

H. E. C. C. 11.
B.

ADMIRAL COLIGNY,

AND THE

RISE OF THE HUGUENOTS.

BY THE

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ADMIRAL COLIGNY.

CHAPTER I.

OMENS OF WOE.

(1564—1565.)

A SIGHT of the king is always interesting to his people. It draws even enemies by curiosity; it awakens admiration and stirs the enthusiasm of the loyal. In this Catherine found a fair pretext for a journey throughout Southern France, whose provinces were alive with Huguenots. She wished to rekindle the affections of the people as her train wended into Dauphiny and thence to Bayonne, where she would meet her daughter, Elizabeth of Spain, and with Papal and Spanish agents hold a conference whose mysteries time has not fully unravelled. "The chief motive," says the Jesuit Daniel—and perhaps he should have said the *avowed* motive—"which the queen proposed in this journey was to have a personal insight into the state of the provinces, so as to provide a remedy for the greater disorders, and to calm the risings, tumults and seditions which the mutual ill-will of Huguenots and Catholics against each other rendered almost inevitable. But the Huguenots suspected her of other designs, and were greatly disturbed at it.

"They imagined that she was upon a league with the

King of Spain and other Catholic princes to exterminate Calvinism out of the realm.* Nor were their suspicions without ground. The agents of these princes were constantly arriving at court, and they seemed to act in concert. They had a commission from their masters to bring the queen into a league with them against the Protestants of France, and, except the pope, each had his own special interest in view. Philip sought to get rid of the Huguenots, lest they should assist their friends in the Netherlands—a matter that greatly pleased the Cardinal of Lorraine, for he was intent on securing the power of the Catholic party, and seeing his nephew, Henry Guise, at the head of it. . . . But the queen was too sagacious to enter into a war until such time as she could oppress the Huguenot party with ease and exterminate it without any foreign assistance. Just now they were too strong to be suppressed.”†

Other writers accuse her of setting out on this “progress” with a still blacker design—that of a deep-laid and vast plot for the massacre of the Huguenot chiefs, if not all the Protestants in France. These are theories. It is well to have them before us as we survey the facts. It will be noticed that she made no direct and rapid journey, threw out no opiates to lull the Huguenots to sleep, did nothing to allay suspicions, and did not proceed as if she had a special scheme in her mind. She first spent several months in provoking those who suspected her intentions. Conspirators may be cool and take time, but was this a trait of Catherine? Was she so deliberate? Was she given to premeditation? We have not seen her persist long in any

* “The darkest suspicions as to the results to humanity of the plots to be engendered in this famous conference between the representatives of France and Spain, were universally entertained.”—*Motley, Dutch Republic*, i. 475.

† Daniel, *Histoire de France*, under date of 1564.

one opinion; she was swayed by any influence that would give her the popularity of the day and ensure her selfish power—now assenting to the patriotic designs of the chancellor, again bending under the superior genius of Guise—now in hand with Coligny, again in heart with Lorraine—now apparently more than half a Huguenot, and again a strong Tridentine—but never a fervent, soul-earnest Romanist. If she hated Calvinism, it was not because she heartily loved popery. Religion of any creed was nothing to her, except as a means to secure an empire for her ambition. If she had been free from all the trammels of Guise, Philip and the pope, we doubt whether she would have been a fierce persecutor of any party. She would have courted all, and ruined all if possible, by setting them at war with each other. We may, at least, doubt whether she started upon her journey with the positive intention of a future wholesale massacre. What the result was will again deserve attention.

Into Burgundy went king, queen-mother, the chancellor, all that made up the court, with an air of unusual splendor—gorgeous liveries, theatric suits, hunting-dogs and jesting fools. At one point Andelot, coming over from his home at Tanlay, met Catherine and gave her to understand that Protestants had some grievances worth looking after, for the sake of peace. Indeed, there was one general cry for relief throughout all the southern provinces. They had no protection. More than one hundred and thirty of them had been slaughtered within a few months, not to speak of riots, pulling down of churches, burning cottages, robbing the harmless, and driving the timid into exile.

“The late edict shall be maintained,” was her promise to Andelot. “Those Huguenots near you, who were assaulted at a ‘preach,’ and some of them slain, shall be avenged. The guilty shall be seized and punished, with such rude jus-

tice that the example will make a great noise and throw terror into the hearts of those who break the law.”*

At another point the royal train was met by Tavannes, rough warrior, devout papist, racy author and terrible persecutor when his fury was aroused. Placing his hand first on his heart, he ceremoniously said, “This is yours.” Then placing it on his sword, he added, “And this shall serve you.”

“That is what we want,” thought Catherine. Not these murmurs about a few little frays, a Huguenot shelter torn down and a few lives lost; but right earnest devotion to the throne, a heart to obey and a sword to defend. These are the patriots. Of course, such fawning, or even enthusiastic outbursts, would be found chiefly among the Romanists. In most of the towns little children, white and sharp, met the procession and shouted, “Long live the king, the queen and the mass!” †

“Sweep out these Huguenots,” was the demand made all along the route. Disarm them. Break up their conventicles. Dismantle their strongholds. Refuse them all exercise of religion. Reduce the whole realm to the one Roman

* Perau, *Vie d'Andelot*.

† This word *mass* comprehended everything. Elizabeth of England “told Cardinal Chatillon that, whatever he and his party might think of the abomination of going to mass, she would herself sooner have heard a thousand than have caused the least of a million villainies which had been committed on account of it. [La Mothe au Roy.] . . . For men to kill each other about a piece of bread appears, when so stated, the supreme culmination of human folly. Yet Knox and Coligny were, after all, more right than the Queen of England. The idol was nothing, and the thing offered to the idol was nothing, but the mass in the sixteenth century meant the stake, the rack, the gibbet, the Inquisition dungeons, the devil enthroned upon the judgment-seat of the world, with steel, cord and fire to execute his sentences.”—*Froude, England*, ix, 547, 548.

faith. If war come, the sooner the better. Confiscate Huguenot property, and there will be money enough. It is not to be wondered at that Catherine began to yield. Wherever the court went the Protestant worship was suspended and the mass restored. "This I know," says Castelnau, who was in the train; "there was a general talk of a universal rising of the Catholics in Europe to abolish the Huguenots."*

This sort of talk grew bolder while the court was at Roussillon, where the Tournons made the hot summer as comfortable as possible for them. In this province of Dauphiny the zealous Tavannes, the Loyola of war and politics, had formed a secret league, and blasphemously named it "The Fraternity of the Holy Ghost." Its members bound themselves by oath not to cease until they had entirely destroyed the heretics.† It was a military Jesuitism. Besides, the whole Roman world had some legate at court whispering or roaring in these mountains, as the case required. "Nothing was to be heard in the pulpits," says Laval, "but the praises of King Philip, and consequently of the Spaniards, whose piety was extolled to the skies . . . to the dishonour of the King of France and of the French nation, as if the King of Spain had been the sole arbiter of religion, and as if it was for him to interpret the king's edicts." No doubt the royal mind began to adopt his interpretation, and expounders were rising up everywhere in the realm. One minister at Tours was murdered in his pulpit, some of his hearers being sent with him into eternity. It was Vassy repeated again and again in the South.

"The edict of Amboise is violated, and we must put forth some new articles," said Catherine. Violated by the Romanists chiefly, and therefore they must have a broader

* "Pour abolir les Huguenots."

† Mém. de Tavannes; Perau, Vie de Tavannes.

liberty! Even *its* slender rights were denied to the Protestants, and now these must be curtailed. Not the offender, but the injured, must be punished! Such was the justice of which the Roussillon air was full. But Catherine must have a pretext. Where find it? She looked northward.

During the last May-days sixty-two Protestant ministers had held a quiet synod at La Ferté-Jouarre. They were alarmed at the state of things—Lorraine urging upon France the articles of Trent, a troop of Romish legates supplying the mattocks to root out Protestantism, the papists shaking their heads and uttering threats, riots and murders in all the land, and every omen of war. For aught they knew, Condé and the Admiral Coligny were no longer agreed, and whence should come a leader or an advocate at court? They heard rumours of a league formed against them. They must take measures for their defence. All was done secretly. But the report went abroad that levies of men and money were to be made upon the Calvinist churches. In time of peace—and such a peace!—they would be prepared for war.

“What means this turbulent spirit* among your party?” Catherine asked in a letter to Coligny. “Why are you sending messengers to all your churches for money and troops?”

“The matter is greatly misrepresented,” replied the admiral. “Our synods are in the habits of raising money in our churches for our missionary work. True, our brethren have taken some precautionary steps, lest our people should be crushed to death; but no plot is laid for war.”

“Missionary work!” Were the Huguenots to go on increasing by thousands every year? Could not the Amboise

* “Elle lui parla vivement contre le génie remuant des Huguenots.”
—Perau, *Vie de Coligny*.

edict check them? Then the king would put forth one that would hamper them.

Popery had shown itself rampant to the eyes of Catherine. She dreamed that it only needed a little more privilege in order to prevail. Even the chancellor was deceived. On the fourth of August, Catherine threw off the mask and took her pen. She signed the edict of Roussillon. It pretended to interpret the treaty of Amboise—all, however, for the benefit of the papists. It forbade the nobles to admit any but members of their own families and their vassals to worship in their houses. It forbade the churches to raise money for the support of their pastors, or to hold synods.* The pastors were forbidden to open schools or to leave their houses, where they might stay and starve! All priests, monks and nuns who had married must, at once, dissolve their bands and live as before, or quit the kingdom. Thus was the iron circle tightened around the Protestants, in the hope of stifling them. And this was the royal answer to their just complaints! Nay, the gracious concession to those foreign legates who “dogged the court with their lively requests for the extinction of Calvinism.”† It was “an edict so rigorous in all its clauses that the Reformed shuddered throughout the whole of France.”‡

It aroused the Prince of Condé—one good result. He wrote a lively protest. “It is unjust,” said he. “It will destroy all peace.” But his remonstrance was in vain upon the court; upon himself it had the effect to give him thoughts of doing something more than govern Picardy. Very sharp was the king’s stinging reply: “It does not

* “There were “force seigneurs sur les synods,” say D’Aubigné, *Hist. Universelle*. The articles are in *Mém. de Condé*.

† “Qui sollicitoient vivement pour l’extinction du Calvinisme.”—*Perau, Vie de Coligny*.

‡ D’Aubigné, *Hist. Univ.*

belong to you to dictate to me how I shall rule my kingdom." This thorn would drive him from his nest at Valery.

Leaving this edict to work its terrible history, the court set out upon the roads westward. The plague followed in its track* like the curse of Heaven, raising a wail of distress in almost every town and city, for it made no such Egyptian or French distinctions as to spare those of one religion and smite the very first-born of the other. Then came the most severe winter known within the memory of the living. "All the rivers in France were frozen. Much corn, all the olives, walnuts, figs, laurel and orange trees destroyed, and a great part of the vines; snow four feet deep." In the middle of January, 1565,† the court was blockaded at Careassone, where the wife of Charles VII. had been for three months detained by the heavy snows. It must have been a rough town. In 1560, the papists there found in a kennel the image of a Virgin. They fell upon the Protestants, slew many of them, had five of them flayed alive, and the hangman took his cannibal revel by eating the heart of a Huguenot. These may have served as

* "Strange as it may appear," wrote a contemporary, "yet it was notorious, that wherever the king went, accompanied by this great retinue, whether city, borough, village or castle, the plague followed him; so that during three months nothing short of urgent danger or necessity could induce him to leave the house." But Catherine was less timid. It has been regarded as a token of some deadly purpose that she had a fort built under her own eyes at Lyons, on a hill commanding the city, and garrisoned with an insolent regiment of persecutors. Even the plague could not drive her away while it was erected, until some of her retinue was attacked by it. Lyons had been in the hands of the Reformed.—*Vita Colinii; L'Etoile, Mémoires.*

† De l'Hôpital secured, about this time, an edict making the first day of January the first day of the year. Suspicious of some hidden heresy, the parliament refused to register it for a long time.

fireside stories for the shivering children of the queen, who were not easily horrified at any Huguenot woes. There the king heard of a disturbance at Paris, which opens to us a vivid picture of the state of affairs in the realm. We therefore leave the court for a time in the awful cold.

Having been baffled in the Trent business, the Cardinal of Lorraine had passed almost a year at Rheims, of which he was archbishop. Thinking it a favourable moment to strike, he resolved to make a display in Paris on behalf of the Guises. They and their friends and retainers were to meet him at St. Denis, all equipped for a grand entry. This was in the face of two royal orders: one that no private persons should go armed in the streets; the other, that the chiefs of each party should remain away from Paris until the king's return. The marshal, Francis Montmorency, governor of the Isle of France, was intent that these orders should be obeyed.

On his way the cardinal turned into the convent at Soissons to meet the Prince of Condé, who was visiting his sister, the Abbess Catherine de Bourbon. Strange place to talk of marriages! Anna, the widow of Francis Guise, was named to Condé as worthy of his hand. Would not that match separate for ever the prince from the admiral? Would not Condé take up the Poltrot affair and make certain the ruin of Coligny? The scheme was that of a shrewd mind. It would do more to destroy the Huguenot party than all the Roussillon blasts. But there was one little difficulty in the way of its ever happening—the prince might not agree to the nice arrangement. When a whisper of this conference got abroad, Coligny had fears lest “the chief of the cause,” whom he had long since exhorted to a more serious life, should form an alliance most odious to the Huguenots.

The cardinal went on to St. Denis, near the gates of the capital. The Guisards had come at his call. He had ob-

tained permission under the great seal to carry arms and have about him a mounted guard. The guard was reported to be quite too large even for a Lorraine, who feared his brother's fate, and Marshal Montmorency ordered him to disband his forces and come more privately into the city. "I have as much right to show my strength," was the cardinal's thought, "as Coligny had to display his on a late occasion. Sixty thousand men in the capital will rise up to defend my rights."

The splendid procession was entering the gates, horses prancing and banners afloat. "All arms must be laid aside," was the marshal's order. The cardinal refused, with great contempt. He moved on in defiance of all mild persuasion. Montmorency asked him to show his letters of privilege. "I'll not do it," was the reply. "It is contrary to the honour of my house to receive law from my enemies or show them my papers on their demand."

"And it is quite contrary to the honour of my house, my king and his parliament to permit all law to be despised," was the tone of the answer.

A skirmish was brought on. The crest of Lorraine fell. He leaped from his horse and ran into one of the shops, young Henry Guise standing at its door, pistol in hand, "with a boldness worthy of his father's son." One life was lost. The train of attendants was dispersed. At night the cardinal was taken to his hotel. He sent his letters to parliament. They were given to Montmorency, who said, "Now that his insolence is rebuked, he is very compliant. Had he done this at first, there would have been a grand day for him."

The cardinal, defeated and mortified, left the city. But his brother, the Duke of Aumale, kept a force in a threatening attitude not far from the gates. "The insult to my uncle," said young Guise, "shall one day cost the marshal

his life.”* This, reported in the capital, where an army might be raised in an hour to fight the opposers of the Lorraines, made it prudent for Montmorency to summon his friends, the Huguenot chiefs. Coligny was entreated to hasten to the capital. He and five hundred gentlemen rode through the gates, taking the cardinal’s lost prize, for in a few days he was “the idol of a vain and giddy people.” Yet there were alarms, greatest when most needless. So promptly had Coligny rallied his men, so sudden was his appearance, that, to a superstitious class, he seemed to come as an avenger. The Papal clergy were greatly alarmed at the dangers which appeared so imminent, and nearly all thought of securing their safety by flight.†

“It will be rumoured abroad that you are in arms, in revolt, in rebellion, and you will have something worse upon you than the Roussillon terrors,” said the marshal to the admiral. “But I’ll check the lie before they get through the snows to the king’s ear. Be ready with a speech for to-morrow. I have invited the leading members of parliament and many prominent citizens to come and hear it.”

“What need of that?” said Coligny. “I and my gentlemen will lay down our arms, obey the law and prove that we seek only peace.” But his cousin knew the wiles of his enemies. Many influential personages were convened to hear the admiral. Montmorency opened the conference by saying, in effect: “You have witnessed the insolence and factious spirit of the Cardinal of Lorraine. You know that some of the burgesses have held illegal meetings and spread abroad reports that the admiral was collecting troops to seize upon Paris in the absence of the king; to deliver it up to pillage; to gain power for himself, and to make it the stronghold of his party. He left his home at my call,

* Vita Colinii.

† Ibid.

with his brother Andelot and these noble chiefs. If any one has grasped the sword and sceptre (as the rumour goes), it is I, while only obeying my king and yours. But hear the admiral.”*

“Such reports are not of yesterday,” said Coligny. “They are growing old. I have long known such falsehoods, and tried to live down lies. I intend to seize this great city? What! I, a subject ever loyal, have so towering an ambition as to think of putting under my hand this centre of the power and intelligence of France? Such designs are fitter for persons pretending to have some right of succession to the crown, or for those who claim that certain counties and dukedoms be restored to them.† Never have I put forth any claim either to the kingdom or to any part of it. What if I had been so disposed? I think that no one of the French nobility, for the last five hundred years, had the means of carrying out such a purpose so fully as I have had. I could have disturbed the state. . . . You know that the queen-mother and the royal councillors never sought peace until our affairs seemed most prosperous. Who among you can fail to know that when peace was concluded I did not seek to gratify my ambition, as I might have done, by obtaining posts of honour and profit from the king? Rather did I prefer to retire to my own house, and there lead a life of quiet and privacy until this very time, when I heard the call of your governor and marshal and hasted hither. Nor did I come to make trouble and work a revolution. Nay, it was to aid in

* Vita Colinii.

† An allusion to the efforts of the house of Lorraine to prove its royal blood and its claims to the throne. Du Haillan had written a book in that interest. It was carefully told by the cardinal that Coligny took his origin from a little colony in a remote district. Hence some of the references in the above speech.—*Thuani Hist.*

smothering the flame which the audacity of some was prepared to kindle.

“I do not suppose that any of you can fail to know how much faith those of the Reformed religion* put in me. Indeed, they were becoming so excited by these new proceedings, so alarmed at the factious designs of the Guise party, that they were coming every day to me for advice. They brought daily letters from military officers of that party, acting in concert with each other, and enjoining their old soldiers to hold themselves ready to go in arms to any point required at the first summons. Do you doubt it? Here is the proof. Letters have been intercepted in Normandy, which have been sent to the queen-mother, but here are the copies. One reads thus:

“There is no easier way of restoring the crown of France to those unto whom it belongs by ancient right and title,† and of destroying the house of Valois, root and branch, than by slaying the Huguenots‡ to a man, who uphold that house. They should be proscribed, their woods sold to the highest bidder, and the price used to purchase arms. Or suppose the Huguenots prefer to settle the question by law; we shall have money to pay the costs.’” It will be noticed that, if this report of the admiral’s speech be genuine, the conspiracy was entirely Guisean. It aimed not only at the extermination of the Huguenots, but also that of the reigning house of Valois, so that the king and his mother could have had no part in it. Was this the scheme of which Blaise Montluc says: “I perceived about this time the breath (*vent*) of a league that was preparing in France. . . .

* “Qui puriorem religione profiterentur.”—*Vita Colini*.

† The Guises claimed their title from Charlemagne.

‡ “Hngonotti . . . ad unum trucidentur.”—*Vit. Col.* It will be remembered that this little book bears the date of 1575. I suppose my copy to be one of the original edition.

It was not much to my taste. . . . I secretly advised the queen of it, for I could not keep it to myself. She thought it strange that she had not heard of it before. She asked what was best to be done."* Montluc advised the king to form a counter-league and put himself at the head of it; a plan which the king's council rejected. A hint of some such murderous enterprise was given to Condé, if we may credit a curious old document: "Those of the Ch—— have held a council to give on a certain day the Sicilian Vespers to those of the Religion. They have sent two captains to Paris to further the business. Advertise the prince, the admiral and Andelot to be on their guard, for it is deliberated to play them a bad trick and to murder the whole three in one day, if it can be done."†

The admiral went on to speak of robberies and murders almost every day committed: "It is certain that since peace was proclaimed more than five hundred of the Reformed have been slain, in divers places, without any trial before a magistrate. Those who went to the king or queen-mother with their just complaints received in return a mere word or a worthless piece of paper or parchment. It is well known that in the city of Tours a massacre of the Reformed has taken place, in open day and with banners flying, in the very presence of the person who had been sent there to establish peace. And yet, after all this, certain priests have thought of fleeing at my approach. Am I so terrible? There is no place in all France, be it garrisoned town, castle or citadel, where priests can live with more quiet and safety, and even celebrate their religious offices, than in my own town of Chatillon." Such was Coligny's model of religious tolerance and liberty of conscience.

* *Comm. de Montluc.*

† *Capefigue, quoted from Bethune MSS.*

The next day these magnates of the city, among whom were Seguier, Harley and President de Thou, and thirty deputies from the merchant companies, then the Bishop of Paris, the rector of the university and a large body of ecclesiastics, came to pay their respects to Marshal Montmorency and the admiral. They wanted assurances that Paris would be kept free from disorder. "No need of alarm," said Coligny, who was shortly after introduced to the parliament, where he "hoped the citizens would do their part to preserve the peace."* Once more the Guises had been foiled in their game, and Coligny soon returned to Chatillon. The Protestant nobles talked of the cardinal's arrogance more loudly than ever. Of his attempted entry into Paris, Condé said, "If not a joke, it is too little; if it be one, it is too much."†

The Prince of Condé was now coming forth from his eclipse. In vain had his tempters said to him, "At the bottom of their hearts these sombre Huguenots prefer a chief austere and taciturn. You are too amiable, lively and gallant for them. They do not love you. Coligny is their man. He offers himself to them as their only liberator. Ah! did he not sacrifice you at the battle of Dreux?"‡

Old friends are most trustworthy, after all, was his conclusion. He rejoined Coligny. He went to Paris, in order to raise the spirits of his party. In the very face of his own treaty of Amboise, which forbade "the exercise of the Reformed religion in Paris," he held "a prayer-meeting at his hotel"—some say *le prêché*. Four thousand persons crowded thither, either to greet him or to enjoy the worship. The parliament took a needless fright, wrote to the

* Vita Colinii; De Serres, De Statu. Relig.; Perau, Vie de Coligny.

† Mém. de Condé.

‡ Lacratelle, livre vi.

king, and obtained an order for him to retire from the city. The prince also wrote to Catherine, requesting permission to attend the ensuing conference at Bayonne, but this was refused.* Almost any one else would be more acceptable in those deliberations. After nine days in Paris, he returned to his government.

Other tidings of Condé were hailed with delight by all the Huguenots. He married Frances of Orleans, born of a noble house and enriched with the gospel graces. Her mother was the Marquise de Rothelin, one of the ornaments of the French Reformation, who had been often at Geneva with her children. Frances, no doubt, deserved a share in the tribute paid by Calvin to her mother, when he wrote, † “Amid the greatest troubles (of war) you have never been ashamed to confess Christ; nay, your house has been a hospital for the poor scattered sheep by whose mouth God has been glorified. The humanity you have always shown to those afflicted for his name has also been to him a pleasing sacrifice. . . . We must always put in practice the doctrine which teaches us to lay all our cares on the Lord, as I well know you do.” This union was esteemed by Coligny and all the Huguenots as a cause of thanksgiving to God. Thereafter the prince was certainly a better Protestant.

The Huguenots had been for months reading in another quarter the tokens of a more terrible oppression. We must take notice of the persecution of the Queen of Navarre, of whom it has been truly said: “Sorrow, opposition, rebellion and domestic misery darken the pages of Jeanne’s history. . . . Lightly, indeed, ought the reproach to fall upon Jeanne d’Albret, that during her later life she exchanged

* Perau, *Vie de Coligny*.

† To Marquise de Rothelin, April, 1563. Six letters to this lady in Bonnet’s collection.

the soft and winning pursuits of her sex for the sword of the warrior and the pen of the statesman ; for the wonder is that, under the pressure of misfortune almost unparalleled, she became not the misanthrope or the tyrant, dealing to others a retribution for her own miserable destiny.*

At the French court she had been treated as had been the Duchess Renée whenever she sought to have the *preach* in her rooms. It was of her that Renée wrote to Calvin, "That lady hath such good zeal and such good judgment in many things that I desire to take example by it. As the late Queen of Navarre, her mother, was the first princess of this kingdom who favoured the gospel, it may be that the daughter will complete the work by establishing it there. It seems to me that she is as well qualified for the work as any princess or woman that I know. I love her with a mother's love, and admire and praise the graces which God has bestowed upon her."

Jeanne had begun the work in her own little realm with a zeal not measured by the coolest prudence. She had declared Calvinism the established religion of her dominion. The churches were appropriated, the priests dismissed, and banished if refractory, the altars broken, the mass utterly silenced.† Cardinals and bishops protested. "I thank you," she replied to the Cardinal d'Armagnac, the Papal

* Freer, *Jeanne d'Albret*, vol. ii. 20. "She was a great princess, of high spirit and undaunted magnanimity. Her memory is not cherished by the French, because she was the protectress of the Huguenots and the friend of Coligny."—*Wrazall's Tour through France*, ii. 288.

† "Two hundred and thirty monks of the convent of Orthez were superseded by Protestant teachers. Golden chalices and other apparatus of the Romish Church were publicly sold and the proceeds thrown into the public exchequer. Such was the unpopularity of the popish ecclesiastics that they needed a guard to keep them from insult."—*Lorimer's Prot. Ch. of France*.

legate. "As to the reform which I am urging forward, I have learned it in the Bible, which I read more than some of your doctors do, striving to form myself upon the pattern of King Josiah. . . . I have not been so forsaken of God or man but that I have been able to bring around me those who have not only the pretext, but the reality, of religion. . . . I am not planting a new religion, but restoring the ancient one. . . . As for my neighbours, I know them well enough. One hates the religion I hold; I like his no better [Philip is meant]. Yet we shall continue good friends, or, if we do not, I am not so poor as to lack a remedy. The other [Charles IX.] supports me. Is he not the root of that race of which I am a small branch? He does not abhor the Reformed religion so much as you think. He allows my son to exercise it at court. . . . Do you wish to frighten me? I will persist in serving God, though it be in poverty, if there be danger of poverty. . . . I have sought to rear my son in Christian principles. I have examples of those who have tried your principles—one, my late husband. What got he? Where are the sceptres which your party promised him? What did he earn by fighting against his conscience, as he confessed on his death-bed? . . . God is here giving true fruits of the gospel. . . . You make me blush when you tell of the executions made by the Protestants. Take the beam out of your own eye. Cleanse the earth of the blood which your own party has shed.

"Whence came the first seditions? The ministers were quietly preaching the gospel under the edict of January, at court and everywhere; but such men as you and the Cardinal of Tournon, aided by the deceit practiced on my husband, brewed what followed. . . . Yet I praise not those who have been too violent under the shadow of religion, to the great regret of its ministers, . . . whom, I perceive, you

have never frequented. If you had, you would know that they preach obedience to princes and the patience of the holy martyrs. . . . You do not want to discuss points of doctrine. Neither do I, for I am satisfied that ours is as true as yours is false. I apprehend that I should reap little from my holy desire to lead you to Zion. . . . Keep your tears to shed over your own mistakes, which for charity I will accompany with mine.

“ You announce yourself as the legate of the pope. What of that? I want no legate. The example of France is a warning on that score. . . . I perceive your design to let fall, drop by drop, upon this little country of Béarn part of that awful flood with which you intend to inundate France. I pray God that his grace may abound more than your sin.”* The smooth tone of diplomacy would have been more agreeable to the wily cardinal.

Jeanne knew that Philip of Spain, whose proffered hand she had twice refused, had his spies all about her, mapping out the roads, estimating the number and strength of her fortresses, counting up her soldiers, and poisoning the minds of her subjects. A threat of war, he imagined, would change her tone of defiance. Long had the Spanish envoy argued with her, in her palace of Lescar; long had he tried to make her think that Philip and the pope, and therefore the whole universe generally, would combine to take away her kingdom if she did not sweep out the heresy. Pacing up and down the garden walks, she grew more and more brave, until at last she said, “ God gave me this realm when I was but a child, that I might rule it by his holy gospel. I shall do it. Even if your king or any other potentate should slay my children before my eyes, and then take off my own head, I would endure it all, rather than make any change in my religion.”

* *Mém. de Condé, La Response, etc.*

“That would greatly offend the most Catholic king.”

“Very well; I appreciate his favour, but yet God is greater than he is. Nor am I so defenceless and forlorn. I command the allegiance of fifteen hundred gentlemen of valour, all of the Reformed faith. I have also twenty thousand soldiers, ready to brave death in order to do my will;* and all those Huguenot warriors of France have placed their swords at my service.”

Rather sharp, thought the envoy, who made his report to Philip, who was too cautious to make war. There were other means—the pope, the Inquisition.† These were the next resort. The Vatican thundered its wrath, its summons, its excommunications, all in vain. She was not to be moved. She wrote to Geneva for twenty more ministers to preach in Béarn and Navarre; one of them was Merlin, Coligny’s chaplain.

The matter grew too serious for Philip. Catherine and Charles took up her cause, rousing up the Emperor of Germany by writing to him: “It concerns all kings to understand whether it is for the pope to assume jurisdiction over

* Two years later, when Condé and Coligny needed troops, the minister of one town in Navarre offered to raise four thousand soldiers and support them—a plain proof of the number and respectability of the Reformed population. In Béarn there were eighty churches before Jeanne’s death—a province of about two hundred thousand souls. She knew, therefore, something of her strength.—*Lorrimer*.

† *Mém. de Condé*, various documents. In the name of Charles IX. went forth the “*Protestation et Rémonstrance du Roy de France au Pape, sur le Citation et Monitoire faits à Rome contre la Reine de Navarre.*” It was a noble defence of Jeanne d’Albret, which Charles should have remembered at a later day. “It seems against all rule,” said he, “and a sign of particular passion, to attack the religion of a queen, and make that the ground of destroying her honour, dignity, property and realm, and yet not treat in the same way others of the same religion, as the Protestant princes of Germany, Scotland and England.”

them and make a prey of their dominions. We, for our part, are resolved never to submit to it." A cheer, at this point, for Catherine de Medici!

"I learn that his majesty wishes me to kiss his hand." Jeanne wrote to Montmorency, just when the court was setting out on the great progress; "I will go and join the court, wherever ordered. But will you have Monsieur Grammont [a staunch Huguenot] sent hither to govern prudently? You know my reasons; for that intermeddler [Blaise Montluc], that enemy of all peace, will never stay his hand until he has annoyed somebody, and then, having raised a riot, he will say, 'It is in the Queen of Navarre's country that this tumult arises.' He would never say this if I had not always kept such good order here. Grammont is my own worthy subject, born on the spot, and he will be more than a match for the fierce Montluc." The arrangement was cheerfully made by Catherine.

Jeanne set out in the January of 1564, attended by no less than eight Calvinistic ministers, "all learned and ready of speech," much to the horror of the Spanish Chantonny. At Maçon she was to meet the French court. As fully one-half of its people were Reformed, they made her entry a grand ovation before Catherine arrived. They begged her to stand between them and Charles IX., whose advance was dreaded as a hurricane, for, as we have already seen, he abolished the "preach" and restored the mass all along his route. They said, "We offer you our money and our services in any enterprise that you may undertake to advance the Reformed faith."

"I shall take care to prove my zeal in these religious matters," she cautiously replied, "in such ways that the inhabitants of Maçon shall acknowledge that they have a good and firm protector. While I sojourn here you may attend the *prêche* in my house."

Every day she went to the suburbs to see the building of a new Protestant church. The Huguenots applauded her, felt proud of her notice, toiled harder than ever beneath her eye—men and women, young and old, putting their hands to the work, so that it might be completed before Catherine's arrival. Jeanne caused a service to be performed in the half-finished edifice by one of her "eight right reverend chaplains;" all of which was duly reported in the ears of French royalty.

"What does this mean?" said king, queen-mother and court, when they settled down in their quarters at Maçon. They had been met by no such procession as had given welcome to Jeanne d'Albret. She had been feasted at the first table; they must take the second, with its scanty fare of flatteries. They had got into the very hive of "Huguenoterie." There were priests and prelates at hand to rouse the wrath of Catherine. The very next day after her entry she sent a message to Queen Jeanne: "The king has learned that your ministers are preaching, in defiance of the edicts, He expressly forbids you to permit this any more. If they preach at all, while with the court, the king will chastise them so sharply that others will take wholesome warning."

Jeanne was not now in Navarre. She was a guest in France. She must be diplomatic—say a good deal and mean nothing. She coolly overlooked the threats and politely applied for "a license to celebrate divine service privately in her own apartments."

"It cannot be granted," was the response, without a word to soften the refusal. She had a cold welcome when she visited the king. Only one thing gave her joy; that was the embrace of her son, afterward Henry IV. He had come in the train from Paris. The child of ten years was then receiving a culture, under the minions of Catherine,

which would one day reveal itself in the gallantries and besetting sins of the great Henry.

"I fear that he will neglect his studies," said Jeanne, as she noted sorrowfully his levities when with his princely playmates, and overheard the oaths, jests and vile songs continually on the lips of the young king and his brothers. "I want him to form only pure habits and a Christian character."

"Christian!" replied Catherine, ridiculing the fears of Jeanne. "Does he not go every day to mass with my sons? You want to gospelize him."

"I prefer that he should not attend mass."

"It is our rule. We claim our right to educate the young Prince of Béarn." Catherine refused to allow him to return home with his mother, and this was a great grief to one who saw the poison of an Italian religion and policy infused into the mind of her son.

"I shall never forget my good mother's teaching," was Henry's remark, in the effort to console her, "and you shall soon have the proof of it"—a declaration which the princely lad would vindicate in a few months.

This was not the end. There was another collision between these two queens. On a certain day the court was to march in solemn procession to the cathedral of St. Vincent, and there offer a mass to expiate the sin of heresy so prevalent in the city. The day previous to this pompous parade the king issued an order that all the Huguenot citizens should walk in the procession, every man and woman bearing a lighted torch. Every house, too, must be decorated. A great noise arose.

The Protestants ran to Jeanne, urging her to remonstrate. She insisted that if it was illegal to have preaching, it was also illegal to compel the people to do violence to their own consciences by joining in such a procession and in a mass.

No matter. What did his profane majesty care for conscience? The ordinance was strictly enforced. But the king had overdone the work of devotion. He and his court saw the kindling flames, and packed off to Lyons on the morrow.

Jeanne departed for her home. She was now to be deprived of liberty and life if Rome and Spain could take them away. She might expect anything, even the assassin's blow. A conspiracy was formed. The object was to seize her and her children, deliver them over to the Spanish Inquisition, and what else the world might never know. Of course, her kingdom was to be divided between France and Spain. The chief conspirators were none other than King Philip, Pope Pius IV., the Cardinal of Lorraine, Marshal Montluc and Cardinal d'Armagnac. Even her own brother-in-law, the Cardinal de Bourbon, joined in it, saying, "No ties of blood must be heeded; no deed must be thought too atrocious, if it aid in the extermination of heresy!"

Montluc hung upon one border to make the seizure. Philip was ready with a regiment on the other. A revolt was stirred up in Lower Navarre by the priests and malcontents, but Jeanne soon had the clerical ringleader in prison. Without knowing it, she was quite surrounded. There was no retreat, even into Guienne. Every measure for her capture seemed to be perfectly formed. But what little things may disclose a conspiracy! It was the mere fact that a king could not sleep, and hence, perhaps, thought to read himself drowsy by looking over the dull chronicle of the day, that led Abasuerus to detect the infamous plot of Haman. Thus Mordecai and his people were saved from a slaughter.*

A certain staunch Papist of Béarn, named Dimanche,

* Esther, ch. vi.

was employed as a runner for the conspirators. He saw his queen return home. He read a new edict which she fearlessly issued, to this effect: Every Roman Catholic priest and canon shall have the full tenure of his benefices, provided he accept the Reformed ritual—(that is, cease to be a Romanist!) Many of the priests accepted the terms, married, preached and sang the psalms right devoutly. This drove Dimanche into a frenzy. He was more fully entrusted with the secrets of the plot, and sent to confer with Philip and the Duke of Alva. At Madrid he fell sick, thought he must die and requested the attendance of some one of his own countrymen. Vespier was sent to him, a servant of Elizabeth, queen of Spain, and as ignorant of the dark plot as she was. He began to suspect that the sick man had come on some secret errand. He was very attentive. He worked himself more fully every hour into the conspirator's thoughts, intent upon unravelling the mystery.

“Before many weeks have passed,” said Dimanche one day, “the Queen of Navarre and her children will be in the power of the Holy Inquisition!”

“Ah!” replied Vespier, concealing his surprise and his horror, and his wrath, too, for he was a friend to the brave queen of his native province. “You have the honour of being in a plot, I perceive. It will be very gratifying to our masters and the pope to see it successful. You have papers, I suppose.” Soon Vespier got a sight of the written instructions, drawn by Montluc.

The black scheme was now secretly laid before Elizabeth, who wept, and exclaimed, “May it please God, this wickedness shall not come to pass!” But how could she manage to send word to Jeanne? The fear of Philip's wrath paralyzed every one who cherished humane sentiments. She placed a trusty spy upon the watch. Movements before

veiled in mystery now seemed clear as day. The French ambassador was told of the plot, and soon Jeanne knew it all. She was greater than ever in this time of peril. She refused to flee and put herself under the protection of the French king. Calling her nobles to her side, she visited her fortresses, saw that the garrisons were rid of traitors, outwitted Montluc, outgeneralled Alva, penetrated even to the very frontiers of Spain, and then retired into her strong castle of Navarreins. There she waited the event, prepared for any amount of thundering at the walls.

The French court heard of the whole affair before being swamped in the snows of Carcassone, whose very history ladened its name with a burden of cruel woes, for there the old Albigenses had been exposed to some of the most barbarous outrages anywhere upon record.* "Issue a warrant of arrest for Dimanche when he shall return to France," was the advice of Montmorency to Catherine.

"No," she replied, "my daughter Elizabeth has written me nothing about him;" as if that young queen would dare do it, with a Philip to inspect her letters and hang her, if they were not satisfactory to him. "But understand that I regard the conspiracy with an abhorrence not to be expressed." Catherine's conduct seems mysterious, unless we remember her character. She shrewdly perceived that to expose the leaders in the scheme would involve her in a war. The affair was over; her policy was never to investigate, never to call the guilty to justice, unless she might be the gainer.

Queen Jeanne appealed to her. The reply was a characteristic insult: "The Protestants have more than once been guilty of similar violent intents toward their king"—no, never! we hear Jeanne say indignantly—"and you ought to follow the example his majesty has set you of freely for-

* Wraxall's Tour, ii. 308.

giving those injuries which it was out of his power to punish!" Yes, with the terrible forgiveness shown at Amboise! When was a French monarch threatened with being thrown into the dungeons of an inquisition?

Dimanche went in disguise to Paris, and was sheltered by some one of his guilty partners—probably Lorraine. He then entered a monastery, that called "Des Bons Hommes." This step was taken not from fear of the law or of the government, but to escape the vengeance of his original employers.* Well might Philip boast, "Instead of engaging doctors to convert heretics, I send executioners to destroy them." We are now prepared to learn what we may at the famous Bayonne conference.

* The details of this conspiracy are in De Serres, *Statu. Relig. Thuani Hist.*, Freer's *Jeanne d'Albret*, and Mezeray.

CHAPTER II.

THE BAYONNE CONFERENCE.

(1565.)

WHEN the fever was consuming the father of Admiral Coligny, on his road to relieve the garrison of Fontarabia, the August sun was burning down upon a young Spaniard of sixteen years while he helped to make short the siege of that town. It was there his "maiden sword was fleshed." He was there proving his headlong courage and climbing the rough way to his infamous celebrity. Still later he measured swords with Guise and the Coligny brothers in Italy, at Metz and along the Flemish borders. He became the Duke of Alva,* one of the bitterest foes of liberty in all the provinces stretching from the coasts of Navarre to the shores of the Zuyder-Zee. He was one of the hostages for that peace of Cambray which released Coligny from captivity. He was with that hunting-party in the forest of Vincennes which gave Henry II. a chance to open

* "On the whole, the Duke of Alva was inferior to no general of his age. As a disciplinarian, he was foremost in Spain, perhaps in Europe. A spendthrift of time, he was an economist of blood; and this was, perhaps, in the eye of humanity, his principal virtue. . . . As a statesman, he had neither experience nor talent. As a man, his character was simple. He did not combine a great variety of vices, but those which he had were colossal. He was neither lustful nor intemperate, but his professed eulogists admitted his enormous avarice, while the world has agreed that such an amount of stealth and ferocity, of patient vindictiveness and universal bloodthirstiness, were never found in a savage beast of the forest, and but rarely in a human bosom."—*Motley, Dutch Republic.*

the plot formed by Philip and himself for the extirpation of the Protestants, and which gave William of Orange a chance to hear it all, keep it secret, and thus win the name of "the Silent." From that hour Orange had gone on seeking liberty for the Netherlands; Alva had gone on raving against heresy. Had it not been for this cruel Spaniard, the Bayonne conference might have been a simple visit between Catherine and her daughter Elizabeth, with some gorgeous revels by the court ladies and grand jousting among the knightly gentlemen.

Let us first get Philip's notion of what should be done. His queen and her mother wished to have a mutual visit. Did the one want to whisper about her husband's harshness? Did the other want to convince Philip that she was not half a Huguenot? The Spanish king hesitated at first, either because it was his habit, or in order to draw the matter on more surely, or lest his secret schemes of wholesale murder should take the air. At length he consented, very carefully stating the objects to be sought—the pledging of their children in future marriage, the security of the Roman Church against the infidels, the heathen and the heretics, and the support of the throne of France—a throne quite too much beset with Huguenots.

Philip then told his queen—it was before Catherine had left Paris—"I am dissatisfied to hear that your mother makes such great preparations for her journey, as though you were to be received, not as her daughter, but as a foreign queen. Moreover, she has invited Madame de Vendome [his title for the Queen of Navarre] and the Prince of Condé. It is impossible, however, for me to admit of your meeting these persons, partly because they have spoken out too sharply in the matter of religion, partly because you could not treat her as a queen or call her sister without trenching on my dignity. . . . As for

her son, the Prince of Navarre, he is still a child, whom God will not allow to remain in ignorance, and may be present at the meeting as a prince of the blood.”*

“It is not to be supposed,” said the French ambassador, St. Sulpice, to Elizabeth, “that the queen-mother has invited any of the Reformed faith. Yet if some of them, of their own accord, should come to kiss your hand, remembering that you were a French princess, it would be an injury to refuse them admission. It would awaken a suspicion that something evil was in agitation.”

“Very reasonable, certainly,” replied Elizabeth; “I will notify my husband.” But just then came the Duke of Alva, who said: “It cannot be granted. It would offend the king’s subjects, who are tender of conscience, if their queen should find herself in such company. She would turn back, even if she were within a mile of the city.” Alva was only using freely his master’s words, who had more strongly said, “a quarter of a mile of Bayonne.”

“At Bayonne,” said Alva, “the hearts of both parties must be laid open. They will not confine themselves to pleasures; they will do what they can in the matter of religion.” St. Sulpice wrote to Catherine: “It is believed here that an attempt will be made to persuade you to abolish or greatly alter those laws which favour your subjects. The Spaniards would be glad to revive the troubles which it has cost you so much to allay. . . . But you know their thoughts well enough to be on your guard against their plans.”†

Such was the Spanish scheme. One motive, doubtless, was to prevent the Reformed of France from entering into a league with those of the Netherlands for their mutual

* Von Raumer, History of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries, illustrated by original documents. He quotes from MSS. of Granvelle, Chantonnay, St. Sulpice, etc.

† Von Raumer, Orig. Doc.

defence. But there was another. We must give Philip full credit for his zeal against "heresy" in the abstract. He imagined that he was placed on the earth for the very purpose of crushing out everything in the shape of freedom of conscience, republicanism and the restored faith of the apostles. His meat and drink was popery. His wiry broom was doing splendidly in his own dominions, and he wished to have the French try its efficacy. "He saw in his position and in his convictions a call from Providence to restore through Europe the shaking fabric of the Church, and lived to show that the most cruel curse which can afflict the world is the tyranny of ignorant conscientiousness, and that there is no crime too dark for a devotee to perpetrate under the seeming sanction of his creed. . . . To him the man who endeavoured to protect a heretic was no less infamous than the heretic himself."*

Poor Carranza had the full proof that Philip knew how to make the Inquisition next to infernal. This man, archbishop of Toledo, had the honour at Trent of being second only to Cardinal Pole in restoring the Papal system in England under "the bloody Mary." But this service to Philip's doubly distant wife did not exempt him from arrest. When in the hands of the inquisitors he said: "I have no other object in life than the repression of heresy. My efforts have received divine aid. I have converted many who had departed from the faith. The bodies of certain leading heretics I have caused to be dug up and burned. I have been called Chief Defender of the Faith by both Catholics and Protestants."† No matter for all that. The

* Froude, *Hist. England*, ix. 316, 320.

† Ranke, *Hist. of Popes—Pius V.* This interesting case would afford a history of the period; especially of the attempts at a Reformation in Spain. See McCrie, *Ref. in Spain*; Pallavicino, *Hist. Con. Trid.*; De Castro, *Span. Prot.*

sixteen articles in his works favouring the scriptural doctrine of justification were too much. Long did he endure the Spanish torments, especially for saying to the dying Charles V. at Yuste, "Behold—(not the crucifix)—but Him who answered for all: there is no more sin; all is forgiveness!" Then he was sent to Rome to try the terrible mercies of Pius V. Seventeen years of dungeon horrors, and at last a welcome fever, took him out of the world. No appeal to Philip had ever been regarded. What, then, might not a full and open Protestant expect? In his view, "to be lukewarm was to be a heretic at heart," and a heretic, anywhere out of heaven, he had yearnings to destroy.

Philip never did anything himself which others could do for him. He easily excused himself from going to the conference; he would hang somewhere near, if necessary. "The Duke of Alva was accordingly appointed to attend the queen to Bayonne. Both were secretly instructed by Philip to leave nothing undone in the approaching interview toward obtaining the hearty co-operation of Catherine de Medici in a general and formally-arranged scheme for the simultaneous extermination of all heretics in the French and Spanish dominions. Alva's conduct in this diplomatic commission was stealthy in the extreme. His letters reveal a subtlety of contrivance and delicacy of handling such as the world has not generally reckoned among his characteristics."* Thus much for the Spanish side of the business; for real, earnest business it was to be, despite all Catherine's plans for glorious amusement and corrupting gallantry.

What of the French side? If the Chancellor de l'Hôpital advised the journey, already prolonged for nearly a year, it cannot be that Catherine, or any of her court, had such

* Motley, *Dutch Republic*, i. 476. He says that the "remarkable letters of Alva reveal the whole truth concerning the famous conference of Bayonne."

black intentions as Philip and Alva. Nor do we find evidence that the host of hounding legates, with all their jesuitry, had so wrought upon her mind that she was intent upon a league for crushing the Huguenots by some grand stroke of death. True, she had put down the *prêche*, she had set up the mass, she had treated Jeanne d'Albret with something worse than contempt, and she had forged new woes at Roussillon. But would she have done all this if a murderous scheme had been in her mind? Flatteries and indulgence are usually the preludes to intended villainies. The kiss precedes the betrayal.

Emerging from the snows of the South, the court went on to Toulouse, which some of Calvin's followers had made a stronghold of Calvinism. Catherine was there honoured by a visit from several leading Huguenots. They made their complaints. It was the same old story of assaults and outrages. Montluc came and drove them away.* At another place the queen granted to the Protestants the privilege of singing their psalms and having their solemn services; they were excused from joining in the Papal processions—the only instance, it appears, along the whole route. Catherine intercepted some letters which proved that the Guises were forming a league against the houses of Montmorency and Coligny.† She protested against the faction, and forbade the conspiracy.

Catherine and her favourite daughter met joyfully at Bayonne. The pomp was prodigious. Catherine's fertile genius quite outdid itself in the way of inventing brilliant

* Mémoires de Condé; Mezeray, Hist. de France. The king here, for reasons untold, had his brothers change their names; the one changed that of Alexandre for that of Henry—(known as the Duke of Anjou and Henry III.); the other gave up Hercule and took that of Francis.

† Mém. de Condé.

entertainments, in order to testify her delight at the reunion and to inspire the Spaniards with high ideas of French magnificence.* Was all this a lure, a blind, as many historians represent it, to conceal a murderous purpose in her heart?

While the castle and the town were full of mirth, the jousts knew not of the midnight whispers. While they slept the enemy was sowing his tares. Through a secret gallery, expressly arranged, she went every night to the apartments of her daughter, on whose face, once so beautiful, and on whose spirit, once so gentle, Spain had cast an awful shadow, which no mother's love could remove. There the Duke of Alva was admitted to urge forward the designs of his anxious master.

Alva had already been sounding the depths. Montluc had said to him, "They may see the queen-mother in two before she will become a Huguenot." Embracing Alva with fervour, Montpensier had said, "The Spanish monarch is the only hope for France. I am willing to be cut in pieces for Philip's service"—a style of devotion quite Japanese—"and if my body were to be opened at this moment, the name of Philip would be found imprinted on my heart."† But this was more than gasconade to Alva, who, says Motley, "having no power to proceed to an autopsy, physical or moral, of Montpensier's interior, was left somewhat in the dark, notwithstanding these ejaculations."

The young king was more of a man and true Frank. "I cannot take up arms against my subjects for religious reasons," said Charles, more nobly than most historians allow. "It would be improper and ruinous."

Alva laboured long and earnestly to convince the king, but finally remarked, "He has been doctored." He thought

* Mémoires de Margaret de Valois; Brantome, a participant.

† Motley, Dutch Rep.

the royal pupil had been taught his lesson for that special occasion.

In the midnight hours he sought to manage that peculiar genius which played with all rival houses and with the two parties in France, to make them hate each other, and yet feel alike dependent upon herself. She was crafty. He was bold; nothing was too infernal for him, when pushed forward by his three great masters—the Spanish, the Papal and the Satanic. “After all, you keep some Huguenots about you,” said he; “you bring one even here—De l’Hôpital.”

“I will not admit that he is a Huguenot,” replied Catherine.

“You are the only person in your kingdom who holds to that opinion.”

“I shall not dismiss him. . . . You say that liberty of conscience fosters a great many sorts of religion in the state, for every whim begets a sect to advance it. True, there will be controversies, but my plan is to convoke an assembly of learned men—”

“What! the very doctors will differ. Better put an end to the debates about religion, and then use severe means, no matter whether fire or sword, and you will have no heretics.”

“That has been tried, but all in vain; for the more fire, the more of this novel faith. If one cannot make the port by a direct line, it is wiser to be patient, take tacks, steer obliquely and sail in by a roundabout course. In governing a people, one must do what he can if he is not able to do what he will. As to the people’s conscience it is dangerous to heat that fire; nor can you smother it out at once. The only way is to slowly pervert it.”*

“Strike at the leaders,” said Alva, changing his tack. “Cut off the heads of the poppies. Catch the great fishes;

* Davila, Civil Wars of France.

never mind the little ones. One salmon is worth ten thousand frogs."*

This was the only point to which Alva could hope to bring Catherine. Did she assent to this, the slaughter of the Huguenot chiefs, nobles and princes? Was it for this that she issued a call for the notables of the realm to meet the king at Moulins, on her route home? No doubt she wished the Protestant chiefs out of the way—indeed, out of the world. Seven years later, she would attempt to put them out. "The facts show," says Lacratelle, "that Catherine, in time of war, in time of peace, sought means to destroy† the Prince of Condé, the Admiral Coligny, Andelot, Cardinal Chatillon, and, without doubt, many other chieftains, as distinguished by their birth as by their bravery. But it is against all truth to think that she now agreed to the project of causing more than fifty thousand Protestants to perish at one stroke." The very phrase about the worth of "one salmon," upon which "Protestant writers lay so much stress, was a threat against the chiefs of Calvinism, but did not imply a wholesale massacre."

Catherine preferred to divide, undermine, tempt and corrupt the nobles. Her object was to deter the middle classes from adhering to the Reform; to drive them from it by vexatious interference, and by refusing opportunities of worship; while the higher classes were to be separated from each other and seduced by pleasure: thus they would either end in joining the court, or would fall an easy prey to its attacks.‡ One by one the nobles might fall.

"All the adroitness of Alva," says Motley, "as well as the tact of Queen Isabella (Elizabeth), by whose ability he declares himself to have been astounded, proved quite pow-

* Mémoires de La None.

† Ne cessa de chercher les moyens de surprendre et de faire périr.

‡ Colquhoun, Life of Jeanne d'Albret.

erless before the steady fencing of Catherine. The queen-regent, whose skill the duke, even while defeated, acknowledged to his master, continued firm in her design to maintain her own power by holding the balance between Guise and Montmorency, between Leagner and Huguenot. So long as her enemies could be employed in exterminating each other, she was willing to defer the extermination of the Huguenots. The great massacre of St. Bartholomew was to sleep for seven years longer. . . . She made it sufficiently evident that the hour for the united action of the French and Spanish sovereigns against their subjects had not struck, so that the famous Bayonne conference was terminated without a result. It seemed not the less certain, however, in the general opinion of mankind, that all the particulars of a regular plot had been definitely arranged upon this occasion for the extermination of the Protestants, and the error has been propagated by historians of great celebrity, of all parties, down to our own days. The secret letters of Alva, however, leave no doubt as to the facts."*

There was a result, speedy and direful. Suspicion may work as fearfully, as tremendously, as fact. Popular action based upon a credited rumour may shake an empire. Enough of the secret discussions got wind to produce distrust and alarm. Alva's proverb about the high value of the salmon was overheard by La Noue, a Protestant captain and autobiographer. Young Henry of Navarre also heard it in connection with dark words about a tragedy of the Sicilian Vespers. It struck the mind of the lad. He acted wisely. He at once told it to De Calignon, whom Queen Jeanne had placed to watch over the morals of her son. A letter in cypher was soon in her hands. Already filled with a presentiment of some terrible evil, she was quite disposed

* Motley, Dutch Republic.

to believe the worst.* De Calignon wrote that it had been debated in those dark conclaves whether the great blow should not be struck at Moulins when the notables should meet. Jeanne sent warning missives to Condé and the Colignys.† Thus the effect of the Bayonne conference became disastrous. It was provoking another civil war.

St. Croix, the pope's spy, wrote to the chief cardinal at Rome, "In a short time we shall have no more Huguenots in France, and every one acknowledges how much we are indebted for that to the good counsels of your eminence."

Castelnau, who had left the train in the snows, says that "the severe winter and the pestilence alone prevented the Huguenots from rising in arms, for they were prodigiously alarmed at the interview between the king and his sister of Spain. . . . The great joy and magnificence displayed at Bayonne made the Huguenots conclude that the entertainment was at their expense, being apprehensive that all the Catholic princes were forming a league against them. This made them set all their engines at work and leave no stone unturned to provide against it. They solicited the powers of England, Germany and Geneva for assistance. They stirred up their own party in France to resist this Holy League. They argued that, as the Spaniards were disturbing the French at home, the Huguenots should

* Did not Henry IV. always connect this conference with the later deluges of blood? His favourite Matthieu has been thought to speak his opinion when he says: "There was counsel held between the queen-mother and the Duke of Alva for the extirpation of the admiral and his party, proposing no better remedy than a renewal of the Sicilian Vespers." His contemporary, Theo. Ag. D'Aubigné, affirms the same thing. The Jesuit Daniel says: "The Protestants of France and of the Netherlands seemed to be persuaded that their ruin was contrived on this occasion." Tavannes declares that the conferees "resolved upon the ruin of the heretics in France and in Flanders."

† Thuani Hist., Mémoires de Duc de Nevers.

throw the war into Flanders, and thus give the King of Spain the same entertainment there which he had proposed for them in France." Such were the popular impressions among Protestants and Papists. Is it any wonder, then, that self-defence was the first thought of the Huguenots? Were they not admirably patient, in waiting for new outrages, before they sprang to arms?

Was there not an agreement made at the conference that Alva should lead an army into the Netherlands to suppress heresy there, and Catherine should not molest him on the way? It so appears from later facts. Alva admitted, after he got home, that "it seems to be neither the moment in France to root out the evil with the sword, nor to treat it merely with mildness and dissimulation. . . . One would not set religion on the uncertain chances of a war." Nay, not unless the force could be all on the Papal side.*

The Queen of Spain went home shortly to die—she and the young Prince Don Carlos, so mysteriously that the hand of history has written them upon the list of victims to heartlessness, cruelty, and even to poison. It was thought that the young prince leaned to Luther's views. Von Raumer has sifted the charges, and declares that they "both died natural deaths, and not the slightest love affair ever took place between them." Yet the day was coming when Charles IX. would see in their supposed treatment a reason for showing his vengeance upon Philip and favour to William of Orange.

The French king and retinue went to Nerac, where Queen Jeanne met them, and where they had no power to silence her preachers. She entertained them magnificently. Catherine was never more gracious and winning—Charles never more courteous. They listened to the stories about the manly little Henry of Navarre—how his heroic mother

* Von Raumer, Orig. Doc.

sang an old song while he came wailing into the world, to be snatched up by his grandfather and have his lips rubbed with garlic; how he grew up, like the ancient Cyrus, among the children of the peasants, rudely dressed and running over the mountains bareheaded, barefooted, taking the cold or the heat, the snow or the rain, as they came; how he had no toys, no flattery; and how this child of liberty might one day fill France with his renown.*

As Jeanne could not retain her son, she resolved to attend him, and follow the court. As the company passed over the districts made desolate by the recent wars, where Huguenot had sought to avenge the outrages committed on himself by Papist, Catherine pointed out to her son the ruined convents, the overthrown crosses, the broken images of the saints and the churches whose shattered windows told the story of violence. "This," said she, "is the fruit of Huguenotism."

"I hate these Huguenots more and more," was the frequent remark of Charles along the way. Jeanne heard him let out a hint of the supposed awful secret; nor did she need to bring a pencil to the aid of her memory, when he angrily said, "I begin to think that the Duke of Alva was right when he advised us to cut off the heads of the tallest poppies and to fish for the great fishes." Davila declares of Charles, that "having seen with his own eyes the churches destroyed through all Aquitaine, the altars profaned, the images pulled down, the monasteries burnt, and even the bones of the dead raked out of their graves, he conceived such an inward hatred of Jeanne and the Huguenots that he never ceased to persecute them afterward with the greatest severity." The historian put the case rather strongly.

"It was your lieutenant Montluc that did this," we hear

* Matthieu, Prefixe, Hist. du Henri IV.

Jeanne reply, as she pointed out some ruin; "and that village over there he burned." Blaise Montluc was surely a match for Des Adrets, who was dreaded in the Lyonnais "more than a hurricane sweeping over the standing corn." While the latter pretended to be a Protestant, Calvin severely rebuked him by letter: "Restrain your soldiers. Do not allow them to plunder the chalices, relics and furniture of the temples. I am sure that Condé and the worthy nobles will disavow such acts and stamp them with infamy." It was not the fault of the Protestant chieftains that such acts were committed.*

But who rebuked Blaise Montluc? He seemed to flame with a zeal to avenge the mercy shown by his brother, the Bishop of Valence. He boasted that at the mention of his name the Protestants shuddered and fled. He made himself rich by plunder, for "he knew how to pick up gold out of blood." He gave as his reason for hanging Huguenots on trees and fences, "They have a golden tongue." Pointing to those ghastly bodies, he would say, "These are my ensigus!" Thus the man whose bravery once saved the army in Italy, when he roused up such young men as Coligny to rush for the fight at Cerisolles, won for himself the name of "the royal butcher."† He smote to the dust the "living images," the "living temples." And who praised him?

"Very noble and well-beloved son," wrote Pope Pius IV.

* "To assert that, in any national commotions of such a kind, the excesses are only on one side, would be to assume that a portion of our race are angels. . . . Generally, the excesses of the oppressed party were simply retaliation. . . . Hence the religious and consequent civil wars in France may be pronounced to be on the one side utterly iniquitous, and, on the other, substantially, if not perfectly, defensible."—*Mendham, Life of Pius V.*

† *Comm. de Montluc; Brantome; D'Auvinny.*

to him, "the apostolic benediction be upon you. Often do I hear, and especially through my dear son, the Cardinal d'Armagnac, how affectionately you defend the cause of the Catholic religion, and what pains you take to repress the lives of heretical men.* These are the works of a true Christian and Catholic. No doubt Heaven will bless you. We cannot sufficiently thank you. You are making yourself a glorious name!"

What a difference between the man whom some have derisively called "the pope of Geneva" and the man who assumed to be the "vicar of Jesus Christ!" The one grieved over the pillage of a chalice; the other gloried in the repression of the lives of men! It is to be lamented, if the boast of a later defender of the Papal faith be true: "If any one says, or pretends to insinuate, that modern Roman Catholics differ in one iota from their predecessors, he is either deceived himself or he wishes to deceive others. *Semper eadem* is not more emphatically descriptive of our religion than of our jurisprudence."†

Calvin had passed away; so had Pius IV. The one, if not the perfect, was yet the providential man, and there was no successor to completely fill his chair, wield his pen and hold a guiding influence over the French churches and the leading Protestant minds. The other was but giving way to a man more able to make a fierce war upon Protestantism; a man in whom Philip thought lay the salvation of the Church, and who was so pleased with the deathly measures of Alva that he sent the duke the consecrated hat and sword as a token of approval; a man who once gave the order, "Take no Huguenot prisoner, but kill every one of them," and who came to dream of putting himself at

* "Reprimer les vies des hommes d'heresie."—*Mém. de Condé; Lettre du Pape Pie IV. au Sieur de Montluc, 1562.*

† Francis Plowden, LL.D.; *The Case Stated, etc.*: London, 1791.

the head of an army against England, and, to supply the sinews of war, proposed to expend the whole treasures of the Church, the very crosses and chalices included. Protestant France could not longer have a Calvin. Papal France had now a Pius V., a furious inquisitor, who would give no rest to court or kingdom while he lived.*

Admiral Coligny had a deep interest in the call for an assembly of notables at Moulins. The avowed object was to reform the system of jurisprudence. The real motive was to settle the quarrel between him and the Guises, whose revenge had been burning silently for three years. Catherine wished to reconcile them, and thus throw Coligny into discredit with his party. It had been just a year since he had been called to Paris to repress the insolence of that house. In January, 1566, he left his quiet Chatillon, and, with his uncle Montmorency, well attended with cavaliers and retainers, appeared at Moulins.† Notwithstanding the general suspicion of some black treachery, there was a goodly array of *Huguenoterie*—the Prince of Condé, his brother-in-law Rochefoucauld, the three Chatillons and a host of others, all firm in purpose, ready for whatever might come.

“What have you to say to these charges?” was the king’s question to Coligny when the Poltrot case came up in the

* “So exclusive, so imperious, were his religious feelings, that he bore the very bitterest hatred to all who would not accept his tenets. And how strange a contradiction! the religion of meekness and humility is made the implacable persecutor of innocence and piety! But Pius V., born under the wings of the Inquisition and reared in its principles, was incapable of perceiving this discrepancy. Seeking with inexhaustible zeal to extirpate every trace of dissent that might yet lurk in Catholic countries, he persecuted with a yet more savage fury the avowed Protestants who were either freed from his yoke or still engaged in the struggle.”—*Ranke, Hist. of Popes.*

† *Mém. de L’Etoile; Thuani Hist.*

private council. It was the first time he had been permitted to say anything in court.

"I declare upon my oath that I was a stranger to the assassination of the Duke of Guise. I had nothing to do with it in any manner whatever." Coligny had his voluminous papers at hand.

"It is enough," said the king and council, after Lorraine and the widow had accepted the declaration. A decree was issued: "The king, in council, having heard both parties, all the princes and counsellors unanimously advising it, declares that it appears that the Admiral de Chatillon is innocent. . . . The king judicially absolves him, and imposes perpetual silence on all who may take it up. He now takes both parties into his protection, commanding them to live in peace. . . ." The oppressed heart of this good man was free again; his conscience had not been burdened.

And now the detester of shams must take part in one. Himself ready to forgive, after years of slander and persecution, he knew too well the Guisean spirit to believe that they had any sincerity in forgiving him. But there must be a scene. The king ordered it. Did Coligny half suspect that here was the test for the suspected entrapment of Alva's "great fishes?" He yielded, unwilling to have an enemy on earth. The parties came before the king. He extended his hand to the Cardinal of Lorraine and the widowed Anne; they embraced him, and promised to banish all resentment. Anne was just now upon the point of marrying the Duke of Nemours and becoming a still greater bigot, and making more true the remark of Calvin: "She seeks the ruin of the poor churches of France, of which God will be the protector."

"I have had nothing to do with that ceremony," said the young Duke Henry Guise, who had been away fighting the Turks, by way of practice in arms. His grave and severe

manner, Davila tells us, clearly showed that he was at this scene against his will, and that he would not forget his father's assassination at Orleans. One account is that he asked that he and Coligny might be shut up together in a room and fight out their differences.

"A curse upon such a friendship!" muttered Henry's uncle D'Aumale, who had refused to be present, and who challenged Coligny to a duel. Such was his gratitude to the man who had saved him from a probable death at the hand of Francis Montmorency.* It was he who constantly urged that two religions in a state were as absurd as two suns in the heavens. Coligny informed the queen-mother of this cowardly attempt upon his life. As D'Aumale could not have a chance to send a ball at the admiral, he began, it appears, to look for an assassin. Scarcely had all parties separated and resumed their places at home or at the court, when Philip was as sorely troubled as ever a Pharaoh was at seeing the Hebrews prosper. Catherine was not performing her duty. He sent his pitiful complaints, seeming to think that she was deep in the exterminating business: "You do not keep your promises. You do not utterly annihilate the new religion. You deal out to the house of Lorraine the greatest indignities possible. That house is the only one that sustains the Catholic religion."

Catherine was astonished. She called the cardinal, saying, "What have you been writing to the King of Spain?"

"Only what has been passing at this court. . . . I may have touched upon the insults which I have here had to endure. I have promised to maintain the Catholic religion, always and everywhere, and to abolish the new. If this is

* He too was put through the same farce of a reconciliation with Lorraine. But these *embrassades* were made *pour amuser et tromper les Huguenots*.—*L'Etoile, Mémoires pour l'Histoire de France*.

not done, I will roar so loudly about it that all the princes of the earth shall hear."

Catherine employed the Bishop Montluc and Anne Guise to soothe the cardinal's feelings.* That he was in league with Philip was very clear. It is quite as clear that he hoped much from those "confraternities" which had their places and days of assembly, their police, their pledges, their oaths to defend their faith at the cost of goods and life, and to destroy the Huguenot faith at the cost of innocent lives.† Philip wished to have Catherine do in France just what he ordered the Duchess of Parma to do in the Netherlands. The duchess had some degree of mercy. She softened her master's orders. She asked that the *Gueux*—the "beggars," who were becoming "as numerous as the sands on the seashore"—might receive a kindlier mode of punishment. "If you like it better," was the cruel reply of Philip, "you may send the heretics to the gallows, instead of the stake!" This insolence aroused the Protestants. They made their first revolt. They fell upon the churches, images, crosses, altars and confessionals. "Yet the rage was directed exclusively against stocks and stones. Not a man was wounded nor a woman outraged. Prisoners were liberated from the dungeons. Art was trampled in the dust, but humanity deplored no victims."‡

We return to Chatillon, where Coligny has been quietly reading the signs of the times. There an incident occurred "which was like to have broken the reconciliation made at Moulins between the noblemen, and which caused great troubles at court." The admiral was one day hunting in the forest. He was met by a man named Desnay, once in his service, but now a low innkeeper in the town. "Your

* *L'Etoile*, Mémoires. "Cette comédie s'est jouée à Moulins."

† Anquetil, *L'Esprit de la Ligue*.

‡ Motley.

hounds are on the wrong track," said the rake. "Let me show you where the game is."

"Very well," replied Coligny. "Lead the way" This was not what the fellow wished, but he obeyed. Leading off into a ganreless thicket, his conduct evinced some dark purpose, especially when a friend joined the admiral, who then rode up, drew his sword and said, "Tell me this moment, you scoundrel, whither you are going and what is your design." Not a word of explanation could be got from him. His attempts to escape were useless. Concealed weapons were found upon him. Coligny delivered him over to the judges, who knew him as a thief and renegade, who had often been released when he pleaded that he was an old servant of the admiral. When the wretch saw justice coming for former crimes, he first said that the admiral had bribed him long before to slay the queen-mother. None would credit the charge—his money and fine horse had come from some other party. He confessed, at last, that the Duke of Aumale had given him the horse and a hundred crowns to put the admiral out of the-way. The parliament ordered him to be broken on the wheel as an assassin.*

To lull Coligny into supineness, Charles and his mother invited him to court and showered upon him great favours and numberless kindnesses. In his disposition to think the best of everybody, he did not detect the wiles of the ever-plausible Catherine. No woman was ever more inconsistent with herself; no man was freer from mistrust. Coligny even began to reproach himself for having lent an ear to the rumours from Bayonne. Nothing now seemed so incredible as that his gracious queen should consent to the extermination of the Protestants. But as soon as he appeared to be a counsellor of the king, his brethren sent in their complaints from all parts of the land. They had no

* Vita Coliuii, Perau.

liberty. Justice was deaf to their cries. The law laid a bondage upon them. They appealed for relief from the late edicts, and from the advantage taken of them by bigots mad for blood. Wary as Coligny was, had it not been for these constant appeals he might have fallen into the snare.

“Be not over anxious,” was the tone of the queen’s bland replies. “All our subjects are dear to us. If we change the order of things too rapidly, your enemies will rise and overthrow you, and we shall have again the days of the Triumvirs.” By wrenching the helm too suddenly, thought the admiral, it may be broken and the ship lost.

Intimacies and honours were extended. To nurture kindly sentiments, the Prince of Condé was informed that the king was desirous of standing as godfather to his newborn son. “It is a good custom,” said Charles; “but, on the score of religion, I cannot be present at the ceremony. I will do the admiral the honour of representing me on the occasion.” “And I,” said Condé, “will honour my son with the royal name of Charles.”

Coligny presented the child in baptism, “to be solemnly initiated into the Reformed religion. This, as is usual at courts, was done with great pomp and magnificence. At the feast given upon the occasion the admiral was seated, like a king, at a table by himself, and was waited on by the same officers—a circumstance interpreted by most as a mark of the singular good-will borne to him by the king.”* Yet the Huguenots were not duped. “Those who kept their eyes open, for their own safety,” says La Noue, “saw, past a doubt, that there was a determination to weaken the party by degrees, and then give them the *coup de grace*”—the graceful stroke of death!

“All evil ceasing,” wrote La Noue, whose honest accounts are now our chief guide, “every one had begun to

* Vita Colinii, Peran.

live in repose, security of body and liberty of mind." But it was only the lull before the storm. Catherine received word from the Duke of Alva that he was passing, with an army, through Italy and down the Rhine, into Flanders: "I inform you that I am on my way from Spain to put down the Huguenots of the Netherlands. While I crush them on that side, do you take arms and exterminate the Huguenots of France." This secret Catherine kept.

But yet it was soon divulged. Coligny had already heard from his friend, William the Silent, to this effect: "We have intercepted letters, coming from Spain and Rome. Philip and the pope are leaguings with Catherine to destroy all Protestants in my country and in yours."*

The Huguenot nobles came every day to Coligny with new alarms. "We shall be treated as Philip treated the Moors of Spain," said they. "Blessed will be the man who can escape with his family."

"Be calm," replied Coligny. "I have already begged the king, in full council, to defend Burgundy against the troops of Alva. And, lest French troops should give offence, he has called six thousand Swiss, and is placing them there for that purpose."†

"You are allowing yourself to be deceived," was the message to Coligny from the Prince of La Roche-sur-Yon, who was of the blood royal and a cousin of Condé. "That levy of Swiss troops is not really meant to protect us against Alva. It is to aid him. It is intended to co-operate with him in crushing us."‡ Other tidings of the same sort

* Perau, Vie de Coligny; Thuani Hist.

† Vita Colinii; Castelnau, Mémoires. It appears that Condé and Coligny first advised this levy of foreign soldiers for a patriotic purpose. How easy for Catherine to use them against the Huguenots, and yet say that she did not bring them in!

‡ Vita Colinii; Thuani Hist.

came pouring in. Messengers came from the Protestant rulers of other lands to entreat Catherine to resist the army under Alva. "Certainly," said she, "I recommend a war with Spain should Alva advance!" She pretended to remonstrate by sending legates to Madrid and Rome—"a comedy well performed," says the Jesuit Daniel. Condé was on the point of yielding to her plans.*

Coligny put the pretensions of the queen-mother to the test. On her own avowed ground, he showed the king the true policy toward the Spaniards. It was to let the Swiss levies protect France, and to let him and Andelot lead an army into Flanders to aid William of Orange. Then Alva would find himself in a vice, and Philip would be compelled to allow other nations to manage their own affairs. This ingenious suggestion laid bare the real design of Catherine and her son. They meant to put the Huguenots in the vice, with the Swiss on one side of them and the Spaniards on the other, and with ferocious Papists everywhere between the armies of foreigners.

Nobly did Coligny still plead: "Shall these Spaniards and Swiss hirelings ruin so many good families professing the Reformed religion, and who are more numerous than is commonly thought? Are we to be slaughtered by cut-throats, and that without a struggle? Spare us; save France! If the king will not send armies in his name, let him permit us Huguenots to drive back the foe. We will find the men and bear the expense." †

* "Condé very narrowly escaped being surprised by these deceitful appearances; but the admiral, being more distrustful, revived his suspicions by communicating to him his own."—*Daniel, Hist. de France.*

† *Vita Colinii.* Castelnau says that Coligny thought "it would be an easy matter to defeat Alva; which the Prince of Condé and he offered to undertake, and guard the frontiers at their own expense." Roman Catholic testimony to their patriotism.

Castelnau tells us that "all these remonstrances did not move the court or the council in the least; for they well remembered the good entertainment given them at Bayonne by the Queen of Spain, where she fixed such an alliance"—for allowing Alva to lead his troops through France. "All the admiral's fine speeches were not able to get the better of these memories, although he meant them for the good of the nation. This surprised him and the Prince of Condé and all their party. It made them conclude that the mask was now taken off, and that the *Holy League* was actually formed against them."

Hopeful ever against hope, and never willing to drop the olive-branch until every leaf was withered, after which he might use it as a rod of chastisement, he still stood heroic at the court. Introducing again the legates from the foreign Protestant courts, he heard them urge his cause: "Our masters have read your edict of Amboise. They ask that you will permit the Reformed ministers to preach in Paris and in all your cities, the people being allowed to hear them."

"No!" replied Charles, with such exceeding fierceness that he could scarcely command his tongue. "If your princes wish my friendship any longer, they must not attempt to interfere in my affairs. . . . What would they think if I demanded that the mass be celebrated in their cities?"* Here was the true principle of toleration, but Coligny soon found how slenderly it was held.

More boldly still the admiral addressed the king the next day: "I ask that certain limits may be removed. In private houses none are allowed to attend the services of our worship save the inmates of the house. Not even can a friend be admitted to hear the word of God in the house of another."

* Davila.

“It is not long since you asked for the privilege of private worship; now you want full toleration; very soon you will demand perfect equality with Catholics; and the next thing you will drive us out of the kingdom.” Coligny retired. Charles went raving into the room where were his mother and the chancellor, and said, “The Duke of Alva was right!”—he could not forget “the salmon” proverb, nor that of the poppies—“for some heads are too high.* Policy is of no avail against their artifices. They drive us to violence.” Every such petition was regarded as a provocation, and Charles was day and night in secret counsel with his mother to find some mode of allaying his troubles.†

No longer was Catherine the apparent friend of Coligny, and he saw that an honest, straightforward man was not in place at her court. Secretly she was writing to her daughter in Spain, “The admiral remains here, but he shall be as one dead; for, with God’s help, I shall not be governed by either party, for I know they all love God, the king and your mother less than their own advantage.” This was intended for Philip’s eye, and he knew her dissimulation. The difference between plotting and planning is as wide as that between deceit and discretion. One was peculiar to Catherine and all her party, with their school of hypocrisy; the other was the resort of a Christian chieftain, whose thousands of praying friends heaved a sigh of despair when he retired to his castle of Chatillon. The plots of the court must be offset by the plans of the intended victims.

Long had the Prince of Condé waited for the queen to fulfil her promise and appoint him lieutenant-general. He had the favour of the constable, who alone had the right to oppose it. Was not the army in need of a head while the

* Davila.

† Mém. de la Noue.

Duke of Alva was crossing through the borders of France? * He thought his moment had come, and made his request. Catherine had already put forward a rival—her second son, Henry, the boyish Duke of Anjou. This ambitious stripling met the prince at a supper given by the queen, took his arm, led him to the recess of a window, and there talked as roughly as if he were grand master of the court and kingdom. "How dare you seek an office that belongs to the king's brother?" he asked.

"It was the queen's own offer," replied Condé; "and the times demand a general of experience for the army."

"Cousin," said the impertinet Anjou, whose mother had taught him his part, "if you interfere with me, I will make you repent it—I will make you as small as you wish to be great;" and he said many other things, adds Brantome, "which we heard not, standing aside. But he used high words, now holding his sword by the hilt and now touching his dagger." This boy, so precocious, irreverent, high-strung, cruel, unjust, deceitful, utterly corrupt, absurd in public, detested in private, was the idol of his mother's heart. He had fine talents, a winning face, insinuating eloquence and personal courage, but his education doomed him to act an infamous part in history, and, as Henry III. bring to its deserved end the house of Valois. We must

* Already had the Spanish army passed through Italy, over Mount Cenis, and into Burgundy, if not into Lorraine. "Coiling itself along almost in a single line by slow and serpentine windings, with a deliberate deadly purpose, this army, which was to be the instrument of Philip's long-deferred vengeance, stole through mountain pass and tangled forest. . . . During the whole of the journey they were closely accompanied by a force of cavalry and infantry ordered upon this service by the King of France, who, for fear of exciting a fresh Huguenot demonstration, had refused the Spaniards a passage through his dominions. This reconnoitring army kept pace with them like their shadow, and watched all their movements."—*Motley, Dutch Rep.*, ii. 3.

now include him as one of the actors in the tragedy before us.

Condé gently replied to the insult, and, with no little emotion, laid it before Catherine. She was indifferent. He was no longer wanted. Under the spur, he went again to his charming Valery. "The Prince of Condé and the admiral," says the Jesuit Daniel, "could not be persuaded but that a project had been formed at Bayonne to ruin the Huguenots. They thought they saw the proof of it in the little regard Catherine showed to the Calvinists, in the daily increase of Lorraine's power, in the unresisted approach of Alva, and in the different use of the six thousand Swiss troops from that which Coligny had first advised. These were the occasion of the new civil war that broke out in France."

Three secret conferences were held by ten or twelve leading Huguenots; one in the palace of Condé at Valery, the other two in the castle of Coligny at Chatillon. "Let us not be hasty," said the admiral. They resolved to wait. But secret advices came from "some great personage at court much attached to the Religion, and more heat was shown at the last meeting."

No wonder, for the advice ran: "A secret council has just been held at court. It has been decided that the prince and the admiral shall both be seized—the one imprisoned, the other executed. Two thousand Swiss are to enter Paris, four thousand placed in Orleans, and the rest sent to Poitiers. Then the edict of Amboise is to be annulled, and one issued that will cause astonishment."*

Was this warning from the hand and heart of the chancellor, or of his wife, or of Francis Montmorency? Enough that it seemed credible. La Noue tells us that some of the more impatient spake thus: "What! are we to wait till

* *Mém. de la Noue.*

they bind us hand and foot and drag us to the scaffolds of Paris? What more light would you have? . . . Have you forgotten that, since the peace, three thousand of our religion have perished by violence? They were wantonly murdered without provocation or excuse. And where has there been any sign of justice? Our prince has complained, but he is treated with insult. If this were the will of the king, we should be silent. But it is the act of those who drive us from the king's presence. He is in bad hands. He ought to be rescued. . . . Our fathers have been patient for more than forty years, enduring every sort of persecution for the name of our Lord Christ. We avow that name. We hold to the faith of the martyrs; not only families of us, but whole towns. Shall we allow them to perish?"

"The danger is evident, but where are the remedies?" inquired others, more cool and reflecting than the rest. "If we complain, we get only the harsher treatment. If we take up arms, we bring on ourselves reproach, on our families the vengeance of our foes. Is it not wisest to choose the least of the evils and bear all patiently?"* Castelnau assures us that a great many Huguenots opposed warlike measures.

Andelot arose and said: "Your opinion looks reasonable, just and prudent. But the drugs that are now needed to purge this kingdom are not in your prescription; I mean fortitude and magnanimity. Do you intend to wait until we are banished to foreign lands—bound in prisons—fugitives in forests—run down by the people—despised by the men-at-arms—condemned by the great? What will your patience do then? What your innocence? Who will then listen to your complaints? Nay; it is time to undeceive ourselves and take measures of self-defence. Will they

* *Mém. de la Noue.*

call us the authors of the war and the breakers of the peace? They have already begun it. If we delay, we perish.”*

The decision was formed. Arms were to be taken up, as they thought, in self-defence. Coligny, who had opposed the measure, said: “Since we resolve to make war, we must make it with energy. We must banish from the ministry the Cardinal of Lorraine, the author of all our troubles.”

“And get possession of the king,” responded the Prince of Condé. “It will be following the example set us by the Guises five years ago. They thought it a good one; and who knows but that Catherine may be writing some more letters for me to hasten to her aid?”

In September, 1567, the court was at Monceaux, enjoying the country air. Messengers came from various quarters, saying that they never saw the roads so thronged with people. But Catherine smiled at their stories. She called even Montluc “an alarmist.” In a few days the sedate Castelnau arrived, who stated that on his ride through Picardy he fell in with several gentlemen intent upon some mysterious scheme. It seemed to him a fable. “If there were an army of Huguenots on foot, I should know it,” rejoined the old constable, who thought he was the last man to be caught asleep. “A Huguenot army is not a thing to be carried about in a man’s sleeve.”

“It is a capital crime,” added the Chancellor de l’Hôpital, “for one to bring false news to his sovereign, tending to make him distrust his subjects.”

“Then let me make good my tidings,” replied Castelnau, “by sending some men to observe the admiral’s château.” To this all were agreed, and he sent his two brothers. The first reported nothing alarming; the second had so much to tell that Catherine doubted it all. Then came a nobleman

* La Noue; Perau, Vie d’Andelot.

whom the king had sent, saying that he had found Coligny at home, dressed as a shabby farmer, and high in a tree-top pruning away the useless branches. Quite ominous! Two days later, and all France was in a flame.* Fifty towns were in Huguenot hands.

The little town of Rosey en Brie was suddenly taken by four hundred Huguenots, who had named it as their place of rendezvous. They were mostly gentlemen and nobles; they had at their head Condé and Coligny, who intended to seize the court while engaged in the Feast of St. Michael; but it was two days too late. The birds had flown. How often were the Huguenots almost successful! "Let us now march to meet the Swiss," said Andelot. But no movement was made.

At Meaux the wise chancellor, ever intent upon measures of justice, was pleading for moderation. He advised the queen to send orders for the Swiss to advance no farther, to carry out the treaty of Amboise, and promised that on these terms the Huguenots would lay down their arms.

"Eh! Monsieur le Chancelier," said Catherine, "will you answer that they have no other end than to serve the king?"

"Yes, madame," was his reply, "if I am assured that there is no intention to deceive them." But the aged Montmorency and the Cardinal of Lorraine objected to any concessions. They only wished to gain time by parleying. It certainly is to the honour of the Huguenots that they were "ready to disperse upon the faith of a single promise." They summed up their conditions of peace in a short phrase when other messengers came: "Give us our religion." But directly they were no longer heard—no peace was wanted! The simple reason was, the Swiss had arrived.

* *Mém. de Tavaunes; Mém. de Castelnau; Perau, Vie de Coligny.*

The Swiss rested three hours in Meaux, while the affrighted court settled the nice distinction between a flight and a retreat. In the night the king, queen, ladies, nine hundred horsemen of gentle blood, and the Lucerne captain with his fierce mountaineers, set out for Paris. The courtiers had no armour, and rode the sorriest of hackneys. But nobody laughed; it was serious business to ride thirty miles for their very lives. They might all have been in the hands of Condé if he had pushed on to Meaux. Their chief consolation was in calling him a fool for not perceiving the strategy of a parley. At daybreak Condé came upon the fugitives, and would have captured the royal part of them if the Swiss had not kept at bay his five hundred horsemen, and if Charles had not made speed along the byways to the capital. The prince drove the whole party into Paris during the next day, and at night burned some windmills near the walls, in order to destroy the stay of bread. The garrison expected an assault. If Condé had stormed the gates, he might still have gained his prize. The Cardinal of Lorraine had already taken the route to Rheims, met some troopers, lost his baggage, and escaped a capture only by being mounted on a fleet Spanish horse. There, with sublime impertinence, he offered to put all France under the care of his two great masters, the Pope of Rome and the King of Spain.

New regiments hastened to Condé. The night was passed in blockading Paris. Charles spent it in composing edicts, promising amnesty to all who would lay down their arms within twenty-four hours. The Huguenots gave no heed to them in the morning. "He may need bread before we need pardon," La Noue was likely to say. The edicts were brought to Condé at St. Denis. When he saw the herald advance, he said, "Take care what you are about; if you bring hither anything contrary to my honour, I will have

you hanged." The herald replied, "I come from your master and mine; your threats will not prevent me from obeying his orders." The prince was requested to state why the Protestants had taken up arms, and to lay them down at once or be declared in revolt. "I will give my answer in three days," said he to the herald; who replied, "You must give it in twenty-four hours," and then departed. This was such unusual haste for Catherine that the Huguenot leaders thought they were not so weak as to deserve the taunt "an ant is allowed to besiege an elephant."

Again was Condé cajoled by parleys with the veteran Montmorency. "We only demand the free exercise of our religion," said the prince; "it must be granted to us in all places and for all time."

"The king never intended to give you any permanent liberties," replied Montmorency. "His intention was to suffer but one religion to exist in the kingdom. He will, however, concede to you the privileges of the treaty of Amboise."

"And take them away from us again so soon as we disband and retire to our estates. Or, if you can draw us to his court, you will lay another plot to have us all put out of the way." The words of the two chiefs were not flavoured with the olive. When Odet de Chatillon said that neither the king nor his counsellors could be trusted, the veteran uncle replied, "Thou liest," and thus ended the conference.

A month passed away. The constable was reproached for his slowness; it was even said that he was in league with the prince and his nephews. This imputation roused his spirit. He sounded the call to arms,* and marched out

* The king wrote to Gordes, governor of Dauphiny, "You will cut the heretics in pieces, not sparing one, for the more dead the fewer enemies."

to St. Denis on the tenth of November. Twenty thousand royalists attacked less than three thousand Huguenots, most of whom were but half armed and the rest bore poles, which had supported the booths at the St. Denis fair, and to which they fixed points of iron, and thus extemporized lances. Coligny's hope was, "that the battle is not to the strong." A crowd of idlers and women, dressed as Amazons, cheered on the king's army. Monks distributed beads and chanted litanies while the Huguenots were approaching toward the foe.

The first shock was terrific. The Parisians gave way. The prince had his horse shot under him, and barely escaped. The admiral rode a fiery Arab steed, whose bridle was cut by a ball, and he dashed on with his master into the very heart of a royal regiment, which was flying from the field. The brave rider was not recognized, and he escaped. Each army was partially routed, and, if the Huguenots had not fallen back to St. Denis, they might have claimed it as a drawn battle.

Robert Stuart, a Protestant Scotchman and an officer, came upon the veteran Montmorency, covered with wounds and still fighting valiantly. The constable offered his sword, but Stuart drew his pistol. "You do not know me," said the aged warrior.

"It is because I do know you that I give you this," replied the Scot, and with the word sent a ball into the shoulder of the constable. Coligny would never have justified such a barbarity. The case proves that there were men in the Huguenot ranks who had less conscience than hatred of the tyranny under which they groaned. A good cause may attract to itself unprincipled men.

Montmorency was borne into Paris, where he died within two days, at the age of seventy-seven. He had never been a successful commander. His character was a singular

compound of bravery, ambition, bigotry and minute devotion. He loved France; he detested heresy. He could fight the Huguenots, but he could not endure that Philip or the pope send in their forces to wage war upon them. Strange that a man so devout in formal *pater-nosters* should beg the priests to desist from the last rites of his Church, saying, "It would be a shame for one who had known how to live fourscore years not to know how to die." Catherine bent over his couch to console him. "Make peace as soon as possible," he said; "short follies are the best." She wept at his funeral; yet Tavannes wrote, "The queen, desiring the death of the great, was well content with that of the constable."

Bravely fought the Huguenots. In admiration of their valour, the Turkish envoy exclaimed, as he watched their movements, "If my master had only six thousand horsemen like those white-coats yonder, he would soon be master of the world." Night saved them from the further wrath of overwhelming numbers.

The report of the battle was received at court in sullen silence. The truth was told by Marshal Vielleville, when he said to Charles, "It is not your majesty who has gained that victory."

"And who then?" hastily inquired the king. "Sire, it is the King of Spain." If Coligny's proposal to send French troops to aid William of Orange against Alva had been adopted, the battle of St. Denis would never have been fought, and Philip would not have rejoiced to see France involved in a civil war. Rejected advice has often been fraught with woe.

Meanwhile the Huguenots approached the walls of Paris, but no one came out to encounter them. They then wheeled off into Lorraine to meet the Prince Casimir,* who was

* The Protestant princes of Germany had tried to reason with the

leading to their aid seven thousand of those rapacious German *reiters* whom Coligny had found so difficult to manage. They would prove a full match for the Papal Swiss in raiding or pillaging. In January the two armies united, when occurred an event without example in military annals. The Germans demanded pay in advance, to the large amount of a hundred thousand crowns. The Huguenot treasury had only about two thousand crowns in it, and the invention of bonds had not yet been discovered. What was to be done? It was there that "one army mulcted itself to pay another." Jean de Serres relates that "the prince and the admiral influenced great and small by their example." They sent in their plate. The ministers, in their sermons, moved the men, and the captains prepared their people. Everybody contributed—one from zeal, another from love; one from fear, another from shame of reproach. They collected in money, plate, chains and rings of gold about eighty thousand francs, and by this voluntary liberality they subdued the first and pressing avidity of these mercenaries. "A thing to be wondered at," says La Noue, "that an army should give up its little savings, laid aside for poor families at home, to those who would never thank them for it!"

Coligny enforced his rules of discipline, as far as possible, while the main Huguenot army swept across Burgundy, Champagne, Beauce, and began the siege of Chartres, one of the granaries of Paris. This was striking at the Duchess Renée, to whom the town belonged. But she was willing to bear the loss for the sake of the great cause. Queen Catherine now renewed her arts of negotiation. She was accustomed to say that she could do more with three sheets

French king, but, as he was deaf to their pleas, they sent troops to aid their brethren in arms, "solely for the defence of their persons and their religion."—*Davila*.

of paper and her tongue than all the soldiers with their lances.

Meanwhile the chancellor was using more paper and a better tongue. He published a pamphlet, which had a great influence upon public opinion. He compared the Huguenot and the royal armies: the one far the least in numbers, the other weakest in power. Of the one he said: "They are not a mob hastily gathered; not a band of rioting rebels; not wild troops without order, chiefs or discipline. They are warriors, resolute and in desperation. Their leaders are men who risk everything willingly, along with those who peril their lives for their homes, their liberties, their religion."

Of the other he said: "Look into the camp of the king! See the strifes, jealousies, ambitions unbridled, avarice insatiable, discipline utterly neglected, license unchecked, the discord universal! Yet the majority wish for peace. All are weary of war. Some have forsaken their standards. Everybody murmurs.

"Do some say, Exterminate the Huguenots? It cannot be done. And what would the very attempt produce? It would fill this realm with blood and fire, cruelty and massacre, pestilence, famine, poverty and ruin; with robbers and foreign brigands, who would occupy the empty nests. Let Champagne serve for an example—a desert, the inhabitants having nothing left them but disease, hunger, despair and death! Take away the hope of peace, drive men to desperation, and all the past horrors will be but the opening of the tragedy. . . . And grant that we do destroy these men. What of their innocent children? Surely, you would not make a slaughter of them! But spare them, and will they not grow up to take a terrific revenge? Thus you do not bury the dissensions; you only sow them, to grow into a fearful harvest. . . . Suppose the king fails

in an engagement: I may boldly affirm that the loss of one battle would prove the loss of the kingdom."

It is refreshing to read such words. They lead us to think better of the whole French cabinet. At least one noble spirit peers up out of the abominations of that court. He still pleads for the Protestants: "They are not rebels. They wish to honour the king. They are not angels, it is true; they are men, with a nature that prompts them to self-defence; and that by a law that is just and holy—untaught, perhaps, by legislators, but impressed upon the soul of every rational being by divinity itself. . . . And shall he be called an enemy to the kingdom who seeks to extinguish this flame? As a father who has two children in a quarrel seeks not to destroy the one he loves least, in order to protect the one he loves best, but would reconcile both, that he might have two props for his old age, so let the king, full of charity, save both these parties, conciliate them, and bring all their strength into the service and glory of France.

"The word 'liberty' implies liberty of conscience—of the whole soul. The mere brutal license of speech and action deserves no such excellent name. True liberty belongs to the minds of men—minds which neither fire nor torture can bend from the firm purposes which dwell in them. . . . Let us then terminate this cruel war. Let blessed peace shine forth. Peace! it will render our king formidable to all Europe. Glorious peace! it will render France happy, invincible, honourable, and worthy of eternal praise."

More trenchant still was the chancellor's pen as he reviewed the past edicts of the court and parliaments. The old spirit of Du Bourg would not remain down. "France would now be happy, had not certain men attempted to weaken their enemies by pushing and harassing them with

a thousand injuries. They have driven these men, who are not madmen, into rash enterprises. The gentlest have been forced into resistance." (Most true of Coligny and his like.) "These words may sound harsh, but I cannot soften them. Necessity tears them out of my heart. Truth must be preferred to flattery. It is treachery to hide the truth when the public weal is at stake. Experience, the instructor of fools, now plainly teaches us to deal tenderly with these men. The true way to destroy their secret confederacies is to take away the causes of them. . . . It is we who have put arms into their hands. They have known the plots forming against them. They have seen the former edicts of peace broken, the attempt to force upon them the decrees of Trent, the injustice so manifest and their own disfavour. They must have been brutally stupid to have sat still!

"Let us hear no more of those pests who corrupt the king by their infamous counsels." (Hard upon Lorraine!) "God will humble the proud. Let the king show mercy; he shall meet it from God. Let the king open his heart; God will not close his. Let him hush his resentment; all France will acknowledge the benefit with large interest. Let him forget his ill-will against his subjects; they will forget their evil dispositions toward him; they will forget their wrongs, yes, their very selves, to honour and obey him."*

This is a sufficient defence of the Huguenots. It proves what an earnest defender† of Protestantism has written: "The Reformed were always anxious for peace, if anything like toleration and freedom from persecution could be obtained. The foes to peace were their oppressors, and the religion which made them so. As a body, those of their religion were loyal to their sovereign, and far more consci-

* Taillandier, *Vie de De l'Hôpital*; Doc. sur l'Hist. de France.

† Mendham, *Life of Pius V.*

entiously so than the interested adherents to the established religion." Again their general temper would prove it.

Catherine yielded, despite the Cardinal of Lorraine, who had in hand a black scheme of treachery with Philip, Alva and the pope, who were doing their utmost to send reinforcements to the dissolute army of "the holy Roman religion." She was not sure of driving the Huguenots from the walls of Chartres. She had not been encouraged by the result of the mission of Castelneau to the Duke of Alva, for the report was: "I met with more fine words than real service from the duke. He had me dine with him, when he said that he could not spare any of his Spanish forces. I told him that his assistance was not equal to his promises." The duke had the will, and he did send a body of troops into France. But he had "work enough cut out for him in the Netherlands."* Catherine began to see that to throw the Spanish forces into the scale was to make a bargain utterly ruinous. It was to make the King of France a mere tributary to Philip of Spain.

"Take courage," shouted Condé, when he saw the king's troops retiring from Chartres and falling back by forced marches upon Paris. "That impertinent stripling, Anjou, does not relish our reinforcement by the German regiments. Cease these murmurs. Think not of home and children while we push the siege."

"The breach is made in the wall," said Andelot to his soldiers, who now had fresher spirits and hopes. "Another day, and we shall be in the town."

"Pillage and plunder!" was the response of the German captains, with whom mere avarice was the motive for enlistment. The cannons began to fling their shot. The infantry was prepared for the charge. Andelot had the order for the desperate assault upon his lips. A trumpet

* Mém. de Castelneau.

was heard. The royal heralds came at full gallop into camp, crying, "Peace! The deputies have ordered all parties to lay down their arms."

"One stroke in this one hour, and we should have conquered a peace for ourselves," was the thought of the colonel-general as he ordered the men into their tents. Almost victors! Such was Huguenot doom.

Coligny was oppressed by two burdens: the fatal illness of his wife Charlotte, and the fear of seeing his whole party entrapped into a fatal peace. He saw gleams of hope for the Huguenots if they would push the war vigorously in all the provinces. The news of the drawn battle on the plain of St. Denis had roused the population of Languedoc and Béarn. La Rochelle, Orleans, Bourges and Blois opened their gates to Protestant garrisons. He saw also little hope of retaining the nobles in the army of Condé. A winter of war had brought a violent homesickness into all the ranks. The treaty of Amboise was restored and signed in March, 1568, and called the Peace of Longjumeau. The wits termed it, *The lame and badly-seated peace!* because one of the framers of it limped, and the other was Castelnau, the lord of Malassise.* It was also termed "The little peace." It was small and short and lame enough to merit the jest.

General liberty of worship was granted everywhere to those who would observe it in the most secret manner possible! Castelnau says that much more was granted to the Huguenots than they expected, except in one article, which was, "That they should forthwith disband all their forces, surrender all places in their possession, and promise never to enter into any league for the future, nor levy money upon their people or churches. But it was well judged by some people that this peace could not hold long." Mezeray

* "La paix boiteuse et mal-assise."

remarks, "That peace left the Huguenots at the mercy of their enemies, with no other surety than the word of an Italian woman."

The office of constable was not refilled. Anjou was made lieutenant-general. The bitterest Papists and shrewdest intriguers were brought into the cabinet. The Protestant chieftains were posted as far apart as possible. The chancellor was treated with contempt; and not twenty days passed before the Huguenots saw that they had been hoodwinked. The fuel was again applied to the iron furnace.

CHAPTER III.

THE ADMIRAL'S COLONIES.

(1555—1568.)

ALL this time Admiral Coligny was more interested in wild America than any other man in France. His mother had shared in the first surprise of all Europe when the ships of Columbus brought back marvellous stories of a New World. Aged Spaniards, who shook their heads in contempt of all regions beyond sunset, soon put their hands in blessing upon sons who sailed away for adventure, for gold, for plundering the savages, for the conquest of unploughed realms and for the glory of Spain. From crusades and chivalries they turned to explorations and the founding of states. They set up the cross on the shores, and plundered the Incas as their price for bringing in the Jesuits. The names of Spain and the pope became a terror to the barbarians. Chicanery and persecution were thus prepared for the very first Protestants who should preach a true gospel under American trees, throw up a cabin and make it the centre of a mission. Spain must be faced and the inflamed Indian resisted. Yet Coligny attempted to plant the first colonies of French Protestants in the great Western world. His motive was not to swindle the red men and enrich himself, not to make the cross a political wand and gain imperial sway, but to afford a refuge for the persecuted, an asylum for those who obeyed God and conscience rather than king or Sorbonne.

The first of these colonies was borne to the coast of

Brazil while Coligny was governor of Picardy, and before he had avowed the doctrines of his wife, Charlotte Laval. It then furnished one of the strong proofs that he sympathized with the Protestants, whom Henry II. treated with deadly rigour. We must then carry ourselves back to the time when it was a bold thing to organize a Reformed church in Paris or lift up a voice in Parliament against the most cruel edicts of the court. It was then that a well-known cavalier on land and captain on the seas visited the admiral with a plan to unfold.

Nicolas Durand gave up the life of a monk for that of a soldier, exchanging his gown for the armour of the Knights of Malta. On his coat of crimson was the white cross, so hated by the Moors, against whom he first proved himself a hero by his daring exploits. When serving under Charles V., the garrison at Malta was besieged by a Moslem host. This young man, with six followers, covered by the night, crept through the infidel ranks, climbed the walls upon ropes lowered from above, took the command, repaired the shattered towers, imparted his spirit to the few defenders, and with them made such a stout resistance that the besiegers lost heart and decamped. Rising by merit, he became a commander of his order, quarrelled with his haughty Spanish grand-master, sought office in France, and, as vice-admiral of Brittany, had wars of words with mayors and governors. He was just the man to outwit the English and steal away, as we have seen him do, the little Mary of Scots from Dunbarton. Ambitious of a greater name, and disgusted at home, his fancy crossed the seas. He would fain build for France and himself an empire amid the tropical splendors of Brazil, along whose coasts he had already sailed. He laid his plans, went to Coligny (whose very name suggested a *colony*), and introduced himself as Durand de Villegagnon.

One of these two men was worthy of the scheme of colonization; the other seemed then to be worthy. The admiral had a secret regard for the Reform, and a pity for the thousands of people who were under the ban of king, parliament and pope, and whose only relief was in exile. Impoverished, homeless, accursed in the eyes of priests and parishioners, many had fled to Protestant lands as fugitives from torture and death. Why might not others sail away to a clime where no ear should hear the howl for the blood of the saints? Worse things were coming if they remained, and Coligny saw them. "He looked abroad on the gathering storm and read its danger in advance." How noble to point out a way of escape!

The knight appeared to be the needed man. "He claimed other laurels than those of the sword. He was a scholar, a linguist, a controversialist, potent with the tongue and with the pen—commanding in presence, eloquent and persuasive in discourse." Coligny did not yet perceive that "his sleepless intellect was matched with a spirit as restless, vain, unstable and ambitious as it was enterprising and bold. Addicted to dissent and enamoured of polemics, he had entered those forbidden fields of inquiry and controversy to which the Reform invited him. Undaunted by his monastic vows, he battled for heresy with tongue and pen, and in the ear of Protestants professed himself a Protestant. . . . He spoke of an asylum for persecuted religion, a Geneva in the wilderness, far from priests and monks and Francis of Guise. The admiral gave him a ready ear; nay, it is doubtful if he himself had not first conceived the plan."*

* My first draft of this chapter was upon the accounts in Thuanus *Historia*; Bayle, *Dictionnaire*; Moreri, *Dictionnaire*; *Biographie Universelle*; Mezeray and Perau. I now find a clearer history in Parkman's *Pioneers of France in the New World*: Boston, 1865. The above quotations are from his interesting volume.

The enterprise had a fair side for the eye of King Henry, that unwearied burner of the poor sectaries. Not for the faith, but for France; not to provide a refuge for the oppressed, but to win immense riches; not for Christ, but for conquest, and for a grand trade with the new Indies. Such was the face it assumed at the court. It would give Frenchmen their share in America, and not leave all to Spaniards and Portuguese. Not a word was said to Henry about the Protestants. The eloquent cavalier pictured the glories of the scheme, got money, ships, soldiers and a Jesuit or two, and then sounded his call for all men, women and children who wished for home and happiness. Coligny helped the poor to an outfit. Calvin's interest in the colony dates from the reinforcement afterward sent out.* He was not yet in correspondence with the admiral, and the captain wished to be cautious of too much orthodoxy. The company sailed in two ships from Havre, in July, 1555, to plant "France and heresy" on the new continent. "The body of the emigration was Huguenot, mingled with young nobles, restless, idle and poor, with reckless artisans and piratical sailors from the Norman and Breton sea-ports." †

Within the harbour of the present Rio Janeiro lies the island on which the company landed in November, and threw up cabins and earthworks. It was honoured with the name of Coligny. But the admiral was not there with his strict discipline, his kindly spirit, his good habits, his example in solid piety, and his devotion to the welfare of

* No reference to the movement appears in Calvin's Letters (Bonnet). His biographer, Dr. Henry, says, "It is an error to speak of a formal mission to Brazil." After Richer went thither "they occasionally employed their thoughts about the conversion of the heathen." It was not, however, their indifference that prevented them from activity.

† Parkman.

his people. No such wild crew or merciless captain could transport his wise management of human nature to a rocky isle and a crowded fort. Durand used whip and pillory for the least offence, scolded and starved his people, gave them little to do to keep them out of mischief, and played the tyrant until he would have been blown into the heavens if the plot had not been revealed by three Scotch soldiers, who had brought a conscience with their Calvinism.

"All goes on well," he wrote to the admiral. "It is a grand country—this *France Antartique*—very rich, full of music, fruits and tremendous rivers. The native tribes hate the Portuguese, but join hands with us. No trouble in settling the Reformed religion here, if you will only send us some good ministers. They can be had at Geneva."

And to Geneva went the request. Calvin read the letters of the admiral to the Church. The people were touched. "First of all they gave thanks to God," says De Lery, "for the enlargement of Christ's kingdom in such a distant country." Who should go? Peter Richer, once a Carmelite monk, John de Lery, a student of theology, William Chartier, and a refugee named Du Pont, offered themselves, along with a band of laymen. They visited the admiral at Chatillon, took his advice and his letters, gathered nearly three hundred more Huguenots, sailed under a nephew of Villegagnon, and, after a whole weary winter at sea, reached the Isle of Coligny early in 1557, amid the salutes of cannon and the shouts of these "pilgrim fathers," who had groaned sixteen months under the rigors of a pretended Protestant. It was an amusing diversion to see the haughty chief, attired as a warlike nobleman, come down to the shore and greet the serious ministers of Calvin. He lifted his hands and eyes to heaven, gave them welcome in God's name, made a great harangue and led the way into the dining-hall, where nothing but a keen

hunger could have given a relish for the miserable dinner. That same day Richer preached, while Villegagnon kneeled on his velvet cushions and assumed an extreme saintliness. Soon a church was organized according to the Genevan model and the sacraments observed. All was full of hope and zeal for a time, and the ministers thought of teaching the natives the gospel.

But the veil of hypocrisy was too thin and the wearer too impatient to screen his injustice. He began to raise foolish questions upon the sacraments, deny certain points of faith and persecute. It seems that the Cardinal of Lorraine sent letters, which were like bursting bombs in the camp. Every ambitious man wanted to be a leader, and had his clique. Every faction had its own feud. But the wrangling mass was crystallized when Cointat, a student of the Sorbonne and probably a Jesuit, threw in some non-descript invention of his own concerning the Lord's supper—one equally opposed to Geneva and Rome. He would found a new sect. Villegagnon took his side for a while. But he was now in a dilemma. Coligny might trouble him or the court denounce him as an open heretic. In his mental gropings he had assurance from Lorraine that he should be restored to the bosom of the Roman Church. And now he abused Calvin, rejected the advice of Coligny, put to scorn the Genevan ministers and forbade the true Huguenots to celebrate the supper of their Lord. They met at night and observed it.

The work of dissolution had begun. Some retired to the main land, to have their fort destroyed by the Portuguese; some wandered along the shores and up the La Plata, to perish by famine, wild beasts or wilder savages; some put out to sea in a wretched craft, and probably went to the bottom; and others still tried reason and the voice of God against the traitor and tyrant. Three zealous Calvinists

were thrown from the rock into the sea; a fourth was spared, as he half recanted, and, being a tailor, was greatly needed.

A crazy vessel was now bearing the ministers back to France, after their ten months of sad experiment. The wintry voyage brought them wellnigh to despair. The provisions gone, the water-casks empty, they chewed the Brazil-wood of the cargo, scraps of horn and leather, hunted lank rats through the hold, and this luxury fell to the man who could pay the largest price. These perils were not all. Durand, perhaps, intended that, if not drowned, they should starve; and, if these should not occur, there was yet another plot. He had given them sealed letters to the governors of the towns wherever they might land, denouncing them as heretics and asking that they should be punished. They bore these letters, supposing them to be friendly recommendations. They made their woeful voyage, and the Lord guided their ship to Hennebon, in France. They delivered the letters. The governor was amazed at the perfidy of Durand. Being a good Protestant, he saved them from the intended fate.* Coligny had been fully occupied at St. Quentin, and he was in a Flemish prison; this accounts for his silence concerning his colony.

The traitor soon left a relic of the company to make the best of their woes, sailed for France, took up his pen against Calvin and Melancthon, and finally came to an end which Romanists regarded as just. Thus ended the first attempt to found a Huguenot colony in America. Nay, the end was not yet. One result of it all was to rouse the Protestants

* Crottet, *Petite Chronique Protestant de France*. John de Lery wrote a full account of the colony. Southey (*History of Brazil*) says that if Villegagnon had not proved a traitor, he might have founded the capital of a French province.

at home, rally them around the admiral when the call of Condé was heard, and supply hardy soldiers for Orleans, Rouen and Dreux. De Lery became an excellent pastor at Sancère. When it was besieged he taught the Huguenot soldiers to swing their hammocks from poles fixed in the walls they defended, after the fashion of the natives in their Brazilian forests. Of Richer we shall read again as the "father of the Protestant church" at La Rochelle.

We shall sketch only the more peculiar features of the next colonization schemes of the admiral, for the story runs in almost the same mould. A man having Scotch and Huguenot blood in his veins may sadly admit, with Parkman, that there were not many men of the Puritan solidness "among the French disciples of Calvin. No Mayflower ever sailed from a port of France. Coligny's colonists were of a different stamp, and widely different was their fate." Those Puritans had some advantage in being sixty years later in their attempts, and having the lesson of certain English failures.

At the very time when Coligny and the wise chancellor were getting the seals to the famous edict of January, and just eleven days before the massacre of Vassy, John Ribaut sailed from Havre with a band of veteran soldiers and a few young nobles. He was as staunch a Protestant as Miles Standish, and the fault-finding Le Moyne calls him "a distinguished man, of many high qualities;" and Parkman describes him as "devout after the best spirit of the Reform, with a human heart under his steel breastplate." At his birth-place in Dieppe he may have heard the rousing voice of John Knox, and listened to this advice from John Calvin: "Continue as you have begun. Serve God purely and with integrity. Assemble under his banner, and by good instruction be fortified against all attacks of men and

devices of Satan."* Coligny had now found the right man, and Charles IX. allowed two old, tub-like vessels to bear away the adventurers.

Ten weeks later Ribaut was coasting along the shores of Florida, giving French names to the rivers and sending men to place upon the rocky headlands the arms of France,† and win the favour of the astonished natives. At length they saw a good haven and gave it the name it still bears, Port Royal, in token of their loyalty to their king. "They crossed the bar where the war-ships of Dupont crossed three hundred years later. They passed Hilton Head . . . and, dreaming nothing of what the rolling centuries should bring forth, held their course along the peaceful bosom of Broad river." Landing six miles from the present Beaufort, they named their rudely-built shelter Charlesfort, after their young king. The brightest page in the history of these exiles is in the report of Ribaut to Admiral Coligny. Fire, Indian war-clubs, revolts, agues, burials and utter solitude, despair of success, a departure homeward, starvation and all the horrors of the ocean, and finally a capture by an English privateer, which meanly set off the feeblest of them on the shores of France and bore the rest away as the prisoners of Elizabeth,—these would make up the sad story. Thus "a tempest of miseries awaited those who essayed to plant the banners of France and of Calvin in the Southern forests, and the bloody scenes of the religious war were acted in epitome on the shores of Florida"‡ What could they expect of Coligny during these awful experiences? He was deep in the battles on the banks of the Loire and in the towns of Normandy.

Again was the effort made. Peace had been written upon paper at Amboise. Coligny was now powerful at

* Calvin, Letter to the church of Dieppe, 5th January, 1558.

† Mezeray, x. 345.

‡ Parkman.

court. Using his opportunity, he renewed the scheme of making America a refuge for the French Protestants. The thought came that he might one day need it for himself. Money and men were raised. "In name, at least, they were all Huguenots. Yet again, as before, the staple of the projected colony was unsound. . . . The foundation-stone was forgotten; there were no tillers of the soil. Such, indeed, were rare among the Huguenots, for the dull peasants who guided the plough clung with blind tenacity to the ancient faith. Adventurous gentlemen, reckless soldiers, discontented tradesmen, all keen for novelty and heated with dreams of wealth—these were they who would build for their country and their religion an empire beyond the sea."

At their head was René de Laudonnière, a nobleman attached to the house of Châtillon and a firm Protestant. Under him was Peter Gambie, a robust, daring youth, reared in the household of the admiral, and who certainly knew well the modes of family and parish worship among the Huguenot nobles. The course of Ribaut was followed, with more romance and more Indian strifes, in the wilds of Florida and the Carolinas. On the river St. John they built their fort, Caroline, named for Charles IX.—a name ominous of failure and woe.

After various perils, and while famine reigned at their headquarters, they were thrilled by the sight of a fleet. It was August, 1565. Whose could it be? That of the French? That of the dreaded Spaniards? Neither, for the foremost ship bore the tenderest name of Him who stilled the waves of Galilee beneath his tread, and the commander was none other than Sir John Hawkins, that "right worshipful and valiant knight" who gave this order to his crew: "Serve God daily, love one another, preserve your victuals, beware of fire, and keep good companie." And

yet he was "the father of the English slave-trade," now having the Spanish coin for the cargo just sold. The starving garrison hailed him as a deliverer, and he was right glad to learn that they were about to leave the New World. He sold them two ships, and they now only waited for a fair wind.

Another day, another ship and almost another terror, for they thought of little else but Spaniards and destruction. They were ready to fire upon the lighters, when lo! the the boats were those of John Ribaut, with supplies and letters from the Admiral of France. But why such a cautious, even hostile, approach?

"I will tell you," said Ribaut to Laudonière, taking him aside. "The ships that you sent home brought the word that there was nothing but arrogance, cruelty and tyranny among you, and that you were about to set up an independent command."

"I prove such a rebel!" Laudonière was astounded. He read the letter of Coligny, who requested him to resign and return to France and clear up his honour. Said he, "I shall go."

"Nay, remain with your men," urged Ribaut. "The admiral acted upon an erroneous understanding. He would have you stay and maintain your honour." The worn and wearied man, freshly mortified, fell sick again. But the revived tone of prosperity cheered him for a while, and then he thought, as he afterward wrote, "How oftentimes misfortune doth search and pursue us, even when we think we be at rest!"

Another fleet—sure enough that of the Spaniard. How base its mission! The Roman party at the French court, dead to every instinct of patriotism and every love for Frenchmen, alive only in hatred to Coligny and Huguenotism, had secretly informed Philip of Spain that Ribaut

was sailing to Florida to strengthen France and heresy in America. Mezeray honestly tells us of this almost incredible wickedness on the part of the queen-mother and Lorraine. Remember, it was shortly after the Bayonne conference. The slaughter of a few Huguenots, who might make France glorious in the vast West, was of greater moment than North America! Philip seemed to look about for the most savage of all agents in torturing Protestants. He found him in his devoted servant, Pedro Menendez de Avilés, who in boyhood had been a wild runaway, fierce, disobedient to parents, with a precocious appetite for blows and blood. Indeed he had "a pious design" already formed. He had asked his king to let him go to the Bermudas to find tidings of a shipwrecked son; and he had the missionary spirit, in the Spanish form. "Such grief seizes me," he said, "when I behold this multitude of wretched Indians that I should choose the conquest and settling of Florida above all commands, offices and dignities which your majesty might bestow." Those who doubt whether this was a fair specimen of Spanish piety know not the Spaniard of that age.

And now, when the French court gives the hint and the chance, this zealot is delighted to sail forth on a mission of blood and conquest.* He chases after Ribaut, with force enough to sink him with the first broadside. He runs on the shoals of the Bahamas, but his chaplain Mendoza con-

* "He was invested with power almost absolute, not merely over the peninsula which now retains the name of Florida, but over all North America, from Labrador to Mexico; for this was the Florida of the old Spanish geographers. . . . It was a continent which he was to conquer and occupy out of his own purse." His whole force amounted to two thousand six hundred and forty-six persons, in thirty-four vessels. There were in the company eight Jesuits and twelve Franciscans.—*Parkman*.

soles him: "Inasmuch as our enterprise was undertaken for the sake of Christ and his blessed mother, two heavy seas struck her abaft and set her afloat again." They claimed that it was God who showed them the lurking-place of the French. It was their holy war. A French Jesuit says: "I have given to this expedition all the air of a holy war against the heretics, in concert with the King of France!" And Coligny was at the very head of these infidels, worse than Moors! Nor had he failed to hear a rustle of the vulture's wing, pluming itself to swoop down upon the prey. In the letter sent to Laudonière were these words: "Captain Jean Ribaut:—When closing this letter, I have received notice that Don Pedro Menendez is leaving Spain to go to the coast of New France. You will take care that he does not attack us." Ribaut had carried out the letter, and certainly ought to have been more watchful for the Spanish fleet.

Night favoured the crusaders as they rode into the St. John, near to the fleet of Ribaut. "Never, since I came into the world, did I know such a stillness," writes the chaplain. Trumpets were sounded. "Gentlemen," shouted Menendez, "whence does this fleet come?"

"From France."

"What are you doing here?"

"Bringing soldiers and supplies for a fort which the King of France has in this country, and for many others which he will have soon."

"Are you Catholics or Lutherans?"

"Lutherans, of the new religion," answered many voices. "But who are you, and whence?"

The Spaniard assumed great dignity and replied: "I am Pedro Menendez, general of the King of Spain, and am come hither to hang all Lutherans whom I shall find, by sea or land, according to my king's orders, which are so

precise that I can pardon none. And these commands I shall fulfil, as you shall see. At daybreak I shall board your ships, and if I find there any Catholic, he shall be well treated, but every heretic shall die."

The French raised one cry of wrath and defiance: "If you are a brave man, don't wait till day. Come on now, and see what you will get."

A shower of scoffs and then a scramble for arms, a cutting of cables and the slipping away of the French, who were unable to defend themselves, for Ribaut and his best soldiers were ashore at the fort. This was a first result. The chaplain wrote: "These devils, now mad, are such adroit sailors and manœuvred so well that we did not catch one of them."

In the morning Menendez gave over the chase, came back, saw that the French on shore were ready for him, wisely sailed southward and ran into an inlet, which he named San Augustine. There he threw up entrenchments. "Gangs of negroes, with pick, shovel and spade, were toiling at the work. Such was the birth of St. Augustine, the oldest town in the United States, and such the introduction of slave-labour upon the soil."*

And now come touching accounts of the sick Laudonnière, his men, "bedrenched and disheartened," still casting up defences; of Ribaut and his soldiers joining their ships and leaving behind in the fort a helpless set—a cook, a hewer, an old crossbow-maker, four boys who kept the captain's dogs, and the like, with a crowd of women, children and eighty-six camp-followers; of the hopelessness of protection, for of all this company only about twenty-six were able to fight; of flooding rains, sentries in despair and captains giving up the watch; and of dangers from the Spaniards, who were talking of a return, however dark the

* Parkman.

September nights or furious the storms they might be compelled to encounter.

But Menendez had men who were full of doubts, fears and murmurings. His wrath was not that "which strikes wildly and at random, but the still white heat that melts and burns and seethes with a steady, unquenchable fierceness."* He must lecture his followers. He must keep the crusade before them. "Comrades," said he, "the time has come for us to show our courage and zeal. This is God's war, and we must not flinch. It is a war with Lutherans, and we must wage it with blood and fire." It is a Spaniard, "one of the most learned men of his time," who gives the long speech in full. To it there was no hearty response on that dark night. The ships of Ribaut had been seen, their decks all black with eager warriors.

We return to Fort Caroline. A Frenchman, wandering in the wet dusk of the morning, is slain, and a cry is heard, "At them! God is with us! Victory!"

Not a sentry is on the watch, except a trumpeter, who sees through the sheets of rain a troop of assailants rushing down the hill, and hears their cry like the howl of wolves. In a moment the Spaniards are pouring over the ramparts. The sick leap from their beds; women and children are shrieking from the cabins, and the massacre begins.

The old Huguenot carpenter Challeu was going early to his work, his chisel in his hand and a psalm in his heart. A Spaniard chased him. The pike threatening him seemed to renew his youth and give him fleetness. He was soon alone on the the top of the hill, looking down upon the butchery. He plunged into the woods, where he was joined by other fugitives. They consulted together. One of them, full of Bible knowledge and faith—even a faith in enemies—gave his opinion: "Let us return and surrender to the

* Parkman.

Spaniards. They are human beings. Perhaps, when the fury is over, they will spare our lives. But, even if they kill us, it will be only a few moments of pain, and then paradise. Better so than starve in the woods or be devoured by wild beasts."

"Nay," replied Challeu, in the face of the majority, "God will be in the deepest wilderness. He is the refuge for us. I call to witness the prophets and apostles, who wandered in deserts and mountains and in caves of the earth. He will not abandon those who put their faith in him."

"We will trust in our foes," said six of them. They went down the hill into the slaughter-house, into graves beneath the river's flow and into eternity.

Challeu held on his way, chisel in hand, cutting poles to help his followers across the deep creeks, and soft branches for beds at night, and at length coming in sight of a moving sail. It was the vessel of a Frenchman, who was coasting in hope of gathering up the remnant that escaped. By this time they had met Laudonière and his party, half-starved and as nearly stripped by the thorns as themselves. It was a moment when Jehovah heard the thanks of his chosen ones. Through the salt marsh and rasping sedge they all struggled to the boats; but had not the sailors waded out to them and carried them on their shoulders, few would have been rescued. One and all they sighed for France, and most of them were landed at La Rochelle. Challeu wrote the tragic story, of which still more remains for us to relate.

Menendez made quite clean work, and then the pious missionary of the Spanish faith mustered his band and offered thanks to Heaven for "the victory!" He wept as he recounted the signal favours bestowed on the enterprise. His eulogist gives it as a wondrous proof of his humane

spirit that he spared about fifty women and children. But even this grace troubled him. He wrote to Philip that he was in a dilemma; "If I now put them to death, God may be angry; if I spare them, I fear that the venom of their heresy will infect my men." The chaplain could make up the list of one hundred and forty-two victims of slaughter, all heaped together on the river's brink, and then write in his journal, "We owe to God and his mother, more than to human strength, this victory over the adversaries of the holy Catholic religion." Such inhuman exultation and blasphemy have taught men to make a wide distinction between what is *Roman Catholic* and what is *holy Catholic*. The Spaniard used the wrong term.

One inscription was to be remembered with vengeance. Menendez had placed over the heads of those whom he hanged on the trees, "*I do this, not as to Frenchmen, but as to Lutherans.*"

One company of Ribaut's men were at length found across an arm of the sea.* They must either surrender or starve. Menendez parleyed with them, and they agreed to yield themselves into his hands, but he must play a shrewd game. He led the French officers who treated with him aside behind a ridge of sand and said courteously, "Gentlemen, you have more men than I have; it would be easy for them to take revenge upon us after they cross over; therefore you must all have your hands tied, and then march to my camp four leagues away."

"It is well," replied the French. The work of crossing the water and tying hands continued all day. Twelve Bretons professed to be Roman Catholics and were trusted with liberty. Menendez saw the whole band utterly helpless. He walked to a lonely spot, drew a line in the sand, and as the captive-Huguenots reached this goal they were

* "Probably Mantanzas Inlet."—*Parkman*.

slaughtered! Not a man was left. Again the Spaniards insulted God with their pretentious thanks, and Philip's representative returned to St. Augustine.

Where was Ribaut? He had joined his fleet before the massacre at the fort, and he had not heard of the Spanish "victory." His ships ran awreck not far from the headquarters of Menendez, who was not long in finding his company, with a body of water between them. The same parleys were held as before; the same proposals for tying hands. Ribaut could not suspect the same result. He delivered over to the Spaniard his arms, flag and the official seal given to him by Coligny. He was then led behind some bushes and his hands were tied. Then the scales fell from his eyes. He saw his doom rising resistless before him. He saw one after another of his devoted comrades tied and hidden from the sight of others on the opposite shore. The day was worn away. The last boat brought over the last man. The fierce captors, whom Rome had made inhuman, closed around their victims, with eyes aglare and weapons bared. "Are you Catholics or Lutherans?" was the inquiry. "Is there any one of you who will go to confession?"

Ribaut, who knew the distinction between Lutheran and Calvinist, replied, "I and all here are of the Reformed faith." Then, in the manner of the Huguenots, they recited in a chanting style the psalm, "Lord, remember David and all his afflictions." They added, "We are of the earth, and to earth we must return. Twenty years can matter little." Then, turning to Menendez, the noble captain said, "Now do your will."

"Make ready; fire!" was the response. No words can paint the scene; no human eye would look upon the treacherous slaughter. But a few, however, were spared. "I saved the lives of two young gentlemen about eighteen

years of age," was the merciful part of the bigot's report, "as well as of three others—the fifer, the drummer and the trumpeter; and I consider it good fortune that Juan Ribao [Ribaut] should be dead, for the King of France could effect more with him and five hundred ducats than with other men and five thousand; and he would do more in one year than others in ten, for he was the most experienced sailor and naval commander known. Besides, he was greatly liked in England." Ribaut's splendid beard was cut off and part of it sent to Philip. His head was quartered and his body burned with those of his slain companions.

What was Philip's judgment? "Say to Menendez that, as to those he has killed, he has done well; and, as to those he has saved, they shall be sent to the galleys." All who know what the horrid galleys were can measure that rare mercy.

Of all this a report was sent by the escaped Frenchmen to Charles IX. They petitioned for redress; it never came by his order or consent. The admiral and the Huguenots heard of it. That alone was enough to provoke another war. If Coligny's power at court had not been on the wane, the loud Huguenot cry in France might have been answered by authority. "The king's council being then almost *Spanialized*,"* says Laval, "took no care of avenging that massacre."

Yet a despised faith and an outraged France had a coming avenger. Perhaps he was not a Huguenot. But he loved humanity and his country, of which Parkman says, "Her chivalrous annals may be searched in vain for a deed of more romantic daring than the vengeance of Dominique de Gourges."

This man saw that peace in France meant war and murder in her infant colonies. He had been roughly

* Mezeray has the expression, "François espagnolisés."

schooled in the Italian wars, in the Spanish galleys chained to the oar as a prisoner, and in roving campaigns on the high seas. His Gascon blood ran hot against the name of Spain. He formed his plan. He had no connection with Coligny. He asked no aid. He had no colony to plant. He sold his lands and borrowed money of his brother to complete his outfit. He got from the king's favorite, Blaise de Montluc, a commission to make war upon the negroes of Benin and capture slaves. But he kept his own secret, even from the men who sailed with him in three ships well adapted to the coast of Florida. On the island of Cuba he gathered his followers, and with his fiery eloquence he drew before their imaginations the butcheries of Menendez. "What disgrace if we do not avenge the deed!" he exclaimed. "What glory to us if we do! To this I have given my all. And now I depend upon you. I will show you the way."

"What!" the startled soldiers replied, "go to Florida? Smite the Spaniards? No, no; it will cause war at home."

"What is peace worth if it permit such murders? Will you refuse to follow me?" He lashed their spirits into such a fury that they insisted upon hastening on at once. "Not yet," said he. "Wait till the full moon lights up the path through the rocks and shoals of the Bahamas."

The clear nights came. Dominique set forth. He touched the intended coasts. He leagued the wild Indians with him, asking them, "How soon can you have your warriors ready?" Three days were required. "Be cautious," said the Gascon, "lest the Spaniards get wind of the movement."

"Never fear," said the old chief, who had known the inmates of Fort Caroline. "We hate them more than you do."

At the time, white man and savage crept to Fort Caro-

line, now in the hands of the Spaniards, fell upon them, saved a few and slew all the rest. Menendez was not present. His followers seemed to feel that their day of retribution had come. The Gascon was shown the trees on which the former captives had been hanged, with the sentence over them, "Not as to Frenchmen, but as to Lutherans."

"Bring hither to these very trees the prisoners," said Gourges. "Did you think," was his address to the pallid wretches before him, "that so vile a treachery, so detestable a cruelty, against a king so generous and powerful, would go unpunished? I, one of the humblest of his servants, have charged myself with avenging it. You cannot suffer what you deserve, but you shall suffer all that an enemy can honourably inflict, that your example may be a lesson to those who violate all treaties of peace and all laws of God."

They were hanged where the French had hung before them. Over them was nailed a tablet of pine, with these words burned into it with a hot iron: "Not as to Spaniards, but as to traitors, robbers and murderers."

Gourges had fulfilled his mission. It was not to occupy Florida—an impossibility, for the Spaniards were in stronger force at St. Augustine. Of Fort Caroline and all that the enemy had built not one stone nor one block was left upon another. He too gave his thanks to God, and then sailed for La Rochelle, where his terrible work was not unpraised by the Huguenots. Nor need we wonder if he was a sort of marine Gideon in their eyes, for they were human, and they dwelt amid treachery, and daily expected some terrible outburst of that mine supposed to have been contrived at the Bayonne conference. They were beginning to see that the treaty of Longumeau was only a lure; that while the Huguenot sword was sheathed the

Papal bludgeon was dealing death to thousands of their poor brethren in their homes, their hamlets, their larger towns and their broader provinces.* They thought they needed such a man of fiery valour and sweeping vengeance, although he gave no evidence that he was of their faith. Enough that he held a creed which acknowledged the rights of Frenchmen. They might soon have work for him. What if they should change their tactics in the next war and fit out a squadron to scour the seas? This Dominique would be the very man to waylay the fleets of Alva, and prevent them from bearing reinforcements of soldiers, inquisitors and torturers into Holland.

This was all evident to the Spaniards. They demanded the head of the chieftain who had wreaked vengeance upon those "missionaries" under Menendez. And the "Spanialized court" of France was quite ready to grant it. Dominique had no royal thanks for having coolly slaughtered a band of cooler murderers. "As a reward," says Mezeray, "for so beautiful a deed,† he found only a reproach and an evident danger of death," and that from his own court. The Cardinal of Lorraine, desiring to oblige the King of Spain, inflamed the wrath of Charles IX. against the man who had made the voyage without the royal permission. Philip set a price upon his head, thinking that there were Frenchmen sufficiently Spanish to assassinate him. It was then that Coligny stepped forward. If Dominique must

* "Everywhere the Catholics persecuted to their utmost the Reformed, who were in a condition much worse than during the war. In less than three months more than TEN THOUSAND of them were publicly murdered and massacred in several cities, as Rouen, Amiens, Auxerre, Bourges, Issodoun, Troyes, Orleans, etc."—*Laval*. Coligny was now bravely resisting the attempts of the court to force the king's garrisons upon such cities as Rochelle, Sancère and Montauban.

† "Une si belle action." It is a Roman Catholic whom we thus quote.

be given over to Spain, let Menendez be surrendered to France. If one deserved death, so did the other. If justice be demanded, let it not be only half done. On some such grounds Coligny shamed the cardinal and his clique, who were but traitors to France and deep in the Spanish interests.

Dominique owed his escape to the admiral. But he had no proof that Heaven sanctioned his deed. In the name of justice and patriotism he had impoverished himself in order to make his terrible protest against the Spanish claim to North America, and now he was a wanderer, as fearful as Cain of meeting an assassin. At a later day he defended Portugal against Spain, and rode the rough seas to apply the match to the English guns which belched forth their hot shot upon the proud Armada of Philip II. It was then that he fought once more against Menendez, the wretch who had "crushed French Protestantism in America." But that Protestantism would come again and assert itself all along the western shores of the Atlantic, from the ruins of the old Fort Caroline to the fertile lands of Westchester, and find no treacherous Spaniard to tie its hands for the slaughter, nor need a fiery Gascon to avenge a massacre.

All due honour to the Puritans and the Hollanders—the Pilgrim fathers stamping the rocks at Plymouth and warming their feet for a progress across the whole continent—the Dutch Calvinists resting from sea-sickness on the banks of the Hudson and casting their salt into the civilizing influences which made a new nation—and all due honour to the English colonists who gave us a William Penn and a Washington, and to the Scots and Scot-Irish whose early journals in this country were put up in the shape of academies and colleges; yet the Huguenots come in for an honest claim to an enrolment among the founders of the

Western Republic. If Coligny failed, the children of his warriors had success in the New World. If Spain crushed out his colonies, yet his Protestantism had her quiet revenge. Singular it is that Spanish hands built the oldest town in the United States, and yet the Spanish heart was not admitted as an element in their civilization. In the short-sightedness of man, the Spaniard forfeited his claim at Fort Caroline; in the foreseeing providence of God, the Spaniard was excluded from any conspicuous part in laying the foundations of the great Protestant asylum in America. Others laid them, and he helped to fill it by his bigotry, his intolerance and his horrible Inquisition, thus driving men from the Old World into the very realms which he had once claimed under a seal red with the blood of Coligny's unfortunate colonists.

CHAPTER IV.

MARCHES FOR LIFE.

(1568—1569.)

WHEN Coligny was in the tree-top thinking of more serious work than pruning away useless branches, his wife Charlotte was packing up for a removal to Orleans. There she and her children were to remain during the strife. She understood the merciful part of woman's mission in war. It was not alone to rouse her husband to the patriotic sacrifice. It was also to enter the hospitals, minister to the disabled soldier, dress the wounds of one just brought in from the field, soothe the heart of one longing for home, and cool the fever of him whose husky gasp told of coming death. Charlotte Laval did it at more than a risk of life. She preferred it to the society of the court. She would rather "wash the saints' feet" than shine in gay circles. We rarely find her in Paris. Her sphere was home. Her aim was to make it Christian, rear her children for heaven, open her doors to every wandering Huguenot who had fallen among thieves or been driven from his desolated cottage. Widows, orphans, fugitives, maimed soldiers—these were her court. And when the Huguenot chiefs gathered in her château to plan new defences, they learned the lesson of piety, hope and fortitude.

No woman had done more for the French Reform, not even Jeanne d'Albret. Without her, where had Coligny been? Without Coligny, what had been the fate of the Huguenot party? It doubtless would have become a

merely political band. Romanists held her high in esteem for her graces of manner, her purity of life, her tenderness to every human being who needed her aid. Protestants loved her for her heroic patriotism, her elevated piety and her willingness to sacrifice all to their cause. They were to feel a heavy blow. When she found herself the victim of her zeal and charity, she thus wrote with the old enthusiasm: "I feel very unhappy in dying so far from you, whom I have always loved more than myself, but I take comfort in knowing that you are kept away by the best of motives." He was then at Chartres, engaged in both war and peace. "I entreat you, by all the love you bear me, to fight to the last extremity for God's service and the advancement of religion. . . . Train up our children in piety, so that if you fail them, they may take your place. As they cannot 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 neighbour. But she has given so many marks of her ambition that a little distrust is pardonable." Did he fail to note those last sentences?

Coligny, with his best physician, hastened to Orleans. She was then dying. "I commend you to God," said he, bending over the couch. That man most faithful to his wife, that woman most faithful to her husband, parted to meet no more in this world.

He retired into a room, followed by his friends, who had never seen him give way to such emotions. Then they knew still more of the tender heart concealed beneath a grave and cool manner. They did their utmost to console him. "Then it was, as those who were present could well remember afterward, that his feelings broke forth in sighing and tears." The chieftain bowed, lifting his soul to

heaven: "O my God, what have I done—what sin have I committed—that I should be so severely chastised? Why am I overwhelmed with calamities? Would that I might lead a holier life and present a better example of godliness. Most holy Father, look upon me, and in mercy relieve my sufferings."

He then called for his children, saying to them, "This heavy loss should teach you that in this world there is no abiding stay whereon to lean. Houses and castles, however sumptuous and strongly fortified, have not been bestowed upon us as an enduring possession or a perpetual home. They are rather an inn, which we must soon leave. They are as a loan that must soon be repaid. All human things soon perish. Even a dear mother is called away. But the mercy of the one only God is not transient. In that let us find our help."* None can tell what that strong, silent, reserved man felt as he rode back to camp shortly after the funeral. Thenceforth, when defeated, disheartened, almost victimized, he should not be roused to new effort by the patriotic Charlotte Laval.

The war had formally closed. Yet scarcely three days after Coligny had gathered his children at almost vacant Chatillon, there hoping for rest, he began to receive letters of warning from all quarters. "There is no peace, after all," was the message. "A most cruel war is upon us." Nor was this a false alarm. Later events justified historians in saying, "The second treaty left the evil in its full extent. It closed no wounds. It healed no divisions. It was as a few ashes thrown upon an immense furnace."†

* *Vita Colinii*; *Perau, Vie de Coligny*; *Ponneraye, Hist. de Coligny*.

† *Matthieu, Hist. de France*. Daniel relates that the prince and the admiral "took care to keep up a correspondence underhand with their friends in France and in foreign countries, in case of a new occasion to resume their arms." Very wise in them.

La Noue affirms that "those of the Religion went home and laid down their arms, but the Roman Catholics thought of doing no such thing. They remained armed. They still held the towns and the fords of the rivers, so that in two months the Huguenots were at their mercy. But people must drink as they brew."

It seems that the king began honestly to enforce the edict of pacification. He wrote to Condé on the last day of March that he regretted its violation in some quarters: "It is my wish that all my subjects may be alike protected, without respect of religion." He wrote, one month later, to one of his own governors, saying, "Those who left their homes during the late troubles must not be hindered from returning and living at liberty." On the ninth of May he ordered the mayor of Tours to remove the Reformed worship as far as possible from the city, so far sanctioning it. Later still he wrote to Montpensier, referring to a coming festal occasion in Tours: "If you know that they are likely to be obstinate, so far as concerns the decoration of houses and streets, and that it may cause disturbance, there will be no harm in your tacitly making good their deficiencies according to your means. Do not show more favour to one than another." But what could the pen of Charles do against all the enginery of the Papal courts? His moderation was soon turned against him. The whisper rose, most absurdly, "He is growing into a heretic. He and his mother are the props of the Huguenot party." The priests in their Lent sermons declared that "the court was ruining the kingdom and the Catholic religion."

It was openly prophesied that the Protestants had not three months to live; that after the vintage of the fields the wine-press of popery would run red with blood. The treaty was only on paper, and paper was nothing to Catherine and her party. She did not dismiss the Switzers, as

she had sworn to do. She did not restore property to the Huguenots. She did not restrain Papists from acts of violence; murders, riots, massacres, all went on in fearful monotony. She did nothing which she had promised. She restrained the king from justice. Peace was more murderous than war. The cries of the North and the South blended together in woe. In the six months of the war only five hundred Protestants fell. In the next three months of pretended peace nearly two thousand perished! and some multiply that number by five.

There were two agencies fiercely at work to crush out the innocent—the pulpit and the secret league. The pope gave the clergy their instructions. “They boldly advanced those abominable maxims,” says the Abbé Anquetil, “that no faith is to be kept with heretics, and that it is a pious, useful act to massacre them; it leads to salvation! The fruits of this preaching were riots and assassinations, for which there was no redress by law.” The abbé is a good witness against his own Church.* The pope aided this fanaticism by pen and purse. He was annulling the kindly letters of Charles IX. He wrote in July, 1568, to the Duke of Nemours, praising him for having been the first to refuse obedience to the treaty of Longjumeau: “Would to God that all the great ones of the kingdom and all provincial governors would imitate your example!”

Worse still were the leagues, brought into more vigorous activity than in the former years. The purpose was to raise money to purchase horses, arms and all materials of war; to unite all ecclesiastics, nobles and rich citizens in support of the house of Valois—they had come now to this degree of loyalty; to enrol men-at-arms, appoint messengers and spies, and employ trusty assassins! In the “League of the Holy Spirit,” worked by Tavannes,

* *L'Esprit de la Ligue.*

there were more than five thousand men enrolled in Burgundy.*

The oath ran: "We swear to keep the matter secret from every person, even wife and brother; never to reveal it by word or writing, except as permitted by the chief." The oath of the "confraternity" in Champagne ran: "We swear to fulfil our Christian duty by maintaining the true Church of God, Catholic and Roman, in which we have been baptized, to maintain the crown in the house of Valois so long as it shall remain Catholic; and to aid this league in all its enterprises against the opposite party." At Toulouse the league put on the dignity of a crusade. It boldly made a proclamation, founded on the papal bull of March, 1568, and declared that Protestants were "atheists, new enemies of God. In Christ's name we take up the cross. We make a holy war, as did the Maccabees. Think of the crusade borne against the Albigenes of these very districts, destroying sixty thousand of them. Imitate it. Show no mercy." If the crusaders die in this expedition, "their blood will serve as a second baptism, washing out their sins, and, with other martyrs, they will go straight to paradise." No purgatory for such fanatics! "Arm yourselves with the body and blood of our Lord"—the holy wafer, as if it were a charm. Yet this weapon might be very feeble against those who were freed from superstition. "If the magistrates will lend us a few cannon, things will go on all the better." Priests were made captains in this holy war. "The above is done under the authority of our Holy Father, the pope" (21st September, 1568). This holy father was exciting one class of French subjects to rise up and murder the opposite class. It was an interference that would have justified the severest rebuke from Charles IX. and a war upon these pretentious crusaders. But when was there a

* *Mém. de Tavannes.*

national party, unless among the Huguenots? Even Charles was in danger of being seized by the Leaguers, shut up in a convent, and another put in his place, if he sought to protect the Huguenots.* De Thou assures us that Catherine sent to the governors of the provinces the formula of an oath which was to bind men to support her house and to fulfil her designs. Tavannes records his purpose: "It was to oppose intelligence to intelligence, league to league. . . . The success justified the design. Each parish in Dijon paid their men for three months."†

Those who put the Huguenot leagues upon the same level with those of the Romanists fail to see the very different motives. The first were formed for self-defence; the second for aggression and tyranny. All that the Huguenots sought was life and true liberty. They attempted no crusade. "There never has been a question so mishandled, a cause so unrighteously decided, as theirs." The error lies in a sort of assumption that the Roman Church has a just superiority over every other, and is sovereign of all things on earth. It is forgotten that he is the invader of the rights of others who endeavours to impose by force his own convictions upon his fellow-men. He is the author of schism. He it is who rends the Church asunder.‡ The Huguenots were the truer loyalists, the only party that sought national independence.

In the name of humanity the chancellor made loud complaints to the queen because of these outrages. But she gave him only such heed as to show her contempt. Even the king did not dare to speak his milder thoughts, for the government was entirely in the hands of a new triumvirate, if Catherine could be thus counted along with the Cardinal

* Thuani Hist.; Sismondî; Mém. de Tavannes.

† Mém. de Tavannes.

‡ Marsh, Hist. Prot. of France.

of Lorraine and the Italian Birague. This last came a soldier into France. He developed into a lawyer, married priest, courtier, cardinal and chief adviser of the queen. Francis Montmorency loved Coligny too well, and was, therefore, deprived of his offices of marshal and governor of the Isle of France.

One last effort was made by the good chancellor. He was shocked at the bull of the pope which allowed certain church properties to be sold; "the money thus raised may be used in exterminating the Protestant religion." Behold the piety of Pius V. toward his own Church! Willing to despoil it in order to annihilate another! Nay, the plunder of heretics would more than repay the original cost.

So urgent was the chancellor in his remonstrance that it was agreed to omit this offensive clause and ask the "Holy Father" to issue a new bull. But this did not save the churches from the levy. It also increased the hatred toward De l'Hôpital. He was no longer treated with respect. He was openly stigmatized as a concealed Huguenot and insulted as a traitor. Only one thing kept him from the fate of Du Bourg. "There is no way to accuse him of heresy," wrote the Cardinal of Este, "for he still goes regularly to mass." This would have been no barrier thirty years before, or even twenty. Yet it was a proverb, "Deliver us from the mass of the chancellor."*

"Do not refuse to go occasionally into the council," said a German friend to De l'Hôpital. "If you cannot do much good, you may prevent much evil."

"No, it is useless," was the calm reply. "My very presence is hateful, to say nothing of the utter disregard of my advice." He visited more frequently his estate at Vignay. Catherine, with deceitful pity, said, "He is growing old; he needs repose." The truth was, he was too wise, honest

* Brantome; Thuani Hist.

and liberal in his policy for her use. He had sometimes done so much to reconcile parties as almost to compromise with his own convictions, and now he had but a short time to wait for that reward which the evil bestow upon the good. Men of integrity were not wanted at that court.

To prevent combination, and to keep the Huguenot leaders quiet, two modes were adopted: one was to give them offices; the other, to separate them far from each other and from the court. Among these appointments Montgomery was sent into Normandy, where his recent victories would render him odious to the Romanists; Andelot was sent into Brittany, and Condé into Burgundy. But an atrocious breach of faith was soon evident in regard to these isolated gentlemen.

Coligny was at Chatillon; Condé was at his castle of Noyers, in Burgundy. It would have been wiser in Catherine if she had again invited them to court. "Their retreat," says one of the first biographers of the admiral, "would have been extremely satisfactory to her, if she had not seen one-half of her kingdom pay their court to them. In fact, so great was the confluence at Chatillon and Noyers, that the Louvre was a desert in comparison. All the noblesse of their party went in crowds to see them, and when ten gentlemen went out by one door, twenty went in at another. This put the admiral to great expense, and if he had not been a careful man in everything, it would have been enough to ruin him.* However, he was so much beloved that a thousand presents were continually brought to him. He forbade his attendants from taking them, but yet this did not prevent the same thing from being done every day." The different churches collected and sent a

* William the Silent came near being made bankrupt in a similar manner when serving the Protestant cause in the Netherlands. Coligny was not so fond of princely style as Orange.

hundred thousand crowns to prevent their chiefs from entirely bearing such heavy charges.

Catherine now resolved to kill the nerve of war by striking at the purse. She had advanced a hundred thousand crowns to get the *reiters* out of the country, and she now demanded that the prince and Coligny should pay three hundred thousand out of their private means. Thus she hoped to ruin them. They were forbidden to avail themselves of the liberality of the Reformed churches. They were filled with dismay. It would sweep away all their estates and then leave them in debt. They appealed to the king with all the pathos of truth: "You will perceive that despair will drive many of our friends to new and dangerous remedies, contrary to our desire. . . . We must also remind your majesty of the outrages lately committed upon the Protestants of such cities as Lyons, Bourges and Troyes, and beg that justice be done."*

"It is a just request," said Charles, quite touched by the appeal. "The edicts should be maintained." But Lorraine cried out, "It is a threat;" and he "drove furiously on." The cabinet now "concluded upon the project they had often thought of and proposed, that there was no other way to gain their ends but by seizing the Prince of Condé and the admiral. The difficulty lay in the execution, for they were both very watchful and upon their guard." They had their spies everywhere. The troops, upon divers pretences, were so placed as to make it hard for them to escape."†

One day there came to the castle of Noyers a man with some fowls to sell, pretending to have been sent by a farmer in the neighbourhood. He was kindly received, but his talk was not that of a poulterer. The servants of the prince watched him as he took his observations of the

* Davila.

† Daniel; Davila.

gates and the guns. He left the castle, and at night was detected sounding the moat. The prince sent a warning to Coligny, who had detected some strange movements, and who at once removed with his family to Tanlay,* a fortified château of his brother Andelot, and quite near to Noyers. Tradition places an underground passage between them. The ride was made with almost breathless haste. Here Condé came. They soon learned that the seller of fowls was none other than a skilful engineer in disguise, and Catherine was probably the farmer who had sent him.

Here, as they sat together—the prince anxious, restless, undecided and unwilling to rush again to arms; the admiral cooler and cherishing a higher trust in the one delivering Power—they got hold of some threads of the net which was to be cast over them. Teligny came with letters from the court, “full of beautiful expressions and overflowing friendship.” Then Madame de Rothelin, the mother-in-law of Condé, one of their good “spies” at court, came with news of some whispered mystery. Then courier upon courier, with intercepted letters, entreaties and warnings. Days were spent in sending remonstrances and petitions to the king. But the mystery grew darker and deeper.

Again they were sitting together in the castle of Noyers, when some one came in bearing a letter which had been intercepted in the neighbourhood. It was a message from the Marshal Tavannes, purporting to be on the way to the

* “Tanlay is placed in a secluded spot between Tonnère 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 a delicately-tinted marble. . . . On the ceiling of a room in the château of Tanlay . . . there was (and probably still is) a figure of Catherine as Juno, with two faces—one masculine and sinister, the other with remarkable sweetness and dignity of expression.”—*White, Massacre of St. Bartholomew*, pp. 298 and 25, notes. There were excellent artists in those days among the Huguenots.

queen. This man had been ordered to invest the house of the prince. The letter contained this ominous sentence: "The stag is in the snare, the hunt is up." And in the dead of that very night a cavalier galloped past the château sounding his loud hunting-horn and crying the same message, *Le grand cerf est dans les toiles, la chasse est préparé!** "Le cerf" appears to have been the term often applied to Condé by his reviling foes. He was hunted quite enough to deserve it.

"That is meant as a warning for us," said Condé. "The letter was intended to fall into our hands."

"What if it be a decoy?" replied the ever-deliberate admiral. "Perhaps it is only intended to draw us out into an ambush." The risk must be run. The fact seems to be that Tavannes had honestly given the warning. He either could not be so base as to make the capture, or he did not wish to risk his own neck in case he should fail and become a prisoner. Yet he must make a show of obedience to the cabinet. Hence he was on the march, as Condé was soon informed. Madame de Rothelin learned that couriers and troops were moving.

Yet it was all a mystery to those in the castle of Noyers. Every means of escape seemed to be closed. Condé gave his free thoughts once more to the king. He wrote: "I charge the restless Cardinal of Lorraine, who will let no man dwell in peace, with the infamy of those plots by which innocent men, driven from their homes with their wives and children in their arms, are compelled to wander forth without hope and without consolation. It was the Duke of Alva and the cardinal who concocted the last war. . . . In the house of the cardinal have been held secret conferences, and means to arrest the admiral and my-

* Perau; Vie de Tavannes; Le Labourer; Additions aux Mém. de Castelnau.

self if we ventured to show our faces at the court. . . . Even Cypière, once the tutor of the king, has been murdered with the connivance of the Cardinal of Guise. . . . Unfortunate men are enclosed in a net by the guards who hold the gate-houses, bridges and fords of the rivers. . . . I will wait an answer at Noyers.”*

But the letter was hardly a mile on its way when the prince and the admiral fully resolved upon flight with their terrified and helpless families. A St. Bartholomew day was spent in preparation. “We must fly to La Rochelle,” said Coligny, whose relations to that old “White Town,” named from its chalky cliffs, had been intimate in the days of his coloneley, and his friend Richer was there. There was no choice, for this was the only city in France which the Huguenots were sure of holding—the only one left which could serve as a new base of operations. It had refused the king’s garrison, and was still in a struggle of self-defence.

The resolution was one of the boldest. La Rochelle was hundreds of miles distant. It required that courage which borders on despair to run the gauntlet and make this march to the sea. History shows scarcely anything like it. At midnight, August 25, 1568, the heroes put their trust in God and departed. The admiral must take charge of his motherless children and the family of his absent brother Andelot, with an infant but a few months old. The prince must treat gently his delicate wife, who knew not but an heir might be born on the perilous way, and provide also for three helpless children. It was a strange sight: the feeble borne on litters, nurses on horseback, a few mules loaded with goods and supplies, and a train of only one hundred and fifty armed men. But the rashness of the enterprise was the chief hope of success. Tavannes did not

* Matthieu; Thuani Hist.

seem to expect, or he did not care to prevent, such an escape. Three days later his troops crept around Noyers; they were too late; the castle was empty. The pillage of the castle by Tavaunes "was regarded as a mark of the most refined prudence." It was to cover his mercy to its owner.*

"Cowardly prince," they afterward said, "to flee when there was no danger!" Condé replied to the taunt, "By quitting their nests the birds saved themselves from a cage." The Burgundian troops pushed on after the fugitives. It was to be a race from almost the east of France to the west on the sea.

The admiral was led on by a hunter who knew the forest-paths and the fords. The company reached the Loire near to Sancère.† They forded the river, the water being only knee-deep to their horses. On ascending the hill they could see a body of cavalry on the opposite banks halting for the night. The Burgundians were thinking, "We will bag the game in the morning." The Huguenots trembled and prayed, and at daybreak the river became a rolling flood, although no rain seems to have fallen at Sancère. The

* The son of Tavaunes "does not scruple to say that it was this marshal who gave the prince and the admiral advice of the design laid against them. He purposely sent the courier by Noyers. . . . This was too great a length of treachery, for though he refused to obey, which was no extraordinary practice at that time, yet he should have kept the secret of his sovereign. But then it was a common matter with great men to profess one thing and practice another." Thus reflected the Jesuit Daniel. He adds: "The queen in vain spread abroad a report that this was a panic fear of the prince and the admiral—a contrived pretence for renewing the war; nobody would believe her, and both sides made preparation for their own defence."

† "A spot just above Cosne was pointed out to me by a lineal descendant of one of the sharers of this flight."—*White*.

enemy by the night's delay saved the fugitives. Coligny impressed his companions with their debt of gratitude to God. It appears that they all fell upon their knees, gave thanks to Jehovah, who shut the Red Sea against the Egyptians, and they sang the one hundred and fourteenth Psalm :*

“What ailed thee, O thou sea, that fled'st?
Thou Jordan backward driven?”

There were other perils along the wondrous march of twenty-four days. The company was increased by other fugitives and by warlike gentlemen, until a crowd went sweeping down into Saintonge. “Let us pass—ignore us until we are out of your reach,” was the prince's message to the Marshal Vieilleville, whose men had heard of the march and were desirous of making a grand capture. This man either had some leaning to the Reform or he knew that the prince was innocent, and he did not oppose the passage.† Montluc did his utmost, but all in vain. The flying party dared not go straight to La Rochelle, for that town was in fear of a surprise by the king's forces, and might distrust the approach of the panting Huguenots. They struck the sea lower down and rested at Brouage.

Condé took a boat, disguised himself as a sailor, landed on the docks at La Rochelle, strolled through the streets, crept into the town-hall, and told the mayor and the city fathers who stood before them. They were struck with amazement, then with the frankness of the prince. They were captivated—not captured. The citizens soon began to say with delight, “We have a Bourbon among us! Condé has come to defend us, all alone—not a man with him!” They ran to greet him. Each gave his hand.

* *Viti Colinii*; Laval, *Hist. Ref.* The rear-guard of the prince was captured.—*Davila*.

† *Mém. de Vieilleville*; Laval.

“As the pledge of our sincerity, myself and the admiral will place our families in your power; and some of the children are tender enough, you will find. And we will swear never more to lay down arms until we receive death or gain liberty of conscience and the security of private life.”

“And we swear,” responded the people, “to assist you with all our power.” On the eighteenth day of September the fugitives from Noyers entered upon the hospitalities of La Rochelle.

The history of the Reform in this ancient city would carry us back to the days when young Calvin wandered through Poitou, talked with little groups of inquiring priests, walked with the good La Place in his garden, preached in the caves of St. Benedict, and there dared to celebrate the Lord's supper, saying before the astounded Romanists, “This is my mass! . . . O Lord, if thou in the last day desirest to punish me for abandoning the papal mass, I will say to thee, Thou hast forbidden me to observe it. Behold thy holy Scripture!” The gospel entered, and was baptized with the blood of martyrs before the year 1534, that year of martyrdoms in Paris. Calvinistic missionaries taught there as they dared, and at length came Peter Richer, the exile from the Isle of Coligny, on the coast of Brazil. Its strong church stood as the sign of his success. The Huguenots there cherished that spirit of freedom and independence which was kept alive for centuries in the great commercial cities of Europe. No wiser choice could have been made of a new base of operations.

“It was not so large nor so agreeable a city as Orleans,” writes La Noue, “but there were many things to make up for many defects. Its port could not be blockaded without an excessive expense. Through it poured in an abundance of provisions. Two leagues off lay some very fertile islands.

The people of the town are as warlike as they are commercial—prudent and well affected to religion. Some say that they are rude, but all must admit that they are loyal (in the Huguenot sense). Numerous armed vessels went out to make rich prizes off the Spaniards, who had wiped out Coligny's adventurers in America, and who were now sending aid to Alva to do the same work of annihilation of all Protestantism in the Netherlands.

From all quarters came Protestant fugitives, and letters were sent to invite others to this new rallying-point. "There was no need of many invitations," says the Catholic Davila, "for at the report only of the flight of the Prince of Condé all those of his faction began to rise, and immediately took arms, that they might be ready as soon as called upon." Andelot was one day at his dinner, in Brittany, when he was surprised by a clangour of arms, and, finding that he was almost a prisoner, started up "and made a very narrow escape." Already he had begun the levy of troops. With a growing force, he too made a wonderful march for life, baffling his pursuers, beating them off while crossing the Loire and putting towns into affright as his men went galloping through.

His brother Odet did not dare the experiment. This excellent man, active in forming the treaty of Longjumeau, had been assured the royal protection. But the "word of an Italian woman" was worse than no promise at all. He was threatened by the king's troops at Beauvais. The road to La Rochelle was blocked up. He put on the dress of a peasant, then of a sailor—his cardinal's robes ought to have been enough to satisfy the enemy—and he fled to the sea-coast, reaching it just in time to board a sloop and go to England. Elizabeth showed him great respect. At her court he was to serve well the cause.

Of other chieftains, there was Jean de Ferrières, nephew

and successor to the Vidame of Chartres, whom we saw perish by royal tyranny, and a stauncher Protestant—rich, valiant, magnanimous, and with a wife as zealous as himself. There was Francis, the Count of Rochefoucauld, who was considered the greatest man of all Guienne by the dignity of his birth, so rich and potent that “he could make an army of his relations, friends and vassals.” There was John, lord of Soubise, a great captain, trained in the wars with Coligny, a zealous Huguenot, who had been instructed in the Reformed doctrines at Ferrara, in the court of the Duchess Renée, and that by Calvin himself. So earnest was he in “that doctrine that even Queen Catherine was like to have been his proselyte,” if we may credit Laval. There were Crussol, Lavardin, De Piles, Montgomery and Teligny.* But conspicuous among all was one man, who merits a fuller notice, for we have all along most freely used his name.

The story is that in the year 1200 the Duchess of Brittany chose twelve of her knights to fight a like number of English knights, and thus decide the quarrels existing between the two nations. They were drawn up, face to face. The word was given. They rushed upon each other, striking off each other’s helmets or heads, breaking spears and shivering broadswords, threshing, stabbing, slaying, until there was only one man left alive, and he wellnigh gone. But, as he was a Breton, the shouts rang lustily among the

* “Their forces come in a few days from all parts of the kingdom to La Rochelle; those of Poitou under the conduct of D’Ivoy and Bosset; those of Perigord under Soubise and Du Puviant; those of Cahors under Clermont and De Piles; those of Normandy under Montgomery and Columbière; and those of Brittany under the Vidame of Chartres and Lavardin. Andelot and La Nonc, after several skirmishes with the Duke of Montpensier and De Martignes, in their passage over the Loire, arrived safe at the same place with a considerable number of horse.”—*Davila, Civil Wars.*

cavaliers of the duchess for the victor Guillaume de la Noue. This man became the founder of a great house, "out of which issued some of the greatest men in France." He took his manorial name from his wife, and it was finally borne again by his brave, sharp, talented descendant, of whom we now write—Francis de la Noue.* His duel was that grander one between the forces of the Lorraines and the Huguenots.

Born in 1531, he had scarcely learned to read and to write his own name when he enrolled it upon the list of soldiers for the Italian wars, and he fought on until the peace of Cambray. Then retiring to his manor in Brittany, he applied himself to study. "Whatever he knew," says Laval, "in the sciences and in the languages, wherein he was a great proficient, he acquired it by his own private application, by reading the best of books, and by the strength of his mind." He became one of the best writers of his time. Thoughtful, fond of research, he could not remain a stranger to the religious movement of his age. It seems that he embraced the new doctrines when Andelot and his chaplain, Gaspar Cormel, so widely extended the word in his district. He did not renounce them to his death. But he did not cast in his lot with the Huguenot party until the massacre of Vassy gave him a shudder of indignation against the house of Guise and broke up the neutrality of his mind. He took his sword and joined himself to the Prince of Condé.

He was to the Huguenots what Castelnau was to the other party—except that he was a better warrior. Both were men of great prudence, sagacity, moderation, evenness of temper, impartiality and integrity. They were often

* The names of many other Huguenot chiefs go far back to the times of which Froissart writes—Bethune, Clermont, Grammont, Lignières, Parthenay, Porcien, Roche-sur-Yon, Roye, etc.

chosen as umpires between the contending parties—a greater honour than to be a conqueror. There must be some high moral character in one in whom friends and foes confide as a judge. It was also the lot of this brave but unfortunate warrior to be captured in almost every encounter—as at St. Quentin, Jarnac, Moncontour, and in the Netherlands.

He had the genuine Huguenot honesty. When on a march, says Laval, “he would not have been blamed had he lived at discretion on the road, as many others did of his quality; yet he never made use of his right to the prejudice of the farmers or innkeepers. Everywhere he paid for what he took. If the landlord was not at home, and had fled in fright, he left the money in some corner of the house, that it might be found.”*

“Pay the reckoning,” said he to his purse-bearer one morning, after lodging at night at a hotel. “I have no money—not a *dernier*,” was the reply.

“Sell one of the horses and pay the landlord out of the receipts.” The horse was led into the town and sold to the highest bidder. The officer returned, saying that he had received for him a hundred crowns.

“A hundred crowns!” exclaimed La Noue. “It is too much. I paid but fourscore for him, and I have used him daily ever since. Go to the honest fellow, whom you cheated, and pay back twenty-five crowns.” The villagers were likely to think that a very good sort of Huguenotism.† But, as Laval says, “Since I shall have to speak oftentimes of him in this history, I shall not now insist any longer upon his feats.”

There was yet another grand march for life when the

* A practice known among the Americans as far back as the “Black Hawk War,” and *perhaps* since.

† *Mém. de la Noue*; Haag, France Prot.

Queen of Navarre came at the rallying-call of the Huguenot leaders. She was needed. "Her mind was mighty in comprehension of great matters. Her valiant heart rose invincible before the darkest assaults of adversity."* Generous in her pardons, she had been asked, after the peace of Longjumeau, to show mercy to the rebel barons of Navarre, whom Philip, the pope and Catherine had incited to revolt. "Let them come to me," was her reply. She had a lesson for them in the way of a lecture.

Behold their confidence! They knew that she was not a Medici. They fearlessly quitted their refuges, whither her soldiers had driven them. They knew they deserved no mercy. They came crouching beneath her canopy of state. If they knew the Bible at all, they must have thought of the heroic Deborah. They knelt for her pity.

"Messieurs," said she, "bad subjects such as you, traitors to your country, can be no longer addressed as the *noblesse*. Your crimes deserve no expiation in the sight of God or of man. . . . Yet God, who has rescued me from past dangers, teaches me to show mercy even to such as yourselves, who now assure me of your repentance and your horror of your crimes. You say that you desire to live henceforth loyally and blamelessly?"

"Most gracious sovereign, our queen, we do. May the memory of our detestable conspiracy be blotted from the minds of men."

"Go, then. I forgive the past. I do it in consideration of your humble contrition. Go show yourselves worthy and loyal subjects. May God grant this my prayer!"

They kissed her hand. They left her presence. One of them, De Luxe, went to his castle and found a balm for his wound in the gift of the French king. Charles sent him the grand collar of the order of St. Michael, with the mes-

* Theo. Ag. D'Aubigné, Hist. Universelle.

sage, "You were good enough to give employment to the Queen of Navarre during the recent war. You kept her forces from uniting with the Huguenots to overwhelm me. This is the token of my gratitude." The baron was so wicked as to wear the collar!* Such was the confidence to be placed in a forgiven Papist.

Condé had swept past the castle of the queen, and the Huguenot barons of the South were coming to be her escort to La Rochelle. But she was not ready. She must put in order her own realm, and see that the means were fully provided to carry forward the affairs of the Church. Then came Fénelon, the French ambassador, whom England knew to be one of the shrewdest of men. Said he: "You will not join with those Huguenots. You will surely adhere to Catherine. She will protect you."

"Sir," she replied, "what trust can I repose in the promises of such a court? Through you it is treating with me. Through Montluc it is plotting my arrest. It would tear my son from me! Nay, I know what your queen, Philip and the Duke of Alva are doing.† Spain is to ruin us all. Montluc is already devouring my country. Catherine has sent a Captain Cossé to seize my son. Never will I trust your court, sir."

The ambassador winced, but yet softly remarked, "If you go with Condé, the Spaniards and the French may meet upon your soil, and where will then be your kingdom and your crown?"

"My crown may be on my head, sir; and if my kingdom

* De Serres.

† "She rejected the insidious offer made to her, which was designed to detach Languedoc, Guienne and Béarn from the Protestant league; for Catherine and the Cardinal of Lorraine offered to secure toleration of Protestant worship to these provinces if their inhabitants would remain neutral." Spain would seize upon Lower Navarre.—*Colquhoun*.

be under the feet of the basest invaders, I shall still be happy in sharing the perils of those who worship the same God whom I trust. I will aid them in this holy cause of religion, of patriotism, of their king and of liberty."

"But think. This flame of civil war, when once kindled, will destroy your realm, and that likewise of France."

"Bah! monseigneur," quickly retorted the young Prince Henry, who had been some months with his mother, "it is a fire to be put out with a pail of water." Fénelon looked blank at the simile, and Henry, ever fond of a fine jest, explained to the clear comprehension of the wise Frenchman: "It is only necessary to pour a bucket of water down the throat of the Cardinal of Lorraine until he bursts—that's all, monseigneur."* He was quite right. Quench the fire in the soul of the cardinal, burst him, and the worst would be over.

Henry of Navarre, now fifteen years of age, had won his first military laurels by taking the castle of Garris from the Baron de Luxe. A magistrate of Bourdeaux had thus described him as a charming youth, who at thirteen had all the riper qualities of eighteen: "He is agreeable, polite, obliging, and so engaging that, wherever he is, there is a crowd. He converses like a wise man, speaks always to the point, and when the court is mentioned, it is easy to see that he knows all about it. . . . I shall all my life hate the new religion for having robbed us of so worthy a subject." Henry was gained to the Protestant cause. "Conquer or die" had been his motto in certain court-masques, but Catherine had ordered him not to display those words. He had now, on his return to his home, enlarged the sentiment: "Either triumph with justice, or die with glory. Princes have a great authority over their people, but God mightily

* Vauvilliers, Hist. de Jeanne d'Albret.

rules over kings."* He could share in all his mother's ardour and firmness when she wrote a fine piece of history to her loyal subject, the Viscount Gourdon. It opens to us some of the hopes of the Protestants.

"I presume you are informed," she wrote, "that I have openly engaged to follow the Reformed faith, and to peril my crown, my realm and my son to ensure its public exercise and the safety of those who profess it. If damage happen to your castles and worldly goods, through the iniquitous edicts lately passed, do not fear. The God of hosts will recompense you and all others who have laboured and lost in his service. The Prince of Condé, my brother-in-law, has claimed and obtained the aid of the German princes. The Queen of England, who shares and sustains our belief, will soon aid me with troops and money, and not me alone, but all the faithful who refuse to bow the knee to Baal. You and other viscounts must set an example of fortitude and resignation. The eternal God rejects the weak and faint-hearted. The blessed hour is at hand when the true Israel must risk the loss of their earthly goods to build temples wherein God may be glorified. At the end of the month I shall join the prince at La Rochelle, with my son, the Prince of Béarn, who has made progress in the faith since he has been with me, and who shows himself a lover of truth and of arms. You will find him tall for his age. I pray you, hold frequent converse with him on the subjects of religion, controversy and war."†

The fiery Montluc was close to Nerac, very friendly, coming to dine with Jeanne, but only watching his chance to sweep the whole house of Navarre off to Paris. On the fifth of September she sent him word, "Come and visit us to-morrow. Bring your son, that he may run at the ring with my Henry." Her conscience rightly smote her for

* Prefixe, Henri IV. † Inedited MS., quoted by Miss Freer.

this strategy. In the night she made the final preparations. At early dawn she entered her chapel, with her minister, who gave the holy sacrament to her and the young prince. She then cancelled the invitation to Montluc, went to the castle door, joined her train of fifty valiant gentlemen, and before sunrise the party was safe beyond the walls of Nerac. Prince Henry took the command. At length he saw a body of cavalry bearing down full upon the route. Was it Montluc, changing the place of his visit? His lawless marauders could work a terrible revenge. Jeanne ordered a halt. Every man resolved to show no quarters. It was an awful moment of suspense, when the standard of the chief came in sight. They recognized the loyal seneschal of Armagnac, a man ready to die for his queen. A shout rang through the hills; the two parties met, not to fight, but to pledge their faith and hasten on to the refuge by the sea. The danger of immediate capture was passed. Montluc entered one village only four hours after they had left it. Every town along the route added to the escort, and, after many perils, she led about four thousand soldiers of genuine Celtic blood into her town of Archiac. Condé was advancing to meet her. He stormed the town of Cognac, which had refused to open its gates, pushed through, met the Queen of Navarre, and rode back by her side into La Rochelle, where Madame Andelot did the first honours to a guest whom all recognized as a leader. The chieftains of the North rallied round her standards, borne by her valiant viscounts of the South, whose almost fabulous exploits were recorded in the ballads and lays of Provence and Béarn.*

On the route, Jeanne had written a kindly letter to Charles IX., in her strong, clear style. She told him that the Cardinal of Lorraine had set all edicts at defiance; "had been the cause of so many unresented massacres;"

* Freer, Jeanne d'Albret.

had grown bold by Huguenot patience; "had now passed the limits of our endurance;" had compelled "the prince, my brother, to seek refuge among his kindred, so that myself and my son find ourselves constrained to afford him that aid which the ties of blood exact. . . . I entreat you to believe that we have taken up arms for these things alone: first, to hinder our enemies from exterminating us, our children and our friends; secondly, to fight for your honour and service; thirdly, to protect the princes of our blood from the murderous violence of some about your person." To this every Huguenot would have assented. "The said cardinal did great wrong when he wished to steal away my son, in your name, and lead him to you. . . . You will find more truth in my deeds than in his words." One of her keen sayings was, "Half the crown of King Charles rests on the brow of that cardinal."

Condé offered to resign his office of chieftain to Henry of Navarre, and thus give greater dignity to the enterprise. He called an assembly for the purpose. But Jeanne declared on the grand occasion, "No; I and my children are here to promote the cause of God, which is dearer to me than my son's advancement. He, too, shares with me in this sentiment. He would rather abandon his part in it than permit a resignation so pernicious to the glory of God and the success of our arms. We will obey you everywhere and in all things." Then turning to her son, she said, "Europe is at this moment watching your actions. You have ceased to be a child; you have become a man. Go, then, my son, and learn under the valiant Condé how to command when your turn shall come." His soul was moved, and he vowed never to sheath his sword until his mother's foes were vanquished.

She found herself the centre and life of the Protestant union. While Condé was the undisputed general, she was,

with unanimous consent, entrusted with the presidency of the council. Thus, while one woman in the French court was labouring to maintain her supremacy by the wiles of intrigue, another was elevated to a high position, even when shrinking from it, for she won it undesignedly by the lofty aims of her mind and the solidity of her character.* In the one case there was little else but craft, lying, anxiety lest the lie in one hand should be counteracted by that in the other, the continual cry from the ground of the blood she was shedding, and the just fears lest a persecuted people should rise and drive her into some corner of the world, where she must groan out her life and think of her own eternal infamy. Catherine was, doubtless, as wretched, as miserable a woman as Europe ever knew. It was her reward. In the other case, there were the living convictions of truth, purity, a rugged honesty of purpose, a sincerity that made her word a sacred pledge of all that she promised, and an assurance that, if driven from her castles and her throne, she could have a blessed refuge in the very heart of her unwavering friends and under the sheltering wing of the Infinite Love. It was her reward. Europe knew not a woman more happy in her conscience, more resigned to her circumstances, more hopeful of the brighter days to come, and more worthy of being held forth as an example to all who may be called to "glorify God in the fires."

We see her, indeed, a queen over a landless realm of Huguenots—an army of psalm-singers, a body of refugees, poor exiles most of them, wondering what was to become of families left in homes that might be pillaged at any hour, and a crowd that must soon have work to do, or it would perish by self-destruction. It is not in human nature for men to live peaceably as an idle multitude. We see her

* Colquhoun, *Jeanne d'Albret*.

seated at the council-board, examining the finances, writing letters to foreign courts and preparing for a tremendous defence. We see her lay down her jewels as the pledge that England shall be secured in the loan promised. And then she boldly confiscates the Church lands in the provinces where she has any control, in order to supply the demands of war.

On the docks, on the ramparts, riding out on tours of inspection, counselling, directing, ever busy, never willing to be weary, she finds, when the winds blow damp from the sea or cold from the mountains, that the excitement tells severely on her health. The symptoms of the pulmonary disease which was fatal to her mother show themselves. Yet nothing can abate her efforts. She sends her boy to the battle with a firmness which causes astonishment. "I have a work to do," she says, "and I must steel my heart to its demands."

Never had the Huguenot cause appeared more promising. There were more advantages of defence, more union of forces, more unity of effort, more faith in Jehovah, more good order and discipline. The army had never been more powerful, its successes more brilliant. In about six weeks the whole region of Southern Poitou, Saintonge and Angoumois was in their hands, with scarcely a battle. But between the Charente and the Garonne was the old country of the Black Prince to afford camps for the king's army, driving in as a wedge to split off Béarn and Navarre. At this point the rovers of the sea divert our attention.

Mr. Froude, in his vivid style, treats largely of one of Condé's movements which sorely vexed Philip and Alva, and gave Elizabeth of England a fine opportunity to keep at work her engines of diplomacy. He says that, "with the same curious sympathy between the Reformation and buccaneering which had shown itself in England, his fleets

were roving the ocean by the side of Hawkins and Fro-bisher."

It was, in part, the sympathy between the Protestants of France and those of Holland and England which led to this bold privateering. It was, in part, a measure of self-defence and self-sustenance. "An army is a monster that must have plenty to eat," was the frequent saying of the admiral. To shiver and starve in that corner of the world was not a Huguenot idea. Three thousand men were now dying of hunger and cold. And there was good reason for carrying the war against Philip on the sea. None else would still further avenge the outrages of that missionary Menendez. None other protest was made against the Spanish king, who had made clean work wherever he had applied the purifying agencies of the Inquisition to the extinction of Protestantism. Philip had crusaded with fire and sword, stake and dungeon, until the riddance of heresy was quite thorough in all his wide dominions, except in the Netherlands. There was "the one plague-spot in the Spanish empire," and to erase it, to make the place thereof know it no more, to break down the moral dykes which Calvinism had raised, and let in the flood of Spanish ideas—this was the work for which Philip was moving ocean and continent.

And Philip must be checked. All the rights of humanity demanded it, not to say the rights of Protestants in every country of Europe. Let him destroy the Beggars of Flanders, and the Huguenots must come next, and then the Reformed churches of all Britain must be scourged by this man who felt elected to crush freedom in the earth. Philip was supposed to be leagued with Catherine in spirit, if not in actual treaty, and she was hunting down Condé. Might he not turn upon the master who hissed on the hounds? Already in the North some troops of Huguenots were re-

sisting Alva ; those in the South hoped to cripple Philip by attacking his supply-ships. Elizabeth of England favoured the business. Condé and the admiral "got together thirty vessels, of different kinds and sizes, to scour the sea and run up the rivers, to plunder the merchant-ships and little towns upon the coasts, and not only bring in what corn they could, but take all the money likewise that they met with, and other merchandises, to relieve the distress to which they were reduced. This had so good an effect that in a few months they took many vessels and raised a sum sufficient to defray their expenses for some time."*

Nor was this all. They were heaping up expenses on Alva, who had hoped to make his war pay its own way. Portault, a sort of Huguenot commodore, was taking rich prizes and selling them in English ports. In and out of La Rochelle ran French, English and Dutch cruisers, bearing the flag of Condé, and seizing any Roman Catholic ship they came across, whatever its nation or ensign. Most of these vessels were built in British yards or manned by British subjects. "Very well," said Cecil, "they are serving Protestantism." Hawkins urged that Elizabeth should favour the business, since it was doing great good with little cost ; and, as for himself, "He looked also to please God therein, for the Spaniards were God's enemies." Sir Francis Drake is one of the greater among the names of Englishmen acting with Condé. Admiral Winter was sailing with supplies to La Rochelle. His queen sent thither corn, ammunition, large money and larger promises. The British churches raised heavy sums for Condé and Orange. The Huguenots sent back to Elizabeth, among other valuable presents, the jewels of Jeanne d'Albret, "some very musical bells," taken from monasteries or donated by some of the churches. She openly admitted Odet de Chatillon to

* Davila.

the court. She let Philip rage. She soothed Catherine by saying that perhaps she would some day marry Anjou or his next brother, and then it would be all very amiable. She declared to that same Fénelon whom Jeanne d'Albret had baffled, "I disavow all interest in Condé. If my subjects favour his privateers, it is not by my orders. . . . I have no sympathy with the Huguenots. I trust that their past defeats will be a lesson to all subjects not to take up arms against their rulers." Yet her conduct falsified her words. It is a specimen of the "wise policy" of those days. The absence of high moral principle is too apparent.*

"She pretended," Davila tells us, "that she did not violate any conditions of peace, as the Huguenots were in the service of their king, and were striving to maintain his crown against the oppressors of the royal liberty and the persecutors of the true worship of God." She was soon to have a quarrel with Alva. Certain vessels bearing roving commissions from the Prince of Condé had chased into the ports of England some merchantmen coming from Spain with supplies, in specie, for the Spanish army in the Netherlands. While the privateers hovered near, ready to pounce upon the vessels should they put out to sea, she took the money and used it as she chose. The duke was furious, and seized British ships at Antwerp. Condé received some indirect benefit from her boldness. But his own captures were so profitable that Alva rated the annual injury done to himself at three hundred thousands ducats.†

One effect of this buccaneering was to make Philip, that "Demon of the South," unwilling to send the needed reinforcements to Alva. Condé and Coligny were preventing Catherine from doing the same thing. The pope also was crippled in the same scheme. The result of their whole

* Froude, *Hist. England*, ix., ch. xvii.

† Turquet, *Historie of Spain*; Motley; Froude.

work was tremendous for human liberty. "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," continues Mr. White,* of England, "and say that our own liberties were dependent on this Huguenot movement." The English queen was greatly interested in it. She permitted Henry Champeron, a kinsman of Sir Walter Raleigh, to lead one hundred gentlemen volunteers into service under Condé. The captain was but seventeen years old. They had on their colours the motto, "Let valour decide the contest."

"My friends," the admiral would sometimes say, in the words of Themistocles, "we had perished if we had not lost all." An oath had been taken publicly to support "The Cause," as they now termed it, and a manifesto sent to the court setting forth the great demand, "the free exercise of the Reformed religion," and stating that they were in arms, not against the king, but to deliver him from the usurpers who robbed him of his royal power. The reply had already been placed on the way, in the shape of an army to take away every right and force upon them the yoke of Rome.

"I know not how it came to pass," says La Noue, "that the Catholics were not sooner aware that those whom they had driven from their neighbourhood were establishing themselves to so much greater advantage a little farther off. . . . Had these matters been looked to earlier, they might have prevented half our conquests. My opinion is, that their joy at Paris at seeing the northern provinces abandoned puffed up their hearts and made them disdain the Huguenots and despise La Rochelle, in which place they shortly expected to shut them all up."

We must now go back to the time when Catherine first

* Massacre of St. Bartholomew. London, 1868.

found that, in the attempt to seize Condé and the admiral at Noyers, she had grasped nothing but air. She had not been successful in laying hands upon any one of the great Huguenot captains—a fact which shows how extended were the lines of correspondence between them and their two eminent chieftains. We shall find some reasons to justify the course of the Huguenots at La Rochelle.

Catherine had felt herself outwitted. Her usual wiles, her deceit, her parleyings, her temptations were of no avail. She could not employ these remarkable talents. At her wits' end, and not able to strike where she wished, she fell upon the chancellor. He should be the victim. "It was you that helped the prince and the admiral to give us the slip," said she, not having a suspicion of Tavannes. "You told it all to Teligny. You betrayed the secrets of the cabinet."

"I revealed nothing," he replied; "but I confess that I was ever averse to kidnapping princes and officers in high rank."

"We understand; it was very easy for you to whisper something in your family, and as your wife, your daughter and your son-in-law are three rank Huguenots, they had nothing else to do but to give the notice."

"It was Teligny," muttered Charles. "He will yet win the admiral's daughter, whom we could never flatter and persuade to court. He is the wretch!" The royal wrath was hot against this young man.

"You need rest," said the king to the chancellor; and, to make perfect the repose, the seals of office were taken from De l'Hôpital and given to Jean Morvilliers, once the warm friend of his predecessor, but ever a warmer defender of the Guises, to whom he was under great obligations. Too honest for Catherine, he was yet too timid to maintain his own convictions of justice. He came from the ranks of the

clergy; and, "as an ecclesiastic, was not only very averse to the Huguenot faction, but had not the least connection with any of them."*

In order to check the rush of the Huguenots after the flying Condé, an edict was issued to this effect: "Peace shall be kept with all who stay quietly at their homes; pardon granted to all who do not desert the king's standards; all such shall have security for life and liberty of conscience." As that court knew little about conscience, it had no true measure of liberty.

Heedless of this device, the Huguenots still went galloping to the new headquarters of the prince. Then came the thought that the court must keep sides with the pope, "who was all the time soliciting a prohibition of the Huguenot religion." The king put forth another edict, which revealed intentions of the most desolating kind. It annulled the late treaty of peace, "which had been made only for a time." It revoked all edicts concerning religion. It forbade all worship except the Roman Catholic. It banished "all Calvinist ministers and preachers from every town and place of the realm," giving them only fifteen days to escape, or to be put to death if they dared to remain. It enjoined upon all persons the rites of the Roman Church on pain of death. It declared that no person should hold any office until he professed the faith of the pope and conformed to the papal ceremonies.† Nothing blacker in tyranny had ever come from the royal hand of France. But that hand was a mere tool used by the Italian and Lorraine advisers.

A vast assembly of people gathered in Paris to hear read this choice piece of law. It was received with shouts of exceeding joy, as Davila tells us. It was cheerfully registered by all the parliaments, which "plainly showed that

* Davila: *Biog. Universelle*.

† Davila: *Thuani Hist.*

it had ever been the intention of the king and queen to destroy the Huguenot party, but that they wished to do it without the noise of war and the peril of rending in twain the kingdom. But as all their art, patience and deceit had been in vain, they now threw off the mask and declared an implacable war against the Huguenot faction."* Charles, at least, hardly deserved these charges.

This law deprived Coligny of the office of High Admiral. It took from Andelot the command of the infantry. It took from all Protestant gentlemen, even the Prince of Condé, the government of the provinces over which they had been placed. It offered them popery as the only price of peace.

Nor was this all. Charles, instigated by fiercer minds, had something for "our very dear and beloved aunt, and the Prince of Navarre, her son, our dearly beloved brother!" He reminded them that the "favours and gifts which they have received from our crown are numberless." He did not charge them with the "most notorious treason of certain of our subjects." He could not believe that they had "taken this measure voluntarily and of their own free will." (Had not Fénelon reported her brave words and the prince's moist joke?) He proposed to take them under the broad shelter of his wing. But he must first take possession of her territories! And therefore he very expressly ordered the high court of Toulouse "to seize and retain, until our further command, all lands, towns, places, castles and lordships belonging to the said lady and queen." To effect this he gave full instructions to "our well-beloved and trusty

* Davila: *Doc. sur L'Histoire de France*. Daniel tells us: "These edicts could not fail of causing the Huguenots to revolt; but the queen, seeing no hopes of retaining them, designed by these means to engage the Catholics to her interest. . . . Condé took advantage of them to obtain the aid of the Protestant princes of Germany."

Sieur de Luxe," that man who basely knelt before Queen Jeanne to receive a craved pardon, and then knelt before Charles' agent to have St. Michael's collar put about his neck !*

In accordance with all this, the rough-riding Montluc exhorted the king's faithful lieges to imprison and slay all the Queen of Navarre's subjects in Béarn if they did not obey the King of France. Jeanne encouraged her brave men to organize and fight for their lives. And without any sort of "cousining," she took her pen and wrote to Catherine: "With tears in my eyes I solemnly assure you that we are not disloyal to the king. . . . We have come to the determination to die, every one of us, for our God and our religion if you drive us to death. Give us a free worship and we are content." Catherine made no reply.

* Olhagaray, Hist. de Navarre, etc.

CHAPTER V.

NEW FIELDS OF STRIFE.

(1569.)

SIX weeks from the day that Condé entered La Rochelle, the favourite son of Catherine, Henry of Anjou, set out for the South-west, at the head of an army of more than twenty-five thousand men—the troublesome Swiss among them. These were to meet as many thousand Huguenots—large armies for that day. The young leader went forth proud to be lieutenant-general instead of the Prince of Condé. He had Tavannes at his side. His highest orders may be understood from the following letter from the pope, who identified himself with the French royalists: “When God, as we trust, shall have given *us* the victory, it will be for you to punish, with the utmost rigour, the heretics and their leaders, because they are the common enemies of God. You must avenge upon them your own injuries.”

Anjou and Condé each wished to have the terrible work soon over, and yet nothing of moment was done. A severely cold winter* passed with only a few skirmishes. In one of these the devout Huguenot Captain Briquemaut was severely wounded. To his bedside came the admiral and Condé, and when the prince let slip a word about the time when the Protestants should *reign*, this fervent war-

* It was so cold that wine froze in the casks and was carried away in sacks. “The water in a caldron set before the fire was frozen on one side while boiling on the other!” The story, perhaps, of a soldier who never could keep even one of his own sides warm.

rior said, "Sir, it appears from your remark that ambition prompts you more than religion. If that be your aim, I quit you. Let us join for the service of God, or I shall retire." This sensitive regard to the object of defensive war was shared by vast numbers of his fellow-soldiers.

This spirit was shown by the admiral. Two officers had carelessly allowed a body of men to be routed by Brissac, whom Condé had little natural reason to love. Their conduct was such as the king would have punished with death. The prince wished to try them by court-martial. But Coligny remonstrated: "Persuasion is better than menace," said he, among other pleas. "The latter would do very well in the royal army, where the king's name has such a prodigious effect, but, as we have taken arms in the name of religion, we must act upon religious principles. These men may be persuaded to avoid their fault in future." This counsel prevailed.

Between the two armies lay "the silver-flowing Charente," of which Margaret of Navarre had often sung while promoting the gospel along its banks. Flanking it was a valley rich in the memorials of other days.* Behind some old Roman wall, or in the very camp of ancient Cæsar's troops, Huguenot and Papist lay entrenched. "It was here," the historical La Noue might say, "that the Saracens first struck their blows upon France, when they burst forth out of Spain, as mad as Philip is now, but they brought up sadly against the walls of Poitiers." And those literary warriors Montluc and Tavannes are quite as ready

* "I have been walking in the beautiful meadows which border it. . . . Though the Charente cannot compare with the Loire or the Rhone in size and depth, yet the actions which have been performed on its banks, in different ages, will render it immortal in story. . . . Near its mouth Henry III. of England fought St. Louis."—*Waxall's Tour*.

to say to each other, "The English once held the country before us. Edwin of Wales crossed the Charente, but our ancestors beat him back, routed him at Angoulême, and at La Rochelle drove him into the sea. We will do the same thing with these Huguenots."

"Do you see yonder tree?" asks some peasant, pointing out the lands near Cognac. "Under it was born Francis I." Such was the very doubtful legend. Some Genevan chaplain also looks toward Angoulême and remarks, "Yonder is 'Calvin's vineyard.' There he began to strike out the Institutes." Such were the memories. It was a region where the captains of each party felt that they must prove themselves worthy of history.

The admiral had brought Niort to terms, and marched straight to Angoulême, whose castle stood on the crest of a steep hill, and had driven the enemy from it. He had rushed down upon the village of Jasseneuil, hotly made the charge, routed the foe and captured baggage and booty worth fifty thousand crowns. This victory so alarmed the Papal party that a secretary of state wrote his fears to the court. The letter was intercepted. It ran thus: "This affair has thrown us into the deepest grief. No son of France (royal prince) has, within the memory of man, run such a risk." Anjou must have come within an inch of being seized.*

The admiral pushed on to the Charente. He was at Bassac; the prince was at Jarnac. Up the little river as far as Angoulême, and down past Cognac as far as Saintes, were posted the Huguenot forces. Looking southward, they could see the winter fires of the royalists. On a night in March, 1569, Coligny was arranging a bridge of boats to cross the river and fall upon the forces of Anjou, expecting that similar movements were in progress all along the

* Vita Colinii.

watery line. He was hard by, with his armour off, superintending the work. The bridge was almost completed. All at once a volley of shot came pouring upon his men. Down came the royal troops to force the bridge. If they should cross, the whole Huguenot army might be routed. One brave musketeer kept them at bay, firing rapidly and being himself pierced by several balls. He cried aloud as he fell, and a dozen comrades took his place on the bank. The admiral, "who had not even had time to put on his armour," ran under the fire of the enemy and with his sword cut the ropes that lashed the boats to the bank. He succeeded, but, seeing how nearly he had been taken prisoner or slain on the spot, he said, "I shall not attempt this sort of business again without a strong guard."*

Anjou moved his troops down the river upon one side; the admiral kept pace with him on the other, a running fire with small arms going on across the stream. This was a strategy on the part of the young duke which even the experienced Coligny did not suspect; for Tavannes was left at Châteauneuf to repair the old bridge. In the night Anjou suddenly crept back to it and led over his troops so slyly that the Huguenot cavalry was taken by surprise while the infantry was far distant. Coligny's orders to guard that bridge had not been obeyed. Hé rushed to the spot, but it was too late. Condé, with an arm broken by a shot in a former skirmish, was so quietly resting at Jarnac that some of his gentry could scarcely be roused speedily out of their beds.

"We have made a blunder," said Condé, over whose usually cheerful heart a cloud had been resting for some days. "It seems to me that my hour has come. But if we are in a corner, we must get out as well we can."† A

* Vita Colinii; Courtiltz; Vie de Coligny.

† Brantome; D'Aubigné; La Noue.

retreat was scarcely possible. The collision had already come. La Noue was soon a prisoner, being seized when his horse was shot down. "We could have spared any ten others," said the admiral, on hearing of the capture. He was told to look to his conscience, for he must die. An old comrade saved him, to be exchanged for a Guisard. Robert Stuart was seized, and shot very much as he had slain the aged Montmorency at St. Denis. Crime often punishes crime with wonderful exactness. It was generally thought that no Huguenot leader was to be spared.

The Prince of Condé wrought prodigies of valour when he found that a battle could not be avoided.* He began with a wound, and bore an arm in a sling. As he rode along the lines a mettlesome horse of his brother-in-law, the Count Rochefoucauld, kicked him and shattered his leg in his boot. Concealing the pain, he said, "Gentlemen, bear in mind that fiery horses do more harm than good in action. It is but a silly vanity to pique ourselves on their management, and distract the attention which ought to be given to the enemy." Then, with a wave of his sword, he cried out, "Nobles of France, know that the Prince of Condé, with his arm in his scarf and his leg broken, has yet courage to fight for Christ and for country.† Follow, when he marches to give battle." He made desperate efforts to assist Coligny. At length his horse was shot down. Helpless, and at the mercy of his enemy, he called out to a gentlemen whom he knew: "Ho! D'Argence, my friend, save my life and I will give you one hundred thousand crowns." Safety

* "When the fight began the prince was already within half a league beyond Bassac, making a retreat, and supposing that the admiral, as agreed, was following him. But that lord was obliged, against his will, to resist the van of the Catholic army, and the prince was forced to turn back, with all his cavalry."—*Daniel*.

† The motto on his banner.

was promised, as he gave up his sword. While being laid under a tree, he saw Anjou approach and said, "There is monsieur's troop; I am a dead man."

"No, my lord," replied D'Argence. "Cover your face." He had taken off his helmet. Just then galloped up Montesquieu, a captain of the duke's Swiss guard, and, learning who the prisoner was, cried, "'Sdeath! kill him! kill him!" Then, springing forward, he shot the prince in the back of the head, despite all interposition. "I hope you are satisfied," remarked the prince, and breathed his last, wrapping his cloak about him with the calm dignity of Cæsar.

Anjou has been accused of complicity in this assassination, and that by Romanists. He hated him, according to Brantome, with a hatred which none but the French language can describe.* And this out of jealousy, for "there is nothing which a great man abominates so much as another great man who is his equal, unless it be one who is not so, and yet who endeavours to raise himself to equality." That Anjou rejoiced inhumanly over the corpse is beyond a doubt. The secretary of the Duke of Montpensier—this duke was a Papal Bourbon—thus writes of Condé: "We found him laid across a donkey, and the Baron de Magnac asked me if I knew him again? But as he had one eye beaten out of his head, and was otherwise much disfigured, I knew not what to answer. When the corpse was brought in before the princes and lords and his face washed, I knew him well. They put him in a shroud, and he was carried before a man on horseback to the castle of Jarnac, where monsieur (Anjou) was to lodge. There he was exposed to all the gazing crowd of soldiers." Finally, the body was

* Qu'il haysoit à male-mort. Brantome alleges that Anjou ordered his officers "not to let the prince escape, on account of the enterprise at Monceaux."

given over to his nephew, Henry of Navarre, who had it conveyed to the family vault at Vendome.

The Duke of Anjou had begun the day, Castelnau states, "with the good custom of devotion, and received the holy sacrament with most of the officers of his army." He closed it by openly rejoicing over the barbarous murder, "although all the army looked upon this deed as a horrid piece of brutality," Daniel says, after declaring that Anjou had a share in it. A loud *Te Deum* was chanted in the churches at the duke's order. He was about to erect a chapel on the spot where Condé fell. But a nobler officer interposed, painting in lively colours the disgrace of such a monument. The project was dropped.*

That same night Anjou sent the news on its rapid way to Metz, where was his brother, the king, who received it at midnight, rose from his bed, went to the cathedral and ordered a *Te Deum*. Charles required processions of joy to be made all through the kingdom, and prayers, in which "the Virgin Mary and the saints" were not forgotten. The pope, too, was duly informed, receiving some of the captured banners and hanging them in St. Peter's, with a great marching of cardinals, the lifting up of hands and the breathing out of murderous praise. Philip and Alva gave remarkable demonstrations of joy. These were the Papal honours to the prince. These were their highest compliments to his greatness.

Pius V. advised Charles to be deaf to every cry for mercy, stifle every affection for kindred, and, in proportion to God's goodness, "to follow up and destroy the remnant

* De Thou; D'Auvigny, Vie de Condé. "I am told the Count de Jarnac has caused a monument to be erected, within these few years past, over the spot."—*Wraxall's Tour*, 1776. In 1818 a monument was raised on the field to his memory. The inscription is one of high praise.

of the enemy; to utterly extirpate all the roots, and even the offshoots, of heresy. This will be best compassed if you resolve that no respect for human things or persons shall tempt you to spare the foes of God." This was to be done as "Saul slew the Amalekites." Much more was written to the king, the queen, Lieutenant-General Anjou and the Cardinal of Lorraine.*

Better praise was rendered to him by poets, orators and historians. "Valour, constancy, wit, address, sagacity, experience, politeness, eloquence, liberality were united in him," is the testimony of De Thou. "He was worthy of a better age and a happier fate," is the note of Le Labourer. Mezeray takes up the theme, adding that "he was a great enemy of the mass. As for the rest, an excellent captain, of a humour as gentle as he was grandly brave, full of pity to the poor, loyal and sincere, a foe to all crafts and trickeries. He had that natural eloquence which marked him as the Demosthenes of princes." This writer notes his great faults. We did so while he yet lived on our pages. Now that he is dead we will not repeat them. Those weaknesses may still serve as a warning to young men. He perished in his thirty-ninth year, so beloved that the battlesongs of Dreux and Jarnac bore this refrain :

"God keep from harm the little man."

Brantome charged the prince with having issued a coin bearing the name of "Louis XIII., King of France," and thus usurping royal power. In 1567 it was laid before the king's council. If they thought it genuine, why did they not make a noise about it and mention it in their edicts?

* Mendham, *Life of Pius V.* On one of the medals struck at Rome in commemoration of the victory the pope and cardinals are represented kneeling and receiving an answer from heaven to their prayers.

If it was the work of the Prince of Condé, De l'Hôpital would never have declared that "not one of the acts of his party tended to throw off the royal authority;" nor would the Queen of Navarre have kept silence. The probable rights of her son would have led her to denounce it. "The coin still exists," says Lacratelle. "But it is most probable that the court itself fabricated it to render the prince odious to the royalists." Such has been the general verdict of historians.*

As a specimen of the holiday of joy over the victory, we take that kept at Provins. The shops were closed, the houses decorated, clergy and laity marched with relics and banners to the convent of the Jacobins. There a vast crowd listened to the Lent preacher as he entered quite largely upon politics. Gesturing as if he were cutting right and left in battle, he thundered forth such monkish eloquence as follows: "The prince's death is a divine judgment upon himself. He was 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 forsworn, guilty of treason against God and the king, a profaner of temples, a breaker of images, a destroyer of the peace, a betrayer of his country and a renegade Frenchman." Rhetoric run mad often runs out. Such oratory was not rare against the living Huguenots.

In itself, the repulse at Jarnac was not so disastrous as it first appeared. Condé's value rested greatly in his princely rank, and there was a prince coming to take his place. Coligny had lost but about four hundred men. The scattered regiments were soon collected. Anjou was too elated to closely pursue him. "Let us push forward into Poitou and milk the Huguenot cow," was the advice of Tavannes.

* Brantome, *Hommes Illustres*; Lacratelle, *Guerres de Religion*; De Thou.

But Anjou thought it wiser to strike at La Rochelle, the base of operations. And he might, doubtless, have captured it by a bold movement. Yet he lingered on the Charente. This favoured Coligny. Raleigh declared that the loss of Condé was "rather an advancement than a hindrance to the Huguenot affairs, on account of his overconfidence in his own courage." Yet the effect upon his bereaved army was sadly great.

Once more Coligny had saved the Huguenot army by a retirement from the field.* In the castle of St. Jean d'Angely he and his brother Andelot were almost overpowered with grief at the loss of the great leader. The blood of Condé had almost quenched the true spirit of the entire soldiery. They mourned with frantic lamentations. They were desperate to enact some revengeful tragedy. They were unwilling, for a few dreary days, to obey their superiors. Disorders arose. Discipline was defied. Even the nobles sought to out-rival and out-rank Coligny. They blamed him for having allowed the army to be surprised at daylight and for quitting the field at dusk.† Coligny sent for the Queen of Navarre. She might rekindle their patriotism. Men who honoured the nobility of birth were ever ready to give heed to rank and royalty. It was his design to place the chief command upon young Henry of Navarre and his cousin, the young Henry Bourbon. Jeanne and the young princes were to meet the army at Cognac.

Queen Jeanne was already on the way. She had shed tears over the tidings from Jarnac. She had prepared the two young princes—her son and her nephew—for the ride. And as they made speed from La Rochelle, she felt a pride

* "The death of Condé would have been a mortal blow to the Calvinist party, had not the admiral been strongly qualified for an after-game, and never confounded with the greatest misfortunes."—*Daniel*.

† Davila; De Thou.

in these two Henriés—young Navarre sixteen, young Condé a year older; the one a lively, generous spirit, intent upon the life of a warrior, a reader of Cæsar's wars when he was a child, and quite similar to his uncle, Louis de Condé—the other grave, sometimes gloomy, serious, reserved, severely virtuous, fearless as his father, devoted to religion and duty, and quite like his great-uncle Coligny, whom Perefice declares was, without a doubt, *le plus grand homme* of that age.* It is not unlikely that the Queen of Navarre observed these correspondences running crosswise from the two chieftains into the two princes, and looked upon them as the successors of Condé and Coligny.

It was a striking scene as Jeanne appeared before the whole army, ordered out by the admiral to give her a reception, with trailing banners and the escutcheon of Condé draped in mourning. They had waited in gloomy silence. Their sunken looks told of dissatisfaction, worse than grief. They were sullen, ripe for revolt. But the queen's troop came in sight. Beside her rode the young Condé, pale with emotion. At her other hand rode young Navarre, with the French fleur-de-lys upon his shield. And then the soldier forgot his moroseness. Shouts of welcome ran along the line as the princes passed. Jeanne understood the soldier's nature. She first won his admiration. She started the reacting wave on that troubled sea, and then halted where all could see and hear her. Sustained by that high heart and resolute spirit, says De Thou, she thus spoke:

“Children of God and of France! Condé is no more! That prince, who oft-times set you the example of courage, always ready to combat for his king, his country and his faith, who never took up arms except to defend himself against implacable enemies, and whom his foes were constrained to reverence, has sacrificed his life for the noblest

* Perefice, Hist. de Henri IV.; Davila.

of causes. His enemies have deprived him of his life by a deed of cowardly perfidy. What say I? Have they not added insult to his cold remains? Oh how have they not augmented his renown by this base outrage, and defiled for ever the laurels culled on the fatal field of Jarnac!

“Soldiers, you weep! Does the memory of Condé demand nothing but tears? Let us unite and summon back our courage to defend the cause that can never perish. Because Condé is dead is all lost? Does our cause cease to be just and holy? No! God has raised us up brothers-in-arms worthy to succeed him and to fight for our religion—Coligny, Rochefoucauld, La Noue, Rohan, Andelot, Montgomery! To these brave warriors I add my son. Make proof of his valour. The blood of Bourbon and of Valois runs in his veins. . . .

“Behold also Condé’s son, now become my child. In him his father lives. I offer you all I have; my dominions, my treasures, my life, and, what are dearer than life, my children. I here make solemn oath to defend unto my last sigh the holy cause of honour and of truth.”

“Lead us to the field!” cried the soldiers, as they gathered about the queen. “Hail to Prince Henry of Navarre! He shall be our chief!” they shouted, as they saw him mingling in their ranks. His mother assented; Coligny rejoiced to see the election so easily gained, and Henry exclaimed, “Soldiers, your cause is mine; mine is yours. I here swear never to abandon you.” It was proclaimed that Henry should be formally the Protector of the Huguenots under the guidance of Coligny, who was to bear the title of lieutenant-general.

“I take the same oath,” said Henry of Condé. The nobles and soldiers swore loyalty and obedience. “Thus,” says the historian, “Queen Jeanne, by her heroism, dissipated the gloom of our warriors, so that the army, after

hearty cheering and a great salvo of artillery, dispersed, every man retiring contented to his quarters.”*

“The responsibility and management of the whole war, however, were committed to the admiral, as the person of most influence among the Reformed. This was granted by all the influential Protestants, including the infantry and cavalry officers. Coligny’s influence was the result not only of his great military experience, his sense of justice and his moderation, but of his having been the first of the grandees of the kingdom who had openly professed the Reformed faith. [Andelot was first in reality.] He had reformed his own family according to its principles. He had dared to advocate the claims of the Reformed churches when the king was in the hands of the host of the Guise faction. He had presented the first example of godliness to the nobility of France when that body was sunk in vice and immorality. Moreover, it was remembered to his praise that ever since his first profession of their religion he had never given the Reformed churches the slightest occasion of scandal. . . . He had ever been loyal, never willing to take up arms except for the real good of the king and people. It was not by his advice that so many good families had been despoiled of their property, so many rich and beautiful towns sacked, so many princes, noblemen and excellent officers slain, and so many flourishing churches destroyed.” † These reasons were as creditable to the Huguenots as to Coligny.

Adversities came not singly. Andelot had never carried a strong, hardy frame into the Huguenot wars. It was his enthusiastic spirit that supported him. Rough campaigning often threw him into agues and fevers. Shortly after the day of Jarnac he rode into Poitou to recruit his infantry. Worn by exposures, he retired to Saintes, and there died so

* La Noue.

† Vita Colinii.

suddenly that some thought he had been poisoned. The suspicion was strengthened by the remark of the Italian Birague, keeper of the seals, "that the war would never be ended by arms alone; it might more easily be closed by cooks." But the proofs of the charge are wanting. His death was a severe blow to the admiral, who often called him "my right hand." Coligny thus wrote to his own and the children of Andelot, now at Rochelle:*

"Albeit, I doubt not that my brother's death has much afflicted you, I have not the less thought it right to tell you that you are fortunate in being son or nephew to so eminent a person, and to one who, I dare assure you, has been a most faithful servant of God, as well as an excellent and renowned military officer. These are qualities which you ought ever to bear in mind and keep in view, as examples to be imitated to the best of your ability. And to this I may truly add that no man in France excelled him in the profession of arms; nor do I doubt that foreigners would say the same thing, especially those who had proofs of his soldiership. Now it was not by idle pretences, nor by sloth, that he gained this high reputation, but by the laborious efforts he put forth in behalf of his country. And, assuredly, I never knew a man that was more just to other men or more a lover of godliness.

"I am aware that it would ill become me to proclaim his praises to strangers, but to you I present them with the less reserve, in order that you may be incited thereby to the imitation of such virtues. Those virtues I propose to myself as an example, most humbly beseeching God and our

* *Vita Colinii.* The author says: "I think it not amiss to give his letter, of which I possess the original, word for word, as it came from his pen." It is all given above. Andelot had buried Claude de Rieux in 1563. The next year he had married Anne de Salm, a countess. He left five children, who rose to a considerable distinction.

Saviour that I may depart this life no less piously and happily than I saw him do. And in proportion as I mourn his loss with a most poignant sorrow, would I call upon you to temper my grief, by letting me see those virtues of his lighted up afresh and reviving in you. Therefore let me see you devote yourselves with all your hearts to religion and godliness, and, while you are young, engage in the study of such learning as may assist you in the way of piety.

“While I would in no wise oppose your preceptors allowing you certain hours for you to leave your books and amuse yourselves, be ever on your guard while at your play lest you should do or say something that may offend God. Above all things, honour your teacher (*magister*), and obey him as you would obey me; for I feel sure that he will teach you nothing, or give you no counsels, but what will promote your interest and honour. As for the rest, if you love me, or rather if you have any regard for yourselves, be careful so to act that I may always have pleasant news of you, and that you may grow in godliness and virtue as you advance in years and grow in body. May God bless you and keep you in his protection, and preserve you by his spirit, for ever. At Xaintes, this 18th day of May, 1569. CHATILLON.”

Admirable letter! worthy of both subject and writer. Coligny had a great heart. It is surely notable that every child of his mother had proved so devout to God. The current of his thoughts showed that he felt an absolute dependence upon the aids of heavenly power. He felt that “the ordering of the Church of God hangs not on man’s counsels,” nor did the success of “their Christian army depend on the valour of its chiefs.” Often did he exclaim to his friends, “Oh, how happy is Andelot in

having finished his course with so much godliness and felicity!"*

Strangely enough, both parties in France were appealing for aid to the Netherlands—the one to the persecutor, the other to the persecuted. Castelnau tells, with admirable honesty and artlessness, that he was sent, four days after Anjou's *Te Deum*, into Flanders to get assistance. He was to use this argument: "It has become the common interest of both the Spanish and French crowns to join in the destruction of the Huguenots, who have grown as rebellious in the Low Countries as they are in France."† He used it well. "I found the Duke of Alva much readier to grant me supplies than he was before the battle of St. Denis, being now more exasperated against the Huguenots of France, for after the late peace they assisted the Prince of Orange." This was true. Andelot had dealt Alva some blows by land and Condé had struck hard upon his ships at sea.

"In ten days you shall have nearly five thousand men," replied Alva, making very many protestations of his great desire to serve the King of France on all occasions. "Just bear my advice to him. It is this: Never make peace with rebels, much less with Huguenots. Serve their leaders as I have served the Counts of Egmont and Horn. I drew them to me when I first entered Flanders. I caressed them, and then cut off their detestable heads. No matter about their being eminent, and their having served Spain well in other days, nor their having noble families. It was Egmont that won St. Quentin, I believe, from Coligny. Now serve Coligny with an axe, and all will be well."‡

The duke added "a long harangue of his own exploits

* *Vita Colinii*. The Papists joined in praising Andelot as a man "without reproach," "the most zealous of Calvinists," etc.

† *Mém. de Castelnau*.

‡ *Ibid*.

and victory over the Beggars at Embden, with a thousand other vain bravadoes that are peculiar to his nation," writes Castelnau, "and which would be too tedious to recount in these *Mémoires*." The French diplomatist was in haste, for there were other forces going to the south-west which he wished to repel.

If the sympathy of a great man could give any relief to Coligny, he had it in William of Orange when these blows were falling upon him. These two men, so much alike in their silent natures, their prudent minds, their experiences in defeat, their superiority to despair, their advance of the age in civil and religious liberty, their adoption of Calvinism in adversity, their motives in resorting to arms as their last hope, their lives, their deaths and their undying renown, were to meet together in an obscure corner of the world and impart wisdom to each other.

The motto of William of Orange was *pro lege, rege, grege*—"for law, king and people." For these he had fought in the Netherlands, where Coligny had wished to join him. At the very time of the wondrous march from Noyers to the sea, William was sending forth his appeal for the "*Geux*" to defend their evangelical religion and expel the Spaniards for ever from the country. The Duke of Alva had thrown France into civil war, and he was doing his utmost to rid the Netherlands of heresy. William's appeal was headed with Solomon's words: "The hope of the righteous shall be gladness: but the expectation of the wicked shall perish. The way of the Lord is strength to the upright: but destruction shall be to the workers of iniquity. The righteous shall never be removed: but the wicked shall not inhabit the earth." These divine laws could hold good only when their privileges were claimed in God's holy way. It was to be proved by Orange, as it had been by Zwingli and Condé—that *war is not the true remedy for persecution*.

The sad story is too great for our space. William experienced the disasters of Coligny; even worse, for he had no Chatillon for his retirement, no Catherine to invite him back to court, no array of nobles to pay their honours to him. He must flee the country, after such a peace as highwaymen make with their victim. "I'll go to the rescue of the Huguenots," said he to some French officers who had urged him to enlist under the banner of Condé and Coligny. The Huguenots had begun to look upon him as their ally, and upon his brother Louis as their chieftain, should the admiral be taken away. Orange proposed it to the Protestant Germans whom he had enlisted.

"No," they answered, rudely. "We engaged to fight the Duke of Alva. We shall not make war against Charles IX." Orange sought troops in other quarters. The French king heard of the movement. "It cannot be tolerated," was his message, "that a large and puissant army should thus enter France. Declare your intentions. If you simply wish to pass amicably through the Rhine provinces, I will give you a passport under my seal."

Orange replied: "My intention is not evil. It is to serve your majesty, so far as I can with a clear conscience. As to violent measures, what can I do against so powerful a king—I, a mere petty prince? But since true religion is a great and general affair, far greater than any private concerns; and since your majesty has, by the edict of last September, attempted to force the consciences of all true Christians; and since it has been determined to exterminate the pure word of God and the exercise thereof, and to permit no other religion than the Roman Catholic, therefore I can put no faith in the assertions of his majesty that it was not his intention to force any one's conscience. . . . I express my sympathy for oppressed Christians everywhere. I will give them all the aid, comfort, counsel and assistance in my

power. I wish to preserve both the king and his subjects from extreme ruin." * . . .

Amid perils on every side, chased by Alva, resisted by Marshal Cossé, the noble-hearted prince led his army to Strasburg, pawned equipage, plate, furniture and all to pay them, and then disbanded his soldiers. Still he was their debtor. "If I return alive from France, and then cannot pay you in full, take me as a hostage for the wages." Dark at that hour was the prospect of liberty in the Netherlands. Only Heaven could rear the republic.

Poor but not faithless, cast down but not destroyed, a wanderer but not abandoned, the Prince of Orange adopted "*The Cause*" in France with all his heart. He could there fight for religion and "the Beggars" against Alva, Philip and the pope. His brother Henry, eighteen years of age, left the university to join him. Another brother, Louis of Nassau, under the ban of Alva, came with his few followers, after losing seven thousand men in a terrific battle, and swimming naked across the Ems, shouting, "My courage, thank God, is as fresh and lively as ever." The company was soon swelled to twelve hundred chivalrous horsemen. At this point Wolfgang, Duke of Deux-Ponts, with his twelve thousand Bavarians, asked Orange to take the chief command and lead them on the great march. Then began what La Noue calls "the memorable passage of the Duke of Deux-Ponts from the banks of the Rhine into Aquitaine. I have often heard the Prince of Orange express his astonishment how the difficult march was accomplished without the Catholics being able to make a stand against him. For the enemy held the towns, the fords of the rivers, the bridges and the whole country. . . . And the Protestants had im-

* Motley, Dutch Republic. "This eloquent letter," says the historian, "was never before published."

mense baggage, but neither artillery nor military stores for the attack of fortified places."

"It is quite impossible," was the frequent remark of Coligny to his private friends. "For we cannot help them when Monsieur's army is before us. The web will not unravel for our benefit."*

But the good news came: "Orange is on the way; La Charité is taken; the Loire is crossed." This was not far from the fords where Coligny had sung deliverance on the flight from Noyers. The Protestants had been only driven on the faster by the troops which Castelnau was engineering through the woods.

"Behold what may be done by diligence and a firm resolution!" said the admiral. "I will risk everything to meet them."† It was a bold undertaking, and it might not have succeeded had there not been one unknown but favouring circumstance.

Queen Catherine was troubled for her own army. The little Duke of Anjou was not managing things smoothly. He had overrun Saintonge, Angoumois, Béarn, Navarre and Limousin. But the court was not satisfied. The officers of the army grew mutinous. They were clamorous for their pay. Some threw up their commissions. Many soldiers were deserting. More than half of the army had melted away for want of money. This could not be helped by the king and cabinet, "who were prodigiously surprised how the Huguenots contrived to meet expenses."‡

"We must have peace," said Catherine, starting off for Anjou's headquarters with the paper of which to make it. She simply meant to parley and pacify until the revenues came in from the clergy, according to the scheme of the pope. Her arts might have succeeded, perhaps, with the Queen of Navarre, who saw her little realm wasting away

* La Noue.

† Ibid.

‡ Castelnau.

under the blighting tread of Montluc. But Coligny pressed on, keeping Anjou shut up in the towns along the Charente. Not far from Limoges he met the forces of Orange. But Deux-Ponts was dying of a quartan ague. Wolrad Mansfield took his place. The two armies were joined at St. Yvriér. Thither went Queen Jeanne, electrifying the soldiers by a speech, and displaying her usual enthusiasm. She spoke, says Father Daniel, "not like a woman dismayed with a sense of danger, but like a heroine, and she revived the courage of some who thought of retreating."

She believed in solemn covenants. She had the articles of confederation renewed between the German Protestants and the Huguenots. To commemorate the alliance, she issued a gold medal bearing her image on one side and that of her son on the other, with the inscription, *Pax certa, victoria integra, mors honesta*—"A lasting peace, a complete victory (or) an honourable death." This medal was given to every French and foreign officer, to be worn about his neck as the sign of his pledges. Less valuable medals were distributed to the soldiers, who kissed the hand of the queen and resolved to be valiant. Coligny saw the value of little things.* "There is not a doubt," remarks the first biographer of Coligny, "that had the admiral collected all his forces and marched at once into the heart of France and upon Paris, many cities would have opened their gates to him."†

Brantome was now on his estates—a town bearing his name and situated near Limoges—and he tells us that "he had the honour to entertain the princes and gentlemen of this army," under Orange. "I had them all in my château, great and small, the cleverest fellows in the world. No injury was done to my house, not a single image destroyed in the church, not even a pane of glass broken.

* Castelnau; La Noue.

† Vita Colinii.

If the mass had been there herself, they would not have hurt her in the least little manner—out of regard for me; and certainly I treated them with very good cheer. It was there I saw the foreign princes, and talked long with the Prince of Orange in a walk of my garden. In my opinion, he was a very great personage, speaking well upon all things. He had fine manners and a very fine physique. Count Louis, his brother, was smaller. The prince was sad, and showed by his countenance that he was under a reverse of fortune. Count Louis was thought more bold and daring than the prince. But the prince was more prudent, more grave and meditative, for the Emperor Charles V. had reared him, and he was well nurtured.”*

Among the exploits of this reinforced army of twenty-five thousand men, all in high health and spirits, was the attack upon the fortress in which Anjou was shut up, with his mother to aid him. The admiral gave young Henry of Navarre an opportunity to signalize his valour. The charge was irresistible. The royalists barely escaped, leaving a large number to be taken or slain. So often had the Huguenots been unsuccessful, that they acted with desperation and stained their victory with needless cruelties. Little quarter was given, especially to the troops sent by the pope. Afterward the Romanists made barbarous reprisals for these losses, when crying “Remember La Roche-Abielle” and rushing to the carnage. The only good result was that it gave Coligny some respect among the royalists, for it terrified them.†

* Brantome, *Hommes Illustres*.

† La Noue; Davila.

CHAPTER VI.

WOES IN THE SOUTH.

(1569.)

THE history of Southern France would be that of Christianity in almost all its periods and phases—the Greek, the Roman, the Albigensian and the Reformed. It would reach back to Irenæus and the early churches of Lyons and Toulouse. No region has a more wonderful history; none had a more vigorous people, clamorous for independence. When Protestantism was quite driven out of the North, it showed its quenchless spirit in the southern provinces; and there it is most powerful to this day. The Loire divided the realm, in religion, law and the love of liberty. The traveller still sees the difference. Michelet leaves many a brilliant touch on his pages when describing the southern cities and districts—the serious Orleans, the city of legists in the Middle Ages, afterward Calvinistic, then Jansenist—Poitou in the sixteenth century is the centre of Calvinism, recruits the armies of Coligny and attempts to form a Protestant republic (?)—La Rochelle for a moment thought to become an Amsterdam, of which Coligny would have been the William of Orange—Saumur reposes on the murmuring Loire and becomes the little kingdom of Duplessis-Mornay and the Calvinist preachers—and Nismes, whose history is but that of the battles of raging bulls. This third civil war marks out a new map for Huguenotism. It is dotted full of churches under

Henry IV., but the sad erasure comes in the time of the dragonnades.

The heart of Coligny was pained when he thought of the wretched state of his country. What desolations! Even his own captains were sometimes wild in their revenges upon the Papal troops. Montgomery repaid Mouluc in his own coin. Protestantism was now almost crushed in Navarre. To this valiant Scot, Jeanne had said, "Go, deliver Béarn. Smite the traitors who have yielded it up to the Papists and to our foes, but pardon my misguided people." He swore to win back her dominions or perish. He set out to recover many of the towns in his sweeping way.* Every march was perilous, but as he pushed on his small force increased. To his standards hurried the scattered soldiers. The peasantry, dispirited but loyal, supplied the provisions. He swept through a country swarming with hostile armies, touching at Montauban, barely escaping capture at Castres, storming the town of Bigorre, bringing Mouluc to his wits' end, outdoing all the manœuvres of Tavannes, and causing historians to wonder how he could have eluded the grasp of the many skillful generals of King Charles.

Within the walls of Navarreins four hundred Protestants were shut up for a month, and about to perish. The besiegers had no mercy. Montgomery, with his little band, dashed upon their army of twelve thousand papists, and victory went with him. The starving townsmen looked over the walls on an August morning, and there was no enemy at hand. Montgomery rested an hour in the town, and joined with his men in a religious service. Then he started for Orthez, whither the General Terride had just fled, and where were gathered some of those very barons whom Queen Jeanne had pardoned, with their vassals and

* These campaigns are described at length by De Thou, Mezeray, etc.

with most of the forces which King Charles had sent into Béarn. To attack such a stronghold and such a powerful force was desperation itself.

But there were Jeanne's Protestant college, people and church, under the care of the mighty preacher Peter Viret, and they must be rescued. The banners of Montgomery were soon seen from the walls. "Let everybody arm—priests, friars and all," was the order of Terride. The troops in the place were like bees in a hive. But the valiant son of a Scotsman was bent upon having the honey. He advanced under a stinging fire from the foe. La Force and Gourdon fell upon the outposts. Montelar fired the surrounding country, already thick with fugitives hastening into the mountains. The soldiers of Montgomery climbed the walls, using the hayracks of their horses for scaling ladders. They entered the town. They threw off all restraint and all humanity. Horrible was the carnage. Neither age nor sex, prayer nor promise, was regarded. Many of the people threw themselves into the river Gave to escape a worse death. Many perished in the burning convents and monasteries, which Jeanne had kindly and properly tolerated. Every arrested priest who had arms in his hands was flung into the river, his hands and feet bound. There was one exception, and, as he fled over the hills, he could look back on blazing churches and demolished walls.*

* D'Aubigné, *Hist. Universelle*; *Comm. de Montluc*. "This place (Orthez) is a city and a bishopric, but the meanest, I believe, in France. The cathedral is a wretched edifice, very barbarous, very ancient and very ruinous. . . . The remains of the castle are very noble. Its situation is fine, commanding the town of Orthez and a great extent of country. The people call it 'Le Château de la Reine Jeanne.' She preferred it to Pau." Little wonder that a tourist could thus write more than a century after the sack of the town.—*Wrazall's Tour*, 1776.

The rebel barons took refuge in the castle, but had no provisions, nor much artillery; only a grand outlook upon the fine country of grapes and the advancing avengers, whose bombs were the fiery salutations. These traitors had their own cannons turned upon themselves. They held out, with surprising valour, until the flames were almost lashing their ears. Their hearts sank within them as every shot and tongue of fire told their doom. Then they remembered the gracious queen whose pardons they had sold for a smile from Charles IX. They ran up the flag of truce. But Montgomery was not disposed to heed it. The brother of Terride got in the dust before the stern warrior, who was at work for a defied queen. The prayer was not regarded at first. Articles of surrender were drawn and accepted. Among them were these: "First, the release of all Protestant ministers captured during the war and the restoration of their property. Secondly, that Terride remain a prisoner until he had paid a ransom of eight hundred gold crowns or was exchanged for the brother of Montgomery, then in French hands." The third condition gave other rebels a similar privilege. The soldiers were to be forgiven and sent to their homes. But did Montgomery utterly violate the third article?

One stronghold was still unsubdued. It was Pau,* the capital of Béarn. It was held by Navailles, the cruel, perfidious governor who had become the scourge of all classes of the queen's subjects. The whole region was in terror of his sword. Catholic and Protestant suffered alike as the victims of his rapacious tyranny. He had fixed a day for

* At this point Wraxall went into a historical rhapsody: "It stands on one of the most romantic and singular spots I ever saw. Below runs the Gave, pouring down from the Pyrenées." It was the ancient home of the D'Albrets. Its castle is full of memorials of Jeanne and Henry IV.

the execution of four eminent statesmen who had dared to be loyal to their queen. It came. The condemned only waited for the axe; then they expected to leap into eternity. But on that very day came Montemar, and then Montgomery and liberty. The governor refused to surrender. He disguised himself and fled. He was swiftly pursued. Crouching under a bridge over the Gave, that river already red with the blood of rebels, he was found and shot, but whether from private revenge or by Montgomery's order has not been ascertained.

When the citizens of Pau discovered the flight of their governor, they did not wait for the entrance of the besiegers. They rose to arms. With loud shouts for their queen they fell upon the garrison placed over them by the rebel barons. They hauled down the white flag of France and raised that of Albret with tremendous cheers. They opened the gates to Montgomery, whose soldiers were treated with generosity, and with a sermon from Peter Viret, on the words, "Praised be the Lord, who hath not given us over for a prey to our enemies; for they had swallowed us up, when they were so wrathfully displeased with us."*

"Pardon my misguided people," was the queen's order. On the last word Montgomery laid stress. He did show mercy to the people. He pardoned all rebels who renewed their oath of allegiance, the chief barons excepted. He did this in the face of the council, who were with him, for they confiscated the property of the offenders. Two sharers in the tyranny of Navailles were hanged, one of them being a canon of Pau.

But there was that other order: "Smite the guilty nobles, whom no past clemency has been able to subdue." Terride was provided for; he seemed to be already dying of grief at his defeat. But what of his six comrades who surren-

* Psalm cxxiv., old French version.

dered at Orthez? They hoped to be released by ransom and exchange. It was so named in the articles of surrender. They were now in the strong castle of Navarreins, deep in the dungeons. In that castle they had conspired against the life of their queen. There they had plotted with Philip, the pope and Montluc to seize and throw her into the Inquisition of Spain. There they had made a jest of the pardon from their sovereign. "The agreement at Orthez must be annulled, and the old code of the queen restored," said the council. "Those traitors must die."

"I protest," replied Montgomery. "We have promised them safety and life."*

"They cannot be trusted," was the answer of the council, clamorous for their execution. "In the present state of the country they would only revolt again, and renew the woes, civil and religious, from which we have delivered the people."

"Keep them in prison until we can hear from the queen," still urged her lieutenant. The council replied: "This would do if we could remain to guard them. But we must be on the wing, or the royalists will throw more forces into Béarn. To take them with us is to give them a fair chance to escape."

At length Montgomery yielded. He had a secret conviction that the promise of life to these six barons was an error. The council would not wait for the decision of the queen. Seven days after their surrender—in which there was no generosity on their part, for it was yield or die—these six barons were led forth from their prison, the guilt of treason on their faces, and drawn up before a company

* The treaty ran, "n'auront mal déplaisér, mais la vie sauve." Montgomery has been charged with the base crime of perfidy in this matter, which historians have treated at such length. We are interested in the truth of the case.

of soldiers. The word was given. The shots were fired. They fell dead upon the spot.*

It was upon the St. Bartholomew's day. The legend is, that when King Charles heard of it, he exclaimed, with an oath, "I will cause a second St. Bartholomew in expiation of the first."

We have thus admitted that the Huguenots sometimes wreaked a terrible vengeance upon their enemies. More, we have stated fully one of the most striking instances. It might be offset with similar deeds on the other side. We might quote from the records of cruelty written by the very hand that inflicted them. Montluc is a witness against himself. But two wrongs do not make a right. Retaliation moved the rough Scotsman. Yet that is not a gospel law. Was ever the gospel fully applied in war? Still, some allowance must be made for men who were shut up to the choice of destroying or being destroyed. There are points of difference between the two parties. One is, that such men as Montluc wrought utter desolation chiefly in the name of religion, with a Pius and a Philip to make extermination the rule of their violence. Montgomery did not sack and burn Orthez, nor shoot down the six barons, in the name of religion. It was in the name of the crown of Navarre. A second is, that the one was an invader, the other a defender of Béarn. Orthez was not properly in France. The six barons were the worst of rebels and conspirators. A third is, that Montluc committed most of his

* Mezeray, who charges Montgomery with an act of perfidy, adds that "he had more regard for the queen's order to treat them as traitors than for his own honour and faith." Miss Freer has cleared up the subject in her *Life of Jeanne d'Albret*. The queen in 1571 wrote to Viscount Gourdon, about his cousin Terride, still in prison: "Out of regard for you, he alone of all the said prisoners was not condemned to death; for which thing, I pray you make the said Terride grateful and peacefully disposed."

enormities upon the innocent, the defenceless—women, children, peasants in their cottages, Protestants at their worship and travellers on the highway. Montgomery seems not to have committed such deeds. The “only stain resting upon his renown”* is that of the ashes of Orthez and the blood of the six barons. And here he was falling upon the very guiltiest of traitors. When did he—when did any true Huguenot leader—ravage and riot, banish and burn, and, for the sake of glutting revenge, make the harmless his prey? What certain communities did is another question. A fourth is, that such men as Montluc were encouraged to work desolation by the high powers of France, Spain and Rome. Where is the protest uttered in that age by a Roman Catholic voice? The historians who condemn him belong to a later day. Such men as Montgomery were constantly checked. Coligny disapproved of excessive retaliation. Protestants have denounced his conduct at Orthez. It is a relief to have a late writer lessen the reproach upon his name.

The exploits of Montgomery seem almost fabulous. He had left La Rochelle the last of June, traversed one hundred and fifty leagues of dangerous country, entered Béarn the first days of August, and in a fortnight restored it to its rightful sovereign. The fierce Montluc, in his Commentaries, written after the fashion of Cæsar, says: “The victories of Montgomery procured for Queen Jeanne that consideration which, later, neither treaties nor supplication could have extorted from Charles IX.” He was a competent witness, for Charles had sent him to make her kingdom an utter desolation. The effect upon the Protestant cause under Coligny was tremendous. It threw confusion into the royal army, so that the orders of one day were often cancelled by those of the next. Charles and Anjou were

* Miss Freer. Perhaps the word is too strong.

half the time quarrelling about what their men should do, and thus they did nothing. It left Coligny more free to strike into Poitou and to bring reinforcements from the Rhine. Daniel asserts that "it was the preservation of the Huguenot army."

But Montgomery had not yet made clean work in Lower Navarre. Some of the barons who fled affrighted from Orthez, gathered at Tarbes and raised the standard of defiance among a people who had agreed to maintain the Reformed worship. The ringleader De Luxe joined them, with his collar of St. Michael upon his neck. Montluc fanned the flame of revolt. He dashed upon the town of Rabesteins and put to death every person of the garrison. He received a wound in the face, which so sadly disfigured him that he ever after wore a velvet mask. And here we may anticipate the defeat of the Huguenots at Moncontour in October; an event which made the rebel barons more bold. A plan was formed to rush up and take La Rochelle. De Luxe began to dream that he was a mighty man. Montgomery sent from Béarn a captain of his own style, Montamar, to humble the pride of the rebels. He gave the citizens of Tarbes one summons to yield to the queen's forces. They rejected it with contempt. They next had reason to think of the horrors of earthquakes and hurricanes. The town, which had been so enriched by the pillages in Béarn, was assaulted and burned to the ground. De Luxe escaped, crossed the Pyrenées and took refuge in Spain. He was never again to enter Béarn. His estates were confiscated, his castles burned, his lands ravaged, and all the entreaties of Catherine de Medici could never secure for him a second pardon.

Queen Jeanne thus saw her realm restored. Not that it was freed from war. But she had room for the work which most engaged her spirit. She taught the monks and prel-

ates the penalty of sowing discord and fomenting rebellion. She did not persecute for religious opinions, separate from rebellion. Not one record appears of an execution for "heresy."* She punished treason, whether in Romanist or Protestant—if there was a Protestant traitor. She increased the means for printing and circulating the Scriptures and for supporting ministers and erecting churches. The Béarnois almost unanimously embraced the Reform. Jeanne might look with satisfaction, in an age of the harshest persecution, on the fact that her work was unstained at least by bloodshed on account of religious difference. It was some credit to be forbearing in an age maddened by hatred and disturbed by civil war.†

Meanwhile Coligny, reinforced, fortified, stronger and more victorious, thought how sad were the results of putting France to the loss of her own sons and to the mercy of foreign troops. He wrote to the king and to Catherine to this effect: "It is strange that, to please certain enemies of mine who are at court, you should wish to ruin France. In my army are fourteen thousand foreigners. Anjou has no less in his. These people are eating up this fine country, when they might be dismissed in a quarter of an hour. If I aimed at the crown, or even at an office of State, I should not be surprised at your risking so much. But there is nothing of this sort. We simply ask liberty of conscience according to your past edicts and the word of God. It is easy to have peace on these terms. But if these foreigners remain, what if they should become our masters? Your interests are more at stake than mine."‡ The court foreigners were the worst.

* "Not he is the heretic who *burns* in the fire, but he who *makes* it."—*Mrs. Browning*.

† Freer; Colquhoun.

‡ *Vita Colinii*; Ponneraye, *Histoire de Coligny*; *Mém. de Castelnau*. Other letters were written, but without effect.

“You will never hear of that letter,” thought William the Silent; “keep your privateers active in Spanish waters, and Philip may advise your queen to sue for peace.”

“It is rough work; it troubles my conscience,” said Coligny. “If a good discipline could be effected on the ships, it might be a justifiable mode of warfare against our common enemy.”

“Why cannot it be done?” inquired Orange. The two chiefs had many conversations on this subject. William resolved to adopt Coligny’s rules of discipline in his future army and navy. “The Beggars of the Sea” were to be under the rules of war. Every commander was to have a minister of the Word on his ship and to preserve Christian piety among the crew. These rules were to prove of great importance to Orange. His stay was short in France. He was called back to the Netherlands early in autumn. How was he to cross France? He put on the disguise of a peasant, took five attendants, and at great peril crossed the enemy’s lines and appeared in Germany before the winter.*

The only reply of the king to Coligny’s letter was that he “would hear nothing until the Huguenots laid down their arms and returned to their obedience.” Coligny answered, “Having done our part to avert the dangers which threaten the State, we must now, more than ever, seek our defence.” His plan was to rid Poitou of the enemy, strike the Loire, take Saumur and Nantes, open that river to the Huguenot and English fleets of privateers, and reach Paris.

The siege of Poitiers went on, and being then the second city of importance in France, it was stoutly defended. Young Henry Guise worked at the entrenchments, carrying baskets of earth, and so firing the ardor of the royalists by his example that workers became plenty. He there began his career of military fame as the image of his father. He

* Motley’s *Rise of the Dutch Republic*, vol. ii.

commanded a body of skirmishers, who sought in vain to fall upon Coligny and grant him his revenge.* The siege called forth an exceeding amount of heroism on both sides, but was finally abandoned by the admiral. It almost proved the ruin of "the Cause." This was the first of the wars of the *four Henriés*—young Navarre, young Condé, young Anjou and young Guise. The illness of the admiral prevented the place from being longer besieged.

It had been wiser if Coligny had stolen away from those walls and rushed to Paris, "which never inclined to peace till she heard the war at her doors." The royalist army was again almost a wreck because of jealousy between Charles and Anjou and the tampering of Catherine and the Cardinal of Lorraine. To this officious prelate Tavannes had said, "Let each keep to his trade; no one can be both a clever priest and a good soldier." These quarrels "made them miss some fine enterprises." But the admiral was also missing his mark by not striking through a defenceless country to the walls of the capital. He was entreated to do it by some of his friends. He urged his maxim, "Great cities are the sepulchres of armies." La Noue regretted the decision, saying afterward, "This should teach us that none are so perfect in their art but at times they may be caught tripping."†

Coligny was too ill for such a march. He was also bur-

* Young Henry of Guise went soon after to court. He was received as a worthy son of the great conqueror of Metz and Calais. "His reward was a place in the cabinet council, which he was not wise enough long to retain. His uncle, the cardinal, was greatly delighted. From that time all the partisans of his family looked upon him as the successor of his father, and worthy of being placed at the head of the Catholic party; too true a presage for the good of France. It had been better for his country had this young prince been able to govern his ambition."—*Daniel*.

† *Discours de la Noue; Mém. de Tavannes; Theo. Ag. D'Aubigné.*

dened by personal sorrows. The parliament of Paris had singled him out from his party* and levelled at his head the penalties which, if due to any, were due to all. The form of a trial had been observed. Coligny had been summoned to answer for high treason. Of course he could not, he dare not, go before such judges. The sentence was declared, barbarously ignoring every principle of justice. It denounced him as an outlaw. It forbade him "all defence against the charges and conclusions." It branded him as a traitor, a conspirator, the disturber of peace, the violator of treaties, the author of rebellion and the like hard names. "Therefore, the said Coligny is deprived of all honours, estates and dignities, and sentenced to be strangled upon the Place de Grève, either in person or effigy, and his body to be hung upon a gibbet at Montfaucon [mark this last point]. His arms and effigies to be dragged at the tail of a horse through the towns and fauxbourgs, and then to be broken and destroyed by the public executioner, in token of everlasting infamy. His feudal possessions to revert to the crown, and all his property to be confiscated to the king. His children are declared ignoble villains, plebeians, detestable, infamous, incapable of holding estates, offices and goods in this kingdom. . . . No one shall give to the said Coligny shelter, aid, comfort, food, water, fuel or fire." And, lastly, a reward of fifty thousand crowns was put upon his head. This was offered to "any person who should deliver the admiral, live or dead, into the hands of justice, with a full pardon if he was concerned in the rebellion." It was presuming that some Huguenot would become an assassin.†

* Montgomery and the Vidame de Chartres were also put under the ban, but not with quite so severe an edict.

† Davila; Castelnau; Doc. sur l'Histoire de France. The date of this *arrêt* is September 13, 1569. It was published in Italian, French, German, Latin, Spanish and English.

That same day Coligny was hanged in effigy in Paris.

To his calm mind this might have appeared ridiculous. But he was soon to learn that the home of his fathers, the place of his birth, the retreat from woes, the chosen sanctuary of his worship and the holy memorials of his noble Charlotte, were laid waste. The king sent a company of plundering soldiers, under the lead of a certain Italian, who had been guilty of treason in his own country, to Chatillon to execute an inhuman decree against a man whose escape from deadly plots had irritated his foes. They pillaged the mansion. They sent the furniture, "worth not less than a hundred thousand crowns, and long preserved in the family," to Paris, to be sold by an auctioneer.* They dismantled the castle. "They burned the town that lay below so effectually that hardly a trace of it was left." They ravaged and utterly ruined the entire premises which Coligny had laboured to adorn. Those fine trees which he had planted and pruned were cut down. The garden, whose walks he had paced, talking of wars on earth and of peace in another world, was desolated, and the vineyard was rooted up. This must have filled him with grief.

And yet the strong man shed no tears. "They have only done to me what they have been doing for years to thousands of our people, with this exception: they first made a law against me. Upon my poor brethren they fell without law." His early biographer tells us: "So far was this surcharge of disasters from drawing off his mind from the affairs he had in hand, that no one could observe the smallest mark of affliction in his countenance. Nay, he was always telling his friends that God had been so peculiarly gracious to him that he knew both how to possess the things

* Eighty wagons were filled with furniture, sculptures by Goujon, pictures by Italian artists, producing four hundred thousand dollars at public auction.—*White*.

that people called property and how to be without them. They had always been subject to him, and not he to them." * It was the spirit of Job: "The Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord." It reminds one of St. Paul: "I know both how to be abased and how to abound." He did not avenge his losses. While the king was causing his house to be plundered, he would not touch valuables belonging to the court, even when he might have laid hands upon them. How he might have burned castles!

This decree was regarded by sober royalists as outrageous. It was but "an expedient to murder the admiral, as the very soul and pillar of the whole faction." † Castelnau wrote it down as "very preposterous. It could only serve to add more fuel to the fire. What terror could paint or paper strike into the leaders of thirty thousand men who ventured their lives with the utmost bravery on all occasions? It caused them to pursue us very close at La Celle."

Sick in his tent, or carried on a litter to review his murmuring troops, Coligny marked the brag and vanity of Dominic Albe, a Gascon in his domestic service. He was such a "cook" as Birague recommended. He had been a prisoner in the hands of Anjou, but had found an easy release. This was probably before the parliament had set a price upon the head of his kind master. Coligny had him arrested. Showing a box of poison, he said, "It was given me by the captain of Anjou's guards. He promised that he would give me two thousand crowns if I would kill the admiral." The judges condemned him to the terrible death of the wheel and quartering; Coligny softened it to hanging. ‡

Coligny forgot himself when he thought of the general miseries. His were but a drop in the ocean of woe. Large-hearted, broad in his views of personal liberty, he sympa-

* Vita Colinii.

† Daniel.

‡ Vita Colinii; Mezeray.

thized with all the persecuted—much with Romanists, more with Protestants. The one class often were denied their rights of humanity; the other, still oftener, the rights of their religion. Let us be honest. The Huguenots had their patience almost worn out. They were human, and not now always humane. Well had it been if the Protestants of Dieppe had been the model for all the rest, and as fully remembered Calvin's advice. For they were ordered to go to mass or leave the town. But all who had left were ordered to return or have their property confiscated. Why go then? Not one of them obeyed. Not a Huguenot was allowed to be employed as a servant in a Papist family. If one resisted, the strapado was applied, or he was marched through the town with the brand upon him; and this frequently ended with a public flogging or a more public hanging. And still they endured the terrors.

But the Huguenots of Aurillac recalled the shocking brutalities committed upon them in 1562, and, when they were now held as the banned and accursed, they rose in arms, sacked the town, destroyed it, buried some of the persecutors alive up to the chin, and used their heads as targets for their muskets. The memory of past cruelties makes it hard to forgive.

The Protestants of Nismes had been long under the crushing tribulum. The Count of Villars (now put in the office of the admiral) had been a witness of the fury expended upon them in 1560, when Tavannes was sent by Henry II. to "cut the religious rebels in pieces." The ministers were to be hanged without mercy. Yet the Reformed crept into barns and woods and worshipped Him who said to his flock, "I send you forth as sheep among wolves." The Guisards were the devourers. Villars wrote: "Three or four thousand of the people of Nismes have retired to the mountains. . . . The heresy extends every day. The pris-

oners are so many that it is impossible to put them all to death. . . . I have burnt two mule-loads of books from Geneva, valued at one thousand crowns."

The months rolled away, and with them the cloud of woe. The Reformed came back and seemed to be free, for some strange reason. We saw Peter Viret there preaching to thousands. In a singular way the cathedral fell into their hands. One Sunday morning some children were drawn into the vestibule by the vociferous preaching of the bishop, who poured forth his abuse of the Protestants. They began to mimic him. The beadle flogged them. Their roaring brought to the place many of the Huguenots, who soon made themselves masters of the situation. The bishop and priests fled. Images were dashed in pieces, as if they were idols. The cathedral and three churches were soon possessed by the Protestants. Viret preached, and several priests abjured Romanism. But what was gained by force was afterward taken away by force. The churches were restored to the bishop, according to the royal edict of January. This won favour to the Reformers who so gracefully yielded up the property. The people elected officers who granted them more liberty. In time the churches came again into their hands. The bells of the convents were cast into cannon, the relics sold and the buildings let for the good of the state. The persistent priests were ordered to leave the city. All this quietly and on democratic principles. But the pope took alarm, for it was reported that "France was half Huguenot." He and the French king thought that this work was a rebellion! In 1567, Henry Montmorency (Damville) was sent to "restore order." He must be severe. He began by hanging a man who protested against the tyranny of the crown. What the end might be all could surmise. Let the spark fall and the explosion would follow.

On the second day of St. Michael's fair, some of Henry Montmorency's guard were lounging outside of the city gates. When some market-women came near, they stopped them, upset their baskets of vegetables and trampled the contents in the dust. The poor women screamed, the neighbours ran to the spot, peasants from the country added to the crowd, and a general uproar began. Citizens came, saw what insult had been given to the marketers, and suddenly shouted, "To arms! to arms! Kill the Papists!"

"Do not strike. Cease and go to your homes," cried the Councillor Rochette, but his efforts were in vain. The mob became almost frantic. Old memories fed revenge. The bishop heard of the tumult, knelt down and expected martyrdom, saying, "This is the prince of darkness. Blessed be the holy name of Heaven!" He escaped. His palace was sacked. The vicar was slain. The mob seized Rochette, his brother, and several other Romanists, and shut them up in the cellars of the bishop's house. At midnight they were brought out, led to the courtyard and slain. By the dim light of a few torches more than seventy persons were put to death. Their bodies were thrown into a well. The tourist is still shown a spot where grew an orange-tree, which is said to have been near that well, and told that its leaves were ever afterward marked with stains of blood. Such was the Michelade of Nismes. It is some relief to know that the pastors laboured all that day to arrest the work of death. Nor is the statement of a Roman Catholic historian to be overlooked: "They did no harm to the wives of the Catholics—their animosity being directed against priests, monks and heads of families; and among these they selected as victims those only who had molested or declared against them." It is not clear that it was a purely Huguenot massacre. Politics may have had the

chief agency. It was not entirely unprovoked. It has never been justified.*

The court were not the persons to overlook this affair, as it had done that of Vassy and scores of others like it. For here the sufferers were chiefly Romanists; there they were mere Huguenots, "whom it was a duty to slaughter." The parliament of Toulouse sentenced, without trial or proof, more than one hundred suspected rioters to be fined into poverty and then hanged. Only four were seized. They were dragged through the streets of the city at the horse's tail, and then beheaded, quartered and hung over the gates. This work aroused the Huguenots, and they, about one year from the first massacre, renewed the Michelade. They were expelled from the city. How they got back again will be seen on a coming page, with a far more cheerful story.

Far away among the Alps of Dauphiny, at the little town of Gap, near which William Farel was born, we find another instance of these local conflicts. There Farel had visited the Protestants shortly before his death in 1565, and multitudes thronged to hear the great "Bayard of the battles of God." Only one or two meetings were held, in a corn-mill at the gates, and he was ordered by the mayor to leave. He had Heaven's orders to preach. He still "dogmatized the peasants in his fashion." After an imprisonment, he escaped by being let down from the walls of a castle in a basket. But the seed grew. Protestants and Romanists lived peaceably together for about four years longer. One day the latter appeared wearing a white cross, a recently-adopted badge, and probably that of one of the leagues. The Huguenots had some words about it. Words ran high. Then fists were shaken in each other's faces. Then blows were dealt, until they "vied with one another

* Borrel, Hist. de l'Eglise Ref. de Nismes.

in cruelty.”* These were not the deeds of the Huguenot leaders. Persecuted Christians may have desisted, but they had relatives, nominally Protestants, who could not easily see a better principle than retaliation.

On the other side, the Romanists were unquestionably the aggressors. A Captain Blosset dwelt in his small castle not far from Auxerre. He was besieged by some Papists of the neighbourhood, and made his escape after he had surrendered. All his garrison and friends were cruelly murdered. One of them, named Cœur de Roy as if he had indeed the heart of a king, was stripped, killed, cut in pieces, slices of his heart offered for sale, and actually roasted and eaten by some of the wretches! “And these are the pious Christian duties which we are taught by these troubles!” says the historian.

It is far more pleasant to read in D’Aubigné the story of Maria de Brabanson, a widow lady, who made her castle an asylum for Huguenot refugees. This was too much for such Papists as Montluc. They attacked her with three thousand foot and cavalry, and with artillery beating upon the walls. She had a defence of only fifty brave men, and a spirit that trusted in God. For fifteen days the siege continued. The breach was made. She mounted the wall with a half pike in her hands, and saw ten after ten of her soldiers fall. When all of them were slain or wounded, she surrendered. King Charles heard of it. Charmed with the heroism of the woman, he ordered her to be released.†

One case more will bring us back toward La Rochelle, with the aid of Madame Renée. The Protestants had been powerful at Orleans. Many of them had learned the gospel from Calvin when he was there as a student of law. But martyrdoms and banishments had reduced their numbers,

* Charronet, quoted in White’s Mas. St. Bartholomew.

† D’Aubigné, Hist. Universelle.

after the city ceased to be the headquarters of Condé. In the summer of 1569 the provost commanded the Reformed to lodge in the prisons, saying, "You will be more safe." Credulous and well disposed, the most of them obeyed. Some went into the tower where Condé had once lain, and some into "The Four Corners." A few days afterward, a mob, instigated by the priests, ran to the tower and murdered all of them, without regard to age or sex. Another mob was at "The Four Corners." Unable to force the gates, they set fire to the building, the neighbours being diligent in carrying wood. The burning Protestants threw their children over the walls, and saw them caught upon spears or mangled by blows. Those who leaped from the windows were "bludgeoned" in the street. Some were shot—a mercy to them—"but a part of them were seen clasping their hands in the flames and calling on the name of the Lord."

Thus two hundred and eighty perished. Others were already taking flight from their homes. They took the road to Montargis, where Madame Renée gave them a refuge. She had never approved the warlike movements of Condé, and hence the court had indulged her with a home, where the gospel was boldly maintained. But the priests reported to the king the case of the poor Huguenots who were unwilling to be butchered at Orleans. Charles ordered Madame Renée "to turn away four hundred and sixty persons, of whom two-thirds were women and children at the breast." The order was brought by Malicorne. Bursting into tears, and filled with indignation at the cruel order, she said to him, "If I had on my chin what you have on yours, I would slay you as the messenger of death."

"Madame, it is reported that you are daily hatching plots against the king. . . . You shall not only dismiss the

Reformed, but their ministers also, or remove to some other place.”

“Sir, I am too nearly related to the crown to be its enemy. [By England’s law she would have worn it.] Those whom I have sheltered are only harmless people. They meddle with no state affairs. I cannot leave my own home and estates. Here I am resolved to live and die; nor will I forsake my religion.” Yet she was forced to dismiss those helpless refugees, “being threatened with a garrison very speedily.” The generous princess did the best she could. She furnished this distressed company with “one hundred and fifty carts, eight coaches and a great many horses.” Malicorne set some soldiers in ambush to fall upon them as soon as they came into a wood. But the troop took another road. This was detected. Two hundred horsemen were seen coming upon them, “hanger in hand.” Beaumont, the minister, fell on his knees, with his flock around him. “Why should we go out of the way and avoid the passage to heaven, whither God calls us? Where were we running? To an exile, to hunger, to outrageous treatment and to death. Into what place will these murderers drive us? To the place of our hopes, to our Canaan so much desired, for our souls are wearied with the roads of this world, and to eternal glory. Let us welcome death. Let us kiss the hand which God holds out to us. Let us die like lambs, for the sake of the Lamb who died for us.” A psalm arose—the song of those who awaited the awful blow.

From another quarter came a second troop of horsemen, charging upon the helpless band—the wagons being taken for the baggage train of an enemy. But one of the gentlemen saw a woman who was nearly related to him, and thus learned that her companions were Huguenots. “So are we,” was the speedy assurance. “We are marching under the

brave Captain du Beck to La Charité." Then, to confirm the statements, the cavaliers "pulled off their great coats and showed their white cassocks, which was the colour of the prince's army." It was a joyful hour, even to a certain young wife, who then became a mother. The Huguenot troopers fell upon Malicorne's party and slew most of them. Then they escorted the refugees to La Charité. It is probable that they made their way to La Rochelle.*

The war wore on with many a change of scene. The Huguenots had their occasional triumphs, even when Coligny was borne upon the field in his couch. It was then the custom for the general to fight at the head of his troops. But discontent still reigned. "We must go home," was the general remark among the officers. "We can fight there better than here. From our towns on the Loire, and in Guienne or Dauphiny, we will sally forth upon our enemies." The Germans, wanting their pay, "were no less obstreperous." La Noue could not forget how "the camp resounded with the groans and lamentations of men praying that their woes or their lives might speedily end. They cried, 'Lead us to the enemy, or dismiss us at once.'"

The march was begun. Near the plain of Moncontour "the two armies—it must surprise every one to hear it—in equal ignorance of each other's movements, suddenly came face to face." At evening the pickets came near together. They had no personal feuds. They mutually were sick of war. Two royalists drew near to some Huguenots and said, "Gentlemen, we wear the colours of your enemies, but we hate neither you nor your party. Tell the admiral to have a care how he risks a battle. Our army is just now reinforced and marvellously powerful. Let him wait a month and we shall be as nothing. For all the nobles have sworn

* D'Aubigné, *Hist. Universelle*. De Thou and Mezeray erroneously put this event in 1562, instead of 1569.—*Bayle*, art. Ferrara.

that they will not stay longer than that time. Tell the admiral that he cannot resist our men in their first fury. Wait, temporize, get a good victory and you will win a good peace."*

Was this a lure? Was it honest advice? The council of war was perplexed. Some laughed, some despised, some believed the story. "Let us retreat," said Coligny. "We can then choose better ground." But a tumultuous protest came from the restless crowd. They said, "A retreat by night is disgraceful. Wait, at least, until sunrise." To this absurd notion the admiral was forced to yield. Thus, adds La Noue, "to preserve our reputation in appearance we lost it in reality."

At sunrise all seemed ready for the flight. Coligny's foot was in the stirrup, "when a fresh disturbance broke out, sufficient to drive a less firm and patient spirit to despair." The Germans refused to march one step unless their arrears were paid. The result was a mere shifting of the ground to the treeless plain of Moncontour. Before the battle came on, Count Louis of Nassau was ordered to hold the reserves, and to take care of the young princes, allowing them only to stand on a hill and watch the strife. In tears Henry of Navarre obeyed, but first rode along the lines and exhorted all to do their duty. The soldiers kissed the ground as he passed by and swore to die like men of honour.†

The main fight began. The royalists made terrific charges, crying out, "Remember La Rochelle-Abeille!" "Remember Orthez and the six barons!" They refused to give quarter—La Noue being captured, of course, and spared as one of the exceptions. Even Anjou sought to restrain the ferocity of his men as they made inhuman the slaughter. The king's Swiss—one root of the war—pressed

* La Noue.

† D'Aubigné; Davila.

upon four thousand Bavarians, and spared only two hundred of them, although these mercenaries cried, as they knelt on the ground for mercy, their weapons dropped and their clasped hands raised, "We are Papists—good Catholics."* It was enough that they were in the Huguenot army. Thus thousands were falling among the infantry, while other thousands of cavalry were trodden down by their own flying horses.

Coligny had sent to Count Louis for help, but this nobleman had dashed into the fight, and he was not found soon enough to strike at the right spot. A little aid in time might have rolled back the tide of toryism and popery. The conflict was now desperately unequal. The very sutlers, lacqueys and loungers of each camp mingled in the fray. Every man fought as if the fortune of the day depended on himself. All hung long on the merest pivot. In none of the civil wars had there been such intensity of courage, such desperation, such blood-shedding. No rash and impetuous soldier was more deeply in the conflict than the admiral. He forgot himself. He had his belt cut away by a ball, and his sword was gone. Twice wounded, he still charged the foe, himself in the front rank. All around him men fell, praying for victory. One of Alva's captains recognized him and charged upon him. Each fired at the other. The captain fell dead. The admiral's jaw was shattered. Almost choking with blood, filling his visor and his mouth, he could not give a word of command, and he was finally obliged to retire to the rear. A total rout followed. Two men made a desperate effort to reach him as he rode away. A young Norman, once his page, smote one of them to the dust and chased off the other. Coligny gave his deliverer a pension for life. Louis of Nassau now was mighty, "atoning by the steadiness and

* Bon papiste, bon papist moi.—*D'Aubigné*.

skill with which he covered the retreat, for his intemperate courage, which had precipitated the action and, perhaps, been the main cause of Coligny's overthrow."* Sir Walter Raleigh says, "I was an eye-witness of it."

An old man, the Count St. Cyr, had rallied some cavalry in the woods, and his minister said to him, "By a vigorous charge you may help to cover the retreat. You may lose your life, but save a thousand of our brethren."

"Brave men need few words," shouted the veteran, who was covered, in the old French fashion, with silver-plated armour, his face alone being bare, his long beard white as snow, he being eighty-five years old. "Brothers, this is what you must do!" and, giving his example to the precept, he rushed forward, saving many lives, but losing his own.† In two hours—La Noue has it one half hour—the Huguenots lost five thousand men, the royalists not one thousand. We must notice some of the results.

Never before, never after, did Henry of Anjou appear so great as on the day of this victory; never, perhaps, so merciful as when he exposed himself to death, crying to his inhuman troops, "Save the French!" This was not according to his instructions from Pius V., who had written to him, "It is your duty to show yourself inexorable to all." It may throw further light upon our history to take an interior view of the Papal mercies. The pope was acting a chief part in the awful French tragedy. He did not turn off Anjou with such cheap aid as mere words. He sent nearly five thousand troops, under his nephew, the Count of Santa Fiora. He piously furnished the officers with a form of religious discipline. One rule was, to avoid all private conversation or debate with heretics, and read no forbidden books. The liberty to give such rules none will

* Motley; Perau, *Vie Coligny*.

† D'Aubigné, *Hist. Universelle*.

dispute. But the ferocious order to his nephew was, to kill every Huguenot that might fall into his hands, and grant quarter to none.* These troops were fresh at Moncontour. This helps account for the irrepressible butchery. It was done in the papal spirit. But the nephew gave offence to his uncle Pius. He took alive the Count of Crussol, who was a bold Huguenot, and let him go free on the payment of a large ransom. "What a piece of generosity!" was the rebuke of the Holy Father; "what a Christian way of converting the heretics! I ordered that every Huguenot should be instantly slain." King Charles was obliged to appease the papal wrath, whose "only object was the good of human souls!" Pius was nurturing the idea of a St. Bartholomew. Give a day and a plot, and the massacre must come.

It was said that there were signs of this victory seen in the air. There was more reality in the twenty-seven Huguenot standards sent to the pope by his nephew, and placed in the Lateran temple at Rome. A memorial tablet also bore the record of the triumph.†

More still of the "Holy Father." His heart warmed with the fresh news from Moncontour, and he wrote three letters,‡ in which Coligny is thus portrayed: "I thank God for your efforts against the abominable enemies of the Catholic religion. But among all the proofs of your devotion and goodness, none is greater than the condemnation of that execrable and detestable man, if man he may be called, who has given himself out as Admiral of France." To

* Contrast the fine words of the Leaguer Tavannes: "The less bloody are civil wars, the more glorious."—*Mém. de Tavannes*.

† Mendham, *Life of Pius*; Ranke, *Hist. of Popes*.

‡ To the king, October 12, 1569; to Catherine and to the Marquis de Villars, five days later. The battle was fought the first day of the month. I quote them from Mendham.

Catherine he paints him as "that most deceitful of all men and of execrable memory. Take care that you believe not, dearest daughter in Christ, that anything can be more grateful to God than to openly attack his enemies, from a zeal for the Catholic religion." To the Marquis de Villars: "I congratulate you upon your promotion to the place of that son of perdition condemned by the most just sentence of the parliament of Paris and spoiled of all his honours—a most inveterate enemy of the Catholic religion, a disturber of the common peace, a heretic himself, and one who always associates his counsels with those of heretics." The Papal pen still runs on representing Coligny as "infamous for every sort of crime, treasons and heresies." He assures the new admiral that by his zeal and perils for the papacy he "will obtain a signal reward in heaven!" Such were the Roman compliments upon the victory at Moncontour. The tendency of them is only too evident.

At court petty quarrels of a personal kind wrought great changes. The king had been growing jealous of his brother for months. Now he was quite eaten up with it, as he heard the shouts of praise to the vanquisher of Condé and the admiral, and to "the grandest captain of his age!" Catherine added to its pungency. Various little family strifes had put the children at war. Her daughter Margaret, who took the side of Charles, thus wrote of Anjou: "Her son became the god of her idolatry, at the shrine of whose will she sacrificed everything. . . . She loved him above all her children." She was, however, too prudent "to betray the transports of her excessive joy. . . . She did not unduly celebrate the praises of so perfect a son."*

Older men looked with contempt on these royal boys, the one almost collapsed with envy and the other bursting with pride. These veterans urged a speedy pursuit of the Hu-

* Mémoires de Margarine de Valois.

guenot army. "We know the Admiral Coligny well," urged Tavannes and others of his vigorous build. "We know him to be one of the most wary and cunning of commanders. He is the very man to retrieve a disaster. Give him leisure, and he will rally his forces and join with Montgomery in Languedoc, so that in the spring we shall see him reappear at the head of a fresh army, and he may sweep through the provinces and beard us in Paris."

The king would not listen to this sage advice. He ordered Anjou to besiege St. Jean d'Angely. "I shall go myself," said Charles, "and manage affairs, and do something with the army." He raved, swore, and indulged in such fits of fiery wrath that Catherine dreaded him. But, by yielding at first, she subdued his madness, and nothing dreadful was done against the Huguenots during that fine opportunity.*

Tavannes threw up his command in disgust, and there was for a time one rough rider the less to drive the Huguenots into the sea. The Montmorencies felt a sympathy for their cousin Coligny, and despised Anjou. Cold grew the Lorrainers—for the fact of subduing the Huguenots was nothing to them, unless they could have the glory. They were pushing forward Henry of Guise. Thus the court dissensions, the jealousy of a brother and the vanity of a prelate were working favourably for the Protestant party. It seemed as if some devout Huguenot had been praying, with David, "Scatter them by thy power and bring them down, O Lord our shield. Let them fall by their own counsels."

* "His life, he said, was not of that value to France that he need be hid in a casket, like the crown jewels." Some one offered him some verses in his praise. "Ha!" said he, "these are only lies. Keep your fine writing for my brother, who is every day carving out fresh work for you. My mother loves him best. She gives him chances for fame."—*Brantome*.

CHAPTER VII.

COLIGNY'S GRAND MARCH.

(1569—1570.)

BORNE on a litter from the field of Moncontour, the shattered Coligny rested a night at Parthenay. He managed to make an eloquent speech, and reanimated his officers to gather the scattered troops. He was carried the next day to Niort. He must then have felt the need of money. He always paid, as did La Noue, "the householders and inn-keepers for what they supplied him and his attendants. Yet, in order to defray expenses, he had been obliged to borrow large sums at high interest, and had also pledged a considerable part of his late wife's ornaments and jewels, all for this one purpose, so that he found himself, toward the close of this third civil war, despoiled of his whole private and family property."*

This was not the heaviest burden. Upon his head accumulated all those evils which befall the leaders of the people when their popularity wanes. Blamed for every accident, his merits forgotten, his army discontented and despairing, pained at seeing the two young princes devoured by greedy mercenaries, he had gloomy forebodings of woe. He could forget his own severe wounds; but it was cheerless enough to be surrounded by weakened towns, terrified garrisons, foreigners without baggage and the din for pay, to which he could not be deaf. An enemy, pitiless to all and without mercy for him, might pursue and destroy

* *Vita Colinii.*

in a night. Abandoned by almost every one, save by a woman who was a host in herself, he needed some voice to revive his usual hopefulness. And he should hear it.

On the road, in advance of him, was also borne on a litter an aged gentleman, one of his principal counsellors, named L'Estrange. At a place where the road widened this old man ordered his bearers to halt. When the admiral was carried past, he put forward his head and gazed at the chieftain. Then, the tears filling his eyes, he turned away with these words, "*Yet God is a sweet consolation.*" And so they parted, perfectly able to understand each other's thoughts, though quite unable to utter more. "But this great captain has been heard to confess to his intimates that this one little word from a friend sufficed to raise his broken spirits, and restored him at once to better thoughts of the present and firm resolutions for the future."*

At Niort the greatness of Coligny appeared in adversity. The gospel had prepared him for surmounting evils. Dangers evoked new energies. In the night couriers were sent to the Protestants, far and near, to counteract ill reports of his death and to secure further assistance. "It was everywhere believed that the Calvinist party was destroyed in France. But they were mistaken."† And still the grief, the anger, the sharp reproach, were centred upon him. He was still accused, distrusted, renounced and friendless. He needed that reserved force of comfort so often arriving at the right hour. He should have it.

On hearing of the recent painful defeat, Jeanne D'Albret ordered out her usual escort, and rode rapidly to Niort, through a country beset with perils of robbers and of false countrymen. Coligny received her as "an angel sent from heaven for his rescue." He clasped the royal hand, from which jewels had gone to maintain the war, and the hero's

* D'Aubigné, Hist. Universelle.

† Daniel, Hist. de France.

cheeks were glistening with tears. She read his condition, his desertion and his unspoken grief. She reigned over the confusion and restored order among the troops. The good cheer of the admiral was heightened. She held a council daily, and grew more eloquent than ever as she pleaded his justification. "The genius, the valour and the virtue of the illustrious Coligny," she said, "soar above the misfortune which has now smitten him. Let vulgar natures condemn; noble and elevated minds will cheer, pity and console him."

In one of these councils of war, Coligny made a longer speech than he had before made, though still scarcely able to utter a word, having four teeth gone from a broken jaw. It was to this effect: "Defeat has heretofore increased your strength, my brave soldiers. You have rallied with new courage. To submit now will only rivet upon us the chains of a worse bondage. Liberty must finally come through war. Let us make the war now. England and Germany will send us aid. There is an exhaustless resource of help in heaven. . . . Montgomery outlives his hanged effigy. We shall unite his forces with ours. Let us win peace, not crouch for it."*

Thus the officers of the army were brought to wisdom. They began to lay plans for a vigorous defence of all the towns held by them. Jeanne prepared a soft litter, took Coligny in charge, bore him to La Rochelle, and, as she nursed him, we can hear her tell him of her plan to have the New Testament translated into the language of the Basques and published under her own eyes. She found many an hour, in this exciting period of her exile, to pursue her theological studies and hear a sermon every afternoon. Sometimes she was drowsy from fatigue. She felt it

* Perau, *Vie de Coligny*. In Thuani Hist. and in Mezeray the speech appears as long as one of Demosthenes.

wrong to sleep during even a week-day sermon, and begged the synod to permit her to knit or work tapestry while hearing the gospel. The grave divines granted the request.

At Niort appeared the chief of all those villains, whom nothing but justice to our subject prompts us to mention. A page of the Guises grew into the lord of Maurevelt. He had waylaid and killed the tutor of the young Guises, in revenge for a flogging richly deserved and well administered. Fleeing into Spain, he had perfected himself in the assassin's art. On his return the Guises took him back into their employ, perhaps having some need of a desperado. Coveting the price set upon Coligny's life, he volunteered his services, received part of the wages in advance, feigned injury or conversion, and passed over to the Huguenots. Imposing upon Lord Mouy, the Protestant commander at Niort, he entered into familiarity, but did not find Coligny there, as he had expected. He was treated with great kindness and generosity by the excellent Mouy. One day he stealthily shot his benefactor, mounted the horse given him in friendship and rode swiftly to the camp of Anjou, who has ever been regarded as the employer of the murderer. Mouy was carried to La Rochelle, where he soon died. Niort surrendered to Anjou. Maurevelt hung about Paris and the Guisean castles, ready for another attempt. He was known as "the king's bravo." We cannot avoid meeting him again.*

Behold, then, this Christian nobleman, this great admiral, once a favoured courtier, always a wise statesman, now under the ban of the pope, worthy of the plots of the king of Spain, outlawed by the government of his country, covered with wounds, hunted by assassins, his home despoiled, his army exposed to a mutiny of its foreign troops, his friends wavering, his foes exulting, his present day one

* Perau; Castelnau.

of pain, his future dreary—behold him in these adversities, and see wherein his strength lies! Read his thoughts. He has gone to Saintes, preparing for a new change in the war, and not more than fifteen days after his face has been shattered, he writes to his children and nephews, without one special reference to his severe wounds:*

“I much wish to say to you in person what I now write, and also to see you. That not being now possible, I have thought it right to exhort you ever to bear in mind the love and fear of God; and the more, since experience has already taught you that we ought not to account ourselves secure in the possession of what is called property, but ought rather to place our confidence elsewhere than in this world and to have better possessions than our eyes can see or hands touch. We ought humbly to beseech God to lead us along that good and safe path, which we must not expect to be smooth and pleasant, having upon it all sorts of temporal prosperity.

“We must follow Jesus Christ, our Chief, who himself leads the way. Men have taken from us all that is in their power. Should it be God’s will that we should never recover what we have lost, still we shall be happy, and our condition will be a good one, inasmuch as these losses have not come through our fault. They have not arisen from any harm done by us to those who have brought them upon us, but solely from the hatred which they bear toward me, for having been employed by the Lord in assisting his Church.† And although, in this case, we suffer losses and inconveni-

* *Vita Colinii*. The author says, “The original letter is in my possession, and I consider it well worth insertion here.” It is somewhat condensed above.

† How ready to forget personal animosities! It was his religion, and his zeal for it, as he thought, that caused him to be put under the ban. The letter is dated October 16, 1569.

ences, we are well off, and shall receive a reward whereof men will not have it in their power to deprive us. . . . I conjure you in God's name to persevere in piety. Testify both by your deeds and words, through your own lives, the horror you entertain for every sort of vice. I may rarely enjoy the happiness of being with you, but may I often hear of your good and honourable behaviour. . . . I pray Him to preserve you in your tender years."

This busy man had read and re-read to him Calvin's Commentaries on Job—among the last publications of the Reformer. In these he found peculiar consolation. The reason is apparent. The two men were in somewhat similar circumstances.

New crises, new plans. The minds of Coligny and Queen Jeanne had been intent upon devising a scheme of relief. They had resolved upon two movements. She was to fight the enemy in the south-west. He was to strike across the southern provinces on a grand march, that might distract, divide and destroy the enemy. The way to Paris was not through Saumur and Orleans. It might be along the Garonne to Toulouse, thence circling up into Burgundy and Brie.*

La Noue, having escaped from the hands of his captors, was to have the chief command on the coast, but was first to attend the princess into Languedoc. He let Anjou foolishly pound away at the walls of St. Jean d'Angely. The Huguenot troops were led out of Poitou, and employed

* The story of this march from Saintes to Lorraine would be as tedious to the reader as to myself, were I to describe every strait, pass, river and mountain over which the Huguenots crossed, the several towns they surprised, the many fights they had in the counties of Perigord, Limousin, Quercy, Gascony, Languedoc, Dauphiny, the Lyonnais, the Vivarais, the Champagne, Burgundy, and other parts of the kingdom, with a thousand other accidents that befell them in this expedition.—*Castelnau, Eng. trans.*

along the Charente, in order to keep the royalists so busy that they would not pursue the admiral.

Coligny wished, no doubt, to fire the heroism of the southern Huguenots, and to rouse them out of their homes. "He afterward assured me," Castelnau relates, "that he undertook this march not for any private interest, as some people gave out, but to raise money to pay the German troops, to join Montgomery, to enlist the Béarnois and the Gascons, to increase his army along the whole route, to meet new forces, promised by the Prince of Orange and the Elector of Germany, and then to move upon Paris and try the war in a new field. It was a grand design, but very difficult."

What if Coligny had given up to despair in some of those gloomy hours? What must have been the effect upon Protestantism in all Western Europe? His movements held back all Papal France from making war upon England in behalf of Mary of Scots. France prevented Spain from a war upon England in behalf of commerce and popery. And without Spain, Rome could do little in crusading. Elizabeth saw how much depended upon Coligny. She had trembled. When she first heard of the result at Jarnac she supposed that the Huguenots had not only lost Condé but their cause. She sent for Fénelon, declaring to him, "The privateers of Coligny shall have no more access to my harbours. My subjects shall no more serve the Huguenots by land or sea. Yet I wish you would stop persecuting them. I wish they would not be so scrupulous about going to mass. I shall no longer meddle with them." Was she alarmed into truth-telling?

She saw signs of revolt in her own realm. The schemes of the Cardinal of Lorraine and Philip were cropping out. The pope was to place some troops in Normandy to threaten her. The cruisers of Catherine were to sweep the channel

clear of all English ships. Norfolk was in a plot with English Papists, and sending word to Philip: "Let the Spanish flag be raised on British soil, and, at the first sight of it, we will rise as a man in Philip's name, and the heretics and the pirates shall have their deserts."

But the wind swung round. The defiant attitude of Coligny gave firmness to Elizabeth. "The Huguenots, I am forced to confess," said Fénélon, "have more vivacity and enterprise than their opponents." The queen was relieved. "If we cannot cruise any longer under the Huguenot flag," said the English sympathizers, "let us go in a body and help the admiral." Lord Huntingdon asked leave to sell his estates, equip ten thousand men and join the Huguenot army. Some forces went under Chapman, and wasted away on the grand march, only twelve of them being left alive after leaving Nismes. Thirty thousand pounds were sent to Coligny. "It was taken from the public treasury, I believe," was the complaint of Fénélon.

"If so," replied Elizabeth, "my coffers must be like the widow's cruse, for no money is missing." The fact was, it had been raised among the gentlemen who had made fortunes in privateering. The English churches still gave liberally to the cause. English Protestants might well pay for their happy deliverance. The victims were yet to come from France.

It was the eighteenth of October—so soon after the bloody day of Moncontour—that Coligny began his march from Saintes. The two Henries were with him. Their presence would call forth the enthusiasm of the Huguenots in the provinces. The three thousand German reiters were his main force. If left behind they would ruin everything. With faces set homeward, they might be less obstreperous. The king heard of the movement, and sent orders to destroy all the bridges, stave the boats in pieces,

guard the fords and put to death all spies and stragglers. But Coligny had seen all this done before, and yet had never failed to make his way through such annoyances. The deputies of the churches had met him, and he went on refreshed by their prayers and promises. To a people full of respect for greatness his swift march seemed a miracle.*

"The citizens of Montauban wish to know how you would like to order your reception," said their messenger to Coligny and the young princes. "They will make it a grand affair."

"Tell the generous people not to waste money on us," was the reply. "Let it all go to the cause." The advice was taken. But the homage of their hearts was paid at their gates when the wearied troopers entered Montauban, a stronghold of the Reformed. The homage of the purse was not lacking. The people had amassed a goodly sum for the pay of the boisterous Bavarians.

"Bring up Montgomery," was the next order. It was no easy affair to cross the Garonne, a broad, deep and rapid stream. The roads were wretched. The November rains were falling. The enemy hovered near every path. But the heroes who took a town in one hour, heard a sermon therein while they lunched, and the next were pounding at other walls, were not to be successfully waylaid. They pushed down the river to Agen, where a schoolmaster had first opened the door to the gospel and whose churches stood as the memorials of Margaret of Navarre and her daughter Jeanne. A little below Coligny spent days in throwing a fine bridge across the deep river. Julius Cæsar would have praised such a bridge, with its iron-shod posts,

* "It is difficult to say whether Coligny gained more by four victories than by the constancy, resolution and conduct which he showed after four defeats—Dreux, St. Denis, Jarnac and Moncontour—to such a degree, that by rallying the broken remains of his army, he became more formidable than ever to the victorious party."—*Daniel*.

its firmly pinned beams, its thick planks, its stays and its railings. Hempen cables and iron chains seemed to make it enduring.

Two days were spent in sending over the German cavalry with baggage and artillery. Montgomery was coming to join them from Condom. Suddenly Montluc crept to a point on the river above, not far from his brother's seat at Valence. By night he cut some mills from their moorings and let them drive down the stream. They sent in pieces Coligny's fine bridge and it ground on to Bordeaux. Montluc was delighted. He thought he had divided for ever the army of the admiral, whom he would soon corner, and let the Bavarians go raiding among the howling wolves of the Pyrenées. "Of all the service I have done the king," he wrote, "none is equal to this."

"Move down upon the invaders," was the urgent message of Montluc to Henry Montmorency. "Avenge the horrors of Orthez. Hang the rebels as you have done the Huguenots of Lyons. We have them in the vice now." But the cousin of Coligny did nothing. A strange spell had come over the spirit of the recent persecutor. He was jealous of the Guises. He began to sympathize with his brother Francis. He saw the Montmorencies losing their ancient prestige at court. He was in an ill-humour. He could not endure Montluc. He did not promptly obey King Charles. He is said to have cherished a secret wish that the admiral might conquer. "Though he did not deem it prudent to open his intentions at so unfavourable a time, when the Huguenots were so greatly reduced, yet he desired to see them rise again with fresh vigour. Therefore he gave them a chance to gain strength."* It is certain that a little later the veil was torn from his eyes and he came to a more moderate mind.

* Davila; Daniel.

Montluc was foiled. The admiral made the best use of a few boats and got over the remainder of his troops. Montgomery brought up his forces. Prince Henry of Navarre gave welcome to three thousand of his mother's Basques. Coligny was himself again, at the head of a powerful army. "Our escape was owing to the imprudence of the Catholics," wrote La Noue. "They despised our prowess. But like a ball of snow they allowed us to roll along the ground, increasing our size, until we had grown into a mass as big as a house. Thus, as the siege of Poitiers began the disasters of the Huguenots, so that of St. Jean d'Angely arrested the victories of the Catholics. The admiral has himself told me that if he had been promptly pursued when he marched toward Gascony, his whole army might have been lost. But the time allowed him to refresh his troops in the rich countries they invaded and St. Jean d'Angely helped to repair the ruin which Poitiers and Moncontour had occasioned." Coligny hastened on, receiving some towns by surrender and taking others by force, until he came to the environs of Toulouse. It spitefully refused to open its gates.

Thirty-six years before young Calvin had raised up and sent Albert Babinot into that city, and, like Paul, this lawyer made a powerful preacher. He won the title of "the good man." A church grew up. Calvin watched it and its fierce persecutors, and wrote, "The parliament of Toulouse is more atrocious than that of Paris. Many are still in prison there. Some were burned not long ago."* To be suspected of being a Huguenot was death in that city. The parliament had refused to register the last edict of peace until commanded four times by the king. They seized Rapin, who brought it to them, hunted up some old charge and put him to death. Others were burned on the pretext

* Calvin to Ambrosè Blaurer, May, 1561.

of holding correspondence with Coligny, who threatened to retaliate if he could ever seize the murderers.

Their time had come. Many a Huguenot had vowed to punish that city. The counsellors trembled, put on their armour and went to the walls. Montgomery was not the man to handle them with velvet gloves. At his iron touch the environs were desolated and the gates fell. The houses of the president and counsellors of parliament were burned, and with charcoal the soldiers wrote on the walls, "*The vengeance of Rapin.*" The terrified garrison of eight thousand men dared not stir from the city. "This is severe vengeance," said Coligny.

"True, Monsieur l'Admiral," was the reply, "but parliaments must be taught to take their own medicine and learn to be more moderate in future." Henry Montmorency, lying in the neighbourhood, only looked on and let this rude justice have its way. La Noue, however, declares that the report was false that he well understood the matter.

A courier brought a letter from Queen Jeanne. "I have had a diplomatic visit from Castelneau," she said; "Catherine had loaded him down with her affections toward me. She wants peace. She offers liberty of conscience—a phrase that we have had before, and one which means nothing when the court interprets it. I asked him, Why that secret mission to Spain and that to the pope? Why is Alva striving to keep the Germans from sending you new forces? Why the effort to stir up a revolt in England? He was blank. I hinted to him that we had the proofs in letters recently intercepted. There is an underhand scheme to exterminate the Protestants of France. . . . Yet Catherine wants to have a petition from you."

Coligny thought it a good time to test the royal desire for peace. He sent Teligny with letters to the king and Catherine, saying: "In the name of all who bear arms with

me I entreat you to stay the work of slaughter on both sides. Put an end to these dire calamities. Why should certain bishops and cardinals, who never come to blows themselves, sit on their damask cushions and throw a whole realm into confusion? Why should Italians and Spaniards suppose that it is easy work to destroy two hundred thousand Protestants, comprising many of the nobility? It is the extremest folly. Think of your own Catholics. Many of them are dying in battle. Still more of them have their property injured, if not utterly destroyed. You are exterminating them as well as us. You know that it has become a proverb at court, 'The king spares not the lives of his friends, provided he but ruin his enemies.' It is not royal to say, 'Let my friends perish if only my foes perish with them.' It is, sir, the word of a tyrant, not that of a king. Peace may easily be had. Ensure to us the edicts of the States-General, and give us, in certain places, the free exercise of the Reformed religion."* He also asked the royal assent to all proper enterprises—aid to William of Orange, perhaps, was meant—and the restoration of estates, honours and dignities.

Catherine's anger was extreme. Charles was more gentle. "Coligny's demands are an irony upon justice," she declared. She sent to ask if the Protestant princes would not sell themselves at a cheaper rate. Marshal Biron was kindly entertained by Coligny, whose face still told his sufferings. They talked together about the terms demanded. "The court cannot give you more than the Roussillon edict," said the marshal.

"I perceive," replied the admiral, with his usual coolness, "that the king and council need to learn a lesson. To induce them to do justice to those of the Reformed faith it seems necessary that an army should storm the walls of

* Vita Colinii.

Paris, so that the court may taste some of the horrors of war."

Biron left wiser than he came. The anger of the wily Catherine rose to a higher pitch. To comply with such terms she must abandon the very objects for which she made war.* Coligny pushed on toward Nismes, another city that needed chastisement. The gospel had taken deep root there under Calvin and Viret. But an aged and fierce governor had expelled the more zealous Huguenots. These poor people sought lodging in the neighbouring villages and mountains, where they waited their time. One of the most singular events in the history of the Reformation occurred during the march of Coligny into the south-east.

In the neighbourhood was a carpenter named Madaron, who was Protestant enough to have read in Solomon that "There was a little city and few men within it; and there came a great king against it, and besieged it, and built great bulwarks against it; now there was in it a poor wise man, and he by his wisdom delivered the city. . . . Then said I, Wisdom is better than strength." He proposed to reverse the process, for the great king's forces were within the city, and it required wisdom to take it from him. He knew of a stream that noisily ran through an iron grate in the wall, and over the grate stood a sentinel who rang a bell every hour of the night, went his way, and in a few minutes his successor came. In this interval he crept to the grate every evening for fifteen moonless nights, and filed away at the strong bars, standing knee-deep in mud and enduring the storms of November. The rasping of his file was not heard for the rattling of the brook or the moaning of the

* "Several proposals were made on both sides, but were constantly rejected because those of the Huguenots struck too much at the king's authority, and those of the court did not ensure sufficient security to the Huguenots."—*Daniel*.

winds. "Providence favours me," thought he as he sundered the bars one after another, and covered the flaws with wax and clay. An accomplice came by agreement at the proper hour, in the brief absence of a sentinel, and with a rope aided him to cross the moat as he had done the evening before.

Not until all was ready did he reveal his work to his exiled brethren. They informed a Huguenot brigade quartered in the neighbourhood, which enlisted with zeal in the perilous enterprise. Under some olive trees near the walls three hundred men took ambush by night. A minister was with them, engaging their minds in prayer for success. Suddenly a thunder-storm alarmed them, for the time of such a tempest was not so late in the season. They declared that it must indicate the wrath of Heaven upon them, and only the arguments of the minister could allay their fears. "It is rather a token of Heaven's blessing," said he, "so that your entrance may not be observed." They took courage.

The bell rang; the post of the sentinel was vacated for a few minutes. The carpenter led the captain to the grate; some of his band followed him. A few entered the city and opened the gates to the rest. The drowsy burghers heard shouts and trumpet-blasts in the streets at the dead hour of the night. All were in a panic; little resistance was offered. The garrison, in their amazement, dared not leave the citadel. The cruel mayor leaped from the walls, broke a limb and fell a victim to the revenge of those whom his harshness had provoked to undertake the enterprise. The victors slew many citizens in their wild enthusiasm. Before morning the whole town was subdued except the citadel, which braved a siege of three months, and finding no relief, surrendered. Thus Nismes, the most important city in Languedoc, came again into the power of the

Huguenots.* The Allwise Ruler had happily timed the thought and the work of the carpenter, for had he been earlier the captors would have been exposed to the vengeance of the king's troops; had he been later, the Huguenot Montgomery might have swooped down upon the city as an eagle upon a nest of unclean birds. It now had the protection of Coligny, whose successes were beyond all his former experience. He wintered in the region of the Cevennes mountains, taking castles and towns, as the Joshua of the Huguenots. Protestantism became firmly rooted in the districts of the old Albigenes. What terrible scenes in those provinces one hundred and forty years later, when the French Papists sought to drown the poor Camisards in their own blood!

The young princes wintered at Carcassone. There we leave them until the spring melts the snows, naturally reminded of the mysteries of the Bayonne Conference, and attributing the last two wars to the plots with Alva and Philip. In the track of La Noue we again cross the country to La Rochelle.

Since Queen Jeanne had parted with her son she had witnessed various changes in her department. It was a satisfaction to see Anjou losing his opportunity and wearing out his army under the walls of St. Jean d'Angely. "If it keep them out of worse mischief let them hammer away." For two months the brave De Piles withstood the marvellous siege. He there held the royal army, of which ten thousand died, chiefly by pestilence. But at length he was obliged to surrender, and was allowed to join Coligny if he could. Catherine and Charles entered the town. The king was soon disgusted. He was vexed by the presence of his mother. He grew more jealous of the petted Anjou. He

* D'Aubigné, Hist. Universelle. "This place became the common refuge of the disaffected in that country."—*Castelnaud*.

had high words with the Cardinal of Lorraine, who made it his chief care to have a hand in all the councils. He began almost to wish for a Coligny at court. He swept off to Angers to spend his Christmas. The safe journey only illustrated how great had been the reaction against the Protestants. Towns had fallen out of their hands by capture, treason or massacre. Angers itself gave an instance.

"That savage butcher," the Duke of Montpensier, a Bourbon completely "spanIALIZED," had fallen upon this city. With it the whole province was restored to the king, except the ruined castle of Rochefort. There a rough old soldier, Demarais by name, kept the enemy at bay. In need of men, gunpowder and stores, he crept through the lines and went to Saumur, where his friends begged him to remain, as his defeat was certain. Heroically he answered, "I promised my comrades to go back and die with them." He started with thirty recruits. They every one deserted through fear. Again in the castle, he saw every comrade fall dead or wounded under a furious bombardment. A traitor opened the gate. The enemy marched in, murdering every man except Demarais. Life was promised him. But the duke dragged him to Angers, saying that no faith was to be kept with heretics. He was first broken on a cross, then wrenched upon a wheel, and for twelve hours the jeers of the mob arose while the mighty old Huguenot fought his last battle.

La Noue was needed to replace the Huguenot flag upon the lost towns. Raiders and plunderers were venturing near the gates of La Rochelle. One day Queen Jeanne rode out for an airing. An officer of the king came near seizing her. A good horse under the spur ensured her safe return. Amid all her perils and patriotic services she gave hours to the study of the Bible and the discussions upon theology

with her ministers. To no call of humanity was she deaf. The sick soldier had rich experience of her kindness.

The fine ship named *La Huguenotte* was in danger of failing to ride into the harbour with supplies. Spanish pirates infested the seas. The king's fleet had laboured to bring ruin upon *La Rochelle*. The islands lying near the city had been abandoned by the Calvinists. The blockade was becoming close. *La Noue* dashed forth, drove the chief privateer upon the sands, carried the war upon the sea, recovered the islands, and then turned upon the garrisons on shore, "giving them much trouble" and driving them away. "Civil wars," remarks *Laval*, "have their tides and ebbs, like the sea. Sometimes one party rises up, then falls, and again it rises. So it happened in this war, especially in the western provinces of *Poitou* and *Saintonge*. They were taken and retaken three or four times by the Catholics and the Reformed, and at last they were almost all in the hands of the Reformed when the peace was made." The dangers were thus warded off from *La Rochelle*.*

La Noue took *Fontenay* after a long siege; but a ball shattered his right arm. He was borne to *La Rochelle*, and given an enthusiastic welcome for having driven back the enemy. "Not much credit to me," he said. "The most of the king's troops left during the winter. *Anjou* has gone where his laurels may not wither." With all the care bestowed upon his wounds, there was no hope of saving his arm. "It must come off," said the surgeon.

"I would rather die than go alive maimed and disabled," he replied. Long hours, even days, of entreaty did not overcome his persistence.

"Valiant *La Noue*," said *Queen Jeanne*, who was brought in to work conviction in her wondrous way, "why do you

* *Daniel*.

hesitate? If you refuse you will certainly die. If you die you are lost to our cause. If we lose you our faith is in danger. It is a religious matter. It is a Christian duty. Heed the voice of friendship. Beloved La Noue, we cannot spare you. A hero so dear to his country and to us all surely ought to give welcome to the least hope of being healed. If this resort fail, then you can carry to the tomb the conviction that you fulfilled your duty to the very last hour."

"I submit," he replied. She gave the sign to the surgeon. He took the knife. She held his arm, tenderly laid bare the wound, cheered him, gave him Christian comfort and it was soon over. That was not the day of rose-water consolation, administered by fainting women. Never could the stout hero think of the kindness of that "nursing mother" without tears. She sought out a famous artisan, who most ingeniously contrived an iron arm, by which the warrior could guide his horse. Thenceforth his iron arm gave him the title of *Bras-de-fer*.*

La Noue was again in the field, "reducing Saintes and other places to the obedience of the Huguenots," "where," says Castelnau, "I shall leave him to breathe for a while and speak of the grand march of the princes."

Death, that came so near to the valorous chieftain of the West, came even nearer to Coligny while pushing up from Nismes, through the narrow passes of the Vivarrais, a country which now appears as "the image of a world falling into ruin and perishing of old age." Dangers hung on the peaks, which might let slip the avalanche. Doom lay in the deep gorges, into which horse and rider might slide to be seen no more. Many of the southern Protestants had no faith in his bold plan of striking at Paris, hundreds of miles away, and they refused to join him. Only about

* Amirault, Vie de La Noue; Freer, Jeanne d'Albret.

five thousand men were with him, but recruits were coming from those mountain retreats of the ancient Albigenses.

It first seemed a mercy that Coligny fell sick, for the army needed rest. They halted at St. Etienne in the forests. But every true soldier began to fear lest the great leader was to die. For nearly three weeks he lay on the verge of death. It was some cheer to his stout heart when Briquemaut joined him with fifteen hundred horsemen and a force of strong religious consolation. Prayers went up for the admiral. No mutterings now, no flings at his sore defeats. Yet some officers began to whisper, "If he die, we will disband." Others looked to Louis Nassau as his successor. "Had he died," wrote his great friend La Noue, "a change of counsels must have ensued. I cannot affirm that they would have persevered had they lost the hinge upon which all turned." The caustic D'Aubigné said, "This danger profited in one thing. Those young people who surrounded the prince and began to make a court of the army learned by their apprehensions the value of the old man."

Louis Nassau was in Dauphiny, for Coligny had learned that an armed force on foot was there ready for his call. This officer, with the troops he gathered, threw such terror into the people that they sought shelter among the mountains. "Having no cannon and thinking he had done enough for his reputation," after pillaging the country he joined the main force. The admiral now resolved to follow down the Loire, hoping that as the river increased in volume so his army would enlarge, until he could throw upon Paris a torrent that would change the politics of the court.

Some deputies came asking him to make new proposals of peace. Also a trumpeter came from Marshal de Cossé, announcing that he was in command of the royal army and would soon attack the Huguenot garrison at La Char-

ité and then march right upon him. With sword and olive branch thus offered together some of the officers were confused. "Tell Marshal de Cossé," was his message, "that he need not be in such haste, for I will be with him soon and solace his mind after his fatigue."* Why was De Cossé so formal? Why did he not improve his hour? It has been supposed that he and the Montmorencies had a plan to favour the admiral. Davila says, he was "secretly inclined to the doctrines of Calvin and naturally cautious."

"The fact is," says a contemporary, "that the men at court who had considered Coligny as lost beyond all help, on seeing how rapidly he had reorganized a powerful army, were afraid that he would form a junction with the forces at La Charité and then march straight upon Paris, set it on fire, the houses of presidents and counsellors and all, as had been done at Toulouse." The physicians advised him not to burden his mind with a treaty. He was not able for it. This broke off negotiations.†

"Why should the illness of our leader prevent us from forming a treaty?" said certain officers. "We are quite competent to do it."

"It is very strange," said Biron, one of the deputies, "that you do not perceive the worth of your admiral. Were he to die to-day we should not offer you so much as a cup of water to-morrow."‡

They would wait for him to die and then enforce the basest terms. "Carry me to La Charité," was his order, even when physicians had almost given him over to the grave. "I must risk life rather than lose the opportunity for forcing our enemy into a favourable treaty. Let the princes direct the army. Till breath fail I shall advise

* Vita Colinii.

† Ibid.

‡ Perau, Vie de Gontaut de Biron; Vie de Colinii.

them." The army, however, swung off to the right and took a position at Arnay-le-Duc, sixty leagues from Paris.

Such hardiness astounded the court. It loosed the tongue of Catherine to scold De Cossé. It led parliament to consider whether the burning of an effigy really had put an end to Coligny and Montgomery. The petted Anjou was anxious for his health. Charles did not care how long he was sick. He himself was far away tribulating small game in the woods when he first heard that Coligny was north of the Loire. "You need rest," he said to Anjou. "I will try the command of the army." He was intent upon peace. His anxiety for it has been a mystery. Did he feel the need of Coligny at his side? Was he seeking strength against Catherine and Anjou? He seems to have been sincere at this time and willing to be generous.

But the whispers of peace were as yet only in the air. They were not wafted over the hills to Arnay-le-Duc. There the two Henries looked across the pools and brooks on the banners of Marshal Cossé. They made no inquiries about his secret attachment to Calvinism, and he felt that he must redeem himself from the charge of lethargy. The battle began and lasted long, but it was not fought on the plan of Pope Pius V. It was the coolest fight in all the civil wars. Neither side had the atrocity shown at Montcontour. It seemed to prove that party hatred and revenge had begun to relax.* The most ardour was manifested by the Huguenot princes, each panting for glory. The historian Matthieu afterward took down from the lips of young Navarre his own account of it. "My first exploit in arms (as commander) was at Arnay-le-Duc; the question was, whether I should fight or retire. I had no retreat nearer than forty miles. By fighting I ran the risk of capture or death. At ten paces from me a gentleman was

* Lacratelle, *Guerres de Religion*.

killed by a cannon ball; but recommending the success of the day to God, it pleased him to make it favourable and happy."

The princes had a joy in telling their guardian of the result. But like a father he checked their pride. He was more anxious to see the signals of peace than the trophies of victory. "I shall be blamed," he said, "if I do not moderate your ardour. Do not ask me how many cannons were taken nor how many men were slain. These men are Frenchmen. I hope that very soon neither you nor I will be compelled for our defence to shed the blood of our compatriots. If I at all know the king and queen-mother, peace is in our hands. What shall hinder me from signing it, rendering it durable and henceforth drawing my sword only for my sovereign? Young princes, whom in my heart I call my children, if I have taught you by my constancy to triumph over the most cruel adversities, you may still learn from me one most precious lesson, that is, to shun all occasion of civil wars. Think of their cost. Yes, I am ready to sign a peace so needful for my brothers, so necessary for my country, even if I were certain of being made a victim and put to a death of ignominy."

The admiral spoke forth his honest heart. No doubt he was weary of war. The check it gave to national prosperity, the immense drain it made upon the resources of the people, the derangement of all the industries, the loss of countless lives by sword and pestilence and the shame of a civil war, all had their effect upon his mind, for he was a political economist. As a moralist and Christian he thought of the vices and immoralities spreading through the army*

* "The disorders of our men of war were such that they were no longer to be remedied, so that the admiral has often told me that he would rather die than fall again into such confusions and see such evil committed before his eyes."—*La Noue*. He refers to the Germans.

and into all the ranks of society, the fear of seeing the soldier turn into a brigand, the sacrifices which the Reformed were making for liberty and the awful fact of hurling thousands of souls into eternity in one short hour of bloody war. But the peace must be one that would save life, property and society. Not such an one as had vainly been tried—one that only insured to the persecutor the means of family revenges, riots to break up Protestant worship and massacres in peaceful towns.

Health was returning to Coligny. He led his army past several places full of story. Noyers and Tanlay were not far off. Vezelay brought up the name of Beza, now in Geneva as Calvin's successor. The fords near Sancère had their memories to stir the soldier's enthusiasm. On the Loire rested one wing of the army. Coligny led the advance to his own Chatillon and even to Montargis. Another move and he might lodge in the palace of Fontainebleau, within a comparatively few strides of the capital. What a circle he had made by his grand marches! The last was accomplished in about eight months, including a whole winter and over full eight hundred perilous miles.

Coligny might well say, as he had said to his men at Dreux, "The time is now come that we must no longer trust to our feet, as we have done of late, but rely upon the strength of our arms." And those arms were strong at that moment, considering the smallness and weariness of the army. Never was the cause more hopeful. Coligny and Queen Jeanne had raised it from the lowest depths of depression with skill and daring that have ever since called forth wonder and admiration. Though fearfully tried, he had not wavered, "for his heart was fixed, trusting in God." He had stood, it appears, and gazed on desolated Chatillon; the oppressor had laid low all its beauty; the sight was enough to kindle revenge in the most of men; but even

there he wished to clasp hands with the foe and forgive. He cared not to take Paris on its own account. What could he do with it if he had it? To overthrow a monarchy, to melt the golden crown into coin for the people, to establish a republic, to make himself what William of Orange became, or what Cromwell or Washington have since been in history, certainly never was his aim. Had such examples been before him we question whether he might not have attempted more vigorously to seize the capital. It seemed within his grasp.

Turning to the court, we cannot so clearly read the motives for peace. Had fear a part? It must seem strange that the royal army was not able to drive back that of Coligny. The one was greater, the other was almost worn out. The one might be speedily recruited, the other had scarcely a chance of reinforcement, except from Germany, and even fresh Bavarians must cut their way through Lorraine. Was it because the royal treasury was drained? Surely that of the Huguenots was not overpouring. Distress was now staring them in the face. Was it because the crown feared a war with England? There was some such prospect, if Catherine should determine to take up the cause of her daughter-in-law, Mary of Scots. It seems that Catherine, ever suspicious and suspected, had doubts of the commanders in the army. She had some doubts whether the best of them did not think more of France than of herself or the pope; more of humanity than of rooting out heresy; more of toleration than of bloodshed in the name of religion.

A moderate party was growing into notice. Such men as Francis and Henry Montmorency, De Cossé and Biron had quite adopted the views of De l'Hôpital. They were all "good Catholics." They were patriotic. They saw how the hand of Philip had been in all the civil wars. They

perceived that the pope was hounding to death thousands of the best nobility and yeomanry of the kingdom. They sought to make France independent at home, respected abroad, prosperous in every interest and tolerant in religion. To do this they must repel the Spanish influence. Francis Montmorency was growing into the leadership of this party, which was called the "Politicians." It was he, if Tavannes be correct, who had saved the Huguenots from being swiftly followed after their defeat at Moncontour. And now he wished to save them without a battle. Walsingham attributes to him the peace.

These men were now so strong at court that the Spanish ambassador paid them this compliment: "Five out of the eight in the cabinet are atheists or Huguenots." To be an atheist then was to be a moderate Roman Catholic! The extremists, hating peace unless it crushed out heresy, were the Lorraines, the full-blooded Italians and the "Spanialized" French. They said, "it is an unworthy deed to make peace with heretics." They were wary of the king, who inclined to the politicians. They were thick with Anjou. They laboured with Catherine. It appears that some of them sent deputies to the admiral to sound his mind.*

They visited him. "If you will abate some of your demands," they said, "you will receive two hundred crowns." He scowled. "I cannot be bought nor bribed." They ran on: "It is only to repay you for the injuries done at Chatillon." He thought of other injuries. "My comrades in arms must be favoured in the same way. The Reformed churches should have their losses made good and they must have full protection in the future."

Time wore on. The court wavered. Castelnau asserts that the treaty was postponed for some time by the pope's

* Davila, Mezeray, Puaux, White.

nuncio and the Spanish ambassador, who offered his majesty three thousand horse and six thousand foot to extirpate the Huguenots. But Philip failed to turn the drift of events like water to his own mill. The pope, to whose ears the whispers of a peace with heretics was a thunder-clap, had been writing since January,* urging in furious bigotry: "It would be a token of perdition to treat with Huguenots! There can be no agreement between Catholics and heretics unless it be a false and insidious one." He seems to recommend the most treacherous jesuitry.

Coligny was not so anxious as to be entrapped by haste. Some of his friends were extremists for war. "They deemed it nothing but treason" to submit. "If the court find war at the palace gates," said the admiral, "it may come to terms." He was now on the borders of the Isle of France. One rapid march and Paris might become a Huguenot city. In that event Catherine would have pretended to be a Huguenot queen. She took alarm. "Treat on any tolerable conditions," was her message. The deputies held their colloquies at La Charité. The result was the peace of St. Germain, signed August 8, 1570. .

The Huguenots disbanded their army, retaining only the four garrisons allowed them. They borrowed money to pay off the German troops, depending upon the churches to assume the debt. The royal forces were distributed through the garrisons of the realm. One instance shows something of the *morale* and inhumanity of the soldiers. Strozzi had to cross the Loire with certain of the king's troops. The female camp-followers would not obey the order to leave the army. He threw more than eight hundred of them into the river above Angers. If the old discipline still held sway among the Huguenots they had none such characters to banish.

* Mendham. There are six letters, all in the same vein.

As this was the last treaty before the St. Bartholomew we should know what the Protestants gained and how far the court was sincere. The gain was immense, considering that age and that throne. Pardon, residence, toleration and the right of appeal were four chief points. None were to be punished as rebels. Prisoners of war were released. All property confiscated was restored. Churches taken by either party were to be restored to the other. Each was to have liberty of conscience and dwell securely in any part of the land. The right of public worship was granted in all places already possessed by Protestants and in two other places in each province, but usually only in "the suburbs" of towns, as "the suburbs of Arnay-le-Duc;" moreover "in all the cities in which it was publicly performed on the first day of this present month August." "Neither shall any exercise of the said pretended* Reformed religion be performed in our court or within two leagues of it. . . . Neither in Paris nor within ten leagues of it. . . . Those of the said religion shall not be disturbed in their houses, provided they behave themselves as aforesaid." . . . They were to have "burying-grounds of their own." Burials to take place by night. "All scholars, the sick and poor, shall be received in the universities, schools and hospitals without distinction on account of religion." Protestants to "raise no money without our leave, or enlist men. . . . To keep to the political laws in observing festivals. . . . Not to open their shambles to sell meat on such days." . . . Much was offered "to gratify our most dear and most beloved aunt, the Queen of Navarre." One great article ran: "Whereas several persons suffer damages

* The two religions are thus described: one, "la Religion Catholique et Romaine;" the other, "la Religion qu' ils disent Reformée," and "la Religion pretendue Reformée."—*Benoit, Recueil d'Edicts*. Laval also gives the forty-four articles.

in estates and persons, and it will be difficult for them to lose the remembrance thereof . . . being desirous to avoid grudges and animosities, we give in keeping to those of the said religion the cities of La Rochelle, Montauban, Cognac and La Charité," to be held by them for two years as hostages and refuge cities. Equal rights to all parties. Huguenots eligible to offices of state and allowed to appeal from the provincial parliaments; also to object to jurors and judges in certain cases. These terms were more liberal than any ever granted before in France. Yet Charles was willing to grant more. His agent, De Mesmes, said afterward that he had fallen within his private instructions. Perhaps De l'Hôpital might have been restored to the chancellorship.

Who of the court was sincere in all this? If any were feigning, setting a trap and resolved upon a future massacre, we may certainly place among them the Italian party under the Gondis and Birague, who now was chancellor. So we should add Anjou and the Guises, if it were not for the evidence that they opposed the treaty. Anjou could not be dictator. Of him Walsingham wrote: "Monsieur can hardly digest to live in the degree of a subject, having already the reputation of a king."* Henry of Guise was unpopular at court. His uncle, the Cardinal of Lorraine, ever fond of trap-setting, refused to have a hand in the treaty, probably just because it was not a snare on the part of the king. As for the queen, Laval might safely remark that "the princes and the admiral were not able to dive into the most secret recesses of Catherine's heart." Who were able? What mental reservation she had is still a mystery. She wished to play one party against the other, and take France from all by betraying all. But she seems to have yielded to the king, "who, being turned of twenty,"

* To Leicester, 29th August, 1570.

says Daniel, "and weary, as they called it, of having his mother lead him by the nose, began to take upon him the government, resolved from that time to reign at his ease."

Was the king sincere? Did he intend to keep the treaty? If not, his deception is so wonderful that it involves us in the greatest difficulties, moral and historical. It exceeds anything Catherine ever engineered. This theory makes him more of a genius than his talents prove. It makes him the chief actor in the awful drama of blood, carrying out his part by feigning a jealousy of Anjou, an impatience of his mother and a zeal for peace. It makes all his later dealings with the admiral a grand farce. It makes Coligny, who was ever trustful but yet cautious, almost stupidly blind and easily cajoled. And then it must be supposed that he had a silent agreement with all the radical exterminators of heresy; that the pope feigned great displeasure, that the jars in the royal family were only affected, and that Anjou and Lorraine, the Gondis and Guises, the Leaguers and Jesuits, and perhaps the Politicians included, were only playing a long game, in which they put on airs of great jealousy and offence toward each other. Lacratelle, with some other writers, attributes an excessive dissimulation to Charles and an almost total blindness to Coligny. Davila asserts that the king and his mother were united in weaving a net for the Protestant chiefs. La Noue calls it a "masked peace," which covered the most atrocious designs. Sully declares, "The unexpected success of the Huguenots changed the opinion of the government at once, as likewise the form of attack; taking the resolution to get rid of the Huguenots by less apparent arms."*

But these writers assume that Catherine was the real

* *Œconomies Royales de Sulli*. Also Varillas, Charles IX.; *Discours Merveilleux de la Vie de Catherine de Medici*.

author of the treaty and that Charles was only a subordinate. She was baiting the net and he was used as a stool-pigeon, his own eyes quite sealed and his voice alluring the Huguenots by its moaning tone of compassion. The fact seems clear that he was more in the hands of the moderate party than the dupe of his mother or the partner in whatever scheme she may have secretly cherished. We do not forget that perjury was nothing to him when it served his purpose. We do not mean that his sincerity involved any long continuance in firmness and honesty. It was simply policy, not principle. But if it was then a sincere policy, it gives us a key to the strange events which followed. It still leaves Catherine liable to our strongest suspicions, but it supplies the link which afterward bound Charles to Coligny and the Politicians. In order to show the later guilt of the court, it is not necessary to make fools of the Huguenots and the moderates.

But to anticipate results is to spoil history by framing theories. The fact is there was a St. Bartholomew's Day. There was a plot before the slaughter. But at what precise time was the plot formed? We have not yet, as we believe, reached that hour. The idea was abroad. The spirit tending to it was rife. Extermination had become familiar talk. Protestants were in dread of it. The policy was before the court. Philip and the pope were urging it instead of peace. And yet, in the very face of all the Papal and Spanish threats and protests, Charles had secured the treaty.

The news flew to Rome. The pope was exceedingly troubled, and all his cardinals with him. He had no private whisper in his ear that Charles was only feigning with the heretics. The hint of a scheme, as deep as it was inhuman, would have delighted Pius V. But he saw that his slaughter-breathing epistles had not been taken as infallible

advice. Harping still on his endless theme, he sent his September letters to the Cardinals of Lorraine and Bourbon: "We cannot 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. We fear that God will inflict a judgment on the king and all who took part in the infamous negotiations." Behold the tears of Pius V.! He would have France wet with a redder flood. He puts in this inciting reminder: "As a member of the sacred college, your purple robe and your oath bind you to shed your very blood for the Roman Church, if need be!" Why did not the French cardinals reply that the treaty was a trap? That would have soothed the feelings of "the Holy Father." Charles and his mother assure him that the peace is a necessity. He sends back denunciations less moist and more wrathful. They reply that Charles is king over his own realm and will do as he pleases.* The hope of an independent France seemed to be dawning.

Charles was justly proud of the treaty. He called it "My peace." Often he said with fervour to quell the murmurers, "*C'est ma paix.*† It shall be duly observed." He hanged certain Papists who were riotous in the old style. He referred certain Huguenots, who complained of scanty liberties, to the letter of the edict, and granted them the full measure of their privilege. He refused to order the Huguenots of Mailly to remove their meeting-house to another town when the priests requested it. The amount and continuance of his sincerity will further appear as we proceed.

"So the land had rest from war." Happy for France had

* Mendham; White.

† "He intimated that he had made it in opposition to his council, the queen-mother and the house of Guise."—*Daniel*. So De Thou, in the main.

there been hosts of such men as Castelnau, who closed his account with these sage conclusions: "You see, my son, that the spiritual sword, that is, the good example of the pastors of the Church, their charity, preaching and other pious works, are better means to extirpate heresy and restore those who have erred to the right way than the temporal one, which destroys and sheds our neighbour's blood; especially when matters are come to such a pass that the more people use violent means to remove an evil the more they increase it."

La Noue tells us that "some Romanists thought it a shame to make peace with such heretics. They were cured in this way: if they were swordsmen, they were recommended to enter the fight and slay the wicked Huguenots. Two attempts would change their minds. If they were of the long robe, they were invited to give half their income to carry on the war. This soon converted them." There were, however, many cases of the old chronic form and of the fanatical type, whose violence was not restrained. Riots and massacres were not fully abated.

Nor were the Reformed so nearly angelic as never to retaliate. Yet the soldier went to his home, the pastor returned to his flock, and the people settled down to keep good order and obey the laws. They gladly read in the edict that they were "not to be vexed or molested or constrained to do anything against their conscience in point of religion, nor to be examined in their houses on the said account." They almost shook their heads when they read that in places distant from their temples "they shall only be allowed the said exercise of religion for their families; yet in case any of their friends should chance to come there to the number of ten, or some christening happen in haste, the company not exceeding ten, they shall not be persecuted or troubled for the same." No doubt these allow-

able ten "chanced" very often to meet at their neighbour's, and "christenings happened" wherever an infant secured to them the privilege.

"If any one in these lamentable wars labored hard both in body and mind," writes La Noue, in closing his story, "it was the admiral. He sustained the heaviest burden both in military and civil affairs with constancy. He bore himself with as much firmness before the princes his superiors as gentleness to his inferiors. He held piety in singular esteem. He had a love of justice that made him prized by all his party. He never ambitiously sought commands or honours; they were forced upon him on account of his wisdom and ability. He showed that he understood the use of arms as well as the greatest captain of his time, courageously exposing his own person in every danger. He was great in adversity. He had no varnish nor parade about him. He was one worthy to have restored a weakened and corrupted state. This little I think it right to say in passing, having known him well, frequented him much and greatly profited in his school."

CHAPTER VIII.

NEW ALLIANCES.

(1570—1571.)

THE bells were ringing in La Rochelle, and the guns were roaring on the walls fifteen days after the treaty was signed. La Noue was one of the bearers of the paper which Queen Jeanne caused to be read in the grand square of the citadel. Her chaplain offered prayers and admonished the people to live by the laws. They shouted for King Charles, the Queen of Navarre and her gallant son. But the next day the usual gloom rested on the city, as if her warlike people had never been thrilled by the tidings of peace. Such was the mind of the Huguenots almost everywhere. They had taken the Papists at their word—“No faith with heretics.” Experience had taught them to put no confidence in the French court.*

Three days later, Jeanne wrote to Charles, whom she pitied while she praised. She had no confidence in his mother. The only hope was to inspire Charles with independence and firmness. She speaks of the general delight “which has resulted from the peace that it has pleased God and you, Sire, to give us. We all place our only hope in your goodness and your prudence. We trust that it will unite your subjects in piety and justice under your sceptre. You confide in me. I promise never to disappoint you. My hearty desire is to honour and obey you. Do me the honour to believe that you have no subject or servant in this

* *L'Étoile*, *Mém. pour l'Histoire de France*.

realm more ready to devote everything to your service than she who prays the Almighty to crown you with blessings and bestow upon you a long and happy life.”* Thousands of Huguenots would have joined in such honest utterances despite all their sombre suspicions.

Again the guns roared and the cheers arose when Coligny and the two Huguenot princes, with their train of heroes, entered La Rochelle. He had declined the eager invitation of Catherine to visit the court. He remembered the fathers of these young Bourbons, and drew them from the temptations of a court which grew more and more openly corrupt. Levity and licentiousness are mild words to describe its character. They loved their guardian. Coligny had asked for no special favours. He had no ambition for a seat in the cabinet. He sought private life. He seems not to have thought of ever dwelling again at desolated Chatillon. What was left for him but to employ his repose in promoting peace, and rearing his own children and those of the fallen brave to become the hope of his cause? Ever disposed to trust in solemn pledges, he firmly maintained that Charles was honest and was secretly resolved to shake off his mother's yoke, to gather around him the moderate men, and to raise up a powerful party which would be truly patriotic and loyal to France. Jeanne doubted it. “Remember Noyers!”

The Reformed chieftains had not disarmed, gone to their castles and resumed the care of their estates. They were gathered in the four Huguenot cities, but most of them repaired to the court of Jeanne D'Albret. She kept the city in a state of defence. One who walked in its streets or on its docks would have supposed that the war still was in progress. Sully tells us that “to keep a better correspondence in their party and give a more solid foundation to their

* Dupuy MSS. in Freer.

affairs, they resolved to take up their residence at La Rochelle. There the business of their confederacy could be carried on with as much regularity as during the war. Within the walls they would consider themselves safe." Thus there was a sort of republic within a kingdom. Was it wise? The king and Catherine were intent upon drawing them from their retreat; the one, probably, for the good of the realm, the other, perhaps, to victimize them.

The king's wedding was to come off in November. His rejection of the Spanish infanta and his engagement with Elizabeth, the daughter of the Emperor Maximilian, was considered a sort of compromise between the two parties in France. True, she was not a Protestant, nor was her father, but she came from a land where Protestants were tolerated. Catherine hoped that a winter's grand feasting and jousting would turn foes into good neighbours and bring the wary Huguenots out of their retreats. The wooing of the Austrian princess was not so difficult as the winning of Jeanne D'Albret. Many a fleet horse was ridden down by the persuading couriers. Many a letter told Catherine's eagerness. But the Queen of Navarre remembered the past. She had a son to protect. She excused herself. "The populace, excited by the late troubles, may not willingly see me travel with a large escort, while the state of the roads, infested by banditti, will not permit me to go with my ordinary body-guard."

The great affair of the winter had its climax at Paris. But one thing was wanting to complete the rejoicings—the Huguenot leaders were not present. They did not march under the rustic gateway, perhaps the work of their artist, Bernard Palissy. They did not partake of the collation "of every kind of fruit in the world, and every sort of meat and fish, all made out of sugar and on dishes of sugar." They did not read the motto, "Victory," upon an olive

tree, nor the words, "Treaty Immortal," placed on an altar, upon which was a lamb, a priest standing by to slay it. It meant that whosoever violated the peace should suffer the fate of the lamb. They were not there. They had urgent invitations. They gave Queen Jeanne's excuse. "They did wisely," says the Abbé Perau, "for orders had been given to arrest the leading ones on their arrival." The abbé must have thought too illy of his Romish predecessors. Daniel has it that Teligny and Briquemaut were present, and were "greatly pleased with the king."

Meanwhile the king had some very sound advice from the deputies of the Protestant princes of Germany, who came to renew the old friendship. They said much about "good faith, adherence to promises, justice to all." They were highly complimentary and instructive: "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 delight in disorders. . . . Continue to deserve that most august of titles—the *Peacemaker*. Those who would lead you to break your faith, saying that a state cannot flourish with two religions in it, do not know or do not believe what they assert. Poland and Turkey are examples. Your father-in-law is tolerant." Charles was cautious in his reply. But he spoke proudly of his edict of peace, and the ambassadors, loaded with presents, thought him sincere.

The new queen had a good influence upon Charles. He had been rude, noisy, violent. "His bodily exercise consisted in jumping, tennis, breaking or shoeing horses, or in driving them, as he well knew how to do, even with four-in-hand. Besides, he forged weapons, cast cannons, fished and hunted. From childhood he was addicted to the chase, even to frenzy. Upon the chase he had written a book (*La Chasse Royale*). This daily pursuit of beasts made him

cruel to them, but not to men." If horses or donkeys came in his way, "he struck off their heads and paid their value to their owners. "He loved music and poetry. He had poor health, because in fear of being poisoned or plotted against by his brothers.* The quiet, amiable Elizabeth tamed him down considerably. His temper was not so fiery. He seemed to forget the past troubles. He was intent upon wearing his own crown. "I am no longer so young," he said, "as to need a governor. I am willing to receive 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 henceforth will keep the factions in order myself."

The Papal clergy thought him in earnest. Their abuse is some proof of his justice. In many places he and his mother were denounced as traitors—one a Judas, the other a Jezebel—because they let the "rascally heretics" live. These priests wished to take the matter in hand and rouse the people to the slaughter. "Arise, Joshua, and smite Makkeddah with the sword." Anjou was the Joshua, and La Rochelle the city, to be smitten. A chanson of the day seemed prophetic of the St. Bartholomew :

"Our captains so lusty,
With armour all trusty,
And scarfs of bright red,
Will use well their knives
On Huguenot lives,
Till they are all dead." †

These ravings were not lost on the wind. A people,

* Dupuy MSS. in Von Raumer, who quotes "an hitherto unknown description of the life of Charles IX."

† I translate the original quoted in White's Massacre St. Bartholomew. He quotes from another, which refers to Coligny as "hung on a gibbet and the ravens devouring his flesh." We have heard rather

watching for the signal and sure of a pardon from "the Holy Father," took up the word. They dared not smite La Rochelle. They fell upon defenceless villagers. "Either the king intentionally broke his word," is the opinion of Tavannes, "or the irrepressible hatred of the Catholics caused massacres in various places." Orange on the Rhone, in Dauphiny, had been granted to its owners, the Nassau princes, by the late treaty. Louis may have touched there on this grand march. It was strongly Protestant. Six months after the treaty, La Baume and others laid their plot, raised the mob, and in the night made an attack upon the Huguenots, who had the legal right to dwell there and worship. They broke the windows, dragged out and beat the surprised victims, "and had no compassion upon young man or maiden, old man or him that stooped for age." Those who fled were chased and murdered upon the bridges or expelled from the towns where they sought refuge. The cruelties are too shocking for description. For three days all was riot, despite the magistrates. It only ceased when the garrison of Henry Montmorency (who was not present) put it down. Refugees were kindly received into the citadel.* Count Louis of Nassau, as we shall see, presented the case to the king.

The next month, at Rouen, on a Sunday, the Reformed were going either to or from their church outside the walls—a church built by the admiral—when they were attacked. savage songs in war-times, meaning nothing like what they expressed. But this is curious: "More than a year before the St. Bartholomew, I read the prophecy of a man of the Religion, who on his death-bed, just before the treaty of peace, said, 'The peace will be unexpected and quite to our advantage. But the Queen of Navarre will go to Paris and die. The nobles of each party will be assembled, and the things contemplated will be finished. Oh what sudden changes! what treasons and cruelties!'"—*L'Etoile, Mém. pour l'Histoire de France.*

* Thuani Hist.

By the treaty they went to worship unarmed. The priests and Papists wounded and slew "above forty of them." The king's officers, "understanding what they were about, came with some of the citizens in arms to the gates," and took some of the seditious and clapped them into prison. Their accomplices broke in the doors and set free the rioters. The magistrates were so frightened by the mob that they dared not discharge their duties for some days, and kept to their houses.* Another case for the king.

At Dieppe there was a similar riot, which the royal governor suppressed. This activity of the king's garrisons was proof of a great change in the policy of the government since the days of Vassy and Sens, Orleans and Auxerre. Then the governors always sided with the ruffians. We read of no Huguenot outbreaks at this period. In remote Dauphiny some of the Reformed met at funerals in groups of more than ten. "It is against the thirteenth article of the treaty," said Henry Montmorency, the governor. "Your place of public worship for the Upper Alps is Chorges." It was a long and rough road for many of them to travel on a winter Sunday. But they submitted. Those were times when feet were strong and spirits hardy. The Huguenots walked their weary miles, singing their psalms, talking of the sermons and regardless of the fatigues of the way.

Charles was still more gracious. The Huguenots were allowed to hold their great Synod. There are two great dates in the history of French Protestantism—the 29th of May, 1559, and the 11th of April, 1571. Upon the first of these we saw a few bold ministers creep into a corner of Paris and lay the foundations for a grand organization of the churches. Upon the second, we see them coming in open day, and in greater numbers, to La Rochelle, in order

* D'Aubigné; Thuani Hist.

to raise the thousands of churches from the desolations and chaos of war. Then parliament was in session to crush, burn and destroy, setting forth an example in Du Bourg. Now a Protestant might hope for a fair hearing even in the Tournelle—the “burning chamber” having been suppressed. There the Confession of Faith was first projected; here it was to be revised and restored. There Francis Morel presided; here, Theodore Beza. There a few framed the rules of discipline; here the many gathered to lament the want of it in their parishes, and the disorders which had grown up while elders were away in the wars, flocks scattered by marauders, and pastors distressed by persecution—exiled as was Chaudieu, and hanged as was Marlorat.

Yet, in defiance of every danger, these fathers of the French Church had held six national synods* in those twelve wretched years. This was the seventh. Grandeur was added to it by the presence of those who were not only noble in birth, but nobler in principle, in heroic endurance, in the battle for liberty, and in the sacrifice of estates and realms. Coligny, Count Louis and other chiefs were present, taking great interest in the deliberations. There, too, were the young princes and Queen Jeanne, who had just presided over a smaller and more local synod in order to restore the faith and order to the churches of the western provinces. She was publicly thanked for having had the New Testament translated into the dialect of the Basques. “This assembly,” she said with exultation, “is the crowning act of peace. Let us solemnly ratify the recent treaty.” They did it.

“And the money wherewith to cancel the debts incurred

* The first was held at Paris, in 1559; the second, at Poitiers, 1561; the third, at Orleans, 1562; the fourth, at Lyons, 1563; the fifth, at Paris, 1565; the sixth, at Verteuil, 1567.—*Aymon, Recueil des Synods Nationaux.*

by paying the German troops," was the point urged by the admiral. "Some wish to petition the king to assume that burden. But would not that be unjust? He has advanced largely for that purpose. He is generous. We were the party served. Let the churches assume the debt, and the levy be made." It was so ordered.

Whether Coligny was ever an elder in the church we cannot learn, but we frequently meet with some of his wise propositions in Synods. He here introduces the charitable rule that when a person should first be reported to the session of a church as guilty of evil conduct, the name should not be published until the charges had been proved.

"I wish to know," was the inquiry of Queen Jeanne, "whether I can rightly retain in my service Roman Catholics when I cannot obtain officers from among Protestants?" This question marks the state of affairs at the time. It was discussed at length. The decision was that she should be careful, guard against traitors, never admit to her household service those who had betrayed her, cause papists in her employ to be well instructed in the truth. The Confession of Faith was re-established in France. Deputies came from the king to assure the Synod of his good-will. They broached other matters, to which we must presently give attention.

It would have been a delight to meet at the Synod one man who had endeared himself to the Protestants. He was the Huguenot cardinal. Sympathy was extended to Coligny in the loss of his only remaining brother. Odet de Chatillon had nobly served the Protestants in England. At the request of the admiral he was about to leave for La Rochelle. He was just going to bid farewell to Elizabeth, when he fell under the effects of poison administered in an apple by his valet. The wretch was afterward executed, confessing the crime. Chatillon was buried at Canterbury, universally

regretted. The praise of Brantome we have already cited. "Nor should we omit to mention the incredible similarity of mind, and the love and mutual good-will that subsisted among the three brothers of the Chatillon family, which were such as to make them seem to have but one soul." *

One young man had now become the chief connecting link between Coligny and Charles IX. He had been long with the admiral; he was to suffer and die with him. We saw his grandfather at Saint Quentin, the victim of rash courage. He was Charles, lord of Teligny. His father warred as a standard-bearer, but ran so far in debt to support his rank that he went to Venice and died. His mother was related to the mother of the admiral, and hence to the houses of Condé and Montmorency. His sister was the wife of the stout Bras de Fer. Early in life he was in the service of Coligny, and was a genuine Huguenot. Not only his family connections but his abilities marked him as a diplomatist. "He was so accomplished in letters and in arms," says Brantome, "that few surpassed him in affairs of court or camp, the state or the army." He was "the Mercury of the state, and the perpetual negotiator of all the treaties of peace." Charles admired him so much that he was freely going and coming to court during the late war. He had much to do with the moderate party, and more work was still on hand.

Teligny had been waiting for quiet times in order to form his happiest alliance. Years before he had loved Louisa de Coligny, "who was a very beautiful and modest damsel," Brantome informs us, "and one who might have won a wealthier hand." Another speaks of "her charming voice, and goodness quite angelic." Enough that she was a Rachel, for whom a homeless Jacob was more than willing to serve seven years, and that her father was not such an exacting

* Vita Colinii.

Laban as to consult the profit of the match. Yet there was something in Coligny's view of the case which reminds one of Bible times. Teligny was poor. He had naught but personal merit. It is curious to read the "item" in his will, drawn by him after a price had been set upon his head: "According to what I have told my eldest daughter, I do advise her, for the reasons she knows, to marry M. de Teligny, for the good and rare qualities which I have seen in him. If she do so, I shall deem her very happy. However, I will not use my authority on this occasion; only I do advise her, as loving her so entirely as she knows I do, because I do really think that it will be for her good and happiness, which we must always prefer to the greatest estates and riches." Such was the Huguenot way of arranging these matters.

Another affair was linked with this. "One would have thought," says the Abbé Anquetil, "that a veteran warrior like the admiral must be quite unattackable on the tender side, yet the marriage of perhaps the gravest man in France had much of the character of an adventure in romance." It was the pure-minded Ruth who made the first advances to Boaz, and inspiration has not left the touching fact unrecorded. It was the pure-hearted Jacqueline of Entremont who imitated so scriptural an example. She was the widow of a baron who was among the king's Swiss, and who fell in the battle of St. Dennis. At heart she was a quiet Protestant, the heir of vast estates in Savoy, where she lived, and "a lady whose modesty, piety and sanctity Coligny had heard spoken of long before." But "the long before" must mean only that during the last war his and her friends had mentioned certain desirable possibilities. She was captivated by "a rare assortment of virtue and talents, which filled her idea of the ancient heroism." To bestow upon him and his cause her hand and her wealth would be a grand act worthy

of religion. "My ambition is to be the Marcia of the new Cato," she wrote, "and shall I fly to La Rochelle?"

"Not just yet," muttered the Duke of Savoy, who had terribly hated Coligny at St. Quentin, and had a whisper of "the aid and comfort" going over to the enemy. It would never do for one of the richest heiresses to ally herself with "a rebel vassal of the French crown." Let her accept some one of his eager nobles. She refused. He positively commanded. She was more positive in her will. He threatened. By night, in disguise, she escaped, to traverse all France to the sea. "The duke was much afraid," Davila tells us, "that the admiral, who was so subtle and enterprising a politician, would take advantage of the nearness of the estates to Geneva, and kindle such a fire in Savoy as he had done in France." He confiscated the domains of Entremont. All the later efforts of Charles could not induce him to restore the property. The papal nuncio proposed one other preventive; that was to assassinate the countess!

Madame Jacqueline and her escort of fifty gentlemen came within a league of La Rochelle. There they were met by the admiral, who had probably never seen her face. The party entered the city amid the salutes of cannon and the ringing of all the bells which war had spared. The citizens, and indeed the whole Huguenot party, had a more exalted opinion of the chief, whose valour and worth were so renowned as to win for him so illustrious a bride, and that, too, without any exertion on his part. The bravest of them had not known so easy a conquest. They mustered under arms and lined the streets from the gate to the Hôtel de Coligny, where a vast concourse of chieftains and nobles were assembled to honour the hero and heroine. The union was most happy, as was another effected that same day, when Teligny took advantage of the "item" in

the will above quoted.* Great was the joy of the Huguenots.

Happy in his new relations, Coligny had little desire to leave La Rochelle for "the treacherous atmosphere of the court," is the remark of Mr. White. "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." To see this clearly we must go back a little and notice some interesting diplomacy, in which Teligny bore an active part. A contemporary declares that "He of all the nobility seemed always most welcome and agreeable to the king. Indeed, there is no doubt that it was by this young man's persuasions that the admiral was led to repose the most entire confidence in the king's honour and friendly sentiments."

All turns upon two schemes.† In evolving them cautiously very much seems to have depended upon a certain visit made by the king soon after the end of his wedding festivities. He went to Chantilly. He passed some time with Marshal Francis Montmorency, the chief of the new

* Davila; Vita Colinii; Laval; Peran.

† The relation of these two schemes to French Protestantism and to the St. Bartholomew is often overlooked, or they are treated with such brevity that their true bearing is not seen. One class of writers first assume that the treaty of 1570 was the great step to the massacre; hence they think it enough to furnish a few illustrations of the presumed arts used to draw the Protestants to Paris. Thus a few simple and doubtful anecdotes are set forth as full of terrific meaning, while historic facts are scarcely given their due weight. To make one bold leap from the Treaty of St. Germain to the St. Bartholomew is to overlook the most critical period in the history of Coligny and of Protestantism in France. By taking more careful steps we may find matters of great interest, and fuller light thrown upon the characters, motives and designs of all who were the actors or the victims in the woeful tragedy before us. It is truth, and not theory, that we want.

party of the "Politicians." It is curious to notice the relationships. The hostess, Diana, was a half-sister of Charles, legitimate by law but not by birth, and "who looked more like her father than any other child of Henry II." This gave Montmorency a peculiar position. On the one side was his brother-in-law Charles; on the other his cousin Coligny. It formed a sort of family tie between the king and the admiral; one that Catherine would naturally despise. One day, when closeted with the marshal, Charles said "a thousand beautiful things about the horrors of civil war" and his good-will to those of the Religion. He bore hard upon Anjou, "who was the mere minion of his mother and the tutelary god of the Catholics." Charles added, "I fear that he aims at the crown. He abuses my authority. I must form a union with those of the Religion in order to beat down (*rabattre*) the grandeur of my brother."*

Montmorency knew what to say. He and his friends had been in counsel. He had, it appears, corresponded with Coligny. They had all seen what a power Anjou might gain in the soldiers and the fanatical clergy, all of whom were crying down the mild policy of Charles, and one of whom had boldly said in the very court that Anjou was the Jacob who ought to get the birthright from the Esau, whose fondness for hunting was proverbial. They had seen the hand of Spain in the politics of France. They knew that Philip carried on his murderous intrigues through the house of Lorraine. They were aware that he had even threatened war if the French court gave any liberty to the Huguenots. Spain had really thrown the wars upon

* Mezeray, who regards Charles as only feigning and employing arts to draw the Huguenot leaders to the court in order to slay them. Davila thinks there was dissimulation on both the Protestant and royal sides.

France. There was a Saint Quentin; there was a treaty of Cateau-Cambresis. By the one, Henry II. gave to Spain certain claims upon Flanders. By the other, Philip gave to France his doctrine and his plan of exterminating the Protestants. The one secured peace with Spain. The other brought division, massacre and war to the French people. All had suffered. Neither party had exterminated the other. The attempt was utterly vain; it could never be done.

In a vein like this Francis Montmorency reached his point, and said, "Peace can never come by extermination. It must result from tolerance. Catholics and Protestants must be persuaded to live together in harmony." But how unite them? How draw the Huguenots from their retreats and gain their confidence? There are two schemes which may effect it. One is to ally the Bourbons with the Valois; the other is to break the alliance between Spain and France. The first involves a marriage; the second a new war. "Give your sister Margaret to Henry of Navarre,* and by this the kings, queens and nobles of each party will be united. Give your hand to William of Orange. Take from the iron grasp of Alva the French portion of Flanders. Unite the warriors of both sides against Spain, the common enemy of us all." The philosophy of uniting two fighting parties is to set them both at war upon a third. It

* Margaret herself says in her autobiography, "The house of Montmorency first proposed this match. . . . The queen (Catherine) sent for me to meet her in private. She there informed me that the Montmorencies had proposed this match to her, and she wished to know my sentiments. I answered that I had no will but her own, and that I only begged her not to forget that I was a good Catholic, and should dislike to marry any one of a contrary persuasion." Her idea of "a good Catholic" did not require any sort of real piety. Her life was scandalous.—*Mém. de Marguerite de Valois.*

had been so at Havre. It might be so again at Mons or where the Iser flows.

The first of these schemes was not novel. It had been talked of fourteen years before and again mooted, but dropped. It was now broached again to the Queen of Navarre. But the second seems to have been new to the king. Was it Montmorency or De Cossé or Coligny who had originated it? The claims of each have been urged. Enough that it came from the tolerant party, and that Charles eagerly took it up.* He set himself to the work of preparation. He laid plans for raising money and troops, and sending them into Flanders to aid the battling Protestants.

The rabbits about the castle of Lumigny were supposed to be panting under the chase of the king, who was there on the pretence of hunting. He was expecting somebody. The affair must be unknown to the royal councillors, or they would report it to Philip, and then the word "treason" would be howled into the air. And yet the court was but a league off, at Fontenay-en-Brie. One night there came to him a simple gentleman, in appearance, rather shy and very weary, for he had taken a letter from the admiral's hand, slipped across the westward provinces in haste and secrecy. He was the Count Louis of Nassau. Perhaps Francis Montmorency was with him. In a garden of the castle he talked with the king for three hours, "it is thought, upon the subject of the war in the Netherlands."† Quite certainly Nassau held forth the idea that his brother would allow France to have her old claims on the borders, if the king would aid in driving Alva out of the Low

* Mezeray; White; Ranke.

† Mezeray; Davila. The former is inconsistent with other writers, if not with himself, in having Catherine present. Walsingham had his account from Nassau himself.

Countries. Davila puts a good week of business into those three hours, and says that, among other matters, it was agreed "that the admiral should be captain-general of the expedition, and come to court immediately to prepare for it; that he should have fifty gentlemen as a body-guard in Paris; that Count Louis should put his own garrison into his brother's town of Orange; and that the Prince of Navarre should have the Lady Margaret." Nassau was greatly encouraged. But Mezeray thinks that he must have been overjoyed into blindness, if he did not take one savage hint given by Charles when they were parting. Coming near the castle, the king flourished his cane and said to some persons near him, while looking at the place where some rabbits were hid, "Bring me those high heads out of the burrow, and I will have the pleasure of slaying them." His passion for taking animal life explains it. A rude jest may look like a threat, after a crime has followed it.

What of the admiral's letter? It dwelt upon matters which Teligny had now come to present. It ran, "We have rumours that a plot is in hand to treat the Huguenots worse than ever before, and that the outrages at Orange, Rouen and Dieppe have not been punished. . . . It will be difficult for those of the Religion to believe that your majesty desires things to go on well so long as they see the authors of these tumults about him. All suspicions will be allayed if the rioters are punished." The punishment of these rioters was not a trick of the court in order to lull the Huguenots and lure them into a trap.

"Justice shall be done," said Charles. "As for the Guises, they shall not control me." He sent Francis Montmorency to Rouen. The seditious Papists were in terror. Some fled. Some were hidden by their friends; their property was confiscated. Others were tried, fined, ban-

ished and hanged. The same process went on at Orange and Dieppe. There were no Huguenot rioters to punish. These are specimens of the royal activity in maintaining the peace. Was it all dissimulation? Was Charles feigning when he met so secretly the Count Louis? If so, why was the Spanish party at court angry when they found it out? Were their threats feigned?

But if there be a rupture with Spain, there must be a league with England. This looked doubtful all at once. The one thread of hope had been that Elizabeth was going to marry Anjou. Odet de Chatillon had pressed this alliance. The fate of the Huguenots seemed to depend greatly upon it. It was to be the keystone of a policy. Let England and France unite in a war against Philip, liberate the Netherlands, revenge Saint Quentin and Europe might have rest. The affair, so important in English politics, runs through hundreds of pages in Froude.* Elizabeth was shaking her head. Catherine was extremely anxious; "she never sobbed so much since the death of her husband," and "the poor Huguenots" wept, saying to Walsingham that if Elizabeth refused Anjou the Guises would come back into power, and it would all end in a massacre of themselves. And "monsieur himself retired to his cabinet and wept for half a day." But all the weeping did not move Elizabeth. "She will no more marry with France," wrote Philip's agent in London, "than she will marry me." Elizabeth was soon to have a war with Spain on her own account. Had she promptly joined in this French scheme (without the infliction of Anjou), there might never have been a St. Bartholomew.

Charles was almost in a war with Spain, and not at all prepared for it. What should he do? "There was only one man in France competent to advise on such a point,

* Froude, *Hist. England*, vols. ix., x.

and he still remained aloof at La Rochelle. . . . In fact, everything seemed now to turn upon the admiral's presence at court. . . . Charles could not do without him."* Walsingham recommended to Queen Elizabeth of England that she should advise Charles to "call the princes and the 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." Shortly after this Walsingham wrote, "I am most constantly assured that the king conceiveth of no subject that he hath better than of the admiral, and great hope there is that the king will use him in matters of great trust, for of himself he beginneth to see the insufficiency of others; some, for that they are more addicted to others than to himself; others, for that they are more Spanish than French. . . . The queen-mother, seeing her son so well affected toward the admiral, laboureth by all means to cause him to think well of her." Catherine had said to Teligny that her son needed the admiral's advice, and that it was a sad thing for the princes of the blood to keep aloof from court. But what did Charles think of her? He said to Teligny, "My mother sets up Anjou. She so governs the realm that I am of no account. I shall have to send both of them away from court and bring in the admiral."

Count Louis, Teligny and their comrades went back to La Rochelle delighted with their success. The two schemes were driving on before a good wind. Should they run upon breakers at the Huguenot city? They bore important letters. De Cossé and Biron had their budget also. Montmorency wrote that the Guises were quite in the shade, that

* White, Mass. St. Barth. "The whole responsibility of the movement, with all the hatred to which it gave rise, fell by degrees upon his head; yet he was not completely master of the cause in which he was engaged."—*Ranke, Civil Wars in France.*

his house and party were rising into favour, and that Charles was growing firm and independent of his mother and her faction. "Here," said Biron, "is the king's letter to you, in his own hand." The admiral opened it. "My good father," was the address, "come to court. Meet me at Blois. Give me your advice." To ensure his safety he found enclosed the king's own warrant permitting Coligny to enrol a body-guard of fifty men. The eye of the warrior grew moist. "The king has already interceded with the Duke of Savoy," added Biron, "for the restoration of her vast heritage to Madame the Admiral." Coligny shed tears over these marks of confidence and royal esteem.

"I must go to Blois," said Coligny. What was the fear of personal danger to such a man, when a vast dream was absorbing all his noblest patriotic thoughts? A united France, a humiliated Spain, a liberated Protestantism in his own country and in the Netherlands: these grand visions captivated him. He said to Brantome, if we may credit the gossiping abbé, "If the Huguenots be not occupied abroad, they will begin their quarrels at home; such restless fellows are they, and so fond of plunder." Coligny had begun to renew his American projects, either to found colonies or to cripple Spain. Some of his vessels were exploring the coasts from the old Isle of Coligny to the old Fort Caroline. Had he half formed the design to seek refuge in the New World? The statement probably originated in a regret that he did not come.

Coligny was warned and opposed by his wife, by Queen Jeanne and by the great chiefs. But what stronger proof of the king's good-will than this Flanders business? What better evidence than that of his having put away the Guises? The admiral could not be dissuaded. "They will take your life," said Jeanne D'Albret. "No, no," he answered, with earnestness. "I firmly confide in the honour and word

of my king;* otherwise, life is no longer life amid perpetual alarms. Madame, I would rather die by one effectual blow, than live a hundred years in such dread and cowardly fears!" He departed for Blois with his armed escort. "Not because he doubted the word of his king, but to be secure against private enemies."

There was profound dismay among the Huguenots at the departure of Coligny. "We shall never see him again," was the general sigh in La Rochelle, and most of them never should see him. "Why did he not listen to the pleadings of his wife?" they said. "Did you not notice how she clung to him, and how he could scarcely take his eyes off her, and how she begged him to recall those visions which he had every night for weeks? And he had to put on that stern look which he always wears on the day of battle, and then make as if he despised the prophets of evil. Alas, alas! he is gone. No good will come of it." But one grief was blunted by another. In a few days Jeanne D'Albret left the city, hoping to get relief from the siege of Biron and his company, who were urging the marriage scheme. It had nearly grounded. It had not met with favour from the Huguenot ministers, with whom principle was first and last of all things. They looked upon the project more coldly than did most of "the nobility and gentry, who valued it as a great stroke of policy." Biron persisted. He talked for weeks about the "happy union" of royal houses and wrangling factions. Never, in all the long years of war, had there been such a golden opportunity for cementing the great parties. "Madame, the juncture is admirable," said he. "It seems as if God had expressly ordered it to

* "He never spoke without deep respect of either the king, the queen-mother or the Duke of Anjou." He always declared that "he fought against a faction only, which had abused the name of the king."—*Ranke*.

assure for ever the peace of France. Come, madame, come fearlessly to the court to arrange the conditions. Lose not a moment, since you can assign no reason for your excessive distrust."

The aged Baron Rosny found the Queen of Navarre musing. "Madame," said he, "rumour does not speak well of the French princes. . . . Better try to obtain for your son the hand of Elizabeth of England. Never mind her age."

Again she summoned Biron, talked of the honour and all that, but said, "I must consult my ministers and nobles: once have my conscience at rest, and I am ready to do anything for peace, even sacrifice life itself. But, sir, I should prefer to descend to the condition of the simplest gentleman in France, rather than sacrifice my own soul, and that of my son, for the aggrandizement of my house."* She must also hear from Coligny. All was to hinge upon him. She gave Teligny an office in her court. She engaged such chiefs as La Noue and Rochefoucauld as her escort. It was a sad day when she rode out of the gates whose keys she had held for three years. Blessings were showered upon her by the tearful citizens as they parted. She struck across the Charente, recited the sad stories of the battle-fields, went over the Garonne, came quite in sight of the Pyrenées, and entered her old castle of Pau, in the remote south-west. She was hailed with joy by her people. Even the late rebels were ready to kiss her hand. Her tears mingled with the praises of her subjects.

We must linger and notice her devotion to her principles and her acts of Reform. She seems to have had a presentiment that her life was near its close. What she was to do, must be done quickly. In her enthusiasm she was likely to make "strong laws." She convened her nobles.

* Vauvilliers, Hist. de Jeanne D'Albret; Thuani Hist.

The code was revised. Was she severe? Not more so than was Pope Sixtus V. at a later day in Rome. The special laws were similar. Persons of depraved morals were banished. The drunkard, for each offence, was shut up in prison for three days on bread and water; and the tavern-keeper who sold him the grog was fined one hundred sous. The blasphemer was fined, imprisoned or exiled. Games of chance, revels and noisy processions were strictly forbidden. Only murderers were to be punished with death. Her letter to her friend the Viscount Gourdon is interesting:

“I now inform you that I have issued general orders for the maintenance of discipline in the Church of Béarn, as it is my resolve that the Reformed religion shall remain dominant throughout my dominions. All superstition and idolatries shall be suppressed. It is my will that all my subjects shall attend ‘the preach,’ under certain penalties. All persons who absent themselves from the holy communion more than once, without good excuse, shall be banished.” Rather severe, we admit. But we should remember that in Béarn there were very few to feel this rigour. The vast majority were the Reformed. She was aiming chiefly at the troubles in Lower Navarre, where Philip kept a troop of well-paid spies and fomenters of revolt. Jeanne saw no other hope of defeating their constant intrigues than to place thorns in their nests and drive them away. She continues: “We grant permission to all monks and nuns to quit their convents.” She made ample provision “for the maintenance of the ministers of our Church, for the support of schoolmasters and for the relief of the poor.” Thus she made Protestantism the religion of the state.*

Coligny was to meet the king about half-way. On his route he might have had a daily ovation. The enthusiastic

* Letter of 29th November, 1571; Vauvilliers; Freer.

people wished to make his progress a triumph. The citizens of the towns poured forth to see the man who had so long been the terror of his foes and the pride of his friends. He entered Blois on the twelfth of September, 1571. De Cossé had attended him. He was soon conducted into the reception-room of the king, who advanced to welcome him. Coligny dropped upon his knees, but Charles lifted him up, calling him "my father," Hands were grasped. Cheek was pressed to cheek, moist with tears. "Father, we have you at last; you shall not escape when you wish." These words might have a double meaning. Did Charles perceive it? His mother entered. He was weeping, caressing, talking as an overjoyed boy, stroking the white hair of the admiral and saying, "My good father, you will not leave any more, will you? This is the happiest day of my life. You are more welcome than any one I have seen these twenty years."

Charles eagerly presented the veteran to Catherine. She kissed him. And he, poor man, utterly unprepared for such a tender and weeping time, never fond of such caressing, now completely overcome, could only stammer forth parts of sentences, which others finished for him. The courtiers, one by one dropping into the room, kept him from relapsing into his usual coolness. He was led into the apartments of Anjou, who was "a little indisposed," but who showered compliments upon the brave old warrior.*

Again Coligny is at his hotel. He wishes no parade for his sake. He wonders whether he ought to cut away his long white beard, since the courtiers have dropped theirs to please Charles, who is not able to raise one. He appears as a soldier, in his war dress of coarse jerkin; nor does he mean any irony of the fact that a certain edict has deprived him of the admiralship and reduced him to poverty.

* Mezeray; Davila; Peran; White.

It is not a time for him to enact a sarcasm, and he knows it. He is aware that the melting scene, just over, may have been the merest sham. But are we to believe that at that very hour the privy council was in session to consider whether he should be arrested and put out of the world? The story seems to be a fable.

Charles gave him little time for rest at his hotel. He must have the admiral with him almost night and day. Often they talked in private until midnight. The king restored him to his offices and to the council-board. He put eminent Huguenots in important offices. He made valuable presents—arms, horses, gold—to Coligny's friends. He presented the admiral with one hundred thousand crowns—"not so much a wedding-gift as a tribute to the first captain of the age." It is said also by some writers that he made good the losses of furniture at Chatillon. He allowed him one year's revenues of the estates of his brother Odet. He besought the Duke of Savoy to restore to Madame Coligny her estates, and to give back what the duke had taken from certain Savoyards who had fought valiantly under the admiral's flag. He and Catherine constrained him to go abroad only with "a numerous and brilliant guard." Coligny was at nearly all the royal levees, attended by his cousin Francis Montmorency, the most illustrious of the marshals. If he stayed away, Charles was out of temper. The moment he appeared, the face of the king brightened, his words rushed joyously from his lips, and he acted like a passionate admirer.

Catherine wrote to Fénélon: "The admiral is here with us, who desire nothing more than to aid him in everything that he wishes, so that he may be employed for the public good in the service of the king, as his faithful subject." (27th September.) But soon Catherine grew jealous. She feared for herself. She might lose all her power.

There was but one object of her care and devotion. It was not France, not religion, not her son Charles, not even Anjou, not the marriage scheme—it was nothing but herself. Whether dividing parties or uniting them, she alone must reign. She had not forgotten her Machiavel. She again wrote to Fénelon: “The king sees too much of the admiral and too little of me.” In that sentence light flashes on the chaos of the histories.

Closeted with his king, the admiral’s nightly talk ran upon the two union schemes, and especially the war in Flanders. “There is no way to quiet France,” urged Coligny, “but to rouse her patriotism. Now is the chance. Repay Spain for the evils she has inflicted. Think how Philip has wished to make you one of his vassals, with your realm under his feet! Orange should have help. His heroic patience merits it.”

Charles took fire at the eloquent appeal. The martial valour of his race broke out in him: “Yes, the war! the war! I too shall win battles, in my own name, with my own sword! I shall help Orange. My whole heart is in it.”

Thus the new patriotic party was forming. Whether sincerely or with basest designs, the king was in it, along with Coligny and the Politicians. It was extending itself over France. Its adherents were placed to govern cities and provinces where the Romanists had risen for massacre—Orange, Nismes, Rouen and Dieppe. Why should not Henry of Navarre choose the governor for Guienne? It was arranged. Charles recalled Villars—a restless, boisterous, insolent disturber, whom he had appointed over that unhappy province. Why should the county of Armagnac be withheld from Queen Jeanne? It was replaced in her hands. Why should the council of her own town of Lectoure refuse to obey her? Those authorities found their

small power very brief. Valery was given back to young Condé. But the seals of the chancellor were not restored to De l'Hôpital.

Coligny soon retired to Chatillon. The court was astonished at his departure. But it is not necessary to suppose that he left suddenly because he was alarmed by "the studied profession of caresses" bestowed upon him. A better reason appears. He probably knew that the Guises, in a great train, were coming to Blois. That town was too small for such a man and his relentless foes. They would like to have had him there when their arrival made a strong sensation. To appreciate the amount of impertinence in young Henry Guise we must note one fact. More than a year before this time Henry had annoyed Charles by demanding the hand of his sister Margaret. It was then the plan for her to marry the King of Portugal, but Philip was breaking that up. Margaret tells us, "Monsieur de Guise continuing at court, furnished grounds for persecuting me. Still the Guises had never said a word to me on the subject. It was well known that for more than a year he had been addressing the Princess of Porcian." When on the way to a certain ball Guise met the king, who asked him whither he was going? "I am here to serve your majesty," was the reply. Charles roughly said, "I have no need of your services." Guise still hung about the court. Charles was enraged, and one day said to a bastard brother, "Here are two swords. With one I shall kill you to-morrow when hunting, if you do not slay the Duke of Guise with the other."* Guise at once decided to marry the Princess Porcian. We saw her husband as one of the staunchest Huguenots. When dying he requested her never to marry Guise. But she not only did this—she became a rank Papist. It was this event that had kept the Guises so long

* Perau, Vie de Henry de Lorraine; Mém. de Sully.

in the shade, thereby providentially removing one hindrance to the transactions of the new party.

But now this ambitious house, rampant for power, came with brazen face to the court. The old charge against Coligny was renewed. Young Guise boasted, stormed and threatened. The king sent him away. He retreated with ill-humour. Was this a part of a plot for the great St. Bartholomew? Surely the king and Guise must have kept on better terms. The latter posted off to Paris, where he made no small uproar concerning his rude treatment. He would have his revenge on Coligny, "the king's friend."

Couriers hastened to inform Coligny of the Guisean movements. He was warned to provide for his safety. It seems that his family had now come to Chatillon. He sent Teligny to ask the king for a stronger guard. This young friend of the king was cordially welcomed, entertained handsomely, closeted for hours with Charles, and his ears were filled with praises of his good father-in-law, who showed "such heroic resignation in adversity." The guards should be sent forthwith. Briquemaut carried a letter in the king's own hand to Coligny. It ran thus: "I shall be extremely glad if the admiral always keeps upon his guard. Assemble whatever garrison you please for your safety. Be assured of my affection and all the favour that a liege can hope for from his lord." Charles could talk of nothing but the admiral, and the admiral talked much of Charles. "He has been grossly slandered," said Coligny. But some tell us that Catherine was managing all this business.* If it were so, then the king was deceived quite as fully as the admiral, who was spending five weeks at Chatillon. We imagine him still reading the book of Job, and saying: "This history has been my consolation in my calamities." We almost see him giving orders to workmen who are re-

* Davila; Shoberl, Persecutions of Popery; Perau, Vie de Coligny.

pairing the ruins on castle and in garden, and hear the psalms of the morning and the evening worship in the great hall. We hear Merlin preach, and mark the joy of the retainers and peasants, who praise the Lord that their master is with them once more.

CHAPTER IX.

THE WOOING AND THE WAR.

(1571-1572.)

THE summer of 1571 was passing away. Its events, screened from public view, were most important to France. There was a perpetual, secret strife, out of which great results were to come. Could the religious parties be reconciled? This was the question to be settled. The king, Coligny, the "Politicians" and Walsingham were proposing to settle it by granting toleration. Against them were Catherine, Anjou, the Papists like Tavannes, the pope, Spain and the whole house of Lorraine, bent upon settling it on the old plan. To suspect them of intending to employ the most foul means is but to read the shadow of an awful coming event.

Coligny was again at court at the end of October, at the urgent request of the king. The tender and tearful scene of welcome was repeated. "Catherine was ostentatiously sincere," says Mr. White, "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 honour, 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." Nor had Coligny ever been so confidentially treated by a king; not even by Henry II. What Charles thought may be inferred from his remark to Teligny.

One day he said to this young confidant: "Shall I tell you freely, Teligny, that I distrust all these people? Tavannes is a good councillor, but ambitious and jealous; Vielleville loves nothing but good wine; De Cossé is a miser, who would sell everything for ten crowns; Montmorency is a good man, but then he is always off hunting with his hawks and hounds; De 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 what handle to take hold of."* However sweeping the censure, it was like Charles to make it. He was weary of his old cabinet; he preferred the new advisers. Montmorency, who is scarcely blamed, may have had an object in his hunting; that of keeping clear of the queen's intrigues.

Again, Charles was talking with Coligny about the campaign in Flanders, when he said:† "Father, there is another matter which you must carefully heed. 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 will spoil it all."

Coligny replied: "As you please, sire; yet I hold her for so good a mother that, if she were told everything, she would oppose no obstacle. Indeed, she might very naturally aid our design. I apprehend many difficulties in hiding it."

Charles, still more bold, replied: "You are quite wrong; leave the matter to me. My mother is the greatest mischief-maker on earth." If there was in this any plot against the government, its secrecy was not the fault of Coligny. But the anecdote may not be authentic. To keep such a scheme from Catherine was scarcely possible. It appears that she knew it, and did not object. If the Eng-

* L'Étoile, Mém. pour l'Hist. de France.

† L'Étoile, *ibid.*

lish marriage, of Anjou or his younger brother, "was the key to her policy, the war against Spain was an inevitable pendant."* France and England were feeling their way to some sort of a league, though the bond might be a rope of sand.

The story of the Gastine Cross reveals the state of affairs in Paris. It opens to us the royal determination. As men passed along the Rue St. Denis they saw a huge cross with certain names upon it, and telling that three men had suffered death "principally because they had there celebrated the Lord's supper." In the year 1569, Philip Gastine, a rich merchant, was charged with having held nightly meetings in his house and with loaning money to the Huguenots for carrying on the war. He, his son Richard, and his brother-in-law were hanged. Other sons were banished, one being sent for life to the galleys. Their property went to the crown. Their house was pulled down, and this cross raised to make the spot a terrible warning to "heretics." By the late treaty this cross was to be destroyed. The remaining Gastine children begged for its removal. Coligny pressed the subject. The king gave the order. Claude Marcel, the provost of the merchants, knew the danger of attempting to obey. Three times the order was given before he dare put his hand to it. One dark night in December he began the work. But young Guise was in Paris, having lately been on a visit to the Duke of Alva, and now thinking it his duty to be at the capital, for "it was good policy for him to drive the Protestants into a war." This gave the more boldness to a people already boisterous enough. Some of them discovered what was going on. Soon mutterings were heard. The mob gathered. The ruffians paraded the streets, calling to arms. They did more than "ease their stomachs by uttering seditious

* White, Massacre of St. Bartholomew.

words." There was a fierce riot. Two houses were burned. A "sermoner" was killed. Marcel was faint-hearted, and he gave up the job.

The parliament took the side of the rioters. They sent a remonstrance to Charles, then at Amboise. He was aroused, and his reply was sharp: "I have your remonstrance. I will always listen graciously to you so long as you obey me. But seeing how you have behaved ever since my accession, and how you 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." Another day, the captain of the watch came to explain. Charles was almost in one of his raving fits, and he burst forth: "I am thoroughly vexed that the cross has not been pulled down or removed. I will have no delay. If you catch any rioter, hang him up at once, with the label of *Séditieux* round his neck."

On another night in December the cross was removed to the cemetery of the Innocents, where it stood until the Revolution. But the people would not be appeased. How sacred that cross in their eyes! To touch that was a crime, but to slaughter the innocent was a virtue! The mob flew to arms, surged about the streets, cursing the king and crying, "Kill the Huguenots!" Two or three houses were pillaged and the families in them murdered. Walsingham said that the riot ceased "rather by God's providence than by any good policy used by the heads of the town." Perhaps the affair proved to Catherine and her party that Paris was a suitable place for a massacre under leaders who would not be craven-hearted nor be browbeaten by any authority. Charles showed himself a king. The Marshal Montmorency hastened to the capital, set his troops into the streets, arrested some of the rioters, frightened others so that they ran for life, and cowed the rest by

hanging one ruffian from the window of a house that he had just plundered.*

A curious report was made during the same winter to the king by the provost of the trades. He was evidently in the mob interest—the very man for Catherine. “After curfew,” he writes, “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 Huguenotrie trade is almost dead, manufacturers are frightened away by our divisions. . . . The Catholics want to have an end of it. . . . Your crown is endangered; Paris alone can save it.” † Charles then preferred trustier men to uphold his crown than the unruly populace, who were eager for a wholesale massacre.

One other event of the winter. Charles went to a town near Saumur, on the Loire, to meet a delegation of Protestants. The veteran Briquemaut was the spokesman. He dwelt upon certain violations of the treaty of peace, which the king had been ever ready to make good. But he imprudently added: “If these grievances are not remedied, it is to be feared that the Huguenots will take counsel of despair, and once more rush to arms.” He meant no threat. Nor did Charles seem at first to so take it. He listened calmly, and dismissed the deputation graciously. But when they retired he began to rave violently, cursing and making threats of slaughter.

There was present one Lignerolles, “a minion of Monsieur Anjou,” and one of the Spanish faction, who was likely to know any secret plot which Catherine might have in hand. He crept up to the enraged king and whispered in his ear, “Be patient; laugh at the insolence of the Huguenots, for the meeting which will happen in a few

* Thuani Hist.; D'Aubigné; White; Froude.

† White.

days will bring them all into your net, and then you can punish them as you see fit."

The king was startled. "He pretended not to know the meaning of the remark." Retiring in rage, he sent for De Retz, and threatened him for having revealed the secret of a black design.* So runs the story, which has been often repeated as evidence that Charles was now privy to the plot for a great massacre. Lignerolles was murdered. Why? Walsingham thought because he was employed by the Guises to prevent the Anjou marriage, and thereby destroy all hope of a league between France and England in the war against Alva. Catherine was angry if any one hinted abroad that Anjou was unwilling to have the match. "She would make him repent." It was her notion that all her sons would be kings. The effect on many of the Huguenots was to increase their alarm. Well had Coligny been affrighted! But he was still earnest in the two schemes.

And the war scheme began to look hopeful. England would give some aid. Louis of Nassau was enlisting some Huguenot gentlemen, La Noue and Genlis among them. Fifteen hundred soldiers under these bold leaders made a dash upon Mons. Then three times as many French soldiers hastened to their help. The war was opened. Hope lit up the sky. "Every day's delay seems to me as ten years," wrote the admiral to Jeanne D'Albret. "Back up the count with a large force," he said to the king. He was one morning talking with Brantome and Strozzi. "Now God be praised," said he, "all goes on well. Before long we shall drive the Spaniards from the Netherlands. We will make our king their master, or we shall perish there, and I myself the first of all, for never shall I regret my life lost in so good a cause."

* Davila; Mezeray.

Brantome is the reporter, and he adds, "What could the king desire more than such a captain to drive such an enemy as he ever considered Spain to be?"—one who could raise more men in four hours than any other could in a month, and "one who could bring him twenty thousand of the very best troops, and conquer for him a territory as large as a kingdom—all for the king, for to talk of his wishing to get it for himself was sheer nonsense, or that he wished to be king of France. He wished it no more than I did. He was very ambitious *for* his king, and sought to make him great."

Thus one ship was got out into an apparently fair sea under Count Louis and La Noue. Let us note whether the other had rough sailing. Of the marriage scheme Coligny wrote, at the king's urgency, to Jeanne D'Albret: "I hope you will consent to the union. The king will remove every hindrance, even that of religious prejudice. Who knows but that God will change the heart of the princess, so that she will unite in the evangelical religion with your Henry." This was in the midwinter past. Biron had been pleading for months.

Jeanne was still unmoved. She called together her senators. Her chancellor had been won over by Coligny. He harangued at great length, declaring that "the alliance would give the Huguenots at once a high political standing in the realm." By his eloquence he carried his point. Even Henry, not from affection but policy, entreated his mother to yield. She assented. "What I have done," she informed Charles, "has been for the sake of my faith, the safety of my friends and for the honour of God, to whom I owe everything." Biron gave her the king's reply: "The affair will be deemed a miracle. I give my sister not to the Prince of Béarn alone, but to all the Huguenots, to cement the alliance of them all." At one time Charles had written to

Rome: "My most eminent and faithful servants agree with me in thinking that the marriage is the best means of ending all the troubles and of freeing the Prince Henry from the hands of those who have got the mastery over him. It will bind him back to myself, and lead him into the bosom of the holy Church."* But again he said to the Huguenots, "My sister will read the Bible in French and go to preaching, if required." In the one case he was calming the pope—in the other he was assuring the Protestants.

A goodly company was wending its slow way from Pau to Paris in the early part of 1572. Queen Jeanne had left her son behind, and gathered into her train more than five hundred of the noblest peers of France; Rochefoucauld, La Noue (not yet in the war), La Force, the valiant Montamar, the staunch Grammont and the devoted Gourdon were among them. All rode merrily on. In the crowd of young chiefs was an old man, dressed as a plain mountaineer, riding a sorry haek, and generally forsaken by all except the queen, who preferred to have him by her side. He was the type of the genuine Huguenot. His veins ran with the blood of an ancient house. His ancestors were allied to almost all the royal houses of Europe. One of them, a Crusader, first planted the cross on the recovered walls of Constantinople. He was Bethune, the Baron de Rosny. He had not long before embraced the Protestant doctrines. Every morning after washing his splendid beard (which Charles' smooth-faced admirers laughed at), he failed not pray the Lord to keep him in his care all the day long. In his pocket he always carried a Genevan prayer-book or a Testament. As the party approached Blois this faithful old man felt that he must give one more warning. "Madame Jeanne," said he, with emotion, "that princess will never conform to the Huguenot ritual. She is a crafty piece. Cut

* Von Raumer, Orig. Doc.

short the business while you can. Return to your own country. From what I have learned along our route, these threats of the people will come to something evil. Believe me, if the marriage comes off at Paris, the liveries will be crimson." *

"He is an old dotard," said certain of the young gentlemen. They knew not the father of the illustrious Sully, the minister of Henry IV.

In March † Queen Jeanne reached Blois. The cannon's boom, the church bells, the king's wild joy, Catherine's kiss and various court displays announced her welcome. The king was so demonstrative that "every one was astonished." In the evening, after Jeanne had retired, Charles is reported to have said, laughingly, "Now, mother, confess that I play my little part well?" She replied, "Yes, you play it well enough, but you must keep it up." The king said, "Trust me for that; you shall see how I will lead them on." ‡

This anecdote, probably fabulous, need not be understood to refer to any dark plot. Understand that the marriage project was not yet at all completed, and that Charles would "lead on" the parties, and all is clear, without any forcing of the words to refer to a massacre. If the St. Bartholomew was to hinge on this marriage, there was in March very little probability that either would ever come to pass. § Spain and Rome were opposing it most earnestly. The pope said to Charles, through his nuncio, "It will be ruinous to your realm and to the Catholic Church to form any alliance with the Huguenots. It is in vain to hope

* Mem. de Sully; Vauvilliers; Freer.

† "This day the Queen of Navarre is looked for."—*Sir F. Smith*, 3d March, 1572. "The Queen of Navarre arrived eight or nine days ago."—*Charles IX.*, 8th March.

‡ L'Étoile, Mém. pour l'Histoire de France.

§ White, Massacre of St. Bartholomew.

that the prince will be reduced to the Catholic religion ; it is rather to be feared that she may be perverted by him. Thus her soul is at stake. She can never live catholically with a heretical husband, and he will have a tormenting time of it. And, if she conform to his religion, she may be happy in this earthly life, but she will have a misery in hell that will never end.”*

Nor was this letter all. The anxious pope had already sent forth a legate, whose journal is curious. It affords an interesting glimpse of Huguenot strength. Pius V. had sent his nephew, Cardinal Alessandrino, on a mission to “the three kings.” The secretary of the legate gives us a few pictures, after he himself “was attacked by a fever on account of his sins, and detained a week on his way.” The legate passed “Geneva and the neighbouring places with the greatest danger, on account of the infinite number of Huguenots with whom he had to sojourn, yet who treated him very well.” (Where, then, the danger?) In Dauphiny “he was in great alarm from the presumed number and temper of the Huguenots, but the town authorities defended him.” He always appeared publicly in great pomp, with the cross before him, and still there was no insolence shown toward him or his Church, “against which the Huguenots rise and roar like rabid lions.” On the St. Bartholomew (1571) he “was almost suffocated with a crowd of women pressing to kiss his hands and have their rosaries blessed—an act of beautiful devotion.” He went to Madrid, where a brother cardinal “roundly charged him with vanity;” thence to Lisbon, where he fared quite as illy. No doubt he was refreshed by finding the kings of Spain and Portugal intent upon breaking up the Navarre marriage. (If this scheme was known as a lure for a massacre, why this strong opposition by the great Papal powers?) At

* Capefigue ; Mendham.

Bordeaux "he performed mass, where few attended, the citizens being chiefly Huguenots." Then he comes to a town called Egro. "On the 2d of February he celebrated mass in a church very much defiled by the industry of the Huguenots. Being then joined by nine officials, he hastened on to the royal court (of France), lest he should stumble upon the Queen of Navarre, the head and protector of the heretics, who was going to the same court. It would be very scandalous to travel in her train. While she rested in a certain town, he pushed on without seeing her. But some of his company went to Blois, "with great trouble, for she was attended by a crowd of horsemen, who consumed everything on the way." The object of the legate was "to urge the marriage of the Princess Margaret with the King of Portugal. This caused us much anxiety on the journey; the bitter speeches and threats of the queen's soldiery were reported to us." At Poitiers they found the "diabolical Queen of Navarre, and suffered from want of provender." Near Blois, Charles met the legate; then came Catherine, but it was very mortifying at mass, on Sunday, to see "more honour paid to the king than to the pope" (that is, the pope's legate). They dined together, but there was "little cordiality or satisfaction on either side." The legate exhorted Catherine to give her daughter to the King of Portugal, but he laboured in vain. He could not persuade the king to "be included in the league" against the heretics. Leaving in disgust, he "came to Lyons, where there were five thousand Huguenots and heretics, who frequented their depraved services at a small distance from the city."* And thence he hastened to report to the dying Pius V.

This appears honest. It is more trustworthy than another story, on which great stress has been laid. The story is,

* Itinerary, quoted in Mendham's Pius V., Supplement.

that Charles heard Alessandrino urge his points, then took him by the hand and said, "What you say is very good. 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 the marriage; but I have not." (What enemies? why not Spain?) The account is, that after the legate heard of the awful massacre in the following August, he exclaimed, "This, then, is what the King of France was preparing. God be praised, he has kept his promise!" It may have been that Charles offered the legate a ring from his own finger as a pledge of his good faith. But with great bitterness the pope's nephew declined, saying, "The most precious of your majesty's jewels are but mud, . . . since your zeal for the Catholic religion is so cold." The English ambassador Smith wrote, "The foolish cardinal went away as wise as he came. He neither broke the marriage with Navarre nor got no dimes, and the foolish part of all was his refusing a diamond worth six hundred crowns."*

Here, then, was Charles with a cold zeal for the pope, of whom Capilupi declared, "there was never a more severe avenger and ardent persecutor of heretics." The king seems to have made no promise of a slaughter. It was quite as easy for Alessandrino to lie as for Charles to feign. The king wrote to the pope, said that he must "put up with many disagreeable things," and swore that "he would rather imperil his kingdom than leave the outrages against God unpunished." Natural enough, since he wished to blind the papal eyes and get the pope's consent to the alliance. He may have referred to the Flemish war when he added, "What my designs are cannot be told."

To Jeanne D'Albret he is said to have declared, "Do not fear on account of the pope or religion. I honour you

* *Lettres du Card. d'Ossat* (White). De Thou relates, but doubts the story. Capilupi was probably the author of it.

more than I do the pope, and I love my sister more than I fear him. I am no Huguenot, but if the pope makes too much ado, I will take Margaret by the hand and have her espoused at a Huguenot *prêche*." * Walsingham wrote that the affair was "not yet thoroughly concluded, religion being the only let; the gentlewoman herself, being most desirous thereof, falleth to reading of the Bible and to the use of the prayers used by them of the Religion." †

Jeanne D'Albret was not happy. Often had she expressed her distrust: "Can the queen, who never pardons, pardon me?" Catharine asked Tavannes how to manage the candid visitor. He replied: "Two women in the case—put her in a passion and keep yourself cool. Then you will learn everything from her, and she nothing from you. That is the way to manage women in general.

Jeanne gives us an inside view of the court: "I assure you, my son, that I am in great trouble. They taunt me without mercy. I have need of all the patience in the world. I have resolved not to be irritated. Margaret honours and welcomes me. . . . Should she embrace our faith, I may say it will be the most fortunate of events. But if she continue in her own, it is to be feared that this union will ruin our souls, our country and all the churches of France. . . . If ever you needed God's aid, it is now. I pray daily for it. As the court is watching all your words and acts, do not forget to attend the preach of our ministers." Still later she wrote: "I am no longer allowed to speak to Margaret, but only to the queen-mother, and she treats me with contempt. I want to take time, but she ridicules me and repeats to every one the very reverse of what I have said. . . . As for monsieur (Anjou), he tries to domineer over me, half in jest and half in deceit, as you

* L'Étoile, Mém. pour l'Hist. de France.

† Digges' Complete Ambassador.

know his way is. . . . Margaret has been educated in the most vicious and corrupt court that can be imagined. I see no one here exempt from its evil influences. Your cousin, the marchioness,* is so greatly changed that she shows no sign of religion, except that she does not go to mass. In everything else she lives like other Papists." Frances, the widow of the heroic Condé, "is even worse. The bearer will tell you in what license the king indulges. It is a pity. I would not for the world have you living here. . . . The men here cover themselves with jewels. The king is always buying them. He permits me to take counsel of Merlin and other of our ministers. . . . My health fails greatly on account of anxiety. . . . They are striving to separate you from God and myself." Again she has talked with the Princess Margaret: "She said you well know how devoted she is to her faith. I told her that the matter had been represented very differently, and if not, I should never have favoured the marriage. I believe she only says what she is commanded, and that the story about her inclination to the Reformed doctrines was only a device to lure us into the negotiation. . . . She asks you to come to court, but I, my son, bid you do quite the contrary." †

Here is none of that insidious flattery which many have supposed was employed to delude the victims of a previous conspiracy. Jeanne wavered. Catherine bade fair to break up the whole scheme. But finally the agreement was made. The Queen of Navarre was in a dilemma. "I have now the wolf by the ears," she said; "for I see danger every

* Marie de Cleves, partly educated by Jeanne, and engaged to young Henry de Condé. She was a sister of the wife of Henry de Guise.

† I have condensed two very important letters of Jeanne D'Albret, one of 21st February, from Tours, where she met part of the court, the other of 8th March, 1572, from Blois.—*Vauwilliers; Freer.*

way, whether I consent or refuse." On the 11th of April, 1572, the bonds were signed. The results of this contract have been reaching on through three centuries.

And now three events may serve as points about which to group the history. They lie between us and the St. Bartholomew, and bear a close relation to it. By the first, Rome became less terrible to King Charles. By the second, the leading Huguenots were thrown into the hands of their bitterest foes, or were led like sheep into the slaughter-house. By the third, Charles lost his balance, wavered, reeled and fell under the power of Catherine and her party.

I. Pius V. died May 1, 1572. The papal books lay down the rules according to which a pope should die, and he fulfilled them to the letter. His last words were chiefly upon the league against the Protestants, into which Charles IX. had refused to enter. To that league he gave a full casket of scudi, intended for alms, as his last gift. Death thus removed the relentless opposer of the Navarre marriage. It took the Cardinal of Lorraine out of Paris, but he did not reach Rome in time to vote for a new pope. Gregory XIII. was elected—a milder man, "good-natured to excess." But the papal chair would harden him. He was ready to grant the dispensation for the marriage on these main conditions: that Henry of Navarre shall in secret profess the Roman faith; that he shall "grant to the Catholics the free exercise of their religion" [as though it had been curtailed!]; that he shall "restore to the Catholic clergy their offices and possessions," and that the wedding shall take place in the church, without any change in the Roman ritual.* With so gracious a pope Charles might venture to hasten the wedding, and that on his own terms. The time for the ceremonies does not seem to have been

* Von Raumer, Orig. Doc.

fixed. If the tenth of June was appointed, why was not Prince Henry to come before July? His presence was quite essential.

II. The court removed from Blois to Paris. Jeanne D'Albret had strongly objected. She did not wish to have the wedding in a city where the fanatics were ready to mob the Protestants. At Blois there would be no danger. It was a fair meeting-ground between all parties. It was out of the Guisean range. It was on the borders of the whole Southern Huguenotrie. But Charles and his mother insisted that a royal princess must have her wedding at Paris and in solemn state. It is curious to notice that the Parisians objected to this arrangement. "They feared," says Claude Haton, "that the seditious Huguenots would pillage their houses."

On the sixth of May, Queen Jeanne set out from Blois to make one hundred miles in eight or nine days. She led a brilliant train of Protestants. Every evening she halted to hear "the prayers and preaching of her ministers"—Merlin and L'Epine being among them. These preachers of the mountains, or converts from the priesthood, so held fast to the truth that they sometimes drew it into long and tedious sermons. She was weary, and her health was failing; she kept herself from nodding by working at tapestry. She was the "good Queen Bertha" of that age. In the morning she mounted her splendid horse and made her march a triumph. Reaching Paris, she took lodgings in a house which belonged to Jean Guillart, Bishop of Chartres, who had been excommunicated nine years before for his Protestant opinions. The month of May was closing. She ordered her son to come to Paris. This was to be the signal for the gathering of the Huguenots of the capital. They were watching to see how she was treated, and waiting for her call.

Coligny was at his home. Jeanne d'Albret was the great representative in Paris. No doubt she found herself pressed for advice, as she had been at Blois, whence she had written, "I have to deal with a crowd of Huguenots who come to talk with me—rather to dive into my thoughts and spy into my actions than to assist me. I must put some of them off with all sorts of words, or have a quarrel with them. There are others, mere nothings in religion, from whom I must defend myself. I cannot say that I am without counsel; every one gives me his own, but no two agree." This was a sketch in outline of certain characters accident to the Huguenot party. They were the hangers-on, waiting for some work that would pay or clamorous for arrears. On fair wages they would go to Flanders. The vapouring of such men was doing harm to a Protestantism to which they adhered for the loaves and fishes. They were not such men as had just held the eighth national synod at Nismes, and who expressed their thanks for having learned, through Coligny, of "the king's good intentions toward the Reformed churches of the realm."

Suddenly fell a great pillar of the Huguenot cause. It has been affirmed that if Jeanne d'Albret had lived three months longer there would have been no blood-writ pages of the St. Bartholomew. She might have kept the Huguenot chiefs from gathering at Paris. But the truth is, they were already coming. They were pressing for commissions to lead new troops into Flanders. Even the death of their heroine did not send them to their lonely castles. She had hung weary, sad, fevered, and yet enthusiastic, on the arm of Francis Montmorency, visiting the shops of the capital and making purchases for the grand wedding. On the fourth of June she could walk no more. It was then that she sent post-haste for Coligny. She made him one of the executors of her will. The Princess Margaret, with several

court ladies, made their chilling call of etiquette. "We all went," she relates,* "to pay those last duties which her rank and our nearness of blood demanded of us. We found the queen in bed, with her curtains undrawn—the chamber not arranged with the pomp and ceremonies of our religion, but after the simple manner of the Huguenots; that is to say, there were no priests, no cross, no holy water. We kept ourselves at some distance, but Madame de Nevers, whom you know the queen hated more than any woman besides, approached, to the astonishment of all present, took her hand, bowed and kissed it, after which she made a curtsey to the very ground, and rejoined us." No doubt, Jeanne was held in contempt by the royal family. She had said, "Oh what a court! I weary in it exceedingly!"

But what a court had she of her own! "A Calvinistic chivalry" was housed in Paris. Veterans, who looked too hardened by trial ever to shed a tear, came softly, saw the shadow of death and wept their salutations. Merlin read the good word and stayed up her soul by prayer. Not a murmur escaped her lips. Of the marriage she spoke but once. She had a marked aversion to hear it mentioned. Her speech was of God's sovereign will, the heavenly Father's goodness and the future of her two children. To her daughter Catherine she sent the message, "A dying mother implores you to trust ever in God." To her son Henry she sent the word, "I command you to persevere in the faith in which you have been reared. Do not keep men in your service who have no fear of God and whose lives are scandalous. Beware of wicked women.† Come hither with

* *Mém. de Marguerite de Valois.* In nothing does her utter heartlessness appear more strikingly than in her record of what she calls "a circumstance of a whimsical nature."

† Had not wicked women really controlled the destinies of France for fifty years?

some Protestant prince. Continue to love your cousin Condé. Serve your friend the admiral. Honour and glorify God."

"Why do you weep?" she said to the friends and heroes at her bedside, where Coligny was overcome with distress. "You have all witnessed the wretchedness of my past life. Ought you to weep when God pities me and takes me to my blessed rest? I have no fears of death. I have long prayed for this release." To the last her mind preserved its powers. With a smile she passed away soon after Merlin read the psalm, "In the Lord put I my trust" (Psalm xi. or xvi). Her age was forty-four.

In a few hours the cry arose, loud and menacing, "The Queen of Navarre has been poisoned!" It rang through the streets. It carried dismay into the lodgings of the Huguenot chieftains. It entered the royal palace. The story was that she had visited the shop of René, the perfumer to Queen Catherine, a wretch named "the queen's poisoner." Romanists have repeated the charge that poisoned gloves and ruffs had been sold to her, and that by the advice of Catherine. The king was furious when the report reached his ears. He raved to the shame of even his mother and Anjou. He ordered a *post-mortem* examination, but, if this was really made, it did not allay the suspicions. The Italian art of poisoning had borne other victims to the grave. It came anew into France with the Medici. Yet the charge is not well sustained. Charity can do little more than to raise a strong doubt in the case.* She was ill when she went to Paris. The city was so unhealthy that some took residence outside the walls. Her lungs were disordered. These are sufficient to account for her death. Her corpse was borne to Vendôme and laid in the tomb of the Bourbons.

* La Planche; Palma Cayet; D'Aubigné; De Thou; Davila; Vauvilliers; Freer.

If Huguenot eulogies seem partial, let us take those of the Romanists. Le Labourer affirms: "This princess was the wisest of her age, the most generous, the most learned, the most devoted to the welfare of her subjects. She governed with the greatest clemency and prudence. Her heart overflowed with every virtue and quality that ennobles and elevates mankind." Davila thought that her rare intellect, high valour and every generous excellence "would have earned for her an eternal renown, if she had not been so curious to delve into the profound mysteries of theology, and even to explain them, and had not been so thoroughly imbued with Calvinism that she never got rid of it." Others will regard this as the source of her strength and the crown of her glory.

Coligny saw and heard enough to make him regard Paris as dangerous and a retreat to Chatillon very desirable. But duties pressed upon him. It seems that he was one of the company that bore a plain coffin to Vendôme. Then he struck across into Poitou to join the son of the buried queen, who left him the title of King of Navarre. Henry rode on to Paris with an imposing train of eight hundred nobles and gentlemen, all of the most valiant in France, all in deep mourning, and all having some gloomy forebodings of evil. The least suspicious was Coligny. It was the eighth of July. At one of the gates of the capital this train, draped in black, was met by another under Anjou, all in the gayest costumes. The city officers attended in their scarlet robes. The companies united. Condé and Guise (virtually brothers-in-law) rode side by side, Henry of Navarre between the king's brothers. The gaudy dress only displayed the hypocrisy. Fifteen hundred horsemen moved in ominous silence through the streets to the Louvre. From the gazing street-crowd rose a muffled cheer to Guise and to Anjou, but no voice was raised

to greet the Huguenot princes. Yet from the windows young Navarre received some tokens of welcome from the ladies, and acknowledged them from the saddle-bow. Often did he say in later years that this was the happiest hour of his life.

“Full of Huguenotrie,” was the impression for the moment among the citizens. But as the cavaliers separated to gain their lodgings the Parisian mob began to show itself. Skulking ruffians crept forth audaciously, ready as hounds for the hunter’s signal. They went prying and spying everywhere. “Come and see these accursed Huguenots,” they muttered, “these outcasts of heaven.” When Protestants wandered about the streets, careless about raising their slouched hats to crosses and images, the priests scowled, saying, “Deniers of God! Haters of the saints!” “Sing us one of your whining psalms!” Not every Huguenot was disposed to hang his harp on the willows, sit down by the river and simply weep as he remembered Zion. Some of them were so human that the vision of homes pillaged, loved ones outraged, children slain, vineyards desolated and holy houses burned with fire started before their eyes when they were taunted and insulted. A few may have resented, but the better and larger class reviled not again; they resisted not, threatened not, made no sort of disturbance. The city council might rather have passed resolutions of welcome than “many ordinances to prevent quarrels between Huguenots and Catholics,” unless the aim was simply to repress the insolence of the Papists.* But the volcano was seething. The Protestants were walking over it.

* Capefigue, *Hist. de la Réforme*, etc. The Huguenots were kept mainly by themselves on the south side of the Seine. Claude Haton says, “Both parties were armed and equipped as if about to enter upon a campaign.”

III. The war with Flanders met with opposition in the cabinet. Charles was obliged to maintain the utmost reserve. He wrote secret letters to push on the movement. He promised to do all in his power to deliver the Low Countries from Spanish tyranny. Alva's secretary had intercepted some of these sly epistles, and was informing Philip (April 27): "You would be struck dumb could you see a letter, now in my hands, addressed to Louis of Nassau by the King of France." The members of the royal council were required to present written opinions upon the war.

Coligny laid before the king a paper which he had long been preparing. It was chiefly drawn up by a young man who became the great Protestant layman of the next period in the history of the French Church—Philip Duplessis-Mornay, called "the pope of the Huguenots." This fine, eloquent paper is too lengthy for our pages, but too interesting to ignore. It was the test. It brought affairs to a crisis. It ran thus: "Men have looked for the ruin of your state through the differences in religion. But God, the great Physician, has showed you how to see her cured and put upon her feet. It is for you to keep her from a relapse. A foreign war will promote internal peace. It will clear off much bad blood. But it must be a just and useful war. Such an one is only to be found against the King of Spain. . . . Philip has taken away some of our ancient possessions. Remember the massacre of Frenchmen in Florida. Think how Rome and Spain have fomented quarrels in your realm. To the disgust of everybody some Frenchmen call Philip *the king!* as if he ruled the world. . . . You have favoured the movement already. You have everything at hand. The people await your call. He who once trembled now springs at the tap of the drum. The sword is not rusty. The towns are full of veterans. . . . England is with you.

. . . Declare publicly for the war.”* This young man of twenty-three was the penman of the champion of fifty-five.

Coligny was opposed by Tavannes. Between these two warriors lay the destinies of France, Heaven mysteriously placing them there. Should loyalist or Leaguer sway the king? One day they met on the quay of the Louvre. They grew warm in their debate. “I must consider,” said the admiral, “all who favour Spain as false to France. Every officer who opposes the war is no true Frenchman; he has the red cross in his heart.”

Tavannes went to the king. He roused the jealousy of Charles: “Do you wish to have Coligny as your master? Are the conquered to give law to the conquerors? He offers you troops. Are they *his* men or *yours*? Does he thus strike at your authority? That man will make himself the chief of a party which will ruin you.”† Charles found the old party rallying its strength. He grew cold. Just when all hope for the Huguenots seemed to hang on the Flemish scheme, just when the speedy deliverance of the Netherlands hung upon Coligny, and just when Coligny was thinking of taking the field, the king temporized, wavered and lost his opportunity. Now he leaned on Coligny, now yielded to Tavannes, and all the while put Catherine into a fright. War was not uniting the parties. Once the Papists wanted the Huguenots to aid them in regaining Havre. The latter gave their hands; there was union. Now the Huguenots wanted the Papists to join in routing Alva. These Papists refused; there was dissension. Union was good only when Romanists reaped all the benefit.

Soon came astounding news. The Huguenots had pushed so deeply into Flanders that they hoped shortly to lay hands on the island of Walcheren, the key of the Nether-

* Mém. de Duplessis-Mornay.

† Perau, Vie de Tavannes.

lands. They were almost ready to give back to France the old Flemish provinces. Charles might have set free that whole country from the yoke of Alva. He might have proved the conqueror of Philip if he had vigorously followed the plans of Coligny,* Mornay and William of Orange. He might have won the lasting gratitude of the Protestant nations and been enrolled among the very few great deliverers of the oppressed. He might have put himself in the lead of all European monarchs and received the praises of a united France as the Charlemagne of his age. What an opportunity he missed! all by mere dalliance or by drinking again the cup of exterminating popery. Alva had been astonished. He had sworn that he had good proof that Count Louis of Nassau was still in Paris, playing at tennis or attending gay parties. He had, however, learned the truth. He felt the blow of La Noue's iron arm. That same Montgomery who had restored Navarre was threatening to rout him out of the marshes of Holland. Alva dashed his hat on the ground and vented his first fury on Catherine de Medici, as if she had sent the Huguenots upon him. "I'll send her some Spanish thistles in return for her Florentine lilies," was his pledge. He set his orators and recruiting sergeants to mustering soldiers. "Go and recapture Mons," was his order to Don Frederic of Toledo.

Genlis had come back to France and raised more Huguenots—some report four, some ten thousand. He was leading them to assist Count Louis in defending Mons. "Be very cautious; creep unawares," was the count's order. But he was too rash. He led his men right into the trap set for him by Don Frederic. Tavannes says that the French

* Henry IV. and Richelieu afterward saw the wisdom of those plans for humiliating Spain and elevating France, and adopted them.
—*De Felice, Hist. Prot. de France.*

court gave due notice to the waiting Spaniard. Another unspeakable treachery of the "Spanialized" Guisards! Sharp was the battle. With Nassau shut up in Mons, it was a sort of St. Quentin once more. Genlis saw his men cut down like hay under the scythe. He was taken prisoner. Twelve hundred Frenchmen lay dead on the field. Many more were butchered as they sought to escape along the roads. Sixty brave men made a desperate effort to get within the walls and conquer or die with Count Louis. They were seized. Their fate, and the present fate of the Netherland Protestants, hung upon the awful possibilities of the coming St. Bartholomew.*

This was the news that struck all France with astonishment. It came about the twentieth of July. It terrified the court. It caused such a panic that some imagined the Spaniards were at the very gates of Paris. "It is the fault of those who have dissuaded the king from openly avowing the war," said the outspoken admiral. "They have prevented the patriots from rescuing Flanders and from uniting France. But it is not yet too late. Give me liberty to muster them, and I will lead thousands of brave men into the Netherlands. They will pour like hail upon Alva. They will drive out the Spanish wolves." Such were the views, if not the very words, of Coligny.

Walsingham wrote on the 26th of July to this effect: "The Huguenots are now awake. They see their danger. They conclude that unless this enterprise in the Low Countries have good success their cause is desperate. They have begged the king to let them enlist. They offer their lives, lands and goods. They tell him that if the Prince of Orange do quail they cannot maintain his edict. . . . Show Elizabeth what aid the pope is giving to the other side. Beg of her to lend her hand. If God had not raised up the

* Motley; Froude; Prescott, Philip II.

Prince of Orange to entertain Spain, the fire would have been kindled before this in our own house. To assist the prince is to assist ourselves. For God's sake let us declare ourselves openly. . . . No enterprise accompanied by fear can succeed; for there is no greater enemy to good counsel than fear. If the prince fails the edicts cannot be maintained." Grand sight! Orange keeping the papal world at bay, shielding England from the pope's long-threatened blow and waiting for Coligny!

What was done? The ruling French got over their fright. They vapoured. They talked of revenge upon Alva. They thought of Coligny's war paper. Charles and the admiral were again together, quite alone in a château just out of Paris. They talked night and day. "I do not doubt the king's earnestness," Coligny wrote to Orange. "I hope soon to go to your help with fifteen thousand men." (August 11, 1572.)

And yet Walsingham knew more of the court secrets than did the admiral. He wrote the very day before, "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 he seeth the peril that will befall him if the Prince of Orange quail."

Nothing was done. Rather worse than nothing. For the cabinet secretly sent word to Rome and Madrid, to Maximilian and Alva, that they had nothing to do with the movements of the Huguenots in Flanders. They wished peace—peace abroad, massacre at home. And, baser still, Charles ordered his agent to lie most infamously: "The papers found on Genlis show that he was acting with my consent. Yet you will tell the Duke of Alva that *these are lies invented to excite suspicion against me!* You will betray to him what the Huguenots are doing, so as to win his confidence. At the same time keep up a secret commu-

nication with the Prince of Orange." Here was the science of lying according to Machiavel.

Without justifying war or the attempt of the Huguenots to liberate their brethren, "the Beggars" of the Netherlands, we must be amazed at the want of patriotism in the papal heart of France. It was a heart thoroughly Romish and Spanish. What slavery to popery! Yet the slaves would seek to be masters of the free. They would strike and stab, so that blood might declare their utterly cringing servitude to the tyrants of the South. Rather than set a neighbouring people free they must bring about a massacre. This was Catherine's choice—a war in Flanders or a St. Bartholomew in France.

The defeat of Mons, Tavannes affirmed, was the ruin of the Huguenots. "Fear of the Spanish army seizes the queen. Disdain and wrath are felt by the admiral. The thunder rolls round the court. . . . Now is the bow bent for the final ruin or the establishment of the Huguenots."

CHAPTER X.

THE PLOT AGAINST COLIGNY.

(August, 1572.)

THE idea of a general massacre had become a doctrine in France. It had grown familiar. It had the pope and Philip for its ceaseless teachers. It no longer shocked any one as too horrible ever to occur. One party had faith in it, the other expected it. Many a Papist was ready for the order to slay; many a Huguenot would have seen an assassin at his door without a shrink of surprise. But there must first be a plot. With whom, where and when did it originate? If the question were easy to answer, it would long ago have been settled.

Some have looked far away from Paris, removed from its stir and tumult, for the real authors of this tragedy. At Rome, on a wooded hill near the Vatican, was a villa with its outlook over the Campagna, the waters of the Tiber and the ridges of Soracté. The place for deep thought is a neighbouring dell; for the blackest secrecy, a grotto within it. "There this tragedy was devised. In this spot were assembled the ablest conclave which the world ever saw. There was the Grand Master of the Inquisition, who had subdued the South of Europe and had trodden out every spark of thought through Italy and Spain. There, gray in stratagem, though careless in faith, was the the wily Cardinal Lorraine. There were some of the subtle Italians who possessed the confidence of the pope. In that grotto, in the heart of a peaceful landscape, was planned a deed unparal-

leled among the crimes of Europe. Hence went forth the order that let loose a torrent of passion and opened within the capital of France the fierce revel of crime."*

Another view brings Catherine more prominently into the foreground. Some mode of ridding herself of the Huguenot chiefs had been her day-dream. She wished no Inquisition to do it, lest the inquisitors should become greater than herself. So long as she could hold the balance of power she cared not to murder her foes. She saw her sovereignty waning. She dwelt upon a story which Machiavel had praised. An Italian chief, successful in war, had been lured to ruin by the hand of his rival's daughter. Catherine had a daughter. There were plenty of chiefs; if one of them was lured, the rest might be slain. The coming wedding might furnish the desired occasion.

But she was not the only actor in the tragedy. With the two chief authors we have grown unhappily familiar. Philip of Spain was the special devotee of extermination. Pius V. has been called "the pope of the St. Bartholomew," although he did not live quite long enough to rejoice over it. The amount of foreign blood, especially that bad Italian blood, in the conspirators is very striking. There were two Lorraines, the Cardinal and Henry of Guise, the tools of Spain. There were several Italians—Catherine herself; Birague, whose oft advice was, "Cooks are needed more than soldiers to rid France of Huguenot leaders;" Louis de Gonzague who had grown into the cruel Duke of Nevers; two or three Gondis, of whom the chief was De Retz, the most intimate confidant of the queen. There were two half-bloods—Anjou and Charles IX. The king said to Coligny, "I am a Frenchman and king of the French, but my brother Anjou speaks only with his head, his eyes and his shoulders; he is an Italian." There was one real Frenchman; he was Ta-

* Colquhoun, Jeanne D'Albret.

vannes, who devoted his keen abilities to the plot and the slaughter. He had been the real commander in the wars. He was very earnest in pushing the plot forward. Charles was the last to yield. He was not the most guilty. The plot was kept from him for some time, and then forced upon him. "Will there be no pity," asks Châteaubriand, "for this monarch of twenty-three years, born with good talents, a taste for literature and the arts, generous in nature, but whom a detestable mother delighted to deprave?" A historian answers, "Yes, even among those Huguenots whose fathers he caused to be slaughtered. With a pious hand they will wipe off the blood that covers his face to see in it something human."*

One day Charles had parted with Coligny, when Catherine met him and asked, "What do you learn in your long conversation with the admiral?" His reply was rude: "I learn that I have no greater enemy than my mother and my brother."† She saw her power slipping from her hands. She knew not what Charles might do in one of his violent fits of rage. Herself and her favourite Anjou might be in danger. There was one way to save herself. That was to destroy the friend of the king. Coligny was the Mordecai. On the life of one man all depended. "And when," asks Mr. White, "in those days did anybody, 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." All she now needed was to be sure of the cordial aid of her council.

Charles was in trouble. His customary raving would not bring him out of it. How could he stay at court and boldly remain with the war party? He shrank away sud-

* *De Felice.*

† Le Labourer, Discours sur Henry III.

denly to a pleasant hunting-lodge called Mont Pipeau, in Brie, there to rest until the eve of his sister's marriage. That was fixed for the 18th of August. The death of Queen Jeanne had postponed it from the earlier day. Catherine was now alone with her Italian and Spanish advisers. They whispered: "The king has forsaken you. He and Coligny are absent scheming—who knows what? He has kept the war business from you as long as he could. How far he has gone you know not. He is ruled by the admiral far more than advised by yourself. You see where you are. You will soon be nobody. Indeed, you may be banished."

There were other frightful suggestions: "Queen Elizabeth is leaving you in the lurch. She is recalling her troops from Flanders and forming a league with Spain. She and Philip will soon make war upon you. See where you are!" This was all false. But it scared the queen-mother. She must regain her full power over the king. She must rule or ruin, perhaps both. If Charles was in secret correspondence with the Princes of Orange, she must break it up. She spared not a moment. She rode so fast to Mont Pipeau that two of her horses fell dead on the way. The date is uncertain. It seems to have been a little before the tenth of August.

"What does this mean?" she said to Charles, her tears dripping and her tone irresistible. "Why this ingratitude to your mother—a mother who has sacrificed herself for your welfare and run every risk for your advantage? I have preserved your crown alike from Huguenot and Leaguer. . . . You hide yourself from me. You take counsel with my enemies. You are plunging your kingdom into a war with Spain. England is false to you. Alone you cannot resist Philip. You will make France a prey to the Huguenots, who desire to subvert the realm for their

own benefit. Either be guided by my advice or suffer me to return to my native country, so that I may not witness such disgrace."

Charles was browbeaten and completely cowed, if we may credit Tavannes, who portrays this scene, and adds, that "this artful harangue frightened the king. He was astonished to see that she knew all his secret counsels. [What but his secret correspondence with Coligny and Orange?] He confessed them all, begged his mother's forgiveness and promised obedience."* It was not a fear of the Huguenots that moved Charles, but a terror of his mother and of Anjou—that mother who was known to employ the poisoner and the assassin to put her opposers out of the way—that brother who was impatient for the crown to shade his scowling brows.

Catherine knew her son's fickleness and perfidy. She had trained him in the school of falsehood. What was the promise of such a swearing, raving child worth? She had made him thankless, truthless, trustless, for she was all this herself. Yet he might be swayed by one of those two great motives—love or fear. As for his affection, she had it not; it went to the admiral. Charles must have felt that his best friends were the Huguenot chiefs. He could trust their word, their loyalty and even their religion. They had opposed, but never deceived, never betrayed him. They could once fight him, but never be false. Out of their ranks he had the Joseph and the Moses for his plagued Egypt—the Daniel for his Babylon, where he almost saw the mysterious hand tracing the doom of the Valois upon the wall. Catherine could hardly expect to win his affection or his confidence. But she might rouse his fears. She was artful. She did not stay long in the hunting-lodge to bind the terror upon his soul. She flung

* *Mém. de Tavannes*; White.

its shadow upon him and rode off to Monceaux. He dared not stay in his retreat. Trembling, suspicious of losing his power, conscious that his mother and brother might usurp his authority, and fearful of treacherous designs, he followed her, and found there the very clique that he dreaded—Anjou, Tavannes, De Retz and De Sauves.*

“What are the crimes of which you accuse the Huguenots?” Charles is reported to have asked. Catherine and her party gave a long account of expressions, threats and abuse which they pretended to have heard. Very likely some careless words had fallen from Protestant lips. Human nature has generally been consistent with itself. It was hard for one of Coligny’s admirers not to feel a delight at his elevation, nor to boast of what he would accomplish against his life-long enemies, nor to point out the shameful want of patriotism in those who “bore the red cross in their hearts.” Their indignation may have boiled over after the affair of Mons. But if any threat could have been proved, somebody would have been thrust into a prison. That court had never allowed itself to be threatened. Charles evidently did not believe the stories told him. The most that he did was to abandon the war-scheme and to promise to be on his guard against the captivating influence of the Admiral Coligny. Tavannes asserts that very soon a secret meeting was held. Anjou, De Retz and De Sauve were present. Catherine was satisfied with the effect produced on the king’s mind. “Without saying one word more, she and Anjou, with her two councillors, resolved upon the death of the admiral.” The plan was to revive the quarrel of the Guises with Coligny as a cover to a murderer’s work. Aumale was to arrange the plot. He was overjoyed at receiving a letter of approval from his brother, the Cardinal of Lorraine, who had wrought out

* Mém. de Tavannes; Anquetil.

the plan in the cool grotto at Rome. Such is one account. But it seems to be in advance of the facts. No doubt these restless spirits were improving every hour, and darkly giving shape to the ideas of extermination so long familiar.

We know not at which to wonder most, King Charles or Admiral Coligny. One had been alarmed by "the tears of his mother," and the other warned by the anxiety of his friends. The two extreme parties were striving to keep them separate. Yet we find them again together. Charles has not the moral courage to tell the admiral that he will no longer favour the war—not even secretly.* But he must have seen all that Walsingham describes in his despatch (Aug. 10th): "In this brunt the admiral, whose mind is invincible and foreseeth what is likely to ensue, doth not give over, but layeth before the king his peril if the Prince of Orange quail. . . . How perplexed the admiral is, who foreseeth the mischief, . . . your lordship [Leicester] may easily guess. He has never showed greater magnanimity, nor never was better followed nor more honoured by those of the Religion than he now is, which doth not a little appal the enemies. He layeth before the king and council the danger of his estate, and though he cannot obtain what he would, yet doth he obtain something from him."

Patriotic Coligny! Standing alone, unmoved by fears, still entreating, enthusiastic in his cause and persistent in the effort to bear to William the Silent the palm of victory in the work of human liberty, how he struggles for France! Men say he was blind, infatuated, carried away by his great idea. Rather were his enemies the blinder victims of the delusion which they were drawing over his eyes. The traitor, and not the betrayed, is in the grosser darkness.

* "The king is *grown cold*, who before was *very forward*, and nothing prevailed so much as *the tears of his mother*."—*Walsingham*, Aug. 10, 1572.

They again asked him to lay his plans before a committee of the council. It was a trap. His plans were prejudged, and of course condemned. His zeal and disappointment threw him off his guard. Then he said to Catherine, "Madame, the king refuses to enter upon a war with Spain. God grant that he may not be engaged in another, which he may, perhaps, not find it so easy to renounce."

"A threat," said his foes. Did his grieved tone give the complaint a meaning unintended? He only meant what he had so often said before, that if the two parties in France could not march side by side against the common enemy, they must soon be embroiled again in a civil war. It was a prophetic word. It was his death-warrant. "For a long time the queen and her son Anjou, with the house of Guise, had sworn the death of the admiral." Le Labourer tells us, "They only waited for the convenient time and occasion." Now their desired hour had come.*

Charles was closely watched. He still was charmed with the honesty and loyalty of the great Huguenot warrior. Hence the deadly jealousy of his nearest kindred and his murderous court. There is a full confession on this subject, purporting to have been made by Anjou when on his way to take the crown of Poland. He was then just from the horrid massacre. On a night when he could not sleep he summoned Miron, his physician, and related what was afterward put upon paper: † "The queen, my mother, and I often noticed that the admiral and the king, my brother,

* Discours sur la Vie du Roy Henri III., par M. Le Labourer.—*Journal Henri III.*

† If the authenticity of this narrative were beyond a doubt, it would solve many difficulties. It appears sincere. Anjou was strongly condemning himself and his entire party, while claiming that the intimacy of the king and Coligny was an *occasion* for the plot. It certainly was not the cause. I condense from the *Journal de Henri III.*

were frequently alone together in long conferences. If we ventured to ask him why he found so much pleasure therein, we found him marvellously out of temper, his face red with anger, his speech rough and his answers to my mother very disrespectful. One day, shortly before the St. Bartholomew, I went to his chamber and asked where he was. Some one told me 'in his cabinet.' Just then the admiral left it, having been there a long time. I entered brusquely, as I was accustomed to do, but my brother did not say a word. He began to pace the room furiously, looking askance at me with an evil eye, putting his hand on his dagger, and in so lively a fashion that I feared he would make a thrust at me. As he kept on in this angry mood, I was sorry that I had come, and I quickly left, showing at the door more reverence than when I entered. But he did not see it. It was a happy escape, I thought. I went straight to my mother, and told her all that had happened. We compared one thing with another, and were fully convinced that the admiral had impressed upon the king some bad opinion of us. We determined at once to get rid of him. We devised the means with Madame de Nemours [whose former husband was the Duke of Guise, whom Polnlot slew], for she still bore a mortal hatred to the admiral. She was the only one whom we dared admit into the plot."*

Thus Anjou blackens himself and his mother with a villainy unearthly in order to apologize for the murder. And yet we must take the statements with caution. Young Guise was to have a part.† In May Charles had forbidden

* This account differs so slightly from that of Tavannes, already noticed, that they rather confirm than controvert each other. The order of time is an unsettled difficulty. The plot may not have preceded the marriage.

† Salviati, quoted in Puaux. This presumes that Charles was not accessory to the plot at this stage of it.

him to do anything against Coligny. "If the admiral has any complaint," replied Guise, "I am ready to meet him in single combat." Charles called him "a bad boy" (*un mauvais garçon*), and compelled him to hand in a full and formal denial of every project against Coligny; and it was given, though with reluctance.* He then must keep his word! But now he proposed that his mother should kill the admiral with her own hand before the eyes of the king, amid the coming wedding festivities.† She refused. The daughter of the Duchess Renée could not be a murderess. It was then that an assassin was engaged. Let Coligny be slain; then the king would become more manageable. He could charge the Guises with the murder as the result of an old burning revenge. The very name of Guise would rouse the Huguenots, then crowding into Paris to attend the wedding and to enlist in the Flemish war; and if they showed a sign of vengeance upon the slayers of their beloved chieftain, the king might order out his troops and beat them small as the dust. If such was not the plot, it has since been the laboured theory in order to make the general slaughter turn upon the threatening attitude of the Huguenots and the fears of the king. If the Huguenots were making any threats, why not issue a royal order for them to preserve the peace? Coligny would have seen it enforced.

Ever since the death of Jeanne D'Albret, warnings had poured in upon the admiral as he came and went over the road to Chatillon. After an event is past it is always easy to gather up prophecies. "I told you so," is the common remark of hundreds who could not have foretold one word. Thus the world was full of stories after the life of the admiral was lost. Everybody imagined that they had long

* Simancas Archives, quoted in White.

† Le Labourer, Discours sur Henri III. "Anjou was to be chief" in the general massacre.

had their presentiments. We must take cautiously such statements as these: that Coligny's agitated mind ran in dreams, in which he seemed to hear voices of warning; that an Italian wagered his head that it would be a murderous wedding; that a market-woman loudly predicted the spilling of more blood than wine; and that a grave-digger laughed as he looked at his hands and boasted that they would soon have more than they could do in burying heretics. This was scarcely more than the after-talk of the superstitious in their eagerness to prove themselves wise.

Yet there were abundant warnings. In Paris, Coligny had found many Huguenot chiefs quietly slipping away to their homes. The Spanish party were circulating letters, evidently forged, in order to prevent the princely marriage. These had their effect on some minds. Coligny read one of them, purporting to have been intercepted on its way from Cardinal Pelvé to the Cardinal of Lorraine. It ran: "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 understands all about it." It was treated with contempt.

To secure the crown of Poland for Anjou, the good Bishop Montluc was sent thither, and Coligny hoped that France would soon be rid of one annoyance. But as the bishop was starting, he said to the Count Rochefoucauld, "Let not the flatteries of the court deceive you. There is something here more than smoke. Don't be thrown off your guard. The safest thing for all the gentlemen of your religion to do is to get away as fast as you can." Laval, who thought that his Huguenot ancestors had sins to be still further chastised, remarked. "God would not permit them to hearken to this good counsel."

"Oh, Coligny! where is your prudence? You in Paris? You in a city which for twelve years has been held as an

appanage of the Guises? You residing where even the court has scarcely dared to remain in other years? You upon streets along which Roman Catholicism rages more inveterate and more furious than at Rome or Madrid? Is it with eight hundred gentlemen that you will brave the blows of an immense population, all bent upon your ruin? Will you, who at the head of the army so well defended us, now deliver us over to the poniards of the Papists? . . . Coligny, why will you not hear the voice of your pastors? They have told you of the horrible maxims preached in the Roman churches of Paris. They cry, 'Keep no faith with heretics.' They declare that every treaty with us is a crime against Heaven, and that one merits salvation by striking and slaughtering us. Think by whom you are surrounded." Thus came long and urgent appeals. "Remember John Huss venturing into Constance—a passport did not save him from the flames. Think whether you can trust a king whose lips are ever profane and who is ready to perjure himself."* Friends thought him wild when he replied, "If a man is always suspicious he can have no rest. Better die than live amid continual alarms. I am tired of them."

Again he said: "I cannot leave without plunging the country into fresh civil wars. Let me be dragged through the gutters rather than renew those contests." To others who begged him to flee, he replied: "In so doing I must show either fear or distrust. By the one I should dishonour myself; by the other, the king. If I yield, I must expect another war at home. I would rather die a thousand deaths than see again the miseries I have seen, and endure the distress I have already suffered."

So confident was he that Coligny proposed that the four hostage cities be delivered over to the king as a proof of their good-will. But this called forth a long remonstrance

* De Thou; Lacratelle.

from La Rochelle: "Come back to us, or we shall lose you." Then, in a high tone of hope, he replied: "The glorious day of our cause is dawning. We are on the eve of a grand union of the people." He was ready to say again, as he had said after Moncontour, "In one respect I may claim superiority over Alexander, over Scipio, over Cæsar. They won great battles, it is true. I have lost four great battles; and yet I show to the enemy a more formidable front than ever."* Brantome tells us that when he found himself opposed in his grand schemes he repeated his phrase: "Since we have our religion, what more do we want?" From which, adds the abbé, "we learn that he was a better man and more religious than was thought. It was this goodness that led to his ruin."

Once more he was at Chatillon. He seems to have intended to remain there until the great wedding was over. But the king urged him repeatedly to return to Paris. "I must decline," replied Coligny, "on account of the hostility of the citizens." The king was more urgent: "You have no reason to fear; they will attempt nothing against my will." Marcel was ordered to repress all "scandal" or disturbance on the admiral's arrival. Madame Jacqueline begged him not to risk his life. But he said, "I go for the good of our holy religion, not only in France, but in the Netherlands, and, indeed, in all Europe and all the world."

A peasant woman who had learned the gospel in his house came up to the admiral when he was mounting his horse, seized the stirrup, clasped his knee and besought him with prayers and tears not to go to Paris. "Ah, my good

* Davila. Macaulay (*Hist. England*, iv. 339, Boston) applies this anecdote to William III., and says: "The blood of Coligny ran in the veins of William, and with the blood had descended the unconquerable spirit which could derive from failure as much glory as happier commanders owed to success."

master," said she, "if you go to that wicked court, we shall never see you again. You and all your company will surely die. If you have no regard for yourself, at least have pity on madame and the children, and the many noble people who perish on your account." Disengaging himself, and tenderly speaking to calm her fears, he sprang into the saddle and rode away. The poor woman threw herself at the feet of the lady of Chatillon and renewed her suit: "If he go to Paris he will never return, and he will occasion the death of more than ten thousand others." *

The eighteenth of August came. Its clear air rang with the noise of bells. Its only clouds seemed to be the smoke of cannons, roaring out the mirth of holiday. All Paris was eager to witness the expected scenes. Every spot of ground about the Louvre and the Cathedral of Notre Dame was densely crowded. From every window-balcony and housetop the people gazed. Papists murmured that their Princess Margaret was to be married to a heretic. Huguenots thought their Henry of Navarre deserved all the pity. King Charles was not waiting for the pope's conditions to be fulfilled.† He was seen riding with the young Condé

* Pierre L'Étoile, Mém. pour l'Hist.—"from the mouth of one who saw and heard."

† What of two letters to Mandelot, governor of Lyons? Catherine wrote, August 13th, "You will not let pass any courier from Rome coming hither before Monday" (the 18th, it would seem). Did she fear the pope was sending some new terms to arrest the marriage? If there was a massacre plotted, she would certainly wish to hear from the Cardinal of Lorraine. Charles wrote, August 18th, "You will not let pass any courier or other person going into Italy within six days from this date" (*i. e.* 24th). He excepts those who bore the seal of his secretary. Why this, unless to prevent some of the Spanish party from sending a report to the pope which would rouse the papal anger? By the 24th he would send his own account of his proceedings. And so he did. On that day he wrote that he had not been able to obtain

and Henry, the hero of the day. The three were dressed alike "to show their close friendship." Once the king said, "Everybody hates me but my brother of Navarre; he loves me, and I love him." Hosts of chiefs, Papist and Huguenot, rode in the train. The Venetian envoy had an eye to the gorgeous displays of dress and jewelry. "You would not believe," he wrote, "that there was any distress in the kingdom." Anjou outrivalled all others; "among other jewels in his toque he had a set of thirty-two pearls bought for the occasion at twenty-three thousand gold crowns!" Margaret speaks for herself: "I was set out in a most royal manner. . . . I blazed in diamonds. . . . My blue robe had a train to it four ells long. . . . Our marriage was solemnized with all possible magnificence."

Margaret may settle another point: "A platform had been raised, some height from the ground, which led from the bishop's palace to the church of Notre Dame. It was hung with cloth of gold. Below it stood the people in throngs and stifling with heat. We were received at the church door by the Cardinal de Bourbon, who officiated and pronounced the nuptial benediction. After this we proceeded on the same platform to the steps leading into the choir." She went into the cathedral to hear mass. "The King of Navarre went out of the church."* Thus

the conditions laid down, but, "considering how greatly the peace and welfare of his dominions depended on the marriage," he had assumed the responsibility of concluding it.—*Monuments Inédits; Von Raumer, Orig. Doc.*

* *Mém. de Marguerite.* Davila affirms that she would not say "yes" to the votive question, and that Charles pressed her head into the nod of assent: very doubtful. She was praised for her exceeding beauty, but her portraits were certainly not drawn by the flattering poets: "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 de-

the ceremony was performed in the spirit of compromise, midway between the Romish and Protestant altars; the grand cathedral being the sanctuary of the one—the grander canopy of heaven being the temple of the other. And when the bride stepped down to hear the chanting of the mass, and the bridegroom walked out to hear the muffled cheer of his friends, some one might have whispered, “Divided in religion—divided in heart.” This was one sign of the times.

There was another sign. The historian De Thou, then a student in college, watched every movement until the bridal party retired. He then leaped over the barriers intended to ward off the crowd, and took his closer observations. “I got near the admiral,” he tells us, “and fixed my eyes on him, regarding him with the greatest curiosity. I saw him pointing out to M. Damville [Henry Montmorency] the banners taken at the battles of Jarnac and Moncontour, which hung from the walls of the cathedral—sad memorials of the defeat of his party. I heard him say, ‘We shall have them down ere long, and others more agreeable to the eyes put up in their places.’ He spoke, doubtless, of those to be gained in the war against Philip.” Did the plotting party hope that these annoying banners would excite the murmurs of the Huguenots?

Another sign of the times. The more elegant Parisians scowled as they gazed upon the provincials of Navarre and Dauphiny; those Gascons and Béarnois, who spoke a rude dialect of their own, wore the broad hats of the south over faces bronzed in battles, cared little if their armour clanked as they walked defiant in the streets, jostled out of their way the softly-bred Papists in costlier armour, and had

fect 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.”—*White, Mas. St. Bartholomew.*

their hands quite ready to grip the sword if they were assailed. These men of oaken stuff and mountain spirit had mortgaged their estates for their outfit and expenses at the capital. They appeared as well as they could afford, and would not be laughed at. They and their ministers viewed with a rustic contempt or severely rebuked the vanities of the gay city and the pompous "idolatries" of its worship. They refused to enter the popish cathedral. They drew up outside the walls. They lounged about while the marriage ceremony was performed, scorning to bow their heads when "the host" was raised, or some image exposed to their eyes by an obtrusive priest. In their opinion Catherine was the worst woman living. They raised no cheer for the king as he rode by, and yet had that king only said, "To-morrow to Mons! In ten days you shall rescue La Noue from his prison," they would have given one broad shout in his praise such as Paris could have understood. But these men were cursed by the citizens. And these citizens had no shouts of cheer for Navarre, nor Condé, nor the admiral.

But when Henry of Guise appeared at the head of his splendid retinue—when he rode past, the brilliant son of him whose presence never failed to set all Paris astir, and the new champion of his Church—then the streets rang with acclamations; then the people awoke to a frenzy of delight. They knelt as he passed. They called him every endearing name. They tried to touch the skirts of his robe. They kissed the ground over which he walked. He was the idol of the hour.* It was ominous. But the entertainments

* "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,
Jesu preserve thee! Welcome!"—*Shakespeare*.

came. Many of the chiefs dined together, met under their masques, prepared for the coming joustings and seemed to forget their old quarrels. Henry of Navarre, with an air of the camp rather than the court, had a kind word for everybody. Charles loved him still more, and in the inverse ratio detested Anjou. Coligny had no taste for the displays. Retiring to his lodgings, he wrote to his wife, about to become a mother, the last letter she was ever to receive from him :*

“MY MOST DEAR AND BELOVED WIFE:—To-day the king’s sister was married to the King of Navarre. The next three or four days will be spent in banquets, balls, masquerades and tournaments. The king assures me that after these are over he will devote some days to the complaints which come from various parts of the kingdom concerning the violations of the edict of peace. It is right, therefore, that I should give myself to this work as much as possible. Although I have the greatest desire to see you, yet I think it would grieve both of us if I should be wanting in devotion to this affair. But the delay will not be long. I hope to leave this city within seven days. If I studied only my own convenience, I would far prefer to be with you than remain at this court, for reasons which you shall learn from me. But we must set the affairs of state before our own.† I have much else to say when I see you, which is my wish night and day. As for news, the wedding mass was sung to-day at four o’clock, and while it was going on the King of Navarre walked about in the space outside the church with some of the nobles of our religion

* “We possess the original, and it throws too much light on the history of the period to admit of its being omitted.”—*Vita Colini*.

† He was afterward wrongly accused of worrying the king with his own personal interests.—*Mém. de Tavannes*.

who had attended him. Other lesser matters I leave till we meet, when more liberty of speech will be given me. Meanwhile, I pray God to have you, my beloved wife, in his holy keeping.—(P. S.) Three days ago I was troubled with colic pains, but, in the goodness of God, they did not last more than eight or ten hours, and now (what a divine mercy it is!) I am quite free from them. Be assured that in this crowd of sports and festivities I shall give offence to no man. Once more farewell. Your beloved husband,
“CHATILLON.”

Five years before he had refused to go to court, saying that France should not supply an Egmont for the scaffold. At that very day of his refusal, Pasquier had written in one of his letters words that seemed prophetic of the admiral, of whom he was then writing: “When our hour is not yet come, God permits us to be discreet, and on our guard against the pitfalls that beset us; but when it *is* come, we so carelessly encounter perils, of our own accord, that we outrun the hopes of the very traitors who are compassing our destruction.”

To what “complaints” does Coligny refer? One must have been the Troyes case. About two Sundays previous, some Protestants were returning home from their church in one of the appointed towns, when a band of Papists from Troyes waylaid them and beat them with stones. An infant, baptized that day, was killed in the nurse’s arms. The Protestants had to flee for their lives. The judges did nothing. Coligny did not let a day pass after the wedding. On Tuesday the king, worn out with his revels, could not see him. On Wednesday, he admitted the admiral. He promised to have justice done. He then said, “My father, you know that you gave me your word not to offend the Guises. I have from them the promise not to injure

you. Your word is sacred, but I am not sure of theirs. They boast too much, and they are in high favour with the people. They have come well armed and attended. On that account I wish you to bring in some of the arquebusiers of my guard, so that all may be secure." He named the captains of companies which he wished to introduce. To them there seemed to be no objection.

"Although I consider myself quite safe," said Coligny, "yet I am willing to leave the matter in your hands." Twelve hundred of the guard were stationed about the Louvre. They were needed for the peace of the city. The people were growing wild with excitement. It is absurd to suppose that any of the festive plays and allegories were intended to foreshadow the doom of the Huguenots. They were the mere fashion of the day. If the plot was then formed, the plotters would not have exposed their deadly secret.

Francis Montmorency took the alarm. Being too nearly a Huguenot to escape suspicion, and not nearly enough to cast in his lot with his great cousin, he determined to leave both parties to themselves. He did not relish the posting of twelve hundred musketeers about the palace. It was his right to have command of them. He preferred hunting in the woods to feasting and dancing in the city. He reined his horse to Chantilly. The king sent for him. He pretended to be ill. Michelet blames him: "This abandonment of Coligny by the future chief of the *Politiques* was one cause of the massacre. If he had remained with the many nobles attached to his family, he might have kept apart the two faiths by an unsheathed sword. He quieted his conscience by advising Coligny to provide for his safety." Thus the only man who might have shielded the Protestants went out of one gate, while the very guards who were to turn upon them came in at the other. This gave the Guises and the Leaguers full sway.

“What does this mean?” was the question among the Huguenots. “Why are these guards here? Are there to be some martyrs to grace the wedding, as in the days of Henry II?” They ran to the admiral. They found Teligny. “Be calm,” said he. “It was my father Coligny who allowed these troops to be brought for the safety of ourselves, our families and our good ministers. My father watches over you.”

On Thursday, Coligny wished to leave Paris. His departure would have been the signal for a general dispersion of the Huguenots. But those “complaints” must have attention. Flanders was still on his heart. The king was quite broken down under his revels. Coligny gave Catherine to understand that he was not well pleased with the tone of affairs. She was gracious in her address. Charles was restless. He had scarcely slept. “Monsieur l’Admiral,” said he, “let us enjoy ourselves until the festivities are over. Give me three or four days more. Let me rest. Then, upon the words of a king, I will satisfy you and all those of your religion.”

Still Coligny was anxious to get away. He was prevented only by waiting to hear the complaints of brethren from the churches. Some of his friends were hurrying out of Paris. An excellent officer named Blosset came to bid farewell to the admiral, saying, “They intend us no good here.” Coligny replied, “How is that? Be assured we have a good king.” “Far too good; so I wish to get away, and if you did likewise, it would be better for yourself and all of us.”

Another officer came on the same errand. “What, Langoiran! are you struck with the same panic?” The southern Huguenot answered: “Yes, sir; they caress us too much—you are too much fondled. For my part I would rather save my life with fools than lose it with the wise.”

This is Coligny's last day of activity. To-morrow he will lie the victim of Guisean hate and Italian revenge. Look back to the day when he and Francis of Guise were united heart and soul. Now see the son of that friend placing the assassin for the morrow's work. Thus learn what Coligny's Protestantism was to cost him, for this was the real cause of the deadly hatred. Yet once more take up his great burden—the one for which he was placing himself in peril—that enthusiastic design to assist the champion of liberty in the Netherlands. Coligny and Orange were not to join on the banks of the Scheldt the hands which had reluctantly pressed their farewell where the Charente murmured it for them. No two greater men were ever hoping to be united in one greater cause. Motley, speaking of William's expectations and the waiting for his friend, says: "Well might the Prince of Orange, strong and soon to be strengthened, boast that the Netherlands were free and that Alva was in his power. He had a right to be sanguine, for nothing less than a miracle could now destroy his generous hopes; and, alas! the miracle took place—a miracle of perfidy and bloodshed such as the world, familiar as it had ever been and was still to be with massacre, had not witnessed." He had expected Coligny and victory. When he learned that this dependence was stricken away by a murderer's hand, he said, "I felt as if I had been struck to the earth with a sledge-hammer. . . . It has pleased God to take away every hope which we could have founded upon man." So much seemed to depend upon Coligny and his compatriots; and with this Thursday his activity ends. Orange was to learn more completely that Heaven had legions to send for his help.

CHAPTER XI.

LAST DAYS OF THE ADMIRAL.

(August 22-24, 1572.)

FRIDAY came. Coligny went early to the Louvre, at the request of Anjou, to settle a quarrel between two Burgundian chiefs. He had a word with Tavannes. Starting for his lodgings, he met the king coming out of the chapel. He and Charles walked back to the tennis-court. He stood for a while watching the game played by Teligny and a friend against the king and Henry of Guise. About ten o'clock he walked away with a dozen gentlemen following him. On one side was De Guerchy, on the other Des Pruneaux. Some one came and put a written paper into his hand. Was it to slacken his pace? It was not far from the Louvre. He was slowly walking on, reading the paper, when a shot was fired from a latticed window on his right. One ball cut away the first finger of his right hand; the other struck deep into his left arm. Reeling backward, and exclaiming, "I am wounded!" he fell into the arms of his friends. "Perhaps the ball is poisoned," some one suggested. Coligny replied, "If so, God's will be done." The cry arose, "Help, help! the admiral is shot!" The passers-by took it up.

With his usual composure he pointed to the house, saying, "There is where it came from." He then said to Yolet, one of his squires, "Run, tell the king." Some of his attendants bore him to his hôtel* in the Rue de Bethisy, not more

* Hôtel, not an inn, but a mansion.

than one hundred yards distant. Others broke into the house, but found only the old woman in charge and a foot-boy, who pretended to have seen and heard nothing. They said that a stranger had been lodging there a few days; the boy had run on errands for him. The house was attached to the cloister and church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois. It belonged to Canon Villemur, the former tutor of Henry of Guise. Chailly, a former retainer of Guise, and now master of the king's stables, had introduced to the canon this stranger, "who had no name in particular." They had shared bed and board. This man had sent word, that very morning, to Chailly to have some horses ready, and had been very quiet up stairs all the forenoon. Further the woman and the boy knew nothing. They led the gentlemen up into a dark room, which opened into the convent. There, in a grated window, they found an arquebuse. It proved to belong to one of Anjou's body-guard. Below they found that a horse had stood for hours in a secret place. The stranger had mounted him and fled. Some one had seen him concealing his face and applying the spur.

"There is no longer any admiral of France," said the assassin to the people, as he mounted a fresh horse at one of the gates and rode away. The report soon spread from the centre to the suburbs of Paris, "Coligny is slain!" Some were struck with astonishment, others with fear; these with horror, those with joy; this man groaned his sorrow, that woman shouted in exultation; but all were in suspense to know what was to follow this first act. All were looking, now to the Papists, now to the Huguenots, to see which party was about to draw the sword, slay their foes, sack the city and overturn the government. One spark struck from the pavement by the heel of a fanatic might have set on foot a revolution, if Paris had then been what it has been thrice since. Even that ruder people waited for an order. Groups

of men gathered and looked in silence on the blood in the street. In the rebound of human nature from the first shock it was expected that the Huguenots would spring to arms and fall upon the Guises.* As intended by the original plotters, everything pointed to them. But so far were they from filling the city with riot and slaughter that Catherine was disappointed. On them the blame of exciting a massacre could never be rolled. There was a hurrying of the chiefs to Coligny's quarters. How comforting that "I still live," to his followers. One word from him, and they might have leaped to avenge the blow. If any listened for that word, they simply heard him say, "Nothing happens but by the good will of God." Some of them dipped their fingers in the precious blood and lifted their hands to heaven, that it might cry for justice. Others pointed to the Louvre.

Yolet had burst into the tennis-court, with scarcely breath to say, "The admiral is killed! Coligny is shot!" Charles threw down his racket, eagerly questioned the messenger, began his profane ravings and abruptly turned away, exclaiming, "Shall I never have a moment's quiet? Must I have fresh troubles every day?" With a sad, dejected countenance he went to his rooms.* "I shall avenge the admiral," he declared. "Mount your horse, Teligny, and ride down the assassin." But Teligny was now off to his father. "Will the royal surgeon hasten to the admiral? there may still be life. Order the provost to take measures against any outbreak." That very day he wrote to Fénélon, in England, saying, "I will investigate this infamous deed." Also to Mandelot, governor of Lyons: "This morning, when the Count de Coligny was retiring to his lodgings, a

* L'Étoile, Mém. pour l'Hist.

* Reveille-Matin des François. This was written evidently soon after the massacre. It was printed at Edinburgh, 1574.

gentleman or a soldier, whose name I do not yet know, shot him in the arm. Suddenly this man mounted the horse he had ready, and escaped. I have sent into all parts to try to catch him and punish his deed as its wickedness deserves. I pray you make known everywhere how the affair happened. Assure every one of my intentions to observe my edicts of peace, and to chastise those who violate them so sharply that they will know the sincerity of my will. I wish to show both sides so good an example that all in your province will be content. Do nothing that may trouble the common repose.”*

That great surgeon and venerable Protestant, Ambrose Paré, was among the physicians who attended upon the admiral. “He began, as I know from a faithful witness who held the patient’s arm as he lay in bed, with the shattered finger, which he had to amputate three times, so dull were the scissors.”† This is specimen enough of “the great pain which he bore without wincing.” Seeing his friends not bearing the torture so well as himself, Coligny said, “Why do you weep? I think myself happy to be thus wounded in God’s cause. Pray that he may strengthen me.” Addressing his weeping chaplain, Peter Merlin, son of his former minister, he continued, “Why do you not rather comfort me?”

The good man replied, “There can be no greater comfort for you than to think of the honour which God puts upon you by counting you worthy to suffer for his name.”

* Mon. Inédits. Certain writers suppose this letter to be the specimen of a circular sent to all the governors, and intended to lull suspicions. But where is the proof? To find any evidence of a plot in this correspondence from January to August 24, 1572, requires an amount of imagination unsafe in history.

† Vita Colini. The witness was probably Cornaton. He might say this and still be the author of the *Vita*. He would seek to cover himself from detection in 1574 or 1575.

“Nay, dear Merlin, if God should handle me according to my deserts, I should have far worse griefs to endure.” These men of hardest courage knelt to pray with their heroic leader, but the voices broke; there was nothing but tears and sighs. The sufferer was the consoler of his friends.

With holy Scripture Merlin rallied, and from the vast treasury of balm and solace for the riven heart he brought to his patron’s remembrance the gracious words which fell from the lips of his Lord. When the pains were most acute Coligny was overheard whispering, “Heavenly Father, leave me not in my distress.” When soothed, he whispered to Cornaton to give the minister one hundred crowns to be distributed among the poor of Paris. “I heard these particulars,” says De Thou, “from Paré, who happened to overhear what was said, and I have often listened to his account of the scene.” Coligny remarked, “It consoles me to hear you talk of the martyrs and their patience.”

The conversation turned upon the cruel shot. “I forgive freely and with all my heart both him who fired upon me and those who incited him to do it. I am sure it is not in their power to do me any evil, not even if they kill me.” A little later Henry Montmorency came, saying, with his usual frankness, “My cousin, I am not here to console you or exhort *you* to patience, for you have ever been our example in all this; but tell me how I can serve you! . . . I marvel whence this can be! Never in my life have I suffered such a blow.”

The admiral calmly replied, “I suspect no one but M. de Guise, and I do not feel sure even there. But, by the grace of God, I have learned not to fear my enemies. Their worst can only bring me to my eternal rest. I know the God in whom I have trusted. *He* will neither deceive nor lie. True, one thing does afflict me: I am not able to show my king how greatly I desire to serve him (‘alluding to

the Flanders project,' says his biographer). I wish his majesty would come and listen to me for a few moments. There are some things which he should know; no one except myself will dare tell him." Montmorency left the room to bear this request to Charles IX.

There were visits paid to that hôtel which naught but sympathy or anxiety could have prompted. All classes honoured him. "There came also several Roman Catholic lords and gentlemen—friends of the admiral—and all were much distressed at what had happened."* Along with Henry Montmorency had come De Cossé, whom Coligny signalled to his bedside, gave his hand, saying, "Do you not recollect what I said not long ago, 'Take care of yourself?' There may be as much in store for you." De Cossé was silent.

Henry Montmorency had scarcely dared to mention Coligny's request, for he found the king in a stormy mood. Charles had entered the room where Catherine was closeted with Anjou. He stared at them with a stupid look. Their words could not unchain his tongue. A low groan or growl passed through his clenched teeth. He sat down, his eyes upon them. They sat down and gazed at him. It was an awful moment, such as the wicked only know when seeking to read others through and through. He rose and paced the floor. They knew not who of the royal three were most insane. All at once they rose shuddering. A great noise was heard at the palace gate. It was the guard denying admittance to the King of Navarre, Condé and Rochefoucauld, who had been at the head of about six hundred Huguenot gentlemen to see the admiral. He had calmed their vengeance. But the princes thrust open the gate. They forced their way into the royal chamber. They flung themselves at the feet of the king, who had

* Reveille-Matin.

come to meet them, and they cried, both together, "Justice."

Charles simply bowed his head. "Justice" was the repeated cry. Condé held up his hand. It was stained with blood. "And whose blood is that?" inquired Charles. "The admiral's." The vision restored his speech. He pushed away the princely hand, saying, "Yes, yes, it shall be avenged!" The room rang with blasphemies surpassing all that even Gondi had invented. "It is I who am wounded," he said. "Guise is the villain. If I live, I'll have vengeance upon him and his accomplices. It shall be so terrible that the child unborn will rue the vengeance of that day."

Catherine was alarmed. She wept. She sought to quiet him by joining with him in his invectives: "Yes, this deed must be punished or all France is ruined. If it pass unpunished, to-morrow the same thing may be done in the Louvre—next day in my bed, my bosom, my arms!" (She doubtless wished to impress Charles with an imaginary terror of the Huguenots.) Then the royal three changed the subject.* They listened to the princes as they entreated, "Let us remove from the city. We are not safe here. Permit us to take refuge in some of the country palaces." But every assurance of safety was given to the petitioners. "The princes were so well satisfied," adds D'Aubigné, "that they said no more about leaving Paris." Were not all those guards to be trusted?

Teligny came, with the admiral's request on his lips: "An old servant, who is dying, begs that he may see his king's face before he expires." Charles would go. But his mother drew him aside for a private word. The people gazed at them, perhaps overhearing something. Was that

* Compare D'Aubigné, De Thou, De Serres, Discours d'Anjou, Mém. de l'État, etc.

the moment of which Margaret writes?—"My mother used every argument to convince King Charles that what had been done was for the good of the state. . . . She said that the attempt of Guise was excusable in a son who had no other way to revenge his father's death." She brought forward other charges against the admiral [equally false], and put on grief for the loss of certain ones who had perished in other years. "But the king was so much inclined to save those whom he thought would best serve him that he persisted in ordering a strict search for M. de Guise. Mother and son quarrelled, stopped short, paced the floor and almost gnashed their teeth at each other. "If you go," said Catherine, "I shall go too."

The hour of two past noon had struck. The doors of the Louvre were thrown open. The crowd, having stared at the blood on the stone where the admiral fell, were now trying to read the pallor on the face of the king. They saw the spectre as he passed by in moody silence. They thought his lips moved in fearful rapidity. They imagined that his eyes flashed fire upon them. They noticed how absorbed he was in his thoughts. He failed to lift his hat to an image of the Virgin on the street corner. They followed the courtly train, for Charles was largely attended.* They noticed that the house of the assassin was shunned. Most of them were not pleased with the loud cheers from the people, especially in honour of Catherine, who may have paid for them beforehand. "Let us shout," some guileless Huguenot might say. "Don't you see they are going into the house of Coligny?" Into the hall lined with veterans who had camped with Coligny on his grand

* What a company!—Catherine, Charles, Anjon and his brother Alençon, Tavannes, De Retz, Nevers, Montpensier, etc. Of the "tiers parti," there were De Cossé, Henry Montmorency and his two younger brothers.

marches, up the wide staircase and into the large chamber whose windows overlooked the courtyard, the royal party passed. At the sight of the king Coligny raised himself up to grasp the royal hand extended to him. "My father, how do you feel?" asked Charles. The tender scene was indescribable. Coligny thanked "his majesty for taking such trouble to visit an old servant."

Anjou is made to say, "As the admiral desired to speak privately with the king, his majesty made a sign to my mother and myself to retire. Therefore we quitted the bedside and stood in the middle of the room, full of suspicion and uneasiness. We saw ourselves surrounded by more than two hundred Huguenot captains, who filled the adjoining chamber and the hall below. Their countenances were melancholy. They showed by their gestures that they were disaffected. They omitted to pay us due reverence, as if they suspected us of having caused the admiral's death." The Huguenot eye and the Valois conscience were quite too much for the guilty Anjou. These Huguenots, then, were not in the chief room. This quite agrees with a Protestant statement: "The king first ordered all the admiral's people to leave the room, except Teligny and his wife and the person* who, on his escape from the massacre, related all that now took place."

The king lent his ear, while Coligny said, "There are three things which I have longed to say to you. The first concerns my loyalty and faithfulness. As I have the favour and mercy of God, at whose judgment-seat this mischance will probably soon set me, I declare that I have ever borne a loyal heart to you and your crown. Yet I am well aware that malicious persons have accused and condemned me as a troubler of the state. . . . The sole cause of these slanders

* Vita Colinii. The person was probably Cornaton, "the first gentleman of his chamber."—*De Thou*.

has been my constant opposition to their intrigues, their audacity, their fury and their turbulence. Between them and me let God be the judge. . . . Since it pleased the kings, your grandfather and your father, to honour me with so many great commands and dignities, and since you have confirmed me in them, I must be allowed to entreat you to remedy the many troubles in your realm." (A word now and then caught goes as a dagger to the soul of Catherine and Anjou.)

"The second thing is the Flanders project. None of your predecessors ever had such an opportunity of advancing this realm. You know how many of those Flemish cities beg your aid and protection. Yet this has been publicly ridiculed by your courtiers, and you know our great losses there. French Huguenots and Catholics have perished together. It is not, sire, a religious matter. But your courtiers sneer. If one so much as stir a straw in council, they report it to the Duke of Alva. Even your brothers join with our enemies, and that against Frenchmen! I beg of you have a care of this thing." (Certain of the papal clergy had made the same reproach to Catherine in July.)

"The last thing is, the observing of your edict of pacification. You have solemnly sworn to keep it. Foreign nations and princes are the witnesses. But in how many places is it only counted a jest! Even your own officers violate it. I have often laid the complaint of the people before you." He mentioned the Troyes case. "Then quell these riots, murders and robberies."*

The king replied, "I know you to be an honest man, loyal, anxious for the good of my realm, a true Frenchman, a valiant chieftain and sage adviser. Had I not thought so I should never have done what I have." He thus rid

* Vita Colinii.

himself of the first point. It was noticed that of the Flanders project he said not a word.* On the third point, he said, "I desire nothing so much as to have my edicts maintained. Hence I have sent orders to this effect to all the provincial governors.† My mother will tell you the same."

Catherine was glad to have the chance. Anjou says that he and his mother, quite abashed by those sharp-eyed Huguenots, felt alarmed, and resolved to put a stop to the conversation. Catherine dreaded the effect of the honest speeches upon Charles, while he scanned the wounds, the gory sheets, the paleness of the sufferer and the tears of that affectionate daughter whose hand pressed the warrior's brow. "It is true," she eagerly said; "you know it, monsieur; you well know it. He has sent commissioners—"

"True, madam, I do know it," returned Coligny. "But what sort of men? That very sort who offered fifty thousand crowns for my head and burned me in effigy." The royal listeners could endure it no longer. They drew nearer. Catherine said to the king, "You do wrong in permitting the admiral to excite himself by talking so much. Pray, leave the rest to another day."

But Charles ran on: "My lord admiral, we will send other commissioners. . . . Yet you are worried. You need rest. You bear the wound, but I the pain. . . . I shall have revenge on the disobedient—one that will never be forgotten." He then referred to the great deed of the morning. "I have sent to the house of the canon and had the old woman and the lackey thrust into prison. I wish them to be put to the torture, that they may tell what they know. Do you wish any of your friends to act as judges?"

Coligny named three, one of whom was the excellent Cavagnes. But he remarked "There is no need of any extended search for the culprit." Still nearer drew Catherine

* Vita Colinii.

† *E. g.* Letter to Mandelot, above quoted.

to the king. She spoke in a low voice for some time. "All that the witness could hear, as he stood in front of the bed, were the last words of the queen-mother: 'Although I am only a woman, yet I think that it is to be looked to be-times.'" It was said over the pillow of the admiral. Its meaning is to us a mystery, unless it referred to the enforcing of the edict or the arrest of the assassin.

With reluctance Charles turned away, taking up the suggestion of De Retz that the admiral be removed to the Louvre for his own safety. The surgeons objected. As to the danger of a tumult, some one, Teligny probably, said, "The Parisians are no more to be feared than simple women, so long as the king's name has authority in France. He has but to speak, and all will be quiet." Teligny had not yet learned the tone and temper of a Parisian mob.

Charles asked to see the copper ball taken from Coligny's arm. He rolled it in his fingers, asked all about it, and praised the firmness of Coligny when under the surgeons. Catherine took the bullet. "I am very glad," she said, "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, although it was poisoned, his life would not have been in danger."* Why this insulting reference? Did she intend to remind him of the false charge of the Guises? Did she hint that the young duke was only avenging his father's death?

The royal party left. On the way Catherine was eager to learn what Coligny had said in the private ear of the king. He declined to tell her. He was again falling into his sullen mood. She persisted. At last, greatly annoyed, he answered "shortly and angrily," and with his usual amount of profanity, "Madame, if you must know, the admiral only told me the truth. He said that kings are re-

* *Vita Colinii*; *Reveille-Matin*.

spected in France only so long as they have the power to reward and punish their subjects. He said that the administration of this whole realm had slipped into your hands, very much to my injury and that of the kingdom. Now you know what the admiral told me.”*

Vexed, cut to the heart, hiding their feelings and trying to excuse themselves, Anjou and his mother let the king retire to his own apartments. But they shut themselves up for a private conference. What said they? What did they? No human eye saw nor ear heard, nor hand reported. For once a Medici seemed to be at her wits' end. What if Charles should follow the advice of the “old servant” who thought himself on the verge of eternity, whose heart was still patriotic amid a host of traitors, and whose wisdom was just what would save France, however it might doom Catherine and her petted son to perpetual disgrace. The shot had not gone to the heart of Coligny. It went rather to their own, It shattered their arm of power, and if Charles would not bind it up, they were lost. What if the admiral should recover? He would again sway the king, and their murderous plot “would out.” “Our notable enterprise,” Anjou terms it, “having miscarried, my mother and I had ample matter for reflection and uneasiness during the greater part of the day.” But what if Coligny should die? It was not in human nature for every Huguenot to seal his lips, and one reproach flung into the face of Guisard or Leaguer might be the excuse for a riot which might end in a revolution.

Those Huguenots whom Anjou dreaded were now assembled in a lower room of Coligny's hôtel. Navarre, Condé, Chartres, De Pilles and Pardaillan were among them. It was not an hour for coolness and calm debate. These men remembered the many past rumours of intended massacre—

* Discours d'Anjou.

Alva's proverb of the salmon, the Noyers plot and the like. "We are now in the net," thought some; "we must break its meshes." Certain ones urged that they take arms and garrison the house. The Vidame of Chartres, with Holy Scripture on his tongue, said, "This is only the first act of a horrible tragedy. Woe to him who hath ears and doth not hear, eyes and doth not see! What are ye waiting for? for death to surprise you as a thief in the night? Do you not hear the people saying, 'Wait a little and these Huguenot dogs will go to mass? Blood will flow freer than wine?' Are ye resolved to be like the children of men who shall be eating and drinking when the Son of man shall come? The Bishop Montluc advised us to flee. . . . Get away then from this soil of fire which will consume us. To horse and away from Paris. We will take the admiral with us." The physicians and surgeons—about twenty of them—answered: "Impossible; it will kill him outright."

The more deliberate gentlemen thought it unwise to show fear, or to demand anything farther than justice upon the murderers. "I know the king's mind thoroughly," added Teligny. "You will only offend him if you doubt his desire to do justice."* The meeting was coming to nothing, for some were too cool, others too rash. De Pilles and Pardailan, whom La Noue calls "real fools, bad managers," led off a party of the more boisterous men in military array through the streets. They went singing Huguenot psalms, which they had sung as war-songs when the battle drew nigh. They may not have spared their threats against the king and cabinet. It was a dangerous proceeding. If the mine had been ready, if the powdery train had been laid all through the streets, such sparks as they let fall must have caused an explosion of popular rage. Other fierce spirits were watching them, only wanting a leader, a Guise or a

* Vita Colinii; Mém. de l'État; De Thou; Perau.

Montluc. But the arrangements of Catherine were not yet complete.

These rash Huguenots paraded on to the Louvre. Their leaders passed the guards, the gates, the doors and entered the palace. They demanded vengeance upon the murderers; they meant the faction of Guise, whose hôtel they had passed with a shout of defiance, if not the salute of a few pistols. They cast a look of burning wrath upon the Duke of Anjou as they said to each other, "If the king refuse us justice, we shall take the matter into our own hands."

Yet these men did not represent the spirit of their party. They knew that an insult to the Guises would offend neither the king nor his mother. They, after all, did not break the peace. They only blustered. "Not a single act of violence was committed to excuse a Catholic rising," says Mr. Froude; "and when they broke up at night they left the city ostentatiously to the ordinary police of the royal guard." Much more was this true of the hundreds of better-behaved Huguenots, who retired to their lodgings and closed the day with the worship of the heavenly Keeper, according to the model set by their great chieftain, both in camp and his home.

Catherine and her clique seemed to have crept into a dark corner and put questions to each other. If we may believe Margaret, many of "the Huguenots were wrought up to a high pitch of desperation. . . . My mother was reproached for the wounding of the admiral by the elder Paradaillon and other leading Huguenots, so that she began to apprehend some evil design. . . . Guise and my brother, the King of Poland, since Henry III.,* gave it as their advice

* Expressions which show that Margaret wrote at a much later day, probably when Anjou and Navarre were at war. Therefore, as she was likely to accuse Anjou to the utmost, we might be cautious of her account if the duke did not charge himself with the blackest criminality. We take each account *cum grano*.

to be beforehand with the Huguenots. King Charles was of a contrary opinion." It seems that Charles was not in this caucus. The question was not whether to slaughter the Huguenot chiefs, but how to do it. Conscience was excluded; they waited for policy to come in. Even Catherine, so ingenious when in a strait, so keen in contriving the way out of a dilemma, seems to have been foiled. But thick darkness hangs over the events of that night in the Louvre. Men stood in the streets and gazed in vain through the doors and windows. It was said that the lamps burned through all those sleepless hours, as if the wicked, who plotted against the just, were afraid that God might come in the darkness.

We turn to a calmer scene. One gentle hand bathed the forehead and fevered palms of the warrior who for more than thirty years had usually taken his sleep in camps amid rude soldiers. That daughter Louisa, whose composure reminded him of her mother's heroism—ofttimes surpassing his own—whose compassion was too real to waste itself in tears and long-drawn sighs, for it had respect to his comfort; and she went firmly to the work. Did she not read the evening chapter, and sing the evening psalm,* while her father whispered in the ear of Jehovah, "Here I am; I submit myself to thy will?" The Huguenot's child! It was a privilege to stand there watching. Not always had she been permitted to bid him good-night, and fall to sleep thinking that her father was in the house: he was far away tenting in the marshes or on the chilly mountain rock, wondering when he again would kneel in his castle with his children at his side. How often she had wished that she might give him a cup of water when he was athirst in the battle, or smooth his pillow when he was lying sick

* Psalm xciv. 12-23 might be taken as remarkably descriptive of the state of affairs then in Paris.

before Poitiers or in the Vivarais! It was a privilege now. She could thank God for it. It was brave to stand there, the presiding spirit of that room, hushing the noise of clanking armour, hinting of her father's extreme weariness when some old good-hearted comrade of the marches talked too long, and going to the window when some uproar was heard in the wild outside world and saying, "There is nobody there, father, but your friends." Noisy friends some of them were. It was more than brave. It was affectionate, devoted, dutiful, to stay there when she must have had the awful thought that the dark hours might bring on the dreaded massacre. "You're a Jeanne D'Albret," her father whispers, and, as if he put in her his earthly trust and in God his heavenly confidence, we see him fall into slumbers as peaceful as those of a child.

Of all the thoughts of God that are
 Borne upward unto minds afar,
 Along the Psalmist's music deep
 Now tell me, if that any is
 For gift or grace surpassing this—
 " He giveth his beloved sleep?"

Saturday, the 23d, dawned—the day of mystery, to be followed by the day of murder. We may find the key to its confused events in the hands of Catherine. "Her nerves were quite unstrung," no doubt, but her depravities lay deeper than her nerves. Anjou was quite of her mood. She must give up all hope of playing the trimmer, looking on while her rivals beat their heads together until she took the reins from them all. He might act the part of one who lets a tiger loose upon the prey. They were early at their work of scheming. The assassin "had been so unfortunate as to fail in his attempt," is Margaret's record. If he had shot Coligny dead, Catherine would have been content.

What could the Huguenots do without a leader? In trying to appoint a new chieftain they might have fallen out among themselves. Navarre would not serve the purpose, for he was now the son-in-law of the woman whom they utterly distrusted and detested. Condé had not the required abilities. The rest were mutual rivals. What now if the murderer should be arrested and put to the rack, as was Poltrot? Oh what confessions, what disclosures! They could not make a scapegoat of Guise, the prince who fascinated the people. Then what if the Huguenots should rise, banish the Italian party, unite with Charles, or reject him and found a republic? One thing must be done. The admiral must be slain. It was a risk, but less terrible to Catherine and Anjou than to let him live.* Crime was nothing; selfish policy was the one consideration. How slay him? Stealth was impossible. "Ruse and finesse were out of the question," says Anjou.

Catherine summoned her intimate advisers. The Louvre was too crowded for the interview. Huguenots were coming and going, and Charles was ever ready to see them and hear from his "friend and father." The private country-house beyond the walls was chosen. It was the old Tuileries. Thither rolled the carriages. Anjou, De Retz, Birague, Tavannes and Nevers there sat and talked of Huguenots lives as if they were of less account than the birds which sang in the gardens. No express record of that caucus exists. They wanted no secretary. But the facts gleam out from other chronicles. Various plans were discussed; each involved one point—the death of the admiral. He must be put out of the way that very night. "I only desire," said Catherine, "to take the death of six of the leaders upon my

* Tavannes describes the rackings of Catherine's mind, and adds: "If she could have seen any possibility of warding off the consequences of that shot from the arquebuse, she would not have gone farther."

conscience.”* We need not suppose that there was “a red list,” as Brantome intimates—a proscriptive list with the names of Navarre and Condé at the head of it. Enough now that a murder was determined, for it became a wholesale slaughter.

“The king must be gained,” said Catherine. “He must be frightened into it.” De Retz was appointed to labour with Charles. Meanwhile Anjou and his mother were to make cautious preparations, sending arms and soldiers to various places. The initiated members of the cabinet were to send despatches abroad, describing the events of the past day and assuming to keep the people in good order. In this Charles might join, as he really did, and innocently at the first. His word was, “Keep my edict as strictly as ever. If any should rise to avenge the deed of yesterday, I should feel a marvellous regret.”†

Scarcely had these plotters returned to the Louvre when the smiles of their hypocrisy were broken. An exposure might be made within an hour. Great villainies are usually revealed by little things. A lower servant of the Guises made his boast that he had furnished the Spanish horse on which the assassin had escaped. He let slip the name—Maurevel‡—the man who had once failed at Niort to shoot the admiral, but had still been well paid; the professional murderer, called “the assassin on the king’s wages;” the wretch whom the Lorraines had raised from the dust to notoriety, and who should now go without a paragraph were it not for the glare of red light which he throws upon his accomplices. What a world of crime and a yawning capacity for crime lie behind such a man! The deed was his; the spirit that prompted him was that of a party. He put himself on a level with Pius V. and Philip II. He was

* Serranus, De Statu Reipub.

† Letter to D’Esquilly, in White.

‡ Perau, Vie de Coligny.

but one of a gang, a profession, in the service of papal powers. The Hamilton brothers of Scotland are examples: John had already been on Coligny's track until Philip sent him "to look after the Prince of Orange." James (Bothwellhaugh) had set the model for Maurevel when he shot down the good Regent Moray and then crossed over to serve Alva and "go after Orange to finish the job." Thus Philip's agents mildly expressed their master's will.

Maurevel had prowled about Paris for months, not daring to face a Huguenot. Not long after the scene at Mont Pipeau he had a hint of employment from De Retz. These men held several dark interviews outside the walls. The marshal was instructed not to haggle; the murderer fixed his own price, and engaged not to miss his man. We know the result. We care not to know how he was proved guilty. The attempts to arrest him only lasted two or three days. He was rewarded with two abbeys, paid by church funds! For more than ten years he eluded vengeance. In 1573, when going with De Retz to England, he was pointed out at the Greenwich landing as "the admiral's murderer." The rabble drove him from the realm. In 1583 the young Arthur Mouy saw this murderer of his brave father, and shot him dead in the streets of Paris. But Maurevel's guards slew the avenger. The depth of national iniquity in the Ten Tribes needed but one stroke to portray it—assassination was the order of the day from Jeroboam to Ahab. This tells all. And such a record stands against France under the Medici.

No wonder that the Huguenots were in excitement if the name of Maurevel was in the wind. To the house of Guise everything pointed—the canon Villemur, the assassin, the men who supplied the horses, all unmistakably Guisean. During the day a vast crowd gathered at the hôtel of the Duchess of Guise. "The duke will sweep down upon us,"

thought the Huguenots, "make complete what his hireling attempted, slay Coligny, and what more we dare not foretell." They resolved to ask Charles for a special guard to be posted about the admiral's house.

Can it be true that Henry of Guise took alarm when he found that an arrest had been made of the man who had boasted about aiding Maurevel? It is possible. For he knew that Catherine would delight to have the chiefs of his faction and the Huguenot chiefs fall upon each other, gashing and slaying until not a man was left on either side. She might have a plot for him while he was plotting against others. But the king's threats had touched him. This gave him fears. He rode proudly to the Louvre. He said haughtily to the king, "I shall leave Paris—I am in danger." Charles was alone. He scarcely deigned to look on the arrogant duke. He coldly said, "You can go. Away with you! If you are guilty, I shall know where to find you." There was a sudden departure.

"Adieu!" cried Henry of Guise to the crowds at the gate. That charming face and princely style drew upon him the hero-worship of the hour. "Adieu to Guise!" was the general shout. Then it became simply "Guise! Guise!" It went everywhere. On the corners, from the windows and even on the gates and walls, were people gathered to see the hero coming. Such enthusiasm told him that it was not the hour for him to depart. With such a populace to back him, what had he to fear from king or court? Did Catherine's swift messenger overtake and tell him that he would be needed? Or was it all a feint? It is certain that he rode ostentatiously out of one gate and came back stealthily through another, to remain quiet until his services would be in demand.

Those shouts at the Louvre and their echoes all through the city, the threats uttered by squads of half-armed sol-

diers, the low murmurs in dark alleys and remote quarters, the fanaticism of priests, the careful defences about Romanist mansions, the want of attention to the safety of Protestant houses, the brag of street-boys, the prophecies of blatant women, the morning quarrels at the markets, the noonday chaos everywhere,—all this and much else was ominous of an earthquake that would make Christendom shudder. The Huguenots had scarcely slept at their lodgings. They had breakfasted with an eye against poison. They had walked out, cautious of the dagger. They had gathered at the headquarters, where they learned that their leader was very hopeful of recovery. “We must take the admiral on a litter to Chatillon,” insisted the Vidame of Chartres, who lodged in the most turbulent part of the city. But this counsel was rejected.

Meanwhile the morning news from the king had lulled the fears of many Huguenots. The bride of Navarre had called to see the admiral. She seemed delighted to know that his physicians had pronounced him out of danger. His companions, in high spirits, had sent out letters to their friends, near and far, begging them not to stir from home—not to annoy themselves about what had happened; that God and the king were powerful avengers; that every effort was put forth to bring the guilty to justice; that the wounds were not mortal, thanks to the Lord; and that God would order all events for the good of his people.*

But now that roar of the name of Guise had reached the chamber of the admiral. Tidings were brought that there was “much carrying to and fro of arms;” that pikes and lances were secretly borne into the Louvre; that there was “much huffing and shuffling in the city,” rumbling of artillery wagons along the streets, forging of weapons and burnishing of armour in the shops, posting of soldiers at

* Reveille-Matin.

unusual points, galloping of couriers and every sort of preparation for an outbreak of violence. "No good is to come of such turmoiling," said the Huguenots, who had, perhaps, an exaggerated report of that hour. "We must look to the king to protect us," was the answer of the still trustful Coligny. He ordered Cornaton to bear to the king a request for a strong guard of archers to be placed about his hôtel. He also asked that some Protestant gentlemen might be allowed to lodge in the neighbouring houses.

Cornaton told Charles of "the excitement of the people and the noise of arms."* "The king seemed much moved and astonished." He could scarcely believe the messenger. "How has the report originated?" he inquired. "Has it reached the admiral? I shall examine. De Retz, will you call the queen-mother?" Catherine entered. Charles was "in a great chafe." In his stormy manner he asked, "What misluck is this? This man tells me that the populace is in commotion—that they are taking arms."

Calmly she replied, "They are doing no such thing. You know that you gave orders that from daybreak every man should be in his own quarter, as a security against tumult."

"All true, but my commands were that no man should take up arms." The Parisians had been disarmed some months before this time. The removal of weapons from the arsenal to the headquarters of the guards may have been at first a precaution. But it was ill-timed. For the people to provide rude arms of their own was evidence of their insubordination.

The messenger stated the request for a guard. "Very well," said Anjou, who had thrust himself in; "it is a good idea. Take Cosseins, with fifty musketeers."

"Nay, your majesty," said Cornaton, "half a dozen archers

* *Vita Colinii*. It is generally assumed that this was Cornaton, but the cautious author of the *Vita* uses no name.

will be enough. Being of the king's guard, they will have more authority over the people than a stronger force." But Charles and Anjou rejoined, with sufficient rudeness,* "Take Cosseins. You cannot have a fitter man." The writer tells us that, as he thought no better choice could be made, he was silent, although well aware that Cosseins was one of the admiral's most deadly enemies. Did Charles have in mind that this captain was at variance with Guise?

Cornaton turned away. The doom seemed to be breaking upon him. M. Thoré, a Montmorency, whispered in his ear while near the royal chamber, "They could not have given you a more dangerous guard." He replied, "What could I do? Did you not notice how absolutely the king ordered it? You heard, too, my objection. We have committed ourselves to the king's honour." † And what a trust reposed in that king! When a man has the lives of others entrusted to him, then a betrayal is a crime which no term is strong enough to express. It is something for which he is expected to stand out to the last, and, if need be, lay down his very life. Coligny repressed all emotion when these guards took their places under Cosseins, the base spy of the queen-mother, her confidant, her slave—a man whom the admiral knew to be "steeped in villainy." But the king had sent him—that was enough. It appears that some of Navarre's Switzers mounted guard inside the house, and that the password was very strict.

Coligny thought that he saw another proof of the king's good-will. Rambouillet, the quartermaster, was sent with the order for "all the Roman Catholic gentleman who lodged in that street to leave their quarters and make way for the admiral's friends and servants. Of all artifices, this was the most cunning and best-contrived for facilitating the events which were to follow. . . . It was according to an

* Vita Colimii.

† Ibid.

advice tendered by the Duke of Anjou. . . . That same day the king sent again and again to the admiral's friends, urging them to fill all the houses near his quarters."* What could appear more assuring to Coligny than to have such numbers of comrades around him? Yet we may doubt whether any extended change was made. "Some went to those lodgings, others could not so readily change theirs." †

Catherine was still restless. The commotions in the city were but the picture of the tumults in her own soul. ‡ "She had staked everything upon the hazard of a throw." The dinner-hour was eleven in the forenoon. Soon after De Retz followed Charles into his cabinet. The awful subject must be broken to the king by "the marshal, who was greatly in his favour." He was cool. "I am come," he said, "as a faithful servant, to tell something which I can no longer conceal. I must lay before you the danger which threatens you if you persist in your resolution to punish the Duke of Guise. You should know that the blow aimed at the admiral was not designed by him alone. . . . The queen-mother and the Duke of Anjou had a hand in it. She has seen how dangerous Coligny is to the state. She has wished to rid the kingdom of that pest. . . . And now the attempt has failed. . . . The Huguenots not only blame Guise, but your mother, your brother—yes, even yourself. They have resolved to take up arms this very night." §

Charles was astounded. But he must be terrified with lies and thrown into an insane rage. Tavannes affirms, "Through the assistance of Marshal de Retz the queen contrived to soften the king's resentment against the Guises and excite in him a furious rage against the Huguenots—a vice peculiar to his majesty's choleric temper." But De Retz only prepared the way. Catherine, Anjou, Tavannes and that

* Vita Colinii; Perau.

† Reveille-Matin.

‡ White; Tavannes.

§ Mém. de Marguerite

entire clique entered the room. Plans were again discussed for mere effect.

"The king must be sheltered from all odium," said De Retz. "It must not appear that there is any open breach of faith on his part. It is easy; only throw in a little fire-brand, set the houses of Guise and Chatillon at war, and leave them to fight it out and slaughter each other." Of course this proposal was simply intended as a blind.

Catherine launched out. Her immense budget of lies was ready: "At this very moment the Huguenots are arming. I have intercepted their letters." [She showed none.] "They have sent beyond the Rhine for sixteen thousand men. Their chief officers have already gone into the provinces to raise the war-cry. Their mustering-places are all arranged. The conspiracy extends through all France. As soon as Coligny shall give the signal they will rise, they will rush down upon us, they will seize you, as they have tried to do before, and where is your security? Remember Amboise and Meaux! [She cared not to name Melun.] . . . Still greater is the danger. They are conspiring to place Henry of Navarre upon the throne!"*

Charles was not yet raving. He doubted, hesitated: he looked in the faces of the men around him. They nodded assent. The cold sweat stood on his brows. "Do you mean to sit still and be murdered?" continued his mother. "If you will not act, we can save ourselves only by choosing another leader, and you must perish. . . . But think: the Catholics are ready to stand by you. They will enter the league if you will make short work of it. They are weary of long wars. Once for all they would end these woes."

The tongue of Charles was loosed: "What would they have? I am as weary of war as any of them, and I am

* Discours d'Anjou; Mém. de Tavannes; Perau; Mém. de Marguerite, etc.

determined that my peace shall be kept. Shall we have Jarnac and Arnay-le-Duc over again? I will hang the first man who draws a sword." The royal rage was coming up.

"But you have not the power," said Catherine. "Things have gone too far with the Catholic party. They are too many for the gibbet. They have resolved to elect their captain-general and make a league against the Huguenots. Your authority will be gone. France will have two great armies, neither of them under your control. There will be danger to us all." She looked the king in the face. She threw off all disguise: "One man is the cause of all these troubles. One stroke of the sword will end them."

"I do not understand you, my mother. You speak in riddles." The blood began to rush to his head.

"To speak plainly, then, we must cut off the head and author of the civil wars. M. de Chatillon must be put out of the way."

One who was half a king might have stamped this mass of falsehoods under his feet. Charles was weak, credulous, easily frightened and turned as a vane in a whirling tempest. He burst into one of his fits of anger. He stormed, raved, cursed, spoke of his honour and his solemn pledges. Cool and venomous, Catherine gave him full rein until he should wear out his resistance. She put in a word now and then: "I know it is a desperate remedy, but there is no other—two or three leaders only—what are they?" Every face around put on the look of stony truth. But still he could not believe the dreadful stories. Raving again, he exclaimed, "I shall not have Chatillon touched. Woe to the man who injures a hair of his head! He is the only true friend I have; all the rest are knaves; they are sold to the Spaniards—all except my brother of Navarre."

Catherine went back over the ground and brought up

again the array of lies, as if by repeating them she could make them true. "If we cut off the chiefs, the rest are powerless." [Alva's doctrine at Bayonne.] "We must either have the Guises with us or against us. Our only safety is to call Henry of Guise to our side, use him and"—(she looked at Charles to note the impression)—"we can ruin him afterward by throwing upon him all the blame."

The king asked the others for their opinions. It astonishes us as much as it did that council to hear De Retz say, "No man can hate the admiral and his party more than I do, yet I will not, at the expense of the king, my master, take revenge on my private enemies in a manner so dishonourable. We shall be charged with perfidy and disloyalty to France. We shall shake all confidence in the word and faith of the king. In future wars none will trust him in order to treat for peace. We shall never escape the ruin that must come upon us all." For once De Retz comes within the orbit of our sympathy—if he was sincere.

No one supported his view. Even Charles was staggering for a stronger prop. He sat moody, biting his nails, wavering and asking for proofs. These were easily manufactured to order at the moment's notice. The street-tales were told. His memory brought up the names of men whom he had loved and trusted. "I have since heard him say," Margaret asserts, "that it was with the greatest difficulty he could be brought to give his consent, and not before he was made to understand that his own life and the safety of his kingdom depended upon it." Thrice she tells us that he had a great regard for the admiral, Teligny, La Noue and Rochefoucauld, and wished to save them.

Once more Catherine rallied. She would apply the argument of offended dignity, contempt, scorn, derision. She turned away her face: "You refuse, then? Very well; your mother and brother must take care of themselves.

Permit us to go." Charles scowled at her. She drew close and hissed in his ear, "Is it that you are afraid, sire?" Afraid to show himself a monarch! The charge of cowardice was too much.

"Hold your tongues!" he cried, springing to his feet, raving like a madman and bellowing forth his oaths. The tiger was unchained. It was now our turn to hold him in, says Tavannes, as Charles declared, "If you must kill the admiral, then kill all the Huguenots—all—all: don't leave one to reproach me with the deed. Kill them—see to it at once—now, at once. Do you hear?" One drop of water let upon the white-hot steam had brought the terrible collapse at which the more guilty conspirators stood aghast.

"Rushing furiously out," adds Tavannes, "he left us in the cabinet, where we employed ourselves the remainder of that day, and a good part of the night, in arranging the measures for carrying the enterprise into execution."* Much had been done already by Catherine and Anjou to bring affairs to a crisis. Guise was summoned, along with his uncle Aumale. The city was divided into four districts. The general military superintendence was given to Tavannes. Montpensier had charge of the Louvre; Guise the quarter of the admiral. The hour was fixed. The signal would be given by the great bell upon the Palace of Justice. The badge prescribed was a white band on the arm and a white cross on the cap. The conspirators adjourned until night.

Guise rode forth to instruct the mob-leaders. He repeated the falsehood which Catherine had invented—"the Huguenots were in revolt"—Catholicism was about to be rooted out—better make short work—crush the leaders. He declared that the chief of all the marshals, Francis

* Compare Mém. de Tavannes, Discours d'Anjou, De Serres, Ranke, Civil Wars, Reveille-Matin.

Montmorency, had been raising an army of twenty-five thousand men to burn the city; indeed, a body of cavalry had been seen that day prowling about the walls. An excited people staggered not at such immense lies.

Saturday evening—sacred to Huguenot and Puritan—the preparation for the Lord's Day, came with hallowed calm to the eyes and spirit of Coligny. His Sabbath was approaching; his heavenly rest was coming even in the advance; the eternal reality before the earthly type. But he saw it not. His last day was closing amid what din of arms! what confusion in the streets! Below his chamber the Vidame of Chartres was once more urging his friends to carry off the admiral to Chatillon. This warrior liked not the presence of Cosseins and his fifty archers. The debate was earnest. Why should Cosseins check Teligny's servant-boy, who was carrying in two or three lances? Why such impertinence to De Guerehy? This "hot-tempered person" had been refused admittance at the gate when he said that he had come to pass the night at the admiral's quarters and keep guard over him. "Begone! I am master here," said Cosseins. "Tyrant, rather," was the reply. These men would have come to blows had not Teligny appeared to separate them. But Chartres could not carry his point. Teligny, so gentle, so peaceable, "so much taken with the king's caresses and fine words as to proclaim his majesty's candor without stint or end," thought the report of Coligny's trumpeter was founded on a mistake; that there was a reason for seeing six porters going with arms into the palace, because orders had been given for a sort of mock-fight at a sham castle, and the courtiers were simply preparing for it. Still, Chartres declared that he would not risk his life by staying longer in that quarter, and with a few friends he rode across the river and took lodgings until morning.

“If you wish, we will go and sit up all night with the admiral,” was the message of the aged Briquemaut and the Count Montgomery, who had brought sad news from Flanders and come for new recruits. Many others offered their services. But Coligny replied that “it was not necessary, thanking them very courteously.” One by one his visitors took their leave. In the house there remained for the night the royal physician, Ambrose Paré, Pastor Peter Merlin, Cornaton, Yolet and Le Bonne, with five Switzers of Navarre’s guard and four or five valets and serving-men. The last to leave his bedside were his son-in-law Teligny and the faithful daughter Louisa. It was after midnight when they went next door to their own lodgings. It was the last night for all except two or three of the admiral’s household. In ignorance they slept for the awful awaking.*

“The other party” was in the busiest excitement. So stupid were some of the guards and police that “it was necessary to threaten to hang some of the laggards.” The provost Marcel was not bloodthirsty enough at the first. Into the Louvre passed one man who was so infamous as to act the traitor—Bouchavannes, of Picardy. He had been in the admiral’s house. He had stood in the last council there held, saying “not a single word, but merely noting the opinions given. . . . Many wondered that, though professing the Religion, he was so much in favour with the queen-mother and De Retz.” He now told Anjou what was said, where certain Huguenot chiefs had gone, who were left in the house and how it was arranged.†

Many a touching story was told by those who escaped to tell the events of that Saturday night. Let us hear De Mergey, a gentleman of the Count la Rochefoucauld.

* Compare Vita Colinii; Reville-Matin; Mem. de Tavannes.

† Vita Colinii; Anquetil, L’Esprit de la Ligue.

The good count was the widower of Coligny's niece and a favourite of the king. He had supped at the king's long table, where the courtiers were numerous as ever—Huguenots and Papists, victims and victimizers. De Mergey says: "The count was the last, as usual, to leave the king's chamber. When he was about to retire, Chaumont and I, who waited in the hall, hearing the scraping of their feet as they made their bows, heard the king say, 'Foucault (for so he used to call him), don't go away; it is late; we will chat* together all the night.' The count said, 'That cannot be; it is time to go to bed and sleep.' 'Ah, you must stay; you shall sleep with my valets.' 'No, no; that won't suit me. Adieu, my good master.'

"The count paid a call upon the widow of Condé (his sister-in-law), whom he courted. It was near one o'clock when he left her apartments in the palace. He then went and bade the King of Navarre good-night. When going out to his lodgings, at the foot of the stairs a man dressed in black drew him aside, and they talked long together. Then the count said to me, 'Go and tell the King of Navarre that the Messieurs Guise and Nevers are not in the Louvre. They are about town.' I did so in a whisper. Navarre said, 'Tell the count to come to me early in the morning as he promised.'" . . .

The count was not satisfied. He went back and talked a little more, leaving De Nansay, a captain of the guards, with Navarre. The latter was ordered by the king to keep a goodly number of gentlemen about him, lest the Guises should make some foul attempts. These gentlemen were in Navarre's ante-chamber, closed only by a hanging of tapestry. De Nansay raised the tapestry, saw some playing at dice and others talking; he counted them in his head, and said: "Gentlemen, if any of you wish to retire, now is

* *Balisvernerons*—We will fiddle with our tongues.

your time; they are going to shut the gates." They replied: "We intend to remain here all night." (All honour to this captain for this kind attempt to save the lives of all who would follow him! He went back to the count, where the French, Scotch and Swiss guards were drawn up in the courtyard.)

De Mergey gives one more touch to the striking picture: "At the gate sat Rambouillet. The postern only was open. He was sitting on a little bench close by it. He loved me, and holding out his hand pressed mine, saying in a piteous voice, 'Adieu, M. de Mergey; adieu, my friend.' He dared not say more, as he told me afterward."*

Another picture of the Louvre on that night. Margaret tells us—how true it all is we know not—"I was perfectly ignorant of what was going forward. . . . The Huguenots were suspicious of me because I was a Catholic, and the Catholics because I was married to the King of Navarre, who was a Huguenot. Therefore no one spoke a word of the matter to me. . . . I was sitting by my sister Claude [married to a Guise], who appeared greatly cast down. As soon as my mother saw me she ordered me to go to my room. I bowed to depart, when my sister grasped me by the arm, and in a flood of tears exclaimed, 'For the love of God, do not stir out of this chamber!' I was frightened, and my mother chided her very severely. My sister held me still and said, 'It is a shame to send her away to be sacrificed, for if anything should be discovered, they [the Catholics] will take their revenge upon her.'

"Catherine insisted: 'If it be the will of God no harm will befall her; but she must go in order to prevent the suspicion that may arise from her staying here.' I perceived that there was something on foot which I was not to know. My mother told me very roughly to go to bed. My sister,

* *Mém. de Mergey*, quoted in Marsh.

bursting into tears, bade me good-night, not daring to say more. I left shivering, more dead than alive, unable to imagine what there was to be dreaded. . . . I reached my room, threw myself upon my knees and prayed God to protect me—from what I knew not. The king, my husband, already laid down, called to me. I went and found thirty or forty Huguenots at his bedside, all utterly unknown to me. They did nothing the whole night but talk of the admiral's accident. They resolved to go to the king as soon as it was light and demand justice upon the Duke of Guise; if he denied it, they would take it themselves."

No artist could make more vivid this picture of words, so simple, so touching. But she farther shows us how cautiously, how tiger-like the conspirators began their work in order to maintain quiet in the palace. "For my part, I, who had the tears of my sister still on my heart, could not sleep. As soon as the day broke my husband rose and left the chamber with these Huguenot gentlemen, saying that he would play at tennis until King Charles should rise, and then he would demand justice. . . . Thinking still of some awful danger, I bade my waiting-woman shut the door that I might rest, and I fell asleep."

Demand justice at day-break! The horrors of vengeance would then be filling the streets.

Where was King Charles? Was there an anvil ringing at midnight? The story is, that about eleven o'clock he went into his shop with Navarre, Condé and their friends, and worked at the forge for two or three hours. It is doubtful. So weak a man was not so cool.

Not long after midnight, Charles was pacing his room, "troubled to the very bottom of his soul," shivering as one in an ague, the cold drops on his forehead, the agony in his heart. Thus Catherine found him when she entered along with that woman who was ever talking of her first husband

and his murderer Poltrot. He must be stayed up for the stroke of the bell and all that it should announce. There was Anjou, awed into silence and crouching under the flaming curses of his royal brother. There were Guise, De Retz and the entire clique of plotters. That crime, the blackest in European history, was staring them in the face. The king must give them the order to march right up to it and take it upon their hands; as for their hearts, it had long courted them. Was there one conscience that would cry out and hold them back? One tongue to protest so loudly that the halls would ring with it and the victims hear?

Catherine would see to that. She had now her self-command. With a firm voice she broke the silence. She must colour the crime by the plea of necessity. She told over the lies, for all depended on his believing them. To her is ascribed the political maxim, so often illustrated in wars, that a false report, made credible for three days, may be of great service to a government. "It is too late to retreat, even were it possible," she continued. "It is but an amputation. It is lopping off the diseased limb from the holy Church—that blessed spouse of our Lord! Is it not best?" She looked sharply at Charles. "God never gave a man so fine an opportunity of getting rid of his enemies at a blow. . . . If you delay, you will lose it. We shall all be lost." Then she repeated in a low tone some favourite words of an Italian preacher: "Merey to them would be cruelty, and cruelty a merey."

Charles had another hint of his cowardice. The weak king, whose eyes almost dropped blood, saw one of the council start for the door. He sprang forward, laid hold of his cloak, and said, with all his madness, "Well, begin!"*

Guise left the room. The chief signal-bell was not to

* D'Aubigné; Discours d'Anjou; Mém. de Tavannes.

strike for an hour and a half—not until the dawn, so that this might be a work of open day. “Let it be blotted from the memory of man,” has often been the plea. But nay; if darkness was not at first to cover its horrors, it must ever stand forth on the pages of every newly-written history of France. Great crimes are great lessons. This is the ceaseless warning against all anger, malice, revenge, intolerance and inhumanity.

To wait for that bell! Minutes would wear almost into hours. Catherine and the guilty wretches about her dared not speak. Nor dared they lose sight of each other. Where was there a retreat lonely enough? They crept up into a small room over the tennis-court, and there looked uneasily into the night. All was silent as the grave. They listened—no signal yet. They began to think of “the results of their mighty enterprise, of which they had not thought much before.” They heard a sharp noise, enough to have startled conscience. They were confounded, smitten with terror, alarmed at what was coming, if we may believe Anjou’s crinating apology. Did they send a messenger after Guise? It was too late. The blood was flowing—a rill now, a river in an hour.

It was the shot of a pistol that startled them. Whence came it? Who fell?

CHAPTER XII.

THE ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

(Sunday, August 24, 1572.)

IT was not yet four o'clock. At five the sun would rise. The tread of footmen, the tramp of cavalry broke the silence of the street in front of Coligny's house. A loud knock at the outer door or gate, and whispers in the hall, brought La Bonne from his post. "Open in the king's name," was the demand. Hopeful of some kindly message from Charles, this master of the keys turned the bolt. Coscins sprang in, stabbed him, and led some picked men over the dying body; others of this royal guard were placed in houses opposite to shoot down any who sought to escape. The few Switzers placed in the hall by Navarre could not resist the entering band. They fell back behind the inner door and barricaded it with trunks, boxes, benches, anything that was at hand. One of them was shot down in the hall. A moment more and the door gave way.

Coligny, restless from his wounds, but still confiding in the king's guard, heard the commotion, the shots, the shrieks, the crash and the orders given by Cornaton to block up the stairway. He was lifted out of bed and was praying with Pastor Peter Merlin. He threw over him his morning-gown and awaited his fate, now leaning against the wall, now sitting on the bed, now composed in an arm-chair. How his delusion and doom broke upon him! Cornaton had seen what was coming. He entered the admiral's room. "What does all this mean?" asked Ambrose Paré. The eye-witness of

these things* addressed only his master: "Sir, it is God calling us to himself. They have carried the hall, they are slaying the Swiss guard, they are pressing up the stairs, and we can do nothing."

"I have long kept myself prepared for death," said the admiral. "As for the rest of you, try to save yourselves the best way you can. Your wives and children must not reproach me for your death. You cannot save my life. Escape quickly." The eye-witness could not forget that Coligny "showed no more disquiet than if nothing had happened to discompose his countenance." He heard his good master saying, "I commit my soul to God. . . . Escape—escape." Cornaton got out through a window upon the roof and fled "under cover of the night." It was not for many days that he knew how Peter Merlin was hidden in a hayloft, nor how Nicholas Musse, the German interpreter and "most faithful family servant" of Coligny, remained to fall at his master's door. Cornaton lived to relate, by tongue and pen, many of the particulars concerning the admiral's last days.

Not a man in the hall escaped the sword of Cosseins, while other assassins rushed up the stairs, dashed open Coligny's door and stood for a moment, staggered at seeing only two men in the room—the royal surgeon Paré and his patient. These desperadoes wore the tri-colour of Anjou's guard—the black, white and green. One was Sarlabous, a renegade Huguenot, once a captain under Coligny and now the governor of Havre. Another was Attin, a familiar of the Duke of Aumale, "one who a few years before sought to murder Andelot." Another was Behm,* a favourite of the Guises. Cosseins soon followed them.

* *Vita Colinii.*

† A Bohemian (?), "son of the commander of artillery." The Cardinal of Lorraine gave to this wretch the hand of his illegitimate

“Are you the admiral?” said Behm, pointing his sword at his breast.

“I am,” was the reply, Coligny being in his chair. “But, young man, you should respect my gray hairs and not attack a wounded man. Yet what matters it? You cannot shorten my life, except by the permission of God.” For an answer, Behm blasphemed the God in whom his victim trusted, and drove his sword to the hilt into the breast of the admiral.

“If this came by the hand of a man of honour and not by this varlet—” are the last words which Agrippa d’Aubigné puts into the mouth of Coligny, whose body was now beaten, stabbed and mangled by every sword and dagger which these wretches sought to stain in his blood. Sarlabous afterward boasted that he was the chief assassin. Attin proved his own infamy when he coolly wrote an account of the scene, and expressed his admiration of Coligny by saying that “he never saw a man meet death with such firmness.”

A voice was heard from the pavement: “Behm, have you finished?” It was that of Guise, who had set all these agents at their work. “It is over,” was Behm’s reply from the open window. Guise again showed his impatience: “Throw him down; the chevalier will not believe unless he sees for himself.” The chevalier was Francis, Duke of Angoulême, bastard brother of the king. Coligny may have heard and recognized the voice of his relentless foe, for when Behm dragged his body to the window he placed

daughter. Philip II. rewarded him with “a dowry” for the murder of the admiral. In 1575 he fell into the hands of the Huguenots, who put him to death near Jarnac. La Noue calls him Dianowitz. It is noticeable that so many foreigners were among these assassins—Swiss and Italians. De Thou gives their names—Petrucci, Tossinghi, Studer, Koch, etc.

his foot against the wall to resist the attempt. "Is it so, old fox?" said the Bohemian, and again daggers were used. The body fell upon the pavement. It was hardly to be recognized. "He still moved when tossed out," is one report. The gore was wiped from the warm face by the hand of the chevalier, and he held a lantern to the features.

"Yes, it is he," said Guise; "I know him well. Lie there, thou serpent; thy venom shall no more trouble us!" He then kicked the dead body of him whom, living, every man in France had feared or respected.* One Italian took from the admiral's neck the chain of gold—the badge of his office, so coveted by Angoulême. Another cut off the head, which was shockingly treated and sent to the Louvre. The body "long lay exposed to every sort of ignominy." Of these remains we shall be again compelled to speak, in order to portray the fierce hatred against Protestantism.

Ambrose Paré was spared and sent under a part of Anjou's guard to the Louvre. Coligny's house was now given over to pillage. Every corner was searched to find some lingering Huguenot. In all the neighbouring houses the same work went on. Happy were those who were surprised in sleep, for they knew not the horrors endured by those who were shot down from windows, roofs and balconies.

Teligny seems to have leaped from his bed at the first disturbance, in order to defend his father-in-law. But he found that he could not enter Coligny's house, nor could he get back to his own. Soldiers had broken in and were murdering every one of his domestics. His wife was stabbed, but in some way escaped. He climbed a ladder, and from a parapet witnessed the awful scene in the admiral's room until his danger drove him to flight. He was seen

* *Mém. de l'État; De Thou; Vita Colini.*

by Cossains' men, but they could not fire upon a young man so genial, so frank and so gracefully deceived by the court. He crept into a barn. There some pillagers found him and covered him with straw. They afterward boasted of their pity. One of Anjou's men heard the honourable boast. He sent a company of archers to the spot. They dragged him from the retreat. He begged for life, clasping the knees of hardened men. But he, so pure that he blushed at the name of vice, so artless that he seemed a child in his want of all suspicion, so trustful that when at tennis the king leaned on his shoulder and called him "my little Teligny," so incapable of falsehood and hypocrisy that he rarely cherished suspicion, so beloved that he was the admiration of his party, and when he passed along the streets Coligny pointed him out as the glory and comfort of his gray hairs,—even he was now in the hands of men who scoffed at his tearful entreaties in behalf of his wife and the children of the slain chieftain. He offered a ransom. The captain felt this argument. "I am a poor fellow," he said, "and one thousand crowns will be of great use to me. I will spare you if the Duke of Guise will permit me." He made his request. "You are a fool!" was the rough answer of this man, whom some have noticed as having spared many lives with a magnanimity equal to that of his father. "A fool you are; don't you think the king will reward you better?" Teligny had twice been in the enemy's hands and twice spared. But now he was dragged out by those who did not know his genial nature and hurled upon the pavement with a dagger in his side, to breathe away his life before the brutal insults were ended. The outrages upon dead bodies marked the fiendish massacre.

The Count la Rochefoucauld, who had been so long "chatting, jesting and laughing with the king," had scarcely

fallen asleep when he heard a noise at his lodgings. In his half-dreamy state of mind he thought the king was coming to act some buffoonery, for Charles may have said at parting, "I will come and whip you in the morning." Such were the royal familiarities with genial courtiers. He rose when he heard the summons, "Open in the king's name." He drew the bolt. Six men in masks entered; one he thought was Charles. He bowed, but under the poinard he fell, never again to rise.

Guise had already said, "Well done, my men; we have made a good beginning. Forward, by the king's command!" He mounted his horse and rode away, followed by the Duke of Nevers, who looked at Coligny's body and remarked, *Sic transit gloria mundi*. Was it then that a messenger came from the palace bearing an order from Catherine to return? His reply was, "It is too late." To that room in the Louvre where she and her older sons had heard the shots of pistol and arquebuse, and had been terrified at the thought of what they had planned, the message went, "The admiral is dead." Catherine must not allow the king now to revoke his orders. He must not have one hour for repentance. She would not wait for the bell on the Palace of Justice to ring. The signal must at once go forth. She sent men to ring the bell of the church in front of which Coligny had first been wounded—that of St. Germain l'Auxerrois. It was struck. For its solemn tones many a bellman was listening, and all at once the din was inexpressible. Every conspirator sprang to his work. The gates of hell seemed to be unbarred.

We return to the Louvre. We saw the King of Navarre leaving his apartments for the tennis-ground. At the foot of the stairs he was arrested. His gentlemen gave up their swords without resistance, not dreaming of harm. (The bells had probably not yet rung.) They saw the princes,

Navarre and Condé led away to appear before Charles, where we shall meet them presently. An officer came and read to these gentlemen the names of the doomed. Every one heard his own name called, and was obliged to step forward into the courtyard, making his way through a double line of Swiss mercenaries. All were gathered upon the defenceless spot. Montpensier had charge of the affair. The order was given. Sword, spear and halberd were making short work of them. They looked up to the window in which Charles is said to have stood, compelling Navarre to be a witness of the scene. They begged for mercy. He was pitiless. Among them he saw those haughty nobles of whom Catherine had pretended to be so fearful on Friday night when they came to the royal supper-table—Pardaillan and De Pilles.* With stentorian voices they demanded the right to live. They appealed to the murderers. "Here take this cloak," said De Pilles, offering a splendid garment; "take it and remember him who is so traitorously slaughtered." The captain refused; the king's eye was too near. "I am not the man you take me for," was the answer. An archer, tired of waiting, laid low the brave defender of St. Jean d'Angely. He was greatly lamented by hosts of admirers. Thus fell the valiant—two hundred of them, says Davila. And as they fell the Swiss plundered them, and when the ghastly pile was heaped up, these hirelings, well paid for lying slanders, said: "These are the men who conspired to slay the king and all the royal family in their sleep, and make of France a republic."

Yet some of the Huguenot gentlemen at the Louvre either leaped out of this horrible corner or had been aroused and attacked in their rooms. They ran, wildly seeking re-

* Only two days before, this gentleman is said to have been teaching Charles how to swim. "Why did he not let him sink?" asks a historian. Compare Brantome, D'Aubigné, etc.

fuge, but meeting with guards at every turn to strike them dead. Margaret, whom we saw trying to sleep, adds to the pathos of the scenes in the palace: "I had slept but an hour when I heard some one striking the door with hands and feet and crying, 'Navarre! Navarre!' My nurse thought it was my husband. She opened the door. In rushed a gentleman named Teyran (or Tejan) with a sword-cut in his elbow and a lance wound in his arm. Four archers ran in after him. In his fright he sought to hide in the bed. As he was a stranger, I knew not whether the guards were chasing him or whether all were after me. We both screamed aloud. He clung to me as I ran about the room. At last, through God's mercy, Captain Nansay came in, and seeing us in this plight he could not help laughing. He scolded the archers for their indiscretion, turned them out of the room and gave me the life of this poor man. I had his wounds dressed, and hid him in my cabinet until he was quite cured. . . . The captain then told me what had happened, assuring me that my husband was safe in the king's chamber. He made me muffle myself up in a cloak and led me to my sister Claude of Lorraine, whom I found half dead. Just then at the door a gentleman named Bourse, running from his pursuers, was pierced by a halberd and fell dead not three paces from me. I swooned away. . . . Into my sister's room rushed two of my husband's officers, begging me to save their lives. I went, threw myself at the feet of the king and queen, and at last my petition was granted." Thus were painted some of the horrors at the Louvre. Catherine had taken no pains to save this daughter's life.

This Captain Nansay had conducted Navarre and Condé into the king's chamber. So furious had Charles become that these princes were not safe. They reproached him for his bad faith. "Be silent," said he, in a raging fit. "The

mass, death or the Bastile! Take your choice." These princes had not in them the stuff of which martyrs are made, and yet they did not flinch at this hour. Navarre asked time to consider, saying that for the present, "if they were allowed freedom of conscience, they were ready to obey the king in all else." Condé was more bold. He again remonstrated upon the treachery committed, and added: "I refuse to give an account of my religion to any one save God. With divine help I shall continue firm in my profession. I am ready to die rather than abandon the truth."

Charles raved: "You are a madman, traitor, rebel and son of a rebel. Change your tune within three days or I will strangle you." The princes were kept as prisoners in the palace.

Wherever the soldiers went they enacted such desperate scenes. By seven o'clock in the morning there was scarcely a leading Huguenot left alive in northern Paris. But there was one failure, one grand flight, one band of heroes left, who would raise the Huguenot banner and revive the fallen cause. The Vidame of Chartres, the Count Montgomery, with about sixty of the Huguenot nobility and gentry, were lodging in the suburbs across the river. "And God so ordered it" that Marcel, the provost of the merchants, had the appointment of a party to despatch them, and Du Mas was to serve as the guide. But Marcel had not the men ready. Du Mas slept beyond the time appointed. "Meanwhile, a certain person, who has never been seen or known since," went over the river in a boat, just before the bells were struck, and told Montgomery all that he had witnessed. "It is a conspiracy against the king—the Guises have risen," was the first thought. The next was, "We will go over and offer him our services or put ourselves under his protection." Montgomery and Chartres walked

down to the river's bank. They saw that the Louvre—just opposite—was in a blaze of light. But all was mystery. Then the signal-bell, the shouts, the screams, the reports of pistols, the roar of the massacre were heard. They still lingered, debating what to do. The hours wore on to seven. They saw the king at the window in suspicious coolness. He was then admiring the brightness of the skies and the balm of the sacred morning. He said to his mother, "The weather is rejoicing over what we are about to do!"

Chartres had seen enough. On the river, near them, two hundred guards were coming in boats, and this chieftain exclaimed, "Destruction! The king is looking on to see us killed!" He fled, begging all his friends to imitate his example. But others still insisted upon going to the relief of Charles. They were about stepping into a fisher's boat, when the advancing guards shouted, "Kill! kill!" Then Charles grasped a fowling-piece and fired at the very men who were among his truest, bravest friends. And he cried, "Kill! kill! They are flying." The populace roared out the command. Montgomery did not wait for an explanation. He warned the Huguenots of that quarter. They fled in haste—some on foot, some on barebacked horses, bootless, spurless, leaving their trunks to be plundered by the two hundred guards, who wreaked their vengeance upon those who had once been the flock of John Calvin, when his little meetings were secretly held in Paris.

The Duke of Guise was bent upon pursuing the fugitives. But it "happened very opportunely" and providentially that he took the wrong key of the gate De Bussy, and while waiting for the right one the loiterers had time to get away. He and his "gentlemen butchers" followed them for several leagues. "In that man-chase a few were wounded, but very few, if any, were killed." Montgomery and

Chartres found refuge in England, until they bore powerful English aid to the besieged Huguenots in Rochelle.*

Only three chief Huguenots are said to have fought for their lives. If any number of them had stood their ground, they might have rallied their party. But what chance had they? The hour, the mode of surprising them, the summons to "open the door in the king's name," and the simultaneous attack, prevented them from using any sort of defence. Besides, the law had disarmed them. How futile the charge that they were preparing for an assault upon the court or the Guises! One of these three men was Taverny, who stood a regular siege. For eight or nine hours he and one servant kept the mob at bay. When leaden bullets were gone, they used balls of hard pitch. Then Taverny rushed out and was overcome by numbers. His wife was sent to prison, but his invalid sister was dragged through the streets until death came to her relief. Guerchy was another—struggling long and using a dagger against men in full armour. Soubise stood out, one against a host. When riddled with balls, he still thrust his battered dagger through the joints of the enemy's coat of mail. He sank at last, from sheer loss of blood, under the windows of Catherine. She and her "ladies" came down to inspect his dead body, with a barbarous curiosity and a levity inhuman.

"Kill, kill!" shouted Tavannes before daybreak. "Blood-letting is as good in August as in May!" This was not an excited remark of which this famous warrior would repent. Years afterward, when on his deathbed, he confessed his sins. His son asked him if he had not overlooked the St. Bartholomew. "Not at all," was the reply. "I look upon

* Compare Reveille-Matin, *Mém. de Sully*, D'Aubigné. Also, as to the king's firing upon the Huguenots from his window (not balcony), Brantome, Mezeray, Bossuet, Voltaire, etc.

that as a meritorious action, which ought to atone for all the sins of my life." We may imagine, then, the zeal which he displayed. His soldiers ran everywhere, as did those of Guise and other commanders. They had a list of the Huguenot houses and lodgings. They crashed down the doors, surprised hundreds with the fatal blow, rioted, ravaged, pillaged and gave reins to every baser passion. The dawn of light facilitated their work; they had not to carry torches, and Huguenot families could no longer put lamps in their windows to deceive. There was no pity for sex, age, condition or entreaties. No blood was sacred if it ran in heretic veins. The signs of a heretic were simple. If one shut his door in the face of an armed band, he was a heretic. If one refused an answer, declined to inform on a neighbour or relative, he was a heretic. If one begged for life, did not wear the white badge, did not come at the murderer's call, and did not lift his own hand to the slaughter, he was a heretic. It was heresy to show any humanity. /

Nor were the soldiers alone at the work. Every rioter, every low villain, every malcontent, every menial greedy for plunder and every profligate with lower lusts, put on the white cross and became a volunteer. Priests left their matins and masses to hiss on the human bloodhounds. Women and even children were seen fighting for the church of the pope. The populace became one vast mob, and that "mob was in full enjoyment. Long possessed with the accursed formulas of the priests, they believed that the enemies of God were given into their hands. While dukes and lords were killing at the Louvre, the bands of the sections imitated them with more success; men, women, and even children, striving which should be the first in the pious work of murder. All Catholic Paris was at the business, and every Huguenot householder had neighbours to know and denounce them. Through street and lane, and quay and causeway,

the air rang with yells and curses, pistol-shots and crashing windows; the roadways were strewed with mangled bodies, the doors were blocked by the dead and dying. From garret, closet, roof or stable crouching creatures were torn shrieking out, and stabbed and hacked at; boys practiced their hands by strangling babies in their cradles, and headless bodies were trailed along the trottoir. Carts struggled through the crowd, carrying the dead in piles to the Seine, which, by special Providence, was that morning in flood, to assist in sweeping heresy away. Under the sanction of the great cause, lust, avarice, fear, malice and revenge all had free indulgence, and glutted themselves to nausea. Even the distinctions of creed itself became at last confounded, and every man or woman who had a quarrel to avenge, a lawsuit to settle, a wife or husband grown inconvenient, or a prospective inheritance if obstacles could be removed, found a ready road to the objects of their desires."*

Another writer thus paints the awful scenes: "Imagine a vast city in which sixty thousand men, armed with pistols, stakes, cutlasses, poignards, knives and other bloody weapons, are running about on all sides, blaspheming and abusing the sacred majesty of God, rushing along the streets, breaking into the houses and cruelly murdering all they meet. The pavements were covered with dead bodies; the doors, gates entrances of palaces and private houses steeped in blood; a horrible tempest of yells and murderous cries filled the air, mingled with the reports of firearms and the piteous shrieks of the slaughtered; the dead falling from the windows, . . . the court of the Louvre red with blood, and the Seine running crimson."† Capilupi tells us, with wonderful sim-

* Froude, *Hist. England*, vol. x. Not to quote one passage from this author would be almost to ignore his vivid and comprehensive description.

† *Hist. Cinq Rois*.

plicity, that "it was a holiday, and therefore the people could more conveniently find leisure to kill and plunder." It is said that King Charles hoped to enrich himself and pay his debts with the property of murdered Huguenots.

The papal nuncio, Salviati, wrote about noon: "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 an avidity incredible. 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 arising from 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*. 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!"

To assign to each day its own share of the massacre is neither necessary nor possible. There was a full week of rioting and murdering. It continued long after the "dangerous leaders" were slain or expelled. The malice shown to the harmless and helpless is one of the strong features. An infant had a cord tied around its neck, and it was dragged through the streets by a troop of children nine or ten years old. One man, probably a rag-gatherer, brought two infants in his creel and tossed them, like kittens, into the river. A happy little child played with the beard of the man who carried it, smiling in his face and caressing him as if he were the father; but the ruffian was not touched; he stabbed it and threw the little innocent into the Seine. When such cruelties were shown to scores of mere infants, what might not young women and mothers

expect? One mother was betrayed by her own daughter.* But here are horrors too great for record.

We remember the Gastine cross. The widow of Richard Gastine, after so hard a life, and after the king had shown some regard for her family, perished with her two youngest children. The wife of the queen's feather-seller was among the earlier victims. Her house stood near the Notre Dame. The murderers broke into it, stabbed her and flung her into the river. She still breathed. She clung to the wooden piles of the bridge, where she was stoned to death. One account is, that, on the fourth day, her husband's body floated down against hers, set it free and both were borne together down the stream. How many went, companions still, into eternity! These are not a tithe of the instances which might be cited.†

"A miracle! Run to the cemetery of the Innocents and see it! Heaven gives us the sign of approval." Such was the cry in the streets about noon of Sunday. In that ancient graveyard was the Virgin's chapel, and in front of it stood a hawthorn bush which for four years had not bloomed. But now, out of season and all at once, it was covered with white blossoms, filling the air with a delicious perfume. The report of this wonder ("since known to be the trick of a good old friar"‡) went everywhere. For several days it drew a crowd. The king, the court, the council, the guilds, the clergy, the envoys, all marched thither in long processions. "France is about to regain her lost

* D'Aubigné; De Thou; Clark's Martyrology.

† D'Aubigny, De Thou, White. "My pen falls from my hand, my heart aches, my soul is full of horror, my spirits are quite confounded, when I think of the abominations of those dreadful days."—*Laval, Hist. Reformed Churches*.

‡ Reville-Matin. This says, "about noon on Monday." L'Étoile has it, "lendemain de St. Bartholemy." Compare D'Aubigné, Mezeray, etc

splendour," was the sage conclusion. "The white cross triumphs!" (How the old friar gave out his wisdom, hardly able to keep a straight face!) The papal nuncio Salviati wrote, as if he were unduped, "The people ran to see it with such eagerness that, should any of the priests who live in the convents dare say publicly that it had blossomed some days before the event, he would be stoned and flung into the river." Poets wrote verses upon the theme. Protestants said, "It bloomed indeed for the *innocents*, not for the murderers. It was a token of the white robes of the martyrs."

But superstition and poetry were not the chief results. It excited in those who ran thither "a still more violent and extraordinary fury," says Mezeray. The bells rang fresh peals in its honour, drums beat the march of processions, and even the hoarse mob shouted with renewed vigour. All this gave a sort of infernal mirth to the work of murder. On their way to this sight the friars struck down the Huguenots in their reach. Monks cried aloud, "The Church revives by the death of heretics." Refreshed by this vision, the rioters went back to drag the body of Coligny through filthy alleys, to snatch new-born infants from their mother's arms, to make delicate women tread upon the faces of their slain husbands, and to wring the ransom-money from those who were able to pay for their lives, and then slaughter them after it was paid. Not the gentle lesson of the white flowers, but that of the sharp thorns, had been learned.

It was vacation with parliament. But some of its members ventured to remonstrate with the king. "This frightful license of the people must be checked," they said. And they may have begun to experience its terrors: one of their number had been betrayed by a servant and butchered. Charles did not stop the massacre; he simply pre-

scribed a more regular mode of waging it. There must be method in this madness. "Let not the people slay and sack in their wild way. Let only the officers and the guards execute the mission." More order, but not less cruelty! It was in vain. Riots know nothing of law. A massacre ignores system. If the great vultures may take their prey, the least hawk will claim the same liberty.

The prisons were full of Huguenots, who fled to them hoping to find an asylum under the wing of justice. But nearly eight hundred of them were led to a spot on the banks of the Seine, called "the Vale of Misery." They were tortured, shot down, or compelled to walk off planks into the river; if they hesitated, a blow sent them floating away. At the end of three days certain ruffians boasted of the feats performed in these modes. One was a gold-wire drawer, named Crucé or Crosier. He was early at the work. He dragged from his house Canon Rouillard, a member of parliament, sacked the premises and set the old man down in the street, ordering the guard to let him famish. On the third day Crosier came back and horribly murdered this moderate Romanist on the pavement. This ferocious ruffian, clad in a shabby blue cloak, a large white cross on his breast and shoulders, two daggers in his belt and a pistol in each hand, never closed his eyes for four long days, nor even went to a table for his meals. Seated on a stone, he devoured in haste the piece of bread flung to him at his order, and said that his bloody hands gave it a better taste. As he moved noisily on, the cry went through a long street, "Here comes Crosier—get out of his way!" A butcher was his comrade and cordial rival, boasting that on one night he slew one hundred and fifty victims. "I have often seen," writes De Thou, "and always with a shudder, that Crosier, a gibbet-looking man, who drew up his sleeve and boasted that he had murdered more than four hundred persons in a single

day!" To the king he rolled up the number to four thousand in about three days. Vanity and hope of reward may have led to an exaggeration. Later this wretch assumed the friar's dress (says D'Aubigné), sat in his hermitage, lured passengers into it and slew them, "so unquenchable was his thirst for blood." A gibbet finally was his slow but just desert. Revolting as this case is, historians do not all award to him the crown of atrocity. The queen's perfumer, René, suspected of poisoning Jeanne D'Albret, aspired to it. "He went to the prisons to stab the Huguenots, and lived by murder and pillage." It was he who slew the only man said to have been regretted by the king—a young cripple whose genius in the goldsmith's art had won the royal favour. Charles lamented him, "for his shop was entirely stripped." The king got not the spoils. The Count Coconas, one of Anjou's minions, was another rival. He prided himself upon having ransomed thirty Huguenots from the mob for the pleasure of forcing them to abjure, and then slaying them with his own hand after he had "secured them for hell." *

A truce to these horrors. We turn to worthier names. It will relieve the mind to fill out the sketches of certain more prominent persons, whose lives have run as threads woven into our history or who represented the Reform. The tinge of personal heroism, piety and resignation will somewhat deaden the crimson glare which shocks us. Jean Goujon was a representative of Protestant art, "the restorer of sculpture in France," a man of rare talent, who "put his entire life into his works." Some of his sculptures adorned the castle at Chatillon, of whose lord he had made a fine bust in tinted marble. The chisel of this "French Phidias" was clicking upon some decorations for the Louvre when the dagger of the fanatic deprived the world of his modest

* Compare D'Aubigné, De Thou, Mezeray, Journal de Henri III.

genius. How could Protestantism produce art, when Rome was destroying the artists?

Some young men had seen their fellow-students dragging the lifeless body of their master, in a most inhuman way, to the river, and fling it into the water. After the mob hurried away to other sights, these faithful scholars drew the body to land, wrapped it in their own garments and intended to bear it away for decent burial. Just then they were pelted with stones and driven away. One man came to the strand, looked closely at the face of the corpse, and exclaimed, "It is Ramus!" All Paris was eager to see the remains of one whose name had gone far abroad, whose cheek had been pressed by the lips of kings, and whose face had been taken by an Italian artist as the model of intellectual nobility and manliness.

The Reform lost the representative of a new philosophy in Peter Ramus, the great lay convert at Poissy. Not only had he roughed it against Aristotle, but he had fought under the banner of Coligny. In the one case he had stood before rude students to read his lectures; they hissed and hooted at him, snapped their fingers and stamped with their feet; but it was all in vain. He was not dashed out of countenance. "He stopped now and then till the hooting was over, and made an end of his lectures by snatches. They were astonished at his unconcernedness, and proved afterward less insolent for that very reason." In the other he had stood with Coligny when those German reiters refused to march any farther without advanced pay. The Huguenots, we remember, made a levy for them. Ramus had little to give, but he made an eloquent speech, and "prevailed upon them to march into the heart of France," where, Brantome says, "they did great mischief"—mischief to their employers as well as their enemies. He fought at St. Denis. Ramus and Beza had not agreed upon theology

and church government, although zealous for the Reform. Bayle says, "He was not well-beloved by the ministers, for he made himself the head of a party to alter the discipline of the Reformed Churches. His design was frustrated, and even defeated in a national synod." The theory of the Independents was in his mind. We may trace his theological views in the semi-Calvinism of a later period.

He was bitterly hated by the Romanists, for he dealt unsparingly with the mass and idolatry. After the famous edict of January he cast out all images from the college of Presle, of which he was president. His rooms were plundered, his library stolen, but "he showed a great firmness in all his misfortunes." During the late war he travelled abroad, honoured wherever he went. At Basle he lodged in the house of Catherine Klein, and the good woman joyfully told him how Calvin had been "the lighted candle" in her house thirty years before. In that same room the philosopher was delighted to sit down and write some of his lectures. "Here," he said, "where I meditate and compose, Calvin, the light of France and of the Christian world, kept his heavenly vigils. Here were kindled those torches which have cast their beams afar! Here the illustrious Christian Institutes were elaborated!" On his return he was urged to go to Poland and by his eloquence secure the crown for Anjou, who promised him a large reward. "Eloquence should not be a mercenary thing," was his reply. Well had it been if he had gone!

Always poor himself, he sought to aid the poor. One might have suspected that he was a miser, living "a single life" in a garret, buying and cooking his own vegetables, lying upon straw, rising early and studying late. But there was one of the noblest minds, willing to teach without a salary, refusing the presents offered by students, and educating poor scholars on his own charges, only asking them

to imitate his unbounded hatred to Aristotle and all manner of scholastics and empirics.* He had a wiry constitution, untiring energy, restless enthusiasm, a love of fame and of simplicity, unsullied purity of morals and a fearless originality of thought. Trenchant in logic, rigid in doctrines, sharp in censure, his independent thinking and bold lecturing had no tendency to make him popular. A jealous rival wished him out of his way, if not out of the world.

Ramus was pacing the court of his college, taking the morning air, musing upon some new attack upon the old system of the schools, when one of his students came, saying, "Magister, there they are! there, there!" He knew what it meant. He rushed up into his garret in the fourth story, the student following him. The one sat down upon his straw; the other listened anxiously at the open door. † Who was coming up the stairs?

Peter Charpentier, a native of Toulouse, had embraced Calvinism and gone to Geneva to practice or teach the law. Had he received the gospel from one of Calvin's missionaries and then followed the Reformer? It seems that after the death of Calvin he quarrelled with Beza, cast in his lot with such recreants as Baldouin and come to Paris with his family shortly before the great massacre. On that fatal morning he and his family were safe by being in the house of a Papist. He was now aged, his head bald, his body bent, but the fire still in his eye and his lips eloquent. By three discourses he had won over many of the students of Ramus.

* Ramus had long been jeered for teaching his students to say *quisquis, quisquam*, instead of *kiskis, kiskam*, and still the monks threatened to give him *kid pro ko* (*quid pro quo*).

† Thus Robert Fleury painted the scene in 1840, and the accounts justify the picture. By a *lapsus*, Mr. Henry White has him hiding in a cellar, and yet "thrown from a window" on the pavement. The *cella* of De Thou may have misled the elegant historian. Bossuet says, "the tower."

His maxim was, "Not to believe in Aristotle is to be a Huguenot." He had all the zeal of an apostate. It was he who was hurrying up those college stairs, watched by a troop of admirers, young and old. At the door of his rival he greeted him in Latin: "Health to thee!" In Latin was the reply, "The hour to die is come. Life!"

"I will sell it to thee." "For how much?" "All that thou hast." Ramus drew from his poor bed a purse of gold, laid away for his helpless age, and gave it to Charpentier, who concealed it in his gown and departed in haste, "as a thief in the night." Did he linger with the mob and point out the window of the philosopher? Give him the benefit of a doubt. The gathering crowd needed no hint. Professors lifted the cry of "Huguenot," and pointed to the niches whence Ramus had hurled the images of the saints. Students muttered their hatred. Women folded their hands and spoke the Saviour's tenderest name. Missiles were thrown at the garret window. There a philosopher was bowed in prayer. Here a young student was enlisting his comrades. The room was entered. Ramus was in tears; his white locks were his veil, so that he was spared the sight of the traitor to whom he had fondly loaned his books, and who dealt the one murderous blow.

"Fling him down!" was the cry. The window was raised: the scene on the pavement is too horrible for the pen. Regents and scholars eagerly tore away some relic over which they might boast. We saw the mob dragging the body to the river. It was that one faithful student who had rallied his friends and drawn it from the waters. But their kindly intentions were frustrated. A surgeon cut off his head and bore it away as a trophy. Men went to congratulate the king upon the slaughter of his chosen professor of logic. "Let us go to the altar and thank Heaven," they said. But Charles refused. Meanwhile a band had gone

into that garret to see what signs of magical art might have been used by the sage who had been visited by the learned, by princes and by monarchs. They found the rude chair, the ruder pallet, the earthen cup, a few drops of wine with which he washed his beard, an old winter cloak, a few books, and especially two or three old Greek volumes, all stained with fresh blood, as heretical in their eyes as the mysterious contents.

Thus the blow fell upon the Renaissance, as well as upon the Reform; upon artist and philosopher, along with worshipper and warrior. A bishop declared that Ramus was "justly punished for his turbulence and folly, which dared attack languages, arts, science and even theology." Charpentier exulted over his death. This man became one of the apologists for the St. Bartholomew. He wrote to Lorraine of "that brilliant and sweet day which shone over France in August last." He said that "God had inspired the design of repressing the Huguenot faction." It was something for him to admit that there were "two parties among the Protestants—one political, a factious people who supported *the cause*; the other, peaceable, honestly acting according to their religious principles."* But there were tenderer hearts. Lambin, a rigid Papist, superior linguist and professor, editor and author, had secretly groaned over the civil wars, and now, when he heard that his friend Ramus was murdered, he sank down rapidly into his grave.†

To one man the Huguenots had looked with great respect and hope—Peter de la Place, the representative of the law, the president of the Court of Aids. When a student at Poitiers he had met Calvin and learned the gospel, whose

* Compare Waddington, *Vie de Ramée*, De Thou, Bayle, *Biog. Universelle*, Shoberl, White, etc.

† *Biog. Universelle*.

profession he adorned. "I shall never forget," he wrote to the Reformer, "how your conversation made me better when we were together at Angoulême. Oh what shall I give you in this mortal life for that immortal life I then received!" He was now to make, not the thank-offering, but the sacrifice. His house stood quite solitary in the suburbs of Paris. On the fatal Sunday morning at six o'clock, a Captain Michel, in badge and full armour, entered his library, saying, "M. de Guise has just killed the admiral at the king's orders. All Huguenots, whatever their rank or station, are to die. I have come to save you . . . But you must show what gold and silver you have."

"Where do you think you are?" said the judge. "Have we no longer a king?" The captain replied, with oaths, "Come with me and speak to the king." La Place took sudden flight into his garden. Michel wrung from the wife and children one thousand crowns as the price of safety. Some of them were hidden in a Roman Catholic family.

La Place found no refuge in his wanderings. Rejected at three neighbouring doors, he returned to his own pillaged house, and he was soon joined by his wife and children. The evening came. The good man read and commented upon a chapter of Job, knelt, prayed and prepared his family and servants for the worst. "Let us show that God's word has been copiously poured into our hearts," he said, "and be firm in this trial." The provost Senesay appeared with archers to escort him to the Louvre. He dared not go. Eight men were left to guard his house. On Monday morning Senesay returned with the same order and force to execute it. "Let me go with you," earnestly begged the courageous madame, suspecting treachery. "My dear wife," said the judge, raising her up, for she was kneeling, "we must not rely upon the arm of man, but upon God alone."

His son had put a paper cross in his hat to escape detection. Seeing it, the father said, "Take it out, my child; take out that mark of sedition. The true cross which you must wear is the affliction which God sends as the pledge of eternal life." The parting embraces were given. He took his cloak, the badge of his high office, and twelve archers led him away. On the corner of the street four men, with daggers, stopped him. The guard made no resistance. A few thrusts and he fell, stabbed to the heart. The outraged corpse was thrown into the Seine. Perhaps he was the victim of private envy, slain by the hirelings of Neuilly, who stepped into his various offices.

It is pleasant to turn from these martyrdoms and glance at the remnant that narrowly escaped. Chaplain Merlin was for three days hidden in a hayloft, not daring to stir from his retreat while society was a howling sea. It was not Elijah's ravens that brought him the needed morsel. It was a hen. She put an egg daily into a nest at his hand. "By this he was sustained until the Lord opened a door of escape." One statement is that his wife and child were sheltered in the hôtel of the Duchess Renée. It is more probable that she was at Montargis, and there they may have been safe. In 1575 the good duchess went to her rest. Her daughter Anne and her grandson Henry of Guise seemed to have their revenge softened by the death of Coligny. Mezeray asserts that Guise saved more than one hundred Huguenots, among whom was the young Briquemaut, whose father was reserved for a gloomy fate. Even Tavannes spared some. He said that, the first rage over, so much blood touched the conscience. But it was said at court, "These men are wrong. It is betraying us, the king and God to spare the heretics."

- Mercy was sometimes eccentric. Regnies and Vezines were bitter personal enemies—the one a Huguenot, the

other a Papist. In vain had the king sought to reconcile them. On Saturday Charles ordered Vezines to return to his government of Quercy, where the other man resided. At one o'clock, Sunday morning, the lieutenant set out on a Barbary horse. He rode some distance, when he heard the unusual ringing of bells and came back, saw the work of blood, went to the lodging of Regnies, rushed up into his room, shook him out of sleep and stood with a pistol in one hand and a sword in the other. "What do you want?" inquired the terrified Huguenot. "Let me have time to commend my soul to God." The foe stood saying, "Follow me; you shall pray by and by." There was no declining.

Regnies walked by the side of the lieutenant as if going to the scaffold. The mob interfered. "It is a Protestant," said the strange officer, and all were content. They were fairly out of Paris. "Now," said Vezines, "will you promise me, on the faith of a gentleman, not to attempt any escape if I give you your liberty?" "I will." "And not question me about what I shall soon reveal to you?" "I promise." "Then mount behind me."

Away they rode, and entered Quercy. Regnies was set down before his own door. "Now," said the lieutenant, "your life was in my hands. In view of the last judgment I could not have you slain. . . . If I had gone to your room and told you of my intention, and of what was going on in the city, you would have betrayed your anxieties, and we should have both fallen. Let us thank God—you for an escape, I for having been chosen to deliver you. But I am not purchasing your friendship. Let us continue to hate each other till we may settle our quarrel in an open fight. . . . Keep concealed. The murderers will be on your track." Regnies, weeping and forgiving, tried to embrace his deliverer, but he was pushed back. In a moment the man was flying away on his fine steed. The

Huguenot called a servant: "Mount the best horse in my stables, overtake that man and present him with the best gift that I can bestow." It was done. But Vezines sent back the horse.*

The great Sully was then a youth of twelve, studying in Paris. He had seen his wise father, the sturdy Baron de Rosny, depart, after saying, "I find the country air agrees better with me than that of the court." The son tells us of his narrow escape. The first bells of that crimson Sunday awoke him. "My governor, St. Julian, and my valet ran out to know why there was so much noise. I never heard of them afterward. No doubt they were among the first victims of the public fury. . . . My landlord entered my room, pale and distressed. He was a Huguenot, but consented to go to mass in order to save his life and keep his house from pillage. He wished me to do the same, and offered to take me with him. I refused. I set out to gain the College of Burgundy, where I had studied; the distance made the attempt very dangerous. I disguised myself in a student's gown, and put a large [Romish] prayer-book under my arm. The sight of the furious murderers, breaking into houses and shouting, 'Kill the Huguenots!' horrified me. The blood shed before my eyes redoubled my terror. I fell among some guards; they asked me questions and began to use me roughly, when happily they saw the prayer-book. It served as a passport. Twice I escaped in this way. At the college the porter twice refused to admit me. I stood in the street at the mercy of the murderers, whose numbers increased every moment. It came into my mind to ask for the principal La Faye, a good man who tenderly loved me. I put some money in the porter's hands and he let me enter. La Faye took me to his apartments, where two inhuman priests talked about Sicilian vespers,

* D'Aubigné; Mezeray.

and wanted to force me away, so that they might cut me in pieces. 'Not even an infant is to be spared,' they said. The good man secretly took me and locked me up in another chamber, where I was for three days uncertain of my destiny. . . . Then the order to cease murdering and pillaging was given. I left my cell." This lad of twelve became the great statesman under Henry IV., and in his old age said, "My parents bred me in the Reformed religion. . . . Neither have threats, pleas, promises nor changes in government ever been able to make me renounce it."

Duplessis-Mornay had barely time to burn his papers, which involved him with Coligny in the Flemish business, and disguise himself as a lawyer's clerk. He endured all sorts of peril before he reached England. His future wife and biographer was the widow Charlotte Arbaleste, whose Huguenot servant had told her what horrors were in the streets. One of her uncles had chosen to lodge near the admiral and perished. Her Protestant brothers were in danger. She left her house to the pillagers. She was hidden one day with forty others in the house of a relative high in the king's favour. While his house was searched she was lying between the garret ceiling and the roof tiles. Then she was a night sheltered by a farrier, a captain of his ward, who did nothing but revile the Huguenots and exhibit his plunder. He told her that she must go to mass. We find her now with the mother of Madame de l'Hôpital, then hidden in a cloister, then five days in the house of a corn-merchant, then in the hands of the guards, who say, "We know you are a Huguenot. You are trembling, you have a fever? You shall be drowned."

An honest woman, having overheard them, came up and said to the soldiers, "You know me; I am no Huguenot. I go to mass every day. Yet so terrified have I been for eight days that I am in a fever." They replied, "We have all

had symptoms of fever on us." They allowed her to take the boat up the Seine. In the disguise of a servant she wandered near to the château of the ex-chancellor de l'Hôpital, and sent to know if she could take refuge at his home.

De l'Hôpital had been thrown into despair by the recent events. To his ears came rumours that Catherine was sending a force to arrest him. "Close the gates," said his friends. "They will prove assassins." He replied, "No, let them enter. If the postern is not wide enough, open the big gate." These soldiers assumed to act as a garrison about his house. Their real object was to keep away refugees. They compelled madame to go to mass. The good man, who was rejoicing that the Duchess of Nemours had given a retreat to his own daughter, was obliged to send a discouraging word to Madame Charlotte: "If you come, the guards will force you to go to mass. I don't think you are willing to yield after such desperate courage thus far." How she might have consoled his breaking heart! He was slowly dying of the national woes. Madame Charlotte finally reached Sedan, a stronghold of the Protestants. Her first difficulty had been to get away from the massacre; then it was to escape from the mass.* Her case was that of thousands. The mass was the tempting means of an earthly salvation, and many yielded for the hour.

What of "the third party?" Several marshals were in danger. The Montmorencies were spared because the eldest brother, Francis, housed at Chantilly, could not be killed with them. De Cossé had been on the death-list, but he had a relative who was a corrupted favourite of Anjou, and this exempted him. Biron was grand-master of artillery, so that he posted himself at the arsenal, where none could attack him. One touching incident brought out his courage. A child of twelve was lying for hours under a heap of corpses, and

* Vie de Duplessis-Mornay.

among them his father, the valiant Jacques Nompar de Caumont, and a brother. He assumed to be dead, when a troop of tigers passed by. The pillagers came, stripping off garments from the slain and tangling over him the horrible load. Finally a tennis-marker tried to pull off one of his fine stockings, and the lad heard him sigh and speak in pity. "I am not dead," he whispered; "pray save me." The man replied, "Do not stir; have patience until the streets are cleared." There the boy lay until evening, when the tennis-marker came again, drew him from that Golgotha, put a shabby cloak upon him and led him away. "It is my nephew," said the deliverer to some of the ruffians; "you see he has been revelling in wine and blood, and I am going to whip him soundly." At last the youth was placed in the care of Marshal Biron in the arsenal (the old Bastille). The king heard that Biron had given several Huguenots a shelter, and demanded that the arsenal should be searched. Biron pointed three or four pieces of cannon to play upon the entrances, and the search was not made. Thus the marshal defended himself and his refugees. The lad became the celebrated Duke of la Force.*

In the sacking of Coligny's house there was found a large package of papers. It was sent to Catherine, who was then watching her son the young Duke of Alençon, for he was then "weeping much over the fate of those brave captains and soldiers." He and the wife of King Charles seemed to be the only persons in such tearful distress. He had admired Coligny, and counted himself with the "Politicians," among whom he afterward took a resolute stand. His tenderness brought upon him the severe rebukes of the royal family, and he took refuge in his own apartment. Catherine rummaged among Coligny's papers, and soon ran to her son Alençon, saying, "See here, what a fine friend he was to

* D'Aubigné; De Thou, etc.

you!" She showed him a report in which Coligny had objected to the grants usually made to the younger members of the royal family. But he calmly replied, "I know not how far he may have been my friend, but I am sure that he gave most excellent advice to my brother."

Charles was careful to shield his Huguenot nurse and the royal surgeon Paré, saying to the latter, "Do not stir from my wardrobe; one who can benefit so many lives must not be slaughtered." We shall not attempt to trace the rage, cruelty and insanities of the king, who made himself one of the guiltiest executors of that plot which he was the last to sanction. On Monday his mind gave way under the awful pressure. He kept Paré at his side. He said, "I know not what ails me. For two or three days past my whole frame has been in disorder. I burn with fever. I see horrid visions—the ghastly grin of faces stained with blood. Ah! Ambrose, if the weak and innocent had only been spared!"*

Paré seized the moment and said, "Let the king order this massacre and robbery to cease." Charles issued orders to this effect on Tuesday and Wednesday, that, to prevent all tumult and murder, the quateriers alone shall go to all houses, note down all names, and enjoin upon all landlords and masters to take care of the Religionaires, so that no injury be done to them on pain of death."† Yet the work did not fully cease in Paris. The commission to slay the Protestants went into all the provinces.

Charles and Catherine saw the great political blunder which they had committed. They must justify it. They wrote various letters, all conflicting, all full of lies. Now they laid the blame on the Guises, now on the Huguenots, saying that the whole affair was a great riot, or a conspiracy

* Vita Colinii; Henault, Chronique.

† Registres, in Capefigue.

against the throne. When the parliament was summoned, Charles laid before that body the same sort of apology. Even the celebrated president De Thou was so deceived that he cringingly thanked the king for having been so vigorous in quelling an insurrection! Pibrac was braver than his fellow-councillors. He rose and entreated that the massacre be forbidden in all France. Morvilliers proposed a base measure against the name, estates and family of Coligny—that the admiral be tried (by effigy), that he be attainted for treason, that his castle be leveled and his family disinherited.

The report of Coligny's death went on the wind to Chatillon. His eldest son thus describes the scene in the château: "Madame Chatillon was in extreme terror; yet, fearing God, she sought resignation. She called to her all of us little children. We could not then measure our loss, nor see how heavy God's hand was upon us. Yet we loved such a father as he was—one who feared God and loved us as the apple of his eye. We came to madame, all of us weeping, sighing and groaning, when we saw her in tears. It was some time before any one had the heart to utter a word. Every remembrance of our father increased the flood of tears and the loud cries. We were a little restrained by the fear of adding to the grief of so good a mother. Then she said, in broken speech, 'Our loss is so great that we cannot imagine how we shall hereafter feel it. . . . You little know all the misery that gathers around you. Alas! I have lost my husband! Must I lose these children, also?'"

Madame Jacqueline committed them to God. She then prepared for the only mode of safety—separation and flight. She and Francis, the eldest son, with some others, fled beyond the Rhine, and on the way she became a mother. Officers came to Chatillon, but they could find none of Coligny's family except the younger children of the admiral

and of Andelot. These were driven to Paris. They were led to Montfaucon, and what a sight! Upon a gibbet was the headless body of their father and uncle. That body had been dragged about the streets, put over a fire and scorched, thrown into the river, taken out again as "unworthy food for fish," dragged again by boys and lewd fellows of the baser sort, and finally hung on the gallows, feet upward, by the hangman. These children were horrified, and would not look upon the body, except one, the younger son of Andelot, who gazed silently, and perhaps thought of the day when he might avenge the cruelties to the dead.

That body hung there for two weeks. The court went to see it. Charles said, inhumanly, "The smell of a dead enemy is always sweet!" Marshal Francis Montmorency sent by night, had the body taken away and buried at Chantilly. The history of these remains would be almost that of a generation. They were for a time in charge of the Protestants at Montauban; then in Holland in the care of the daughter Louisa, and finally they were laid at Chatillon with the ancestors of the admiral.

But what of the head, which had been sent to the Louvre? Was it borne to Rome for the eyes of the pope and the Cardinal Lorraine? Charles wrote to Mandelot at Lyons to stop the messenger who was hurrying with it into Italy. Mandelot replied that the order came too late (it was September 5th)—that a servant of Guise had passed through four hours before the letter arrived, and he was gone!* There is still a doubt whether the pope received the prize. On the lid of the coffin at Chatillon are these words: "Here are deposited, in hope of the resurrection, the bones of Gaspard de Coligny, Grand Admiral of France. His soul is in the bosom of Him for whom he fought with the greatest constancy." †

* Correspondence de Charles IX. et de Mandelot.

† Perau.

Proof was wanted to convict Coligny of treason. All his papers were searched. Nothing was found but evidence of loyalty, patriotism and piety. Brantome tells us that there was found "a fine book which he had composed of things most memorable in the civil wars. It was carried to King Charles. Many thought it very noble—worthy to be printed. But De Retz dissuaded him from it, flinging it into the fire." Of such *memoirs* there are many intimations, and all later historians have regretted the loss.

As a last resort, two men were brought out of prison to fasten upon Coligny the charge of treason. The court must justify itself. One was Cavagnes, detained at Paris by Coligny for the public good; the other was the venerable Briquemaut, who had saved himself on the dreadful Sunday night by throwing off his clothes, so that none might be tempted to plunder, and by creeping under a heap of the slain. From this he sought refuge in the house of Walsingham. He was there discovered in the disguise of a groom and arrested. These men were kept for weeks in prison, awaiting their trial. The first judges who heard them rose from their seats, declaring that they would never stain their hands with the blood of the innocent. Catherine named other judges more subservient. The staunch Huguenots were offered liberty if they would only testify against the admiral. But they were firm, and of course were condemned to die, to be hanged—crucified—at Montfaucon, and their children declared infamous. "Poor children!" said Briquemaut, "what have they done?" On the 22d of October they were executed by torchlight, the king and court gazing upon the scene. This may be regarded as the end of the massacres in Paris.

Of course, also, Coligny was convicted, hanged in effigy, his castle despoiled, the very trees rooted up, the entire property confiscated, the family declared ignoble, and all

possible terrors heaped upon his children. Madame Jacqueline had found shelter at Geneva. She asked the Duke of Savoy that she might appear before him and present her plea for the recovery of the estates which he had seized. He granted the request. But when in his power she was thrown into the castle of Nice. No persuasions could induce her to abjure that religion for which she had sacrificed all earthly possessions. She was persecuted, tormented, for nearly twenty-seven years, charged with witchcraft in order to get her wealth, and finally, when her reason was gone, she died, in 1599, a prisoner in the castle of Nice. All the entreaties of the French, of Henry IV. and of envoys availed nothing. One legate asked that her fortune "might be restored, that it might serve as a pasture for a little flock of children bred at the foot of the mountains." It was all in vain. Francis Coligny wandered for two years at Geneva, Basle and in Germany. Then he returned and joined the "Politicians," who won their victories. The Huguenots were again powerful. Better edicts were granted. The sentence against the admiral was annulled. The children inherited the ruined estates. Francis became admiral of Guienne. Other sons came to honour, but it was at the cost of abjuring their father's Calvinism.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE GENERAL RESULTS.

(1572.)

THE scenes of Paris were enacted in almost every village, city and province where there was not some power to restrain the mob or the king's officers. There was a panic everywhere. Agrippa d'Aubigné had left Paris with Langoiran before the massacre. He was in the country, with eighty brave men, when the news of blood reached him. He says of these men: "They were marching, their minds full of terrors, when they heard a cry in the distance; whereupon they ran with all their might, until want of breath obliged them to stop, and then they stood still in amazement, staring at each other, ashamed of their cowardice. . . . We agreed that God does not *give* sense and courage; he only lends it." With half that troop, the next day, he attacked six hundred royalist soldiers, who had been in the great massacre at Paris, and made sad havoc of this murderous band.

We need not discuss the question when Charles sent the first messengers with instructions* to the governors of cities

* The pretended letter of Catherine, with orders to Strozzi at La Rochelle, to be opened on the 24th of August, is now pronounced "a manifest forgery." Davila and De Thon say that *verbal* orders were sent out on the 23d. On the 24th Charles wrote to Mandelot, enjoining the keeping of the edicts of peace, but saying in postscript, "You will believe the bearer in what I have charged him to say to you." This was no doubt a circular letter, yet some writers endeavour to show that the postscript was not sent to other governors. What was "the bearer" to say?

and provinces to slay the Protestants. The fact of a general massacre, for days unchecked by king and court, is sufficient evidence of a government crime. Meaux, the cradle of the Reform under Lefevre and Farel, has the black record of having been the first to follow the wicked example. Mezeray asserts that "for two months this horrible tempest swept over France, being more or less bloody, according to the tempers of those in authority. In Burgundy and in Brittany it was less violent, the Huguenots there being fewer in numbers." But the slaughter was immense at Bourges, Rouen, Nevers, Toulouse, Bordeaux, Lyons, Orleans and Troyes. We can only note a few special cases.

We remember De Launay (La Rivière), first pastor of the first Protestant church of Paris. He had laboured for years in his native town of Angers, whence his father had once driven him. Four days after the awful Sunday he was in his garden, when an acquaintance called at his door. This was Montsoreau, governor of Saumur, who had slain all the Huguenots of that city according to Anjou's orders. He then swept down upon Angers at daybreak, calling first upon a Huguenot gentlemen and slaying his brother in his sick bed. He entered the house of De Launay, saluted madame as an old friend and went into the garden. They embraced. "I have the king's orders to put you to death instantly," he said, drawing his pistol.

"In what have I offended the king?" replied the good pastor. "Yet, if I must die, give me a little time to collect my thoughts and pray." The moment was given, and the pastor fell pierced through the heart. His wife was drowned. Two other ministers were murdered. The bells rang, the mob rose: it was Paris over again until the magistrates interfered. Anjou's men were on the spot to take ransoms and claim the property of heretics. "The high-

way robbers of those days gave their victims the alternative of money or life: the duke took both."*

Mandelot was certainly not the complacent governor whom some have pictured to us at Lyons. He was probably instructed to do his work thoroughly, and if he showed any mercy, it was only when the horrors under his eyes struck his soul with remorse. He asked the executioner to put some victims to death. The reply was, "I am not an assassin; I work only as justice requires." The city had been a refuge for Protestants, French and foreign. They were enriching France with their manufactures and merchandise. Despite former prosecutions, the Reformed had the real majority. "It had been taken," says D'Aubigné, "by the tongue of Viret, rather than by the sword of the citizens." Thence the great presses, rivalling those of the Aldine brothers, had sent forth works which now are esteemed a prize. Lyons has a great history from the days of Irenæus. But the earthquake was coming. Four thousand people were martyrs. The river was almost clogged with them, and piles of bodies lay on the public square, "so vast and terrible as to exceed description." We still sing some of the tunes of the famous Goudimel, of whom it was long ago written, "His memory will live for ever for what he has done upon David's psalms [Marot and Beza's version]." Mandelot wished to save him, but his music was his crime, and he perished.†

At Bordeaux, early in October, the Jesuit Edmund Auger, mounted the pulpit and cried in his sermon, "Who executed the divine judgments at Paris? The angel of God. Who in Orleans? The angel of God. Who in a

* White, Mas. St. Barth. ; D'Aubigné ; Mezeray.

† "Histoire Lamentable. . . Des Cruautés, Massacres, Assassinats, et Devastations. . . A Lyon, etc., 1595." A curious book, found by me in an old French stall.

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." An organized band of ruffians made the "red cap" notorious and bathed those streets with human blood.

Yet there were noble specimens of humanity still in France. Matignon made his name a household word at Alençon. He saw the Papists arming. As governor, he shut the city gates and forbade all injury to the Huguenots. The magistrates of Nantes spurned the fierce orders of Montpensier and kept down all riots. Montmerin, governor of Auvergne, wrote back 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 (as God forbid) the order is from you, I have still too much regard for you to obey it." In quite the same spirit replied Gordes in Dauphiny.

The Viscount Orthez wrote from Bayonne, that long-suspected scene of the great plot: "Sire, I have communicated the commands of your majesty to the faithful inhabitants and valiant men of this garrison. I have found abundance of good citizens and good soldiers, but not one executioner. Therefore both they and I entreat your majesty to employ our arms and our lives in things possible, however difficult." There was no massacre at Bayonne. The sad fact was, that in places where there was such mildness shown many of the Huguenots were won to the mass and they renounced Protestantism.

At Dieppe the governor assembled the people in the large hall, read the king's letter and said: "Citizens, the orders that I have received can only concern 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

neighbours is the duty of Christians. It is Christ's lesson; let us profit by it. Children of the same Father, let us live together as brothers, and have for each other the charity of the good Samaritan. These are my sentiments. I hope you all share them. They assure me that there does not exist in this town a man who is unworthy to live." The historian says that, touched by these words, the Huguenots recanted and vowed to live and die in the Catholic faith. Such was the spirit manifested at Nismes and Provins, where the Huguenots yielded; "the men wore the white cross in their hats and the women put beads on their heads."

No case comes to us more pleasantly than that of James Hennuyer, Bishop of Lisseux, who said to the king's lieutenant, when the murderous order was laid before him, "No, sir, no; I oppose, and always will oppose, such an order. I am pastor of the church of Lisseux, and the people whom you are commanded to slay are my flock. Although they wander at present from the fold, they may return. I do 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; rather do I find that he should lay down his life for them. Take the order back again, for it shall never be executed so long as I live."*

What number of Protestants perished in this great massacre? Certain writers have fixed it very low—not two thousand in all France. They adduce the records in various parishes, especially of the victims who were buried. But what records can show who were entombed? What numbers were never buried by human hands? How many were thrown into the rivers? This is one of the striking features of the awful event. So late as the 15th of Sep-

* Compare, on the above instances, De Thou, D'Aubigné, White, Mezeray, etc.

tember, Salviati wrote from Paris, "Every night some tens of Huguenots, caught in various places, are thrown into the river." How many lay wasting in the open fields? At Paris, the victims may have been not less than six thousand; in France, fifty thousand. Sully puts the whole number at seventy thousand; Percefixe, one hundred thousand. But those actually slaughtered were not all. What hundreds perished by terror, by exile and by poverty no man can imagine.

Yet the crime has other measures than that of arithmetic. Cain did not evince more of the murderous spirit. "Such a purely gratuitous massacre is unexampled in the annals of the world." Grant that the pope and Philip II., who nurtured it, were moved by a false zeal for their religion; grant even that they honestly thought they were doing God service; yet the religion of Catherine, of Anjou and of their secret council had not depth and sincerity enough to give them a religious motive. They were moved by envy, by selfishness, by the greed of power and by considerations that were political. If our view of Charles be correct, he was moved by terror, by deception and by a wrath that made him almost insane. Few have had the effrontery to attempt any justification.* Upon Charles IX. a vast share of the guilt falls. Bossuet says of him: "He thought that courage consisted in swearing and taunting his courtiers. The part that he acted in the tragedy, the worst crime that was ever perpetrated in any Christian country, will mark his reign with infamy to the end of time."

What effects? It did not destroy the Protestant Church of France. More gloriously did it shine in the next generation, when it produced some of the finest preachers, scholars and literary works of modern times. The blood-

* None now accept the miserable apologies of Charpentier, Caveyrac, Sorbin—few the groundless statements of Dr. Lingard.

shed tended to purify it. The political spirit gradually was eliminated. What a glorious history has the Edict of Nantes! But there must first be a struggle with the sword. The St. Bartholomew was a declaration of war, and the Huguenots fought it well. They were still about one-twelfth of the population of France.

The effect upon the papal world was that of joy. Philip II. laughed aloud for "the first time in his life;" not only because heresy was smitten down, but because France was weakened. Flanders was safe! He complimented Catherine upon the achievement: "The just punishment inflicted upon the admiral and his followers was an act of such courage and prudence, so serviceable to God's glory, so beneficial to all Christendom, that it was the best and most delightful news I ever heard." St. Goar made this exultation the theme of several letters. He saw it all at Madrid: "The world is astonished that this affair was so happily conducted in one day, and at a moment when least expected. King Philip, whose affairs are advanced by it, has not been able to hide his joy, although he is of all princes on earth the most capable of concealing his thoughts, and makes it his business to do so. He ordered processions and a *Te Deum*."* After this we may endorse the short, sharp sentence of Motley, in describing the death of Philip: "If there are vices—as possibly there are—from which he was exempt, it is because it is not permitted to human nature to attain perfection in evil."

At Rome the joy was unbounded. It rang forth in the bells; it shone in the bonfires; it roared from the guns of St. Angelo; it clinked in the thousand crowns paid by the Cardinal of Lorraine to the man who brought the tidings; it walked abroad in the long procession which marched to the church of St. Louis, where Lorraine chanted a *Te Deum*.

* Von Raumer, Orig. Doc.

“His twelve years of prayer” now had their answer! It blazed in the gilt inscription over the doors of that church, describing Charles as an avenging angel sent from heaven to sweep heretics out of his kingdom. Gregory XIII. sent to Charles the golden rose. He had a medal struck, on one side of which is a destroying angel, with a cross in one hand and a sword in the other, slaying and pursuing a prostrate and falling band of heretics. The legend is, *Hugonottorum Strages*, 1572. And more: he had three frescoes painted in the Vatican, one representing the attack on the admiral, another the king in council plotting the deed, and a third the massacre itself. In this day the evidence is seen upon the walls by those who know not Rome’s exultation over a wholesale murder. How worthy of study that sentence, “The pope approves the slaughter of Coligny!”

In Paris medals were struck by the king. The slaughter was scarcely past its height when the metropolitan bishop ordered a solemn procession for the following Sunday, to thank God for the happy beginning of the triumph over heresy. Every return of the 24th of August was ordained to be one of festivity. In 1583, William Cecil wrote to his father, “On 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.” Henry IV. caused this insult to cease. For many years, in the principal towns of France, was played the “Tragedy of the late Gaspard de Coligny.” Poetry did little for his honour until Voltaire’s *Henriade* appeared.

Englishmen resident in Paris could not refrain from expressing their abhorrence. “If the admiral and his friends were guilty,” wrote Sir Thomas Smith, “why were they not apprehended and tried? So is the sojourner slain by the robber, so is the hen by the fox, so the hind by the lion, and Abel by Cain? Grant that they were guilty—that they

dreamt treason in their sleep—what did the innocent men, women and children at Lyons? What the babes and their mothers at Rouen, at Caen, at Rochelle? Will God sleep?" The English court was at Richmond, and went into mourning over the news. Hume 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 [French] ambassador to pass without offering him a salute or a favourable look until he was admitted to the queen herself." No wonder that Fénélon said that he was ashamed to be called a Frenchman! The great Cecil told him plainly, "That Paris massacre is the most horrible crime which has been committed since the crucifixion of Christ."

In Scotland, John Knox said to the French ambassador: "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." The bold prophecy fell far short of what has been fulfilled.

When Anjou was on the way to Poland, he rested at Heidelberg, visiting the Elector Casimir, who had sent so much aid to Coligny. Anjou was shown through the castle, and the first thing he saw in the cabinet was the portrait of the admiral, "as large as life and as like as possible." The elector said, "You know that man, sir. Of all the French nobles whom it has been my good fortune to know, I esteem the original of this portrait to have been the most zealous for God's glory and for the welfare of his country. In him you have slain the greatest captain in Christendom. You ought never to have done it; his most Christian majesty will never be able to repair the loss." Anjou managed to

say, "It was he who intended to slay us all, and we were only beforehand with him." "We know all that story, sir," was the cold reply of the elector as he left the room. Brantome adds that the duke was very much shocked, and began to think the whole scene had been planned to give him a lesson. Anjou found himself despised by all just men, and after restless nights and deep mortifications he appears to have sought relief by having his confession written by his physician.

Charles had no countenance from his father-in-law, Maximilian, who wrote: "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 nor palliate the villany. Would God that he had first advised with me! He will not readily efface the stain upon his honour. May God forgive those who had a hand in it; for I very much fear that the same treatment may be returned to them. Matters of religion are not to be determined by the sword."*

The saddest of all foreigners were the Prince of Orange and his brother Louis. How they had relied upon the arm of Coligny and the aid of Charles! The Huguenot soldiers besieged in Mons were in despair and mutiny when they heard the uproar of joy in the Spanish camp, celebrated with shawm and trumpet, bonfires and *Te Deums*, artillery and prayers. Count Louis was in his bed wasting with fever. Genlis was a prisoner. La Noue was utterly helpless, and about to retire. And the great Coligny was murdered, Protestant France paralyzed, liberty apparently crushed! It was the holiday of hell.

Only two days after the massacre, Charles wrote to his secret agent, Mondoucet, "I know that this news will be

* Mendham, Pius V.

most agreeable to the Duke of Alva, for it is most favourable to his designs. Still, I don't desire that he alone shall gather the fruit. I don't want him to throw the Prince of Orange on my hands and send back Genlis and the French now shut up in Mons." There must be no need of a treaty to involve him. Charles made the matter clearer five days later: "Tell the duke that it is most important for the service of his master and of God that those Frenchmen and others in Mons should be cut to pieces." Even Alva was astounded. He saw a bloodless way to relieve those poor disappointed, deluded Frenchmen. He asked Mondoucet: "Why does not your most Christian master order these Frenchmen in Mons to come to him, giving their oath to make no disturbance? Then my prisoners will be at my discretion, and I shall get my city." A volume was in the answer: "Because they will not trust his most Christian majesty, and will prefer to die in Mons!" Yes, to fall as warriors was better than to go to a scaffold.

Orange had to leave Mons to its fate, and he was again a wanderer, with the assassin upon his track. The arch of liberty had only wanted the keystone, and Coligny was hewing it out. But now "the whole fabric of his country's fortunes" were shattered by the blow at Paris. The help of man was gone, yet God was left, and in him he trusted. It pained him to think that those Huguenots in Mons might charge him with having drawn them into a trap. He could almost hear the growl of Alva: "I would overleap every obstacle to seize the Count of Nassau, so intensely do I hate him." But Count Louis was saved. La Noue was one of the framers of a treaty. Mons was given to Alva. Most of its defenders were released. But in its prisons were seventy-five men retained, who died the next year at the block. Genlis was strangled in his dungeon, and other prisoners were as secretly drowned in the Ruppelmonde.

These were some of the legitimate results of the "Paris matins."

The very angels must have looked down intently upon that corner of Europe, to see whether Protestantism was to work out a new form of constitutional liberty and furnish a model for new generations and distant continents. Coligny and Orange had done more than any other two men to save Protestantism when Rome and Spain were planning to sweep it from all Europe. And now the great papal powers seemed to have prevailed. But there is a strange law which asserts itself after nearly all human triumphs. The victors revel, they reel, they depend on the blow already dealt, they become blind to policy, they do not follow up the stroke, they grow careless or quarrel among themselves, and before they know it the vanquished are upon their feet. Hence the tremendous power of energetic minorities. It thus was proving in France, for the Huguenots rallied, formed a grand union in that old historic South of France, and finally won the battle. It was thus in the Netherlands. Orange again appeared, plunging into the chaos; and what forces were leagued on his side!—the little carrier-pigeons dropping his letters into besieged cities; the floods rolling in power; the psalm-singing "Beggars" making one more, one last, one desperate effort, and the Lord of hosts unbarring his resistless arm. The tyranny was over. The republic was established. And at least one child of the illustrious Coligny shared in the grand results, for which her father had made himself a sacrifice. Louisa, the widow of Teligny, was married to the Prince of Orange in 1583—the princess of the conqueror who refused the crown of sovereignty. Yet how short the bliss! Fifteen months later she left her bright babe, Frederic Henry, took her husband's arm to go down stairs to dinner, when she turned pale at the

* Motley; Strada.

sight of a man in the doorway. "Only one who wants a passport," said the prince, ordering his secretary to give it. "I never saw so villainous a countenance," she afterward wrote. At dinner there was but one guest. They talked long and cheerfully upon the political and religious state of the country. Upon returning into the hall, Balthazar Gérard, who might use the passport in his flight, shot down the prince. He exclaimed, in the native French of his wife: "O my God! have mercy upon my soul! O my God! have mercy upon this poor people!" One heart-spoken "Yes," when his sister asked him if he committed his soul to his Redeemer, and the great William the Silent was gone to his rest. Widowed again by a murderous hand, Louisa retired with her infant son, and in calm solitude reared him to become Frederic Henry the Stadtholder. Thus the veins of Coligny finally poured some strength into the Netherlands.

Miserably perished nearly every leading conspirator who had a hand in the St. Bartholomew. Some went justly to the scaffold. Guise and Anjou fell by the assassin's dagger. Terrors of conscience seem to have pursued Charles IX. and speedily driven him into the grave. A divine judgment appeared to be resting upon him. "About a week after the massacre," says D'Aubigné, who heard the story from Henry of Navarre, "a flock of crows flew croaking about and settled on the Louvre. Their noise drew everybody out to see them, and the superstitious women imparted to the king their own timidity. That very night Charles had not been in bed two hours when he sprang up and called for the King of Navarre to listen to a horrible tumult in the air—shrieks, groans, yells, threats, oaths, such as were heard on the night of the massacre." These imaginations were repeated; they seemed to become visions, and the wild stare of the king proclaimed his terrors of mind, if not of con-

science. He could not make so light of it as did Catherine, who falsely said, "There are only six of them on my conscience." When on his way to Notre Dame to render thanks to God, he saw men in the crowd exhibiting their rough arms and boasting of the numbers they had killed. Just then one Huguenot was ferreted out and slain before the royal eyes, and he fiercely exclaimed, "Would to God it were the last!"

The avenging hand of justice seemed to be laid upon the king. He was virtually laid aside from active government. More than ever he was the tool of political managers. He simply lived as if he were the embodiment of remorse for having assumed the terrible responsibility of the most awful crime against humanity. We may therefore overstep the limit of the period which we have sought to portray and follow him to his death. His case merits notice, were it only to set forth one of the saints in his household. Charles could not remember the first day when he was the fond charge of Philippe Richarde, a Huguenot worthy of the trust. None else had been to him so much a true mother as this honest woman, whom he almost revered. "Nurse, what do you think?" he would say, when he wished to spurn Catherine's advice. He never interfered with her religion, but sometimes said, "I hope you will some time see your errors and go to mass." When he was ill she faithfully told him of the true cross of the Redeemer.

The months rolled on, Charles growing more haggard, more ghastly. His mental sufferings were extreme. War was then raging. He was unmoved when he heard of the capture of the heroic Montgomery, on whom Catherine wreaked her deadly vengeance. Masses, tapers, relics, vows, alms and the prayers of his wife brought no relief to Charles. He ate nothing, unless the good nurse knew all about it. At night he had frightful dreams; he rose, read the primer, knelt, prayed;

but, again on his couch, he saw the air full of demons and the heavens on fire. He was taken to Vincennes, and there he shivered and tossed, his hands withered, water would not soothe his thirst and he weltered in a sweat of blood. One night, that attendant whom he loved to the last, and watched at his side when all others but his wife left him, heard him sobbing and whispering. She drew the curtain. "Oh, nurse," he said, "good nurse, what bloodshed and murder! What wicked counsels I followed! Pardon me, O God. . . . What shall I do? I know not where I am. I am lost. I feel it—lost, lost!"

The nurse had gospel remedies: "Trust in the Lord. The blood is upon those who caused you to shed it. If you repent of the murders, God will not impute them to you. He will cover them with the mantle of his Son's righteousness, in which alone you must seek refuge. But, for God's sake, cease weeping." He was comforted and slept.*

Another day he sent for Henry of Navarre, who had formally abjured Protestantism with Condé, and had been kept for more than a year and a half in a sort of imprisonment. Henry was led through the vaults of the castle, much to his surprise. He saw a double row of guards ready to despatch him. He started back, put his hand on his sword and refused to advance until assured of safety. Charles gave him welcome, and said, "I know that you had no part in the late troubles, but if I had paid attention to what was said, you would not be alive. I have always loved you, and to your care I confide my wife and daughter. May God preserve you. Do not trust—" The name was not heard by others in the room.

"You should not say that," said Catherine, perhaps thinking she was meant, or Anjou so eager for the crown. "Why not? Is it not true?" Charles had no answer to

* L'Étoile Mém. pour l'Hist. de France.

his question. Henry remained with him through his last days. It was the 30th of May, 1574, when the rites of his church were administered to him. He was sinking. Farewells were given. Some assert that he called the name of Coligny. And then that pious nurse must have felt some delight as he thrice uttered the words, "If Jesus, my Saviour, should number me among his redeemed!" With these words on his lips, died Charles IX., at the age of twenty-four.*

Whether he had the faith of the malefactor on the cross none can tell. If his life had corresponded with such words; if there had been no profanities, no profligacies, no ravings, no falsehoods, no inhuman crimes; if his deeds and temper had illustrated his piety, then we should find in those last words something to embalm his name and make delightful the remembrance. And still that nurse teaches the lesson of perseverance and faithfulness.

Thus closes a great period in the history of the Reformation in France. We have had before us the men who made that history. Because nearly every one of them had personal connections—very many of them had family ties—with Admiral Coligny, we have set forth his name in the foreground. Undoubtedly he is the chief man of the period, so far as the general interests of the French Protestants were concerned. The facts presented are sufficient eulogy of the man whom we have seen struggling to reconcile his duty to the king with his allegiance to God—asserting a holy cause and guiding it through the utmost difficulties—rising after defeat more powerful than ever before, and failing again, not only because he was so much alone in the work, but chiefly because his partners were not men of his temper and principles. We see the honoured general turning to the word of God in adversity, and never forgetting

* Victor Cayet, Chron. Novenaire; Browning; White.

his vows when the storm is over and the skies promising. We follow him into castle and church, into the field or the cabinet, and he ever moves before us as one who loved his country, his race and his God. In that age he was the marvel of integrity, and happy, indeed, if he had been recognized the model of a gentlemen at court. To France he gave a military code which has not yet perished. To the Protestant nobility he gave the model of a Christian household worship. "It cannot be told how many French nobles imitated this religious order in their families, after the example of the admiral, who used often to exhort them to the practice of true piety, saying that it was not enough for the father of a family to live a holy and religious life, if he did not bring all his people to the same rule. Indeed, there is no doubt, such was the admiration entertained for his piety and sanctity, even by members of the Roman Catholic party, that, but for the dread of tortures and massacres, the greater part of France would have been converted to the same religion and discipline."

"Moreover, he thought the institution of colleges for youth and of schools for the instruction of children a singular benefit from God, and called them seminaries of the Church. He held that ignorance was the mother of tyranny. His conviction led him to expend a large sum in building a college at Chatillon, on an airy site, and there he maintained three very learned professors of Latin, Greek and Hebrew, and supported several students." What would not he have accomplished for the Church if he had lived in times of peace!

"He drank little wine, ate sparingly and slept at most eight hours. Ever since the last peace, he never suffered a day to pass without writing down, before bed-time, some of the things worth notice which had occurred during the troubles. These memoranda having been found after his

death, and taken to the king's council, his greatest enemies there could not but express their admiration of the evidence they furnished of the gentleness and calmness of his disposition ”*

Such was the testimony of his friend Cornaton. Upon the other side, we find the Abbé le Labourer saying, “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 St. Croix, who personally knew him, describes him as “remarkable for his prudence and coolness. His manners were severe. He always appeared serious and absorbed in his thoughts. 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”—the Washington of France.

His name was the password for about ten thousand fugitives seeking a shelter in all Protestant lands, and giving the true report of his death. None had been willing to believe the falsehoods of the French court, that he had been a rebel against his country and his God. And when a minister who had known his quiet influence in the churches and synods—a student who had received from him the means of an education—a soldier who found the rare union of good qualities in him—a poor man who experienced his charity, or an acquaintance who never could find the end of speaking of his temperance, modesty, open-heartedness and Christian zeal,—when any such refugee appealed to strangers for a shelter or a morsel of bread, it was esteemed an honour to give it. His name deserves happier associations than those which it always suggests—those of the St. Bartholomew. It should, to the end of time, recall his Christian conduct and character. He is

* Vita Colinii.

usually written down among the unsuccessful men, the unfortunate, the unappreciated and the martyred. It was success; it was his glory and happiness so to live that, in his fifty-sixth year, when the assassin was at his door, he could calmly say, "I have been long prepared to die."

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