apprehension, and Throckmorton describes the condition of the little town in the middle of March: “The 17th, in the morning, about four of the clock, there arrived a company of 150 horsemen well appointed, who approached the court gates and shot off their pistolets at the church of the Bonhommes. Whereupon there was such an alarm and running up and down in the court, as if the enemies being encamped about them had sought to make an entry into the castle; and there was crying ‘To horse! to horse!’ and a watch-word given by shooting a harquebus that all men should be in readiness, and the drum was striking. And this continued an hour and a half.” Sixty gentlemen had bound themselves by a solemn oath to penetrate into Amboise during the night, thirty of whom were to slip into the castle, and open one of the gates to the other conspirators. But the duke was on the watch, and had that gate walled up. Detachments of troops were stationed on the roads leading to the town and along the banks of the Loire, by which the various bands, coming up and ignorant of what had happened, were captured or cut to pieces. In one of these encounters La Renaudie was killed; his body was quartered and exposed at the four corners of the bridge.

The Duke of Guise, who, so long as there appeared to be any danger, had treated his prisoners with no undue severity, soon felt himself strong enough to wreak a ferocious vengeance on his enemies. He and his brother the cardinal, in the intoxication of their triumph, indulged in excesses of murder that can hardly find a parallel except in the massacre of St. Bartholomew, or the horrors of the French Revolution. The streets of Amboise ran with blood; and when the public executioners were wearied with

decapitating so many victims, the remainder were bound hand and foot and thrown into the river, thus anticipating the frightful Noyades of 1793.[122] Throckmorton writes: “This heat caused upon a sudden a sharp determination to minister justice. The two men taken were the same forenoon hanged, and two others for company; and afterward the same day divers were taken, and in the evening nine more were hanged: all which died very assuredly and constantly for religion, in singing of psalms. Divers were drowned in sacks, and some appointed to die upon the wheel.... The 17th there were twenty-two of these rebels drowned in sacks, and the 18th at night twenty-five more. Among all these which be taken there be eighteen of the bravest captains of France.” Twelve hundred persons are computed to have perished in this massacre. The Baron of Castelnau-Chalosse, and Bricquemaut, Count of Villemangis, a Genevese refugee, had with others surrendered to the Duke of Nemours on condition that their lives should be spared; but the Guises were not the men to be bound by such a condition, when even Olivier the chancellor, not altogether a bad man, declared that “a prince was not required to keep his word to a rebel subject.” The Duke of Nemours had given a written pledge of safety, which, says Vieilleville, “vexed him greatly, who was concerned only about his signature; for if it had been his mere word, he would have been able to give the lie at any time to any one who might reproach him with it, and that without any exception, for the prince was brave and generous.” Pretty morality for a gentleman! When Castelnau was under examination he hesitated in some of his answers, upon which the Duke of Guise bade him “Speak out; one would think you are afraid.” “Afraid!” retorted

the baron, “and where is the man so confident as not to be afraid, on seeing himself encompassed by mortal enemies as I am, when he has neither teeth nor nails with which to defend himself? In my place you would be afraid too.” On being condemned for high treason he remonstrated against the charge, not against the sentence, on the ground that he had undertaken nothing against the king; that he had merely leagued with a large portion of the nobility against the Guises, and that “these must be made kings before he could be guilty of lèze-majesté.”

Castelnau, like Coligny, had been taken prisoner by the Spaniards, and had employed the long hours of his enforced inactivity in reading the Bible. If it did not make him a Protestant, it shook his faith in the Church of Rome. In the course of his examination at Amboise, Chancellor Olivier taunted him with his “Puritanism.” Castelnau retorted: “When I saw you on my return from Flanders, I told you how I had spent my time, and you approved of it. We were then friends; why are we not so now? Is it possible that you spoke with sincerity when you were not in favor at court, and that now, in order to please a man you despise, you are a traitor to God and your conscience?” The Cardinal of Lorraine answered for the chancellor, upon which Castelnau appealed to Guise, who replied that he knew nothing about theology. “Would to Heaven you did,” said the baron; “for I esteem you well enough to think that if you were as enlightened as your brother the cardinal, you would follow better things.” A noble testimony to the character of the duke, who somewhat churlishly rejoined that he understood nothing but cutting off heads. Coligny and D’Andelot, as well as Francis II. and Mary, entreated the duke and the cardinal to spare Castelnau’s life; but the latter

answered with a blasphemous oath: “He shall die, and no man in France shall save him.” The baron died appealing to God, who would ere long visit them with signal vengeance for the innocent blood they were shedding. When Villemangis ascended the scaffold, he dipped his hands in the blood of his comrades who had been executed before him, and raising them toward heaven exclaimed: “Oh Lord! behold the blood of thy children so unjustly shed; thou wilt avenge it.”

The Cardinal of Lorraine was the chief instigator of these murders: in his excessive cowardice he could not think himself safe unless all his enemies were killed. They threatened to *Stuart* him—that is, to shoot him with a poisoned bullet, as James Stuart had shot President Minard; and one morning he found the following quatrain in his oratory:

Garde-toi, Cardinal,
Que tu ne sois traité
A la Minarde
D’une stuarde.[123]

Imagining every one must be as fond of blood as himself, he used to conduct the young king and queen to the ramparts, or to the windows, to witness the executions,[124] pointing out the most illustrious of the victims and mocking at their agony. As they died almost all of them with firmness and serenity, he bade Francis II. “look at those insolent men, whom even death can not subdue. What would they not do with you, if they were your masters?” One afternoon, for these executions usually took place after dinner, for the amusement of the court, the Duchess of Guise was present, but she could not endure the ghastly spectacle. She nearly fainted away, and entering all pale and trembling into the queen-mother’s closet, she exclaimed: “Oh, madame,

what horrors! I fear that a curse will come upon our house, and the innocent blood rest upon our heads!"

The Duke of Longueville, who had been invited to Amboise, stayed away under pretext of illness, but sent one of his gentlemen to make his excuses. Guise was at table when the messenger arrived, and took advantage of the opportunity to strike terror into the duke and all who opposed the Lorraine faction. "Tell your master I am very well," he said, "and report to him the viands in which I indulge." At the word a tall, fine-looking man was brought in, a rope was immediately put round his neck, and he was hanged to a bar of the window before the eyes of the astonished gentleman.[125]

Whatever may have been the temporary success procured by this ferocious victory, it disappointed the expectations of the Guises.[126] The moral world is so constituted that crime sooner or later works out its own punishment. "The butchers," as the two Lorraine brothers were called, had converted their victims into martyrs, and all over France a feeling of resistance began to spring up that could not fail ere long to have a violent termination. Most of those who suffered at Amboise were of the Reformed religion; but there were others of the old faith who joined the conspiracy out of dislike to the duke and the cardinal, and who now began to think that no hope remained except in their swords. In the market-place of Amboise, where most of the victims had been put to death, Theodore Agrippa d'Aubigné was sworn, like young Hannibal, to avenge the cause of his party. The elder D'Aubigné was taking the boy to Paris, and passing through Amboise one fair-time, he saw the ghastly heads of the conspirators still grinning horribly on the walls and gates. Moved with

indignation, he spurred his horse into the midst of the assembled crowd, exclaiming: “The murderers! they have beheaded France.” Being recognized as a Calvinist, he had to ride for his life, and when he was out of danger he touched his son’s right hand: “My boy,” he said, “do not spare your head to avenge the heads of those honorable gentlemen. If you do, your father’s curse be upon you.” Young Theodore never forgot this lesson, and his life was one long heroic, if not always wise, devotion to the Reformed cause.

During the first terror inspired by the news of the conspiracy, an attempt had been made to secure the neutrality of the Reformed by issuing a proclamation to the effect, that “all persons (saving such as be preachers) detained in prison on account of their religion, should be immediately released”—on condition, however, that they lived as good Catholics like the rest of the people. This act of grace was issued (15th March) by the advice of Coligny, who having been hastily summoned to Amboise (partly to try how far he was cognizant of the plot), told the queen-mother plainly in a private audience that “the Huguenots had so increased in number and were so exasperated that they could not be induced to return to their duty, unless the persecutions and violent measures of the administration were suspended.” Chancellor Olivier was of the same opinion. “It is better to use mild measures than strong ones,” he said. At the same time instructions were sent to the Parliaments to make secret protests while registering the edict, so as to render it nugatory. Six days after it was issued, the Duke of Guise was named lieutenant-general (17th March, 1560). The pope sent a special envoy to France complaining of the amnesty, and to point out that “the true remedy for the disorders of the kingdom was to proceed judicially against the

heretics, and if their number was too great, the king should employ the sword to bring his subjects back to their duty." He offered to assist in so good a work to the extent of his ability, and to procure the support of the King of Spain and the princes of Italy.

It was not Catherine's policy to crush the Huguenots entirely, and she appears to have taken some pains to conciliate them. In this tumult of Amboise (which could hardly have been displeasing to her, considering her antagonism to the Guises) she saw her opportunity, and sent for Regnier de la Planche, that she might learn his opinion as to the state of affairs. Regnier, who was a man of great political experience and moderation, told her frankly that the religious persecutions had armed many of the Huguenots, while the favor shown to the Guises had increased the number of the discontented. He also argued that a national council was the only means for settling the religious differences. The advice was not very well received, and La Planche nearly suffered for his plain-speaking. Coligny, who had left Amboise to try and pacify Normandy, then almost in open rebellion, wrote to the same effect to the queen-mother, advising also the assembling of the States-General.

No sooner was the panic over and the Guises once more felt secure, than the religious persecutions were renewed with all their former severity. The old edicts against the Christaudins or Sacramentarians were revived, and commissions were appointed to receive secret evidence. To make the persecution more effectual, the Cardinal of Lorraine tried once more to introduce all the forms of the Inquisition without the name, and obtained a resolution of the royal council entrusting the entire cognizance of heresy to the

prelates of the Church, and ordering that their sentence should be final, the heretics being handed over to the secular arm for punishment. L'Hopital, the new chancellor, resisted the encroachment on the broad grounds that the right of trial and punishment of *all offenses*—whether against person, property, or religion (except in the case of ecclesiastics)—lay with the king; that the right of appeal to the royal tribunals could not be taken away; and that the judgment on those appeals should be delivered by lay judges. He succeeded thus far in establishing the axiom, that "no power in the state possessed sovereign authority of life or death over the subjects of such state, except the king." But he was compelled to yield in other points, and being of opinion that it is politic to permit a small mischief to escape a greater, he gave an unwilling consent to the edict of Romorantin (May, 1560), which declared that the cognizance of heresy should remain with the bishops, who were to proceed in the usual manner. This was a great sacrifice to intolerance, but it really gave the bishops no new power. Other clauses declared all persons attending conventicles guilty of high treason, and assigned a reward of 500 crowns to informers; to which the singular provision was appended, that all calumnious informers should be subjected to the *peine du talion*, in other words, suffer the punishment to which their victims were liable. To a certain extent this edict recognized the complaints of the Reformers by ordering the bishops to reside in their dioceses, and the parish priests to tend their flocks more carefully, teach them properly, and live among them. The new chancellor might well be proud of his work, the first hesitating step in the path of toleration. The Parliament of Paris refused to register the decree on the ground that it encroached on the

civil power, and L'Hopital had to struggle for ten days before he could overcome their resistance. The fear of a repetition of the "tumult of Amboise" had frightened the Cardinal of Lorraine into accepting the edict; but his brother Francis bluntly declared he would never draw the sword in its defense. This was quite in his style, for he hated the Reformed not only because they were rebels against the Church, but because they were attached to the Bourbon princes. Navarre, indeed, was not very formidable, it being always possible to hold him in check by playing upon his selfishness; but his brother, the Prince of Condé, was a high-spirited, clever, resolute man, one to be kept down by all means.

In reading the history of this period it must be constantly borne in mind, that the religious malcontents were often political malcontents also, [127] their number being increased by all who hated the monopoly of power so tenaciously held by the Guises. The small gentry, who in a spirit of opposition had accepted the Reformed doctrines, brought a new and fatal element into the movement. Despising Calvin's advice to bear injuries, and that opposition to lawful authority is a crime, they were secretly preparing the means of resistance, which their ecclesiastical organization greatly facilitated. The impetuous gentlemen and soldiers returned insult for insult, and blow for blow. Thus day by day the political character of the Huguenots[128] (as the Reformers were called after the affair of Amboise) became more prominent. It was a deplorable but almost inevitable result of the combination against the house of Lorraine, and it proved the temporary destruction of French Protestantism. Ere long France was divided into two hostile camps; and although

this will not excuse the harshness with which the Huguenots were treated, it will in some measure account for it. The Romish party were contending not only for religion but for supremacy, for place, for authority. Who should govern the king and the state was a question now quite as important as which faith was right, that of Geneva or of Rome? The age was one of great superstition and ignorance, and the foulest rumors were circulated against the Protestants, and greedily swallowed. Claude Haton, who has left us a striking and truthful picture of his time, supplies us with a curious illustration of the popular faith touching the Huguenots. He says that mad dogs had decreased so much during the last two years that people believed the devils had left the dogs and entered into the Reformers.[129] The Catholics were by no means scrupulous as to the weapons they employed to exasperate the fierce passions of the lower classes. There were few who could read the pamphlets, ballads, or broadsides which the printers poured forth with astonishing profusion; but all could understand the rude wood-cuts in which the Huguenots were represented as nailing iron shoes on the bare feet of a pious hermit, or making a target of a priest nailed to a cross. The pulpit was turned into an arena for abuse, whence the monks, who were far more inveterate against the Reformers than the secular clergy, inveighed with all the power of their lungs, and the copiousness of their abusive vocabulary, against the new doctrines and its professors. The Huguenots and their allies were not slow to retaliate, and in fierce invective were by no means inferior to their persecutors. The most notorious of their satires, or "libels," was that known as *The Tiger*,[130] written against the Cardinal of Lorraine, and for selling which in the ordinary course

of business, a poor Parisian book-seller[131] was arrested in June, 1560, tortured to make him give up the name of the author, which probably he did not know, and then hanged. An unfortunate spectator, a merchant of Rouen, who had manifested some compassion for the fate of poor Martin Lhomme, was arrested and executed four days after as an accomplice.[132]

It was a time of almost universal lawlessness. “Every day,” writes Throckmorton to Cecil, “there are advertisements of new stirs.”[133] There was no public protection, no law enforced; every man had to protect himself as best he could. In Paris the insecurity of life and property was notorious. The Catholics armed themselves against the Huguenots, and these in their turn procured arms in self-defense. Even priests and monks shouldered the spear and arquebuse, and became captains of companies. And when the war did really break out, such victors would not be very merciful, especially when the vanquished had imported a new element into the strife by defiling the churches, destroying the images, and ridiculing the ceremonies. There were many Huguenots who disgraced the name they assumed; but had they all been pious, the triumphant Romanist would not have spared them. The cause of pure religion suffered much from the violence of these hot-headed partisans. At Rheims the “Lutherans” ate meat publicly in Lent, broke the lanterns before the image of the Virgin over the great door of the cathedral, and prowled about at night defacing the crosses and pictures. One Gillet, a lawyer, drove a priest from a chapel, seized the alms in the poor-box, and gave the sacerdotal robes to his wife, who made caps and other articles of feminine attire out of them. At Rouen, when a Catholic priest

spoke of purgatory in his sermon, the Huguenots called him “a fool,” and the children who had been trained for the purpose, imitated the amorous noises of cats. The Reformed doctrine was introduced into Brittany in 1558 by Andelot. At Croisic the “new apostles” were so bold as to preach in the principal church, Notre Dame de Pitié, of which the people and clergy complained as soon as Andelot’s back was turned. The bishop of the diocese marched in solemn procession through the streets, after which the clergy attacked with a large culverine a house in which the preachers had taken refuge. The inmates, nineteen in number, escaped during the night, and the prelate was very properly condemned by the government, “such violent practices being unusual in the kingdom,” which certainly was not a correct statement.

It was supposed that a general council by restoring unity to the Church would cure many of the evils under which France suffered. The queen-mother supported this opinion, and we may imagine we hear her speaking in a letter written by Francis II. to the Bishop of Limoges: “The Church of God,” he says, “will never enjoy peace or rest, never shall we see the end of the troubles and calamities which this religious division is bringing over all the Christian world, unless a general council be convened.... It is notorious that the Council of Trent has not been received or approved by Germany or by the Protestants, who have attacked its authority, as having been held without them.... We Christian princes ought to try by all means to invite the Protestants and Germans to the council, ... it being my opinion that it had better not open at all, if the Germans and Protestants are not invited, for it would be labor in vain.” Such was the tone in which the

king wrote to the pope, and such were the sentiments he desired Limoges to lay before the King of Spain. He even went so far as to threaten to hold a national council, if the pope were obstinate. “It is undeniable,” he said, “that there are so many abuses in the manners of churchmen, that there are but few of them who do their duty. Now this neglect breeds that contempt for divine things, by which men are led to forsake God and fall into those errors wherein we now see them.” In a similar strain he wrote to the Bishop of Rennes, his embassador at the imperial court.[134]

In a somewhat similar tone wrote the Cardinal of Lorraine to the same bishop, urging the necessity of a council, and blaming the coldness of the pope. He complains of the “pitiful condition into which religion had fallen,” and declares a council to be “the only remedy for all our ills.” In nearly the same words writes Florimond de Robertet, secretary of state, adding that the king was resolved at all events “to convoke an assembly of notables.”

These opinions compared with the instructions given to the French prelates at the Council of Trent may be taken as evidence that the court was sincere in its desire to purify the national church. Those ecclesiastics were to demand that the ceremonial should be corrected and all other things whereby the ignorant might be abused under a show of piety; that the cup should be restored to the laity; that the sacraments should be administered in the vulgar tongue; that during mass the Word of God should be read and interpreted, and the young people should be catechised, to the end that all might be instructed in what they should believe, and how they should live so as to please God; that prayers should be

offered up in French, and that certain times should be appointed, as well at high mass as at vespers, wherein it might be lawful to sing psalms in the church. The prelates were also instructed to complain of the unchaste lives of the clergy.[135]

There can be little doubt, therefore, that in the summer of 1560 France was on the brink of a great religious change, perhaps of a national reformation. Catherine de Medicis inclined toward it, not that she cared much about creeds, but because it seemed an admirable political weapon ready to her hand. The Cardinal of Lorraine did not oppose it, probably hoping to increase his wealth by the plunder of the Church, after the English example. All moderate-minded people wished for a reformation that did not involve separation from Rome. Even the violent Gaspard de Saulx-Tavannes listened for once to the voice of common sense: “Mass ought not to be said in French, no change or reform should be introduced into the ceremonies without the approval of a general council. Nevertheless, I must confess (he added) that the people would be much more stirred up to devotion, if they heard in their own tongue the chants of the priests and the psalms that are sung in church.”

While these conciliatory measures were under discussion in the royal council-chamber, the difference between the two creeds was growing wider. The Reformers had increased so greatly in many of the large towns, particularly in the south and west (as we shall presently see), that in defiance of the edicts they gave up their secret meetings in woods and barns, and worshiped in public. The king wrote to Tavannes respecting the troubles in Dauphiny, ordering him to collect troops and “cut

the religious rebels in pieces.... There is nothing I desire more than to exterminate them utterly, and so tear them up by the roots that no fresh ones may arise.... Chastise them without mercy."[136] Six months later (Oct., 1560) the king sent Paul de la Barthe, marshal of Termes, to Poitiers with 200 men-at-arms to check heresy, and particularly to "catch the ministers and punish them soundly." They were to be hanged without trial. He was to permit no assemblies, and if any were held, he was to fall upon them with the sword. "I beg of you, cousin," he wrote, "to sweep the country clear of such rabble who disturb the world."[137] Such orders were the fruit of the Guise government; it is but just, however, to say, that it is doubtful whether this letter was sent to the marshal, probably because on reflection it appeared too cruel. The Count of Villars, describing the effect produced by this merciless persecution, writes: "Part of the inhabitants of Nismes, to the number of 3000 or 4000, have retired into the mountains of the Gevaudan, whence they threaten to descend into the plain, in which case those who appear the most submissive will infallibly join them. The heresy extends every day." As for the prisoners, he continues, their number is so great that it is impossible to put them all to death. On the 12th October, 1560, he informs the constable that he has burned two mule-loads of books from Geneva, valued at 1000 crowns, and set free a number of women on their promise "to live in obedience to God, the Roman Church, and the King."[138] In the same month the magistrates of Anjou complain to the cardinal, that "the seditious remnants of Amboise, uniting with the depraved nobility to the number of 1000 or 1200, celebrate the communion and disturb the country."[139]

As the barbarous orders of the court could not be kept secret, they only served to exasperate the Huguenots. Becoming more aggressive, they appropriated many of the churches to their own use, turning out the priests, whom they often cruelly maltreated. The sacred edifices they purified, as they called it, by destroying the pictures, breaking down the roods, throwing away the relics, and giving the consecrated wafer to swine. We can hardly picture to ourselves the horror excited in Catholic minds by such outrages. It may be compared with the thrill of agony that ran through England, when the atrocities of the Sepoy mutiny became known. The Duke of Guise retaliated with unrelenting ferocity. He was governor of Dauphiny, and, to intimidate that province, he ordered one Maugiron, a creature of his and afterward governor of Lyons, to make an example of the people of Valence and Romans. These places were taken by a foul stratagem, two of the Huguenot ministers were beheaded, and the principal citizens were hanged, and their houses given up to pillage. One ferocity begot another. Two Reformed gentlemen, Montbrun and Mouvans, raised the country, destroying or defiling churches, opening convents and turning out the inmates, especially the nuns, and ill-using the priests, and defiantly celebrating public worship under arms. The subsequent history of Anthony Derichiend, seigneur of Mouvans, furnishes a striking illustration of the lawlessness and insecurity of the times. Being tired of war, he and his brother Paul returned to their homes at Castellane in Provence, intending to pass the remainder of their days in God’s service. They did not, however, find the quiet they had expected. They were much annoyed by their neighbors, and during Lent a grey friar went into the pulpit and so inflamed

the people against them that they were besieged in their own house by a mob of several hundred men. They escaped this peril, and Anthony appealed to Henry for protection, which was granted (1559). While he was on his way to Grenoble, to lay his case before the Parliament, as the king had bidden him, he halted at Draguignan. The children, instigated by certain priests, began to hoot at him as “a Lutheran,” and in a short time a fierce mob crowded round the house in which he had taken shelter. Hoping to save his life, he surrendered into the hands of the officers of justice, who were too weak, and probably not over-anxious, to protect him. The mob tore him out of their hands, beat him to death, and inflicted brutalities on his corpse which it is impossible to describe. Among other things they plucked out his heart and other portions, and carried them on sticks triumphantly round the town. One of the wretches offered a morsel of the liver to a dog which refused to touch it. With a kick and an oath the man howled out: “Are you too a Lutheran like Mouvans?”[140] An inquiry was ordered into the outrage, but the passions of all the province were too much excited to permit justice to be done. “You have killed the old one,” said one of the royal commissioners, “why don’t you kill the young one? I would not give a straw for your courage. Down with all these rascally Lutherans, kill them all.” Paul now took up arms, and after inflicting much damage upon his adversaries, was finally compelled to take refuge at Geneva.

Of the morals of these “rascally Lutherans” in this part of France, we have the unimpeachable testimony of Procureur Marquet of Valence, who says that, for the eight years he held the office of town-clerk, not a day passed but his registers were full of

complaints of outrages of every kind committed during the night. The streets were unsafe after dark, and the citizens were not secure from robbery and violence even in their own houses. Then he adds: “But after the preaching of the Gospel, all that was altered, as if a change of life had accompanied a change of doctrine.” No one was found bold enough to contradict such testimony.

One of the first persons to raise his voice against the persecution of the Huguenots was L’Hopital, the chancellor. In his inaugural address to the Parliament of Paris (5th July, 1560) he boldly declared the Church to be the cause of the religious disorders through its evil example; the soldiers were unpaid and justified their violence; the mass of the people both in town and country were ignorant and wicked, because the priests preached to them about tithes and offerings, and said nothing about godly living; and that the only remedy was a general council. He went on to argue that the diseases of the mind are not to be healed like those of the body, adding, that “though a man may recant, he does not change his heart.”[141]

In this address L’Hopital spoke the sentiments of a small but increasing party which, under the name of the “politicians,” tried to hold a balance between the Huguenots and the Romanists. They might indeed be called “constitutionalists,” for there is no doubt their secret desire was to put an end to the ministerial usurpation and despotism of the Guises. They maintained that the dissidents had a right to be heard; but their arguments would have been ineffectual had the exchequer been in a flourishing condition. The government was in extreme want of money, the annual expenditure exceeding the income

by nearly three millions of livres. Loans could only be raised at exorbitant rates of interest, and to impose new taxes would only increase the disorders of the country and perhaps drive the peasants into another Jacquerie. Thus all parties came at last to agree in the necessity of calling the States-General together; preliminary to which letters patent were issued, convening an assembly of Notables at Fontainebleau, these Notables being persons of rank and influence among the nobles and clergy, knights of the order of St. Michael, and lawyers.

The king was escorted to the place of meeting by a strong guard, in addition to the troops under the command of the Guises. The general distrust and insecurity were shown by the number of armed men who accompanied the great chieftains of each party. The constable was attended by his two sons, Marshals Montmorency and Damville, and followed by eight hundred gentlemen on horseback. Coligny, Andelot, the Vidame of Chartres, and Prince Porcien entered with nine hundred of the inferior nobility. The meeting was opened on the 21st August, in the apartments of Catherine de Medicis. Grouped around the young king were his brothers and their mother; the Cardinals of Bourbon, Lorraine, Guise, and Chatillon; the Dukes of Guise and Aumale, the Constable and the Admiral; Marshals St. André and Brissac, the knights of the order, and other privy councilors. The two princes of the blood (Navarre and Condé) were absent, having (it is said) come to an arrangement with Coligny never to be present at the same place with him lest they should all be caught in the trap at once. Francis II. opened the proceedings with a few complimentary phrases, and then deputed his chancellor to lay before the members the condition of the country. L'Hopital,

who had succeeded Olivier through the influence of the Duchess of Montpensier, a special favorite of Catherine's, was not a man of illustrious birth; but by industry, integrity, and learning, he had risen step by step to the highest office in the state. On this occasion, with rather less prolixity than was customary in those days, he described the state as being sick, the Church corrupted, justice weakened, the nobles disorderly, and the zeal and loyalty which the people were wont to show the king wonderfully cooled; and that the remedy for all these evils was hard to find. He did not so much as venture to hint at one of the remedies; but at the second sitting, two days later (22d August), Coligny boldly opened up the matter by presenting a petition from the Huguenots, in which they justified their faith by Scripture, asserted their loyalty and love for the king, professed that they had never understood their duty so well toward their sovereign as since they had been converted to the new doctrine, prayed that a stop might be put to the cruel persecutions under which they were suffering, and asked permission to read the Bible and hold their meetings in open day, offering in return "to pay larger tribute than the rest of His Majesty's subjects." Strange to say, the prayer of the petition was supported by two high ecclesiastical dignitaries—John de Montluc, Bishop of Valence, and Charles de Marillac, Archbishop of Vienne. Montluc was an eloquent speaker, much esteemed for his experience in public affairs and knowledge of sacred literature. He denounced the severities and tyranny of the judges toward the Lutherans, and charged the Guises with violating the laws of the kingdom and sowing dissensions between the king and his subjects. He described the superior clergy as "idlers not having the fear of God before

their eyes, or that they would have to give an account of their flocks," adding that their only care was for the revenue of their sees, and that thirty or forty of them were non-resident, leading scandalous lives in Paris; the inferior clergy he characterized as ignorant and avaricious. He went on to say: "Let your majesty see that the word of God be no more profaned, but let the Scriptures be everywhere read and explained with purity and sincerity. Let the Gospel be preached daily in your house, so that the mouths of those may be shut who say that God's name is never heard there." Then turning to the two queens, Mary Stuart and Catherine de Medicis, he continued: "Pardon me, ladies, if I dare entreat you to order your damsels to sing not foolish songs, but the Psalms of David and spiritual hymns; and remember that the eye of God is over all men and in all places, and is fixed there only where his name is praised and exalted." The remedy he proposed, and which had been mentioned in the petition presented by Coligny, was a general council.

In one part of his speech, when giving a sketch of the progress of Reform in France, he passed a noble compliment on its ministers: "The doctrine," he said, "which finds favor with your subjects has not been sown in one or two days, but has taken thirty years: it was brought in by 300 or 400 ministers, men of diligence and learning, of great modesty, gravity, and apparent holiness, professing to detest all vice, especially avarice; fearing not to lose their lives so that they might enforce their teaching, having Jesus Christ always on their lips ... a name so sweet that it opens the closest ears and sinks easily into the hearts of the most hardened. These preachers, finding the people without pastor or guide, with no one to

instruct or teach them, were received readily, and listened to willingly. So that we need not be surprised if great numbers have embraced this new doctrine, which has been proclaimed by so many preachers and books." On the other hand, he said that bishoprics were frequently bestowed upon children, and benefices conferred upon cooks, barbers and lacqueys.

Marillac, who had learned experience as embassador at the court of Charles V., used similar but stronger language: he spoke of the "corrupted discipline of the Church, of multiplied abuses, frequent scandals, and licentious ministers," and agreed that the only remedy lay in a national council. "To prepare the way for that council," he said, "three or four things are necessary. Firstly, all the bishops, without exception, must be forced to reside in their dioceses. Secondly, we must show by our actions that we are determined to reform ourselves, and to that end we must put down simony. For spiritual things are given by God freely without money: *gratis accepistis, gratis date*. Thirdly, we must fast and confess our sins, which is the first step toward a cure. Fourthly, both factions must lay down their arms." The next day Coligny defended the petition he had presented. "The king," he said, "was beloved and not hated; and the people did not like to be kept from him. All the discontent was against those who managed affairs, and would easily be quieted, if they would rule according to the laws of the kingdom." He advised the assembling of the States-General and the dismissal of the guard, which was not required for the protection of the sovereign. He also suggested the relaxation of the persecutions until the assembling of a council. "But your petition," said Francis II., "has no signatures." "That is true,

Sire," replied the admiral; "but if you will allow us to meet for the purpose, I will in one day obtain in Normandy alone 50,000 signatures." "And I," said the Duke of Guise,[142] interrupting him, "will find 100,000 good Catholics to break their heads." He then contended that a royal guard had become necessary since the affair of Amboise. "My brother and I," he said, "have never offended or given cause of discontent to any as regards their private affairs." The Cardinal of Lorraine argued that, to permit the Reformed to have their temples and the right of public worship was to approve of their "idolatry," which the king could not do without the risk of eternal damnation.[143] He denied the loyalty of the petitioners, "who are obedient only on condition that the king should be of their opinion and their sect, or at least approves of it." He gloried in the animosity of the Huguenots, adding (as if aside) "there are twenty-two of their libels against me now on my table, and I intend to preserve them very carefully." In conclusion he called for the severest measures against such "of the religion" as should take up arms; but as for those who went unarmed to the sermon, sang psalms, and kept away from mass, he did not advise their punishment, seeing that all severity hitherto had been useless. He even expressed regret that they should have been so cruelly treated, and offered his life if that could bring the stray sheep back to the fold. He ended with an exhortation to the clergy to reform themselves, and desired that the bishops and others should inquire into the abuses of the Church and report thereon to the king. Of good words and good resolutions the cardinal always had an ample store upon which he could draw at will. They were mere counters with which to play the game of politics.

The discussion, which also embraced the subject of the tumult of Amboise, the severity of the retaliation, and the alarming increase of the royal body-guard (which was denounced in nearly the same terms as our ancestors complained of a standing army), resulted in a decision to convene, first, the States-General, and, afterward, a national council, to decide upon the religious faith of the French people. The King of Spain remonstrated through his embassador against the meeting of the States, on the ground that it would "puff up the Huguenots;" and offered his aid to chastise them. But money was wanted, and the court was prepared to make any temporary sacrifice in order to procure supplies. The Venetian embassador saw the importance of this official recognition of the Reformed party. "Either their desires will be satisfied," he says, "or else, if any attempt is made to keep them obedient to the pope, the court must resort to force, shed pitilessly the blood of the nobility, divide the kingdom into two parties, and come to a civil war, which will destroy both country and religion.... Religious changes always lead the way to political changes;"[144] an assertion which is only partially true. Political and religious changes, when national and not merely personal, are produced by the operation of similar causes; and which change shall come first depends upon circumstances that appear to vary in every case. In 1560 the Venetian embassador certainly had not sufficient data from which to draw so sweeping a conclusion. The court saw no danger in the proposed assemblies, and writs were issued for the States-General to meet in December, 1560, at Meaux in Brie, and for a national council of bishops and other church dignitaries to assemble at Pontoise on the

following month of January. The letters of convocation ran that “they were to confer together and resolve what should be laid before a general council; and until that should assemble, the clergy were to suspend all proceedings against heretics, and correct the abuses that had gradually crept into the house of God.”[145]

After the Amboise failure, Anthony of Navarre kept himself aloof at Nerac in Gascony, where he was joined by his brother Condé, who had openly professed the new religion. The latter succeeded in inspiring the king with some of his own spirit, but could not induce him to take any step that would commit him with the Lorraine party. Meanwhile the little town on the Baise became the general rendezvous of all the discontented, who, undismayed by the past, were quite as ready to act as to speak. But there was no one to lead them, for the eldest of the Bourbon line still hesitated. It was supposed that a remonstrance from the whole Huguenot body might move him, and with that intent the chiefs of the Protestant party laid before him “a supplication,” in which they (to the number of more than a million) offered him the disposal of their lives and fortunes, provided he would make common cause with them by putting himself at their head; threatening, in case of refusal, to choose another leader, native or foreign. The supplication was nominally addressed to both princes, but was really intended for Navarre alone, who however was not bold enough to act upon it.

At the same time the Guises, repenting that they had permitted Condé, “the dumb chief,” to leave Amboise, began to strengthen their hands. Duke Francis, now lieutenant-general of the kingdom,

having full control over the military resources of the country, increased the royal body-guard by the addition of several regiments, the command of which he gave to the infamous Du Plessis-Richelieu, one time a monk but now a soldier. He also received troops from Scotland, kept up the veteran regiments of Brissac, which had just returned from Italy, and negotiated for the assistance of Swiss and German mercenaries. This step, as we shall see, necessarily drove the Huguenots to seek foreign help. Meanwhile the King of Navarre and his brother appear to have entered into a new plot against the Guises, of which a general Huguenot insurrection formed a part. It was to begin with the seizure of Lyons, an important town close to the Swiss frontier and on the northern border of the most Protestant portion of France. Here Condé was to rally all the disaffected nobility and gentry, while Navarre headed a similar rising in the west. This plot, even more obscure than that of Amboise, came to nothing, beyond implicating the two Bourbon princes, whose share in it is, nevertheless, somewhat doubtful. This was another triumph for the house of Lorraine, who determined to crush their rivals at once and forever. Francis II. proceeded to Orleans escorted by a numerous guard. The Prince of Roche-sur-Yon was made governor for the occasion; the garrisons from the neighboring towns were called in, which, added to the king's escort of 4000 foot, composed a force of nearly 10,000 men. Hither the two brothers were summoned to explain their conduct, and the Count of Crussol, the bearer of the letters, was instructed to hint that resistance was hopeless, as the king could bring against them 48,000 French troops besides Swiss and German lansquenets. Moreover the King of Spain had promised to assist with two large armies,

one entering France by Picardy, the other by the Pyrenees. Anthony at first held back, despite these hints, and had he been as enterprising as his brother, he might soon have been at the head of a force as strong as any that the Guises could muster against him, and for a time it was believed at court that he could do so. But he was always mean-spirited, always crouching, and cringing, and thinking of himself. Some time before this, in order to contradict a report coming from Spain that he favored the Amboise conspirators,[146] he fell upon some Protestant insurgents at Agen and cut them to pieces. Both he and his brother had been warned of the impending danger. The Princess of Condé wrote to her husband: “Every step you take toward the court brings you nearer to destruction. If your death is inevitable, it is surely more glorious to die at the head of an army than to perish ignominiously on the scaffold.” Catherine also intimated to him circuitously that “it was death for him to come to court.”[147]

After he had made up his mind to go to Orleans, Anthony moved so slowly and irresolutely that the journey occupied him a month. On the road he dismissed the little band of Huguenot gentlemen who had gathered round him with the words: “I must obey, but I will obtain your pardon from the king.” “Go,” said an old captain, “go and ask pardon for yourself: our safety is in our swords.”[148] On the 31st October, 1560, he reached Orleans. It was nearly dark when he entered the city, accompanied by his brother Louis, the Cardinal of Bourbon, and a few servants. No one dared go out to meet him, and extraordinary precautions had been taken to guard against a hostile attack. Immediately on the arrival of Francis II. the city had (to use a modern term)

been put under martial law. Artillery brought from Compiègne was mounted on the walls, the sentries were doubled, and the citizens ordered, under the severest penalties, to deliver up their arms, even including such knives as were of unusual length. Numerous arrests had been made of suspected persons, and among them was the high-bailiff of the city. And now from the gates to the castle where the king lodged armed men lined the streets in double file—an imposing but idle show. When Anthony reached the royal quarters, he desired, according to his privilege as a prince of the blood, to ride into the court-yard; but the great gates were shut against him, and he had to dismount and enter by a wicket. The Venetian embassador, Giovanni Michieli, thus describes his appearance about this time:—"He is now between forty-four and forty-five years of age. His beard is getting grey, his demeanor is much more imposing than that of his brother, whose stature is low, and figure awkward. He is tall, robust, and well-made, and his courage in battle is highly extolled, though he is rather a good soldier than a skillful general." Another embassador mentions with astonishment the rich ear-rings and other ornaments Anthony delighted to wear.

Francis received him frowningly, not condescending to raise his hat, as he was wont to do to the meanest gentleman. After kneeling, Anthony said he had come thither in obedience to the royal command, to vindicate his character against calumnious charges; to which the king replied that it was well, at the same time forbidding him to quit Orleans without permission. As Condé did not utter a word, the king angrily reproached him with conspiracy and rebellion. The prince replied calmly that these were slanders invented by his enemies,

and that he would take care to justify himself; to which Francis made answer that, to give him an opportunity of so doing, he would be kept in prison until trial. The king then ordered the captains of his guard, Chavigny and Brezay, to arrest the prince. As they were leading him away, he said to the Cardinal of Bourbon, who had persuaded him to trust the king: “By your exhortations you have betrayed your brother to death.”[149] He was guarded very strictly; the windows of the house in which he was confined were closely barred, sentinels were posted round it, and no one was allowed to have access to him. “The King of Navarre,” says Throckmorton, “goeth at liberty, but as it were a prisoner, and is every other day on hunting.”[150] He was under strict surveillance; all his words and acts were closely watched.

The Chatillons had been duly summoned to attend at Orleans. Andelot, suspecting treachery, retired to Brittany; while his brother the admiral, who was equally suspicious of the Guises, determined to be present in his place. He bade farewell to his wife, shortly to become a mother, as if he was never to see her face again, desiring her to have the babe christened by the “true ministers of the word of God.” Catherine received him cordially, and indeed put him on his guard, it being her interest thus to play off one party against the other.

And now once more the Guises were triumphant, and their hands were strengthened by the acts of those who had plotted their ruin. Now that the prey was in their grasp, they would show no mercy. But first they must be revenged on the Huguenots, “those silly folks who bring such scandal on the honor of God,” as the cardinal wrote to De Burie. “We must

make a striking example of them, so that, by the punishment of a few bad men, the good may be preserved." The pastors were especially singled out, that their fate might be a warning for the future. Condé was to be tried before a packed commission, of whose verdict and sentence there could be no doubt. His brother's fate was equally certain,[151] and as soon as the two princes of the blood were dispatched, the admiral with Montmorency and all the opponents of the Lorraine family were to be got rid of. Such a scheme of wholesale murder is hardly credible, though supported by the strong testimony of the Spanish embassador, who feared the Guises were going a "little too fast."[152] Anthony of Navarre was to be the first victim. One day he was summoned to an audience with the king, at which it had been arranged that a quarrel should be got up between him and Francis II.; that the latter should draw his sword as in self-defense; and that the creatures of the Guises should then rush in and murder the prince. It is alleged that Anthony had been informed of the plot, but nevertheless would not shrink from the audience. As he was leaving his quarters, he said to Captain Renty, one of his faithful followers: "If I perish, strip off my shirt and carry it to my wife, and bid her take it to every Christian king in Europe, and call on him to avenge my death." As soon as Anthony entered the presence-chamber, the door was closed behind him. Francis made some insulting observations, but hesitated—was it through fear or pity?—to give the signal for his uncle's murder. "The coward!" muttered the Duke of Guise, who stood watching on the other side of the door. Anthony survived the perilous interview.[153]

The Chancellor L'Hopital and five judges were appointed as a commission to try Condé in prison,

and although he refused to plead before them, it availed him nothing. This protest and such answers as he did make having been laid before the king in council, the prince was found guilty of high treason, and condemned to lose his head. But before the sentence could be carried out, great changes took place in France. About the middle of November the king, whose health had never been very robust, “felt himself somewhat evil-disposed of his body, with a pain in his head and one of his ears.”[154] He rapidly grew worse; all means of relief were tried, but tried in vain. He was suffering from internal abscess. While he lay between life and death, the Guises made a desperate effort to get rid of the only antagonist whom they really feared. They urged Catherine to make away with their common enemy before it was too late; but Catherine, knowing that, in the strife of parties, the enemy of Guise must be a friend to her, refused to do any thing without consulting the chancellor. L’Hopital found the queen “weeping among her women, who surrounded her in deep silence, their eyes fixed on the ground.” It did not give him much trouble to show the illegality as well as the impolicy of the proposed act, and Condé was saved. On the 5th of December Francis II. expired in great agony, and as it was part of the popular faith to believe that no great personage could die a natural death, Ambrose Paré, the famous surgeon, was accused of poisoning the youthful king by pouring “a leporous distillment” into his ear, by command of the queen-mother.[155] Coligny, as one of the chief officers of the crown, had the melancholy charge of watching the dying king, and did not leave the bedside until Francis had breathed his last. Then—turning to the courtiers who were present, and who had gathered round the Duke of

Guise—he said, with the pious gravity that was natural to him: “Gentlemen, the king is dead; let that teach us how to live.” Returning to his quarters as soon as he could leave the king’s chamber, he sat in deep thought before the fire, his tooth-pick, as usual, in his mouth, and his feet on the embers. Fontaine, one of his suite, observing his abstraction, caught him by the arm: “Sir, you have been wool-gathering enough. You have burned your boots.” “Ah! Fontaine,” replied the admiral, “only a week ago you and I would have thought ourselves well off with the loss of a leg each, and now we have only lost a pair of boots. It is a good exchange.”

The Huguenots were accused of exulting at the king’s death; and we can almost excuse them, considering what they had suffered during his brief reign. Calvin looked upon it as the judgment of God. “Did you ever hear or read of any thing so opportune as the death of the little king,” he said. “Just when there was no remedy for our extreme evils, God suddenly appeared from heaven, and he who had pierced the eye of the father struck the ear of the son.”[156] Beza also regarded it in the same light. He says, the sword was already at our throats when “the Lord our God rose up and carried off that miserable boy by a death as foul as it was unforeseen. No royal honors were paid his corpse, and the enemy of the Lutherans was buried like a Lutheran.”[157]

The people were but little attached to Francis, and called him “the king without vices,” to which the Huguenots added, “and without virtues.” He was in fact just what the persons about him made him. He was educated by Jacques Amyot, the learned translator of Plutarch, in an age when translating had not become a mechanical art. He had always been a

sickly child, and there is a letter extant of his father's, from which we learn, not only that Henry II. loved his children, but also the weakness of the dauphin's constitution.[158] Voltaire very fairly describes him as a

> Faible enfant qui de Guise adorait les caprices,
> Et dont on ignorait et les vertus et les vices.
>
> *Henriade.*

NOTE.

One of the most violent of the satires aimed at the Cardinal of Lorraine was that called "The Tiger," about which very little is known. The authorship is doubtful, the title disputed, and of two works recently brought to light, it is hard to say which is the original. De Thou speaks of a "libellus cui *Tigridi* præfixus." In a tract, "Religionis et Regis adversus Calvini, Bezæ et Ottomanni conjuratorum factionis defensio prima" (8vo. 1562, fol. 17), we read: "Hic te, Ottomanne, excutere incipio. Scis enim ex cujus officina *Tigris* prodiit, liber certe tigridi parente dignissimus. Tute istius libelli authorem...." There is also extant a letter to Hotmann from Sturm, who was rector of the High School of Strasburg in June, 1562: "Ex hoc genere *Tygris*, immanis illa bellua quam *tu hic* contra cardinalis existimationem divulgare curasti." But if these two authorities are conclusive as to Hotmann's authorship, they leave us in doubt as to what was the real title of the satire, and which is the original of two contemporary libels. To the researches of M. Charles Nodier we owe the discovery of a manuscript poem entitled: "Le Tigre, Satire sur les Gestes mémorables des Guysards" (4to, 1561), and beginning thus:

> Méchant diable acharné, sépulcre abominable,
> Spectacle de malheur, vipère épouvantable,
> Monstre, tygre enragé, jusques á quand par toi
> Verrons-nous abuser le jeune âge du roy?

The title of the other satire is “Epistre envoiée au Tygre de la France,” and begins thus:—“Tigre enragé, vipère vénimeuse, sépulcre d’abomination, spectacle de malheur, jusques à quand sera-ce que tu abuseras de la jeunesse de nostre roy?” It charges the Cardinal with incest, but the “sister” was a sister-in-law, Anne of Este, wife of Duke Francis of Guise: “Qui ne voit rien de saint que tu ne souilles, rien de chaste que tu ne violes, rien de bon que tu ne gâtes. L’honneur de ta sœur ne se peut garantir d’avec toy. Tu laisses ta robe, tu prens l’épée pour l’aller voir. Le mari ne peut être si vigilant que tu ne deçoives sa femme,” etc. This was first printed at Strasburg in 1562, and it was for selling one or other of these that Martin Lhomme was put to death. The indictment mentions “épîtres divers et cartels diffamatoires,” but no verse—which is not however conclusive against the poem. The date appears adverse to the claim of the prose satire; but both versions are so much alike as to suggest community of origin. May there not have been a Latin original, and may not Henri Étienne, author of the “Discours merveilleux,” have had more to do with it than Francis Hotmann, professor of civil law at Strasburg? The proclamation issued against it by the Parliament of Paris bears date 13th July, 1560. [See Brunet: “Manuel du ibraire,” ii. 193.]

CHAPTER IV.

FRANCE AT THE ACCESSION OF CHARLES IX.

[1560.]

Contrast—Power of King and Nobles—The Provinces—Roads—Rate of Traveling—Forests—Wild Animals—Brigandage—Inns—League of the Loire—Agriculture—Condition of the Peasantry—Rent—Serfage—Wages—Cost of Provisions—Food—Sumptuary Laws—Social Changes—Ignorance of the People—Population of France—Taxation—Army and Navy—The Clergy—Superstitions—Justice—Punishments—Brutality of Manners—Domestic Architecture—Paris—Cities of France: Orleans, Rouen, Bordeaux, Dieppe, Lyons, Boulogne, Dijon, Moulins, and St. Etienne.

In the middle of the sixteenth century, France was not the centralized, orderly, well-policed country which the traveler of the nineteenth century is so eager to visit, and which he leaves with so much regret. It was in name a monarchy; but unless the king were a man of resolute will, he became a mere pageant in the state. The nobility inherited much of the haughty turbulent spirit of their Frank ancestors, and despite—if not in consequence of—what Louis XI. had done, they still looked upon the sovereign as little more than the first among peers, *primus inter pares*, paying him the respect due to his position as their nominal superior; but resisting him when they pleased, and only kept in order by the power of rival

barons. When Montluc summoned the mutinous nobles of the South to return to their allegiance, and obey the king, they exclaimed: “What king? We are the king. The one you speak of is a baby king: we will give him the rod, and show him how to earn his living like other people.” It was very much in this spirit that the house of Guise behaved toward Francis II. and his two successors.

France was divided into numerous provinces,[159] partially independent under their own governors and parliaments, and with hardly more sympathy between them than there is now between Belgium and Holland. In almost every province you heard a separate dialect: the Normans and the Gascons were mutually unintelligible, and the inhabitant of Brittany had as little in common with the dweller in Languedoc as the Sussex boor with his fellow-laborer in Picardy. The river Loire divided the kingdom into two parts—morally as well as geographically. Even to this day the traveler observes a difference between the people, their speech, their customs, and their dress, immediately he crosses that boundary line. Great part of the country north of the Loire had for centuries been governed by traditionary rules similar to our common law; to the south, the code of Justinian had never fallen into complete desuetude; and the forms—shadowy enough sometimes—of the Roman municipalities still existed. The former had a strong resemblance to England as it was at the close of the Wars of the Roses; the latter reminded the Italian traveler of his native land. On both sides of the river there was the same impatience of that central authority which the modern Frenchman worships. The provincial parliaments registered or rejected the king’s decrees at their pleasure, and the

taxes were levied by order of their own estates; self-government in form more than in reality. The governor of many a petty castle would set at naught the king's express orders.

Nothing has greater power to amalgamate the various parts of an empire, and smooth away differences, than good roads. Three (some reckon four) royal roads, passing through the whole length of France—the great highways constructed by the Roman conquerors of Gaul—were kept in tolerable condition, as the importance of such great arteries required; but the lateral communications were, with few exceptions, in a most unsatisfactory state. In winter, when the rivers overflowed their banks, or the snow lay deep, large towns within a few miles of each other were completely cut off from all intercourse. It often happened that one district was suffering from famine, while its neighbor had more than it could consume. The wines which in Anjou and the Orleannais sold for one sol the measure and even less, cost twenty and twenty-four sols in Normandy and Picardy. Sometimes this scarcity and variation in price may have been occasioned by foolish local restrictions upon the importation and exportation of provisions; but the more frequent cause was the want of branch roads—those which existed being often mere horse-tracks, and as impassable in bad weather as the famous road from Balaklava to Inkermann. Catherine de Medicis, "flying on the wings of desire and maternal affection," went from Paris to Tours in three days. [160] Joan of Navarre, traveling with "extraordinary speed," spent eighteen days on the road from Compiègne to Paris. It took eight days to carry the news of the St. Bartholomew Massacre to Toulouse along one of the best roads in France, and the same

time to go from Mende to Paris. Thirty years later it took Coryat five hours to travel from Montreuil to Abbeville, a distance of twenty miles, his carriage being a two-wheeled cart covered with an awning stretched over thin hoops, not unlike that still used by our village carriers. In 1560 L'Hopital was twelve days going from Nice to St. Vallier (Drome), and he too was hurrying on as quickly as possible. Lippomano, the Venetian embassador, traveling on urgent business, could not exceed four leagues a day. These examples, taken from various parts of France, and from persons of different degrees of social rank, show decisively the difficulties of communication.

This had much to do with the isolation of various parts of France. In the sixteenth century nobody traveled who could help it. To journey from Paris to Toulouse, now a matter of a few hours by railway, was then a work of time and danger. Large forests were numerous—of twenty miles and more in circuit: there was one near Blois of not less than ninety miles. Here the brown bear, the wild boar, and the deer still roamed at liberty. In the forest of Landeac, the Viscount Rohan preserved a drove of six hundred wild horses. Wolves would occasionally issue from the forests, and ravage the country in packs, as they still do in Poland and Russia.[161] In 1548 one of these packs issued from the forest of Orleans, devouring men, women, and children, until the peasantry rose *en masse* to exterminate them.[162] But worse than these hungry animals were the brigands who found shelter "in the merry greenwood," preying upon their neighbors, and especially upon travelers. One band of ruffians, five hundred in number, roamed the country, storming towns and castles, burning villages and farmsteads,

pillaging, murdering, and committing fouler atrocities. Travelers rarely journeyed alone: they formed into a sort of caravan, sometimes escorted by soldiers, hardly less to be feared than the robbers themselves. If the adventurous merchant passed safely through forest and over heath, he arrived at an inn to find himself carefully classed. If he journeyed on foot, he could not dine and lodge like one who went on horseback. The dinner of the first was fixed by tariff at six sols, and the bed at eight; the latter paid respectively twelve and twenty. In many cases the traveler had to carry his bed and food with him, or he would have to go without.

The rivers, now so full of busy life, were rarely disturbed by oar or sail; and up to the reign of Charles IX. the merchants trading along the Loire were forced to combine into a hanse or league in order to protect their property from plunder and excessive toll. They entered into treaties with the riverain Rob Roys, paying an annual black-mail which saved them from still greater exactions.[163] It was rare to find a bridge without fort and bar which none could pass, by land or water, without payment of pontage.

The country was better cultivated than might have been expected from the rude implements employed; but then, far more than now, the fields were rarely divided by hedges. In Beauce, the traveler might journey for many a long mile through a fertile district, where the corn rippled in golden waves beneath the summer sun; but there was no plantation, scarcely a tree upon which to rest the weary eye. Few signs of life were visible from the highway: the peasants, for so many centuries the victims of foreign or domestic war, had wisely built

their huts in the hollows and valleys, as far as possible removed from the routes of the brigands who composed the armies of those days.[164] Here and there a moated grange, or isolated farm-house, was visible, with its cluster of fruit-trees, a greener oasis in the surrounding plain; but it was enclosed with a high wall.

The lot of the agricultural population—of farmers as well as of laborers—was a hard one. Serfage still existed in many places, and the ploughman or the hedger could no more wander in search of employment, or higher wages, than the low-roofed church in which he was christened, where he was married, and beneath whose shadow his weary limbs would rest at last. Rent was usually paid in kind or in service. If in kind, it was a certain share of the produce, which in Brittany was a twelfth.[165] But the great influx of gold and silver consequent upon the discovery of America was gradually introducing money rents, which, however, were so variable and uncertain, that no average appears possible. In Auvergne, in 1514, we find it as high as seven sols an acre, and in 1568 as low as four deniers and a measure (setier) of seigle. Although the feudal superior was gradually passing into the modern landlord, serfage was so tenacious of life that it existed more than two centuries longer. Only two years before the outbreak of the Revolution the serfs of twenty-three communities belonging to the abbey of Luxeul refused to be emancipated, choosing to remain as they were rather than pay the moderate fine required for their enfranchisement. A few months later the serfs of Trépot had consented to pay the sum demanded by their lord, when the Revolution came and freed them gratuitously.[166]

The agricultural population had been almost untouched by that spirit of progress which had been felt in the great cities and towns, and had led the way to the revival of religion. Their condition was hardly better than in the days of Louis XII., when the farmer was at times compelled to plough his land by night, lest the tax-gatherers, who swarmed like locusts, should come and seize his cattle. The peasants in their remonstrance added piteously: “And when they are taken, we yoke ourselves to the plough.” Their houses were like the cabins still to be met with in the south and west of Ireland, and in the remoter parts of Scotland. In Brittany the traveler may still see many such dwellings—clay or mud-built, covered with turf or rushes from the neighboring pool. The beaten earth was the floor, a man could rarely stand upright beneath its low roof. In that single room, often windowless, the whole family huddled together. They were without the commonest comforts now rarely absent from the laborer’s cottage. The rate of labor was not high, and most of the payments were in kind. A laboring man received twelve deniers a day and a woman six: this was at a time when a dozen eggs cost eight deniers, a bushel of turnips four deniers, a fowl from two to six sols, a calf five livres, a sheep twenty-four sols, a fat pig three livres, and an ox, three or four years old, ten livres. The setier or twelve bushels of wheat sold for twenty sols, the same quantity of rye for ten, of barley for eight, and of oats for five. These are but uncertain data on which to calculate the purchasing power of a man’s wages, for at that time prices varied considerably more in different localities and from year to year than they do now.[167] Black unleavened bread—the “damper” of the gold diggings—formed the principal article of food among

the poorer people, and was made of rye, barley, or buckwheat.[168] Maize appears to have been used more for cattle than for men. About thirteen years before the time of which we are treating, the poor of La Mans supported themselves during a famine upon acorn bread. The usual meat was pork or bacon—a diet which is supposed to have contributed to the virulence of the leprosy in earlier days, and hence a *languayeur* had been appointed, whose sole business it was to examine the pigs' tongues for leprosy spots. The odious *gabelle* made salt so dear that the farmer had often to sell one-half of a pig to procure the means of pickling the other half.

The people of the sixteenth century were gross and unclean eaters, delighting in viands we should now relegate to the tables of the Esquimaux. Thus they would eat dog-fish, porpoise,[169] and whale, as well as herons, cormorants, bitterns, cranes, and storks. Champier saw on the table of Francis I. "a pudding made of the blood, fat, and entrails of the sea-calf." Frogs[170] fricasseed, snails boiled, and tortoises stewed in their shells were among the "dainty dishes" of this period. To wash such coarse viands down the people drank so much beer that the tax on it produced two-thirds more than the tax upon wine. The beer was sweet, for hops (if introduced) were scarce; and it was "doctored" by the addition of aromatics, spice, butter, honey, apples, bread-crumbs, etc. A taste for unsophisticated liquors is one of the results of advancing civilization.

These were the times of sumptuary laws and other regulations to preserve the distinction of ranks, and fill the treasury at the expense of human vanity. Custom, quite as much as law, regulated the costumes of the different classes, from the silks and

the scarlet robes of the nobles to the blue serge of the laborer. But on fête and gala days, which were more numerous than now, the variety of costumes was strikingly picturesque, especially where the inhabitants of different provinces met together. The tendency of modern civilization to bring every thing to one monotonous uniformity has robbed us of this variety. It still lingers here and there in France, where the women with honest pride cling to the costume peculiar to their calling, while the men have become lost in the common herd.[171] No bourgeois could build what sort of house he pleased; nor, when built, was he free to decorate it as he liked. Even the number of steps up to the door was regulated by law. The house might be painted with certain colors, but gilding was strictly prohibited.[172] In 1867 there is scarcely a mechanic so poor that his wife can not boast of a silk gown, but, three hundred years ago, no woman, below the rank of duchess, except "dames et demoiselles de maison" living "à la campagne et hors des villes," could wear any silk except as trimming, and then only under certain restrictions, so that the "fashion" should not cost more than sixty sols for each dress.[173] Nay, worse than that, a fine of two hundred livres *parisis* awaited any woman who should venture to wear a *vertugale* or hooped petticoat more than an ell and a half round—a restriction which a modern house-maid would think very tyrannical. Although silk was not so scarce as these regulations would seem to imply, certain manufactures of it were so rare that historians record that Henry II. wore silk stockings at his coronation. Thirty years later such an article of dress was still regarded as an extravagant and wicked luxury.[174] The Ordonnance of Orleans (1560) forbade the use of perfumery among certain

classes, who seem to have had no other resource but to shut up a particular kind of apple in their wardrobes in order to impregnate their dresses with its odor. Sumptuary laws regulated the meals. By the edict of January, 1563, Charles IX. forbade more than three courses, no course to consist of more than six dishes, each containing one kind of viand. The entertainer who infringed this impracticable law was fined 200 livres for the first offense, and 400 for the second; the guests who did not turn informers against their hosts were fined forty livres; while the unfortunate cook, who merely obeyed his master's orders, was fined ten livres and imprisoned for a fortnight with only bread and water for his fare. For a second offense the penalty was doubled; and if he transgressed a third time, he was scourged and banished from the town. Experience has shown legislators the impossibility of restraining luxury by sumptuary laws; yet the statesmen of the fifteenth century may be excused for attempting thus clumsily to check the extravagant fashions of the day. Brantome describes, with all the minuteness of a modern reporter at a city dinner, the particulars of a banquet given by the Vidame of Chartres. The ceiling of the dining-hall, which was painted to represent the sky, suddenly opened, and clouds laden with dishes descended upon the tables. The same contrivance was used to remove the dishes. During the dessert an artificial storm poured down for half an hour a rain of perfumed water and a hail of sugar-plums.

One great social change took place about this period. "The women," writes L'Hopital to De Thou, "are *now* seen boldly sitting down at table with the men." Before that time, it was the custom for the husband only to sit with his guests, while the

mistress of the house attended to the manner in which the table was served. Christopher de Thou, father of the historian, was the first person, not of royal or noble blood, who rode in a carriage in Paris. Until then there were only two in use at the court—the queen's and that belonging to Diana, natural daughter of Henry II. Carriages were rarely employed for traveling purposes: the roads were, for the most part, too bad for vehicles much less rude than the country wains that bore the produce of the farm to market. Those who could not afford the pomp of litters rode on horseback: the ladies sometimes on a pillion behind a servant,[175] but frequently astride, like the men. Catherine de Medicis introduced the side-saddle. In 1571 a royal permission was granted for "coches à la mode d'Italie" to go from Paris to Orleans—a privilege soon extended to other cities of France "pour le soulagement de personnes."[176] In 1562 forty-six post-horses were registered in Paris, the hire seems to have been twenty sols each a day.

The dispatches of Killigrew, embassador to the court of France about this time, present a striking picture of the misery and ignorance of the lower classes. On the 15th November, 1559, he writes: "It is very secretly reported that the French king is become a leper, and for fear of his coming to Chatelherault the people have (it is said) removed their children; and of late there be certain of them wanting about Tours, which can not be heard of, and there is commandment given that there shall not be any pursuit made for the same." A horrible light is thrown on these last words by a letter of the 28th January, 1560: "The 20th of this present month there was a man executed here at Blois, who lately, with a companion, traveled abroad in the country to seek fair children, to use their blood for curing of a

disease which, they said, the king had: alleging that they had a command so to do. The one of them used to go before to make search for them, and the other came after to ask if such a man had been there for such a purpose: whereupon the people made lamentation for their children." It was of course only an impudent means of extorting money.

The population of France at the accession of Charles IX. has been variously estimated, but it probably did not much (if at all) exceed fifteen millions, of whom almost one-third lived in towns. Yet complaints of over-population were frequent; and La Noue, speaking of the multitude of inhabitants before the religious wars, says: "They swarm!" They paid in taxation a greater proportional amount than is contributed by their more numerous and fortunate posterity under the second empire. Finance was in its infancy, and taxes were levied so as to produce the greatest amount of vexation to the payer and the smallest result to the royal treasury. At the end of the century—forty years later than the period at which we have arrived—the duties and aids were farmed for 232 millions of livres, equivalent to £42,000,000 sterling.[177]

Taxes were imposed upon no regular plan, and whatever arrangement was made, it was liable to be broken through by the "good pleasure" of the king. This was especially the case in the reign of Francis I., whose subjects, when groaning under oppressive charges of *tailles*, *taillons*, *aides*, *subsides*, *impôts*, and *gabelle*, looked back and longed for the good old times of Louis XII. Francis squandered his income in the most reckless manner; every body plundered the national exchequer, especially his favorites and mistresses. So great were the expenses of the

marriage (the *nôces salées*) of his niece Joan of Albret with the Duke of Cleves in 1541, that to make up the deficiency he not only extended the gabelle or salt tax to several of the southern provinces, but doubled it in those where it already existed, expecting that the returns would be doubled also. In this he was disappointed, and new sources of revenue had to be invented. The coinage was debased, raising the value of the silver mark from £165 to £185;[178] a multitude of offices was created, all to be had for money; judgeships were made venal, lotteries were established, additional *décimes* imposed on the clergy;[179] the churches were robbed of their ornaments of gold, silver, and precious gems;[180] loans were raised by means of *rentes* or stock offered for sale at the Hotel-de-Ville of Paris, and the citizens were expected to become purchasers. Eightscore thousand crowns were thus borrowed *au denier douze*; that is to say, at 8⅓ per cent. The superintendents of finance were bound to procure money, even if they had to borrow it on their own security; and, when all other means failed, and a large sum was wanted instantly for some royal caprice or some new mistress, a financier was hanged and his property confiscated. Such measures necessarily discontented every body and profited none but a few persons at court; yet by some means or other Francis I. contrived to leave four millions of livres in the treasury, which Henry II., aided by Diana of Poitiers, soon squandered. The new king took one important step toward financial accountability by dividing the kingdom into seventeen généralités, each of which was farmed at a very high rate.[181] Under his two successors, the government speculated in French vanity by making titles of nobility purchasable. Pasquier thought this

an “inexhaustible source of supply,” but it does not appear to have made any large return to the treasury. The “deficit” became periodical, and to fill up the gulf the taxes (especially the gabelle) were augmented,[182] financiers were prosecuted and heavily mulcted, many useless offices were created on purpose to be sold, and new loans were contracted. Among other devices—all of them very startling to a modern chancellor of the exchequer—was a proposal to appoint 13,000 sergens, or baillies. Pasquier hopes this will not be done, for “it would eclipse the memory of the 11,000 devils spoken of in the time of our grandfathers.”

The taxation fell very heavily on the Tiers état, and particularly upon the agricultural classes. The towns-people, the bourgeoisie, were to some degree protected by charters and privileges, and had an organization of their own by which the taxes were levied. They were exempt from foreign garrisons, elected their own officers (with the exception of the provost of the merchants), enrolled a citizen guard, and had the right to barricade the streets and shut their gates, even against the king.[183] No charters or securities guaranteed the peasant from injustice. Michieli, writing in 1561, describes the oppression in some provinces (especially in Normandy and Picardy) as so excessive, that the peasantry were forced to abandon the country.[184] The burdens were the more severe and invidious, that while the seigneurs mercilessly exacted their rents, dues, corvées, customs, etc., they contributed nothing to the state beyond what they gave of their free-will as a gift. Clergy, nobility, soldiers, members of the king’s household, and of the high courts of parliament, school-masters, officers of finance, free cities (villes de franchise) like Paris, and noble cities

(villes nobles) like Troyes, were all exempt; not that they did not contribute to the revenue, but only so much as they chose to assess themselves. In the reign of Francis I. the French clergy, with the consent of the pope, agreed to pay a *décime*, or one-tenth of their revenue, which in the next reign was doubled. At Poissy, in 1561, they entered into an arrangement to pay sixteen hundred thousand livres annually, on condition of their future exemption from all other taxes. Considering that they possessed about one-third of the landed and house-property in France, this was but a small contribution to the necessities of the crown. The yearly rental of the whole kingdom has been estimated, on what are indeed very vague data, to have amounted to fifteen millions of crowns, of which six belonged to the clergy[185] and one and a half to the king. The exports of corn, wine, salt, and wood were valued at twelve millions of francs, more than Spain received from her mines of Mexico and Peru.

The army and the navy are the great causes of expenditure in our days; but in the sixteenth century both were so insignificant that their burden was hardly appreciable. France has now about three-quarters of a million of men under arms, but in 1560 the army barely amounted to 20,000 men, and these were so scattered, and under so many local restrictions, that the crown could not collect 10,000 men without the aid of mercenaries. Although the main strength consisted in cavalry, the importance of infantry was beginning to be felt. They were long looked upon as a very inferior arm; indeed, the feeling is not yet extinct in some countries; but every improvement in fire-arms so increased the power of the foot-soldier, that far-sighted men began to see that the victory must ultimately remain with the

general who could make the best use of his infantry. The artillery was rude and awkward; the guns were clumsily mounted, and the balls rarely fitted the barrel. With all these defects it must not excite surprise that on an average they could not be discharged more than once in five minutes. When fixed in battery, they might be trusted to breach the wall of a city or castle, where the object of the engineer seems to have been to expose as much as possible of his defenses to the fire of the enemy. The cannons were almost utterly useless in the field against a body of men in motion; but the noise they made proved at times as effectual in dispiriting the enemy as their accuracy of fire. The army was officered by the nobility: a commoner might rise to be a sergeant, but it was impossible for him to obtain a commission. It was partly on this ground of unpaid military service that the nobles claimed exemption from taxation.

The French navy existed but in name. When Francis I. was at war with England he brought twenty-five galleys from the Mediterranean into the Channel, the Genoese lent him ten vessels, and with others in his harbors he mustered a fleet of one hundred and fifty ships of large tonnage, and sixty small ones. One great ship of a hundred guns, called the *Caracon*, had been built, but it never put to sea, being burned in harbor. We are all familiar with the uncouth yet strangely picturesque forms of those ships, standing high out of the water, with their castles at each end, and looking as if a breath of wind would blow them over. They were slow and bad sailers, deficient in accommodation for their two crews—the soldiers to fight and the seamen to sail them. The navy was not quite so exclusive and aristocratic as the army; but if seamen worked the

ship, landsmen as captains and admirals commanded it, as they did, until comparatively a late period, in our own service.

The clergy were the most wealthy body in the state. La Noue reckons one hundred episcopal and archiepiscopal sees in France, 650 abbeys belonging to the orders of St. Bernard and St. Benedict, all "beautified with good kitchens" and 2500 priories. Jean Bouchet has left a curious picture of the clergy at the early part of the century, and there are no grounds for believing that they had at all improved in the interval before his death in 1555. He complains that the candidates for holy orders possess all the qualities not wanted, and none that are. Of the cardinals and bishops he says, they ought to preach the Gospel, and be

Du peuple la lumière,
Le bon exemple et la clarté première.

Montluc, Bishop of Valence, declared in a sermon preached in 1559, that out of ten priests there were eight who could not read. We may charitably suppose that he exaggerates.

The clergy by no means dwelt together in unity, and their quarrels became such a nuisance that, in 1542, the bishops were commanded to put a stop to the practice of delivering abusive sermons from the pulpit. The order would seem to have been ineffectual, for, in 1556, the priests were forbidden to preach unless they had first submitted their sermons to the diocesan. This regulation may have been partly intended as a watch over heretical opinions; but in the same year the procurator-general issued an order of Parliament against all such as had indulged in "abusive language" in the pulpit. The fact is, that the sixteenth century was one of singular

excitement in every respect. Society was in travail. The clergy shared in the general restlessness, and the press not being quick enough, they resorted to their pulpits to refute an antagonist, and preached sermons instead of writing leading articles. They spared nobody who attacked them, or did not support them. A friar of the order of Minims, Jean de Haas by name, preached in his Advent sermons (Dec., 1561) so violently against the edict of that year, and the king and queen-mother for sanctioning it, that the provost was ordered to arrest him "early in the morning," and take him bound and gagged to St. Germains; but the citizens, immediately they heard of his capture, marched out in crowds to the royal residence, and, irritated with this "indignity," as Pasquier terms it, demanded the preacher back. The king was forced to give him up, and Jean returned in triumph to Paris, "as if he were a great prince." The next day he celebrated his deliverance by a solemn procession to the Church of St. Bartholomew.[186] At the beginning of 1572 Sorbin, the king's preacher, declaimed violently against the king because he would not give immediate orders for murdering the Huguenots, and publicly exhorted the Duke of Anjou to undertake the task himself, holding out hopes to him of the primogeniture, as Jacob prevailed over Esau. But the heretics could be as violent as the orthodox. The Huguenot ministers poured the rankest abuse on what John Knox called "the monstrous regiment of women;" and some of them—unless they are greatly belied—even went so far as to preach regicide. The minister Sureau was arrested for saying that it was lawful to kill the king and his mother, if they did not accept the Gospel according to Calvin.[187]

The state of public opinion with regard to the

clergy can be more easily detected in the amusements of the people than in the writings of scholars, or the acts of government. Before the Reformation there was a strong anti-papal feeling throughout Europe, which showed itself in the light literature of the day—the tales, the poetry, and the dramas with which all classes amused their leisure hours. For instance, in the tales ascribed to Margaret of Navarre, and in the grotesque romance of Gargantua, monks and the secular clergy are the chief victims. In the rude theatrical representations of this time, the abuses of the Church are dealt with most unsparingly. One of these was exhibited before the King of Navarre and his wife, the pious Joan of Albret, in the year 1558. In the first scene a poor woman is represented as at the point of death, and crying loudly for relief from her sufferings. The sympathizing gossips round her bed send off hastily for the parson, who goes through the usual religious ceremonial, but fails to alleviate her anguish. Then several monks appear—some bearing relics, others indulgences—none of which bring relief. She is next invested with the frock and scapulary of St. Francis, but this too fails to restore her to health. At length, after much good advice has been wasted, one of the bystanders says there is a stranger in the town who has a certain specific for the poor woman's pains. He will guarantee a perfect cure; but the man is a homeless wanderer, who hides himself from the eyes of the world, flees the light of day, lives in obscure corners, and comes out at night only. The sufferer begs that he may be sent for, and after much trouble he is found. He appears in dress and gait like other men. Approaching the sick bed, he whispers something in the patient's ear, places a little book in her hand, which he assures her is full of remedies for

her disorder, and vanishes. And so the scene ends.

In the next, we find the woman restored to perfect health: her eyes sparkle with animation, and she can walk with ease. She announces her recovery, eulogizes the unknown physician, extols his remedy, and recommends it to the audience. She adds that she would willingly lend it, “but it is hot to the touch, and smells of fire and faggot.” However, if they desire to know the name of the remedy and of the disease of which she had been cured, they must find it out for themselves. She retired amid loud applause, and the spectators of that day found no more difficulty in solving the enigma than we do. [188]

The ritual and services of the Church were not free from superstitious usages. The more the substance of religion died out in their hearts, the more the clergy adhered to the forms. Thus not to fast on Friday was a heinous sin; and at Angers, in 1539, those who were found to have eaten meat on that day were burned alive if they remained impenitent, and hanged if they repented. The poet Clement Marot narrowly escaped burning for having eaten pork in Lent. “If any one eats meat,” says Erasmus, they all cry out: “Heavens! the Church is in danger; the world is overrun with heretics.” They punish every one who “eats pork instead of fish.” In 1534 the Bishop of Paris gave the Countess of Brie permission to eat meat on “meagre” days, but only on condition that she ate in private and fasted regularly every Friday. Brantome relates that, during a procession in a certain country town, one woman attracted peculiar attention by her fervor, even to walking barefoot. She then went home to prepare her husband’s dinner. The smell of roast meat attracting the notice of some priests, they entered the house

and caught her in the act of cooking, for which she was sentenced forthwith to go in penance through the streets carrying the half-roasted meat round her neck. The morals of the clergy were very relaxed, and they would hardly have thanked Lippomano if they had read his doubtful compliment.[189] But this is a subject upon which it would be as superfluous as it would be disagreeable to enlarge.

The sixteenth century was an age of superstitions, the inevitable parasites of a debased religion, and often stronger than religion itself. Both Catherine and Charles IX. had their astronomers and alchemists; and an agreement is extant between the king and one Jean des Gallans, in which the latter promises to transmute “all imperfect metals into fine gold and silver.”[190] The early death of Charles is ascribed by Bodin to his having spared the life of the famous sorcerer Trois Échelles.[191] Catherine was so credulous as to believe that La Mole and Coconnas had compassed the king’s death by melting a waxen image of him before the fire, and they were particularly “questioned,” or tortured, as to whether they had not *envouté* Charles IX. A singular chain, or amulet, once worn by the queen-mother, has been often engraved.[192] Nostradamus was the great oracle of the age, and thousands visited the little town of Salon in Provence to purchase of him the secrets of the future. He is reported to have shown Catherine the throne of France occupied by Henry IV. This was shortly before the accident that befell Henry II., whose death the astrologer was supposed to have prophesied, in a barbarous quatrain.[193] Almanacs and prognostications of the future were forbidden to be published as “against the express command of God,” unless they had received the imprimatur of the bishop or archbishop, who thus

enjoyed a monopoly of fortune-telling.[194] Strange visions appeared; the Wandering Jew was seen in many places, a tall man with long white hair floating over his shoulders and walking barefoot. Signs were visible in the heavens: fiery swords flashed across the midnight sky, and rivers flowed back toward their sources. Diabolical possession was common, men and women were turned into wolves, and prowled about the cemeteries. The witches held their sabbaths undisturbed by the thunders of a Church which took no steps to remove the general ignorance. It has always been the policy of Rome to keep men ignorant, that she may keep them slaves. The sorcerers whom the Senate of Toulouse held to trial in 1577 were alone more numerous than all other classes of criminals for two years before. More than 400 were condemned to perish by fire, and, most surprising! nearly all of them bore the mark of the devil on their person.[195] Gregory does not tell us whether they were all executed; but it is easy to conclude that people, accustomed to such sentences and such judicial massacres, could not have felt much sympathy toward a few wretched heretics burned or hanged for reviling the *Bon Dieu*.

A blundering sort of justice was meted out to criminals in those days, it being quite as probable that an innocent man would suffer as that the guilty would be convicted. But some one was punished, an example was made, and the law was satisfied. Occasionally special commissions were issued to try such powerful criminals as defied the ordinary courts of justice. The “grands jours,” or special assize of Poitou, was held under a guard of four hundred men, and lasted all the months of September and October. Twelve persons were beheaded for their crimes, one heretic was burned, and the houses of some

gentlemen who had refused to appear were burned down.

Many of the punishments were grossly trivial and indecent, others were barbarously severe. All England rings with execrations if the agony of a convicted murderer is unnecessarily prolonged by the bungling of the hangman; but in the sixteenth century offenses were sometimes punished with a refined ferocity worthy of the kingdom of Dahomey. No code was mild three hundred years ago, but practices survived in France which the more merciful instincts of our law had banished from England. Traitors were scourged, their ears were cut off, and their tongues pierced with a red-hot iron, after which they were hanged or torn in pieces by horses. Highway robbers were condemned by a special edict (1534), to have their arms broken in two places, as well as their ribs, legs, and thighs;[196] they were then to be extended face uppermost on a wheel elevated on a tall pole, and "there they should remain to repent so long as our Lord should please to let them linger." "If the criminals are favored," says an English traveler, "their breast is first broken. That blow is called the *blow of mercy*, because it doth quickly bereave them of their life."[197] Kindness to the weak, tenderness and commiseration even for the criminal are the slow growth of civilizing influences. [198] The pen almost refuses to describe how some women—Huguenot women—were on one occasion buried alive. They were placed, each in a box or coffin without a top but with bars across, after which they were lowered into a deep trench and the earth was thrown upon them. The executioner was a master (maître) in those days, and represented rather the sheriff than the Calcraft of 1867. He was a salaried officer of justice, not very far below the

judge in rank. The office was frequently hereditary, and its emoluments great. At Carcassonne in 1538, his gloves for one execution cost at one time twelve deniers, and twenty at another. He was paid five sols for the tumbrel or hurdle on which the criminal was dragged to the place of execution; ten for hanging him, twenty for beheading him, and five for the pole on which the head was exhibited. For flogging a culprit round the town he received seven sols six deniers. For burning a heretic at Toulouse, the wood, straw, chain, turpentine, brimstone, etc., cost five livres six sols, with an additional couple of livres if the victim was burned alive.

The savage punishments of the age tended to brutalize the manners of the people, one evil thus fostering and reacting upon another. In the small town of Provins, now so famous for its roses, there lived one Crispin, who was accused of robbery and murder, tried, convicted, and sentenced to be hanged. As he passed for a Huguenot, the priests, up to the last moment, urged him to recant; but he remained firm—"*si ne sçavoit pas bien lire ni écrire*." In due course he was executed, and the dead body left hanging on the gallows. A crowd of a hundred boys or more, and none over twelve years old, gathered round the spot; some of the more daring mounted the ladder, cut the rope and let the corpse fall. A cord was now fastened round the neck, another round the ankles, and the boys began to pull in different directions for the mastery. As the sides were pretty evenly matched, a truce was agreed upon, during which they got up a mock trial on the question, in what manner a Huguenot ought to be dragged to the voirie or dunghill. The juvenile court decided that "the said heretic should be dragged by the heels like a dead beast," and were actually

pulling the body to the Changy gate, when another gang of boys met them and insisted that the body should be burned. A fire was kindled into which the corpse was thrown, while a crowd of spectators looked on encouraging the boys by words and gestures. After the body had lain some time in the flames, it was again dragged out and thrown into the river, where a bargeman cut off an ear and wore it as a trophy in his hat.[199] Comment upon such an incident would be superfluous. It is a picture painted by a contemporary of a state of society that had not existed in Europe since the fall of Rome. The men of Provins who looked on approvingly while the boys were making a plaything of Crispin's lifeless body, were the fathers of those who committed the atrocities of the Reign of Terror.

Under the Valois dynasty, the towns and cities of France were very much as they had been through the long period of the Middle Ages. During the last fifty years, the spirit of change and improvement has spread so rapidly, that, except in the remoter parts of the country, the traces of the old towns have almost disappeared. The towns were surrounded with high walls, such as may still be seen confining the Haute Ville of Boulogne-sur-Mer, or parts of York, Chester, and Norwich. The streets were narrow and winding, the houses tall, the successive stories sometimes projecting over each other, so as almost to exclude the sun. With the exception of the mansions of the nobles, and sometimes of the wealthier traders, the houses were built of wood—often straw-thatched, and with windows formed alike to exclude air and light. This was one cause of the frequent pestilences which ravaged Europe, and of the low average of human life. The mansions of the nobles and gentry still retained a semi-fortified aspect. They were

entered by huge gate-ways, and few windows looked into the street. The shops of the traders resembled greatly the modern greengrocers' or butchers', in being without glazed windows, and open to the street as soon as the shutter was let down. Sometimes they were connected by a sort of arcade, still traceable in the *Piliers des Halles*, where the name remains while the thing has disappeared. These middle-class dwellings were often covered externally with slates, or the intervals between the timbers were filled up with bricks arranged in fantastic patterns. The external wood-work was often as exquisitely carved as the internal. A spacious staircase with massive balustrades occupied a disproportionate share of the house. The roof was so arranged as to show a gable to the street, and it often projected so far as to permit a small gallery to be built out of the top story, where the inmates might enjoy the fresh air under shelter.

There were no facilities for pedestrians: the roadways were unpaved (except in a few rare instances), and no smooth *trottoir* invited the curious or the idle to stroll and gaze at the shops. In wet weather the streets were impassable from mud, in hot and dry weather they were almost as troublesome from the dust and stench; for the road was the general receptacle of the rubbish of the houses, and the scavenger's trade was in embryo. Drainage was unknown, and even in Paris there was only one sewer, namely that constructed by Aubriot in the reign of Charles V.

Churches and convents were numerous in every city and town, not unfrequently occupying one-half of their area. At Rouen there were forty convents and thirty-six parish churches, without reckoning the

collegiate churches and the cathedral. Each city and town had its governor, who lived in the citadel or castle, which was generally so detached as to be secure when the town had fallen into the hands of the enemy. The well-known town of Boulogne-sur-Mer presents us with an easily accessible example of this arrangement.

In the middle of the sixteenth century the population of Paris was between four and five hundred thousand.[200] The walls were seven leagues in circuit, according to Corrozet; while Giustiniani (1535) says that a man could make the circuit in three hours' easy walking, which is nearer Coryat's calculation (1608) of ten miles.[201] It was surrounded by stone walls flanked by towers, and pierced by eleven gates, five on the south side and six on the north. The bulwark enclosing the northern part of the city started from the arsenal on the river, ran along the boulevards of the Bastille, St. Antoine, Temple, St. Martin, and St. Denis to the Place des Victoires, the Palais Royal, and the Louvre. On the south, it ran from the Pont de la Tournelle, behind the gardens of the college of Henry IV., across the streets of St. Jacques and Mazarin to the river at the Pont des Arts.[202] Houses even now were found in clusters beyond the Porte St. Honoré, on each side of the road as far as the present Barriers of Roule and of Chaillot. The Faubourg Montmartre was without the walls, along the line of the Chaussée d'Antin, and beyond the Temple the Faubourg St. Antoine was fast growing in size. Giovanni Capello writing in 1554 describes Paris as the largest city he had ever seen, and Coryat declares it to be well called "*Lutetia* (from *lutum*, mud), for many of the streets are the dirtiest and the stinkingest of all he ever saw." It contained from three to four hundred houses of the yearly

value of 6000 livres, two hundred of 10,000, one hundred of 30,000, and twenty at least of 50,000. [203] Every Wednesday and Saturday 2000 horses entered the city laden solely with poultry and game, all of which was sold in two hours.

The streets were dark, narrow, and winding, with a gutter running down the middle. In that part called the Cité the houses were tall and black, grim as prisons, and swarming with a squalid famishing population. Many of the streets were little wider than the curious rows or alleys in Yarmouth in which you can hardly turn a wheelbarrow. No lamps shed even a feeble light to guide the belated citizen. The tapers in the shrines at the street corners alone helped to direct his steps, if he chanced to be abroad without torch or lantern. It need hardly be said that the streets were very insecure, and acts of violence frequent. At intervals during the night, the watch, a company of armed men, went their round, but the noise they made and the torches they carried, were a warning to the evildoer to make his escape.

The clear waters of the Seine cut the city into two parts. The stately quays that now line its banks scarcely existed in the reign of Charles IX. The gardens of private citizens extended in many places down to the water's edge. The river flowed beneath five bridges—one of which (the Millers' or the Birds' bridge) was for foot passengers only. It joined what is now the Quai de la Mégisserie to the Quai de l'Horloge, and was swept away, both houses and inhabitants, by the flood of 1596. Thirty-four houses stood on each side of the bridge of Notre Dame, and the street thus formed was the favorite promenade of the Parisians. The road was so wide that three carriages could pass abreast, and the rents were

higher than in any other part of the city. Among the attractions of this street, Gilles Corrozet does not forget to mention the charming women who served in the shops.[204]

The modern traveler now seeks in vain for the ten islands which once interrupted the navigation of the Seine. That of Louviers, where Charles IX. used to bathe, and where he was once entertained with a naval fight, was united to the Quai Morland in 1847. The islands of Notre Dame and Vaches, composing the Isle of St. Louis, were once separated by a narrow ditch, which is now the Rue Poulletier. The Jews' Island, where Jacques Molay was beheaded, was united to the Cité by Henry IV., and formed the Place Dauphine and the spur of the Pont Neuf, upon which the statue of the first Bourbon king still stands. The island of the Louvre, never little better than a mere sand bank, has been dredged away. The others have disappeared in the course of improving the navigation of the river, and, La Cité alone remains. This old quarter of Paris, the hot-bed of sedition, disease, and crime, has been so entirely metamorphosed by the hand of improvement, that travelers who knew it thirty years ago recognize it with difficulty.

Even at this time Paris was noted for its *orfévrerie*, its works in gold and silver being much sought after. The Rue St. Denis was the principal street; its shops and warehouses were famous all over Europe. Along that street kings and queens used to make their solemn entrance into the capital, when the merchants spent their money like water to decorate their houses in welcome of their sovereign. Between it and the Rue aux Fers was the Church of the Innocents, round which lay the famous cemetery,

enclosed with dank and sombre arcades, filled with shops and stalls. They were the favorite resort of lawyers, and the rendezvous of fashion and intrigue, as the Cathedral of St. Paul's was to the English court or city gallants in the reign of the Stuarts. The Rue Jacob (St. Jacques) was like Paternoster Row, full of shops plentifully furnished with books—diversos libros diversis artibus aptos.

The chief royal residence was the Louvre. The palace of the Tournelles—the Place Royale now occupies its site—was deserted after the accident to Henry II. The brick-fields which gave their name to the new palace of the Tuileries had disappeared in the previous century; and Catherine, having purchased the Marquis of Villeroy's hotel with the adjoining property, gave Philibert Delorme instructions to commence that striking monument of her architectural taste.

A Venetian embassador reckons that there were at this time one hundred and thirty-two cities in France; but as he gives no definition of the term "city," his calculation is of little service. He probably meant walled towns, to distinguish them from such as were unfortified. The approaches to the cities were not then marked by airy suburbs and scattered villas; but the cultivated country or forest ran close up to the walls. One ornamental erection alone serves to mark the great change that has taken place. Coryat has frequent occasion to describe the "fair gallows of stone," which adorned the entrance to every town. Most of them remained until they were swept away by the Revolution.

The principal cities of France, after Paris, were Lyons, Orleans, Rouen, Bordeaux, and Dieppe. A paved causeway led from the capital to each of these

places. Orleans was so large and beautiful that Charles V. called it the finest in France. It was populous and well-built, and its university contained 1600 students, “all men and not boys, as in the other seats of education.”

Rouen, sometimes called the second city in the kingdom, carried on a large trade, but it had not yet become the “Manchester” of France. It had four yearly fairs, and its quays were crowded with ships, sometimes as many as two hundred “small vessels” being there at the same time.[205] Then, as now, the poorer people drank no wine but “bira di pere e poma.” When Henry II. and Catherine visited Rouen in 1550, the citizens welcomed them with a remarkable ballet or masque. The banks of the Seine were transformed so as to present a picture of Brazilian life. There is an old wood-cut representing the curious scene. A meadow, sloping down to the river, is planted with trees, colored and trimmed so as to resemble those of South American forests. Parroquets and other gaily-colored birds are flying about them, and apes and monkeys clambering among the branches. The natives are represented by three hundred mariners of Rouen, Dieppe, and Havre, who, unencumbered with the slightest clothing, are hunting, dancing, and fighting with as much animation as the fifty “real savages just arrived from America.” Offensive as the exhibition would be to our tastes, it was otherwise in the sixteenth century. The queen was delighted “aux jolys esbatements et schyomachie des sauvages.”[206] A somewhat similar but less undraped scene was represented before Charles IX. when he visited Bordeaux in April, 1565. Representatives—most of them stage representatives—of twelve nations defiled before him, among them being some real “Canarians,

savages, Americans, Brazilians, and Taprobanians," each speaking in his native tongue. A picture was painted to perpetuate the memory of the scene.[207] Bordeaux was a wealthy city, its foreign trade extensive, its population so numerous that it could furnish 10,000 fighting men, and its parliament ranked next after Paris and Toulouse.

In 1560, Dieppe possessed a mercantile marine equal to that of all the rest of France. The population of the city amounted to 60,000, now it is about 20,000. The ship-owners of this "northern Rochelle" may compare with the Medicis. When John Ango entertained Francis I. at his chateau of Varengeville (now an undistinguishable heap of ruins), he received the king with a magnificence unusual even in those magnificent times. The rooms were decorated with costly hangings, curious furniture, Italian sculpture, and precious vases. Ango lent money and ships to the court, and often had as many as twenty armed vessels afloat, with which he ventured to measure strength with the King of Portugal. When the government of the Low Countries seized all the French ships in Flemish waters, Henry II. ordered Coligny to equip a fleet instantly and take summary vengeance. But the ports were empty, and there were no ships. "It is only the people of Dieppe," said the admiral, "who can supply your majesty with a fleet." The citizens, proud of the honor, offered to pay half the expense, and fitted out nineteen vessels of one hundred and twenty tons each. Ships of Caen went to Africa and the New World, bringing back so much more gold than could be exchanged, that the king permitted the merchants to have a mint of their own.

Lyons, owing to its fairs, possessed a stronger

foreign element among its inhabitants than any other town in France. In 1575 Lippomano called it “one of the most celebrated cities;” and there was a proverb that “Lyons supported the crown by its taxes, and Paris by its presents.” The revenue contributed by the former city alone was so great, that when there was a talk of suspending the fairs, it was calculated that the change would involve a loss of ten millions of gold yearly. The immense business led to the appointment of special tribunals for the fairs, and a sort of clearing-house for bills of exchange. The principal merchants and bankers were Italians: Capponi, Gondi, Spini, Deodati. Lorenzo Capponi, one of the most munificent of his class, kept open house during each fair, and entertained more than 4000 persons. After the introduction of silk-growing, Lyons received a great development. The first mulberry-tree planted in the 16th century at Alais, about a league from Montelimart, was still alive in 1802. In this century all Europe was supplied with books from the presses of Lyons—no city, Venice perhaps excepted, circulating more. The names of Gryphæus and Dolet, Tournes and Roville, are familiar to all book-collectors. In the house of Henry Stephens (Etienne) every body spoke Latin from garret to cellar. The old city occupied the space between the Cours Napoleon and a line drawn from the Pont Morand to the Pont de la Feuillée, the Church of St. Nizier being about the middle. There were only two bridges—one over each river; and a small suburb on the right bank of the Saone, clustering round the cathedral and the Church of St. Lawrence. The superior comfort of the inhabitants may be estimated from the report of a traveler, who mentions as a circumstance worthy of note, that “most of their windows were made of white paper;”

although in some of the better houses the upper part of the window was filled with glass.

The smaller towns of France have all undergone a change more or less great: even those in the agricultural districts have outgrown their walls. At Boulogne-sur-Mer the lower town consisted of two or three convents and a few fishermen's huts clustered round the Church of St. Nicholas. A populous suburb now covers the site of the old harbor.

Dijon, now a mere provincial town, was once a great parliament centre: a little capital in Eastern France.[208] It had a vast ducal palace; churches and abbeys were crowded close together. Of the palace of Jean sans Peur, the fire has spared little beyond a tall tower and some precious fragments. Modern improvements and renovations have destroyed much of the old city; but that gem of the Renaissance La Maison Milsand, in the Rue des Forges, still remains as an unapproachable model of architectural decoration.

The charming little town of Moulins in the Bourbonnais filled the space now enclosed by the inner promenade—the Cours Doujar, d'Aquin, and Berulle—constructed on the ditches of the old wall. None of the "curious birds and beasts" remain in the park; and of the magnificent chateau where Charles IX. held his court little has survived beyond the huge unbattlemented tower; and of the steeples for which the town was once so famous, only one (the clock-tower) still soars above the houses.

The greatest change of all has taken place in the district that lies around the great manufacturing town of St. Étienne. In 1560 it was a pleasant wooded valley; no clanging engines disturbed its silence, no clouds of smoke defiled the air. Now it is

one of the busiest centres of modern industry, and in noise and dirt may almost vie with Birmingham.

Toulon, now the great arsenal of the French navy, was a small port containing only 637 houses, and covering an area of 660 acres. Its whole artillery consisted of two bombardes and twenty-five pounds of powder. Its naval importance dates from the reign of Henry IV. In 1543, when Barbarossa's fleet was received into the harbor, the inhabitants were ordered to abandon the town for six months under pain of death, leaving their houses and all they could not remove at the mercy of the Turks.[209]

From this imperfect sketch of the condition of France at the outbreak of the Religious Wars, the reader may in some degree be able to understand how such a crime as the St. Bartholomew massacre was possible. Although right and wrong are always the same, our appreciation of them depends in the main upon our education and the circumstances around us; and it would be unfair to judge the men of the sixteenth century by our nineteenth century standard.

CHAPTER V.

FROM THE ACCESSION OF CHARLES IX. TO THE MASSACRE AT VASSY.

[1560–1562.]

Character of the Boy-King—Portrait of Catherine—The States-General—The Chancellor's Address—Speeches of the Three Orators—Agitation in the Provinces—Religious Amnesty—Edict of July—Provincial Assemblies Convoked—Instructions of the Isle of France—The Triumvirate—States of Pontoise—Proposals of Reform—Colloquy of Poissy—Beza—Conference in the Queen's Chamber—King's Speech—Beza's Defense—Catherine's Liberal Spirit—Spread of New Doctrines—Monster Congregations—The Guises Intrigue with Spain—Violence of the Clergy—Massacres at Cahors and Aurillac—Amiens—Huguenot Outrages—Riot of St. Médard—Notables at St. Germains—Edict of January, 1562—Violence at Dijon and Aix—Anthony's Apostasy—The Duke and the Cardinal at Saverne—Massacre at Vassy—Both Parties Arm—Guise Enters Paris—Plot to Seize the King.

The accession of Charles IX., a child not eleven years old, was a revolution. "Now we fell from a fever into a frenzy," quaintly writes an old historian; "a reign cursed in the city and cursed in the field; cursed in the beginning and cursed in the ending."[210]

The new king is described by the Venetian

embassador as an amiable, handsome boy, with fine eyes and graceful carriage, eating and drinking little, quick-witted and spirited, gentle and liberal.[211]

The same gossiping writer supplies a striking picture of the queen-mother at this time. He speaks of her keen comprehension, her business habits, and her sound understanding. “She never loses sight of the king, and permits no one to sleep in his room. She knows that she is envied because she is a foreigner.... Her plans are deep, and she holds every thing in her own hands.... She lives carelessly, has an enormous appetite, and, to keep down her fat, she takes much exercise, walks much, rides much on horseback, and hunts with the king. Her complexion is very dark, and she is already [*ætat.* 43] a stout woman.”[212] A letter she wrote about this time to her daughter Elizabeth is eminently characteristic: [213]

“As I have given the messenger instructions to say many things to you, I write only to pray you, my child, not to feel sadness on my behalf; for I will try to demean myself so that God and the world may approve of my actions; for my chief care shall be the honor of God and the conservation of my authority; not, however, for my own benefit, but for the preservation of this realm and the good of your brothers, whom I love for the sake of him who was your common father. My dear child, commend your happiness to the keeping of the Almighty; for you have seen me as happy and prosperous as you are now yourself, when my only sorrow was the fear of not being sufficiently beloved by the king your father, who gave me more honor than I merited, but whom I so loved that, in his presence, I always felt awe. God has bereaved me of my husband; and now I weep for your brother. He has committed to my

charge three little children, a kingdom distracted by divisions, within which there is not one individual in whom I can trust, or one who is not swayed by private partiality. Therefore, my dear, take warning by my fate: confide not exclusively in the love which you bear toward your husband, and which he renders back to you; nor in the pomps and luxuries of your present power: but lift up your heart to Him alone who can continue these blessings to you; and who, when it is His sovereign will, can bring you to my present condition; the which I would rather die than see you suffer, from dread lest your constancy might fail under the bitter trials which I have endured, solely through His sustaining aid and protection."



CATHERINE DE MEDICIS.

There can be no doubt that Catherine was fully sensible of the difficulties and dangers of her position. More than once she quoted the well-known words: "*Væ tibi, terra, cujus rex est puer!*" She toiled and intrigued and struggled for herself and for her children—not for France. The Guises threatened both, and her task was how to thwart, if not defeat, her rivals: "*Virilibus curis vitia muliebria.*" She was not persistent enough. Correro calls her "timid,"[214] and her heart often failed her at a decisive moment. Her

first care, however, was to tranquilize the country; or, to use her own words to the Bishop Limoges, her embassador in Spain, “to restore gently all that the wickedness of the times had damaged in France.” Nor was this an easy matter, if we may trust the Venetian reports, which tell of “an administration almost without rule or guide, justice violated and polluted, deadly hatreds, the passions and caprices of the powerful ones, the opposing interests of the princes, which varied with the opportunities; religious troubles; disobedience and tumult among the people, with revolt among the grandees.”[215]

Charles being only ten years old—he was born on the 27th June, 1550—his mother, with the approval of the council of state,[216] assumed the authority though not the title of regent. Condé was released from prison and Anthony made lieutenant-general of France, while the Constable Montmorency resumed the superintendence of the army, and Guise retained his place of grand-master. When the Constable entered Orleans, he dismissed the soldiers he found at the gate: “I will take care,” he said, “that the king shall travel safely, without guard, all over the kingdom.”

The members of the States-General were silent but not unobservant spectators of these things. Having been summoned to meet at Orleans by Francis II., the curious constitutional question arose, Whether they were not *ipso facto* dissolved? but it was ingeniously argued, that though the man may die, the king does not, and therefore their sittings would be perfectly legal.

The States-General, or assembly of the three orders (clergy, nobles, and commons), date from the beginning of the fourteenth century, when Philip the

Fair called them together on the occasion of his quarrel with Pope Boniface VIII. They held but one session, yet, in that, they proclaimed the temporal independence of France, and scattered forever the ideas of universal monarchy entertained by the papacy. The States met at indeterminate epochs, and were at one time in a fair way to lead the European nations in the difficult path of representative government. In the assembly held at Tours, in 1484, they called for extensive reforms, and asserted a claim to be summoned every two years. They went farther, and in language as bold as that of our Petition of Rights, a century and a half later, declared that "the said States-General expected that henceforward no taxes would be imposed on the people until they had been consulted on the subject, nor unless the imposition of such taxes should be made with their free-will and consent, as the guardians and keepers of the liberties and privileges of the realm." These resolutions came to nothing: the crown continued to levy taxes by proclamation, and nearly fourscore years elapsed before the Estates[217] were called together again. And now in 1560, when France was in great peril from internal commotions, they were to meet once more in the city of Orleans. Even had the country been entirely quiet, the financial condition of the state was such, that extraordinary means of raising supplies would have been required. The expenditure exceeded the annual revenue by ten millions, and though such a deficit may be easily met by modern finance-ministers, there were not three hundred years ago the same convenient methods of filling an empty exchequer. The Guises knew that the summoning of the States-General was a hostile measure aimed at them, but had not opposed it for two reasons: firstly, it would

relieve them of the unpopularity they might possibly incur by attempting to raise the necessary supplies by increasing taxation under the royal mandate; secondly, they hoped to receive a large accession of strength from the Catholic members. Each party, indeed, labored to gain the popular support, and at the electoral meetings throughout the kingdom there was an excitement that augured well for the revival of constitutional forms of government. The Huguenots of Paris went to the Hotel-de-Ville and insisted that their remonstrance and confession should be embodied in the *cahier* of instructions. In that drawn up by the municipality of Provins the grievances of the people were declared in plain and forcible language. “The clergy,” they said, “are too rich, the Church too wealthy; the priests should have less money and keep fewer concubines; they should give the people more instruction in good manners, distribute more liberal alms to the poor, and be less disorderly in their passions, less luxurious in their dress, less given to haunting taverns and houses of ill-fame; they should not ride out a hunting so frequently with hawks and hounds, or so grind the people in body and goods.... Justice is too dear, the fees are excessive, and the judge ought to be paid out of the public purse.... The people are oppressed by the soldiery, who beat and plunder them, and turn them out of house and home, and kill them. They are grievously oppressed by taxes, from which the rich by favor are exempt.... The salt is not good, dry, or pure; it contains a sixth part of rubbish.... The gentry do not defend their people or neighbors, as they are bound to do; they hold taxable property, and carry on trades without paying for licenses.”[218]

The assembly of the Three Estates was solemnly inaugurated on the 13th December, 1560, in the

great hall of the castle of Orleans, where the Black Prince had feasted, and Joan of Arc had sat in council with Dunois, La Hire, Xaintrailles, and the flower of French chivalry, while “the English wolves” under Talbot were prowling round the city walls. The vaulted roof, long since crumbled to ruins, was painted and decorated with fleur-de-lis; the walls were hung with tapestry representing mythological and allegorical scenes. On a small carpeted platform or dais, at the upper end, sat Charles IX.; at his left, the queen-mother; beyond her the king’s sister and the Queen of Navarre; while the king’s brother and Anthony of Navarre occupied similar places to the right of the infant monarch. At the end of the platform sat the Duke of Guise with his ivory staff as grand-master of the household; at his right the constable with the naked sword of state; at his left the chancellor with his golden mace. These were on low-backed chairs, according to the strict etiquette of the court; all the other members of the States sat on benches. To the right of the throne were the cardinals in their robes of scarlet, and the high dignitaries of the Church; opposite them, the nobility in court dresses of every costly material and hue. The members of the Third Estate, dressed in sober garments, faced the throne. Four secretaries of state were present to record the proceedings. Soldiers with spear and cross-bow, halberd and partisan, lined the walls; chamberlains and equerries, the esquires of the nobles, and the chaplains and deacons in attendance upon the churchmen, filled up the hall. A little behind the throne were two galleries set apart for the ladies and other spectators, among whom were several Huguenots of mark, whose grave faces and dress seemed almost out of place among their brilliant companions.

The proceedings were opened by an address from the Chancellor Michel de l'Hopital, one of the greatest and noblest men of the sixteenth century. When he rose to speak, his lofty stature, pale face, and long white beard filled the spectators with admiration, and an involuntary murmur ran through the assembly. He seemed the very model of a senator and magistrate. First bending the knee to his royal master, and then seating himself again at the king's desire, he proceeded to state the motives that had induced the government to call the Estates together, and to point out very explicitly that they were mere "counters in the king's hands," and that their sole duty was to "petition and obey." It did not occur to any of his hearers to ask why they were assembled at all if such were their duties and position. Adverting to the religious dissensions, the chancellor advised the Catholic members "to adorn themselves with virtue and holy living," and to attack their adversaries with arms of charity, prayer, and persuasion. "The sword," he added, "is of little avail against the understanding; gentleness will make more converts than violence." Yet even this large-hearted man could not see the possibility of two forms of religion existing side by side in the same state: he wanted uniformity, where he should have been satisfied with harmony. "It is foolish," he said, "to look for peace, repose, and friendship between persons of different creeds. An Englishman and a Frenchman may live together on good terms, but not two people of different religions, who dwell in the same city. One faith, one law, one king." For this reason he proposed a national council, which might reform abuses, and so reconcile the two parties, adding "that if the pope did not call one the king would." The chancellor concluded his long harangue

by drawing their attention to the disordered state of the finances. “No orphan was ever more destitute of resources than our young king,” he said. The public debt amounted to forty-three million livres, paying the enormous though ordinary rate of interest, namely, twelve per cent. Nor was it easy to see how such a debt could be met, considering that the expenditure exceeded twenty-two million livres, while the total annual revenue barely amounted to twelve millions.[219]

The assembly now broke up, the three Estates proceeding to their separate deliberations: the Clergy in the refectory of the Franciscans, the Nobles at the Dominicans’, and the Tiers État at the Carmelites’. [220] The first act of each body was to choose its orator or speaker. The Clergy elected the Cardinal of Lorraine, and recommended the other two orders to concur in their choice. This they refused to do,[221] on the ground that they might have something to say against him[222]—a hint which drove the cardinal from Orleans. Jean Quentin, a canon of Notre Dame, was elected in his place, the Nobles having chosen Jacques de Silly, baron of Rochefort; and the Third Estate, an advocate of Bordeaux, named Lange (Angelus) or Langin.

On the 1st January, 1561, the Three Estates assembled again in the great hall of the castle, where the king attended to hear the Speakers of the orders deliver their addresses. Jean Lange began by denouncing “the three ruling passions of the clergy—ignorance, avarice, and wantonness. Livings are given to those who have never learned. Bishops transfer their duties to unworthy deputies; while the prelates ruin themselves by prodigality and loose living. These things can only be reformed by means

of a council—a national council." He went on farther to demand the restitution to the clergy of the right of electing the bishops, as in the time of the primitive Church, the dedication of a portion of the ecclesiastical property to the foundation of hospitals, colleges, and schools, the suppression of every kind of tribute or payment to the court of Rome, and a check upon the tyranny of the nobles over the peasantry. Of the sufferings of this class, Lange's cahier presented a distressing picture. It may be overcolored, but its substantial truth is unfortunately established by other evidence. "Some poor creatures," he said, "having been robbed of their little store to pay their taxes, have starved to death during the winter. Others in despair have murdered their wives and children and then themselves. Others have been dragged to prison and there left to die for want of food. Some have forsaken their families and fled. Many are in such distress, that, having neither horse nor ox, they are constrained to harness their own bodies to the plough." The last of the three hundred and fifty articles of this cahier contained a demand which would have changed the current of French history had it been granted: it was that the States-General should be held every five years.

Jacques de Silly, the orator of the Nobility, began by making a preposterous defense of the divine origin of his order, and went on to accuse the Clergy of encroaching on the power of the judicial tribunals. [223] "It is your business," he said, "not to interfere with edicts, but to pray, preach, and administer the sacraments." The Nobility were more eager for change than the Tiers État. Those of Touraine demanded a church reform in conformity with the pure word of God; others, that all religious differences should be decided by the Bible alone.

The Clergy wisely thought that their best policy would be to stand mainly on the defensive.[224] Their orator, Jean Quentin, who read his speech, acknowledged that their discipline needed correction, but that such a reform could not be brought about by profaning the churches, destroying the images, and expelling the priests. “I contend,” he said, “that it is necessary to preserve the Catholic religion in France, and consequently to refuse liberty of conscience to such as dissent from it.” He then argued that all ecclesiastical property ought to be used according to the wishes of the donors, and that the clergy should be relieved of the *décimes* and other imposts by which they were oppressed. In the course of his speech, Quentin went out of his way to insult Coligny, as a “reviver of old heresies;” and advised “that any one petitioning for freedom of worship should be declared heretical, and proceeded against accordingly, so that the evil might be removed from among us.”[225] He gave point to his words by looking at the admiral, who complained of such language and demanded an apology, which was made. This humiliation, added to the satires and epigrams showered upon him by the offended Huguenots, gave poor Quentin such a shock that he is reported to have died a few days after.

In the last sitting of the Estates the Abbot of Bois Aubry, secretary of the Clergy in the preparation of their cahier, strongly condemned the use of force in religious matters. “The conscience,” he said, “suffers no one to command it but reason; and therefore to desire in our days to deprive the followers of the pretended Reformed religion of the exercise of their reason can produce nothing but evil. It would be driving them to atheism;—a thing which every good Catholic should hold in horror and execration.... It is

only by means of a Council that we can remedy the evil of religious diversity now among us, and not by the sword or the gibbet. Nine royal edicts were issued during the former reigns, and the courts of Parliament have published decrees without number, in order to abolish this so-called Reformed religion, by the punishment of fire and other severe pains and penalties. They omitted nothing to prevent its growth, and did not succeed. Our Holy Father (it is said) will never consent to permit the exercise of their religion; but what answer would he make if any one should ask him why he allows the Jews the exercise of their religion at Rome and Avignon, and in all the States of the Church? Would he say that the religion of the Jews, who do not believe in Christ, is better than the religion of those who do believe in him?"

The Estates separated without settling any thing: they did nothing toward reconciling the two religious parties or relieving the finances of the kingdom. They called for the redress of many grievances; and when the court would have been willing to concede a few reforms in exchange for pecuniary supplies, the Estates said that their instructions, which they could not exceed, gave them no power or authority to raise money. They thus virtually threw away "the keys of the purse"—the most potent guarantee of good government. It was a fatal mistake, but it does not appear that the court observed it any more than the Estates. The government saw only that the States-General was a body too numerous for the dispatch of business, and it was agreed that the provincial Estates, grouped into thirteen assemblies, should each elect three deputies, and that the thirty-nine thus returned should meet in the following August. The bishops were also convoked to this assembly,

and a great number of them actually obeyed the summons.

The meeting of the States-General did not quiet the agitation in the provinces. The war of words soon became a war of blows, and serious riots occurred in many large towns. At Beauvais, Cardinal Chatillon, the admiral's brother, nearly lost his life, because on Easter Sunday he had celebrated divine service in his private chapel and not in the cathedral, and had administered the holy communion in both kinds, after the Huguenot fashion. The mob broke into the houses of some persons suspected of heresy, and catching one Adrian Fourré, a priest, they killed him, and were dragging him to the *voirie* to burn him, when the public executioner interfered, asserted his rights, and burned the body himself amid the shouts of the populace. Some of the rioters were afterward hanged, when the fanatic people rose and hanged the executioner. At Le Mans a Protestant was killed, and the bishop did not scruple to write to the king, asking pardon for the murderers. At Rennes, the Huguenots ventured to worship openly, for which they were attacked by a "noisy bawling bully" of a grey friar, who exhorted his hearers to fall upon them by night. The municipal officers did not attempt to silence him, fearing that if they should not succeed they would next day be "publicly and scandalously preached at before the people."[226] In December, 1560, an image of the Virgin was found lying in the kennel at Carcassonne. The sacrilege was imputed to the Huguenots, and the mob rose upon them, and many were killed. One man had his mouth cut from ear to ear, and an iron bit was fastened into it. The town hangman murdered five Huguenots, whom he skinned, and then ate the heart of one of them. He also sawed another, a private enemy, in

two.

It must not, however, be supposed that the provocation and insult were all on one side. On the 25th March, 1561, the high bailiff of Blois sent the queen-mother a long account of the mischievous doings and profanity of the Huguenots; how they had broken open churches, shattered images and crucifixes, and carried away thirteen young women from the convent of Guiche. Even in Paris, the hot-bed of Romish fanaticism, the Huguenots broke the images set up in the streets, and in some of the churches. They also held tumultuous meetings in the Pré aux Clercs, which were at last put down.

The government, desirous of acting with mildness in the distracted state of the country, had summoned a meeting of the Privy Council on the very day of the dissolution of the States-General of Orleans, in order to take into consideration the petitions of the Huguenots for leave to celebrate their worship in private. The prayer was refused, for the Lorraine party was still strong; but the queen-mother not long after issued a general pardon, liberating all persons who had been imprisoned for their religion, and commanding the magistrates to restore the property of which the lawful owners had been deprived in consequence of their heretical opinions. At the same time all the king's subjects were exhorted to conform to the rites and usages of the national Church, and the penalty of death was denounced against those who, under pretense of supporting the interests of religion, should disturb the public tranquillity. As this was not a sufficient protection to the Reformed party, letters patent were issued in April, repeating the former salutary provisions, forbidding men to revile each other with the odious appellations of

Papist and Huguenot, or to assemble in large bodies, or to make domiciliary visits under pretense of discovering religious practices contrary to law; and permitting the return of all who had been forced to leave the kingdom in consequence of their opinions, provided they were willing to conform externally to the Catholic religion. Such persons as would not submit to these regulations had liberty to sell their property and leave France. The revised edict was ordered to be read in all the churches, and a cordelier at Provins introduced it in the following grotesque terms: “My dear Christian brethren, I have received instructions to read an edict ordering the cats and mice to live in peace together, and that we in France—that is to say, the Heretics and the Catholics—should do the same, and that such is the king’s pleasure. I am sorry for it, and I am grieved to see the new reign begin so unpromisingly.”

Even the small concessions made by this edict were severely blamed by the pope and the King of Spain;[227] while numerous outbreaks in various parts of France—bloody protests against toleration, like our own Gordon riots—showed that the people were very much divided in their sentiments upon it. In order, therefore, to tranquillize the public mind, the chancellor advised the queen-mother to consult the Parliament of Paris on the best means of suppressing these religious disorders. A solemn meeting was held in July (1561), Charles, Catherine, and the chief nobility being present. The debate, which De l’Hopital opened with a wise and conciliatory address, was long and stormy. “We have not met to discuss points of doctrine,” he said, “but to deliberate on the best means of preventing the dissensions occasioned by the difference of religious opinion, and to put an end to the license and

rebellion of which that difference has hitherto proved a constant source. The devil has entered into these contests, and no one thinks of reforming himself." In other words, religion was a mere pretext. The parliament was much divided: some contended that the edicts against the Huguenots ought to be wholly suspended until a meeting of the National Council; another that they should be carried out more strictly; while a third party were of opinion that the sole cognizance of heresy should be assigned to the bishops, and that a severe penalty, short of death, should be inflicted upon all who assembled, even peacefully, for religious worship.[228] This proposal was carried by a majority of three votes, and the result was the Edict of July, 1561, forbidding, under pain of death, the use of insulting terms, and any act of violence under color of religion. All public and private meetings were interdicted; the bishops were still to take cognizance of the crime of heresy, but the penalties were restricted to banishment; and, finally, the king granted a general amnesty, on condition that every body lived peaceably and catholically. The Huguenots gained little by this decree beyond the abolition of the death penalty in cases of heresy; indeed, it actually diminished the toleration they already enjoyed; and yet the Parliament of Paris would only register it provisionally, on the ground that it was too favorable. That this opinion was not shared by the Huguenots is clear from a hymn written on the occasion, of which the following is a portion:

Quant à moi, je ne peux vivre
Qu'avec ce qu'il interdit;
Aussi le mien corps je livre
Aux peines de son Édit.
Qu'il me commande exiler,

Qu'il fasse mes os brûler,
Qu'il m'étrangle d'une corde,
Je le veux et m'y accorde....

N'aie donc, ô peuple, crainte
Du supplice qui t'attend,
Car cette dure contrainte
Jusqu'à l'âme ne s'étend.

That the restrictions and penalties of the July edict were unnecessary is clear enough from indisputable contemporaneous evidence. On April 25th of this very year De Crussol wrote to the queen-regent from Montpellier, that the Reformed had petitioned him to be allowed to live in peace; that he found in them nothing but "great obedience and reverence," and that they were loyal subjects. He goes on to complain of the Parliament of Toulouse, infringing the edict and detaining the Huguenots in prison: "It looks as if they wanted to amend the said edict, or to make a new one." Six months later we find Prosper de Sainte Croix (Santa Croce), the papal legate, equally emphatic in his praise of the Reformed. Writing to Cardinal Borromeo, the pope's nephew, on the 16th October, 1561, he says: "In Gascony and other places, I saw no mutilated images, no broken crosses, no deserted churches, as I had been told I should;" and then proceeds to speak of the proper feeling of the people on the matter where a cross had been broken.

Ever since the accession of Charles IX. the Huguenots had been growing in favor at court, and the true cause of this favor was not far to seek. Philip II. was known to be intriguing with the Guises to marry the widowed Mary Stuart to his son Don Carlos. This was the first step in a well-devised plot to aggrandize Spain and crush the Reformation. By this marriage Philip would become master of Scotland, paralyze England by exciting the hopes of

the Romanists in both countries, and prevent Elizabeth from sending aid to the rebels in Flanders. The influence of the Guises would also be so far increased that France would be entirely under their control. All this Catherine saw, and to checkmate Spain she drew nearer to England, and only three years later (Sept. 1564) actually proposed a marriage between Charles IX. and Elizabeth.[229]

The favor shown to the Huguenots greatly annoyed the orthodox party. Old Montmorency was greatly scandalized that Condé, Coligny, and others ate meat in Lent; and that Archbishop Montluc, brother of the brutal soldier of that name, openly preached that it was not wrong to pray to God in French, and that the Scriptures ought to be translated into the vulgar tongue. The halls of St. Germain's and Fontainebleau were thrown open to Huguenot ministers, and "it seemed as if the whole court had become Calvinist," says the Jesuit Maimbourg. Catherine received the Protestant leaders with favor, and assumed the character of a devout inquirer after truth.[230] Chantonnay, the Spanish embassador, scarcely wrote a letter to his royal master in which he did not complain of the toleration shown to heretics,[231] and of the influence of the admiral, whose chaplain often preached to a congregation of more than 300 persons. Another time he writes: "The day after Easter Sunday the public preachings in the great court of Fontainebleau, before the lodgings of Admiral Coligny, in the presence of M. de Condé, have been forbidden." On the 9th July he says that not a day passes without preaching "in the mansion of some lord or lady of the court." The same busy correspondent informs us that in August, 1561, Beza preached in the hotel of the Prince of Condé at St. Germains and in the royal palace, and that the

Reformed ministers “were more confident than the Catholic.” At another time we read that, in consequence of the favor shown to the heretics, there had occurred every day at Paris and elsewhere, “seditions, tumults, and murders of Protestants and Catholics.”[232] A little later Chantonnay mentions that certain bishops, adopting the doctrine and language of the heretics, called for reform in the Church; and that the clergy were made a laughing-stock in the presence even of the papal legate. “After supper the other evening, when the cardinal-legate was with the queen, the king, his brother the Duke of Orleans, and the Prince of Bearn, entered the room, followed by many others, all of them dressed up as cardinals, bishops, abbots, and priests, riding upon asses, and each carrying on the crupper behind him a page dressed as a loose woman.[233] There was a good laugh at it, and they continue to amuse themselves, calling the Prince of Bearn legate, because he was dressed as a cardinal.” The nuncio complained of this masque, for which Catherine apologized as being “only a childish jest.” Margaret of Valois, afterward wife of Henry IV., writes in her memoirs that “all the court was infected with heresy,” that “many of the lords and ladies tried to convert her,” that “her brother of Anjou [afterward Henry III.] had not escaped the unhappy influence, and that he used to throw her prayer-book into the fire and give her Huguenot hymns instead.” Considering that Margaret was at this time barely eight years old, her testimony, given nearly forty years later, is of little value, except as corroborating from another point of view, the evidence of other witnesses. The Duke of Bouillon writes in his memoirs, that another of Margaret’s brothers, Alençon, “favored the cause of the Religion.”[234]

From all this it is pretty clear that France, at the beginning of the new reign, was on the brink of great changes, and that, if Catherine had been a woman of good principles, the current of French history would have been turned into another and a better channel. The Huguenots, believing her to be sincere in her protestations, exhorted her “to say but one word, and Christ would be worshiped in truth and purity throughout the kingdom.” But that word the queen-mother had no intention of uttering. Like many of those trained beneath the shadow of St. Peter’s, she was outwardly fervent enough, “pious after the Italian fashion,” but at heart she believed more in witchcraft and astrology than in God.

Preparatory to the reassembling of the States-General, it had been thought advisable to call together the provincial assemblies with the view of coming to an understanding regarding the matters to be brought before the general body. Each locality had its grievances and its remedies to propose, the clergy being the chief object of attack. But an unexpected turn was given to the course of events by the constituency of the Isle of France, who suggested the propriety of making those court favorites disgorge, who had been enriched by the prodigality of former reigns.[235] The idea of being called upon to restore his ill-gotten gains alarmed Montmorency, not only for himself but for his son, who had married a daughter of the notorious Diana of Poitiers. He was also offended by the Huguenot opinions of his nephews, the Chatillons, and the favor shown them by the queen-mother. In such a state of mind it needed but little persuasion on the part of Diana—fit instrument for such a scheme—to reconcile the constable with the Lorraines. A common danger drew them close together, and that fatal

TRIUMVIRATE was formed which brought so much evil upon France.[236] In token of reconciliation, and as a pledge of mutual support, Montmorency, the Duke of Guise, and Marshal St. André took the sacrament together. The constable, who feared that a religious would lead to a political change, carried the whole weight of his influence to the Catholic side, toward which the King of Navarre was gradually inclining. His brother Condé, aided by Coligny, alone resisted the violent proposals of the Romish party, and advocated the assembling of a national council to arrange the religious differences, in which course they were supported by petitions from the Huguenots too numerous to be neglected. To gratify so just a request, a meeting of the clergy was summoned, at which a number of Protestant divines were to appear to explain and defend their doctrine.

In the interval came the meeting of the States of Pontoise (17th August, 1561), and their first step was to confirm the minutes of the Orleans meeting. The chancellor, who had grown in wisdom and toleration, said in his opening speech: “I do not understand those who desire to exclude the new religion from the kingdom—to issue edict after edict against it. Our only concern is, to learn whether the interests of the state are best served by the permission, or by the prohibition of the meetings of the Calvinists. To decide this, we need not inquire into their doctrine; for supposing the Reformed religion to be bad, is that a sufficient reason for proscribing its professors? Is it not possible to be a good subject without being a Catholic or even a Christian? Can not fellow-citizens, differing in religious opinions, still live in harmony? We have met not to establish articles of faith, but to regulate the state.”

The orator of the nobility demanded, with the almost unanimous consent of the order, that all religious controversies should be decided in conformity with Holy Scripture;[237] that heresy should no longer be considered an offense against the state; and that the Apostles' and the Athanasian Creeds should be the only test of orthodoxy. The nobles also called for reforms in the judicature and in the government, but their scope belongs rather to the political than the religious history of the times.

The orator of the Tiers État demanded still greater changes: such as a national council, under the royal presidency, in which all the controverted questions should be decided by the Word of God; and a cessation of persecution, on the ground that it was unreasonable to force any man to do what his conscience condemned. The Third Estate farther proposed that cardinals and bishops should be disqualified for seats in the royal council; that the States-General should be convened every two years; and that the Reformed should enjoy full liberty of worship, either in the existing churches, or in such as they might build for themselves. "As both religions have the same foundation," said one speaker, "there is no reason why they should hate and persecute one another. Perseverance in penal enactments will kindle a fire which no power under heaven can extinguish." After suggesting various ecclesiastical reforms, he continued: "If the king wants money, let him do as they have done in Germany and England—take the money that makes the Church luxurious. One-third of what it possesses is enough for its wants. The people are ruined and can pay no more taxes." The idea of paying their debts and getting rich by seizing the property of the clergy pleased even the orthodox; but the churchmen caught the

alarm, and set every engine at work to ward off the threatened blow. The property of the Church was valued at one hundred and twenty millions. Out of this it was proposed to allot forty-eight millions, which would produce a revenue of four millions for the clergy, and which, men argued, was quite ample for their support. Forty-two millions were to be appropriated to the payment of the debt, and the balance of thirty millions would, if judiciously distributed in loans among the chief cities of France, develop trade and increase the general wealth of the country, while the interest would suffice to pay the army and keep the fortresses in repair. To carry out such a sweeping confiscation required a strong government, and then it could be done only at the risk of a revolution; but the very proposal made the clergy more willing to take their share of the public burdens, and they offered not only to redeem at their own cost all the royal domains pawned or mortgaged by the crown, but to pay annually for six years a tribute of sixteen hundred thousand livres. The queen-regent having thus obtained the necessary supplies, and a promise of more, the popular demands (with a few trivial exceptions) were evaded, but liberty of conscience was promised. If the meetings at Orleans and Pontoise did not effect much good, they materially promoted the interests of the Huguenots by recognizing the great principle of toleration, though more than two centuries were to pass away before it was fully carried out.

As soon as the meetings at Pontoise were ended, all eyes were turned to the approaching colloquy to be held at Poissy. The clergy, in return for their liberal contribution toward the burdens of the state, had called for the thorough execution of the Edict of

July. "*Non impetrarunt*," says Beza laconically. The regent took the money, but answered their prayer in very vague terms. What she really thought of the matters in dispute between the two religious parties may be gathered from her instructions to Cardinal Ferrara to be laid before the pope (4th August, 1561):—"The number of those professing the Reformed religion is so great, and their party is so powerful, that they are no longer to be put down by severe laws or force of arms. They are neither anabaptists nor libertines; they believe all the articles of the Apostles' Creed, and therefore many are of opinion that they ought not to be cut off from communion with the Church. What danger can there be in removing the images from the churches, and doing away with certain useless forms in the administration of the sacraments? It would farther be advantageous to allow to all persons the communion under both kinds, and to permit divine worship to be celebrated in the vulgar tongue."[238]

How far Catherine was sincere in her letter to Cardinal Ferrara is hardly a question for those who hold her to have been always more influenced by policy than by principle. She was sincere, when it served her purpose to be so. Long before the Triumvirate—that precursor of the League—took a definite form, she had seen the necessity of uniting with the Huguenots, in order to counterbalance the Lorraine party. It was this that made her write to the pope; that made her pretend to entertain Calvinistic ideas; in short, that made her deceive both parties. Without entirely adopting the views of Davila (at the end of his 2d book), we agree in his conclusion, that "she deceived not only simple people, but the craftiest and most skillful also."

Whatever may have been Catherine's motives, the pope would not yield an inch; he wrote to encourage the Catholic party to resistance. Meanwhile Chancellor de l'Hôpital was addressing the Calvinists of Geneva, praising in the king's name—in reality according to the queen-mother's instructions—the purity of their motives and the rectitude of their principles, and exhorting them to restrain "the malice of certain preachers and dogmatizers who abuse the name and purity of the religion which they profess, by sowing in the minds of the king's subjects a damnable disobedience, not only by their libels and slanders, but by their sermons."[239]

It was under such circumstances and in accordance with the promise made in the Edict of July, that the celebrated colloquy of Poissy was held, in September, 1561. On both sides great preparations had been made for the grand discussion; and in order to counterbalance the eloquence and skill of the Catholic party, Calvin, Beza, Peter Martyr,[240] and other ministers were invited, under safe conduct, from Switzerland. Calvin did not answer to the appeal, but the Protestants had no cause to regret his absence, for Theodore Beza was altogether a fitter person for such an occasion. Beza was a man of noble birth and a ripe scholar; he had seen much of courts, and in the fashionable society of Paris had acquired a remarkable grace of manner. He was converted by a serious illness: "As soon as I could leave my bed," he told his friend and tutor, Melchior Wolmar, "I broke all my chains and went into voluntary exile with my wife to follow Christ." At Geneva, he was nominated professor of theology, and ordained to the ministry; and became so strongly attached to Calvin that he scarcely ever left him. His appearance was a recommendation, being a

handsome man of middle stature and pleasing address. On the 23d August, the day after his arrival at St. Germain's, he preached before the court in Condé's apartment, and was summoned at midnight to a private conference in the drawing-room of the Queen of Navarre,[241] where he was graciously received by the queen-mother, the Cardinals of Lorraine and Bourbon, and others. Catherine asked him many questions about Calvin's health, age, and occupations. The Cardinal of Lorraine, after some well-turned compliments, declared that the difference in the Christian churches on transubstantiation and consubstantiation were not in his opinion a sufficient cause of schism. Beza replied: "We hold the bread to be the sacramental body, and we define *sacramentaliter* by maintaining, that though the body be now in heaven and nowhere else, and the signs on earth with us, yet it is as truly given and received by us, through faith in eternal life, as the sign is given naturally by the hands." The cardinal, turning to the queen-mother, observed: "Such is my belief, madam, and I am satisfied." Beza took advantage of this unexpected concession to add, "And these are the Sacramentarians who have been so long and so cruelly persecuted and slandered."

Early on the morning of the 9th of September, 1561, Beza left St. Germain's for Poissy (a small town about four leagues from Paris), escorted by a brilliant train of gentlemen, among whom must have been many of his old friends.[242] The members of the council, or colloquy as it was termed, in order not to wound the susceptibility of the papal court, assembled in the refectory of the great convent. The king, then only eleven years of age, presided, and around him were gathered the princes of the blood royal, with the officers and ladies of the court. On

the two sides of the hall were ranged, according to their rank, six cardinals with archbishops and bishops to the number of forty and more, besides a vast array of doctors and lawyers who accompanied these prelates, all in scarlet or purple robes. Along the lower part of the room ran a bar, but the space beyond it was empty, the Protestants not being as yet admitted into the presence of the king. Charles IX. opened the proceedings by reading a formal speech, in which he said that he hoped "they would inquire into the things necessary to be reformed, without passion or prejudice, but solely for God's honor, the discharge of their consciences, and the public peace."..."What I desire," he continued, "is that you will not separate until you have put matters into such good order that my subjects may live together in peace and unity."[243] He was followed by Chancellor de l'Hopital, who, by the king's express order, kept his seat while speaking. After a formal explanatory introduction he went on, "I caution you against subtle and curious questions that lead to nothing. We do not require many books, but only to understand thoroughly the Word of God, and to live in conformity with it as well as we can. The ministers of the new sect have been invited hither by his majesty to confer with you. I pray you receive them as a father receives his children, and graciously teach and instruct them, so that they can not hereafter say, they were condemned unheard."

After some little discussion on the chancellor's speech, which had offended the Cardinal de Tournon by its liberality, the Huguenots were introduced into the chamber. They were thirty-three in number, eleven ministers and twenty-two lay deputies[244] from the Calvinistic churches. Immediately on entering the hall they knelt down in homage to the

king, and taking advantage of that position, Beza implored the Divine blessing upon the assembly. As they stood below the bar at the lower end of the room, their homely dark dresses formed a striking contrast to the silks and furs, and gold and bright colors of the dignitaries of the Romish Church, who sat on the two sides of the hall.

Standing a little in front of his colleagues, Beza proceeded to explain the articles of the faith held by himself and his brethren. His speech, which presents few salient points for modern readers, was a remarkable mixture of address, wisdom, and Scripture. He had gained the ear of an unwilling audience, and was listened to with many marks of approval, until he came to the doctrine of the Eucharist. He admitted (as we have already seen) the spiritual presence of Christ, but qualified it thus: “We say that his body is as remote from the bread and wine, as heaven is from earth.”[245] This so startled the Romish prelates, “that they began to murmur and make a great noise,”[246] calling him a “blasphemer.” Beza, however, took no notice of it, but continued his address, winding up by a statement of their doctrines on the obedience due to the king, appealing to their writings, to the condition of the Protestant states in Germany, and to Scripture. Such a defense would appear unnecessary in these days; but the orthodox constantly maintained that those who were rebels against the Church were also and necessarily rebels against the State. After a week’s adjournment the prelates, through their mouth-piece, the Cardinal of Lorraine, put in a reply to Beza’s statement, but would allow of no discussion except upon two points: the authority of the Church in matters of faith and the Real Presence. Beza offered to reply immediately, but the court rose, and when

the turn of the Huguenot champion came, he spoke not so much with the hope of converting his antagonists as of softening them.[247] After his speech the public proceedings were discontinued, as the discussion was becoming unpopular; but at the suggestion of the queen-mother, several private conferences were held, at one of which a monk named Saintes maintained "that tradition was based on a firmer and surer foundation than Scripture;" and at another, the Jesuit Lainez, to the great scandal of all present, called the ministers "wolves, foxes, serpents, and assassins," and declared that "women and soldiers could be no judges of points of faith." The Reformed delegates put in a declaration on the Lord's Supper, which the bishops rejected as heretical; and presenting a counter confession of their own, called upon the queen-mother to "compel the Huguenots to accept it, or else exterminate them, for France is a country that has never put up with heresy." Catherine, however, did not yield, but sharply charged them with a perverse desire to prolong the disturbances of the kingdom. The Moderate party still clung to the hope of reconciliation, and at a later meeting the chancellor boldly said: "The State and Church are two things, not one. A man may be a good subject, though a bad Christian. You may excommunicate a man, but he is still a citizen." L'Hopital was too far in advance of his age.[248]

Catherine appears to have acted in a straightforward manner during the colloquy; and, when the members had separated, she did not relax in her exertions to arrive at an acceptable compromise. She suggested that the French bishops should present an address to the king, praying him to move the pope to permit the marriage of priests and

the communion in both kinds. They did so, and Pius IV. replied that he had always held these changes to be right and fair, for which he had been taunted with Lutheranism at the last conclave; but he could do nothing without the cardinals, who would not consent.[249] Writing to the embassador at the imperial court (16th February, 1562), the queen-regent complains of the time spent in "idle disputes;" and in a letter to De Lisle, his envoy at Rome, Charles defends what had been done at Poissy, on the ground that it was impossible to carry out the existing edicts; "I therefore resolved," he says, "to leave my kingdom no longer in a confusion, which became greater the more the remedy was deferred." The government, enlightened by what had taken place in Germany and Switzerland, began to look upon Protestantism as a barrier against anarchy. Minds that had left the safe anchorage of the Church of Rome were drifting to and fro, and the only resting-place against the torrent which had hurried so many into the errors of anabaptism was the creed of Luther and of Calvin. Heresy was better than a revival of the excesses of Munster.[250]

During the colloquy a synod was held, at which the impracticable temper of the Huguenot pastors was forcibly shown by a memoir they drew up, demanding "the exclusion of women from the government of the state, and the establishment of a legitimate regency;" thus alienating the queen-mother, who was drawing nearer to them every day. They also called for severe measures against "infidels, libertines, and atheists;" like some modern patriots, who love liberty so much that they would keep it all for themselves.

Although the colloquy came to nothing, the actual

result was a victory to the Huguenots by clearing their character from the many aspersions cast upon it. They had shown that they were not disloyal subjects, and were not in the habit of practicing infamous crimes; and their faith spread so rapidly in consequence, that the demand for pastors to preside over the new congregations was greater than the Swiss churches could supply. The countenance of the court gave them boldness. During the sittings at Poissy they assembled by thousands outside the walls of Paris to listen to Beza, whose enemies have computed his hearers at 8000, and whose friends at 50,000.[251] The smaller number appears quite large enough for any voice to reach in the open air. Necessity very early compelled these congregations to assume a sort of military formation. The women and children were placed in the centre nearest the preacher; behind them stood the men on foot, next came the men on horseback, and outside all were ranged armed men, soldiers or arquebusiers, to protect the unarmed crowd. As Paris was particularly lawless, Condé collected a volunteer guard of about 400 gentlemen, to whom were added 300 old soldiers under Andelot, with 300 students and as many citizens. Certainly no public worship was safe without some such precautions, but the wisdom of such a display of force, when private worship was possible, is open to doubt.

From a list presented to the queen-mother about this time by Coligny, it would seem that there were more than 2000 Reformed and organized churches in France. Some have calculated the Huguenots to number one-half of the population, while the least sanguine reckoned them at one-tenth. The Chancellor l'Hopital estimated that "a fourth part of the kingdom was separated from the communion of the

Church." This part, he adds, "consists of gentlemen, of the principal citizens, and of such members of the poorer sort as have seen the world and are accustomed to bear arms. They have with them more than three-fourths of the men of letters, and a great proportion of the large and good houses, both of the nobility and third estate, being on their side, they do not want money to carry on their affairs."[252] To the same effect wrote Castelnau; and Micheli, the Venetian embassador, one of the shrewdest of observers, declared that there was no province of France untainted by Protestantism; and that Normandy and Brittany, Gascony and Languedoc, Poitou and Touraine, Provence and Dauphiny—comprising three-fourths of the kingdom—were full of it. "In many provinces," he says, "meetings are held, sermons preached, and rules of life adopted, entirely in accordance with the example of Geneva, and without any regard to the royal prohibition. Every one has embraced these opinions, and, what is most remarkable, even the religious body, not only priests, monks, and nuns—very few of the convents have escaped the infection—but even the bishops and many of the most distinguished prelates.... Your highness (the Doge) may be assured that, excepting the common people, who still zealously frequent the churches, all have fallen away. The nobles most especially, the men under forty almost without exception; for although many of them still go to mass, it is only from regard to appearances and through fear. When they are sure to be unobserved, they shun both mass and church."[253] He considered it indispensable that religious freedom—at least an "*interim*," as he called it—should be accorded to the French Protestants, if they would avoid a general war.

Catherine and the least fanatical portion of her advisers saw clearly enough that a compromise was necessary. Though greatly disappointed at the result of the Poissy conference, she recognized the necessity of moderation, and had called upon the chiefs of the Huguenots to assist her by restoring the churches which their followers had seized for their religious services. She then gave them tacit permission to assemble to the number of five hundred[254] in places appointed for that purpose, forbidding them at the same time to wear arms, or to indulge in irritating language.[255] In Paris, the number who could meet together was limited to two hundred, and that in private.[256] But the question of toleration or persecution was too important to be settled in this irregular fashion, and the queen-regent summoned an assembly of Notables, composed of the ordinary members of the Privy Council, with two delegates from each parliament in the kingdom, to advise with her on what had become a matter of high state policy.

The fanatical Romish party were by no means pleased with these tolerant symptoms in the court and government; and finding their power and influence diminishing every day, they began to look about them for foreign help. In their perplexity they naturally turned to the pope and the King of Spain; and there is a story of a petition, emanating from the Cardinal of Lorraine and certain doctors of the Sorbonne, imploring Philip II. to aid the Church of France against the heretics, on the ground that he was the mightiest and most religious of princes. The petition never reached its destination in consequence of its bearer, a priest, being arrested and compelled to give it up. The story is not well authenticated, but there is evidence enough without it to show that the

Guises and a part of the French clergy were engaged in a treasonable correspondence. Supported by this correspondence, the King of Spain took a high tone in his letters to the queen-regent, blaming her for holding the colloquy at Poissy, and condemning the mere idea of a national council. He said bluntly that all heretics ought to be punished without respect of persons, and added that if she failed in her duty, he was determined to sacrifice every thing, even his life, to check the progress of the pestilence, which was equally threatening to France and to Spain. The Spanish embassador Chantonnay, whom Anquetil describes as "acting the part of a French minister of state," scarcely wrote a letter to his royal master in which he did not denounce Catherine's favor to the Protestants. As it was Philip's interest to keep France in a disturbed state, he naturally courted the Guise faction, promising them both men and money, but not willing to give either very liberally. Secret as were their manœuvres, they did not escape Catherine's vigilance, and to prevent any violent outbreak she disarmed the populace of Paris.[257]

Catherine became more unpopular every day among the extreme Romanists, and the discontent with her policy became general: many of the nobility remonstrated with her for her toleration, and the monks gladly seized the opportunity of arousing the fanaticism of the populace. One of these tonsured preachers of sedition actually exhorted the citizens of Paris not to permit the watch, who were paid by them, to protect the heretics. The violence of the Romish clergy—especially of the regulars—at this time can hardly be exaggerated. Simon Vigor,[258] whose sermons are still extant, spoke thus ferociously from his pulpit: "Our nobility will not

strike.... Is it not very cruel, they say, to draw the sword against one's uncle or father?... Come now, which is nearest and dearest to you, your Catholic and Christian brother or your carnal Huguenot brother? The spiritual affinity or relationship is much higher than the carnal, and therefore I tell you that since you will not strike the Huguenots, you have no religion. Accordingly some morning God will execute justice, and permit this bastard nobility to be trodden down by the commonalty. I do not say that it ought to be done, but that God will permit it to be done."[259] The garrulous Claude Haton declares that Vigor far surpassed all others in violence, and gives an outline of a sermon in which he accused the king's government of favoring Huguenotry, and "destroying the Church of Christ." Claude de Sainctes, who was in the household of the Cardinal of Lorraine, declared in one of his writings, "that if the fires which had been lighted up in France for the destruction of Calvinism had not been extinguished, that sect would not have spread."[260]

This incendiary language produced the intended effect, and the whole kingdom became the theatre of frightful disorders. At Cahors the tocsin called the people to arms (26th December, 1561). The Catholics shut up the Huguenots in their place of meeting and then set fire to it. As the poor wretches forced their way through the flames, they were struck down by the pikes and swords of the savage crowd. Similar disturbances occurred in other parts of France—at Pamiers, Dijon, Troyes, Amiens, Abbeville, Tours, Bordeaux, Montpellier, Marseilles—the Roman Catholics being determined to prevent all assemblies that were not authorized by edict. François Channeil and Louis de Brezous, accompanied by 600 horse and foot, entered Aurillac, and shutting the gates so that

none might escape, began to fire upon the inhabitants, killing one of their own number. Many Protestants were thus murdered. The soldiers hanged without trial a book-seller and a hosier, who died bravely singing the 27th Psalm to the last moment:

> God is my strong salvation,
> What foe have I to fear?
> In darkness and temptation
> My light, my help is near.

It was impossible that such "lynch-law" violence could have any permanent repressive effect upon men who felt that "persecution was the ladder by which they were to reach heaven."[261] The Huguenot was not likely to be less fervent than the Mahometan, who looks upon the sword of his enemy as the key to Paradise.

There were perhaps few cities where the magistrates showed so much good sense as at Amiens in adopting vigorous measures to preserve peace between both religious parties. About four years before this time the heretics in that city were estimated at 500, a body too numerous to be openly molested. The monks, therefore, organized processions of children between the ages of eight and twelve, and these to the number of 200 paraded the streets at night with toy crosses and banners, halting from time to time and singing the *Ave Maria* at certain doors, according as their leader, a man bearing a sword, directed them: "Sing, children, sing, in spite of the Huguenots." The Jacobin preachers used their pulpits as instruments of sedition, employing language that could hardly fail to lead to rioting. Indeed (to anticipate our narrative), on the 7th and 8th of December, 1561, the tocsin was rung, the Catholics fell upon the Huguenots as they were returning from divine worship, wounded many, and

maltreated some of the civic officers and others who had come to help the weaker party. It was in consequence of these and similar outbreaks that the magistrates, in order to prevent the mere possibility of rioting, interfered so far with individual liberty as to forbid the inhabitants to assemble in the streets to the number of more than four, or to leave their houses after curfew, to carry arms, to discuss the sermons, or to call each other names, such as "Huguenots, Lutherans, papists, hypocrites, and caffards," under pain of death. Still the magistrates were not in the least inclined to tolerate heterodoxy, for they went on to prohibit assemblies either in the city or without, for the purpose of preaching, reading, or psalm-singing, contrary to the practice of the Church.[262] Although the Catholic party appears to have become stronger in the municipal body, still their measures inclined to tolerance. On the 22d May, 1562, the ministers were ordered to leave the city within three days, and school-masters were forbidden to teach the new doctrine to their pupils. Five days later we find the Notables assembled to devise means for compelling some eighteen or twenty Huguenots to decorate their houses for the procession of the Holy Sacrament, with a view "to avoid any demonstration of feeling on the part of the people, who would be scandalized by any want of reverence." The men were summoned before them, and consented under protest to adorn their windows. "They pleaded their conscience," says the register; "and when they were asked how that could be wounded by such an act, they refused to give any explanation."[263] The men, however, did not keep their word, and were sent to prison. A proclamation was then issued ordering all persons to decorate their houses under pain of being fined twenty livres

parisis; but this had so little effect that, the very next Sunday, two hundred and sixty persons refused to comply with the order.

Although the liberal-minded Christians of our days may think these Amiens Reformers overscrupulous, we are hardly in position to blame them. They looked upon the procession of the Corpus Christi as an act of idolatrous worship, and to hang tapestry on the walls of their houses was indirectly to countenance the idolatry. It is not very long ago that a similar argument was urged in the House of Commons against the turning-out of the guard at Malta when the host was carried past the guard-house.

But the Huguenots were almost as turbulent as the Romanists: in many places they had become strong enough to defy the penal laws passed against them. They seized upon the churches, drove the monks from their convents, made bonfires of the crosses, images, and relics, and demanded an enlargement of their privileges. During the procession of the Fête Dieu at Lyons (5th June, 1561) a Huguenot tried to snatch the host out of the priest's hand. There was an instant riot: "Down with the heretics! To the Rhone with them!" was the cry. Many were drowned, and the principal of the college of the Trinity was dragged a corpse through the streets. In all times of excitement there are hot-headed partisans who add to the confusion and thwart the exertions of those who are inclined to conciliatory measures. The early Reformed Church was not without them: each Protestant country had its iconoclasts. These indiscreet Reformers were the dread of the moderate Beza: "I fear our friends more than our enemies," he wrote.[264] After receiving intelligence of an outrage

at Montpellier he said that, if he were judge, he would punish those “madmen” with extreme severity.[265] And in a letter to Calvin he says (18th January, 1562): “You will scarcely believe how intemperate our people are, as if they wanted to rival our enemies in impatience.” It was necessary to do something, for the two parties were coming into collision, and blood had been shed not only in Paris, the head-quarters of orthodoxy, but in other parts of the country.

One day the populace of the capital having insulted the Huguenots as they were returning from divine service, the gentlemen of the Reform resolved to be present at the next meeting to the number of 2000 horsemen, with the intention, if the insult should be repeated, of seizing upon the adjoining churches and expelling the monks. There were frequent conflicts in the city, and in one of them, known as the riot of St. Medard, both parties were equally violent and equally guilty. It appears that, on St. John’s Day, the priests of the Church of St. Medard, in the southern suburb beyond the walls, rang the bells in their belfry to drown the voice of the Huguenot preaching in an adjoining house. The congregation remonstrated, and one of their number was fired on and killed. The Huguenots drew their swords directly. Andelot entered the Church on horseback, and in the struggle that followed fifty persons were killed and wounded. The riot was renewed the next day by the Catholics, who broke into the house where the Protestants used to worship, and burned it to the ground after smashing the pulpit and benches to pieces. The matter was taken up by the Parliament of Paris, and the next year (1562), at the close of a procession to expiate the profanation of the church, a great number of

citizens suspected of heresy were hanged or drowned without trial, among them being the captain of the watch[266] and some archers whose only crime was that they had not stopped the riot. They were pelted by the children, and "if they had possessed a hundred lives all would have been taken, the people were so exasperated." The corpses of the poor wretches were seized by some fanatics, who dragged them through the streets and then flung them into the river.[267] The nuncio Santa Croce wrote to the court of Rome: "Some Huguenots are put to death every day. Yesterday, four of those who committed such sacrilege in the Church of St. Medard were burned, and to-day they are preparing for a similar spectacle."[268]

Such was the condition of France when the assembly of Notables met at St. Germains. The Chancellor L'Hopital, who had been growing more tolerant every day, addressed them in a speech full of eloquence and sound sense. He called their attention to the actual state of the Huguenots, their number, and their strength; and showed the injustice and impolicy of those who wished the king to put himself at the head of one part of his subjects, and establish peace by the destruction of the other. "In such a war," he continued, "where is the king to find soldiers? Among his subjects. Against whom is he to lead them? Against his subjects. A triumph or a defeat is equally the destruction of his subjects. I resign controversies on religion to the theologians; our business is not to settle articles of faith, but to regulate the state. A man may be a good subject without being a Catholic. I see no reason why we should not live in peace with those who do not observe the same religious ceremonies as ourselves."

After a long and warm discussion the opinions of the Moderate or "political" party triumphed, and sixteen articles were drawn up, which became the basis of the celebrated Edict of January, 1562. It suspended all preceding edicts, and authorized "those of the religion" to assemble unarmed outside the towns to preach, pray, and perform other religious exercises. By this means it was hoped to avoid collision with the Catholics. The edict farther stipulated that the Protestants should restore the churches and other ecclesiastical property they had seized; that they should not resist the collection of tithes, or criticise the ceremonies of the Catholic religion in their sermons, books, or conversation. They were also forbidden to hold synods without the permission of the crown, or to travel from town to town to preach, but were to confine themselves to one church. As a natural corollary Catholic preachers were likewise enjoined to abstain from invectives, "as things serving rather to excite the people to sedition than persuade them to devotion." The various Parliaments at first refused to register the edict, without which ceremony it would not have the force of law; but their opposition was overcome in every instance except that of Dijon, where it was "virtuously resisted" by Gaspard de Saulx-Tavannes, lieutenant-general of Burgundy, a stanch partisan of the Guises, and one of the most sanguinary leaders of the age. The Parliament of Paris was characteristically obstinate. To the first summons they replied, *Nec possumus nec debemus*; and when they yielded at last to a threat of physical force, they would only register the edict under protest, "considering the urgent necessity of a temporary measure." The Cardinal of Lorraine accepted it, acknowledging to Throckmorton that some

reformation was necessary, but he seemed to think that the reform should come from above, and not from "men of their own authority."[269]

The Huguenots received the edict with gratitude, if not with exultation. Limited as were the privileges it granted, still it was a victory over their opponents. The right of assembling was conceded to them, and for such a right the blood of their martyred brethren had not been shed in vain. The preachers took immediate advantage of the liberty given them by the edict, and preached more boldly than ever in fields and gardens or any open space, and, if the weather was bad, in such sheds and barns as they could find. "The people," says Castelnau, "curious about every thing new, crowded to hear them, Catholics as well as Protestants." The Romish party, who undoubtedly formed the great majority of the nation, and the most ignorant portion of it, were greatly disgusted with this Edict of Pacification, imperfect as it was, and began to range themselves in opposition to the crown. Brulart only echoed the public opinion when he declared the Edict of January to be "the most pernicious possible for the repose and welfare of the state, and the support of the kingdom," and "a wholesale approval of that wretched Calvinistic sect." Tn certain provinces it had been well received; but, in Burgundy, Tavannes would hear of no toleration. He drove a large number—report says more than 2000—of the Reformed out of Dijon, and issued an order to the neighboring peasantry "to massacre all who prayed elsewhere than in the churches, and to refuse drink, food, and shelter to the expelled rebels." At Aix, the Protestants had been accustomed to worship under a fir-tree outside the walls. Every morning for weeks

men and women were seen hanging from its branches; they had been seized in the night, and executed without trial, on the mere denunciation of an enemy.

The Cardinal of Lorraine and the Duke of Guise had retired from the Privy Council in December, in order that they might take no part in deliberations in which they knew the majority would be against them. Such a silent protest added largely to their popularity, and they were already looked upon as the heads of an anti-Huguenot league. They placed orthodoxy before loyalty, and were ready to oppose the crown whenever it showed any toleration to heretics. Nearly twelve months before this date the duke had told the queen-mother in answer to her question, that the Catholics would not obey the king if he changed his religion. Still there are good reasons to believe that all would have gone on quietly but for the defection of the weak-minded Anthony of Navarre, whose ruling passion was to change his nominal sovereignty of Navarre for a real crown and real subjects. The Guises played upon this weakness; Philip II. gave him a choice of several thrones; and the pope's legate "very cleverly" offered to divorce him from his excellent wife Joan of Albret, so that he might marry the widowed Mary Stuart. But there was one condition: he must apostatize. By such a man as Anthony, who had no principle, that little obstacle was soon surmounted; and in February, 1562, he sold himself to the enemy. Davila's language leaves no doubt as to the motives of his conversion.[270]

Anthony's secession brought a great increase of power to the side of the Triumvirate by placing at their disposal the troops that obeyed him as

lieutenant-general of France. The insolence of the Guises increased with success. Their pride and contempt for all who did not belong to their family or dependents almost bordered on insanity. They could brook no opposition, and that the Huguenots should think for themselves was a crime to be expiated only by death. They aimed at political supremacy, and Coligny, now the acknowledged Huguenot chief, though Condé was the nominal head, stood in the way of their ambition. The Triumvirate, therefore, decided upon carrying matters to extremity, and willingly accepted the aid proffered them by the King of Spain. Philip II., the self-constituted champion of Romanism, the "démon du midi,"[271] was trying to crush the Reform in Flanders by a persecution unparalleled for its merciless severity in the history of the world. He saw clearly that if France were reformed, or even if the Reformers were tolerated, success would be impossible; and he had therefore instructed his embassador, Chantonnay, as early as the 16th October, 1561, to tell the regent that if religious matters were not arranged—by which he meant, unless the late proscriptions were renewed—he would send troops to the aid of the Catholics. Catherine was not the woman to submit to such an unsolicited intervention, even at the hands of her royal son-in-law, and she answered the ambassador haughtily, that "she did not know what his Spanish Majesty meant, but the king had troops enough to enforce obedience from his subjects, and that she would severely punish any who sought for foreign aid without the authority of the crown." There can hardly be a doubt that, at this time, Catherine was sincere in her determination to maintain a religious toleration, even at the risk of hostilities with Spain;

and she appears to have consulted Coligny as to the number of men the Reformed churches could bring into the field.[272] But events moved so swiftly that she had for the time no alternative but to go with the stream.

Anthony's defection had destroyed that balance of parties which the queen-mother had so diligently labored to maintain. As rash and violent now as he had previously been dilatory and weak, he had hastened to Paris, whence he wrote, inviting Guise to join him, and make a combined attack upon the Protestants. The Duke was at the castle of Joinville in Champagne, having just returned from Saverne in Alsace, where the Lorraine princes had met Duke Christopher of Wurtemberg. Their object in visiting Germany was to mislead the Protestants of that country, and alienate them entirely from the Calvinists of France, thinking that, if the latter were deprived of all external support, they must soon be crushed.[273] The Cardinal of Lorraine twice preached sermons so Lutheran in spirit, that his open adoption of the Confession of Augsburg was eagerly looked for;[274] and the language of the Duke of Guise and his brother Charles, in their conferences with Duke Christopher and his chancellor, Brentz, is so extraordinary, and, as regards Duke Francis, so unlike what we read of him at other times, as almost to shake our faith in the genuineness of the report of the conference.[275] Brentz entreated the cardinal to put an end to the persecutions in France. "I will do so," he replied, adding with a solemn look, "that he had not put one single man to death on account of his religion." Francis corroborated his brother's words, and said: "We will do the Reformed no injury." We shall see how well the two Lorraine princes kept their promise.

Vassy is a small fortified town of Champagne (Haute Marne), on the river Braise, about sixty leagues from Paris. It now contains a population of little more than 3000, and, three centuries ago, probably did not contain half that number. The Reformed Church, however, must have been strong in that quarter, for on Christmas Day, 1561, as many as 3000 persons are reported to have assembled for divine worship, of whom 900 partook of the Holy Communion.[276] Such an assertion of liberty of thought greatly offended Antoinette de Bourbon, the dowager duchess of Guise. She could not understand how her vassals—or, to speak more correctly, the vassals of Mary Stuart, her granddaughter—should dare choose a religion for themselves, and urged her son Francis to punish their presumption. The duke, notwithstanding what he had promised at Saverne, needed no stimulants to the discharge of so agreeable a duty. His way to Paris lay through Vassy, and as he came near the town on Sunday morning (1st March, 1562), he heard the sound of a bell. “What noise is that?” he asked. “They are calling the Huguenots to their sermon,” was the reply. “Huguenots! Huguenots!” he swore; “S’death! I will *huguenotize* them before long.” He rode into the town, alighted at the convent where he dined, and after dinner—for that meal was then eaten in the forenoon—he ordered out his soldiers, between 200 and 300 in number, and marched them to the barn in which the Huguenots, trades-people for the most part, had assembled to hear a new preacher who had just been sent to them from Geneva. The ducal retainers began the strife by abusing the congregation as “heretics, dogs, and rebels,” murdering three, and wounding several who attempted to close the door. The Huguenots endeavored to defend themselves with

such weapons as they could snatch up: two, who were probably gentlemen, drew their swords, others flung stones, one of which struck the duke in the cheek as he stood near the door. In a whirlwind of rage he gave his followers orders to spare nobody, and these orders were but too faithfully carried out. [277] Such as escaped the sword were killed by the arquebuse as they were making their way through the windows or over the roof. For one hour the bloody work continued, during which time between fifty and sixty of the Huguenots were murdered on the spot, and about two hundred wounded, some of them mortally. “There were left forty-two poor widows burdened with orphan children,” wrote Beza. Many who succeeded in escaping from the barn, were pursued and killed in the town, and probably none would have been spared but for the Duchess of Guise, who, remembering the bloody scenes at Amboise, interceded for the women. When all was over a book was brought the duke; he looked at it contemptuously, he had never seen such a volume before. “Here,” said he, handing it to the cardinal, “here is one of the Huguenot books.” “There is no harm in it,” his brother answered; “it is the Bible.” It was probably the one used in public worship. “S’blood! how is that? This book has only been printed a year, and they say the Bible is more than fifteen hundred years old.” “My brother is mistaken,” quietly observed the cardinal, as he turned away to hide a smile of contempt at the duke’s ignorance. [278]

The news of the “blood-bath of Vassy” spread like wild-fire through France, everywhere creating the deepest agitation. Such an outrage was not only an infringement of the Edict of January, the ink of which was scarcely dry, but a direct defiance of it;

the act (as it were) of a man who, in pursuance of his own ends, had resolved to trample upon all law.[279] If the offense were not punished, no one would be safe hereafter; no law would be binding. As soon as the tidings of the massacre reached Paris, Marshal Montmorency, the governor, who was not unfriendly to the Huguenots, advised the ministers to adjourn their preachings for a few days, lest there should be a riot; but with characteristic obstinacy they refused, as it would be "acknowledging they were in the wrong." They farther asked for a guard to protect them in their ministrations. Meanwhile Beza went to Monceaux, and appealed personally to the queen-regent. The apostate Anthony of Navarre attempted to defend the Duke, and, throwing the blame on the Huguenots, said that Beza ought to be hanged.[280] Beza replied that the Church of Christ was more apt to receive blows than to inflict them, adding, in words that have since passed into a proverb, "Remember, Sire, it is an anvil on which many a hammer has been broken." The queen-mother made a gracious answer, and promised that the edict should be enforced. She bade Navarre watch over the safety of the king, and summoned Guise to court, "unattended by any men-at-arms." Marshal St. André was ordered to repair to his government at Lyons, but refused to go.

The excitement was so great in Paris that each party took up arms, declaring they did so in self-defense; and had there been a reckless leader on either side, the streets would have run with blood shed in civil strife. The hotels of Montmorency and of Guise were turned into fortresses, and strongly garrisoned by their respective partisans. The constable, as representative of the oldest barony of France, was urged by his wife to act up to his motto,

and defend the faith; and he would possibly have been induced to adopt an extreme course but for his son Marshal Montmorency, who advised moderation, and urged that it would be wiser to conciliate the queen-mother than attempt to coerce her.

The slaughter at Vassy was as much exulted over by the ignorant and fanatical Catholic populace as it was bewailed by the Calvinists. Priests in the pulpit declared Duke Francis to be a second Moses, a Jehu, who "by shedding the blood of the wicked had consecrated his hands, and avenged the Lord's quarrel." Ballads were made upon it, and the orthodox street-singers extolled the Duke of Guise in very laudatory if not very polished strains:

Nous avons un bon seigneur
En ce pays de France,
Et prince de grand honneur

Vaillant par excellence,
Et très-humain,
Doux et bénin;

C'est le bon duc de Guise,
Qui à Vassy,
Par sa merci,
A défendu l'église.

The Calvinists replied in coarse and more vigorous terms:

Un morceau de pâte
Il fait adorer,
Le rompt de sa patte
Pour le dévorer,
Le gourmet qu'il est!
Hari, hari l'âne, le gourmet qu'il est!
Hari bouriquet.

Le dieu qu'il fait faire
La bouche le prend,
Le cœur le digère,
Au ventre le rend
Au fond du retrait.
Hari, hari l'âne, au fond du retrait.

Hari bouriquet.

Meanwhile the duke, escorted by a body of 1200 gentlemen on horseback, continued his journey to Paris, which he entered in triumph by the St. Denis gate—a gate usually reserved for kings.[281] The multitude cheered him loudly as he passed down that long narrow street, hailing him as a second Judas Maccabæus; the trades harangued him, and called upon him to extirpate heresy. On the same day—or on the next, as others write—Beza preached a sermon beyond the city walls, which the Prince of Condé attended with three or four hundred men, horse and foot, armed with pistols and arquebuses, to protect the preacher, who also wore a breastplate. The prince had gone to Paris to support the governor and obtain justice for the massacre. He charged the duke with attempting to seize the government, and advised Catherine to accept the aid of the Protestants. The queen-mother did not know how to act, fearing to trust herself wholly to either party. At last she prevailed upon Condé and Guise to leave the capital so as to avoid all chances of collision. The duke readily consented, feeling secure of the citizens; on the other hand, Condé clearly foresaw that he would lose the city if he quitted it; but being too weak to hold his ground, he withdrew to his estate at La Ferté-sous-Jouarre, on the Marne, to the north-east of Paris.

The queen-mother soon found out that she had made a great mistake in urging Condé to leave the capital: she saw that the power had passed out of her hands, and that the Guises were preparing to make a tyrannous use of it. She feared the Triumvirate, for herself as well as for her son; and there is a story that she overheard St. André proposing to throw her into the Seine. To preserve her freedom of action she

quitted Monceaux in great secrecy, and removed to Melun, taking Charles IX. with her,[282] having apparently made up her mind to act with decision. She appealed to Condé to protect her and the young king "from the greatest enemy France can have, and who is also yours:" and the prince lost no time in summoning Coligny, Andelot, La Rochefoucauld, and other chiefs of the Huguenot party to meet him at Meaux, to take the queen's letters into consideration. As they were not strong enough to force their way back to Paris, they resolved to get possession of the king's person, and carry him off to Orleans, knowing well the great strength their cause would derive from the royal presence among them. But the Triumvirate were equally clear on this point, and being more prompt became masters of the coveted prize.

Meanwhile the Parisians had begun to murmur at the absence of their sovereign, and to quiet their remonstrances the queen-mother removed at Easter to Fontainebleau, which was farther from Condé's head-quarters at Meaux. The Guises, suspecting her intentions, determined to anticipate them by a *coup-de-main*. The King of Navarre was dispatched with a strong body of Catholic gentlemen, including the constable, to escort the young king to Paris, on the ground that he was not safe so long as the Huguenots were at Meaux. Anthony, as first prince of the blood, was to a certain extent the guardian of his infant master, and no doubt he would have asserted that right had Catherine resisted. She held out indeed for a time, but gave way at last, saying, "I know how useless it is to speak to you of your duty; but alone, deserted, and betrayed as I am, I shall defend the liberty of my son—your king." Being thus "benetted round with villains," she yielded only when Navarre had actually issued orders for dismantling the royal

apartments; for such were the scanty comforts even of royalty in those days, that when the court moved from place to place, carpets, tapestry, beds and furniture were moved also. The queen-regent sent off a hasty express to Condé, in the hope that he would be able to rescue her on the road; but the hope was vain. The journey to Paris—or, to be verbally accurate, to Melun and Vincennes—was a sad one; Catherine hardly spoke a word to the escort during the three days it occupied; and the boy-king, who imagined they were taking him to prison, wept several times with all the violence of childish grief.

Condé came at last, but only to see the king and his mother carried off in triumph; his force was not strong enough to rescue them, even had the attempt been safe. Henceforth the regent was in the hands of the reactionists, and must follow wherever they led. With contemptuous politeness they assured her, if we may believe Chantonnay, "that they had never thought of depriving her of the government, and would not attempt it, so long as she gave her hand to the support of true religion and of the king's authority."[283] Supporting true religion meant depriving the Huguenots of their privileges, the first step toward which was to interdict the Reformers of Paris from meeting to worship within the walls of the capital—a deprivation partly justifiable under the circumstances. The mutual jealousy of the triumvirs prevented the exercise of any harsh measures toward Catherine: each intrigued against the other, and hoped to make use of her for his own private ends. Each was aware that if she were removed, his own position would be imperiled by the rival ambitions of his colleagues.

CHAPTER VI.

FIRST RELIGIOUS WAR.

[1562–1563.]

Beginning of Reaction—Causes of the War—The Huguenots arm—Advice of Coligny's Wife—Covenant of Association—Massacre at Sens and Sisteron—Discipline of the Armies—Catherine attempts to mediate—Conference at Thoury—Negotiations broken off—Fearful state of Paris—The Constable's violence—Appeals to Foreign Sympathy—Successes of the Royalists—Atrocities at Blois and Tours—Rouen Besieged—The Breach stormed—The Hour of Vengeance—Pastor Marlorat hanged—Death of Anthony of Navarre—Disturbances in Normandy—Offer of Amnesty—Battle of Dreux—Condé and Montmorency captured—St. André killed—Siege of Orleans—Duke of Guise murdered—Poltrot de Méré—Pacification of Amboise—Distress caused by the War—Death of Coligny's Son—Letter to his Wife.

All great efforts are followed by a reaction. We have seen how Protestantism had been spreading over France during the last forty years, the attempts to crush it serving but to give it greater vitality. We are now approaching a period of counter-revolution; the tide of reform has reached its flood and will soon begin to ebb, slowly, irregularly, but certainly, so that at last we entirely lose sight of religion in the political struggle that ensued.

Attempts have been made to fix upon the Huguenots the terrible responsibility of beginning the civil strife. It is easy to prove this, or any other historical untruth, by a skillful manipulation of documents; but the evidence of eye-witnesses of, and actors in, the events of the spring of 1562, points to the opposite conclusions. La Noue, who was present at Meaux, positively affirms that there was no plan or previous arrangement. “Most of the nobility,” he says, “hearing of the slaughter at Vassy, partly of a voluntary good-will, and partly for fear, determined to draw toward Paris, imagining that their protectors might stand in some need of them.”[284] And that there was good ground for this fear appears certain from a contemporary letter, in which the writer says: “Every thing is in such confusion at court that, if God does not lend a helping hand, I fear that in less than ten days you will have news of the prettiest (*plus beau*) massacre that ever was.”[285]

Is it wonderful if in such a state of things the Protestant gentry thought it necessary to take counsel together? Of their deliberations we know nothing, but the result was a resolution to take up arms. Coligny alone appears to have held back, and without his countenance and support the chances of success were very small. There is a story told of him, which we could hope to be true, though it is at variance with certain known facts. He had long kept aloof, notwithstanding the entreaties of his brothers Andelot and the Cardinal of Chatillon that he would take the field; and when his wife added her entreaties to theirs, he drew a terrible picture of civil war and the possible fate of herself and their children, and begged her take three weeks to weigh the matter deliberately in her mind. “The three weeks are already past,” replied the heroic dame;

"you will never be conquered by the virtue of your enemies; employ your own, and do not take upon your head the murders of three weeks." He hesitated no longer, and the next day set off to join Condé at Meaux, where the Huguenot gentlemen held rendezvous. That prince had already committed himself too far not to see that none but the boldest measures could save him: "It is all over," he said; "we have plunged in so deep that we must either drink or drown."

The confederate, knowing how greatly success depended upon prompt action, spent but few moments in deliberation. Their first step must be to secure some strong town, in which they could make a safe stand until reinforcements arrived. For obvious strategical and political reasons they selected Orleans, and thitherward, to the number of two thousand, they turned their horses' heads. As the delay of even a few minutes might be dangerous, they rode on like a fierce whirlwind, not stopping to pick up any one who fell on the road. Once in Orleans, which they entered on the 2d April, 1562, they sent secret orders to their co-religionists all over France, and their first measures were crowned with success. Almost on the same day the Huguenots made themselves masters of Havre, Rouen, Caen, and Dieppe in Normandy; Blois, Tours, and Angers on the Loire; Poitiers and Rochelle in Poitou; Chalons and Troyes in Champagne; Macon in Burgundy; Gap and Grenoble in Dauphiny; and Nismes, Montpellier, Béziers, and Montauban in Languedoc; as well as a large number of castles in the north, west, and south, with the Cevennes district between Lyons and Toulouse.

From all these quarters the best gentlemen in

France rallied round Condé in defense of the rights of their body and the princes of the blood-royal against the usurpation and violence of the Guises, who were foreigners. Many of them were related to Condé: the three Chatillons were the uncles of his wife; Prince Porcien the husband of his niece; La Rochefoucault had married his sister-in-law. Viscount Rohan represented the nobles of Dauphiny; Andelot the Pays de France; the Count of Grammont led the Gascons; Montgomery the Normans; and Genlis the sober and industrious Picards. Their first step was to sign a Covenant of Association, binding them to spend their goods and their lives in restoring the king to liberty, and procuring freedom of worship to all Frenchmen. They necessarily made Condé their leader, and then sent off letters (7th May) to all the churches, desiring them "in God's name" to furnish both men and money. "We have taken up arms," said the confederates, "that we may deliver the King and Queen from the hands of their enemies, and secure the full execution of the Edict of January." Condé also thought it his duty to dispatch a messenger to the queen-mother, with an explanation of the motives which had driven him to such extreme measures. Catherine would not commit herself to a written answer, but desired the Baron de la Garde to tell the Prince, "that she would never forget what he might do for the king her son."

The Catholics, if less prompt, were not less vigorous in their proceedings. In 1561 the citizens of Paris had been disarmed as a measure of precaution; now every member of the "ancient Catholic religion," capable of bearing arms, was ordered to procure them and attend drill.[286] By this means fifteen corps of infantry, amounting to the almost incredible number[287] of 30,000 men (others say

24,000), were placed at the disposal of the Triumvirate for the protection of the capital. By another order, issued by Marshal Brissac, who had succeeded Montmorency as governor, all persons, “notoriously famed as being of the new religion,” were ordered to leave the city within twenty-four hours, or they would be hanged; as for such as were “suspected” only, they were required to get a certificate of confession.[288] The populace did not fail to take advantage of the opportunity thus placed within their reach, by informing against those whom, from any personal or other motive, they wanted to turn out of their houses; and if the Huguenots did not go, they were plundered and ill-used.

And now began a war of manifestoes and remonstrances. The walls of the capital were covered with placards in which the Huguenots declared that they had taken up arms in self-defense and not for plunder, and the Catholics replied in terms that exhausted the vocabulary of abuse. The Lorraine party, or the Triumvirate, was the Ultramontane or foreign party; the Protestant party was especially that of national independence. The Huguenots, like the English Parliamentarians of 1642, represented the middle classes, and were (perhaps unconsciously) democratic in their tendencies; the Royalists (as we may call them, since they held the king’s person, although they were not more loyal than their opponents) were supported by the clergy, the ignorant rural population, and the poverty of the towns. Both parties sought political power to carry out their views.

It may be said that, if ever there was a time when Christians were justified in resorting to the sword, it was the present. The laws in favor of the Huguenots

were constantly and systematically broken. The massacre at Vassy was only the first of a series of outrages equally barbarous. At Sens in Burgundy, a Huguenot having insulted a Catholic procession, the tocsin was rung, and there was a general onslaught upon the Reformed, without regard either to age or sex. The bodies of the victims, stripped and fastened to planks, were thrown into the river and floated down to Paris, twenty leagues distant. One of them, that of a Gascon officer, was dragged through the streets by boys leaping and shouting: “Take care of your pigs, for we have got the pigkeeper.” The fanatic populace destroyed every thing, even rooting up the vines in the Calvinist vineyards. For three days the hideous carnival of murder went on, and ceased only from want of victims.[289]

The massacre of Sens took place in April, while the Baron de la Garde was on his mission of peace in the Protestant camp. It was said to have been perpetrated at the instigation of the Cardinal of Lorraine, who was archbishop of that city, and who took no steps to prevent the murders. As soon as the news reached the ears of Condé, he broke off all negotiations, and declared that he would not lay down his arms “until he had driven his most cruel enemies (the Guises) out of France.” The nuncio Santa Croce seems to allude to two massacres: “Since the massacre at Sens, of which I wrote in my last, another great slaughter of eighty Huguenots has happened, and some thirty of their houses have been burned in that city.” Perrenot de Chantonnay, the Spanish embassador, writes exultingly: “Already in many parts of this kingdom, as at Sens, Toulouse, Castel-Navarre, and Villefranche, the Catholics have risen against the Huguenots, who have had the worst

of it; and in some places the preachers were burned in the market-place."

All over France, from the Channel to the Mediterranean, similar ferocious outbreaks occurred. At Sisteron, beneath the shadow of the Lower Alps, three hundred women and children, refugees from all parts of Provence, were pitilessly murdered, the men having made their escape. One poor woman with a baby in her arms was taken outside the town and put to death, and her body buried beneath the ruins of the house where she used to worship.

All comment on these things[290] would be superfluous. Is it wonderful that in such a state of lawlessness the Reformed nobles and gentlemen armed in self-defense? With indignant eloquence, Agrippa d'Aubigné vindicates the rebellion in which the Huguenots sought to protect themselves: "So long as the adherents of the new religion were destroyed merely under the form of law, they submitted themselves to the slaughter, and never raised a hand in their own defense against those injuries, cruel and iniquitous as they were. But when the public authorities and the magistracy, divesting themselves of the venerable aspect of justice, put daggers into the hands of the people, abandoning every man to the violence of his neighbors; and when public massacres were perpetrated to the sound of the drum and of the trumpet, who could forbid the unhappy sufferers to oppose hand to hand, and sword to sword, and to catch the contagion of a righteous fury from a fury unrestrained by any sense of justice?"

This appeal to arms was quite contrary to the principles of the founder of the French Church. In 1556, when Calvin had reason to fear that the Reformed would resist if they were attacked, he

wrote to the church of Angers: “I pray you put aside such counsels; they will never be blessed by God, or come to a good issue.” And to the church at Paris he wrote in the same strain: “Show yourselves like lambs against the rage of the wolves, for you have the promise of the Good Shepherd, who will never fail you. It is better that we be all destroyed than for the Gospel to be reproached with leading the people to sedition and tumult. God will always fructify the ashes of his servants, whilst violence and excess will bring nothing but barrenness.”[291]

It is with great hesitation that I venture to differ from so high an authority as Calvin; but—to oppose authority to authority—St. Augustine acknowledges that overwhelming necessity may justify Christians in drawing the sword.[292] And Knox went still farther, maintaining in his “Appellation” that it was not only the duty of a nation to resist a persecuting sovereign, but (as in the case of the Marian persecutions) also to depose the queen, and even “punish her to death, with all the sort of her idolatrous priests.” But the propriety of arming in defense of religion can hardly in these days be maintained on such grounds. The Huguenots of 1562 felt that their only choice lay between extermination, hypocritical conformity, or rebellion. They were contending against intolerable oppression; the laws were no protection to them; and in such circumstances they believed resistance to be justifiable. Why should they apostatize, or be burned, while they had strength to wield the sword, especially as the letter of the law was in their favor? Such a line of argument may fall below the great ideal of the Founder of Christianity, in which the highest victory is gained through suffering: “Unto him that smiteth thee on the one cheek, offer also the other.” But how can we apply such a rule to a

whole nation, the mass of which consists of ordinary individuals? Upon men of low moral constitutions persecution has a searing, hardening, revengeful effect. It would not raise the victims into martyrs, or lift them up to the divine spirit of the Crucifixion. To forbid the use of the sword for any and every cause, as one very narrow sect does, is intelligible; but to say that we may draw it in defense of our homes and our goods, but not in defense of our faith, is to count the latter of less value than the former. Those who sympathize with Calvin argue that the midnight assassin, or the violator of woman's purity, may be lawfully resisted, even unto death; not so another who would force a man to abjure his faith. This is putting the purse above the conscience. Calvin had never been tested in the fire. Brentius and Languet, who had both been face to face with the enemy, thought differently.[293] The latter, speaking of a meeting at La Cerisaye, which had been attacked, says: "There were some who would have rather been beaten than draw their swords, but I was not of their opinion."[294] It may indeed be urged that the differences between the Romanists and Huguenots were not important enough to justify armed resistance; but the alternative appeal is to the conscience; and if men and women, young and old, rich and poor, through a long series of years, held their faith as dearer than their life, we must infer that the differences to them were vital.

There is, however, a potent element of evil in armed resistance. When Christians unite into armies, they are too apt to become a political party, and losing sight of the motives and principles which first banded them together, to contend for mere temporal objects like any other body of men. It was perhaps a misfortune that the Reformed were so numerous in

France; had they been a small, insignificant body, they would hardly have created such malignant animosity, and might have escaped being mixed up in the civil war, which was sooner or later inevitable between the political parties.

Both armies now began to prepare for the coming struggle. Never before in all history, and only once since, has any thing been seen like the discipline at first maintained among the Huguenots. A form of prayer, drawn up by Beza, was repeated every night and morning; and the troops were "to beware of oppressing the poor commons." As they marched over the open country, "they neither spoiled nor misused their hosts, but were content with a little.... Most of them paid honestly for all things." La Noue aptly describes it as a "well-ordered disorder." Speaking of the discipline of the army while it lay for a fortnight in the camp at Vassadonne near Orleans, he says: "Among all this great troop, ye should never hear God's name blasphemed. There was not a pair of dice or cards, the fountains of many brawls and thefts, walking in any quarter.... Truly, many wondered to see them so well-disposed, and my late brother the Lord of Teligny and myself, discoursing thereof with the Lord Admiral, did greatly commend it. Whereupon he said unto us: 'It is indeed a goodly matter if it would continue; but I fear this people will pour forth all their goodness at once, so as within these two months they will have nothing but malice left. I have a great while governed the footmen, and do know them. They will fulfill the proverb: A young saint, an old devil. If this fail, we may make a cross upon the chimney.' We smiled, but took no farther heed thereof, until experience taught us that herein he was a prophet." The admiral had not long to wait for the fulfillment of his prophecy. At Beaugency, the

Huguenot force treated with more cruelty the Protestants who had been unable to escape than they did the Catholic soldiers who had held the town against them. “Thus,” continues the amusing chronicler, “thus did our footmen lose their virginity, and of this unlawful conjunction ensued the procreation of Lady Picoree, who is since grown into such dignity that she is now termed madame; yea, if this civil war continue, I doubt she will become a princess. Of the Catholics, I will say that at the beginning they were likewise well ordered, and did not much annoy the commons.” The Huguenots were the first to make the war support itself by contributions levied upon the enemy. When the admiral was in Normandy, the Catholic population of Caen was required to furnish the sum of 10,000, not, however, until Beza’s appeal to his co-religionists for money had utterly failed.[295]

Before the two armies came into actual collision, Catherine interposed as a peace-maker. She saw plainly that, whichever side conquered, the crown must suffer, and that it would be ruinous to her power to allow one party to exterminate the other. Accordingly, several attempts were made to induce the Huguenots to lay down their arms. Montluc and Vieilleville were successively dispatched to Orleans, and as they could obtain nothing from the confederated nobles, Catherine determined to try the effect of her own power of persuasion.

A conference took place on the 2d of June between her and Condé at Thoury in Beauce, ten leagues from Orleans. La Noue describes the armed escorts on each side, sitting on horseback and looking at each other for half an hour, “each coveting to see, one his brother, another his uncle,

cousin, friend, or old companion." At last they got leave from their respective commanders to speak with one another. They met with great "demonstrations of amity." "The Catholics, imagining the Protestants to be lost, exhorted them to see to themselves, and not to enter obstinately into this miserable war, wherein near kinsmen must murder one another. Hereto they answered that they detested it; howbeit, if they had no recourse to their defense, they were assured of like entreaty as many other Protestants had received, who were cruelly slain in sundry parts of France. Each provoked the other to peace, and to persuade their superiors to hearken thereto." An eye-witness writes: "On the 17th of June the queen set off again from the forest of Vincennes in great haste, and it was believed this time that she would conclude a peace before her return. She had taken medicine and been bled the day before, being ill through a fall from her hackney, going and coming with such dispatch."

At a subsequent interview at Talcy[296] (28th June, 1562), Condé, yielding to the persuasions of Montluc, Bishop of Valence, offered to show his good faith by leaving the country, provided the Guises would do the same; and a meeting was fixed for the next day at which the conditions of this singular agreement were to be arranged. La Noue tells us how "the prince returned to his camp laughing (but between his teeth) with the chief of his gentlemen who had heard all his talk; some scratching their heads where they itched not, others shaking them; some were pensive; and the younger sort gibed at one another, each one devising with what occupation he should be forced to get his living in a foreign land." With similar lightness of heart, but not with equal chivalry, the gentlemen of France forsook their

country in 1789, trusting to return in a few weeks to a land which most of them never saw again.

Condé's officers refused to follow him. Coligny supposed the queen-mother meant no harm, but thought that "those who had weapons in their hands did circumvent her to the end to betray them." Andelot said to the prince: "If you forsake us now, it will be said that you do it for fear. The best way of coming to an agreement is to lead us within sight of the enemy. We can never be perfect friends, before we have skirmished a little together." The Lord of Boucarde, one of the bravest gentlemen in the realm, "whose head was fraught with fire and lead," declared: "I would be loth to walk up and down a foreign land with a tooth-pick in my mouth, and in the mean time see some flattering neighbor be the master of my house, and fatten himself with my revenues." These opinions being generally approved of, Condé gave way, and "they all shook hands in confirmation thereof." Beza, who was present at this council, afterward besought the prince "not to give over the good work he had begun which God, whose honor it concerned, would bring to perfection." Thus the conference came to nothing; the queen-mother and Condé separated, "each very sorry that they had no better success."

The Huguenots had lost much valuable time by this attempted mediation; while the clergy and Parliament of Paris, improving the opportunity, issued an order for those of the true Church to take up arms and kill the heretics like mad dogs. A contemporary denounces this proclamation as "a means to arm thieves, vagabonds, and villains. It made the ploughman to leave the plough, and the craftsman to shut up his shop; it changed the

multitude into tigers and lions, and fleshed them against their own countrymen."[297] Woe to the vanquished, for atrocity begets atrocity! A manuscript journal of this year, kept by some person attached to the court, describes the fearful state of Paris. Every day had its tale of outrage and murder by sword, rope, or water. Houses were pillaged and razed to the ground; cemeteries were broken open, and the relics of the dead scattered to the winds. The voice of the law was silent, and the government looked on, as if powerless to prevent, but in reality pleased to see their enemies exterminated. On one occasion, a child, hardly six months old, who had been christened by a Huguenot pastor, was rechristened at the Church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois. More than 10,000 spectators were witnesses of the ceremony: the bells rang out joyous peals from every steeple, and the crowd shouted: "Praised be God for the recovery of the poor little soul." These profanations of the holy rite of baptism were not confined to Paris. At Le Puy the infant of "an apostate" was christened with great pomp of minstrels, arquebusiers, and "taborins," the lord-bishop of the city being godfather.[298]

On the last day of June several persons were murdered, and among them a woman accused of not going to mass for ten years. She was cruelly beaten and then flung into the Seine, when the boatmen knocked her on the head with oars and poles. Two men also were killed and thrown into the river, charged with being Huguenots. The blood-stained doublet of one of them was fastened to a stick and carried in procession through the streets of Paris by a troop of noisy children. "This, or something of the sort, was done every day," says the court chronicler, "so that no one could be punished."[299] The blood-

thirstiness of the multitude spread even to the young. Santa Croce writes to Cardinal Borromeo: “Monsieur d’Enghien, who is only a little boy of seven, is always saying that we must no longer delay to burn all the Huguenots without mercy.... This I learned from the constable, who expressed how greatly he was pleased to hear it.”

The Constable Montmorency, who, as governor of Paris, should have supported the authority of the law, was one of the foremost to break it. He took such pleasure in destroying the Huguenot places of worship, that even the Catholics nicknamed him *Mr. Burn-bench*. In one day he pulled down the two meeting-houses at Popincourt,[300] and the mob bringing the timber to the square in front of the Hotel-de-Ville, burned it there with shouts of “God has not forgotten the city of Paris.” The pulpit was used with great effect to inflame the multitude. At the Fête Dieu, Charles of Guise, “the bloody cardinal,”[301] told his hearers “it was better to shed the last drop of their blood than permit God’s honor and his Church to be defiled by the presence of any other religion in France than that of their ancestors.”[302] Matters became so bad that at last Queen Elizabeth instructed her embassador to leave Paris, “because he could not witness such great cruelties.” What the queen-mother said or did to conciliate her royal sister is not known; but it is certain that Catherine was much grieved at this state of affairs—*diu multumque flevit*. There is a story of her adopting a rather oriental manner of learning the opinions of the citizens. Putting on a mask, such as the Italian ladies were accustomed to wear, she walked through the streets, accompanied by the Queen of Navarre. They went into the shops, pretending to purchase, and, as may be imagined,

heard many strange things about themselves and the government.[303]

All efforts at conciliation having failed, each party tried to strengthen itself by foreign alliances. Guise, Montmorency, and St. André had already, as we have seen, entered into a treasonable arrangement with Philip II., by which that monarch bound himself to aid with money and men in the extirpation of heresy in France; “on no pretense to spare the life of any heretic,” says the *Sommaire*.[304] The duke was specially charged “to blot out entirely the name, family, and race of Bourbon, lest from them some one should arise hereafter to restore the new religion.” In pursuance of this agreement the King of Spain wrote to the queen-mother offering military support.[305] Pius V. ordered collections to be made in the states of the Church, gathered contributions from the Italian princes, and sent a small force of mercenaries across the Alps.[306]

In self-defense the Huguenots were forced to appeal to their brother Protestants for help; nor were Swiss, Germans, or English deaf to their appeal. By the treaty of Hampton Court (20th Sept., 1562) Elizabeth agreed to furnish 6000 men, of whom one-half were to garrison Havre, as a material guarantee until the end of the war. This was an impolitic concession on the part of the Huguenots; it turned many friends into enemies, and necessarily drove Catherine into the arms of the coalition. The Duke of Guise, only a few years before, had by the capture of Calais expelled the English from the “sacred soil” of France; and now the Huguenots were traitorously inviting them back. Unfortunately Elizabeth’s behavior only served to strengthen the suspicions of the French people. Her declared object was “to check

the aspirations of the Guisian conspirators, who would never be satisfied until Scotland and England were united under one crown, and that worn by Mary Stuart."[307] To the King of Spain she wrote, immediately after signing the treaty, that her aim was to preserve peace "by securing such ports as be next us from them (Guisians), without intent of offense to the king."[308] But she did not preserve peace, and her actions did offend.

Hostilities broke out long before these negotiations were concluded. By the middle of June the two armies were in the field and ready for action. They were not large: that under Navarre consisting of 4000 foot and 3000 horse, that under Condé of 6000 foot and 2000 horse. The first movements were favorable to the Catholics. Having frustrated an attempt to surprise them, the royal forces prepared to attack Orleans, the Huguenot head-quarters, by cutting it off from the surrounding country. They retook Blois, Tours, Poitiers, Angers, and Bourges, almost without striking a blow, signalizing the capture of these cities by atrocities which could have been perpetrated only when the passions of a fierce soldiery were inflamed by religious fanaticism. At Blois a woman found praying with some neighbors was thrown into the water, and as she floated was beaten with sticks and pelted with stones until she died. An old man of seventy caught reading the Bible was immediately massacred; another had his eyes plucked out and was then knocked on the head; another was paraded through the city on an ass, with his face to the tail, pelted, hooted, and drowned. The pastor Chassebœuf was, by Guise's express order, hung up to a tree without any form of trial.[309] There was much in the appearance of Tours to rouse the fanaticism of the soldiery. For some weeks the

town had been in the hands of the Huguenots, who seized upon the churches, stole the plate, broke the images and ornaments, burned the service-books, desecrated the relics, and ordered every ecclesiastic to leave the place in twenty-four hours under pain of imprisonment. Contemporary records describe the destruction of a "Calvary" of gold and azure, one of the wonders of the world, which sixty years before had cost the large sum of ten thousand ducats. The plunder of the churches served to keep up the war. That of St. Martin at Tours furnished Condé with 1,200,000 livres, without counting the jewels in the shrines.[310]

When the king's authority was restored in Tours, mass was ordered to be sung in St. Martin's Church, but every thing in it had been broken or destroyed, except the stalls in the choir and a few of the painted windows. This was on the 13th June, and on the 14th and 15th of the following month the massacre occurred. The interval is sufficient to show that it was caused by something more than the usual military license of those rough days. We shall find a horrible sameness in these stories: men and women, young and old, were murdered indiscriminately; even children were not spared. Boats filled with victims were sunk in the river; thus anticipating, by more than two centuries, the *noyades* of the infamous Carrier. Three hundred persons were shut up in a church, and after being kept there for three days without food, were bound two and two and taken to the *escorcherie* (the knacker's yard) and there killed. "Little children (whose parents had been murdered) could be bought for a crown apiece," adds D'Aubigné. In five or six days the banks of the river down to Angers were covered with dead bodies, "dont les bestes mêmes s'espouvantoyent," says

Crespin, “at which even the wild beasts were horror-stricken.” After order had been restored by the Duke of Montpensier, a minister was hanged for preaching a sermon not to the taste of his hearers. Because the fronts of certain houses had not been decorated with hangings during the procession of Corpus Christi, some of the inhabitants were drowned, others imprisoned, and in every case the houses were thoroughly gutted. Two women were dragged to the river and flung into water so shallow, that they could not drown, whereupon they were beaten to death with oars and poles. Jean Bourgeau, president of the city, was caught while attempting to escape in a boat (30th Nov., 1562). He was first drowned and then hanged to a tree and disemboweled, “because not only had he been averse to punishing the heretics, but had moreover favored them by adhering to their erroneous opinions and oppressing the Catholics.”[311]

From Tours the king’s forces marched to Poitiers, which fell after three days’ cannonade, and Bourges surrendered after a siege of ten days. The terms of capitulation conceded to the inhabitants were an amnesty for the past and liberty of conscience according to the Edict of January. Orleans was now quite insulated; but the Catholic chiefs, instead of following up their successes in that direction, drew off their army to Rouen, through which they feared that English forces might be poured into the country. Rouen was at that time one of the most important cities of France: there was none in the north to equal it in commerce, wealth, and population. Situated on the Seine, midway between its mouth and Paris, it commanded the main highway into the interior; and, so long as it was in hostile hands, no serious attempt could be made upon the strong city of Orleans.

Strategical and political reasons being thus in favor of attacking Rouen, the royal army, now 18,000 strong, under the orders of the constable, sat down before the city on the 25th September. The Count of Montgomery's garrison was about 4000 men, of whom nearly half were English. The trenches were opened to the sound of music, as was done more than once in the time of Louis XIV. In the town, as in the Huguenot armies generally, all was serious and severe; prayer-meetings and sermons with psalm-singing were the amusements of the garrison, who, like the Covenanters and Puritans, fought none the worse because they had bent the knee to God before marching to battle. The siege was pressed vigorously, for the cold nights and heavy rains of autumn were approaching, when the royal army would be unable to keep the field. The citizens of Paris, who were anxious to recover a city which interrupted all traffic with the sea, offered the king 200,000 crowns to pay and victual the besieging force.[312] Catherine, attended by her licentious maids of honor—her "flying squadron," as they were afterward called—visited the army to encourage the troops by her presence. It is said that she went every day to Fort St. Catherine, where the fire was hottest; and when the constable and Guise remonstrated with her, representing that it was not her duty to expose her life, she answered: "Why should I spare myself more than you? Have I less interest in the result, or less courage? True, I have not your strength of body, but I have equal resolution of mind." The soldiers called her "mater castrorum."

On the 26th October the breach was stormed. The fatigued and overmatched garrison made but a feeble resistance, and the city was won. Montgomery escaped, but those who remained had to suffer all

the extremities of a town abandoned to the passions of an unscrupulous soldiery. The commanders had forbidden all pillage—for the besieged, though rebels, were still the king's subjects—but the indiscipline of the army was too strong. The Swiss mercenaries obeyed the order, "but the French soldiers would sooner be killed than come away so long as there was any thing to take." For three days the license endured, when the king, attended by his mother and the parliament, made his triumphal entry through the breach, and put an end to the outrages of the soldiery.[313]

And now the hour of vengeance had come. The Catholics remembered how, one Sunday in May, the Huguenots, in the exultation of their triumph, had sacked and defaced the cathedral and thirty-six parish churches. "They made such work," says Beza, "that they left neither altar nor image, font nor benitier."[314] That this was not the act of a lawless mob, or of a sudden excitement, but of calmness and deliberation, is probable from what happened about the same time at Caen, in the same province, where the minister Cousin told the judges "that this idolatry had been put up with too long, and that it must be trampled down." And here the destroyers, after scattering the ashes of William the Conqueror, breaking organs, pictures, pulpits, and statues, to the estimated value of 100,000 crowns, had the impudence to ask the town council to pay them for their two days' work—which was done.[315] At Rouen, the anger of the Catholic soldiery was increased by the conduct of the Huguenot clergy, who had refused the honorable terms of surrender which had been offered them, declaring that Heaven would work a miracle, if all human means should fail, to prevent their falling into the hands of the

Romanists. That miracle was not worked, and one of the first victims of this tampering with the Divine will was Marlorat, chief pastor of the city. He had been an Augustine monk, and, leaving his convent, escaped to Geneva, where he abjured Romanism. Apostate as he was in the eyes of the Catholics, he was permitted to appear at the conference of Poissy, where he acted as the Protestant leader until Beza arrived. Such an instance of toleration ought not to be overlooked.

When Rouen fell, Marlorat hid himself, but his hiding-place was betrayed, and he was imprisoned. The constable went to visit him in his dungeon, and charged him with seducing the people. “If I have, God seduced me first,” he answered; “for I have preached nothing but his pure word.” He suffered in company with two of his flock, exhorting them to the last. The high bailiff swore a terrible oath, and struck him with his official staff to make him hold his tongue; and, as he was hanging, a soldier hacked his legs. Beza, who records these things, traces the finger of God in the misfortunes that subsequently befell Marlorat’s persecutors: “The captain who betrayed him was killed three weeks after; two of his judges died of strange diseases; the soldier who hacked his legs was killed by a sword; and the high bailiff in his cups quarreled with Marshal Vieilleville, who cut off the hand with which he had struck the martyr.” Many other victims fell besides the pastors, and the prisons were so crammed with pious men and women that Brevedent, the lieutenant of police, thought it his duty to remonstrate: “Why do you crowd the dungeons?” he asked. “Can you doubt what you ought to do? Is the river yet full?”

In the course of the siege, Anthony of Navarre

received a bullet wound in his shoulder, of which he died on the 17th November at Andelys.[316] During his feverish wanderings, he talked to his attendants of the orange groves of his expected kingdom of Sardinia, and of the golden sands of its rivers. No wife with loving hand smoothed his dying-pillow. She was far away in the south, training up her children in all godliness; but his mistress, Louise de Rouet, stayed with him to the last. Her character of him is by no means flattering: "The prince (she said) changed his religion and party almost as easily as he changed mistresses." After he had received extreme unction, his uneasy conscience would not let him rest. "Read me a chapter of the Bible," he said to his physician; and after the latter had read a portion of Scripture, Anthony interrupted him, and with tears in his eyes exclaimed: "If I do but get well, I will cause the Gospel to be preached throughout France." But his good resolutions, if sincere, came too late; and, at the age of forty-four, he died regretted by neither party. Garnier mentions a curious peculiarity of this unworthy king without a kingdom: he was so irresistibly given to pilfering that, after he had gone to bed, the pages used to search his pockets in order to restore the property he had stolen.

Condé was much grieved at the Rouen cruelties, particularly with the hanging of Marlorat and others, and ordered three persons to be hanged in retaliation.[317] The army, also, was so exasperated, that they massacred all the priests they found in Pluviers; and when the Catholics contended that the king might hang his rebellious subjects, they replied that "his name shrouded other men's malice, wherefore, according to the proverb, they would make *such bread such brewisse*." The prince's jest is well known: "Our enemies have given us two shrewd

checks in taking our rooks (meaning Rouen and Bourges), but I hope that now we may catch their knights, if they take the field." But he was caught himself.

The fall of Rouen not only did not restore peace, but the province of Normandy became more disturbed than ever. Both parties were equally violent, equally unscrupulous. They burned or plundered each other's houses and farmsteads. The neighborhood of Rouen became a wide waste, and the people were reduced to beggary.[318] The government took advantage of their success to make a display of generosity which, had it been sincere, might have terminated the war. A royal edict promised a full and complete amnesty to all who had taken up arms, on condition that they ceased to attend Protestant sermons, and conformed outwardly to Catholicism. The numerous exceptions to this act of grace included the heads of the party, persons notoriously seditious, and such as had profaned the churches. A few gentlemen accepted these terms, but the vast majority saw that the edict was a mere trick to separate the army from its leaders.

Battles and sieges now followed in quick succession, and in all parts of France at once. Condé, who had been reinforced by 4000 lansquenets and 300 reiters, brought from Germany by Andelot, after threatening Paris had moved into Normandy, in order to meet the auxiliaries, about 3000 in number, promised by Queen Elizabeth. He was followed by the Duke of Guise, who came up with him on the banks of the Eure, a long narrow plain separating the two armies. The force under Condé amounted to 5000 foot and 8000 horse, while that under Guise consisted of 16,000 foot and 3000 horse.[319] The

latter fortified “against all chances” the petty town of Dreux, at the foot of a hill on whose top there stood a castle even then of some antiquity. A small stream ran through the plain, which was covered with wood, with here and there a hamlet of a few houses. Early in that dark winter’s morning (19th December) Condé prepared for battle. The prince went through the ranks exhorting his followers to do their duty as became Christians and loyal subjects, for they were fighting not against the king, but against his evil advisers; and reminded them of their parents and friends burned and massacred. After singing a psalm, wherein the God of Israel summons his people to avenge his cause, the troops knelt down in prayer, and as soon as the chaplain had ended, the whole army thundered out *Amen!* For two hours the armies remained face to face within cannon-shot. “Every man stood fast,” says La Noue, “imagining in himself that they that came against him were no Spaniards, Englishmen, or Italians, but Frenchmen, and those of the bravest; among whom were their companions, friends, and kinsfolks, and also that within one hour they were to slay each other. This bred some horror, nevertheless, without quailing in courage, they thus stayed until the armies moved to join.” About one o’clock, Condé gave the signal to advance: before sunset it was all over. Heading the attack in person, he cut through the enemy’s line, captured some of his cannon, and took the constable prisoner. But, like Rupert at Edgehill, he followed up the pursuit so eagerly and so far, that he left his infantry exposed. [320] The Duke of Guise saw the opportunity, and sweeping down upon them with the cry of “They are ours! they are ours!” drove the German footmen off the field.[321] The native Huguenot infantry, now uncovered, resisted stoutly, but suffered in

proportion. Meanwhile Condé, who was making his way back to the point of danger, fell to the ground in a small hedge-row, and before he could extricate himself from his horse, which had been knocked down by a bullet, a troop of Damville's[322] brigade came up and took him prisoner. Coligny, who had been trying to make up for the prince's rashness, saw that all was over, and made preparations to save the relics of the defeated army. Gathering round him the few troops that remained unbroken, he flung himself between the fugitives and the pursuing foe, to whom he presented such a resolute face that Guise dared not attack him. There is a story to the effect, that when the duke's friends advised him to pursue the Huguenots, he said, "Peace, peace; I have to fight with a worse beast than all the Huguenots put together." He meant Catherine de Medicis. Several fierce charges were made upon the Huguenot rear-guard, in one of which St. André was captured, and afterward murdered in cold blood.[323] Although a drawn battle[324] the number of killed and wounded, according to a statement by Ambrose Paré, was enormous: "I saw the earth covered for a good league all round," he says; "they were reckoned at 2500 men at the outside. All that had been *polished off* in less than two hours."[325] Until 1789 a solemn procession took place every year at Dreux to commemorate this triumph of the Catholic cause.

When the news of this battle reached Paris, the citizens gave way to transports of delight. The houses were illuminated; *Te Deums* were sung in the churches; salvos of artillery were fired from the Bastille. The Duke of Guise was made lieutenant-general and decorated with the Order of the Holy Ghost. Catherine shared the common joy, and when the good tidings reached Trent, where the council

was sitting, they clapped their hands in exultation. The Catholics had, indeed, every reason to exult, for if victory had declared in favor of the Huguenots, the fortunes of France might have changed with its religion. “Well, then, we still have to say our prayers in French,” said Catherine, when the first reports of the battle assigned the victory to Condé.

Both armies now retired to winter-quarters: Coligny leading the remnant of the Huguenot forces to Orleans, and Guise returning to Paris with an escort of 2400 Spanish arquebusiers. Now that St. André was killed and Montmorency a prisoner, the duke found himself the most powerful man in the kingdom. Reorganizing his troops and being strongly reinforced, he marched out early next year to lay siege to Orleans, for winter brought little cessation to the strife. Coligny, who was in great want of money, had moved into Normandy, to re-open his communications with England, having left his brother Andelot in command of the city. The latter, though suffering severely from a quartan ague, took the most active measures of defense; but Guise was no mean soldier, and had had large experience in sieges. He captured one of the suburbs by assault; his lines drawing closer every day effectually cut off all succor; the admiral was too weak to attempt to raise the siege, and the duke had fixed the final attack for the 19th February. Writing to the queen-regent, he expressed a hope that she would not be displeased if he destroyed every thing within the walls, “even to the dogs and rats,” and sowed the foundations of the city with salt. It is probable that there would have been a terrible massacre; but just as all hope seemed lost, the hand of an assassin brought deliverance (18th February, 1563). On his death-bed Duke Francis attempted to justify himself for the atrocities

at Vassy, protesting that he had neither premeditated nor ordered them. But death-bed confessions are rarely authentic enough to be relied on: they are too often colored by the report of interested witnesses. [326] On this point Maimbourg and Varillas are at variance—the latter affirming that the duke prayed God to pardon all his faults, "except that of Vassy." He is also reported to have sent a message to the queen-regent, advising her to make peace without delay, adding that "the man who would prevent it is an enemy to the king and state." The near approach of death had probably brought that wisdom and calm judgment in which he was so deficient, for only a month earlier Throckmorton wrote of him: "The duke will in no wise accord to peace till the Protestants be utterly exterminated."[327] When Catherine heard the news of his murder, she spoke her mind pretty plainly about him: "The man is dead I hated most of all the world." And when Condé characterized his death as the removal of a burden, she continued: "If the kingdom has been relieved of one burden, ten have been taken off my bosom."

The murderer was Jean Poltrot de Méré, a gentleman of Angoumois and a convert to the Reformed faith, whose temper had been soured by misfortune. Imagining the Duke of Guise to be the great obstacle to the victory of the Huguenot cause, he determined upon his assassination, and after watching him for several days, succeeded in shooting his victim as he was passing, slenderly escorted, through a wood.[328] Poltrot fled, and would probably have escaped; but not knowing the country, he rode round and round until he returned nearly to the spot where he had fired at the duke. He was soon captured and taken to Paris, where, after being tortured to force him to reveal the names of his

accomplices, he was sentenced to a cruel death. He was dragged to the place of execution on a hurdle, surrounded by a strong guard to prevent his being torn in pieces by the populace. His right hand was cut off, his flesh torn by pincers, and melted lead poured into the wounds. His limbs were then tied to four horses, who, pulling in opposite directions, endeavored to tear him asunder; but they pulled in vain, until the hangman severed the muscles with a sword. Finally his head was cut off and his body burned to ashes.

While stretched upon the rack in the torture-chamber, Poltrot acknowledged that he had been bribed by Coligny to kill the duke. It is true he had been much in the Huguenot camp, and the admiral had given him money to purchase a horse—circumstances that tended to corroborate his confession; but his hasty execution, without confronting him with the admiral, or giving the latter an opportunity of vindicating himself, was highly suspicious. Some persons have supposed that the queen-regent had a share in the murder, on the ground that she once said (or is reported to have said) to Tavannes: “The Guises wished to make themselves kings, but I took good care of them before Orleans.” Both suspicions are equally baseless, but the Guise family persisted in charging Coligny with the murder; and it must be acknowledged that the admiral’s conduct and language were not altogether satisfactory. In his remarks on Poltrot’s interrogatory he says, that when some one declared he would kill the duke in the midst of his soldiers, he had not discouraged him (ne l’avait point détourné), adding that he remembered well his last meeting with Poltrot, who went so far as to say that it would be easy to kill M. de Guise, and that he (Coligny) had

made no reply to it, “considering it to be mere idle talk.” In a letter to the queen-mother, which accompanied these remarks, he says: “During the last few months, I have no longer contested the matter against those who displayed such intentions, because I had information that certain persons had been practiced upon to kill me.... Do not imagine, however, that what I say proceeds from any regret which the duke’s death occasions me. No, far from that, I esteem it the greatest blessing that could possibly have befallen this kingdom, the Church of God, and more especially myself and all my house.”[329] This leaves no doubt that Coligny assented, if he did not consent to the crime. He was not unwilling to profit by it, though he would do nothing to further it. This may diminish the lofty moral pedestal on which some writers have placed the Protestant hero; but he was a man, and had all a man’s failings, though he may have controlled them by his religious principles. Nor was assassination considered at all cowardly or disgraceful in those days; not more so than killing a man in a duel was until very recently among us.

The news of the duke’s murder was received with a cry of horror among the Catholic party. Pius IV. ordered a magnificent funeral ceremony to be performed in St. Peter’s, and Julius Poggianus, in his sermon on the occasion, comparing Francis to Judas Maccabæus, called him the preserver of France. In a funeral service at Notre Dame in Paris, the vicar-general of Rouen extolled the duke, but would not pray for him, “car fait injure au martyr qui prie pour le martyr.” He treated Guise as a sort of demi-god, and declared that nothing restrained him from reckoning the murdered man among the saints but his respect for the pope, who had not yet canonized

him.[330] On the other hand, these honors only served to call forth a torrent of vituperation from his enemies. The murder was openly defended, Poltrot was compared to Judith, and ballads were sung in his praise.[331] He was called

> L'exemple merveilleux
> D'une extrême vaillance,
> Le dixième des preux,
> Libérateur de France.

In another ballad we are told that

> Dieu suscita le vaillant de Méré,
> Qui le Guisart a massacré.

Even Beza conferred on him the martyr's crown, and Cecil "was very glad to hear of the duke's hurt, and could wish his soul in heaven."[332]

The times were favorable for peace. The Duke of Guise dead and the constable a prisoner, there was no one to take the command of the royal army. "I was obliged to command it myself," said Catherine, "for Brissac was so ill that he could not leave his bed." On the other hand, the Prince of Condé, with all his desire for liberty, was unwilling to change "the soft air of the court and the smiles of the ladies" for the austerities of the Huguenot camp. His offer to become the channel of negotiations between the two religions was accepted, though not without opposition from the embassadors of Philip II. and the pope, who were for continuing the war. The Duke of Tuscany expressed his dissatisfaction at the negotiations; and the queen-regent, to quiet them, seems to have hinted that the pacification would be only a trap. Santa Croce writes: "If any opportunity is found of infringing the articles of this treaty, they will not be kept.... Should the queen do as she promises, means will be found of punishing these people when they are disarmed and dispersed." But

the peace party was too strong, and the terms of a treaty were soon agreed upon. Before finally accepting them, the Prince of Condé consulted the synod then assembled at Orleans; but that impracticable body, while claiming absolute liberty for themselves, would have denied it to those whom they called “atheists, libertines, and anabaptists.” As it would have been useless to attempt to reconcile the extreme fanatics on both sides, the Pacification of Amboise was signed on the 19th March, 1563. The right of public worship conceded by the Edict of January was greatly restricted, the Huguenots being no longer permitted to assemble outside the walls of the cities, but only in a single place within every bailliage inhabited by Protestant nobles and their retainers. On the other hand, one clause expressly bore that “every man should live at liberty in his own house, without search or molestation, and without being vexed or constrained for conscience’ sake.” Although the treaty was acceptable to the majority of the Huguenot party, who were growing tired of the war, all were not equally pleased. The admiral, who had protested against it, characterized it by a single phrase: “That stroke of the pen throws down more churches than the enemy’s soldiers could have destroyed in ten years.”

Notwithstanding the insinuations of Cardinal Santa Croce, that “she would pacify every thing in a few hours whenever she pleased,”[333] there does not appear to be any reason to doubt Catherine’s sincerity. It was her interest to pacify the country in a sense very different from that intended by the papal envoy: she had something more to fear than the hostility of the Huguenots. Spain was looking on, eager to take advantage of the distresses of France, and a continuation of the war could bring nothing

but disaster whichever side prevailed. Less than a year of civil strife had been sufficient to exhaust the finances of the country, to accumulate an immense debt, to destroy commerce, and to throw half the land out of cultivation. Castelnau's testimony in this matter is indisputable: "Agriculture was abandoned; multitudes of towns and villages, pillaged and burned, were deserted, and the poor laborers, driven from their homes, dispoiled of their furniture and cattle, robbed to-day by one party, to-morrow by another, fled like wild beasts, leaving all they had to the mercy of those who were without mercy. Commerce was quite given up: no one was secure of his property or life.... Thus the war, undertaken for religion, annihilated religion and piety."[334] "The Catholics," adds Claude Haton, "were as great thieves and brigands as the Huguenots." The husbandman, no longer able to till his fields in safety, either joined the army or turned robber—a difference more in name than in reality. In many parts they banded together to protect themselves, but they soon became little better than brigands, attacking travelers, and ransoming the smaller towns and villages. In the Vendomois they were so violent that the gentlemen of the province united to repress their excesses and restore order, putting at their head the poet Ronsard, a gentleman and also a parish priest. "There are too many people in France," shouted the leader of one of the wild gangs called Barefeet (*Pieds-Nus*); "we will kill a lot of them and make bread cheap."[335] These ruffians committed horrible atrocities in Champagne, sacking the houses of rich and poor alike, killing the men and reserving the women for a worse fate. At Céant-en-Othe, inhabited chiefly by Protestants, they burned the villagers alive in their cottages. A poor girl, after

enduring unutterable barbarities, was covered with straw and roasted alive, as they would have scorched a dead pig. One man was tied to a post and used as a target for their arquebuses.

Trade suffered not less than agriculture, for commerce can not thrive without the security of peace and law. Intercourse between town and town was almost entirely cut off, for the highways were no longer safe except to strong bodies of armed men. Tradesmen and mechanics, therefore, quitted their counters and workshops for the camp; and members of the inferior clergy, whose revenues had been extinguished by the troubled state of affairs, flung aside the frock and assumed the cuirass. And as if to make the confusion more complete, justice could not be administered, so much were the tribunals overawed everywhere. In Paris the anarchy seems to have been complete, each man being a law to himself. Not even in the terrible revolution that closed the eighteenth century were the bonds of society more thoroughly relaxed.

The royal edict which carried out the provisions of the treaty of Amboise met with considerable opposition from the Catholics. At first, all the parliaments of the kingdom refused to register it, and their resistance was only to be overcome by the direct intervention of the crown. The Parliament of Paris yielded under protest; that of Dijon would not give way. The Duke of Aumale, brother to the murdered Francis of Guise, and governor of Burgundy, supported the parliament in their resistance, and declared, “There shall sooner be two suns in heaven than two religions in my government.” When the municipality of Amiens was in due course instructed to act in conformity with the

edict, they pleaded that the instructions were insufficient, and put them aside until the king wrote to them in a tone that was not to be trifled with. The disappointment of the fanatic Catholics is manifest from a plot formed by a “fraternal association” to massacre all the Huguenots in the capital. All not of the Guise faction, and such as were moderate either in religion or politics, were termed “suspects,” and as such condemned to be sacrificed. L’Hopital, “the traitor chancellor,” and Montmorency, “le mauvais riche,” were to be the first victims. The plot was discovered and frustrated by Joan of Navarre, and some of the most violent of the civic conspirators were hanged at their own windows without any form of trial.[336]

The pope did not openly protest against the Pacification of Amboise, but virtually condemned it by a bull to the cardinal inquisitors-general (7th April, 1563), permitting them to take proceedings against heretics and their supporters, even in the states beyond their jurisdiction. The opposition of the court of Spain was entirely selfish. Philip II. knew that peace in France was dangerous to tyranny in the Netherlands. Strengthened by his discontent, the Spanish faction openly set the treaty at defiance. The government, however, was sincere in its desire for tranquillity, and Catherine labored earnestly to conciliate the malcontents. When Jacques Philippeaux was sent to Gap, he called upon the Huguenots to deliver up their arms, but granted them liberty of conscience, and permitted them to bury their dead in the general cemetery with their own forms and ceremonies, until another place could be provided. But such instances of toleration and charity were rare; for France was like the sea, where the waves continue to rise long after the storm has

ceased.

Early in the course of the war, Coligny had the misfortune to lose his son after a short illness of six days. He felt the blow keenly, and to comfort his wife, who took it very much to heart, he wrote the following letter: “Although you may grieve over the loss of our dear child, yet I must remind you that, as it was God’s pleasure to take him, so it should be ours to obey His will. He was a good child, and we might have entertained great hopes of one so well conducted; but remember, dearest, that we can not live without offending God, and that our boy is happy in dying at an age when he was exempt from sin. It was God’s will, and I offer Him my other children, if it be His pleasure. Do the same, if you desire He should bless you, for in Him we should place all our hope. Farewell, my dearly beloved. I hope to see you shortly, which will be a great joy to me.”

CHAPTER VII.

CHAOS.

[1562–1563.]

Nature of the Struggle—Montluc—His Barbarity—Des Adrets—His Ferocity—Murders at Gaillac—The Reform in Provence and Languedoc—Scenes at Orange—Revolt at Valence—Disturbances at Lyons—Compromise—La Rochelle—Massacre at Toulouse—Exodus of Sisteron—Sauteries of Macon—Limoux—Palm Sunday at Castelnaudary—The Monks of St. Calais—Violence in Berry—The Chatelaine of Avallon—The Proctor of Bar—Atrocities of the Bishop of Le Mans and his Lieutenant—Huguenot Cruelties at Dieppe and Bayeux—Angoulême—Quarrels at Court—Siege of Havre—Duplicity of English Government—Charles Proclaimed of Age—His Character—Council of Trent.

While the events we have described in the preceding chapter were taking place in the north and west of France, the rest of that beautiful land was a prey to anarchy and all the direst evils of civil war. In our favored country, where internecine strife has been so long unknown, and where, even in its worst days, Englishmen never forgot that they were brothers, we can hardly picture to ourselves the frightful condition of France during the whole reign of Charles IX. A few scattered incidents must be taken as a sample of the hideous mass of horrors: to repeat a tenth part of them would sicken and disgust the least sensitive of readers.

Foremost among the blood-stained heroes of these cruel scenes are two personages, distinct yet alike, to whom no parallel can be found except in the sanguinary butchers of the Revolution of 1789. They are Montluc and Des Adrets.

Blaise de Montluc had distinguished himself in the Italian wars of Francis I. He had been made prisoner at Pavia, and had decided the wavering fortunes of Cerisoles. As lieutenant of Guyenne he was ordered to reduce that province to submission, and he did it in a very characteristic manner, putting his Huguenot prisoners to death without permitting them to say a word, “for they have golden tongues.” Terror was his great weapon, and he used to boast that any one could know which way he had passed by the “marks” he left upon the trees by the roadside, adding, with a grim smile, that “one man hanging frightens more than a hundred slain.” His “Commentaries,” an autobiographical sketch, which he composed when years and disease prevented his using the sword any longer, are a curious illustration of the state of mind to which a man can be brought who makes mere military discipline the principle of his actions. Reform was insubordination; “obedience to the king’s edict or death”—he allowed no middle course. One day he hanged six prisoners without a minute’s delay. “Why,” said the terrified neighbors when they heard of it, “he puts men to death without trial.” What need of trial? he would have replied; you are in arms against the king. At St. Mezard four prisoners were brought before him as he stood in the church-yard, his two executioners behind him with their swords drawn; they always accompanied him, with cords and other implements of their office. One of the prisoners was charged with seditious language. Montluc caught him violently by the throat: “Rascal,

how dare you insult the king with your ribald tongue?" "Mercy, mercy!" cried the man. "What! expect me to spare you when you have not spared your king!" And, in a towering passion, Montluc threw the poor wretch to the ground, his head falling on a broken monument. "Strike, scoundrel!" roared Blaise to one of his executioners; and at the word the sword fell, decapitating the man, and chipping a fragment of stone from the slab. Two others were hanged on a tree hard by, and the fourth was scourged so severely that he died a few days after. Montluc complacently adds, "And this was the first execution I ordered after starting from home, without trial or sentence, for I have heard say that in these matters you should hang first.... It shut the mouths of many seditious people." He avenged M. Fumel's murder by hanging or breaking on the wheel in one day between thirty and forty persons, innocent as well as guilty. The hot-headed Huguenots of the south retaliated at Cahors by hanging as many Catholics as they could catch, fourteen or fifteen in number, who had assisted Montluc in his atrocities. At Gironde he made a capture of some eighty Huguenots, of whom he hanged seventy to the pillars of the market-house "sans autre cérémonie." Describing his doings at the village of Feugaroles, he says: "We were so few that we were not able to kill all: the bandoliers shot them down like game." In one of his expeditions he fell in with the Queen of Navarre, who received him very badly, and to his great surprise "called him a tyrant," and otherwise reproached him. His ferocity he considered a virtue, and justified his cruelty as necessary to get the better of his enemies. "God," he adds, "must be very merciful to us, considering the evils we commit."[337] He was thankful not without

reason, for at the end of the war he was richer by 100,000 crowns.

Still more ferocious, and, if possible, with still fewer redeeming qualities, was François de Beaumont, baron des Adrets, whose name is still used in the south to scare naughty children. Ostensibly he was a Protestant, but in reality a mere agent of the queen-mother against the Lorraine party.[338] He would sometimes amuse himself by making his prisoners leap from the top of a tower, or from a high window, on the pikes of his soldiers stationed below. On one occasion—it was at Montbrison, in August, 1562—a prisoner hesitated, upon which Des Adrets reproached him with cowardice. The other retorted: "I dare you to do it in ten times," which caused his life to be spared. The slaughter in that little town was fearful: more than eight hundred men, women, and children were murdered; the streets were strewn with corpses, and "the gutters looked as if it had rained blood," says a contemporary. At another time, though this belongs to a different period of his history—the baron marched to besiege Valence, where (as we shall see presently) the Reformed had revolted and seized upon the Grey Friars' Church. In defiance of his threats, they publicly celebrated the Lord's Supper in the appropriated church, as many as 5000 partaking of the sacrament. They afterward came to terms with him, agreeing to open their gates and restore the church; but Des Adrets had no sooner entered than he seized a number of Protestants and sentenced them to lose their heads. They were taken to punishment with their mouths gagged; and after being dismembered, their limbs were fastened to the doors of the church they had profaned.[339] Strange to say, however, the baron professed to deplore the

cruel necessities of war, and excused his barbarities by pleading that it was not cruelty to retaliate. “The first acts are cruelties,” he said, “the second mere justice.” De Thou, who saw him at Grenoble, describes his green and vigorous old age, his fierce eyes, and thin, fleshless features, marked, like Sylla’s, with red spots, as of blood.[340]

The ferocity of Des Adrets was exceeded by the atrocities committed under the eyes of Cardinal Strozzi, Bishop of Albi, who excited the populace of Gaillac to massacre their Protestant brethren, with whom they had hitherto lived on friendly terms. About seventy Huguenots were seized as they were attending divine worship, and thrust into a dungeon of the abbey of St. Michael, situated on a precipitous rock above the river Tarn. A laborer, wearing the judicial cap and robe of a magistrate whom he had killed, went through the farce of trying the prisoners and condemning them to be thrown from the wall into the river. Boatmen were stationed on the banks of the stream to brain such as were not killed by the fall.

In the south of France, the Reformed doctrines had extended more widely and struck deeper root than in other parts of that kingdom. This difference was owing to a combination of many causes. The great cities of Provence and Languedoc still retained many of their municipal privileges, dating from the time of the Roman dominion, which made them almost republican. This begat the spirit of independence which always accompanies self-government. Moreover, the Albigensian crusade of the thirteenth century had not exterminated heresy: the opinions that had been so bitterly persecuted fastened their roots deep in the hearts of the

southern population, where they lay, generation after generation, waiting for the opportunity of displaying themselves. It came at last, and with it a desire to revenge themselves on the descendants of those who had devastated the fair south with fire and sword. It was an oppressed nation rising against their oppressors, the sins of the fathers being visited upon the children. At the first outbreak of hostilities, the Huguenots seized upon the churches, which they purified of all marks of idolatry, destroying the relics and making a jest of the consecrated wafer. In some towns they entirely forbade the Catholic worship, turned the nuns from their convents, and even compelled them to marry. Beza, in a letter to the Queen of Navarre, expressed himself plainly, though not very strongly, upon the matter: “About this destruction of images I can say nothing more than what I have always felt and preached, that such a mode of procedure does not at all please me.” The violation of sepulture he declared to be utterly without excuse, and that Condé was determined to punish it.

At Orange, the capital of the little principality which gave a title to William III. of England, and to his still more illustrious predecessor, the liberator of Holland, the Huguenots had long enjoyed an unusual immunity from persecution; but the news of the massacre at Vassy, and the threatening language of their orthodox neighbors, made them arm in self-defense. This but accelerated the crisis; the Catholics attacked the city, which, after a stout resistance, was captured, and treated as a fortress taken by storm (6th May, 1562). Serbelloni, who commanded the pontifical auxiliaries, excited his followers to their bloody work. They spared neither age nor sex: all the

sick in the hospital were killed, some being tossed from the windows on the spears of the soldiers below. Women were hanged to the balconies of houses, and made targets to be shot at. But this was the least of the atrocities they had to suffer at the hands of a licentious soldiery, who often took pleasure in destroying their victims by the most lingering tortures they could devise.[341] When Montbrun captured Mornas, where these butchers had taken refuge, he put them all to death, and threw their bodies into the river, having stuck on them a notice to the "toll-keepers of Avignon to permit the ruffians to pass, as they had paid the toll already."

On the 25th April, 1562, the Seigneur de la Motte-Gondrin, who was governor of Dauphiny in the absence of the Duke of Guise, seized the gates of Valence; but his force was not strong enough to hold the city, which the next day was retaken by the Huguenot citizens, aided by their brethren of Montelimart and other places. Gondrin himself was attacked at his lodging, and the rebels having set fire to it to drive him out, he and all his party were slain. Among them was the provost of the city, upon whom was found a missive from the Duke of Guise, ordering him to "massacre and put to death all followers of the Gospel without any regard to age or sex."[342]

The disturbances at Lyons began in the night of the 12th April, when the Catholics, "without any provocation," rose in several parts of the city. About a dozen persons were murdered, and among them a woman, who fell by the hand of her own son. The governor, De Saulx, called in reinforcements, while the Huguenots were strengthened by the arrival of

two hundred men from the surrounding Protestant towns. Both parties, watching each other, kept under arms for a fortnight, until Wednesday the 26th, when the Protestants, to the number of 1200, assembled in their temple, and after invoking the blessing of God upon their enterprise, marched out, occupied the Saone bridge, and made themselves masters of the city. Every convent was broken open, every friar and nun turned out.[343] In this tumult only three persons were killed, and as many wounded. A treaty was now arranged with the Senate, who promised to assign churches to the Protestants. The citizens who had left for religion were permitted to return, the mass was abolished, liberty of conscience proclaimed, and the Senate was in future to be composed of twelve Protestant and as many Catholic councilors.[344] But the Huguenots do not appear to have kept to the spirit of the treaty, however faithfully they may have adhered to the letter. They committed devastations that would have disgraced the Vandals. Churches were ravaged, tombs broken open, coffins stripped of their lead and their gold or silver plates; the bells were broken up and the basilica of the Maccabees destroyed by gunpowder. There does not appear to have been any private plunder, and this is the only redeeming feature in these riotous scenes.

The flagrant violations of the January edict by the Catholics roused the Huguenots of La Rochelle to assert their rights, and accordingly the Lord's Supper was administered with much solemnity—not without the walls, but in the very heart of the city—in the Place de la Bourserie, on the 31st May. Armed men closed every avenue, and a guard of forty soldiers patrolled the adjacent streets to prevent violence. About four in the afternoon, the people, excited by the novelty of the spectacle and the language of the

preachers, rushed to the churches, threw down the altars, and burned the images.[345] The Count of Jarnac and the mayor, who were both Calvinists, vehemently but ineffectually condemned such violence, and were supported by the ministers. Some priests who had been shut up in the Lantern Tower were stabbed and thrown half dead into the sea. One Stephen Chamois, a Carmelite monk, had escaped from the city; but being recognized at Aunai in Saintonge, he was called upon to abjure, and, on his refusing to do so, was murdered on the spot.

The city of Toulouse was notorious for the ferocity of its population—a character which it has preserved nearly to our own day. At this time the Protestant inhabitants were estimated at 20,000 souls—a manifest exaggeration, although it was one of the most populous cities of France. Their number was certainly numerous enough to ensure a certain amount of toleration, and matters went on quietly until the Pacification of Amboise. When the Parliament of Toulouse received the edict, with instructions to see it properly observed, they protested and sent a deputation to the king, praying him, in case the edict could not be altered, “to permit them to sell their property and go elsewhere, preferring to lose their goods, and even their lives, rather than their faith.” Their petition had received no answer, when in the month of April (1562) a disturbance occurred at a funeral. Some lives were lost and the murderers were punished. The excited Protestants immediately rose and seized the gates and the Hôtel-de-Ville; and the parliament, determined to crush the insurrection at any cost, called upon the populace to arm in the defense of religion and order. They rushed like beasts of prey upon their victims; they filled the prisons, tossed

Huguenots alive out of the windows of their houses, threw them into the Garonne, and if the poor wretches tried to crawl out of the water, they were beaten down with stones and staves. In May the two parties came to an arrangement by which the Huguenots agreed to leave the city in a body; but they were not to escape so easily. The Catholic peasants of the neighborhood waylaid the smaller and unarmed bodies, and killed between 3000 and 4000 of them. Thrice the king granted an amnesty to the Protestant citizens; thrice the parliament refused to register it, and continued their vindictive measures.[346]

On the other side of France a similar voluntary expatriation occurred. The inhabitants of Sisteron left their city. For twenty-two days a crowd of both sexes and all ages wandered through the wild inhospitable country of the Upper Durance, passing the night in remote and desert valleys. Many perished by the swords of the Catholics; many died of hunger and exhaustion; the remainder at last entered the friendly walls of Grenoble, singing psalms of deliverance.

At Macon, where the church was barely two years old, the Huguenots made themselves masters of the city, which was recovered by Tavannes a few months later (19th August, 1562). He plundered every thing on which he could lay his hand, and is reported to have picked up enough to buy an estate of 10,000 livres a year. His wife, who was equally unscrupulous, contrived to fill one hundred and eighty trunks with linen, jewelry, ornaments, etc. No wonder that, after such an example, men of high rank fomented discord and cherished persecution. St. Point was appointed governor. He was the son of a

priest, and “thoroughly bloody and more than cruel,” said Beza. After dinner, when the ladies went out to walk, he used to amuse them by throwing his prisoners off the bridge into the Saone, jesting at their struggles to save their lives. This savage sport the Catholics named “la farce de St. Point;” but it is better known in history as the “sauteries,” or “leaps of Macon.” The governor justified these cruelties as being mere retaliation for similar barbarities committed by Des Adrets at Montbrison, which the latter in his turn justified by the outrages at Orange. Thus one excess leads to another: *abyssus abyssum invocat*.

At Limoux in Languedoc, the disturbances were so many and so often accompanied by loss of life that Marshal de Foix entered the town to enforce the law (6th June, 1562). This he effected by letting his soldiery loose upon the inhabitants without distinction of religion. One Catholic, dwelling outside the walls, had his eyes plucked out and his nose cut off; another was killed as he left mass, and his body thrown naked into the road. The value of the booty acquired by the marshal was estimated at three or four hundred thousand livres. At Castelnaudary, as the Catholics were walking in procession on Palm Sunday (1562), they set fire to a mill in which the Protestants were worshiping outside the town, and killed all who tried to escape. The number of victims amounted to sixty, among whom were the treasurer of Catherine de Medicis, three municipal councilors, and the minister, whose bowels were torn out and burned in a bonfire. At St. Calais in the Vendomois the Protestants put a garrison in the monastery, which was like a fortress, with its ditches, ramparts, and flanking towers. The monks called for help, and one day, when the bell

rang for vespers, they headed their allies and killed thirty of the Huguenots. A bloody retaliation soon followed: a resolute band, collected from the surrounding district, stormed the abbey and put to death nearly all the priests and monks they found in it. At Issoudun in Berry (Aug., 1562), the soldiery rebaptized the little Huguenot children, even a girl of thirteen being held naked over the font. One Furet was about to be hanged without trial, and had already mounted the ladder, when the king's advocate suggested that it would be well to go through some judicial formality. Accordingly Furet was led back to prison, confronted with witnesses, condemned, and executed within an hour. At Roquebrun two Catholics who protested against the cruelties there perpetrated had their eyes plucked out by order of De Brezons. At Aurillac every house was stripped from roof to cellar.[347] At Auxerre, a street riot in the month of August, in which a man was killed, was the signal for a rising. The wife of the castellan of Avallon was stabbed with many daggers, and flung into the river. Being young and strong, she swam for some time, until a boatman killed her with an oar. Her body was then drawn ashore and exposed to unmentionable brutalities. Two months later, when the Protestants were assembled for worship at a *pressoir* outside the town, they were attacked, but fortunately escaped. Their houses, however, were pillaged and one man so maltreated that he died shortly after. Tavannes was sent to restore order, and he hanged three Catholics, but by way of compensation inflicted a similar punishment on five Huguenots. At Bar-sur-Seine, Ralet, the king's proctor, put his own son to death for being found among the Protestants.[348] The historian who reports this adds that the Catholics cut open the

bodies of women and children to eat their hearts. These and other abominations which he records are probably the invention, or at least the exaggeration, of religious party spirit.

In the little town of Bellesme a man was hanged for declaring the costume of the Virgin to be indecent, and another shot because he would not go to vespers. At Epernay in Champagne, a man who had been thrown half dead into the Marne, was revived by the shock. He floated down the river until he reached a sheltered place, where he got out, but was followed, caught, and drowned in a deep hole. Some of the spectators, who were Catholics, could not restrain their tears, for which they were beaten and left for dead. Charles d'Argennes, Bishop of Le Mans, who had been expelled by the Huguenots, raised a band of ruffians who plundered the farm-houses and robbed the travelers on the roads. One victim was hung up by the feet after his eyes were plucked out. The bishop hanged two hundred persons, some of whom were very young boys, and two madmen, who went singing and dancing to the gallows. A woman was killed and her mouth stuffed with leaves torn from the New Testament. The bishop's lieutenant, Boisjourdan, distinguished himself by a crime without parallel even in that cruel age. Two children, whose mother had been put to death, went and begged him to restore part of her confiscated property to keep them from starvation. He received them kindly, and sat them down at table to dine with him. At a given signal a soldier took the boy, a lad of fourteen, under the pretense of showing him his bed, led him into the garden, there strangled him, and threw the body into a pond. He then fetched the sister, who went out joyfully to meet her

brother, whose fate she shared after she had been foully abused. For such atrocities the pope rewarded Argennes by making him a cardinal in 1570.

Similar ferocities were alleged against the Huguenots, many of which are unfortunately too true. Thus we find the people of Dieppe (the Rochelle of northern France) pillaging and defacing churches, and melting down the sacred vessels, from which they collected 1200 pounds of silver. In bands of 200 and 300 they made forays into the adjacent districts —to Eu and Arques—from which they never returned empty-handed. We read of their dragging priests into Dieppe tied to their horses' tails and flogging them at beat of drum in the market-place. Some were thrown into the sea in their sacerdotal robes; some were fastened to a cross and dragged through the streets by ropes round their necks; and, to crown all, some were buried in the ground up to the shoulders, while the Huguenots, as if playing a game of nine-pins, flung huge wooden balls at their heads.[349]

A few weeks after the war broke out, the Protestants of Bayeux rose against the clergy, committing the customary devastations, besides violating the tombs and throwing out the mouldering corpses. They gutted the bishop's palace, and made a bonfire of the chapter library, then the richest in all France. The priests and others who opposed them were barbarously murdered and tossed from the walls into the ditch. When the Duke of Etampes restored order, the Catholics took a terrible revenge on their former persecutors. Once more, in March 1565, the Huguenots gained the upper hand, when the troops under Coligny refused to be bound by the terms of capitulation. Private houses were stripped of

all the gold, silver, copper, and lead that could be found; priests who resisted were flogged, dragged up and down the streets by a rope at their necks, and then killed. Children were murdered in their mothers' arms; one Thomas Noel, a lawyer, was hanged at his own window; and an unhappy woman had her face stained with the blood of her own son, who had been killed before her eyes. Here, too, more priests were buried up to the neck, and their heads made to serve as targets for the soldiers' bullets; others were disemboweled and their bodies filled with straw. The priest of St. Ouen—we shudder as we record such horrors—was seized by four soldiers, who "larded" him like a capon, roasted him, cut him up, and threw the flesh to the dogs.[350]

It would have been well had these deeds of brutality been confined to Normandy; but they were repeated all over France. One Friar Viroleau died of the consequences of a barbarous mutilation. Other priests or Catholic people were killed by hanging, speared to death, left to die of hunger, sawn in two, or burned at a slow fire. All this happened in Angoulême. At Montbrun a woman was burned on her legs and feet with red-hot tongs. The lieutenant-general of Angoulême and the wife of the lieutenant-criminal of that city were first mutilated, then strangled, and their corpses dragged through the streets. At Chasseneuil in the vicinity, a priest, one Loys Fayard, was shot to death after having been tortured by having his hands plunged in boiling oil, some of which had been poured into his mouth. The vicar of St. Auzanni was mutilated, shut up in a chest, and burned to death. In the parish of Rivières others had their tongues cut off, their feet burned, and their eyes torn out; they were hung up by the legs, or thrown from the walls. Other atrocities were

committed which can not be described without offending propriety. One Huguenot is said to have gone about with a chain of priests' ears around his neck.[351] In 1562 men did not stop to ask whether these things were true or false; they were passed from mouth to mouth and believed, just as the vulgar even now believe any story, however wild or improbable, that falls in with their peculiar temper or prejudices. The Catholic burned with indignation as he listened to the story of these outrages—sometimes related to him from the pulpit—outrages against the men and the things that he reverenced most upon earth. Blasphemy against God might be pardoned, but against the Virgin Mary—never! They retaliated immediately upon all the Huguenots within their power, and with all the more cruelty and persistency that they fervently believed they were doing God a service.

But these are scenes too disgusting to dwell upon, and we gladly turn to less savage, though hardly to purer scenes. The hostility between the two sects showed itself at court by quarrels between the ladies, the Princess of Condé and the Duchess of Ferrara heading one party, and the widowed Duchess of Guise the other. The queen-mother tried in vain to check their feminine disputes. The Huguenot ladies would not give way. Chantonnay says of them: "They do little else at court than preach sermons and sing psalms. Daily prayers are said in the apartments of the Prince of Condé, with the help of all who have the will and the ability to go there."

These party questions were momentarily silenced by the necessity of getting rid of the foreign garrison which still occupied Havre. The Huguenots, as well as the Catholics, were pleased at the opportunity of

showing their prowess against “the natural enemy of France.” The former, aware of the great blunder they had committed in the treaty of Hampton Court, were eager to drive out the English, who did not feel the slightest inclination to depart. Queen Elizabeth’s policy may have been national, but it was very shabby and prejudicial to the Huguenot cause. “We are resolutely determined to keep Newhaven [Havre], except they will resolve to restore us Calais,” wrote Cecil on Christmas Day, 1562.[352] When he heard that peace had been made at Orleans “without consideration of us,” he added: “If it be so, I know the worst, which is, by stout and stiff dealing, to make our own bargain.”[353] And yet, after these big words, the English government did nothing, though the governor of Havre (the Earl of Warwick) urgently demanded supplies and reinforcements, which did not sail until the place had capitulated. With sanctimonious resignation Sir E. Warner wrote to Cecil: “The loss of Newhaven so suddenly and in such sort, as it seemeth, I am sorry for to the bottom of my heart. But against God’s ordinance no man can stand.” The garrison had suffered terribly from the plague, which they brought with them to England, where it is computed to have killed 20,000 persons in London and the out-parishes.

Condé, who had fought valiantly at Havre, hoped that his services to the monarchy would be repaid by promotion to the office of Lieutenant-General of France, vacant by the death of his elder brother, Anthony of Navarre. Catherine had held this out as a lure without the remotest intention of keeping her promise. She probably found that the throne would be weakened by being kept longer in tutelage, and therefore, with L’Hopital’s concurrence, anticipated the young king’s majority by twelve months,

ordering it to be declared as soon as he entered his fourteenth year, and thus obviated the necessity of appointing a new lieutenant-general. The ceremony took place at Rouen, it being feared that the Parliament of Paris, in which Condé had friends, would refuse to register the edict of majority. On the 17th August, 1563, Charles went down to the courts of law in great state, and after announcing the close of his minority, he declared that he would not permit the repetition of such acts of insubordination as he had witnessed during the recent hostilities, and that he desired the Edict of Pacification should be kept in all its provisions.

Charles appears at this time to have been an amiable youth: he possessed good natural qualities, and his attempts in poetry (if they are his own) are not entirely unworthy of Marot, to whom they are addressed. He had in early days a fair taste for literature, and had he continued under the training of Amyot and Cipierre, he might have been worthy of the throne. With such a mother as Catherine, and such tutors as she gave him, he could hardly fail to become treacherous and cruel. We shall see at times his better nature breaking through, but the evil spirit within him was never thoroughly conquered.

There exists a curious letter written about this time by Catherine to her son, giving him instructions as to the conduct of his life.[354] He is exhorted to rise early, to go to mass with his four secretaries, to dine not later than eleven o'clock, to ride or walk for three hours, to hunt, to read his letters every day and see that they are punctually answered, and to have the keys of the palace brought to him each night and placed under his pillow. There are other exhortations of a similar nature—such as would make him "the

first gentleman of the day," but would not tend to make him a good Christian. Had she wished to see her son a good man, Catherine would have given him proper tutors, and not such as Gondi, whom Brantome describes as "cunning, corrupt, false, and blasphemous."

The termination of the sittings of the Council of Trent (December, 1563), imported another element of confusion into the religious differences of the age. The council, although summoned in 1541, did not actually meet until December, 1545. It had been hoped that some means would be found of healing the divisions in the Church, but one after another every form of Protestant opinion was eliminated from the new creed, and reconciliation became impossible. The articles of the council were made compulsory in every Catholic state; but the Church of France was so far independent that the solemn consent of the crown was required to make the decrees valid. They might, indeed, be received as articles of faith, but could not be pleaded in a court of law until ratified by the sovereign. To procure that ratification, the King of Spain dispatched an embassador, accompanied by a deputation from the Dukes of Tuscany and Lorraine, inviting Charles to send commissioners to Nancy, where an assembly of princes was to meet to consult on the best measures to be adopted for the extirpation of heresy. L'Hopital, foreseeing the deadly consequences of such a step, advised the queen-mother to receive the embassy and deputation very politely, detain them at court as long as possible, and dismiss them at last with an evasive answer. "The government," says Languet, "have no idea of taking away the liberty granted by the late edict; for (to omit other reasons) they see that it can not be done without a disturbance, as our

churches are more crowded than they have ever been."[355] Independently of this consideration, we find Santa Croce writing to Cardinal Borromeo (12th Oct., 1564) an account of an interview with the queen. After listening patiently to his message from the Holy Father relative to the introduction of the Tridentine decrees, she replied: "No one can feel a more ardent desire for the observance of the council than myself; but affairs are in such a state that I am compelled to handle them very delicately, and it is impossible to issue any fresh edicts just now. Whenever circumstances permit, I will do as his Holiness desires." This was no new language. In the instructions to his embassadors at the council, the king declared that considering the number of the heretics, he could not attempt to put down the new religion by force, without endangering both crown and state.[356]

CHAPTER VIII.

THE MEETING AT BAYONNE AND THE SECOND WAR.

[June, 1565–March, 1568.]

The Royal progress—Bayonne in June—Identical note—Amusements—Political Deliberations—The Queen of Navarre Excommunicated—Catherine's Remonstrance—The Pope yields—State of Gascony—Assembly of Notables at Moulins—Feud between Guise and Coligny—Montmorency and the Cardinal—Disturbed state of Maine—Montluc pacifies Gascony—Embassy from Germany—Rebellion in Flanders—March of Alva—Condé leaves the Court—Rumored Plot—Huguenot Meeting at Chatillon—War resolved upon—Attempt to seize Charles—Huguenot Rising—Battle of St. Denis—Death of the Constable—German Auxiliaries—Michelade of Nismes—Siege of Chartres—Peace of Longjumeau—Death of Coligny's Wife.

In order to test the state of public feeling and apply a remedy to the great disorders of the realm, the queen-mother decided upon an extensive tour through the south and west of France, which would give her an opportunity of showing the king to his subjects and strengthening him in their affections. It is not necessary to trace the progress of the court step by step; a few incidents, however, may be quoted to show the intolerant temper of the Catholic party. In many of the towns of Burgundy, Charles was received with shouts of "Long live the King!" and "The Mass forever!" At Chalons a medal was

struck, representing the monarch trampling on Heresy, depicted as a Fury pouring out torrents of fire. At Lyons the foundations were laid of a citadel intended to crush the heretical tendencies of the inhabitants. The walls of several Protestant towns were demolished, and numerous addresses were presented to the young monarch, praying him to interdict the exercise of any form of religion but the Romish.

In the middle of June, 1565, the court reached the city of Bayonne, near the Spanish frontier, where the famous meeting took place at which it was generally supposed the extirpation of Protestantism was arranged. As early as April, 1561, Catherine had suggested a similar meeting, when she was agitated by the fear of a marriage between the widowed Mary Stuart and Don Carlos. She pretended a great desire to discuss with Philip II. the religious condition of France and the affairs of the King of Navarre, hoping by such an interview to thwart the Scottish matrimonial project.[357]

The ostensible cause of the meeting four years later was the queen's desire to see her daughter, who had just recovered from a severe illness. Political motives were not forgotten, and among other matters to be considered between the sovereigns of France and Spain—for Catherine hoped that Philip would accompany his wife—was undoubtedly the repression of heresy. There exists among the state papers at Simancas what is called by diplomatists an "identical note" of the subjects to be discussed at Bayonne. In it we read that the two powers engaged not to tolerate the Reformed worship in their respective states, that the canons of the Council of Trent should be enforced, that all nonconformists

should be incapacitated for any public office, civil or military, and that heretics should quit the realm within a month, permission being accorded them to sell their property. Although Catherine gave her assent to these declarations, so far as the discussion of them was concerned, we have indisputable evidence that she did not intend to adopt them in the same sense as Philip of Spain, for at this very time she was corresponding with the Bishop of Rennes, the French embassador to the imperial court, on the propriety of making concessions to the Huguenots. A long and tedious negotiation ensued between the two courts of France and Spain—a fencing-match of deceit—which ended in an arrangement that Isabella should go to meet her mother and brothers alone, attended by the Duke of Alva as embassador extraordinary. Fernando Alvarez de Toledo, Duke of Alva, had not yet attained that evil eminence which has linked his name with all that is blood-thirsty. He was now in his fifty-seventh year, and the most successful general in Europe. He had fleshed his maiden sword at the battle of Fontarabia, when he was only sixteen; had served under the emperor Charles V. in Germany; saved the Spanish infantry from destruction at the siege of Metz; and, as viceroy of Naples, foiled all the efforts of the Duke of Guise to recover the throne of that country for France. He had accompanied Philip II. to England during that monarch's brief matrimonial expedition, and afterward waged a fruitless war in Italy against Francis of Guise and the pope. As a statesman he possessed great capacity, although at Bayonne he entirely failed in the chief object of his mission.[358]

The mother and daughter first met at Irun on the banks of the Bidassoa, and thence proceeded to Bayonne, where the French court had taken up its

quarters. The magnificence of the processions and *fêtes* in that remote corner of France put to shame all modern attempts of a similar kind. Isabella entered Bayonne riding on a milk-white palfrey, whose trappings of velvet, silver, and pearls were estimated at 25,000 ducats.[359] Four of the principal citizens bore a canopy of crimson velvet over her head, as she rode from the gate to the cathedral through streets hung with arras; and as the day was drawing to a close, every house and church was illuminated, and each member of the *cortège* bore a lighted torch. A *Te Deum*, "accompanied by excellent cornets," was sung by choristers from the chapel-royal of the Louvre, Cardinals Guise and Strozzi officiating with a number of French and Spanish bishops. The weather was so intensely hot that six soldiers of the queen's escort fell dead, the victims of sun-stroke.[360] Other casualties of a similar nature occurring in the small and crowded city, a proclamation was issued ordering that all the sick, aged, and infirm should seek shelter in certain villages specified, at a distance from Bayonne.[361]

Some years later, when Walsingham referred to this meeting as the origin of a "general league" against the Protestants, Catherine affirmed that it "tended to no other end but to make good cheer."[362] And so it would seem, for *fête* followed *fête* in rapid succession, the political business being transacted at odd moments, after those more serious occupations of the day were ended.

One day there was a grand tilting-match, the prize being a valuable diamond given by Isabella. Charles IX. and his brother of Anjou headed one band of noble tilters, all arrayed in fancy costumes; another band was led by the Duke of Nemours, while the

horsemen composing that following the Duke of Longueville were dressed in cloth of gold with wings of silver tissue, so as to imitate butterflies. On the evening of another day a masque was performed in a large hall constructed for the purpose. The scene represented a giant's castle, where a number of beautiful maidens were imprisoned in an enchanted chamber. The entrance, defended by a revolving wheel and guarded by six frightful demons, was attacked by a troop of French and Spanish gentlemen headed by Charles IX., who, after several unsuccessful assaults, overcame every obstacle, killing the giant, routing the demons, and delivering the imprisoned damsels, whom he led as witnesses of his prowess to the feet of his sister Isabella.

A pageant of a more elaborate description followed the next day. It began with a romantic prologue. A herald presented himself at Charles's apartments in the castle, and having been led into the king's presence, he related how, during a recent journey, he had fallen in with a gallant company of knights, who, unable to decide on the superiority of LOVE or VIRTUE, had agreed to refer the difference to the arbitration of his Majesty of France. A deputation from the supporters of each opinion was waiting below, desirous to plead their cause. The knights were admitted, they made their speeches; but the matter in dispute was so knotty that Charles declared it could only be settled by arms. A tournament was proclaimed, and all proceeded to the lists, the two queens taking their seats in a gallery hung with velvet. And now the pageant began. First came VIRTUE, seated on a rock, and attended by six nymphs. She wore an azure robe, and carried a lighted torch in her hand. After making the circuit of

the arena, the car stopped before Queen Isabella, when VIRTUE, reciting some appropriate verses, presented her and each of her ladies with a massive gold chain. As soon as the goddess had retired, LOVE entered the lists in a chariot drawn by four piebald horses. He too halted before the Queen of Spain and sang some verses in praise of the joys and triumphs of love. The tournament now commenced, Charles maintaining the cause of VIRTUE, the Duke of Anjou that of LOVE. The two troops first engaged hand to hand, the king and his brother breaking a lance together. Then they divided into fours, until at last the *mêlée* became general. At the end of about half an hour, the trumpets sounded, the combatants retired to their own side of the list, and Charles and the duke, riding forward, embraced each other, to show "that, VIRTUE and LOVE being brother and sister, the triumph of each was the glory of the other."

On another occasion, Isabella was entertained at a rural *fête*, where the collation was spread under the leafy branches of an oak-tree, from whose root issued a fountain, the construction of which cost a sum equivalent to £400 sterling. Another day the pageant took the singular form of a whale fishery. A turtle, on which sat six Tritons, floated down the Adour; then came Neptune in a car drawn by sea-horses, with Arion on a dolphin. When the company landed, there followed a pastoral ballet, in which the dancing of the French ladies and gentlemen so delighted the Spaniards that it was repeated again and again until midnight.[363]

One of the masques given at Bayonne is remarkable for the curious picture it presents of a "wild Scotchman." After the Prince-dauphin of

Auvergne and his train of six gentlemen, all dressed like women, had filed off, the Duke of Guise and another six followed, all dressed "à l'écossais sauvage." Over a white satin shirt embroidered with gold lace and crimson silk, they wore a *casaquin* of yellow velvet with short skirts closely plaited "according to the custom of the savages"—it appears to have been a kilt—trimmed with a border of crimson satin, and ornamented with gold, silver, pearls, and other jewels of various colors. Their yellow satin hose was similarly adorned, and their silk boots were trimmed with silver fringe and rosettes. On their heads they wore a cap *à l'antique* of cloth of gold, and for crest a thunder-bolt pouring out a fragrant jet of perfumed fire—the said thunder-bolt being twined round by a serpent reposing on a pillow of green and satin. Each cavalier wore on his arm a Scotch shield or targe covered with cloth of gold and bearing a device. The horses' trappings were of crimson satin with plumes of yellow, white, and carnation. So much for the Frenchman's ideal of a Scotchman! The suite of the Duke of Longueville was still more extraordinary: it consisted of six winged demons whose head-dresses were all flames of fire.[364]

While the younger and fairer portion of the court were indulging in these gayeties, Catherine and Alva did not entirely forget more important matters, though the queen-mother seems to have put them off as long as possible. She would probably have evaded them altogether had not Cardinal Granvelle urged his royal mistress to take the initiative. At a private interview, on the 19th June, Isabella urged her mother to make known the important business which she had declared could only be told to Philip or to

herself. Catherine replied: “It would be useless to do so, for I have been informed that his Catholic majesty shows such signs of distrust toward me and my son as must inevitably lead to war ere long.” As this was shifting the ground, and Isabella could not get her mother to talk of any thing else, she ended the interview by saying: “Your majesty must excuse me. As the king my husband has not commanded me to take an active share in the negotiations, I must refer you, madam, to the embassadors.” At a second meeting, two days later, Alva was present when the closer union of the royal houses of France and Spain by the marriage of Margaret of Valois to Don Carlos was advocated by the queen-mother, as “the best means of healing the differences everywhere prevailing, and also of placing the affairs of religion on a stable foundation.” In his account of this interview, Don Francisco of Alava wrote to his royal master: “Never was princess in greater embarrassment than this queen. One person advises her majesty to act this way, another quite the contrary; and she herself dares not decide nor even evince a preference.... The principal Roman Catholics of this court show much zeal, but they are men of words more than of deeds.” In the evening of the 23d, Alva was again summoned to the queen’s presence; he found her walking alone with her daughter in a long gallery. Isabella pressed her to dismiss L’Hopital, the chancellor: “I am persuaded,” she continued, “that so long as he is maintained in his present post, your good subjects alone will have reason to dread and fear, while the bad will find shelter and countenance.” To which Catherine replied: “I can not admit the truth of my daughter’s observations.” Alva, to excuse her, added: “The queen my mistress has only pressed your majesty

thus hardly because the king my master wishes to ascertain positively from your majesty and the king your son whether it is the intention of your majesties to put down heresy or not, as in either case my master will know how to govern his conduct." To this Catherine replied, with no little haughtiness: "The council will give the reply demanded by my son the Catholic king."

The last conference was held on the 28th June, and at it were present the king and the two queens, Anjou, Alva, Don Juan Manrique, Don Francisco Alava, Montpensier, the Cardinals of Bourbon, Guise, and Lorraine, and the Constable Montmorency. After some remarks about accepting the canons of the Council of Trent, the discussion turned on the best mode of settling the religious differences. The Duke of Alva said: "It seems to me that this is not the moment to root out the evil with the sword, or to treat it merely with mildness and dissimulation; for, on the one hand, my master can hardly approve that your majesty should raise an army and lead it against your own subjects, and, on the other, there seems no sufficient reason for leaving those unpunished who are too audacious. I would not set religion on the uncertain footing of the chances of a war, in which one evil accident may throw all into the greatest danger.... Some persons, as I have been told, have advised your majesty to take up arms against those of the religion. I have not come to France to do it so bad a service, nor would the king my master have sent me for such a purpose."[365] Cardinal Granvelle was of the same opinion; there were safer ways of getting rid of troublesome enemies than by war: the government had only to seize five or six of the chief Huguenots and cut off their heads.[366] That the King of Spain entertained similar views we learn from his

remarks to Sigismond Cavalli, the Venetian embassador, that the French troubles were owing to the neglect of the advice he had given them years before.[367] Neither Charles nor Catherine would make any promises; they thought the state of France was satisfactory, but would willingly listen to any suggestions and deliberate very carefully upon them. For one incident of the conference we are indebted to Prince Henry of Navarre, who was allowed to visit Bayonne, because, said Philip, "he is still a child, whom God will not allow to remain in ignorance." One day when the Duke of Alva and Catherine were conversing together, the former, putting Tarquin's gesture into words, advised her to get rid of the Huguenot nobles, after which all would be easy work: "Ten thousand frogs," he said, "are not worth the head of one salmon."[368] Henry overheard him, and the words struck him so much that he repeated them to Soffrey de Calignon, one of his attendants, by whom they were transmitted to the Queen of Navarre. They soon became known to the Huguenot leaders, and aroused a suspicion, which it would have been well for them had they never laid aside. The words produced a deep impression upon Catherine, and more than once she tried to act upon them, until at last she succeeded but too well. Giovanni Correro, the Venetian envoy, writing to his government in 1569, gives us a little insight into the queen-mother's opinions about this time. Being one day in a confidential mood, she said to her fellow-countryman: "While at Carcassone, on my way back from Bayonne, I read a manuscript chronicle about the mother of St. Louis, a boy only eleven years old. She had to contend against malcontent nobles, but with time the king grew up and crushed his enemies beneath the vengeance they had drawn upon

themselves. I applied the case to myself." Correro observed: "Your majesty must have found comfort therein, for as the present is an image of the past, so you may be sure the end will not be unlike." At this the queen began to laugh, as was her custom when she heard any thing that pleased her, and replied: "But I should not like any body to know that I have read that chronicle, for they would say that I am taking Queen Blanche of Castile for my pattern."[369] It was not likely this precedent would be forgotten when opportunity served.

It is certain that nothing was settled at the Bayonne meeting, Catherine being steadfast in her purpose to maintain her power by holding the balance between the two hostile parties. "She has promised to do wonders," wrote Granvelle (20th August, 1565), "but will do nothing of any service." The king, young as he was, proved equally immovable. "It is easy to see that he has been tutored," wrote Alva contemptuously to his master. And thus terminated the interview from which so much had been expected.[370] It left, however, a very bitter feeling among the Huguenots, who believed that some devilish plot had been contrived against them, and tended to alienate them from the crown, although they still professed great loyalty to the king, not confounding him with the government, as the Parliamentarians expressed their devotion to Charles I.

As soon as Isabella had recrossed the Spanish frontier, the French court proceeded to Nerac in Gascony to visit Joan, the widowed Queen of Navarre. When her husband apostatized, he would have made her apostatize also; but she refused, and took refuge in Bearn. Anthony ordered Montluc to

stop her and keep her prisoner—a danger she happily escaped, as also a conspiracy entered into by some of her Catholic subjects to seize and deliver her to the King of Spain. Joan abolished popery in her hereditary states, and confiscated the church property for the benefit of the new clergy and of education. For this the pope summoned her to appear at Rome to answer a charge of heresy, on pain of being excommunicated and deprived of her territories (1564).[371] In this Pius IV. overshot the mark: his proceedings endangered every crowned head in Europe. He had also about the same time issued a citation against the Cardinal of Chatillon, [372] the Bishop of Valence, and four other prelates. The papal citation being a gross infringement of the privileges of the Gallican Church, a special embassador was sent to Rome to remonstrate with the Holy Father, and the opinions of the government may be gathered from a letter written by the queen-mother to the Bishop of Rennes, her embassador in Germany: “We acknowledge no authority or jurisdiction on the pope’s part over those who bear the title of king or queen, and that it is not for him to give away states and kingdoms to the first conqueror.... Let me know how the emperor takes this matter, for it concerns all rulers to understand whether it is for the pope at his own pleasure to assume authority and jurisdiction over them, and to make a prey of their territories and dominions. We for our part are determined never to submit to it.” The pope retreated: the citations against the bishops were abandoned, the bull against the Queen of Navarre was revoked. But a more formidable danger than this threatened Joan not long after, Philip II. having concerted a plan with Montluc to seize her and her two children, and carry them to Spain,

where they would be committed to the cruel mercies of the Inquisition. Treatment like this confirmed the queen in her faith; she swept her dominions of every vestige of Romanism, and denied to her Catholic subjects that religious liberty which she claimed for her co-religionists in France.

In some respects the province of Gascony, through which the court was now traveling, had suffered more than any part of France from the effects of the war. The Protestants had succeeded in putting down Romanism, and at every step he took Charles was reminded of the outrages offered to his religion; he restored the old form of worship, but the scenes he then witnessed appear never to have been forgotten. As he rode along by the side of the Queen of Navarre, who accompanied him to Blois, he pointed to the ruined monasteries, the broken crosses, the polluted churches; he showed her the mutilated images of the Virgin and the saints, the desecrated grave-yards, the relics scattered to the winds of heaven. The impression of that day's ride long haunted the Protestant queen and filled her with a distrust of the king and his mother which she never entirely shook off.

At the end of the year the king summoned an assembly of Notables to meet at Moulins for the purpose of remedying many grievances that had become known during the recent progress, and also of reconciling the chiefs of the rival factions. The ambiguities of the Edict of Amboise and the obstacles to carrying it out fully in many places had already called forth several interpretative edicts, one of which had been published at Roussillon in Dauphiny (August, 1564), restraining the hitherto unlimited freedom of worship in private dwellings. The nobles

were to admit to their chapels none but members of their household or their vassals; no synods were to be held or collections made in the temples; and the pastors were forbidden to open schools or preach out of their districts. It farther renewed the injunction for the married priests and nuns to return to their cloisters or leave the kingdom—the latter alternative being generally preferred.

Moulins in the Bourbonnais is one of the neatest and prettiest towns in France. Of the magnificent castle where Charles and Catherine de Medicis sat in council very little remains save a fragment of a tower, strangely named *Malcoiffée*, which rises high above the brick buildings, and a small pavilion built by the queen-mother. Beside the banks of the smiling Allier, and in those irregular streets where many a house of variegated brick, red and white, still dates back beyond this period, were crowded the princes of the blood, several cardinals and bishops, the chief nobility, and the principal officers of the parliaments of France. The resolutions they adopted were merely administrative, reforming many judicial abuses, but they remained a landmark in French jurisprudence until all law was swept away in the great Revolution. But law reform was merely a secondary object with Catherine. With every motive for desiring a continuance of peace, she saw that this was impossible unless the hostile leaders would agree to lay aside their private feuds and become friends. Between the Guises and Coligny there could be no amity, so long as they held him to be the instigator of the late duke's murder. At the signing of the treaty of Amboise, the Prince of Condé had come forward as a compurgator—to adopt a well-known Anglo-Saxon term—and taken oath that Coligny was innocent. The family were still dissatisfied. One day

a funeral procession was seen in the streets of Meulan,[373] where the court then resided. It was Antoinette of Bourbon, mother of the murdered duke, and Anne of Este, his wife, accompanied by her four children, and attended by their friends and partisans, who in long mourning robes and with veiled faces were going to the king to sue for justice. In gloomy silence, broken only by their sobs, the two ladies entered the palace and fell at the king's feet, demanding justice. Charles raised them graciously and promised what they asked. Their case was laid before the Parliament of Paris, from which it was transferred to the privy-council, with the injunction that no farther steps should be taken within three years. Various attempts at reconciliation were made during the interval, and as this blood-feud had indisputably very much to do with the massacre of St. Bartholomew, it may not be a waste of time to show the progress of the quarrel. In December, 1563, Morvilliers, Bishop of Orleans, wrote to the Bishop of Rennes, embassador to the emperor: "One would willingly find a way of arrangement between them; but the means are very difficult considering the offense and the particulars of the feud. It is impossible but at last this should burst (*crève*) under some dagger (*coustel*), and that the one party for revenge or the other for security, should attempt something." Eleven days later the same writer continues: "We are in great trouble through the difference between the family of the late Duke of Guise and the admiral, and many people would be pleased to see a disturbance. The queen-mother does all she can to prevent it: the poor lady watches and toils incessantly."?[374] On the 23d December, Morvilliers writes again: "The king and queen are always in trouble through the discords of the Guises

and the admiral. No court can settle it, for the admiral objects to the parliaments and the others to the great council."

Several temporary arrangements had been made, and at last, when the three years had nearly expired, the Guises, whose desire for vengeance had grown all the stronger for being repressed, appeared at Moulins and renewed their cries for justice. On the 12th January, 1566, Charles published a declaration that "it was his desire to bring the difference about the homicide to a happy issue, and that he forbade each of the two houses to attempt any thing against the other." After a wearisome series of explanations, more worthy of pettifogging attorneys than of brave soldiers, Coligny, in the presence of the king, declared "that he had not committed the murder or abetted it, and that he had never approved of it, then or now."[375] With this the widow and the Cardinal of Lorraine expressed themselves satisfied, and declared they would no longer entertain revengeful feelings. Thereupon the two parties embraced; but the young Duke Henry of Guise still held out, and in the very presence of the queen challenged Coligny to single combat. "The admiral charges me," he said, "with plotting his assassination. I will not deny it, but shall esteem it a singular favor to be shut up with him in a room, when I will show him that I am quite capable of defending myself, and need not employ other people to settle my quarrels."

So far the queen-mother's plans were frustrated, and she was hardly more successful in arranging the difference between Marshal Montmorency and the Cardinal of Lorraine. In consequence of the quarrels between the partisans of the two religions, the possession and carrying of arms—especially fire-arms

—had been strictly prohibited in Paris. Montmorency, “a wise man and loving the public peace,”[376] who after Marshal Brissac’s death had been made governor of Paris, enforced the edict in a manner never contemplated by the king. The Cardinal of Lorraine, returning from the Council of Trent, was escorted to the capital by a number of gentlemen and relatives, but they were forbidden to enter unless they laid aside their spears and arquebuses (8th January, 1565). The prelate paid no attention to the order, upon which Montmorency fell upon his escort at the Innocents’ Cemetery in the Rue St. Denis, killed some, wounded others, and so frightened the churchman that he leaped off his horse and took refuge in a neighboring house, whence he safely reached his own hotel during the night,

> Pâle en couleur, de ses membres tremblant,
> Mieux un corps mort qu’homme vif ressemblant.

The cardinal said he had permission under the king’s letters patent to travel with an armed retinue. “Then he ought to have shown them to me,” said Montmorency, “and I would have allowed him to pass.” The governor, rendered uneasy by the threatening posture of the Lorraine party in the city, invited the assistance of Coligny, who entered Paris with 1200 gentlemen, greatly to the terror of the citizens, who feared their streets would be converted into a battle-field; but the admiral conducted himself so prudently, that he was complimented by the University and the trade guilds.

But nothing that the king or his mother could do was effectual to dissipate the mutual distrust with which Catholics and Huguenots still regarded each other. Every act was viewed with suspicion, and to a

great extent the misgivings of the Protestants were justified by the way in which the edicts of toleration were strained against them. “The Huguenots,” says Pasquier, who was no friend to them, “have lost more by edicts in time of peace than by force in time of war.”[377]

At Lyons they were accused of an attempt to blow up the city with gunpowder, and on this idle charge the governor prevented their assembling for public worship. Every Protestant was expelled from Avignon, and the city and surrounding districts were put under martial law. At Foix a number of Huguenots were murdered; at Toulouse many were judicially put to death. These are but a small sample of the Protestant grievances.

A remonstrance presented to the king by the nobles of the Reformed religion in Maine displays a terrible picture of the disturbed state of that province. The Dame de la Guynandière was murdered, with her son, three daughters, and two waiting-women, by a troop of ruffians from Le Mans, who afterward turned the pigs into the house to devour the dead bodies. The bishop of the diocese, a man of dissolute life, used to ride about attended by one hundred and fifty men armed with pistols or arquebuses. One Hélie, a priest, was accused of indescribable acts of brutality toward nine little girls. That and many other such horrors fill a pamphlet of more than one hundred pages, and the perpetrators (as was usually the case) escaped punishment.[378]

On the other hand, the Catholics had their complaints. At Pamiers the Huguenots attacked a procession, killed some of the clergy and burned their houses.[379] At Soissons they pillaged the churches, demolished the beautiful painted windows,

broke the organ, melted the bells, stripped the lead off the roofs, plundered the shrines of their gold and jewels, burned the relics of the saints, and tore up the charters and title-deeds belonging to the clergy. Similar tumults occurred at Montauban and other towns. Where the Catholics were the strongest, they fell upon the Huguenots; where the latter, they attacked the Catholics. At one time there is a rumor of an attempt to assassinate the king; at another, of an atrocious book ascribed to Sureau, a Protestant pastor, in which the doctrine is boldly affirmed that "it is lawful to slay a king or a queen who resists the Gospel Reformation." Then an anonymous letter is found at the door of Catherine's bed-chamber, threatening her with the fate of President Minard and the Duke of Guise, unless she permits complete liberty of conscience to the Reformed party.

Many of the atrocities we have recorded were owing to the weakness of the central government. It must be remembered that the several provinces of France were under their own governors, who held their offices by an almost hereditary right, and that the king had not always the power, even when he had the inclination, to preserve peace. There were few like that rough warrior Montluc, who kept Gascony so quiet that for three years "horseman or footman did not steal so much as a pullet." He hanged two Catholic soldiers for infringing the edict, and two Huguenots who had committed a similar offense "were shortly strung up to keep the others company." And he continues: "When these good people saw that neither one side nor the other would meet with any indulgence if they transgressed, they began to like and associate with one another. I believe if every one had done the same, without favor to either side, we should never have had so

many troubles."

Charles, whose dislike toward "those of the religion" needed no stimulus, occasionally indulged in bursts of irritation which he was too young to repress. One day when the admiral remonstrated with him on the restrictions put upon the last edict, he replied: "Not long ago you were satisfied to be tolerated by the Catholics, now you want to be their equals; in a short time, I suppose you will desire to be alone and to drive us from the kingdom." Coligny made no reply, as indeed no reply would have satisfied the angry boy, who burst into his mother's apartments, and added, after telling her what had passed: "The Duke of Alva was right: such heads are too tall in a state. We must put them down by force."[380] Catherine appears at this time to have been exceedingly ill-disposed toward Coligny. Writing to her daughter Isabella, she says: "Although the admiral remains at court, he will be as one dead; [381] because, with God's help, I shall not suffer myself to be governed by either party, for I know they all love God, the king, and your mother less than their own advantage and ambition; and as they know full well that I will not permit the king or the kingdom to be ruined by them, they love me in words only."

It was about this time also that several German princes, including the Palatine of the Rhine and the Dukes of Saxony and Wurtemberg, dispatched an embassy to Charles, interceding in behalf of their French co-religionists. With expressions of great attachment, they prayed him to observe the Edict of Pacification; to permit the ministers to preach as well at Paris as elsewhere, and to allow the people to listen to them in any number. He answered them

sharply that he could be friends with his cousins of Germany only so long as they abstained from meddling in the domestic affairs of his kingdom. After a pause he continued in a still more angry tone: “I might also pray them to permit the Catholics to worship freely in their own cities.” It was an apt retort, for so far as concerned public worship the Romanists in many parts of Protestant Germany and Switzerland were very little, if at all, better off than the Huguenots of France.

Every thing seemed tending toward an explosion. The Huguenots and the Catholics, like two hostile nations on the same soil, were ready to fly at each other, and the treacherous truce, which substituted riots and assassination for open war, could not last much longer. Still the actual rupture might have been deferred, but for circumstances connected with the state of the Netherlands. The Protestants of that country had been goaded into rebellion by the infamous persecutions of Philip II. of Spain. William, Prince of Orange, put himself at their head, and although unsuccessful, the movement was considered so dangerous that the ferocious and uncompromising Alva was commissioned to crush it utterly. For this purpose it was necessary to increase the Spanish army in Flanders; and as that could not be done by sea, on which the rebels were superior, a force of ten thousand picked veterans[382] was transported from Carthagena to Genoa, whence they made their way through the passes of Mont Cenis into Burgundy and Lorraine. Catherine, who distrusted Philip, thought it prudent to watch their march, and for that purpose collected all the forces she could muster to form an army of observation. These being insufficient for the purpose, Condé and the admiral advised the enrolment of 6000 Swiss mercenaries.[383] The

queen, delighted at such an opportunity of raising soldiers without offending the susceptibility of the Huguenots, promptly acted upon the advice. But when the prince asked for the command of the troops with the quality of lieutenant-general of the kingdom, the constable withdrawing his claim on account of his age, she fenced and prevaricated, although the appointment was promised in one of the secret articles of the late treaty of peace. The Duke of Anjou, Catherine's favorite son, aspired to the same office, and hearing of Condé's application, the insolent boy said to him: "If ever I catch you failing in respect to me, I will make you as little as you aspire to be great."[384] Surprised at such language, the prince left the court.[385]

As soon as the Spanish troops had crossed the frontier and entered the Netherlands, it was expected that the royal army would be disbanded; but, instead of that, it was marched to the neighborhood of Paris. This was of itself quite enough to excite the alarm of the Huguenot leaders, who were farther startled by information of a plot to seize both Condé and the admiral; to imprison the former for life, and put the other to death; and to place garrisons in the towns favorable to the Reformed religion, the exercise of which was to be prohibited all over the kingdom. [386] The heads of the Huguenot party immediately took council with the admiral at his castle of Chatillon. Their deliberations were long and serious. No doubt seems to have been entertained regarding the truth of the report. The suspicions aroused by the Bayonne meeting, corroborated by stories of the projected massacre at Moulins, which failed only because the Huguenots were present in too great number, were strengthened by the insolence of Anjou and the queen-mother's insincerity. The edicts of

toleration had not been fairly brought into operation; new interpretation edicts were continually encroaching upon the privileges of the Reformed; Alva was at hand in Flanders to assist in carrying out the scheme he had suggested only a few months before. Men in a panic never reason fairly, never indeed examine into the truth of the rumors by which their alarm has been roused. It was so in the present instance when the more violent party said: “Shall we tarry until they come and bind us hand and foot, and so draw us unto their scaffold at Paris, there by our shameful deaths to glut others’ cruelty? Do we not see the foreign enemy marching armed toward us, and threatening to be revenged on us for Dreux? Have we forgotten that about 3000 of our religion have, since the peace, endured violent deaths, for whom we can have no redress? If it were our king’s will we should be thus injured, we might perhaps the better bear it; but shall we bear the insolence of those who shroud themselves under his name and try to alienate his good-will from us? For more than forty years our fathers professed the true religion in secret, and endured all sorts of tortures and injuries with patience inexhaustible. If we who are so numerous, and who are able to profess our religion openly, should betray a righteous cause by a disgraceful silence and unseasonable moderation, we should fall into an apostasy unworthy of the two goodly titles of Christian and gentleman. We should be wanting not only to ourselves but to God, and besides losing our own souls should be the cause of ruin to others.”[387] Coligny advised them to be patient: “I see clearly how we may rekindle the fire,” he said; “but not where we may find water to quench it.” His brother Andelot was for more vigorous measures: “If we wait until we are shut up in prison,

what will our patience avail us? If we give our enemies the advantage of striking the first blow, we shall never recover from it." But before coming to a final decision, a deputation of the Huguenot nobility waited upon Catherine and entreated her to be more just to their co-religionists. Their reception was such that there seemed no alternative left them but to draw the sword.

It was an unfortunate decision, and not justified by the real facts. But the mistake committed by the Huguenot chiefs is patent enough, and they were thought by their contemporaries to have acted very wisely. La Popelinière, whose evidence on this point is of great weight, speaks of "the approach of the Swiss who had been levied under color of preventing the entrance of the King of Spain and the Queen of England; and since then, the necessity having passed, the declaration made to them by Barbazieux, the king's lieutenant in Champagne, that they were to be employed against those of the religion."[388] Alva, in a letter to his royal master, written on the 28th June, 1567, testifies to the satisfaction felt in France at the vicinity of the Spanish troops.[389] Languet writes from Strasburg on the 22d October, that the Huguenot chiefs knew for certain that the pope and the other princes who had conspired against the true religion, had determined, as soon as it was put down in Lower Germany, to do the same in France, and for that purpose the king had raised a strong force of Swiss."[390]

The Huguenot counterplot was to seize the king and his mother, then residing at her castle of Monceaux in Brie, just as the Guise faction had seized them five years before. Indistinct rumors of a Protestant rising reached the court, and a messenger

was sent to watch the admiral. On his return he reported that he had found the old warrior busily engaged in getting in his vintage.[391] Two days later (28th September, 1567), all France was in flames. Fifty towns were seized, and a strong force of Huguenot cavalry was preparing for a dash upon Meaux, about ten leagues east of Paris, whither the court had proceeded upon the first intelligence of the outbreak. Confusion prevailed in that little city: Catherine feared to leave it lest she should be intercepted by the Huguenots, and the Swiss troops, though not far off, were not so near as the cavalry under Condé. The Swiss were ordered to be brought up with all speed; but L'Hopital suggested that the wiser plan would be to disband those mercenaries—a concession which would satisfy the Huguenots, and induce them to lay down their arms. "Will you guarantee that they have no other aim than to serve the king?" asked Catherine. "I will," he replied, "if I am assured there is no intention of deceiving them." But either the queen was meditating treachery, as L'Hopital's remark would almost imply, or the risk appeared too great. The Swiss made their appearance, and, under their safeguard, the king reached Paris in twelve hours. "But for Nemours and my good friends the Swiss, I should have lost both liberty and life," said Charles. The Duke of Nemours, who, from his marriage with Anne of Este, widow of the murdered Duke Francis, was held in great respect by the Guises, commanded a body of volunteers composed of gentlemen attached to the court, who acted as a sort of light cavalry, and covered the king's retreat. More than once Charles turned upon his pursuers and fought at the head of his gallant little body-guard. The constable, seeing the unnecessary danger to which he exposed himself,

caught his horse by the bridle and stopped him, saying: “Your majesty should not risk your person like this: it is too dear to us to permit you to be accompanied by a troop of less than 10,000 French gentlemen.”

But Condé with his five hundred horse could do nothing against the 6000 Swiss, who “stood fast awhile and then retired close, still turning their head as doth the wild boar whom the hunters pursue.”[392] The prince had lost his opportunity. While he was wasting time in an idle conference with Montmorency, whom the queen-mother had ostensibly sent to demand the cause of his arming, the Swiss were hurrying to Meaux with the utmost speed. His irresolution was a great mistake: he ought never to have made the attempt to seize the king’s person, or to have risked every thing to clutch the prize within his reach. His failure made him a traitor as well as a rebel, and inflamed the anger of Charles against the Huguenots more than success could have done.[393] In the latter case the king would, in spite of appearances, have found them to be loyal and faithful subjects, and would have had the best of evidence that in their hands neither his life nor his liberty were imperiled. As it was, he never forgave their attempt to seize him, and he swore with one of his usual blasphemous oaths, that he would some day be revenged on them.

The Cardinal of Lorraine, knowing that he had little to hope for should he fall into the hands of the Huguenot chiefs, fled in another direction, losing his baggage on the road, and got safe to Rheims, where he entered into a traitorous correspondence with the King of Spain, offering to place several frontier towns in his hands, and support his claims to the throne of

France in right of his wife.[394] But his plots were frustrated by the course of events.

Both parties now made the most strenuous exertions to increase their forces. The king, writing to Simiane de Gordes, governor of Dauphiny, instructing him to raise troops and keep down the heretics, uses language worthy of the St. Bartholomew: "You will cut them in pieces, *not sparing one, for the more dead the fewer enemies*."[395] Before the actual outbreak of hostilities, attempts were made by the Moderates, or *Parti Politique*, to effect a reconciliation. Condé demanded complete toleration of the Reformed religion all over the kingdom, without distinction of place or person; to which Charles IX. replied, through Marshal Montmorency, that "he would not tolerate two religions in his kingdom." There was nothing more to be done: the sword must decide between them. The train-bands of Paris were called out; new taxes were imposed; the clergy made a voluntary gift of 250,000 crowns, a loan of 100,000 crowns was raised at Venice, and one to a similar amount at Florence.

Although the Huguenot force was very small—1200 foot and 1500 horse—the chiefs boldly marched to Paris, which they hoped to blockade and starve into submission before any help could reach that city from the more distant provinces. But here again Catherine's wonderful talent for negotiation was exerted to keep the Protestant leaders in check, until the reinforcements—impetuously summoned from various quarters—were hurriedly marched into the capital. Condé had placarded the walls of Paris with a protest that he had taken up arms only to deliver the king's subjects from the oppression of Italian favorites; but he was no match for those wily

Italians who, now feeling safe, broke off the negotiations. On the 10th November, the Huguenots found themselves in the presence of the royal forces on the great plain of St. Denis. It was then quite open and highly cultivated, the only buildings on it were a solitary farm-house and a few windmills. Across it ran that broad highway, along which travelers from the north used to pass before the railroad had diverted the living stream. The troops under Constable Montmorency were five times more numerous than those under Condé, and had the advantage of artillery. The scene of the contest was about a mile from Paris, between Montmartre, Pantin, and St. Denis. The gibbet of Montfauçon was on the edge of the field. Being so near the walls, crowds of idlers, including many women, went to look on.[396] Ballad singers were already celebrating Montmorency's victory, quacks on their frail platforms were extolling their salves and plasters for wounds; the swindlers and ruffians, the cheats and rogues, who live by the vices, or prey upon the weaknesses of society—all the vermin of a great city —were there in crowds; monks mingled in the throng, chanting their litanies and selling beads; and more numerous than all was that foul horde which always gathers, like birds of prey, upon a battle-field.

There was not much time to lose in manœuvring, for the day was drawing to a close. Condé charged furiously upon the advancing enemy, sweeping every thing before him, so much to the admiration of the spectators that they loudly applauded the gallant Huguenots. "If my master had only 6000 horsemen like those white-coats[397] yonder," exclaimed the sultan's envoy, who had been watching the fight from the city walls, "he would soon be master of the world." But the Huguenots were so outnumbered

that they were gradually hemmed in by the larger masses of the enemy, and compelled to retreat. The approach of night saved them from farther disaster. The battle was fatal to the constable, who seems to have fallen a victim to private malice. In the heat of a charge, when wounded and separated from his troops, he saw one Robert Stuart ride up to him and present a pistol. The constable, expecting to be made a prisoner, called out: “You do not know me!” “It is just because I do know you,” replied the Scotchman, “that I give you this.” And he fired,[398] the ball shattering Montmorency’s shoulder and throwing him to the ground, not however before he had broken Stuart’s jaw with the fragment of the sword he still grasped in his warlike hand. His death was like his life. When a priest approached to administer religious consolation, he smilingly begged to be left in peace, “for it would be a shameful thing,” he added, “to have known how to live fourscore years, and not know how to die one short quarter of an hour.” The queen-mother went to visit him before his death, and, as she bent over his bed to console him, he advised her to make peace as soon as possible, adding that “the shortest follies are the best.”[399] Marshal Vieilleville was of the same opinion. “It was not your majesty that gained the battle,” said he to the king, “much less the Prince of Condé!” “Who then gained it?” asked Charles. “The King of Spain,” answered Vieilleville; “for on both sides valiant captains and brave soldiers have fallen, enough to conquer Flanders and the Low Countries.” The united loss was nearly six hundred.

The death of the constable was a serious blow to the Moderate party, although he did not actually belong to them. He had learned wisdom as he advanced in life, showing himself one of those rare

men—rare at all times, but especially so in the sixteenth century—who could accommodate themselves to altered circumstances. His deep loyalty to the crown made him suspicious of the Lorraine faction; and his relationship to Condé and the Chatillons tempered the zeal of his orthodoxy. He saw clearly that no one would gain by the war, except the enemies of France. Languet adds that, taught by experience, Montmorency had learned that the Huguenots could not be crushed without the ruin of the kingdom; and he labored strenuously to carry out the Pacification of Amboise to the great disgust of the pope and Philip of Spain.[400]

Before the end of the year, a body of 2000 foot and 1500 horse, dispatched by Alva from Flanders under the Count of Aremberg, accompanied by a choice band of the Catholic nobility of the Low Countries, had joined the royal camp of Paris. At the same time the Huguenots were expecting reinforcements from Germany, and, in order to meet them, Condé left his head-quarters at Chalons, marched above twenty leagues in three days, through the rain and over bad roads, losing neither wagons nor artillery. There was some doubt whether the royal forces would not intercept the Germans before they could join the Huguenots. “And what will you do, in case they do not come to the rendezvous?” asked some one of Condé. “I think we should have to blow on our fingers,” he jestingly replied, “for the weather is very cold.” But they were not reduced to such extremity, having formed a successful junction with the German auxiliaries, commanded by John Casimir, son of the elector-palatine. This force consisted of 7000 cavalry and 4000 infantry—all mercenary troops who fought solely for pay and plunder. Before they would move

another step, the reiters (as they were called) demanded a bounty of 100,000 crowns; and as the military chest was empty, the French force voluntarily subscribed money, jewels, rings, gold chains, and other ornaments to the amount of 30,000 crowns, with which the Germans, astonished at so much self-denial, were momentarily satisfied. “Even soldiers, lackeys, and boys gave every one somewhat,” says La Noue, “so as in the end it was accounted a dishonor to have given a little.” The old warrior takes the opportunity furnished by this incident to describe some of the difficulties with which the Huguenot chiefs had to contend. It required “great art and diligence to feed an unpaid army of above 20,000 men.” The admiral was remarkably careful in all the arrangements of his commissariat department, and acted up to the spirit of the old saying, that “a soldier fights upon his belly.” Whenever there was any question of forming an army, he used to say: “Let us begin the shaping of this monster by the belly.” “This devouring animal,” continues La Noue, “passing through so many provinces, could still find some pasture wherewith was sometimes mixed the poor man’s garment, yea, and the friend’s too; so sore did necessity and desire to catch incite those that wanted no excuses to color their spoil.”

Civil war now raged with increased fury all over France. Although the two main armies did not again come into collision, there were little partisan campaigns in every province and almost every large town. It was during this period that Nismes became the theatre of that terrible tragedy known as the *Michelade*, from its occurring at the feast of St. Michael in 1567. The new doctrines had made such progress in the old Roman city that, in the year

1562, the municipal council decided that the cathedral with some other churches should be made over to the Reformed, and farther ordered the bells of the convents to be cast into cannon, the convents to be let “for the good of the state,” the relics and their shrines to be sold, and the non-conforming priests to leave the city. Damville, governor of Languedoc, and second son of the Constable Montmorency, was sent to Nismes to restore order, which he succeeded in doing by severe and arbitrary measures. At Uzès, a person named Mouton having ventured to blame these high-handed proceedings, was taken and hanged on the spot without any form of trial.[401] If such was the beginning, we may imagine what the Reformed had to suffer afterward. At length a trifling circumstance led to an explosion. About six in the morning of the 30th September, 1567, the second day of St. Michael’s fair, some Albanians belonging to Damville’s guard, lounging outside the city gates, stopped several women bringing vegetables to market, and in mere wantonness upset the baskets and trampled upon their contents. There was an immediate uproar: the women screamed, the neighbors ran to their assistance, and the crowd was swelled by the peasants coming from the country, at whose menacing gestures the foreigners drew their swords to defend themselves. On a sudden there was a shout: “To arms! to arms! Kill the Papists!” Hundreds rushed out of their houses and collected on the esplanade. The Consul Gui Rochette tried to calm them, but they violently rejected his prudent advice. When the news of the tumult reached the bishop he exclaimed: “This is the prince of darkness! blessed be the holy name of Heaven!” and then knelt down in prayer, momentarily expecting martyrdom. He

succeeded, however, in escaping from the mob, who, in their angry disappointment, sacked his palace and killed the vicar-general. A number of Catholics, including the consul and his brother, had been shut up in the cellars of the episcopal residence. About an hour before midnight they were dragged out and led into that grey old court-yard, where the imagination can still detect the traces of that cruel massacre.[402] One by one the victims came forth; a few steps, and they fell pierced by sword or pike. Some struggled with their murderers, and tried to escape, but only prolonged their agony. By the dim light of a few torches between seventy and eighty unhappy wretches were butchered in cold blood, and their bodies, some only half-dead, were thrown into the well in one corner of the yard, not far from an orange-tree, the leaves of which (says local tradition) were ever afterward marked with the blood-stains of this massacre.

The Michelade has been contrasted with the St. Bartholomew, but there is this difference between the two crimes: the former was committed in despite of the exhortations of the pastors, and no one has attempted to justify it. After the peace of Longjumeau, the Parliament of Toulouse prosecuted all who had taken any part in the murders. More than a hundred persons were condemned by default to be hanged and to pay 200,000 livres, of which 60,000 were allotted to the repair of the churches, 6000 to Gui's widow, and the remainder to the families of the victims. Only four were caught, who, after being dragged through the city at the horse's tail, were beheaded, and their quarters hung up over the principal gates. In the September of the following year, the brutal scenes of violence were renewed: the city was plundered, and its streets were dyed with

Catholic blood. The governor, St. André, was shot and thrown out of the window, and his corpse was torn in pieces by the lawless mob.

In the country round Nismes forty-eight unresisting Catholics were murdered; and at Alais the Huguenots massacred seven canons, two grey-friars, and several other churchmen. Even at the little town of Gap, far away among the Upper Alps, the followers of the two religions, who had hitherto lived together on friendly terms, now sought each other's blood. The outbreak was occasioned by the attempt of the Catholics to wear a white cross—a badge of distinction recently adopted among the Romanists. The two parties came to blows, and, says their historian, "they vied with one another in cruelty."[403] It was the same wherever the two armies marched. "Our people," writes Languet, "burn all the monasteries and destroy all the churches they come near: but the Germans (that is, the reiters) spoil friends and enemies alike." Castelnau confirms this statement: "When Blois capitulated, faith was not kept with the governor and inhabitants on the ground that the Catholics boasted of not keeping their promise to the Huguenots. So that on both sides the *droit des gens* was violated without any shame.... What the Huguenots spared was plundered by the Catholics."[404] Even the dead were not left in peace; in more than one instance the corpses were exhumed and treated with savage barbarity.

But these scattered hostilities, much as they increased the misery of France, had very little influence on the main course of events. So long as Condé and Coligny were in the field, the cause of independence was safe. The young Duke of Anjou, who, as lieutenant-general of the kingdom, had been

put at the head of the royal forces, was no match for his experienced antagonists; nor could he always check the dissensions between the veteran generals who, nominally under his orders, were really the directors of all his movements. The Huguenot leaders saw the favorable opportunity, and, with unexpected caution and rapidity, Condé moved his army toward Chartres, in the hope of securing it as a base of operations against Paris. But the Royalists were too quick for him, and the garrison was reinforced before he could reach the city. Determined to take the town at all hazards—for it was on the main line of communication between Paris and the west and south—Coligny pressed the siege, when Catherine, seeing that affairs had reached a crisis, took the bold step of appearing in the enemy's camp.

A timely remonstrance from the pen of Chancellor L'Hopital had a marked effect in turning the minds of the people toward peace. Beginning with a comparison of the two parties he says, "The Huguenots are not a mob hastily collected together, but men, warlike, resolute, and in despair ... ready to venture all that men hold most dear in defense of their wives and children. The Catholic party is ill-constructed, all are tired of the war, and, even among the common people, there is nothing but murmuring.... To exterminate the enemy is impossible, unless you would fill the country with pestilence, famine, and starvation. Look at Champagne—a desert, so utterly wretched that there is nothing left the poor inhabitants but to die of hunger and despair.... But if we could destroy them all, what will you do with their innocent children? If you, spare them, will they not grow up to avenge their fathers? If the king should lose a battle, he would be deserted by thousands who now follow him

through fear or love of plunder: it would be the destruction of his throne." After combating the arguments of those who contend that the king is bound to punish rebels, and that he can not capitulate with his subjects, he advises Charles "to use clemency, as he shall meet it from God; to forget his own resentment toward his subjects, and they will forget their evil dispositions toward him, and forget their very selves to honor and obey him."[405] If the queen-mother was not influenced by these arguments, she saw at least that it was time to put an end to the war. She had often boasted that her tongue and her pen were more than a match for the lances of her enemies; and their power was never more strikingly shown than in the present instance. She offered an amnesty for all past offenses, and an unconditional acquiescence in the demands of her son's "loyal though misguided subjects." The admiral was suspicious, and hesitated. "They have not forgiven us the surprise of Meaux," he said. "But the desire of all for peace," observes La Noue, "was as a whirlwind which they could not resist."[406] Meanwhile the Huguenot army melted away, whole bodies going off without asking leave, and Condé hurriedly signed the Treaty of Longjumeau (20th March, 1568),[407] which restored the Edict of Amboise, bound the court to pay the foreign auxiliaries in the rebel service, and left the Reformed party, says Mezeray, "at the mercy of their enemies, with no other guarantee than the word of an Italian woman."[408]

While the admiral was negotiating the treaty of Longjumeau his wife fell ill and died at Orleans of a fever contracted in the course of her charitable labors in that crowded and unhealthy city. As soon as she felt the approaches of death, she wrote the

following pathetic letter to her husband: “I feel very unhappy in dying so far from you, whom I have always loved more than myself; but I take comfort from the knowledge that you are kept away from me by the best of motives. I entreat you, by the love you bear me, and by the children I leave you as pledges of my love, to fight to the last extremity for God’s service and the advancement of religion.... Train up our children in the pure religion, so that if you fail them, they may one day take your place; and as they can not yet spare you, do not expose your life more than is necessary. Beware of the house of Guise; I know not whether I ought to say the same of the queen-mother, being forbidden to judge evilly of my neighbor; but she has given so many marks of her ambition that a little distrust is pardonable.” It was two or three days before the admiral could leave the army, and when he reached Orleans all was over. His wife had been dead twenty-four hours, leaving him with three boys and one girl. For a time the bereaved husband was inconsolable: “Oh, God, what have I done?” he exclaimed, in the anguish of his heart; “what have I done that I should be so severely chastised, so overwhelmed with calamities?” At last the consolations of religion began to temper his sorrow. “Would that I might lead a holier life and present a better example of godliness! Most Holy Father, look upon me, if it please thee, and in the multitude of thy mercies, relieve my sufferings!”[409] As soon as the state of affairs permitted he retired to his estate at Chatillon, but was not long permitted to enjoy the rest and privacy he sought. In a short time he became the centre of a little court. The crowd was so great that, “when two gentlemen left by one door, twenty entered by another.” The admiral was so beloved that he was overwhelmed with presents, the

members of his party forcing them upon him notwithstanding his protests. “It is only right,” they urged, “to help the man who is ruining himself for love of us.”

Peace found the finances of the kingdom in a very dilapidated condition. The expenditure was eighteen millions of livres, and the revenue less than half that amount; besides which there were arrears due to the foreign auxiliaries—not only those whom Condé had enrolled, but a large body under the Duke of Saxony, who claimed five months’ pay, although they had not drawn a sword and scarcely entered the French territory. These reiters were a terrible scourge to France, and it was necessary to get rid of them at any sacrifice. Davila paints them as sweeping through the country like a frightful hurricane (*spaventosa tempesta*). Armed to the teeth in black mail, drawn up in squadrons sixteen deep and with a front of thirty, they rode down the weak lines of the French cavalry. Fierce in demeanor, brutal in habits, as intractable as they were insolent, and a nuisance alike to friend and foe, they were insatiable pillagers, and their long train of wagons filled with plunder often caused irremediable delay in the march of the Huguenot army. None knew how to drive a hard bargain better than they did. Castelnau gives a curious account of his negotiations with these men, who, in the true spirit of mercenary soldiers, were ready to turn their arms against any body, if they were paid for it. The only means of raising money to meet the various claims upon the treasury was to sell church property, which was done to the amount of 100,000 crowns rental. Although the pope had given his consent to this alienation, provided the money was employed to extirpate heresy, the Parliament of Paris long refused to register the decree authorizing

the sale, on the factious ground that “things consecrated to God could not be touched.”

CHAPTER IX.

THE THIRD CIVIL WAR.

[1568–1570.]

State of the Country—The National Party—Atrocities and Retaliation—L'Hopital's Retirement—The Catholic League—League of Toulouse—The New Plot—The Flight to Rochelle—Aid from England—Anjou, Commander-in-Chief—Battle of Jarnac—Death of Condé—Henry of Bearn—Siege of Cognac—Junction of Duke Wolfgang—Death of Brissac—Battle of Roche-Abeille—Siege of Poitiers—Moncontour—The Admiral's letter to his Children—Siege of St. Jean D'Angely—Desmarais—The Great March—Cruelties at Orthez, Auxerre, Orleans, Cognat, Aurillac—Coligny's illness—Battle of Arnay le Duc—Treaty of St. Germains.

Short as the war had been it was full of horrors. Wherever the two armies passed the country was laid waste. The towns-people were comparatively safe behind their walls, but the peasantry were between two millstones: there was no escaping except by flight to the woods and leaving the fields uncultivated, the consequence of which was famine and pestilence. In Schiller's picturesque language, "men became savage like their countries."[410] After the proclamation of peace a few governors did all they could to check the disorders of the royal troops in their provinces. Marshal Damville, commanding in Guienne, Poitou, and Dauphiny, issued many

regulations to pacify the country and restrain the license of the soldiery, who had assumed the administrations of several towns by turning out the magistrates and substituting drum-head justice for the regular courts of law. They appropriated the contents of the city chests, and the only limits to their extortions were the means of the citizens to pay. Many large towns had been half deserted by their inhabitants, who in despair had formed into volunteer partisan corps, which roamed over the country, making the roads unsafe, and plundering friend and foe alike. They were under a rude kind of military discipline, resembling in this as in other respects the brigand bands of modern Greece and Southern Italy. To remedy this great evil, Damville ordered the officers and soldiers to permit the exiles to return on condition that they gave up their arms, gentlemen and others having the privilege of wearing swords being excepted. Charles himself frequently complained that the provincial governors did not attempt to carry out the treaty of Longjumeau. On the 31st March he wrote to Condé regretting that the edict of toleration had not been observed as fully as he had desired, and declared it to be his wish that all his subjects, without respect of religion, should be protected alike. He grieved that justice was not so purely administered as it ought to be—a state of things he would remedy as far as possible.

If it should be urged that these are mere words, which cost the writer nothing, the same objection can hardly be made to the king's letter to D'Humières of the 30th April, wherein he directed that those who had left their homes during the late troubles should not be hindered from returning and living in liberty according to the edict. There are also other letters extant proving the reality of this conciliatory feeling.

Thus on 9th May, 1568, Charles wrote to the mayor of Tours, ordering the place of Reformed worship to be removed as far as possible from Tours, but to that extent sanctioning it.[411] There are several letters on the same subject from others, and in a considerate tone; but the most remarkable of all is one to the mayor from Francis of Bourbon, Duke of Montpensier, dated 15th June, 1568, and referring to the police arrangements in Tours for the approaching *Fête Dieu*: "Nevertheless, if you know that they are likely to be obstinate and refuse to obey, only so far as concerns the decorations of the streets and houses, and that it may cause offense and disturbance, there will be no harm in your tacitly making good their deficiencies, according to your means, without showing that one is more favored than another, with the assurance that you will be able to arrange matters so wisely that every thing may turn out to the honor and glory of God."[412]

However unfavorable the treaty of Longjumeau may have been to the Huguenots, there can be no doubt of their desire to live in peace. They had won toleration at the point of the sword; by aiming at supremacy they would risk all they had gained. War could advantage them but little: in peace they might hope to extend the silent conquests of their religion. It is very questionable, however, if the great body of the Catholics, or their leaders, were equally desirous of a permanent cessation of hostilities. Peace might be fatal to the ambitious designs of the house of Lorraine; Condé and the admiral were formidable rivals to the cardinal and the Italian followers of the queen-mother. The treaty was the work of the moderate section of the royal council, to which Marshal Montmorency had given the influence of his name. It was drawn up by the Chancellor L'Hopital,

another member of the same party, and supported by the bishops of Orleans and Limoges.[413] Their task had not been without difficulty, for the mere rumor of peace had called forth strong protests from the papal and Spanish embassadors, who almost threatened war if any arrangement were come to with the heretics; but the king is reported to have made a reply that quite startled them.[414] This is just what we should expect from Catherine, whose object all her life was to keep the Spaniard out of France. The Huguenots were the truly national party —the stout defenders of national independence. They were the first to assert the doctrine of non-intervention, although they did not act up to their theory. This was the link which connected them with the moderate section of the Catholic party. While their antagonists esteemed Guise and Philip II. and the pope far more than they did their king, the Huguenots were especially Frenchmen. They were loyal in the best sense of the word, as were the English Catholics, who, under a popish admiral, drove the Armada from the seas.

But the "politicians," as they are usually called, were in advance of their age: the time for moderation had not yet come. The Cardinal of Lorraine still raised his voice for extermination, and the pride of both Catherine and Charles had been deeply wounded by the undignified flight from Meaux. Philip II., who dreaded to see France at peace, continued to intrigue with the most bigoted of the king's advisers. Alva, too, reminded the queen-mother that it was "much better to have a kingdom ruined in preserving it for God and the king by war, than to have it kept entire without war, to the profit of the devil and his heretical followers."[415] In addition to all this, the peace had made Catherine

unpopular even among those of her own religion; both she and the king were most absurdly suspected of heresy, and, adds Claude Haton, “it is certain that they were the support and prop of the rebel Huguenots.” Speaking of the Lent Sermons in this year (1568) he says, that “the clergy from the pulpits taxed the king, his mother, and the council, with being by the said peace the cause of the entire ruin of the kingdom and of the Catholic religion.” This language was reported to their majesties, who immediately ordered the clergy to preach the Gospel, and not abuse their sovereign, under pain of the severest punishment. But if the preachers moderated their tone toward the king and the queen-mother, they became more violent in their attacks upon the Huguenots. From every pulpit fanatical monks hounded on their already too eager listeners to farther deeds of blood, not only by proclaiming that faith ought not to be kept with heretics, but that it was a meritorious act to slay them. The system of forced baptisms was continued, the rights of the individual being as little regarded under Charles IX. in 1568 as under Louis XIV. at the close of the following century. At Provins, a babe six weeks old was carried to the church and christened, the mother being taken thither in the custody of the police, and the father left in the hands of the soldiers until the ceremony was over. In the municipal archives of Tallard we read: “Paid six sols to a royal sergeant sent by the deputy bailiff of Gap to publish an order that the children who had been baptized in the new religion should be rebaptized in the Catholic religion.”[416] At Dieppe, the midwives were required to make a declaration within two hours of the birth of every Huguenot infant, who was taken away and christened publicly.

The petty annoyances and vexations to which the Reformed were subjected, were at times harder to bear than actual persecution. In the one case pride and conscience might make the severest torture endurable; in the other, there was all the consciousness of the martyr without a sufficient injury to awaken the sympathy of others. The annoyances inflicted by the municipal authority on the Huguenots of Provins must have been to many more intolerable than any amount of physical pain. They were forbidden to take lodgers, to assemble in any manner, or to leave their houses after 7 P.M. in the summer and 5 P.M. in the winter. They were not allowed to walk on the ramparts by night or by day, under pain of death; and they could not take a stroll into the country without the written pass of the officer of the gate.[417] At Amiens the privilege of keeping inns was taken from them; they were turned out of such of their houses as happened to be near the walls or the gates; they could not meet more than three together, and were liable to be hanged if found in the streets between seven at night and six in the morning.[418]

During this “peace which was no peace,” as La Noue says, more than 2000 Huguenots—surely an exaggerated number—were put to death at Amiens, Bourges, Rouen, and other places. The teaching of the clergy had produced the desired effect. Under the pretext of imaginary crimes, Sigognes, governor of Dieppe, arrested all whom he suspected, or drove them out of the town. The soldiers insulted the women as they went to their meetings; the men interfered to protect them; there was a riot, and the governor always sided with the ruffians. Open war seemed better than such insecurity. M. de Cypierre was murdered, with thirty-six of his companions and

suite, as he was passing through Provence. Remonstrances and appeals for justice were vainly made to the government, which affected to be more powerless than it really was. Under these circumstances, it is no wonder that the Huguenots again took up those arms in self-defense which they had laid aside in accordance with the treaty; no wonder that in their fury they once more defiled the altars, destroyed the churches, and perpetrated a thousand retaliatory atrocities. Briquemaut, one of their leaders, cheered them on to murder, wearing a string of priests' ears round his neck. On the other side, Louis de Bourbon, Duke of Montpensier, far surpassed all others in barbarity, even to the disgust of Charles himself, who was not over-nice in such matters. One punishment, which he was proud of inventing, is so foul and horrible that we dare not name it. Correro, the Venetian embassador, describes the whole population as in a state of fury.

Pope Pius V. actively supported the fanatical party in their opposition to the treaty of 1568, by letters of advice and pecuniary aid. On the 5th of July he wrote to the Duke of Nemours, congratulating him on being the first who, in the cities of Lyons and Grenoble, refused to observe the conditions of Longjumeau, "as fatal to the Catholic religion and derogatory to the king's dignity." "Would to God," he continues, "that all the great ones of the kingdom and all governors of provinces would imitate your example."[419]

Meanwhile, great changes had taken place in the royal council. By slow degrees the Italian party had recovered their supremacy, and were advocating the most violent measures. The Moderate party was listened to with impatience. "Even the king no longer

dared give his opinion," says L'Hopital, who felt it a duty to resign his office rather than countenance measures of which he disapproved. He was succeeded for a brief interval by Jean de Morvilliers.

In the middle of 1568 the foundations were laid of that formidable League which shook the throne and brought France to the brink of destruction. On the 25th June, "The Associates of the Christian and Royal League of the province of Champagne" met and took a solemn oath "to maintain the Catholic Church in France, and preserve the crown in the house of Valois, so long as it shall govern according to the Catholic and Apostolic religion."[420] Seventy years later another famous league was signed "for the defense of religion," which brought a king to the scaffold. Those who admire the Scottish Covenant should not find fault with a Romish league which brought two kings of France to a sudden and bloody end.

At Toulouse a somewhat similar league had been formed, and a proclamation issued against the followers of the new religion. In that singular document, which was founded on a bull issued by Pius V. in March, 1568, the Protestants are described as "atheists, men living without God, without faith, and without law." Jesus Christ himself inspires all good Catholics with "the idea of assuming the cross, taking up arms, and preparing a war like Mattathias and the other Maccabees." The faithful are reminded of the heretical Albigenses destroyed in that very district to the number of 60,000; and are exhorted to pursue with the same fervor these "new enemies of God," and to show them no mercy. If the crusaders die in the expedition, "their blood will serve them as a second baptism, washing out all their sins; and

they will go with the other martyrs straight to paradise." The qualifications for taking up the cross in this holy war were "to confess their sins and arm themselves with the body and blood of our Lord;" but these arms were not thought sufficient. "If the capitouls [magistrates] will lend a few cannons, things will go on all the better. Resolved at Toulouse, 21st September, 1568. The above is done under the authority of our Holy Father the Pope." Priests were to be the captains of this "holy army of faith," and its motto was: *Eamus nos; moriamur cum Christo*.[421]

Immediately after the signing of the treaty of Longjumeau the Protestant army had been disbanded, and the reiters in their pay had returned to Germany, not without excesses on the road; but under various excuses the royal army, including the Swiss mercenaries and the Italian auxiliaries, was still kept on foot. The motive soon became apparent: the reactionary party meditated a bold stroke that should cripple, if not entirely crush, the Huguenot party. Condé, the admiral and other chiefs were to be seized, and of the fate intended for some of them there can be no doubt. Only two months earlier, Alva's "blood council" had condemned Counts Egmont and Horn to a violent death. As early as May, all the bridges along the Loire were guarded. This may have been a mere matter of police in the disturbed state of the country; but the Huguenots very reasonably considered it as a means of controlling their movements and preventing their escape, if danger threatened them. Their leaders were widely separated; Andelot was in Brittany, La Rochefoucault in Angoulême, D'Acier in Languedoc, Bruniquet and Montglas in Gascony, Genlis and Mouy in Picardy, Montgomery in Normandy, the Admiral at Tanlay, and Condé at his castle of Noyers

in Burgundy. These two places are so near that tradition speaks of a subterranean passage between them. Tanlay is placed in a secluded spot between Tonnerre and Montbard. On a splendid chimney-piece in the large hall may still be seen a head of Coligny in a plumed helmet, admirably carved in delicately tinted marble.[422]

The admiral had gone to this charming retreat, to consult with his brother to whom it belonged, and who had joined him there. The aspect of affairs was threatening. The news which they had received from their friends at court, as well as the frequent movements of troops to the Loire, were enough to fill them with suspicion. Attended by fifty horsemen, they rode over to Noyers, and while there an intercepted dispatch from Tavannes, the governor of the province, bade them in ambiguous but significant language look to their safety: "*Le cerf est aux toiles, la chasse est préparée.*" With all secrecy the Huguenot leaders prepared for flight, and though encumbered by women and children, succeeded in escaping to Rochelle (August, 1568). A ford near Sancerre had been left unguarded, and by it the fugitives were able to cross the Loire, and were protected from pursuit by a sudden rise of the waters.[423] "It touched the hearts of all men with sincere commiseration," says Matthieu, "to witness the lamentable plight in which the first prince of the blood traveled. The heat of the weather was intense; the princess, being great with child, traveled in a litter; the prince had three little children in the cradle; besides which he was accompanied by the admiral and his family, by Andelot and his wife, there being altogether a great number of children and nurses. Their escort consisted of only 150 men."

The enemy followed them so closely as to come in sight of the fugitives, but the swollen river lay between them. The Cardinal of Chatillon, at that time living quietly in his episcopal palace at Beauvais, received timely warning and escaped to England. Joan of Albret, Queen of Navarre, who was threatened in her own estates, also sought a refuge within those walls which already sheltered the Prince of Condé. She brought her son Henry with her, then a boy of 15, and a force of 4000 men, the nucleus of an army that soon swelled to more formidable dimensions than that which had been disbanded a few months before. The command was offered to Henry, but graciously refused by him in favor of his uncle Condé.

The position of the Huguenot chiefs was full of peril; but they saw clearly that they were standing in the breach of Protestantism, and fighting not merely their own battle but the battle of the Reformed religion in every country. In Flanders Alva was not only trampling out Protestantism with his iron heel, but usurping the rights of the Prince of Orange. This was a matter that touched Condé nearly, for he too was thought worthy of the hatred of “the Demon of the South.” All the nobility indeed were, more or less, affected by any attack on the rights of the princes of the blood; but the majority willfully shut their eyes against it. The meeting at Bayonne was bearing fruit. In February, 1568, the Spanish Inquisition solemnly condemned all the inhabitants of the Netherlands to death as heretics—a few persons only being excepted by name. Nor was this condemnation a mere idle form, for ten days later Philip II. issued a proclamation, ratifying the sentence and ordering it to be carried into instant execution without regard to sex, age, or condition.

The eloquent historian of the Dutch republic has told us how the king was obeyed, and unveiled the perfidious designs of the Spanish cabinet. These were strongly suspected by the French Huguenots, who had not the opportunity we possess of reading the secret dispatches of Philip and his ministers. But Condé and Coligny knew quite enough to make them suspicious: they knew that if the Flemish Protestants were crushed, their turn would come next; and they not only prevented the French government from assisting Alva, but by their attitude made the King of Spain unwilling to send the reinforcements to the Low Countries, which Alva so much needed to complete his crusade. Had they done no more than this, they would have earned the eternal gratitude of all Protestantism. By paralyzing Alva at this moment the Reformed religion on the Continent was saved. We may even go farther, and say that our own liberties were dependent on this Huguenot movement. The French leaders had heard that the Protestant Queen of England was threatened, that a bill of excommunication was to be fulminated against her, that a hundred daggers were preparing to be plunged into her heart. Though Elizabeth never cordially helped the Huguenots, and with her lofty monarchical notions looked coldly on them and the Flemings as rebels, yet a common enemy and a common danger drew them together, and for a time smoothed away all differences. She forwarded to Rochelle six pieces of artillery with their ammunition, and a sum of 100,000 angelots (50,000*l.*) with a promise of more,[424] and permitted Henry Champernon,[425] a near kinsman of Sir Walter Raleigh, then only seventeen years old, to raise a troop of 100 gentlemen volunteers, with which he passed over into France. De Thou describes

them as “a gallant company, nobly mounted and accoutred, having on their colors the motto: *Finem det mihi virtus*: Let valor decide the contest.” They fought at Jarnac and again at Moncontour, but beyond what Raleigh says himself, there is no trace of them in history.[426]

The fanatical party, not content with drawing the sword, threw away the scabbard. The great want of the court was money, and in July—the treaty of Longjumeau had only been signed in March—the queen-mother obtained a papal bull, permitting her (as we have seen) to alienate church property to the amount of a million and a half of francs, on condition that the money was employed in the extirpation of Huguenotry. It does not appear that any of the money was spent as Pius V. stipulated, and with a view to hide the misappropriation and satisfy the urgent demands of the pope, the king issued several edicts in September, 1568, completely annulling that of January, forbidding the public celebration of the Reformed worship under pain of death, and ordering the ministers to leave the kingdom within a fortnight. In this revocation of religious privileges it is easy to trace the influence of the more violent members of the privy council—the Cardinal of Lorraine and René de Biragues.

Henry of Anjou, a youth only fifteen years old, was once more placed at the head of the royal army, with Tavannes by his side to direct the military operations. Tavannes’s object was to confine the Protestants to Poitou and Saintonge, while the Huguenot plan was to march into Burgundy and meet the troops which the Prince of Orange was levying for their support. But the winter of 1568 passed away without any striking event, the

Huguenot army losing 5000 men through illness and the inclemency of the season. The cold was so intense that the water in a caldron set before the fire was frozen at the back while boiling at the front. All the rivers were cartable, and wine became so solid in the casks that it was cut up and carried away in sacks.[427]

As soon as the weather broke, the two armies were once more in the field, and on the 13th March, 1569, came into collision at Jarnac on the banks of the Charente, between Angoulême and Cognac. There is still the same wide plain, under tillage, with a cluster of houses in one corner, that could easily be turned into a barricaded fort. It is near a little hill, at whose foot still flows the sluggish brook on whose banks the chief struggle occurred. The Huguenot force had been injudiciously divided, while that under Anjou had been reinforced by 2200 reiters commanded by the Rheingrave and Bassompierre. It was Anjou's plan to prevent the junction of Condé's forces, but he was disappointed in this by the prince's sudden march to Niort, thence by St. Jean d'Angely to Cognac, and next day to Jarnac, where he met Andelot with the advanced guard of cavalry, supported by four guns. The following morning, Condé, accompanied by the admiral and his brother, advanced with all the cavalry to reconnoitre Anjou's position, and had the audacity to offer battle. The king's brother declined the offer and moved away in the direction of Cognac, where he was again met by Condé with the second division, the admiral being left with the first at Jarnac. The result of these marchings and counter-marchings was that the Huguenot cavalry was taken by surprise, when the infantry was so far off as to be quite unserviceable. Condé stood his ground manfully, but what could

1500 men do against a force twice as strong? He made desperate efforts to cut his way through the dense ranks of the enemy, though his leg had been broken by a kick from a horse ridden by one of his suite.[428] At last his horse fell, and he lay at the mercy of his foes. Being recognized by two gentlemen, he called to one of them: “Ho! D’Argence, my friend, save my life, and I will give you one hundred thousand crowns.” D’Argence promised, and raised the prince from the ground. Seeing the Duke of Anjou approach, Condé said: “There is Monseigneur’s troop; I am a dead man.” “No, my lord” replied D’Argence; “cover your face,” for he had taken off his helmet. At this moment up rode Montesquieu, captain of the duke’s Swiss guard, who, recognizing the prisoner, foully shot him in the back of the head. “Now I hope you are satisfied,” exclaimed the prince, and they were his last words. [429] It is supposed that orders had been given to spare none of the Huguenot leaders. The celebrated La Noue, who was made prisoner in this battle, owed his life to the intervention of the veteran Martigues, “the soldier without fear.” The Scotchman who had murdered the constable at the battle of St. Denis himself met with a similar end, while other prisoners like him were slain in cold blood. A little episode of this unequal fight shows the sterling stuff of which the Huguenot army was composed. When Condé was thrown from his horse, among those who made a living rampart of their bodies to protect him was an old man, Lavergne de Tressan by name, who, with twenty-five young men, his sons, grandsons, and nephews, fought desperately until he and fifteen of the heroic band were killed.

Condé’s body was treated with the utmost

contumely. “We found him,” says the biographer of the Duke of Montpensier, “lying across an ass, and the Baron de Magnac asked me if I should know him again? But as he had one eye beaten out of his head, and was otherwise much disfigured, I knew not what to answer. The corpse was brought in before all the princes and lords, who ordered the face to be washed, and recognized him perfectly. They then put him into a sheet, and he was carried before a man on horseback to the castle of Jarnac, where the king’s brother went to lodge.” Thence the remains of the ill-fated prince were removed to the church, and afterward given up to his friends. La Noue, who knew Condé well, thus writes his epitaph: “In boldness or courtesy no man of his time excelled him. Of speech he was eloquent, rather by nature than by art. He was liberal and affable unto all men, and withal an excellent captain, although he loved peace. He bare himself better in adversity than in prosperity.” In 1818, a monument was raised to his memory on the field of Jarnac, with the inscription:

HIC
NEFANDA NECE OCCUBUIT
ANNO MDLXIX ÆTATIS XXXIX
LUDOVICUS BORBONIUS CONDÆUS,
QUI IN OMNIBUS BELLI PACISQUE ARTIBUS
NULLI SECUNDUS;
VIRTUTE, INGENIO, SOLERTIA
NATALIUM SPLENDOREM ÆQUAVIT;
VIR MELIORI EXITU DIGNUS.

Great was the exultation at court when the news of this brilliant success arrived,[430] and the nominal conqueror, Henry of Anjou, was extolled in language that would have been extravagant if applied to a Marlborough or Napoleon. He fought well, and had a horse killed under him; but Charles was not far

wrong when he asked whether Tavannes and Biron were not the real heroes of the day? A solemn *Te Deum* was chanted for the victory at Jarnac, and the captured standards, twelve in number, were sent to Rome as a present to the pope. Pius V., who in earlier days had exercised the office of inquisitor-general in Lombardy with fanatical severity, wrote to congratulate the king on the victory, bidding him "be deaf to every prayer, to trample upon every tie of blood and affection, and to extirpate heresy down to its smallest fibres (*etiam radicum fibras funditus evellere*)." He pointed to the example of Saul slaying the Amalekites, and condemned every feeling of clemency as a temptation of Satan.[431] This was the same pope who, having sent military aid to the French Catholics, blamed their commander "for not obeying his orders to slay instantly every heretic that fell into his hands:"[432] and yet he would complain with all sincerity that "but for the support of prayer, the cares of the papacy would be more than he could endure." Contemporary writers tell us that "he performed his religious duties most devoutly, frequently with tears;" and always rose from his knees with the conviction that his prayers had been heard. Such are the contradictions in the human heart!

When the news of the victory reached Provins, there was the usual holiday: the shops were closed, the houses decorated, and a general procession of clergy and laity, bearing relics and banners, marched through the crowded streets to the Jacobin's convent to hear the Lent preacher. He was an apt pupil of the foul-mouthed Father Ivole. With thundering voice, and animated gestures, he declared the prince's death to be a divine judgment, and described him as "the chief of robbers, murderers, thieves, rebels,

Huguenots, and heretics in France; a prince degenerated from the virtues and religion of his ancestors, a man foresworn, guilty of treason against God and the king, a profaner of temples, a breaker of images, a destroyer of altars, a contemner of the sacraments, a disturber of the peace, a betrayer of his country, and a renegade Frenchman," with many other flowers of monkish rhetoric, which the chronicler Haton forbears to quote.

Although the loss of the Prince of Condé was, considering his rank and influence, a great blow to the French Protestants, they comforted themselves by the thought that it was "rather an advancement than a hindrance to their affairs," as Sir Walter Raleigh said, in consequence of his "over-confidence in his own courage." Coligny naturally succeeded to the command of the Huguenot forces, which soon recovered from the disaster at Jarnac. While they were rallying and reorganizing at Niort, Joan of Albret suddenly appeared in their camp, bringing with her two youths of fifteen. One of them was her nephew Henry, son of the murdered prince; the other her own son, Henry of Bearn, destined after many struggles to become Henry IV. of France. Addressing the assembled captains in a tone well calculated to raise their drooping spirits, she said: "I offer you my son, who burns with a holy ardor to avenge the death of the prince we all regret. Behold also Condé's son, now become my own child. He succeeds to his father's name and glory. Heaven grant that they may both show themselves worthy of their ancestors!"

The Huguenot troops hailed the young Prince of Bearn with acclamations as their commander-in-chief, and the protector of their churches. The gallant boy welcomed the perilous commission, and coming

forward exclaimed: “Soldiers, your cause is mine. I swear to defend our religion, and to persevere until death or victory[433] has restored us the liberty for which we fight.” In the “Memoirs of Nevers” there are some letters written two years before this by the principal magistrate of Bordeaux, containing several interesting particulars of the young prince’s person and manners:—“He is a charming youth. At thirteen he has all the riper qualities of eighteen or nineteen. He is agreeable, polite, obliging, and behaves to every one with an air so easy and engaging, that wherever he is, there is always a crowd. He mixes in conversation like a wise and prudent man, speaks always to the purpose, and when it happens that the court is the subject of discourse, it is easy to see that he is perfectly well acquainted with it, and never says more or less than he ought wherever he may be. I shall all my life hate the new religion for having robbed us of so worthy a subject.... His hair is a little red, yet the ladies think him not less agreeable on that account. His face is finely shaped, his nose neither too large nor too small, his eyes full of sweetness, his skin brown but clear, and his whole countenance animated with an uncommon vivacity.”[434]

The Huguenot loss at Jarnac was not great numerically—400 men at the utmost; and the various scattered corps were so soon brought together, and presented so bold a front to the enemy, that Anjou did not care to risk his newly-acquired laurels in a second encounter. He appeared to have lost all energy. Tavannes proposed the laying waste of Poitou, “the Huguenot milch cow;” but, instead of following his advice, the young duke seems to have thought that the best means of terminating the war would be to capture Rochelle, the real base of

Huguenot operations. And probably victory would have crowned his plans, had he moved rapidly on that city, which was hardly in a condition to withstand a *coup de main*. But the middle course which he adopted served no other purpose than to strengthen his enemies. While he was besieging Cognac, Duke Wolfgang of Deux Ponts, with an auxiliary force of 14,000, succeeded in marching across France, and effecting a junction with the admiral, despite the efforts of Nemours and Aumale to stop him. On other points the royal forces had been equally unsuccessful. Anjou was forced to raise the siege of Cognac, stoutly defended by D'Acier with 1500 men, and lost one of his best officers, Cossé-Brissac, before the walls of a petty fortress in Périgord. Living or dying, Brissac, although rather a favorite of the queen-mother's, had but little influence on the course of events; but if not naturally cruel, he was a striking illustration of the hardness of heart engendered by civil strife. A contemporary, who knew him well, describes him as "quick to slay, and so fond of killing, that he would attack a person with his dagger, and cut him so that the blood spurted in his face."

More serious were the deaths of Wolfgang and Andelot, both caused by fatigue and anxiety.[435] The former, who did not live to meet Coligny, was succeeded by the Count of Mansfield; the latter by Jacques de Crussol, better known as Jacques d'Acier, the chivalrous leader of the southern Huguenots. The admiral was deeply afflicted by the loss of his brother, whom he describes as "a most faithful servant of God, and most excellent and renowned captain. No one," he continues in a letter to his own children and to their bereaved cousins, "surpassed him in the profession of arms.... I have never known

a juster or more pious man; and I pray God that I may quit this life as piously and happily as he did.... Temper my grief by showing his virtues living again in yourselves."

Coligny, strengthened by the arrival of the German mercenaries and of reinforcements from Languedoc, now marched out to meet the royal army, still superior in numbers but weakened by disease and divided authority. They came in sight of each other at Roche-Abeille: 25,000 men marched under the Huguenot banners; Anjou's force had been increased to 30,000 by auxiliaries from every quarter. The pope had sent a body of 4000 foot and 800 horse under the Count of Santa Fiore, one of the most experienced captains of the age. The Duke of Tuscany sent 2200 men; and Alva spared from Flanders 300 lances and a regiment of Walloons 3000 strong. The country round Roche-Abeille is woody and irregular, and the royal army was posted on the top of a rugged hill, at whose foot ran a small stream. A marsh, crossed by a narrow road, protected the Huguenot position. The king's troops, having the city of Limoges in their rear, were well supplied with provisions; while Coligny found it difficult to feed his army in the mountains and barren country behind him. Should he starve, retreat, or fight? The only safety lay in fighting, for the Germans had already begun to murmur. At day-break the Huguenots were under arms, and with six cannons, two companies of horse, and two brigades of infantry, prepared to attack Anjou's position. Strozzi, the new colonel-general of the French infantry, had thrown up some rude breastworks round his camp with an advanced battery for his artillery, which swept the marsh over which the enemy would have to pass. The gallant De Piles, who led the attack, was at first repulsed, and

severely harassed by four ensigns of Italian horse, who came down the hill while he was engaged in trying to extricate his guns which had stuck fast in the ground. Disengaging himself from the marsh, he renewed the attack, and having driven off the Italian horse, Coligny ordered Anjou's position to be assaulted in flank, while a fierce cannonade was directed against the advanced battery. An opening was soon made in the enemy's line, through which the Huguenot cavalry poured like a torrent, and the day was won, Strozzi being made prisoner (23d June, 1569). Six hundred of the royal army, including thirty officers, were left upon the field, the Huguenots showing no mercy to the Italian troops, "the soldiers of Antichrist," as they were called. The result would have been still more fatal had it not been for the skill displayed by Tavannes in remedying Anjou's mistakes. But, notwithstanding his success, Coligny was compelled to retire to a more convenient position, and not long after the king's army was broken up, the weather being too hot for field operations. Davila mentions that this resolution was agreed to by a council at which Catherine was present and advised moderation. "It is not usual," she said, "to cut off a diseased limb, except in extreme necessity."

Coligny had taken advantage of his success at Roche-Abeille to make overtures for peace. He wrote to the king that the Huguenots "desired nothing but to live in peace, pursue their avocations in quiet, and enjoy their property in security;" and that, in religious matters, they asked for toleration only until the assembling of a national council. The letter was sent through Montmorency, who was instructed to answer that "the king would hear nothing until the Huguenots had returned to their obedience." The

admiral saw clearly that to lay down their arms without conditions would be to expose themselves to certain destruction; he therefore replied to the marshal's letter, that "having done their part to avert the dangers which threaten ruin to the state, they must now more than ever seek their own remedies." Accordingly he resumed hostilities, his plan being to clear Poitou of the Royalist forces. Overruled by his officers, he consented to begin by attacking Poitiers, thus repeating the blunder which Anjou had committed before Cognac. The admiral not only failed after a two months' siege, but his forebodings as to the damage to his own army were more than realized. With a force weakened by the loss of 3000 men and disunited by the quarrels of the German auxiliaries, he once more encountered Anjou's army in the wide and treeless plain of Assay near Moncontour. The duke, who had been reinforced, was on his way to Loudun, hoping to cut off the Huguenot magazines, when Coligny, divining his plans, pushed forward to the plain of St. Clair, to the left of the village of La Chaussée, on the road from Loudun to Poitiers, where he drew up in order of battle; but as no enemy appeared, he retired toward Moncontour, whither he had sent his guns and baggage. Before this movement was completed, the Duke of Montpensier suddenly appeared and fell on the rear-guard, driving it in confusion before him. Coligny continued his march, supposing the whole of the royal army to be behind him; but when he discovered that it was only Montpensier's division, he turned and drove it back, capturing two flags. This gave him the opportunity of crossing the Dive in safety, over which little stream the enemy made a vain attempt to pursue him. As soon as it was night he continued his march, and reached Moncontour on

the 2d October, where a council of war was held, at which Coligny proposed a farther retreat to Airvault, but the majority decided for immediate battle. The Germans now declared they would not lift a lance until they were paid, and with some difficulty the money was found; but so much precious time had been lost, that the admiral was unable to select an advantageous position to compensate for his inferiority in number.

From eight in the morning until three in the afternoon (3d October, 1569), the two armies kept up a fierce cannonade upon each other, two of Anjou's batteries on a hill causing great damage, and finally compelling some Huguenot regiments to shift their ground. Anjou observing this, ordered a forward movement, with the right wing strengthened so as to turn the enemy's left. At the first shock both wings gave way. Coligny rallied them, and by a vigorous onset beat back Anjou's first line. The duke immediately brought up his second line, and the Huguenot centre began to waver, when Anjou's German cavalry rode down upon them like a hurricane, and in half an hour all was over. The Huguenots went into battle 18,000 strong, and before night it was a difficult matter to collect 1000 men to cover the retreat of the two princes to Parthenay. There was little mercy shown by the conquerors.[436] A brigade of German lansquenets laid down their arms and begged for quarter, which was refused, with shouts of "Remember Roche-Abeille." A body of French infantry met with a similar fate. One incident of the battle deserves to be rescued from the dusty oblivion of the old histories. When all was in confusion, the Count of St. Cyr, a veteran soldier of eighty-five, whose snow-white beard flowed down to his waist, contrived to rally

three companies of cavalry with which he attempted to cover the retreat. His chaplain, who rode by his side, suggested that he should say a few words to encourage his little troop. “Brave men need few words,” he cried; “do as you see me do.” Then setting spurs to his horse, he rode a score or so of yards in front of his men, and fell, struggling to the last against the advancing enemy. Two hundred colors were taken, and “the slaughter was greater than any for these hundred years past.”[437] The number of Huguenots alone who were left upon the field has been estimated at little less than 6000. The retreat was covered by Count Louis of Nassau,[438] who by his ability saved the relics of the broken and fugitive army. “I was an eye-witness of it,” says Raleigh, who had good reason to thank him for it.[439]

The position of the admiral was most discouraging: he had lost half his army, his jaw had been fractured by a pistol-shot, he had been declared a traitor, a price of 50,000 livres had been set upon his head, he had been hanged in effigy in Paris, his house had been burned down, and his estates pillaged,[440] the wreck of his forces were in mutiny, and many of his friends had forsaken him with reproaches. Yet, in the midst of all these troubles, we find him within a fortnight rising from his sick-bed and writing the following letter to his children. It bears date 16th October, 1569:—“We must not count upon what is called prosperity, or repose our hopes on any of those things in which the world confides, but seek for something better than our eyes can see or our hands can touch. We will follow in the steps of Jesus Christ, our great commander, who has gone before. Men have taken from us all they can, and as such is the good pleasure of God, we will be satisfied

and happy. Our consolation is, that we have not provoked these injuries by doing any wrong to those who have injured us; but that I have drawn upon me their hatred through having been employed by God in the defense of his Church. I will, therefore, add nothing more, except that, in his name, I admonish and conjure you to persevere undauntedly in your studies and in the practice of every Christian virtue."

When the news of the great victory reached the court, the exultation surpassed even that caused by the success at Jarnac. Anjou was extolled in terms that excited the jealousy of his brother Charles. "Am I to play the sluggard king," he said one day to his mother, "and let the duke be my mayor of the palace? I will lead my own armies to the field, like my grandfather." Pius V. wrote to congratulate Charles on his victory, and exhorted him not to screen the conquered from the vengeance of heaven, "for there is nothing more cruel than such mercy. Punish all who have taken up arms against the Almighty."[441] Philip II. wrote in a somewhat similar strain, but apparently with no effect upon the royal councils. Tavannes once more urged Anjou to act with decision; but once more that frivolous youth lost valuable time in sieges, when he should have been pressing hard upon Coligny's scattered and disheartened forces. He was detained for two months before St. Jean d'Angely, a little town of Saintonge, in a valley on the banks of the Boutonne, a tributary of the "gently flowing Charente." It fell at last (2d December, 1569), but at the cost of 4000 men and one of the king's best generals, Viscount Martigues. Charles was present during the siege, and constantly in the trenches, exposing his life, as if he were a common soldier. He was so fascinated with the excitement of war, that he declared he would gladly

share the crown with his brother of Anjou, if he might alternately command the forces.

Winter was now coming on: the nights were growing cold, and the rains had set in. The pope and the King of Spain had recalled their troops, and Anjou was sick. As there was nothing more to be done until spring, Charles, dismissing a large portion of his army, retired to Angers. This town had been recovered some time before by “that savage butcher,” the Duke of Montpensier. The Catholic historian of the city enumerates fifty-two persons who suffered a violent death, ten of them being murdered by the mob. The whole province now submitted, with the exception of a rough old soldier named Desmarais, who held out in the ruined castle of Rochefort. Here he was besieged in form, and for a time he kept off the enemy by means of frequent sorties. Suffering from want of men, food, and gunpowder, he crossed the hostile lines and reached Saumur, where his friends would have detained him, as his defeat was certain. “I promised to go back and die with them,” he said, and prepared to return with thirty men, who all deserted him through fear. After a bombardment, in which every man of the garrison was wounded, a traitor opened the gate and all were murdered, except Desmarais, whose life was promised him. Montpensier, however, declaring that no faith was to be kept with heretics, dragged him to Angers. There his limbs were broken on a cross, after which he was fastened to a wheel, and for twelve hours the old Puritan fought against death, amid the insults and jeers of a cruel and cowardly mob.

Immediately after the disaster at Moncontour, the Queen of Navarre, and the chiefs of the Huguenot party had written to their friends in England,

Germany, and Switzerland, representing the defeat as far less decisive than it really was, and asking for more help, on the ground that their destruction would be the ruin of all the countries that had embraced the Reformed religion. The position was indeed desperate. Their army had been so cut up that it was alike impossible to make any resistance in the open field, or reorganize it in the presence of the enemy. It was therefore determined to retire from the open country and take shelter behind the walls of Niort, Angoulême, St. Jean d'Angely, and La Rochelle, while Coligny moved southward in quest of recruits, hoping at the same time to draw a portion of the royal army after him, and thus relieve the pressure upon the troops left in garrison behind him. And now began that celebrated march through France, almost unexampled in modern history. His aim was to reach the mountains of Upper Languedoc, where he could winter unmolested by the royal army, and recruit his forces.

Starting from Saintes with 3000 men, chiefly cavalry, and unencumbered with baggage, he crossed the Dordogne, and pushing through Guienne, Rouergue and Quercy, he passed the Lot below Cadenac. Halting for two days at Montauban, he was there joined by Montgomery and 2000 veterans from Bearn. This nobleman had been engaged in putting down an insurrection of the Catholics in that province, which he did with savage harshness. Orthez was stormed, and so many of the inhabitants were put to death without distinction of age or sex, that the river Gave was dammed up by the number of bodies thrown into it. The monasteries and nunneries were burned, not one inmate escaping—the total slaughter being estimated at 3000. When the citadel was taken, every ecclesiastic who was

proved to have borne arms—and the proof was none of the strictest—was bound hand and foot, and tossed over the bridge into the river. From Montauban Coligny marched up the Garonne to Toulouse, where he avenged the cruelties that had been inflicted on Rapin, the bearer of the king's dispatch announcing the peace of 1568. Advancing still nearer to the Mediterranean, he placed his army in winter-quarters round Narbonne.

Let us take advantage of this interval of repose to see what had been doing in other parts of France. A certain Captain Blosset, who held a small castle at Regeane in the diocese of Auxerre, was besieged by the Catholics of the neighborhood and forced to surrender. He contrived to make his escape, but all the garrison were cruelly murdered. One of these, Cœur de Roy by name, was taken to Auxerre, stripped, killed, and cut in pieces. His heart was torn out of his body, and slices of it were offered for sale. Some were such brutes (says the historian) as to set them on the fire and eat them half-roasted. "And these are the pious Christian duties," he adds, "which we are taught by these troubles!" This was in June: in August (1569) the houses in which 200 Huguenots had been shut up at Orleans were set on fire by the mob, who drove back such as endeavored to escape from the flames. "A part of them," says a contemporary, "were seen clasping their hands in the fire and calling upon the name of the Lord." Some jumped out of the windows and were immediately "bludgeoned" by the people in the street. Others were shot like game. Some women also were killed, who, heedless of the sacking of their houses, were lamenting the deaths of their husbands, brothers, and others, whom they saw so pitilessly burned. It is pleasanter to read of Marie de Barbançon, a widow

lady, who gave an asylum in her castle of Bonegon to the fugitive Protestants. The little fortress, which was defended by 50 men only, was attacked by a force of 3000 horse and foot provided with artillery. They battered the walls for fifteen days, but the brave woman still held out, and would not surrender until all of her little garrison were killed or wounded.[442] Nismes was captured in a singular manner. A Huguenot inhabitant of the city, by the patient labor of fifteen nights, filed away the bar of an iron gate which ran across a brook, and through the opening twenty of the banished citizens re-entered the place and made themselves masters of it in a few minutes.

At Cognat, near Gannat, the Calvinists of Auvergne, under the command of Poncenac and Valbeleix, gained a pitched battle over the Catholics, in whose ranks the Bishop of Le Puy, armed in helmet and cuirass, fought like Orson with a ponderous club. At Dieppe the Huguenots were commanded to leave the town or go to mass, and all refugees were summoned to return under pain of having their property confiscated. Not one obeyed the order. No Catholic was allowed to keep a Huguenot servant; and all resistance was punished by the strappado, or by a penitential progress through the city, which sometimes ended in a flogging in the market-place, more frequently in a hanging. But violence was not confined to one side only. The Protestants of the neighborhood of Aurillac surprised that city, which in retaliation for the brutalities committed in 1562 they sacked and destroyed. They buried some Catholics alive up to the chin, and after a series of filthy outrages, used their heads as targets for their muskets.[443] Four hundred persons were put to death, of whom 130 were heads of families.

Early in the spring the Huguenot army moved northward, and halting at Nismes, which they reached in April, Coligny laid before them the plan of his new campaign. He proposed marching up the Rhone, and through Burgundy, so as to threaten Paris on the east, while the royal armies were occupied in the west, and separated from him by rugged mountain ranges. The boldness of the design startled the southern Protestants, who refused to be taken so far from their homes; but about 5000 men agreed to follow him, of whom 3000 were arquebusiers, whom he mounted on horseback.[444] With this flying camp he advanced to the Rhone, and sending a detachment up the right bank to seek recruits in the Vivarrais and the Cevennes, he crossed with the remainder into Dauphiny, where Gordes was too weak to make effectual resistance. Continual skirmishes, and petty sieges harassed, but did not interrupt, Coligny's progress; but the army suffered such great hardships, that his illness, which compelled them to halt on St. Etienne in Forez, was considered as any thing but a calamity. For some time he lay between life and death, and his soldiers now first learned his value from their fear of losing him. During three weeks the troops remained inactive; a precious time which they employed in repairing some of the damage they had suffered during their long march, and where they received a most welcome reinforcement of 1500 cavalry under Briquemault.

Here, too, they were joined by the corps detached to the Vivarrais. They had to make their painful way over rugged crests and along horrible precipices, "the image of a world falling into ruin and perishing of old age."[445] Nothing grows on the stony flanks of these exhausted craters but chestnut-trees, whose

coarse fruit was not then ripe.[446] In the higher passes the snow lay deep, as it frequently does far into summer, and horse and rider often missed the way and were seen no more. Few towns or even villages are to be found even now in these wild districts, and the peasantry fare hard upon the scanty supply of their flocks of sheep and goats. From gloomy gorges, many of which are aptly named *Enfer* or *Diable*, where black precipitous rocks almost exclude the day, and through which dash impetuous torrents, often dry in summer, and in winter impassable—from these gorges the army suddenly emerged into a smiling valley, now the scene of a most thriving industry!

As soon as Coligny had recovered his strength, the army was once more put in motion, and in June reached Arnay-le-Duc in Burgundy, after a march of nearly 1200 miles. Here Marshal Cossé attempted to stop him with an army of 12,000 foot and 4000 horse with artillery, while the Huguenot force barely exceeded 6000 men, mostly cavalry and no guns, so great had been the losses since they left Poitou the previous autumn. The battle began on the edge of a little brook which the Catholics attempted to cross; but all their attacks, whether in front or in flank, were unsuccessful. Throughout that long summer day (27th June, 1570), Cossé tried again and again, but every movement was met promptly and resisted vigorously. At length night came—a welcome relief to the petty band of Huguenots, whose losses, though numerically small, were greater than Coligny could afford. The next day the two armies remained face to face, the marshal being evidently afraid of so desperate an enemy. “Here,” says Prince Henry, “was my first exploit in arms,[447] the question being whether I should fight or retire. My nearest place of

retreat was forty miles distant, and, if I halted, I must certainly lie at the mercy of the country people. By fighting, I ran the risk of being taken or slain, for I had no cannon, and the king's forces had, and a gentleman was killed not ten paces distant from me by a cannon shot. But commending the success of the day to God, it pleased him to make it favorable and happy."[448] Coligny warmly complimented the young prince on his courage, and gave him some advice which he did not forget in after years: "Do not ask how many have fallen? They are Frenchmen, and I hope that ere long you and I will have to shed no more French blood in our own defense.... If I have taught you by my firmness to triumph over the cruelest obstacles, you have still to learn a more valuable lesson from me—to avoid civil war at any price."

Arnay le Duc is only sixty leagues from Paris, toward which Coligny was advancing with a speed which the defeated and encumbered army of Marshal Cossé could not overtake, even if he were anxious (which is doubtful) to do so. A fresh body of auxiliaries was on its way from Germany to reinforce Prince Henry; La Noue had not only saved Rochelle, but recovered the greater part of Poitou; and the admiral had reached Chatillon-sur-Loing, his patrimonial seat.[449] This was enough to alarm the court and turn their thoughts to peace. After the battle at La Roche-Abeille there had been an attempt at arrangement, and also after Moncontour, but in both cases the language of the king and council was very discouraging. At this juncture, however, the Moderate party had recovered their ascendancy in the cabinet: "Five out of the eight were atheists or Huguenots," says the Spanish embassador.[450] Yielding to their influence, the king and his mother

were inclined to be conciliatory, and to grant any reasonable terms; for the treasury was empty, and the Swiss auxiliaries were threatening to return home unless their arrears were paid. Nor were the Huguenots much better off. Their army had received no pay for some time, their arms and equipments were worn out, and they were far from their resources. La Noue tells us that the prospect of a cessation of hostilities was not popular with the extreme party on either side: the Catholics declaring it to be "an unworthy deed to make peace with heretics, who deserved grievous punishment; the Huguenots deeming it to be nothing but treason." Coligny himself appears to have held back at first, thinking probably that no good could come from the negotiations; but his feelings on the matter may be gathered from the faithful La Noue, who reports that after the peace was signed he exclaimed: "I would rather die than fall into the like confusions again, and see so many mischiefs committed before my face."

After some preliminary discussion, five negotiators were appointed—Teligny, Beauvais, La Nocle, Cavaignes, and La Chassetière—by whom the conditions of a treaty were soon arranged and presented for the ratification of the king and the confederate princes. Once more the papal nuncio and the Spanish embassador exerted all their influence to prolong the war, even threatening Charles with their master's displeasure. But the French king, who had set his mind upon peace, would listen to nothing, and the treaty was signed at St. Germains in August, 1570. It conceded a full amnesty for the past, all prisoners of war were to be released, and all confiscated property restored; the appropriated churches were to be given back to the Catholic

priests; no one was to be troubled on account of his religion; and the right of public worship was conceded to the Reformed under certain restrictions. Huguenots were to enjoy equal rights with the Catholics, and be eligible to every office in the State. The right of appeal from the provincial parliaments was extended, and—galling condition!—four cities (La Rochelle, Montauban, Cognac, and La Charité) were to be held for two years by Huguenot garrisons as pledges for the fulfillment of the treaty stipulations.

Immediately after the signing of the treaty, the Huguenots disbanded their army; the German auxiliaries were paid off by a levy on the Protestant churches; and the leaders proceeded to La Rochelle, where Joan of Navarre was holding a little court. The royal army was marched to various garrison towns and then partly disbanded. On their route northward, an incident occurred which shows how little regard was felt for human life: nothing hardens the heart more than civil war. When Strozzi had to cross the Loire, he found his march so embarrassed by the number of female camp-followers, who would not obey the proclamations to leave the army, that he threw more than 800 of them into the Loire at Pont de Cé above Angers.[451]

The color given to the next two years of the reign of Charles IX. depends much upon the view we take of the Peace of St. Germains. Was the court sincere, or only playing a part to entice the Huguenots into a trap, and so get rid of them at one blow? This is the opinion of many, and particularly of Davila, who says positively that the peace was a snare.[452] But he is occasionally too subtle: he belongs to that class of historians who think that kings and statesmen

regulate their policy by grand schemes of far-sighted calculation, instead of living, as it were, from hand to mouth. The *imprévu*, to use an apt French word, plays a much more important part in human affairs than some historians are willing to believe. The Treaty of St. Germains—and we have Walsingham's express testimony to that effect[453]—was the work of the Politicians, all good Catholics, like Cossé, Damville, and Montmorency. Walsingham adds that the king had sharply rebuked the mutinous Parisians, and told them that he meant to have the treaty "duly observed." He farther explains why Charles should have desired peace: "His own disposition, necessity, pleasure, misliking with certain of his council and favoring of others." Walsingham already saw the small cloud rising that would soon overshadow France: "Monsieur (Anjou) can hardly digest to live in the degree of a subject, having already the reputation of a king."[454]

Languet's testimony is equally decisive as to the pacific disposition of Charles IX.[455] Contarini speaks doubtfully about the treaty, although he says "peace was the aim and desire of the king and queen."[456] Indeed it was not Catherine's policy to crush the Huguenots utterly: she needed them as a counterpoise to the Guises, who, though at this time rather out of favor at court, were, perhaps, all the more popular among the fanatic masses.

It must be farther borne in mind that, at this turning-point of Catherine's policy, not only the pope was not consulted, but the court, in making peace, acted in direct opposition to his representations. In January, Pius V. strongly advised a continuance of the war,[457] and when he heard of the treaty of St. Germains, he wrote to the Cardinals of Lorraine and

Bourbon, expressing his “fears that God would inflict a judgment on the king and all who counseled and took part in the infamous negotiations. We can not refrain from tears as we think how deplorable the peace is to all good men; how full of danger, and what a source of bitter regret.”

It would have been very easy to quiet the holy father by telling him that the treaty was a snare; but nothing of the kind was done; and, on the contrary, the king and his mother both represented to him the necessity of peace. Pius replied in angry tones, and the court made answer that the king was master in his own dominions to do as he pleased. In a somewhat similar manner, Spain tried to thwart the negotiations; Philip II. even offered to send Charles a force of 3000 horse and 6000 foot, provided he would engage never to make peace with the heretic rebels. But this attempt to prolong the war also failed, and we learn from Walsingham’s dispatches that a great coolness sprang up between the two courts.

There is a letter written on the 10th December, four months after the signature of the treaty, which shows very plainly the feeling of the government. The clergy of Tours had complained of the licensed Protestant meeting-place at Maillé, and petitioned that it should be removed to Montdoubleau or elsewhere. Charles replied that he would willingly grant their prayer, could he do so without contravening the Edict, which he was determined “to keep and observe inviolably;” but he promised to consult with Navarre and Condé on the matter, and if possible, with their consent, the change should be made.[458] Two months later (13th February, 1571), Charles writes to Humières, governor of Peronne and

an old friend, expressing his satisfaction at the peaceful state of the country and his intention to reduce the army.[459]

In the Archives of Gap there is a letter from the king to the *baillis*, in which he rejoices at the prosperous state of the kingdom and good conduct of the people; testifies the liveliest desire to consolidate union and concord between all his subjects, and recommends them "de tenir la main à l'exécution exacte de son édit de pacification, et de punir ceux qui y contreviendraient" (4th May, 1572). Charles was proud of the treaty of St. Germains, spoke of it as his own treaty and his own peace, artfully insinuating (adds Sully, a prejudiced witness) that he consented to this peace in order to support the princes of the blood against the overweening presumption of the Guises, whom he accused of conspiring with Spain to throw the kingdom into confusion. The Guises certainly had nothing to do with the treaty. They opposed it instead of supporting it; a course they would hardly have adopted had they been aware that it was a trap for the Huguenots. The Cardinal of Lorraine even wished to leave the court, so strongly did he disapprove of the negotiations. Fornier indeed, in his unpublished history of the house of Guise, says that it was the cardinal who proposed "ce grand coup d'état"—the peace and the massacre—and that it was approved of by the king in a council to which the queen-mother, Anjou, the Duke of Guise, and De Retz, "tous gens d'un secret inviolable," were summoned;[460] but the duke was not in favor at the time, and the statement is entirely unsupported. It is also positive that Anjou greatly disapproved of the negotiations.

But it is contended that all these things were part

of the plot—Anjou's dislike, the duke's absence, the king's zeal. It may be so; but this hypothesis involves us in greater difficulties than the other. If we assume that the government was sincere, every thing becomes clear for the next two years; if we adopt the contrary opinion, the course of events up to the eve of the massacre is an inextricable maze. True, it is impossible to say whether Catherine accepted the treaty without any *arrière-pensée*, any mental reservation; for she accepted every thing, and was sincere in nothing except her master-passion—to govern France. For this, she not only played one party against the other, but habitually dallied with opposing schemes, intriguing now on this side, now on that, deceiving and betraying all. The most serious objection to the sincerity of the government is the shyness, the unwillingness of the Reformed chiefs to go to court, or even to visit their own estates. But then, if they suspected treachery, why did they consent to the treaty of St. Germains, or to any treaty, thus preparing a snare for themselves? Better die in the field struggling for liberty, than perish ingloriously like rats in a trap. Sully, in a measure, clears away the doubt just raised. In his "Royal Economies" he says: "With a view of giving *a more solid foundation and consistency to their affairs*, they resolved to take up their residence *permanently* at La Rochelle, within the walls of which they could alone consider themselves in security."

CHAPTER X.

THE CALM BEFORE THE STORM.

[August, 1570, to August, 1572.]

Albert and Pierre de Gondi, Birague, Strozzi, Nevers, and Henry of Guise—Marriage of Charles IX—Nuptial Festivities at Paris—Embassy of the German Princes—Violent Sermons—Outrages at Orange and Rouen—Objects of the Politiques—Revolt in Flanders—Position of Affairs—Interview between the King and Prince Louis of Nassau—Spanish Threats—Coligny's Marriage—The Admiral goes to Blois—Conferences with the King—Proposed Marriage of Henry and Margaret—Murder of Lignerolles—The Gastine Cross—Queen of Navarre at Blois—Alessandrino's Special Embassy—Letters to Rome—Negotiations—Pope refuses the Dispensation—Fears of the Parisians.

The Peace of St. Germains was a severe blow to the foreigners by whom the court was infested. Their interests were entirely opposed to those of France, and their great object was to enrich themselves, by any means however base and unworthy. They were found everywhere—filling up the rich sees, wealthy abbacies, court places—where money could be got without peril to life or toil of body. Their expulsion seemed to be the only means of saving the country and ensuring that permanent concord at which the "Politiques" had aimed in supporting the late treaty.

The chief among these foreigners were Gondi,

Birague, and Strozzi. Albert de Gondi—better known in history as Marshal de Retz—was a man of low origin, his mother acting as wet-nurse to Catherine's children, so that Albert and Charles IX. were foster-brothers, and thus there naturally grew up a strong attachment between them. After the death of Henry II. Albert rose rapidly, and was made successively knight of the orders of St. Michael and of the Holy Ghost, first gentleman of the bed-chamber, privy councilor, general of the galleys, duke, peer, marshal, and governor of Provence, in which he succeeded Marshal Tende, "to the great indignation of the nobility," says De Thou.[461] It was this man who, appointed governor to the young king Charles, corrupted and perverted all his promising qualities. His latter days were very miserable: for twenty years he lingered on, not living but suffering, and died in 1602, an example of divine justice.[462]

> Abstulit hunc tandem Rufini pœna tumultum,
> Absolvitque Deos.

Pierre de Gondi was chancellor to the queen, bishop, Duke of Langres, and then of Paris, the possessor of four abbeys, commander of the order of the Holy Ghost, and cardinal. There was another brother, Charles, also well provided for.

René de Birague, who had succeeded the virtuous L'Hopital in the chancellorship, was a Milanese, and in succession lawyer, soldier, courtier, priest, chancellor, and cardinal. He was a thorough Italian, careless of religion, unscrupulous, fond of intrigue, time-serving, and slavishly submissive to the king's caprices. Mezeray describes him as "a magistrate without learning or application, who bent like a reed before every breath of wind from the court." It was he who advised Charles IX. to get rid of the

Huguenots, not by the help of soldiers but of cooks—in other words, by poison. Philip Strozzi, son of the brave but unfortunate Marshal Pietro Strozzi, became, at the early age of twenty-two, quarter-master of the French guards, and colonel-general of the French infantry, which gave him almost unlimited authority. The French soldiers murmured at being placed under his orders.[463]

Louis de Gonzaga was another of this Italian band. One historian calls him “a worthy prince,” but his worth was due more to his timidity than to his honesty.[464] These were the principal confidants of the queen-mother, and their only aim was to preserve what they had got. The chief of the Guises was Henry of Lorraine, surnamed “le Balafré.” He was not so good a soldier as his father, but was a tall, handsome man, with keen eye, light beard and curly hair; liberal to profusion, easy in speech, well read in Tacitus, and perfect in all bodily and military exercises. But his good qualities were marred by an insatiable thirst for glory and a desire for authority. When Henry III. asked how it was that Duke Henry enchanted every body, the reply was: “He does good to all and speaks ill of none.” He had succeeded to most of the great charges of his father, as grand master, high chamberlain, and governor of Champagne.

The peace of St. Germains was acceptable to the larger portion of the Huguenot party, many of whom had not visited their homes since the first outbreak of the wars, and their affairs had become so disordered that ruin appeared almost inevitable. The noise of the trumpet and the drum had drowned the quieter voice of religion, the Protestant churches were decaying, discipline was relaxed, and doctrine

becoming unsound. A general synod was required to put these matters straight, and this, the seventh, was by the king's permission held at Rochelle in April, 1571, under the presidency of Theodore Beza. The Queen of Navarre and the young princes of Bearn and Condé were present at the opening ceremony along with the admiral and Count Louis of Nassau. The great work of this synod was to revise the confession of 1559, and issue an authoritative text, of which three copies on parchment were made. One of these standards was to be kept at Rochelle, another at Geneva, and a third at Pau in Bearn. The first and last disappeared during the civil wars.

Very different were the occupations of the court, which an historian, whom I have often consulted with advantage, describes as being "more licentious than that of Francis I., without the varnish of gallantry which conceals the excesses of passion."[465] Catherine was fond of ease: her voluptuous Italian nature delighted in balls and masquerades, in *fêtes* and banquets. She could now once more indulge her taste for the arts, and during this period we find her busy with her new palace of the Tuileries, laying out gardens, talking with Bernard Palissy, now a man of note; or with Jean Bullant, whose reputation has been dwarfed by the greater renown of his predecessor Philip de l'Orme. Wherever she went, a gay troop of beautiful women accompanied her. Their charms were employed to convert the queen's foes into friends, and to learn the secrets of her enemies. "Le bal marcha toujours," growls that rough old warrior Montluc.

The king's marriage was an opportunity for gayeties not to be lost. It is said that one of his motives for concluding the treaty of St. Germains

was the unwillingness of the Emperor Maximilian to part with his daughter while France was in a state of civil commotion. There may have been other causes of delay, for very unfavorable reports of the king's health and disposition had got abroad. His character certainly had not improved during the few years he had occupied the throne. He was fond of athletic sports, and excelled in jumping and tennis. He took delight in shoeing horses and working at the forge, like a blacksmith.[466] He was addicted to the chase "even to frenzy," passing whole days and nights in the woods.[467] This made him "cruel toward beasts, but *not* toward men."[468] Sometimes he and his madcap associates would tear along the roads, decapitating any unlucky donkey he might encounter, or transfixing stray pigs with his hunting spear.[469] Then, as if maddened by the sight of blood, he would dabble in their entrails like a butcher. He was fond of practical jokes; often at night he would break into the bedrooms of his young companions, pull them out of bed, and flog them as if they were school-boys. He was not licentious, and Marie Touchet was the object of a sincere passion. Perjury seemed to him nothing but a figure of speech and no crime; he therefore violated his word as often as it seemed profitable to do so. But fortunately for the human race "men are not all evil," and in his lucid moments—for Charles was at times quite insane—he appears affectionate and desirous of doing what is right. When at Bayonne, he quite disgusted the unscrupulous Alva by saying that to take up arms against his own subjects was quite out of the question, and could only be followed by general ruin. Though no soldier, he had seen service at the sieges of Bourges, Rouen, Havre, and St. Jean d'Angely, and possessed all the ambition of his race

to extend the frontiers of his kingdom. There were times when he courted the society of men of letters, and would shut himself up with "his friends" Ronsard, Baif, Passerat, or Theodore Corneille, to compose verses. Nor was he himself a stranger to the Muses, if the fragments ascribed to him are really from his pen. Even his treatise on hunting—*La Chasse royale*—shows him to have possessed considerable skill. Such was the man to whose word the Huguenots had entrusted their property and lives, and to whom the Emperor of Germany was about to entrust his daughter. Perhaps it was hoped that the amiable Elizabeth would tame him down, as in later years and in another country Peter the Czar was controlled by the low-born Catherine.

The betrothal took place at Spires on the 22d of October, and the marriage was solemnized on the 26th of November at Mézières. The festivities by which it was followed lasted all winter. In the following March the new queen entered Paris under a rustic gate-way, "finer than had ever been seen before, and looking quite natural on account of the herbs, snails, and lizards depicted on it." We could almost fancy it a contrivance of Bernard Palissy's. The queen rode in an open litter hung with cloth of silver within and without, and the mules that bore it were similarly adorned. Elizabeth herself was covered with jewels, and wore a dazzling crown on her head. The corporation of the city made their usual tiresome harangues, which they followed up by presenting the young queen with a silver gilt buffet, and then invited her to partake of a collation at the Hôtel-de-Ville, at which the refreshments were of the choicest description. "There was every kind of fruit found in the world, and every sort of meat and fish, all made out of sugar and looking quite natural." The

dishes containing these *chefs-d'œuvre* of the confectionery art were also of silver. Poets and musicians contributed in their respective departments, and the king was so pleased with their performances that they were induced—especially Baif and Theodore Corneille—to propose the founding of an Academy of Music and Poetry.

The decorations of the bridge of Notre Dame will serve to show the magnificence of the age and the feelings entertained by the court with regard to the recent pacification. A triumphal arch had been erected at each extremity, and the roadway covered in by an awning on which the ciphers and heraldic bearings of the royal pair were represented in flowers and evergreens. "It looked like a vision of the Elysian fields."[470] Between every window on the first floor of the houses were half-figures of nymphs bearing fruits and flowers; above them were wreaths of laurel from which depended the shields of the several members of the royal family with emblematical devices. At the crown of each arch stood a statue on an altar: in one place a Victory, bound to an olive-tree, "indicated allegorically how the marriage of Charles and Elizabeth secured the welfare and repose of their people." On one of the panels of the base an altar was represented, by the side of which stood a priest in his sacerdotal robes, and near him a lamb for the sacrifice. This was intended to signify that whosoever violated the Edict of Pacification should suffer the fate of the lamb. At the four corners stood four armed men representing the four marshals of France, empowered to carry out and enforce the edict. *Fœdus immortelle* was the motto. On another panel bees were represented storing honey among a pile of arms, with two lines from Ovid, showing the happy effects of peace.

In another place a spider was seen weaving his web over a bundle of swords, gauntlets, morions, and such like, with an inscription from Theocritus, explaining how sure a sign this was of peace and oblivion of past quarrels. But among the masques given during these nuptial festivities there was one in which Charles IX. appeared as Jupiter, Elizabeth as Minerva, and Catherine as Juno, while the Huguenots were represented as Typhon and the Giants. One of the devices was strikingly suggestive of impending treachery:

> Cadme, relinque ratem; pastoria sibila finge;
> Fas superare dolo, quem vis non vincit aperta.

It would, however, be unfair to give political importance to what was probably nothing more than the unauthorized language of a court poet. One little incident connected with these rejoicings may be adduced, however, to show the bigoted temper of the Parisians: they were scandalized that the court should amuse itself with balls and banquets, and other festivities during the season of Lent!

One thing was wanting to these rejoicings—none of the Protestant leaders were present. They still kept aloof at Rochelle, endeavoring to give consistency to their affairs. “And they did wisely,” says the Abbé Perau in his Life of Coligny; “for orders had been issued to arrest the principal of them immediately upon their arrival.” This statement, although corroborated by the compiler of the “Mémoires de l’Etat de France,” may well be doubted. The air was thick with suspicions, some of which had evidently reached the German Protestant courts; and to show the interest they took in the condition of their co-religionists in France, the electors-palatine of Saxony and Brandenburg, the dukes of Bavaria, Brunswick,

and Wurtemburg, and others, resolved to send an embassy to congratulate Charles on his marriage. Charles received the embassadors at Villars-Cotterets, a magnificent mansion built by Francis I. They began by complimenting him: “Our masters know that your majesty, being so young, was not the author of the late war. It was the work of certain turbulent and wicked men, who take delight in disorders and confusion. Continue to deserve that most august of titles—the *Peacemaker*—and punish sternly every one who attempts to cause any fresh disturbance in your kingdom.... In the multitude of people, as the Wise Man saith, is the king’s honor (Proverbs xiv. 28), and the principal law imposed by God and nature upon kings and princes is the preservation of their subjects. Those who would induce you to break your faith, saying that it is impossible for a state to exist where there is a diversity of religion, speak differently from what they think, or are ignorant of what has been done in many great and flourishing states.” The embassadors showed him that the Grand Turk permitted Christians to live at peace in his dominions, that the Emperor Charles V. had come to terms with the Protestants of Germany, and that even the pope suffered Jews to settle in his states. “God alone,” they said, “can command the consciences of men; and be assured, Sire, that those are your best subjects and your best friends who urge you to the observance of all you have promised in your edicts of peace.” Charles thanked them for their kind expressions, and said that it was his ardent desire to maintain peace between all his subjects, as the sole means of prosperity to his kingdom. He then dismissed the embassadors in the most courteous manner, embracing them and loading them with presents. Charles used similar language in his address

to the Parliament of Paris in March, 1571. “I thank God,” he said “that the troubles are over, and hope above all things to establish peace so surely, that my subjects will never fall again into the calamities from which they have been rescued. I will set to work earnestly, and trust that you will support me.”[471]

Such an appeal was quite necessary, for the conciliatory Edict of St. Germains—a mere repetition of the articles of the treaty—had not always been scrupulously carried out. This depended in great measure upon the views the provincial governors took of the edict; some rendering it almost nugatory by the way in which they interpreted it, others giving it the most liberal construction. Thus in the regulations published at Gap (10th February, 1571), Montmorency-Damville, relying upon the Thirteenth Article of the treaty, forbade the Reformers to assemble to the number of more than ten at the funeral of one of their co-religionists. And yet this was considered a pacificatory order. He also assigned the town of Chorges, four leagues north of Gap, as the authorized place of worship for the Upper Alps. It was a long distance for the Reformers to go every Sunday; but these were times of religious fervor, and as the Huguenots walked along, singing their hymns, they forgot the fatigues of the way.[472]

In many places, the clergy in their pulpits pandered to the worst passions of their ignorant flocks. The king and the queen-mother were denounced as traitors—one was a Judas, the other a Jezebel—because they did not order the “rascally heretics” to be slaughtered. The fires of Sodom and Gomorrah were invoked upon the heads of the Huguenots. “Arise, Joshua, and smite Makkeddah with the edge of the sword.” Joshua was Anjou, and

Makkeddah Rochelle. These ravings did not fall to the ground.[473] On Sunday, the 4th March, 1571, as the Protestants of Rouen were going to divine worship outside the city walls, they were attacked and beaten, and fifteen were killed. Still greater atrocities had been perpetrated at Orange in the preceding month, the murders continuing for three days, during which the popular fury spared neither women nor children. Such things naturally tended to make the Huguenot chiefs suspicious, and to perpetuate the division of the people into two hostile camps.

The great object of the *Politicians* who had brought about the Treaty of St. Germains, was to make France independent at home and respected abroad; above all things, to get rid of Spanish influence in their domestic affairs. That patriotic party knew well how Philip II. had fomented their civil dissensions, [474] and they saw that a long continuance of peace was hopeless unless the foreign intriguers could be got rid of. The king himself had a glimpse of this truth, and was besides very jealous of the position assumed by his brother of Anjou. The queen-mother also expressed her dislike of the attitude taken by Philip; but she was so thoroughly false that no reliance could be placed upon any thing she said. It is not necessary to go back to the Treaty of Cateau-Cambresis in 1559, which contained nothing particularly humiliating, and had been condoned by the subsequent intercourse between the two countries, although it must have been very galling to French pride—as indeed to the pride of any nation—to surrender its conquests. The active interference of Spain in the politics of France began with the criminal intrigues of the house of Lorraine. Their fanatical and spurious orthodoxy was, as we have

seen, ardently supported by Philip II., who never ceased personally, or through his embassador, to urge the complete destruction of the Huguenots. He even went so far, on more than one occasion, as to threaten war, if the court made any concession to the heretics. We have seen the result: France had been rent in pieces by civil war, and Protestantism was as strong as ever. To this Spain had brought them: might it not be possible, by reversing the policy, to reverse the results? The opportunity was not unfavorable, and there were grievances to be redressed. The Flemings were still in open revolt: the cruelties of the blood-thirsty Alva had given an intensity to their hatred, which nothing but total extermination could subdue. It would not be prudent to allow the duke to go too far, and if by a word from France the insurgents could be stimulated to farther sacrifices, Philip II. would be so weakened that he would cease to be a dangerous neighbor. It must not be forgotten that Spain was at this time the first power in Europe. The successes of Alva, the expulsion of the Moors, the victory of Lepanto, and the conquests in Northern Africa, showed that her vigor was undiminished; and though her humiliation was at hand, nothing at this time indicated any failure of her resources. It was the image of Daniel: gold, silver, brass, and iron, but with feet of clay; and the small stone destined to smite it was one of the smallest powers in Europe. Had France seen her own true interest, she, and not England, might “have become a great mountain and filled the whole earth.”

The Venetian embassador, Correro, writing on the prospect of war with Spain, represents, as one of the many grounds of hatred between the Spaniards and the French, that Flanders naturally belongs to

France, and that a campaign to recover it would give employment to the cadets of the noble families. It would not cost a drop of blood, if France were only to promise “the same liberty of conscience which her own subjects enjoyed.” Add to this, Charles was offended: “Spain seemeth to set the king here very light, which engendreth in him a great desire of revenge, but lacketh treasure to make open demonstration thereof.”[475]

These were the ideas, not of Protestants only, but of undoubted Catholics, men of whose orthodoxy there can be no suspicion. L’Hopital had once been the directing spirit of this moderate party; but, since his retirement from public life, Marshal Francis Montmorency, eldest son of the constable, became their leader. Philip knew him well, and feared him as the most formidable of his enemies in France. He was seconded by his brother Damville, by Cossé, Biron, and others. It was Montmorency who (according to Tavannes) had saved the Huguenots at Moncontour by preventing the victory from being followed up; and, according to Walsingham, the Peace of St. Germains was his work. By the mere force of personal character, he had become a very influential man, and Charles showed him the greatest affection. One day, when the king had visited him at his castle of Chantilly, he told his royal master that there could be no lasting peace, unless Protestants and Catholics could be persuaded to live together in harmony: that, or the extermination of one of the parties, was the only alternative. But how was the present hostile state of things to be remedied? By uniting both parties against their common enemy, Spain.[476] It is not known with whom the idea arose, whether with Montmorency or Cossé; but it was eagerly taken up by the king, who hoped in the coming war to gather

laurels that would shame those won by his brother of Anjou.

A feeling of uneasiness and distrust had for some time past been growing up between France and Spain. When the Duke of Alva had asked permission to recruit volunteers in France for the Flemish war, it was refused, lest the Huguenots should think it "a device to reach themselves."[477] To the demand that certain ships, supposed to be fitting out at La Rochelle against Spain, should be seized, Mondoucet, the French agent to Alva, replied that some of the ships were intended to act against the pirates who infested the narrow seas, and as for those which belonged to private persons, the crown could not interfere. St. Goar, the embassador at Madrid, was instructed to make similar explanations. This was a mere evasion, for the power of the crown had never been so limited in France. As William of Orange was in want of funds to carry on his heroic struggle in Flanders, his brother Louis of Nassau endeavored to procure a loan from Duke Cosmo I. of Florence. Charles supported the scheme by offering to recognize the duke's title to the crown of Tuscany, and aid him in his attempt on Corsica, provided he would assist the Flemish insurgents with money.[478] The duke refused, but the king still continued faithful to his idea of a war against Spain. The diplomatic correspondence of the period is full of references to it. During all this time Coligny was actively corresponding with Montmorency; and at his suggestion a private interview was arranged between Charles and Count Louis, which took place in a garden of the castle of Lumigny, about a league from Fontenay-en-Brie, where the king had gone on the pretense of rabbit hunting. Its object was kept a secret from the royal councilors; for Charles was well

assured that if they became acquainted with it, they would communicate it to the court of Spain. We may imagine that the count spoke of his recent conversations with the admiral, and that, as a Protestant, he would not start objections to any plan of assisting his fellow-countrymen which the king might entertain. He gave weight to his prayer for aid by offering in return the valuable provinces of Flanders and Artois (for which promise he had no authority from his brother William); and hinted that, at the next vacation of the empire, the choice of the electors might fall upon Charles. Louis succeeded in convincing him that his former advisers had counseled him unwisely, and that he had narrowly escaped falling into the same position as Philip II. held toward his Flemish subjects. The king promised to take into his most serious consideration all that the count had told him, reserving to himself the right to disavow any projects that might be ascribed to him, until the time for action had arrived.[479] The secret interview soon became known, and the Spanish embassador, Alava, threatened the displeasure of his royal master. Charles and his mother both answered evasively, adding: “As for fearing us with wars, you do mistake us; let every one do therein what best liketh him.”[480] Affairs were hurrying on more quickly than Charles had anticipated; Spain was threatening war, and no preparations had been made. A matrimonial alliance between Anjou and Elizabeth, which would place the resources of England at the disposal of France, was the key of the position; but the queen was coy, and refused to give a decided answer. Without such close alliance war with Spain was impossible; for England cast a longing eye on Flanders, and would regard the French conquests in that quarter with suspicion.

What was to be done? Should Charles give way, or brave the consequences? There was only one man in France competent to advise on such a point, and he still remained aloof at Rochelle.

When Louis of Nassau left that city to confer with Charles, he bore a letter from the admiral, complaining of a plot that had been got up to treat the Huguenots worse than before, and that no attempt had been made to punish the perpetrators of the outrages at Orange and Rouen. He then went on to justify his suspicions and his absence from the court: “It will be difficult for those of the religion to believe that your majesty desires things should go on well, so long as they see the authors of the tumults about him.” He followed up this side-blow at the Guises by suggesting that all suspicions would be allayed were the king to punish the perpetrators of the outrages at Rouen and Orange. Charles IX. acted upon the advice: he sent a commission of inquiry to Rouen. Many of the rioters were hanged, but the ringleaders escaped and found shelter among the Catholics, who seem to have received them rather as heroes than as criminals; much in the same way as a murderer is still harbored among the Irish peasantry. The king also manifested great displeasure toward his brother of Anjou, and so openly insulted the Duke of Guise that he had no alternative but to leave the court.

Count Louis returned to Rochelle strongly impressed with the king’s gracious demeanor, and urged Coligny to accept his sovereign’s invitation to court. He spoke of the projected matrimonial alliance between England and France, which was manifestly hostile to Spain, and would strengthen the Huguenot cause; and showed the draft of a treaty, by which

Charles promised to attack Flanders on one side, while the Prince of Orange attacked it on the other. Marshal Cossé, one of the "Politicians," confirmed this report. The admiral's son-in-law, Teligny, had also returned from the court with a flattering account of the king's demeanor. Charles at this time was seen in a most favorable light, and it was evident that the quiet influence of his amiable wife was beginning to be felt in his character. He was less boisterous in his amusements, less changeable in temper, and seemed to have buried the past in oblivion. Indeed he went so far in his display of good-will toward the Huguenots as to raise a suspicion that he supported them designedly against his mother, his brother Henry, and the Guises. "I am no longer so young," he said, "as to need a governor. I am willing to listen to advice, but will receive no orders. I am sick of war, and *my peace* shall be observed. I have been deceived all along about the Huguenots, and for the future will keep the factions in order myself." He complained to Teligny, for whom he had conceived a strong liking,[481] that his mother kept him in thraldom, and preferred Anjou to him; that she governed the realm in such a way that he was of no account; and that to remedy this he was resolved to send both of them away from the court; and that he wanted Coligny's advice, especially with regard to the proposed war in Flanders. In fact every thing seemed now to turn upon the admiral's presence at court.

While these negotiations were in progress, the little Huguenot court at Rochelle was the scene of nuptial festivities, the admiral having taken a second wife, and given his daughter Louisa to Teligny.[482] Coligny's marriage had a tinge of romance in it that could hardly have been expected. Jacqueline of

Montbel, Countess of Entremont, and widow of Claude, Baron of Anthon, who was killed at Dreux (or, as others write, at St. Denis), was so captivated by his heroism that she made him an offer of her hand, having the ambition (as she said) to be the Marcia of the new Cato.[483] As if he were of royal lineage, the admiral was married by proxy. When the bride approached Rochelle, escorted by fifty gentlemen of her kindred, the bridegroom went out a league to meet her. Cannon roared a noisy salute, and all the bells which the Huguenots had spared rang merrily from the steeples, as the noble lady entered the city. To show their esteem for the admiral, the citizens mustered under arms and lined the streets from the gate to the Hôtel Coligny, where a great concourse of nobles and gentlemen had assembled to do him honor. The marriage was a happy one, despite the inversion of the ordinary mode of courtship. On becoming a widow once more, Jacqueline returned to Savoy, where she was imprisoned on a charge of witchcraft, her wealth being the real crime. Henry IV. ineffectually interceded for her, and she died insane at the castle of Nice, 1599.

Coligny, happy in his domestic life, had little desire to leave Rochelle for the treacherous atmosphere of the court. But Charles could not do without him, and Elizabeth of England felt that his presence was necessary for the success of the delicate negotiations then in hand. Walsingham had written to her, recommending that she should hint to La Mothe-Fénelon, the French embassador, that she would like to see Charles “calling the princes and admiral to court, and that so rare a subject as the admiral is, was not to be suffered to live in such a corner as Rochelle.” Walsingham adds that the king

was now “very well affected toward him” (Coligny). In another letter he says he is going to Blois, where the princes and the admiral are to meet, and that all “opposition was vain.” “I am most constantly assured that the king conceiveth of no subject he hath better than of the admiral, and great hope there is that the king will use him in matters of greatest trust; for of himself he beginneth to see the insufficiency of others: some for that they are more addicted to others than to himself; other, for that they are more Spanish than French.... The queen-mother, seeing her son so well affected toward the admiral, laboreth by all means to cause him to think well of her.”[484] Catherine had assured Teligny and Count Louis that she earnestly desired the Treaty of St. Germains to be observed for the repose and welfare of the kingdom; that the king needed the admiral’s advice; and that it was a sad thing for the princes of the blood to keep aloof from the court. Coligny gave way at last; and when the Queen of Navarre expostulated with him he replied: “Madame, I confide implicitly in the word and honor of my royal master. It is not life to exist in the midst of perpetual alarms; and I would rather die by one effectual blow, than live a hundred years subject to cowardly apprehensions.” He received many warnings, but took no heed of them.

The admiral left Rochelle escorted by fifty gentlemen, “not because he doubted the king’s word, but to be secure against private enemies,” and arrived at Blois on the 12th September, where he was received with the most flattering attentions. Being conducted into the audience-chamber he fell on his knees, but Charles raised him up saying, as he embraced him, “Father, we have you at last; you shall not escape when you wish. This is the happiest day of my life. You are more welcome than any one I

have seen these twenty years." The queen-mother kissed him, and took him into Anjou's apartments, for the young duke was just then "a little indisposed."[485] The admiral was quite charmed with his youthful sovereign: they were so much together, and so often in private conference, that Catherine grew jealous: "He sees too much of the admiral," she said, "and too little of me."[486] The chief topic of their conversation was the proposed war in Flanders. It was a maxim with Coligny, that France could not be quieted down except by engaging in a foreign war. When Brantome was at Rochelle he told the gossiping abbé, that if "the Huguenots were not occupied and amused abroad, they would certainly begin their quarrels again at home; such restless fellows are they, and so fond of plunder." In the Low Countries he saw a field for their activity. Warming at the thoughts of the sufferings which the Protestants of Flanders had endured so long, he expatiated to the king on the heroic patience of William of Orange, and the glorious opportunity then presented of repaying Spain for the evils she had inflicted on France. Charles caught fire at the eloquent appeal: the martial ardor of his race broke out in him: "I too shall win battles—in my own name—with my own sword." He entered into the scheme with his whole heart, and promised effectual help to the Prince of Orange, to whom he had already restored his little principality on the banks of the Rhone. Nor did he forget the admiral, whose property had been confiscated: he was reinstated in his seat at the council-board, and received a present of 100,000 crowns, "not so much a wedding-gift as a tribute to the first captain of the age." Charles farther promised to use his influence with the Duke of Savoy to restore

the estates of his wife which had been sequestered. He also interceded in behalf of certain Vaudois, who for fighting under Coligny had been stripped of their property and expelled from their homes. “I wish to make you a request,” wrote the king to the duke, “and it is on a matter that I have very much at heart. At my special prayer and recommendation, pray receive these poor creatures into favor again, and restore them to their homes and their goods. The cause is so just and so earnestly desired on my part, that I feel assured you will listen to me. Written at Blois, 28th September, 1571.”

After a brief stay at court the admiral went to Chatillon, where he tried to restore order to his affairs. The king regularly corresponded with him, chiefly on his favorite subject, the war with Spain. Meanwhile the Duke of Guise was in Paris, and the rumor of his proceedings and conversations became so threatening, that Coligny petitioned for a guard of soldiers to protect him. Charles replied with his own hand, that he would be pleased to see the admiral “using all diligence in providing for his personal safety,” and permitted him to have the guard he needed.[487] Coligny stayed five weeks at Chatillon, receiving many warnings as to the treachery of the court, but paying no attention to them, making the same answer to all which he had given to his wife before leaving Rochelle: “I must not upon ill-grounded suspicion cause the king to change the good feeling he entertains for us into a hatred which it would be impossible to make him lay aside again.” At the end of October he went to Paris, whither he had been summoned. Catherine took him in her arms and kissed him, and Charles received him as if honoring him above all his subjects.[488] The object of the visit was to consult about the marriage of

Henry of Bearn with Margaret of Valois, the king's sister.

While Charles was on a visit to Chantilly, Francis of Montmorency had suggested that the best means of conciliating the hostile parties would be to unite his sister Margaret to Prince Henry of Bearn.[489] This union between the two branches of the royal house was no new scheme. The prince, while yet a child, was presented to Henry II., who was so pleased with the boy that he asked him if he would be his son. "This is my father," replied the child in the Bearnais patois, pointing to the King of Navarre. "Well then," said the king, "will you be my son-in-law?" "Oh! with all my heart," answered the sturdy little fellow, and from that time his marriage with Margaret, a princess four years old, was resolved upon. Anthony of Navarre was delighted, and wrote to his sister the Duchess of Nevers (Margaret of Bourbon), that "this alliance was the thing in the world he most desired to obtain, and which from thenceforward placed both his repose and prosperity upon a secure basis." Joan also wrote to an old friend: "To cheer and console you in your sickness, I send you the news ... that his majesty has been pleased to grant this favor, for which I will not try to conceal the joy and satisfaction I feel." This was in 1557; and in 1560, soon after the death of Francis II., Catherine wrote to the Queen of Navarre, pressing her to visit the court, and proposing to connect the families still closer by a marriage between "little Catherine" of Bearn and Henry Duke of Anjou: "Such an alliance," she said, "will render our union indissoluble." This, however, never came to any thing; but in 1562 we find the project revived, when Catherine feared that Anthony of Navarre was slipping out of her control.[490]

At one time it had been proposed to give Margaret to Sebastian of Portugal, the same romantic king who died battling valiantly against the Moors in Africa. But that match failing through the hostility of Philip II., who grossly insulted the French court, an alliance was sought nearer home. Margaret tells us how the matter was first broached, and what was her reply: “I begged my mother to remember that I was very Catholic.” Joan of Navarre, who had since adopted the Reformed creed, was not so eager for the marriage as she had once been. Far from being dazzled by the prospect of such a brilliant alliance for the heir of the petty house of Navarre, she said: “I would rather descend to be the lowliest woman in France, than sacrifice my son, or my son’s soul, to grandeur.”[491] It would have been well for Prince Henry had the obstacles raised against the marriage proved insurmountable. It was naturally opposed by the Guises; not, as some write, because the duke aspired to Margaret’s hand; for he had been married several months to Catherine of Cleves, the widow of Prince Porcien;[492] but because it would strengthen the throne, and make the Huguenot influence predominant. The nuncio and the Spanish embassador also opposed the match;[493] but Charles was not to be diverted from his purpose.[494]

Thus the summer of 1571 passed away: on the one side, Spain, the pope, and the house of Lorraine striving to prevent a reconciliation between the two religious parties; on the other the “Politicians,” with Coligny and the English embassador, trying to bring about two marriages that would, it was hoped, counterbalance the influence of the Catholic powers. Catherine was ostentatiously sincere,[495] and Charles anxious to do what was right, and in his weakness leaning on Coligny, whom he had learned

to trust as a child trusts his father. There was much in the admiral to attract the king: he was a man of probity and honor, actuated by no mean or selfish motives, but by the purest desire for the greatness of France. Charles had never possessed such a friend before. What he thought of those about him may be conjectured from his remarks one day to Teligny: "Tavannes is a good councilor, but jealous of any encroachment upon his fame; Vieilleville loves nothing but good wine; Cossé is a miser, who would sell every thing for ten crowns; Montmorency is a good man, but then he is always away with his hawks and hounds; Retz is a Spaniard in heart, and the rest of my court and council are fools. My secretaries are traitors, so that I do not know whom to trust."[496] The censure is too sweeping; but the language shows how weary Charles had grown of his old councilors, and how he clung to the new. At another time, conversing with the admiral about the Flemish campaign, he said: "Father, there is another matter which you must carefully heed. The queen, my mother, is always poking her nose everywhere, as you well know, and she must not be told of this enterprise, at least not in detail. She would mar our design." "As you please, Sire; nevertheless I hold her majesty for so good a mother, that even if she were told all, she would offer no obstacle; on the contrary, she might naturally aid our design; while I apprehend many difficulties in hiding the matter." "You are quite wrong," rejoined the king; "leave the matter to me. My mother is the greatest mischief-maker on the face of the earth."

If this anecdote were authenticated, it would show that the king and the admiral were actually plotting against the government; for, whatever may have been Coligny's position as private adviser to his

sovereign, he was not a minister, although in the council, and held no responsible position. But it is scarcely credible that Catherine, with her influence and means of procuring information, could have been kept in the dark; and, besides, it is quite clear from her language to the Spanish embassador, that she knew all about the proposed war in Flanders. Nor does she appear at any time to have objected to it. If the English matrimonial alliance was the key of her policy, the war against Spain was an inevitable pendant. Union between France and England in the sixteenth century necessarily meant armed opposition to the policy of Philip II.

During the winter an event occurred which has tended very much to complicate this period of history. The king had gone to Bourgueil on the Loire, about ten miles from Saumur, to receive a Protestant deputation. Their chief spokesman, Briquemaut, after complaining of the infringement of the Edict of St. Germains, more by omission than commission, imprudently added that, unless their grievances were remedied, it was to be feared that the Huguenots would take counsel of despair, and once more rush to arms. The king listened calmly and dismissed the deputation graciously; but as soon as they had retired, he burst into a violent passion, and indulged in sanguinary threats. Lignerolles, one of the "mignons" of the Duke of Anjou, drawing near, whispered in his majesty's ear: "Be patient, Sire, a little while longer, and you will have them all in your net." The king was startled to hear another give utterance to his own secret thoughts, and resolved to make away with a man whom he suspected of knowing the particulars of a plot which had been craftily devised to get rid of the admiral and the chief Huguenots at one blow. The authenticity of this

very circumstantial story is more than doubtful. All we know for certain is, that Lignerolles was murdered, and that the assassins were imprisoned, and would have been punished, had not the great massacre intervened, when they were liberated. Five versions of the story are current, the most probable of all being Walsingham's, namely, that Lignerolles was an instrument employed by the Guise faction to prevent the English marriage.[497] He represents the death "as no small furtherance to the cause." But why was he murdered? Perhaps the following passage from a letter written by the queen-mother to the French embassador in England may supply an answer: "We strongly suspect Villequier, Lignerolles, or Sarret; and it is possible that all three may be the authors of these fancies [Anjou's refusal to marry Elizabeth]; if I were sure of it, I give you my word they should repent it."

If this foul murder be supposed to tell against the king, the affair of the Gastine Cross should be taken as a proof of his desire to conciliate his Protestant subjects. In the Rue St. Denis at Paris there lived a wealthy tradesman, Philip Gastine by name, who with his son Richard was accused and hanged for heresy and lending money to the rebels; another son was sentenced to the galleys for life; and the third banished (30th June, 1569). His house was pulled down, and in its place was erected a huge cross, with an inscription to the effect, that they had suffered "principally because they had celebrated the Lord's Supper in that place." According to the thirty-second article[498] of the Third Edict of Pacification, this cross was to be destroyed. The king gave the necessary orders, and Claude Marcel, provost of the merchants, fearing opposition, began to pull it down one dark night in December. He was interrupted by

the populace, who paraded the city calling to arms. “The common people,” said Walsingham, “ease their stomachs only by uttering certain seditious words.” They went however beyond words, for there was a fierce riot, during which the mob burned two houses and killed a “sermoner.” The provost seems to have been rather faint-hearted in the matter, and the parliament actually wrote to remonstrate with the king for keeping his promise. Charles, who was then at Amboise, returned a very sharp answer (15th December, 1571): “I have received your remonstrance, which I will always listen to graciously so long as you show me due obedience. But seeing how you have behaved since my accession, and that you imagine I will suffer my orders to be despised, I will let you know that there never was a king more determined to be obeyed than I am.”[499] The captain of the watch was sent to Amboise to explain: he found the king very excited. “I am thoroughly vexed,” said Charles, “that the cross has not been pulled down or removed. I will have no delay: it is time it were down and over.[500] If you catch any rioter, hang him up at once with a label of *Séditieux* round his neck.” The parliament apologized, and said very falsely that they had had nothing to do with the riots. On the night of the 19th December the cross was taken down and re-erected in the cemetery of the Innocents;[501] but the people were in such a mutinous state, and it was so difficult to keep the peace, that, on the 21st, the Duke of Montmorency hurried to Paris with a strong force of soldiers to put down the rioters. Some were killed, many ran away, and the mob was cowed at last by the exemplary punishment of a coster-monger, who was hanged from the window of a house he had just plundered.

A report from the Provost of the Trades to the king shows the condition of the capital in the winter of 1571: “After curfew, there is much stabbing in the streets. A great number of dead bodies have been fished up at St. Cloud, or found on the river-bank near Chaillot.... In consequence of this hugonotry, trade is almost dead, manufacturers are frightened away by our divisions, and cross the mountains to settle in Italy. The Catholics want to have an end of it.... Would your majesty but reflect; your crown is endangered, Paris alone can save it.” But Charles knew the Parisians well, and desired to have his crown upheld by trustier supporters than the unruly populace of the capital.

Before the end of the year, Coligny paid another visit to Blois, when the war in Flanders and the marriage of the Prince of Bearn became once more the chief subjects of deliberation. It is not necessary to trace the proceedings day by day. The admiral’s arguments were very cogent, but the most pressing matter was the marriage. On this subject Coligny wrote to the Queen of Navarre, praying her not to oppose a union wherein the Reformed would have the advantage. “It will be,” he said, “a seal of friendship with the king; and the greatest mistake you can fall into will be to show suspicion.” The king too was very earnest in the matter. “I have made up my mind,” he said to one of Joan’s agents, “to give my sister to my good brother Henry; for by this means I hope to marry the two religions.” When it was again objected that the proposal could hardly be regarded as sincere, so long as the Guises continued about the court: “They are my subjects,” Charles replied, “and I will make them conform to my behests.” Catherine wrote to the Queen of Navarre: “I pray you gratify the extreme desire we have to see

you among us. You will be loved and honored as you deserve to be." Biron was the bearer of this letter, and Joan gave way at last. In the month of February she started for Blois, and, traveling slowly, reached that city early in March.[502] The king gave her a hearty welcome, calling her "his dear good aunt, his best beloved, his darling," and so on, just as he had been wont to do in earlier days. He kept by her side, and was so demonstrative in his marks of affection, that, according to the gossiping chronicler, "every one was astonished." In the evening, after Joan had retired, Charles turned to Catherine laughing, and said: "Now, mother, confess that I play my little part well."—"Yes, you play it well enough, but you must keep it up."—"Trust me for that," said the king; "you shall see how I will lead them on."[503] Many of these stories are nothing but idle street gossip, and some of them, in which we may include the one before us, were invented in after years to support the theory of a long-premeditated plot. But the words, even if accurately reported, will hardly bear such a formidable superstructure: they may refer to the marriage, which was yet unsettled, as well as to the projected massacre. Farther, if Charles compassed the death of Lignerolles because the wretched man was supposed to have become master of the king's secret, would Charles (with his presumed craft and reticence) have spoken thus openly of what he desired to keep in utter obscurity?[504]

Never had the little town of Blois been more gay than it was in the spring of 1572. Banquets, balls, and *fêtes* followed each other in rapid succession, much to the discomfort of Joan, whose principles and sober taste did not harmonize with such gayeties. The king, who was delighted at the share his young queen took in these amusements, was

among the liveliest of the court, and was seen to the best advantage.

If the marriage of Henry and Margaret was part of the scheme by which the Huguenots were to be lured to their destruction, there was very little probability in March, 1572, that it would ever be accomplished. Even the mere rumor of it had aroused all the antagonism of Spain and Rome; but now that it appeared certain, those powers tried every means to thwart it. The pope ordered his nephew, then legate at the court of Portugal, to hasten to France and stop the marriage. Alessandrino actually reached Blois before the Queen of Navarre, having rudely passed her on the road. The particulars of his interviews with Charles are given by several contemporary writers, but all are manifestly derived from the same source. The cardinal, one of the most accomplished and eloquent men of his day, pressed the king to give Margaret to the King of Portugal, as had been once proposed, and enter into the holy alliance then forming against the Turks. The connection between these proposals is not very clear; but Alessandrino probably hoped that the excitement of war, which might bring increase of territory to France, would divert Charles from subjects nearer home. “It would be ruinous to your realm and to the Catholic Church,” urged the nuncio, “to form any alliance with the Huguenots.”

At the close of one of these interviews, when Alessandrino had been more than usually pressing, Charles took him by the hand: “What you say is very good, and I thank you and the pope for it. If I had any other means of being revenged upon my enemies, I would not go on with this marriage; but I have not.” When Alessandrino heard of the August

massacre, he exclaimed: “This, then, is what the King of France was preparing. God be praised, he has kept his promise.”[505] At the close of the interview, Charles drew a valuable ring from his finger, and pressed the nuncio to accept it, as a pledge of his good faith and obedience to the holy see. He declined, saying, with a bitterness of manner that greatly displeased the king: “The most precious of your majesty’s jewels are but mud in the eyes of the faithful, since your zeal for the Catholic religion is so cold.”[506] Sir Thomas Smith, who was at Blois, wrote to Burghley: “The foolish cardinal went away as wise as he came: he neither brake the marriage with Navarre, nor got no dimes, ... and the foolishest part of all his going away, he refused a diamond which the king offered him of 600 crowns.”[507]

There are serious objections to this story—especially to Catena’s version of it—which is in contradiction to documents above all suspicion. One of these is a letter from Charles to his embassador at Rome, with instructions about the dispensation. On the 31st July he recapitulates to De Ferrails the four conditions on which the pope is willing to grant the said dispensation, and says that Henry will never concede them.[508] He then argues that the marriage will be the best means of converting the prince, and hopes the pope “will not risk every thing by holding the cord too tight in matters which belong much more to state policy than to religious scruples.” He threatens that he will do without a dispensation, if he should be driven to consult on the best means of tranquilizing his kingdom and proceeding to the said marriage. In a postscript the king adds, that he has just seen Salviati, the papal nuncio, to whom he had communicated the substance of the dispatch, and begged him to write to the pope to the same effect.

Did Salviati write as requested? He did, and all his correspondence shows that up to the very day of the massacre he was entirely ignorant of any treachery being contemplated. On the very day of the massacre the king gave instructions to Beauville, who was going to Rome, to the effect that the marriage was justifiable on the ground that it would bind the Huguenots to the crown, and he also wrote to De Ferrails on the same date, that the marriage was necessary, and therefore it had been solemnized without waiting for the dispensation, "to the great satisfaction of all his subjects." That no allusion is made to a plot in these dispatches is proof that none such existed.[509] We must not, therefore, lay too great stress upon Ossat's letter, which, after all, only repeats hearsay.[510] The strongest evidence in favor of Alessandrino's story is found in the mysterious ending of a letter in which he alludes to matters that had passed between him and Charles, and that he had reserved for the pope's ear alone.[511] The veil of this mystery—if there really was any mystery—has never been uplifted.

Joan's arrival at Blois did not accelerate the negotiations for the marriage so much as had been anticipated. The queen-mother appeared of late to have grown indifferent, if not averse, to the proposed union, and every possible obstacle was thrown in the way. Her inventive faculties were severely tested by the good faith of the Queen of Navarre.[512] She could have managed a diplomatist of her own stamp, but honesty was a weapon she did not understand. "Certes," says an old writer, "her majesty's adulterations of truth were of the most amazing extent and description." Joan, who heartily disliked Catherine, at last refused to treat with her, and the negotiations were almost broken off, when it was

agreed to appoint three commissioners on each side, by whom the final arrangements should be made. Margaret—whose "Memoirs" must be read with extreme caution—interested herself but little in the marriage.

In those days young maidens, whether of high or low degree, had little voice in the selection of a husband. Of her proposed daughter-in-law, Joan writes thus to her son on the 8th March: "Madame is handsome, graceful, and discreet, but she has been brought up in the midst of the most vicious and corrupt court that can be imagined. Your cousin [afterward wife of Prince Henry of Condé] is so changed by it, that there is no appearance of religion in her save thus far, that she does not go to mass; but as to the rest of her mode of living, except idolatry, she does the same as the Papists, and my sister [the Princess of Condé] still worse." In a pregnant phrase she describes the corrupt nature of court life: "It is not the men here who entice the women, but the women who entice the men." To this Catherine and her "flying squadron" of gay damsels had brought the court. The Queen of Navarre was a rigid Calvinist, and her opinions on court amusements and pleasures were probably rather austere. At another time she writes to Henry: "Madam Margaret has paid me every honor and welcome in her power to bestow, and frankly owned to me the agreeable ideas she has formed of you. [They had not seen each other since the meeting at Bayonne.] With her beauty and wit, she excites great influence over the queen-mother and the king."[513]

The difference of religion was long an almost insuperable obstacle. Catherine pretended scruples of conscience on behalf of her daughter; and Joan of

Navarre, who was really anxious on the matter, hesitated so much, that up to the 29th March the marriage continued doubtful. “I have now the wolf by the ears,” said the Queen of Navarre, “for in concluding or not concluding the marriage, I see danger every way.” “But,” adds the English embassador, “I do not think assuredly that hardly any cause will make them break—so many necessary causes there are why the same should proceed.”[514] The Huguenot ministers, like unpractical divines as they were, looked more coldly upon the projected union than the nobility and gentry, who valued it as a great stroke of policy. There were some even of these who foreboded nothing but evil. Rosny, father of the illustrious Sully, refused to take any part in the ceremony, declaring that “the wedding-favors would be crimson.” His party stoutly advocated a marriage with Elizabeth of England. What would have been the fortunes of the two countries had they been thus united?

At length all the negotiations were ended, the settlements drawn up, and the contract signed by the plenipotentiaries on each side (11th April, 1572). A few days later Charles expressed to La Mothe-Fénelon his satisfaction at the happy conclusion of the tedious business, adding that “if the queen had been a little more strengthened against those ailments, which are usual to women in her condition, the wedding-day would have been already fixed. We shall depart hence [Blois?] to go toward Paris and Fontainebleau, where my wife will lie in.” The only obstacle now was the dispensation, which Pius V. refused to grant: “I would rather lose my head than grant a marriage dispensation to a heretic.”[515] Charles determined to proceed in spite of the pope: “If he tries it on too far, I will take Margaret by the

hand and see her married in open conventicle."[516] His written answer to Pius V. was to the same effect, but in more courtly strain. He expressed his sincere love for the Catholic Church, but urged that the country and the exchequer were exhausted by civil war. As for the marriage and the heresy, he continued: "Mild remedies are usually more efficacious than sharp ones in curing this disease, especially in the minds of princes. I am persuaded that Henry will not only become all that you can wish him, but will some day be a great ornament and help to the Church.... If he who is now the chief of the wanderers should be brought back to the true fold, how great the advantage!" Charles then proceeded to indulge in that ambiguous language which has made this period of history so difficult to understand: "I confess that I am under necessity, and have had to put up with many disagreeable things; but I swear I would rather imperil my kingdom than leave the outrages against God unpunished. But what my designs are can not yet be told."[517] To the Cardinal of Lorraine, then in Rome, he wrote that whether the pope's answer was favorable or not, he should go on with the marriage.[518] To his friends he repeated his assurance that he married his sister not only to the Prince of Bearn but to the whole Protestant party: "It will be the strongest bond between my subjects," he said, "and a sure evidence of my good-will toward those of the religion." It was Joan's desire that the wedding should be celebrated at Blois, on account of the fanatical temper of the inhabitants of the metropolis; but as Charles objected with reason to a solemn state ceremony being performed anywhere but in the capital, the Queen of Navarre gave way. It is a curious coincidence that the Parisians should have been equally adverse to the

celebration of the marriage within their walls. “They feared,” says Claude Haton, “that they would be robbed and despoiled in their own houses by the seditious Huguenots.”[519]

CHAPTER XI.

THE MARRIAGE AND THE PLOT.

[August, 1572.]

Proposed German and English Alliances—Anjou's Refusal—Treaty with England—Capture of Mons—Defeat of Genlis—Walsingham's Dispatches—War-Excitement—Deliberations in Council—Charles at Montpipeau—Catherine follows him—Her tears—Increasing influence of Coligny—His Death resolved on—Joan of Navarre in Paris—Her sudden Death—Distrust and Warnings—Coligny's firmness—Plot and Counterplot—Henry of Navarre enters Paris—The Wedding—Masque at the Hôtel Bourbon—The Admiral's last Letter—Plot to Assassinate him—The Duchess of Nemours—Maurevel sent for.

The Treaty of St. Germains was a serious blow to Spanish influence in France. We have seen that peace had not only been concluded in opposition to the remonstrances of Philip II., but that monarch had experienced several slights from his brother-in-law which even so cold-blooded a man must have felt deeply. In proportion, too, as the loyalty and worth of Coligny became known, the distance between the two courts grew wider. The "Politicians" took advantage of this change, and becoming daily more convinced of the necessity of war with Spain, tried to strengthen France by foreign alliances. Their choice was not very great. Rome would never aid a power that went to war with Spain to support heresy in

Flanders. The Emperor of Germany would remain neutral, for by reserving his forces he would be able to interfere effectually between the combatants, when exhausted or tired of war. The Catholic States of Northern Italy would take part with Spain and threaten France on the Alpine frontier; and Switzerland would sell her sword to either party. There only remained England and the Protestant States of Germany, with whose help France might safely venture to attack the power of Spain. That monarchy was held to be the greatest in the world: it was not indeed so great as it appeared to be, for it was rapidly declining, but the halo of its former glory still shone round it.

The negotiations with Germany were so mismanaged that they came to nothing. Those with England had assumed, as we have seen, the form of proposals for a matrimonial alliance between Elizabeth and the Duke of Anjou. Catherine, who believed in an old prophecy that all her sons should be kings, was very earnest in the matter.[520] The Huguenots, who are wrongly supposed to have originated the plan, also felt anxious, and the correspondence of the English agents at the court of France is full of their hopes and fears. They saw that such a union of the two crowns would strengthen them, and help to preserve the fruits of their past struggles; while they dreaded a failure, which would discredit the Moderate party and bring back the Guises, and perhaps plunge them again into all the miseries of civil strife from which they had so recently escaped. The negotiations extended over many months. It is doubtful whether Elizabeth was at any time sincere; but it is certain that as one objection after another was removed, and as she appeared to be more inclined to the match, Anjou

grew cooler, professed a great horror of heresy, and urged that his conscience would not allow him to share the crown of the Queen of England. Still, as he did not absolutely refuse the match, the English ministers were frightened lest Elizabeth should anticipate him, and ruin every thing by declaring her preference for a celibate life. A refusal from her would ruin the Huguenot hopes. Elizabeth would probably have spoken out, had not the various intrigues of which Mary Stuart was the prime mover kept her silent and cautious. She would dally with France so long as there was any danger from Spain. But Anjou, who was never in want of evil advisers, listened to the seductions of the Spanish court, and, allured by a large bribe from the pope,[521] refused—twice refused—to wed a mature maiden of thirty-eight. The queen-mother was confounded, and with reason; for the suspicions of Spain had been aroused, and France unaided could not hope, in its state of exhaustion, to withstand a well-directed attack. There was danger, too, on the other side, for Elizabeth was touchy and susceptible; and though she might have been insincere throughout, her feminine vanity might be so wounded that she would not hesitate to avenge it by taking part with Spain. The Moderate party were in despair; but fortunately the negotiations were in the hands of prudent men. Walsingham in France and La Mothe-Fénelon in England felt all the importance of the crisis, and after some difficulty succeeded in arranging a defensive treaty between the two countries (29th March, 1572). Though manifestly directed against Spain, it was expressed in general terms, so as not to wound the susceptibilities of the French Catholics.[522] Each promised to aid the other with 6000 infantry and six ships of war. The English statesmen were perhaps

more anxious about this treaty than their French colleagues; for Mary Stuart, now a prisoner in England, was actively engaged in a complication of intrigues with Spain,[523] the success of any of which would have endangered the cause of Protestantism. Montmorency, “a lover of England as much as any man in France,” was sent over to receive the ratification, and—if he saw fit opportunity—to make a formal proposal of the Duke of Alençon to Queen Elizabeth.[524] The marshal—or rather the Moderate party of which he was leader—felt convinced that some foreign support was more necessary than ever to keep the Catholic reactionists in check, and to neutralize the efforts of Spain to rekindle the civil wars now so happily ended. Spain was uneasy and wavering. St. Goar writes from Madrid (22d June, 1572): “I believe that Philip would fain avoid a rupture;” and again (1st July): “The king assures me he would willingly preserve peace, but that he has great cause to fear an attack from France.” Charles also told St. Goar, in a letter dated 25th June, that “if he were only sure they would undertake nothing against him, he would not mix himself up with foreign transactions.”[525]

As soon as the important matters of the Navarre marriage and the English treaty were concluded, Charles left Touraine (May 5th), and proceeded by way of Fontainebleau to Paris, and thence to St. Maur. The admiral attended him more as a friend than as one of the great officers of state. The Guises had left the court almost in despair. If any credit can be given to an intercepted dispatch of the 28th January from the Countess of Northumberland, the duke had paid a long secret visit to Alva.[526] This was denied by Catherine, but may have been true, nevertheless. Although this visit may have had more

to do with the affairs of Mary Stuart, we may be sure that the state of France and the Anjou marriage were not forgotten. It is not clear when the Guises fell into disgrace, but their position at court in the spring of 1572 is accurately discussed in a letter from Alva to Philip II., who had written advising him to keep up friendly relations with the duke and the cardinal. The general replied that he had always seen the importance of doing so: “But at this time there are two things to be considered, namely, that none of the family have any share in the management of public business, except the Cardinal of Lorraine; and he, when in favor, is insolent and forgets every body, and when in disgrace, is good for nothing.” Then, as if to brand the treason of the churchman, and show the unfriendly nature of the relations between the courts of Paris and Madrid, Alva continues: “He has warned me, through Fray Garcia de Ribeira, to be on my guard, as he foresees trouble in France, and believes that the fleet assembling at Rochelle is intended to operate against the Low Countries.”[527] When the Duke of Guise and Coligny were at Paris in May, the former was forbidden to undertake any thing against the Chatillons, to which he replied, that if the admiral had any thing to complain of, he was ready to meet him at any time in single combat.[528] The king, finding the duke (whom he called “un mauvais garçon”) so implacable, required of him a complete and formal denial of every project of outrage against Coligny, which he gave, though with reluctance (12th May, 1572). There is another story that the king did not press Duke Henry to be reconciled, having already had proof of his impracticable character; but to Aumale, his brother, who seemed more tractable, he said: “Have a little patience, and you will soon see a pretty game.”[529]

Were the story true, it would not necessarily imply the existence of a plot to get rid of the Huguenots.

The deliberations about the Flemish war now became more frequent than ever. The time was opportune for the projected invasion. In Flanders the first part of the year had been distinguished by a series of triumphs. “With one fierce bound of enthusiasm,” says the eloquent historian of the Dutch Republic, “the nation shook off its chain.” Alva was ill, and anxiously awaiting his successor. The hour was approaching when Charles IX. would feel it safe as well as politic to throw off all disguise. “When you have captured two of the frontier cities, the king will once more take council about the war,” said Tavannes to Count Louis; and before the end of May, Mons and Valenciennes were in his hands. With the connivance of the government, Louis had got together a number of Huguenot gentlemen, including Genlis and La Noue, besides some 1500 soldiers, and with these he surprised Mons. He was soon after strongly reinforced by nearly 5000 French troops. Alva had no doubt whence the blow came, and threatening to repay Catherine in her own coin, immediately prepared to recover the town. Unless he were reinforced, Count Louis had no hope of resisting with success, and accordingly Genlis was dispatched to France to procure more troops. The admiral strongly advised Charles to back up the count with a large force; but the king was still unwilling to declare himself openly, though he had committed himself almost beyond recall. “You would be astounded,” writes Albornez to Secretary Cayas, “could you see a letter in my hands written by the King of France to Prince Louis.” It was dated the 27th April, 1572, and in it Charles expressed his determination to do all in his power “to extricate the

Low Countries from the oppression under which they groaned."[530]

In this juncture the Huguenot champion, who was "daily at court and very well used by the king and his brothers,"[531] laid before his royal master a memoir drawn up by the celebrated Duplessis-Mornay, in which he argued that a foreign war was necessary to preserve internal peace. "The Frenchman," he says, "who has once had a taste of war will often, from mere *gaieté de cœur*, or from want of some other enemy, fight his own countryman and friend. The Spaniard," he continued, "is weak from the dispersion of his forces, and you have England on your side, who formerly used to take part in every quarrel against us. You will acquire a province superior to any in France by the fertility of its soil, the beauty of its cities, and the wealth of its inhabitants. The Germans will fear you, your own people will be enriched by commerce, and you, Sire, will reap immortal honor from the conquest."[532] The motives are not very noble, but they were admirably adapted to Charles's temper: a higher morality would have fallen dead upon his ear. Still he hesitated to declare himself, leaning toward Coligny at one moment, and toward the Catholic party at the next. Meanwhile Genlis had succeeded in collecting a number of volunteers, and was making his way toward Mons, with about 4000 men,[533] when he was met and defeated by a Spanish force under Don Frederick of Toledo (19th July, 1572). Twelve hundred of the French were left upon the field, and a much larger number were butchered by the peasantry as they were seeking to escape. Tavannes, a trustworthy authority on such a point, says that Don Frederick had been treacherously informed of the road Genlis would take with his

troops.

The news of this terrible overthrow caused an extraordinary agitation at court. Some fancied in their panic that the Spaniard was already at the gates of Paris; while the outspoken admiral declared that the catastrophe lay at the doors of those who had dissuaded the king from declaring himself. The government everywhere ostentatiously protested—at Rome, Vienna, Brussels, and Madrid—that they desired peace, and were not privy to the attack on Mons or the advance of Genlis; indeed Mondoucet congratulated Alva on his success over the invaders, while St. Goar assured Philip that his master saw with regret his vassals joining the rebels in the Low Countries. Neither Alva nor Philip believed this, but were determined to give no cause for a rupture of friendly relations.[534] And hence it was that when the Spanish army captured some sixty Frenchmen who tried to enter Mons, Alva only hanged a part, taking the others to Ruppelmonde to be drowned secretly in the river.

Walsingham's correspondence reflects minutely the state of feeling among the Huguenots at this moment. "Such of the religion as before slept in security," he writes to Burghley on the 26th July, "begin now to awake and to see their danger, and do therefore conclude, that unless this enterprise in the Low Countries have good success, their cause groweth desperate. They have therefore of late sent to the king, who is absent from home, to show him that if the Prince of Orange quail, it shall not lie in him [Charles] to maintain him in his protection by virtue of his edict; they desire him, therefore, out of hand, to resolve upon something that may be of assistance, offering themselves to employ therein

their lives, lands, and goods." Writing the same day to the Earl of Leicester, the embassador says: "Those of the religion have made demonstration to the king that his [Orange's] enterprise lacking good success, it shall not then lie in his power to maintain his edict;" apparently meaning, that if the Flemish rebels were subdued, Spain would again be so formidable that it would be dangerous to tolerate the Huguenots in defiance of Philip II. Walsingham then adds that the Reformed party "desire him to weigh well, whether it were better to have foreign war with advantage, or inward war to the ruin of himself and his estate." This was one of those unfortunate passages which Catherine afterward employed with so much effect to terrify Charles into the August massacre. The meaning of the words is plain enough, but an unscrupulous advocate would easily convert them into a threat of rebellion against the king's authority.

As soon as the French had recovered from the first shock caused by the news of Genlis's defeat, they began to vapor and talk of revenge; and their hostile feelings were still farther exasperated by the report of certain contemptuous expressions ascribed to Alva. Every thing betokened an approaching rupture between France and Spain, and ere long the rumors of war became so loud that the Venetian Senate hastily dispatched an embassador with authority to mediate between the angry governments.[535] Michieli writes in July to his superiors of volunteer expeditions of horse and foot setting off daily: "For four or five days war was regarded in Paris as declared; it was openly talked of."[536]

On the 23d July, Petrucci, the Tuscan embassador, writes to his ducal master, that the royal council have been in deliberation about the ransom of the

prisoners, but “does not know how the king [Charles] can grant this, without giving the greatest suspicion to the Catholic king; and yet he shows great interest in the matter.”[537]

Elizabeth had done her part in the anti-Spanish movement by sending troops to Flushing. Sir T. Smith wrote to inform Walsingham that Sir Humphrey Gilbert had been “sent over with his band of Englishmen and some Frenchmen, who have taken Sluys and besieged the castle.”[538]

Just at this juncture the queen-mother happened to be in Lorraine tending her sick daughter, and the news of the martial outburst brought her back in haste to Paris. She was too wise to oppose her son’s warlike humor openly, but she so far shook his resolution as to have the whole subject brought before the council. She was adverse to the war on many grounds, but principally because she felt assured that if Coligny carried on a successful campaign, his influence with the king would quite supersede her own. She did not know how far the king and the admiral had gone already. The latter, who was always with Charles, even to a late hour, wrote on the 11th August to Prince William of Orange, that there could be no doubt as to the king’s earnestness (Walsingham says: “But for the king, all had quailed long before”), and that he hoped in a few days to come to his help with 12,000 arquebusiers and 3000 cavalry. Yet only one day before this, Walsingham wrote home: “Commonly it is given out that the king will no more meddle, ... yet I am assured that underhand he is content there shall [be] somewhat done, for that he seeth the peril that will befall unto him, if the Prince of Orange quail.” The English embassador’s means of information were

so complete, that he actually knew more of what was going on in the cabinet than the admiral did.

The extreme Catholic party had rallied and were trying every thing in their power to destroy the Huguenot ascendancy at court, and Charles's resolution fluctuated from day to day. That he might enjoy a little quiet, he suddenly started for Montpipeau, a pleasant hunting-lodge, intending to remain there until the eve of his sister's marriage. Meanwhile bad news reached the French court; Catherine discovered that Queen Elizabeth was playing her false, and while pretending zeal for an alliance against Spain, was actually treating with that power. De Foix and Fénelon both wrote from private information that she had been advised to recall her troops from Flanders and not quarrel with Spain. "Whereupon," writes Walsingham, on the 10th August, "the queen-mother fell into such fear that the enterprise must necessarily fail without the aid of England."[539] The report was untrue, and was probably a mere invention of some of the traitors in the English council.[540] But it frightened Catherine, and she determined to make one more attempt to recover her ascendancy over the king. She hurried to Montpipeau with such impetuous haste that two of her horses fell dead on the road. With tears in her eyes, she accused Charles of ingratitude to a mother "who had sacrificed herself for his welfare and incurred every risk for his advantage." "You hide yourself from me," she continued, "and take counsel with my enemies. You are about to plunge your kingdom into a war with Spain, and yet England, in whose alliance you trusted, is false to you. Alone you can not resist so powerful an enemy. You will only make France a prey to the Huguenots, who desire the subversion of the kingdom for their own benefit. If

you will no longer be guided by my advice, suffer me to return to my native country, that I may not witness such disgrace." "This artful harangue," says Tavannes, "frightened the king, who, wondering to see his secret counsels revealed, confessed them all, begged his mother's pardon, and promised obedience." Tavannes, whose authority for circumstances of which he was not an eye-witness is rather doubtful, alludes to the common rumor that M. de Sauve, the king's secretary, had revealed these "secret counsels" to his wife, Charlotte de Beaune, by whom they were told to her lover the Duke of Anjou, who, in his turn, communicated them to his mother. Whatever secrets may have been divulged, certainly this of the projected Flemish war was not one; for if it was unknown to Catherine, she must have been the only person in the court ignorant of it.[541] She was undoubtedly alarmed at the apparently isolated position of France; and we shall see that, finding all other methods fail of averting war, she did not shrink from murder. No doubt her "affetto di signorreggiare" had much to do with her bloody resolution; but she may also have believed Coligny to be a dangerous adviser, and in an unscrupulous age there was little difficulty in getting rid of such a man.

The exact date of the interview at Montpipeau is not known, but it probably took place during the first week in August, for Walsingham evidently refers to it in his letter of the 10th of that month: "Touching Flanders matters, such of the council here as incline to Spain have put the queen-mother in such a fear, that she *with tears* had dissuaded the king for the time, who otherwise was very resolute.... The admiral in this brunt, whose mind is invincible and foreseeth what is like to ensue, doth not now give

over, but layeth before the king his peril if the Prince of Orange quail." And again: "The king is *grown cold*, who before was *very forward*, and nothing prevailed so much as *the tears of his mother*.... How perplexed the admiral is, who foreseeth the mischief that is likely to follow, your lordship [Leicester] may easily guess. He never showed greater magnanimity, nor never was better followed nor more honored of those of the religion, than he now is, *which doth not a little appall* the enemies. He layeth before the king and council the peril and danger of his estate; and though he can not obtain what he would, yet doth he obtain something from him."[542] This was the admiral's death-warrant. Charles listened to him rather than to his mother. "What do you learn in your long conversations with the admiral?" asked Catherine one day. "I learn," he replied, "that I have no greater enemy than my mother." She saw her power slipping from her, and her son Anjou, her beloved, her favorite son, in danger; for she knew how violent Charles could be when he was once aroused. And all depended upon the life of one man! And when in those days did any body, especially an Italian man or woman, allow a single life to stand between them and their desire? Coligny must be got rid of; then the queen-mother would recover her influence; then there would be an end of this perplexing Flemish business; and with Henry of Navarre, the head of the Huguenot party, married to her daughter, there would be no cause to fear a revival of internal disturbances.

But these political negotiations and discussions were not permitted to delay the preparations for the marriage that was to unite Catholics and Reformers into one homogeneous people.

On the 6th of May Joan left Blois, and arrived in Paris eight or nine days after, such being the rate at which royalty traveled a distance that now does not require as many hours. She took up her abode in a house belonging to Jean Guillart, Bishop of Chartres, one of the prelates who had been excommunicated in 1563 for his liberal opinions. The removal to Paris was fatal to her: within a month she sickened and died (9th June, 1572),[543] not without suspicion of poison administered by means of a pair of gloves sent to her by René, the queen-mother's perfumer. There is not the slightest ground for the suspicion: the season was unhealthy. "People are dying here very fast," wrote the dowager Princess of Condé, "for which reason I do not send for my children."[544] What wonder, then, that the Queen of Navarre, who was ill at ease, should pine and sicken in the hot ill-cleansed streets of Paris.[545] De Thou says she died of an abscess brought on by excessive fatigue. Although suffering acutely, she bore the pain without a word of impatience or complaint. When she saw her women weeping round her bed: "Do not cry," she said; "God is calling me to that better life, which I have always longed for." Her great anxiety was about her children—her son Henry and her daughter the amiable Catherine: "I trust that God will be a father and protector to them, as he has been to me in my sorest trials. To his providence I commit them, feeling sure he will provide for them." With these words she died, at the age of forty-four, leaving a name still mentioned with fond respect among the mountains of Bearn. There were some who openly exulted in her death, calling it "a judgment from heaven upon Jezebel the Huguenot queen." But hers was a character which, though deficient in some of the milder features of a woman's nature, could

despise such uncharitable judgment. Voltaire describes her as

> Grande par des vertus qui manquaient à son fils,

and one of her contemporaries, adopting the words of Quintus Curtius, speaks of her as possessing *nil muliebre nisi sexum* (nothing in common with her sex except the name of woman). After her conversion, she devoted all her energies to the propagation of the Reformed faith, even (it is said) to the extent of preaching, though the strongest evidence that she ever ascended the pulpit is a doubtful contemporaneous caricature. Queen Elizabeth was as much attached to her as her vain and selfish nature permitted. Henry, fully alive to the importance of keeping up this friendship, wrote to announce his mother's death, and to request a continuance of her friendship: "Entertaining the same desire which the late queen, my mother, always manifested toward you, I most humbly entreat you will impart to me that friendship and kindness which you always showed her, and the effects of which we have known in so many instances that I shall always feel myself your debtor, which I will testify in every thing you may be pleased to command me to obey and do service, whenever I have the power."[546]

The queen's death increased the distrust with which many of the Huguenot party looked upon the demonstrations and favors of the court. From every quarter the admiral continued to receive cautions and warnings of treachery; but firm in his own integrity and good faith, he put them all aside.[547] Many of his friends urged him to be on his guard. The people of La Rochelle sent him more than one address on the rumors that were abroad and on the suspicious aspect of affairs; but he told them there

was no occasion to fear (7th August). Another time he made answer: “A man would never be at ease, if he interpreted every action to his own disadvantage. It would be better to die a hundred times than live in constant apprehension. I am tired of such alarms, and have lived long enough.” To others who advised him to leave Paris, he said: “By so doing I must show either fear or distrust. My honor would be injured by the one, the king by the other. I should be again obliged to have recourse to a civil war; and I would rather die a thousand deaths than see again the miseries I have seen, and suffer the distress I have already suffered.” Another time he said: “I can not leave without plunging the country into fresh wars. I would rather be dragged through the gutters than resort to such extremity.” An intercepted letter from Cardinal Pelvé to the Cardinal of Lorraine, who had just departed for Rome, was brought to him. He read in it: “There are great hopes of success in the enterprise; the admiral suspects nothing; the war with Flanders is a mere trick; the King of Spain knows all about it.” The letter was manifestly a forgery—a device to prevent the marriage, and the admiral treated it with contempt. Many of the warnings he received were like prophetic dreams—remembered only when the event confirms their forecastings. How could a man of such a noble and generous character be suspicious when his royal master was treating him with so much kindness and deference! Charles had learned at last that Philip was continually intriguing and fomenting disturbances in France. He was not so blind as his mother thought him: with all her art, she could not effectually repress those generous flashes which from time to time burst out only to make us regret that a better education had not fitted Charles for his royal station.

When he wrote inviting the admiral to leave Chatillon and come to Paris, the latter declined on account of the hostility of the citizens. “You have no cause to fear,” replied the king; “they will attempt nothing against my will.” At the same time he ordered Marcel, the provost of the merchants, to see that there was no “scandal” (disturbance) on account of the admiral’s arrival, or he would be answerable for it.

Coligny had need of all his patience and all his loyalty. What he built up one day the queen-mother pulled down the next. Catherine told the Venetian envoy, Giovanni Michieli, that she would not go to war against Spain unless Philip compelled her: “Assure their lordships of Venice,” she added, “that not only my words but my acts shall prove the firmness of my resolutions.”[548] In a few hours, as we have seen, Catherine had recovered her empire over her son, who, though physically brave, had no moral courage, and could not bring himself to tell the admiral of his altered purposes. No one else would venture to do so, and it was therefore suggested that, in consequence of certain intelligence which the king had received, Coligny should be requested to lay his plans before a committee of the council (consisting of Montpensier, Louis of Gonzaga, Cossé, and others), who were certain to condemn them. They unanimously opposed the war, and after ineffectually trying to bend the king, he turned to the queen-mother, and said: “Madam, the king refuses to enter upon a war with Spain. God grant he may not be engaged in another which he may perhaps find it not so easy to renounce.”[549] This, which is the language of disappointed hopes, sounded very like a threat, and there may probably have been a bitterness in his tone that gave a meaning to his

words he never intended they should bear. He only meant, what he had often said before, that the best mode of healing the wounds of the past wars would be to march the two parties side by side to fight a common enemy. But his enemies put the worst construction on his language, and his death was resolved on.[550] The king was very impressionable: if he were suffered to consult with the admiral again, the old ascendancy might be recovered, and would Coligny be inclined to use his new power mercifully? The blow must be struck at once, but first the union of the two families must be cemented by the marriage of Henry and Margaret.

On the 8th of July, Henry, now King of Navarre, entered Paris, attended by the Prince of Condé, the Cardinal of Bourbon, the admiral, and 800 of the most gallant gentlemen in France, all dressed in mourning garments, very different from the gay costumes worn by the Catholic gentlemen, who went out to meet him. At the gate of St. Jacques he was received by the Duke of Anjou and a magnificent train of nobles and officers attached to the court. The corporation of the city attended in their scarlet robes. Condé and his brother the marquis rode between the Duke of Guise and the Chevalier d'Angoulême; Henry between the king's two brothers, Anjou and Alençon. The united trains, amounting to 1500 horsemen, proceeded in ominous silence through the crowded streets to the Louvre. No voice was raised to greet the Huguenot princes, though many a murmur showed the feeling of the populace, who from time to time raised the cry of "Guise" or "Anjou." But the ladies at the windows were more demonstrative, as Henry of Navarre with his handsome features and winning smile bowed to the saddle-bow, or occasionally pointed to some

group more attractive than usual, which caught his eye in balcony or window. In after years, he used to look back to this as the happiest day of his life.

For a moment the mocking humor of the Parisian populace was overawed. But when the escort began to separate and to move in smaller bodies through the streets to gain their lodgings, the mob recovered their audacity: “Come and see the accursed Huguenots, these outcasts of heaven!” As the Protestants wandered through the city, they greatly offended the superstitious prejudices of the citizens by neglecting to raise their hats as they passed the crosses or the images at the corners. “Deniers of God!” muttered the bigoted priests, as they scowled on the men who passed them with a look of scorn and pity. The Huguenots have been accurately designated as “quasi aliens,”—men alien in language, costume, and religion. For years the sound of psalm-singing had not offended Parisian ears, and now the hated words of Marot were heard once more in their streets. What wonder if there were frequent quarrels, if blood was shed, and if it was found necessary to keep the Huguenots pretty much by themselves. “Both parties,” says Haton, “were armed and equipped as if about to enter upon a campaign.” The Protestants were walking over a volcano, and there were bigots and fanatics among them who seemed to court rather than avoid an explosion.

The wedding-day had been originally fixed for the 10th June, but difficulties about the dispensation, and then the illness and death of Joan of Navarre, had caused the ceremony to be delayed. Pius V. had (as we have seen) constantly opposed the marriage, and refused to grant the dispensation required when the parties were of different religions, and also so

nearly related. But the new pope, Gregory XIII., appears to have been more compliant, or the letter stating that the bull of dispensation was on the road must have been a forgery.[551] There were many reasons why the marriage should be put off no longer. As the young queen's health was delicate, and she was soon to become a mother, it was advisable to get her away as early as possible from the noise and malaria of the capital.[552] It was therefore arranged that the wedding should take place on the 18th August. The betrothal was solemnized the day before at the Louvre, whence, after a supper and ball, the bride was conducted by the king and queen, the queen-mother, the Duchess of Lorraine, and other lords and ladies, to the palace of the Bishop of Paris, where, according to the ceremonial observed in such cases, she passed the night. On Monday the King of Navarre went to fetch her: he was accompanied by Anjou and Alençon and a host of other lords of both religions. Charles, Henry, and Condé were dressed alike to show their close affection. "Every body hates me but my brother of Navarre," the king once said; "and he loves me, and I love him." Their dress was of pale yellow satin, embroidered with silver, and adorned with pearls and precious stones. The other lords were richly dressed according to their fancy, and contemporaries speak with wonder of the costly ornaments they wore. Michieli, the Venetian embassador, says: "You would not believe there was any distress in the kingdom. The king's toque, charger, and garments cost from five to six hundred thousand crowns. Anjou, among other jewels in his toque, had a set of thirty-two pearls bought for the occasion at the cost of 23,000 gold crowns of the sun. More than one hundred and twenty ladies dazzled the eyes with the

brilliancy of their sumptuous silks, brocades, and velvets, thickly interwoven with gold or silver." Margaret very complacently describes her own large blue mantle with its train four ells long. According to the custom observed on the marriage of a king's daughter, the nuptial ceremony was to be performed in a pavilion constructed on the open space fronting the cathedral of Notre Dame. It was a beautiful summer day; cannons roared, the bells rang out cheerily from every steeple, and every roof, window, or spot of ground whence a view of the procession could be caught was densely crowded. But the spectators were not so joyous as they usually are when any great parade of state is to be exhibited. The marriage was not popular, and ominous murmurs against the heretics were heard from time to time. A raised covered platform led from the bishop's palace to the pavilion, and along it marched bishops and archbishops leading the way in copes of cloth of gold. Then came the cardinals resplendent in scarlet, knights of St. Michael with their orders, followed by all the great officers of state, whose places and the interval between them were regulated by the strictest etiquette. Among these was Henry, Duke of Guise, then twenty-two years old, one of the handsomest men of the day. Countless fingers were pointed to him, and his reception, compared with that afterward given to the king, reminds us of that so inimitably described by our great dramatic poet:

> You would have thought the very windows spoke,
> So many greedy looks of young and old
> Through casements darted their desiring eyes
> Upon his visage; and that all the walls,
> With painted imagery, said at once:
> Jesus preserve thee! welcome!

When "the well grac'd actor left the stage," men's eyes would have "idly bent" upon the rest of the

procession, but that it consisted of the fairest dames and damsels of the court, chief of whom was the bride herself, whose beauty deserved all the raptures that poets have lavished upon it. Ronsard calls her "the fair grace Pasithea," and compares her hands to the "fingers of young Aurora, rose-dyed and steeped in dew." At church her dazzling beauty disturbed the devotions of the worshipers. She had just completed her twentieth year: her complexion was clear, her hair black, her eyes full of fire, though at times remarkable for a dreamy languor, which gave her a voluptuous and tender look, as if to indicate a heart that was framed for love. All her movements were full of grace and majesty. She was unrivaled in the dance, and played on the lute and sang with exquisite taste. But there was a frightful reverse to this charming picture: she was untruthful, vain, extravagant, and hoped by her devotion to the forms of religion to atone for the errors of her daily life. In justice, however, to Margaret, let it be said that this last defect was not peculiar to herself or to the sixteenth century; nor dare we affirm that such compromises between God and the world were more common then than they are now.

Margaret's dress on her wedding-day was long the talk of court gossips. In such matters her taste was peculiar and exquisite. Brilliants flamed like stars among her hair; her stomacher was sprinkled with pearls, so as to resemble a silvery coat of mail; her dress was of cloth of gold, and rare lace of the same precious metal fringed her handkerchief and gloves.

After the marriage ceremony had been performed in the pavilion,[553] Henry led his bride into the Church of Notre Dame to hear mass, and then withdrew with Condé, the admiral, and other lords,

who passed the interval walking up and down the cathedral close. The historian De Thou, then a youth at college, was among the spectators of the ceremony. After the bridal train had left the church, he leaped over the barriers, and found himself close to the admiral, who was showing Damville the banners captured at Jarnac and Moncontour, which hung as trophies from the wall. “I heard him say,” continues De Thou: “Ere long these will be down, and others more agreeable to the eyes put up in their place.”

Henry conducted his wife to the bishop’s palace, where a magnificent dinner had been prepared for them; but there was no dancing: not that bishops had any objection to such amusements, but because there was no time, for a magnificent supper awaited all the wedding-party at the Louvre. The next three days were passed in festivities, balls and banquets, masques and tourneys, in which both Huguenots and Catholics took part. Old enmities seemed forgotten. [554] In all these amusements Henry of Navarre distinguished himself. He had a kind word for every body, was ready with jest and humor, charmed the ladies by his gallantry, which, though rather unpolished (for he had seen more of camps than of courts) was the more pleasing from its novelty. Charles grew fonder of him than ever, while his dislike for Anjou increased proportionately.

On the evening of Wednesday, the 20th August, a splendid masque was represented, in which some historians imagine that the coming tragedy was actually prefigured. In the great hall of the Hotel Bourbon, which adjoined the Louvre, the eternal struggle between good and evil was depicted in a very curious way. On the right was Paradise,

defended by three armed knights (the king and his two brothers): on the left was Hell, and between them flowed the Styx, on which Charon plied his ferry-boat. Behind Paradise lay the Elysian fields and Heaven resplendent with glittering stars. A body of knights, armed *cap-à-pie*, and distinguished by various scarves and favors, attempted to make their way into Paradise, but they were all defeated and dragged into Hell, to the great exultation of the devil and his imps, who closed the doors upon them. And now Heaven opened, and there descended from it Mercury and Cupid. After a song to the three victorious knights, Mercury (who was Étienne le Roi, the first singer of the day) re-entered his car, which was borne by a cock that kept crowing lustily, and was taken back to Heaven. A ballet followed, then a tilting-match—the combatants, it is to be presumed, were on foot. The amusements were terminated by firing trains of gunpowder laid round a fountain in the centre of the hall. It is absurd to attach any importance to these allegorical representations, which were the fashion of the day, and were probably prepared by the court poet as a mere matter of business, and who certainly would not have been let into the secret—if there were any. But after the massacre the Catholics used to boast that the king had driven the Huguenots into hell. The next day, Thursday, other shows were exhibited, to the great disgust of the admiral, who wanted to leave Paris, which he could not do until he had transacted some very important business with the king, and Charles was so taken up with the wedding festivities, and entered into them so heartily, that he scarcely gave himself time for sleep, much less for business. “Give me three or four days more of relaxation,” he said, “and after that I promise you, on my royal

word, that you shall be satisfied." Still the admiral wanted to get away, and would probably have left, but for a deputation from the Huguenot churches, who prayed him to remain until their affairs were satisfactorily arranged. The admiral longed to be at home. On the wedding-day of the King of Navarre, he wrote to his wife the last letter she was ever to receive from him.

PARIS, 18th August, 1572.

MY DEAREST AND MOST BELOVED WIFE.

To-day the marriage of the king's sister with the King of Navarre was celebrated, and the next three or four days will be occupied with banquets, masques, and other amusements; and when these are over the king has promised to devote some days to an inquiry into the complaints that are made from different parts of the kingdom about the infractions of the edict, in which it is most reasonable that I should employ myself as much as possible; and though I have an infinite desire to see you, yet I should be very sorry, and I believe you would grieve also, if I failed to interest myself to the extent of my power. At all events the delay will not be long, and I hope to leave next week. If I studied my own convenience only, I would rather be with you than stay any longer at court, for reasons I will tell you; but we must set the public advantage before our own.[555] I have much to tell you, when I see you, which I desire night and day. As for news—the wedding-mass was sung this afternoon at four o'clock, the King of Navarre walking about in a court-yard with all those of the religion who had accompanied him. Other matters I leave till we meet; meanwhile I pray God to have you, my beloved wife, in his holy keeping.

> P.S. Three days ago I suffered with colic pains, which lasted eight or ten hours, but I thank God that by his goodness I am now quite free from them. Be assured that during these pastimes and festivities I will give offense to no man. Farewell, from your beloved husband,
>
> CHATILLON.

On Wednesday the admiral had an audience of the king, in the course of which Charles spoke to him about the Guise faction, remarking that he was not sure of them; they had come in strong force to the wedding, and were well armed; and to keep them in order he proposed to introduce "his arquebusiers" into the city under certain officers whom he named. Coligny thanked his majesty: "Although I believe myself quite safe, I willingly leave the matter in your hands." In the course of the day, 1200 of the guard marched into Paris, and were quartered in the Louvre and its vicinity. This was a measure of precaution. There was every probability of a collision in the streets, and a strong force was necessary to command the respect of both factions. Charles was gradually recovering from the effects of his mother's entreaties at Montpipeau: the more he saw of the admiral, the more he was pleased with the loyalty and honesty of the old Huguenot warrior. Anjou and Catherine had attentively watched the change. In that remarkable statement which the duke is believed to have made to one of his attendants, he says: "We had observed that if either of us ventured to speak with the king after the long and frequent conversations he used to have with the admiral, we found him strangely out of temper; he looked angry, and the answers he gave were unaccompanied by the honor and respect he used to show the queen. One day, shortly before the massacre, I went expressly to

see the king, and entered his closet as the admiral left it; but as soon as my brother observed me, he began to pace the room angrily, looking at me askance, and playing with the handle of his dagger, so that I expected he would attack me every minute. As he continued in this furious mood, I began to regret having entered the room, and with some trouble contrived to leave it without attracting his notice. I went straight to my mother, and told her what had happened, and after comparing things together, we came to the conclusion that the admiral had inspired the king with some sinister opinion of us, and we therefore determined to get rid of him, and to concert the means with the Duchess of Nemours, whom alone we ventured to admit into the plot, because of the mortal hatred she bore to the admiral."[556] One account says that a council was held at Monceaux, shortly after the scene at Montpipeau, at which Anjou, Tavannes, Retz, Sauve, and Catherine were present, and where it was resolved to assassinate Coligny; that Catherine told the Duchess of Nemours, and that the court then returned to Paris. This does not contradict Anjou's narrative, though it does not exactly harmonize with it.

The Duchess of Nemours was the widow of the late Duke of Guise. She had married again, but still nourished the most rancorous hatred against the supposed murderer of her first husband. Her son, who had been admitted into the plot, proposed that she should kill the admiral with her own hand, in the midst of the court festivities, and before the eyes of the king.[557] When the duchess refused to take so active a part in Coligny's murder, they sent for Maurevel, the king's assassin (*le tueur du roi*), as he was called.[558] This man had been brought up in the

late Duke of Guise's household; and when a price had been set upon the admiral's head, he made an attempt on Coligny's life, but killed Jacques de Mouy instead. He was rewarded, however, for his good intentions, and not only received the promised 2000 crowns, but at the king's express desire the collar of the Order was conferred upon him. This was the ruffian whom Anjou and Henry of Guise hired to murder the great Huguenot leader. After receiving the necessary instructions he repaired to his post; and while he was watching day after day for his victim, Catherine was devising fresh amusements in honor of her daughter's marriage.[559]

CHAPTER XII.

THE ASSASSINATION.

[22d, 23d, and 24th August.]

Coligny in the Tennis-Court—The Fatal Shot—The King's Indignation and Threats—Letters to Provincial Governors—Precautions in the City—Interview between Charles and the Admiral—Despair of Catherine and Anjou—The Huguenot Council—Threats of violence—De Pilles and Pardaillan at the Louvre—The Turning-point—Conversation between Catherine and Anjou—Meeting in the Tuileries Garden—Guard sent to Coligny—Scene in the King's Closet—Catherine's Argument—De Retz Protests—Charles Yields at last—Guise in the City—Precautions—Anjou and Angoulême ride through Paris—Municipal Arrangements—Charles and La Rochefoucault—Margaret and her sister Claude—Coligny's last Night.

The 22d of August, 1572, fell on Friday. Early in the morning Coligny had gone to the Louvre on business, and was on his way home, when he met the king coming from chapel. He turned and accompanied Charles to the tennis-court, where he stood a short time watching a match which his son-in-law, Teligny, and another were playing against the king and the Duke of Guise. When he took his leave, it was past ten o'clock, and near his dinner-hour. To reach his hotel[560] in the Rue de l'Arbre Sec, at the corner of the Rue de Bethisy, he had to pass along the Rue des Fossés de St. Germain. As he was turning

the corner with De Guerchy on one side and Des Pruneaux on the other, a shot was fired from the latticed window of a house on his right, known as the Hotel de Retz, near one of the large doors of the cloister of St. Germain l'Auxerrois adjoining the deanery. The admiral, who was reading a petition that had just been placed in his hands, staggered backward, exclaiming, "I am wounded," and fell into the arms of the Sieur de Guerchy. He was hit with two bullets: one carried off the first finger of the right hand, the other wounded him in the left arm. Pointing to the house whence the shot had proceeded, he bade Yolet, one of his esquires, go to the king and tell him what had happened. Des Pruneaux hastily bound a handkerchief round the wounded hand, and assisted the admiral to his hotel, which was fortunately not more than a hundred yards off. Meanwhile some of his attendants broke into the house, but found nobody there except the old woman in charge and a horse-boy, from whom they learned that the assassin Maurevel had escaped through the adjoining cloisters, that the house belonged to Canon Villemur, formerly tutor to the Duke of Guise, and that the horse on which Maurevel rode away came from the duke's stables. The arquebuse still lay in the window, and on examination proved to belong to one of Anjou's body-guard.

With this important but unsatisfactory information they returned to the admiral, whom they found lying on his bed. Ambrose Paré, the king's surgeon-royal, had already amputated the finger and extracted the ball from his arm; but the operation was a painful one, for the famous surgeon's instruments were not in good order. The admiral bore the torture better than his friends, who could not restrain their tears:

"Why do you weep?" he asked; "I think myself blessed to have received these wounds in God's cause. Pray that he will strengthen me." Then turning to his chaplain Merlin, who was much distressed: "Why do you not rather comfort me?" he said. "There is no greater or surer comfort for you," answered Merlin, "than to think continually that God does you a great honor in deeming you worthy to suffer for his name's sake." "Nay, dear Merlin, if God should handle me according to my deserts, I should have far other manner of griefs to endure." The conversation then turned upon the attempted murder: "I forgive freely and with all my heart," said the admiral, "both him that struck me and those who incited him to do it; for I am sure it is not in their power to do me any evil, not even if they kill me."

The news of the outrage spread instantaneously through Paris. A messenger, all breathless, burst into the tennis-court, where the king had continued playing after Coligny had left, and shouted: "The admiral is killed! the admiral is killed!" Charles eagerly questioned him, and then turning abruptly away, threw down his racket, angrily exclaiming as he left the ground: "S'death! shall I never have a moment's quiet? Must I have fresh troubles every day?"[561] He withdrew to his apartments, declaring that he would avenge the admiral, and, writing to Mandelot a few hours later, he said: "I have sent in every direction to try and catch the murderer and punish him, as his wicked act deserves." Then continuing in language whose sincerity can not be doubted: "And insomuch as the news may excite many of my subjects on one side or the other, I pray you make known everywhere how the affair happened, and assure every body of my intention to observe inviolably my edicts of pacification and to

chastise sharply all who infringe them, so that they may be convinced of my sincerity and follow my example." To La Mothe-Fénelon, Charles wrote that he would investigate this "infamous deed," and not suffer his edict to be outraged. He ordered Teligny to mount his horse and ride after the assassin,[562] and sent to the Provost of Paris, bidding him take precautions against any outbreak. The municipal council were sitting when the royal messenger arrived, and without delay they took such measures as seemed necessary to preserve the public peace, which at that moment was in far greater danger from the incensed Huguenots than from the amazed Catholics. The civic guards were mustered, the post at the Hotel-de-Ville was strengthened, the sentries at the gates were doubled, the citizens were forbidden to close their shops, and no person was allowed to come armed into the streets.[563]

Meanwhile the King of Navarre, accompanied by some 600 or 700 Huguenot gentlemen, visited the admiral, threatening vengeance upon the assassins. Marshals Damville and Cossé came in together. "Never in my life," said the former, "have I suffered such a heavy blow. Tell me what I can do to serve you. I wonder who could be the contriver of so foul an outrage." "I suspect no one," replied the admiral, adding after a pause, "unless it be the Duke of Guise, and that I dare not say for certain. I am grieved to find myself kept to my bed, as I wished to show the king how much I would have done for his sake. Would God I might talk a little with him, for there are certain things which he ought to know, and I am afraid there is no one who dares tell him." Teligny immediately proceeded to the Louvre, where he met Henry of Navarre and the Prince of Condé, who had just left the royal presence. They had gone to ask

permission to leave the court on the ground that they could no longer remain there in security. Charles was greatly excited, and earnestly begged them to stay. Breaking into one of his tempestuous passions he declared, with his usual blasphemous oaths, that the admiral's blood should be atoned for; that he would punish all concerned in the outrage, "so that the child unborn should rue the vengeance of the day." Even Catherine was alarmed at this burst of fury, and, with tears in her eyes, exclaimed, that if this bloody deed were suffered to pass unavenged, the king would not be safe in his palace. Teligny delivered his message that the admiral desired to see the king before he died, and Charles promised to visit his old friend. It seems pretty clear that Charles suspected whence the blow proceeded. His sister Margaret, whose memory on this point at least is likely to be faithful, says that "if M. de Guise had not kept out of the way that day, he would have been hanged." And no doubt the king, in the first burst of passion, would have carried out his threats.

All this time the queen-mother and Anjou were in a dreadful state of agitation. The blow had failed, and if the victim recovered from his wounds, their participation in the plot could not be concealed. "Our notable enterprise[564] having miscarried," says the duke, "my mother and myself[565] had ample matter for reflection and uneasiness during the greater part of the day." There was still hope, for the bullets might be poisoned, or the wounds mortal. There was danger all around them; Paris was in a terrible ferment; the Huguenots were angry and suspicious. The Queen of Navarre had been poisoned (they said), and now their old leader was assassinated. Who would be the next victim? Murmuring crowds filled the streets, and it seemed

almost impossible to prevent an outbreak.

About two o'clock in the afternoon, Charles, accompanied by his mother and his brother Henry, and attended by many who were a few hours later to stain their hands in innocent blood, went to see Coligny. The king walked in moody silence, so absorbed with his own thoughts as to omit lifting his hat to an image of the Virgin at a street corner. He hardly responded to the salutations of the people who crowded the street in front of the admiral's hotel, which also was filled with anxious and uneasy friends. Up the wide staircase, lined with veterans who had fought by the side of Coligny on many a bloody field—through the antechamber, where the Huguenot gentry frowned defiance at Catherine and Anjou, whose enmity to the admiral was well known—into the large chamber whose windows overlooked the court-yard—passed the royal party. Charles went to the admiral's bedside, and calling him by the affectionate name of "father," asked him how he felt. "I humbly thank your majesty," he replied, "for the great honor you have done me, and the great trouble you have taken on my account." Charles desired him to cheer up, and hoped he would soon be well of his wounds. "There are three things about which I longed to talk with your majesty. The first is my own faithfulness and allegiance toward your highness. So may I have the favor and mercy of God, at whose judgment-seat this mischance will probably set me ere long, as I have ever borne a good heart toward your majesty's person and crown. And yet I am well aware that malicious persons have accused me to your highness, and condemned me as a troubler of the State.[566] But God will judge between me and my slanderers, and decide according to his righteousness.... Now as to the Flanders matter, a

straw can scarcely be stirred in your secret council but it is by and by carried to the Duke of Alva. Sire, I would very fain that you had a care of this thing. [567]... The last which I would wish you to have no less care of, is the observing of your Edict of Pacification. You know you have oftentimes confirmed it by oath, and you know that not foreign nations only, but also your neighbors and friends are witnesses of the oft renewing of the same oath. Oh, Sire, how unseemly is it that this your oath should be counted but for a jest and a mockery. Within these few days past, a nurse was carrying home a young babe from baptism, not far from Troyes in Champagne, after attending a sermon in a certain village, by you assigned for the same purpose, when certain persons, who lay in wait by the way, killed both the nurse and the child, and some of the company which had been bidden to the christening. Consider, I beseech you, how terrible that murder was, and how it may stand with your honor and dignity to suffer such great outrages to go unrevenged and unpunished in your kingdom."

The king replied that he had never doubted the admiral's loyalty, but had always taken him for a good subject and excellent captain, without his peer in the whole realm. "If I had any other opinion of you," he exclaimed, "I should never have done what I have." He made no reference to the Flemish war, but promised that the Edict of Pacification should be kept faithfully and strictly; for which purpose he had sent commissioners into all parts of the kingdom, appealing to the queen-mother for confirmation. "My lord, there is nothing truer," she said; "commissioners have been sent into all parts."—"Yes, madam, I know it," returned Coligny, "and of that sort of men who valued my head at 50,000 crowns."

Charles now interposed: “My lord admiral, we will send others; you are getting too excited. It is better that you should be quiet. You bear the wound, but I the smart.[568] I swear by God’s life that I will take such terrible revenge, that it shall never be forgotten.” He added that two persons were already in custody, and inquired whether the admiral desired to have any of his friends in the commission of investigation. “I refer it to your majesty’s discretion and justice, but as you ask my opinion, I could desire to see Cavaignes, Masparault, and another appointed. Surely there needs no great search be made for the culprit.” Upon this the king and Catherine drew nearer the admiral’s pillow, and talked with him so low that none in the room could hear what passed. At the end the queen-mother said: “Although I am only a woman, yet I am of opinion that it is to be looked to betimes.”

The Duke of Anjou gives a somewhat different account of this portion of the interview: “As the admiral desired to speak privately with the king, his majesty made a sign to my mother and to myself to retire.[569] We accordingly quitted the bedside, and stood in the middle of the chamber, full of suspicion and uneasiness. We saw ourselves surrounded by more than 200 Huguenot captains, who filled the adjoining chamber and also the hall below. Their countenances were melancholy, and they showed by their gestures how disaffected they were, omitting to pay us due reverence, as if they suspected us of having caused the admiral’s wound. We began to feel great apprehension, so much so that the queen determined to put a stop to the conversation between the king and the admiral under some plausible pretext. Approaching the king, she said: ‘Your majesty is wrong in permitting the admiral to excite

himself by talking; pray put off the rest until another day.'" The king with great reluctance broke off the conversation. As he was leaving, he proposed that the admiral should be removed to the Louvre, lest there should be any commotion in the city. The surgeons protested against the step, and with regard to the possible tumult, some one, probably Teligny, answered: "The Parisians are no more to be feared than women, so long as the king continues his faithful good-will toward the admiral." The speaker knew little of the temper of the inhabitants of that turbulent city.

Before he quitted the room, Charles asked to see the ball, and praised the admiral for the firmness with which he had endured the pain of the operation. The queen-mother then took the bullet, and poising it in her hand, said slowly and significantly: "I am very glad that it is not still in the wound, for I remember that when the Duke of Guise was killed before Orleans, the surgeons told me that if the ball had been extracted, even though poisoned, his life would not have been in danger." Why did Catherine revert to the duke's murder? Was it to remind Coligny that he had been suspected of a guilty knowledge of Poltrot's designs, and that the son was but the minister of the father's vengeance?

On their way back to the palace, the queen-mother asked Charles to tell her what the admiral had said to him in private.[570] At last, annoyed by her importunity, he answered, "short and angrily," with his usual oath: "S'death, madam, the admiral only told me the truth. He said that kings are respected in France only so long as they have the power to reward and punish their subjects, and that the power and administration of the whole realm

had slipped into your hands, and that such a state of affairs might one day be prejudicial to me and my kingdom. Of this he wished to warn me, as a faithful servant and subject, before he died. And now you know what the admiral said to me." Anjou and the queen-mother were greatly vexed; but, hiding their feelings, they tried to excuse and justify themselves all the way to the Louvre. Leaving the king in his closet, Anjou went to his mother, whom he found in great agitation, fearing that Coligny's advice would lead to some change in her position, and in the administration of public affairs. Catherine, usually so fertile in resources, was quite confounded: she could think of nothing, devise nothing that could extricate them from their embarrassed position; and the two conspirators separated for the night, hoping that the morrow would bring them the means of deliverance.

Not long after the royal visitors had left Coligny's room, Ferrers, vidame of Chartres, entered and congratulated the admiral that his enemies dared not assail him openly: "Blessed and happy are you that the memory of your prowess has extended so far." "Nay," replied the wounded man, "I think myself blessed because God has vouchsafed to pour out his mercy upon me; for they are rightly happy whose sins God forgiveth." The vidame presently withdrew to a lower room, where the King of Navarre, Condé, and other Huguenot lords had met to consult on the course to be adopted. "Let us arm ourselves and garrison the house; for this is only the beginning of the tragedy," said some. "To horse, and away from Paris," said others; "and we will take the admiral with us." This the physicians[571] declared to be impossible, unless they wished to kill him outright. The more reasonable gentlemen argued that it would be unwise to do more than demand justice at the

king's hands upon the murderers—an opinion which Teligny warmly supported. "I know the king's mind thoroughly," he said; "you will only offend him if you doubt his desire to do justice." For a long while the more violent party would not give way, and at last the meeting broke up without coming to any decision farther than that they should consult his majesty, whether the admiral should be removed or the Huguenots collect round him. As they marched off in military array through the streets, threatening the Guises, Anjou, the queen-mother, and even the king himself, or thundering out one of the Huguenot psalms, such as they had often sung as a war-song on the eve of battle, the prospect of an armed collision must have struck many thoughtful observers. The position was very dangerous: an explosion might take place at any moment. Indeed, the only doubt among the fiercest spirits of both parties was when to begin. That very evening a body of Huguenot gentlemen, headed by those "stupid clumsy fools"[572] De Pilles and the Baron of Pardaillan, paraded tumultuously through the streets to the Louvre. As they passed before the Hotel de Guise, in the Marais,[573] they shouted loud defiance, flourishing their swords, and some are reported to have discharged their pistols at the windows. When admitted to the presence, while the king was at supper, they fiercely demanded vengeance, and by their looks did not spare Anjou, who was at his brother's side. "If the king refuses us justice," they cried, "we will take the matter into our own hands."

The night of the 22d was the turning-point of Catherine's policy. The threats of the Huguenots had so alarmed her, that her nerves were quite unstrung; visions of danger started up before her wherever she turned. Treacherous herself, she may have believed

the tales (if they were not of her own invention) of Huguenot conspiracies, which she afterward employed so effectually to exasperate the impetuous king. Her policy of "trimming" no longer seemed possible. Early the next morning Anjou had another interview with his mother. The night had not brought wisdom, but doubt. Catherine still wavered between contending schemes. On one point alone she had made up her mind—that the admiral must be got rid of at any sacrifice, now that Maurevel had so unluckily failed.[574] Had the assassin's bullet struck a vital part, Catherine's trouble would have been at an end.[575] She had nothing to fear from the Huguenots without a leader: Condé and Navarre were young; they were in her power, and could do nothing. There might be a street riot between the partisans of Guise and of the admiral; perhaps the duke himself might be killed in the fray. But now, if Maurevel were caught, his employers would be known to a certainty. Had not the rack forced Poltrot to confess? Then what would become of her beloved Henry, against whom Charles was already so violently angered? It was not probable that the Duke of Guise would endure the odium, or silently put up with the king's displeasure. He was too powerful to be made the scape-goat of another's crimes, and was such a favorite with the Parisians that to give him up might be perilous to herself and her sons. As she had not strength to control and restrain both parties, she must side with one of them. Yet there was danger either way—even had her hands been pure from Coligny's blood. The victory of the Huguenots might lead to the establishment of a republic; the victory of the Guises (as she afterward learned to her sorrow) might lead to the deposition of her son. There was no escape: Catherine was caught in the meshes of her

own crime. Maurevel's work must be completed. But how? "Ruse and finesse," says Anjou, "were now out of the question." The murder must be done openly. There were serious difficulties in the way. Coligny was under the king's protection, and how could Charles be prevailed upon to sacrifice his "friend and father?"

There are three different narratives of the proceedings at the Louvre on Saturday, 23d August. The Calvinist account, given in the "Mémoires de l'Etat de France," may be dismissed without a word; Margaret's statements are almost as unreliable; so that none remains but that which bears the name of the Duke of Anjou. Even with his help it is very difficult to trace the real order of events, or to make his narrative coincide with the entries in the register of the City of Paris. One thing alone is clear, that Anjou (or his reporter Miron) is not telling the whole truth.

In order to escape observation, the queen-mother summoned her intimate advisers to meet her at the Tuileries.[576] The Louvre was too crowded, too open to Huguenot observation; but in the private gardens of her country house beyond the city walls, they could talk without danger. Anjou, Tavannes, Birague, De Retz, and Nevers were present, but of their deliberations no record exists, and they can only be imagined from the result. They agreed that there was not a moment to be lost. The admiral was out of danger: to-morrow he might be removed beyond their reach. He must be got rid of that very night. If he and five or six other Huguenot chiefs were dispatched, all would be well.[577] There is a worthless story of a sort of proscription list having been drawn up, at the head of which stood the

names of Henry of Navarre and the Prince of Condé. The younger Tavannes claimed for his father the credit of saving their lives; but they really owed their safety to the queen-mother, who feared that their deaths would make the Guise party too strong. But nothing could be done without the king's consent, and to obtain that would be no easy matter, for "he was very fond (says Margaret) of the admiral, La Rochefoucault, Teligny, La Noue, and other Huguenot leaders, whom he hoped to make use of in Flanders."

All that Saturday Paris continued in a very restless state. People feared some great catastrophe; and yet their fears took no definite shape. Suspicion was in the air, and the wildest stories were circulated. There was "much huffling and shuffling in the city;" guards had been posted at unusual places, and there was "much carrying to and fro of arms and armor," so that the Huguenots felt it expedient "to consult of the matter betimes, for no good was to be looked for of such turmoiling." There was a great assemblage at the hotel of the Duchess of Guise, and to the Huguenots nothing seemed more likely than that the duke would make a sudden attack upon Coligny, and finish what had been so inauspiciously begun. The admiral's friends accordingly dispatched Cornaton to the king, with a request that his majesty would be pleased to order a guard to be posted at the admiral's house. Charles would scarcely believe the messenger, and desired the presence of the queen-mother. Catherine had hardly entered the room when the king, "being in a great chafe," burst out: "What means all this? This man tells me that my people are in commotion and arming themselves." "They are doing no such thing," she calmly replied; "you know you gave orders that every man should keep in his

own ward, as a security against tumult." "That is true," said Charles, who manifestly did not believe his mother's denial; "yet I gave charge that no man should take up arms." The Parisians had been disarmed some time before the court had returned to the Louvre; but the weapons which had been taken away were now being removed from the stores in the arsenal to the Hôtel-de-Ville, that they might be ready when needed. If, as the Huguenot narrative implies, this removal of the arms took place in the early part of the day, it may have been an innocent measure of precaution, but its wisdom is doubtful under any circumstances; if in the latter part of the day, it was probably in connection with the projected massacre.

Coligny's messenger having repeated the request for a guard, Anjou, who had come in with his mother, said: "Very well, take Cosseins and fifty arquebusiers." "Nay, my lord, it will be enough for us if we have but six of the king's guard with us; for they will have as much influence over the people as a greater number of soldiers." The king rejoined: "Take Cosseins with you; you can not have a fitter man." Cosseins was the admiral's mortal enemy; but he was also at variance with the Guises, and it might have been supposed that in case of any outbreak of the latter, the marshal would not spare them. As Cornaton left the presence, Thoré, the brother of Marshal Montmorency, whispered in his ear: "You could not have had a more dangerous keeper." "What could I do?" was the rejoinder; "you saw how absolutely the king commanded it. We have committed ourselves to his honor, but you are a witness of my first answer to the king's appointment." A few hours later Cosseins posted his fifty soldiers in two houses close to the admiral's;

[578] and orders came from the king—other authorities say from the Duke of Anjou—commanding the inhabitants to remove out of the street in order to accommodate the friends of Coligny. It is not known how far this order was carried out: probably not at all; but it has usually been regarded as a very Machiavellian contrivance to get all the Huguenots together, that they might be killed the more easily. On the other hand, by collecting a little Huguenot garrison around him, the admiral would be safer than if he had remained alone in the street. Had there been the slightest resistance at first, the plot would have miscarried, and neither Anjou nor his mother would have been so weak as to put obstructions in the way of their own success.

Meanwhile the government was busily occupied in sending dispatches all over the country and abroad, describing the events of the previous day. It was most important to prevent a rising of the Huguenots, whose suspicions had been so cruelly confirmed by the attempt on the admiral's life. In order to calm them, the provincial governors and magistrates were directed to assure them that justice should be executed on the perpetrators and abettors of the crime. The letter to D'Esquilly, governor of Chartres, may be taken as a sample of the whole. In it the king ascribes the attempt to the Guise faction, adding that it arose out of a private quarrel between the two houses of Chatillon and Guise, which he had tried all in his power to arrange. He orders the edict to be observed "as strictly as ever," for fear the recent outrage should provoke his subjects to rise against each other, and great massacres be perpetrated in the cities, for which he would feel "a marvelous regret."[579] Coligny also wrote to the Protestant

churches, desiring them to be calm, for his wounds were not mortal, and the assassins were being pursued.

During the forenoon of Saturday the Duke of Guise, having heard of the king's angry speeches against him, went to the Louvre with his uncle Aumale, and pretending to fear the violence of the Huguenots, begged his majesty's permission to leave the court for awhile. Charles, scarcely condescending to look at them, bade them begone: "If you are guilty, I shall know where to find you." Collecting his suite together, the duke rode ostentatiously out of one of the gates, and stealthily re-entered by another, keeping himself ready for any emergency.

The commotions in the city were but a faint copy of the tumults by which the bosom of the queen-mother was agitated. She had staked every thing upon the hazard of a throw. Nothing farther could be done without the king's consent, and that must be obtained *per fas et nefas*. According to Anjou's evidence, Charles retired into his cabinet after dinner, and, as the dinner-hour was eleven, the time must have been about midday. He was followed by his brother, the queen-mother, Nevers, Tavannes, Retz, and Birague. It was an ordinary council meeting, and they assembled to consult as to what should be done to preserve tranquillity. Catherine immediately began a long story about the Huguenots arming against the king on account of the admiral's wound. "From letters that have been intercepted, I learn that they have sent into Germany for 10,000 reiters and to Switzerland for 6000 foot. Many Huguenot officers have already started for the provinces to raise soldiers, and the mustering-places have been all arranged. Such a force as the

Huguenots will soon have under arms, your majesty's troops are not strong enough to resist. Before long the whole kingdom will be in revolt under the pretext of the public good, and, as your majesty has neither men nor money, I see no place of security for you in France.... Your majesty should also know that a still greater danger threatens your person. They have conspired to place Henry of Navarre on the throne." The latter statement, although supported by Alva's bulletin,[580] is unworthy of a moment's credit. Margaret's silence is conclusive evidence against it. The former statement is equally opposed to the truth. Walsingham writes that Montgomery paid him a visit between nine and ten on Friday night, and told him, "that as he and those of the Reform had just occasion to be right sorry for the admiral's hurt, so had they *no less cause to rejoice to see the king so careful* [anxious], as well for the curing of the admiral, as also for the searching out of the party that hurt him."[581]

The queen-mother continued: "There is another matter of great importance that ought not to be kept from you. The Catholics are thoroughly tired of the long wars, and of being crushed by all sorts of calamities, and they will endure it no longer. They will make an end of this state of things, once for all."

"What would they have?" interrupted Charles. "I am as weary of war as any of them, and as determined that my peace shall be kept. What better hope of success have they now than at Moncontour or Jarnac? I will hang the first man that draws a sword."

CATHERINE.—But your majesty has not the power; things are gone too far. They have resolved to elect a captain-general and make a league offensive and

defensive against the Huguenots. Your majesty will thus stand alone, without power and authority. France will be divided into two great camps, over which you will have no control. There will be danger to all of us, and certain death and destruction to many thousands, all of which may be prevented by a single stroke of the sword.

KING.—I do not understand you, *ma mère*; you speak in riddles.

CATHERINE.—To speak plainly, then, we must cut off the head and author of the civil wars. M. de Chatillon must be disposed of.

At these words the king burst into one of his fits of passion, which so alarmed the council that none of them ventured to interpose a word. The queen-mother allowed Charles to exhaust himself, and then resumed in her most insinuating manner: "The remedy, I confess, is desperate, but there is no other. The Huguenot plans, now ripe for execution, will die with their leader. The Catholics, satisfied by the sacrifice of two or three men, will remain obedient, and all will be well."

Other arguments were used, to which the king listened moodily, turning from one to another of his councilors, as if to ask whether his mother was speaking the truth. But their trained looks confirmed the cunning tale. Still he was not convinced, and once more giving way to a burst of passion, he swore he would not have M. de Chatillon touched: "Woe to any one who injures a hair of his head! He is the only true friend I have; all the rest are knaves, they are all sold to the Spaniard—all, except my brother of Navarre."

Still the queen-mother did not flinch; she had too

much at stake. “Do what you will,” she appears to have said, “the attack on the admiral will be laid at our door, unless M. de Guise is punished, and he is too strong for us—at least in Paris. France will again be torn by civil war, and I see but one way of escape. If we must fight, let us strike the blow at once, while the enemy is still in Paris and unorganized.” And probably thinking of Alva’s advice nine years before, she added: “If we cut off the chiefs, the others are powerless. We must either have the Guises with us or against us. Our only safety is to call Duke Henry to our side, make him our tool, and ... (here she paused, as if to watch the effect of her words) ... and afterward ruin him forever by throwing all the blame upon him.” As Charles was still unmoved by such reasoning, and divided between love for Coligny and respect for his mother, he asked the advice of his council. They gave their opinions separately, and all agreed with Catherine, except De Retz, who, to their great astonishment, said: “No man can hate the admiral and his party more than I do; but I will not, at the expense of the king my master, avenge myself on my private enemies by a counsel so dangerous to him and to his kingdom, and so dishonorable to all. We shall be taxed with perfidy and disloyalty, and by one act shake all confidence in the faith and word of a king, and consequently of treating afterward for the pacification of the kingdom in the case of future wars. We shall be deceived if we think to escape foreign armies by such a treacherous act, and we shall never see the end of the calamity and ruin it would bring upon us.”[582] This answer quite staggered the queen-mother and her advisers; but as no one supported De Retz, his opinion had no weight, and that may be why he gave utterance to it.

Still the king was not convinced: he sat moody

and silent, biting his nails as was his wont. He would come to no decision. He asked for proofs, and none were forthcoming, except some idle gossip of the streets and the foolish threats of a few hot-headed Huguenots. Charles had learned to love the admiral: could he believe that the gentle Teligny and that Rochefoucault, the companion of his rough sports, were guilty of the meditated plot? He desired to be King of France—of Huguenots and Catholics alike—not king of a party. Catherine, in her despair, employed her last argument. She whispered in his ear: “Perhaps, Sire, you are afraid.” As if struck by an arrow, he started from his chair. Raving like a madman, he bade them hold their tongues, and with fearful oaths exclaimed, “Kill the admiral if you like, but kill all the Huguenots with him—all—all—all—so that not one be left to reproach me hereafter. See to it at once—at once; do you hear?”[583] And he dashed furiously out of the closet, leaving the conspirators aghast at his violence.

But there was no time to be lost: the king might change his mind; the Huguenots might get wind of the plot. The murderous scheme must be carried out that very night, and accordingly the Duke of Guise was summoned to the Louvre. And now the different parts of the tragedy were arranged, Guise undertaking, on the strength of his popularity with the Parisian mob, to lead them to the work of blood. We may also imagine him begging as a favor the privilege of dispatching the admiral in retaliation for his father’s murder. The city was parted out into districts, each of which was assigned to some trusty officer, Marshal Tavannes having the general superintendence of the military arrangements. The conspirators now separated, intending to meet again at ten o’clock. Guise went into the city, where he

communicated his plans to such of the mob-leaders as could be trusted. He told them of a bloody conspiracy among the Huguenot chiefs to destroy the king and royal family and extirpate Catholicism; that a renewal of war was inevitable, but it was better that war should come in the streets of Paris than in the open field, for the leaders would thus be far more effectually punished and their followers crushed. He affirmed that letters had been intercepted in which the admiral had sought the aid of German reiters and Swiss pikemen, and that Montmorency was approaching with 25,000 men to burn the city, as the Huguenots had often threatened. And, as if to give color to this idle story, a small body of cavalry had been seen from the walls in the early part of the day.

Such arguments and such falsehoods were admirably adapted to his hearers, who swore to carry out the duke's orders with secrecy and dispatch. "It is the will of our lord the king," continued Henry of Guise, "that every good citizen should take up arms to purge the city of that rebel Coligny and his heretical followers. The signal will be given by the great bell of the Palace of Justice. Then let every true Catholic tie a white band on his arm and put a white cross on his cap, and begin the vengeance of God." Finding upon inquiry that Le Charron, the provost of the merchants, was too weak and tender-hearted for the work before him, the duke suggested that the municipality should temporarily confer his power on the ex-provost Marcel, a man of a very different stamp.

About four in the afternoon Anjou rode through the crowded streets in company with his bastard brother Angoulême. He watched the aspect of the populace, and let fall a few insidious expressions in

no degree calculated to quiet the turbulent passions of the citizens. One account says he distributed money, which is not probable, his afternoon ride being merely a sort of reconnaissance. The journals of the Hotel-de-Ville still attest the anxiety of the court—of Catherine and her fellow-conspirators—that the massacre should be sweeping and complete. "Very late in the evening"—it must have been after dark, for the king went to lie down at eight, and did not rise until ten—the provost was sent for.[584] At the Louvre he found Charles, the queen-mother, and the Duke of Anjou, with other princes and nobles, among whom we may safely include Guise, Retz, and Tavannes. The king now repeated to him the story of a Huguenot plot, which had already been whispered abroad by Guise and Anjou, and bade him shut the gates of the city, so that no one could pass in or out, and take possession of the keys. He was also to draw up all the boats on the river-bank and chain them together, to remove the ferry, to muster under arms the able-bodied men of each ward under their proper officers, and hold them in readiness at the usual mustering-places to receive the orders of his majesty. The city artillery, which does not appear to have been so formidable as the word would imply, was to be stationed at the Grève to protect the Hotel-de-Ville, or for any other duty required of it. With these instructions the provost returned to the Hotel-de-Ville, where he spent great part of the night in preparing the necessary orders, which were issued "very early the next morning."[585] There is reason for believing that these measures were simply precautions in case the Huguenots should resist, and a bloody struggle should have to be fought in the streets of the capital. The municipality certainly took no part in the earlier massacres, whatever they may

have done later. Tavannes complains of the “want of zeal” in some of the citizens, and Brantome admits that “it was necessary to threaten to hang some of the laggards.”

That evening the king had supped in public, and the hours being much earlier than with us, the time was probably between six and seven. The courtiers admitted to witness the meal appear to have been as numerous as ever, Huguenots as well as Catholics, victims and executioners. Charles, who retired before eight o’clock, kept Francis, Count of La Rochefoucault, with him for some time, as if unwilling to part with him. “Do not go,” he said; “it is late. We will sit and talk all night.” “Excuse me, Sire, I am tired and sleepy.” “You must stay; you can sleep with my valets.” But as Charles was rather too fond of rough practical jokes, the count still declined, and went away, suspecting no evil, to pay his usual evening visit to the dowager Princess of Condé. He must have remained some time in her apartments, for it was past twelve o’clock when he went to bid Navarre good-night. As he was leaving the palace, a man stopped him at the foot of the stairs, and whispered in his ear. When the stranger left, La Rochefoucault bade Mergey, one of his suite, to whom we are indebted for these particulars, return and tell Henry that Guise and Nevers were about the city. During Mergey’s brief absence, something more appears to have been told the count, for he returned up stairs with Nançay, captain of the guard, who, lifting the tapestry which closed the entrance to Navarre’s antechamber, looked for some time at the gentlemen within, some playing at cards or dice, others talking. At last he said: “Gentlemen, if any of you wish to retire, you must do so at once, for we are going to shut the gates.” No one moved, as it would

appear, for at Charles's express desire, it is said—which is scarcely probable—these Huguenot gentlemen had gathered round the King of Navarre to protect him against any outrage of the Guises.[586] In the court-yard Mergey found the guard under arms. "M. Rambouillet, who loved me (he continues) was sitting by the wicket, and as I passed out, he took my hand, and with a piteous look said: 'Adieu, Mergey; adieu, my friend.' Not daring to say more, as he told me afterward."

In the apartments of the queen-mother all was not equally calm. Margaret had no suspicion of the terrible tragedy that was preparing. "The Huguenots," she writes in her *Memoirs*, "suspected me because I was a Catholic, and the Catholics doubted me, because I had married the King of Navarre: so that between them both I knew nothing of the coming enterprise." She was sitting by her sister Claude, who appeared pensive and sorrowful, when her mother ordered her to retire to her own room. She rose, and was about to obey, when the Duchess of Lorraine caught her by the arm, exclaiming: "Sister, for the love of God, do not leave us." Catherine sternly rebuked the duchess, and bade her be silent; but Claude, with true sisterly affection, would not let Margaret go. "It is a shame," she said, "to send her to be sacrificed, for if any thing is discovered, they [meaning the Catholics] will be sure to avenge themselves upon her." Still Catherine insisted: "No harm will befall the Queen of Navarre, and it is my pleasure that she retire to her own apartments, lest her absence should create suspicion." Claude kissed her sister, and bade her good-night with tears in her eyes. "I departed, alarmed and amazed," continues Margaret, "unable to discover what I had to dread." She found her

husband's apartments filled with Huguenot gentlemen. "All night long," says Margaret, "they continued talking of the accident that had befallen the admiral, declaring that they would go to the king as soon as it was light, and demand justice on the Duke of Guise, and if it were not granted, they would take it into their own hands.... I could not sleep for fear," she continues; but when day-light came, and her husband had gone out with the Huguenot gentlemen to the tennis-court, to wait for his majesty's rising, she fell off into a sound slumber.

Coligny's hotel had been crowded all day by visitors; the Queen of Navarre had paid him a visit, and most of the gentlemen in Paris, Catholic as well as Huguenot, had gone to express their sympathy. For the Frenchman is a gallant enemy, and respects brave men; and the foul attempt upon the admiral, whom they had so often encountered on the battle-field, was felt as a personal injury. A council had been held that day, at which the propriety of removing in a body from Paris and carrying the admiral with them, had again been discussed. Navarre and Condé opposed the proposition, and it was finally resolved to petition the king "to order all the Guisians out of Paris, because they had too much sway with the people of the town." One Bouchavannes, a traitor, was among them, greedily listening to every word, which he reported to Anjou, strengthening him in his determination to make a clean sweep that very night.

As the evening came on, the admiral's visitors took their leave. Teligny, his son-in-law, was the last to quit his bedside. To the question whether the admiral would like any of them to keep watch in his house during the night, he answered, says the

contemporary biographer, “that it was labor more than needed, and gave them thanks with very loving words.” It was after midnight when Teligny and Guerchy departed, leaving Ambrose Paré and Pastor Merlin[587] with the wounded man. There were besides in the house two of his gentlemen, Cornaton (afterward his biographer) and La Bonne; his squire Yolet, five Switzers belonging to the King of Navarre’s guard, and about as many domestic servants. It was the last night on earth for all except two of that household.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE FESTIVAL OF BLOOD.

[August and September, 1572.]

The Huguenot Gentleman Killed—Midnight at the Louvre—Charles still hesitates—The Conspirators at the window—The pistol-shot—Guise recalled too late—Scene at Coligny's Hotel—The assault and murder—Indignities—Montfauçon—Scene at the Louvre—Queen Margaret's alarm—Proclamations—Salviati's letter—List of Atrocities—Death of Ramus and La Place—Charles fires upon the Fugitives—Escape of Montgomery, Sully, Duplessis-Mornay, Caumont—The Miracle of the White Thorn—Charles conscience-stricken—Thanksgiving and Justification—Execution of Briquemaut and Cavaignes—Abjuration of Henry and Condé.

It is strange that the arrangements in the city, which must have been attended with no little commotion, did not rouse the suspicion of the Huguenots. Probably, in their blind confidence, they trusted implicitly in the king's word that these movements of arms and artillery, these postings of guards and midnight musters, were intended to keep the Guisian faction in order. There is a story that some gentlemen, aroused by the measured tread of soldiers and the glare of torches—for no lamps then lit up the streets of Paris—went out-of-doors and asked what it meant. Receiving an unsatisfactory reply, they proceeded to the Louvre, where they

found the outer court filled with armed men, who, seeing them without the white cross and the scarf, abused them as “accursed Huguenots,” whose turn would come next. One of them, who replied to this insolent threat, was immediately run through with a spear. This, if the incident be true, occurred about one o’clock on Sunday morning, 24th August, the festival of St. Bartholomew.

Shortly after midnight the queen-mother rose and went to the king’s chamber,[588] attended only by one lady, the Duchess of Nemours, whose thirst for revenge was to be satisfied at last.[589] She found Charles pacing the room in one of those fits of passion which he at times assumed to conceal his infirmity of purpose. At one moment he swore he would raise the Huguenots, and call them to protect their sovereign’s life as well as their own. Then he burst out into violent imprecations against his brother Anjou, who had entered the room but did not dare say a word. Presently the other conspirators arrived: Guise, Nevers, Birague, De Retz, and Tavannes. Catherine alone ventured to interpose, and in a tone of sternness well calculated to impress the mind of her weak son, she declared that there was now no turning back: “It is too late to retreat, even were it possible. We must cut off the rotten limb, hurt it ever so much. If you delay, you will lose the finest opportunity God ever gave man of getting rid of his enemies at a blow.” And then, as if struck with compassion for the fate of her victims, she repeated in a low tone—as if talking to herself—the words of a famous Italian preacher, which she had often been heard to quote before: “É la pietà lor ser crudele, e la crudeltà lor ser pietosa” (Mercy would be cruel to them, and cruelty merciful). Catherine’s resolution again prevailed over the king’s weakness, and the

final orders being given, the Duke of Guise quitted the Louvre, followed by two companies of arquebusiers and the whole of Anjou's guard.

As soon as Guise had left, the chief criminals—each afraid to lose sight of the other, each needing the presence of the other to keep his courage up—went to a room adjoining the tennis-court overlooking the Place Bassecour.[590] Of all the party, Charles, Catherine, Anjou, and De Retz, Charles was the least guilty and the most to be pitied. They went to the window, anxiously listening for the signal that the work of death had begun. Their consciences, no less than their impatience, made it impossible for them to sit calmly within the palace. Anjou's narrative continues: "While we were pondering over the events and the consequences of such a mighty enterprise, of which (to tell the truth) we had not thought much until then, we heard a pistol-shot. The sound produced such an effect upon all three of us, that it confounded our senses and deprived us of judgment. We were smitten with terror and apprehension of the great disorders about to be perpetrated." Catherine, who was a timid woman (adds Tavannes), would willingly have recalled her orders, and with that intent hastily dispatched a gentleman to the Duke of Guise, expressly desiring him to return and attempt nothing against the admiral.[591] "It is too late," was the answer brought back: "the admiral is dead"—a statement at variance with other accounts. "Thereupon," continues Anjou, "we returned to our former deliberations, and let things take their course."

Between three and four o'clock in the morning, the noise of horses and the measured tramp of foot-

soldiers broke the silence of the narrow street in which Coligny lay wounded. It was the murderers seeking their victim: they were Henry of Guise with his uncle the Duke of Aumale, the Bastard of Angoulême, and the Duke of Nevers, with other foreigners, Italian and Swiss, namely, Fesinghi (or Tosinghi) and his nephew Antonio, Captain Petrucci, Captain Studer of Winkelbach with his soldiers, Martin Koch of Freyberg, Conrad Burg,[592] Leonard Grunenfelder of Glaris, and Carl Dianowitz, surnamed Behm (the Bohemian?). There were besides one Captain Attin, in the household of Aumale, and Sarlabous, a renegade Huguenot and commandant of Havre. It is well to record the names even of these obscure individuals who stained their hands in the best blood of France. De Cosseins, too, was there with his guard, some of whom he posted with their arquebuses opposite the windows of Coligny's hotel, that none might escape.

Presently there was a loud knock at the outer gate: "Open in the king's name." La Bonne, imagining it to be a message from the Louvre, hastened with the keys, withdrew the bolt, and was immediately butchered by the assassins who rushed into the house. The alarmed domestics ran half awake to see what was the uproar: some were killed outright, others escaped up stairs, closing the door at the foot and placing some furniture against it. This feeble barrier was soon broken down, and the Swiss who had attempted to resist were shot. The tumult woke Coligny from his slumbers, and divining what it meant—that Guise had made an attack on the house—he was lifted from his bed, and folding his robe-de-chambre round him, sat down prepared to meet his fate.[593] Cornaton entering the room at this moment, Ambrose Paré asked him what was the

meaning of the noise. Turning to his beloved master, he replied: “Sir, it is God calling us to himself. They have broken into the house, and we can do nothing.” “I have been long prepared to die,” said the admiral. “But you must all flee for your lives, if it be not too late; you can not save me. I commit my soul to God’s mercy.” They obeyed him, but only two succeeded in making their way over the roofs. Pastor Merlin lay hid for three days in a loft, where he was fed by a hen, who every morning laid an egg within his reach. [594]

Paré and Coligny were left alone—Coligny looking as calm and collected as if no danger impended. After a brief interval of suspense the door was dashed open, and Cosseins, wearing a corslet and brandishing a bloody sword in his hand, entered the room, followed by Behm, Sarlabous and others, a party of Anjou’s Swiss guard, in their tricolored uniform of black, white, and green, keeping in the rear. Expecting resistance, the ruffians were for a moment staggered at seeing only two unarmed men. But his brutal instincts rapidly regaining the mastery, Behm stepped forward, and pointing his sword at Coligny’s breast, asked: “Are you not the admiral?” He replied: “I am; but, young man, you should respect my grey hairs,[595] and not attack a wounded man. Yet what matters it? You can not shorten my life except by God’s permission.” The German soldier, uttering a blasphemous oath, plunged his sword into the admiral’s breast.

Jugulumque parans, immota tenebat
Ora senex.[596]

Others in the room struck him also, Behm repeating his blows until the admiral fell on the floor. The murderer now ran to the window and shouted into the court-yard: “It is all over.” Henry of

Guise, who had been impatiently ordering his creatures to make haste, was not satisfied. “Monsieur d’Angoulême will not believe it unless he sees him,” returned the duke.[597] Behm raised the body from the ground, and dragged it to the window to throw it out; but life was not quite extinct, and the admiral placed his foot against the wall, faintly resisting the attempt.[598] “Is it so, old fox?” exclaimed the murderer, who drew his dagger and stabbed him several times. Then assisted by Sarlabous, he threw the body down. It was hardly to be recognized. The Bastard of Angoulême—the chevalier as he is called in some of the narratives—wiped the blood from the face of the corpse. “Yes, it is he; I know him well,” said Guise, kicking the body as he spoke.[599] “Well done, my men,” he continued, “we have made a good beginning. Forward—by the king’s command.” He mounted his horse and rode out of the court-yard, followed by Nevers, who cynically exclaimed as he looked at the body: *Sic transit gloria mundi*. Tosinghi took the chain of gold—the insignia of his office—from the admiral’s neck, and Petrucci, a gentleman in the train of the Duke of Nevers, cut off the head and carried it away carefully to the Louvre.[600] Of all who were found in the house, not one was spared, except Ambrose Paré, who was escorted in safety to the palace by a detachment of Anjou’s guard.[601]

Thus died, in the fifty-sixth year of his age,[602] one of the noblest men of whom France, so rich in great men, can boast. His character has been described in his actions. In stature he was of middle height, of ruddy complexion, and well proportioned. His countenance was serene, his voice soft and pleasant, but his utterance was rather slow. His habits were temperate: he drank but little wine, and ate sparingly. He had been blessed with five

children: Louisa, who married Teligny, and afterward William of Orange, ancestor of our William III.; Francis and Odet, who escaped the massacre; Charles, who fell a victim in the general massacre; his other son had died in battle. A posthumous daughter was born to him, of whose fate nothing is known.

Le Laboureur, a Catholic priest, says of Coligny: "He was one of the greatest men France ever produced, and I venture to say farther, one of the most attached to his country." The papal legate Santa Croce describes him as "remarkable for his prudence and coolness. His manners were severe; he always appeared serious and absorbed in his meditations. His eloquence was weighty. He was skilled in Latin and divinity, and he grew in people's love the more they knew his frankness and devotedness to his friends." He never told a lie (minime mentiretur); but then, adds the legate, "he had no pretensions to refined manners, and always kept a straw in his mouth to clean his teeth with."[603]

> Il est mort toutefois, non au combat vaincu,
> Non en guerre surprins, non par ruze déceu,
> Non pour avoir trahi son roy où sa province;
> Mais bien pour aymer trop le repos des Françoys,
> Servir Dieu purement, et révérer ses loix,
> Et pour s'estre fié de la foy de son Prince.[604]

Coligny's headless trunk was left for some hours where it fell, until it became the sport of rabble children, who dragged it all round Paris. They tried to burn it, but did little more than scorch and blacken the remains, which were first thrown into the river, and then taken out again "as unworthy to be food for fish," says Claude Haton. In accordance with the old sentence of the Paris Parliament, it was dragged by the hangman to the common gallows at

Montfauçon,[605] and there hung up by the heels.[606] All the court went to gratify their eyes with the sight, and Charles, unconsciously imitating the language of Vitellius,[607] said, as he drew near the offensive corpse, “The smell of a dead enemy is always sweet.”[608] The body was left hanging for a fortnight, or more, after which it was privily taken down by the admiral’s cousin, Marshal Montmorency, and it now rests, after many removals, in a wall among the ruins of his hereditary castle of Chatillon-sur-Loing. What became of the head no one knows. It was intended to be sent to Rome as a peace-offering to the pope; but it probably never got farther than Lyons, Mandelot, the governor of that city, having received orders to stop the messenger—one of Guise’s servants—and take it away. What can have been the king’s object? Was he conscience-stricken, and did he repent of the foul indignities offered to the man for whom he had once professed such love? Or was he jealous of the credit Duke Henry might acquire by laying the arch-Huguenot’s head at the feet of the holy father? All that appears certain is—that the head never reached Rome. The Abbé Caveyrac states that he saw fragments of a skull in a coffin at Chatillon containing the admiral’s remains; but, accepting the abbé’s testimony as to what he saw, it by no means follows that the bones were a part of Coligny’s head.

When Guise left the admiral’s corpse lying in the court-yard, he went to the adjoining house in which Teligny lived. All the inmates were killed, but he escaped by the roof. Twice he fell into the hands of the enemy, and twice he was spared; he perished at last by the sword of a man who knew not his amiable inoffensive character.[609] His neighbor La Rochefoucault was perhaps more fortunate in his

fate. He had hardly fallen asleep, when he was disturbed by the noise in the street. He heard shouts and the sound of many footsteps; and scarcely awake and utterly unsuspicious, he went to his bedroom door at the first summons in the king's name. He seems to have thought that Charles, indulging in one of his usual mad frolics, had come to punish him, as he had punished others, like school-boys. He opened the door and fell dead across the threshold, pierced by a dozen weapons.

When the messenger returned from the Duke of Guise with the answer that it was "too late," Catherine, fearing that such disobedience to the royal commands might incense the king and awaken him to a sense of all the horrors that were about to be perpetrated in his name, privately gave orders to anticipate the hour.[610] Instead of waiting until the matin-bell should ring out from the old clock-tower of the Palace of Justice, she directed the signal to be given from the nearer belfry of St. Germain l'Auxerrois.[611] As the harsh sound rang through the air of that warm summer night,[612] it was caught up and echoed from tower to tower, rousing all Paris from their slumbers.

Immediately from every quarter of that ancient city uprose a tumult as of hell. The clanging bells, the crashing doors, the musket-shots, the rush of armed men, the shrieks of their victims, and high over all the yells of the mob, fiercer and more pitiless than hungry wolves—made such an uproar that the stoutest hearts shrank appalled, and the sanest appear to have lost their reason.[613] Women unsexed, men wanting every thing but the strength of the wild beast, children without a single charm of youth or innocence, crowded the streets where the

rising day still struggled with the glare of a thousand torches.[614] They smelled the odor of blood, and thirsting to indulge their passions for once with impunity, committed horrors that have become the marvel of history.

Within the walls of the Louvre, within the hearing of Charles and his mother, if not actually within their sight, one of the foulest scenes of this detestable tragedy was enacted. At day-break, says Queen Margaret of Navarre,[615] her husband rose to go and play at tennis, with a determination to be present at the king's *lever*, and demand justice for the assault on the admiral. He left his apartment, accompanied by the Huguenot gentlemen who had kept watch around him during the night. At the foot of the stairs he was arrested,[616] while the gentlemen with him were disarmed, apparently without any attempt at resistance. A list of them had been carefully drawn up, which the Sire d'O, quarter-master of the Guards, read out. As each man answered to his name, he stepped into the court-yard, where he had to make his way through a double line of Swiss mercenaries. Sword, spear, and halberd made short work of them, and two hundred[617] (according to Davila) of the best blood of France soon lay a ghastly pile beneath the windows of the palace[618] Charles (it is said) looked on coldly at the horrid deed,[619] the victims appealing in vain to his mercy. Among the gentlemen they murdered were the two who had been boldest in their language to the king not many hours before: Segur, Baron of Pardaillan, and Armand de Clermont, Baron of Pilles, who with stentorian voices called upon the king to be true to his word. De Pilles took off his rich cloak and offered it to some one whom he recognized: "Here is a present from the hand of De Pilles, basely and

traitorously murdered." "I am not the man you take me for," said the other, refusing the cloak.[620] The Swiss plundered their victims as they fell; and pointing to the heap of half-naked bodies, described them to the spectators as the men who had conspired to kill the king and all the royal family in their sleep, and make France a republic.[621] But more disgraceful even than this massacre was the conduct of some of the ladies in Catherine's train, of her "flying squadron," who, later in the day, inspected and laughed[622] at the corpses as they lay stripped in the court-yard, being especially curious about the body of Soubise, from whom his wife had sought to be divorced on the ground of nullity of marriage.

A few gentlemen succeeded in escaping from this slaughter. Margaret, "seeing it was day-light," and imagining the danger past of which her sister had told her, fell asleep. But her slumbers were soon rudely broken. "An hour later," she continues, "I was awoke by a man knocking at the door and calling, *Navarre! Navarre!* The nurse, thinking it was my husband, ran and opened it. It was a gentleman named Léran,[623] who had received a sword-cut in the elbow and a spear-thrust in the arm; four soldiers were pursuing him, and they all rushed into my chamber after him. Wishing to save his life, he threw himself upon my bed. Finding myself clasped in his arms, I got out on the other side, he followed me, still clinging to me. I did not know the man, and could not tell whether he came to insult me, or whether the soldiers were after him or me. We both shouted out, being equally frightened. At last, by God's mercy, Captain de Nançay of the Guards came in, and seeing me in this condition, could not help laughing, although commiserating me. Severely reprimanding the soldiers for their indiscretion, he

turned them out of the room, and granted me the life of the poor man who still clung to me. I made him lie down and had his wounds dressed in my closet, until he was quite cured. While changing my night-dress, which was all covered with blood, the captain told me what had happened, and assured me that my husband was with the king and quite unharmed. He then conducted me to the room of my sister of Lorraine, which I reached more dead than alive. As I entered the anteroom, the doors of which were open, a gentleman named Bourse, running from the soldiers who pursued him, was pierced by a halberd three paces from me. I fell almost fainting into Captain de Nançay's arms, imagining the same thrust had pierced us both. Being somewhat recovered, I entered the little room where my sister slept. While there, M. de Miossans, my husband's first gentleman, and Armagnac, his first valet-de-chambre, came and begged me to save their lives. I went and threw myself at the feet of the king and the queen my mother to ask the favor, which at last they granted me."

When Captain de Nançay arrived so opportunely, he was leaving the king's chamber, whither he had conducted Henry of Navarre and the Prince of Condé. The tumult and excitement had worked Charles up to such a pitch of fury, that the lives of the princes were hardly safe. But they were gentlemen, and their first words were to reproach the king for his breach of faith. Charles bade them be silent: "*Messe ou mort*,"—Apostatize or die. Henry demanded time to consider; while the prince boldly declared that he would not change his religion: "With God's help it is my intention to remain firm in my profession." Charles, exasperated still more by this opposition to his will, angrily walked up and

down the room, and swore that if they did not change in three days he would have their heads. They were then dismissed, but kept close prisoners within the palace.[624]

The houses in which the Huguenots lodged having been registered, were easily known. The soldiers burst into them, killing all they found, without regard to age or sex, and if any escaped to the roof they were shot down like pigeons. Day-light served to facilitate a work that was too foul even for the blackest midnight. Restraint of every kind was thrown aside, and while the men were the victims of bigoted fury, the women were exposed to violence unutterable. As if the popular frenzy needed excitement, Marshal Tavannes, the military director of this deed of treachery, rode through the streets with dripping sword, shouting: “Kill! kill! blood-letting is as good in August as in May.”[625] One would charitably hope that this was the language of excitement, and that in his calmer moods he would have repented of his share in the massacre. But he was consistent to the last. On his death-bed, he made a general confession of his sins, in which he did not mention the day of St. Bartholomew; and when his son expressed surprise at the omission, he observed: “I look upon that as a meritorious action, which ought to atone for all the sins of my life.”

The massacre soon exceeded the bounds upon which Charles and his mother had calculated. They were willing enough that the Huguenots should be murdered, but the murderers might not always be able to draw the line between orthodoxy and heresy. Things were fast getting beyond all control; the thirst for plunder was even keener than the thirst for blood. And it is certain that among the many ignoble

motives by which Charles was induced to permit the massacre, was the hope of enriching himself and paying his debts out of the property of the murdered Huguenots. Nor were Anjou and others insensible to the charms of heretical property. Hence we find the Provost of Paris remonstrating with the king about "the pillaging of houses and the murders in the streets by the guards and others in the service of his majesty and the princes." Charles, in reply, bade the magistrates "mount their horses, and with all the force of the city put an end to such irregularities, and remain on watch day and night." Another proclamation, countersigned by Nevers, was issued about five in the afternoon, commanding the people to lay down the arms which they had taken up "that day by the king's orders," and to leave the streets to the soldiers only—as if implying that they alone were to kill and plunder.[626]

The massacre, commenced on Sunday, was continued through that and the two following days. Capilupi tells us, with wonderful simplicity, "that it was a holiday, and therefore the people could more conveniently find leisure to kill and plunder." It is impossible to assign to each day its task of blood: in all but a few exceptional cases, we know merely that the victims perished in the general slaughter. Writing in the midst of the carnage, probably not later than noon of the 24th, the nuncio Salviati says: "The whole city is in arms; the houses of the Huguenots have been forced with great loss of lives, and sacked by the populace with incredible avidity. Many a man to-night will have his horses and his carriage, and will eat and drink off plate, who had never dreamt of it in his life before. In order that matters may not go too far, and to prevent the revolting disorders occasioned by the insolence of the mob, a

proclamation has just been issued, declaring that *there shall be three hours in the day during which it shall be unlawful to rob and kill*; and the order is observed, though not universally. You can see nothing in the streets but white crosses in the hats and caps of every one you meet, which has a fine effect!" The nuncio says nothing of the streets encumbered with heaps of naked bleeding corpses, nothing of the cart-loads of bodies conveyed to the Seine, and then flung into the river, "so that not only were all the waters in it turned to blood," but so many corpses grounded on the bank of the little island of the Louvre, that the air became infected with the smell of corruption.[627] The living, tied hand and foot, were thrown off the bridges. One man—probably a rag-gatherer—brought two little children in his creel, and tossed them into the water as carelessly as if they had been blind kittens. An infant, as yet unable to walk, had a cord tied round its neck, and was dragged through the streets by a troop of children nine or ten years old. Another played with the beard and smiled in the face of the man who carried him; but the innocent caress exasperated instead of softening the ruffian, who stabbed the child, and with an oath threw it into the Seine. Among the earliest victims was the wife of the king's plumassier. The murderers broke into her house on the Notre Dame bridge, about four in the morning, stabbed her, and flung her still breathing into the river. She clung for some time to the wooden piles of the bridge, and was killed at last with stones, her body remaining for four days entangled by her long hair among the wood-work. The story goes that her husband's corpse being thrown over fell against hers and set it free, both floating away together down the stream. Madeleine Briçonnet, widow of Theobald of Yverni, disguised

herself as a woman of the people, so that she might save her life, but was betrayed by the fine petticoat which hung below her coarse gown. As she would not recant, she was allowed a few moments' prayer, and then tossed into the water. Her son-in-law, the Marquis of Renel, escaping in his shirt, was chased by the murderers to the bank of the river, where he succeeded in unfastening a boat. He would have got away altogether but for his cousin Bussy d'Amboise, who shot him down with a pistol.[628] One Keny, who had been stabbed and flung into the Seine, was revived by the reaction of the cold water. Feeble as he was he swam to a boat and clung to it, but was quickly pursued. One hand was soon cut off with a hatchet, and as he still continued to steer the boat down stream, he was "quieted" by a musket-shot. One Puviaut or Pluviaut, who met with a similar fate, became the subject of a ballad.[629]

Captain Moneins had been put into a safe hiding-place by his friend Fervacques, who went and begged the king to spare the life of the fugitive. Charles not only refused, but ordered him to kill Moneins if he desired to save his own life. Fervacques would not stain his own hands, but made his friend's hiding-place known.

Brion, governor of the Marquis of Conti, the Prince of Condé's brother, snatched the child from his bed, and without stopping to dress him, was hurrying away to a place of safety, when the boy was torn from his arms, and he himself murdered before the eyes of his pupil. We are told that the child "cried and begged they would save his tutor's life."

The houses on the bridge of Notre Dame, inhabited principally by Protestants, were witnesses to many a scene of cruelty. All the inmates of one

house were massacred, except a little girl, who was dipped, stark naked, in the blood of her father and mother, and threatened to be served like them if she turned Huguenot. The Protestant book-sellers and printers were particularly sought after. Spire Niquet was burned over a slow fire made out of his own books, and thrown lifeless, but not dead, into the river. Oudin Petit[630] fell a victim to the covetousness of his son-in-law, who was a Catholic book-seller. René Bianchi, the queen's perfumer, is reported to have killed with his own hands a young man, a cripple, who had already displayed much skill in goldsmith's work. This is the only man whose death the king lamented, "because of his excellent workmanship, for his shop was entirely stripped." One woman was betrayed by her own daughter. Another, whose twenty-first pregnancy was approaching its term, was exposed to tortures unutterable. Another pregnant woman was drowned, after she had been compelled to walk over the face of her husband. Another woman, in a similar state, was shot as she tried to escape by the roof of her house, and the immature fruit of her womb was dashed against the wall. Frances Baillet, wife of the queen's goldsmith, after seeing her husband and her son murdered, leaped out of the window, and broke both her legs by falling into the court beneath. A neighbor had compassion on her, and hid her in his cellar; but being "less brave than tender-hearted," he was frightened by the threats of the assassins, and gave up the poor woman to them. The brutes dragged her through the streets by the hair, and in order to get easily at her gold bracelets, they chopped off both her hands, and left her all bleeding at the door of a cook-shop. The cook, annoyed by her groans, ran a spit into her body and left it there. Some hours later,

her mutilated remains were thrown into the river, and dogs gnawed her hands which had been left in the street. In the list of victims we find the name of Gastine—a widow, and mother of two young children. Hers had been a life of suffering: her husband, father-in-law, and uncle had been hanged; one relative banished, another sent to the galleys, their goods confiscated, and their house leveled to the ground.[631]

Few of the Huguenots attempted any resistance, though many of them were veteran soldiers. Had they done so, the whole body might have found time to rally. As it was, they were equally unable to defend themselves or to fly: their faculties seemed benumbed. Agrippa d'Aubigné gives a curious instance of the panic felt by the Huguenots. He was riding along the high-road several days after the massacre, accompanied by fourscore soldiers, among whom were some of the most daring in France, when a man shouted out: "There they are," and immediately they galloped off, as fast as their horses could carry them. The next day half of the same panic-stricken men routed 600 Catholics. In the memoirs of Gamon we read that the Huguenots of Annonay (Ardèche) were so terrified by the massacre, that at the least noise or movement among the Catholics they would run away, though no one pursued them.

Three men only in Paris are recorded as having fought for their lives. Taverny, a lieutenant of Maréchaussée, stood a regular siege in his house. For eight or nine hours he and one servant kept the mob at bay, and when his leaden bullets were exhausted, he used pellets of pitch.[632] As soon as these were spent, he rushed out, and was overwhelmed by

numbers. His wife was taken to prison; but his invalid sister was dragged naked through the streets, until death ended her suffering and her ignominy. Guerchy also struggled unsuccessfully for his life, his only weapon being a dagger against men protected with cuirasses. Soubise also fought like a hero—one against a host—and died beneath the windows of the queen's apartments, among the earliest of the victims.

Jean Goujon, the sculptor, was killed while at work. Another victim, less widely known except among scholars, was Peter Ramus. He was a man of poor parentage: his grandfather had been a charcoal-burner, and his father a ploughman. By day he worked with his hands, and studied by night, rising by degrees to be professor of philosophy and eloquence at the College of Presle.[633] He made many enemies by attacking the authority of Aristotle, and more than once had to fly for his life. During the horrors of the massacre he had hidden himself in a cellar, where he was discovered by the assassins whom his rival Charpentier had sent to murder him. He was robbed of his little wealth, and then thrown from a window. Some of the youths of the university, urged by other tutors, dragged his body through the streets, inflicting on it various indignities.[634] A surgeon passing by cut off the head and carried it away, while the trunk was tossed into the river. Gilbert Genebrad, Archbishop of Aix, speaking of the "guilty victims" of the St. Bartholomew, declares Ramus to have been "justly punished for his turbulence and folly, which dared attack languages, arts, science, and even theology."[635] Charpentier exults over his death as "making ample atonement to us or rather to the republic."[636] Lambin, a rigid Catholic and "royal reader," was so horror-stricken

on being told of the murder, that he could not survive it.

Another distinguished victim was Pierre de la Place, president of the Court of Aids. He lived in an isolated house at the extreme border of the Marais, and the first news he had of the massacre was from one Captain Michel, who with arquebuse on his shoulder, white ribbon on his left arm, and pistol at his belt, entered the library at six in the morning and said: “M. de Guise has just killed the admiral by the king’s order. All the Huguenots, of whatever rank or station, are destined to die. I have come hither expressly to save you from this calamity; but you must show me what gold and silver you have in the house.” “Where do you think you are?” returned La Place. “Have we no longer a king?” Michel answered with an oath: “Come with me and speak to the king, that you may know his pleasure.” La Place did not follow his advice, but made his escape by the back door; while Michel, for a consideration of 1000 crowns, put the president’s wife and children in safety with a Catholic family. La Place had not benefited by his escape; he had wandered up and down, but could find no asylum; all doors were closed against him, and he was glad at last to return home. His wife, a lady adorned with every grace of mind and person, had returned before him, hoping to find him, and resolved (now that her children were in safety) to stay at the head of her little household. In the evening—for it was Sunday—the servants and relations assembled for divine worship. After reading and commenting on a chapter of Job, La Place prayed and prepared his little congregation for the worst. “Let us learn (he said) how to conduct ourselves firmly and temperately in this condition of trial. Let us show that God’s word has been copiously

poured into our souls." He had not ended his exhortation when he was told that Provost Senescay was at the door with archers sent to protect him and escort him to the Louvre. He feared to go, the danger was too great, but eight men were left with him to garrison the house. On Monday Senescay returned with express orders to take him to the king. His wife, suspecting treachery, fell at his knees and prayed to accompany her husband. Raising her up, he said cheerfully: "My dear, we must not have recourse to the arm of man, but to God alone." Seeing his son with a paper cross in his hat, which had been put there as a precaution, he added: "Take it out, my child, take out that mark of sedition; the true cross which you must now wear is the affliction which God sends as a sure earnest of life eternal." The president then took up his cloak, embraced his wife, and bidding her have the honor and fear of God before her eyes, departed in a cheerful humor. He was escorted by twelve armed archers, but at the corner of the street was stopped by four men with daggers. The escort made no resistance, and La Place fell to the ground, stabbed through the heart.[637] His body was taken to a stable at the Hotel-de-Ville, whence it was afterward thrown into the Seine, and his house was pillaged. He was probably a victim of private vengeance, murdered by the hirelings of Stephen de Neuilly, who succeeded to his various charges.

Mezeray writes that 700 or 800 people had taken refuge in the prisons, hoping they would be safe "under the wings of justice;" but the officers selected for this work had them brought out into the fitly-named "Valley of Misery,"[638] and there beat them to death with clubs and threw their bodies into the river.[639] The Venetian embassador corroborates

this story, adding that they were murdered in batches of ten. Where all were cruel, some few persons distinguished themselves by especial ferocity. A gold-beater, named Crozier, one of those prison-murderers, bared his sinewy arm and boasted of having killed 4000 persons with his own hands. [640] Another man—for the sake of human nature we would fain hope him to be the same—affirmed that unaided he had "dispatched" 80 Huguenots in one day. He would eat his food with hands dripping with gore, declaring "that it was an honor to him, because it was the blood of heretics." On Tuesday a butcher, Crozier's comrade, boasted to the king that he had killed 150 the night before. Coconnas, one of the *mignons* of Anjou, prided himself on having ransomed from the populace as many as thirty Huguenots, for the pleasure of making them abjure and then killing them with his own hand, after he had "secured them for hell."[641]

About seven o'clock the king was at one of the windows of his palace, enjoying the air of that beautiful August morning, when he was startled by shouts of "Kill! kill." They were raised by a body of 200 Guards, who were firing with much more noise than execution at a number of Huguenots who had crossed the river: "to seek the king's protection," says one account: "to help the king against the Guises," says another. Charles, who had just been telling his mother that "the weather seemed to rejoice at the slaughter of the Huguenots,"[642] felt all his savage instincts kindle at the sight. He had hunted wild beasts, now he would hunt men: and calling for an arquebuse, he fired at the fugitives, who were fortunately out of range. Some modern writers deny this fact, on the ground that the *balcony* from which Charles is said to have fired was not built until after

1572. Were this true, it would only show that tradition had misplaced the locality. Brantome[643] expressly says the king fired on the Huguenots—not from a balcony, but "from his bedroom window." Marshal Tesse heard the story (according to Voltaire) from the man who loaded the arquebuse. Henault, in his "Abrégé Chronologique," mentions it with a "dit-on," and it is significant that the passage is suppressed in the Latin editions. Simon Goulart, in his contemporary narrative,[644] uses the same words of caution. In Barbier's "Journal" we read of the destruction of the former Garde Meuble in the Rue des Poulies on the quay, in which there was a balcony whence the king fired. Agrippa d'Aubigné speaks in his "Universal History" of letters written by the same hand "with which he brought down the fugitives."[645] As for the date of the building, the king's bed-chamber in the south-west pavilion of the Louvre (not the balcony) was completed in 1556, and so far as regards the pavilion itself, it is represented in the "Bastiments de France" of Androuet de Cerceau, published in 1576. Now if any one will consider the time it must necessarily have taken to get up such a work as the "Bastiments"—a conscientious undertaking of great labor—he can not but come to the conclusion that the pavilion was in existence four years earlier.[646] There is no good reason, therefore, to regard this story of the king's ferocity as unhistoric.

Not many of the Huguenot gentlemen escaped from the toils so skillfully drawn around them on that fatal Saturday night: yet there were a few. The Count of Montgomery—the same who was the innocent cause of the death of Henry II.—got safe away, having been forewarned by a friend who swam across the river to him.[647] Guise set off in

hot pursuit, and would probably have caught him up, had he not been kept waiting for the keys of the city gate. Some sixty gentlemen also, lodging near him in the Faubourg St. Germain, were the companions of his flight.

Sully, afterward the famous minister of Henry IV., had a narrow escape. He was in his twelfth year, and had gone to Paris in the train of Joan of Navarre for the purpose of continuing his studies. “About three hours after midnight,” he says, “I was awoke by the ringing of bells, and the confused cries of the populace. My governor, St. Julian, with my valet-de-chambre, went out to know the cause; and I never heard of them afterward. They no doubt were among the first sacrificed to the public fury. I continued alone in my chamber dressing myself, when in a few moments my landlord entered, pale and in the utmost consternation. He was of the Reformed religion, and having learned what was the matter, had consented to go to mass to save his life, and preserve his house from being pillaged. He came to persuade me to do the same, and to take me with him. I did not think proper to follow him, but resolved to try if I could gain the College of Burgundy, where I had studied; though the great distance between the house in which I then was and the college made the attempt very dangerous. Having disguised myself in a scholar’s gown, I put a large prayer-book under my arm, and went into the street. I was seized with horror inexpressible at the sight of the furious murderers, running from all parts, forcing open the houses, and shouting out: *Kill, kill! Massacre the Huguenots!* The blood which I saw shed before my eyes redoubled my terror. I fell into the midst of a body of Guards, who stopped and questioned me, and were beginning to use me ill, when, happily for

me, the book that I carried was perceived and served me for a passport. Twice after this I fell into the same danger, from which I extricated myself with the same good fortune. At last I arrived at the College of Burgundy, where a danger still greater than any I had yet met with awaited me. The porter having twice refused me entrance, I continued standing in the midst of the street, at the mercy of the savage murderers, whose numbers increased every moment, and who were evidently seeking for their prey, when it came into my head to ask for La Faye, the principal of the college, a good man by whom I was tenderly beloved. The porter, prevailed upon by some small pieces of money which I put into his hand, admitted me; and my friend carried me to his apartment, where two inhuman priests, whom I heard mention *Sicilian Vespers*, wanted to force me from him, that they might cut me in pieces, saying the order was—not to spare even infants at the breast. All the good man could do was to conduct me privately to a distant chamber, where he locked me up. Here I was confined three days, uncertain of my destiny, and saw no one but a servant of my friend's, who came from time to time to bring me provisions."[648]

Philip de Mornay, or, as he was usually designated, Duplessis-Mornay, was among those who suspected treachery, and refused to take part in the rejoicings on the marriage of Henry with Margaret. He got his mother out of Paris, but not seeing how he could honorably leave the city himself, while the chiefs of the Huguenot cause remained, he resolved to share the perils of his leaders. His resolution well-nigh proved fatal to him. He had scarcely time to burn his papers and hide between the two roofs of the house in which he lived. On Monday, as the mob

became more furious, his host, a conscientious Catholic, begged him flee, as his continuance there might prove the ruin of both, adding that “he should have disregarded his own danger, if it could have secured the safety of the other.” Duplessis, therefore, assumed a plain black dress, girded on his sword and departed, while the mob were plundering the next house, whose owner they murdered and threw out of the window. He got safely to his law-agent, by name Girard, who received him favorably and set him to work in the office. This place of refuge being discovered, early next day he had to leave the house conducted by one of the clerks. They were stopped and questioned at the St. Denis gate, when Duplessis represented himself to be a lawyer’s clerk going to spend the holidays with his family at Rouen. They were allowed to pass, but had scarcely reached Villette, between Paris and St. Denis, when farther progress was checked by the “carters, quarrymen, and plasterers of the faubourg.” They dragged Duplessis toward the river, and he was saved only by the cool assurance of his companion, who asserted that the men were mistaken, that the other really was a lawyer’s clerk going to Rouen, and that he was well known in the environs of Paris. “Surely,” interposed young Mornay, “you do not want to kill one man for another.” He referred them to several individuals, among others to Girard, and then they all went off to breakfast. Just at this moment the Rouen coach passed along; the mob stopped it to ascertain if the fugitive was known to any of the passengers, and being recognized by no one, they called him a liar and again threatened to drown him. After being kept some time in suspense he was released, the messengers who had been dispatched to Mr. Girard having returned with a certificate that

“Philip Mornay his clerk was neither rebellious nor disaffected.” But all was not over yet. At Ivry-le-Temple, where he passed the night of Thursday, some persons, who probably suspected him, entered the room in which he was sitting, observing to each other that they smelled a Huguenot. On his way to Buhy, his birthplace, he narrowly escaped falling into the hands of a one-eyed monster named Montafié, who at the head of a band of ruffians was scouring the French Vexin. His house he found desolate, his family dispersed no one could tell where. At length, after undergoing many privations and more perils, he escaped from Dieppe to England. It was nine days after the massacre.[649]

Madame de Mornay herself had to undergo many dangers. Her cook, a Huguenot, awoke her in the morning with cries that “they were murdering every body.” From her window, which looked into the Rue St. Antoine, she saw an excited restless crowd and several soldiers with white crosses in their hats. Hastily secreting some of her valuables, she sent the maid away with her little girl, and at eight in the morning took shelter with one of the king’s household. More than forty persons found refuge in the same charitable asylum; the owner, M. de Perreuze, or his wife, standing occasionally at the door to exchange a word with Guise, Nevers, and other lords, as they passed to and fro; and also with the “captains of Paris,” who were sacking the adjoining houses belonging to Huguenots. On Tuesday the house was searched, and Madame Duplessis (or to speak more correctly, the young widow of M. de Feuquères) had to conceal herself. From her hiding-places she could hear “the strange cries of the men, women, and children they were murdering in the streets.” Her next refuge was in the

house of a blacksmith, a seditious fellow and the captain of his ward, who had married her waiting-maid. “He passed the night,” says the lady, “in cursing the Huguenots and seeing to the booty that was brought in from the plundered houses.” After various changes of refuge, eleven days after the massacre she went on board the passage-boat for Sens, where she was accused of being a Huguenot and told that she ought to be drowned. A woman came up and asked what they were going to do with her. “Why, this is a Huguenot, and we intend to throw her into the river.” The woman replied: “You know me well; I am no Huguenot; I go every day to mass; but I am so frightened, that I have had a fever this week past.” “And I too,” rejoined one of the soldiers: “j’en ai le bec tout galeux.” This saved her life; but she had the horror of listening to the rejoicings of her fellow-passengers (there were two monks and a priest among them) over what they had seen in Paris. Twenty-seven days after the massacre a body of soldiers, the Swiss guard of Queen Elizabeth, searched the village where she lay hid, but did not find any Huguenots. It was not until the 1st November that she got beyond all danger by reaching the town of Sedan. In her flight, she had gone near the country seat of the Chancellor de l’Hopital. This, by the king’s express order, was held by a strong garrison, possibly by way of protection; but the lawless soldiers compelled Madame de l’Hopital, who had been converted to the new religion, to go to mass; and the ex-chancellor assured the fugitive that if he received her beneath his roof, she would have to do the same.[650]

Young Caumont, a boy about twelve years old, and better known in after life as the Duke of La Force, escaped in a singular manner. A number of

dead bodies had been thrown upon him, those of his father and brother being among them. He lay for some hours beneath this horrible load, when the marker from an adjoining tennis-court, attracted by one of his stockings, tried to pull it off. While doing so, he uttered an exclamation of pity, which the boy heard. “I am not dead,” he whispered; “pray save me.” He was saved, but, as the murderous ruffians were still in sight, he had to remain some time longer beneath the bloody heap. He was taken, not without difficulties, to the arsenal, where Marshal de Biron, as master of the ordnance, commanded. Here young Caumont was kept several days disguised as a page. This was told the king, with the addition that several other Huguenots had found refuge in the same place. Charles determined to have it searched; and when the marshal heard of it, he declared angrily “he would take very good care to hinder any one from entering who wanted to control his actions,” and “thereupon pointed three or four pieces of cannon toward the gate of the arsenal.”[651]

The Duchess René of Ferrara, daughter of Louis XII., sheltered many in her hotel, and among them were the wife and child of Pastor Merlin. Even the Duke of Guise was not all blood-thirsty, at least one Huguenot owing his life to him.[652] Some were saved at the house of the English embassador, although a guard had been set over it, as much to keep out refugees as to protect the English who had been hastily collected within its walls.[653] Two or three are reported to have fallen in the massacre, from not receiving the warning early enough. Kirkaldy, so famous in the history of Mary Stuart, had a narrow escape for his life.[654] Hubert Languet was saved by Jean de Morvilliers, Bishop of Orleans, who sheltered him in his own house. Anne d’Este,

widow of the Duke of Guise, saved the life of L'Hopital's daughter, for which the father thanked her:

> Vivit adhuc, vivitque tuo servata recenti
> Munere, dum tota cædes flagraret in urbe,
> Præterea nec spes occurreret ulla salutis.[655]

In the very height of the massacre, the rumor of a miracle revived the flagging zeal of the Parisians. In the ancient cemetery of the Innocents there stood a small chapel dedicated to the Virgin Mary, and in front of it a white-thorn bush which for four years had shown neither leaf nor flower. All of a sudden, on the morning of the massacre, it became covered with beautiful white blossoms, filling the air with their delicious perfume. It continued in bloom for a fortnight, and every body went to see it. The king and his court proceeded thither in long procession. Sick persons were healed by merely looking at it; and the superstitious crowd, which included nearly every one in Paris, believed that it was "a sign from heaven of God's approval of the Catholic uprising and the admiral's death." All the city guilds and companies, all the ecclesiastical fraternities, marched out to the cemetery with much pomp and loud music, killing the Huguenots they found in their road. The nuncio Salviati, who had probably formed one of the royal procession, writes very incredulously to the Papal Secretary of State: "The people ran to see it with such eagerness, that should any of the priests who live in the convent dare say publicly that it had blossomed some days before the event, he would be stoned and flung into the river."[656]

Not until the second day does there appear to have been any remorse or pity for the horrors inflicted upon the wretched Huguenots. Elizabeth of Austria, the young queen who hoped shortly to

become a mother, interceded for Condé, and so great was her agitation and distress that her “features were quite disfigured by the tears she had shed night and day.” And the Duke of Alençon, a youth of by no means lovable character, “wept much,” we are told, “over the fate of those brave captains and soldiers.” For this tenderness he was so bitterly reproached by Charles and his mother, that he was forced to keep out of their sight. Alençon was partial to Coligny, and when there was found among the admiral’s papers a report in which he condemned the appanages, the grants usually given by the crown to the younger members of the royal family, Catherine exultingly showed it to him: “See what a fine friend he was to you.” “I know not how far he may have been my friend,” replied the duke, “but the advice he gave was very good.”[657]

If Mezeray is to be trusted, Charles broke down on the second day of the massacre. Since Saturday he had been in a state of extraordinary excitement, more like madness than sanity, and at last his mind gave way under the pressure. To his surgeon Ambrose Paré, who kept at his side all through these dreadful hours, he said:[658] “I do not know what ails me. For these two or three days past, both mind and body have been quite upset. I burn with fever: all around me grin pale blood-stained faces. Ah! Ambrose, if they had but spared the weak and innocent!” A change indeed had come over him; he became more restless than ever, his looks savage, his buffoonery coarser and more boisterous. “Nè mai poteva pigliar requie,” says Sigismond Cavalli. Like Macbeth, he had murdered sleep. “I saw the king on my return from Rochelle,” says Brantome, “and found him entirely changed. His features had lost all the gentleness (*douceur*) usually visible in them.”[659]

"About a week after the massacre," says a contemporary, "a number of crows flew croaking round, and settled on the Louvre. The noise they made drew every body out to see them, and the superstitious women infected the king with their own timidity. That very night Charles had not been in bed two hours, when he jumped up and called for the King of Navarre, to listen to a horrible tumult in the air: shrieks, groans, yells, mingled with blasphemous oaths and threats, just as they were heard on the night of the massacre. The sound returned for seven successive nights, precisely at the same hour."[660] Juvenal des Ursins tells the story rather differently. "On the 31st August I supped at the Louvre with Madame de Fiesque. As the day was very hot, we went down into the garden and sat in an arbor by the river. Suddenly the air was filled with a horrible noise of tumultuous voices and groans, mingled with cries of rage and madness. We could not move for terror; we turned pale and were unable to speak. The noise lasted for half an hour, and was heard by the king, who was so terrified that he could not sleep the rest of the night." As for Catherine, knowing that strong emotions would spoil her digestion and impair her good looks, she kept up her spirits: "For my part," she said, "there are only six of them on my conscience;"[661] which is a lie, for when she ordered the tocsin to be rung, she must have foreseen the horrors—perhaps not all the horrors—that would ensue.

Before the bodies of their first victims were cold, Catherine and her advisers became aware of the great political blunder they had committed. That it was a crime affected them little, if at all; but they had perpetrated an act of treachery which they would have to justify in the eyes not only of France,

but of the civilized world. Thousands shrank with horror from the deed and its perpetrators; and many even of those who applauded the end, could not vindicate the means.[662] Catherine and her Italians —for Charles was now the merest puppet in their hands—hastily made up their minds to throw upon the Duke of Guise the blame of the attempt upon the admiral's life, and the massacre as the result of a riot between the two parties, in which the Huguenots were the weakest. They also represented that the king himself was hardly safe in the Louvre. "I am here with my brother of Navarre and my cousin of Condé, ready to share the same fortune with them," wrote Charles.[663] On the evening of the massacre a circular note was issued, ascribing all the mischief to "the private quarrel which had long existed between the houses of Lorraine and Chatillon," and which the king had vainly tried to arrange. It went on to say that the Edict of Pacification must be observed as strictly as ever. On the next day, Charles wrote to Schomberg, "bitterly deploring what had happened;" while to La Mothe-Fénelon he said that he was exceedingly vexed (*infiniment marry*) at the assault upon the admiral, and promised to investigate the case and punish the offender. On the 24th he wrote that the Guises had begun the massacre, "because they had heard that Coligny's friends would retaliate;" and that he had been compelled to employ guards to keep the Louvre safe; and on the 27th he wrote again to the same effect, but with a significant variation in the phraseology.[664]

But by this time the massacre had assumed such enormous proportions, that the Duke of Guise, who had returned from the pursuit of Montgomery, refused to bear the odium of it alone. Besides, the excuse was such an acknowledgment of weakness,

that in the eyes of the orthodox it elevated the duke into the position of the true defender of the Church. The only way to remedy the blunder was for Charles boldly to assume the responsibility. Catherine dreaded Henry of Guise fully as much as she had hated the admiral. The new policy would indeed compel them to tell another lie; but lying carried no disgrace with it at the court of France. On the 25th the king hinted something about a conspiracy to the Spanish embassador;[665] on the 26th all timidity and hesitation had disappeared. Charles, accompanied by his mother and brothers, attended by a numerous crowd of ladies and gentlemen, moved in stately procession through the streets of Paris. The populace welcomed the king with shouts of joy, and some of the more villainous of the ruffians pushed their way through the Guards, and displaying their bloody weapons and ensanguined arms, boasted to him of the numbers they had killed. One Protestant gentleman was hunted out and murdered before his very eyes: “Would to God he were the last!” exclaimed Charles fiercely. He went to the cathedral Church of Notre Dame to return thanks to God, as was his duty (says Capilupi) for such a happy issue, that without shedding the blood of a single believer, the kingdom had been so graciously delivered from those pernicious and wicked people. From the church he proceeded to the Palace of Justice, where, before the foreign embassadors and parliament assembled in the Gilded Chamber, he declared that the massacre had taken place “by his express orders, not from any religious motive, or in contravention of his Edicts of Pacification, which he still intended to observe, but to prevent the carrying out of a detestable conspiracy, got up by the admiral and his followers

against the person of the king, the queen-mother, her other sons, and the King of Navarre."[666] The story deceived none but the most ignorant and fanatical. Salviati declared at once that it was "false in every respect," and that a man of the least "experience in worldly matters would be ashamed to believe it."[667] This is the "third lie" they were obliged to invent, says Tavannes.

The royal speech was afterward amplified, and published as a manifesto.[668] It accused the Huguenots of infringing the Edict in various ways, and murdering Catholics; of threatening war, if their importunities were not attended to; and of plotting against the king and his mother, declaring all the while that the king was plotting against them. "All these inventions were forged in the admiral's shop." He was trying to cause a rupture with Spain by giving succor to the rebels in the Low Countries, when a man, whom he had threatened to hang, shot him as he was leaving the palace. His majesty was deliberating how he could execute prompt and exemplary justice on the author of such a wicked deed, when the admiral resolved to avenge himself at one blow upon the king and the royal family, so that he might the easier make himself sole master of the kingdom. "If my arm is wounded," he said, "my head is not;[669] if I must lose my arm, I shall have the heads of those who caused the loss. They thought to kill me, but I shall be beforehand with them." When he was told that the king was sorry for his suffering: "It is all made up," he replied; "I understand their tricks. I know how to catch them all." On Saturday, after dinner, the admiral held a secret council of his friends, at which it was resolved to kill the king and all who were opposed to their designs.[670] His majesty was informed of this in the evening by

"some trustworthy persons," and even by some of the conspirators, who would not join in "so barbarous and enormous a crime." The king thought he must apply a "prompt, sovereign, and vigorous remedy to so cruel a plot;" for in matters where the lives of princes are concerned, punishment and "execution must precede inquiry:" in plain English, hang first and try afterward. He therefore resolved, in council with his mother and others, "to anticipate the conspiracy by a prompt and sovereign execution," and accordingly gave orders that on Sunday morning at day-break they should commence the punishment by killing the admiral and all his faction, which was done with such "felicity, diligence, and celerity," that by seven o'clock the admiral, his chief officers, and others were put to death, very few escaping with their lives. Hence the king argued the goodness of God, who kept the Huguenots in ignorance of the design against them. The people of Paris, who are stanch Catholics, and very fond of their prince, remembering their past sufferings, and exasperated by the story of the plot, "fell upon the Huguenots, killed many, and sacked their houses," in their praiseworthy desire to support and defend their prince. If a few robberies were committed, "we must excuse the fury of a people impelled by honest zeal—a fury hard to restrain when once aroused." Such was the defense of the massacre put forward at the time. [671] To us, who know its weakness and the falsehood of its chief point, it seems contemptible enough; but to the fanatics of those days, it must have been an appeal thrilling every nerve in their bodies.

The obsequious parliament, by the mouth of their president De Thou, thanked the king for his gracious communication, and for the vigor he had shown in

crushing the conspiracy not only against the throne but against the Church. He quoted with approbation the villainous maxim of Louis XI., “Qui nescit dissimulare nescit regnare” (He who knows not how to dissemble knows not how to reign): his whole speech being a cowardly defense and eulogy of the massacre.[672] That the chief magistrate of France should stoop so low, is one of the saddest incidents of the time; but the French have always been too prone to worship the *fait accompli*, to become the servile flatterers of success. There can be no hope for the political life of a nation, until it learns to apply the same rules of morality to public as to private affairs. At that moment Charles was nobler than De Thou.[673] There is something in great crimes which fascinates and attracts. The king had struck a desperate blow, which, had it failed, might have cost him his throne and perhaps his life. The first president of the Parliament of Paris ostentatiously defended and extolled in public a deed which he condemned in private. His son tells us that in his copy of Statius he marked the following lines, giving them a significance of which the poet never dreamed:

> Excidat illa dies ævo, nec postera credant
> Sæcula! nos certe taceamus; et obruta multa
> Nocte tegi propriæ patiamur crimina gentis.[674]

At the suggestion of Pibrac the king’s words were entered in the register of minutes; and then the same man, braver and more humane than his fellows, prayed that Charles would order the massacre to cease. The king seems immediately to have issued the necessary directions, that no one should from that hour presume to kill or plunder a fellow-citizen under pain of death. But another advocate of the same court, by name Morvilliers,[675] had the

baseness to propose that Coligny should be tried and attainted for the plot he had contrived against the king. At the same time the castle of Chatillon was ordered to be razed to the ground, one tower alone remaining of that princely mansion.

Although nothing had been found in the admiral's papers to justify the charge of conspiring against the throne, there were two prisoners in custody who, it was hoped, might be induced to save their lives by confessing the existence of a plot. They were Briquemaut and Cavaignes, with whose judicial execution the horrors of the massacre may be considered to have terminated. Colonel Briquemaut, who was upward of seventy years old (he had served in the Italian wars of Francis I.), had saved himself in the night of the 24th by stripping and hiding under a pile of dead bodies, from which horrible shelter he made his escape to the house of the English embassador, where he was discovered in the disguise of a groom.[676] Cavaignes, "chancellor of the cause," had recently been appointed Master of Requests at the admiral's petition. A few days before the massacre, Charles had begged him not to leave the court, as he required his advice to perpetuate the happy peace which he (Cavaignes) had helped to negotiate. A special commission was appointed to try the prisoners, but their innocence was so manifest that the judges ordered their discharge. This decision was appealed against, and after another trial they were found guilty and condemned to die. It was hoped they would confess. Tavannes asserts that they were promised life and liberty if they would only say what they were asked; but they refused; and Walsingham thus describes the closing scene of their life: "On October 22, the young queen was brought to bed of a daughter; and the same day, between five

and six in the evening, Briquemaut and Cavaignes were hanged by torch-light, the king, the queen-mother, and the King of Navarre, with the king's brothers and the Prince of Condé, being lookers-on. As Briquemaut was going up the ladder, the under-provost of the town said that the king had sent him to know whether he could say any thing touching the late conjuration, which, if he would confess, he should save his life. He answered, that the king had never a more faithful subject than he was; but this I know proceeded not of himself, but of evil councilors about him; and so lifting up his eyes to heaven, he said, 'Oh my God, upon whose tribunal seat I stand, and whose face I hope shortly to see, thou knowest well that I know nothing nor did not so much as ever think of any conjuration against the king nor against his estate; though contrariwise they have entirely put the same in my process; but I beseech my God that he will pardon the king and all those that have been the cause of this my unjust death, even as I desire pardon at thy hands for my sins and offenses committed against thy divine majesty.' Being then drawn up another step on the ladder, he uttered only these words: 'I have somewhat to utter unto the king, which I would be glad to communicate unto him, but see that I may not.' And so shrunk up his shoulders to forbear to use any farther speech. As his constancy was much commended, so was his death much bewailed of many Catholics that were beholders of the same. Cavaignes used no speech, but showed himself void of all magnanimity, who before his death, in hope of life, made some show to relent in religion. Two things were generally much misliked at this execution: the one the presence of the king, as a thing unworthy of the head of justice to be at the execution of justice; the other that Briquemaut, being

a gentleman, was hanged, a thing very rare in France, especially he being reputed by his enemies to be innocent." Charles's presence at the execution added a new horror to the pangs of death: "Nero tamen subtraxit oculos jussitque scelera, non spectavit: præcipua sub Domitiano miseriarum erat, videre et aspici."[677]

Walsingham continues his narrative: "About an hour after the execution, the cruel and bloody people of this town, not content with their death, took [their bodies] down from the gallows, and drew them about the streets, thrusting them through with daggers and shooting of dags [pistols] at them, cutting off their ears, and omitting no other kind of villainous and barbarous cruelty." There were others to be executed, but the queen-mother "with no small difficulty," persuaded her son to respite them for awhile. "The king is now grown so bloody-minded," concludes Walsingham, "that they who advised him thereto do repent the same, and do fear that the old saying will prove true—*malum consilium consultori pessimum*."[678] After this we can well believe the story that Charles ordered torches to be held near the faces of his two victims, that he might the clearer see their dying agonies. When the cruel tragedy on the Grève was over, the royal spectators, including Henry of Navarre, retired to a magnificent supper provided for them at the Hotel-de-Ville, at the windows of which they had been sitting.[679]

About a month after the massacre, Henry of Navarre and the Prince of Condé both abjured. The instrument of their conversion to orthodoxy was Sureau du Rozier, at one time minister at Orleans, and the fanatic apologist of Poltrot's crime; but yielding to temptation, and partly also to fear, he

abjured Protestantism, and, like all new converts, was eager to show his zeal by converting his late brethren. The two princes listened to his arguments, and professed themselves convinced; but they only temporized with a king who was capable, in one of his mad bursts of passion, of ordering them to execution. At the beginning of October the princes wrote to the pope, expressing sorrow for their past errors and promising to be faithful sons of the Catholic Church in future. The pope graciously accepted their recantations, and returned them the necessary dispensations for their marriages.[680] Henry went farther than was necessary to show his new zeal, by abolishing the Reformed religion in his maternal states. “M. Grammont hath commission from the king,” writes Walsingham, “to suppress all preaching in Bearn, and to plant there the Catholic religion, which is a verification of the king’s [Charles] intention touching the observation of his edict irrevocable for the toleration of religion.”[681] But the Bearnese stoutly refused to act upon the order, on the ground that the king was a prisoner in Paris and under constraint.

CHAPTER XIV.

MASSACRE IN THE PROVINCES.

[August to October, 1572.]

Instructions to the Governors—The Count of Tende—Nantes and Alençon—Massacres at Saumur, Angers, Lyons, Orleans, Troyes, Rouen, Meaux, Bordeaux, and Toulouse—St. Hérem's letter—The stolen Dispatch—The Governor of Bayonne—The Bishop of Lisieux—Chabot at Arnay-le-Duc—Senlis, Provins, Château-Thierry, Dieppe, and Nismes spared—The Number of Victims—Contemporary Judgments—Dorat's Panegyric—Jean Le Masle—Pierre Charpentier and Sorbin—Rejoicings at Rome—Exultation of Philip II.—Horror in England—John Knox's Denunciation—The Emperor Maximilian's regret.

The writers who maintain that the tragedy of St. Bartholomew's Day was the result of long premeditation, support their opinions by what occurred in the provinces; but it will be found after careful examination, that these various incidents tend rather to prove the absence of any such premeditation. Unless we suppose Catherine and her Italian advisers to have been the clumsiest of conspirators, they would naturally have made arrangements for a general massacre of the Huguenots throughout the kingdom to take place on the same day; but it did not, and the murders committed were in many instances the consequences

of popular commotions that broke out after the arrival of the news from Paris.[682] There is indeed a well-known letter from the queen-mother to Strozzi,[683] which he was not to open until the 24th of August, and in which he read: "This is to inform you that *to-day* the admiral and all the Huguenots in this place are killed." But the letter is manifestly spurious, and with it falls the principal item of evidence to show premeditation.

It would appear that on the 23d, as soon as the king's assent had been gained, instructions to massacre the Protestants were forwarded to various parts of the country. Alberi[684] emphatically says that there remain no traces in any provincial registers of orders received to this effect; but even were there no such record, there is abundant evidence that such instructions were sent. Davila says that messengers were dispatched on the 23d. De Thou, who was in a position to know the truth, declares that *verbal orders* were sent;[685] which is confirmed by a letter to the governor of Chartres withdrawing *all verbal orders*.[686] There is also a letter from Charles to Matignon, canceling all the orders he may have given *by word of mouth*.[687] Writing to Longueville on the 26th of August, he recalls "*le mandement verbal*;"[688] and the next day he reminds the mayor of Troyes of the "letters he had received" ordering the extermination of the heretics. Puygaillard, writing in the king's name (August 26) to the governor of Angers, to put the principal Huguenots to death, bids him wait for *no farther orders*, as he will have none. It is clear, therefore, that Charles desired to act up to his resolution, to permit no Huguenot to survive to reproach him with his breach of faith. That his orders were not carried out, depended in many cases

upon the character of the governors or municipalities to whom they were addressed. A messenger, named La Molle, was sent to the Count of Tende, governor of Provence, with a letter ordering him to massacre all the Huguenots. A postscript, however, bade him neither do nor believe what La Molle told him. The count, unable to reconcile these contradictory instructions, sent his secretary to the king, who told him to "put a few Huguenots to death." But Tende dying in the interval, his successor, the Count of Courcis, refused to act without farther instructions, and the result was an order, which the messenger was directed on peril of his life to communicate to none but De Courcis, "not to execute the massacre."[689]

Louis, Duke of Bourbon-Montpensier, governor of Brittany, wrote to the municipal officers of Nantes, desiring them to carry out the massacre. They refused, and their refusal is commemorated in the following inscription:

"*L'an MDLXXII, le 8 jour de septembre, le Maire de Nantes, les échevins, et les suppóts de la ville avec les juges-consuls, réunis à la Maison Commune, font le serment de maintenir celui précédemment fait de ne point contrevenir à l'Édit de Pacification rendu en faveur des Calvinistes, et font défense aux habitants de se porter à aucun excès contre eux.*"

At Alençon there was no massacre, owing to the energy of the governor, who, observing that the Catholics were arming with a murderous intent, closed the city gates, strengthened the posts, and issued a severe proclamation, forbidding any injury to the Huguenots. The latter were ordered to assemble, to give up their arms, to send in thirty-two hostages, and to take a new oath of fidelity. This

they did, and all were spared. Matignon's name was long revered as a household word among the people of Alençon.[690]

At Angers the massacre had some distinct characteristics. After Montsoreau, the governor of Saumur, had killed all the Huguenots in that town according to the instructions from an agent of the Duke of Anjou, he hastened to Angers (29th August), which he reached at day-break. Ordering the gates to be shut, he went to the house of La Barbée, a Huguenot gentleman, who escaped, but his less fortunate brother was killed as he lay sick in bed. Montsoreau next called on the pastor La Rivière, with whom he had long been on friendly terms. Courteously saluting his wife, Montsoreau passed into the garden to her husband. After the usual embrace, he said: "I have the king's orders to put you to death instantly." The minister asked for a few moments' delay to collect his thoughts and to pray, which being granted, he commended his soul to God and fell pierced through the heart. Montsoreau then went and killed two other ministers. Meanwhile the news spread, and some Catholics assembled in the streets, with the white cross in their hats. Montsoreau's words aroused their fanaticism: they dragged the dead bodies to the river, rang the alarm-bell, and chased the Huguenots from house to house. But the citizens held aloof, the magistrates interposed, and the massacre was stopped.[691] Later in the day a messenger arrived from the Duke of Anjou, ordering the property of heretics to be set aside, it being valued at 100,000 livres. The highway robbers of those days gave their victims the alternative of money or life: the duke took both.

A week after the massacre in Paris, the Huguenots

of Lyons were taken one after another “like sheep,” says Capilupi, and shut up in prison. When the governor desired the executioner to put some of them to death, he replied: “I am not an assassin: I work only as justice commands me.” But this did not save them. Three hundred soldiers were found ready to do the bloody work. Those confined in the archbishop’s palace were first robbed, and then cut to pieces, children hanging round their parents’ necks, brothers and sisters exhorting one another to suffer patiently in the cause of God. All who had been shut up in the Rouane, a public prison, were dragged to the bridge and then flung into the river. [692] As night came on, the murderers, now joined by the mob, threw off all restraint. “In the square of St. John,” says D’Aubigné, “a pile of bodies was collected so vast and terrible as to exceed description.” In this city alone, 4000 persons, including the famous musician Goudimel, are estimated to have been killed;[693] and yet Mandelot wrote to the king, regretting that a few had escaped, and begging for a share of the spoils.[694] At Arles the river became so putrid from the corpses rolling down from Lyons, that the inhabitants were for several days unable to drink its waters.[695]

At Orleans the massacre had its peculiar features of atrocity.[696] One La Bouilli invited his friend La Cour to supper, and stabbed him as he sat at table. Taillebois, a professor of law, was murdered by his own pupils. Some of them went to his house and begged to see his library; and when he showed it them, they began to ask him for some of his books, which he gave them. “This is not all,” they said; “we intend to kill you.” Falling on his knees, he prayed a few minutes in silence and then exclaimed, “I am ready! slay me at once.” This they would not do, but

drove him into the street, where his courage failed at the sight of a poor shoe-maker who lay bleeding to death. Though scarcely able to walk, he was driven forward, until he came in front of the Law Schools where he used to teach. There the murderers put an end to his long agony. Nicholas Bongars lay at the point of death when some ruffians broke into his room. They respected the dying man, but murdered the apothecary who was attending upon him. The next day a man who had been in the habit of visiting Bongars, went to the house, and saluting his mother at the door, as she like a good Catholic was going to mass, went up stairs, stabbed the sick man, wiped his dagger in the bed-clothes, and departed as he had come, without betraying the least emotion. Of the victims, some were tossed into a ditch, and then left to be devoured by wolves and dogs; others were thrown into the Loire, which became so discolored that the Catholics refused to drink the water or to eat the fish caught in it. Of the fourteen hundred victims, one hundred and fifty were women.

The massacre at Bordeaux did not begin until the 3d of October. The populace had been inflamed by the sermons of one Auger, a Jesuit; on Michaelmas Day he said from the pulpit: “Who executed the divine judgments at Paris? The angel of God. Who in Orleans? The angel of God. Who in a hundred cities of this realm? The angel of God. And who will execute them in Bordeaux? The angel of God, however man may try to resist him.” The slaughter was carried out by an organized band of ruffians wearing the “bonnet rouge,” which afterward became so famous in history. Many of the Huguenots found a safe refuge in the houses of certain priests and Catholic laymen, who were horrified at the barbarities they had witnessed. Others found a

secure asylum in the castles of Ham and Trompette.

At Meaux, all the houses in the market-place were completely gutted, and many of their inhabitants killed. The next day (August 26), the mob entered the prison, which was crammed with Huguenots to the number of two hundred and more. They were called out one by one into the yard, and such as sword and pike failed to kill instantly, had their brains beaten out with the sledge hammers used by the butchers to knock down their bullocks. Some were buried, still breathing, in a trench dug to receive them, and when this was filled, the rest were thrown into the Marne.

The news of the massacre reached Troyes on the 26th of August, when the gates were immediately closed to prevent the frightened Huguenots from escaping. Many were taken to prison, but there was no general slaughter until the 4th of September, when one Belin, an apothecary, arrived from Paris with the king's orders of the 28th of August, forbidding the Protestants to be molested.[697] This wretch persuaded the high bailiff and the council to murder the prisoners, and then issue the proclamation. The public executioner refused to lend himself to the foul plot. "It was his duty," he said, "to put to death only such as had been legally condemned." This did not save the prisoners, who were butchered by a drunken mob, and their blood flowing under the gate into the street filled the humane Catholics with horror.

The governor of Rouen hesitated to execute the orders he had received, and asked for fresh instructions. The answer being unfavorable, he locked up all the Protestants he could find, and on the 17th of September the city gates were shut, and

military posts established in the squares. A band of assassins then went to the prisons, and killed with clubs and daggers about sixty Huguenots, according to a list they carried with them. They next searched the private houses, where the number of victims of both sexes amounted to more than six hundred.

On the last day of August the *capitouls* of Toulouse received a letter from Joyeuse, lieutenant-general in Languedoc, giving an account of the massacre of the 24th, and adding that the king "would not permit any infringement of the Edict of Pacification."[698] He farther instructed the magistrates to be on the watch lest the Protestants should rise, and ordered the guards to be doubled, "in the quietest way possible, so as to incommode nobody." Jean d'Affis, the first president, communicated this message to the magistrates, desiring them particularly to see that there were "no assemblies, riots, or cruelties, to the prejudice of public tranquillity." As far as the language of the proclamation went, nothing could be more conducive to peace and good-will among the followers of both religions. According to the Edict, the Huguenots were forbidden to assemble for worship within a certain distance of the city; but, as their ordinary meeting-place was at Castanet, a little village just within the prescribed limits, the magistrates, for some reason unknown, determined on a literal interpretation of the law, and arrested all who were present at divine worship on the 4th of September. The prisoners were not ill treated, but held in safe custody until the king's pleasure should be known. Of the 300 captured, more than 200 managed to escape with the connivance of their jailers. On the 1st of October a number of ruffian soldiers, armed with pike and arquebuse, entered Toulouse, and soon made known their business by

threatening peaceable citizens in the streets, abusing them as “Patarins, Parpaillots, and Huguenots.”[699] Having found a leader in one Latour, prior of the College of St. Catherine, they broke open the prisons and murdered the prisoners. The ruffians, now masters of the city, began to attack the Catholics also, for plunder, not religion, was their real object. One of their victims was a priest named Guestret, murdered by Latour, with whom he had a lawsuit; [700] and Jean Coras, the famous legist.

But, happily for human nature, the history of this period is not one of unrelieved treachery and murder. There were many brave and honorable gentlemen in France, who refused to obey the bloody rescripts of the court. St. Hérem of Montmerin, governor of Auvergne, wrote to the king: “Sire, I have received an order under your majesty’s seal to put to death all the Protestants in my province. I respect your majesty too much to suppose the letter is other than a forgery; and if (which God forbid) the order really proceeds from your majesty, I have still too much respect for you to obey it.” Although the Huguenots of Auvergne escaped the massacre, there are reasons for doubting the authenticity of the letter. The Dulaure manuscripts contain a very circumstantial account of how one Captain Combelle was sent by the king to M. de St. Herrent (Hérem) with a dispatch containing orders to exterminate the Huguenots. On the road he fell in with another traveler, who had escaped from the massacre at Paris, and represented himself as the bearer of instructions to Marshal Damville in Languedoc to put all the Calvinists in his government to death. They traveled together, and the end was that Combelle’s dispatch was stolen at Moulins, where they both slept in the same room. The thief hurried to Issoire,

gave the packet to the minister Claude Baduel, bidding him warn his co-religionists to flee at once. Combelle continued his journey, and told St. Herrent the contents of the lost letter.[701] If this narrative be true, St. Hérem could hardly answer a letter he did not receive. It is certain, however, that he imprisoned all the Protestants at Issoire, while waiting for farther orders, and that at Aurillac in his government eighty Protestants were murdered.

Viscount Orte or Orthez, governor of Bayonne, wrote a letter which one would fain believe to be true, in spite of the discredit recently thrown upon it: [702] "Sire, I have communicated your majesty's commands to the faithful inhabitants and garrison of this city. I have found among them many good citizens and brave soldiers, but not one executioner." One thing is certain, that the Huguenots in Bayonne were saved.

When the king's lieutenant waited upon James Hennuyer, Bishop of Lisieux, to communicate the orders he had received to kill the Huguenots in that city, "No, no, sir," he replied, "I oppose, and will always oppose, the execution of such an order, to which I can not consent. I am pastor of the church of Lisieux, and the people you are commanded to slay are my flock. Although they are wanderers at present, having strayed from the fold which has been confided to me by Jesus Christ, the supreme pastor, they may nevertheless return, and I will not give up the hope of seeing them come back. I do not read in the Gospel that the shepherd ought to suffer the blood of his sheep to be shed; on the contrary, I find that he is bound to pour out his own blood and give his own life for them. Take the order back again, for it shall never be executed so long as I live."[703] And

the Huguenots of Lisieux were spared.

When the fatal order was brought to Arnay-le-Duc by two messengers in rapid succession, Elinor Chabot, Count of Charny, asked the advice of the council. That body was divided in opinion, until a young and obscure advocate quoted a law enacted by Theodosius when suffering under remorse for a massacre executed by his orders at Thessalonica. By this law, all governors were forbidden to carry out any such commands in future, until the lapse of thirty days, during which interval they were to demand a written confirmation of the order. Moderate counsels prevailed, and two days later came a fresh mandate from the king, revoking the former order. Chabot, as prudent as he was brave, boldly declared that "the severity and cruelty which had been exercised toward the Protestants had hitherto only served to exasperate them; and that the best means of bringing them back to the Church was to treat them with kindness." So that there was little blood shed in Burgundy (says De Thou), and nearly all the Protestants returned to the religion of their ancestors.[704]

The royal orders were received at Senlis on the 24th; but the Catholics, unwilling to stain their hands with the blood of their fellow-citizens, only enjoined them to leave the town, which was done "in a quiet and orderly manner."[705] Bertrand de Gordes, governor of Dauphiny, having received a *written*, order revoking all *verbal* orders, wrote to the king saying he had received no orders, verbal or otherwise; to which Charles replied that "he need not trouble himself, for the orders were given only to some that were about him." The historian of the religious wars in Dauphiny says with a "dit-on" that

Gordes “refused to obey the orders of the court, or at least contrived to avoid carrying out his instructions.”[706] Another historian tells us that he would not believe the king could have desired the death of so many innocent persons. In this he was supported by the first president, “who, like all men of learning, was an enemy to violence.”[707] The king can have had nothing to do with such a massacre, he said. “His power and authority are abused by foreigners, and it is our duty as magistrates and Frenchmen to preserve his subjects for him.” On October 11, Gordes issued an order that any attempt upon the lives of the Huguenots would be punished with death; and at the same time certain precautionary restrictions were imposed on religious assemblies. On the 18th, he exhorted the king’s officers and governors “to comfort and assist such as manifest a desire to return to the true Church.”[708]

At Provins many Huguenots thought it prudent to be converted; and, says Claude Haton, “for eight days and nights they dared not show themselves.” But there was no blood shed in that little town. The garrulous chronicler tells us how the Huguenot gentlemen and demoiselles of the environs, notwithstanding their châteaux-forts, ran away or emigrated: some to Sedan, others to Germany or Geneva. The men wore white crosses on their hats and sleeves; the women had beads in their hands or fastened to their girdles. These were very common practices to save life. At Château-Thierry, where heretics were few in proportion to the population, no violence was committed, and not a drop of blood was shed, though the town was immediately dependent on the king.

When the governor of Dieppe received the fatal

instructions, he assembled the Huguenots in the great hall of the Palace of Justice and read the letter to them, following it up by a characteristic speech: “Citizens, the orders I have received can only concern rebellious and seditious Calvinists, of whom, thanks be to God! there are none in this place. We read in the Gospel that love to God and our neighbor is the duty of Christians; let us profit by the lesson, which Christ himself has given us. Children of the same Father, let us live together as brothers, and having for each other the charity of the Samaritan. These are my sentiments, and I hope you all share them; they make me feel assured that in this town there does not exist a man who is unworthy to live.” Touched by his words, says the historian, the Huguenots recanted, and vowed to live and die in the Catholic faith.

The order to sweep Nismes clear of every Huguenot within its walls reached that venerable city on August 29, when Jean de Montcalm, the *juge-mage*, called an extraordinary council, before which he placed the royal missive. Unanimously they resolved not to act upon it. Thinking it unnecessary and possibly dangerous to make any public explanation, the magistrates took every precaution to preserve order, and called upon the leading men of both religions to swear to watch over the safety of all and to defend each other. In order to keep out strangers, every gate was closed, except one, and the guard of that was given to two trusty citizens. When this was done, they informed Joyeuse, the commander of the province, who approved of their measures.[709]

What was the number of victims sacrificed to the policy of Catherine and the jealousy of Anjou? It is

impossible to arrive at any thing like a correct estimate; for hardly two historians give the same figures, and none of them mention the grounds of their estimate. It is evident that in many instances they are mere random guesses, and as such without any weight.

The following table for Paris only will show the impossibility of accepting any of the statements:

AUTHORITIES.	NUMBERS.
Caveyrac	1000
La Popelinière	2000
Kirkaldy[710]	
Papyr Masson	
Tocsin	
Tavannes	3000
Aubigné	
Capilupi	3500
Alva's Bulletin	
Bonanni	4000
Brantome	5000
Gomez da Silva	
Mezeray	
Simancas Archives	6000
Neustadt Letter[711]	7000
Claude Haton [712]	10,000
Art de Vérifier	
Davila	
Etat de France	
Peleus: Henry IV.	
Réveille-Matin	

Probably the number of victims may have

amounted to 6000; but to reduce it as low as 1600 for all France, which Dr. Lingard has done, is monstrously absurd. All that we know positively is that a certain number of bodies were buried, and beyond that all is conjecture. The length of time through which the massacre was continued, is one evidence of the numbers that were slain. The nuncio Salviati wrote on the 15th of September: “Every night some tens of Huguenots, caught by day in various places, are thrown into the river without any disturbance.” On the next day the Count of St. Pol, embassador from the Duke of Savoy, wrote: “They are continuing the great execution against these folks, who are thrown into the river by night;” and as late as the 26th, more than a month after the first outbreak, he reported: “They are daily putting Huguenots to death in Paris and elsewhere.” The registers of the Hotel-de-Ville supply us with a curious comment upon the massacre. On September 9th, fifteen livres tournois were paid to the sextons of the cemetery of St. Innocent and their eight helpers for burying the dead bodies round the convent of Nigeon (Bonshommes of Chaillot) “to prevent the spread of infection.” On the 23d, twenty livres were paid to the same men for burying in one week 1100 bodies found in the neighborhood of St. Cloud, Auteuil, and Chaillot. If we suppose the payments proportionate to the numbers buried, those paid for on the 9th must have been nearly 1500; thus giving for all Paris a *known* massacre of 2600. The same rolls record the payment of one Nicholas Sergent, who had stopped the ferries and prevented the crossing of the Seine, and also 80 livres for medals struck to commemorate the massacre, to be distributed among the municipal officers.

But the dead accounted for above could not have

been all that perished: there is indeed direct evidence to the contrary. Many were buried in the city, as Oudin Petit in his cellar, and there is a tradition that 475 were interred near the Church of St. Gervais, and that theirs were the bones discovered in 1851. [713]

In Alva's Bulletin we read that more than 3500 were dispatched "in a short time," and that the principal gentlemen were flung into the Clerks' Well (Puis aux Clercs), where "dead animals were thrown." When Gomicourt, Alva's agent, had his farewell audience, he asked the queen-mother for her answer to his commission. She replied that she could give him no other answer than what Christ said to John's disciples: *Ite et nunciate quæ vidistis et audivistis: cæci vident, claudi ambulant, leprosi mundantur*; bidding him also not forget to tell the duke in addition, *Beatus qui non fuerit in me scandalizatus*. Such blasphemous application of Holy Writ is perhaps unparalleled in history.

An equal uncertainty prevails as to the number murdered all over France. The calculations or guesses range from 2000 to 100,000.

AUTHORITIES.	NUMBERS.
Caveyrac	2000
Papyr Masson	10,000
Martyrologue	15,000
De Thou Montfauçon	20,000
La Popelinière	
Bonanni	25,000
Mém État de France Félibien Pibrac	30,000
Serranus	

Davila	40,000
Sully	70,000
De Furoribus Pèrefixe	100,000

If it be necessary to choose from these hap-hazard estimates, that of De Thou is preferable, from the calm, unexaggerating temper of the man. But whatever be the number,[714] not all the waters of the ocean can efface the stain upon the characters of those concerned in the massacre. A few of the murderers—men of overheated fanaticism—may have truly believed that they were doing God a service by putting heretics to death; for these we may feel pity even while we condemn. But the majority of the assassins were impelled by the lowest of all possible motives. Jealousy and ambition filled the breast of Catherine de Medicis; Anjou was envious of merit and virtues he could never hope to imitate, and which were a standing reproach to his licentiousness; Guise dreamed but of revenge; and sinking lower in the scale of society, but not lower in motives, the people were eager for plunder, jealous of the success of the industrious and thrifty Huguenots, and ignorantly impelled to murder by a clergy scarcely less ignorant than themselves. We have already seen one instance in which plunder was manifestly the object principally aimed at, and other instances are not wanting. In Paris alone, 600 houses were pillaged.[715] The Duke of Anjou was accused of conniving at the robbery of the house of a wealthy lapidary, by which he put 100,000 crowns into his purse. The Bastard of Angoulême stripped the house of the Bishop of Chartres, in which Queen Joan of Navarre had lodged; and Capilupi estimates that the king's share of the plunder amounted to three

millions of gold.[716]

"The equity of history," says the eloquent historian of the Tudor line, "requires that men be tried by the standard of their times."[717] But low as that standard was in the court of Charles IX. and Catherine de Medicis, there were men honest enough to condemn the crimes which have made the Feast of St. Bartholomew memorable in all history. Such a purely gratuitous massacre is unexampled in the annals of the world. The Greeks of Lesser Asia rose and slew 80,000 Romans living among them. In our own history we read that the Britons massacred whole settlements of the invading Danes. In the Sicilian Vespers 20,000 French were put to death without distinction of age or sex. But these massacres, however condemnable, were committed in the name of freedom—to drive out a foreign conqueror, to throw off the yoke of the invader; but the massacre of St. Bartholomew arose out of the paltriest and most selfish motives. Envy, jealousy, greediness—such were the motives of Catherine, of Anjou, and of their councilors. The plea of religion was never put forward, though it is a plea too often employed to extenuate what can not be justified.

But if the moral tone of the age had not been low, Catherine and Charles would never have contemplated so foul a deed. Truth and honor, either among men or women, were held in slight esteem at court; and the modern respect for human life was a thing unknown. Might made right. Private assassination was a venial crime, if it were not even a lawful means of getting rid of an enemy. Even Coligny did not speak of the murder of Guise before Orleans in very emphatic terms of condemnation. Many Catholics looked upon the massacre as merely

a sort of reprisals for the blood shed by the Huguenots during the wars, or as a clever mode of disabling them forever. This is the tone of Pibrac's defense and of Dorat's song. The poet congratulates Charles and his brother as "crowning the work of ten years' war." These wars shall supply a new Homer with matter for a new Iliad. But after a struggle of ten years, all was not over. Ulysses had not yet taken Troy, and above all had not killed the suitors! "One night did this deed. By the counsel of another Pallas (Catherine de Medicis) see Pergamus overthrown, Paris dead with Gaspar, and lying in blood those who aspired not to the hand of Penelope, but to thy crown, O king. Their detestable ambuscades were detected, their treachery anticipated. The suitors were slain like pigs."[718]

We need make very little allowance for poetical exaggeration: Dorat merely gave bolder expression to what was in many persons' thoughts. Jean le Masle published in 1573 a "Bref Discours sur les Troubles," in which he eulogizes the king and court for their share in the massacre, and writes of Coligny:

> Ce malheureux
> (Qui mérite cent fois avoir la roue)
> Fut mis à mort, et son corps par la boue
> De mainte rue honteusement traîné.[719]

And as if to show to all the world that the massacre was not an unpremeditated outbreak of fanaticism, the poet says in another place:

> Il faut punir d'une mort très-cruelle
> (Comme autrefois) le premier qui grommelle
> Contre l'église, et nous pourrons encor
> Voir luire ici le temps et le siècle d'or.

Pierre Charpentier, a renegade Protestant and the murderer of Ramus, wrote an apologetic "Lettre à François Portès Candiois," which has been described

as a "monster unique of its kind."[720] The most labored defense was that of Arnault Sorbin,[721] entitled "Le Vray Resveille-matin des Calvinistes et Publicans François" (1576), and dedicated "to the eternal memory and immortality of the soul of the late Charles IX." He says the universe will call the Feast of St. Bartholomew "le jour de la grande justice," adding that "on good days good deeds are done."

Charles IX. had two medals struck: one represents the king sitting on the throne and trampling on corpses, with the motto, VIRTUS IN REBELLES;[722] the other, Hercules destroying the hydra with fire, NE FERRUM TEMNAT SIMUL IGNIB' OBSTO. On the 27th of August the metropolitan bishop ordered a solemn procession for the following Sunday to thank God for this happy beginning (de felici incepta extirpatione heresium). On the 25th of August, 1583, William Cecil wrote to Lord Burghley: "Upon St. Bartholomew's Day we had here [Paris] solemn processions and other tokens of triumph and joy in remembrance of the slaughter committed this time eleven years past."[723] The procession was continued for twenty years, until Henry IV. entered Paris. In 1602, when the Landgrave of Hesse visited Henry IV. and afterward traveled through France, he left Marseilles before the Feast of St. Bartholomew to escape the invitation of the Duke of Guise, then governor of Provence, who celebrated "that day of mournful memory by running at the ring, by balls and banquets."[724]

Some defended the massacre as a great act of state policy. Among them was Gérard de Groesbeck, an enlightened tolerant prelate, who governed the principality of Liége. Replying to Alva's bulletin

announcing the slaughter, he calls it “a clear sign that our Lord God wishes to arrange matters for the greater tranquillity of his service.”[725] But Charles evidently felt less confident. Writing to De Cély, the president of the Parliament of Paris, he ordered him to keep “*very secret*” any papers he might have relative to the arrangements made for the massacre, so that they might not get into print, adding that he had done the same with the documents in his possession.[726] Does this refer to some mystery that has escaped the eyes of the historians of the massacre?

When the news of the massacre reached Rome, the exultation among the clergy knew no bounds. The Cardinal of Lorraine rewarded the messenger with a thousand crowns; the cannon of Saint Angelo thundered forth a joyous salute; the bells rang out from every steeple; bonfires turned night into day; and Gregory XIII.,[727] attended by the cardinals and other ecclesiastical dignitaries, went in long procession to the Church of St. Louis, where the Cardinal of Lorraine chanted a *Te Deum*. A pompous Latin inscription in gilt letters over the entrance describes Charles as an avenging angel sent from heaven (“angelo percussore divinitus immisso”) to sweep his kingdom from heretics.[728] A medal was struck to commemorate the massacre,[729] and in the Vatican may still be seen three frescoes by Vasari[730] describing the attack upon the admiral, the king in council plotting the massacre, and the massacre itself. Gregory sent Charles the golden rose; and four months after the massacre, when humaner feelings might have been supposed to have resumed their sway, he listened complacently to the sermon of a French priest, the learned but cankered Muretus, who spoke of “that day so full of happiness and joy

when the most holy father received the news and went in solemn state to render thanks to God and St. Louis.... That night the stars shone with greater lustre, the Seine rolled her waters more proudly to cast into the sea the corpses of those unholy men;" and so on in a strain of rhapsody unendurable by modern ears.

With such damning evidence as this against the Church of Rome, a recent defender of that church vainly contends[731] that the clergy had no part in the massacre, and that the rejoicings were over rebels cut off in the midst of their rebellion, and not heretics murdered for their religion.

> Periere latebræ
> Tot scelerum; populo venia est erepta nocenti,
> Agnovere suos.[732]

There is no retreat for the Church which approved of and justified such a crime, even if the victims were political rebels.[733]

Philip II. was, if possible, more delighted than the pope. When he received the news, he laughed aloud —for the first time in his life;[734] for Charles had not only destroyed heresy, but weakened France by the murder of so many veteran soldiers. And Flanders, too, was safe![735] He professed to be quite offended with St. Goar and all who "tried to make him believe that it had taken place on a sudden and without deliberation."[736] The news reached him on the 12th of September, and on the 18th he told the Marquis of Ayamonte, his embassador at Paris, to congratulate the king "for a resolution so honorable, Christian, and valiant;" and that the news was "one of the greatest pleasures he had ever known."[737] To Catherine, who had spoken of "God's favor in giving her son the means of getting rid of his subjects,

rebels against Heaven and their king, and of preserving himself from their hands,"[738] he replied: "The just punishment inflicted on the admiral and his followers was an act of such courage and prudence, and of so great service to God's glory and honor, and such universal benefit to Christendom ... that it was the best and most delightful news I could receive."[739] Philip went even farther than this, urging the king to exterminate all the heretics in his dominions, and offering his services toward so desirable an end. There is a story in Brantome that Philip sent the letter containing the first account of the massacre to the Admiral of Castile, who received it while at supper, and thinking to promote the cheerfulness of his guests, read it aloud. The Duke of Infantado, one of the party, asked if Coligny and his friends were Christians. He was answered in the affirmative. "How is it, then, that being Frenchmen and Christians, they have been killed like brutes?" "Gently, duke," said the admiral, "do you not know that war in France means peace for Spain?"

Alva, who was more clear-sighted, condemned the massacre; and Micheli, the Venetian embassador, affirms that all thinking men, without distinction of creed, protested against the crime, denouncing it as an act of unbridled tyranny, which none but an "Italiana Fiorentina e di casa dei Medici" could contrive, and none but Italians carry into execution.

In England a thrill of horror ran through the nation on receiving intelligence of the slaughter. A treaty had just been concluded with France, and negotiations were actively proceeding for the marriage of Alençon with Elizabeth. On a sudden it was perceived that the nation had been duped, and that popery was as dangerous as ever. For some days

the queen refused to receive the French embassador: at length he was summoned to Richmond, where the court was staying. Hume thus describes the scene: “A melancholy sorrow sat on every face: silence as the dead of night reigned through all the chambers of the royal apartment; the courtiers and ladies, clad in deep mourning, were ranged on each side, and allowed the embassador to pass without offering him a salute or a favorable look, until he was admitted to the queen herself.” La Mothe-Fénelon candidly expressed his disapprobation of the murder, and declared that he was ashamed to be counted a Frenchman.[740] Lord Burghley told him in most undiplomatic language, that “the Paris massacre was the most horrible crime which had been committed since the crucifixion of Christ.... It was a deed of unexampled infamy.” Sir Thomas Smith wrote to Walsingham: “Grant that the admiral and his friends were guilty, what did the innocent men, women, and children at Lyons? What did the sucking children and their mothers at Rouen, and Caen, and elsewhere? *Will God sleep?*” But more plainly still spoke Knox to Du Croc, the French embassador: “Go, tell your king,” said the bold apostle of Scotland, “go tell your master, that God’s vengeance shall never depart from him nor from his house; that his name shall remain an execration to posterity; and that none proceeding from his loins shall enjoy the kingdom in peace unless he repent.”[741]

In Germany the sense of horror was hardly less than in England. The Emperor Maximilian II. thus expressed his feelings on the matter: “As for that strange action so tyrannically committed upon the admiral and his confederates, I can by no means approve it, and it is with great sorrow of heart I am informed that my son-in-law suffered himself to

consent to so foul a massacre. Now, though I know that others govern more than he, yet that will not excuse the fact or palliate the villainy.... He has so stained his honor with this piece of work, that he will not easily wash out the spot. May God forgive those who have had a hand in it; for I very much apprehend that in course of time the same treatment will be returned for them. Matters of religion are not to be ordered or decided by the sword."[742] When Henry of Anjou was on the way to Poland, he stopped at Heidelberg, where the elector-palatine, when showing him over the castle, drew his attention to two pictures: one a portrait of Coligny, another a representation of his death. "Of all the French nobles it has been my good fortune to know," said he, "I esteem the original of this portrait to have been the most zealous for the glory and welfare of his country, and his loss is a public calamity which his most Christian majesty will never be able to repair."

CHAPTER XV.

THE CLOSING SCENE.

[1572–1574.]

Reaction—Tolerant Protestations of Government —Walsingham's disbelief and caution—Renewal of Civil War—Mission of Cardinal Orsini—Siege of Rochelle—Honorable terms of Capitulation—Siege of Sancerre—Famine —Horrible scenes—Capitulation—Meeting at Montauban—Troubled state of France—Intrigues of Alençon—Shrove-Tuesday plot—La Mole and Coconnas executed—Charles falls ill—Conversation with Henry of Navarre —Charles's visions—His Huguenot nurse—Her exhortations—The King's remorse—His dying words—Suspicions of Poison—His character—His married life—Judgment of Posterity.

The story of the massacre has been told, but this history would be incomplete if it were not continued to the death of the principal character in that memorable tragedy. As kings are esteemed great and glorious by the noble deeds done in their reigns, so must they bear the odium of the crimes perpetrated under the cloak of their authority. A few pages will suffice for a brief record of the last twenty months of the life of the most wretched Charles.

The court had gained nothing by their treachery. The German Protestant powers were alienated, and the English nation shrank in horror from the French alliance. Charles must now conciliate Spain, a power

which he had always disliked, and which he now hated with all the intensity of impotence. Besides which, a reaction had set in: the influence of the Moderate party once more began to be felt. “This manner of proceeding,” wrote Walsingham, on the 13th September, “is by the Catholics themselves utterly condemned.” Cardinal Fabio Orsini (Des Ursins), whom the pope had sent to congratulate the king on the massacre, and urge him to accept the decrees of the Council of Trent, was surprised to find that the atrocities of August were not thought of so highly in France as at Rome. The general feelings of the people, which had been surprised, had recovered their sway, and they were ashamed of themselves and of their rulers, who had played upon their loyalty.

Catherine had gained nothing. She was so entirely at the mercy of the Guise faction, which consisted of all that was most violent in France, that she was forced to follow where they led. She was fully conscious of the terrible mistake she had made, and bitterly must she have repented it in after years; but now her sole aim was to re-assure the disheartened Huguenots, and soften the impression which the news of the massacre had created in foreign courts. Her embassador in London was instructed to make the most lavish protestations of tolerance; and in Paris both Catherine and Charles tried to convince Walsingham that they were hurried away to the committal of a deed necessary to their safety, but entirely unconnected with religion. The far-seeing Englishman was not to be deceived by their fair professions; but wrote home again and again, that “now there is neither regard had to word, writing, or edict,” and that “nothing is meant but extremity toward those of the religion.”[743]

During the massacre and for some time after it, the Huguenots were so panic-stricken that they seemed incapable of the commonest actions for preserving their lives. But as soon as they recovered from their consternation, they once more ran to arms, and France was again exposed to the very evils which the massacre was intended to make impossible. Civil war now became justifiable in the eyes of the Reformed party; for horrible as it might be to draw the sword against a brother, it seemed less horrible than to sit still and suffer that brother to cut your throat. They were not fighting against the crown, but against a tyrant who had stained his hands with the blood of his people. It was a nice distinction, but distinctions equally nice were drawn at the commencement of our Great Rebellion. Each party strove to justify their appeal to arms by showing that law and justice were on their side. When the citizens of Nismes were summoned to admit the royal troops, they were told that firmness alone could save them, and they kept their gates shut. Rochelle and Sancerre, Aubenas, Sommières, Milhaud, Anduze, and scores of other towns, large and small, did the same, so that in a short time the whole country from the Channel to the Mediterranean was again divided into two hostile camps. The Protestants were so exasperated and so desperate, that compromise seemed impossible. Unhappily, most of their leaders had perished in the massacre. La Noue was still left them—himself a host; but Henry of Navarre and the Prince of Condé were prisoners at court. Still there was no shrinking from the unequal strife: the Huguenot veterans left their farms and their shops, and rallied round the gentry of their neighborhood. But their force was small, while the king was soon able to put four

armies in the field, one of which was marched against Sancerre, and another against Rochelle. Biron, and afterward Anjou, commanded the latter, which was by far the best appointed. It was composed of veteran troops, and counted the Dukes of Guise and Alençon, Henry and Condé, among its officers.

Rochelle was admirably adapted for a place of refuge where the Huguenots could make a last stand in defense of religious freedom. On the land side it was protected by marshes, which allowed of only one narrow approach from the north. Toward the sea it was hardly more accessible. The stormy nature of the coast prevented a successful blockade, and the gales that drove off a hostile fleet were favorable to the entrance of friends. The city itself was fortified according to the best rules of the military art of that day, with broad ditches, thick ramparts, and threatening bastions. But strong as it was by its position among the marshes of Poitou, it had been made stronger still during the interval left its inhabitants by the tardy and irresolute movements of the court. The garrison consisted of 1500 veteran soldiers and 2000 well-trained citizens, the stores of all kinds were ample, and aid was coming from England. The commander of the city was the brave and upright La Noue—the *chevalier sans peur et sans reproche* of the Huguenot party, and not unworthy successor of the great Coligny. Being a prisoner in the hands of Alva at the time of the massacre, he fortunately escaped death; and, on his restoration to liberty, he went to court, where the king received him with open arms and gave him the confiscated estates of Teligny. When the Rochellers closed their gates, he was commissioned by Charles IX. to treat with them and try to procure their submission. The

result was not what the king expected, for La Noue joined the citizens, and was made governor. Here, while fighting bravely and doing his best to preserve the city, he never lost an opportunity of recommending conciliatory measures.

The Catholic party made it a point of honor to reduce the capital of Protestantism. The siege was begun with a vigor that would have honored a better cause. From the hills which commanded the defenses a continual storm of fire was poured upon the devoted city. Assault after assault was gallantly made and repelled with equal spirit and determination. Even the women mounted the walls, cheering the combatants, tending the wounded, carrying ammunition, water and food to the soldiers, and sometimes with a boldness beyond their sex wielding the weapons that had fallen from dying hands. These alone, occasionally aided by the ministers, hurled from huge caldrons floods of boiling water and melted pitch upon the assailants in the breach. For five months Anjou attacked the place in vain—each month diminishing the ardor of the besiegers.

The siege would probably have been more closely pressed (instead of being relaxed) as time went on, had there been unity of purpose in the royal army. Cabals were formed among the officers, some of whom refused to obey the orders of a man who was openly charged with the murder of the admiral. Strange stories circulated through the camp. Men told one another with a shudder how one day, when the Duke of Guise was playing at hazard, blood dropped from his hand as he threw the dice on the table.[744] But there was perfect harmony among the besieged, although La Noue had quitted the city where his courage, military ability, and simple

character had been poorly appreciated. The pastors and he were constantly at variance; they thwarted his plans and excited the people against him. Brave as were the Rochellers, they must have yielded at last but for the election of Anjou to the crown of Poland. This made him listen readily to pacific counsels, and on the 11th July, 1573, a treaty was concluded by which the inhabitants surrendered on the following conditions: That there should be a complete amnesty for the past; that the cities of Montauban, Nismes, and La Rochelle should retain their old privileges; that the Reformed should enjoy freedom of worship, provided they met in small numbers and unarmed; that the gentry might celebrate marriages and baptisms in their own houses, provided not more than ten persons were present; that all prisoners for religious offenses should be set at large; and that all who desired to leave the kingdom might sell their goods freely and go where they pleased, except into enemy's country. Such good terms might not have been obtained but for two things: the siege had cost 40,000 men in battle or by disease, and the king had neither money nor credit to pay his troops.

When the inhabitants of Sancerre heard that they were not included in the treaty of Rochelle, they determined to perish rather than surrender. The little town was excepted, because the Catholics imagined its fall to be near and inevitable; but another motive was assigned, namely, that as the city belonged to a particular seigneur, the king (who had suddenly become scrupulous) would not prejudice the rights of the superior lord. In January, 1573, an army of 5000 infantry, 500 horse, and 1600 sappers sat down before this petty town, whose garrison consisted of about 800 men. After summoning the place to

surrender, La Châtre opened the trenches, and from two batteries of sixteen guns discharged 2000 shot in two months. By the middle of March he had made a breach 300 paces wide, but failed to carry it by storm. Drawing his lines still closer, he entirely cut off all external relief, so that in the beginning of April the towns-folk began to run short of food. They eat the asses and mules, and afterward fell to horses, dogs, cats, mice, moles, and leather, and, sinking lower still, tried horns, harness, wild roots, and parchment. “I have seen some served up,” writes an eye-witness, “on which the writing was still visible, and one might read from the pieces placed upon the table to be eaten.” By the end of June, three-fourths of the inhabitants had no bread to eat. Some attempted substitutes of flax-seed, others of all kinds of herbs, mixed with bran, others even tried straw, nut-shells, and slate, by which the stomach was distended and the pangs of hunger were temporarily assuaged. Grease and tallow served for soups and for frying: “Yea, some (a strange thing and never heard of) labored to encounter the cruelty of their hunger by the excrements of horses and men.” But there is worse to be told. On the 19th June a laboring man and his wife “satisfied their hunger with the head and entrails of their young daughter, about three years old.” They were tried and executed for the murder, for which there was the less excuse, as that very day they had been “relieved with a pottage made of herbs and wine.”[745] The young children under twelve almost all died. A boy only ten years old, seeing his parents weeping over him, said: “Mother, why do you cry because I am hungry? I do not ask you for bread, for I know you have none. But as it is God’s will that I should die, I must be content. Did not holy Lazarus suffer hunger?” And with these

words, adds De Serres, “he gave back his soul to God.” The historian sums up in this short but pregnant sentence: “During the siege, fourscore men died by the sword, but of starvation above five hundred.” On the 19th August, through the intervention of the Polish deputies, the inhabitants were granted honorable terms of capitulation.[746]

But the Huguenots were not intimidated. On the anniversary of the massacre in Paris, they assembled at Montauban, and demanded the strict fulfillment of the treaty of St. Germains. They went farther, indeed, and required, among other things, that the open exercise of their religion should be permitted everywhere in France; that they should pay tithes to their own ministers only; that such of the clergy as had embraced the Reformed doctrines and married should be allowed the privileges of citizenship; that the authors and perpetrators of the August massacres should be punished; and that a parliament or supreme court of justice, composed of Huguenots only, should be appointed to try all causes in which they were concerned.

When their petition was presented to the king, he listened and made no remark; but Catherine haughtily replied: “If Condé were alive and in the heart of France with 100,000 horse and foot, he would not ask one-half of what these people demand.” Their prayer was refused; and had it been granted, we may doubt whether the condition of the Huguenots would have been much improved. France seemed to be given over to all the evils that misgovernment, which is rarely unaccompanied with other and more damning vices, can bring upon a nation. Although the Duke of Anjou had been elected King of Poland, and had departed for his kingdom,

his evil influence remained behind. The court was the arena of the most disgraceful intrigues: honor among men, chastity among women, had become unmeaning words. The Duke of Alençon, a poor weak fool, gaining courage by the absence of the more resolute Anjou, entered into all sorts of schemes to prevent his brother's return to France and secure the reversion of Charles's throne to himself. Two parties looked up to him as their head; the Politicians and the Huguenots. The threads of the intrigues, in which he was a mere stalking-horse, are difficult to unravel, and it is scarcely within the scope of this history to make the attempt. It is sufficient to say that the result was a plot for a general rising of the Huguenot party on Shrove-Tuesday, 22d February, 1574, with the object of driving Catherine from court, excluding Anjou from the succession, and making Monsieur—as Alençon was now called—lieutenant-general of the kingdom and heir to the throne. Great was the consternation at St. Germains when the news arrived that La Noue had surprised Lusignan; that Fontenay, Royau, Talmont, Coulombier, and other places had opened their gates to the Huguenots; and that a body of cavalry under Guitry was almost at the palace gates. All fled; Charles alone refusing to move: "Why could they not have waited for my death?" he asked, as he lay on his sick-bed—to him the bed of death. The ministers and their followers hurried away as soon as possible, some in disguise, some by land, others by the river, others by circuitous routes. Agrippa d'Aubigné gives an amusing though exaggerated description of the "flight of the courtiers." It was a race who should reach Paris first, he says. "Half-way from St. Germains, the cardinals of Bourbon, Lorraine, and Guise, with Birague the chancellor and

Morvilliers, were met mounted on spirited chargers, grasping the pommels of their saddles to keep themselves steady; and feeling as much affrighted at their horses as they did at the enemy. They were followed by two retainers only of all their sumptuous trains." The movement ended in complete failure, and cost the lives of several persons, the best known being La Mole and Coconnas, whose fate alone has rescued them from oblivion. Joseph Boniface, Lord of La Mole, was a vain, frivolous intriguer, whom Charles IX. so detested that he is reported to have twice commanded Anjou to strangle the wretched sycophant who preyed upon the weakness of Alençon.[747] He is said also to have been in the good graces of Queen Margaret, who desired his bleeding head to be brought to her. On seeing the hideous sight, she burst into a violent transport of rage and grief, kissing the lifeless features and bathing them with her tears.[748] Coconnas was a Piedmontese noble and captain of the guard to Monsieur. When on the scaffold, he stamped with vexation, exclaiming to the spectators: "You see how it is; the little ones are caught, and the big ones are left." There was an attempt to implicate Henry of Navarre in the plot; and though it failed,[749] he was still kept prisoner at the court. Marshals Montmorency and Cossé were in like manner detained in the Bastile for many months. The charlatan Ruggieri, who lent himself to any vile scheme, was sent to the galleys, but was soon released by Catherine, and rewarded by the gift of the rich abbey of St. Mahé.

But the end was at hand. Charles, whose health had been slowly declining since the massacre, now became seriously ill. He suffered extreme pain, and had frequent fainting fits; yet from hatred of Anjou

and abhorrence of his mother, he still clung to the royal power. A few days before his death, when the English embassador, Leyton, arrived at Vincennes, he insisted upon giving him audience, and for three-quarters of an hour listened patiently to the envoy's harangue, replying to it in a few pertinent remarks. Much of his suffering was mental; his conscience was smitten with an incurable wound. As he felt his last fatal illness coming on, he sent for Henry of Navarre, who had to pass through the vaults of the castle between a double line of guards under arms ready to dispatch him. Henry started back a few paces, clapped his hand on his sword, and refused to advance. It was a sensational trick of Catherine's. Being assured there was no danger, he proceeded and entered the king's room, where Charles received him affectionately. "I have always loved you," he said; "and to your care I confide my wife and daughter—I commend them to your love." The king went on cautioning him to distrust—: the name was not distinctly heard by the persons in the chamber; but Catherine, who still hovered like an evil genius over her son, remarked: "Sire, you should not say that." "Why not?" asked Charles, "is it not true?" Probably he was speaking of his brother of Anjou. Henry had no opportunity of obeying the king's dying injunctions: the child did not live, and the mother returned to Germany.

Charles could not sleep at night, and often when he had closed his eyes from very weakness, he would start up, exclaiming that he heard strange sounds in the air. Music was employed to soothe his irritability, and the voice of his favorite chorister, Lassus, or Étienne le Roi, chanting the penitential Psalms, often lulled him to sleep. He saw nothing but blood around him, and the ghosts of those he had caused to be

murdered stood threateningly at his bedside. As his malady increased, he began to spit and vomit blood; and in the paroxysms of his pain, the blood would ooze through his skin at every pore[750]—a symptom which the Huguenots regarded as a mark of the divine displeasure.

His nurse, Philippe Richarde, was a Huguenot, who had reared him when an infant, and whom he loved to the last. One night as she sat watching by his bedside, she heard him sobbing, and as she drew aside the curtains to learn what was the matter, he exclaimed through his tears: “Oh nurse, my dear nurse, what bloodshed and murder! Oh! that I should have followed such wicked advice. Pardon me, O God, and have mercy on me.... What shall I do? I am lost.... I am lost.” The nurse soothed him, and bade him trust in the Lord. “The blood is upon those who caused you to shed it,” she added. “If you repent of the murders, God will not impute them to you, but cover them with the mantle of his Son’s righteousness, in which alone you must seek refuge. But for God’s sake let your majesty cease weeping.” Hereupon she went to get a dry handkerchief, for the king’s was all wet with tears. When he had taken it, he made a sign to her to go away and let him sleep. [751]

The next day Catherine hurried into the sick-chamber with good news: Montgomery was a prisoner in her hands—Montgomery, whom she had never forgiven as the innocent cause of her husband’s death. But to Charles all such earthly passions were now indifferent. “Madame,” he said to his mother, “such things affect me no longer: I am dying.” On Whitsunday, 30th May, 1574, Charles received the last rites of the Church from the hands of Sorbin and

the learned Amyot, Bishop of Auxerre.[752] Catherine, Alençon, Henry, and Margaret, with the officers of state, were present, and partook of the consecrated elements. It does not appear that his queen was there, but we learn that she was often seen kneeling, and in tears, before the altar of the castle chapel, where "she was still to be found when the soul of her husband and lord passed from this world." After confession, Charles rallied a little, and had strength to direct his ministers to obey the queen-mother as they would have obeyed himself. But his weakness soon returned: he breathed with such difficulty that he could scarcely bid a tender farewell to his mother, after which he faintly whispered: "If Jesus my Saviour should number me among his redeemed!"—a late and involuntary testimony to the exhortations of his pious nurse. Thrice he repeated these words, and then spoke no more.

There were rumors of poison, and people remembered how Catherine, in bidding farewell to Anjou, told him to be of good cheer, for he would not be away long. Poisoning in that day had been raised to the dignity of a science; and ignorant as the alchemists were of the true principles of their art, they had extorted certain secrets from nature which modern chemists can not recover. The criminal annals of recent years do not permit us to doubt of the efficacy of slow poisoning; and the symptoms under which Charles suffered strongly remind us of those produced by minute doses of hemlock alternating with arsenic. Unfortunately, in those days, detection was difficult, because tests for poison were unknown. There were so many interested in getting rid of the king, that his early death was regarded as a certainty. If he had lived, the influence

of his amiable wife might have grown stronger, he might have thrown off his mother's trammels, and placing himself in the hands of the Politicians, might have driven Catherine and her friends from power. Then what would have become of Henry of Anjou, now reigning in barbarous and distant Poland? Ambrose Paré declared the king's death was caused by injuries done to his lungs from the immoderate use of his hunting-horn in the chase.[753] The explanation was rejected at the time, and although we are unwilling to believe that a mother would coldly speculate upon the death of her son and connive at his murder, Catherine never was the woman to allow scruples of conscience or morality to stand in her way. There is a well-known anecdote of Louis XIII., who, on being cautioned against too violent exercise and frequent use of the hunting-horn, replied: "Stuff! Charles IX. died after dining with Gondi, immediately after a quarrel with his mother."

Thus died Charles at the early age of twenty-four, rejoicing that he had left no son to wear that crown which had wrought him so much sorrow; for, he added from his own bitter experience, "France needs a man to govern her, and not a babe in swaddling-clothes, with a woman for his support."[754] How differently soever his character may be estimated by different writers, there are some points on which all must agree. His virtues were his own, his vices the result of his training.[755] He had a great capacity of affection. His mistress, Marie Touchet, and the boy she bore him were anxiously cared for as he lay dying. His love for his mother was strong, but mingled with fear: he submitted to her, not merely as the weak mind submits to the stronger, but because he felt that she loved him after her animal fashion,

and that it was his duty to honor her. We know but little of his married life, but from the few glimpses we catch of it, he seems to have been attached to his young wife Elizabeth, and she to him. When she heard of the murders of St. Bartholomew's Day, she asked, with horror in every feature: "Does the king, my husband, know of this?" On being told that Charles had commanded it, she burst into tears, exclaiming: "Oh God! what councilors hast thou given him! Pardon this crime, I implore thee, oh God! for if thou shouldst exact vengeance, it is a sin never to be forgiven." Thereupon she retired into her oratory, and passed the remainder of the day in prayer, and refused to join the procession that traversed the blood-stained streets. There are coarse stories recorded of the last days of Charles, which (if they were true) would throw great doubt upon his conjugal fidelity; but they are mere back-stairs scandal.

Charles IX. was a compound of the most opposite qualities. He was a firm friend to the few whom he loved; fond of rough pleasures; not without a taste for poetry and music, and master of that graceful eloquence so captivating on the lips of princes. But he had great defects, made greater by the peculiarity of his character, which his friends, both true and false, knew so well how to play upon. He could be as violent in action as in language: his anger was fearful to withstand. He could be false and treacherous, so that his admirers actually praise him for his duplicity.[756] A contemporary Juvenal describes him as

> Plus cruel que Néron, plus rusé que Tibère ...
> Sans parole, sans foi, sinon à se venger,
> Exécrable joueur et public adultère ...
> Il mourut enfermé comme un chien enragé.

For three hundred years Charles has been the execration of mankind, and after carefully weighing the evidence of contemporaries, the historian can find no solid grounds for reversing the judgment. But he was not the chief criminal. French writers, even while they condemn the barbarous deed that has cast so foul a stain upon their annals, may justly plead that the chief contriver was an Italian woman brought up in the school of Machiavelli, and that the chief instruments were all foreigners.

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FOOTNOTES:

[1] In judging these and other great historical criminals, we must bear in mind the age in which they lived. To borrow the language of Mr. Hepworth Dixon in his eloquent vindication of Lord Bacon: "The cry

of pain, the gasp of death, were no such shocks to the gentle heart as they would be in a softer time. Men had been hardened in the [martyrs'] fire. Minds were infected by the atrocities of [Huguenot] plots. The ballads sung in the streets were steeped in blood." In such times of frenzy even the merciful become cruel.

[2] *Hist. of Popes*, i. 120 (Mrs. Austin's).

[3] From a sermon quoted by Sismondi, *Hist. des Français*.

[4] *Mém. de l'Acad. Stanislas*, Nancy, 1862, p. 369.

[5] Here are some of the objects once preserved in the cathedral of Clermont: —"Imprimis de umbilico Filii Dei cum quinque unguibus de sinistra manu; præpucium ipsius cum duabus unguibus de dextra manu, et de pannis quibas fuit involutus, et undecimam partem sudarii quod fuit ante oculos ejus cum sanguine ipsius, et de tunica, et de barba, et de capillis, et de præcincto ejus cum sanguine et tres ungues ejus ex recisione manus dexteræ et partem spinæ coronæ, et de pane quem ipse benedixit, et ex spongia ejus, et ex virgis quibus cæsus fuit, et de capillis Beatæ Mariæ tres et brachiale ejus, et de vestimento ipsius cum lacte."—Baluze, ii. p. 39; Dulaure, *Descript. Auvergne*, p. 197.

[6] *Réponse à quelque apologie*, etc. 1558, fol. 2.

[7] "De plano, sine strepitu et figura judicii, prout in similibus consuevit."—Isambert: *Recueil des Lois Fr.* t. xii. p. 231.

[8] Florimond de Rémond: *Histoire de la naissance, etc. de l'hérésie de ce siècle*, bk. vii. p. 931.

[9] Beza: *Hist. Eccles.* liv. i. For this "Affair

of the Placards" see Merle d'Aubigné: *Reform. in time of Calvin*, vol. iii. bk. iv. ch. 9 to 12. A passage like this must have been as offensive as it was unjustifiable: "Nous ne voulons croire à vos idoles, à vos lieux nouveaux et nouveaux Christs, qui se laissent manger aux bêtes et à vous pareillement, qui êtes pires que bêtes, en vos badinages lequels vous faites à l'entour de votre dieu de pâte duquel vous vous jouez comme un chat d'une souris," etc.

[10] Eustathius de Knobelsdorff to George Cassander, in *Illustr. et Clar. Viror. Epist. Selectæ.*, Lugd. Bat. 1617, quoted in Baum: *Leben Beza's*.

[11] *Hist. des guerres dans le Venaissin*, etc. i. p. 39. Published anonymously, but the author was Father Justin, a Capuchin monk. See also Muston: *Israël des Alpes*, 1851.

[12] Bossuet (*Hist. des Variations*, liv. xi. § 143) acknowledges their piety, but calls it "feigned," and ascribes their virtues to the inspiration of the devil.

[13] Cabasse: *Hist. Parl. Provence*.

[14] Il n'existe plus rien du bourg florissant de Mérindol. Lacretelle: *Guerres de Rél.* i. p. 31.

[15] Mezeray, iii. p. 1034.

[16] Some years ago a cave in a wild and almost inaccessible valley of the Maritime Alps, near the village of Castiglione, was pointed out to me as one of these places of refuge. It could be reached only by a rope, and consisted of at least three chambers, one below the other. In the Vivarrais there are many such caverns.

[17] Bouche calls them, "plutôt ignorans que rebelles," and adds, "On trouve dans l'histoire des nations les plus fanatiques et les

plus sauvages peu d'exemples d'une atrocité pareille."—*Essai sur l'Hist. de Provence*, ii. p. 83. See Papon, *Hist. de Provence*, for a less favorable account of the Vaudois.

[18]

> Viros et morte peremptos
> Indigna, raptasque soluto crine puellas,
> Et late miseris subjecta incendia vicis.
> L'Hôpital, *De Causa Merindoli*.

[19] All the papers connected with this inquiry have perished. One of the accused was the famous sea-captain Baron de la Garde, the same who disputed the command of the Channel against Henry VIII., and occupied the Isle of Wight in 1533. In the religious wars he sided with the Huguenots.

[20] Capefigue: *Hist. de la Réforme*, ch. xvi.

[21] Non ego sum qui, ut quisque a nobis opinione dissentit, statim eum odio habeam.

[22] In a poem composed at this time, he says, with more of Pagan stoicism than Christian fortitude—

> Sus, mon esprit, montrez vous de tel cœur,
> Votre assurance au besoin soit connue;
> Tout gentil cœur, tout constant belliqueur,
> Jusqu'à la mort sa force a maintenue.

[23] Imberdis: *Hist. Guerres Civ.* 8vo. Moulins, 1840.

[24] A curious apology has been made for Francis I. Mezeray, answering an Italian writer, who had insinuated that the king had permitted the spread of heresy by taking no heed of it, says:—"Quoi donc, faire six ou sept rigoureux édits pour l'étouffer, convoquer plusieurs fois le clergé, assembler un concile provincial, dépêcher à toute heure des ambassades vers tous les princes de la chrétienté pour en assembler un général, brûler les hérétiques par douzaines, les

envoyer aux galères par centaines, et les bannir par milliers: est-ce là permettre, ou n'y prendre pas garde," etc. ii. p. 1038.

[25] *P. Castellani Vita*, auct. P. Gallandio, 8vo. 1674.

[26] *Petri Paschalii Histor. Fragm.* Dupuy MSS. Raumer: *Hist. 16th and 17th Centuries*, i. 261.

[27] Matteo Dandolo in 1542 and Lorenzo Contarini in 1551 describe Henry in nearly the same terms. See Alberi: *Relazioni degli Ambas. Veneti*. (8vo. Firenze.) Ser. I. vol. iv. 1860, pp. 27 and 60.

[28] M. Capefigue has attempted this in his one-sided fashion; but Alberi extols her as a model of almost every Christian virtue.

[29] Sismondi says she was only 13, but from her birth, 13th April, 1519, to her wedding-day is 14½ years.

[30] "Li occhi grossi proprj alla casa de' Medici." Suriano. On the ceiling of a room in the château of Tanlay, between Tonnerre and Moutbard, which once belonged to the Chatillons, there was (and probably still is) a figure of Catherine as Juno, with two faces: one, masculine and sinister, the other with a remarkable sweetness and dignity of expression. In the gallery at Eu there were two portraits (probably copies) representing her as exceedingly fair: in one, the hair was of a reddish tinge; in the other, the eyebrows were light and the eyes hazel.

[31] Giovanni Soranzo, 14th August, 1557. *Relazioni*, p. 8.

[32] "Non si troveria persona che non si lasciasse cavare del sangue per fargli avere un figlio."—Matt. Dandolo.

[33] His tomb, by Jean Goujon, is in Rouen cathedral.

[34] Brantome describes her at the age of sixty-five as being "so lovely that the most insensible person could not look upon her without emotion;" and ascribes her beauty to a bouillon she took every morning composed of "or potable et autres drogues que je ne sais pas." De Thou says she made Henry constant to her "philtris et magicis (ut creditur) artibus." A hideous story of her bathing in blood to preserve her beauty is told of "cette Hérodias" in the *Mélange critique de Littérature*, ii. p. 113. At Dijon there is a three-quarter portrait of her entirely undraped. The form is exceedingly lovely, the face a long oval, the eyes dark, eyebrows delicate, hair a bright auburn, and complexion fair.

[35] They were the emblems of mourning which widows in those days never put off.

[36] "Particolarmente la dispensazione delli benefici ecclesiastici è in man sua."—Soranzo.

[37] "Il quale l'ha amata, ed ama e godi cosi vecchia come è." L. Contarini (1551): *Relazioni Veneti*, iv. 1860, p. 78; Baschet: *La Diplomatie vénitienne*, p. 432. G. Soranzo (1558) writes to the same effect; but M. Cavalli is of quite a contrary opinion. "Questo amore non sia lascivo, ma come materno filiale."—Raumer, i. p. 259.

[38] The pope significantly sent her a pearl necklace shortly after Henry's accession. The French have recently erected a statue to her memory. It is painful to see a noble nation so deficient in self-respect as to make idols of the mistresses of their sovereigns—Agnes Sorel, Diana, Gabrielle d'Estrées, and others.

[39] "Au col de sa jument."—*Gargantua*, liv.

i. ch. 17.

[40] "Il ne savait ni lire ni écrire."—Marsollier: *Hist. duc de Bouillon*, i. 7 (Paris, 1719).

[41] He was named Anne, after his godmother Anne of Brittany. He had four sons and five daughters; his sister Louisa, a widow, married Gaspard de Coligny, the father of the Admiral. Louisa's first husband was the Marshal de Maille, and her daughter Dame de Roye was mother of the Dame de Rove who married Condé.

[42] These "crescents," so often found interlaced with H, are supposed to be the device of Diana of Poitiers; I am more inclined to regard them as a fanciful C, to indicate Catherine.

[43] Félibien: *Hist. de la Ville de Paris*, tom. ii. liv. xx. p. 1031 (fol. 1725).

[44] Félibien, tom. v. p. 378.

[45] The intellect of the day was on the side of the Reform: "Peintres, orlogiers, imagiers, orfèvres, libraires, imprimeurs, et autres, qui en leurs métiers, ont *quelque noblesse d'esprit*."—Flor. de Remond, an unimpeachable witness.

[46] Bras de Bourgueville: *Recherches sur Caen*, 2e partie, p. 162; Cte Hector de la Ferrière-Percy: *Hist. du Canton d'Athis*. 8vo. Paris, 1858.

[47] Montluc says the nobles adopted the Reform out of a spirit of opposition. "Il n'était fils de bonne maison qui ne voulut goûter de cette réforme nouvelle."

[48] About the same time another edict forbade the faithful to send money to Rome.—

Lacretelle.

[49] On the 19th June, 1551, the papal nuncio represented to the king that he "must forbid the printing and circulation of all heretical books.... If your majesty fail to punish these damnable writers, the evil may proceed so far as to defy all remedy."—Raumer, i. 262. The severities of the Chateaubriant edict proving ineffectual, it was declared by another edict (27th May, 1558), that the illegal printing of any book on religion would be punished by "confiscation de corps et de biens."

[50] Matthew Ory, of the order of Preaching Friars, had been invited from Italy by Cardinal de Tournon, and by letters patent of Francis I. (30th May, 1536) permitted to exercise the office of inquisitor at Lyons, in which post he was confirmed by the edict of Henry II. (22d June, 1550).

[51] On this point see the continuation of Longueval's *Hist. Eglise Gall.* by J. M. Prat (4to, 1847), t. xix. p. 96.

[52] "L'autorité et souveraineté tant du roi que de sa couronne serait grandement diminuée quand les sujets naturels du roi seraient prévenus et entrepris par un official ou inquisiteur."—*Hist. des Martyrs.* f. 463.

[53] Minute of Secretary Ribier, p. 677; Sismondi, xviii. p. 59. See also Belcarius: *Rer. Gall. Comment.* p. 868.

[54] "Existimant omnis publicæ cladis, omnis popularis incommodi Christianos esse causam. Si Tiberis ascendit in mœnia, si Nilus non ascendit in arva, sicœlum stetit, si terra movet, si fames, si lues, statim—Christianos ad leonem!"—Tertullian, *Apol.* c. 40.

[55] Pasquier: *Lettres*, p. 195 (ed. Arras. 1598) says it happened in August, three days after the battle of St. Laurent, before the walls of St. Quentin, which was taken six weeks later. But these letters were written for effect —many of them some time after the events they record. Drion (*Chronol.*) says "May."

[56] Her favorite, Madame de Crussol, Duchess of Usez, held the Reformed opinions.

[57] Bonnet: *Lettres de Calvin*, ii. 125, *note*. Letter from Fr. Morel. The prisoners were 120 to 130 in number.

[58] Raynald: *Ann. Eccles.* ad an. 1557; Sarpi: *Concil. Trent*, lib. v. No. 33.

[59] "Aut integras urbes absumere aut veritati locum aliquem concedere."—Baum: *Leben Beza's*, i. p. 453.

[60] Florimond de Remond: *Hist. des Martyrs*, fol. 395.

[61] Strada: *De Bello Belg.* dec. i. lib. 3.

[62] Marot translated fifty, Beza the remainder.

[63] Somewhat later (in 1561) the Sorbonne formally declared the singing of Psalms *not* contrary to the Catholic faith.

[64] The Pré aux Clercs exists no longer, not even in name. It was a pleasant meadow on the banks of the Seine, between the abbey of St. Germain des Prés and the Invalides.

[65] *Hist. Heres.* f. 1033.

[66] "Criant par dépit comme crieurs d'oublies."—*MS. de Médicis.*

[67] This probably is what the English commissioner alludes to, when writing in January, 1559, he says: "There was an

appointment made between the late pope, the King of Spain, and the French king, for the joining of their forces together for the suppression of religion."—Forbes: *Full View of the Public Transactions in the Reign of Queen Elizabeth*, i. p. 196 (fol. Lond. 1740).

[68] Vauvilliers, i. p. 89.

[69] During the period embraced in this volume there were only eight Parliaments, those of Paris, Toulouse, Grenoble, Bordeaux, Dijon, Rouen, Aix, Rennes.

[70] *La vraie Hist. de la Proc. contre Du Bourg.: Mém. de Condé*, i. 220.

[71] *Mem. de Vieilleville*, p. 705 (Panthéon Litt.)

[72] The date is uncertain; some give the 10th March, but the discussion did not begin until the 26th April. Felice says the 10th August, which must be a misprint.

[73] Throckmorton to Queen, 19th June, 1559, gives an account of this remarkable sitting, in which the Cardinal of Lorraine displayed his usual violence of language. Forbes: *Full View*, i. p. 126.

[74] Abbé Caveyrac says: "It was his fixed intention to destroy the Protestants."—*Apologie de Louis XIV.* p. 33.

[75] Groen van Prinsterer: *Archives*, Ser. I. 1841, vol. i. p. 34. The plot was first made known in the Apology published by the Prince of Orange. Alva said that Henry had made peace, "para que el quedasse la mano libera para remediar lo."—Gachard, ii. p. 181; Raynald: *Ann. Eccles.*

[76] Du Puis, a Jacobite priest, asserted "qu'à leur prêche les femmes

s'abandonnaient," etc. See Flocquet: *Hist. parl. de Normandie*, ii. p. 365.

[77] This organization was to a great extent the work of a gentleman of Maine, by name La Ferrière, who had removed to Paris to escape religious surveillance (1555).

[78] Calvin: *Serm. sur Timothée*, p. 65 (4to 1563).

[79] Alva to Philip: *Journ. des Savants*, 1857, p. 171.

[80] Art de vérifier les dates. Other authorities give June 21 and 24.

[81] Throckmorton to Council, 1st July, 1559; Forbes, i. 151; *Lettere dei Principi* (14th July, 1559), iii. 196. Montgomery escaped to England, where he embraced the Reformed doctrines.

[82] Some authorities state that, though Henry lingered eleven days, he never recovered either speech or reason. In the *Chanson de Montgommery* (1574) we read that he "prononça *à voix haute*, Que n'avais nullement vers lui commis la faute."

[83] Mezeray, ii. 1137. Claude Haton charges the Protestants with trying to kill Henry in 1558, considering him "le tyran persécuteur de l'église de Jésus Christ."

[84] Gail: *Tableaux chronologiques*, p. 96 (8vo. Paris, 1819); also Brantome.

[85] This discipline was in reality the work of Coligny.

[86] Claude Haton.

[87] Aubespine: *Doc. Hist. François II.*, tom. ii. p. 428.

[88] Born 20th January, 1544, N.S. The

medals say he was crowned on the 17th, Mezeray the 19th, and De Thou the 20th Sept., 1559. Such are the discrepancies continually to be met with even in trivial matters.

[89] Card. Santa Croce writes: “La Regina di Scotia un giorno gli disse che non sarebbe mai altro che figlia di un mercante.”

[90] Le Plat, v. p. 517.

[91] “Pulchro aspectu, procera statura, facie oblonga [the true Lorraine face], fronte ampla et eminente.” *Gallia purpurata.* Beza said: “Had I the cardinal’s eloquence, I should hope to convert half France.”

[92] Auberi: *Hist. Card. Richelieu*, i. liv. ii. p. 87 (ed. 1666).

[93] “Me participem fecit, ut tentationum ct passionum quibus per tot annos quotidie moriebatur, omni hora de vita periclitabatur ... tam *parum* timidus quam *nimium* esse putabatur.” Bayle, *sub voce.*

[94] “Licenziosissimo per natura ... ingordizia inestimabile ... gran duplicità.” *Relazioni d. Amb. Ven.* (ed. Alberi), p. 441.

[95] 9th April, 1561. MS. in Rouen Library; Leber, bundle B, No. 5720. On the other side, see the “Supplication,” etc., reprinted in Bouillé: *Hist. Guise*, p. 77.

[96] Micheli speaks of the “odio universale conceputo contro di lui per i molti effetti d’offesa che mostrò verso ognuno mentre nel governo ebbe l’autorità.”

[97] In the museum of Orleans there is a striking portrait of the cardinal and of his nephew, Henry, the hero of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew.

[98] He was born in 1518, and in 1548

married the heiress of Navarre (born 1528), whose dowry consisted of the principality of Béarn and the counties of Armagnac, Albret, Bigorre, Foix, and Comminges. Upper Navarre had been seized by Spain.

[99] Marc Duval's engraving of the three brothers is well known, and has often been copied. In the Lenoir Collection (now belonging to the Duke of Sutherland) there is a painting of the three brothers; and, if I am correctly informed, there are other portraits at Knowle Park.

[100] Brantome quotes an Italian saying: "Dio me guarda del bel gigneto del Principe (di Condé) e dell' animo e *stecco* dell' Amiraglio." There was another saying: "Défiez-vous du *cure-dents* de l'Amiral, du *non* du Connétable, et du *oui* de Catherine."

[101] Mr. Crowe, who seems to have taken his history of this period from Davila, calls Coligny "a man of bold and imposing character," and says that he and Andelot were the inspiring causes of the religious wars. So far as the admiral is concerned, this is quite contrary to the fact.

[102] *Rer. Scot. Hist.* lib. xvi. p. 567 (ed. 1668).

[103] Lippomano in Baschet, p. 494; Throckmorton to Queen, 13th July, 1560, in Forbes, i. p. 159.

[104] Throckmorton says that the cardinal took pattern from the proclamations and injunctions of Pole and Bonner. Forbes, i. p. 161 and 233.

[105] Regnier de la Planche, p. 227.

[106] December 12th, 1559. This same Stuart claimed Queen Mary's protection as a

blood-relation. He made the constable prisoner at Dreux, mortally wounded him at St. Denis, and being taken at Jarnac, fighting on the Huguenot side, was murdered by permission, if not by order, of Henry of Anjou. Claude Haton has a story that he was hanged at Paris in July, 1569. He was in the Amboise plot, and escaped by flight.

[107] Authors differ as to the day of his death; the dates given are 20th November; 20th, 21st, 22d, and 23d December. "Duodecimo kal. Januarii," says Belcarius, p. 921.

[108] Mezeray, *Abrégé Chron.* He appears to be copying Regnier de la Planche.

[109] *Hist. de l'Hérésie*, p. 865.

[110] *Hist. des Perséc. de l'Église de Paris*, p. lxiv.

[111] *Hist. État de France sous François II.* (8vo. 1576). This work is generally ascribed to La Planche, but if so, he would hardly sneer at himself (p. 404) as "plus politique que religieux." It was probably written by Jean de Serres, author of the *Commentarii de Statu Religionis*.

[112] "Certains garnements n'avaient plutôt crié: Au luthérien, au christandin—qu'ils ne fussent non seulement quittes de leurs dettes." Regnier de la Planche.

[113] Forbes, i. p. 262.

[114] Ibid., p. 292.

[115] The *Défense contre les Tyrans* of Hubert Languet treats of the limits of obedience to kings, of the causes which justify arming, and when foreign aid may be sought. Davila confesses that the Protestants were

forced to measures of self-defense, “per liberarsi della durezza della condizione presente.”

[116] Barthold: *Deutschland und die Huguenotten*, i. p. 262.

[117] The “mute chief” was certainly Condé. Belcaire calls him “ducem ἀνώνυμον.”

[118] “At si viribus superiores fuissent, haud dubium quin utrumque [of the Guises] immaniter trucidaverint, quibus Franciscum Stuardumque reginam addidissent, aut saltem hanc ad Elizabetham Angliæ reginam, æmulam et *ejus conjurationis consciam*, (?) misissent.” Belcarius: *Rer. Gall. Comment.* There is not the slightest ground for supposing Elizabeth knew any thing of the Amboise plot.

[119] “The French king removeth hence toward Amboise the 5th February.” Killigrew to Queen, 28th Jan. 1560; Forbes, i. pp. 315, 320. “The 23d, the French king arrived, which was two days sooner than he was looked for.” Forbes, i. p. 334.

[120] Of this Des Avenelles there are very contradictory accounts. He was rewarded with a judicial appointment in Lorraine, and De Thou adds that he remained a Protestant until death.

[121] Throckmorton to Cecil, 7th March; Forbes, i. 353.

[122] “Il s’en trouvait en la rivière tantôt 6, 8, 10, 12, 15 attachés à desperches.... Les rues d’Amboise étaient coulantes de sang, et tapissées de corps morts, si qu’on ne pouvait durer par la ville pour la puanteur et infection.” Regnier de la Planche, p. 257; Montfauçon: *Monuments de la Monarchie Fr.* v. p. 81; Forbes, i. 378.

[123] This poisoned ball, says Brantome, was of mixed metal, so hard that no armor could resist it.

[124] See a plate in *De Leone Belg.*, representing the execution of Villemangis.

[125] Throckmorton, writing to the Lords of the Council on the 21st March, speaks of the general pardon offered the insurgents if they should disperse quietly, and goes on to say: "Although things be thus calmed, yet the Duke of Guise and the Cardinal of Lorraine live still in marvelous great fear, and know not whom they may well trust." Forbes, i.

[126]

> Las nous estions du temps que la fureur françoise
> Commença nos malheurs au tumulte d'Amboise,
> Nous en avons l'horreur encor peinte en nos cœurs,
> Malheureuse aux vaincus, dommageable aux vainqueurs.
>
> Jean Vauquelin de la Fresnaye: *Les Foresteries*.

[127] Taillandier: *Nouv. Recherches sur de l'Hopital*, p. 273 (Paris, 1861). "Les *Huguenots de religion*, pour ne pouvoir supporter plus la rigueur et cruauté exercées à l'encontre d'eux; et les *Huguenots d'état*, pour ne plus comporter l'usurpation faite par lesdits de Guise." *Commentaires*, p. 63. This is what Regnier de la Planche told the queen-mother.

[128] There has been much dispute about the origin of this word, but it probably came from Geneva, where the citizens had long been divided into two politico-religious parties, known as the *Mamelukes* and *Huguenots*. Merle d'Aubigné: *Reformation in Time of Calvin*, vol. i. p. 118.

[129] Claude repeats all the popular

scandals against the Protestants, but he speaks *generally*, refraining from charging with such infamies those of his own town (Provins), whom he knew from personal observation.

[130] See note at end of chapter.

[131] "Pauperculus librarius." De Thou.

[132] Regnier de la Planche: *De l'Estat de France*, pp. 312, 313 (Coll. du Panthéon).

[133] Wright's *Elizabeth*, i. p. 33.

[134] *Aubespine Correspondence*, pp. 431, 433, 434, 442, 501.

[135] The instructions were signed by the King and Catherine, Guise, Montmorency, the Cardinal of Lorraine, L'Hopital, and Charles of Bourbon. See Le Plat, v. p. 561.

[136] *Aubespine: Corresp.* 12th April, 1560, pp. 342, 361.

[137] *Ibid.* 1st October, 1560.

[138] *Ibid.* p. 655.

[139] Aubespine: *Corresp.* 14th October, 1560.

[140] Regnier de la Planche, p. 290.

[141] "Quand un homme ayant mauvaise opinion faisait l'amende honorable, et prononçait les mots d'icelle, il ne changeait pour cela son cœur, *l'opinion se muant par oraisons à Dieu*, parole, et raison persuadée." *Commentaires*, p. 73 verso.

[142] *Commentaires*, p. 101 verso. Regnier assigns the duke's retort to his brother the Cardinal. See also Mignet, *Journal des Savants*, 1859, p. 25; Bouillé: *Hist. Guise*, ii. p. 86.

[143] "Sans être perpétuellement damné." Mayer, *États gén.* x. 296.

[144] Baschet, p. 506.

[145] Mayer: *Coll. États gén.* x. p. 310.

[146] Letter of Francis II. to Anthony, April 15: *Colbert, MSS.* vol. xxviii.

[147] Castelnau in his *Mémoires* says, that the queen-mother assured them they might come "without fear," and would be as safe in Orleans as in their own houses. Both stories may be true, and this is not the only time when her public and private opinions were at variance.

[148] Voltaire: *Essai sur les Guerres civiles*.

[149] *Comment. de l'Estat*, p. 112. Regnier adds: "Dont il (the cardinal) fut tellement contristé qu'il n'eut recours qu' á ses larmes."

[150] Hardwicke: *State Papers*, i. p. 129; Letter to the Queen, 17th of November, 1560.

[151] The duke and the cardinal openly boasted that, at two blows, they would cut off the heads of heresy and rebellion. Davila, liv. ii.

[152] "Seria mas acertado castigar poco á poco los culpados que prender tantos de un golpe." *Simancas Archives*: Journ. des Savants, 1839, p. 39.

[153] I give this incident as I find it, but hold it to be a fiction. It is inconsistent with the king's character and the state of his health at the time.

[154] Throckmorton to Chamberlayne, 21st November, 1560; Wright's *Elizabeth*, i. p. 57.

[155] *Vie de Coligny*, p. 221.

[156] Calvin to Sturm, 16th Dec. 1560. Bonnet: *Lettres de Calvin*.

[157] "Non minus fœdo quam inexpectato

mortis genere sustulit. Mortuo nullus, ut regi, honos habitus.... Lutherano more sepultus Lutheranorum hostis." Beza to Bullinger, 22d Jan. 1561; Baum's *Theodor Beza*, ii. p. 18, *Suppl.*

[158] Paris: *Cabinet historique*, ii. p. 57.

[159] The following were the twelve leading provinces: Normandy, governed by the Dauphin; Brittany, by the Duke of Etampes; Gascony, by the King of Navarre; Languedoc and the Isle of France, by Constable Montmorency; Provence, by the Count of Tende; Dauphiny and Champagne, by Guise; Lyonnais and the Bourbonnais, by Marshal St. André; Burgundy, by the Duke of Nevers; and Picardy, by Coligny.

[160] *Mém. de Marguérite de Valois*, p. 18.

[161] There were rewards for killing these beasts: 5 sols for a wolf, 10 sols for a she-wolf. MS. penes auct.

[162] Du Tillet: *Recueil des Roys*, ii p. 192; *Chronique* (4to. 1618).

[163] MS. penes auct.

[164]

> S'il lui reste encor de sa pauvre cueillette,
> Quelque petit amas que sa femme discrette
> Aura par un long temps, pour l'aider en saison,
> Reservé chichement au coin de sa maison,
> Le soldat lui survient, pire que n'est l'orage.
> *Le Contr' Empire des Sciences.* Lyon, 1599.

[165] "Un douzième de la prisaie du produit." *Monteil MSS.* i. 250.

[166] MS. penes auct.

[167] From a list of delicacies supplied in December, 1578, to the wife of Charles de Vienne, Governor of Burgundy, when in

childbed, we learn that a Mayence ham cost 50 sols, Italian sausages 15 sols a lb., olives 12 sols, an ounce of musk 18 crowns of the sun, fine white sugar 23 sols a lb., inferior sort 22 sols, dried currants 12 sols, and preserved pears 3 sols. At Mende, in 1568, a quintal of hay at 20 sols, and of straw at 8 sols, were reckoned very dear; the horse-soldier's pay being arranged on the supposition that he could get those quantities of hay and straw for 8 and 4 sols, and a setier of oats for 25. (L'Abbé Bosse: *Le Gevaudan pendant la dernière Guerre civile*. Mende, 1864.) At Toulouse a soldier's food cost 4 sols a day, probably equivalent to rather more than 20 sols or a franc now. About this time the salary of a president in the Toulouse Parliament was 100 sols a day, and of his huissier or beadle 30 sols.

[168] "Sans ce grain (le sarrasin) qui nous est venu depuis 60 ans, les pauvres gens auraient beaucoup á souffrir." *Contes d'Eutrapel.*

[169] "Celui-là même que nous avons en délices ès jours maigres." Bélon: *Observations*, etc. 1563.

[170] Champier wonders how people could eat such an *insect.*

[171] Without going to the Pyrenees, or even to Burgundy, the English traveler may still see relics of the old time in the high cap of the Normande *bonne* and in the dress of the fishing-classes in the Pas de Calais, where the girl who ventures to wear a bonnet is looked upon as lost.

[172] The Ordonnance of Orleans (1560) forbids the "manans et habitans de nos villages toutes sortes de dorures sur plomb, fer, ou

bois."

[173] St. Allais: *Ancienne France*, i. 558, gives extracts from the edicts of 1561.

[174]

> Qui vit jamais porter bas des chausses de soye
> De 8 ou 10 escus, au lieu d'avoir du pain
> Pour les pauvres....
> ... On eust veu femme
> Porter dessus son ventre un *miroir* en l'église.
>
> Artus Desiré: *Le Dèsordre de France*. Paris, 1577.

[175] De Thou describes his mother "in equo post tergum sessoris domestici tapeti et stapedæ insidens."

[176] Corrozet: *Antiquités de Paris*, p. 210 (ed. 1577).

[177] Calculating the actual value of the livre tournois at francs 4·50, according to the quantity of corn it represented, on the average of frs. 31·71 the setier.

[178] In 1540 the *marc d'or* (= 8 onces, or 244·75 grammes) was worth £165 7*s.* 6*d.* of our money; in 1561 it had risen to £185, and in 1573 to £200.

[179] The *sol par livre* seems to have been the constitutional tax, which Francis raised to two sols. The *Traicté des Aydes*, by L. du Crot, may be consulted with advantage.

[180] Francis I. took away the silver rails that had been set by Louis XI. round the tomb of St. Martin of Tours.

[181] Du Crot: *Traicté des Aydes*, ad fin.

[182] The salt tax, oppressive enough by itself, was made more so by the way in which it was levied. It sometimes reached 25 sols the pound, and purchasers were forced to buy a

certain quantity, and renew their store every three months, whether it was consumed or not. Bernard Palissy gives a curious account of the working of this tax.

[183] A relic of this custom still exists in the practice of closing Temple Bar on the accession of a new sovereign.

[184] “Sono stati forzati ad abbandonnar il paesi.” *Relazione*, iii. (Ser. I.) p. 423. Du Crot confirms this: *Traicté des Aydes*, p. 114.

[185] La Noue sets it down at twenty million francs.

[186] *Mém de Condé*, tom. vi. p. 603 (Collect. Michaud).

[187] “Fas esse interficere ... nisi obedire evangelio Calviniano.” *De justa Reipubl. Christi in Regis Auctorit.* 386 recto. See Labitte: *Démoc. de la Ligue*, p. li.

[188] Arcère: *Hist. Rochelle* (4to. 1756), i. p. 333.

[189] “Il prete francese [non] molto libidinoso e inclinato solo al vizio della crapula (gluttony).” The sense requires the addition of the negative *non*.

[190] *Révue rétrospective*, i. 1833.

[191] *Démonomanie*, p. 152. This man, according to Mezeray, gave Charles the names of 1200 of his associates. In Bodin and L’Estoile the numbers are set down at 30,000 and 3000; Boguet says “trois cents mil.”

[192] The following title of a libelous pamphlet throws a curious light upon the subject in the text: *Les Sorcelleries de Henri de Valois, et les Oblations qu’il faisoit au Diable dans le Bois de Vincennes, avec la Figure des Démons d’Argent doré auxquels il faisoit*

Offrande, et lesquels se voyent encore en ceste Ville. Paris, 1589.

[193]

Le lion jeune le vieux surmontera;
En champ bellique par singulier duel,
Dans cage d'or les yeux lui crèvera,
Deux plaies une, puis mourir, mort
cruelle.

[194] Isambert: *Anciennes Lois Franç*, xiv. p. 71; Ordonnance of Orleans, January, 1560.

[195] Gregorius: *Tertia Syntag. Juris Univ. Pars*, lib. 74, c. 21. The evidence would hardly satisfy an English jury.

[196] Gregorius: *Tertia Syntag. Juris Univ. Pars*, lib. 74, c. 21.

[197] Coryat, *Crudities*, p. 8.

[198] Joannes Millæus: *Praxis Criminis persequendi* (fol. Paris, 1541), contains well-executed plates representing various kinds of torture.

[199] Claude Haton, ii. 704.

[200] Giovanni Soranzo (1558) says 400,000 or more.

[201] Corrozet (dd. 1568) says: "... Cette ville est de unze portes.... Lequel enclos sept lieues lors contient." See also Tommaseo, p. 43; Coryat's *Crudities*, p. 17.

[202] Brun and Hogenburg: *Théâtre des principales Villes*.

[203] *Mém. de Vieilleville* (Panthéon Litt.), 1836, p. 510.

[204]

Miror et innumeras forma præstante puellas,
Tam lascivo habitu cultas, adeoque facetas
Ut Priamum aut veterem succendere
Nestora possint.
La Fleur des Antiquitez, Paris, 1533.

[205] Marino Giustiniano in Tommaseo.

[206] *C'est la déduction du sumptueux ordre de Rouen, etc.* Small 4to. Rouen, 1551.

[207] Favin: *Hist. de Navarre*, an. 1565; Godefroy: *Cérémonial de France*, i. p. 909; Aubigné: *Hist.* liv. iv. ch. 5; Popelinière, i. liv. 10; Abel Jouan: *Voyage de Charles IX.*

[208]

> Et ainsi Dijon a le bruit
> D'être l'une, sans point de tache,
> Des plus belles villes qu'on sache.
> *Blason et Louenge de la noble Ville de Dyjon.*

[209] *Régistres du Conseil de Toulon*, B, No. 10, fol. 247.

[210] *A General Hist. of France*, by John de Serres (Serranus). Fol. Lond. 1624, p. 692.

[211] Beza had a favorable opinion of the boy-king, but not of the mother: "De rege optimam spem esse, et hoc tibi, ut certissimum, confirmo. Sed puer est et matrem habet." Beza to Haller, 24th January, 1561, in Baum's *Beza*, ii. p. 25, App.

[212] Baschet, p. 510.

[213] Aubespine *Négotiations*, p. 781. The translation of this unctuous letter is from Miss Freer's *Elizabeth of Valois*, i. p. 230.

[214] Walsingham describes her as "naturally timid;" Travannes (*Mém.* ii. 256): "ambitieuse et craintive;" Suriano: "timida e irresoluta;" and again, "per paura di se stessa;" and Languet (Epist. i. 41): "Regina, ut est mulier, territa."

[215] Baschet, p. 518.

[216] The chief members of this council were Anthony of Navarre; the Cardinals of Bourbon, Lorraine, Tournon, Guise, and

Chatillon; the Prince of Roche-sur-Yon; the Dukes of Guise and Aumale, the Chancellor, Marshals St. André and Brissac, with the Bishops of Orleans, Valence, and Amiens. Condé could not act, being in prison.

[217] The lawyers and parliaments were always jealous of the States-General. Pasquier, who was a "parliamentarian," calls the appeal to the Three Estates a "vieille folie courant en l'esprit français."

[218] F. Bourquelot: *Hist. de Provins*, ii. p. 132. An ordonnance of 1565 throws a curious light on the morals of the clergy:—"Ad instantiam promotoris inhibitum fuit omnibus et singulis hujus ecclesiæ [St. Quiriace at Provins], canonicis, capellariis, vicariis, et aliis habituatis (?) ne, quovis quæsito colore, audeant mulieres scandalosas de lapsu et incontinentia carnis, quovis modo suspectas, in eorum domos claustrales introducere vel intromittere, et si quas habeant, illico et incontinenti ejiciant et expellant, sub pœna excommunicationis et amendæ summæ decem librarum et amplius."

[219] On the calculation that a livre would purchase as much in 1560 as twelve francs would now, the debt was equivalent to twenty millions sterling.

[220] MSS. *L'Ordre et Séance, etc.*

[221] "Ipsius audaciam nobilitas et plebs magno cum fremitu repulissent." Beza to Bullinger; Baum's *Beza*, ii. p. 20, App.

[222] "Habere quædam in mandatis quæ contra ipsum card. promere jubebantur." Thuanus, v. lib. 27, p. 14 (Paris, 1609).

[223] The assembly acted up to this principle by ordering (7th January) the release

of all prisoners confined on account of religion; but it was done secretly "for fear of scandal."

[224] The language of their cahiers was more moderate than Quentin's speech; but in the text they have, for obvious reasons, been treated as one document.

[225] "Ut auferatur malum de medio nostri."

[226] Lobineau, *Hist. Bretagne*, ii. 280; Bertrand d'Argentré to the Duke of Estampes.

[227] Chantonnay to Catherine, 22d April, 1561; *Mém de Condé*, ii. p. 6.

[228] It is hinted in a contemporary letter, that many feared to speak their minds lest they should be treated like Du Bourg. Languet disapproves of the Edict of July, and says of Catherine: "Non mihi videtur caute egisse." Lib. ii. Ep. liv. p. 137.

[229] *Mém. de Castelnau*; see also Mignet, *Journ. des Savants*, 1847, pp. 651–659. In a letter (dated 1565) Castelnau says of Elizabeth: "Je ne la vis jamais plus belle ni plus jolie, et vous promets qu'il y a telle fille de quinze ans, qui pense être belle, qui n'en approche point. Au reste, elle a de grandes et rares vertus, et *un grand royaume*" (no doubt in his eyes her greatest virtue).

[230] "Elle leur donne à entendre qu'elle veut faire instruire le roi son fils en leur religion." *Discours Merveilleux*, p. xxi. On this matter we may suppose the writer of that scurrilous pamphlet to be well informed, though we may doubt Catherine's sincerity. See also Agrippa d'Aubigné (liv. iv. ch. 3) on the "langage de Canaan" the queen employed in her conversations with the Protestant

pastors. Sec also *Laboureur* (i. p. 283), where she is described as “infected with this venom.”

[231] Chantonnay advised that the heretics should be punished, Catherine replied: “Il n’était pas possible, vu le grand nombre ... sans ruiner toute chose et exciter une guerre civile.” Lett. of 8th January, 1561; *Mém. de Condé*, ii. p. 601.

[232] *Mém. de Condé*, ii. p. 11.

[233] “Vestido como putas.” Chantonnay to Philip II., 28th October, 1561; Simancas Archives: *Journal des Savans*, 1859, p. 159.

[234] In 1561, Micheli, the Venetian embassador, says that three-fourths of the kingdom are filled with heresy. They met and preached without any regard to the royal prohibition; and he notes it as very remarkable, that “priests, monks, and nuns, and even bishops, and many of the most distinguished prelates, had caught the infection.... Excepting the common herd, all have fallen away.”

[235] The queen-mother was specially excepted.

[236] There were actually six confederates, the three others being Cardinal Tournon, Marshal Brissac, and M. de Montpensier. Chantonnay to Philip II., 9th April, 1561; Bouillé, ii. 132.

[237] “Tous articles ... soient décidés et résolus par la seule parole de Dieu.” Bibl. Impér. 8927, États de Pontoise.

[238] “Audio Reginam curasse scribi formam emendationis ecclesiarum.” Languet (11th December, 1561), *Epist.* ii. 184. Also Chantonnay (22d January, 1561): “Aussi verrez-vous un discours que l’on sème

faussement avoir été envoyé par la Reine au Pape." He hints that it was written by Montluc, Bishop of Valence, "pour (sous prétexte de piété) semer la fausse doctrine." *Mém. de Condé*, ii. 20.

[239] Alberi: *Vita di Caterina de' Medici* (Firenze, 1838), p. 291. See also letter in Bayle's *Dictionary*, art. *Marot*, dated 26th August, 1559.

[240] Calvin writes to P. Martyr: "Audio quidem Regis matrem ita esse tui audiendi cupidam." 17th August, 1561. Baum's *Theodor Beza*, ii. p. 40, App. Peter Martyr, who had a great reputation for eloquence, waited upon Catherine as soon as he reached Paris. After a long and friendly interview she dismissed him saying: "Quod deinceps sæpius mecum sed secreto colloqui vellet." P. Martyr Senatui Turicensi, 12th September, 1561. *Ibid.* p. 63.

[241] Bèze à M. d'Espeville, 25th August, 1561; Baum's *Theodor Beza*, ii. p. 45, Append. There is a Latin copy of this letter which differs in several respects from the French.

[242] Beza tells us that his escort numbered a hundred horsemen, and that the Duke of Guise received him "vultu quam maximè potuit ad humanitatem composito." Beza Calvino, 12th September, 1561, Baum. ii. p. 60, App.

[243] Chantonnay's dispatch confirms this. He says that the king and the chancellor "ne bougeraient de là, que l'on n'eut trouvé ordre pour apaiser les tumultes de ce royaume." *Mém. de Condé*, ii. 16.

[244] Some historians reckon twelve ministers and a score of lay delegates; but the difference is unimportant. Besides Beza and Peter Martyr there were present Viret,

Marlorat and Jean Malo, ex-priests, Reimond, and others.

[245] Beza afterward found it necessary to explain himself more fully upon this point in a letter to the queen-mother: “Il y a grande différence de dire que Jésus-Christ est présent en la Sainte Cène, en tant qu’il nous y donne veritablement son corps et son sang; et de dire que son corps et son sang sont conjoints avec le pain et le vin. J’ai confessé le premier, j’ai nié le dernier.”

[246] “Adeo exasperati atque exacerbati sunt, ut proruperint: Blasphemavit, blasphemavit Deum!” Struckius ad Hubertum, 18th September, 1561; Baum ii. p. 66, App. Catherine, writing to the Bishop of Rennes, embassador to the emperor, complains of Beza’s speech: “Etant enfin tombé sur le fait de la Cène il s’oublia en une comparaison si absurde et tant offensive des oreilles de l’assistance, que peu s’en fallut que je ne lui imposasse silence.” (14th September, 1561.)

[247] “Ut saltem æquiores nobis fiant.” Beza Calvino, 27th September, 1561.

[248] His orthodoxy was suspected. “Homo quidem doctus, sed nullius religionis, ut verè dicam ἄθεος.” Belcarius: *Rer. Gall. Comment.* p. 937. “Il cancelliere che è scoperto nemico della religione cattolica.” Tommaseo, i. 530.

[249] De Lisle to the king, 6th November, 1561. *Mém pour le Concile de Trente* (4to ed.), p. 110.

[250] “Una gran parte del popolo crede a costoro talmente che col mezzo loro si potranno ridurre alla via buona, come che altrimente siano per diventare Anabatisti o peggio.” Santa Croce to Cardinal Borromeo.

[251] *Vie de Coligny*, p. 242; La Noue, p. 350 (Engl. transl.). Pasquier writes of 8000 and 9000 assembling in October, and of an "incredible concourse." *Lettres*, p. 233. Languet speaks of 12,000 to 13,000 present at a sermon in Orleans (*Arcana Secreta*, Ep. lv.); in Ep. lxii. he describes a meeting at which he was present: "non ducenti aut trecenti, sed duo, tria, et interdum novem aut decem millia ... hodie vero existimo non pauciores 15,000 interfuisse." p. 155.

[252] After the massacre of Vassy (February, 1562), Condé offered the queen-mother the support of 2150 Reformed churches. Montfauçon, *Monumens de la Monarchie*, fol. 1733, v. p. 109. In 1598, the date of the Edict of Nantes, it was calculated that there were in France 694 public chapels and 257 private, over which 2800 ministers and 400 curates presided. There were 274,000 families, making about 1,250,000 souls, and of those families 2468 were noble. In 1561 there may have been 250,000 more.

[253] "Maxima nobilium parte ad eos accedente adeo ut cœtus Calvinistarum magna frequentia omnibus prope et nobilissimis quidem regni urbibus habebantur palam." Eytzinger: *Leo Belg.* p. 25 (anno 1560).

[254] Beza Calvino, 23d October, 1561; in Baum: *Leben Bezas*, p. 210.

[255] Castelnau, p. 68.

[256] Baum (30th October, 1561), p. 117. Languet writes (26th October, 1561). "Dummodo non plures quam 200 conveniant, et sine armis." *Arc. Secr.* ii. p. 153.

[257] "Admodum severe nunc exequuntur edictum de usu armorum interdicto." Languet (26th October, 1561): *Arc. Secr.* ii. p. 153. The

Huguenots were allowed to retain their arms: "Sotto pretesto che non avrebbe a seguir qualche seditione ... gli Ugonotti la portassero per sicurtà sua." Barbaro: *Relazione*, 1564.

[258] "Calvinistis infestissimo doctore." Sanctesius: *Resp. ad Apolog. Bezæ* (ap. Lannoium, *Hist. Gym. Navarræ*, p. 770).

[259] *Sermon cath. sur les Dimanches*, ii. p. 25. This sermon, though actually of a later date, is a fair specimen of the style of the day.

[260] Sanctesius: *Ad Edicta vet. princ. de Licentia Sect.* 1561.

[261] *Complainte apologétique au Roi*, p. 288.

[262] Thierry: *Recueil des Monumens inéd. de l'Hist. du Tiers État*, ii. p. 683 (4to. Paris).

[263] Thierry: *Tiers État*, ii. p. 712.

[264] "Nostros potius quam adversarios metuo." (4th Nov. 1561). Baum's *Beza*.

[265] "Me non minus severe in rabiosos istos impetus vindicaturum." *Ibid.* ii. *Anhang*, 129.

[266] This was Pierre Craon, called Nez d'Argent, because he had lost his nose in a drunken brawl, and it was replaced by one of silver. He was at one time Professor of Humanity at Rheims, but resigned his chair on turning Protestant, and removed to Paris. The children used to sing a song about him. He was "fort renommé en science," and worked quite a revolution in pronunciation and orthography, sounding *c* like *ch*, and substituting *k* for *c* in calendrier, Catherine, etc. He also introduced parentheses, commas, accents, diphthongs, and apostrophes. One account says he was hanged in December, 1561. See Jean Lefèvre: *Hist. des Troubles*, i. p. 140.

[267] *Arrêt du Parlement*; *Archives curieuses*, tom. iv.; *Histoire véritable* (a Huguenot account): *ibid.* p. 49–75.

[268] "Un altro simile spettacolo." Lett. to Card. Borromeo.

[269] Forbes, ii. pp. 337–338.

[270] Davila: *Hist. Guerres civiles de France*, I. p. 78 (4to. Paris, 1657).

[271] Psalm xci. (*Vulgate*, xc.): "Non timebis ab incursu et dæmonio meridiano."

[272] Beza Calvino, 6th January, 1562. Baum. App. The *Posidonius* of the text is evidently the admiral.

[273] See Varillas, i. p. 121; Gacon: *Cour de Cath. d. Méd.*

[274] "A rigidioribus pontificiis accusatur Lutheranismi ... jam pulchre simulet ... videatur non multum a nostris dissentire." Languet, *Epist.* 44, lib. 2. p. 112; 45, p. 116; 63, p. 159 (26th November, 1561).

[275] The original report of the Saverne Conference is given in the *Bulletin de l'Hist. Prot. Français*, iv. p. 184.

[276] It is hardly necessary to caution the reader against accepting these numbers literally.

[277] A print in Montfauçon, which has been often copied, represents the duke himself stabbing a woman.

[278] There are many contemporary and contradictory accounts of the Vassy massacre. *Description du Saccagement exercé cruellement en la Ville de Vassy*. Caen, 1562; *Discours au Vrai de ce qui est dernièrement advenu à Vassi*. Paris, 1562. This account says that the duke heard mass at Dampmartin, and then went on to

Vassy, where he alighted at the convent. The *Discours entier de la Persecution ... en la Ville de Vassy, le 1 mars 1562*, says that the duke was disturbed at mass by the singing of the Huguenots [who were outside the walls], and that on his sending to desire them to "wait until mass was over, when they might sing till they burst," they sang all the louder. See also Alberi: *Vita di Caterina de Medici*, p. 92, note. Dr. Lingard asserts that Brantome was present at the massacre, but the abbé says plainly, "Je n'y étais pas." The account in the text is substantially Davila's; the duke's own statement is in Castelnau.

[279] The duke afterward attempted to justify himself on the ground that the Protestants had begun the attack; but it is not probable that a body of unarmed persons, including many women and children, would have provoked an armed body of men commanded by one of the first soldiers in France. If what Davila says is true, the duke did not regret this opportunity of showing how much he detested the January edict (liv. iii.).

[280] Ste Croix, 15th March, 1562; Cimber, vi. 51.

[281] "Magnifico apparatu," says Eytzinger; "with 2000 gentlemen and 3000 horses," says Brulart. The date is uncertain, the authorities giving 15th, 16th, and 20th March.

[282] Monceaux was an undefended country-house, 1½ leag. S.W. of St. Denis, and ¾ leag. E. of Neuilly.

[283] Letter of 12th April, 1562; *Mém. de Condé*, ii. 53.

[284] La Noue: *Politicke Discourses*, Lond. 1587. This translation preserves much of the spirit of the original French.

[285] Luillier to Lymoges, 20th April, 1562. Paris: *Cabinet Historique*, ii. p. 291.

[286] In spite of the disarming edicts, the arms had not been given up, the Huguenots retaining theirs in some districts. Accordingly, on 28th April, 1562, the king wrote to De la Mothe Gondrin, ordering the arms to be restored to the Catholics, "pour leur sûreté et conservation, *leur défendant néanmoins très-expressement*, de par moy, *de n'en mal user*, et de n'entreprendre aucune chose de mauvais, *sous peine d'être punis et châtiés exemplairement.*" Ordinances and letters of Charles IX. in Archives of Lyons.

[287] This statement, if correct, must be the number on paper merely, and even then it would be one in four of the whole population of Paris.

[288] From the *Enqueste sur la Profession religieuse de noble homme Jehan de Montruillon*, 1570, it would appear, that the certificate required to be signed by the parish priest and his curate, the church-wardens and sexton, the district judges and others. It states that the bearer attends mass and confession, that he is married, and that his children were christened in the parish church.

[289] "Ut occidendorum penuria interficiendi finem fecerit." Eytzinger: *Leo Belg.* p. 31.

[290] It may be objected that, as some of the cases cited in the text occurred after Condé's revolt, they can not be used to justify it. They are introduced to show the state of public feeling at the time.

[291] See also letter to church of Blois, 18th September, 1557.

[292] “Nobis bellum non esse bonæ voluntatis, ut pax, sed necessitatis ... necessitas quæ nos premit nullam patitur legem contra naturam.”

[293] The reformer Brentius was at one time a decided advocate of the principle of non-resistance; but as he grew older, and witnessed the terrible persecutions of the emperor, he altered his mind, and contended that the subordinate powers, as being also of God, were called upon to resist the higher powers, if they should turn their swords against the people of God.

[294] “Fuerunt aliqui, qui maluerint, plagas accipere quam stringere gladios, ego non fui in ea sententia.” *Epist.* ii. 149 (12th October, 1562).

[295] Trebutien: *Caen, Précis de son Histoire*; also, *Recherches et Antiquités de Caen*.

[296] Talcy (dép. Loir et Cher) is on the right bank of the Loire, not far from Beaugency. One room in the chateau is still called the “chambre de Médicis.” There is a tradition that the Bartholomew Massacre was planned here. It is now in the possession of a Protestant; but, owing to frequent alteration, little remains of the original building, except the donjon and a tower or two.

[297] This edict is computed to have caused the death of 50,000 persons. Jean de Serres (Engl. transl.), p. 703; *Mém. de Condé*; Brulart’s *Journal* (13th June, 1562); *Gacon*, i. 58. Castelnau speaks of the “licence débordée de mal faire.”

[298] Medicis MSS.

[299] Claude Haton reckons that 800 or 900 heretics were killed in Paris in June, 1562,

and adds: “God knows that many porters and rag-gatherers were made rich, and many Huguenots poor.”

[300] The Pincourt or Paincourt of the plans. It was in the Faubourg St. Jacques, beyond the walls, and on the road to Ménilmontant. The Rue Popincourt forms the chief communication between the Rue Ménilmontant and the Faubourg St. Antoine.

[301] Les Tragiques: *Les Fers*, p. 226 (ed. Jannet, Paris, 1857).

[302] Pasquier: *Lettres*, p. 272; Bayle, *sub voce* “Lorraine.”

[303] *Revue Retrospective*, v. p. 81.

[304] *Sommaire des Choses accordées entre les Ducs de Guise, de Montmorenci et Marèchal Saint-André.* Capefigue recognizes the authenticity of this atrocious document.

[305] Chaloner writes from Madrid (1st May, 1562): “They devise how the Guisians may be assisted, for ... the prevailment of that side importeth them as the ball of their eyes.” Haines: *State Papers*, p. 382.

[306] Throckmorton writes: “The Pope hath lent 100,000 crowns, and doth monthly pay besides 6000 soldiers.” Forbes: *State Papers*, ii. p. 4.

[307] Forbes: *State Papers*, ii. pp. 16–20, 22–25.

[308] *Ibid.* p. 54; see Latin version of letter, pp. 55–57.

[309] The popular tradition says that Chassebœuf was hanged *after* the St. Bartholomew, by order of Henry of Guise.

[310] In order to disappoint the enemy, the clergy often appropriated the church treasures,

and thus the circulating medium of the kingdom was quadrupled. Brantome declares that “there was now in France more millions of gold than there had previously been livres of silver.”

[311] Paris: *Cab. Hist.* vi. p. 205. Perissin’s vigorous engraving, “Le massacre fait à Tours par la populace, 1562,” represents dead bodies lying naked on the river bank gnawed by dogs and birds; men in boats braining with clubs such as tried to save themselves by swimming, soldiers shooting at them in the water; men tied to trees and disemboweled, etc.

[312] *Vie de Coligny*, p. 269.

[313] For an English account of the siege, see Forbes: *State Papers*, pp. 117–127.

[314] La Poupelière, whom some writers have confounded with the historian, La Popelinière, says: “En tous les rencontres de ceux de la religion, il a fait piller, ne laissant que les murailles et que les terres qui ne se pouvaient emporter.” *Canton d’Athis*, p. 44.

[315] Cf. De Bras de Bourgeville, a contemporary. *Mém. de l’Acad. de Caen*, 1852.

[316] “Par l’oreille, l’épaule, et l’œil Dieu a mis trois rois au cercueil;” meaning Francis II., Navarre, and Henry II.

[317] Jean de Troyes, abbot of Gastines, and Sapin, a councillor of parliament. The life of a third, Odo de Selves, was spared, but he died a few days after of fright.

[318] “Errants et vacables par les champs.” Floquet: *Hist. du Parl. de Norm.* ii. p. 408. The *Registres* of the Hôtel-de-Ville of Rouen (4th Nov., 1562) contain a conciliatory letter from Catherine worthy of more attention than it has hitherto received.

[319] Castelnau, p. 125; Throckmorton to Queen, 3d January, 1563, in Forbes, *State Papers*, pp. 251, 263, 276.

[320] “The cavalry left their ranks, thinking it no shame to enrich themselves with the spoils of the Papists.” *Vie de Coligny*, p. 277.

[321] Montaigne, liv. i. ch. xlv. (*De la Battaille de Dreux*), highly extols this movement, comparing it with that where Philopœmen defeated Machanidas.

[322] Damville was the constable’s second son.

[323] “The constable, so hated by the Reformed, had met with the same fate, but for the interference of a gentleman named Vesines, who showed them the baseness of the act.” *Vie de Coligny*, p. 277.

[324] “Ita tantæ pugnæ exitum moderatus est Deus, neutra uti pars victa aut victrix dici possit.” Eytzinger, p. 43; Throckmorton’s letter in Forbes, p. 251; and Andelot’s on p. 263.

[325] Paré: *Œuvres*, p. 796 (fol. Lyons, 1641). La Noue estimates the killed alone at 9000; but nothing can be more hap-hazard than the way in which writers of the period speak of numbers. Jean de Serres says the prince lost about 2200 foot and 150 horse. 800 gentlemen alone were killed. Forbes, p. 276. Beza speaks of 150 horse killed and taken; but on the enemy’s side “infinita sunt vulnera et cædes maxima.” Walsingham reckons the admiral’s force after the battle as 5000 horse and 2000 foot, while Guise had 3000 horse and 16,000 foot. Forbes, p. 259. Coligny writes to Elizabeth: “Notre cavalerie est intacte.”

[326] Martin thinks the account of the Bishop of Riez “evidemment arrangé, surtout

en ce qui regarde Vassi." *Hist. France*, ix. p. 152, note.

[327] Forbes, p. 277.

[328] *Ibid.* pp. 339 and 343.

[329] Schardius redivivus (fol. 1673): *Responsio*, iii. p. 113; *Epistola*, iii. 119.

[330] Labitte, p. 15.

[331] Paris: *Cab. Hist.* ii. p. 289; iii. p. 48; *Vie de Coligny*, p. 289; *Recueil des Chants Hist.* Paris, 1842.

[332] Wright's *Elizabeth*, i. 125.

[333] Letter dated 29th March, 1563.

[334] Correro, the Venetian embassador, writes: "Come cominciorno a rubare, rovinare e ammazzare, usando mille crudeltà, questo fu avvertimento alle povere gente, che da loro istessi cominciorno a dire: Ma che religione è questa? Costoro che fanno professione d'intender meglio l'evangelio di nissuno altra, e dove trovano mai che Cristo comandasse che se pigliasse la robba del prossimo e si ammazzasse il compagno? E con simili considerazioni si frenevano, ne piu si precipitavano come prima." Tommaseo, ii. p. 118.

[335] Jean de Serres puts a similar reply into the mouth of the Duke of Guise, when a complaint was made to him that, in these "uncivil tumults" many Catholics were slain: "There is no remedy," he made answer; "we have too much people in France. I will deal so as victuals shall be good cheap." *Hist.* p. 703 (transl.).

[336] The particulars of this plot are given in a letter from Claude of Lorraine to Damville, the date of which has been fraudulently

altered from 1563 to 1560. See Vauvilliers, i. 315. Tavannes says the plot was concocted at Trent by the cardinal, and Lestoile dates the League from this period.

[337] Blaise de Montluc: *Commentaires* (Panthéon Littéraire, Paris, 1836). His shattered monument may still be seen at Estillac near Agen. The warrior, armed from head to foot, lies bare-headed on a marble slab, his arms crossed over his breast; his features are coarse and bold, his beard and mustache thick and long.

[338] The Abbé Caveyrac in his *Apology for Louis XIV.* (note, p. 7) says of the subsequent recantation of this blood-thirsty renegade, that "he returned *sincerely* to God." Let us hope he did, but on better grounds than Caveyrac's word for it.

[339] Le Baron de Chapuys-Montlaville: *Hist. de Dauphiné*, ii. p. 358 (8vo. Paris, 1829).

[340] "Ruboribus interfusa, ut lutum sanguine maceratum." Thuanus: *De Vita sua*, lib. i. p. 1165.

[341] *Archives curieuses*, iii. 227; Varillas: *Hist. Charles IX.* (Cologne, 1684).

[342] Discours de ce qui a été faict ès villes de Vallence et Lyon. 1562. A party pamphlet to be read with great caution.

[343] In one of these convents was found "La machination écrite et signée faisant rôles des maisons des évangelistes et de toutes autres personnes (qui n'avaient point de maison), pour les mettre à mort, hommes, femmes et enfants, dans le 4 du dit mois de Mai." This "machination" had no existence but in the imagination of the writer.

[344] Pilot: *Occupation de Grenoble par les*

Protestants.

[345] Arcère: *Hist. de la Ville de Rochelle*, i. p. 358 (4to. Rochelle, 1756); Vincent: *Recherches sur les commencements de Rochelle*: "La maladie d'abattre les images était quasi universelle."

[346] One George Bosquet wrote a justification of this massacre: "*Hugoneorum heret. Tolosæ conjur. profligatio memoriæ posita*," which was condemned by the council as a defamatory libel (18th June, 1563).

[347] Imberdis, p. 3.

[348] Jean de Serres (Serranus) adds that in the following year, 1563, a troop of fifty horse surprised the town, tied Ralet to the top of his house, and fired at him until they killed him (p. 701).

[349] Vitet: *Hist. Dieppe*, p. 77. (Paris, 1844.)

[350] De Bras: *Antiquités de Caen*, p. 170.

[351] The whole of this frightful catalogue will be found in the "Théâtre des cruautés des hérétiques de notre temps, 1588." Reprinted in the *Archives curieuses de France* (Cimber and Danjou), tom. vi. series 1. p. 299. See also in the same collection, chap. xiv. of the *Discours sur le Saccagement des Églises, etc. en 1562*, by Claude de Sainctes, and the *Vrai Tocsain*. We must not accept for truth all recorded by this writer, but after the most ample deduction from his narrative there remains much to lament and condemn.

[352] Wright's *Elizabeth*, i. 118.

[353] *Ibid.* i. 131.

[354] This letter was partly the composition of L'Hopital, and was written by Montaigne,

the essayist, at that time one of the royal secretaries.

[355] Langueti Epist. ii. 281, (20th January, 1564): “Se enim satis expertum quantum malorum.... Reginam nihil jam minus cogitare quam....”

[356] Instructions dated 1562, in Le Plat, v. pp. 151, 155.

[357] See a remarkable dispatch on this subject in the Rouen Library, Leber, Bundle D, No. 5725.

[358] A portrait of Alva, by Titian, is at Warwick Castle.

[359] See Freer: *Elizabeth de Valois*, ii. ch. 2. In this chapter we prefer to call the queen by her Spanish name, Isabella.

[360] Per il gran caldo. *Li Grandissimi Apparati*, etc. Padova, 1565.

[361] Walsingham to Smith, 14th September, 1572. Digges: *Compleat Ambassador*, p. 241.

[362] The attendants of the court were so numerous, that they could not be accommodated in the town, but had to lodge in the adjacent villages or live in tents pitched in the surrounding fields.

[363] Abel Jouan: *Voyage de Charles IX.*, printed by Baschi, Baron d’Aubais, in his *Pièces fugitives pour servir à l’histoire de France*. 4to. Paris, 1759. See also *Mém. de Marguerite*.

[364] *Recueil des choses notables qui ont esté faites à Bayonne*, etc. 8vo. Paris, 1566; *Li Grandissimi Apparati e Reali Trionfi fatti nella città di Baiona*. 8vo. Padova, 1565.

[365] Raumer: *Illustrations*, i. p. 121.

[366] *Papiers d'État* de Granvelle, ix. p. 298. 4to. Paris, 1852, ed. Weiss.

[367] "Che a loro sono occorse questi ruine per non aver voluto creder e far quello che lui più di 8 anni li avvisò," etc. 7th May, 1568.

[368] Davila gives the same idea in different words: lib. iii. Mathieu (*Hist. France*, i. 283) says his authority was Calignon, a Catholic, whose Memoirs were published by Gomberville in his Supplement to the *Memoirs of Nevers*.

[369] Baschet: *La Diplomatie Vénitienne*, p. 522. Paris, 1862.

[370] It is clear from Alva's letters first published in the *Papiers d'Etat du Cardinal Granvelle*, ix. pp. 281–330, that the general belief in a league to exterminate the Huguenots is erroneous, although Adriani (*Storia Fiorent.*) says expressly that Catherine had agreed upon what they called "Sicilian Vespers," and that the king was to retire to the strong castle of Moulins in the Bourbonnais, where he would be safe. But Adriani is the only person who ever saw the MSS. in which he professed to read this. De Thou evidently did not believe the story (ii. 377, *scribunt* is his word); and Castelnau (liv. vi. ch. 1) implies as much.

[371] Monitorium et Citatio in *Mém. de Condé*. 4to. 1743. The French protest and remonstrance are in the same collection. A remarkable memoir by Bapt. Dumesnil is given in Bouchel: *Bibl. du Droit Franç.* p. 549; and *Preuves des lib. Egl. Gall.* chap. iv. No. 27.

[372] The cardinal had occasioned great scandal by taking a wife and calling her Countess of Beauvais, after his diocese.

[373] Some authorities give “Paris,” for even in a matter which ought to be well known do the contemporary accounts differ.

[374] Paris: *Cab. Hist.* iii. p. 56.

[375] “Qu’il n’avait fait, ni fait faire l’homicide, et qu’il ne l’avait approuvé ni approuvait.” Brulart’s *Journal*, 29th January, 1566. This is hardly consistent with what he wrote at the time of the murder: supra, p. 222.

[376] Jean de Serres.

[377] *Lettres*, liv. v. lett. 3.

[378] *Remonstrance envoyée au Roi par la Noblesse de la R. R. du Maine*. 1565.

[379] Cimber, vi. 309; *Discours des troubles* (5th June, 1566).

[380] This was said in the hearing of L’Hopital. Davila, i. 163 (Fr. transl.).

[381] “Il y sera comme s’il était mort.” Archives de l’Empire, *Papiers Simancas*, carton B. In reading Catherine’s letters to her daughter we must not forget that they were to be seen by Philip also, and that she could not be truthful, even when writing to her own children.

[382] Brantome speaks in rapture of this “gentille et gaillarde armée,” which was accompanied by “quatre cents courtisanes à cheval, belles et braves comme princesses, et huit cents à pied, bien en point aussi.”

[383] Had Coligny’s proposal to stop Alva’s march been adopted, France might have been saved much misery; for among other things it would have satisfied the craving for war felt by that restless nation: “A quoi (*sc.* la guerre) la plûpart étaient portés par le génie de la nation, qui ne saurait demeurer en repos.” *Vie*

de Coligny, p. 319.

[384] Schardius: *De Rebus gest. sub. Maximil.* ii. 64.

[385] Bouillon: *Mém.* i. p. 21.

[386] Capefigue: *La Réforme*, ch. xxxii., gives the text of the "Instruction à M. Feuquières." La Noue speaks of "certain intercepted letters coming from Spain," p. 389 (Engl. transl.).

[387] La Noue, p. 390 (Engl. transl.); De Thou, liv. xlii.

[388] La Popelinière, xiii. 81.

[389] Alva to king, 28th June, 1567: "Es increible el contentamiente con que estan los catolicos de Francia de ver pasar estas fuerzas de VM. en Flandres, que les paresce ser esta su redempcion; y así me dijo un secretario del Card. de Lorena ... que el Card. su amo y toda la casa de Guisa estavan resueltos como las fuerzas de VM. estuviesen en Flandres, irse ellos á la corte, donde entien que esto les hará tan gran sombra que serán vistos diferentemente de como lo han sido hasta aqui." Navarrete: *Docum. ined.* vi. 371.

[390] "Certo sciverunt Pontif. Rom. et reliquos principes ... constituisse jam tentare Galliam ... conduxit itaque rex ad eam rem perficiendam xx. signa Helvetiorum."—To the same purport writes Castelnau, 383.

[391] "Habillé en ménagier faisant ses vendanges." Pasquier, *Lettres*, ii. 117 (ed. 1723).

[392] La Noue, p. 395 (Engl. transl.).

[393] Had the Huguenots succeeded, they would have burned Paris. For the proofs of such an improbable story see *Hist. relig. pol.*

etc. de la Comp. de Jésus, by J. Crétineau-Joly (3 éd. Paris, 1859), ii. ch. ii. p. 85.

[394] Gachard: *Corresp. Philippe II.*, tom. i. p. 593.

[395] “Car tant plus de morts, moeingz d’ennemys.” Letter of 8th October, 1567. *Livre du Roy*. Grenoble MS. Gordes proving too merciful in carrying out these harsh instructions, the cruel and intemperate Maugiron was appointed his colleague.

[396] As crowds of American ladies are reported to have gone out to witness the first battle of Bull Run.

[397] The Huguenots adopted white, the king’s color, to indicate their loyalty; their opponents chose red, the emblem of Spain.

[398] One account says that the constable was really killed by “un autre Ecossais,” who shot him in the loins.

[399] “Expetebat pacem, et ob eam rem adduxerant eum in suspicionem apud vulgus ii qui sperant se ex calamitatibus publicis aucturos suas opes et suam potentiam.... Fuit amans patriæ et moderatior,” etc. Languet, *Epist.* i. 33

[400] “Edoctus suo malo ... omnino hoc incumbit ut Edictum ubique mandetur executioni.” Languet, *Epist.* ii. 357.

[401] Borrel: *Hist. de l’Église Réf. de Nimes*, 12mo. Toulouse, 1856, p. 51.

[402] Baragnon: *Hist. de Nimes*, tom. ii.; an anonymous *Histoire de la Ville de Nimes*, 8vo. Amsterd. 1767.

[403] Charronet: *Les Guerres de Religion dans les Hautes Alpes*, p. 50. (8vo. Gap, 1863).

[404] “Ce qui restait du pillage des

Huguenots était repillé par les Catholiques." Castelnau.

[405] "Discours des Raisons," etc., in *Anc. Collect. Mém. France*, xlviii. p. 224.

[406] La Noue, p. 409.

[407] Longjumeau is about four leagues south of Paris, on the old coach-road to Orleans.

[408] Mezeray: *Abrégé*, iii. p. 1051. Montluc says: "Le prince et l'amiral firent un pas de clerc, car ils avaient l'avantage des jeux." *Comment.*

[409] Memoirs of Gaspar de Coligny (Edin. 1844), p. 116.

[410] Die Menschen verwilderten mit den Ländern.

[411] Archives of Tours. Luzarche (Victor): *Lettres historiques*, p. 81 (Tours, 1861).

[412] Archives of Tours. Luzarche (Victor): *Lettres historiques*, p. 89 (Tours, 1861).

[413] Languet, i. 58.

[414] "Reclamarunt autem quantum potuerunt legati pontif. Rom. et reg. Hisp. immo aiunt eos Regi minitatos esse bellum, si hæreticis pacem concederet, sed Regem ita respondisse ut eos terruerit." Languet, i. 62.

[415] Gachard: *Corresp. de Philippe II.*, vol. i. p. 609 (4to. Bruxelles, 1848).

[416] Archives of Provins: Registres de Baptême. Charronnet: *Guerres de Religion*, p. 60. Comptes consulaires de Gap. 1569.

[417] Claude Haton, p. 534.

[418] Thierry: *Tiers-État*, ii. 726.

[419] *Laderchii Ann. Eccles.* xxiii. 125, in

Sismondi, xix. p. 21.

[420] *Journal de Lestoile.* The Orange Societies were originally bound by a similar oath to "pay allegiance to the king and his successors so long as they support the Protestant ascendancy." The loyal Catholics threatened to shut up Charles in a convent, and put another in his place, if he tried to protect the Huguenots. De Thou, v. p. 516.

[421] Dom Vaissette: *Hist. Languedoc*, tome v. p. 216, *note*.

[422] On the vaulted ceiling of the Tour de la Ligue is a striking fresco representing Condé as Mars, Biragne as Vulcan, Catherine as Juno, Margaret of Valois as a Muse, with other well-known historic **characters**.

[423] Of this passage, Jean de la Haize, orator of La Rochelle, said: "La faveur du ciel s'étant déclarée si miraculeusement pour votre conservation, que la délivrance des enfans d'Israël par la Mer Rouge n'est point plus admirable et extraordinaire." *Second Discours bref*, in Arcère, i. p. 369, *note*. Villegomblain (*Mém.* i. p. 16), says they crossed "near Les Rosiers," four leagues below Saumur, which must be a mistake. A spot just above Cosne was pointed out to me by a lineal descendant of one of the sharers of this flight.

[424] In the Cotton MSS. (*Caligula* E, vi. fol. 90) there is an inventory of jewels and trinkets mortgaged to Elizabeth by Joan of Navarre, Condé, and the admiral, 12th June, 1569.

[425] Champernon married a daughter of the famous Count of Montgomery.

[426] Raleigh's Works, vi. pp. 157–158, 211.

[427] Mezeray describes the frost of 1570–

71 as lasting three months, during which the fruit-trees, even in Languedoc, were frozen down to their roots. In March, 1572, Smith, the English embassador, writes from Blois, complaining of "thirty days' continued frost and snow."

[428] Leicester to Randolph (March 13), blames Condé's "overmuch rashness," and says his arm was broken by a shot. Wright's *Elizabeth*, i. 313.

[429] Champollion-Figéac: *Documents hist. inédits*, iv. p. 486 (4to. Paris, 1848).

[430] When Charles heard the news of Condé's death "surgit e lecto, properat ad summam ædem, alta voce depromit canticum *Te Deum*, jubet campanas omnes solenniter pulsari."

[431] One of the medals struck at Rome to commemorate this victory represents the pope and cardinals kneeling and receiving from heaven an answer to their prayers: the inscription is from the *Te Deum*: "Fecit potentiam in brachio suo; dispersit superbos." Bonanni: *Numism. Pontif. Rom.* No. 14 (2 vols. fol. Romæ, 1699).

[432] Catena, *Vita di Pio V.* p. 85. He wrote to Catherine to fight the enemies of God "*ad internecionem usque*;" and to Anjou to show himself "*omnibus inexorabilem*." He describes Coligny as "*exsecrandum illum ac detestabilem hominem*, si modo homo appellandus est." See also No. xi. to Charles (6th March, 1569), in Potter's *Lettres de Pio V.* (8vo. Paris, 1826), where "punire hæreticos eorumque duces omni severitate" will hardly support the writer in the *Dublin Review* (October, 1865), who contends that the Church exulted over the St. Bartholomew massacre, not because the

victims were *heretics*, but because they were *rebels*. In the prayer ordered by Clement IX. to be read on 1st May, Pius V. is described as elect “ad conterendos ecclesiæ hostes.”

[433] “Death or Victory” had been Henry’s motto in certain court masques, until Catherine, whose curiosity was piqued by the three Greek initials he used, ordered him to discontinue them.

[434] Some years ago there was in the cabinet of Alfred de Vigny, the author of *Cinq Mars*, a portrait, by an unknown painter, of Prince Henry, when not more than three years old. It was full of character and life.

[435] Sir James Stephen says that Andelot was slain at Moncontour. *Lectures, Hist. France*, ii. p. 123. He died at Saintes, 27th May; Moncontour was fought 3d October.

[436] D’Acier was ransomed for 10,000 crowns, on hearing of which the pope wrote angrily to Count Santa Fiore, “che non avesse il comandamento di lui osservato *d’ammazzar subito qualunque heretico* gli fosse venuto alle mani.” Catena: *Vita Pio V.*

[437] *Simancas Archives*, Bouillé, ii. 448.

[438] Henry of Nassau had left his studies to join his brothers: “dantem operam literis Argentorati fratres secum abduxerunt.” Languet: *Epist. Secr.* i. 117.

[439] Raleigh: *Hist. World*, bk. v. ch. ii. sec. 8, p. 356 (fol. 1614).

[440] *Mém. de Perussis* in Aubais, p. 106. The furniture and valuables—sculptures by Goujon, and pictures by Italian artists—filled 80 wagons, and produced 400,000 dollars by public auction in Paris.

[441] *Epist. Pii papæ V.* Edid. Gouban, Antwp. 1640: "Nihil est eâ misericordià crudelius." Lib. iii. ep. 45, Octob. 20.

[442] *Hist. France* (Le Fère and Piguerre), fol. 1581, p. 119, *b*.

[443] De Thou. v. p. 610.

[444] Villegomblain: *Mém. des Troubles*, i. 255.

[445] Gilbert de Voisins: *Traité de Géognosie*.

[446] Weld's *Auvergne and Piedmont* contains an interesting and picturesque description of a portion of this district.

[447] Henry and the Prince of Condé had each a regiment at the head of which they made their apprenticeship in arms.

[448] Matthieu, i. liv. v. p. 327.

[449] Chatillon-sur-Loing (not *sur-Loire*), is in Loiret, five leagues S.E. of Montargis, and 16 leagues E. of Orleans, on the left bank of the Loing.

[450] *Simancas Archives*: Bouillé, ii. p. 454.

[451] Le Pipre: *Abrégé chron. de la Maison du Roi*, p. 30. (4to. ed.).

[452] See also J. Rondinelli: *Oratio in exequiis Karoli IX.* Florentiæ, 1574.

[453] Walsingham to Leicester, 29th August, 1570.

[454] Digges: *Compleat Ambassador*, p. 7.

[455] Ad Camer. p. 132. "Omnes affirmant esse eximiæ voluntatis regem; sed potentes sunt factiones eorum qui pacem improbant ... omnia sunt hic tranquilla, nec dubitat quisquam regem esse pacis cupidissimum." p. 136.

[456] Baschet, p. 252.

[457] “Nullam luci cum tenebris communionem, nullamque catholicis cum hæ. reticis ... compositionem esse posse.” Letter of 29th January, 1570, Potter.

[458] Tours Archives. Luzarche: *Lettres historiques* (1861), p. 129.

[459] “Voyant maintenant les affaires de mon royaume réduites au bon état qu’elles sont (Dieu merci), après qu’il lui a plu pacifier des troubles qui y étaient.” MSS. Bibl. Imp. in Soldan: *Frankreich und die Bartholomæusnacht*.

[460] Bouillé, ii. 456, *note*. See also *État de France*, i. 12 *b* (ed. 1579). *Le Tocsain*, p. 93 (ed. 1579).

[461] “Non sine magna procerum indignatione.” Elsewhere he is described as a “monstrum nulla virtute redemptum.”

[462] “Miroir de la Justice divine.” L’Estoile.

[463] Davila, i. p. 500.

[464] He was made Duke of Nevers after his marriage with Henrietta of Nevers, sister of Catherine of Cleves, the widow of Prince Porcien. Henrietta was the eldest daughter of the Duke of Nevers and Margaret of Bourbon, sister to Anthony of Navarre. Maria, the youngest daughter, married Henry of Condé in 1572.

[465] Capefigue.

[466] He is reported to have spent several hours at his forge on the very eve of the massacre.

[467] Under date 22d March, 1751, Smith writes to Burghley from Blois: “Inordinate hunting, so early in the morning and so late at

night, without sparing frost, snow, or rain, and in so despotic a manner as makes her (Catherine) and those that love him to be often in great fear."

[468] "Sanguineum reddebat in feras, *non* in homines." Raumer (i. p. 271) suggests the omission of *non*, as being at variance with history.

[469] The *Archives curieuses* (viii.) contain a statement of the sums paid by the king for the animals thus slain.

[470] *Recueil de ce qui a été faict à l'entrée*, etc., in the Library of Ste. Geneviève.

[471] *Hist. de France* (by Le Fère de Laval and Piguerre), fol. 1581. *Mém. État de France*, i. 40.

[472] Charronet, p. 65.

[473] A "chanson" of this period strikingly prefigures the massacre of 1572. Here is one verse:

> Nos capitaines, corporiaux,
> Ont des corselets tout nouveaux
> Et des cousteaux
> Pour Huguenots egorgetter
> Et une escharpe rouge
> Que tous voulons porter, etc.
>
> *Le Roux de Lincy*, ii. 295.

In another chanson (No. xvii.) Coligny is threatened:

> Pendu à une potence,
> Paissant de sa chair et peau
> Le corbeau.

[474] "There were men near to his sovereign (Charles IX.) who wished to bring him up in the Reformed religion; but he (Philip) would anticipate them, and embroil all the world beforehand." Letter in Le Plat: *Mon. Hist. Concil. Trident. Collect.* v. p. 571 (4to. Lovain, 1781–1787).

[475] Walsingham, 25th June, 1571.

[476] “Che ’l Francese sia quasi necessitato desiderare la guerra con Spagnuoli.” Tommaseo: *Relations Vénitiennes*, ii. p. 171.

[477] Walsingham to Leicester, 5th March, 1572; Digges, p. 49.

[478] Alberi: *Vita di Caterina de’ Medici*.

[479] Walsingham (6th August, 1571) gives an account of this interview from the report of the prince himself. Digges, p. 174. The *État de France* (i. 44.) says Catherine was present, which is a mistake.

[480] Walsingham to Burleigh, 12th August, 1571. “Galli apud Hispanos in tantum suspicionem vivere.” *Schardius Rediv.* iv. p. 177.

[481] Walsingham to Leicester (22d April, 1571) shows Teligny’s footing with the king. The embassador hints at opposition to the war against Spain lest it should give the management to other hands and parties.

[482] After Teligny’s murder she married William of Orange. The present Count of Paris is descended from Louisa of Coligny, through his mother Helena of Mecklenburg.

[483] She admired in Coligny “un assortiment rare de vertus et de talens qui lui rendaient la haute idée de l’ancien héroïsme.” Arcère: *Hist. Rochelle* (4to. 1756), i. p. 392. In order to prevent the marriage, the nuncio Salviati proposed her assassination: “Le remède serait de se débarrasser, par tous les moyens possibles, de cette méchante fiancée.” Coquerel: *La Sainte-Barthélemy* (Paris, 1859), p. 27, *note*.

[484] Digges, p. 122. Walsingham to

Burghley, 12th August, 1571.

[485] About this time Catherine wrote to La Mothe-Fénelon: “L’amiral est ici avec nous, qui ne désire rien plus que d’aider en tout ce qu’il peut ... comme aussi à s’employer en toutes choses concernant le bien du service du roi comme son fidèle sujet.” 27th September, 1571.

[486] Fénelon to the king, 30th September, 1571, repeating Walsingham’s dispatch to his own government.

[487] *Mém. of Coligny*. Translated by D. D. Scott (12mo. Edinburgh, 1844).

[488] Fénelon’s Dispatches, October, 1571.

[489] “La maison de Montmorency étaient ceux qui en avaient porté les premières paroles.” *Mém. de Marguerite.*

[490] Chantonnay’s letter of 23d May, 1562; also hinted at in Aubespine, p. 844.

[491] Walsingham to Leicester, 17th February, 1571.

[492] He was married 17th September, 1570.

[493] Popelinière, ii. fol. 44 *b*.

[494] Charles to De Ferrals, 5th October, 1571. “The most eminent and faithful of my servants agree with me that, in the present condition of my kingdom, this marriage is the best means of ending all troubles.” Raumer, i. 277. The correspondence in Digges is to the same effect.

[495] Walsingham writes 16th August: “The queen-mother had provided both jewels and wedding.” Digges, p. 135.

[496] *Le Tocsain* (ed. 1579), p. 77.

[497] "Linerolles, who by the house of Guise and the rest of the Spanish faction was made an instrument to dissuade his master...." (8th December, 1571.) "Linerolles, the chief dissuader of the marriage." 31st December, 1571, in Digges. For another account see Freer's *Henry III.* i. p. 72. Sorbin (*Le vray Resveille-Matin*) says he was killed at Bourgueil, *not* at Blois.

[498] "Toutes marques, vestiges, et monumens des dites exécutions, etc. ... ordonnons le tout estre osté et effacé."

[499] Felibien, ii. p. 1112.

[500] There is a letter from Charles to Marshal Cossé (6th November, 1571): "Je veux que vous fassiez ôter la pyramide, et *que vous me fassiez obéir*, car le temps est venu qu'il le faut faire." Soldan, ii. p. 423.

[501] It stood here until destroyed in the Revolution.

[502] Anquetil, Peyrat, and others say *May*, but Sir Thomas Smith, writing from Blois, 3d March, 1572, says: "This day the Queen of Navarre is looked for;" and Walsingham (29th March) reports an interview with her at Blois. Charles writes to Fénelon (8th March) that the Queen of Navarre arrived eight or nine days ago.

[503] L'Estoile (*Journ. Henri III.*) and Sully both give the same story, evidently from common gossip.

[504] The whole tenor of Charles's letter to Fénelon (8th March, 1572) is in contradiction to the story given in the text. He says: "My aunt shows a good disposition to conclude the marriage.... There is a very good appearance of it."

[505] *Lettres du Card. d'Ossat* (fol. Paris, 1641), Lettre 185, p. 426. The Edinburgh reviewer (June, 1826) pressed this very unfairly against Dr. Lingard. The "enemies" might have been Spain. Catena, who had been secretary to the cardinal, speaks out more distinctly, but his report will not bear examination: "Io voglio punir questi malvaggi e felloni, facendogli tagliar tutti a pezzi, o non esser re, perdendo affatto la corona." *Vita del Papa Pio V.* p. 196 (Roma, 1647).

[506] Davila, liv. v.; Capilupi: *Lo Stratagema*; and De Thou give this story, but the latter does not believe it. Ant. Gabut (*Vita Pii V.*) gives the inscription on the ring which Charles sent to Alessandrino after the death of Pius V.: "Non minus hæc solida est pietas, ne solvi." In the *Mém. Etat de France*, the legate "s'en allait bien content." I. 150.

[507] Digges, 3d March, 1572, p. 193.

[508] "Il est du tout impossible de l'y disposer si chaudement." L. Paris: *Cab. Hist.* ii. p. 231.

[509] Soldan treats it as a fable, *note* 142.

[510] Mackintosh: *Hist. England*, iii. Appendix D. Raumer, i. p. 281. After a description of the admiral's murder and the massacre, the king "hopes that *now* the holy father will make no more difficulties about the dispensation."

[511] "Con alcuni particolari che io porto, de' quali ragguaglierò N. S^{ne} a bocca, posso dire di non partirmi affatto male expedito." Letter to Rusticucci (6th March, 1572), in *Lettere del Sr. Ch. Alessandrino*, quoted by Ranke, *Franz. Gesch.* bk. iv. ch. 3.

[512] Her description of Catherine's facility

of lying is short and graphic: “Elle me le renie *comme beau meurtre* et me rit au nez.”

[513] Baschet, p. 488.

[514] Walsingham to Burghley, 29th March, 1572; Digges.

[515] “Capitis sui jacturam facturum esse” Gabut: *Vita Pii V.* in *Acta Sanctorum* (Maii), I. cap. v. § 240 (fol. Antverp. 1580).

[516] *Journal de L’Estoile*, p. 73. The words are rather different in the *Reveille-Matin*, but the sense is the same.

[517] Grabut, *Vita Pii V.* cap. v. § 244. If Charles was not misleading the pope, these “designs” may have been the Flemish war.

[518] Bouillé: *Hist. Guise*, ii. 492.

[519] Claude Haton: *Mém.* ii. p. 663.

[520] This is clear from her despairing language to Fénelon: “Vous êtes sur le point de perdre un tel royaume et grandeur pour mes enfans ... nous pourrions avoir ce royaume entre les mains d’un de nos enfans.” 2d February, 1571, *Corresp. diplom.* Paris, 1840–41, ed. by Teulet.

[521] The nuncio promised him 100,000 crowns. Walsingham to Cecil, 8th February, 1572, in Wright’s *Elizabeth*, p. 386. See also letter of 17th February, in Digges, p. 43.

[522] Charles, writing to Fénelon (19th Jan. 1572), mentions a discussion about inserting the words “*of attacks under pretext of religion*,” and what Walsingham had said on the matter about a general Protestant Confederation. See Digges, pp. 169–173.

[523] There is abundant evidence in the Fénelon correspondence. On the 20th March, 1572, Charles writes that Queen Mary “had

exhorted the Duke of Alva to hasten to send ships to Scotland to seize her son," and that "she would commit herself to the King of Spain." He bids Fénelon tell her to write no more such ciphers, and "de se départir de telles pratiques et menées." Walsingham's correspondence shows that Spain, Guise, the pope, and others were conspiring to prevent Elizabeth from helping Flanders by an invasion of Ireland, "to which the king was not privy." Digges, p. 36 (Letter of 8th February), p. 38.

[524] Charles to Fénelon, 20th March, 1572: "We are in great hope of the marriage (of Alençon).... If it be accomplished, I shall not be ungrateful."

[525] Raumer, i. 196.

[526] *Simancas* Archives. Paris: *Cab. Hist.* iii. 67.

[527] Gachard: *Bull. Acad. Brux.* xvi. 1849 (pte. 1).

[528] *Simancas Archives.* Paris: *Cab. Hist.* iii. 67.

[529] "Quelque bon jeu." Bouillé.

[530] Gachard: *Corresp. de Philippe II.* 4to. Bruxelles, 1848, t. ii. p. 269.

[531] Ellis's *Letters*, p. 10; see also pp. 16 and 18.

[532] *Mém. de Duplessis-Mornay*, Paris, 1824.

[533] Walsingham to Burghley, 18th July, 1572. Grotius, *Ann.* p. 37, says 5000 foot and 500 horse.

[534] Alva's letters of 13th and 21st June, and 18th July.

[535] The Grand Seignor heard of the

proposed Flemish war, and offered to help Charles with two galleys and some troops. Sully: *Mém.* i. p. 15 (Engl. ed.).

[536] Baschet, p. 540: “La guerra per quattro o sei di continui fu tenuta deliberata.” Tommaseo: *Relations Vénitiennes*, ii. p. 171.

[537] “Tuttavia ne far ogni maggiore istanza.” See also his letters dated 20th and 23d August. Alberi: *Vita di Caterina de Medici*, 4to. Florence, 1838.

[538] Digges, p. 231.

[539] Letter to Burghley. Digges, pp. 231–234.

[540] Sir Thomas Smith writes 22d August: “There is no revocation (recall of troops) done nor meant.” Digges, p. 237.

[541] The Memoirs of Tavannes put this beyond a doubt.

[542] Digges, p. 234.

[543] Favyn says 10th June; an inscription in the *État de France* gives *Idus Junii* (13th).

[544] Letter to Mdlle. de Guillerville, 12 June, 1572; Paris. *Cab. Hist.* ii. p. 227. Sir H. Norris testifies to the unhealthiness of Paris: he took a house beyond the walls, “to be out of the corrupt air of the town, which surely is such as none other to be compared to Paris.” Wright: *Elizabeth*, i. 306. See also Coryat: *Crudities*.

[545] Mdlle. Vauvilliers, whose conscientious biography of Joan of Navarre is marred by the absence of dates and authorities, says that an autopsy was *several times ordered, but never made* (iii. p. 194). On the other hand, the *Chronologie Novennaire* expressly states that Caillard, her physician,

and Desnœuds, her surgeon, dissected the queen's brain, which they found in a sound state. On her death, see Villegomblain: *Mém. des Troubles*, i. 259; Bury: *Hist. Henri IV.* (4to. Paris, 1765); Favyn: *Hist. Navarre*, p. 863 (fol. Paris, 1612).

[546] *Lettres missives de Henri IV.* i. p. 31. *Collect. des Doc. Hist. France.*

[547] Matthieu, I. liv. vi. p. 343. A long list of these warnings will be found in the *Reveille-Matin.*

[548] "Non solo con le parole ma con gli effetti;" and Michieli adds, "quanto agli effetti, quello che è poi seguito contra gli Ugonotti."

[549] Michieli: *Relazione*; Baschet. Salviati wrote (24th August): "Quando scrissi ai giorni passati che l'ammiraglio *s'avanza troppo*, e che gli darebbero sù l'unghe (a rap on the knuckles), già mi era accorto che non lo volevano più tollerare." Walsingham was quite of Coligny's opinion about the war.

[550] Tavannes says: "There was no other resolution for the massacre than what the admiral and his adherents occasioned."

[551] Grabut says the marriage took place, "Gregorii XIII. permissu." *Acta Sanctorum.*

[552] "Lunedì (25 Agosto) la corte se ritira a Fontanablo, dove la regina farà il suo parto." Petrucci, letter 20th August. On the 23d, giving Duke Cosmo an account of the attempt on the admiral's life, he says: "Si pensava che la corte partisse martedì prossimo" (26th August).

[553] Davila says that when she was asked whether she would take Henry for her husband, she made no reply, and that Charles with his own hand bent her head as if to nod

assent. Margaret is silent on the matter.

[554] Charles IX. to Ferrails, 24th August: "All my subjects have exhibited the greatest joy and contentment" at the marriage. It is clear from this letter that the dispensation had not arrived. Raumer, i. 281.

[555] This is in direct contradiction to Tavannes, who says: "il continue ses audaces, importune, se fâche, *menace de partir*," etc. P. 416.

[556] We abridge rather than translate Anjou's narrative, whose authenticity is doubtful. It will not bear minute comparison with other statements of indisputable truthfulness.

[557] See Salviati's letter of 24th August. Mackintosh: *Hist. England*. Anjou does not mention the presence of the duke at this meeting.

[558] "Maurevers et non pas Maurevel," according to the *Art de Vérifier*, but erroneously; he is also called Moruel, Montravel, Maurevert, and Moureveil. His real name was Louvier, sire de Maurevert en Brie. For his murderous services he was rewarded with two good abbeys. L'Estoile's *Journal*. He accompanied Marshal de Retz on his embassy to England in 1573, and on his arriving at Greenwich, where the court was staying, he was recognized by a page, and pointed out as "the admiral's murderer!" A shout of execration was raised, he was chased by the rabble, and never dared show himself again. *Etat de France*, ii. 217. He was killed in 1583, in the Rue St. Honoré, by young Arthur Mouy, who was immediately after shot by one of the guards who always attended the *tueur du roi*. Villegomblain, *Mém.* p. 144. *Journal du Règne*

de Henri III. p. 71, ed. Cologne, 1672. This last epithet could hardly have been earned by the commission of one murder—that of Mouy. At the siege of Rochelle, none of the principal officers would associate with him, and he was sent to an isolated post. See Bouillon's *Memoirs*, p. 14.

[559] Some writers have supposed that through her daughter Margaret, Catherine discovered a scheme concerted between Charles and Coligny to banish both her and the Guises from court; and that a common danger made her combine with Duke Henry to crush the Huguenots, trusting to find the means afterward of counterbalancing the house of Lorraine.

[560] It was the hotel of the Counts of Ponthieu; and in the 18th century became an inn, under the title, "Hotel de Lisieux." *Hommes illustres de la France*, 1747.

[561] He left with a "sad and dejected countenance," says the *Reveille-Matin*: "Si facesse pallido e restasse smarrito oltro modo, e senza dir parola si ritirasse." Giovanni Michieli, *Relazioni*, November, 1572.

[562] Letter of Petrucci, 23d August. *Archiveo Mediceo.*

[563] Cimber, vii. p. 211.

[564] Michieli, the Venetian embassador, says that Guise had nothing to do with it (Baschet: *Relazioni*, p. 551), and adds that on *Friday* night the queen and Anjou told Charles of the plot.

[565] The Neustadt letter has "Brüdern und Mütter." *Archiv. f. Geschichte, etc.* xvii. 1826 p. 278 (8vo. Wien). This periodical contains a curious letter from an eye-witness of the

massacre addressed to L. Gruter, bishop of Wiener-Neustadt, entitled *Relation der franz. auff St. Bartholomäi Tag vorgegangenen erschröcklischen Execution über die Hugenoten, 1572, den 24 Augusti, anno 1572*.

[566] With a few verbal changes, the account of this interview is taken from Golding's *Life of Jasper Coligny*. London, 1576.

[567] La Chapelle des Ursins made the same reproach to Catherine, July, 1572. St. Foix: *Hist. Ordre Saint-Esprit*, i. p. 203.

[568] "So ime auf den Füss trette, wolle er demsellben auf die Versen tretten." *Neustadt Letter*, p. 278.

[569] "Hic regi in arcano quædam a Colinio insinuata divulgatum est; alii tamen negant et secretum hoc de industria a regina impeditum, ne...." De Thou.

[570] This is from Anjou's narrative; but whether proceeding from him, or De Retz (as some think), there are no means of testing it.

[571] "Il avait alentour de lui neuf médecins et onze chirurgiens." *Mém. de l'État de France*, ii. 31 *b*.

[572] La Noue.

[573] The Hôtel de Clisson, afterward de la Miséricorde, was purchased by the Duchess of Guise in 1553. The old gate-way forms the entrance to the modern École des Chartes.

[574] "Le malheur avait voulu que Maurevel avait failli son coup." *Mém. de Marguerite.*

[575] "Se l'archibugiata ammazava subito l'ammiraglio, non mi risolvo a credere che si fosse a un pezzo." Salviati's letter of August 24.

[576] This meeting is not mentioned in Anjou's narrative; but there must have been some such preliminary consultation between the conspirators.

[577] Catherine afterward asserted that she had desired the death of six men only: "Reginam dictitare se tantum sex hominum interfectorum sanguinem in suam conscientiam recipere." Serranus: *Status Reipubl.* x. 29.

[578] It is stated in the Neustadt letter that the Swiss soldiers of Navarre mounted guard inside the house, while the French guard were posted outside, immediately after the king's visit on Friday, and that the pass-word was very strict, in order to prevent any fresh attempt on the admiral's life. *Archiv. für Geschichte*, etc. xvii. 1826, p. 278.

[579] Paris: *Cabinet Hist.* ii. 259.

[580] *Archives de Mons.*

[581] Digges, p. 254.

[582] Brantome calls De Retz the first and principal adviser of the deed; Davila says that he obtained the king's consent to the massacre; and Margaret states that the queen-mother sent him to Charles between nine and ten o'clock at night, "because he (De Retz) had more influence with him," and that he justified his mother and Anjou for trying to get rid of that pest "the admiral." Tavannes partly supports these statements. I give the preference (reluctantly) to Anjou's narrative, because it removes much of the confusion which would otherwise envelop the remainder of this eventful day.

[583] On this Menselius remarks, that if the account be true, "Ipse (Anjou) cum matre

minime cædis detestandæ particeps habendus esset, sed solus rex Carolus eandem animo concessisset." *Bibliotheca Historica*, vii. pars 2ª, p. 213. Lipsiæ, 1795. Few will agree with the conclusion.

[584] Juan de Olaegni says that Marcel, "cabeça de los vezinos," was sent for, but the city registers say Le Charron. Gachard: *Particularités inédites* in *Bull. Acad. Sci. Bruxelles*, xvi. 1849, p. 235. If the "au soir bien tard" of Anjou's narrative means "late in the afternoon," there were probably two meetings, at the latter of which Marcel was present.

[585] "Envoiez et portez ... de fort grand matin." *Registres* in Cimber's *Archives Curieuses*.

[586] *Réveille-Matin.* Margaret, writing twenty-four years after the event, says that Henry, by the king's advice, had invited them to the Louvre, where they would be safer in case of tumult. I give the preference to her statement.

[587] Mr. Froude (x. 397) writes *Malin*, which is probably a misprint.

[588] Favyn (*Hist. Navarre*, p. 867) says that after supper, "about eleven o'clock," the king went down to his forge with Navarre, Condé, and others, where they all worked as usual, until between one and two, when the tocsin was rung.

[589] The *Réveille-Matin* and the *Mém. État de France* say, "attended only by a fille-de-chambre."

[590] "Ainsi que le jour commençait à poindre." Now as the sun rose that day at five o'clock, this would make it a little after four, which does not harmonize with other statements.

[591] We must remember that Anjou is vindicating himself, and that his narrative, like the confession of a criminal, endeavors to extenuate his crime.

[592] According to Burg, he, Koch, and Grunenfelder were the admiral's murderers; he does not mention Dianowitz. "At unus [M.K.] e tribus audacior bipenni (*i. e.*, halberd) ilium miserum transfixit, tertio ipse [C.B.] eum graviter percussit, itaque septimo tactus tandem (mirum!) in caminum cecidit." Letter of August 26, from Joachim Opserus, then at the College of Clermont, to the Abbot of St. Gall. *Archives de l'Hist. Suisse*, Zürich, ii. 1827. The Neustadt letter does not corroborate this account.

[593] The Neustadt letter says the admiral was in bed, pretending to be asleep: "Danach wider zu Beth gelegt, und schlaffendt angenomen, dan er woll gedacht es wurde ime ietzo gelten." P. 279.

[594] A similar story—too well founded on the traditions of Würtemberg to admit of doubt—is told of the reformer Brenz (Brentius); but in his case the period during which the hen supplied him with food was eight days.

[595] "Tened piedad de la vejez," writes Olaegui.

[596] Beza: *Mors Ciceronis*.

[597] Juan de Olaegui says that Guise "le dió un pistoletazo en la cabeza," and then flung him from the window. This is probably the pistol-shot which so alarmed the royal murderers at the Louvre, though another report (Alva's *Bulletin*) says it was fired at the body as it lay dead in the court-yard. The Neustadt letter represents Coligny as

struggling vigorously against four Swiss soldiers (das irer vier kümmerlich ime bezwingen mögten), and that a French soldier killed him by shooting him in the mouth. Behm was rewarded with the hand of a natural daughter of Cardinal Lorraine, and Philip II. gave him 6000 scudi (ostensibly as a dowry) for his life. See Petrucci's letter (September 16, 1572), in Alberi, *Vita di Caterina*, p. 149. In 1575 he was captured by the Huguenots near Jarnac, as he was returning from Spain, and put to death.

[598] Alva's *Bulletin*. Tavannes says: "embrasse la fenêtre;" Serranus: "brachio fenestræ columnam complectitur, ibi acceptis aliquot vulneribus."

[599] It is uncertain to whom the disgrace of this last indignity attaches, some imputing the cowardly act to Angoulême. Alva, who was instructed by Gomicourt, says Guise did it; so also the *Journal de Henri III.*: "Le roi donna un coup de pied ... ainsi que le Duc de Guise en avait donné au feu amiral," p. 118. (Cologne, 1672.)

[600] The Neustadt letter says it was cut off for the sake of the reward: "damit noch 2000 Kronen zu gewinnen." Alva says: "la mettant au bout de son épée, la portait par la ville, criant, Voilà la tête d'un méchant." *Bulletin*, p. 563. He adds the body was torn in pieces by the mob, so that "jamais on n'en sût recouvrer pièce." At the time Gomicourt wrote to Alva, it was not known what had become of it.

[601] Malgaigne, the latest biographer of Paré, does not believe the tradition that the great surgeon was specially saved from massacre, and denies that he was a Huguenot.

[602] Some writers make him two or three

years younger.

[603] *De Civilibus Galliæ dissentionibus*, lib. 2, Nos. 39 and 52, apud Martene, *Veter. Script.* tom. v. 1459. Jacques Coppier, in a versified pamphlet on the massacre, called the *Déluge des Huguenots*, calls the admiral "Ce grand Caspar au curedent."

[604] Harleian MSS. No. 1625. In the *Complainte et Regretz du G. de C.* (Paris, 1572) the dead admiral is supposed to express his regret: "J'ai honni ma maison en trahissant la France—Et ruiné les miens par mon outrecuidance." See also another abusive pamphlet: *Le Discours sur la Mort du G. de C.*, Paris.

[605] Coryat (p. 16) describes it as "the fairest gallows" he ever saw. It was on a hill, and consisted of fourteen pillars of freestone, and was "made in the time of the Guisian massacre to hang the admiral." In this he is wrong; other authorities reckon sixteen pillars on a stone platform, tied together by two rows of beams. The bodies were left a prey to beasts and birds; and the bones fell into a charnel where the filth of the streets was shot. *Le Gibet de M.* by Firmin-Maillard, 18mo. Paris, 1863; *Des Anciennes fourches patibulaires de M.*, by M. de la Villegille, Paris, 1836.

[606] "After the massacre his body was exposed with the eternal *tooth-pick in his mouth*." *Edinb. Review*, cxxiv. 1866, p. 369. This is a mistake, the body was headless.

[607] "Graveolentiam scilicet hostilium cadaverum, quibusvis odoribus et pigmentis esse sibi fragrantiorem."

[608] Even Brantome is disgusted: he says the smell is certainly not sweet; "point bonne, et la parole aussi mauvaise."

[609] The Neustadt letter says that Teligny offered to ransom his life for 1000 crowns, which the captain agreed to accept if Guise would permit him. “I am a poor fellow, and 1000 will be of great use to me.”—“You are a fool,” answered the duke; “don’t you think the king will reward you better?” Teligny and his wife were poniarded. Teligny’s wife was *not* killed; she afterward married William of Orange.

[610]

> At furiis agitata novis regina superba
> Signa cani properat, venturæ nuncia cædis,
> Ne regis mutata loco sententia cedat.
> *Tragica historia de miseranda laniena*, by R. Fresner, Emdæ, 1583.

[611] The tower on the Quai de l’Horloge, pointed out to strangers as that from which the signal was given, is of later date.

[612] “Á las iij horas de la mañana.” Olaegui. Beza’s account would place it a little later. “C’était au point du jour.” *Mém. de l’État de France*, i. 217.

[613] Jean de Gorris, years after his conversion, was so terrified at seeing his litter surrounded by soldiers, whom he imagined about to repeat the heresies of the Saint Bartholomew, that he was struck with paralysis.

[614] The sun rose at 5h. 6m. on August 24.

[615] There are great difficulties in fixing the time of this murderous scene. Davila and the Neustadt letter (p. 272) place it *before* the ringing of the tocsin, that is to say, before day-light; while it is hard to believe that Margaret could be mistaken, or that the murders were committed *after* the tocsin. Probably it was a little after four o’clock, as from an experiment made last 24th August, it would not have been

possible to distinguish the king's features earlier.

[616] The Neustadt letter says the night was far advanced (folgentz spädt in der Nacht) when the king sent for Henry, after which the Duke of Bouillon posted the soldiers told off to murder the Huguenot gentlemen.

[617] Margaret says thirty or forty, which is more probable.

[618] French history has an unfortunate habit of repeating itself in its worst characteristics:—"He is at the outer gate, conducted into a howling sea; forth under an arch of wild sabres, axes, and pikes; and sinks hewn asunder. And another sinks, and another, and there forms a piled heap of corpses, and the kennels were red." Carlyle: *French Revolution* (September 4–6, 1792), pt. 3, bk. 1.

[619] *Etat de Fr.* i. 209 *b*; at ii. 25. Henry of Navarre is said to have witnessed the murders.

[620] *Discours simple et véritable*, p. 36. Only two days before this, Charles and De Pilles had bathed together in the Seine, the latter holding the king's chin and teaching him how to swim. Brantome: *Hom. Ill.* x. p. 193.

[621] *De Furoribus Gallicis*; *Réveille-Matin, etc.*

[622] "Non sine magno et effuso risu." Serranus.

[623] The name of this individual is not of importance; but he is called *Lerac* by Brantome, and *Teyran* by Mongez. *Hist. Marg. de Valois.* He was probably Gabriel de Levis, Viscount of Léran, the "Leiranus" of De Thou, and Leyran of Laval and Piguerre.

[624] Some accounts place this scene on the

26th, after Charles returned from the *lit de justice*. Did he threaten them twice? A similar threat is recorded on September 9, when Elizabeth his queen intervened with tears.

[625] The same figure is used by the author of the *Illustre Orbandole, où Hist. de Châlons-sur-Saone*. Lyon, 1672, b. 1, pt. 2, p. 10. “Une saignée fut si sagement ordonnée pour éteindre la chaleur d’une fièvre que des remèdes plus doux n’avait (*sic*) fait qu’irriter.”

[626] Cimber, *Arch. Cur.* vii. 217, Registres. *Réveille-Matin*, 64. Mezeray, iii. p. 258. *Mém. État de France*, i. 216.

[627] *Comptes de l’Hotel-de-Ville*, Félibien, ii. 1121.

[628] Bussy thus effectually gained his suit about the earldom of Renel. “Hérite-t-on, Seigneur, de ceux qu’on assassine?”

[629]

> Comme les autres Pluviaut
> A, faute de vin, bu de l’eau.

[630] It is written Odet Petit in Duplessis-Mornay’s *Memoirs*.

[631] Supra, p. 343.

[632] Pasquier, *Lettres*, p. 363. Some Englishmen are reported to have defended themselves successfully.

[633] In a receipt for his stipend (*penes auct.*) dated 1563, he is called “Seigneur de la Ramée,” and a “noble et scientifique personne.”

[634] There is a picture by Robert Fleury, exhibited about 1840, in which Ramus is represented sitting up in a bed on the floor, while his servant listens anxiously at the door.

[635] *Chronographia*, p. 776, fol. Paris,

1600.

[636] "Nobis vel potius reip. satis pœnarum dedit." In the dedication of his "Comparison between Plato and Aristotle," published in January, 1573, Charpentier compliments the Cardinal of Lorraine on the "brilliant and sweet day that shone over France in the month of August last." Dorat says of Ramus punningly: "Maximum *ramum* maxima furca decet."

[637] Claude Haton says he was killed "more than a week after the declaration," as he was riding to his court.

[638] Now the Quai de la Mégisserie, between the Pont Neuf and the Pont au Change.

[639] Jacques Coppier jests on the bodies "envoyés à Rouen sans bateau." Another writer thus plays on the memorable *mot* of Charles IX.:

> Cumque tuæ passim submersa cadavera plebis
> Volvat in æquoreas Sequana tristis aquas,
> Tu pisces illis vesci, qui mandere pisces
> Noluerint, Roma præcipiente, refers.
> *Illustr. aliquot Germ. Carm. lib. de immani laniena.* Vilnæ, 1573, p. 8.

A pamphleteer declares:

> Ha! vous serez ingrats, poissons, vous auriez tort,
> Si ne les recevez, du moins, après la mort,
> Puisque tant ils vous ont donné de courtoisie,
> De ne vouloir jamais vous manger en leur vie.
> *Discours sur les Guerres intestines*; par I. T., Paris, 1572.

[640] Agrippa d'Aubigné gives us the sequel of this man's history. He assumed a hermit's frock, and murdered the passengers he lured to his hermitage, "so unquenchable was his thirst

for blood." He met his tardy reward on the gibbet.

[641] *Journ. de Henri III.*, i. p. 32 (anno 1574).

[642] *Le Tocsain*, p. 145 (Rheims, 1579).

[643] Fronde says hastily, that the story rests only on the "worthless authority of Brantome." *Hist. Engl.* x. 406. Now Brantome was a terrible gossip, but what could induce him to coin such a detestable story? Smedley (*Prot. Ref. France*, ii. 367) also says, "the fact is not mentioned by D'Aubigné," which a subsequent note will show to be a mistake. Mezeray (*Abrégé*, 1665) says: "Le roy ... tâchait de les canarder;" Bossuet: "Le roi qui les tirait par les fenêtres." The *Réveille-Matin*, published in 1574, mentions it: so that the story was at least contemporaneous.

[644] *Mém. État de France*, i. 1579 (2d ed.), 212 *b*.

[645] "De laquelle ce prince *giboyait* de la fenêtre," ed. 1626, p. 548. In his poem of *Les Tragiques* he refers to the same report, using the same characteristic expression:

> Ce roy, non juste roy, mais juste harquebusier,
> Giboyait aux passans trop tardif à noyer,
> Vantant ses coups heureux.
>
> *Les Fers*, p. 240.

This paints the king firing on the yet living bodies as they floated down the river. Agrippa is not an authority for the fact; but it is something to show that the report existed so early. I am told that a plate of the time represents this window as walled up. If this be true, why was it closed?

[646] Du Cerceau farther tells us that, at the time when the first part of his work

appeared, the great gallery intended to unite the Louvre with the Tuileries had been begun.

[647] The time was about five, which gave him two hours' start of Guise.

[648] *Memoirs of Sully* (transl.), 4to. London, 1761, p. 27.

[649] *Mém. et Corresp. de Duplessis-Mornay* (8vo. Paris, 1824–34), i. p. 45. He escaped to Rye, which, after suffering from a severe pestilence, had been "replenished by the French, who sheltered themselves here from the great massacre ...; so that, in 1582, were found inhabiting here 1534 persons of that nation." Jeake (Sam.): *Charters of the Cinque Ports* (Lond. 1728), p. 108.

[650] Granvelle, hearing that L'Hopital and his wife were murdered, writes exultingly, and hopes that Catherine will soon be disposed of. See Michelet: *La Ligue*, p. 475.

[651] *Mém. authentiques de Jacques Nompar de Caumont*: ed. by Marquis de la Grange, 8vo. Paris, 1843. Voltaire in his poetry adopts Mezeray's account, that the father and his two sons lay in the same bed; that two were killed, and the third saved as by a miracle: but in his notes to the *Henriade* accepts the true version. De Thou and Sismondi also adopt the erroneous story.

[652] Mezeray says that he saved "more than 100 Huguenots." *Abrégé*, v. 157.

[653] Burghley to Walsingham in Digges, September 9, 1572.

[654] To them of the Castle of Edinburgh, August 25, at noon. *MSS. Mary Q. of Scots*, Record Office.

[655] Ad Annam Æstensem.

[656] Mezeray, who half believes in the miracle, tries to account for it on natural causes: “On pourrait dire que la cause qui avait excité dans les esprits ce violent et extraordinaire accès de fureur, était aussi celle qui avait échauffé cet arbre, soit qu’elle procédât de la terre, soit qu’elle vînt de quelque influence des astres.” *Abrégé*, iii. 1085. Favyn (*Hist. Navarre*), then a boy six years old, was taken to see the thorn. His memory must have been very strong to retain the circumstances he records.

[657] Henault, *Abrégé*, p. 443.

[658] Sully, *Mém.* i. p. 30.

[659] Charles reminds us of Nero after his mother’s murder: “modo per silentium defixus, sæpius pavore exsurgens, et mentis inops lucem opperiens tanquam exitium allaturam.” Tacitus, *Annal.* xiv. 10.

[660] Agr. d’Aubigné (*Hist. Univ*.) heard the story from Henry himself.

[661] *De Statu Religionis*, iv. 33. Guise also said “qu’on avait fait plus qu’il ne voulait ... qu’il n’en voulait qu’à l’amiral.” *Mélanges: Journ. de Leipsic* (June, 1693), p. 293. This is confirmed by a sort of newsletter from Paris, preserved in the Record Office (*MSS. France*, September, 1572.) “For the admiral’s death he was glad; but he thought for the rest that the king had put such to death as, if it pleased him, might have done good service.”

[662] The Catholics condemned “non tanto il fatto quanto il modo e la maniera del fare ... chiamano questa via di procedere con assoluta potestà, senza via di giudizio, via di tirannide, *attribuendolo alla regina come Italiana*.” Baschet: *Relazioni*, p. 295.

[663] *Corresp. de Charles IX. et de Mandelot*, p. 39. *Mém. de l'État de France*, f. 215. *Recueil de Lettres, etc.*, ed. by Merlet.

[664] "Lasché la main à MM. de Guise." *Fénelon Corresp.* See also *Revue Rétrosp.* v. 1834, p. 358, Charles to Matignon, August 26.

[665] "Nous préservant de leurs mains." Cath. to Philip, August 25. *Simancas Papers* (*Bibl. Nat.*), B, No. 144.

[666] See the "Official Declaration."

[667] "*Ces grimaces* n'imposèrent à personne," says Bossuet. Montluc disbelieved the story; "Je sais bien ce que j'en crus."

[668] *Discours sur les Causes de l'Exécution, etc.* Rouen, 1572.

[669] In a circular to the churches dispatched in his name on the 23d, Coligny really used this phrase, but it was to quiet, not to excite them.

[670] This was the meeting at which Bouchavannes played the spy.

[671] Eytzinger got his information from a pamphlet, probably the royal justification, published at Paris, "cui lector tantum fidei tribuat quantum volet," which is pretty plain, considering he was a Catholic. *Leo Belg.* p. 127.

[672] Félibien, a Benedictine monk, evidently disapproves of the "discours sur lequel il ne nous appartient pas de porter notre jugement" (ii. 1122).

[673] It is said in the *Mém. de l'État de France*, that one Rouillard was killed "at the instigation of the first president," a statement we gladly believe unfounded.

[674] Statius: *Silv.* v. 2, l. 88.

[675] Others call him Bishop of Orleans.

[676] An account of this violation of asylum must have been reported by Walsingham, but I have sought for it in vain. Sir Philip Sydney was then in Paris: Charles had appointed him one of his gentlemen of the bed-chamber only a few days before.

[677] Tacitus: *Agricola*. *Choisnin* in his *Mémoires* describes the king and Anjou as "marris de ce que les exécuteurs n'étaient assez cruels."

[678] Walsingham to Smith, November 1, 1572. Digges, p. 278.

[679] The cost of this banquet is given by Sauvai, iii. 368.

[680] The Bull (6 Kal. November, 1572) was never registered in Parliament. I may add that Sureau, unable to stifle his conscience, fled to Germany, recanted, and died neglected by all.

[681] Digges, p. 267. Letter to Smith, October 8. On September 7 he had written, "that there is a compact to destroy all persons that be of the religion." *Archæologia*, xxii. 1829, p. 325.

[682] See *Martyrologue*, respecting Orleans, p. 712 *recto*; respecting Bourges, 724 *recto*; respecting Bordeaux, "il n'entendait pas que cette exécution passât outre et s'étendît plus avant que Paris," p. 730 *recto*.

[683] It is given in Olagharray, p. 628, and the *Réveille-Matin*.

[684] *Vita di C. de' Medici*, p. 155.

[685] Tom. vi. lib. 52, p. 421.

[686] Paris: *Cabinet Hist.* ii. 258.

[687] Raumer, i. 282.

[688] *Revue rétrospect.* v. (1834) p. 359.

[689] Raumer: *Hist. 16th and 17th Cent.*, Letter 31.

[690] When the Duke of Alençon revolted against Henry III., and the city rose in arms, Matignon was sent to reduce it, and as soon as the Protestants saw his banners, they opened the gates to him. Odolant Desnos: *Mém. Hist. d'Alençon*, ii. p. 285 (8vo. Alençon, 1787).

[691] The account in the *État de France* varies from that in the text.

[692] There is a curious story of an apothecary who discovered that the fat of the bodies was valuable and would fetch a high price, and of a general scramble for the bodies in the river, which were dragged out, that the fat might be extracted and sold. *Mém. État de France*, i. 263 *b*.

[693] "In one day," says one account, which is not probable. A contemporary *brochure* more moderately sets down the total at 1800. *Massacre de ceux de la Rel.* 1572: *Mém. État de France*.

[694] De Thou says that the Huguenots who fled to the Celestine monastery were killed; but Golnitz affirms the contrary: "In hanc evangelicorum truculentam necem noluisse etiam consentire dicuntur canonici in æde Cœlestinorum." *Ulysses*, p. 331. So also *Mém. État de France*, i. 260 *b*.

[695] Ten leaves, probably containing an account of the massacre, are suspiciously torn out of the *Actes Consulaires* of the city. The Catholic historian says briefly: "Huit jours après, le même massacre fut fait à Lyon; je n'ai rien à dire là-dessus." An expressive silence!

Montfalcon, *Hist. Lyon*, ii. p. 685.

[696] The order for the massacre was transmitted by Sorbin, the king's preacher. The author of the *Martyrologue* says the murders began without orders. P. 712, *recto*.

[697] See Martin: *Hist. France*, t. ix. p. 337, *note*.

[698] "Ne voulait que aulcune chose fust attentée ni innovée contre l'édict de la paix." *Registre des Conseils*, iv. p. 137. See also the *Registre du Parlement* for 1572. "Questi ordini (says Homero Tortora) non giunsero a tempo in molti luoghi per che la fama che vola per tutto il reame di quanto era avvenuto a Parigi invita cattolici di molte città a fare il medesimo." *Ist. di Francia*, 4to. Venezia, 1619.

[699] *Memoirs of Latomy, MSS.* The autograph copy differs materially from the printed text, which is of little value. Jacques Gâches, a Huguenot, has left memoirs, portions of which would repay publication.

[700] Félice in a paragraph of a few lines manages to include almost as many mistakes. The arrests did not take place on August 31; the number of victims was not 300, and d'Affis gave no order for their execution. The magistrates, having no regular police or armed force at their disposal, were unable to resist the mob and the soldiers. *Archives of Toulouse*, ad ann.

[701] This curious story will be found in the Dulaure MSS., preserved in the public library of Clermont-Ferrand. This (to say nothing of the instances already given) disposes of Capefigue's "inability to find any proof of orders issued by the king to massacre in the provinces." *Hist. de la Réforme*, iii. p. 229, *note*.

[702] Capefigue says the letter is a forgery of the age of Louis XIV.; but it is published by Agrippa d'Aubigné in 1618. Adiram d'Aspremonte, Vicomte d'Orte (as he is sometimes called), was a cruel man, cruel to both parties. Even Charles IX. was forced to write to him in 1574, and tell him to be more moderate.

[703] The bishop is said to have been in Paris at this time with the court as almoner. This, if true, is fatal to the correctness of the anecdote. I do not lay much stress upon the language of his epitaph: "Contre lesquels [the Huguenots] il ne faisait pas faute de se montrer."

[704] De Thou, tom. vi. p. 432 (4to ed.). See also, La Virotte: *Annales d'Arnay*, 8vo. 1837.

[705] Journal of Mallet and Vautier, *Esprit de la Ligue*, ii. p. 51 (Paris, 1808).

[706] Long: *Guerres de Religion dans le Dauphiné*. De Thou (vi. 428) says Gordes excused himself on the ground that the Huguenots were too strong.

[707] Chorier: *Hist. Dauphiné*, fol. ii. p. 647.

[708] Long. The historian gives a circular (December 6, 1572), in which Gordes exhorts the Huguenots to return to the Romish religion, "parceque le roi s'est résolu à n'en endurer autre."

[709] Borrel: *Hist. Église Réf. de Nimes*, 8vo. Toulouse, 1856.

[710] To them of the Castle. Record Office, *MS. Queen of Scots*. He writes at noon on the 25th.

[711] "Seint pleiben bey 1000 Personen

und sonst gemeiner Personen über 5000 welche meisten theills ebendig, theils todt ins Wasser geworffen, theils heuffig in Campo Clericorum vergraben worden."

[712] "Plus de 7000 personnes *bien connues*, sans autres jetées dans la rivière qui ne furent connues." P. 679.

[713] See note to M. Ath. Coquerel's monograph, "La St.-Barthélemy," in the *Nouvelle Revue de Théologie*.

[714] In the *Mém. État de France* (vol. i.) the names of nearly eight hundred victims all over the kingdom are given. See also ii. 20 and 25.

[715] Bonanni: *Numism. Pontif.* i. 336. Mezeray, iii. 256. *Abrégé*, iii. 1082.

[716] "Fu il sacco e la preda grandissima per due milioni d'oro." Baschet, p. 549. It is evident that these are mere guesses.

[717] "Il faut juger un temps d'après son esprit, ses émotions et ses mœurs." Gachard.

[718] "Ut porci cecidere proci." Exulting over Coligny, he says, with a coarse play upon words:

> Parte sacerdotes solitus mutare pudenda,
> Cuncta pudenda gerens, nulla pudenda gerit.

[719] The year before (1572) he published a *Chant d'Allégresse sur la Mort de Coligny*, with the motto of Judas: "He went to his own."

[720] He charges Beza with giving orders "qu'on coupast τὰ αἰδοῖα aux prestres et aux moynes, ajoutant qu'il en vouloit remplir un puy." From the date of the letter (September 15), some are of opinion that it must have been written before the massacre. Portès's answer is given in vol. ii. of the *Mém. État de France*.

[721] Sorbin was chaplain to Charles IX., and wrote a eulogistic account of his life, in which he skips over the massacre thus: “Le jour de la St.-B. se passe, où les principaux chefs furent châtiés selon leurs mérites, au grand regret de ce bon roy.”

[722] See vignette on title-page.

[723] Ellis: *Letters* (sec. ser.) iii. p. 23.

[724] Rommel: *Corresp. inéd. de Henri IV*. Paris, 1840.

[725] Bruxelles, *Bulletin*, ix. 1841 (pt. 1), p. 560.

[726] March, 1573; *Revue rétrospect.* iii. 1835, p. 195. Sir Henry Ellis (*Archæologia*, xxii. 1829, p. 323) held it to be “a strong proof of a deliberate plot,” that the documents on this subject had disappeared from the Public Records in France; but we have given ample evidence that such is not the case.

[727] Mezeray and De Sancy call the pope, Innocent XIII.; Brantome and Sully, Pius V.; but the latter died on 1st May, 1572.

[728] Twelve months after the massacre, the cardinal publicly applauded Charles to his face for his “holy dissimulation.” Dale’s dispatch: Macintosh, *Hist. Engl.* iii. 226, *note*.

[729] The genuineness of this medal has been disputed on very insufficient grounds. It is engraved in Bonanni’s *Numismata Pontificum* (2 vols. fol. Romæ, 1689) tom. i. p. 336. It is No. 27 of the series of Gregory XIII. L’Estoile mentions it, under “Lundi, 30 juin, 1618,” as the “pièce que le pape Grégoire XIII. fit faire à Rome l’an 1572.”

[730] “In Constantini quæ nunc et visitur aula.” Thuanus Posteritati. The outline of one

of these frescoes in the frontispiece to this volume is taken from De Potter's *Lettres de Pie V.*

[731] See *Dublin Review* for October, 1865.

[732] Lucan, iv. 192.

[733] In Gregory's instructions to Cardinal des Ursins (Fabio Orsini), he is to exhort Charles "ut cœptis insistat fortiter, neque curam asperis remediis inchoatam prospere, perdat leniora miscendo." Bonanni, i. p. 323, 336, No. xxvii. *Ann. Eccles.* ad ann. 1572, in Potter. *Hist. du Christ.* vii. p. 330.

[734] "Who otherwise never laughed." St. Goar to Queen; Raumer, i. p. 199.

[735] "Deconcertaron todos los planes del gabinete de Isabel [Elizabeth of England] é impedieron que se realizase su famosa liga con Francia." *Mem. Acad. Madrid*, vii. p. 374.

[736] Juan de Cuniga, embassador at Rome, writes to Philip II. that "the French *here* declare that the king meditated this stroke since the day he made peace;" but in another place he adds, that "he was credibly informed, if the assault on the admiral was projected a few days before, and authorized by the king, all the rest was inspired by circumstances." *Bulletin Acad. Sci. Bruxelles*, xvi. (1849) p. 250.

[737] "Uno de los mayores contentamientos que he recibido en mi vida."

[738] Letter of August 25. *Simancas Archives.*

[739] "La mejor y mas alegre nueve que al presente me pudiera venir." Gachard: *Simancas Archives*.

[740] Burghley to Walsingham, September 9, 1572, in Digges, p. 247.

[741] M'Crie: *Life of Knox* (1841), p. 337.

[742] Brandt: *Hist. Ref. of Low Countries* (Chamberlayne's transl.), fol. Lond. 1720, vol. i. p. 329.

[743] Walsingham to Smith, 16th and 24th September.

[744] Ranke: *Franz. Gesch.* t. iv. ch. 4. This is said in one account to have occurred on the eve of the massacre, when he was playing with Henry of Navarre. St. Foix: *Essais hist. sur Paris*, i. 74.

[745] Agrippa d'Aubigné, unless he refers to another story, says the child was "disinterred and then devoured" by its parents, who were condemned, the man to be burned alive, and the woman to be hanged. See also *Mém. État de France*, ii. 224. Jean de Leri: *Hist. Siége de R.*; Paris: *Cab. Hist.* vii. There is a Latin version, Heidelbg. 1576.

[746] *Discours de l'extrême Famine, etc.* par Jean Leri: *Archives curieuses*, viii. p. 19. *Mém. État de France*, ii. 219 *b* (ed. 1578).

[747] Among other charges, La Mole was accused of endeavoring to destroy the king's life by witchcraft; by means of a waxen image having a needle pierced through the heart, which an Italian astrologer, Cosmo Ruggieri, had prepared for him.

[748] "Mollis vita, mollior interitus." Punning epitaph on La Mole.

[749] His defense was written by his wife Margaret, "God giving her the grace to compose it." *Mémoires.*

[750] This bloody sweat is an ordinary though rare pathological phenomenon. Dr. Bourdin describes the case of a farm-servant,

thirty-three years old, from whose forehead blood suddenly began to issue and continued to flow for half an hour (April, 1859). In No. 40 of the *Gazette Hebdomadaire* (1859), Dr. Jules Parrot gives the case of a lady who had suffered from these hemorrhages from six years of age, and which continued after her marriage. Chemical analysis and microscopic examination combine to prove that the liquid thus secreted is truly blood.

[751] *Journal de L'Estoile.* I am afraid the authority is not very good. See also Peleus: *Vie de Henri IV.* ii. pp. 385–390.

[752] Better known as the translator of Plutarch than as Grand Almoner of France.

[753] The nuncio wrote to the pope that Charles was killing himself with the chase; that he had nearly killed 5000 dogs and broken the wind of all his horses, valued at 30,000 francs. Salviati Cavalli writes to the same effect: "mal modo di vivere," etc. See Drelincourt: *Libitinæ Trophæa*. Lugd. Bat. 1680. He broke out in large pustules and buboes all over his body: Villegomblain. His stomach was covered with livid spots: De Thou.

[754] There is an old prophecy: "Væ et iterum væ! quando puer sedebit in sede lilii."

[755] His first tutors were the virtuous Carnavalet, the learned Amyot, and M. de Cipierre, a man of antique type and probity. The latter was succeeded by Gondi, "fin, corrompu, menteur," who taught Charles to swear and blaspheme, "et le pervertit du tout." Brantome. "Princeps præclara indole et magnis virtutibus, nisi...." De Thou.

[756] Among others Claude Haton: "fut une grâce de Dieu comment le roi sut si bien dissimuler."

Transcriber's Notes:

1. Obvious printers', punctuation and spelling errors have been corrected silently.

2. Where hyphenation is in doubt, it has been retained as in the original.

3. Some hyphenated and non-hyphenated versions of the same words have been retained as in the original.

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