

COLONIAL CHURCHMAN.

"BUILT UPON THE FOUNDATION OF THE APOSTLES AND PROPHETS, JESUS CHRIST HIMSELF BEING THE CHIEF CORNER STONE."

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CONFESSION.

Lord when we bend before thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own,
And shun what we deplore.

Our contrite spirits pitying see,—
True penitence impart;
And let a healing ray from Thee
Beam hope upon the heart.

When our responsive tongues essay
Their grateful songs to raise,
Grant that our souls may join the lay,
And rise to Thee in praise.

When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign;
And not a thought our bosom spare,
Which is not wholly thine.

Let faith each meek petition fill,
And waft it to the skies;
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still
That grants it or denies.

MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S DAY AT PARIS.— A. D. 1572.*

There is not upon record a more atrocious act of barbarity than the massacre of the Huguenots in Paris, on the feast of St. Bartholomew, A. D. 1572. Treachery and cruelty went hand in hand; and amidst his fearfully numerous crimes justly chargeable on popery, in its vain attempts to extirpate what it is pleased to designate heresy, this was certainly one of the blackest dye. "If I was inclined to increase the general horror," says the Duc de Sully, "inspired by an action so barbarous as that perpetrated on the 24th of Aug. 1572, and too well known by the name of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, I should enlarge on the number, the quality, the virtues, and great talents of those who were inhumanly murdered on that horrible day, as well in Paris as in every part of the kingdom; I should mention at least the ignominious treatment, the fiend-like cruelty, and savage insults these miserable victims suffered from their murderers, and which in death were a thousand times more terrible than death itself. I have writings still in my hands, which would confirm the report of the court of France having made the most pressing instances to the neighbouring courts to follow its example with regard to the Protestants, or at least to refuse an asylum to those unfortunate people; but I prefer the honour of the nation to the satisfying a malignant pleasure, which many persons would take in lengthening out a recital, wherein might be found the names of those who were so lost to humanity as to dip their hands in the blood of their fellow-citizens, and even their own relations. I would, were it in my power, for ever obliterate the memory of a day that Divine vengeance made France groan for, by a continual succession of miseries, blood, and horror, during six and twenty years; for it is not possible to judge otherwise, if one reflects on all that passed from that fatal moment to the peace of 1598.—'Tis with regret that I cannot omit what happened upon this occasion to the prince who is the subject of these memoirs, and to myself."

Necessary measures having been taken, and plans regularly organized, the ringing of the bells of St. Germain l'Auxerrois for matins was the signal for

commencing the work of blood. The Admiral de Coligny was first put to death, in the midst of his domestics, by a man named Besmes—a deponent during his whole life by the Duke of Guise—the duke and the Chevalier de Guise remaining below. A sword being driven through his body, and a deep gash made across his face, his remains were thrown out of the window; and his head being cut off, it was, with a box of papers, containing, as was affirmed, a memoir of his own times, conveyed to the queen mother. After heaping other indignities on the corpse, it was hung on the gibbet of Montfaucon, whence the Mareschal de Montmorency caused it to be removed in the night and buried at Chantilly. The domestics of Coligny were immediately butchered, and a simultaneous work of blood commenced. Many of the attendants on the king of Navarre and the prince of Conde were put to death one by one; many persons of importance fell a sacrifice—of these the most distinguished was Francis de la Rochefoucault, in whose gay and brilliant society, to use the words of Mr. Smedley,* "the king professed to find extraordinary attraction; and he granted him, although a Huguenot, unreserved access to his privacy. It was near midnight, on the eve of the massacre, that this seeming favourite prepared to retire from the palace, after many hours spent in careless hilarity. More than once did the king urge his stay, that they might trifle, as he said, through the remainder of the night; or, to obviate all difficulty, the count, if he so pleased, might be lodged even in the royal chamber. But La Rochefoucault pleaded weariness, and want of sleep; and in spite of all opposition, he took leave of his perfidious friend and sovereign in sportive words, which implied the freedom and amiability of their intercourse. Even when he was afterwards roused from sleep by the morning tumult at his door, no misgiving crossed his mind; he imagined that the king had followed him, to inflict one of those practical jokes which suited the boisterous taste both of the times and of the individual; and hastily throwing on his clothes, he assured the masked band, which he did not scruple to admit, and among whom he supposed Charles to be included, that he was not taken at advantage—that they could not now feel privileged to flog him, for he was already up and dressed. The reply was a thrust of the sword, by one of the disguised company, who prostrated the unsuspecting victim at the feet of his murderers."

About two thousand Huguenots are supposed to have been murdered on the first day of the massacre, and the king and court, including Catherine and her ladies of honour, promenaded at night to view the mangled and naked remains. Among the victims were Antony de Clermont, marquis de Resnel, murdered by his own kinsman; and others of equally noble blood.

Orders were issued, enjoining the Huguenots to abstain from public and private assemblies, with the threat, that if they disobeyed, the provincial governors were instructed to "fall upon them and cut them in pieces, as enemies of the crown." From the day on which the messenger arrived, the streets of Lyons ran with blood; and the most barbarous enormities were committed in many other parts of France. At Orleans 1000, at Rouen 500 Huguenots were put to the sword. In two months the victims fell little short of 30,000, whereof one third were of Paris.

On the first day of the massacre the young king of Navarre and the prince of Conde were arrested, and threats were employed to force from them to a recantation of their religious principles. The former was easily tempted into compliance; but even the threat of the Bastille and of death failed to shake the constancy of Conde. At length, however, he was rather cheated than forced into compliance.

* History of the Reformed Religion in France.

The account of the Duc de Sully is peculiarly interesting. "I was in bed, and awaked from sleep (says he) three hours after midnight by the sound of bells, and the confused cries of the populace. My governor St. Julian, with my valet de chambre, went hastily out to know the cause, and I never afterwards heard more of these men, who, without doubt, were amongst the first that were sacrificed to the public fury. I continued alone in my chamber, dressing myself, when in a few moments I saw my landlord enter, pale, and in the utmost confusion: he was of the reformed religion, and having learned what the matter was, had consented to go to mass to save his life and preserve his house from being pillaged. He came to persuade me to do the same, and to take me with him. I did not think proper to follow him, but resolved to try if I could gain the college of Burgundy, where I had studied; though the great distance between the house where I then was and the college made the attempt very dangerous. Having disguised myself in a scholar's gown, I put a large prayer-book under my arm, and went into the street. I was seized with horror inexpressible at the sight of the furious murderers, who, running from all parts, forced open the houses, and cried aloud, 'Kill, kill! massacre the Huguenots!' The blood which I saw shed before my eyes redoubled my terror. I fell into the midst of a body of guards; they stopped me, interrogated me, and were beginning to use me ill, when, happily for me, the book that I carried was perceived, and served me for a passport. Twice after this I fell into the same danger, from which I extricated myself with the same good fortune. At last I arrived at the college of Burgundy, where a danger still greater than any I had yet met with awaited me. The porter having twice refused me entrance, I continued standing in the midst of the street, at the mercy of the furious murderers, whose numbers increased every moment, and who were evidently seeking for their prey, when it came into my mind to ask for La Faye, the principal of this college, a good man, by whom I was tenderly beloved. The porter, prevailed upon by some small pieces of money which I put into his hand, admitted me; and my friend carried me to his apartment, where two inhuman priests, whom I heard mention Sicilian vessels, wanted to force me from him, that they might cut me in pieces, saying, the order was not to spare even infants at the breast. All the good man could do was to conduct me privately to a distant chamber, where he locked me up. Here I was confined three days, uncertain of my destiny; and saw no one but a servant of my friend's, who came from time to time to bring me provisions.

"At the end of these three days, the prohibition for murdering and pillaging any more of the Protestants being published, I was suffered to leave my cell and immediately after, I saw Geniere and La Vieville, two soldiers of the guard, who were my father's creatures, enter the college. They were armed, and came, without doubt, to rescue me by force wherever they should find me. They gave my father a relation of what had happened to me; and eight days afterwards I received a letter from him, in which he expressed the fears he had suffered on my account, and advised me to continue in Paris, since the prince I served was not at liberty to quit it. He added, that to avoid exposing myself to an evident danger, it was necessary I should resolve to follow that prince's example, and to go to mass. In effect, the king of Navarre had found no other means of saving his life. He was awaked, with the prince of Conde, two hours before day, by a great number of soldiers, who rushed boldly into a chamber in the Louvre where they lay, and insolently commanded them to dress themselves and attend the king. They would not suffer the two princes to take their swords