

The St. Bartholomew Massacre.

The following interesting narrative has been translated from a very old and scarce French volume, specially for the columns of the *Warder*. The original was written by an eye-witness of the frightful scene which he describes:

On the evening of the 24th August, 1572, a troop of light cavalry entered Paris by the gate of St. Antoine. The boots and the uniforms of the soldiers, covered with dust, shewed that they had come off a long march. The declining rays of sunshine shed a feeble light over the dark countenance of the soldiers, on which might be discovered certain feelings of anxiety, which are felt on the approach of an event as yet unknown, but on the issue of which suspicions arise of a painful nature.

The troop proceeded at a slow pace towards a large open space, which extended close to the ancient Palace of Tournolles. There the captain ordered a halt, and sent forward twelve men, under the command of a cornet, to reconnoitre, and posted sentinels at the entrance of the adjoining streets, whom he ordered to light their matches, as if in presence of an enemy. After taking this precaution, he returned to the front of his troops.

"Sergeant," said he, in a tone of voice more haish and imperious than usual.

An old soldier whose cap was ornamented with gold lace, and wore an embroidered scarf, respectfully approached his officer.

"Are all our soldiers provided with matches?"

"Yes, captain."

"Are their powder flasks well supplied? Is there a sufficient quantity of bullets?"

"Yes, captain."

"Good."

He then rode a short distance in front of his men. The sergeant followed about a horse's length in his rear, but perceiving

lect your old acquaintance, Thomas De Maurevel?" The captain only remembered him as the assassin of the brave De Money, and replied drily, "I suppose you have come to inform us why we have been brought here?"

"In order, sir, to save your good king, and our holy religion from the dangers that menace them."

"What dangers?" demanded George in a tone of contempt.

"The Hugonots have conspired against His Majesty; but their wicked plots have been discovered in time, thank God; and all good christians ought to unite this night to exterminate them during their sleep."

"As the Midianites were by brave Gideon," exclaimed the man in the black gown.

"What do I hear?" cried DeMergy, shuddering with horror.

"The citizens are armed," pursued Maurevel; "the French guards, and three thousand Swiss are in the city. We have nearly sixty thousand men with us. At eleven o'clock the work will commence."

"Detestable cut-throat! what infamous imposture are you inventing? The king does not command assassinations, though he may abet them."

But whilst he thus spoke, he remembered a strange conversation which he had some days before with the king.

"Captain de Mergy," retorted Maurevel, "if the service of the king did not claim all my cares, I should know how to reply to your insults. Listen: I have come on the part of his majesty to require you to accompany me with your troops. We are placed in charge of the Rue St. Antoine and the adjoining quarter. I have brought you an exact list of the persons whom we must destroy. The Rev. Father Malebouche is going to exhort your men, and to distribute among them *white crosses*, the same as all the Catholics will wear, in or-

drance. "Long live the king," "Death to the Hugonots," was shouted.

"Silence in the ranks," cried the captain, in a voice of thunder, "I alone have a right to command these soldiers. Comrades, what this monster says cannot be true; and even had the king given such an order, my Light Horse would not massacre people who could not defend themselves."

The soldiers kept silence--- "Long live the king! death to the Hugonots," cried Maurevel and his companions at the same moment; and the soldiers repeated this immediately after them, "Long live the king."

"Well, captain, will you obey?" said Maurevel.

"I am no longer captain," exclaimed George; and he tore off his breast-plate and his sash, the marks of his rank. "Seize this traitor," shouted Maurevel, drawing his sword: "kill this rebel who disobey's the king."

Not a soldier dared to raise his hand against his chief. George dashed the sword from the hands of Maurevel, but instead of running him through with his own, he contented himself with striking him in the face with the handle, so violently that he knocked him off his horse.

"Farewell, wretches!" said he to his troop. "I thought that I commanded soldiers, but I see that you are only assassins." Then turning to his cornet, he cried, "Alphonso, if you wish to be captain, you have now a fine opportunity. Place yourself at the head of these brigands."

At these words he put spurs to his horse, and set off at a gallop, directing his course towards the interior of the city.

The cornet advanced a few paces, as if inclined to follow him, but soon slackened his pace, then stopped, and turning his horse round returned to the troop; thinking no doubt, that the exhortation of his captain, uttered under the influence of anger,

"Only a handful of oats---that will not take long?"

"Not a horse must be unbridled."

"Even though there may be some work to be done, as it is reported," replied the sergeant.

The officer made a gesture of impatience.

"Return to your post," said he, in a sharp tone, and continued to walk his horse about.

"Hold!--some horsemen are approaching at full gallop: without doubt they convey to us some orders."

"They seem to me to be but two," and the captain and the cornet advanced to meet them.

Two horsemen rapidly approached the troop. One of them, superbly dressed, and wearing a hat covered with plumes and a green scarf, was mounted on a charger. His companion was a short, thick set man; he wore a black gown, and carried a large wooden crucifix.

"We are certainly going to fight," said the sergeant, there comes a chaplain, who has been sent to confess the wounded; still it is not very pleasant to fight without having dined."

The two horsemen slackened the pace of their horses, so that when they joined the captain they pulled up without an effort. "Your servant, Captain DeMergy," said the man in the green scarf, "do you recol-

lected Maurevel; do you know the signature of Marechal de Retz, to whom you owe obedience?" and he handed him a paper; which he took from his girdle.

De Mergy ordered a soldier to approach, and by the light of a torch lit from the match of an arquebus, he read an order drawn up in due form, enjoining Captain De Mergy, on the part of the king, to give every assistance to the citizen guards, and to act under the orders of Monsieur De Maurevel in a service he should explain to him. To his order was added a list of names, with this title, "*List of heretics who must be put to death in the quarter of St. Antoine.*" The light of the torch, which was held by the soldier, showed the men of the troop the deep emotion with which this order affected their officer, though they were as yet ignorant of its import.

"My soldiers will never act the part of assassins," said George, flinging the paper in the face of Maurevel.

"My brave fellows," shouted Maurevel, raising his voice, and addressing the dragoons, "the Hugonots want to assassinate the king and the Catholics. We must anticipate them. This evening we must go and slay them whilst they are asleep, and the king will surrender to you the pillage of their houses."

A cry of ferocious joy arose from the

trained by the reproaches of their captain; but, seeing themselves relieved from his presence, and having before their eyes the prospect of pillage, they brandished their sabres above their heads, and swore to do everything that Maurevel commanded them.

After quitting his troop, Captain De Mergy ran to his house hoping to find his brother there; but he had already left it, having told his servant that he could be absent during the whole night. George concluded that he had gone to the Countess de C.'s, and determined to repair thither in search of him. But the massacre had commenced; the tumult, the crowd of assassins, and the chains stretched cross the street, arrested his progress at every step. He was forced to pass near the Louvre, and then it was that fanaticism displayed itself in all its hideous ferocity. A great number of Protestants inhabited that quarter, surrounded at this moment by the Catholic citizens and the French guards, fire and sword in hand. There, to make use of a forcible expression of a contemporary writer, "*blood ran on all sides, sefing the river,*" and one could not traverse without running the risk of being crushed every instant by the dead bodies which were flung from the windows.

By an eternal pre-arrangement, the boats which are generally fastened alongside of the quays, had been conveyed to the