

opposite side; so that many fugitives who ran to the banks of the Seine, hoping to embark there, and thus escape the blows of their assassins, found that they had only a choice between drowning and the weapons of the soldiers who were in pursuit of them. In the meanwhile, it is said that Charles IX. was seen from one of the windows of his palace, armed with a long arquebus, firing upon the unfortunate Protestants.

The captain, stumbling over dead bodies, and bespattered with blood, pursued his way, exposed at every step to fall a victim to the blow of some murderer. He had remarked that all the soldiers and armed citizens wore a white scarf on their arms, and a white cross on their hats. He could have easily assumed this mark of recognition, but the horrors with which the assassins had inspired him extended to those symbols that would have served to make him known to them. He entered the Rue St. Jose, which he found deserted, & without light—no doubt because it was uninhabited by Protestants; but he heard a tumult which seemed to proceed from one of the adjoining streets. On a sudden, the walls of the houses were illuminated by the red light of torches; he heard piercing cries, and beheld a woman half naked, her hair dishevelled, holding a child in her arms; she fled with superhuman swiftness. Two men pursued her, encouraging one another with savage yells, like huntsmen following a wild beast. The woman was in the act of running into an open walk, when one of her pursuers fired at her with an arquebus with which he was armed. The shot struck her in the back, and prostrated her. She arose immediately, tottered a few paces towards George, and fell on her knees; then, making a last effort, she raised her child towards the captain, as if anxious to confide it to his generosity, and immediately expired without uttering a word.

"Another of these heretical b—ches is down," shouted the ruffian who had fired the shot. "I shall not rest until I have despatched a dozen of them.

"Wretch!" exclaimed the captain, and presenting a pistol, fired at him; the head of the villain was dashed against the opposite wall. He opened his eyes with a frightful glare, and tumbling headlong, fell to the earth stone dead.

"How is this? Kill the Catholics!" exclaimed the companion of the dead man, who held a torch in one hand and a bloody sword in the other. "Who are you! By the mass, you belong to the King's Light Horse. Holy Virgin! you have made a mistake, Mister Officer."

The captain drew from his girdle his second pistol, and loaded it. This movement, and the light click of the trigger, were perfectly understood by the murderer, who flung away his torch, and took to his heels.

George disdained to fire at him; he stooped down, examined the woman who lay stretched on the ground, and found that she was dead. The ball had pierced quite through her. Her child had its arms clasped around her neck, and wept bitterly; it was covered with blood, but, by a miracle, had not been wounded. The captain had some difficulty in wresting it from its mother, to whom it clung with all its force; he then wrapped it in his cloak. Rendered prudent by this recoutre, he picked up the hat of the dead man, took from it the white cross, and placed it in his own.

At length he reached the house of the Countess, without encountering any accident.

The two brothers threw themselves into each other's arms, and, during some moments remained in a close embrace, without the power of utterance. At length the captain described, in a few words, the state in which he had found the city—

Barnard cursed the King,  
The Guises and the Priests.

He wished to go forth, and to join his brethren in an attempt to make some vigorous resistance to their enemies.

The countess wept, and withheld him, and the child cried, and called for its mother.

After some time had been spent in tears and lamentations, it became necessary, at least, to decide on a course of action. The countess undertook, through her steward, to provide a nurse for the child. Mergy did not dare to try to effect his escape at this moment—or if he did, was at a loss to decide whether he should repair. He knew not now if the massacre extended from one extremity to the other of France? A numerous force of the Royal Guards occupied the bridges, by which the Protestants might have easily passed into the Faubourg St. Germain, thence have escaped from the city, and gained the provinces of the south, at all times attached to their cause.

On the other hand, it appeared to be an act of imprudence to appeal to the compassion of the monarch at this time, when excited by the carnage, he thought only of making fresh victims.

The house of the Countess, on account of her reputation for piety, was not exposed to a rigorous examination on the part of the murderers, and Mergy reflected that in no other retreat would he run less risk of discovery. He resolved, therefore, to remain concealed there, and await the course of events.

On the following day the massacre, far from ceasing, seemed rather to increase; there was not a Catholic who, under the pain of being accused of heresy, did not assume the white cross, and arm himself, or who did not denounce the Hugonots who still survived.

In the meantime the King shut up in his palace, was inaccessible to all save the chiefs of the murderers. The populace, attracted by the hope of pillage, joined themselves to the Citizen Guards and to the soldiers; and the priesthood from their altars exhorted them to redouble their deeds of cruelty and slaughter. "Let us crush at once," said they, "all the heads of this Hydra—let us utterly exterminate heresy;" and in order to persuade the people, thirsting for blood and believing in miracles, that heaven approved of their atrocities, and wished to encourage them by a striking prodigy—"Go to the burial ground of the innocents," cried they, "go and behold there the hawthorn tree which has just blossomed anew, as if grown young again, and strengthened from being watered with heretic blood."

Numerous processions of armed assassins went in great state to adore the holy thorn, and left the cemetery animated with fresh zeal, in order to hunt out and put to death those whom heaven had manifestly condemned. A saying of Catherine, mother of the King, was in all their mouths; they repeated it whilst they butchered women and children—"To-day it is an act of charity to be cruel, of cruelty to be humane.

When the first thirst of blood had subsided, the most merciful of the murderers offered life to their victims as the price of their apostacy. A very small number of Calvinists took advantage of this offer, and snatched themselves from death, and even torments, by a falsehood, perhaps excusa-

ble. Women and children stood fast to their faith in the midst of swords raised above their heads, and died without uttering a complaint.

During the first few days which followed Saint Bartholomew, Mergy was visited regularly in his retreat by his brother, who furnished him each time with fresh details of the horrible scenes of which he had been a witness. "Oh, when shall I be able to quit this country of murder and of crime?" said George, "far sooner would I pass my days in the midst of wild beasts, than live amongst Frenchmen." "Come with me my brother, to Rochelle; I hope that the assassins are not as yet there. Come, die with me, and forget thy apostacy in defending this last rampart of our religion."

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

**THE MURDER OF ROBSON.**—After six days' tedious investigation, the coroner's inquest which sat to inquire into the death of John Robson, closed yesterday. The result is a verdict of wilful murder against the three Tomlinsons and Horatio S. Levens. The conclusion of the evidence and the summing up of the coroner, will be found elsewhere.—*Globe*.

**CANADIAN INSTITUTE.**—The annual general meeting of this flourishing Scientific Society, was held at the Society's Rooms, in the old Government House, on Saturday evening last. By the annual report of the Council, it appears that the affairs of the Society are in a most prosperous condition in every particular. The Library, Museum, and Journal, are each well sustained and each weekly meeting witnesses an increase in the number of members, which now, we understand, nearly reaches 300. The following are the officers for the ensuing year:

President—Hon. Chief Justice Robinson.  
First Vice President—Professor Croft.  
Second Vice President—Professor Hind.  
Treasurer—Dalrymple Crawford.  
Corresponding Secretary—Rev. Prof. Irving.  
Secretary—G. W. Allan.  
Librarian—Sanford Fleming.

#### COUNCIL.

Professor Cherriman, Francis Shanley,  
Alfred Brunel, Professor Hodder,  
Thomas Henning, Professor Wilson.  
—*lb*.

Elihu Burritt in writing to the *York Daily Times* upon his favorite question, "the Ocean Penny Postage" states that many are under a misconception with regard to his meaning. His proposition is to have letters conveyed for a penny each from any port in Great Britain to any port beyond the sea at which the British mail packet may regularly touch; leaving different countries to reduce or retain their various inland rates, just as they please. Such is the object of this measure, which will probably be brought before the United States Congress, and the British House of Commons simultaneously during the early part of next year.—*lb*.

We are informed that the Board of Directors of the Great Western Railway, yesterday resolved by the casting vote of the Chairman, Mr. Harris, to rescind the grant of £500 per annum to Sir Allan MacNab.—*lb*.

The following *on dil* is in circulation; it certainly savours of the causticity of the ex-Chancellor. Baron Rothschild, it seems was complaining to Lord Brougham of the hardship of not being able to take his seat. "You know (added he) I was the choice of 'the People.'" To which his Lordship replied, "So was Barabab."—*English Paper*.

**NORTHERN RAILROAD.**—E. H. Rutherford, Esq. has been elected Director of the Northern Railroad, in place of the late Hugh Scobie, Esq.

**MICHIGAN NORTHERN RAILROAD.**—The *Chicago Tribune* says:—Messrs. Gzowski & Co., have taken the contract for building the Michigan Northern Railroad, which will unite Port Huron (opposite Milwaukee, on Lake Michigan,) a distance of 200 miles. The road is to be constructed on the same scale as the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada.