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LANDMARKS OF HISTORY.

MODERN HISTORY:

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FROM THE REFORMATION TO THE
FALL OF NAPOLEON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HEIR OF REDCLYFFE;"
"KINGS OF ENGLAND," &c.

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PREFACE.

THE Landmarks of History have now been brought down as nearly to our own times as could be accomplished without entering too much on contemporary history. Napoleon's death appears the fit close for the last act of the great drama of the Revolution; and the scenes which fall within our own memory and observation, have not yet developed their import, so as to enable us to judge of their true meaning and tendency. In closing the task, perhaps too rashly undertaken, we have only to repeat, what has been before said, that this little book aims at no originality of views, nor at revelations of new facts. It is a mere compilation of the more memorable events recorded in standard histories; and all that it attempts is, so to class them together as to elucidate the spirit of each period, and bring into relief the characters of the chief

actors, in the hope of letting history fulfil its true purpose, namely, of being a great lesson in principle, rather than a mere record of dates, names, and events.

October 14th, 1857.

LANDMARKS OF HISTORY.

MODERN.

CHAPTER I.

PERIOD OF THE REFORMATION. 1505-1555.

PART I. THE PAPACY.

THE period of Modern History may be said to begin with the sixteenth century. Mediæval habits and opinions had not entirely passed away, but the leaven which had been at work for fifty years was producing visible effects, and influencing the younger generation who were coming forward into active life.

The old theory of Pope and Emperor, as heads of Church and State, had almost died out. The Pope was a temporal sovereign at Rome, and over the States of the Church, and had more or less influence over the clergy of the various branches of the Western Church, according to the constitution of each country. To him was the final appeal in all questions of doctrine and discipline; and as he had the power of appointing cardinals, as well as of conferring many other ecclesiastical preferments, his favour was sought by all the clergy of ambitious views. The religious orders of all classes were exempt from episcopal authority, and owned

the Pope alone as their superior ; and the two mendicant bodies of Dominican and Franciscan friars, were, by their very foundation, bound to be the pillars of Rome.

The spirit of the age had long been setting in a direction exactly contrary to that Church influence which had actuated the men of the Middle Ages. Classic learning and classic taste had been revived, and gained increasing power over the minds of the educated ; above all, in Italy, where the remnants of ancient art and literature were the most frequent. Selfish and dissipated as the Italian clergy had already become, their new studies led them farther away from the truths that once would have rebuked them, and many had come to regard the whole Church system in the light of an engine for ruling the vulgar and superstitious, and of obtaining the means of gratifying their own taste or ambition.

Leo X., one of the Medici family, was imbued with all Lorenzo's love for art and for magnificence. No expense was spared by him in his researches for the remains of antiquity. He first collected the manuscripts of Livy's History of Rome, and placed them in the library at his palace of the Vatican ; and he likewise purchased the famous statues of Laocoon devoured by serpents, and of the victorious Apollo, well named *Belvedere*, (beautiful to behold,) for it is the master-piece of Greek art, ever straining after perfection. The greatest work of modern design, in emulation of Greek architecture, namely, the Cathedral of St. Peter's, was by him carried on, after the plan of Michael Angelo, with the most lavish expenditure ; but it may be feared that the outlay was for the display of man's taste rather than the glory of God, and the means were obtained in ways so abhorrent to Him, in Whose Name they were employed, that it was no wonder they worked retribution.

All the faithful were called upon to contribute to the building; and for the alms given for this purpose, Leo, by his bulls of indulgence, promised freedom from all penance, and instant admission into Paradise after death. This presumptuous and infamous practice had been condemned by the Council of Constance, but it was found too profitable for these irreligious men to allow it to drop, although it was regarded with abhorrence by every right-minded person in Europe. The begging friars were, for the most part, the instruments of this traffic; they would obtain a number of the papers called Bulls of Indulgence, and undertake to bring in a certain amount for them, making their own profit by what further they could gain. They went from place to place, setting up their tables of merchandise in the churches, and recommending their wares by sermons, in which they assured the poor ignorant people that salvation depended on them, and that the purchase would secure them from punishment even for future crimes.

Nor was the money, thus obtained, spent even upon the edifice which was the pretext for asking it. Great part was employed in maintaining the splendour of the Papal court, and much also upon political purposes. To free Italy from foreign yoke was the great desire of every native, and it was a patriotic ambition, though the profanity, falsehood, and treachery, used for this object have branded the country with dishonour. Machiavelli, a Florentine, who believed himself a patriot, wrote a treatise on politics, recommending such crooked and dishonest arts, that his name has become a very proverb for fraudulent stratagem.

Milan was under the French, Naples under the Spaniards; and to set these two foes against one another was the great object of the Italian states, who always

inclined to the weaker of the two nations, thinking that their own cause would become hopeless if one oppressor should be left undisturbed by the other. To balance these two powers was the most respectable occupation of Leo X. ; and with such a head, there was no check to the corruption that made the city of Rome full of the vilest profligacy and profanity. The cardinals were vicious and worldly men ; and the bishops throughout the Western Church were for the most part set only on ambition or pleasure ; either statesmen, like Henry VIII.'s minister, Wolsey, or mere lovers of ease and amusement ; the lower secular clergy were grossly ignorant and uneducated ; the convents had relaxed their discipline, and were full of crime and excess, and the begging friars had become the messengers of falsehood. There were of course, exceptions ; good men were still to be found in every degree, and even the sins of the priesthood had not yet made the laity relinquish their faith. He, Who will never forsake His Church, was already making the newly-arisen spirit of research, and the diffusion of knowledge, tend towards the seeking after the truths which had become overlaid with errors.

The universities of Bologna and Padua in Italy, of Wittemberg in Germany, of Louvaine in Flanders, of Paris, of Oxford and Cambridge, had extended their course of learning. Languages were more studied ; good Latin was sought after in classical authors ; Greek was taught, and some scholars even began to inquire after Hebrew ; and all this, while diverting their minds from the books so long studied by their forefathers, had the effect of making the Bible itself more sought after, by a larger class than hitherto. Nor was it so exclusively the clergy who attended universities ; gentlemen, and

even princes, had begun to finish their education there, and it had become more common to endow colleges or schools than to found convents; as, indeed, it was felt that monastic discipline had fallen into a state that could not long continue without a searching reform.

PART II. THE MODIFICATIONS OF THE FEUDAL SYSTEM.

THE Feudal System had, in great measure, broken up by the end of the 15th century. In Germany, France, Spain, and England, there had been nearly the same beginning; great fiefs held from the crown, and divided and subdivided between vassals and vavasours again and again; the immediate feudatories of each lord forming his council, with more or less power of controlling his actions; and the walled cities, for the most part governing themselves, though owning the sovereign as their master, and usually aiding him against their natural enemies, the nobles. The king's finances came from aids from the clergy and nobility, grants from the towns, and duties on various articles in use; and as he had no other revenue except the income from his own estates, or from extortions on the Jews, he was dependent on what he could gain from these sources.

When he needed means, it was necessary to convoke the higher clergy, greater vassals, and the representatives of the cities, and ask what they would grant. This meeting was the Reichstag, or Diet, in Germany, the "Thing" in Scandinavia, the Parliament in England, the States General in France, and the Cortes in the Peninsula; and it afforded the members an opportunity of making their voices heard in matters of state, in deliberating on new laws, or in trying refractory vassals

of their own rank. The liberties of each country depended upon the influence and construction of this council, which in earlier times had even the power of bestowing the crown.

Germany, the largest and most loosely compacted of these feudal states, had a great degree of freedom, owing to the weakness of the emperor, and the might of the great crown vassals. The power of choosing the King of the Romans, or future emperor, was in the hands of the seven highest of these, the Kurfursten, or Electors, namely, the Archbishops of Mainz, Treves, and Cologne, the King of Bohemia, the Duke of Saxony, the Markgraf of Brandenburg, and the Pfalzgraf of the Rhine.

These seven were the first council of the emperor, who could neither coin money, alienate his property, nor confiscate the estates of rebels, without their consent. They were absolute at home, and directed the councils of the neighbouring nobles, who were classed together by Maximilian I. according to their circles, the territories, that is to say, including a certain number of petty states.

The nobles, bishops, and abbots, who held of the crown without being electors, formed the second chamber of the empire. They were of every rank, from the great Duke of Bavaria down to the mere Freiherr with nothing but his castle, but they all ruled absolutely in their own domains, and made war as they pleased.

The third chamber consisted of deputies from the free cities, as those were called which owned no master but the emperor. Strongly walled, rich in commerce or manufacture, and the sturdy burghers stout of heart and trained to arms, they were well able to make their own laws, and defend themselves. The trades were formed into guilds, or brotherhoods, each under a head ;

the master ruled his family and apprentices, and there was a wholesome order and discipline which maintained the sound old German life of hearty industry and homely affection. There were eighty-five of these towns, united by a bond for mutual defence, called the Hanseatic League, some say from a word meaning alliance, others from *Am-see*, or near the sea. The chief of the Hans towns was Lubeck, where the affairs of the whole confederacy were transacted, and where the treasure was kept.

Without these three chambers no law could be made, no general tax levied, no war commenced. The meeting was termed a Diet. The Emperor sat enthroned, with the electors around him, the spiritual nobility to his right, the secular to his left, the burgher deputies opposite. He made his proposal, and each chamber considered it separately, and then meeting again, signified their opinion to the Emperor. The peasantry were not represented at all, and were wholly subject to their lords. It was on this aristocracy that the constitution of the empire conferred the greatest power, for the monarch, as such, had scarcely any authority, and could not execute justice in one city or state.

The Duchies of Austria and Swabia belonged, however, to the House of Hapsburg, and upon these states almost the whole power of the Kaisar was based.

The Alps were regarded as a part of the Holy Roman Empire, and though the tie had become very feeble, allegiance had been still owned to it by the Swiss Cantons, till the reign of Maximilian I. when the link was broken by the refusal of the Swiss to receive the decrees of the Imperial court. The cantons were thirteen in number, each a republic by itself, though uniting for mutual defence and deliberation, and by their hardy

firmness obtaining general respect. The sturdy mountain soldiers were considered the best infantry then existing, and hired themselves out to fight the battles of whatever sovereign chose to employ them, far too often losing their native honesty and simplicity, in eagerness for pay and plunder.

Geneva had detached herself from Savoy, and had become a separate republic, maintaining her liberties by the aid of the Swiss.

Savoy was more Italian than German. The character of the reigning family was wary and politic, strengthening themselves in their mountain fastnesses, and temporizing between their dangerous neighbours; often suffering terribly, as the little duchy was the passage into Italy from France, but almost always gaining by the result of every war.

The Italian cities had lost all real adhesion to the empire. Genoa was a free republic, usually protected by France. The head was a Doge, elected every two years, and checked by a council of 400, chosen by a lesser council of thirty, both alike elected from among the nobles whose names were inscribed in the Golden Book, where ten new families were admitted every year, though seldom any but such as were on the point of becoming extinct. These nobles were intensely haughty, and there were violent feuds between the different houses; but commerce flourished in the highest degree, and the city was one of the richest then existing, filled with palaces, around the shore of the beautiful bay, and possessing a noble fleet. The possession of the kingdom of Corsica caused the Doge to be crowned and sceptred at his installation, but otherwise he only wore his scarlet gown as a magistrate.

Venice, the oldest state in Europe, and the heir of

ancient Rome, had long since broken with the Empire. The great object of her government was to limit the power of the Doge, and set one board of grandees to watch another, as if the grand principle had been to trust no one. No measure could be taken except by council within council; deliberations were conducted with absolute secrecy, and offences were visited most severely. A hollow stone, carved like a lion's mouth, was set in a public place to receive letters accusing individuals, and many a hasty word was requited by life-long imprisonment in the Piombi. This jealous government made the Venetians tardy in acting in the field, but they were the brave defenders of Christendom against the Turks, and for three centuries bore the brunt of the battle both by land and sea. They had clear-headed ambassadors in every court of Europe, whose despatches, still preserved, form some of the best authorities for the history of the period.

The other outlying portion of the Empire, Flanders and Holland, full, likewise, of rich commercial towns, had become disjoined from it by having flowed into the inheritance of Burgundy. Ghent, Liège, Arras, and their neighbours, were quite as eager to assert their independence as the Italian cities, though, having an immediate feudal lord nearer home, they had not been so entirely successful; but they had elective magistrates, who executed justice within their walls, and their prince could obtain no supplies without the consent of their deputies, convoked at a States General. Wool, tapestry, cambric, and lace, were manufactured in these cities, and supplied nearly all Europe; and the riches gained by such commerce made the sturdy burgomasters lift up their heads as proudly as the free and gallant country nobility of Flanders.

On the whole, Germany was the most backward of the Western nations; the Emperor was nobody, and the empire only a collection of petty sovereigns and republics, independent in proportion to the difficulty of attacking them. The manners were rude; the free princes were too poor and proud to seek cultivation, and were often half robbers, boorish in bearing, sticklers for rank, and frequently intoxicated. Art and learning chiefly flourished in the free cities, where the burghers were sometimes well read and accomplished, and painting, carving, and architecture, bore witness to their fantastic grotesque taste, and great perseverance and industry.

Maximilian I. once described the European powers by saying, that the King of France was a king of asses, for they would bear whatever burthen he imposed; the King of Spain was a king of men, for they only obeyed him in what was reasonable; the King of England, a king of angels, since he commanded only what was just and fair, and met with willing, faithful service; while the Emperor was a king of monarchs, who only submitted to him when they chose.

The description of Spain chiefly applied to Aragon, where the Cortes, partly composed of the spirited nobles of Valencia and Catalonia, and partly of the citizens of the great merchant towns, kept a heedful watch upon the King, and had a voice in all the laws and taxes. In Castille, the nobles, being free from taxation, seldom took much interest in the Cortes, which was left chiefly to consist of burghers, of whom those from Toledo were the most prominent, and were considered as guardians of the liberties of Castille, but they generally held with the king rather than with the nobles. Portugal had a well-balanced constitutional government, and her long

succession of wise and able monarchs had made her power very extensive.

These kingdoms were all so small, that they were hardly equal to the domains of one of the great feudal vassals who in early times had divided France among them. Each of the large fiefs of France had a parliament of its own, at its capital. At Dijon, Lyons, Rouen, or Nantes, the laws, the taxes, and the judgments of the feudal lord of Burgundy, Provence, Normandy, or Brittany, were discussed by his vassals, clergy, and burgher deputies. The supreme council of the realm was the parliament of Paris, consisting of the great crown vassals themselves, with the lesser ones holding immediately of the king, as Count of Paris, and the city deputies of the same county; and when a general tax was to be made, the whole kingdom elected representatives, who were called the States General, and named their own sum. Noble blood exempted from taxation, as the towns were supposed to pay and the gentlemen to fight; and as the nobility thus had no interest in the States General they did not care to attend them; while, as the crown absorbed the large fiefs one after the other, and the king could tax them separately and make laws for them through their own parliaments, the States General of the kingdom fell at length into utter disuse.

The parliament of Paris received appeals from the whole kingdom, and at first contained, besides the nobles, only a few lawyers to explain the cases to the barons. Gradually the nobles, not caring for points of law, gave up their attendance, and left the parliament to consist mainly of lawyers appointed by the crown, though there were still some few, (either princes of the blood, or peers of France, holding immediately of the

sovereign) who preserved their seats. The business of the parliament was to try causes sent up to the king, to register new laws, to receive royal wills, to appoint taxes on their own county, and to consider of regencies. The king's personal appearance in his parliament was called a *lit de justice*, because his place was on a purple velvet couch; and his presence there usually was decisive. The lawyers were almost always on his side, especially if the nobles were against him, for the *gens de la robe* and the *gens de l'épée* had a strong aversion to one another; and even if the parliament was opposed to the king, they might indeed refuse to register an edict, but they could not originate one. There was thus nothing left but the mere shadow of a representative government in France, and it was thus that the nation came to obtain Maximilian's disrespectful epithet.

In England, the crown had begun with far greater power, but it had been so used as to alarm the nobles. They had made common cause with the citizens to restrain the royal power by law, and by recognizing the right of the people to tax themselves. Justice and politics had not lost their interest for the baron, and the towns and counties deemed it right that their member should have a voice in the expenditure of the money they had paid. The parliaments were continued in their complete form, and though the havoc made among the nobles by the Wars of the Roses had exalted the power of the crown, it had also led to the greater importance of that middle rank of lower gentry, yeomanry, and citizens, which did not exist on the Continent, where a man was noble or a peasant without alternative. In England alone did the younger sons of a nobleman lose the privileges of rank and melt into the commonalty, and the right of voting depend on property, not on birth, so that

classes were not set one against the other, and no condition in life was prevented from rising to distinction. So, even under the Tudors, the effect of the English law made order and good government so much the spirit of the nation, that king and people worked for the common welfare with unanimity nowhere else existing.

PART III. SOVEREIGNS OF EUROPE. 1516-1522.

WHEN the sixteenth century opened, the German empire was nominally governed by Maximilian I. King of the Romans, who was called the last of the Knights, from his spirit of chivalrous honour, which forbade him, through all his distresses for money, to break into the treasury left him by his father, because he regarded it as a sacred trust. He was one of those knights-errant on the throne, who were loved even while they were laughed at, but whose want of constancy often led to such breaches of promise as would have seemed most foreign to their generous nature.

It was a saying that the House of Austria made their fortunes by marriages, and Maximilian's family was an instance. His first wife had been Marie of Burgundy, the heiress of the Low Countries; and his son Philip, to whom these had descended, had married Juana, the Queen of Castille, and heiress of Aragon. Since the death of Philip, in 1506, the unhappy widow had sunk into melancholy insanity, and her rights passed on to the eldest of her numerous family, Charles of Austria. He had been born at Ghent, in 1499, and had been there educated by Adrian of Utrecht, Dean of Louvaine, under the superintendence of his wise and spirited Aunt Margaret, who ruled the Low Countries in his name.

Charles had just reached his seventeenth year, when,

in 1516, the death of his maternal grandfather, Fernando the Catholic, left only his imbecile mother between him and the Spanish crowns. Fernando had left the regency in the hands of Francisco Ximenes de Cisneros, Cardinal Archbishop of Toledo, one of the ablest and best men then living, who had been Queen Isabel's confessor. Of single purpose, high ability, and fearless temper, he never failed in carrying his purpose, and was able to rule his own see admirably, while he rendered infinite service to the government. The Spaniards were at first reluctant to set aside Juana for her son's sake, and would have preferred the rule of her second son, Ferdinand, who had been born and educated in their own country; but Ximenes, by promptly proclaiming Carlos I. on the death of his grandfather, and showing a strong body of troops prepared to put down any rising, enforced acquiescence; and, on the other hand, he boldly refused to obey such commands from Flanders as were inconsistent with Spanish independence.

Ximenes had reached his eightieth year, and it was his great wish to live to see his young king; but Adrian of Utrecht, Charles's tutor, a good but narrow-minded man, was prejudiced against him, and wished to put off the meeting. Charles was slow in learning to think and act for himself, and let himself be detained in Ghent for three years. When he did come to Spain, in 1519, the Cardinal set out to meet him, but was delayed by illness. Charles wrote, saying that Heaven alone could reward his services, and promising a visit so soon as he should have paid his respects to his mother. Ximenes tried to write a reply, but was too weak, and he died shortly after, happy in a conscience that acquitted him of having ever intentionally committed an injustice.

The Archduke Ferdinand was sent to Flanders, that the Spaniards might no longer be tempted to make plots, in his name, against his less popular brother. Charles was tall and well made, fair complexioned and handsome, excepting for the length of his lip and chin. He could speak all modern languages, as well as Latin, but his native tongue was Flemish, and all his attachments were in that country. His manners were grave, dignified, and reserved; he was careful not to commit himself, and was taking much pains to overcome his natural timidity and nervousness, which were so great that he trembled at the sight of a spider; though he conquered the weakness so completely by his high spirit, that he showed great gallantry in all manly exercises, and was undaunted in the battle-field. He was a good scholar, and had excellent taste in painting, poetry, and music; but as yet he showed few signs of higher promise, and his early motto, "*Nondum*,"—Not yet, well suited his character.

His contemporary in Portugal was Don Manuel, who had come to the throne in 1497. He was an admirable prince, strictly pious and devout, often coming even to hear and assist in the catechising of the children in church. Every hundredth penny was by him set apart for religious uses, and he was a great founder of convents and churches. He appointed his clergy most conscientiously, and even among his courtiers, chose men for blameless life as much as for high birth, declaring that he honoured nobility of mind as much as nobility of blood. He wore mourning for such as died in his service, and kept his chamber for three days on the loss of his best pilot. He was of lively disposition, and would spend whole nights in music and dancing among his own family; but he never allowed pleasure to interfere

with his duty. "Now we are weary with play, let us refresh ourselves with business," he would say; and fond as he was of the chase, he would always turn aside from it to hear the complaint of the poor.

His fleet was in an excellent state, and greatly extended his possessions in Africa, as well as making further discoveries. In 1497, Vasco de Gama doubled the Cape of Good Hope, and found his way to Goa, in the East Indies, where his treaties with the inhabitants were the foundation of great power there on the part of the Portuguese. He first named the beautiful constellation called the Southern Cross, and his voyage has been rendered illustrious by the fine poem called the *Lusiad*, by Luis Camoens, the only notable epic in the Portuguese language.

Rome, founding on the prophecies of the spread of the Church a right to dispose of undiscovered lands, granted Portugal all she might find to the East, and Spain all to the West. However, a Portuguese mariner, meaning to sail for Goa, was driven westward across the Atlantic, and found himself close to land. He named it Santa Cruz, but it eventually was called Brazil, from a kind of wood there growing, and this country, being found in an Indian voyage, was claimed by the Portuguese, who founded a colony there; but as they had made America to the East, Spain amazed them by making India to the West. This was done by a Portuguese in the Spanish navy, Fernando Magelhaen, who in 1519 found his way to Cape Horn, through the Straits that bear his name, and crossed the Pacific to the Molucca Isles and Portuguese settlements. Though he did not live to bring home the tidings, his ship was the first to circumnavigate the globe.

Spain and Portugal alone as yet undertook maritime

discoveries. Other countries turned their attention to European affairs. François I. of France was nursing schemes of ambition, and glorying in displays of chivalry, while he lost the essence in his idle vicious life. His handsome person, lively winning manner, ready wit, and splendid court, made him popular, and he was a great patron of art, treating proficients with great distinction, especially Lionardo da Vinci, the great painter, and Benvenuto Cellini, the artificer in metal; but of the refinement of true purity and modesty, his court had little. This was chiefly owing to the coarse mind and bold manners of his mother, Louise of Savoy, whose baneful influence fatally injured him both in character and success; and even his sister Marguerite, who was married to Henri d'Albret, King of Navarre, did not escape the general coarseness of tone and language, although she was an excellent and highly educated woman, very religious, and a most devoted sister. The most pure and gentle lady in the family, the meek Queen Claude, was left to droop neglected, till she sank into a decline, and died in 1519, leaving a large family; but the daughters, all fragile and lovely as herself, soon died like her, and only two of the whole family lived beyond early youth.

England was the country then deemed most fortunate in her king, for Henry VIII. was then in his brilliant prime, happy with his good wife, Katherine of Aragon; learned, devout, and accomplished, so that the Venetian ambassador judged him far to surpass the two kings of France and Spain. How differently the sun set with each of those three monarchs!

Scotland was shattered by the dissensions that raged around the cradle of the infant, James V. recently left fatherless by the battle of Flodden Field.

Farther north, the three Scandinavian countries, which had been united under the yoke of Denmark by the union of Calmar, were suffering under the tyranny of Christiern III. On a dispute between the Archbishop of Stockholm and the Swedish nobility, he condemned ninety-four of the nobles and clergy to suffer death. This wholesale execution was called the Blood Bath of Stockholm, and it roused the Swedes to vengeance. Gustaf Eirikson Vasa, son of one of the slaughtered nobles, fled from the hands of the Danes, and hid himself among the peasantry of Sudermania. He was closely pursued by the Danish soldiers, but was faithfully sheltered by the friendly peasants. Once he lay hidden under a heap of litter, while his enemies searched the stable, and ran the weapons into the straw, so as to pierce his leg, when his host, seeing the blood, secretly wounded the nearest horse to account for it. Another time, as he sat by the fire in a cottage, and some soldiers came in, their suspicion was averted by the mistress of the house, who boxed his ears for a lazy boor, lounging there instead of working. He next took refuge in an old church tower, and afterwards worked as a labourer in the Dalecarlian mines. One Sunday, after the service, he made addresses to the miners, stimulating them to rise against the foreign yoke. They gladly took him as their leader, and the rest of the Swedes rallying round his standard almost as soon as it was raised, he speedily drove out the Danes, and was elected King, and crowned in 1522, thus beginning the dynasty of Vasa, a brave warlike race, of high talent, but with an unfortunate taint of insanity.

The Thing, or Council of State in Sweden, consisted of four orders, nobles, clergy, burghers, and peasantry, each noble family sending one representative, besides

the field officers and senior captain of each regiment; the clergy being represented by the bishops, and one priest from every ten parishes; the burghers, by their deputies; and the peasants, by one farmer from each district. There was, besides, a senate of forty, appointed by the crown, but subject to dismissal by the Thing, without whose consent no measure could be taken.

Denmark, on the contrary, was almost an absolute monarchy, and from the time of the loss of Sweden, declined in prosperity and influence on the affairs of Europe.

In Italy, no freedom nor independence remained, excepting in the republics of Venice and Genoa. Florence was ruled by the Medici, the nephews of the Pope; Ferrara, by the Marchese d'Este; Urbino, by the House of Rovere; Mantua, by the Gonzaga family. All these families had climbed up on the ruins of liberty, and tried to legitimize their usurpation by investiture from the emperor. They were mostly profligate and effeminate men, cultivated but not refined, only rendered the more voluptuous by their taste and literature; and art and poetry languished under their impure patronage, while their beautiful towns and territories decayed as under a blight.

As pretended heirs to the Visconti of Milan, the French ruled that fair dukedom; and on the other hand, the old illegitimate house of Aragon having been set aside from the throne of Naples and Sicily, the sword of the Great Captain had secured it to Fernando the Catholic, who left it, with that other ill-gotten kingdom of Navarre, to his grandson Charles. The elements of strife were many between Charles and François, and they were carefully cherished. The dispossessed King of Navarre, Henri d'Albret, was a

French noble, Count of Bearn and Foix; François gave him his sister Marguerite in marriage, brought up their daughter Jeanne with his own children, and remained ready to put his claims forward whenever he might need a pretext for war.

PART IV. THE SCLAVONIAN NATIONS.

AROUND the Teutonic centre of Europe, and catching civilization from them, was the Sclavonic race, the remains of those wild tribes who had once overrun the Continent under Attila and Zenghis Khan.

Westernmost were the Czechs of the little mountain-girded kingdom of Bohemia. Though an integral part of the German Empire, they were not fused into it; they still preserved their own language; they were fierce, hardy, and tenacious of their rights; and though their reformer, Huss, had died by fire, and they had suffered frightfully for their insurrection in behalf of his opinions, they still adhered to the privilege which had been so unwillingly granted them, the reception, namely, of both Holy Elements at the Eucharist, and were, in consequence, called Calixtines, from the Chalice, and Utraquists, from a word meaning both. In the beginning of the sixteenth century Bohemia was united with Hungary, which was becoming more and more nearly bound to the Empire, though the Magyar nobles were as fiercely bent on their own freedom as they were harsh to the unfortunate serfs under them. Their constitution bound them to force the king to respect their liberties if he should attempt to violate them; and the golden crown of St. Stephen, with the sword which was waved at the coronation to all quarters of the heavens, were the tokens of no easy dominion. All the lowlands near the Danube were continually subject to inroads of the Turks;

the hill fortresses were always being taken and garrisoned by the enemy; the turbulent nobility were never loyal, but when the foe were at their gates; and their dynasty—elective, but usually in the same family—could never have stood without the assistance of Germany. Louis Jagellon, the only son of Ladislas the Ox, at present wore the uneasy crowns of Bohemia and Hungary, and tried to strengthen himself by marrying Maria of Austria, grand-daughter of Maximilian, and giving his sister Anne to the Archduke Ferdinand.

The third Slavonic realm, Poland, in general was averse to hereditary succession. The nation, reaching from the Baltic to the Danube, consisted of a fierce warlike nobility and of the most abject serfs in existence. The peasants were absolute slaves, liable to be sold without respect to family ties, with no laws to protect their lives from their lord, and the only penalty on a noble for killing the slave of another was to give an equivalent to the master. There was no hope of release; nothing could raise a serf, and he could only toil on for life, in such abject want and filth, that disease unknown elsewhere prevailed in Poland. The soil of the western and southern part was rich, but badly cultivated; and the east was nothing but birch forest, an excellent hunting ground. There was no middle class; trade was entirely in the hands of Jews, for the nobles would rather starve than work, and the peasantry could do nothing beyond their fields.

Rank descended to a whole family, so that the nobility was excessively numerous and poor, though they would obey nothing, not even a military chief. No noble could be arrested for any crime until it had been proved, and even then he was seldom punished. On the death of the king, the whole nobility assembled on horseback

to choose a successor, either one of themselves or a foreigner, and fierce were the fightings and feuds which there took place, when everyone carried arms, and was at war with his neighbours. When the king was elected, he could do nothing without his Diet, which met every year, always breaking up after six weeks, whether it had concluded any business or not; and generally the results were nothing but so much riot, excess, and drunkenness, so many murders, brawls, and deadly feuds, that the ordinary state of the kingdom was anarchy.

Nevertheless, the family of Jagellon had contrived to make themselves acceptable to the Poles, and had been elected one after the other for nearly two centuries. Sigismund I. who began to reign in 1507, was considered as one of the ablest monarchs in Europe, and was in close union with his cousin, Louis of Hungary and Bohemia.

Wild as Poland was, it was the school of the yet wilder space beyond, Muscovy. The little grand-duchy that had begun at Kief, under the family of Rurik, had extended to the old town of Moscow. Thence Ivan Basilovitch proceeded to subdue the great merchant republic of Novgorod, which had been much weakened by a Tartar inroad. Learning the use of cannon from an Italian, Ivan contrived to force back the Tartars to the east, and extend his domains to the west, until he found himself able to take rank with European sovereigns, and assumed the title of Tzar, a word meaning Lord, in all Eastern languages. The Muscovites were far more Oriental than either of the other Christian Slavonic realms; their Church was derived from the Byzantine, and all their more civilized tastes had been formed by the Greek Empire, or by the trade carried on through the Tartars with China.

South of Muscovy, the steppes were filled with the wild, roving, pastoral Cossacks, genuine Scythians, such as had baffled Darius. They owned a doubtful allegiance either to Poland or to Turkey, according as the one or the other could best assert authority over them. Each tribe was under a chief of their own, called the Hetman, but beyond him they felt no master.

The general enemy, the Turks, were still progressing. The brother and murderer of the unfortunate Zizim, Bajazet II., was weak and indolent, but in 1512, he was dethroned and poisoned by his son, Selim II., called the Fierce, who explained the contrast between himself and his father in a message to some tributary Persians, who sent to ask whether they should continue their subsidy of carpets. "Tell them that the father of carpets is gone, and the father of clubs is come in his place."

Selim had an especial hatred to Persians, and was so ready to take offence, that when Shah Ismail sent him a lion as a present, he deemed it an insult, and returned two dogs. Thereon a war ensued; and the Ottoman Mullahs were so furious against the sect of Ali, that they declared the slaughter of one Persian as meritorious a deed as that of seventy Christians. The languishing dynasty in Egypt was destroyed, and the Mameluke Beys were thenceforth under the Sultan's dominion; Palestine and Syria, with them, fell into Selim's hands, and the Turkish rule extended throughout the Levant. The distant territories were portioned out into Pachaliks, governed by Pachas of one, two, or three tails, according to the number of horse tails carried before them, in remembrance of the ensign of the Kurdish chief, Othman, the founder of the race. The rule of the Pacha was absolute, subject only to the dread of his absolute master at Constantinople, who might send him the bow-

string or a cup of poison without the least form of trial. Under the Sultan, all alike were slaves; there was no distinction of birth, but the meanest might at any moment become Pacha or Grand Vizier, the highest power next to the Sultan's; and in the same way there was no redress for high or low against the will of an often cruel master. Temperate, truthful, and humane, nature had done much for the Turks; but their religion exaggerated their faults—indolence, apathy, and sensuality; and though the first impetus that bore them from their hills had not yet ceased, their power would have been unstable but for the Janissaries, troops, who, like the Mamelukes of Egypt, were supplied, not from the natives of their own enervating climate, but by robberies of promising children from the Caucasus, or the borders of Hungary, forced to deny their faith when too young to understand it, and bred up in the most stern and fanatic Mussulman enthusiasm. Forbidden to marry, and trained up in the most strict discipline, esprit de corps was everything with them; and they were the most formidable troops then existing, the scourge of Hungary and Dalmatia, and the terror of Venice and Austria, which were the bulwarks of Christian Europe, as the Knights of Rhodes were her outposts.

PART V. MEXICO AND PERU. 1510–1535.

THE beautiful isles discovered by Columbus had been colonized, especially Haiti and Cuba, where the Spanish settlers portioned out the Indian inhabitants amongst themselves, professing to intend their conversion and training in Christian habits, but, in general, making them suffer a hard and cruel bondage. When the poor creatures ran away they were tracked by blood-

hounds, animals of high sagacity, and sometimes less cruel than their masters. Leonillo, one of these hounds, could distinguish a domestic Indian from a runaway; and when by an inhuman trick he was set upon a poor old Indian woman, who had been deceived by being charged with a mock letter for the governor, he desisted from the attack on her crouching to him, showing the letter, and he could not be prevailed upon to hurt her.

These cruelties were protested against by the excellent Fra Antonio Montesinos and the Dominican Friars; but, strange to relate, the Franciscans took the part of the oppressors, and justified them, declaring that to forbid them to enslave the Indians would be the same as to deny them the use of their cattle. Of all the friends of this unhappy race, the most noted was Fra Bartolomé de Las Casas, the Apostle of the Indians, who spent his life in trying to alleviate their miseries, bring them to the Christian faith, and obtain for them the protection of the state. Unfortunately, in the hope of relieving the Indians, Las Casas was the first to devise the transplanting negroes to the West Indies, as being hardier and more fit to endure labour. He little thought that he was preparing the way for greater atrocities than those he sought to prevent.

The Spanish governors of these islands were usually violent and avaricious men. Indeed, the thirst for treasure was the chief motive for the western voyage, and a vision of an Eldorado, or golden city, drew on adventurer after adventurer. Honduras and Darien were settled; and a runaway spendthrift, named Vasco Nunez de Balboa, who had been smuggled on board ship in a cask, was the first to lead a little band through countless toils and dangers across the Northern Andes, and to behold the great Pacific Ocean. He rushed into

the waves with drawn sword, proclaiming that he took possession of it, and all that it contained, for his lord, the King of Castille. This was in 1511.

In 1519, Fernando Cortes, a Spanish hidalgo, in whom a high spirit of religious zeal, honour, and loyalty was alloyed by Spanish cruelty, left the Havanna in Cuba with a little fleet, and at the head of 600 men penetrated into the Aztec empire, held by a highly civilized, and by no means cowardly race. Mexico, the capital, placed high on the table-land, upon islands in the midst of a beautiful lake, was one of the loveliest cities in the world, full of fine buildings and beautiful gardens. The history of the Aztecs was represented in a gorgeous mosaic of feathers, to supply the want of letters, and their government was powerful and well regulated; but their religion was polluted by frightful human sacrifices, offered on the summit of terraced pyramids, which served as temples. Cortes and his companions were horror-struck, and deemed that they were doing a holy work in warring on the perpetrators of such abominations. Their deeds were most daring, and often their peril was extreme, but the use of fire-arms gave them an advantage which enabled them finally to prevail.

The unfortunate Emperor, Montezuma, placed himself in their hands, and was killed by an arrow shot by some of his own subjects, who continued their resistance. His relative and heir, Guatemozin, was made prisoner and tortured to death; and Mexico, or New Spain, was added to the dominions of Charles.

Much treasure, both in gold and silver, was gathered in Mexico, but it did not fulfil the expectations of the greedy Spaniards, and their eyes still turned to the South. Francisco Pizarro, a fierce and resolute soldier,

who had once been a swine-herd in Estramadura, got together a party of men such as himself, and sailing from Panama found his way to the valleys of the higher Andes, Peru namely, a place more nearly golden than any yet discovered.

Gold and silver were the only metals of the gentle race that dwelt there, and they were used for the common purposes of life, not as money, which was unknown among the people.

Their gods were the Sun and Moon. The temple of the first was completely lined and furnished with gold, and adorned with a resplendent orb of that metal, while the Moon's lesser temple was all of silver. The worship consisted of prayers, holidays, rejoicings, and offerings of flowers, with no such bloody rites as had disgraced Mexico. The royal race, the Incas, were believed to be Children of the Sun, and ruled over their subjects with an absolute but paternal sway. Everything was the property of the Incas; the people, the llamas, (their only quadrupeds,) and the fields, which were highly cultivated with maize. The crops were gathered in with great rejoicings, stored in the Inca's barns, whence grain was distributed to the householders, and so, again, was the wool of the llamas, and whatever besides was needed, while the royal officers directed the industry of this great family in tillage, in weaving, and in making wonderful causeways over the precipices and ravines of the Andes.

On this happy people burst the coarse and savage Spanish desperadoes, unchecked by remorse, and deeming outrages on the heathen a virtue. The Peruvians were no warriors, and their feeble resistance only sufficed to inflame the cruelty of their enemies. Atahualpa, the last of the Incas, was burnt alive, and the

beautiful city of Cuzco became the scene of horrible slaughter and rapacity. The recklessness of the conquerors may be understood from the fact, that one of the soldiers who had seized the great golden image of the sun, played it away in one night of gaming.

Pizarro was created a marquis, and became governor of the country he had made desolate. He was a hardy resolute man, of great ability, though of no education, never having even learnt to write; and there was nothing to soften the fierce nature that had been let loose on the unfortunate Peruvians. He founded the city of Lima, and ruled for some years, but gave great offence to his fellow-adventurers, and was murdered by some of them.

The country was found to abound in silver mines, with here and there veins of gold; and ships freighted with these treasures sailed every season for Spain, which was overloaded with plate and jewels, but soon became an example of the ruin brought by riches won by iniquity. The wealth of Peru never seemed to be of any use; the Spanish kings were always crippled by distress for money, and the only effect of the heaps of treasure was a slow but sure decay and corruption.

PART VI. MARTIN LUTHER. 1517-1521.

It was on All Saints Day of the year 1517 that the first blow was struck at the power and corruptions of Rome. It was aimed by Doctor Martin Luther, an Augustinian Friar, and Professor of Theology at the University of Wittemberg.

This remarkable man was born of peasant parents, at Eisleben, in Saxony, in the year 1483. His great talents encouraged his father to afford him a learned education, in the course of which he applied himself

diligently to the reading of the Holy Scriptures, which he found, for the first time, in their complete form in the library of the University of Erfurt. His disposition, though outwardly cheerful, social, and full of blunt, often coarse, humour, was deeply tinged with melancholy; and the austerities which he practised on himself did nothing to relieve his doubts and fears respecting his own salvation, till his theological studies led him to the only sure ground of hope, namely, the Merits and Mediation of our Blessed Lord; a doctrine which had been almost eclipsed by the errors that overlaid it.

To teach that Faith would save, and that it was vain to trust to penances and pilgrimages, was now Luther's great object; and in powerful though rude language, often poetical and grand, he preached at first in the chapel of his convent, afterwards from the University pulpit at Wittemberg, till many had been taught by his words to look on Justification by Faith as the only sound foundation.

In 1517 arrived Johann Tetzel, a disgraceful character, and one of the agents for the sale of Indulgences. His market was set up in the nave of the churches, where his followers sold these papers, at sums varying according to the means of the purchaser and the degree of crime they engaged to remit; while he himself, from the pulpit, announced their efficacy to absolve, even from future crimes; declared he had saved more souls by them than St. Peter himself by his teaching, and promised such as should buy them for deceased friends, that "as soon as the money tinkles in the chest, the soul flies up to heaven."

Luther's spirit was stirred within him by these horrible falsehoods. He preached against them, and wrote to various bishops to entreat that they would interfere

to prevent the Name of God from being thus dishonoured, and the people thus deluded; but they made answer that they could not oppose what the Pope sanctioned, and warned him that he would only bring himself into trouble by interfering. But valiant in the cause of truth, he listened to no cowardly counsels, and on All Saints Day, the people flocking to the church, found a paper affixed to the door, containing a challenge from the Reverend Father, Doctor Martinus Luther, to Johann Tetzel, to dispute the ninety-five theses, or propositions, set forth below, all manifesting the fallacy of the Indulgence system, and setting forth in its stead the Scriptural truth.

So ably drawn up were these theses, so effective their arguments, that in fifteen days they had spread throughout Germany; in four weeks, into all the neighbouring realms. The Emperor Maximilian sent word to the Elector of Saxony, "Take care of the monk Luther, the time may come when there will be need of him;" and Pope Leo X., looking on the protest merely as a clever production, said, "This Brother Martin is a man of fine genius; all that is said against him is but monkish jealousy."

Tetzel replied to Luther by contrary theses, in which he tried to make up for a weak cause, and want of learning, by the most violent abuse; and Luther, who had no refinement of nature, repaid him in the same kind. The commotion extended far and wide; Luther found himself at the head of a party, and becoming further convinced of corruptions in the teaching of his adversaries, denounced them with increasing boldness. His friend, Phillipp Schwarzerd, or, as he Græcised his name, Melancthon, likewise a professor at Wittemberg, embraced the same opinions, though setting more gently

to work than Luther, and looking with greater dread on the dangers of a schism.

The Elector of Saxony, Friedrich, called the Wise, was an admirable man, pious, upright, learned, and far sighted; a knightly hero too, who had in his youth been on pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and had been dubbed a Knight of the Holy Sepulchre with the sword of Godfrey de Bouillon. He held Luther in great respect, and many of the other German princes were of the like opinions; but as soon as it became evident that the Wittemberg doctor was attacking the chief sources of power and profit of the ecclesiastics, all the higher clergy turned furiously against him, especially the Pope, who insisted that the Emperor should take measures for silencing him. Maximilian was afraid to offend Leo, lest he should oppose the election of his grandson, the young King of Spain, as his own successor; he therefore convoked a Diet at Augsburg, at which Luther appeared. He had given needless offence by the coarse satire of his language; and the Papal legate, Cardinal Cajetano, used such violent threats on finding that he would not recant, that, remembering the fate of Huss, he secretly escaped and returned to Wittemberg.

This Diet was Maximilian's last public act. He caught a low fever at Innspruck, and embarking on the Inn for change of air, increased his disorder by over exercise and an imprudent meal on melons, and died at Wells, in his sixtieth year, in the January of 1519. He had begun his own tomb at Innspruck, one of the most exquisite pieces of workmanship in the world, surrounded by chivalrous heroes of every age, wrought in bronze, and adorned with twenty-four bas-reliefs in marble, representing his whole life, from his own marriage with Marie of Burgundy to that of their

children with the Infantes of Spain. With characteristic inconsistency he had left it unfinished, and desired to be buried at Neustadt, so near the altar that the priest might stand over his breast while consecrating the Host. In spite of his follies, "the last of the knights" was much beloved in his own dominions, and to this day Kaiser Max is a favourite hero in the ballads of those kindred spirits, the bold and loyal chamois hunters of the Tyrol.

As Duke of Austria, Maximilian was succeeded by his eldest grandson, Charles, King of Spain and Sovereign of the Low Countries; but such an accumulation of hereditary power in an Emperor seemed to the German princes to threaten their liberties, and the electors, with one voice, chose, as King of the Romans, the wise Friedrich of Saxony. But he would not accept the dignity: he told them that the advancing power of the Turks made Germany require a sovereign of greater might and resources than his little duchy possessed, and strongly advised them to adhere to the House of Austria. François I. vainly offered himself, and the election was finally in favour of Carlos I. of Spain, who became Karl V. of Germany, in his twenty-first year.

His Spanish subjects were much displeased at having their king invited to become the sovereign of so distant a nation, and still more by his appointment of Adrian of Utrecht as their regent. The barons of Aragon declared that they would never obey Adrian, and that so long as the king should be out of the country they would pay no taxes. Castille was less violent at first, but even there the Cortes, which he had convoked at Compostella, resisted long before they would grant the supplies he demanded; and no sooner had he sailed

from Corunna than an insurrection broke out in Castille, led by Don Juan de Padilla. This noble went to the unfortunate Queen Juana, and telling her of the unconstitutional measures of her son, begged her to assume her crown and protect her people. Juana had one flash of perception, and promised to look into the matter, but she instantly fell back into her melancholy apathy, and the insurgents could only use her name. They at first met with considerable success; but at Torrelobaton the Conde de Haro gave them a total rout, and took Padilla prisoner. He was put to death the next day, denying that he was a traitor for defending the rights of his country. His wife, Dona Maria, held out the town of Toledo for six months, and afterwards the castle for four, and finally escaped in disguise to her friends in Portugal. This was the ruin of the liberties of Castille; the Cortes never again attempted resistance to the sovereign; but Aragon, having been gratified by a native governor, was by him kept quiet, and thus preserved her rights a little longer.

On the election of the new Emperor, Luther printed a letter to him on the state of the Church, condemning the overweening authority of Rome, the receiving fees for spiritual offices, the indulgences, the forced celibacy of the clergy, the dissolute life of many ecclesiastics, the revelry on holidays, and the disuse of the Bible. His language was vehement, and unnecessarily offensive, but the truths were palpable and pungent.

The clergy complained loudly, and Leo X. published a bull, denouncing the new doctrine, excommunicating all who favoured it, and commanding that if Luther did not recant within sixty days, he should be sent to Rome, to be dealt with as a heretic. Luther burnt the bull in the market-place at Wittemburg, and appealed from the

Pope to a Council of the Universal Church, whenever one should be assembled. This was his first act of separation from Rome, though he still lived in his convent. His friends, likewise, disowned the bull, and refused to publish it in their states.

The Emperor convoked a Diet, to meet at Worms on the 6th of January, 1521, and sent a safe-conduct to Luther that he might appear there. His friends entreated him with tears not to put himself into the hands of his enemies; but he boldly answered, "I would go if there were as many devils there as tiles upon the roofs."

Multitudes thronged the streets of Worms to gaze on the bold monk, and the Diet contained larger numbers than had ever met before. All Luther's princely friends had come to watch over his safety, and a stout old soldier, Georg von Freundsberg, met him as he entered, and slapping him on the shoulder, said, "Little Friar, thou art on a march and charge such as we captains never saw in our bloodiest battle; but if thy cause be just, on in God's Name, He will not forsake thee." Several princes, whom he had never before seen, came to shake him by the hand and give him good speed.

Luther stood before the Imperial throne, and was asked whether he were the writer of the books laid before him, and whether he would retract the contents. He acknowledged the books, and made a powerful defence of the doctrine in Latin. At first, Charles was chiefly struck by his want of grace and polish, and remarked contemptuously, "That is not the man who will make me a heretic;" but he gradually became impressed with his fearless courage, above all, when the Chancellor of the Empire finally threatened him with all the terrors of the law, and called on him for the last time to recant. His answer was to look round on the assembly, who

held his life in their hands, and to say, "Here I am; I can no otherwise. God help me. Amen."

No persuasion would induce Charles to violate his safe-conduct by imprisoning Luther. He said if good faith were banished from the world, it should still take refuge in the breast of kings; and Luther departed in safety; but he was immediately laid under the ban of the empire, and his friends thought his condition so dangerous, that, fearing he might be arrested at Wittemburg, they caused him to be waylaid on his way home by armed men, who carried him to the Castle of Wartburg, in Thuringia, where he remained, under the feigned name of Junker Georg, engaged in translating the Holy Bible into his native tongue.

PART VII. IMPERIAL CONQUEST OF ITALY. 1520-1529.

PERPLEXITIES beset Charles V. from the very outset of his reign. The Pope, Leo X., in accordance with the Italian policy, which hoped to make the French and Spaniards destroy each other, encouraged François I. in his jealousy of his young rival, and persuaded him to declare war against him on four several quarrels; the duchy of Milan, the kingdom of Naples, the inheritance of Burgundy, claimed by France as a male fief, and the realm of Navarre, of which Fernando the Catholic had deprived the family of Albret.

"Heaven be praised," said Charles, "that I am not the beginner, and that the King of France means to make me greater than I am, for soon, either I shall be a very poor Emperor, or he a very poor King of France." England took no active part in the dispute; François met Henry VIII. at the Field of the Cloth of Gold, hoping to win his support; but Charles, by making a

visit to England, did away with all the effect produced by François. No sooner had the war begun than Leo deserted François, and allied himself with the Emperor, sending Prospero Colonna against the French at Milan. The money needed for the defence of the city was wasted by the king in his amusements, and the exactions by which the governor, the Comte de Lautrec, tried to supply the want, so much oppressed the Milanese, that they opened the gates to the Spaniards under the Marquis di Pescara, and drove out the French.

Leo X. was highly delighted, but in the midst of his joy was taken suddenly ill, and died on the 1st of December, 1522, not without suspicion of poison, but inquiry was hushed by his cousin, Cardinal de' Medici, lest some great prince should be implicated. The emperor's power seemed now likely to prevail in Italy, for the new Pope was his tutor, Adrian of Utrecht, who did not, as usual, part with his Christian name. He was an honest good man, strict in life, and so simple in habits, that he brought to the Vatican the same old housekeeper who had always served him. His learning was of the old Gothic school, instead of the modern classical one, and he was narrow-minded and prejudiced, so that the election was not happy. He and the Italians could not understand each other; he called their much-prized statues pagan idols, and they derided his old-fashioned notions, while they hated his austere virtue. "Let a man be ever so good, all depends on the time when he is born," he said helplessly. He was oppressed by the weight of his cares and the wickedness around him, and alarmed at the doctrines of Luther; but when he attempted to enforce penances instead of granting indulgences, the cardinals declared that Italy would not bear it. Harassed and perplexed, his health

gave way, and he died a year after his election ; when the Romans, basely rejoiced to be rid of him, wreathed his physician's door with flowers, and inscribed on it, "The Roman people to the deliverer of his country."

The next choice fell on a thorough Italian, Giulio de' Medici, an illegitimate son of the murdered Giuliano. He was a supple wary intriguer, without principle, but careful to avoid the scandal given by his cousin Leo, and chiefly bent on two objects, namely, to establish his own family at Florence, and to free Italy from the stranger, measures in which he hoped to succeed by double dealing. He took the name of Clement VII.

Meanwhile Prospero Colonna had won the battle of the Bicocco from the French, and soon after died, highly respected, while the husband of his beautiful and learned daughter Vittoria, the Marquis di Pescara, became the most noted Spanish General. The malice of Louise of Savoy, and the weakness of François I. soon gave Charles another able commander.

Charles, Constable de Bourbon, was the most mighty and most proud of the French nobles, trying on every occasion to show that he thought himself equal to the king, and could outshine him in splendour, and nursing a fiery captious spirit of punctilio, which deemed an un-avenged insult a dishonour. He was fond of repeating the saying of a Gascon, who, when asked by King Charles VII. whether anything could induce him to break his allegiance, replied, "Not a kingdom, but one insult from you!" The Constable was one of a younger branch of the noble line of Bourbon, the offspring of a son of St. Louis, and had married his cousin, Susanne, the heiress of the elder line. She died, as well as her infant, while he was still a young and handsome man, and Louise of Savoy actually offered her own hand to

him, but met with such an answer as she deserved, that "He would never marry a woman without modesty." Thereupon she vowed vengeance; and her love turning to hate, she laid claim to half Susanne's estates in right of her mother, who had been a Bourbon, and persuaded her son to declare that the rest had reverted to the crown; although the Constable was clearly heir, not merely by his wife's will, but by his own descent from the Ducs de Bourbon.

His false sense of honour took fire, and he made secret offers of service to Henry VIII. and Charles V.; was detected, and in a rage hurried across the frontier, vowing he would do François more harm than ever king had suffered from subject. Charles V. received him favourably, and raising a body of Lanzknechts at his own expense, he joined Pescara's army in Lombardy. The Admiral de Bonnivet was there, in command of the French, everywhere meeting with disaster.

At Ivrea, while covering the retreat of the army, the good Chevalier Bayard was struck in the spine by a bullet from an arquebuss. He felt instantly that it was his death-wound, and with a cry on the name of the Saviour, kissed the cross handle of his sword, then, while his friends supported him, gave his last order for another charge. He desired to be laid under a tree, so that his face might be to the foe; and there, after a soldier's confession to his squire, for want of a priest, a loyal message to the King, and a few words of comfort to his friends, he insisted on being left, for the enemy were close at hand. The French rode off, weeping and sobbing aloud; and the first Spaniard to come up was Pescara, who likewise shed tears as he beheld the condition of his noble foe; and as removal was impossible, sent for his own tent and bed for his comfort, and him-

self fetched a priest to administer the last rites of the Church. When these were over, all the chief Spaniards begged to be permitted one look at the "*Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche*," and among them came Bourbon. "Ah! Captain Bayard," said he, "how grieved I am to see you thus; you whom I have so loved and honoured. Pity upon you!" "Thanks, Monseigneur," said the dying knight; "but there is no need of pity on me, who am dying an honest man, in my king's service. The pity is for you, who are bearing arms against your king, your country, and your oath!" Bourbon would fain have argued his own cause, but Bayard only exhorted him to repent, and he quitted the tent ashamed. Then the good knight prayed aloud, and declaring his trust in the merits of his Redeemer, he yielded up his soul, not leaving his like behind him.

Bourbon had received one lesson in true honour. He had another when he returned to Spain, where a noble, who had been desired by the emperor to give him a night's lodging, replied that he would indeed obey his sovereign, but that the next morning he should burn down the dwelling that had harboured a traitor. However, unrepenting, the Constable persuaded the emperor to let him carry the war into France, in hopes of winning the old imperial fief of Provence, to be erected into a kingdom for himself, but he was repulsed by the gallantry and constancy of the inhabitants of Marseilles.

In 1525, François himself invaded Italy, but his self-indulgence had so much weakened his energy, that he left everything to the management of his favourite, the hot-headed heedless Bonnivet. He besieged Pavia; Pescara and Bourbon marched to its relief; and La Palisse and the other veterans advised that the siege should be raised, and the army should retreat. "A

King of France never retreats," said Bonnivet; and this arrogant speech determined the king on giving battle.

Pescara sent the Marquis del Guasto with a division to relieve the town. As these troops were crossing a narrow valley, exposed to a heavy fire from the French camp, Guasto ordered them to extend themselves. François, seeing this movement, fancied it was flight. "They run. We will charge!" he cried. "Charge! charge!" shouted Bonnivet; and the French horse rushed down the hill, but found the enemy in full order, and were overthrown with great slaughter. Pescara next attacked the right wing, consisting of Swiss, under Anne, Count de Montmorency, put them to the rout, and made their leader prisoner; while Georg of Friendsburg with his Lanzknechts drove the French left wing into the river. La Palisse was there slain; and Bonnivet, in despair, threw himself, with his visor up, into the midst of the foe, and so met his death. François fought bravely, till his horse falling into a ditch, the Lanzknechts began to beat and plunder him while he was entangled under it. He would not say a word which might betray his rank, and would have perished had he not been recognised by La Mothe, the champion of Barletta, who had deserted with Bourbon. Helping him up, La Mothe led him to Pescara, and he now first spoke, surrendered, and owned who he was. "Ah! Bayard!" he cried, "if I had you, I should not be here now!"

He wrote to his mother, "Madame, all is lost save honour;" and that which could not have been taken from him, he soon threw away. He had not so used his prosperity as to be able to bear adversity, and on being carried to Madrid, he pined and raged till he brought on an illness. His sister Marguerite came to see him,

and to arrange a treaty. Charles required ungenerously hard conditions, namely, that François should purchase his liberty by resigning all claim to Milan, Naples, and Burgundy, and ceasing to support Henri of Navarre, while his two eldest sons should be made hostages for the fulfilment of the conditions. François was in despair. He thought the terms so ruinous, that he felt he ought to resign his crown to the Dauphin, and remain a captive; and he even had a deed of abdication drawn up, but he could not bring himself to sign it; so he pacified his conscience by making a protest, when no Spaniard was present to hear it, that the conditions were exacted by force, and then signed the treaty of Madrid, which he never meant to keep. He was then released, after a captivity of a year; and half-way across the Bidassoa, the boundary stream, he met his two sons, who were put into the hands of the Spanish guard, and as he landed on the French side, he waved his sword, and cried, "I am yet a king."

Now that the French power had been broken in Italy, the Italians hoped their time for freedom was come, and Clement VII. proposed to the Marquis di Pescara to desert the emperor, assume the crown of Italy, and gather the inhabitants round his standard. But Pescara, though his lands and title were Neapolitan, was a loyal Spaniard at heart, and disclosed all to Charles, for which he was much reviled by the Italians. He died in November, 1526; and his death encouraged them to take more open measures. Clement VII. and the Venetians set up what they called the Holy League, raised Francesco Sforza to the Duchy of Milan, and as soon as François I. was free, invited him to join them, and thus to force Charles to liberate the two princes, without the performance of the terms of Madrid.

This league brought on the ruin of Italy. The imperial troops besieged Milan, took it, and sending Sforza to Lodi, lived at free quarters, misusing the wretched citizens. It was impossible to preserve discipline, for the soldiers had no pay. Charles V. was in great distress for money, and whenever fault was found with a soldier, his answer was, "Give me my pay." Plunder was the maintenance of these lawless men, a mixture of Spanish, Italians, Netherlanders, Swiss, and Germans, most of the latter being Lutherans, in whose eyes Rome had lost its sanctity. A design arose of marching on the city, and sacking it; and it is even said that the General, Georg von Friendsburg, vowed to hang the Pope, and carried with him a gold chain for the purpose, but this is not probable. He died suddenly, while haranguing the troops in hopes of restoring order; Guasto was ill, and the whole command devolved on the traitor Frenchman, Bourbon. His object was to perform some achievement that might wipe out the sense of disgrace; his soldiers were greedy of plunder, and thus, without orders from Spain, they marched upon Rome.

No help was at hand, but the citizens closed the gates, and strove to defend themselves. The army rushed to the assault; and while assisting to place a ladder against the wall, a shot struck Bourbon in the right side, and he fell. He desired a Gascon to throw a cloak over him, and soon expired, in the midst of as great an outrage against his religion, as he had already committed against his king. Revenge now inflamed the assailants. "Blood! Blood! Bourbon! Bourbon!" was the cry; they dashed up the ladders and over the walls, and dispersed through the streets, making a most dreadful slaughter. The Pope, seeing all was lost, fled

from the Vatican by a raised gallery along the tops of the houses, to the Castle of St. Angelo, the historian Paolo Giovio keeping close to him, holding up his robes that he might walk faster, and trying to shelter his white rochet from view, lest it should afford a mark for the soldiery beneath.

Most horrible was the sack that ensued. Never was licence more unrestrained, for though the soldiers elected Philibert de Chalons, Prince of Orange, as their leader, they paid no regard to his authority. Bishops and clergy were tortured to death to make them give up their treasure; men, women, and children, were massacred; the Lutherans especially delighted in profaning the churches, overthrowing the images of the saints, carousing in the aisles, dressing themselves in the sacerdotal robes, and putting on the tiara itself.

Clement was obliged to surrender, and was honourably guarded by the same officer who had had the keeping of the French King. As soon as Charles V. heard what had been done in his name, he showed himself greatly shocked, ordered masses and prayers for the deliverance of the Pope, and commanded that he should be released on the payment of a considerable ransom, and a promise to remain neutral. After five weeks of horrible excess Châlons drew off his army into the Neapolitan dominions, and left Rome to recover from her miseries; but a fresh disaster had befallen the Pope, for the Florentines had restored their ancient republic, and had driven out Ippolito and Alessandro, two dissipated youths, the only representatives of the name of Medici, excepting Clement himself and Caterina, the infant child of Lorenzo, son of Pietro.

François I. was meanwhile seeking to excuse his own non-performance of his oaths. He foolishly accused

Charles of having said that he had acted unlike a gentleman in leaving Spain, and on this score challenged him to fight a duel with him. Charles wrote to him a moderate reply. "I never said any such thing," were his words. "I never pretended that you had undertaken not to go, though you ought to have returned unless you would perform the treaty, and so you would not have failed your children nor your honour."

François would not allow the herald to read this letter aloud before his court, and though Charles had not refused the challenge, he pressed it no further, but sent Lautrec to invade the Neapolitan dominions with a land army, accompanied by a fleet belonging to Andrea Doria, a Genoese by birth, and a sort of condottiere by sea, but of the highest reputation. He had hitherto been much attached to the French, and had rendered them important services, but he now discovered that François had designs of seizing Genoa, the steady ally of France, and annexing it to the French crown. This decided him on going over to the Emperor, on condition that his native city should thenceforth be allowed to govern herself as an independent state. All that he asked having been guaranteed, he abandoned the French, and placed his fleet at the service of Charles.

Lautrec's army depended for supplies on Doria's fleet, and his desertion was their ruin. Starvation brought disease; Lautrec died; the numbers were thinned by skirmishes, and the miserable remains surrendered to the Imperialists.

François, after this loss, became more willing to sue for peace, and Charles saw so much danger to all Christendom from the advancing power of the Turks, that he was willing to abate somewhat of his claims, in order to be free to repel the common enemy.

His aunt, Marguerite of Austria, Governess of the Low Countries, therefore met Louise of Savoy, at Cambrai, where they concluded a treaty, by which Charles agreed to release the French princes, and to give up his claim to that portion of Burgundy which was French territory, while François resigned his pretensions to Milan and Naples; and to confirm their friendship, married, as his second wife, Leonor of Austria, the sister of the emperor. This, which was called the Ladies' Peace, was signed in the year 1529, and left the French nothing in Italy.

Genoa was restored to independence, according to the promise of Charles, and Andrea Doria received infinite honour for the patriotism which made him prefer to renew the ancient liberties of his country rather than erect it into a principality for himself.

In this interval of peace, Charles married Isabel of Portugal, the daughter of the good Don Manuel, an excellent and affectionate lady, with whom he lived in great happiness. Manuel had died in 1521, leaving a large family, and was succeeded by his son, Joao III., who was the last of the prosperous kings of Portugal.

PART VIII. THE CONFESSION OF AUGSBURG. 1521-1534.

AFTER signing the Ladies' Peace, Charles V. set out for Italy, to receive the Lombardic crowns. Clement VII. met him at Bologna, and performed the ceremony which made him emperor. A close alliance was drawn up between Charles and Clement, the one hoping to have the Church purified, the other to see his kindred reinstated at Florence. Charles sent the Prince of Orange to besiege the city; and after a long gallant defence, and patiently endured blockade, it was

betrayed by the condottiere, a base wretch, to whom the citizens had entrusted the command. Alessandro de' Medici was created, by Charles, Grand-duke of Tuscany, and on re-entering wreaked a savage vengeance on the patriots, extinguishing in their blood the last remnants of the great Florentine republic, which once had merited to be compared to Athens for learning, poetry, art, and everything save warlike fame. Philibert de Chalons was slain at this siege. Orange, which originally had been formed into a principality for the reward of a favourite troubadour by Frederick Barbarossa, when Provence was still a fief of the empire, passed from Chalons to his nephew, René, Count of Nassau, in Holland.

Charles, in return for the restoration of the Medici, urged the Pope to convoke an Œcumenical Council, to correct the scandals in the Church, and to examine the teaching of Luther, but he obtained nothing but evasive replies, since a Council was the object of Clement's greatest dread. Not only did he, in common with all the corrupt clergy, dread an inquiry into the truth, conscious that the Papal throne would hardly stand before such a test, and declaring he would rather lose the Northern nations than the whole Church, but individually, he knew his own election to that very throne to be invalid, because of his illegitimate birth, of which everyone was aware, although it had been slurred over by an oath that his parents had been married. Still he ventured on no absolute refusal, and Charles left him to take measures for summoning the clergy, and proceeded to hold a Diet on the subject at Augsburg.

The Lutheran doctrine had made great progress in the eleven years since the Diet of Worms, and had even gone beyond the views of the founder. While Luther

was secluded at Wartburg, his follower Carlstadt had begun to preach at Wittemberg, without either his master's learning or his attachment to ancient Catholic practices, set forth crude incorrect doctrines, and carried them out by violent and hasty measures. Luther highly approved when Carlstadt administered the Holy Communion in both kinds, and used the German tongue in the consecration, as well as dispensing with the private confession previously required of the Communicants; but he next heard that Carlstadt had been declaring that the sacred Elements conveyed no participation in the Body and Blood of Christ, and had called the Holy Eucharist a commemoration alone, not a sacrifice. The next step was to deny the Altar and the Priesthood. Carlstadt announced that the Reformation must be brought about by men's hands at once; he destroyed altars, broke crucifixes and images of Saints, and raised a commotion at Wittemberg which the gentle Melancthon was unable to quell, and which obliged Luther to hasten thither, in spite of the ban of the empire.

Luther held that so long as the weightier matter, faith in the Atonement, was sound, the rest was of slight importance, and that it was wiser to retain the honoured and beautiful customs of the Church than to ruin all for love of change. Boldly returning to his own cell in his convent, he published his translation of the Holy Scriptures, a most admirably executed work, which has become the standard German version; but there were tokens in the preface that separation from the Church was producing a bad effect on him, as he seemed to hold cheap such portions of Scripture as did not bend to his exclusive doctrine of Justification by Faith.

It was now that the great Dutch divine, Erasmus,

who had always refused to write against Luther, took up the controversy; and Henry VIII. published the book on the Seven Sacraments, which so strangely gained for our monarchs the title of Defenders of the Faith. The northern kings were more favourably disposed. Carlstadt went to Denmark, and though his violence soon caused his expulsion, King Frederick II. became a Lutheran, and by his despotic power made his bishops, clergy, and people, do the same. In Sweden, Gustaf Vasa and his Diet established the like doctrine, though not without strong resistance from the clergy. In each country, the liturgy was translated into the vulgar tongue, and the order of bishops was retained. The Swedish Reformed bishops claim to have carried on the succession from the Apostles, but it is doubtful whether it was the same with Denmark and Norway; and the point is not deemed essential by Lutherans, for Luther became increasingly indifferent to ancient authority, and finding not one German bishop of his party, deemed it expedient to attempt ordination by a synod of priests, who laid their hands on the head of each new pastor.

Positive persecution had begun under Adrian VI. In 1523 two young Augustinian friars were burnt by inquisitors at Brussels. "The Lord is gathering fruit from our vineyard," said Luther, when he heard of it; and executions did but so promote the Reformation, that Erasmus wrote, "Wherever the Legate heaps faggots, it is as if he sowed heretics."

Many monks deserted their convents, and the Teutonic knights, in a body, broke their vows and settled themselves as temporal nobles in the territory of Prussia, part of which the order had won from the heathen Lithuanians, while the rest was granted as a fief by

Sigismund, King of Poland, to the Grand Master, Markgraf Albrecht of Brandenburg-Culmbach, who married, and declared the principality hereditary in his branch of the family.

Luther had once been strongly averse to the breaking of existing vows, but he had changed his mind; he denounced the monastic vows as sinful and of no force, and broke through his own, by marrying a nun named Katharine of Bora.

The relaxation of authority caused terrible disturbances among the oppressed peasantry, who rose at once against their feudal and spiritual lords, and committed shocking excesses. There was a wild sect called Anabaptists, from their denial of the efficacy of infant baptism, and these, who were chiefly peasants and miners, formed into bands, who plundered the whole country until routed by Phillip, Landgraf of Hesse. A more horrible rising took place at Münster, where a fanatic Anabaptist excited the mob, committed atrocious cruelties, married seventeen women, and continued a course of mad wickedness, till the town was stormed and he was put to death.

The good Elector, Friedrich of Saxony, was deeply grieved at such effects of the Reformation which he had fostered, and at the widening schism. "If it were God's will," he said, "I would gladly die. I see no longer love, truth, nor faith, nor anything good, on earth." His health gave way; and after he had received the Holy Communion in both kinds, declared his faith, and asked pardon of all his servants, in case he should ever have grieved them, he calmly said, "I have no more strength," and expired, May 5th, 1523. His brother Johann, who succeeded him, was a warm friend to Luther.

Ferdinand, the brother of the emperor, held a Diet

at Spiers in his name in 1529, and obtained a decree that the edict of Worms should be enforced, and the Romish practices be solely followed, until a general Council could take place. Thereupon the Lutheran princes drew up a protest, and an appeal to a General Council. It was signed by Johann Elector of Saxony, Georg Markgraf of Brandenburg, Ernst Duke of Brunswick Luneburg, Phillipp Landgraf of Hesse, and Wolfgang Prince of Anhalt, and to these were added the names of fourteen Imperial cities. Those who thus protested were known by the title of Protestants, which has been applied to Reformers of every sect.

Melancthon drew up a full statement of the Lutheran doctrine, consisting of twenty-eight articles, twenty-one of which agreed with those of the whole Catholic Church, and seven differed from the tenets held by Rome. This was in preparation for the Diet, which, as has been already said, had been convoked by Charles V. at Augsburg, for June 18th, 1530.

The Protestant princes insisted that this document, their Confession, should be read in public, and in German; but their opponents prevailed that this should take place in a little chapel which only held 120 persons. However, the warm weather caused the windows to be left open, and the voice of the reader was distinctly heard by the concourse without, many of whom were astonished by the truths thus set forth. The emperor desired to have a copy of the Confession of Augsburg, and promising to deal impartially till the Council should be held, he broke up the assembly. The Protestants put no faith in his promise; and, in truth, he could hardly be impartial, brought up as he was, to place implicit faith in his own clergy, and to regard a doubt as a sin. His only aim was to cause his Church to

examine into the matter, and then he would act upon her bidding; meanwhile, he wished to keep his subjects quiet.

The Protestants entered into a league for mutual protection, which was signed at Schmalkalde by the five original princes, to whom others were added. Out of hatred to the emperor, François I. offered to join this union; but Luther's honest German spirit revolted at an alliance with his Kaiser's foe. "The empire would be distracted," he said, "and it and the Gospel go to wreck together. We have a goodly work in hand, but God alone must and will uphold it."

It was a wise and excellent measure to reject the French, and it preserved the peace of Germany as long as Luther lived. In 1532 was signed a treaty at Nuremberg, called the Religious Peace, by which the emperor guaranteed toleration to the Lutherans on condition of their assisting him in a war with the Turks, and giving their votes to his brother, whom he proposed to make King of the Romans, to the exclusion of his own only son, since Germany and Spain were too distant, and too unlike to continue united. Ferdinand, who was a gracious and amiable man, of popular manners, was readily accepted, and was considered as heir to the Austrian Duchy and German Empire. The next year died the Elector Johann of Saxony, who was succeeded by his son, Johann Friedrich, another firm Lutheran.

England had, in the meantime, broken loose from Rome, but without changing her doctrine. Henry VIII. was in faith a thorough Roman Catholic, and only declared himself head of the Church because Clement VII. was in too much dread of the Emperor to pronounce the marriage with Charles's aunt invalid. In

revenge, Henry dissolved the monasteries, and seized their revenues, while he persecuted those of his subjects on the one hand who denied his own royal supremacy, and on the other, such as had embraced the teaching prevalent on the Continent.

An independent Reformation had gone on in Switzerland. Ulrich Zwingli had, like Luther, been driven to protest against indulgences by their shameless sale at Zurich, and had gone on to denounce other doctrines. He obtained the support of the Swiss authorities in several of the cantons, and abolished, with their consent, the rites and ceremonies of the Church. He was a far more violent reformer than Luther, who would fain have changed nothing good and ancient; and, like Carlstadt, he denied the Real Presence in the Holy Eucharist. He likewise gave to the temporal power an undue authority over religious matters, and fell into other errors. The Roman Catholic cantons took up arms against his supporters, and he was killed in battle in the year 1531.

It was the fashion at the French court to ridicule the Pope, and Marguerite, Queen of Navarre, held opinions suspected by the thorough Romanists. She wrote a book of devotions, where no mention was made of the Intercession of Saints; and several prayers, usually addressed to the Blessed Virgin, were directed to the Saviour Himself. The clergy were so much displeased, that she was forced to appeal to her brother for protection; but she fostered reformation to her utmost power, and brought up her only child, Jeanne d'Albret, to look to the Scriptures as the rule of faith.

Jean Chauvin, or, as his name was Latinized, Calvinus, was the great French Reformer. He was born in 1509, at Noyon, in Picardy, and, according to

the evil habits of the time, was presented to several benefices when a mere boy, too young for ordination. Ere he had reached the fit age, scruples had been excited by his course of study, which made him decide on foregoing Roman Catholic orders. He formed a friendship with Olivetan, who translated the Bible into French, and his influence decided him on becoming a preacher and writer on behalf of Church reform. His denunciations led to attacks from the clergy and temporal power, and he took refuge at the court of Marguerite of Navarre, and afterwards at Ferrara, where the Duchess Renée, daughter of Louis XII., was a protector of all reformers. After spending some years there, he became pastor of Geneva; the Zwinglian disciples were melted into his own, and held the same doctrines. They bound themselves together by an oath, calling themselves *Eidgenossen*, or oath-comrades, which became in French, Huguenots, and was the usual name for the French Calvinists. They were also called the Reformed, as a distinction from the Lutheran Protestants, who held to the Confession of Augsburg.

The Calvinists did, in fact, carry reform much farther than the Lutherans. They thought to make worship spiritual by rendering it bare of all appeal to the senses, and almost all token of reverence. All ornaments in churches were denounced; all periodical fasts and feasts swept away except Sunday; no ceremonies nor forms retained, and though Calvin had intended to draw up a Liturgy, he ended by leaving Divine service to consist merely of extemporary prayers, preaching, and singing of psalms or hymns, and taught his followers to receive the Holy Communion seated, instead of kneeling. This was to avoid the appearance of adoration, for Calvin's chief difference from Luther was on this head. Calvin

held that the Blessed Eucharist was only a commemoration, and that the reception of the Holy Body and Blood was merely in the soul of the faithful, not that they were present. Luther believed them really and spiritually present, and thus his doctrine, which his enemies the Calvinists called Consubstantiation, differed from Transubstantiation, or the doctrine of the Roman Church, which teaches that they are actually changed into the form of Bread and Wine. Luther's belief was sound, but he shrank from the deductions from it, the sacrifice constantly renewed by the priesthood, and his followers afterwards held lower views than he had taught.

Like him, Calvin made a presbytery ordain and rule his clergy, although episcopacy would have been preferred as a matter of government, though not for the sake of Apostolical succession. Calvin also wrote strongly on the subject of Predestination; teaching that those who are to be saved are elected without free will of their own.

Calvin thought he held the Creeds in their fullness, and gave his vote for the death of Servetus, a fugitive Spanish heretic, who had spoken blasphemously of the doctrine of the Holy Trinity. Calvin would fain have had him executed by a merciful death, but the Genevan council decided for fire, and he was burnt by their decree in 1553. Calvin died in 1564, after having seen his sect penetrate into France, Germany, the Netherlands, and Scotland, where it was vehemently maintained by John Knox, and gained a strong hold on the stern, thoughtful, grave-tempered nation.

In 1533, the worst foe of the Huguenots entered France, as a young graceful girl. Caterina, the only legitimate child in the Medici family, was offered by

Clement VII. as a wife for Henri, the second son of François I., and her large dowry caused her to be accepted, in spite of the mean origin of the Medici, who had been physicians a few generations back.

A year later, and the ill-omened connection would have been prevented. Clement VII. died in 1534, and the Medici fell into insignificance.

The new Pope, Alessandro Farnese, took the name of Paul III. His previous life had been dissolute, and he had an illegitimate son, Pier Luigi Farnese, but he was a man of ability, and began his Pontificate by making good appointments. He created Reginald Pole a Cardinal, as well as Gaspar Contarini, a Venetian priest so excellent that his fellow-citizens declared that in him they lost their best townsman. To Contarini, Pole, and others of the same stamp, Paul committed the office of drawing up a scheme of Church reform in readiness for the General Council.

PART IX. WARS WITH THE TURKS. 1521-1535.

THERE were perils to Christian Europe which forbade the assembly of a General Council until the progress of Mahometan arms should have been checked.

Selim I., Sultan of Constantinople, had died in 1520, and his son, Solyman the Magnificent, was one of the most formidable enemies of Christendom. In the first year of his reign, he broke into Hungary, in the midst of the marriage festivities on the union of the young King Louis III. with Maria, sister to Charles V., and took the important city of Belgrade; after which he turned his attention to the Mediterranean, and resolved on the conquest of the island of Rhodes, the stronghold of the Knights Hospitaliers.

In the summer of 1522, with an immense fleet and army, he appeared before the island, giving the direction of the siege to his Vizier, Mustafa Pacha. The Grand Master, Philippe Villiers de L'Isle Adam, had only 600 knights, with 5,000 men of inferior rank, but they were resolved to hold out to the last extremity, and noble was their patience. Assault after assault was repelled: one French knight, from the top of a tower, shot 500 Turks with his own arquebuss; and the cannon, under an English knight, did great execution. No less than thirty-two Turkish mines were destroyed by an Italian engineer, but at length one succeeded, and twelve yards of wall were overthrown, while the explosion shook the city like an earthquake. The Grand Master was praying in church; he rushed out at the head of his knights, and found the Turks pouring into the breach, and the crescent flag already planted. He dashed through the hail of shot, uprooted the flag, hurled it down, and the enemy were driven back. Four times did they renew their desperate attempt, and each time were repulsed, till Solyman was so incensed, that he sentenced Mustafa to die, and though he spared his life on the intercession of the other generals, he deprived him of his command.

Solyman had vowed to win Rhodes, even at the sacrifice of half his army. L'Isle Adam was resolved to hold it out, should every man perish within the walls. For thirty-four nights he slept on a pallet within the breach, and earnestly was succour from Europe expected; but, alas! the Emperor's means were devoured by the Italian wars, and the Pope, then Adrian VI., was too helpless and perplexed to afford any aid. The Turks gained, inch by inch, a footing within the outer defences; hundreds of Christians had fallen, and the

Hospitaliers held a council, in which they determined, much against the Grand Master's wishes, to accept the terms offered to them, namely, that the survivors should depart in honour in their own vessels, and that the Christian worship of the inhabitants of the island should not be interrupted. Thus, after a six months' siege, on the Christmas Day of 1522, the cross yielded to the crescent on the well-defended towers of Rhodes.

The Sultan desired to see the Grand Master, and was so much struck by his noble presence, that he called him Father, and declared that he was grieved to have driven him from his home. With the few remaining knights L'Isle Adam sailed from his fertile and beautiful island, enriched by the Order with numberless fortresses and palaces, and went to seek a new shelter, whence the knights might still protect the sailors of the Mediterranean. For this purpose he fixed on the little rocky islet of Malta, belonging to the kingdom of Sicily, and for seven years he sued for it to the emperor. At length Charles granted his request, and the knights hastened there to establish their fortress, convent, and hospital, for the benefit of distressed travellers of every nation. The voyages on the Mediterranean, and indeed, the whole coasts, were then extremely dangerous from the piracies of the African Moors. Algiers was a nest of corsairs of every nation, under the command of two Mitylenian brothers, Horuc and Cheir-Eddyn. They had driven out the native prince, and had offered to hold the place under Solyman, who gladly accepted their services, and gave the command of the whole Turkish fleet to Cheir-Eddyn, also called Barbarossa, or Red Beard, the only Admiral capable of contending with the great Génoese, Andrea Doria.

In 1526, Solyman again invaded Hungary, where in the battle of Mohatz King Louis was defeated, and while flying from the field, was drowned in the Danube. Buda was burnt, and the country devastated, while two hundred thousand inhabitants perished, or were led into slavery; a blow which Hungary has never recovered. Louis died childless, and his two kingdoms of Hungary and Bohemia were bestowed by election on the Archduke Ferdinand, who had married his sister, Anne Jagellon. They thus became united with Austria, though very different in laws, language, and customs. A party of Hungarians, in Transylvania, elected John Zapoyla, who brought in the Turks as his allies, thus enabling Solyman to seize the whole of Hungary, and even advance to Vienna; soon retreating, indeed, from Austria, but retaining by far the greater part of Ferdinand's new kingdom in his hands. The loss of the battle of Mohatz broke the heart of old King Sigismund of Poland, who died soon after; and his son, Sigismund Augustus, was the last of the Jagellons.

Charles V. at length came forward, and for the first time placed himself at the head of his armies. When, in 1534, the Turks again poured into Hungary, he met them, watched them, and opposed every movement so skilfully, that he forced them to retreat without a battle.

The Moorish Prince of Tunis, Muley Hassan, who had been expelled by Cheir-Eddyn, came to entreat aid from the Christians, and Charles took this opportunity of attacking the pirates of the Mediterranean. He collected his forces at Cagliari, in Sardinia, and thither came his soldiers, both Spanish and German, his gallant Aragonese navy, the Knights of St. John with all their fleet, the Genoese ships under Andrea Doria, and ten vessels equipped by the Pope, who

blessed the whole expedition, sending to Doria a consecrated sword, which was delivered to him on board his own ship by the emperor in person.

The armament sailed for Goletta, a fortress on the coast considered almost impregnable, and strongly garrisoned. After seven hundred Christians had fallen in the sallies of the besieged, a breach was effected, and Charles, pointing to it, told Muley Hassan it was the ladder to his throne. A general assault was ordered both on the land and sea side, while the emperor promised a gold chain worth five hundred ducats to the man who should first plant a banner on the walls. The Maltese knights and the Genoese sailors were conveyed to the foot of the rampart, but the boats not being able to approach near enough, the Chevalier Copier leapt into the water, and with the banner of his order in his hand, bounded upwards, followed by his brethren, through a shower of balls, and planted it on the battlements. At the same instant a Sicilian soldier on the land-side set up the standard of the emperor, after a desperate struggle, and in another hour the city was won. The emperor redeemed his promise by presenting a chain of equal value to each of these foremost warriors.

Cheir-Eddyn drew out his forces to fight a battle in defence of Tunis. Ten thousand Christian prisoners were left in a castle, above a vault filled with gunpowder, which he ordered to be fired, if the day should go against him. Among these captives was Paolo Simeoni, a Knight of St. John, so much dreaded by the Moors, that Cheir-Eddyn had repeatedly refused to let him be ransomed. He watched from the castle walls the battle between Moors and Christians, and beheld the former giving way; he saw the fit moment, pre-

vailed on a jailer to release his hands from their chain, and when once so far free, he broke the fetters of his fellow-prisoners; then, before the savage command of Cheir-Eddyn could be fulfilled, the armoury was stormed, the Turks expelled from the castle, its guns were turned on Cheir-Eddyn's force, and the crescent torn down, while a signal flag was hung up to announce the change.

Cheir-Eddyn beheld it, and exclaimed, "All is lost; the dogs have got my castle and treasures!" Cut off from Tunis, he retreated to Bona, while the Imperial force entered the town and pillaged it. Simeoni came to meet the emperor, from whom he received public thanks for his gallant conduct. Muley Hassan was restored to his throne, as a tributary, and with a Spanish garrison at Goletta.

Charles had already exchanged his motto of "Not yet," for the equally significant one of "*Plus ultra*," more beyond, on two scrolls embracing the pillars of Hercules, once the bounds of the known world, whilst now his domains extended round the globe, so that one of his courtiers said of him, that the sun was his crown, since it never went down upon his realms. The same proud motto was continued by the Spanish House of Austria, and marked their coins even when the boast had become a mere mockery of their degradation. The hard governors, and rapacious pirates, who sought the West Indies, were likely to bring no blessing either to the country which sent them forth, or to that which received them; and the only seed of good was in the zealous missionary priests, who ventured their lives for the conversion of the poor Indians, and were often sacrificed when the savage cruelties of the slave-hunting sailors had roused a hatred of the name of Christian.

As the Indians of the more early colonies perished under toil and cruelty, they were recruited by descents upon other regions, by men-stealers, who did not shrink from deluding their victims with promises of carrying them to the blessed realms where they would meet their lost friends, and then took them to slavery, to blows, and to mines. It seemed like over-true irony when an ignorant Cacique of the island of Haiti assured his followers that the god of the strangers was gold.

PART X. TREATIES WITH FRANCE. 1535-1547.

THE Mahometan aggression having been checked, Charles V. repaired to Italy to arrange for the Council with Paul III.; but François I., caring not for the Church, but only for his personal ambition, again hindered the peace needful for such an assembly.

The death of Francesco Sforza was his pretext. Although that prince bequeathed Milan by will to the emperor, François seized the opportunity of reviving the old claim derived through the Duchess Valentine of Orleans, and again took up arms, allying himself with every foe of Charles whom he could find, namely, the Turks, the Swiss Calvinists, and if Luther had not prevented it he would also have leagued with the Protestants of Germany. Moreover, as his uncle, the Duke of Savoy, was an ally of Charles, he pretended that his mother, Louisa, had not received her full dowry, and on this excuse sent his forces to invade Piédmont.

Out of patience, Charles met the French ambassadors at Rome, and stated his case before a large assembly of Italians. He said he had come thither with two objects, the Council and the establishment of peace; and going through the whole history of the dispute, he declared

his resolution to put an end to a rivalry that disturbed all Europe, and laid before François three alternatives, between which to choose. The first was, Milan should be given to the second of the French princes, on condition that Savoy should not be molested; the second offer was to spare bloodshed by a hand-to-hand duel between Charles and François, as the king had once previously proposed; the third could only be war; and, said Charles, should that be the king's choice, the loser would surely be the poorest gentleman in Europe.

In pursuance of this declaration, as soon as he found that François was bent on war, Charles, in person, made a sudden attack upon Provence, which had once been a fief of the Empire, at the head of an immense force. The kingdom was in confusion, the troops chiefly disbanded, the revenues wasted; and Montmorency pronounced that the only means of defence were to devastate the country, and so starve out the enemy. Provence was therefore ravaged, and the miserable people suffered as much as they could have had to endure from the invaders; but the plan succeeded, for famine proved the most dangerous foe to the Imperial troops, and finding them thinned by hunger and disease, as much as if they had lost a battle, Charles was forced to retreat; and Montmorency, as a reward for his services, was made Constable of France.

The Pope offered to come to Nice, the only town remaining to the Duke of Savoy, and there meet the king and emperor, in hopes of effecting a general peace.

All parties came to the neighbourhood of Nice, and visits passed between Charles's wife, Isabel of Portugal, and his sister the Queen of France; but, though both the emperor and king had separate interviews with the Pope, they never met, and no more than

a truce for ten years was effected. Probably there were more witnesses than they desired, for François sent a private invitation to the emperor, and after the meeting had broken up, Charles, as if driven by stress of weather, put in at Aigues Mortes, where François came to meet him on board his ship. As Charles held out his hand to help him on deck, he smiled, and said, "My brother, I am again your prisoner;" and the next day, when the emperor landed, most amicable entertainments took place, but all without result, as regarded the conclusion of a permanent peace.

However, as the truce still existed, the Council was fixed for May, 1537, to take place at Mantua, and Luther declared himself resolved to attend it even if he were certain of being burnt; but the princes of the league of Schmalkalde considered that the Council would not be free in Italy, and declared that they would pay no attention to its decisions, unless it should take place on their own side of the Alps.

This again caused another delay, and Charles made a fresh effort to obtain a settled peace by means of his personal influence. The city of Ghent had been for three years in a state of revolt, and Charles gave this as a reason for asking to travel thither from Spain through France. His counsellors were much averse to the plan, telling him that it would be great folly in François to allow him to pass freely; but the emperor trusted to the personal sense of honour which could not but withhold a monarch, who imagined himself chivalrous, from seizing a guest in time of truce.

François did not betray the confidence reposed in him. He sent his two sons and the Constable de Montmorency to meet the Emperor at Bayonne, and to offer to go to Spain as hostages for his safety. Charles,

however, showed entire trust, and kept them with him, treating them so familiarly, that once, in sport, Prince Charles, a wild lively boy, leapt up behind him on his horse, and throwing his arms round his waist, called out, "Your Majesty is my prisoner." The king, whose health had been ruined by his excesses, was too ill to come further than Chatelherault, where the meeting took place in such splendour, that the cost amounted to two millions of francs. They then proceeded to Paris, where, in the midst of the feasts and rejoicings, François had the insolence to point out to Charles the Duchesse d'Etampes, the woman for whom he neglected his wife, Charles's own sister. "Do you see that fair lady?" he said; "she would have me keep you here until you revoke the treaty of Madrid." "If the advice be good, follow it," replied Charles, with dignified contempt; but finding what influence François avowed, he bound the lady to his service, by dropping a costly diamond ring into the water with which she presented him to wash his hands.

He strove to terminate the four disputes by considerable sacrifices. To close the war in Navarre, he proposed to give his son, Philip, in marriage to Jeanne d'Albret, the heiress of the little kingdom; while the other questions should be concluded by a marriage between his daughter Maria and François' son Charles, to whom he would give either Milan or the Low Countries, on condition that the king should restore Savoy to its lawful owner, and assist him against the Turks. But even such offers would not content François; he would not give up his robberies in Savoy, nor furnish troops against the Turks; and as to Milan, he would not be satisfied that it should be given to his youngest son, rather than to himself or the dauphin.

Charles could only say that the King asked much and promised little, and left France after three months of fruitless negotiation.

When Ghent had been severely chastised, Charles again mustered his forces against the corsairs at Algiers, hoping to root them out, and deliver the Mediterranean from their ravages. Majorca was the appointed place of meeting for his fleets, in the October of 1541—a season which Andrea Doria thought so unfavourable that he remonstrated, declaring it would be the destruction of them all; to which Charles replied, that even if it were so, they should have personally no reason to complain, since Doria had lived seventy-two years, and he himself had reigned for twenty-two.

The voyage justified the old admiral's advice; it was very tempestuous, but the troops were safely landed, and though suffering much from the wetness of their camp, made a gallant assault on Algiers, and a Knight of St. John left his dagger stuck in the gate by way of defiance. Unhappily, night brought with it a storm so awful, that old Doria declared he had never beheld the like in the fifty-eight years he had been at sea. A hundred vessels were lost, and the water was covered with corpses, the whole of the stores perished, and thus occasioned a terrible famine in the camp, where the Emperor abstained from food for a whole day, that he too might share the sufferings of his troops. He was to retrieve affairs by a renewed assault, but finding his force too much weakened, he was forced to re-embark. Another storm ensued, and a ship foundered with 700 of his best troops.

François at once tried to profit by this disaster, and sent his son Henri to invade Navarre, where he was, however, at once repulsed. Next, François actually

invited Cheir-Eddyn and his pirates to assist in taking his own uncle's last remaining town of Nice! and the Corsair fleet was not only received at Marseilles, but Christian slaves taken on the coasts of Italy were there offered for sale. In conjunction with Cheir-Eddyn, the Duc d'Enghien besieged Nice, which was plundered and burnt, the French taking their full share, though they tried to cast all the blame on their allies. The citadel could not be taken, and while the Turks returned with their booty, the Duc d'Enghien gained a victory over the Imperialists at Cerisola, in Piedmont.

Charles now obtained the alliance of Henry VIII., and entered France from Lorraine, while the English took Boulogne. The pressing danger caused François at length to sue for peace; and at Crespy, a treaty was signed on the 18th of September, 1544, between the Emperor and King, by which the French claim on Milan was abandoned, in return for Charles's promise of bestowing his daughter, with the Low Countries for her portion, on the young Prince Charles of France.

The marriage never took place; young Charles went with his brother Henri into a cottage at Abbeville, and on being warned that there might be infection of the plague, laughed, and in jest pierced the bed with his sword, and scattered the feathers over his brother. It was a fatal recklessness, the disorder attacked the rash youth, and speedily closed his life. He was amiable, high-spirited, and engaging, the favourite child of the king, who never recovered this loss. He had lost all his numerous children in childhood or early youth, excepting his second son Henri, and his daughter Marguerite; his health was destroyed by his vices, his mind soured by the sense of dishonour and by disappointment, and he became morose and

suspicious. He quarrelled with his early friend, Montmorency, and was jealous of the attachment between him and the Dauphin Henri, and thus his latter years were spent in distrust and repining, while he tried to prove himself a good Catholic by horrible persecutions of the Huguenots. They were brought to Paris on hurdles, and burnt, bound in iron chains, which sometimes suspended them a little above the flames, dipping them in from time to time, so as to prolong the torture. "Blessed be the Name of the Lord!" was still their cry, while the populace tried to stifle it in shouts of "Hail, Queen of Heaven!" a grievous profanation of the name that all generations shall call blessed.

Who, that had seen the gallant young François seek knighthood from the sword of Bayard, could have foretold the disgrace of his after life, with its broken oaths, and ruined honour? Chivalry without religion had been proved in his case no chivalry at all, but a mere hollow display. He died in his 53rd year, on the 30th of March, 1547, a fortnight after Henry VIII., a king who, like him, had by self-indulgence betrayed the fair hopes of his early days, and left a hateful name behind him.

PART XI. THE JESUITS. 1540.

IN order to accomplish the assembly of the Council, Charles V. had not merely to pacify Europe, but to overcome the repugnance of the Papal Court, a far more difficult matter, since Paul III. had fallen away from his good beginning, dreaded any inquiry into abuses, and would concede nothing to the Emperor that was not purchased by favours to his family.

The Italians insisted on the Council, if it were to take place, being in Italy; the Protestants refused to

attend it there; and Charles, to please both, proposed Trent in the Tyrol as the place of meeting, and to this he succeeded in buying the Pope's consent by giving Margaret, an illegitimate daughter of his own, in marriage to Ottavio Farnese, Paul's grandson.

The Council was convoked for All Saints' Day, 1542; and three Cardinals, three Italian Bishops, and three Imperial Ambassadors met, and waited for seven months for others to join them. The French were kept away by the war, and the Pope was trying to gain further bribes from Charles, from whom he demanded the dukedom of Milan for Ottavio Farnese, and when this was refused, he adjourned the Council until more quiet times. These delays placed Charles in great difficulties, for the Protestants accused him of deluding them with false promises of a Council; and when at the Diet of Ratisbon he proposed that the points of dispute should be settled by divines of each party at a national synod, there was an outcry of the Romanists that he was taking too much upon him, and would be another Henry VIII. These were indeed times of cruel perplexity, when it seemed impossible to have truth without schism, or unity without falsehood.

At this time came forward some undoubted champions of the Church, as they knew her at Rome.

In the year 1521, the French in invading Navarre, on behalf of Henri D'Albret, had besieged Pampeluna, which was bravely held out against them by a brave young hidalgo, named Don Inigo Loyola, who was so entirely the soul of the defence, that when he fell, with both legs shattered by a cannon-ball, the garrison were so much discouraged as to surrender, while his valour had so impressed the French, that they sent him, unransomed, in a litter to his elder brother's castle of

Loyola. One broken limb had been so ill set, that the surgeons broke it a second time to renew the operation, and afterwards, finding it likely to retain a deformity which would mar his very handsome figure, they put him to redoubled tortures, all which he endured without a token of pain, except the convulsive clenching of his hand. To while away his tedious confinement, he asked for his favourite reading, the Romances of Spanish Chivalry, but none being at hand, the Legends of the Saints were offered to him in their stead. The ardent temper that had hitherto fed on tales of knightly daring, now became excited by the holy lives and deaths of which he read, his romance became devotion, and he longed to serve the Church as erst he had served the Emperor, while the Blessed Virgin should be the sole lady of his adoration. The resolve was taken with all the vehemence of his character. No sooner had he recovered, than he held the vigil of his new knighthood, not as of old over his shield and lance, but over staff, wallet, and amice, laid beneath the picture of St. Mary; and he then proceeded to a hospital for pilgrims, where he practised the utmost austerities while revolving his designs. In pursuance of these, he saw that learning was required, and though in his thirty-third year, he set himself to study Latin at several Spanish universities, and afterwards went to that of Paris, then a great school of theology. He there formed a friendship with two other students, another Navarrese, named Francisco Xavier, and Pierre le Fèvre, a Savoyard; they entered into all his views, and with four others joined in his vows to undertake a new and especial service to the Church.

After a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, the seven presented themselves to the Pope, and explained their projects. Whereas, they said, the Dominican and Franciscan

Orders had arisen to supply the needs of the Church in preaching, so now a new brotherhood was wanted to bring forward the intellectual powers, and form them to her service. Secular learning had outrun the teaching of the Church, and turned against her; Loyola and his company undertook to master it, and render it one of her weapons.

Paul III. exclaimed that the hand of God was in their design, and though objections were at first made on the ground that there were already too many religious orders, the benefits were evident, and on the 27th of September, 1540, the bull was granted instituting the new monastic order.

Inigo objected to giving it his own name, and desired that it should be called the "Company of Jesus," even as a company of soldiers bears the name of its captain. He drew up his rules like a thorough soldier. Obedience was the great characteristic. The Pope commanded the General of the Jesuits, each Jesuit implicitly obeyed his General, and went wherever he was sent, to do his utmost, without discussion, condition, or reward. This absolute obedience, more than fastings or austerities, distinguished them; they were called to *work* for the Church, not merely to pray for her, like the Benedictine Orders, and their work was on the minds of men. They chiefly directed themselves to education, to confession, and to conversion, and thus gained immense influence, especially as they never admitted into their Order persons of inferior abilities, and they knew how to employ each man's talent in the most effective manner.

Of the devotion and holiness of the founders of the Jesuits, there can be no doubt; and the meditations left by Loyola, prove him to have been most deeply imbued

with the love of God ; but there was an inherent fault in his institution. It was a noble undertaking to make secular knowledge and intellectual power serve the Church, but the Jesuits likewise adopted as instruments worldly art and intrigue. It was a maxim with them that the end justifies the means, and thus the good they have done is counterbalanced by a frightful amount of evil. Since they first engaged in the cause of Rome, deceit and fraud have been her almost avowed weapons.

Their great honour had been their great missionary labours. Joao III. of Portugal begged for their aid in the conversion of the natives of the newly-discovered lands in the East and West ; and Francisco Xavier, going to India, by his gentle Apostolic preaching gained a great number of converts before he died at Malacca, of a fever caught in consequence of his labours. In Malacca, China, Cochin China, and Japan, his brethren toiled with noble self-devotion, and brought multitudes to Holy Baptism. In South America, they surrounded themselves with settlements of reclaimed Indians, whom they brought to lead a civilized and Christian life, and by whom they were extremely beloved ; but it is sad to relate that the effects of their labours have nowhere been permanent. Whether it was that the corrupt doctrine which they mingled with the true faith diminished its living force, or whether it was owing to their having kept their converts dependent on themselves instead of founding a national Church, it is certain that they could not maintain what they established, and that the traces of their preaching have been almost entirely swept away.

One more of the earliest Jesuits deserves particular mention. Don Francisco Borja, Duke de Gandia,

was one of the highest Spanish grandees, and though nearly related to the wicked Pope, Alexander VI., was a man of the utmost piety, from his youth up, severely denying himself amid all the splendours of the court, and reading holy lessons even in his sports. He was an accomplished warrior, and his beautiful wife was the prize of his success in a tournament, while his skill in the chase, and his power over his dogs and hawks, were the general admiration; but even here, when he thought he needed discipline, he would resolutely avert his eyes at the moment his falcon was swooping on the heron, and he called the loving fidelity of his hounds a rebuke to himself for being less devoted to a Heavenly Master. In 1536 died the Empress Isabel, daughter of King Manoel of Portugal; and while the Emperor, in deep grief, retired into a convent, Borja, his chief friend, had the charge of the government, as well as of the funeral, which took place at the Alhambra. It was required that before the burial the coffin should be opened, and the corpse identified by one who had well known the Empress in her lifetime. The duty fell to Borja; but such a change had taken place, that he could only certify that, as he had never intermitted his watch, her remains could not have been removed. Such was the effect of the awful sight, that he was bent on entirely leaving all secular employment, and giving himself up completely to religion. On begging the Emperor's permission to retire at once into a convent, he found that the same design possessed Charles's mind; but the unsettled state of affairs was a hindrance, and the Emperor persuaded his friend to remain to assist him, until their children should be grown up, and peace restored to the Church.

Till 1549, therefore, Borja continued to exercise his

functions as Viceroy of Catalonia, but his wife dying, another link to the world was broken, and he at length obtained the Emperor's consent to his resignation of his estates into the hands of his son. He left his castle, saying "My soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowler," and hastened to join the new brotherhood, of which he became a most devout and effective member, and was the third general of the company after Inigo Loyola, and Pierre le Fèvre.

PART XII. THE LEAGUE OF SCHMALKALDE. 1545-1549.

AT Trent, in December, 1545, thirty-seven bishops came together, almost all Italian, with a few Spanish; and it was so absurd to call such an assembly an Œcumenical Council, that the Protestants refused to avow its authority, or to send their divines thither.

Moreover, their leader was dying. It was Luther's earnest prayer that he might never live to see war kindled in his father-land by his teaching, and he was spared the spectacle. In declining health, he went to his native place, Eisleben, for change of air, and there died in his sixty-third year, on the 18th of February, 1546; he was buried at Wittemberg, where his preaching had first begun. Martin Luther was a man of much piety, and mighty powers. Forced into a protest by the corruptions he beheld, he was afterwards driven into schism by the rancour of his enemies, and thus became the founder of a sect. He had little submission, or patience, and the coarseness and violence of his invectives widened the breach, and served to render the schism hopeless. Leaning more and more on his own understanding, and going further from the Church teaching, he carried his own doctrines too far, and set

at naught what disagreed with them, till he had left among his followers no deference for any authority, save for their own interpretation of the Holy Bible. His distinguished doctrine is justification by faith alone, and in religious ceremonies he preferred the beautiful ancient customs, when not idolatrous, though leaving great latitude to his followers; and while allowing presbyters to ordain, he would gladly have retained Episcopal government. Thus the habits of the Lutherans greatly vary, and their doctrine has become in many cases very unsettled. In his own time, the danger of dwelling too little on positive commands, was shown by the grievous error into which he and Melancthon were led, namely, of sanctioning the Landgraf Phillipp of Hesse in taking a second wife while the first was yet alive.

Luther's loyalty had kept the Protestants from open impatience, and respect for him preserved their union; but after his death all went ill—Albert of Brandenburg, formerly the Teutonic Grand Master, caring only for war and plunder, deserted the Schmalkaldic League; Moritz of Saxony, cousin to the Elector and son-in-law to the Landgraf of Hesse, also held aloof from the league, declaring it on the verge of rebellion; and several other Protestant princes stood neuter.

Finding that the Lutherans would not come to the Council, the Emperor summoned them to meet him at Ratisbon; but while he was detained by the gout, the thirty-seven at Trent were making such decrees as rendered it impossible that the Protestants should accept their authority. The chief was, that no translation of the Scriptures should be read, or considered correct, except the Vulgate, and that all others should be condemned, although there were several important

passages where this, the Latin version, did not agree with authentic Hebrew and Greek manuscripts of more ancient date.

Finding no fairness could be expected from these Italian priests, the Lutherans refused even to let Melancthon go to explain their doctrine; and the Emperor, on the other hand, looking on this as perverseness, and displeas'd at their having allied themselves with Denmark, began to prepare for war, encouraged by promises from the Pope, who vowed to sell his crown rather than not assist him, and actually sent him troops and money, in the hope of thus gaining his consent to making Pier Luigi Farnese Duke of Parma and Placentia, at the expense of the Holy See.

But whereas Paul knew that the Emperor wished to have it understood that the war was not with Lutherans, but with men who allied themselves with foreigners, and refused to appear at the Council, he thwarted this by publishing a bull for a jubilee, and inviting the faithful to pray for the extirpation of heresy.

Thereupon the Elector Johann Friedrich of Saxony, and the Landgraf Phillipp of Hesse, assembled their forces at Memmingen, and published a defiance of the Emperor by the name of Charles of Ghent. They were laid under the ban of the empire, and the electorate was promised to Moritz of Saxony; but Charles was so careful not to let it appear to be a religious war, that he permitted the Lutheran worship in his camp, and prevented Cardinal Farnese from publishing indulgences to those who fought in his service.

This gave Paul an excuse for deserting him; and hearing, moreover, that the Spanish prelates at the Council were questioning some points respecting the

papal prerogative, especially the right to bestow away Parma, he took advantage of a report of the plague at Trent, to order the Council to be adjourned to Bologna. In vain did Charles complain; the Pope only rejoiced at his difficulties, and wished to send the French to assist the German rebels, who were encamped at Muhlberg, on the Elbe.

Here information was brought to the Elector Johann Friedrich, that the Imperial troops were on the other side of the river; but he fancied there were no more than belonged to his cousin Moritz, whom he despised, and believing the river impassable, he would not disturb the rest of Sunday by any movement, and when Moritz sent advice to him to sue for peace, he returned for answer that he was not come to that, and went to church, leaving a guard to watch the river. A miller, whose horses had been seized by his army, offered to show the enemy the way across a ford, and led the Emperor's horse, as he crossed, with a large portion of the army, while the Spanish guard went through with their swords between their teeth.

"I came, I saw, and God conquered," wrote Charles V. after the battle.

The rebels were completely routed; and Johann Friedrich being a large and heavy man, his horse could not bear him from the field, and he was forced to surrender. The Duke of Alva led him to the Emperor, to whom he presented his hand, saying, "Mighty and gracious Lord, I surrender to your Imperial Majesty. All I ask is a prison suitable to my rank."

"So you can own Charles of Ghent as Kaisar now," said the Emperor, refusing his hand. "I will treat you as you deserve."

The captive Elector was led to the siege of his own

city of Wittemberg, which was bravely defended by his wife, Sybilla of Cleves. A hasty trial then took place, and he was sentenced to die, with the intimation that he might save his life by commanding the surrender of the place. Quietly refusing, he continued the game of chess which he was playing; but presently, perceiving the hopelessness of the cause, and melted by the entreaties of his wife, he consented to sanction the surrender, and to resign the electorate. His sentence was then commuted to perpetual imprisonment; and from the window of his prison he beheld the investment of Moritz with the electoral dignity. Charles entered Wittemberg, and stood beside the grave of Luther, which the Duke of Alva would fain have rifled, that the bones might be burnt as those of an heresiarch. "No," said Charles, "I war not with the dead, but with the living. Let him rest in peace. He is before his Judge."

Moritz offered his mediation to his father-in-law, the Landgraf of Hesse, assuring him, on the word of the emperor's ministers, Granvelle, and of the Duke of Alva, that on condition of demolishing his fortresses, and yielding his person, he should be released *ohne einiges gefangniss*, imprisonment. The Landgraf accordingly came to Halle, where he knelt while his confession was read by the chancellor, and he then came forward to kiss the hand of the emperor, but while so doing a laugh escaped him, and much offended Charles, who turned away, saying, in his imperfect German, "Well, wait, I will teach you to laugh."

The Landgraf found himself still a prisoner, and when Moritz remonstrated, he found that the bond that he had signed, without reading it, bore merely the words, "*ohne ewiges gefangniss*," without perpetual imprisonment. Whether Charles were a party to the

deception or not, he ungenerously took advantage of it, and thus alienated Moritz, who was much hurt and displeased, but concealed his resentment under the appearance of love of amusement.

Having put down all resistance, Charles, at a Diet held at Augsburg, obtained a promise from the Lutherans that they would acknowledge the Council, and send representatives thither. But meantime, the Council had vanished! The Imperial prelates were at Trent, protesting against the removal, the Italians had gone to Bologna, and broken up. His honest efforts for the cleansing and unity of the Church had been utterly frustrated by the selfish intrigues of him who called himself its head.

Paul III. was triumphing in the ingenuity which had baffled the emperor, and eluded the danger of a Council; but his joy was cut short by the death of his son, Pier Luigi, who was murdered by some of the people of his usurped duchy of Piacenza; and the Emperor ordered his troops to occupy that city. When the Pope begged the Emperor's daughter Margaret, wife to his grandson, to intercede, she answered that she would rather cut off her child's head than make one displeasing request of her father.

Finding it vain to bring about the re-assembly of the Council at Trent, the Emperor, to preserve peace, employed one Lutheran and two Catholic divines to draw up a book of articles to be observed in the Interim of the Council. The Communion in both kinds was granted to the laity, and the marriage of the clergy was permitted; but Church observances were to continue as previously; and thus the *Interim*, as these articles were called, pleased no one. The Protestants deemed it an under-hand attack; the Romanists called Charles a

Korah, an Uzziah, a Henry VIII., for meddling in such matters, and only the cunning old Pope gave his approval, because he hoped it would ruin the Emperor. Jòhann Friedrich would not purchase his liberty by its proclamation in Saxony, and the Landgraf met with nothing but contempt for offering to accept it in Hesse; it was forced with great difficulty on the Imperial free cities, and the punishment inflicted on account of it rendered the Protestants greater enemies to the Emperor.

Charles strove in vain to bring the Council together again: even when he declared that he should come to Rome and hold a Council there himself. Paul still persisted in refusing; but the old Pope's intrigues were nearly at an end.

He had stripped the Holy See of both Parma and Piacenza for an appanage for his son; but after Piacenza had been seized by the Imperial force, he dreaded lest Parma should follow it, and therefore resumed it as part of the Papal dominions, promising to provide otherwise for his grandson. Ottavio, much enraged, declared that unless it was restored to him, he should seek the support of the Emperor, and obtain it by force, thus distressing the Pope to such a degree, that he declared that his son's death had grieved him less; and when he found that his other grandson, Cardinal Farnese, took Ottavio's part, his agitation passed all bounds. He snatched the cap out of the Cardinal's hand, and threw it at him; and when left alone, his passionate sobs resounded through the palace. His strength gave way, and in twenty days after he died of the illness caused by the ingratitude of the descendants for whom he had betrayed the Church. He was in his 83rd year when he expired, November 10th, 1549.

PART XIII. ABDICATION OF CHARLES V. 1550-1558.

THE new Pope was Cardinal della Monte, who called himself Julius III., a luxurious man, but not of scandalous life, and not averse to the Council, which had begun to re-assemble when prevented by fresh disturbances.

As a reward for the vote of Cardinal Farnese, he had given Parma to Ottavio; but perceiving the insecurity of his possession, Julius accepted a proposal from Charles to buy of him both that town and Piacenza, and offered Ottavio the duchy of Camerino as compensation.

Nothing but Parma would content Farnese, who allied himself with Henri II. of France, and thus lighted up the war on every side. Henri had hitherto been contented with feasts and tournaments at Paris, varied by horrible persecutions of his Huguenot subjects, who were tortured and burnt as a spectacle for the king, queen, and court. One of these victims was a poor artizan, employed about the furniture of the palace, where Diane de Poitiers, a shameless lady, high in Henri's favour, entered into controversy with him, and received a sharp rebuke for her sinful life. In revenge, she caused him to be burnt as a heretic before the whole court. In the midst of his agonies the sufferer fastened his eyes on the king, and never turned them away. The death-fastened stare, it is said, haunted Henri to his dying day.

Henri was not naturally an unfeeling man, but he persecuted to justify himself as a good Catholic; while he kept his clergy from Trent, threatened the Pope with another sack of Rome, sent the Turks to attack Malta, and allied himself with the German Protestants.

The German empire had been alarmed by a rash and unfair attempt on the part of Charles V. to take the succession from his brother Ferdinand, who was mild, popular, and beloved, and give it to his stern gloomy son Philip, and there was a general disposition to rebel. Moritz of Saxony had been sent to enforce the observance of the interim upon Magdeburg; and after taking the city, instead of disbanding his troops, he united the garrison with them, and allied himself with Albrecht of Brandenburg-Culmbach, publishing a manifesto declaring that he fought for the Lutheran faith, for the freedom of the Landgraf, and for the rights of the German princes. He met with numerous partizans, advanced rapidly, and seized the city of Augsburg, while Henri II. burst into Germany and took Metz. It was a most perilous moment for Charles; his troops were in Italy, the Turks were overrunning Hungary, and he himself was at Innspruck, very ill with gout, which was fast breaking down his constitution. He hastily sent to recall his forces, concluding a truce with Farnese, and his brother Ferdinand went to meet Moritz at Lintz, to arrange for a general pacification. Moritz promised to come to a conference at Passau, but this was only to blind the Imperialists. As soon as he had parted with Ferdinand, he turned on the troops returning from Italy, routed them, seized Ehrenburg, and advanced directly upon Innspruck.

The Emperor had no means of defence, and was obliged to fly before the rebels. Late on a stormy night, in torrents of rain, he was carried in a litter through the mountain-paths to Villach, in Carinthia, his attendants following on such horses as could be procured in haste. He liberated Johann Friedrich of Saxony in this moment of distress; but the Elector was one of the

fugitives, unwilling to fall into the hands of the double traitor, his kinsman.

Entering Innspruck, Moritz plundered the Emperor's baggage, while he spared that of the King of the Romans. However, the dread that his cousin, the Elector, would be reinstated, so acted on him, that he accepted the negociation, and the promised meeting took place. By the treaty called the Pacification of Passau, the Landgraf recovered his liberty, and a Diet was to be held at Augsburg to consider of the religious questions.

The Diet was postponed by the war with France. The Emperor, on his recovery, re-took Metz, which was defended by François de Lorraine, Duc de Guise, with gallantry, such as, though unsuccessful, gained him high esteem. For good services done in this campaign, Albrecht of Brandenburg was pardoned, a useless boon to this mere freebooter, who instead of laying down his arms, made such depredations on the country, that the princes united against him, under the command of Moritz of Saxony. In July, 1553, a battle was fought at Sievenhausen, where Albrecht was defeated and forced to fly to France, and Moritz received a mortal wound. He was only in his thirty-second year, and had wasted brilliant abilities in treason and civil war. The Emperor, who loved him better than any other German, mourned over him in the words of David, "O Absalom, my son, my son!"

Next, Henri II. invaded the Low Countries; and Charles came to their defence, although so crippled with gout that he could use no exertion, and gave the command of his army to Emmanuel Philibert, the landless heir of that Duke of Savoy whom François I. had

dispossessed. At the town of Renty, a battle took place, where, though both sides claimed the victory, the French were obliged to retreat.

Through the reign of Edward VI., England had been on the Protestant side, and at enmity to the Emperor; but on the accession of his sister Mary, she only sought to be united with her Spanish cousins, the champions of her Church, and wrote to offer her hand to the Emperor, to whom she had been once nearly betrothed. His reply was, that he himself was worn out in health and spirits, weary of the world, and ready to leave it, but that he begged to offer her a more suitable bridegroom, namely, his son Philip, Prince of the Asturias, who had, at eighteen, lost his first wife, Dona Maria of Portugal, and was now two or three and twenty. In spite of the aversion of her subjects, Mary accepted her cousin; and Charles bestowing on his son the kingdom of the Two Sicilies, that he might meet his queenly bride on equal terms, they were married in 1554.

In February, 1555, the promised Diet was held at Augsburg, and presided over by Ferdinand. It was here decided that each prince of the empire might establish whatever form of religion he chose, in his own dominions, and make all his subjects conform to it; and this was the close of the religious war, the northern states being for the most part Lutheran, the southern holding to the Roman Catholic faith.

In the same spring died Juana Queen of Spain, after a piteous insanity of half a century. Her death smoothed the way for her son's design of laying aside the toils of royalty and retiring from the world. Charles had, indeed, spent a life of care. Of the forty years of his reign, scarcely one had been peaceful. With the great

idea before him of a Christian Emperor upholding the Church, and guarding Christendom from the Moslem, he had been for ever baffled; his greatest sacrifices had been used against him, every design had been crippled by want of means, false friends had deserted him, selfish foes had broken promises with him, and the Church of Rome, for whose cause he strove, had betrayed him and left him to answer for her bad faith. Health and spirits had given way under care, disappointment, and the wear of the constant self-command which kept his nervous constitution in check; and from being a gallant horseman, skilled in all knightly exercises,⁶ he had become a helpless invalid, hardly able to write his own signature, and worn out in mind and body.

He therefore resolved to retire from the throne, and spend his remaining years in peace, and in religious exercises. Sending for his son from England, he convened the States of the Netherlands at Brussels, October 25th, 1555. He rose to address them, leaning on the shoulder of a young man whose abilities he highly valued, William of Nassau, Prince of Orange; and in a beautiful and affecting speech, he addressed the Flemings and Hollanders, those whom he always regarded as his countrymen, speaking of his labours and infirmities, and telling them that, instead of a decrepit old man, he gave them a young, vigilant, and enterprising sovereign. He asked their pardon for any errors that he might have committed in his administration, and declared that he should always be grateful for their affection. Many tears were shed, the best tokens of their attachment, as they beheld their great and princely sovereign embrace his son, deliver over to him the ensigns of his principality, and take leave of his loving subjects; while at the same time their good regent, his sister Maria, the

widowed Queen of Hungary, resigned her government in order to accompany him to his retreat.

After having concluded a truce with France, Charles abdicated his Spanish crown, saying to his son, "I leave you a heavy burthen. Since I wore it, I have never spent a day without uneasiness." To his brother Ferdinand he gave the Dukedom of Austria, and shortly after the Imperial Crown; and thus laying aside the cares of state, he sought his chosen retreat.

The place he had fixed on was the Convent of Yuste, beautifully situated in the province of Estremadura, where a suite of apartments had been fitted up for his use, and he took up his abode with his favourite attendants, nobles, men of letters, chaplains, physicians, artists, and mechanics. He was much consulted by his son on state affairs, and took a keen interest in all that passed, spending his time in attendance at the chapel, where he carefully regulated the music, in listening to reading from the works of the Fathers, in indulging his taste for art, mechanics, and for flowers. As his health improved, he was able to enjoy walking, shooting, and attending to his garden, with visits from his sisters, Leonor and Maria, and from his old friend, the good Jesuit, Francisco Borja.

Unfortunately, his discipline did not include temperance in eating; he had been addicted to over-indulgence in this respect all his life, and it probably had much to do with the early derangement of his health. Nothing would now induce him to become abstemious, and his maladies increased upon him. He was much shaken in 1557, by grief for the loss of his sister Leonor, after which his health fast declined, and he became more devoted to religious exercises.

One of these was, that he desired to take part in the

service for the repose of his soul, which would ordinarily have been performed after death. He was present in the chapel while the requiem was chanted, and the mass offered, and listened with great devotion. It was nearly his last visit to the chapel. Shortly after, as he sat gazing at the portrait of his beloved wife, the Empress Isabel, he complained of illness, the attack rapidly increased, and he expired on the St. Matthew's Day of 1558.

Although far from faultless, sometimes ungenerous, and more than once turned aside by personal ambition, or the specious prudence of deceit, and always too much addicted to the pleasures of appetite, Charles V. stands high as, in general, the honest champion of the Church, fighting for grand principles of right, and making them his aim. He was great in the wisdom of his counsels, the promptness of his decisions, the generalship of his armies; and though success did not always attend his enterprises, though his best purposes were often crossed and defeated, and his own infirmities led him astray, he is conspicuous as the ablest sovereign of his time, and especially as the one prince who at least understood the true principles of policy and the right office of an emperor, and who strove, with singleness of aim, to give his best efforts to the cause of religion.

CHAPTER II.

PERIOD OF WARS OF RELIGION. 1550-1600.

PART I. THE PEACE OF CATEAU CAMBRESIS.

1555-1559.

THE latter half of the sixteenth century was the epoch of fierce combats between the Roman Catholic Church and those who had separated from her. Questioning and examination were at an end, a stern cruel temper had come over the men of the time, and in blood and fire the battle was fought out.

At the head of the uncompromising persecutors was the Pope, Paul IV., who had been elected on the 23rd of May, 1555, in his seventy-ninth year. He was of the noble Neapolitan House of Caraffa, a strong active man, tall, spare, and upright, with eyes that glowed like fire. Devout, earnest, and self-denying, he had however a passionate temper, and was virulent in his dislikes; narrow-minded, and unable to see two sides of a question. He had previously revived the Inquisition in Italy, and Charles V. had thought his zeal so indiscreet, that he had refused to make him Archbishop of Naples, thus inspiring him with such hatred to the whole House of Austria, that he repelled the advances of Queen Mary Tudor, when she sought to re-unite England to the communion of Rome. Yet in Philip II. he would have found a kindred temper. Like his father, Philip desired to be the champion of the Church; but whereas Charles had striven to bring her trumpet to give a certain sound, had done his best to act fairly, and hung back from persecution till he should know whether it were deserved; Philip rushed blindly into cruelty

and violence, believing that the extirpation of heresy was the most binding duty on the Catholic king, and personally destitute of all tenderness of heart, that might have inspired compassion. He had been brought up in Spain, and carried the national gravity to absolute gloom and melancholy, never unbending, and winning no affection; a contrast indeed to the frank dignity of manner that had won respect and love for the great Charles. His best servants met with distrust, suspicion, and ingratitude, and few names have been more hated.

Under his influence, his wife, Queen Mary Tudor, commenced persecution in England, where the three hundred deaths of her reign have made a deeper impression on the minds of our humane nation than have been left by the hosts who suffered in the neighbouring realms. The four English bishops were the only prelates who actually suffered death for their departure from the errors of Rome.

Spain was under the regency of Juana, Philip's sister. She had been married to the eldest son of Joao II. of Portugal, and had been left a widow a few days before the birth of her son, Sebastiao. The old king, broken-hearted by repeated losses in his family, expired two years after, in 1557, and her babe became king; but such was the Portuguese jealousy of Spanish influence, that Juana was allowed no share in the regency, nor even in his education, and was obliged to return to Spain, where her brother appointed her regent. By his desire the Inquisition turned from the pursuit of Moriscos and Jews to the destruction of heresy. The mere possession of a translation of the Holy Scriptures, or of papers on controversial subjects, often led to imprisonment, torture, and death; and there were instances of Spanish clergy who had been present at the fires in

Smithfield, coming home imbued with opinions that occasioned them to be brought to the like martyrdom. One named Carranza, the author of a book approved at Trent, and who had been pelted in England as a black persecutor, was, on his being chosen to the See of Toledo, attacked by the Inquisition on account of this very work, and of some sentences on the forgiveness of sins, spoken to Charles V. on his death-bed. His rank and his appeal to Rome saved his life; but the suite went on for years, and he died in captivity. It was said that a man, to be a Christian, could hardly die in his bed; and in fact, it was the habit of the Inquisitors to object to the very foundation of the true faith when it was put forward to the exclusion of error. Many of the noblest and best of the Spaniards were dragged from their homes, on the slightest suspicion, or most vague accusation; were examined in secret, put to the torture, and if found guilty, were led forth, on a Church holiday, in the dismal San Benito robe, and burnt in the fires in the public places, while king and people rejoiced in their *auto da fe*. And thus the Reformation became entirely quenched in Spain.

In France no Inquisition was needed. The King, Henri II., was naturally good-natured, but he thought persecution an atonement for his light and careless life. So thought his favourite, Diane de Poitiers, and his artful queen, Catherine de Medici. His friend, the Constable de Montmorency, was a hard old soldier; and the most brilliant of the nobles, the House of Guise, though brave and merciful in war, were fanatical against Calvinists.

These "Guisards," as they were called, were descendants of old King René, through his daughter Yolande, who married Ferrand Duke of Lorraine, the

representative of the Carlovingian line, and prince of a little fief of the Empire on the French borders. Claude de Lorraine, the second son of René, son of Yolande, was a brave knight of François I., and became Duke of Guise, among the French noblesse. He left six sons, François Duke of Guise, a most gallant warrior; Charles Cardinal of Lorraine, a man of great ability and courtly address; and four others, all closely united, of magnificent tastes, and generous temper, which made them great favourites with the army and people, and extremely formidable to their opponents. Their sister Marie had been the wife of James V. of Scotland, and her little daughter, Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots, who had been sent to be educated as the betrothed of the young Dauphin François, gave them an additional hold on the royal family.

Calvinism was far more obnoxious to the Romanists than was Lutheranism. Many doctrines and ceremonies either retained by or indifferent to the Lutheran, were abhorrent to the Calvinist; and whereas in Germany the despoiling of churches had been at once checked, the cry of the Calvinist was to overthrow all that savoured of idolatry, cut off all holidays, all mystical rites, and render worship as plain and bare as possible. The Huguenots, therefore, not only multiplied their own places of worship, and sang their own favourite French psalms, but they interfered with the observances of the Catholics, and destroyed the ornaments in their churches, till minds became doubly embittered. The strictness of life observed by the Calvinists was another cause that led to their being held in the utmost hatred by the gay and corrupt court, where the sight of an execution of Huguenots was regarded as well-pleasing and acceptable.

Neither imprisonment, fire, nor ruin of villages, could avail against the progress of Calvinism, when the Huguenots rejoiced in their sufferings. At Lyons, when Louis de Marsac, a soldier of gentle blood, found that on his way to be burnt he did not wear a halter like his companions of lower degree, he desired to "share with them that order of knighthood." The higher orders were beginning to become converts, in especial the three brothers de Chatillon, of whom the second, Gaspard de Chatillon, usually called the Admiral de Coligni, was most highly esteemed for courage and generalship, as well as for uprightness and purity of life.

Two princes of the blood-royal also became Huguenots. The elder branch of the House of Bourbon had become extinct in the Constable Charles and his wife, and the head of the family was Antoine de Bourbon, husband to Jeanne d'Albret, Queen of Navarre. Her mother, the sister of François I., had been a reader of the Scriptures, and had perceived some of the errors of Rome; and Jeanne was a strong Calvinist, and so educated her son, Henri, who was running wild in her county of Béarn, among the peasant boys, eating their black bread, and sharing their sports on equal terms, that thus he might learn to be hardy. Antoine de Bourbon was a weak selfish man, easily led; his brother Louis, Prince de Condé, was high-spirited and able, very jealous of the House of Guise, and inclined to form a party against them; and these motives, together with the influence of Queen Jeanne, prevailed to make them become Huguenots.

Henri II. was at this time the favourite ally of the Pope, whose hatred to Spain was much augmented by the cruelties exercised on his native Naples by Fernando de Toledo, Duke of Alva, Philip's viceroy. Though

there was a truce between France and Spain, Paul persuaded Henri to send the Duke de Guise to invade Italy; but the Duke of Alva was ready before him, and a very strange war took place. Paul at first trusted to his Romans, who formed a very fine-looking body of men, as he stood blessing them on their march from the city, but at the first encounter with the Spaniards they all fled without waiting to fire a shot, and he was obliged to trust for protection to a band of hired Germans, all Protestants, who openly made game of the images of the saints, and of the Church ceremonies, and committed such acts as he would gladly have burnt them for. Alva had only to advance to be master of Rome and of the Pope's person, but he was a most devout Romanist, had a horror of the sacrilegious death of the Constable de Bourbon, and remembering that Rome had always destroyed her conquerors, held aloof, distressed at being in arms against the head of Christendom.

He retreated to Naples as the Duke de Guise advanced and entered Rome, where the French insolence gave great offence. The Neapolitans, whom Guise had expected to rise in his favour, remembered old French exactions, and served against him. Civitella held out bravely against him; and at home his king was meeting the just reward of a truce-breaker.

Philip had forced the English into the war, by threatening Queen Mary that otherwise he would never again set foot in England, and with great speed he had raised an army in the Low Countries. The Count of Egmont commanded a band of Flemings, the Earl of Pembroke 8,000 English, and Philip, though with the army, gave the supreme command to the Duke of Savoy. They attacked St. Quentin, which was bravely defended by the Admiral de Coligni; and the Constable de Mont-

morency, coming to his relief, on St. Laurence's Day, 1557, sent the Sieur d'Andelot, another of the Chatillon brothers, to throw troops and provisions into the place. The whole neighbourhood was a swamp, and the only access to the town was by a canal just large enough for some small boats, by which d'Andelot entered with 400 or 500 men. Meantime, however, the Duke of Savoy, leading his troops round by an unexpected road, fell upon Montmorency in the rear, and forced him to give ground, when Egmont, charging with his Flemish horse, completed the rout, and made prisoner the Constable, with great numbers of the French nobility. It was one of the greatest defeats the French ever experienced.

Philip showed no military ardour, but remained in the rear, between two confessors, vowing that if he were preserved he would never be present in another battle, and would build a church and monastery in honour of the saint whose day it was. He might have improved his success by advancing on Paris; but he would not venture; and while Coligni was holding out St. Quentin to the last extremity, Henri II. wrote to recall the Duke de Guise and his army, adding, "I hope the Pope will do as much for me in my need as I did for him."

Paul was in no condition to assist anyone; Alva was at his gates, and his Protestant defenders were as formidable as the enemy. He fancied himself in danger of death, and entreated Guise to stay and protect him; but the Duke, in great anxiety for France itself, declared that no chains could keep him in Italy. "Go then," returned Paul, "having done little for your King, less for the Church, and nothing for your own honour."

As soon as the French had embarked, the Romans

obliged the Pope to admit the hated Spaniards, whom to his surprise, he found to be his best friends. Alva said that he had never feared the face of man as he feared that of the Pope, kissed his foot, and asked absolution for having invaded the States of the Church. The King of Spain was equally unwilling to be in arms against the Pope, and signed a peace, resigning all that had been gained from him.

By the time Guise returned, St. Quentin had fallen, and the two brave Chatillons had been taken on the breach. Burning to redeem his honour and that of his country, Guise concerted a scheme by which, on a winter's night, he seized Calais, the last remaining English possession in France. The loss is said to have broken the heart of Queen Mary Tudor, who died shortly after, (1558,) leaving England to a spirit of very different mould.

Montmorency employed the time of his captivity in attempts to bring about a reconciliation; and at Cateau Cambresis conferences for a peace were commenced. It was determined that France should yield all her claims to Italy, on a marriage between Philip's only son Carlos, Prince of the Asturias, and Elizabeth, daughter of Henri II.; while the dispute with regard to Savoy should be terminated by Marguerite, the daughter of François I., becoming the wife of Emmanuel Philibert, and bringing him as her portion his own inheritance. Philip at first stipulated that Calais should be restored to England, but this was only while he had hopes that Queen Elizabeth would accept him as her husband, and failing in this suit, he left her to make her own terms. She agreed to leave the town in the hands of the French for eight years, after which they must either restore it, or put it to ransom. The Peace of Cateau

Cambresis was signed on the 3rd of April, 1559, and was the conclusion of the Italian war, commenced a century before, by Charles VIII. of France.

Emmanuel Philibert came to Paris to receive his bride, and great feasts and tournaments took place, where King Henri, as usual, displayed his prowess. On the 29th of June a joust had been held, when at its conclusion, the king, seeing two lances still unbroken, gave one to the Count de Montgomery, captain of the Scots Guards, and desired him to take one more *course* with him. Both lances splintered, and the king fell. A fragment had entered his eye, and he was carried senseless to the Louvre, where he lay for eleven days, hovering between life and death. His sister's marriage with the Duke of Savoy was hastily performed, lest these important interests should be lost, and two days after, he died, on the 10th of July, 1559, in the forty-first year of his age. He would probably have been a better man, had he possessed a better father, wife, friend, or favourite, than fell to his share. He was kind-hearted, and warm and constant in his attachments, but for want of strength of character, was led astray by those around him.

He left four sons, François, Charles, Henri, and Hercule, the eldest fifteen years of age, the youngest five; and three daughters, Elisabeth, Claude, and Marguerite.

Elisabeth was betrothed to the Prince of the Asturias, the only child left by Philip II.'s first wife, Maria of Portugal, and a boy of an unpromising and gloomy temperament. Failing in his views upon England, Philip therefore decided on himself marrying the young French princess, whose name was altered into the Spanish Isabel. He appears to have been fondly attached to her; and she seems, by her letters, to have

felt more affection for him than would have seemed likely that a princess of the gay House of Valois could feel for so grave and gloomy a man, old enough to have been her father.

PART II. THE COUNCIL OF TRENT. 1559.

ON the 18th of August, 1559, died the fiery old Pope, Paul IV., after having refused to acknowledge Elizabeth Tudor as Queen of England, and having thus thrown away all chance of reconciliation. In spite of his blind zeal and want of charity, Paul IV. stands high above his predecessors, as an honest old man, without base purposes for himself, or for his relations. His nephew, Carlo Caraffa, did indeed for a time deceive him by his arts; but going to see him during his illness, and finding two men of bad character with him, his eyes were opened to his hypocrisy. Soon after, an uproar which occurred in the streets caused him to speak strongly of reform. "Ah, holy father," answered Cardinal Pacheco, "we must begin the reform among ourselves."

The words sank deep; Paul sent for persons in private to examine into the lives of his relations, and thus made discoveries that filled him with horror. Every one of the Caraffe was banished, except one youth, whom he kept with him on condition of his never interceding for the rest, and in the same uncompromising manner did he purify Rome. He forbade the taking money for masses, condemned the many tricks for enriching the clergy, enforced discipline, permitted no pluralities, granted no dispensations, obliged the Cardinals to serve their own parish churches, and attempted to restore due authority to the Bishops. Though leaving untouched the errors in doctrine, his thorough-going measures corrected

for the time many of the corruptions in practice ; and thenceforth there was no more such gross and flagrant vice at Rome as had prevailed in the middle ages. His severity rendered him very unpopular, combined, as it was, with the odious names of his relations ; and on his death the Romans threw his statues into the Tiber, and published an edict abolishing the name of Caraffa.

A Milanese, Giovan Angelo Medicini, became Pope, by the name of Pius IV. He was a good man, sagacious, spirited, and clear-sighted, and a lover of peace and conciliation. He strove to prevent the Duke of Savoy from making war on the Protestants of Geneva, would gladly have recalled the measures that had repelled Queen Elizabeth, and though he did not dare to check the Inquisition, did not promote its violence.

There was now an opportunity for re-assembling the Council of Trent ; and in 1563 the sittings again commenced, the Italian and Spanish clergy being at length joined by the French under Cardinal de Lorraine. The time had, however, gone by for making this a truly General Council, for the former assembly had made decisions which prevented the Reformers from acknowledging the authority of the Council, as long as they were not re-considered. These decrees were the condemnation of all translations of the Holy Scriptures, excepting the Vulgate, and the confirmation of the doctrine of Transubstantiation, which had never before been decidedly expressed and sanctioned.

In the hope of conciliation, both the Emperor Ferdinand, and Catherine de Medici, Queen Regent of France, desired some concessions. Ferdinand wished for an alteration in the choice of Cardinals, and in the election to the Papacy, and proposed that the Cup should

be granted to the laity, the Breviary and Legendary be revised, convents reformed, the marriage of the clergy permitted, and psalms should be sung in churches in the vernacular tongue.

The French likewise wished for the Cup, the Psalms and the Liturgy in the vulgar tongue, and agreed with the Germans in asserting the authority of the Pope to be subordinate to that of a General Council.

The Spaniards repudiated the idea of the Communion in both kinds, and of the translation of the services; but they wished to reduce the Papal authority, and to compel bishops to reside in their sees.

The Italians were averse to all change.

Disgraceful scenes took place; mobs assembled, shouting party-words, and blood was shed in the streets. For ten months no sitting was held; and Cardinal Morone went to talk over the Emperor, while Cardinal de Lorraine, going to Rome, made an arrangement with the Pope to change a few words, so as to please the Spaniards without in fact diminishing his dominion. Having made up their minds to do nothing that could displease any of the great powers, the assembly at length began to make their decrees.

They commanded temporal princes to be subject to the Pope. They recited the degrees of marriage, which had already been numbered by them among the seven Sacraments; they ratified the doctrine that "there is a purgatory, and that the souls there detained are assisted by the prayers of the faithful, and chiefly by the sacrifice of the altar;" they commanded the invocation of saints, and condemned such persons as censured the adoration of relics and images. They pronounced the Church to have the power of granting indulgences; while, on the other hand, the sale of bulls of indulgence

was strictly forbidden, and some good regulations were made on the discipline of the clergy. Lastly, the catalogue of books forbidden to be read, was placed in the hands of the Pope.

These decisions determined and signed, the meeting, which had begun eighteen years previously, was dissolved, so much to the joy of the ecclesiastics who composed it, that many of them burst into tears of joy on hearing the decree for breaking it up.

Two hundred and fifty-five bishops set their hands to the decisions of Trent. In the infancy of the Church, the Creed of Nicea had been signed by three hundred and eighteen, gathered from a far wider space than these, who came from only four European nations, and who, unlike the Nicene fathers, condemned without a hearing. It was no true Council, though until its decrees shall be revised and altered by a true Œcumenical Council of the whole Church Catholic, such as were the first seven, the Roman Communion continues bound by it, and remains in schism from the rest of the universal Church.

On the 26th of January, 1564, it was formally confirmed by Pius IV. Dying the next year, he was succeeded by Pius V., a devout monk, stern and self-denying, and a great persecutor. Under him were published the present Roman Breviary and Missal, with a prohibition of all the old national liturgies that had come down from primitive times. A Catechism was likewise put forth, embodying the doctrines of Trent, which were drawn up in a profession of Faith, commonly called the Creed of Pius V. This was made binding upon every Roman Catholic, in addition to the three Catholic Creeds. Each of their clergy is required to subscribe it, and every person who joins the Church

of Rome must declare his acceptance of it. In this manner Rome became pledged to the profession of dogmas, which, though they had for centuries prevailed more or less in her teaching, had never before formed necessary articles of the faith of her members.

In discipline there was a great improvement, and some of the best men of the Western Church were at this time living in Italy. Above all should be revered the admirable Carlo Borromeo, a nephew of Pius IV., by whom he was made Cardinal Archbishop of Milan. He was one of the most devotedly pious and charitable men who ever existed, and deemed no pains nor danger too great in the care of his flock. He was especially endeared to them by his noble conduct in a frightful plague which raged at Milan, in 1575. To all remonstrance on the perils he incurred, he replied that it was the part of the shepherd to give his life for the sheep; and during the height of the infection, when multitudes were being swept off by an agonizing death, he daily preached and prayed with the healthy, watched over the sick, administering food and medicine, and sustaining them with spiritual succour; while he dismissed the heaps of corpses to their hurried graves, with the prayers for their rest that his Church required. Kneeling before the crucifix, he implored to be taken as a sacrifice in the stead of his flock; but he was spared, the disease did not attack him, and for ten years longer he continued his works of mercy. He was only in his 46th year, when, after a brief illness, he spoke his last words in a holy ecstasy, "Behold, I come!" The Milanese revere San Carlo as second only to their other sainted Archbishop, St. Ambrose.

Borromeo's great friend, like-minded in piety and excellence, was San Filippo Neri, an Italian priest,

the founder of a brotherhood called the Oratorians. Together they attended the death-bed of Pius V., who expired in 1575, highly respected for honesty and zeal.

The new Pope was Gregory XIII., an amiable man, of no strength of character, sanctioning persecution because it was the custom of the day, and utterly unable to keep any order in his own domains, where banditti flourished to such an extent, that when an outlaw was offered a free pardon, he replied that he was better off, and more secure, in his present calling than under the protection of the laws.

Gregory's chief work was the reform of the Calendar. Julius Cæsar had first established that the year should be reckoned as 365 days, and to allow for the six hours by which the annual revolution exceeds them, had devised the addition of a day in every four years; but he had not perceived that nine seconds were wanting to the six hours, and these, in the sixteen hundred years that had elapsed since his time, had so thrown out the account, that March 21st, so called, fell full ten days later than the true Equinox.

Thus the time of Easter, and of every other holiday, was incorrect; and it came into the department of Church authority to pronounce that ten days should be omitted from the current year, 1580, while for the future the overplus should be avoided by missing one leap-year at the beginning of each century. The new style was at once adopted in every country owning Papal authority; but the English, considering it a Romish innovation, held out against it till 1752; and the Greek Church still refuses to desert the old Calendar.

PART III. MALTA AND LEPANTO. 1565-1573.

THE Othman Empire had, under Solyman the Magnificent, attained its greatest extent, nearly identical with that of the ancient Eastern Empire; and in union with the Moors of Africa, his power had become so formidable, that the Mediterranean was a region of great danger to all Christian vessels.

The Knights of St. John, in the rocky island of Malta, were the most steady and formidable opponents of his vessels; and, repenting of having spared the Order when he had driven them from Rhodes, he now resolved to overwhelm it completely, and effect its destruction.

He therefore fitted out a fleet of one hundred and fifty-nine vessels, containing thirty thousand Janisaries and Spahis, and followed by hosts of transports for artillery and stores, all under the command of his two bravest Pashas, Mustafa and Piali, in conjunction with Dragut, a noted Moorish Corsair. The Grand Master who had to meet this storm, was Jean Parisot de la Valette, a true Hospitalier, excelling equally as priest, knight, and sick nurse, and though seventy years of age, in full vigour of mind and body. He called in his knights from the different commanderies, and found them amount to seven hundred, with eight thousand and five hundred other troops; and to these he made a beautiful address, exhorting them to give their lives in defence of the Gospel against the Koran, as a sacrifice to Him to whom they were already pledged, and calling them to come to the Altar, there to receive the Body and Blood of Him who could render them invincible by their contempt of death.

Daily, while waiting for the enemy, and preparing the defences, each knight was a Communicant, and thus both outwardly and inwardly did the Order arm against the foe. The port of Malta consisted of two principal harbours, separated by a tongue of land, where stood a castle named Fort St. Elmo. This was considered as the key of the position; it was garrisoned by three hundred knights, under the Bailiff of Negropont, who promised to do their utmost to hold out till aid should come from the Spanish fleet, which was preparing in the Sicilian harbours. If St. Elmo should fall, the Duke of Alva, Viceroy of Sicily, declared that no succour could be expected, he should deem the Order past his power of assistance, and would not sacrifice his master's troops.

On the 24th of May, 1565, the mighty Turkish armament commenced the attack of the little fort, when the huge stone cannon-balls effected such fearful damage, that the Bailiff sent the Chevalier de la Cerda to the Borgo, or main city, to request further succour. La Cerda even declared that it was impossible to hold out a week, the fort was an exhausted patient, only to be supported by constant cordials.

“I will be physician,” said La Valette. “I will bring those with me who, if they cannot cure you of your fright, will at least, by their valour, save the castle from the Infidels.”

He would have shut himself up in the fort, but was opposed by the whole Chapter; and indeed, La Cerda had done injustice to the rest of the garrison; no one there was faint-hearted save himself; and while he, on the excuse of a slight hurt, was carried back to the Borgo, others, after mortal wounds, would not be assisted from the walls, but crawled alone to the Chapel,

to die before the Altar. The Bailiff, and other aged men, severely wounded, and scorched and disfigured by the sun, toiled constantly to bring earth to fill up the crumbling ramparts; and after spending whole days in the deadly conflict, passed the night in prayer, and in binding up each other's wounds. La Valette sent them all the aid in his power; and wistful eyes were strained over the sea for the tardy fleets of Spain, but they came not, and the Turkish cannon daily did more fearful damage. On the night of the 23rd of June, the devoted band knew their time was come. They celebrated the Holy Eucharist for the last time in their chapel; and after embracing each other, they returned at dawn to the walls, those who were unable to stand being carried in chairs, that at least they might die in the defence. Here they were all slain; and the Turks had won the fort, but only by a loss of eight thousand men, and of Dragut himself. "Since the son has cost us so much, what may we not look for from the father!" exclaimed Mustafa Pacha.

Though St. Elmo was lost, and with it the promise of aid, the knights did not lose courage, and when summoned to surrender, answered the Turks by pointing to the ditch, and saying, "That is the only place we intend for you." Daily was the battle renewed, and fearful was the slaughter within and without. La Cerda expiated his weakness by a gallant death; a son of Alva, and a nephew of La Valette, both fell, and the Grand Master refused all special condolence for Henri de la Valette, saying that all alike were his brethren and children.

Months went by; and at last Philip II., whose cold-hearted design it seems to have been to let the Turks exhaust themselves against Malta, thought the

extremity sufficient, and permitted Alva to send a fleet to disembark six thousand men, and then at once return. These arrived on the 7th of September, and landed while the Turks were assaulting the town. The tidings of their coming spread such a panic among the enemy, that Mustafa drew his men out of St. Elmo, and re-embarked, abandoning his artillery. Learning the real numbers, he was ashamed, and landed his weary troops, much against their will, and only to find that in this interval his lines had been destroyed, and St. Elmo again occupied by the gallant Maltese. He gave battle to the reinforcement, suffered a total defeat, and the next day weighed anchor, and sailed for Constantinople, leaving behind the corpses of twenty-five thousand of the best soldiers and mariners of Turkey.

The reinforcement entered the Borgo in triumph, but found it a sad spectacle, looking as if it had really been taken by assault, with huge gaps in the walls, shattered houses, empty magazines, the Grand Master and Knights pale and haggard, their garments stained, their armour broken, their hair and beard untrimmed, as men who had not undressed for many weeks, and few unwounded of the small remnant of the gallant band who had vowed to sacrifice all for the defence of their island.

Every honour was paid to La Valette; the Pope offered him a Cardinal's hat, and Philip II. sent him a sword and dagger with a hilt of precious stones, a poor requital for the glorious blood which Spain had allowed to be shed like water. These trophies were, however, together with the Great Standard of St. John, borne in solemn procession to the Cathedral, on the holiday of thanksgiving, yearly held on the 8th of

September. The Borgo was thenceforth called Vittoriosa; but La Valette, perceiving that the peninsula of Mount Sceberras afforded better means of defence, founded a new city there, called by his name, Valetta, which has since been the capital of Malta. He died in 1568, from a *coup de soleil*, while superintending the works.

Philip was not safe from the Mahometan forces, even his own domains. Many of the Moors of Granada, to whom Fernando and Isabel had only given the choice of Christianity or banishment, had indeed been baptized, but retained their Moslem faith and habits. Of these Moriscos, as they were called, the Inquisition took cognizance, and this persecution excited a terrible revolt in the mountains of the Alpuxarras. The Moriscos shook off the name of Christians, and electing as their king a youth of the old royal line, who took the Moorish name of Aben Humeya, they made forays on the Christian villages, retaliating by their cruelties what they had themselves suffered. Their kinsmen, the African Moors, came to their aid, and they sent to ask succour from Constantinople. Had it been granted, the Koran might again have been dominant in Spain; but the able Sultan, Solyman, had died in 1566, and his son, Selim III., called Most, or the drunkard, neglected their appeal. Philip sent an army against them, under the nominal command of Don Juan of Austria. This youth was the son of Charles V. by a German lady, and had been brought up by a knightly old hidalgo, Don Luis de Quixada, without revealing the secret of his birth even to his wife, Dona Magdalena, who loved the boy as her own son. On his death-bed Charles recommended him to Philip, who acknowledged him as his brother, and placed him at

the head of the army, though, as he was only twenty-two, he was under the control of an experienced officer, Don Luis de Requesnes. The Moriscos could not make head against regular troops, and were obliged to lay down their arms, after the loss of several skirmishes, in one of which Quixada was mortally wounded. He died, attended like a father by Don Juan, who ever regarded Dona Magdalena as a mother. The unfortunate Moriscos were treated with horrible cruelty, as apostates; and though some escaped to Africa, and others led a wild life of robbery in the mountain fastnesses, in a few generations the whole remnant was lost.

The cause of the neglect of their petition to the Sultan was his eagerness to win Cyprus from the Venetians, an enterprise said to have been inspired by a renegade Portuguese Jew, who used to carouse with him, and who incited him to gain his favourite Cyprus wine for the pressing, instead of the buying, till he swore by the prophet to conquer the beautiful isle, and make the Jew king of it.

The arsenal of Venice had been destroyed by an accidental explosion of gunpowder, and it was impossible to send effectual succours to Bragadino, the governor of Cyprus. A mighty fleet sailed under Mustafa Pasha, against Famagosta, landing such hosts that the white turbans covered the fields like a fall of snow, and though the garrison held out nobly for four months, they were forced to surrender in August, 1571, after having slain fifty thousand Turks. The unfortunate Bragadino was treated with savage barbarity, forced for ten days to carry baskets of earth to repair the ramparts he had defended, and finally flayed alive. His skin was stuffed, and carried to

Constantinople on the bowsprit of Mustafa's galley, but was afterwards ransomed, and placed in an urn in the Church of San Giovanni, at Venice.

The Doge, Luigi Mocenigo, now entered into a league with the Pope and King of Spain for the defence of Christendom, and a fleet was fitted out at the joint expense, consisting of two hundred and fourteen vessels, which were placed under the command of Don Juan of Austria, and sailed to meet the Turkish fleet in their own waters.

On October 7th, 1571, they came in sight of two hundred and seventy-five Turkish sail, under Ali Pacha, in front of the Gulf of Lepanto, near the scene of the Battle of Actium. A council of war was held, and hesitated to risk a combat, but Don Juan silenced doubt. "Activity, not advice, is wanting," he said; and he went from ship to ship, exhorting the crews like a Christian knight, and giving liberty to the convicts chained to the oar, as he bade them fight for Christ, to whom their freedom was owing. The crusading spirit flew through the fleet, the captains displayed the crucifix, and laying aside national jealousies and private discords, the whole fleet seemed to be impelled by one soul.

The two fleets were each in three divisions. The Turkish right, under the governor of Alexandria, was utterly destroyed, scarcely a man escaping; and in the centre Don Juan four times boarded the flag-ship, and at last captured it, and set up the head of Ali Pacha on the mast. Ulucci Ali, a renegade in command of the Algerine squadron, made a better resistance, captured a Maltese vessel, and burnt a Venetian ship, and finally effected his retreat with twenty or thirty vessels, the sole remains of the splendid Othman fleet.

Ali's magnificent galley was given to Don Juan,

who presented to the Greek who had slain the Pacha, the gilt staff of the Turkish standard, of massive silver, covered with inscriptions. It was purchased as a trophy by the Venetians.

Great were the general rejoicings. The Venetians struck medals in honour of St. Justina, on whose day the battle had been fought, and appointed a national holiday for her festival. The Pope, in his delight, profanely applied to Don Juan the Gospel words, "There was a man sent from God whose name was John," and proposed to pursue the victory, and to found a Christian realm at Tunis, with him for its king. Philip was, however, jealous of his brother, and when the fleet again assembled, sent only twenty-two ships instead of the one hundred he had promised. Nothing decisive could be attempted, and peace was concluded in 1573, leaving Cyprus in possession of the Turks.

PART IV. FRANCOIS DE GUISE. 1560-1563.

THE contest between Rome and the Reformation was beginning to break forth in Western Europe. Germany indeed remained tranquil beneath her wise and pacific Emperors, Ferdinand II., and the admirable Maximilian II. his son, who succeeded him in 1564; but Scotland, France, and the Netherlands, were fields of mortal strife between the old faith and the doctrine of Calvin.

A great foe to Calvinism ruled the sovereigns of France and Scotland in 1559. François de Lorraine, Duke de Guise, was the uncle of Mary Queen of Scots, the beautiful young wife of François II. of France. The frail and gentle boy was devotedly attached to her, and through his influence, the power of the House of

Guise became supreme at court, and was felt by the Huguenots in frightful persecutions, the executions being attended by the king and queen as a religious duty.

The queen mother, Catherine de Medici, was thrown into the shade, Montmorency was driven into retirement, and great discontent was excited in the princes of the Bourbon family. Louis Prince de Condé, the younger of these brothers, was a man of great ability, and much ambition; he had become a Huguenot, though without renouncing his vices, and had placed himself at the head of the party opposed to the Guisards. A conspiracy was formed for seizing the king in the midst of his court at Amboise, and placing him in the hands of Condé and the Chatillon brothers, who should form his mind according to their views; and the plot was already ripe for execution, when it was disclosed to Guise by a man in whose house one of the intriguers lodged.

The discovery was an opportunity for the overthrow of all the enemies of the Lorraine family; a great number of executions took place, and Condé himself was informally tried and sentenced to die. His brother, Antoine King of Navarre, had not been engaged in the plot, but dreading to let him survive, it was proposed that while he paid his respects to the king, François should force a quarrel on him, when, under a pretext of defending their sovereign, the gentlemen in attendance should draw their swords and murder him. François, however, refused to be made a tool for so atrocious a purpose, and took care to show himself most friendly with Antoine in their conference, while the baffled Guise muttered between his teeth, "What a coward!" This resistance was nearly the last action of François II.

His days were few, his health had always been weak, and an abscess in the ear caused his death, a few weeks after, in his eighteenth year, on the 5th of December, 1560. His last entreaty was for absolution from "crimes which his advisers had committed in his name," which weighed heavily on his conscience. Yet François II. was the happiest of the sons of Henri II.

His widow, Mary of Scotland, returned to her own factious kingdom, reigned for a few stormy years, then fell, and came under the power of her English rival, who made her suffer a nineteen years' captivity, while Calvinism triumphed in Scotland. His brother, Charles IX., at ten years old began his wretched reign, under the regency of his mother.

Catherine de Medici had hitherto only shown herself as a handsome, stately, royal lady, of engaging manners, and, though constant in attendance on Church ordinances, possessing a very low standard of morality, so that her court was the most gay and corrupt in Europe. When she took the lead in state affairs, falsehood became her chief weapon; and perceiving her own weakness among the hostile parties, her object was, with true Italian policy, to play them off against each other, and employ for the purpose treachery, cruelty, and every seduction that could be offered by pleasure or vice. She scrupled at no means of gaining her ends, not even at the sacrifice of the virtue of her own children, and never had mother or queen more guilt and misery to answer for.

Her chief dread was at this time of the Guisards, and in order to balance their power, she released Condé, and recalled Montmorency. The honest old Constable shed tears as he kissed the hand of his "little master," as he termed the young king, and bade him

fear no tumults, "for here was one on whose loyalty he might reckon." Montmorency was a straightforward soldier, without either treachery or vindictiveness, and very religious in his own way—namely, being exact in telling his beads at the right hours, under whatever circumstances, so that in the middle of an affray he might be heard repeating his devotions, mingled with such orders as these, "Storm that belfrey! burn that village! seize that man! hang this one up to that tree!" so that it became a saying, "Deliver me from the *aves* of *M. le Connétable*." He looked on a Huguenot like a Saracen, and one of his nick-names was Captain *Brule banc* (burn bench,) from the havoc he made in their places of worship.

The queen, who looked to the Huguenots partly to keep down the Guisards, invited their chief divines to hold a conference with her clergy at Poissy. The most noted of the Calvinist pastors were Theodore Beza, and Pietro Martire Vermiglio, a Florentine of great learning; but the argument was of course fruitless, and they parted, Beza saying, "Religion is an anvil which has worn out every hammer that has yet been tried upon it." However, an edict was passed, permitting the Calvinists to assemble for divine service, provided they did so unarmed, not within walled cities, nor at a certain distance from court.

Guise considered this a dangerous concession, and by representing the Church in danger, drew Montmorency, and another old soldier, the Marshal St. André, into a league for its protection, which was called the Triumvirate. Soon after they were joined by Antoine de Bourbon, who was tempted back to the Church of Rome by an offer from Philip II. to give him the island of Sardinia in compensation for the

kingdom of Navarre, an offer in which his wife Queen Jeanne had no faith. He frankly confessed to her that he knew not which way of thinking to prefer; and she replied, "That is the very reason I think nothing of you! Since you doubt, I wonder you do not embrace that which is for your own interest," meaning that among Calvinists he would be a chief, while among Catholics he was nobody.

The war at length broke out, beginning with an outrage committed by the followers of Guise upon the Huguenot congregation at Vassy. Who commenced the fray is not clear, and the duke did his best to appease it; but he could not prevent the slaughter of sixty of the unarmed Calvinists; the Huguenots called him the Butcher of Vassy, and appealed against him to the queen.

Upon this he led so formidable a body of troops into Paris, that Catherine, in alarm, called on Condé for protection. Thus authorized, Condé summoned his party to rise, and was soon at the head of a numerous force, under the strict discipline enforced by the Calvinist pastors, who kept up frequent prayers and exhortations, and permitted neither drinking nor gaming. Pillage was however not forbidden, but rather churches and convents were deemed lawful prey; sacred vessels were seized, chancels profaned, tombs rifled, and every sacrilege committed. This excited the other party to retaliate in blood; and never was there more ferocity than during the religious wars of France. Normandy being in favour of Condé, Rouen was attacked and taken by Guise and his league. In the course of the siege a fanatic Huguenot was captured in the attempt to assassinate him. "Your religion teaches you to kill me," said Guise; "mine teaches me to spare you:" and he released the man. Alas! each persuasion was made

the excuse for many a deed of blood! During the assault Antoine de Bourbon was wounded; and as he lay sick, he continued to dwell on his hopes of the pomegranates and orange groves of Sardinia, until his case became hopeless, when he turned to the reading of the Holy Scriptures, and received the last rites of the Church. Taking a favourite old servant by the beard, he sent his last message to his son Henri, to be faithful to the crown of France, and soon after died, little respected by either party.

The queen had invited Condé to come to Paris, to rescue her from the power of the Triumvirate, and he therefore marched in that direction; while Guise, who treated Condé as a rebel, and considered himself as defending the crown, sent, as a matter of form, to ask her permission to offer battle at Dreux. Catherine turned to her son's nurse, who, though a Huguenot, was a great favourite: "Nurse," she said, "these are days when men ask counsel of boys and women. What say you? shall we fight or no?"

She spoke, meaning that her decision would have as little weight as that of the nurse with men bent on battle; and indeed old Montmorency, who was ill, told Guise that the hope of a fight was his best physician. He gallantly led the attack, but met with his usual disastrous fortune, being defeated and made prisoner by the Admiral de Coligni; while St. André, coming to his assistance, was killed. Tidings were carried to Catherine that the Huguenots were victorious; whereupon her only remark was, "Well, we shall say our prayers in French."

She spoke too soon; Guise, perceiving that the Huguenots had broken their ranks in the eagerness of pursuit, shouted to his reserved force, "Come on, the day

is ours!" and by a sudden charge, fell on the dispersed Huguenots, scattered them completely, and made prisoner Condé himself, whom he treated with the utmost courtesy, even giving up his own bed for his use.

Catherine professed to rejoice, but in reality felt increased dread of Guise, who next proceeded to besiege Orleans. Here, however, his career was cut short. As he was riding to reconnoitre the place, he received a shot in the shoulder from an assassin named Poltrot. Bending forward on his saddle, he said, "They have long owed me this, but I think it is nothing." The wound, however, proved mortal, and in a few days he died, declaring to his last breath that he was innocent of any sanction of the massacre of Vassy.

Poltrot being put to the torture, accused Coligni of having caused him to commit the crime, and persisted in the same declaration on the scaffold. The Admiral's whole character was the best confutation; but the Guisards were fully persuaded of his guilt, and Henri, the eldest son of the murdered duke, a boy of twelve years old, nursed schemes of vengeance for future times.

The death of Guise, however, effected a reconciliation for the present; Condé and Montmorency were released; an edict, called the Treaty of Amboise, permitted liberty of worship; and Catherine invited Condé to her court, there to try on him her favourite means of keeping men at peace, namely, to ruin their vigour and energy by the seductions of amusement and vice.

PART V. TYRANNY IN THE NETHERLANDS. 1560-1568.

THE teaching of Luther and Calvin had been readily welcomed in the great merchant cities of Holland and

Flanders, where great numbers had forsaken the Roman Catholic Church. It had never been easy for the prince to keep on good terms with these wealthy and turbulent corporations; each of their lords had suffered from revolts; Charles V., the most popular of all their masters, had not been exempt, and Philip II., of foreign birth and tyrannical disposition, was not likely to escape the storm.

The Regent whom he appointed on the resignation of his aunt, Maria of Hungary, was his half-sister Margaret, wife of Ottavio Farnese, Duke of Parma; but the real power was in the hands of Granvelle, Cardinal Bishop of Arras. All measures were concerted in private between him and the Regent, and forced upon the council of nobles, without regard to the free constitution of the various states which made up the Netherlands.

At the head of this council stood the Governors of Holland and Flanders. Lamoral, Count Egmont, who held the latter office, was a true-hearted loyal soldier, who had highly distinguished himself at the Battle of St. Quentin, and was looked up to with honour and affection by all his countrymen. He was a Roman Catholic, but averse to harsh measures with the Reformers. The Governor of Holland was William Count of Nassau, called Prince of Orange, from the little domain in Provence, with which Frederick Barbarossa had presented his troubadour ancestor in the female line. He was a man of great talent, and so wary and cautious, that he early obtained the name of "the Silent;" far-sighted, and slow to act, and seldom taking any step till success was certain. With little personal religion, he had wavered between Lutheran and Catholic, according as appeared expedient for his

advantage, and he had returned to the old doctrine as the only means of holding his place in the Council. His early life had been far from moral, and he had little warmth of heart; but he was unusually humane and tolerant for those times; and these qualities, together with his prudence and dislike to tyranny, made all Holland trust to him as the champion of the liberty of the country.

There were only five bishops' sees in Holland, and as these were not sufficient for a country so thickly peopled, Philip increased the number to seventeen, taking funds from the wealthier abbeys to endow them. This measure displeased all parties; the abbots and their relations murmured; and as the prelates would have seats in council, it was said to be a means of bringing in Spaniards to support the king's unjust measures. Philip also kept a number of troops quartered in the country, levied taxes, and introduced a tribunal like the Inquisition for extirpating heresy. He was told that the country would not bear it, but he answered that he had rather not be a king at all than a king of heretics.

Great discontents arose, and Orange and Egmont wrote to the king that Granvelle was ruining the country; and that if he continued these measures, they must resign their seats in council. Philip would not permit this, and desired Granvelle to give up his post; but this was of little use, when Viglius de Quichem, a lawyer, succeeded to the same power over the Regent, and pursued the same policy, acting upon Granvelle's advice and the King's orders.

Philip was resolved that the decrees of the Council of Trent should be published throughout his realms, though they were not yet acknowledged in France. The proclamation led to fresh riots; and the sight of

executions for heresy so enraged the people, that they rose in tumult, rescued the victims, and terrified the Duchess of Parma into suspending the orders from Spain, and sending Egmont to Madrid to report the state of affairs to the king.

Egmont was most graciously received. Philip treated him with great distinction, made him a present of fifty thousand florins, and promised his favour to the Count's large family. He assured him that his chief concern was for the happiness of his good subjects in the Low Countries; and sent the good Count home, thinking that all was safe and well, though without having secured a single pledge that the troops should be removed or the persecution discontinued. William of Orange perceived at once that the king's fair words were but intended to mask his dark designs from the honest simple Egmont.

It was at this very time that, under the excuse of a meeting between Philip's young wife, Elizabeth of France, and her mother, at Bayonne, a conference was held between Catherine de Medici and the Duke of Alva for the extirpation of heresy. There were feasts, dances, and gaiety of all kinds; but throughout, the Italian Queen and Spanish Duke discussed their plots. Catherine boasted of her adroitness in gaining Antoine of Navarre, and in causing Louis of Condé to degrade himself in her dissipated court. As to the canaille, Alva hinted that they might be disposed of by another Sicilian Vespers, "though," he added, "ten thousand frogs are not worth the head of one salmon." They deemed their words of dark import unheard, and recked not of the young page who seemed most eager in sport and mirth. It was Henri Prince of Bearn, the heir of Navarre, a boy of eleven years old, whom, sorely

against her will, his mother had been forced to send to the unholy court of Catherine, grieving over the temptations to which his gay temperament must be exposed, and doing her best to keep up her influence over him, correcting his exercises with her own hand, and, stern Calvinist as she was, writing lively letters to him about his dress, his sports, and his dogs. Henri had a quick wit, and such unusual sharpness of hearing, that he could, throughout his life, attend to any conversation passing in a crowded room, even while talking himself. He heard, and reported to his mother, the plots of the queen and duke; and both in France and the Low Countries, the Reformed held themselves on their guard.

In Holland a party was formed calling themselves Gueux, or beggars; they stormed the cathedral at Antwerp, and many other churches and monasteries, despoiling them of all their ornaments, carrying off everything precious, burning libraries, and even rifling monuments.

The Regent, dreadfully alarmed, would have fled to Brussels; but Viglius advised her to persuade Orange and Egmont to pacify the people by pledging herself to grant all their desires. She shed many tears, but at last consented to set her hand and seal to a parchment repealing the edict against heretics, and promising indemnity to those who had resisted them.

On receiving this pledge, Egmont and Orange speedily restored order; but when Egmont and the more moderate Romanists beheld the dreadful sacrilege of the Gueux, and saw the churches left like barns, they were far less inclined to take their part than they had been in beholding them injured and persecuted. Margaret took advantage of this feeling to demand an

oath of every officer in the king's service to advance the Romish faith, extirpate heresy, and treat the king's enemies as his own. Egmont took the oath; Orange refused it, and resigned his post. He saw that Philip was resolved to crush the liberties of the Netherlanders, and destroy all those who maintained them; and as no one else could as yet perceive that this was likely, and the nation was not ripe for resistance, he resolved to reserve himself, and withdraw to Germany till the storm should be over.

On hearing that Alva had left Spain with a large army, he hastened his departure, and took leave of Egmont at Villebroek.

“You will lose your estates, Orange,” said the Count.

“And you your life if you remain,” said the Prince.

“Nay,” said Egmont; “I have re-opened the churches, crushed the rebels, and restored order. What can be laid to my charge? The king is just. I have claims on his gratitude, and I must not forget what I owe to myself.”

“Heaven grant I am mistaken,” said William; “but I foresee that you will be the bridge over which the Spaniards will pass into our country to destroy it.”

William then went to his estates in Germany, with all his family, except his eldest son, Philip, who was at the University of Louvaine. Egmont, who knew he had done nothing amiss, but had both been loyal to the king and faithful to the Flemish constitution, awaited the coming of the Duke of Alva, and on his arrival sent him a present of two fine horses, and went to pay his respects; but on entering the palace, he heard the duke exclaim, “Here comes the arch-heretic!” and a few days after he was arrested and thrown into prison.

Alva had brought with him an immense army, admirably disciplined, but savagely cruel; and his powers from the king were so great, that the Duchess of Parma, finding herself absolutely nothing, resigned the regency. A reign of terror commenced. Alva appointed a tribunal, which he named the Council of Tumults—but the people called it the Council of Blood—and chose as president a man named Vargas, of whom it was said in Spain that the gangrene of the Low Countries required the sharp knife of Vargas. The knife was used unsparingly. In a few months 1,800 were put to death. Everyone who had favoured the Gueux was condemned—Romanists by the axe, Reformers by fire. Numbers fled, and the Netherlands were fast becoming a desert.

“Have they the Silent one?” asked Cardinal Granvelle, when he heard of these measures. “If they have let him escape, they have gained nothing.”

They would most willingly have seized him, but they could only lay hands on his young son, whom they sent a prisoner to Spain, and cite him to appear to take his trial. William and his brother, Louis of Nassau, made answer by taking up arms, collecting their fugitive countrymen, and obtaining contributions from their friends in Germany and England. Louis, who was hasty and eager, entered Holland before his brother was ready, in hopes of delivering Count Egmont; but his forces were not sufficient; Alva defeated him, and Orange himself, on arriving, did not venture to give battle, and was soon obliged, by want of money, to disband his troops, and retire, with a thousand horse, to join the French Calvinists, whose religion he had begun openly to confess.

This invasion added to Alva's rage, and he wreaked

his vengeance on his noble captives, Count Egmont, and all the other nobles who had taken part in remonstrating against the king's tyranny. Egmont had a right, as a Knight of the Golden Fleece, to be tried only by his peers; but Alva caused him to be led before the Council of Tumults, there to answer for having abetted the rebellion of the Prince of Orange, though he was in prison at the time it took place; and it had been only his conscious innocence and loyalty that had hindered him from taking refuge with Orange, or from using his influence to raise the people and keep Alva out of Flanders. His doom was already decided, and he was sentenced to be beheaded. His only concern was for his wife and his eleven children, whom he recommended to the king's mercy, and who were allowed to retain their estates. Even to the last moment, he could not believe that the king could permit such injustice, and when led out to the scaffold, walked up and down for some minutes, and asked if there was no hope. The answer was a shrug of the shoulders. He clenched his teeth, knelt down, received Extreme Unction from the bishop who attended him, gave the signal, and died. With a little less conscience, either towards his king or his country, Egmont might have prospered in the world, like Orange, or like Alva; but his faithfulness did not meet a reward here.

PART VI. ANNEXATION OF PORTUGAL. 1568-1580.

IN performance of the vow made at the Battle of St. Quentin, Philip II. built the noble structure called the Escorial. In commemoration of the martyrdom of St. Lawrence, the ground-plan was in the form of a grid-iron, consisting of three ranges of buildings—a palace, a

convent, and a church, which became the burial-place of the Kings of Spain, Charles V. and his empress being removed thither from Granada. The Escorial was enriched with a noble library and collection of paintings, for Philip had a great taste for art, and with painters and architects alone did he relax his gloomy dignity. It was he who first rendered Madrid the capital of Spain, whereas his predecessors had all preferred the fair cities of the sunny south to the grey cold table-land which seemed to attract his dark reserved nature.

A painful mystery hangs over the history of his son, Carlos. The boy appears to have been of feeble intellect, and sullen and passionate temper; and this was probably the reason that Philip himself married Elizabeth of France, instead of giving her to him; and it is said that this disappointment increased the morbid violence of his character. An injury to the head, received in a fall, finally unsettled his brain; he talked of placing himself at the head of the insurgents in the Netherlands, and tried to escape from the palace. His father, with some of the council, came suddenly to visit him in the night, when, awaking from his sleep, he manifested extreme terror, and attempted to destroy himself, whereupon the king retired, taking away his weapons, and leaving him in the keeping of the officers of the Inquisition, who alone can give an account of his death. He was in his twenty-second year, and perished in the July of 1568.

Elizabeth of France died in the following year; and Philip's only surviving children being her two daughters, Isabel Clara Eugenia, and Catalina, he married a fourth time, and the dispensation of the Pope was supposed to make it lawful that his wife should be his own

niece, Maria, the daughter of the Emperor Maximilian II. Of her was born his son and successor, Philip.

The other peninsular kingdom of Portugal was under the rule of a regency, in the name of the young monarch, Don Sebastiao. His grandmother, Queen Catalina of Austria, and his grand-uncle, the Cardinal Infante, Don Enrique, struggled with each other for power; while the king was neglected by them, and formed entirely by his tutors, Don Alexio de Menezes and Father Louis de Carnova, a Jesuit, both good and pious men, but imprudent, prejudiced, and inflaming rather than taming the natural impetuosity of the character of their pupil.

It was his misfortune that at an age when other youths are dreaming, he had the power to put his visions into action. His hopes were of Moors subdued, of the Cross planted on the minaret, of banners laid at the feet of the Pope, and of himself receiving, as his reward, the title for himself and his successors of the Most Obedient King.

He was frantic with delight when, in his twentieth year, he received at his court a fugitive from Morocco, Muley Hamet, who professed to have been unjustly excluded from the throne by his uncle, Muley Moluc, and came to implore his assistance. Sebastiao deemed this an opening for Portuguese conquests and Christian triumphs in Africa, and at once prepared for a grand expedition, contrary to the advice of all his counsellors, who represented that such an undertaking was absolute madness, since Moluc was the rightful king, a tried veteran, skilful in arms, and beloved by a powerful army. The Cardinal Enrique refused to bless the forces, the Duke of Alva sent satirical advice that he should limit his ambition to the recovery of a helmet

which Charles V. had left behind him at Algiers, and the wise old knights implored him to reconsider his decision. But the rash boy attended to nothing; he silenced his aged warriors by obtaining a physician's opinion, that age cooled the blood and lessened courage; and persisted in his belief that his enterprise had the blessing which must make it prosper.

On the 24th of June, 1578, he set sail with a gallant army of 15,000 men, and landed at Tangier, whence he pressed on to Alcazarquivir, where he was met by the whole Moorish army, commanded by Muley Moluc. This prince was sinking under a mortal disease, but his courage rose above his sufferings; and while Sebastiao hurried on the conflict out of mere ardour and precipitation, he hastened it, not for victory's sake, but because he feared that his men would not so well defend themselves when he should have expired.

On the 4th of August the battle took place. Muley Moluc rode on horseback along his troops, exhorting them and arraying them, but he was then obliged to retire to his litter. His lines were broken by the first charge of the young Portuguese chivalry, and at the danger he threw himself out of his litter, drew his sword, and animated his men with his dying strength. In the attempt to mount his horse, he fainted, and only revived enough to put his finger to his lips before he expired. Understanding the token that his death was not to be divulged, his officers still rode near the litter, and from time to time looked between the curtains as if to receive orders.

Meantime, the Moorish horse wheeled, and fell on the rear of the Christians, whom they far outnumbered. The Portuguese fought desperately; Sebastiao had two horses killed under him, and was wounded in the

shoulder, but fought bravely on, though his troops were cut down around him, and all was flight and ruin. Don Louis de Brito met him with his standard wrapped round his body. "Hold it fast!" he cried, handing it to him; "let us die upon it!" and again he rushed on the enemy. Brito saw him no more, and was soon taken with the standard and carried to Fez.

The fugitives, in scanty numbers, gained the coast, and were received into the ships, but Don Sebastiao came not. He was not among the prisoners, and some declared that he had last been seen making for the river Alcazar. In that river was found the body of his ally, Muley Hamet, but no trace of Don Sebastiao was discovered. A Moorish chief remembered having shot a richly-armed captive, because two soldiers were quarrelling over him; and on finding the spot where this had taken place, the prisoners declared that they recognized the body of their king. The Portuguese ransomed the corpse, which was buried at Belem with the former kings; but it was so disfigured, that its identity was uncertain, and for many years the Portuguese watched in vain for the return of their lamented Sebastiao from pilgrimage or captivity.

They might well lament his death, not merely for the promising qualities wasted by his fatal rashness, but for the miseries it entailed on Portugal. His uncle, the Cardinal Enrique, wore the crown for two wretched years, embittered by the sorrows of the last of his race, and by the prospect of dire confusion for his country. Swarms of claimants of the crown arose, but only two had rights worth considering, Philip King of Spain, whose mother, Isabel, was a daughter of King Manoel, and Catalina, Duchess of Braganza, daughter of Duarte, a son of Manoel.

Not only was her claim the best, but it had always been a law that a Portuguese Infanta, marrying a foreign prince, should forfeit her rights to the crown; and thus the Duchess of Braganza was, in all equity, the heiress; but Enrique, afraid of giving offence, would not pronounce her his successor.

He died in 1580, and Philip II. at once marched his troops into Portugal, and seized upon Lisbon, where he was proclaimed as king, in spite of the extreme aversion of his new subjects, who hated the whole Spanish nation, and him in particular; but their strength had been broken by the disaster of Alcazar, and they could offer no effectual opposition to the tyranny which they were forced to endure for nearly a century.

PART VII. THE SEVEN UNITED PROVINCES. 1571-1578.

THE Prince of Orange remained on the watch for the means of aiding his country, where the Duke of Alva was triumphant, and treated as the champion of the Roman Catholic Church. Gregory XIII. sent him a consecrated hat and sword; and he became so arrogant as even to cause the derision of the Spanish court, and to annoy the king. He had medals struck, representing himself seated in a chariot drawn by the owls of Minerva, holding a sword in one hand and an ægis in the other, and with Victory placing a crown on his head. He also set up his statue in the city of Antwerp, cast from brass cannon, and showing him trampling down a monster intending to signify heresy and rebellion.

His boast came too soon; his persecution was depopulating the country, and his taxes were so heavy as to be past endurance. The fugitive Gueux had, in the meantime, fitted out vessels, with which they fol-

lowed a piratical course in the German Ocean, and did much mischief to the merchant ships of every nation. In 1571, some of these made an attack on one of the little islands in the mouth of the Maes, and took possession of it; the Zealanders rose in their favour, and sent an invitation to the Prince of Orange, who had become a Calvinist, to come and resume his former government of Holland.

His brother, Louis of Nassau, of whom Alva's spies in France had last reported as playing at tennis at Paris, arrived one evening at Mons, the capital of Hainault, in the disguise of a wine merchant, and pretending to have a quantity of liquor to bring in late at night, bribed the guard to open the gates, when his troops rushed in and gained the town.

He was only able to keep it for three months. Orange did all in his power to relieve him, but could not break through the Spanish army, and he was forced to surrender and go to Germany. Both here, and at Naerden, the atrocities of the Spaniards were so frightful, that it seemed almost as if they intended to warn their enemies to perish in any way rather than fall into their hands.

The citizens of Haarlem were of this way of thinking, and held out for fifteen months against Don Fadrique de Toledo, Alva's son, till full half his army had been lost before its walls. Even the women organized themselves to take their share in the defence, under a lady named Kennava, and great sufferings from famine were patiently endured; but an attempt to relieve them failed, through the disobedience of its leader, and it became impossible to hold out any longer.

Toledo would promise no terms, and men, women, and children had determined to sally out and cut their

way through the enemy, when, fearing the assault of desperate men, Toledo promised favourable conditions, but on entering the city utterly disregarded them. There was a horrible slaughter, till the troops became tired of bloodshed, and tying the remainder of their victims two and two, drowned them.

This was Alva's last achievement in the Netherlands. Philip II. began to doubt of the prudence of permitting such ferocity, and recalled him. On his way home, he boasted that in the five years and a half of his government he had destroyed 18,000 heretics by the hand of the executioner, with infinite numbers more in battle, or by massacre. And this man, a knightly, loyal, and honourable person in his other relations, was taught by his perverted clergy to believe that he had done meritorious service to the faith! He met with great neglect and ingratitude from Philip, who, either jealous or angry, left him in obscurity and almost disgrace. At length hearing that this faithful servant of the crown was severely ill, Philip sent notice that he would come to visit the duke. "Too late," sighed Alva, and died.

Don Luis de Requesnes, his successor, tried measures of conciliation, but in vain. Count Louis of Nassau made another dashing attack with some German forces, but was defeated and slain, a loss which greatly depressed the spirits of the Dutch. However, Leyden showed equal constancy with Haarlem during a blockade, which cut off all communication with the outer world, except through carrier pigeons, which flew over the heads of the enemy, and safely bore letters to and fro beneath their wings. The stuffed skins of these trusty birds still stand preserved in the town-hall, honourable memorials of bravely endured sufferings. The scarcity became frightful; the citizens were

reduced to live on the most disgusting morsels, yet still their spirit kept up; they took an oath never to surrender, and there were some among them who even said that rather than yield they would devour their own left arm and fight still with the right.

William of Orange had not forces enough to take the field, and the only means he could devise for their relief was one which required a temper of self-sacrifice in those who were to put it in execution on behalf of the sufferers. It was to break down the dykes which guarded the coast, so as to let in the sea, and thus, at the expense of the richly-cultivated lands and cherished homes so laboriously and perseveringly won from the ocean, to allow the waves to fight the battle, and drive away the invader. Ruin as it was to many, the Dutch preferred it to letting their brethren perish; their pile-defended banks, with their osier fences, were overthrown, and anxiously was the high equinoctial tide of September awaited. It came, and with unusual fury, its force swelled by storms; the floods of river and sea rose with irresistible force, the Spanish entrenchments were washed away, the troops fled, many were engulfed in the mud and water, and many more slain by the troops whom William had prepared in a little fleet of boats to carry relief to the city.

It was high time. Bread had not been tasted there for seven weeks, and of the famished creatures who flocked to the gate to welcome their preservers, many expired from the over-haste with which they tried to appease their hunger. Two days more, they declared, and the rescue would have come too late, all would have been dead. Thanksgivings were instantly offered in the great church, and were repeated throughout Holland.

Requesnes was worn out by perplexities, and died of a fever in 1576. The brave Don Juan of Austria was sent to take his place, and concluded a treaty on the basis of the Pacification of Ghent; but as it was not the habit of Spaniards to think that promises towards heretics need be observed, he soon rekindled the war by unjustly seizing the fortress of Namur.

William of Orange felt it needful to take more decided measures for the future. His party were too weak to act on the offensive, for indeed nothing but their steady resolution enabled them to hold out at all; and invitations were therefore sent to foreign powers to receive the sovereignty of Holland as a reward for fighting her battles. Queen Elizabeth, the only Protestant monarch, gave them assistance, but refused their sovereignty. The Archduke Matthias, son to the Emperor of Germany, a youth of twenty-two, having received the like offer, although he was a Roman Catholic, suddenly arrived in Holland, and was gladly accepted as the protector of the patriots. A treaty of alliance was then drawn up, which formed the foundation of the future Dutch republic, and was signed at Utrecht on the 23rd of January, 1579.

The provinces of Holland, Zealand, Utrecht, Friesland, Groningen, Overysse, and Gneuldres, thus agreed to hold together, and assist each other against every enemy without making separate alliances, to maintain liberty of conscience, and to consult together on every occasion, leaving the decision of disputes between themselves to the Stadtholder, or guardian of the States, an office which was placed in the hands of the Prince of Orange.

Antwerp, Ghent, Bruges, and many other towns, joined the confederation, and money was coined by its

authority; but the melancholy device expressed the uncertainty of their prospects. It was a ship without sail or oar, tossed by the waves, with the motto, "*Incerta quo fata ferent,*"—Uncertain whither the Fates may bear her: hardly a fit motto for men fighting for their religion.

Matthias could gain no help from his brother, the Emperor Rudolf, who did not choose to embroil himself with Spain; he could not make the Dutch acknowledge his authority, and soon perceived that he had acted foolishly and hastily in coming to Holland, and took his leave with all civility, and receiving an invitation to visit Holland whenever he pleased.

During this time, Don Juan would fain have attempted something, but his brother was too jealous of him to afford him a sufficient army; and, vexed and disappointed, his health yielded to the damp of the climate, and he died of a fever in October, 1578, while still under thirty.

Soon after, a very able commander was sent to the Netherlands, in the person of Alessandro Farnese, Duke of Parma, the son of the late regent, the Duchess Margaret. He had some experience of the temper of the people, and was an excellent general, and as under him the Spanish severity was somewhat relaxed, the Flemish provinces began to grow better contented with Philip's rule.

PART VIII. MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW.
1567-1574.

CATHERINE DE MEDICI bore in mind the advice of Alva, and watched her time. In 1567, she began to hire Swiss troops, and the Calvinists taking alarm, again

rebelled. At St. Denis a battle was fought, where the old Constable de Montmorency received a mortal wound. He wished to die on the field, but his friends carried him back to Paris, where he lingered for two days. While a priest was offering him consolation, he said, "I have not lived eighty years, without knowing how to bear dying for one quarter of an hour."

Much honesty died with the old man, the last of the warriors of François I. His power was so great that the king would not renew the office of Constable. "Young as I am, I can bear my own sword," said Charles IX.; and the lesser authority of lieutenant-general was bestowed on Henri Duc d'Anjou, the second of the princes, who was only sixteen years of age.

He commanded in 1549, when a battle was fought at Jarnac, against Condé and Coligni. The evening before, Condé had been hurt by a fall from his horse, and wore his arm in a sling. While exhorting his men before the battle, an unruly horse kicked him and broke his leg; but hardly betraying the pain, he only deduced from it the maxim, that it was folly to use mettled horses in battle, and then cried, "Come on, French nobles! here is the combat we have so long desired. Remember the state in which Louis de Bourbon enters it, for Christ and for his country!" repeating the words of his motto, "Sweet is death for Christ and my country." His courage was vain, his party was routed, and his horse was killed under him. Helpless from his injuries, he called to two of his acquaintances, to whom he surrendered; and he had just been seated under a tree, when he saw his greatest enemy, the Baron de Montesquieu, the captain of the Duc d'Anjou's guards. "I am a dead man," said he. "You will not

be able to save me," and at the same moment Montesquieu shot him through the head.

By this base and dastardly murder of a prisoner of war died a gallant nobleman, sincerely attached to his religion, but corrupted by the manners of his time, and not without motives of personal ambition in his wars. He does not merit harsh judgment, but his character is not deserving of high praise, although his last hour might redeem many an error.

His death had nearly broken up his party, for the nobles hesitated to follow the Admiral de Coligni, as not being of sufficient rank; but Jeanne Queen of Navarre upheld the cause. Presenting to the army her son Henri, Prince de Béarn, a boy of sixteen, and his cousin Henri, the eldest son of the Prince de Condé, who was four years younger, she made a stirring speech, calling on her troops to defend their faith and freedom; after which, her son swore publicly to persevere in the cause till death or victory. With great enthusiasm he was proclaimed generalissimo, and the punctilious gentlemen willingly obeyed the admiral in his name. Jeanne likewise fortified Rochelle, and so arranged the defences that for nearly a century it was the refuge of the Huguenots in all their worst extremities.

After another battle at Moncontour, the court grew weary of the war, and prepared to employ the Duke of Alva's project. Peace was therefore offered to the Huguenots on favourable terms; and at the same time as the king was married to the Princess Elizabeth of Austria, he offered his sister Marguerite in marriage to Henri Prince de Béarn, although there was a strong mutual affection between her and the young Duc de Guise.

Many invitations were sent to Queen Jeanne of Navarre, one of the ablest and most virtuous ladies of her time, and at length she came to the court, but without bringing her son, to whom she wrote her horror at the corruption of manners she found there. She was treated with much civility by the young king, whose mother was so tutoring him in perfidy, that every evening he came to her room to ask, "Have I played my part well? I will get them all into the net for you."

Each queen felt that she was playing a game, and trying to look behind the veil, which in Catherine was of deceit, in Jeanne, of reserve. "What shall I do," said Catherine to the Marshal de Tavannes, "to find out the secrets of this queen?" "Put her in a passion and keep your own temper," he answered; "that never fails with women." But the subtle deceiver was no match for the honest religious woman; Catherine failed in overcoming Jeanne's good sense and constancy, and soon had recourse to more deadly arts. There is every reason to believe that three weeks after she had arrived at the court, Jeanne was poisoned by the royal perfumer.

She was a good and wise woman, stern but affectionate; and if her Calvinism was of the strongest cast, the sight of the wickedness around her was indeed enough to prejudice her against all that the Catholics believed or practised.

Caution seemed to be lost to the Huguenots with their brave queen. Recent as was her death, her son, now King of Navarre, consented to come to Paris to claim his bride. The Huguenots were invited in great numbers to the wedding festivities, and very few were prudent enough to distrust the seeming reconciliation,

though the old Baron de Rosny said, with too true foreboding, "If the marriage take place at Paris, the favours will be crimson."

Coligni was lured by hopes of a war with Spain, and came to Paris, contrary to the advice of such as knew him to be a marked man, who was looked upon by Henri de Guise as the murderer of his father. The marriage was celebrated on the 18th of August, 1572, without a dispensation from the Pope, though besides that Henri was a professed Calvinist, he was Marguerite's second cousin. It was also without the consent of the bride herself, who, even during the ceremony, never spoke the word yes, though her head was forced to make a sign of assent by the hand of her brother.

Charles IX. had been bred up to treachery, and taught that it was his duty to deal death to heretics, and he was now set to decoy the victims into the snare. He had better dispositions than his mother would have given him, and his new associates were not without influence. The two gallant young Bourbons, fresh from the simple and religious court of Béarn, and the noble-minded old Admiral, were companions unlike those whom he had hitherto known, and he began in earnest to attend to Coligni, whom he called his father, and who began to open his eyes to the evil courses into which his mother and brother were leading him.

Catherine became alarmed; and in order to put an end to this intimacy, the Duc d'Anjou posted a man in a house near the Louvre, with orders to shoot the Admiral as he left the palace. The wound was not mortal, but shattered both the hands. During the painful operation that followed, the Admiral found comfort in passages read to him from the Scriptures

by his chaplain, Merlin, to whom he whispered an order for a distribution of alms among the poor of his congregation. Charles was much vexed at hearing of this attack, and came to see the patient; but Catherine and the Duc d'Anjou chose to accompany him, and allowed not a word to be exchanged in private. Unfortunately, three hundred armed gentlemen had collected at Coligni's house on the first alarm of his danger; and Queen Catherine availed herself of this circumstance to persuade the king that Coligni was really the head of a conspiracy against him, so that he was at last worked up to consent to his death.

The poor youth was in an agony of excitement during the following terrible days, sometimes wavering, sometimes over-acting the violence which alone could satisfy the fiendish wretches who were goading him on. A bloody council met at the Louvre. There were the mother and her two sons, youths of twenty-two and twenty, Henri of Guise, no older, three Italians, and the Marshal de Tavannes. Charles only said that if the Admiral must be given up to die, no Huguenot should survive to reproach him; while the Duc de Guise desired to destroy the King of Navarre, the Prince de Condé, and also the sons of Montmorency, though these last were not Calvinists, but merely his private enemies. However, they were out of reach, and Catherine undertook to deal with the Bourbon princes.

Guise, who had great influence with the Parisians, undertook to instruct their armed companies to rise at the sound of three strokes from the palace bell, each man wearing a white sleeve, and, alas! a white cross in his cap, that they might recognize each other in the work of slaughter, where every Huguenot, man,

woman, and child, was to die. The Parisians were reluctant at first, but soon were willing enough.

On the night before Sunday, the Feast of St. Bartholomew, 1572, Queen Catherine entered her son's apartment, saying in the words of an Italian sermon, "*E pietà lor ser crudele, e crudeltà lor ser pietoso*,"—It is pity (or piety, a play on the word,) to be cruel to them, it is cruelty to be pitiful; and adding, "Do not let your indecision lose all, when they are for once in your power." Charles gathered into his apartments such persons as he wished to save, his Huguenot nurse and surgeon, and gave his permission for the work to begin.

The bell sounded at half-past one at night, and the royal guards began to call into the court-yard the Huguenots lodging in the Louvre, in attendance on the King of Navarre, and to kill them as they entered. Henri, hearing sounds but suspecting nothing, rose early, and was instantly summoned into the king's apartments. A few minutes after, a wounded man rushed into the room where his wife Marguerite was left, and clasped his arms round her, beseeching her to save him. At her entreaty his life was spared, but she was forced to keep him in an inner room until he was cured of his hurts.

The Admiral was awakened by cries and the sound of fire-arms, and rising from his bed, prayed with his chaplain, Merlin, though he was so weak that he was forced to lean against the wall for support as he knelt. Shots were fired below, steps were on the stairs; Coligni bade his attendants escape, and they fled over the roofs of the houses, while he calmly awaited the murderers. Guise himself was below, his men ran up-stairs, and the first demanded of the kneeling old

man if he were Coligni? "It is I," he answered. "Young man, respect these grey hairs." The answer was a stroke from each sword, and the corpse was thrown from the window, that Guise might satisfy himself that the deed was done.

Merlin reached a hay-loft, where he lay hidden, living on the eggs which were daily laid at his side by a hen, during the three days which passed before the danger was over. The sight of bloodshed always excites the French nation to frantic cruelty; each street was a scene of massacre, men denounced their neighbours for not attending mass, broke into their houses, and slaughtered all within. In each provincial town the like horrors were enacted, until the numbers of dead amounted to thirty thousand, or, it is even said, one hundred thousand. The king himself was wrought up to a state of almost madness; his eyes glared wildly, and he had nearly killed his Bourbon cousins with his own hand. He shouted "Slay! slay!" and fired from the window at some fugitives whom he saw running beneath the palace. The massacre lasted for three days, and then letters were written to make it appear that it had been the means of checking a Huguenot rising, but no one believed this; the Emperor Maximilian severely blamed his son-in-law, and Queen Elizabeth put on mourning; but Gregory XII. and Philip II. fired cannon, and chanted services of thanksgiving as for a victory.

The surviving Huguenots drew together at La Rochelle, which was always their stronghold; but they were helpless without their natural chiefs, the Bourbons, who were in a sort of enforced captivity. "Mass, death, or the Bastille,"* was the choice put

* The royal prison of France.

before the cousins. Henri of Navarre yielded easily; Henri of Condé held out longer; but both were terrified into consenting, and they soon forgot the lessons of their youth. Catherine de Medici's avowed system was to corrupt those whom she feared, and to trust to dissipation to prevent them from becoming formidable. It was beyond her power to weaken the intellect or courage of Henri of Navarre, or to teach him perfidy and cruelty; but her seductions made shipwreck of the purity and strictness that his mother would have given her life to preserve, and the seeds of evil then sown bore fruit generations afterwards. The unhappy young men, guided by Catherine, vied with each other in the wildness of their excesses. The young King Charles was the least vicious, for his love for his gentle wife, Elizabeth of Austria, preserved him from the worst immoralities of the rest; but he had been taught to swear, in order to show his contempt for the Huguenots; his language was horribly profane, and he tried by intoxication to drown the miserable remembrance of St. Bartholomew's Day. It was in vain; he never spent a quiet night after that evening of horror. He overtasked his strength in hunting, and exerted himself to the severe injury of his lungs; but dreams of blood never failed to awaken him, and nothing but soft music could soothe him. His health began to fail, so that his mother remembered with dread a fortune-teller's prediction, that all her sons should be kings. She hoped they might fulfil this destiny in other countries; and Henri Duc d'Anjou, and Hercule Duc d'Alençon, both became suitors to Queen Elizabeth, without result, excepting a great deal of coquetry on her part.

Henri was Catherine's favourite son, for he positively enjoyed cruelty and deceit, as pleasant diversions

alternating with gaiety, the excessive levity of his nature making him unable to comprehend their villainess and atrocity. He had personal courage, and had thrown himself into his mother's projects as neither of his elder brothers could bear to do, and this had given him a reputation for ability, which deceived the Poles into choosing him as their king. Sigismund Augustus II., the last of the Jagellons, had died in 1573; and the Diet, bribed by turns by the Emperor Maximilian and the Czar of Muscovy, finally listened to the suggestion of a Polish noble, who had been struck by Henri's fine person and address, and fancied him a hero. He found himself King of Poland, and was forced to set out for Cracow, much against his will, declaring he should be nothing better than a judge among the free and savage people of Poland.

His brother's frame was fast breaking down under his wretchedness. Complaint on the lungs had come on, with frequent bursts of bleeding, which were to him like retribution for the blood that he had shed. His only comforters were the Huguenot surgeon and nurse whom he had saved, and to whom he often broke forth into the lamentable cry, "O! ma mie, my nurse! what blood! what horrors! what murder! O what counsels have I followed! O my God, pity and pardon! I am lost for ever!" When his mother came in, full of vindictive exultation in the capture of Montgomeri, the knight by whose lance his father had died, Charles, too feeble to save the unfortunate man, and sick of murders, turned his face to the wall, and would not hear her; and Catherine, without his participation, tortured the unfortunate man to death for the involuntary mischance, which had taken place fifteen years ago. Poor Charles died three days after, on

the 30th of May, 1574. He was only in his twenty-fifth year, and Huguenot hatred accused his mother of poisoning him; but it was his mind that she had poisoned, and of all the victims of the massacre, her own son's fate was the most piteous; slain as he was by remorse for the crimes into which he had been led by his mother's fiendish lessons.

PART IX. THE LEAGUE. 1575-1584.

HENRI DE VALOIS no sooner heard of the death of his brother, than he stole by night out of his palace at Cracow, and absolutely ran a race with his Polish subjects, who not having had time to learn how fortunate they were in being so quickly rid of him, galloped after him to catch and detain him.

As soon as they gave up the hopes of his return, they proceeded to a new election, and chose Stephen Bathory, Prince of Transylvania, a gallant soldier, who brought the wild race of Cossacks under the dominion of Poland, and reigned with great glory for eleven years, while the runaway was the misery of France.

When Duke of Anjou, Henri III. had indeed been perfidious and blood-thirsty, but he had then been active and resolute; whereas now at three-and twenty, his vices had worn out his vigour and intellect, and his folly and frivolity made him universally despised. He thought himself very devout, and formed all the court into fraternities for self-discipline, especially flagellation; indeed, it is said that the death of the Cardinal of Lorraine was actually caused by a fever caught among a party of flagellants, when he had to stand in the dew bare-headed and bare-footed. These fits of austerity were intended to atone for crimes too hor-

rible to mention, and for a life of such irreligion, that it was said that the Parisians were only known to be Christians by their steeples.

Henri III. married, almost by force, Louise de Vandémont, a beautiful girl, betrothed and much attached to another; but he was a faithless husband, and the only value he seemed to set on the Queen was as a figure on which to display his taste in dress. On the morning of their coronation, he spent so much time on the arrangement of their jewels, that the service was necessarily curtailed; and the omission of the *Te Deum* was certainly not inappropriate, considering what a sovereign was crowned. So foppish was Henri in his own person, that he slept in gloves to make his hands white, used cosmetics to preserve his complexion, and wore ear-rings; moreover, he used to go to balls with a huge rosary of beads carved as death's heads. He was extravagantly fond of dogs, and would drive in his coach through the streets of Paris, buying up every lap-dog and parrot that he could discover, and was often seen with a basket of puppies hung from his neck. He surrounded himself with young men, to whom he taught his own follies and vices, and on whom he lavished such exclusive affection, that they became known by the contemptuous title of the king's pets—Mignons. They were mostly of inferior birth, and became so arrogant that they quarreled with the nobles, and were killed in duels. The king went and wept over them in an ecstasy of grief, then took out with his own hands the costly ear-rings that he had given to them, and soon filled up the vacant post of Mignon.

In this disgusting court, the king equally dreaded and distrusted his three relations, Henri de Bourbon,

King of Navarre, who, however, seemed fully infected with vice, and who had grievously disappointed the hopes of his mother's friends; Henri Duc de Guise, the spirited but violent leader of the strong Romanist party; and François Hercule, the youngest son of Henri II., Duke, at first of Alençon, and then of Anjou, and usually called Monsieur, the title given at the Court of France to the next brother of the king. Of this unhappy prince his sister Marguerite declared, that if perfidy had been banished from the face of the earth, there was enough in his single person to replenish it.

Monsieur, weary of his insignificance at court, fled from it in secret, and put himself at the head of the Calvinists, in the end of 1575. In a skirmish with them the Duc de Guise received a shot in the cheek, which caused him to be known as *le balafré*, or the scarred; but this war was chiefly noticeable as having served to rouse Henri of Navarre from his disgraceful trance of pleasure. In the February of 1576, he had a slight attack of fever, and while his two faithful Huguenot gentlemen, d'Aubigné and d'Armagnac, were sitting up with him at night, they heard him murmuring to himself the eleventh verse of the eighty-eighth Psalm in the French metrical version, so dear to the Calvinists. These were welcome sounds, the first that showed him conscious of the base part that he was playing, and hastening to his side, they exclaimed, "What, Sire, does the good Spirit still live and work in you?" and then went on to show him how weakly he was submitting to live in dishonourable captivity, while those who had guarded his cradle would far rather be rallying round him than round Monsieur. For themselves, they had almost resolved to leave the court at once, but only feared that the

attendants to whom they would leave him would not scruple to employ the dagger or the poison.

Henri felt the force of their words, and consented to escape. A few nights after, he quitted the palace with these gentlemen and a few others, and riding through the forests, safely arrived in Guienne. The Duc d'Anjou, finding himself no longer the head of the party, offered his mediation; and a treaty, permitting freedom of conscience, was concluded, and called "The Peace of Monsieur." At the same time, the King of Navarre returned to the profession of Calvinism; and Monsieur, about the same time, accepted the invitation of the Dutch Calvinists to assume their protection in the stead of Matthias.

He brought with him a considerable force, and was installed at Antwerp with great splendour, seated on a chair covered with cloth of gold, and the coronet placed on his head by the Prince of Orange, who said, "I will pin it so firmly that it shall not be easily shaken." Monsieur soon after set out on a vain expedition to court Queen Elizabeth.

All this much alarmed the vehement Romish party. They saw the king too feeble and unstable to be depended on, and his next heir in alliance with Protestants everywhere; while the cousin, Henri de Bourbon, who stood next in the succession, was a declared Huguenot.

For some time there had been a bond drawn up, by which the most ardent had pledged themselves to support the Church rather than anything else, engaging to give their lives for her, and even, if necessary, to defend her against the Crown. This bond was called the Holy League, and the whole family of Guise and Lorraine were included in it. Gradually, as they

beheld Calvinism tolerated, they became doubly ardent, till they began to view the royal family as inefficient or treacherous protectors of the Church, and to remember that Hugh Capet himself had been a usurper, while Lorraine traced its descent from the male line of Charles le Magne. Thus the League, begun in sincere love of the Church, though in blindness to other duties, was fast becoming a factious association, and Henri de Guise was looked on by the king as his most formidable enemy.

Meanwhile, Monsieur met with little success in Holland. The Spaniards had the baseness to set a price on the head of the Prince of Orange, the real strength of the revolting party; and soon after, while leaving his dining-hall, at Antwerp, he was shot in the face by an assassin, who was instantly cut down and slain. The cry at first was that the murder had been prompted by the French, and Anjou was at first in danger; but Maurice, the son of William, a boy of thirteen, had the presence of mind to look in the pockets of the wretched man, where he found a commission from a Spanish officer to commit the crime, and a letter of absolution for it beforehand from a priest.

William slowly recovered; and Monsieur took advantage of his illness to make a treacherous attempt to seize Antwerp with his French troops, but this was frustrated; and though the States did not depose him, they could have no further confidence in him. At Bergen op Zoom, the Duke of Parma totally routed the French and Dutch forces; and disheartened by his losses, Monsieur returned in haste to France, where he died two years after, in 1584, when no more than thirty years old.

In the same year, the Spaniards succeeded in com-

passing the death of William the Silent. A Frenchman, who had gained his confidence, came to him while he sat at dinner with his wife, Louise, a daughter of Coligni, and while asking for a passport, shot him through the body. He had only time to say, "God have mercy on me, and on this afflicted people—I am grievously wounded!" before he expired. The murderer was taken, and after owning that he was employed by the Duke of Parma, he was put to death. Even the Spanish soldiery were so ashamed of the cowardly assassination of their enemy, that they refused to share in the rejoicings which their masters thought fit to decree.

William the Silent was greatly and deservedly lamented, for his remarkable endowments. He was a man of most unusual balance of qualities, never led by passion into any imprudence, cool, guarded, and of admirable judgment. His religion does not seem to have been earnest, and he cared little for orthodoxy; but this indifference made him so tolerant in an intolerant age, that his humanity was an infinite relief; and his good sense leading him to prefer the reality of influence to the display of power, he showed no offensive ambition; and he was really disinterested, for he never touched the income set apart for him as Stadtholder, and left his numerous family almost in want. His gallant young son, Maurice, though only sixteen, was at once elected Stadtholder, as the elder brother, Philip William, was still in captivity in Spain.

The effect of Anjou's death, by rendering Henri de Bourbon heir presumptive to the throne of France, was to make the League more violent in their manifestations against an "imbecile monarch" and a "relapsed heretic," till at last they became the most

dangerous enemies of the crown; and Henri III. was tossed about between Leaguers and Huguenots, sometimes espousing one party, sometimes betraying it to the other, and constant to nothing but to his dogs and his monkeys. Henri de Bourbon was at the same time showing the utmost skill as a leader, the most engaging qualities as a friend and chief of a party, and a readiness to forgive, and mercy to the fallen, which were something altogether new in French civil wars; and Henri de Guise was, in spite of many noble qualities, letting himself be drawn deeper and deeper into a course of violence, ambition, and cruelty, under the mask of zeal for the Roman Catholic faith. His noble manners and the ancient love for his house, made the Parisians devoted to him, and most of the north of France held the old doctrine, while the chief of the Provençal regions of the south were either Calvinist, at least attached to the King of Navarre, who was governor of Guyenne, and whose only actual possessions were the two Pyrenean counties of Foix and Béarn. Thus began the seventh Huguenot war, usually called the War of the Three Henries.

In 1586, died the good Emperor Maximilian II., whose gentle spirit had been grieved by the cruelties to the Reformers, and whose death-bed words show him to have held the true Christian faith in its purity. He was succeeded by Rodolf, the eldest of his sixteen children.

PART X. THE SPANISH ARMADA. 1585-1589.

IN 1585, a truly great man was raised to the Papacy. Felice Peretti, a peasant of Montalto, had as a child, while keeping swine, learnt his letters from the horn-

books of his less poverty-stricken companions, and thus gained the patronage of a relation who was a Franciscan friar, and who sent him to school till he was ten years old, when he took the vows of that Order.

By the most earnest study, he so cultivated his great abilities, that he rose to the highest dignities of the Church, and on the death of Gregory XIII. was elected Pope. Sixtus V., as he named himself, was in his sixty-fourth year, vigorous, discerning, high-minded, and so energetic, that in less than a year he had destroyed the banditti at Rome, and put an end to the disorders that had so much grieved his predecessor. The full faith that Heaven was with him, seemed to encourage him to any enterprise; and had he lived in the middle ages, he would probably have played the same part as Gregory VII., or Innocent III.

But he had fallen on very different times, and beheld half Europe rent from all allegiance to the See of Rome, and the struggle of opinion raging fiercely wherever it had not been crushed by the temporal power. Germany, indeed, was peaceable and neutral, but the rest of the European nations were arrayed against each other. On the one side stood Queen Elizabeth and England, differing, indeed, from both Lutherans and Calvinists, but looked to as the chief stay and refuge of Protestants throughout the continent; on the other side, Philip, with his wide domains of Spain, Portugal, and more than half Italy, the acknowledged and favoured champion of the Roman Catholic Church. France and the Netherlands were the battle-fields; in the one the Guise family, with the League and half the nation, were at war with the heir of the crown and his Calvinist followers, the miserable

king doubtful between them, though in profession a devout Romanist; and in the other, the Calvinist towns of Holland, holding out by mere constancy alone against the overwhelming strength and skill of Alessandro Farnese; while to complicate the matter, if Henri III. had a Protestant heir presumptive, the next in blood to the Queen of England was a Roman Catholic, and of the Guise kindred—a dethroned captive in Elizabeth's hands, indeed, but still regarded by many of her subjects as their lawful queen.

Sixtus V. admired the high qualities of Elizabeth and of Henri of Navarre, and perceived that England stood on different ground from the other opponents; he regretted the excommunication which had been pronounced by Paul IV., but could do no otherwise than renew it, and he also pronounced the same sentence on the two Bourbon princes. He predicted that the League would never ultimately succeed, but he could not refuse his support to it, and the noble disposition of the Duke de Guise afforded him the opportunity of holding him up to admiration as the Judas Maccabeus of his cause.

The conflict between the two parties was now coming to a crisis. Elizabeth and Philip had hitherto been outwardly at peace, but war was at length declared; and while Elizabeth gave commissions to her brave mariners, Drake and Raleigh, to attack the vessels of her foes in the Spanish Main, she openly espoused the cause of the distressed States of Holland, who had just suffered the heavy loss of the city of Antwerp. The succours she sent to them were unfortunately commanded by her worthless favourite, Leicester, who only offended the States, laid siege ineffectually to Zutphen, where he lost his noble nephew, Sir Philip Sidney,

and failed in saving Ostend and Sluys, which were both taken by the Duke of Parma.

The Huguenots had, however, won their first battle at Coutras, where the gallantry of Henri of Navarre shone out conspicuously. He rode between his cousins, the Prince de Condé and Comte de Soissons. "I will only tell you one thing," he said. "You are both Bourbons, and I will teach you that I am head of the family!" In one hour the battle was gained, and with the loss of only thirty men; but only a few weeks afterwards Guise totally routed an army of Germans coming to the aid of the Huguenots. About the same time the brave young Condé died almost suddenly, to the great grief of the King of Navarre, who exclaimed, "I have lost my right hand."

Queen Elizabeth struck the blow that ruined the hope of the Guises of ascendancy in England; Mary of Scotland was beheaded on the 18th of February, 1587, and they could find little hopes on her son, who had been educated from infancy by the Scottish Calvinists.

The time was now come, it was thought, for the attack which would decide whether Rome should prevail. If England were overthrown, there would be no power able to resist Spain, and the Inquisition would have full scope everywhere to crush every attempt to question the decrees of the Council of Trent.

Blest, then, by Sixtus V., and with full assurance of victory, Philip of Spain mustered his forces to strike full at the head, and gathered his boasted Invincible Armada to destroy the stubborn usurping island queen, and to sweep heresy from the face of the earth.

How that Invincible Armada prospered is too well known to every thankful English heart to need repetition here—how queen and people were resolute and

victorious, but how the ocean, the storm and tempest, in the Hand of the Almighty, were their far more sure defence, and of that mighty armament hardly a shattered remnant survived to bear the news home to bereaved Spain. Scarcely a family was there which had not lost one member, and Philip was forced to publish an edict to shorten the period of mourning, in hopes of lessening the universal depression. He himself bore the calamity in a resigned and religious spirit, returned thanks to Heaven that it had been no worse, and caused every care to be taken of the sick and wounded. Spain might well mourn, for that September of 1588 was the downfall of that mighty power and prosperity which had been built up by three generations of able sovereigns. Her leadership of Europe was over, and thenceforth began her slow decay.

The States of Holland rejoiced, and gave thanks as for a victory of their own, and in truth, it was their rescue. The ruin of the naval power of Spain gave scope for their fleets, both warlike and commercial, to act by sea and by land. Prince Maurice of Nassau, though still very young, began to show himself a great leader, and to gain more successes than had ever yet fallen to the share of the Dutch. It was likewise in their favour that the Duke of Parma was in failing health, and unable to exert his former vigour.

The crimes of the Romanists in France were fast aiding the opposite party, and destroying themselves. Henri of Guise had, by raising his friends, the Parisians, and barricading the streets, got the king into his own hands, and thus dictated to him, openly showing his contempt for him and his mignons, and allowing his followers to misuse and even kill the servants of the monarch in his own palace.

This thralldom irritated the savage nature that slept beneath the frivolity of Henri III. He made arrangements for slaying Guise in his own presence-chamber, and placed his guards in readiness on the 22nd of December, 1588. Guise received, while dining, a note from an unknown hand, warning him that the king would serve him an evil turn; but he only wrote on the bottom of it "He dares not," and threw it under the table. He went to the palace as usual, and while in the council-chamber was summoned to the king's private apartment. As soon as he was shut into it, eight men, who had been concealed there, attacked him, and without a word he sank down and expired. His brother, the Cardinal de Guise, was killed the next day by four ruffians of a lower grade, since the murderers of the duke shrank from shedding the blood of a priest. Henri le Balafré, Duke de Guise, who thus perished, was a gallant gentleman, of a fine disposition, tainted by the times of cruelty and violence in which he lived, but sincere in the cause that he believed to be that of truth, and needing only purer teaching to have been a glorious character.

From the scene of murder, Henri III., with haggard savage looks, went to the bed-side of his mother, who was ill with gout, and had been vainly asking the meaning of the cries she heard. He asked her how she was; and when she answered "Better," "I too," said he, "am better; I am King of France again, having put to death the King of Paris." "You have killed the Duke de Guise?" cried Catherine. "Heaven grant you may not thus become king of nothing! You have cut, you must now sew. Have you foreseen all?" He replied that he had, and she could say no more. She died on the 5th of January

following, in her seventieth year, leaving a name execrated by all parties, after having just beheld the final ruinous crime of the favourite son whom she had most fully succeeded in corrupting.

The whole League, and all the city of Paris, were furious at the murder of their hero. Processions were made to pray for the dethronement of the wicked royal family; the king's arms were torn down; he was declared an excommunicated heretic; an anagram was made on Henri de Valois, and repeated even from the pulpit, calling him *Vilain Hérodes*. The children of the murdered duke were too young to be set at the head of the League, but his brother, Charles Duke de Mayenne, was enthusiastically called on to assume the leadership, and avenge his death.

The unhappy Henri III. saw no hope but in seeking the protection of the King of Navarre, and therefore fully owned him as heir to the crown, and called him to defend him from the League. This was of great benefit to the King of Navarre, as he now had the support of all the moderate loyal party, who held to the old faith without deserting the crown. The two kings met on the most friendly terms. "Take courage," said Henri of Navarre, "two Harries are worth more than one Carolus," punning on the value of the coins then in use. Uniting their forces, the two kings laid siege to Paris; but the sight of the murderer of Guise in alliance with his Huguenot heir was more than the fanatic Romanists could endure. On the 1st of August, 1589, a monk named Jacques Clement, while pretending to present a petition, stabbed Henri III. in the stomach, and the wound was soon proved to be mortal. In his last hours Henri showed firmness and consideration for his people, but his

conscience seemed entirely at ease as to his many crimes, probably believing them to be wiped off by absolution. He died on the morning of the 5th of August, 1589, in his thirty-eighth year, and with him became extinct the House of Valois.

Clement was put to death with great barbarity, and the army at once acknowledged Henri de Bourbon as King of France; but even then some voices cried, "Rather death than a Huguenot King."

PART XI. PACIFICATION. 1589-1599.

THE Leaguers showed the most unsuitable demonstrations of joy at the death of Henri III., and in Paris Clement received the honours of a martyr, and his mother was endowed with a pension by the city. Even Sixtus V. was so far carried away as to compare his deed to that of Judith, yet he would not comply with the entreaty of the ultra-party, that he would consecrate the war with the King of Navarre by the name and privileges of a crusade.

The Leaguers proclaimed as king, Henri's old uncle, Charles Cardinal de Bourbon, and intended to give the crown after him either to the Duke de Lorraine, son of Claude, sister to the late king, or to Isabel Clara Eugenia, the Spanish Infanta, daughter of that unfortunate Elisabeth de Valois who had been married to Philip II. It was this latter hope that won for them the aid of Philip, while with greater disinterestedness Elizabeth of England sent auxiliaries to the Huguenots.

Henri of Navarre was not a man, however, to be easily past over, especially as he had every quality most winning to the French. His features were dark, strongly marked, and almost harsh, but they had so

much animation and sweetness, that his countenance was most attractive. He was tall, extremely active, and skilled in every chivalrous exercise, of the most dashing courage and gallantry, such as to win general admiration, and yet with a foundation of prudence and firmness that made him never rash nor weak. His demeanour was most engaging, springing from the warmth of an affectionate and candid heart, that trusted implicitly those whom he esteemed, loved wherever it was possible to love, never gave pain willingly, and always was ready freely to confess a fault. This, with a brilliant wit, which always had an appropriate saying at command, dignity that made his good nature never unbecoming to his rank, and a most amiable and forgiving temper, rendered him one of the most loveable persons in the world; and his well-chosen and excellent friends, Duplessis and Rosny, far better men than himself, were attached to him with a sort of passionate affection. It was a grievous misfortune that his love of pleasure extended to all the vices of the French court, and his unfortunate compulsory marriage with the Princess Marguerite, had given no counteraction to them. She was a woman almost without shame, and Henri's dislike to her drove him further into such attachments as were unhappily scarcely then condemned in France, except by strict Huguenots. He was indeed little under the influence of religion, and perhaps had always preferred the Roman Catholic, disliking the plain severity and baldness of the Calvinist habits, and while perceiving the rights which the Church had to his allegiance, allured by the atonements which were too often held to expiate a life such as he led.

Most of Henri III.'s party were strongly attracted by him, and there were many others who could not

bear that their crown should depart from the lawful heir, so that he stood at the head of a considerable force, and only needed a decisive success to secure many more adherents.

He reduced Normandy and Maine in the winter, and in the March of 1590 again advanced on Paris. The Leaguers, under the Duc de Mayenne, met him in the plain of Yvry, near Dreux. His numbers were so inferior, that he was advised to retreat. "No retreat," he said, "but the field of battle!" Schomberg, the colonel of the Germans in his pay, had come at an inconvenient time to ask for their salary. "No brave man asks for money just before a battle," Henri had answered sharply; but now, as he arrayed his troops for the fight, he rode up to the German, saying, "M. de Schomberg, I have affronted you. This may be the last day of my life. I would not carry with me your honour as a gentleman. I know your worth and courage. I beg you to pardon and embrace me."

"Your Majesty wounded me the other day," said the German. "You kill me now; I must die in your service!"

Then Henri, in full armour, except his head, prayed aloud before his troops, and looking round, said, "Friends, you are French. God is for us. Here is your king, there are your foes! The more of them, the more honour. If your ensigns fail you, follow my white plume!"

He then put on his white-feathered helmet, and the fight began. At one moment success was doubtful; his first charge was followed by a confused *melée*, and his standard began to waver. His men were giving back, when he called out, "Turn, turn! If you will not fight, at least see me die!" They followed him into

the thickest of the foe. Schomberg was killed, Rosny severely wounded, but the victory was won, and Mayenne drew off his forces in confusion to Mantes.

The battle of Yvry decided the fate of France, but Henri still had much to undergo. The old Cardinal de Bourbon died at this time, thus giving the King of Spain a more immediate interest in the war by exciting his hopes of gaining the crown for his daughter, and he sent orders to the Duke of Parma to go to the aid of the Leaguers. Henri was besieging Paris, and had reduced it to the most terrible straits, so that parchments and bones were even used for sustenance, and the way to the throne was almost open, when the Spaniards from the Netherlands entered France, under Farnese himself. Henri sought to bring them to a pitched battle, but in vain; he was out-manœuvred by the clever old general, who brought supplies into Paris, broke up his works, and destroyed the labour of months; then marched safely back into Flanders, without affording him the chance of a combat. He was, in fact, a greater general than Henri IV., and in the campaigns of the two following years contrived to baffle and elude him without giving battle; but in 1592, in a skirmish at Caudebec, Farnese received a wound, which had a fatal effect on his already declining health, and he died in consequence, leaving a name noted for military talent, though stained by his assent to more than one assassination.

During his attacks on France, his troops had suffered great losses in the Low Countries. Maurice of Nassau seized Zutphen and Deventer, and summoned Nimeguen to surrender. The magistrates replied that he was but a youth, and should look on Nimeguen as a coy maiden, only to be won by gallantries and

assiduities. Maurice's gallantries came from the mouths of sixty-five cannon, loaded with red-hot shot; and he soon had the city in his hands, thus giving the Seven United provinces a fortified frontier.

Philip II. hoped that his gracious-tempered nephews, the sons of the Emperor Maximilian II., might conciliate the Netherlands; and he appointed the Archduke Ernest to the government, giving him hopes of marrying his daughter Isabel Clara Eugenia. This Infanta, whom he treated as the rightful sovereign of France, was at first promised to the young François Duke of Guise, and afterwards to the son of the Duke de Mayenne; but the support of the unpopular Spaniards did the Leaguers more harm than good, and the French had great hopes that King Henri would remove all difficulties by renouncing Calvinism.

Sixtus V. had much offended Philip II. by refusing to declare Henri incapable of reigning, or to excommunicate his Catholic adherents. Indeed, Sixtus was too Catholic to suit the Spaniards. He really wished to rectify abuses and bring back the Protestants, while the Spanish party could only understand the most rigid adherence to their doctrine or else the Inquisition. Thus he refused to sanction conspiracies against Queen Elizabeth, whom he admired so much that he is said to have declared that it was a great pity that he could not marry her himself! and he was so much affected by the description of the noble nature of Henri IV., that he longed to embrace him and call him back to the Church. He published an Italian translation of the Bible, much to the displeasure of the Spaniards. Philip ordered him to suppress it. The Cardinal of Toledo prayed to be delivered from this wicked Pope; and the Jesuits whispered that the Pope himself was a

heretic. Italy was so much in the power of Spain, that any independent action was dangerous; Sixtus wavered and lost vigour; the banditti rose again, and his forces could not put them down; vexations gathered on him, and he died in August, 1590. He was one of the few Popes who had the will to restore unity to the Church. Rome owes many beautiful buildings to his pontificate.

Henri IV. had made up his mind that the only way to reign in peace would be to return to the profession of the greater number of his subjects; and after a fair show of listening to arguments, he declared himself convinced, attended mass, and entreated to be relieved from the sentence of excommunication. He was wont to say, in after years, that one of the truths which posterity would never credit, was the sincerity of his own conversion, and it has been a much-questioned matter. Perhaps the truth was, that he was never much influenced by religion, though the sweetness of his natural disposition saved him from becoming hateful, and thus his outward profession appeared to him of little consequence, except as securing to him adherents.

His change was desired even by the Huguenots, who wished to see their protector secure on his throne, and the faithful Rosny would not dissuade him, firm Calvinist as he himself was. Paris held out against him, till in 1593, the Comte de Brissac, the governor appointed by Mayenne, opened the gates to him, and amid cries of *Vive le roi*, he rode through the streets in full armour, the citizens gathering to look at his dark sun-burnt face, deeply lined by his toils and cares, his hooked nose and chin, and his heavy grey moustache and hair whitened, though he was scarcely forty. Ere long that strange-looking man was the

darling of France; and the name of Henri Quatre, *le Grand Monarque*, became one of those most deeply rooted in the national affections.

Mayenne and the League held out, assisted by Spain, and Henri had many more skirmishes with them, till in 1595 he finally obtained absolution from Pope Clement VIII., and Mayenne on this declared himself willing to own him as lawful king. The duke met the king at Mousseux, where Henri received him with his usual grace, and walked with him in the gardens, till Mayenne, who, though still young, was fat and rheumatic, could hardly move. "If I walk that great body here any longer," whispered the merry king to Rosny, "we shall be avenged for all the mischief he has done us!" Then making Mayenne confess his dire fatigue, he laughed, tapped him on the shoulder, and said, "Stop there then, Cousin; for this is all the harm or vexation you shall ever have from me." And Henri and Mayenne were friends for the rest of their life.

The king obtained his absolution on condition that the young Prince de Condé, at present his heir, should be brought up a Catholic, and that the decrees of the Council of Trent should be accepted in France. The clauses most obnoxious to the French divines were at present dispensed with, but in time they followed, and thus the recreant Calvinist brought in the authoritative declaration of error, such as had not been acknowledged even under Catherine de Medicis and her sons.

The end of the civil wars in France was the overthrow of the designs of Philip II. He was in a position very different from the greatness promised by the outset of his reign, when he was King Consort of England, when the Netherlands were undivided, France was

half ruined by the Battle of St. Quentin, and the wealth of America was flowing in on him. Now defeat met him everywhere; Holland had shaken off his dominion; France and England, under two of the ablest sovereigns who ever reigned, were combined against him; and the riches of Peru often became the prey of the bold sailors of England and Holland, who seized the treasure-vessels on the way home.

They even carried the war into Spain itself. The Earls of Essex and Nottingham, with fifteen English and twenty-four Dutch ships, made a descent on Cadiz, burnt and plundered the town, sparing, however, the inhabitants, and carried off a great quantity of royal stores. For the first time, also, the Spaniards were defeated in a pitched battle by Maurice of Nassau, whose victory at Turnhout highly raised his reputation.

The Archduke Ernest had died a year after his appointment, and his brother Albert became governor in his stead. Although a cardinal, Albert had not been ordained, and Philip therefore betrothed to him the Infanta Isabel, and gave him as her portion all the remainder of the Low Countries, namely, Flanders, Hainault, Brabant, and the other provinces now known as Belgium.

Philip felt that it was time to make peace. His health was broken, and his son was still a youth, without any counsellor or general of ability, so that he desired to leave him without a war to carry on. His negociations failed with England and Holland; but France, exhausted by its own dissensions, was glad to rest, and a treaty was signed between Philip II. and Henri IV. on the 20th of March, 1598.

In that same spring Henri IV. granted an edict of great importance to the tranquillity of France,

permitting liberty of worship to the Huguenots, and placing them on an equal footing with their fellow-subjects, forbidding them, however, to work on holy-days of the Church, or to disturb Catholic observances, and commanding them to pay tithes and all dues as parishioners. This decree, termed the Edict of Nantes, from having been passed and registered at that city, was a great boon to the Calvinists, who were widely spread throughout France, and as long as it remained in force, the internal peace of the country was seldom broken.

Philip II. finding himself sinking under various complaints, ~~he~~ caused himself to be removed from Madrid to the Escorial, saying that he would accompany his funeral to the tomb. Fifty days of fearful suffering ensued, with some of the peculiar circumstances that have so often marked the last illness of persecutors; but he endured all with great patience, religiously received the last rites of the Church, gave much good counsel to his son, and died on the 13th of September, 1598, in the seventy-second year of his age. "Peace with England, and war with all the world," was the last political maxim that he left with his ministers, a remarkable result of his experience of both relations.

His severe, reserved, and melancholy temper, and the persecuting exclusive spirit in which he was reared, made him much hated, especially as he had neither the generosity nor courage that dazzle the imagination, as in the case of the Guise family, who were as much loved by Romanists as they were abhorred by Protestants, while Philip II. was disliked by everyone. Still he was devout and sincere, except with Protestants, without ambition, and always desirous of acting rightly. He believed himself the sword of the Church; but what he

believed the Church, was only the Papacy, and, alas! the sword was savagely wielded. It was a horrible time, when blood and fire, massacre and treachery, were what a religious man deemed that his faith demanded of him.

His great antagonist, and opposite in every respect, Elizabeth of England, survived him only three years, and her death, in 1602, led to a peace between England and Spain.

These two were the leading nations of Europe during the reigns of the brother and sister-in-law, Philip of Austria and Elizabeth Tudor, and each can boast of a noble cluster of names, great in literature. Shakspeare, Spenser, Ben Jonson, stand high in the English roll; which does not, however, close there, but numbers many another worthy to rank with them, as the nation has continued free, earnest, and vigorous.

Spain, on the other hand, has hardly a celebrated name in literature, subsequently to those of the reign of Philip II., when the degeneracy of the people was only beginning, not yet accomplished. The chief authors in this Spanish Augustan age, were Calderon, a distinguished dramatist, and Lope de Vega, secretary to Alva, as well as a brave soldier who sailed in the Armada, and yet the composer of so many plays, that it is wonderful that one life-time sufficed to write both these and much deep and beautiful religious poetry. Most distinguished of all was, however, Miguel de Cervantes, likewise a soldier, who was wounded at Lepanto, and was afterwards captured by the Moors, and worked as a slave at Algiers. He wrote one beautiful though fearful tragedy, on the siege of Numantia; but his prose writings were his chief honour, and his romance of Don Quixote has been read ever since, throughout Europe. It is the story of a good and noble gentleman, crazed

with reading tales of chivalry, till fancying himself a knight-errant, he sets forth in ancient armour to seek adventures, meet giants, and redress grievances in the ordinary world, where his best efforts turn only to ridicule and disaster; yet nothing daunts the faithful constant spirit, always dignified even in the most incongruous situations. The matter-of-fact, selfish, peasant-squire, Sancho Panza, shrewd, yet led away by his master's confidence in his own dreams, forms the most amusing contrast; and the drollery of their career render the book to some an admirable satire; while others love the melancholy beauty of the knight's character, a type of the true and noble at war with the earthly and base, though for want of judgment, too often effecting harm where it fain would do the most good.

CHAPTER III.

PERIOD OF THE THIRTY YEARS' WAR. 1600-1648.

PART I. THE COUNTER REFORMATION. 1600.

AFTER the close of the wars of the League, Europe enjoyed a short space of repose, and the lull was turned to great advantage by the Roman Catholic Church, which began to recover lost ground. The excellent Pope, Clement VII., had by his piety and wisdom done much to reconcile men's minds to his Church; and his successor, Paul V., though not his equal, followed in his steps. In the sixteenth century the evil lives of the clergy had alienated men's minds; in the seventeenth, the saintliness of many drew back enthusiasm to their side. François de Sales, Bishop of Geneva, was most pious and devoted, and won over many of the Swiss

and French Huguenots; Vincent de Paul spent his life in the most heroic charities, and was the founder of the Order of Sisters of Charity, who have ever since been found wherever sickness or distress need their care; Theresa, a Spanish nun, and Rosa, another nun at Lima in Peru, gave themselves up to an ecstasy of contemplation and mystic devotion to the Divine love, uttering rhapsodies that seemed to colder minds almost profane in their familiar affection, but which awoke devotion in many a spirit of the same class.

The Jesuit missions to heathen lands prospered, and a college, called *De propagandâ fide*, was founded at Rome, for teaching languages to intended missionaries, and where at the Epiphany, Divine service is celebrated in the tongues of every nation under heaven. The Jesuits prevailed to have the cruel system of Spanish repartimientos given up; and it had in fact been found that the poor delicate Indians were such unprofitable labourers, that their slavery had been exchanged for that of the more hardy negroes, who were seized by slave dealers in multitudes in Guinea, and transported to the West Indies and South America.

The Indians who still survived were collected by the Jesuits, kindly used, taught Christianity, and set to labour, as far as their strength would allow, in their own rich soil; they lived happily, regarded the good fathers as their rulers and benefactors; and villages, filled with a gentle peaceful population, rose up in numbers in Brazil and Paraguay. These stations were so prosperous, that they exported goods to a great extent, and in time the company of Loyola became the chief merchants and bankers of the Western World.

In the East, they met with much success in the Portuguese settlements at Goa; and in Japan a great

number of inhabitants were converted, but the Dutch traders stirred up a persecution out of enmity to the Jesuits; and the whole of the converts were martyred with their teachers, burnt, beheaded, crucified, or thrown into the craters of volcanoes, and among them died a priest named Spinola, of the same family as the Spanish captain. The Dutch persuaded the Japanese sovereign to close his ports against every other nation whatsoever; and the islands have ever since been inhospitably shut against all vessels.

Jesuit education in Europe had had great effect, and many of the younger generation had entered the Roman Church. Flanders had become far more devoted to Rome, and the dissensions of the opposite sects gave every advantage to their adversaries. A great heresy broke out in Holland, taught by a Leyden professor, named Jacob Arminius, who denied the doctrine of the Holy Trinity, and exaggerated the Calvinist theory of Predestination. Maurice of Nassau tried to silence him, but he was protected by two of the most respected of the Dutch, Barneveldt and Hugo Grotius, who were anxious to maintain toleration. Disputes ran high, and there was such a tumult at Utrecht, that Maurice marched in his troops, and arrested both Barneveldt and Grotius. Grotius's wife contrived to have him conveyed out of prison in a box with his foul linen; he passed the sentries, disguised as a mason, with a rule in his hand, and reached the borders. He spent his life in exile, but his learned writings are the great pride of Holland. Barneveldt, though a faithful servant of his country, was put to death at the age of seventy, and this injustice greatly diminished the credit of Prince Maurice. The Arminian heresy was never quite weeded out of Holland.

The Socinian heresy arose at Padua at nearly the same time, taught by an uncle and nephew, Fausto and Lelio Socini. Fausto chiefly lived at Zurich; Lelio first in Tuscany, and then in Poland, where he had been nearly stoned by the populace at Cracow, but found friends among the nobility. His followers deny the doctrine of the Holy Trinity, and only accept as much of the Bible as they can wrest to serve their own belief. These heresies, into which the reformed began to lapse, served the Jesuits as powerful arguments against schism, and a great number of Poles and Hungarians were gained by them.

In Germany the Lutherans and Calvinists hated each other even more than they hated the Catholics. Each state was forced to profess the doctrine of the ruler, and the dissentient were persecuted with all the cruelty of the age. Thus there were three great parties in the empire. The Lutherans, or Protestants, regarded as their chief Johann Sigismund, Elector of Brandenburg, who had married Anne of Brandenburg, heiress of the line descended from Albrecht, that Teutonic Grand-Master who had appropriated Prussia. Johann Georg, Elector of Saxony, had also much power among them, but he was a self-indulgent man, weak and vacillating.

The Calvinists looked to the Pfalzgraf, or Elector Palatine of the Rhine. Friedrich IV. had at nine years of age been taken out of the hands of the guardians chosen by his Lutheran parents, by his Calvinist uncle, and put into those of tutors of the latter persuasion, with orders, if necessary, to "drive the Lutheran heresy out of him with blows." He had married Juliana, a daughter of William the Silent, and dying early, left a son, Friedrich V., who was brought up by his uncles, Maurice of Nassau and the Duke of Bourbon,

and received credit for all their courage and talent. His castle of Heidelberg was the strongest and most beautiful fortified building in Germany, and was regarded as the chief stronghold of the reformed.

Among the Roman Catholic feudatories, the chief was Maximilian Duke of Bavaria, whose family had always held the old faith, owing perhaps to the taste for the beautiful and picturesque inherent in the Germans of Bavaria, who could hardly have borne to part with the grace and pageantry of the Church festivals. Maximilian was a mild and good man, universally respected, and his daughter was married to Ferdinand Duke of Styria, a grandson of Ferdinand I., and a most zealous champion of Rome. Styria had been so entirely reformed, that when, in 1596, he kept the Easter feast at Grätz, he found not one subject who would receive the Holy Communion with him, and was told there was not a Catholic in the place. Greatly shocked, he made a pilgrimage to Rome, vowed at the feet of the Pope to restore Styria to the Church, obtained the aid of the Capuchin friars, and succeeded, without open persecution, in bringing over one city after another, until in 1603 he had forty thousand Communicants at Easter.

In fact, the Reformation had been almost as beneficial to the unreformed as to the reformed portion of Christendom, by renewing the discipline, which re-awakened the morality and spirituality of their Church; and the benefit was reaped even outwardly, in the re-conquest, by the counter-reformation, of almost all the places where the Keltic blood predominated over the Teuton. Even Sweden had almost relapsed into the doctrine of Rome. The eldest son of Gustaf Vasa was an unhappy madman, named Eirik, who, after many barbarous acts of cruelty, was deposed by his brother John in 1568, and

murdered in prison. The wife of John was Catherine, of the old Polish House of Jagellon, and under her influence he invited the Jesuits to Stockholm, and tried to alter the liturgy; but there was a great resistance, and he died in the midst of the struggle, in 1590. His son Sigismund, who had been brought up a Roman Catholic, had been elected King of Poland on the death of Stephen Bathory, in 1586, and on his accession to the Swedish throne tried to force down all opposition; but the Thing were determined to tolerate no rule of faith but the Confession of Augsburg, and his whole reign was a course of fierce disputes.

PART II. EUROPE IN SIXTEEN HUNDRED. 1600-1608.

THE only part of Europe where war continued after the close of the sixteenth century, was the Low Countries. The Archduke Albert, who reigned as Viceroy in Flanders, had found an able general in the Marchese di Spinola, a Genoese noble, who in his thirtieth year had been attracted to the army by the fame of his younger brother, and showed such great talent, that he was soon considered as the best captain in the Spanish service. The Netherlands were the most flourishing portion of the Spanish dominions, with their great manufacturing towns and spirited nobility; and they produced some excellent works of art, landscapes, and portraits: Antony Vandyck was an admirable portrait painter, and Peter Paul Rubens was one of the greatest masters the world ever saw, in his own grand but unrefined style.

The art both of Flanders and Spain was patronized by the new king, Philip III., who might have been a fair artist or poet, if he had not been a king. He wrote good plays, and had an excellent taste in music; but he

had the inert habits and depressed spirits which were the melancholy inheritance from Juana of Castille, and left all cares of state to his favourite minister the Duke of Lerma, whose great object it was to preserve peace at any sacrifice.

Peace likewise was the great desire of James I., who had united the kingdoms of England and Scotland, and who by his very nature was averse to nothing so much as to war or violence. Entirely changing the policy of Elizabeth, he sought after friendship with Spain, and rejected the overtures of France towards a union for keeping down the House of Austria.

In France, Henri IV., and his excellent friend Rosny, now created Duke de Sully, were occupied in restoring order, after the commotions that had rent the country. They regulated the finances, and brought down the power of the remnant of the old nobility. The Marechal Duc de Biron rebelled, and was put to death; and the Duc de Bouillon was unjustly deprived of his principality of Sédan, merely because it was formidable to the crown. The wars of the League had done the same work for the House of Bourbon as the wars of the Roses for the House of Tudor; but the nobles were depressed in France without the rise of the class beneath them. Henri wished the peasantry well, but had neither time nor power to confer benefits on them, and only left them the memory of his kindly saying, that he would fain have seen every poor man with a fat fowl in his pot. Easy good-nature was a great charm in Henri, and made him much loved, and his free gay manner gratified all who approached him. His life continued, however, to be extremely vicious, and contributed grievously to lower the French standard of morality. His childless and ill-conducted wife,

Marguerite de Valois, was divorced; and his second choice was Marie de Medici, a daughter of the Grand-duke of Tuscany, a vain, weak, and violent woman, who quarrelled with him about her own petty vanities; and he had nothing at home to love but his children, to whom he was a very fond father. An ambassador once found him crawling on the floor with his little son perched on his back. "Are you a father?" said the king. "Yes, Sire." "Then we will finish our game."

This was an age when science was making great progress, but it had not disentangled itself from superstition. Chemistry was mixed up with alchemy, an attempt to discover the means of making gold, and of the elixir of life; and astronomy was entwined with astrology, which pretended to foretell events from the course of the planets. Even wise men paid great heed to predictions of this class; and Henri IV. was never at ease in a carriage because he had heard that he should die in one. He had likewise been warned to beware of Paris, and of his first great public ceremony; and this was the secret cause for which he always deferred the coronation of his wife, in spite of all her entreaties.

No one was, however, such a slave to astrology as the Emperor Rudolf II., on whose low spirits superstition had an immense influence. He was a good scholar, painted well himself, and had an excellent taste in art, collecting an exquisite museum at his palace of the Hradschin at Prague, where he likewise had most beautiful gardens of exotic plants, magnificent stables, and a menagerie of all kinds of wonderful animals, including a lion whom he fed daily with his own hands, and leopards so tame that they ran loose about the palace. He was a good mechanic and practical chemist, and was the chief patron of men of science, especially

the great astronomers, Tycho Brahe and Johann Kepler. The first was of a noble Swedish house, but born in Denmark. He was so fond of observing the stars, that when only seven years old he would rise at night by stealth to compare their positions; and he afterwards discovered various new stars, and established important data for calculating the courses of the planets. These were followed up by Kepler, who after seventeen years of intense study and perseverance, finally proved what is the form of the orbits of the planets, and the proportion of their distances from one another. Tycho's real science was much tinged with the follies of his time. He would not begin a journey if a hare crossed his path, and he kept a madman at his table, whose ravings he regarded as oracles. The Emperor believed his absurdities even more implicitly than his discoveries, and when a comet appeared in 1607, thought it could be concerned with nothing but himself. There was a prediction that he would die a violent death by the hand of one of his own lineage, and this had made him abstain from marriage himself, and keep all his five brothers single till they were becoming elderly men; when the comet put the climax to his terrors. He would never go out lest he should be assassinated, would not enter a church, caused passages to be made to his stables with oblique windows lest he should be shot on his way thither, left the management of everything to the Jesuits, and gave audience to no one. Foreign envoys and his own ministers had to disguise themselves as grooms, to steal an interview with him in his stables, when sometimes the discovery of the trick would put him into a violent passion, and he would dash on the ground all that came in the way. This would sometimes happen without apparent cause;

morose fits of silent gloom were followed by violent passion; and it would seem as if his mind had become affected by the family madness.

In Sweden, Sigismund had given such offence by his attempts to restore Romanism, and his partiality for the Poles, that his subjects rebelled, and in 1604 raised to the crown his uncle, Charles IX., the last son of Gustafa Vasa, and a staunch Lutheran. They made a law that no king of theirs should ever accept a foreign crown, or marry any save a Protestant; but they did not give such hearty assistance to Charles as he expected in his wars with the deposed sovereign, and so mortified him that he had a stroke of paralysis, from which he never recovered. His whole reign was spent in wars with the Danes and Poles, generally with very ill success; but he consoled himself in his reverses by pointing to his gallant young son, Gustaf Adolf, and saying, "*Ille faciet,*"—He will do it.

Denmark had a very young monarch, Christiern IV., who at eleven years succeeded his father in 1588. His sister Anne was the wife of James I., and he himself married a sister of the Elector of Brandenburg, which connected him more closely than his predecessors with continental policy.

In 1609 a truce was at last made between Spain and Holland, or as it was sometimes called, the Seven United Provinces, which was acknowledged as an independent state. It was a collection of small republics, each ruled by a council of burgomasters, chosen from freemen of the city. Deputies from the towns, and one called the Pensionary, from the nobility, formed the government of each province; and the affairs of the whole union were transacted by the States General, where each province had but one vote, though it might

send any number of deputies. The States General were addressed as their High Mightinesses, but bore no outward signs of splendour, for the rich merchants and sturdy manufacturers who composed them were men of plain homely habits, without much grace or imagination. Such poetry as they had was expended upon their beautiful gardens, where tulips, hyacinths, and all other bulbs, were cultivated to the utmost perfection. Even their art showed their want of grace, for their pictures, though of the most exquisite finish, seldom represented any higher scenes than the carousals of boors; and when they attempted sacred subjects, they usually debased them. They were, however, in general an honest and thriving people, of scrupulous cleanliness, and wonderful industry, and they were fast becoming the leading mercantile nation. Their sailors and soldiers had the most dogged courage and resolution, and had seized many great possessions in the colonies, in India, the Asiatic Isles, and the West Indies, where their vessels were the terror of the Spanish treasure-ships. Slow to feel, and hard of heart, they were remorselessly cruel in their conquests, and have left a bloody remembrance in many a fair isle of the East; but at home their courage and steadiness made them greatly feared and respected by their neighbours. The Captain General in time of war was always the Stadtholder, a sort of hereditary Dictator, who had nothing to do in time of peace, and probably would never have existed but for the unceasing conflicts of the first century of Dutch independence, and the military talents of the House of Nassau.

Russia was beginning to become more prominent. Iwan IV., grandson of the first Czar, had a long reign of fifty-four years, nearly contemporary with Queen Elizabeth. To a disastrous minority, succeeded thirteen

years of vigour. He fought bravely with Poles and Tartars, and made himself obeyed by all his boyars or nobles. The whole country and manners were savage, with no influence for good save what was exerted by the clergy of the Greek Church, who were indeed bold to rebuke vice, and to suffer for the truth's sake, but hitherto had effected little in softening this wild people.

Iwan, after losing his good Czarina Anastasia, fell into that state of unrestrained violence, almost approaching to insanity, which sometimes befalls despots when once they have ceased to rule themselves. His atrocities were frightful: he murdered the good Archbishop for opposing him, and with a hasty blow killed his own eldest son Dmitri. He was the first Russian who entered into correspondence with England, and at one time begged Queen Elizabeth to send him a wife from her court; but the report of his barbarity did not dispose any English lady to become Czarina, and the negotiation failed. Iwan the Terrible died, to the great relief of the nation, in 1584, and was succeeded by his second son, Feodor, a man of weak intellect, married to a gentle and much-loved lady named Irene, whose brother, Boris Gudenow, contrived to usurp the whole authority, and secretly murdering Dmitri, an infant child, the only other son of the terrible Iwan, made himself Czar on the death of the childless Feodor in 1598.

Boris was a savage and much hated sovereign; and in 1601 the general discontent encouraged a monk, named Outrefief, to pretend that the infant Dmitri had not been murdered, but survived in his own person. He gained the support of the Poles and of the Cossacks, the wild Tartar horsemen of the south, and advancing, gained a victory over Boris, who, conscience-stricken,

fancied himself pursued by the spirit of his victim, and took poison.

Dmitri, as he called himself, was murdered after eleven months of savage excesses, and Russia was in a state of confusion and anarchy, till at length the people cast their eyes on the family of Romanoff, whence had sprung the good Anastasia. Boris had almost directed the public attention to them by his jealousy; he had seized on Feodor Romanoff, the head of the family, and placed him and his young wife in separate convents. Feodor had become a monk, by the name of Philaretus, and the false Dmitri had made him Archbishop of Rostof; he was therefore ineligible, but his son Michael, who had been placed in the same convent with his mother, was now grown up, and the choice fell on him. He pleaded his youth and ignorance; but the will of his father prevailed, and he became Czar in 1613—the first and the best of the line that still sits on the throne of Muscovy.

The Czar's authority was almost absolute; the boyars had but little power to interfere, but on the other hand they were equally despotic over their own serfs. The tone and appearance of the whole court and nation were Asiatic rather than European; the dress was like that of the Tartars, but with a profusion of gold, jewels, and costly furs; and the buildings, of curious forms of domes, minarets, and pinnacles, painted of gaudy colours, and glittering with gilding, displayed the like taste for barbaric splendour.

Siberia had lately been discovered and annexed to the Muscovite dominions; the shores of the Gulf of Bothnia and Finland were contested with Sweden, and Lithuania with Poland. Further south, the Cossack tribes of the steppes were divided in adherence to

Poland and Russia; and the Tartars of the Crimea, under a Khan of their own, held to the Ottoman Empire, as far as they owned any foreign sovereign.

The Turks had now reached the bound of their conquests, and held, reaching from the Adriatic Sea, the fairest provinces of the Eastern Empire, all the Archipelago, the isles of Cyprus, Crete, and Rhodes, Egypt, and Asia, as far as the desolate plains that cut off the Persian and Arabian peninsulas from invasion.

The Empire was vast, and its resources had once been mighty; but the dull and inert nature of the Turk prevented him from making any use of them, while the oppression and contempt which crushed the scattered Christians, broke down their energies and contributed to develope in them the mean and cringing vices of those who live in constant fear. The Turks themselves, naturally honest, sincere, and patient, despise them heartily, and though seldom active in cruelty, used them with severity when brought before the tribunals, and deemed their money fair prey. The mind of the Turk did not easily receive cultivation, and almost all the necessary business of the state fell into the hands of renegade Christians, who denied their faith for the sake of office and wealth, held, like life itself, on no better tenure than the favour of the Sultan.

All warlike matters were in the hands of the Janissaries, strict and severe in discipline amongst themselves, but insolent and tyrannical with all others, even with the Sultan, and much dreaded by the peaceable of all classes. Among the Turks by birth, the vigorous spirit of conquest that had impelled them from Tartary, had died out, and though they were brave in passive courage, they were little disposed to enterprise; they preferred the indolent dignity of ruling the harem,

and lived dozingly through the day, while agriculture, cities, and roads decayed around them, and their own race dwindled in numbers and strength.

Solyman the Magnificent was the last Sultan of leading character; after him came Selim Möst, the conqueror of Cyprus; next, Murad III. a luxurious sovereign; and after him, in 1596, Mahommed III., who began his reign in the ordinary manner, by strangling his nineteen brothers, and showing their bodies to the Janissaries. A frontier war with Venice, and fomenting the dissensions of Hungary, was all that was attempted by the Turks for many years.

PART III. THE FRATERNAL CONTEST. 1608-1612.

THE general peace was merely a breathing-time, and the elements of discord worked strongly in the German Empire, where Rudolf II. was no ruler at all; and while the Turks made inroads in Hungary and Transylvania, the Romanists, Lutherans, and Calvinists nourished bitter enmity to one another, and formed parties, the Catholic League under the Duke of Bavaria, the Evangelical Union under the Elector Palatine of the Rhine; but this, having a Calvinist chief, was not heartily embraced by the Protestants.

The nobles of Hungary were likewise rising in arms for their privileges, and the Archduke Mathias, perceiving that they would leave him nothing to inherit, put himself at their head, and entered on the so-called Fraternal Contest with the inert Rudolf, whom he forced to yield up to him the crown of Hungary, since the Magyars were determined, otherwise, to forsake the House of Austria.

War threatened Rudolf from another quarter. The last Duke of Cleves died in 1609, leaving a swarm of claimants for his duchy, the chief being the Protestant Elector of Brandenburg, and a prince of the House of Austria. As the boundary of Holland, it was important to preserve Cleves from the Hapsburg encroachments; and when Henri IV. beheld the disunion of the Empire, it seemed to him a favourable time for overturning the power of the family, and avenging the injuries done to France and Navarre.

He promised aid to the Elector of Brandenburg, and began to collect his troops, but his designs were checked by means little expected. After ten years' marriage, Queen Marie de Medici had prevailed over his foreboding, and he had consented to her coronation, on the 13th of May, 1610; but the presage still hung over him, and he only beheld the pageant in disguise. In the midst of the gorgeous array at Notre Dame, he shuddered, and whispered to his companion, that he was thinking how all this scene would appear if this were the Last Day, and the Judge were at once to summon the whole before Him.

For Henri it was the last day. On the following, when the queen was to enter Paris in state, he was still dispirited, and said to some of his friends, "When I am dead, you will know what I was worth." After transacting some business connected with the intended war, he set out in his carriage to visit his old friend Sully, who was ill from the breaking out of an old wound. The street was blocked up by the preparations for the queen's public entry, and in the pause thus occasioned, a man climbed up by the wheel and thrust a knife into the king's breast. "I am wounded!" he cried; the stroke was repeated, and he instantly expired. The murderer

was seized with the bloody knife in his hand, and made no attempt at denial. His name was François Ravail-lac, a schoolmaster from Auvergne, who had become imbued with the fanaticism inspired by the Jesuits, believed the king to be the enemy of the Church, and imagined it a righteous deed to prevent by his death his designs upon the House of Austria. The unhappy man suffered the cruel French penalty for regicides, being torn asunder by wild horses; and the whole country rang with lamentation for *Le Grand Monarque*, who, faulty as he was in many respects, was the darling of his people. He was in his fifty-ninth year, and had reigned twenty-four years. His two sons, Louis XIII., and Gaston Duke of Orleans, were only eight and six years old; Sully was aged, and disregarded by the Queen Marie de Medici, and all his projects fell to the ground.

Germany, though rescued from foreign invasion, did not become more tranquil. The Jesuit influence around Rudolf alarmed the Hussites in Bohemia, lest they should be deprived of their hardly-won right of receiving the Holy Communion in both kinds, and the nobility also wanted an extension of their privileges. They therefore met, deposed Rudolf, and elected Mathias as their king, on condition of his granting them all they required, by what was called the Letter of Majesty. Rudolf was incapable of resistance, and could only display impotent rage; he dashed his hat violently on the ground, gnawed the pen with which he signed the instrument of his abdication, where the blot it made is still visible, and called down curses on Prague and on his brother, invoking vengeance on them from each other. He only survived his deposition two years, and died in 1612, from inflammation of the legs, with-

out fulfilling the prediction which had been his greatest misfortune.

Mathias succeeded to all the Austrian crowns. He and his brother Albert were the sole survivors of the large family of Maximilian II. ; both had married late in life and were childless, and their nearest heir was the son of Maximilian's brother Charles, that Ferdinand of Styria who had so zealously extirpated Protestantism in his own duchy. Auguring ill from such a commencement, the reformed party in Germany spoke of changing the imperial family on the next vacancy, and choosing as King of the Romans either Maximilian of Bavaria, or Frederick of the Rhine. The graceful bearing of the latter prince, and his connection with Maurice of Nassau, made every Calvinist eye turn towards him with hope, and the more since he had married the beautiful and spirited Elizabeth Stuart, the daughter of James I. of England ; but he was less approved by the Lutherans, and foolish disputes with the German princesses for Elizabeth's precedence as the daughter of a king, sowed seeds of rancour against both her and her husband, even while he continued head of the Evangelical Union, and received messengers from all parts of Germany in his noble castle of Heidelberg.

The Archduke Albert resigned his claims to the succession ; and Mathias invited the Czechs and Magyars to elect Ferdinand as their king. They made no objection, on condition that he agreed to the Letter of Majesty, and did not meddle with their affairs during the Emperor's life-time ; but they soon felt his influence in the Council of Regency sent to govern Bohemia, where every favour was shown to the Romanist party, and the Hussites were systematically depressed.

In 1612 died Charles IX. of Sweden, telling his ministers that he resigned his affairs into better hands, namely those of his son, Gustavus Adolphus, who was in his seventeenth year, and who had to serve a long apprenticeship in wars with Christiern of Denmark and Sigismund of Poland.

PART IV. THE CARDINAL DE RICHELIEU. 1610-1620.

On the death of Henri IV., his widow, Marie de Medici, became regent for her son, Louis XIII., a child of eight years old.

She was a violent though weak woman, and was entirely under the dominion of two Italian attendants, a man named Concini, and his wife Leonora Galigai, who had often sown dissension between her and her husband, and now induced her to dismiss all his wise counsellors, and leave the government entirely to them. The good old Duc de Sully retired to his own estates, where he lived to a great age, observing the utmost dignified ceremony in all his actions. When he went to his Calvinist chapel, or walked in his garden, he was attended by pages and Swiss guards bare-headed; his dinner was as formal as if he had been a crowned head, and he had two secretaries, who wrote his memoirs from his own lips, but addressing them to himself—"You were wounded; you climbed a tree; you gave such advice to the king, and thus he replied to you." He died in 1641, neglected by the court, but honoured by all who knew him.

Meantime, Concini was lavishing the treasures that Sully had collected for Henri IV. He caused himself to be created Marquis d'Ancre, and a Marshal of

France, and behaved with such arrogance as to offend the whole noblesse, while the young king was left almost without education, since the only study of the queen and her friends was to keep him in subjection. The Kings of France were considered of age at fourteen, but Louis XIII. still continued in subjection; and when the next year the marriage treaty was fulfilled which had contracted him to Anne of Austria, the daughter of Philip III. of Spain, Marie de Medici regarded the young queen with the utmost distrust and jealousy as a rival influence.

Anne was, however, only fifteen, lively, playful, and childish, her husband cared little for her; and the danger came from another quarter. Charles Albert de Luynes was a youth who had been brought up with the king, and had gained great ascendancy over his mind, until he rendered him discontented with his bondage. Thus emboldened, De Luynes arranged a plot, with others of the noblesse; and on the 24th of April, 1617, the Marquis d'Ancre was shot in front of the Louvre. The king immediately appeared on the balcony, with his sword and carbine, and thanked the murderers, saying that now he was a king indeed.

Marie de Medici behaved most unfeelingly towards Leonora. Thinking of no one but herself, she refused to shelter her in her apartments from the mob who were tearing d'Ancre's body to pieces, and her only expressions were of anger at the pair for having caused the downfall of her influence.

Leonora was dragged from her bed to a prison, whence she was brought to be tried for treason, and for the sorcery, by which she was said to have gained her power over the queen. She answered that her only magic was the ascendancy of a strong mind over a

weak one; but public hatred prevailed over justice, and she was beheaded, and her limbs afterwards burnt. It was a terrible retribution for misused influence.

The next year, 1618, saw the retirement of another favourite, the Duque de Lerma, whose dominion over Philip III. had been so absolute that the King of Spain was called "the Duque de Lerma's great drum," as serving for nothing but to proclaim his orders. His abilities were not high, but he chose good subordinates, and his administration, though not brilliant, was by no means unprosperous. At length, however, Aliaga, the royal confessor, together with the Condé de Uzeda, led the king to find fault with his policy, and finally to dismiss him from office, though with every expression of regard and favour, and a present on the following day of a buck killed with the king's own hands.

Philip III. soon after fell into a state of hypochondriac melancholy, such as was hereditary in his family. He was obliged to travel to divert his mind, and went to Lisbon, where he was received with so much magnificence, that he declared he had not known how great a king he was. Nothing, however, could turn his thoughts from his gloomy dread of the future, until in 1621 he died in peace and hope on the 31st of March, in his forty-third year. It is said that he was so great a slave to form, that his last illness was brought on from over-exposure to the heat of a large fire. The servant whose business it was to move the king's chair being absent, no one could take it on himself to usurp his office, nor would Philip himself move.

His son, Philip IV., a youth of sixteen, had a still weaker and narrower mind, and was completely under the rule of Don Gaspar de Guzman, Condé Duque de Olivares, who governed in his name, keeping him

occupied with every pleasure and vice that could turn his mind from public affairs.

This was indeed the period of the reign of favourites; Olivares in Spain, Buckingham in England, and at present De Luynes in France, were far more truly sovereigns than their masters.

The dominion of De Luynes was however very short. He was created Constable of France, and marched with the king to quell a revolt of the Huguenots, who had again been driven to rebellion by harsh measures. In the course of the campaign, the constable caught an infectious fever, and died at the age of thirty-two. Even before his death, the power was passing into the hands of a far abler man.

Armand du Plessis de Richelieu was the son of a Poitevin gentleman, and was educated for the ecclesiastical profession. Coming to Paris, he attracted the attention of Concini, and became almoner of Marie de Medici and Bishop of Luçon. So unscrupulous was he, that as he had not attained the canonical age for the episcopacy, he presented his elder brother's register of baptism, and was, in consequence of this profane deceit, in disgrace with the Pope; but he kept possession of his see, and soon made himself generally feared.

He had been admitted to the Privy Council, and shared the fall of the queen mother, but his great talents and address brought her back to her authority; and he soon ruled both her and her son, forced a cardinal's hat from the Pope, and became the most formidable man in Europe.

It was not by favouritism that he reigned, but because the king could not do without him; and while regarding him with fear and dislike, showed him the

most abject submission. Louis was sluggish, dull, and selfish, hating mental exertion, and without an idea beyond his hawks and hounds; his affection, such as it was, being exclusively bestowed on one person, to whom for a time he seemed devoted, but whom he always deserted as soon as his friendship might have cost him something. Accordingly, Richelieu kept him supplied with favourites, chosen for their youth and incapacity; but as soon as they presumed on their position, or displayed any vigour of character, the unhappy men were ruthlessly sacrificed to his ambition, without an attempt from the king to save them, nor even any concern for their fate. By this remorseless cruelty, together with wonderful ability and force of character, the cardinal was enabled to keep firm hold of the reins of government, although his health was such that he seemed to be continually at the point of death; but his energy never failed; and whether conducting state intrigues, crushing his enemies, regulating the finances, or commanding armies, he was always the same, hated, feared, and obeyed.

Louis said he had no dislike to his wife, who was graceful and handsome, but he did not dare to be on affectionate terms with her, lest he should offend his mother and the cardinal, who were more necessary to him. The poor neglected young girl lived apart with her ladies; and though gay-tempered, she was always under the influence of religion, always attentive to the clergy, especially the admirable Vincent de Paul, founder of the Sisterhood of Charity, from whom she learnt to go in person to the hospitals, and attend to the wants of the sick.

She was the unconscious cause of many strange events. It was in 1624 that she appeared with her

beautiful young sister-in-law, Henrietta Maria, at a ball, where were present Charles Prince of Wales, and the Duke of Buckingham, on their way to Madrid, to see the Infanta, designed for Charles's wife. While the prince was struck with Henrietta, the insolent duke was no less charmed with Anne of Austria, and it was chiefly owing to his management that the Spanish betrothal was broken off; and he was sent, soon after Charles's accession in 1625, as proxy for his sovereign, to espouse Henrietta, and bring her to England. He took this opportunity of paying his audacious compliments to Anne; but though they seem to have touched her, neglected as she was, she never seems to have transgressed the bounds of propriety and prudence.

The war with the Huguenots had continued all this time; and they were besieged in their stronghold, the town of La Rochelle, which had been their city of refuge ever since the time of Jeanne d'Albret. Buckingham, apparently with some romantic idea of fighting his way to Anne of Austria, persuaded Charles I. that it was his duty to protect the Protestant cause; and a fleet was fitted out to relieve La Rochelle, under the command of Buckingham, who had come to Portsmouth to embark, when he was stabbed to the heart by Felton.

The expedition was given up, but the brave Rochellais held out to the last extremity, encouraged by the gallant old Duchesse de Rohan and her daughter, who shared all their privations. Not till the siege had lasted three years, and the cardinal had brought the king himself beneath the walls, did they surrender in 1628. All their privileges were taken away, the citadel was garrisoned with royal troops, and thus the Huguenots were left without any fortified place that could enable them to make a stand.

Not long after, the cardinal and Marie de Medici disagreed, and Richelieu prevailing, as usual, drove the queen mother into exile, and never permitted her son to recall her. At first she found a shelter in England, but when the Rebellion drove her from thence, she took refuge in Holland, where she died in great poverty.

Louis's brother, Gaston Duc d'Orleans, was likewise persecuted by Richelieu, till he rebelled, and was obliged to leave the kingdom. In his fall he involved the last of the high old nobility, the Duc de Montmorency, a gallant and much beloved man, whom the cardinal put to death because the aristocracy might be dangerous to the crown, which he exalted to almost despotic power in the state.

PART V. THE WINTER KING. 1618-1623.

IN 1618 the Bohemian nobles sent to the emperor a statement of their grievances, and received an answer so harsh, that they were persuaded that it emanated, not from Mathias, but from the Council of Regency itself; and in especial from two members of it, named Martinitz and Slavata, who, as report said, had hounded their peasantry to mass with their dogs.

On the 23rd of May, a great assembly of the nobles burst into the council chamber at Prague, and insisted on knowing where the emperor's letter had been drawn up. Martinitz and Slavata treated them with contempt, on which a cry arose: "Let us follow the old custom of Bohemia, and hurl them from the window." Accordingly, the two unhappy men were thrown headlong from a height of eighty feet, a proceeding which the Bohemians called a Defenestration, and justified by the example of Jezebel; but a large heap of waste paper

beneath the windows broke the fall, and they escaped uninjured.

This outrage was the beginning of the Thirty Years' War, which filled Germany with blood and fire, and brutalized the soldiery of Europe. Bohemia at once revolted, and entered into alliance with Bethlem Gabor, Prince of Transylvania, one of the Slavonic borderers, who often rose to great eminence. He was of good birth, but so poor, that till he was thirty years of age he had never twenty pounds in his possession; and his wife, though also noble, was the best cook in Europe. However, his talents had led the Transylvanians to choose him as their Waiwode, or chief, and he obliged both the Sultan and Emperor to acknowledge him as such.

The news of the Rebellion of Bohemia was a death-blow to Mathias, recalling to him the curse of his brother Rudolf; and bitterly lamenting his conduct towards him, he fell into a state of weakness, and soon after died, saying as his last advice to Ferdinand, "If you would make your people happy, never let them feel the exertion of your authority." He died on the 2nd of March, 1619, in his sixty-first year.

The situation of Ferdinand was extremely perilous. His election to the throne of Germany was doubtful, and his hereditary dominions were in a state of revolt. Hungary was threatened by Bethlem Gabor, and 16,000 Bohemians under Count Thurm marched into Austria, by favour of the numerous Protestant nobility; so that he was forced to send his children for safety to the Tyrol, and awaited the enemy himself at Vienna.

The Bohemians were firing on his palace, when sixteen Austrian barons entered his room, and insisted on his signing a confederation with the Bohemians. The city was in arms against him, and declared that should

he refuse, he should be shut up in a convent, and his sons educated as Protestants. One of the nobles took him by the button, saying in a threatening tone, "Sign it, Nandel!" The clergy urged him to fly; but he never forgot his dignity, he would neither disgrace himself by flight, nor by yielding improper concessions; and while he was still in conference with the nobles, drums and trumpets were suddenly heard. The Flemish army had been sent by the Archduke Albert to his support, and the insurgent Viennese fled to the camp of the Bohemians for shelter.

Count Thurm broke up his camp and returned to Prague, while Ferdinand was duly chosen King of the Romans by the seven electors. They did indeed first offer the crown to Maximilian of Bavaria, but on his refusal there was no alternative but to continue the succession in the House of Austria.

The Bohemians were resolved not to submit, and declaring that the Emperor had forfeited their crown, they sent to offer it to the Elector Palatine. Frederick received the proposal with more grief than joy. "If I accept," he said with tears, "I shall be accused of ambition; if I decline, of cowardice. Decide as I may, peace is over for me and my country." His mother also plainly perceived the peril of such an enterprise; and his father-in-law, James I., warned him to expect no aid from England; but his wife by turns declared it a religious duty not to shrink from the call, and reproached him with having married a king's daughter, when he had not spirit to make himself a king. His early advisers also, the Duc de Bouillon and Prince Maurice, declared that it would be dastardly to refuse; indeed, when some objection was urged, Maurice asked, "Is there any green cloth to be had in the town?"

“For what purpose?” “To make a fool’s cap for one who can ask such foolish questions.”

Thus pressed, Frederick yielded; and on the 21st of October, 1619, he and Elizabeth made their entrance into Prague, and were received with transports of joy. Soon after, they were crowned, and every demonstration of good-will was shown by the somewhat barbarous subjects. The citizens’ wives of Prague sent Elizabeth sacks filled with cake, bread, comfits, and every sort of pastry; and her ladies and pages not being able to help laughing at such a gift, they next sent her a beautiful ebony cradle ornamented with gold, and a set of the finest baby linen, for her infant, who was born on the 18th of December. He was named Rupert, after a famous old Bohemian hero; and his sponsor was Bethlem Gabor, who had just marched into Hungary, taken Presburg, and seized the sacred crown of St. Stephen.

Soon, however, the aspect of affairs changed. Frederick was full of Calvinist prejudices, and gave the greatest offence to the Hussites and Lutherans by ordering the removal of the bells, altars, images, and candles, from the churches; and at the same time alienated Count Thurm by placing his own friend, the Prince of Anhalt, in command of the army. He could by no means afford to lose their support. Ferdinand had obtained the aid of Spain, and the neutrality of France; he made a truce with Bethlem Gabor, and gained over the Lutheran party, so that he was able to direct all his forces against the King of Bohemia.

Spinola marched into the Palatinate, and gave it up to the ravages of his soldiery, while the Electress Dowager and her grandchildren could hardly escape. The Duke of Bavaria was sent against Prague, and Anhalt marched out to meet him. Frederick mounted his

horse to join the army before the battle; but fancying his presence required in the city, he turned soon after passing the gates, and came back—a fatal error. It was Sunday, November the 19th, and all were in the churches, when just as the Gospel had been read—“Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar’s,” the whole city was shaken with the cannon of the contending armies.

The result was not long doubtful; Anhalt came bare-headed, flying with multitudes more, under the fire of their own cannon, which had been turned against them. The gates had been closed, but Frederick ordered them to be opened to save the fugitives, and returning to the palace, hurried away with his wife and children in a private carriage. “I now know where I am,” he said. “We princes seldom learn the truth till we are taught it by adversity!”

Elizabeth showed true courage and resolution, forbidding her friends to attempt holding out the citadel a few days, as they proposed, to secure her flight. “Better I should perish,” she said, “than bring on the city the calamities of an assault.”

So ended the reign of Frederick, called by his enemies the Winter King; and the Bohemians were left to the vengeance of their enemies. Twenty-seven nobles and an immense number of peasants perished on the scaffold, the pastors of each denomination were banished, and in a few years all toleration for Protestantism was at an end. Thenceforth Bohemia has been entirely Roman Catholic.

Homeless and destitute, Frederick, Elizabeth, and their children, found a shelter at the Hague, where Prince Maurice and the Dutch gave them a kind welcome, and which continued to be their home for many

years. The Electorate was bestowed upon Maximilian of Bavaria, and the County Palatine of the Rhine continued to be held by the Imperial troops.

The truce between Spain and Holland having expired in 1622, the war was renewed, Maurice still taking the command, old as he was. He and Spinola contrived, as usual, constantly to thwart each other's designs, till in 1625, Spinola received orders from Spain to besiege the city of Breda, and on his explanation of the extreme difficulty, was answered by the king himself in the following letter :

“ Marquis,
“ Take Breda.
“ I the King.”

The siege was therefore commenced ; and Maurice tried to divert the attention of Spinola by seizing Antwerp. Failing in this, vexation and fatigue brought on an illness of which he died in his eighty-eighth year. He had commanded the army for forty years, and is said to have made fewer errors than any other general, so that his camp was a study in discipline and tactics, where young men went to serve to gain instruction. He is considered as the first in the school of warfare that prevailed during the next two centuries. As Stadtholder he was succeeded by his brother, Prince Henry of Orange, who carried on the war with great vigour.

The Archduke Albert died soon after, and the Infanta his wife continued her government at Brussels.

PART VI. WALLENSTEIN. 1620-1630.

THE war begun by the revolt in Bohemia was not soon appeased. The ruin of one of the Electoral-Princes

was resented by the whole Germanic body, and the re-establishment there of the Roman Catholic Church alarmed all who held opposite opinions. Arms were taken up on all sides; Duke Christian of Brunswick, who had a romantic admiration for the banished Elizabeth, wore a glove in his hat with the motto, "For God and for her!" and Count Peter Mansfeld was at the head of a considerable army for the Protestant interest.

His forces consisted of men gathered from all countries, Germans, Swiss, Walloons, Scotch, and French, who came to seek their fortune in war, without caring on what side they fought, but looking only for pay and plunder; while Mansfeld, having neither land nor treasure of his own, maintained them by leading them into small states, which he forced to supply them with money and provisions, an atrocious system, which caused great wretchedness to the people, and destroyed all honour and mercy in the soldiery. The wild Croatians, who formed part of all Austrian armies, were uncivilized savages, whose rapine and cruelty were proverbial.

Maximilian of Bavaria was the head of the Catholic League; but their best general was Count Tilly, a Hungarian peasant by birth, a fierce old soldier, bred in camps, and though faithful, temperate, and courageous, unmerciful and ferocious, brutal with his soldiers, and delighting in blood and spoil. He was of a strange uncouth aspect, and went to battle in a green slashed doublet, a red feather, and slouched hat; but wild as he was, he had more skill than any general who had yet arisen; and he had just succeeded in driving Mansfeld to lay down his arms, when Christiern IV., King of Denmark, took up the defence of the Protestant cause, and entered Lower Saxony, while Mansfeld rose up at the head of a new army in his service.

Maximilian of Bavaria and Tilly were ready to defend the Empire, but as they were generals of the Catholic League, the Emperor had hardly any power over them, and could do nothing independently. While chafing at his want of resources, he received an offer from a Bohemian noble, Albert Count von Wallenstein, to provide him with an army of his own. Wallenstein had been educated as a Lutheran, but an escape from a severe accident in his youth had been the occasion of his becoming a Roman Catholic. Religion, however, had no hold on his mind. His faith was in the stars, and the vain science of astrology regulated his whole conduct and fed his dreams of ambition. He was like a child in the hands of his Italian astrologer, Serlo, though unbending and harsh with all others, and so grave, that he never was seen to smile, or to enter into any amusement. He had studied at Padua, had travelled a good deal, and afterwards entering the army, had fought at Prague as colonel of 1,000 men, whom he had raised at his own expense.

Ferdinand gladly accepted his offer, and created him Duke of Friedland, appointing districts in Bohemia for his levies. Soon Wallenstein had raised 30,000 men, for the most part such mercenaries as Mansfeld's had been, and whom he supported by the same means, though with double success, since he had the authority of the Emperor to allege as a colour for his violence, and his army was so strong as to be able to prey upon large states as well as on small ones.

He was ordered to join Tilly and attack the King of Denmark, but being jealous of the General of the League, he chose instead to march against Mansfeld, whom he hunted into Hungary. Finding that no aid was to be gained from Bethlem Gabor, who was sink-

ing into the grave, Mansfeld was forced to dismiss his army; and soon after died, in the same year as Christian of Brunswick, and the wild old Transylvanian chieftain. Having driven off this enemy, Wallenstein proceeded northward; and Christiern of Denmark, who had scarcely held his ground against Tilly alone, was obliged to retreat into his own kingdom. He had been laid under the ban of the empire, and sentenced to lose his Duchy of Holstein, which Wallenstein undertook to conquer from him, and succeeded. The army of Wallenstein was now 100,000 men, and lived by intolerable exactions against friend and foe alike, made in the name of the Emperor. He further demanded the Duchy of Mecklenburg as a recompense for his own advances, and it was granted, the old line of dukes being unjustly expelled; and he assumed the title of Generalissimo of the Emperor by sea and land.

The sea signified the Baltic, on which he had taken several Danish towns, and wanted to take possession of Stralsund, a free city belonging to the Hanseatic League. The magistracy refused to admit his troops; and he was so enraged, that he declared, "I will take this town, though it were fastened by chains of adamant to heaven."

The inhabitants appealed to the Emperor, and Ferdinand commanded him to desist, but he paid no attention to the order, and continued the siege. However, the city was so important to the Kings both of Denmark and Sweden, that they continued to pour supplies into it; and in spite of his boast, Wallenstein was forced to retire, after the loss of many men, much time, and above all, the reputation of never having had a check.

Peace was soon after made with Denmark; but the Emperor had meantime been drawn into an Italian war.

On the death of Vincenzo de Gonzaga, Duke of Mantua, in 1628, the succession had devolved upon Charles de Gonzaga, whose family had been for generations past settled in France, and had acquired by marriage the Dukedom of Nevers. The Spaniards were jealous of any Frenchman obtaining the smallest territory in Italy, and set up a rival claimant; and as Nevers had paid no homage to the Emperor, Ferdinand also took part against him.

He would have had little hope of preserving his duchy had it not been the interest of Richelieu that Louis XIII. should be always at war, (so that he might not be able to do without him,) as well as the policy of France to take every means of humbling the House of Austria.

Richelieu therefore marched Louis XIII. and his forces across the Alps; while the Marquis of Coltalto commanded the Austrian troops; and Spinola, much against his will, was summoned from Flanders, the scene of his glory.

The three armies committed every kind of horror in the unfortunate duchy, as well as in that of Savoy, so that the Duke Charles Emmanuel actually died of grief at the misery around him. The Austrians seized the city of Mantua, and sacked it in the most frightful way, sparing no one, and committing such ravages that a plague broke out among the famine-stricken people, and destroyed also many of their enemies. Casal was held by the French under Marshal de Toiras, and Spinola had received express orders from Madrid to take it; but the siege was tedious, and he was continually harassed by undeserved reproaches from Olivares until he felt his honour involved in success. Just as he was on the point of taking it, a treaty was concluded between

Richelieu and Olivares, and orders were sent that the French were to be left in possession of the citadel. The mortification was too much for a long-tried constitution, so excitable that he never slept when anything was upon his mind, and a delirious fever came on, in which he was constantly holding arguments in his own defence with the King and Olivares, so piteously, that his opponent, Toiras, was moved to tears on coming to see him.

As he grew weaker, his cry was only "*Me han quitado la honra!*"—They have taken away my honour! And still grasping the king's letters in his hand, he expired in his sixtieth year. Thirty years had he faithfully served the king, but neither his pension, nor the debts he had contracted for the state service, had ever been paid. And he died so poor (having mortgaged his estates to pay his master's troops,) that his son could hardly afford to declare himself his heir. He was the last of the great foreign generals of Spain.

Coltalto, the Austrian General, died of the plague; and Ferdinand, being deserted by Spain, was obliged to make peace with France, and acknowledge Nevers as Duke of Mantua—but there was a condition. The whole Catholic League, with the Duke of Bavaria at their head, hated Wallenstein, both for his exactions and for the loss of influence which his army occasioned them, by making the emperor far mightier in Germany than any of his predecessors. At a Diet held at Ratisbon, it had been urged upon Ferdinand to dismiss his general on account of his disobedience to orders, and the terrible cruelties committed by his troops. In fact, his removal had been made the condition of the consent of the electors to choose the Emperor's son as his successor; and Ferdinand had been struck with some

compunction at the detail of the sufferings inflicted in his name.

It is said that Richelieu persuaded the Pope that the only way to ruin Ferdinand, would be to work on him through his conscience, by making him give up his best general, and offend his nobles by requiring the restitution of all Church property. In both they succeeded, but not in ruining Ferdinand.

Bavaria was in alliance with France, and Maximilian had been entreating Richelieu to support him in insisting on the removal of Wallenstein. Nothing loth, Richelieu sent with the ambassadors his great confidant, Père Joseph, a Capuchin friar, who secretly hinted to Ferdinand that it would be wiser to yield, so as to oblige the electors and see his son chosen, after which he could easily recall his general.

Ferdinand's own confessor said of him, that if an angel and a monk gave him contrary advice, he would follow the monk. He yielded; but Père Joseph had in the meantime intrigued with the electors, who not only refused to elect the Emperor's son, but even talked of appointing the Duke of Bavaria. Moreover, while signing with one hand a peace with Ferdinand, Richelieu was with the other writing to encourage the King of Sweden to invade Germany. All this Ferdinand perceived too late; his general had been dismissed, and his army broken up, and he was as much grieved at the hypocrisy as at the injury. "A Capuchin has disarmed me by his rosary," he said, "and covered six electors' caps with his cowl."

He was in dread at first of the vengeance of Wallenstein, who was at the head of one hundred thousand men enthusiastically attached to him; but the general received the news of his dismissal calmly. "I pity and

forgive," he said. "I see the grasping Bavarian dictates to him; I grieve for his weakness, and obey." He dismissed the messenger with princely presents, dispersed his troops, and retired to his estates, where he lived with regal pomp. He was served by nobles, and had sixty high-born pages, and fifty life-guards waiting in his ante-chamber; his table was never laid for less than a hundred, and when he travelled, his suite occupied sixty carriages, and his baggage a hundred wagons. His speech was short, abrupt, and harsh, yet there was something in his dark solemn dignity, and his generous gifts, that made men devoted to his service with the utmost ardour. He was such an enemy to noise, that he chained up the entrance to the streets leading to his palace at Prague, that nothing might disturb him.

PART VII. GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS. 1630-1635.

THE Protestant cause was retrieved for a little while by a new champion. Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, was thirty-six years of age, and had been already practised in war by contests with Denmark and Poland. He was a man of great piety, frequently retiring to his own room to study the Holy Scriptures, highly conscientious, kind, merciful, and candid, at the same time that he had a hasty temper, and an ardent spirit delighting in battle and danger. Happily, he had an admirable minister, his chancellor, Axel Oxenstierna, who often checked his impetuosity. Once when Gustavus impatiently exclaimed, "You are too cold for my temper," he answered, "Yes, Sire, but if my ice did not damp your fire, your Majesty would sometimes have been scorched;" and the king owned himself rebuked. He was in person a thorough Northern

hero, of immense height and strength, fair complexion, and large blue eyes, which, however, were very short-sighted, and his manners were mild, open, and dignified.

Armies were no longer governed by the chivalrous principle, but Gustavus showed how Christianity could rule in their changed condition. He was one of the few commanders who bore in mind that his soldiers were men with souls and bodies, and though besides his own subjects his forces consisted of mercenaries from every quarter, he rendered them a model of order and discipline. Impiety, theft, and violence were severely punished, and temperance and moderation were enforced as much by example as by precept, for the king fared as plainly as possible, disliked drinking wine, and was seldom seen except in his simple buff coat. After in vain trying to prevent duelling by punishments, he one day discovered that a challenge had passed between two officers; whereupon he told them he would be a witness of their combat, and came to the spot with a guard and the executioner. "Now," he said, "fight till one is killed;" and turning to the executioner, "then, off with the head of the survivor." This put an end not only to that duel, but to the whole practice in his army. Though his strict discipline might have seemed distasteful to the lawless men who generally became soldiers, his service was eagerly sought, because there alone was any care taken of the welfare of the men. Old Tilly used to say, "A bright musket and a ragged soldier;" but Gustavus made it an object that his men should be well shod, and warmly clothed with sheepskins for the winter; and while no medical care was provided for other armies, he had four surgeons for each regiment. There was hardly a noticeable man whom he did not know by name, and if he

saw a private deficient in his exercises, he would put him through them himself, showing him all with the utmost mildness and patience. Though strict with officers, he was lenient with common soldiers, to whom his camp was like a home, and the king their father. He provided schools for them and their children, carried their families about with them, and had a chaplain for each regiment, by whom prayers were read each morning and evening.

Neither did pay ever fail them, for Gustavus knew that to keep an army in such a state, it must not outgrow his means, and he never even wished to be at the head of more than forty thousand men. A great number of his best officers were Scots and English, and he had ten thousand British soldiers altogether in his pay.

It was considered by Gustavus a duty to undertake the defence of his oppressed brethren in Germany, and he knew that the emperor only waited for a full triumph over them to carry the war into Sweden, and give his crown to his Roman Catholic cousin, Sigismund of Poland. He was thus bound to take up arms; and having received supplies of troops from England, and of money from France, he convoked his Diet at Stockholm, on the 20th of May, 1630.

He appeared before the assembly holding in his arms his only child, Christina, a girl of four years old, and asked his subjects for their oaths of allegiance to her, in case he should never return. Almost all shed tears, and he could not for some time command his voice to make them a short and most touching address, showing that duty, not ambition, led him into the war, and taking leave of them, by commending his people, counsellors, pastors, burghers, and peasants, to the protection of Heaven, where he trusted to meet them if not on earth.

After this parting, he embarked, and landed in Pomerania, where his first action was to kneel on the shore in prayer. Seeing his officers looked surprised, he told them, "A good Christian is not the worse soldier. The man who has finished his prayers, has done half his daily work." He advanced into Mecklenburg, restored the dispossessed duke, and entered Brandenburg, while Frederick of the Rhine joined him in hopes of restoration to his lost country, and all the inhabitants, accustomed to frightful miseries wherever an army passed, were astonished at his orderly troops, who used no violence, and paid for all they took.

At Vienna, the news of his invasion was received with scorn; he was called the Snow King, who would melt as he came southwards, and Tilly was sent to oppose him. Tilly laid siege to the free town of Magdeburg, which held out bravely; but the timid and selfish intrigues of the German princes prevented Gustavus from coming to save it, and it was taken by storm on the 10th of May, 1631. The sack that followed was the most horrible in all history. Tilly put no restraint on the fury of his savage soldiery, who pillaged and murdered with atrocities beyond imagination. The governor was brought before him, stripped, and bleeding from two wounds given in the fight, and three afterwards in cold blood, and told him that the honour of Tilly lay buried in the ruins of Magdeburg; and his officers remonstrated; but he said, "The town must bleed, the men must be rewarded, wait another hour." He waited, not an hour, but four days; and when at last the spoilers were only driven away by the flames that had broken out, out of forty thousand inhabitants there only survived eight hundred.

Gustavus was horror-struck, and vowed to chastise

the old corporal, as he called Tilly. The two armies met at Leipsic on the 7th of September, and the watchword of the Swedes was, "Remember Magdeburg." Tilly suffered a total defeat for the first time, though he had fought thirty battles; and badly wounded, was forced to fly. The whole of Germany was laid open to the Swedes.

Advancing into the territories of the princes of the Catholic League, the king gained a still harder-fought battle on the banks of the Lech, the frontier of Bavaria, when Tilly received a mortal wound in the leg, and died just soon enough to be saved the mortification of resigning his command to his rival, Wallenstein, on whom the Emperor called in his extremity to raise again the army he had dispersed.

Gustavus sent the Elector of Saxony to over-run Bohemia, while he took the towns of Bavaria, which its elector had been forced to leave to its fate, shutting himself up in Ratisbon, the town of most importance to the empire. The burghers of Munich brought the keys on their knees, but the king bade them rise, saying, "Kneel to God, not to man." An exquisite taste in art is hereditary in the Bavarian family, and Munich was even then full of choice specimens of pictures, sculptures, and every sort of valuable. The officers would have prevailed on Gustavus to consider these as lawful prey, as the property of the head of the Catholic League, but he desired them not to be like their forefathers, the Goths and Vandals; and not one article was touched either by himself or by Frederick of the Rhine, although the Castle of Heidelberg had been sacked by these very Bavarians. To compensate to the soldiers for not plundering the city, Gustavus gave them each a crown the day they entered it, but he for-

gave the inhabitants a third of the contribution they had promised, and he distributed alms to the sick poor. All the prey he sought for was the Bavarian cannon, which were missing from the towers and ramparts; but after a search, one hundred and forty pieces were found hidden under the pavement, and the lowest and largest of all was found loaded with treasure.

Wallenstein, encouraged by the stars, had levied his army; and soon driving the Elector of Saxony out of Bohemia, hunted him into his own dominions, so that Gustavus, fearing that he might be induced to desert the cause, returned to his support.

Wallenstein and Gustavus remained opposite to each other for some time near Nuremburg, but it was the king's maxim that no good general should ever be forced to a battle when his numbers were as inferior as were his own to the Imperialists, and thus nothing took place but a display of skill in manœuvre. At last, want of provisions caused him to march away, thronged wherever he went by grateful Germans, who deemed him their deliverer, and struggled to kiss his coat, or touch the scabbard of his sword. Such homage only grieved him. "It is as if they would make a god of me," he said. "Our affairs prosper, but I fear Heaven will punish us for such presumption. This is trusting in second causes, and mistaking the object of human addresses. Let the event be as it please God."

The planets, by which Wallenstein regulated his movements, announced that the fortunes of Gustavus would decline in November, and he therefore sought a battle with him at Lutzen on the 6th of that month, 1632; and as his forces were less numerous than at Nuremburg, Gustavus ventured the engagement.

It was a hard-fought battle, and the Swedish right

was for a time disordered. Gustavus galloped to rally it, and going faster than his escort, came, owing to his shortness of sight, too near the Imperial lines under Count Piccolomini. A shot shattered his arm, and though at first he tried to conceal the wound, he became faint, and desired the Duke of Saxe Lauenburg to lead him out of the battle. The next moment he was shot through the back. "Cousin," he said, "I have enough! look to your own life."

The Croats charged, and his horse being shot, reared so that he fell to the ground, while all but a few of his gentlemen fled under the hail of bullets. The marauding Croats asked him who he was. "I am the King of Sweden!" he said. "I seal with my blood my religion and the liberties of Germany." The savage wretches shot and struck at him. "My poor queen!" he said, and then with one cry on his Maker's name, he expired, under five wounds given after his fall—the noblest Christian soldier in Europe. His corpse was at once stripped; but his bleeding horse rushing back to the Swedish lines, giving the first news of his fall, his Swedes rushed madly forward and beat the Croats from the field. The gallant young Duke Bernard of Saxe Weimar took the command, and fighting desperately till night came on, forced Wallenstein from his post, with his army so broken that he was obliged to hasten from Saxony. The body of Gustavus was found much disfigured, under a heap of dead near a large stone, still named the Stone of the Swede, and carried back to his queen, amid the heart-broken lamentations of his whole army, and of all the German Protestants. The unfortunate Frederick of the Rhine, who had been left at Nuremburg, ill of an intermittent fever, died a few days after hearing the news, leaving twelve children destitute.

PART VIII. FRENCH INTERVENTION. 1632-1639.

ON the death of Gustavus, his chancellor, Oxenstiern, continued the same policy in the name of the infant Queen Christina, while the army was commanded by Bernard of Saxe Weimar, the younger brother of the Duke of that province; a gallant young man, who followed the example of Gustavus, not only in his bravery, but his piety. He is said to have known the Scriptures nearly by heart, and he was always generous and merciful; but though beloved by his soldiers, he could not preserve the same discipline as Gustavus, and his army soon became as great a curse to the country as that of the other party. His men were desperately brave, but equally ferocious; they carried naked swords, for which they said there was no sheath but the bodies of their foes; and their motto was, that it was the part of Bernard's men to do and suffer all things.

Wallenstein had retreated into Bohemia after the Battle of Lutzen, and there held a strict inquiry into the conduct of his officers, putting many to death. Although his army was very large, he would not take the field, allowing the Swedes to make rapid progress, and even to threaten a second invasion of Bavaria; nor would he, in his jealousy of the Elector Maximilian, afford any assistance to that duchy even when he did take up arms, but overran Saxony, and then concluded a truce with the Elector Johann Georg on his own account. In the winter of 1633, he received orders from the Emperor to encamp on the Danube, for the protection of Austria; but without noticing these commands, he returned to Bohemia, and held his splendid court at Pilsen, with his army quartered in the other cities.

His disobedience inspired distrust at Vienna, and he began to apprehend that the command would be taken from him. Moreover, he believed that the stars declared that his time for greatness was come, and that the man who should most assist him was an Italian colonel, Ottavio Piccolomini, who had been born under the same conjunction of planets as himself. Collecting Piccolomini and the other officers at a banquet, he persuaded them to sign a bond, pledging them to hold fast by him against any other general, so long as he should employ them in the Emperor's service; but it was said that the paper with this clause was withdrawn, and that the one which actually received their names, bound them to him without restriction.

Though Piccolomini signed the bond, he sent information of the whole to the Emperor; and orders were secretly despatched to Gallas, one of the inferior generals, to supersede Wallenstein. Not daring to make this known at Pilsen, Gallas obtained leave of absence, and going to the other portions of the army, obtained their adherence so easily, that it was evident that Wallenstein's power was more from fear than love.

Piccolomini soon joined Gallas, and Wallenstein was forced to shut himself up in Egra, where, still fancying that the stars, though they had deceived him in Piccolomini, held out hopes of his becoming a great prince, he wrote to the leaders of the Lutheran army to offer to join them, and to put Egra into their hands. Bernard declared that one who did not believe in God could not be trusted by man; but the other allies were willing to take the advantage, and sent forward the Duke of Saxe Lauenberg to receive the town. Wallenstein had taken into his confidence a Scotsman, named Leslie, to whom he had always been kind. This

man communicated all to the Governor of Egra, also a Scot, named Gordon, and to an Irishman called Butler; and finding that the town was on the point of being delivered into the hands of the enemy, they resolved on murdering the General. All the officers known to share Wallenstein's designs were killed by them at a supper given by Butler; and afterwards they sent an Irish captain named Devereux, with six halberdiers, to complete the deed of blood.

Wallenstein had been drawing vain auguries from the stars to the last hour of his life. He had just gone to bed when he was roused by the report of a pistol, and springing up, was standing by a table in his shirt when the assassins broke in. "Are you the man who would betray us to the Swedes, and pluck the crown from the head of the Emperor?" cried Devereux. Wallenstein said not a word; he held out his arms, and was pierced by the six halberts at once; he fell and expired without a groan. So perished, in his fiftieth year, betraying and betrayed, the man who trusted to the stars rather than to his God.

The conspirators, by still wearing Wallenstein's colours, contrived to entrap Lauenberg into the town and make him prisoner, not much to the regret of the Swedes, who could not forgive him for having deserted the dying Gustavus, and even suspected him of being guilty of his death.

The command of the Imperial army was conferred on the Emperor's eldest son, Ferdinand, who had been elected King of Hungary and Bohemia. The Infanta Governess of the Netherlands having lately died, her office had been bestowed upon Fernando, the second brother of Philip IV. who, though a Cardinal, was a very spirited soldier. He brought his forces to the aid

of his Austrian cousins, and uniting with the King of Hungary, gave the Protestant army a terrible defeat at Nordlingen, which recovered for the Catholics what had been lost by them at Leipsic.

The German electors had grown discontented with the Swedes, and the Swedes were jealous of Bernard of Saxe Weimar; the whole party was falling to pieces, and the country was in the utmost misery; plunder and slaughter had left famine and pestilence behind them, and in Saxony and Brandenburg there were whole tracts where the villages were completely empty, save for the famished dogs that still prowled round the houses. Bands of robbers ranged the woods, and there was no safety for life, no justice nor mercy. These horrors brought all German subjects to wish earnestly for peace; and the Emperor coming to an agreement with the electors, they signed a treaty at Prague on the 30th of May, 1635, but their own selfishness prevented their country from gaining rest. They took care to obtain good terms for themselves; the Elector of Saxony was to receive the Archbishopric of Magdeburg for his second son, and George William of Brandenburg stipulated for the Duchy of Pomerania, as soon as the old childless Duke Bogislas should die. Now the crown of Sweden had some claims to Pomerania, which had always been looked on as destined to be the reward of the Swedes for their exertions in the Lutheran cause, but they found themselves entirely neglected by the allies whom they had put in a position to gain such favourable terms; and at the same time, the Lutherans, in their dislike to the Calvinists, made no terms at all for the poor young Count Palatine of the Rhine. Bernard of Saxe Weimar was offered the Duchy of Franconia if he would become a Romanist; but he was

firm to his cause, and soon after went with Oxenstiern to the court of France, where Richelieu was resolved to continue the war, in the hope that when Germany should be thoroughly weakened, France might obtain the county of Alsace, a border province which he regarded with greedy eyes. Bernard was much caressed at Paris; his fine sun-burnt face and long flowing curls of fair hair were much admired, and he was treated as a hero. He was taken into pay as a French as well as a Swedish General, and Richelieu proposed to marry him to his niece, but the connection was disdained by his proud German blood. Queen Anne of Austria begged him to spare women for her sake; and he so well remembered her entreaty, that one convent of nuns sent him a beautifully embroidered sword-belt, in token of gratitude for his protection.

The French raised a fine army, but success did not attend them. Fernando, or the Cardinal Infante, as he was usually called, united with Piccolomini, and not only prevented them from gaining any ground in Germany, but made a sudden incursion into France, and overrunning Picardy, threatened Paris.

Louis XIII. showed a flash of high courage. He refused, even at Richelieu's advice, to desert his capital; and 60,000 Parisian citizens, collected in haste, contrived to keep the enemy at bay till the force of the kingdom was collected, and the approach of winter obliged the invaders to retreat.

On the 14th of February, 1637, died the Emperor Ferdinand II.—a good and devout man, exceedingly amiable in his own family; just and merciful to the poor, even to beggars and lepers, whom he would receive in his palace and wait on with his own hands. He sent large sums to redeem captives from the Moors

and Turks, and was a most kind sovereign to his Catholic subjects, living according to the old mediæval pattern of devotion and holiness, but not comprehending the exigencies of the times he had fallen upon, and thus becoming a persecutor and the cause of civil strife, which made his measures towards his dissenting subjects so much more harsh, as he grew older, that he was often compared to Philip II.

His son, Ferdinand III. was a man of more liberal policy, and would have made peace if France and Sweden would have allowed it; but the death of old Duke Bogislas, in the same year, made the war rage as violently as ever. The unhappy Duchy of Pomerania was overrun by the Swedes; and Brandenburg shared the same fate, the Elector, George William, dying in the midst of the calamities of his country, when Brandenburg and Prussia descended to his son, Frederick William, afterwards called the Great Elector.

The Swedes had advanced as far as the Elbe, where they were expecting to be joined by Bernard of Saxe Weimar, when they learnt the death of that gallant prince. He was only in his thirty-sixth year, but he was worn down with the miserable warfare in which he was involved. "I am weary of my life," he said, when he found that his troops had burnt a town contrary to his commands. "I live in the midst of atrocities I cannot prevent." A typhus fever, prevalent in the wasted districts, attacked him; and though he rose from his sick bed on an alarm in the camp, and mounting his charger, drove back the enemy, his spirits were too much depressed to struggle against the disease, and he died on the 8th of July, 1639. He was the last of those who had even the semblance of fighting to support Lutheranism; thenceforth the war was nothing

but one of aggression on the part of Sweden to obtain Pomerania, and of France to gain Alsace.

PART IX. THE REVOLUTION OF PORTUGAL. 1637-1643.

THE Kingdom of Portugal had never been happy under the dominion of Spain. All the glory it had acquired under its native princes had passed away, and it was drained of men and money only to support the armies of the hated Spaniards. Favour was rarely shown to native Portuguese, the king never resided at Lisbon, and the once mighty realm had become nothing but a Spanish province. The government was held by the Vice-Queen Margarita of Savoy, Duchess Dowager of Mantua, who was entirely under the direction of her secretary, Miguel Vasconcellos, a favourite of the Condé Duque de Olivares, and the instrument of all his extortions.

The rightful heir of the crown, Don Joao, Duque de Bragança, was in the meantime living an easy hospitable life at his beautiful country-house of Villa-viciosa, hunting and entertaining his friends, and only desiring to give no cause of suspicion to the court of Spain, for he was indolent and devoid of ambition. Not so his wife, Dona Luisa de Guzman, a high-spirited and clever lady, who, while outwardly as indifferent as her husband, was secretly encouraging the steward, Pinto de Ribeiro, a shrewd and able man, to feel the temper of the people, and work for his master's elevation.

Such of the Portuguese as did not still cherish a hope of the return of their long-mourned Sebastiao, were indeed turning their eyes on the House of Bragança; and in an insurrection at Evora in 1637, that name was shouted by the mob so as to alarm Olivares. He

resolved to remove the Duque from the kingdom, and offered him the government of Milan; but Joao excused himself, as knowing nothing of Italy. Next, Olivares made him superintendent of the harbours, desiring him to go and survey them, and preparing a fleet, which was to enter the port under the pretence of foul weather, capture him, and carry him off. A real storm disconcerted this plot by scattering the treacherous fleet, and it only resulted to the profit of Bragança, who, however, was placed on his guard by the unusual politeness of Olivares.

The nation was well known to be ripe for revolt, but the Count Duque only laid heavier burthens on them, and at last drove them to such extremity that secret meetings were held at Lisbon, and it was resolved to obtain the Duque's consent to a revolt that should set him on the throne. Bragança had by this time been invited to court, and after devising every possible pretext for delay, had promised to set off in eight days' time, and sent couriers to prepare his lodging. On one of the last days he could hope ever to spend in his delightful home, he was met in the woods by Don Pedro Mendoza, who had been sent by the conspirators to inform him of their measures, and gain his sanction, assuring him that whether he consented or not, they should certainly rise and proclaim him king.

The Duque begged to consult with his wife; and she confirmed and strengthened his resolution, showing him that his choice lay between a throne given by his ancestral right and by his country's consent, or captivity or death at Madrid. He gave his faltering permission, and remained in the utmost anxiety, awaiting the result of the insurrection.

On Saturday, the 1st of December, 1640, a hundred

and fifty gentlemen with their servants, and two hundred citizens of Lisbon, gathered late in the evening round the approaches of the palace. At eight o'clock a pistol was fired by Pinto de Ribeiro as the appointed signal, on which they advanced as before concerted. The Spanish guard at the gates was easily overpowered, and Pinto led his chosen followers at once to the apartments of Vasconcellos, whose death had been resolved on. The noise of their steps gave the first warning, and a captain of infantry who happened to be with the secretary, drew his sword to give the minister time to hide himself in the inner room. The captain fought till a wound in the arm forced him to drop his sword, and then leapt out of the window and escaped. The door was then broken down, and search was made throughout the room for Vasconcellos, but in vain, until a slight noise of rustling betrayed a recess in the wall, where the unhappy man lay covered over with papers and parchments that were moved by his trembling. He was dragged forth speechless with fright, and was at once killed with a dagger and pistol-shot, and his body thrown out of the window, while the conspirators shouted, "The tyrant is slain! long live Joao King of Portugal!" a cry which was re-echoed by thousands of the populace, who surrounded the palace with acclamations for Joao, and cries for vengeance on the tyrants.

Another party of the conspirators went to the vice-queen's apartments, which were closed against them till they threatened to burn down the doors, when she came forth, speaking gently, and confessing that the secretary had indeed been an odious oppressor, whom they had justly slain, but begging them now to be pacified, or she should not be able to plead for them to the king. Don Antonio de Menezes courteously told

her that such an assembly had not collected only to save the headsman the trouble of putting a wretch to death, but that their object was to raise their rightful sovereign to the throne. She would have spoken of the king, but they told her that Joao of Bragança was their only king, and cries of *Viva Don Joao* broke out around. She hoped to do more with the people; but the gentlemen told her, when she would have gone forth, that it was not fit to expose so great a princess to the insults of the populace. "And what can the populace do to me?" said she scornfully. "Only throw your highness out of the window," was the answer; and she was forced to submit to become a prisoner in her own apartments, where she was compelled to sign an order to the Spanish commander of the garrison to yield the citadel up to those who acted in the name of the lawful King of Portugal. She hoped he would not attend to it, but he was afraid of the raging tumult, and yielded at once. All the Spaniards who held office were made prisoners, and messengers were sent to all parts of the kingdom. Mendoza hastened to Villa-viciosa, where on coming into Joao's presence he threw himself on his knees, and saluted him and the Duquesa as their Majesties. Courier after courier arrived, begging his presence at Lisbon; and on Monday he rode from Villa-viciosa, as if hunting, and coming to the Tagus, crossed in a fisherman's boat, thus, it was said, fulfilling an old prediction, that the deliverer of Portugal should arrive by a wooden horse. He walked up to the palace unnoticed, and was first seen by the populace seated on a throne raised in front of the windows, while he was proclaimed as Joao IV. King of Portugal.

The whole kingdom followed the example of the capital; everywhere the Portuguese rose against the

Spanish garrisons, and proclaimed Joao; and the Revolution was effected in a week, almost without bloodshed. For many days these tidings were kept from the King of Spain; but when Olivares could no longer conceal them, he entered his presence laughing. "Sire," he said, "here is good news. You have acquired a fine duchy, with fair revenues."

"How so?" asked Philip.

"That foolish Duque de Bragança," said the Condé Duque, still laughing, "has allowed himself to be proclaimed King of Portugal, so there are all his estates forfeited to your Majesty!" Olivares also called Joao a twelfth-day king, but lightly as he treated the matter, he was unable to make any effective resistance. All he did was to raise up secret plots at Lisbon, which were very soon put down, and the House of Bragança was quietly established on the throne, though without ever becoming as illustrious as the great House of Avis, its predecessor.

The great cause of Joao being left unmolested, was that besides the perpetual contest in the Netherlands, and the share taken by Spain in the Thirty Years' War, that power was embarrassed by a great revolt in the province of Catalonia. Heavy taxes had ruined the inhabitants; and when they resisted, troops were quartered on them, and so ill-used them as to lead to a great rebellion. The Catalonian mountaineers, a wild high-spirited race, very jealous of their fueros, or privileges, and with a fierce sense of personal honour that rendered them ever ready to shed blood among themselves, came down in multitudes into Barcelona, crying aloud, "*Viva el Rey y muera el mal gobierno,*" murdered the viceroy, and being joined by the citizens, the whole province was in a state of insurrection.

Horrible cruelties took place; the troops sent to quell the disturbance burnt and murdered, and the Catalans on their side shot them down like wild beasts, till the terror of serving there was such that soldiers had to be bound hand and foot and carried thither to join the army.

France, of course, took advantage of the distress of Spain, and sent an army to assist the insurgents, while Louis XIII. and Richelieu came as far as Narbonne to support their troops. Philip IV. came to Zaragoza, but only to see from the windows of his palace the country devastated by the French and Catalans; and soon after, Perpignan was taken by the French troops.

All these disasters made the grandees of Spain discontented with the bad government of Olivares; and the Queen Isabel, as well as the Duchess of Mantua, on her return from Portugal, both united in representing to Philip that the late rebellions were owing to him. Gradually the king's mind was alienated from him, and he was at length obliged to give up his offices, and quit the court. His post was given to his nephew, Don Luis de Haro, and he was exiled to his own estate at Haro, where he died after a few years' pining at his loss of power.

PART X. DECAY OF SPANISH POWER. 1642-1648.

ANOTHER of the great ministers of the seventeenth century was passing away, though grasping the reins of government to the last.

Though feeble and wasted with disease, Armand de Richelieu never relaxed either his vigorous efforts for the greatness of France, nor his jealous guard of his own supremacy. In 1637, twenty years after the

marriage of Louis XIII. and Anne of Austria, their first child was born, and two years after, another son named Philippe; but the queen was allowed no further influence in consequence, and Richelieu encouraged the king to attach himself to a youth of nineteen, the Baron de Cinq Mars, who he thought likely to prove a harmless favourite. He was mistaken; Cinq Mars was high-spirited, and soon wearied of the dull company of Louis XIII., and of making grimaces for his amusement. Hearing the king daily murmur at the bondage in which he was held by the Cardinal, the young man imagined that he should do great service by breaking these trammels, and confided to Louis a plot for killing Richelieu and bringing in Spanish troops to support him, changing the policy of the country. His friend, Auguste de Thou, took part in the conspiracy, though with little hope of his success, partly from a generous resolution to share Cinq Mars's fate, partly from a restless spirit that caused his acquaintance to call him "*Son Inquiétude.*"

Nothing escaped the spies of Richelieu, who soon not only discovered the plot, but forced a full confession from the king, who made not the least attempt to save his friend. Cinq Mars and De Thou were executed together, showing so much affection and resignation, that, in spite of their treason, everyone mourned for them except Louis. Taking out his watch, and perceiving it was the time fixed for the execution, he said, "Our dear friend is making an ugly face just now,"—his only remark on the youth whom he had betrayed to destruction in his twenty-first year.

Cinq Mars was the last victim of Richelieu, who had but few months of power to purchase by the sacrifice of that young life. Worn out by a complication of

disorders, he died on the first of December, 1642, having exalted the power of the crown and the greatness of France to an unexampled degree, which was fully manifested in the subsequent reign. The many crimes by which this had been effected, seem to have been justified in his own eyes by some self-deception, for no fears or misgivings appear to have troubled his death-bed. The great minister was no more regretted by the master for whom he had worked for twenty years, than had been the poor young favourite. "Monsieur le Cardinal has a wet day for his journey," was the tenderest observation recorded of Louis XIII. as he saw the funeral procession pass his windows.

Richelieu's office was at once filled by Giulio Mazarini, a Sicilian born at Rome, whose talent and suppleness had raised him in the world. Having come into France as the Papal Nunzio, he had afterwards entered the service of Louis XIII., and on the death of Richelieu's confidant, Père Joseph, had succeeded to the same post in the favour of the minister, who had procured from Pope Urban VIII. his nomination to the Cardinalate. His polite and courteous demeanour established his favour, and having great talents for business, he stepped at once into the post left vacant by Richelieu, and ruled in his stead for many years, though without the same ability and force, with less violence and cruelty, but with more art and meanness.

Richelieu had always treated the princes of the blood-royal with neglect, and almost contempt. Henri Prince de Condé, (the same who was born after his father's death, during the wars of the League,) had not merely always given him precedence, but had actually knelt to ask in marriage for his son, Louis de Bourbon, Duc d'Enghien, the minister's niece, Claire Clemence

de Brézé. The wedding took place when the bride was only thirteen, although the extreme dislike of the young Duke, who was seven years older, was known to all; and Richelieu dying soon after, poor Claire met with nothing but neglect and unkindness. Her husband's whole heart was set on war. His face, with piercing blue eyes, and dark aquiline features of undaunted but haughty expression, is said to have been strikingly like an eagle, and his character was well expressed in it; honourable, but harsh, passionate, and fiercely proud. He insisted on being at the head of the army, and his rank forced from Mazarin an appointment to which Richelieu never would have consented, placing him in command of the forces in Picardy, when not yet two-and-twenty.

The dull and sluggish Louis XIII. was not long in following Richelieu to the grave. His health, always frail, declined rapidly, and he became subject to death-like fits of exhaustion. In one of these he was thought to have actually expired, and a childish voice cried exultingly, "I am Louis XIV." and was faintly answered by his dying father, "Not yet." Little did that child guess how in weary bereaved old age, that title of majesty would fall on his ear, when he should have drunk to the utmost the cup of human vanity, and come to its dregs of vexation of spirit.

On the 14th of May, 1643, the French proclamation went forth, "*Le Roi est mort! Vive le Roi!*" and the fair boy of five years old, with his golden curls flowing on his shoulders, was enthroned under the regency of his mother, the long-neglected and despised Anne of Austria.

Mazarin, who continued at the head of affairs, sent the tidings of the King's death to the army, together

with orders that a battle should on no account be hazarded. The Duc d'Enghien was at this time in face of the Spanish army under Don Francisco di Melo, at Rocroy, and was bent on an engagement, in spite not only of orders but of the advice of all the experienced generals, who represented how fatal a defeat would be at such a moment. "That I will never see," said Enghien; "I will enter Paris a conqueror or a corpse." So cool was he, however, that he spent the night in a sound sleep before his watch-fire, on ground which Melo, in equal assurance of victory, had imprudently allowed the French to occupy.

On the 17th of May, the battle took place, and the wonderful genius of Enghien decided the day, in spite of the tried valour of the Spaniards. The old Castilian infantry (originally formed by Gonzalo de Cordova) were found afterwards all lying dead in their regular lines exactly as they had stood; their commander, the old Count de Fuentes, who had been in twenty battles, just expiring as he sat at their head in the arm-chair in which he had been carried to the field on account of his infirmities. "Were I not victor, I should have wished thus to die," said Enghien; and the brave old man's chair was preserved at his Castle of Chantilly, with the armour of the Maid of Orleans and of the Constable de Montmorency.

The Battle of Rocroy was a fatal blow to Spain. The gallant infantry were never renewed, and thenceforth ended that equality with France in the battlefield that had been established by the Great Captain.

Philip IV., however, showed more vigour than Olivares had ever allowed him to display. He went himself to Catalonia, and reviewed his troops, mounted on horseback, in a purple velvet dress and white plume,

when he was so much applauded, and enjoyed the scene so much, that he wrote to his queen that it had been the happiest day of his life. He gained some successes over the rebels; but he was recalled by the death of his wife, Isabel of France, an excellent princess, who was much lamented. She left a son and daughter, Baltazar and Maria Teresa; but the son had a weak constitution, ruined by excesses, and died soon after her, and Philip was persuaded to marry again. A dispensation was granted for his marriage with his niece, Mariana, daughter to Ferdinand III. of Germany. She was only seventeen, merry and lively, but weak and easily led. In passing through a town on her way, she was received by the citizens with presents of specimens of their manufacture, namely, silk stockings, a gift which her Spanish *Mayor-Domo* beheld with such indignation, that throwing them in the face of their givers, he demanded whether they did not know that Queens of Spain had no legs. Poor Mariana, fancying he spoke literally, burst into tears, and begged to go back to Vienna to save her legs—a mistake which was the cause of one of the three smiles which her husband, Philip IV., is said to have given in his whole life.

Ever since the Two Sicilies had belonged to Spain, they had been misgoverned by rapacious viceroys, who were greatly hated and contemned, and sometimes endangered by outbursts of popular feeling. The *lazzaroni* of Naples merry, half-naked idlers, content to bask all day in the sunshine on their lovely beach, and to live on a morsel of *maccaroni*, were nevertheless excitable and easily stirred into violent tumults; and the fishermen, the class next above them, were true descendants of the old Samnites, bold, fierce, and inde-

pendent, the dagger ever at the belt, and ready to shed blood on the slightest insult. The dues required by the government on bringing loads into the market were a great grievance to this class, and to the peasantry around; and on the 7th of July, 1647, an altercation began between the officials and a gardener who had brought in a basket of figs. Presently the man threw down the figs in a rage, declaring that his oppressors should gain nothing by them, and while the rabble scrambled for them, his brother-in-law, Tomaso Aniello, a fisher youth of twenty-four, stood up in his blue jacket, red sash, white trowsers, and bare feet, and began to address the people, promising them freedom if they would second him. High spirit and dexterity in races and other sports had already made Masaniello, as he was called, a leader of the populace, and they listened with shouts of "*Viva il rè, muoia il mal governo.*" The officials were driven out of the market, and the riot spread throughout the town; the citizens rose and stormed the palace, forcing the Viceroy, the Duke of Arcos, to fly secretly to the Castle of St. Elmo.

Masaniello became ruler of the people, and master of Naples. Everything gave way before him, stores and treasures were seized, and the Neapolitans, amazed at their own success, fancied him appointed by Heaven as their deliverer. Spain was unable to send the Viceroy any aid, and he was forced to make what terms he could. Masaniello was invited to a conference with him at Castel Nuovo, and went on horseback, dressed in cloth of silver, with a plume of feathers on his head, along streets hung with tapestry, and filled with crowds who almost adored him, and strewed his path with palm and olive. He stopped to assure them that

he should only make terms for their welfare, not his own : he should go back to his nets, and only beg of them in return to say an *Ave* for him at his death. But the terms came to nothing. For a week Masaniello had been in a state of wild excitement by day and night, and the heat of the day added to the tumult of his brain. He fainted when presented to the Duke of Arcos, and the lavish attentions paid to him by the Viceroy and his court added to the confusion and intoxication of his brain. He was afterwards evidently in a brain fever. His punishments were capricious and cruel, and his manner wildly arrogant, while his commands could only be dictated by madness. He made all persons cut off their hair and wear wigs, he caused noblemen to kiss his feet, and at last grew so violent that he was placed under restraint, but making his escape, he ran to a church, and spoke from the pulpit, at first calmly, but soon beginning to rave, he was carried away. He showed himself at a window to the populace, and was there shot to the heart by four assassins paid by the Duke of Arcos. At first his corpse was torn almost to pieces, and dragged through the streets by the people, who only thought of his delirium ; but only two days after their temper changed, they thought of his devotion to their cause, and bore the body to the church with the honours of a saint, while miraculous stories grew rife among them of wonders worked by his remains. Even after his strange rise and fall, the sedition of Naples lasted for many months.

The Duc de Guise made an expedition from France to try to gain the crown of Naples, which he claimed as the descendant of old King René ; but he found the insurgents such mere rabble that he could effect nothing,

and returned to France; and the rebellion was finally put down by a new Viceroy, the Condé de Onate, assisted by Don Juan of Austria, an illegitimate son of Philip IV., a young man of much talent. Great cruelties avenged the revolt, and the Neapolitans were as much oppressed as previously.

The possessions of the Spaniards in the West Indies were terribly infested by the Buccaneers, a race of pirates, so called from their being used to smoke or dry flesh over the fire. (*boucaner* in French.) They were desperate men, the wild spirits of every nation, runaway sailors, fugitives from justice, and the like; who, taking up their station on the small lonely keys or islets of the Caribbean Sea, went forth on marauding expeditions to seize the treasure ships on the way to Europe. The crews were always murdered, often with the most dreadful atrocities; the ships, if not wanted, were sunk; the booty was divided with scrupulous fairness. Frequently these robbers made descents upon the settlements on the main-land, sometimes burning and destroying, sometimes accepting a ransom; and for full a century the American colonies were kept in a state of terror resembling that of Europe in the days of the Northmen. These were the most savage of ruffians, true to nothing but each other, and merciless in their own strict discipline, which enforced the most perfect obedience to the chief, at the same time as it permitted the wildest excesses. They seemed the scourge sent to revenge upon the Spaniards their barbarities to the Indians and the Negroes.

Piracy likewise thrived in the Mediterranean. Tunis and Algiers were nests of corsairs, whose vessels cruised throughout the Mediterranean, and seized the ships, or even conveyed marauders to the coasts of Italy, Spain,

and Southern France. To be stolen by the corsairs of Algiers was quite an ordinary adventure, but bloodshed was not often the consequence. The poorer captives were set to work in the gardens of their masters; the richer wrote to their friends for their ransom; it was a regular traffic, and one of the most usual pious bequests of the age was so much to be spent in the redemption of captives from the Moors.

PART XI. PEACE OF WESTPHALIA. 1643–1648.

GERMANY was still ravaged by the Thirty Years' War, which was maintained by Oxensteirn and Mazarin on behalf of their young sovereigns, Christina and Louis, although every German power was worn out and exhausted by it, and of the original combatants, Maximilian of Bavaria was the sole survivor.

The Swedish arms continued victorious, under Banier, whose six hundred standards won in battle still adorn the arsenal of Stockholm, and Torstenson, who though helpless from gout, had a mind so active that it was said to have wings. The French had for their leaders the brave young Duc d'Enghien, and Henri de la Tour d'Auvergne, Vicomte de Turenne.

This great man, who was ten years older than Enghien, was the second son of the Duc de Bouillon, and had been educated as a Huguenot, in his father's little court of Sedan, until at a very early age he was sent to the army of his uncle, Prince Maurice. He was so enthusiastic for the heroes of antiquity, that at thirteen he sent a challenge to an officer who had disputed the authenticity of the earlier books of Livy, and so anxious to emulate their glories, that he could not be withheld from the trenches at the siege of Groll when

only fifteen. He was deeply religious, and so scrupulous in truth and honour, that he would never leave a debt behind him when he went on a campaign, lest his death should cause it to be left unpaid. As an instance of the reliance placed on his word, when he had once been seized by a band of robbers, he was released on simply engaging to pay a sum for his ransom, and one of their number came openly to demand it at his house in Paris, fully secure that no injury would be offered to him. Though not rich, Turenne was liberal in gifts, and equally delicate and considerate. He would exchange horses with a poor officer as an excuse for bestowing a valuable animal, and he would share his money with gentlemen in need, letting them think it came from the king. His manners were frank and kind, and he was remarkably patient and forbearing under irritation, so that his whole army loved him devotedly, and the more because he made it a rule never to quit them when they were in winter-quarters, instead of going to spend the months of inaction in the gaieties of Paris.

Terrible defeats were inflicted on the Imperialists by these great generals. The Slavonian border of the empire was harassed by George Ragotski, another wild waiwode of Transylvania, who had risen like his predecessor Bethlem Gabor; and neither the Austrian army, under the Archduke Leopold, brother to the Emperor, nor the Bavarian, under Baron Mercy, could succeed in checking their advance.

At Friburg, though Enghien and Turenne commanded together against Mercy, the battle was doubtful, and the French suffered so terribly, that Turenne looked at the slaughter with tears, but the unpitied Enghien laughed at his compassion. At Nordlingen

their victory was complete, Mercy was killed, and buried on the battle-field, with the epitaph, "*Sta, Viator, heroem calcas,*" (Stop, traveller, you tread on a hero.) Soon after, Enghien's exertions occasioned a frightful attack of brain-fever, which forced him to return to France; while Turenne continued the campaign, with orders to expose Bavaria to all the horrors of war. Mazarin hoped thus to bring the Elector to desert the Emperor and to conclude a separate peace; and though Maximilian had, at the time of the invasion of Gustavus, left his duchy to the invader, that he might guard the empire, and had faithfully upheld the Imperial cause through good and evil fortune for twenty-seven years, this fresh peril to his home and people brought him at last to consent to an engagement to stand neutral. The Emperor, thus deprived of the aid of the Catholic League, was in greater distress than ever, for the Swedes, under Wrangel, were overrunning Bohemia, and were so close to his own forces, that one night a party penetrated into his camp and killed the sentinels at the door of his tent. The Elector of Bavaria, who hoped that his neutrality would hasten a general peace, found that it only encouraged the French to demand such hard terms, that, as a loyal German, he took up arms again on behalf of Ferdinand.

The immediate consequence was another terrible battle of the Lech, where Turenne, and the two Swedes, Wrangel and Konigsmark, gained a complete victory; after which Turenne advanced into the heart of Bavaria, and Konigsmark, entering Bohemia, suddenly appeared before Prague, and by the aid of a deserter succeeded in capturing the lesser town, separated from the other by the Moldau. The Swedes proceeded to besiege the

upper town, which was bravely held out by the Austrian troops, although Konigsmark was reinforced by an army under Charles Gustavus, cousin of the little Queen Christina. As Prague had commenced the Thirty Years' War, so there did the war conclude. The siege was yet in operation, when tidings were sent that an armistice had been agreed upon by the several powers, for the purpose of considering terms of peace.

Europe was in fact completely exhausted with this long war, and there was scarcely a power that was not desirous of terminating a contest that had lasted long after the origin had been lost sight of.

A Congress was therefore held at Münster in Westphalia, and was attended by deputies from almost every state in Europe. It was finally determined that the empire should purchase peace from France by the cession of Alsace, and from Sweden by giving up half Pomerania. The rest of this dukedom was bestowed upon the Elector Frederick William of Brandenburg, together with the city of Magdeburg; and Maximilian of Bavaria received half the County-Palatine of the Rhine, the other half being at length given back to the hereditary prince, Charles Louis, who was restored to the dignity of Elector, making the number of these princes eight instead of seven.

The Calvinist party was allowed to treat on equal terms with the Lutherans and Romanists; the Evangelical Union and Catholic League were both dissolved, and universal toleration was established, so that henceforth no German prince should be able to interfere with the religion of his subjects. On these terms a general peace was concluded between every country except France and Spain, which persisted in the war with each other, although treating with all the rest. Even

Holland and Spain concluded a peace, after their war of ninety years, Philip IV. finally acknowledging the independence of the Seven United Provinces, which entered into alliance with him, to the great displeasure of their former friends the French. The Peace of Westphalia was signed on the 8th of September, 1648, and put a final close to the contest for liberty of faith that had prevailed ever since the time of Luther. Italy and Spain were, by means of the Inquisition, under the absolute dominion of Rome; Southern Germany, Poland, Savoy, and the Spanish Netherlands, were for the most part possessed by the same Church, together with several cantons of the Swiss Confederacy; France, though containing many Calvinists, who were sheltered by the Edict of Nantes, had a Romanist king and court, rendered so despotic by the late ministry, that his reformed subjects only existed on sufferance. Calvinism ruled in Holland and part of Switzerland, and was mingled with Lutheranism throughout the Northern States of Germany; while Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, were Lutheran with little intermixture.

The British dominions, though standing aloof from the great Continental wars of religion, were torn by a strife of their own, on the same subjects. Calvinist Scotland had violently resented the attempt of Charles I. there to establish a branch of the Catholic Church such as it had been purified in England, while the like hatred of episcopacy and of all rites and ceremonies actuated the English party called Puritan. These discontents were added to impatience of the increased ascendancy of the power of the crown; and a war broke out, partly religious and partly political, Puritans against Church, Commons against King. The Revolutionary party were successful, and made their king

a prisoner, but were ruined by the very instrument of their triumph. Their own army under Oliver Cromwell had acquired overwhelming strength, and were for the most part Independent in doctrine, owning no authority but the Scripture, and casting off even the remains of a ministry that the Calvinists had left.

The king was taken by Cromwell from the power of the Parliament, and soon after suffered death by the sentence of a tribunal of that leader's appointment; the Parliament was also dismissed, and Oliver Cromwell became Protector, and ruled the whole kingdom without opposition.

The Queen of England, Henrietta Maria, had found a refuge in her native country, and her daughter Mary was the wife of William of Nassau, who had succeeded his father, Henry Frederick, as Prince of Orange and Stadtholder, in 1647. Holland afforded a friendly shelter to Charles and James, the exiled English princes, and there too still lived their aunt, Elizabeth Stuart, the ex-Queen of Bohemia, who had spent so many years of exile in watching the fruits of the unfortunate act of ambition to which she had impelled her husband. Her son, the Elector Palatine, treated her with great neglect, and showed himself time-serving and ungrateful, seeking for favour both with the French and Austrian courts and the English Parliament, while his brothers Rupert and Maurice gallantly fought on behalf of their uncle Charles I.

Maximilian of Bavaria did not long survive the general pacification. He died in 1651, much beloved by his people, and having, by his self-sacrifice, steadiness, and principle, chiefly contributed to save the House of Austria from destruction.

CHAPTER IV.

REIGN OF LOUIS XIV. 1643-1715.

PART I. LA FRONDE. 1648-1653.

THE Court of France had for many years been acquiring a character peculiar to itself. François I. had first rendered it the centre of attraction to the kingdom, and by causing his nobles to bring their ladies had rendered it a scene of gallantry, often going beyond the bounds of propriety; Catherine de Medici had been the first to degrade love into a means of intrigue; Henri IV. had by the sanction of his popular name, made vice fashionable and no longer regarded as a disgrace; and though Louis XIII. was personally blameless in this respect, the evil had gone on increasing throughout his reign. After his death, the head of the court was Anne of Austria, the Queen Regent, a kind and graceful lady, devout and conscientious, but with little discretion or force of character, and though well-meaning, and anxious to make her sons good men, leaving their minds uncultivated, and not understanding how to reach their hearts by her religion. Helpless and indolent in state affairs, she left them absolutely to the only man whom she could trust, Cardinal Mazarin, while her chief concern with the princes and nobility was to regulate the observance of the stately Spanish etiquette, which ruled that only duchesses of a certain rank might be seated on a stool in the royal presence, and would not allow the queen to put on her own shift till it had been given to her by the noblest lady present. The exiled Prince of Wales was only allowed to sit on a

stool when Anne of Austria visited his mother, Queen Henrietta; and these formalities were observed at a time when poverty had brought the English royal family so low, that the young princess Henrietta had sometimes to lie in bed for want of fire-wood.

Precedence was one of the subjects most thought of among the ladies who thronged the French court; their minds full of intrigues of love and politics. The custom of marrying at an early age, without affection, added to the old troubadour fashion of choosing a lady-love, had led to the practice of almost every lady of any pretensions to beauty being followed by numerous lovers; and such was public opinion in those days, that what would now be looked upon as ruin and disgrace, was then so lightly regarded that only persons of high principle withstood the trial. It was a period of great luxury in every respect; art and literature had made great progress, though in an affected style; and an imitation of classic taste, by leading further from Christian ideas, added to the spreading depravity. Wit was highly esteemed, and *bon-mots* and epigrams were the constant sport of the court, and the weapons of the able as well as of the frivolous. There were great numbers of keen observers, who have left a crowd of cleverly written memoirs, each displaying brilliance without and dreariness within. Some great and some good there were, both of men and women, and these shone out brightly; but frivolity and intrigue was the general character of the court, throughout the rule of Anne of Austria. At the head of the ladies who here plotted and courted admiration, was Anne Marie, the only daughter of Gaston Duke of Orleans, by his first wife, the heiress of Montpensier. As inheriting these vast possessions, she was extremely rich, and as the

first unmarried princess in France, she was always called *Mademoiselle*, without any other title. She was high-spirited and proud, and with the most ridiculously high estimate of her own attractions. She coquetted with Charles II., but despised him as an exile: and alternated between designs of marrying her little cousin the King, the Emperor of Germany, or the Prince de Condé (as the Duc d'Enghien had become in 1647, by the death of his father,) hoping that either death or divorce would remove his poor innocent neglected wife, *Claire Clémence*.

Condé's sister, *Anne Généviève de Bourbon*, was no less noted. She had the same striking features, softened into most brilliantly fair beauty, shaded by profuse flaxen hair, and enhanced by the utmost grace; and she had also his vehemence of disposition and high talent. She had such strong religious feelings as a young girl, that she could not endure to enter on the temptations of the world; and when taken by force to her first ball, she wept all the time she was dressing, and wore sackcloth under her robes. But these impressions, though the seed remained by-and-by to exercise a saving influence, were soon obscured by the scene into which the poor girl was carried. She was given in marriage by her time-serving father, to the Duke de Longueville, the descendant of Dunois, and since the fall of the Montmorencys, the premier French Duke; but he was a dull heavy man, unfit to inspire attachment, and her marriage was the beginning of a career of the utmost levity and dissipation. She attracted crowds of lovers, and used her influence for political purposes, together with objects of her own, and to promote the interests of her brother, to whom she was ardently attached. Hers was a grand charac-

ter thrown away; but there were multitudes of other women, whose intrigues were no less mischievous, and whose sole purpose was selfish vanity, and desire of importance.

A court of so much pomp, with a foreign war to support, could not fail to require great sums to meet its expenses, and the Queen and Cardinal raised them by levying taxes and contributions without regard to the rights and privileges of the magistracy. The Parliament of Paris, whose part it was to register the royal decrees, remonstrated, and resisted, and though often baffled, returned to the charge with a pertinacity that caused it to be compared to the boys playing in the streets with a sling, or *fronde*, who, often as they were dispersed by the police, returned to their sport undaunted. The name was taken up, and persons in opposition to the court were called Frondeurs.

Growing angry, Anne of Austria resolved to seize one of the hostile members of the Parisian Parliament, and imprison him; and though poor Queen Henrietta warned her of the consequence of the attempt on the five members at Westminster, she persisted. The effect was that the citizens rose in tumult, barricaded the streets, and were with great difficulty pacified for the night by Jean Paul de Gondy, the coadjutor or assistant of the Archbishop of Paris. He was a son of the ducal House of De Retz, very clever, and a great intriguer; with very little principle, but highly popular at Paris, where Mazarin was equally hated and despised.

The Prince de Condé stood in a manner between the parties. He could not bear to see the Sicilian, as he called Mazarin, interfere with the rights of Frenchmen; yet he would not join the Frondeurs, because

he said, "My name is Louis de Bourbon, and I will not peril the Crown." He therefore advised the queen to quit Paris in secret, undertaking to blockade the town with his army, and bring the citizens to submission; and accordingly the whole royal family went off at night, and arrived at the empty palace of St. Germain, where they had to sleep on straw mattresses on the floor. The only princess who remained behind was Condé's own sister, Madame de Longueville, who had been led by her clever and unscrupulous lover, the Duke de la Rochefoucauld, to become a violent Frondeuse; and with the Duchess de Bouillon, encouraged the people to revolt. Each lady stood in a window, with her hair artfully dishevelled, and one of her children in her arms, appealing to the populace for protection, until they had stirred them up to the utmost enthusiasm. During the siege of Paris, the second son of the Duchess de Longueville was born, and was christened in the Cathedral of Notre Dame, the whole city of Paris being his godmother, represented by her *echevins*, or sheriffs. The siege was not effective, for Condé had too small an army to be able to cut off the supplies, and the price of bread never greatly rose. Turenne, who was returning with the rest of the forces from Germany, took the side of the Fronde, and the Court felt obliged to make peace. The Parliament readily accepted the terms offered, and by the mediation of Condé the kingdom was pacified.

Condé was soon found to presume too much on the part he had played. Arrogant and haughty, he showed his contempt for the double-dealing cringing Mazarin; and the Queen and Cardinal began to fear that he would take all the power to himself. Mazarin therefore resolved on his arrest, and took measures by

which he was enabled suddenly and secretly to capture him, with his brother the Prince de Conti, and the Duke de Longueville, and imprison them at once in the Castle of Vincennes. Condé showed dignified coolness under this shameful treatment; and while his fellow-prisoners drooped and lamented themselves, he read, gardened, played at battledore, talked and laughed gaily. The Duke and Duchess de Bouillon were also imprisoned. Condé's mother, the last of the Montmorencys, died of grief; but the Duchess de Longueville hastened to Normandy, and went from city to city, fearless of tempest or fatigue, trying to raise the people to liberate the prisoners, but failing, and finding that Mazarin had given orders for her arrest, she escaped in disguise to Holland. None showed such energy and affection as Condé's wife, whom he had never treated with kindness, and who, in her quietness and humility, had hitherto been overlooked and scorned. With her little son of seven years old, she travelled in disguise to Bourdeaux, and there prevailed on the people to rise in her husband's behalf, showing the utmost courage, once actually rushing under fire herself. "Who would have told me," said Condé, "that my wife would be waging war, while I was watering pinks!"

The Princess de Condé held out the town of Bourdeaux for four months, and though at last obliged to surrender to the royal forces, she obtained favourable terms. Turenne had also, on hearing of the captivity of his brother, united his army with the Spaniards, in the Netherlands, and though defeated at Rethel, was extremely formidable. It was impossible to permit the first princes of the blood to be imprisoned, and the greatest general in the country to be a rebel, for

the sake of an Italian minister. The Coadjutor de Gondy persuaded Gaston Duke of Orleans to place himself at the head of the Parliament, and insist on the liberation of the princes and the dismissal of the Cardinal. So reluctant was Anne of Austria, that the Parisians suspected her of intending again to steal away her son, and one night rose in tumult, which could not be pacified till their chiefs had seen the queen in bed, and the young king fast asleep. She was obliged to yield consent to the liberation of the princes, and they arrived at Paris amid the acclamations of the populace, while Mazarin was forced to leave the country; but he still corresponded with the queen, and by his intrigues contrived to sow distrust and suspicion among the princes. Condé's own haughty demeanour gave offence, and he soon quarrelled with both Gaston and Gondy. He accused Gondy before the parliament of calumniating him; the coadjutor replied, that he at least had never broken his word; and Condé, affronted, laid his hand on his sword. Four thousand swords were at once drawn by his partizans; but he forbore, and the coadjutor was allowed to escape, though the Duke de la Rochefoucauld was so much disposed to put an end to his intrigues, that catching him in the door-way, he shut the two folding-doors on him, letting the iron bar fall, so as to hold him by the neck, and nearly strangle him.

After this violent scene, Condé found that the Court were resolved on his captivity or death, and therefore determined to take up arms. Absenting himself from parliament on the day when the king, having attained his sixteenth year, was declared of age, he proceeded to the south of France, and there raised an army to free the king from his ill advisers. His rebellion occa-

sioned the immediate recall of Mazarin, who had been reconciled with Turenne, and placed him at the head of the royal force. The coadjutor, who had just been made a cardinal, and had taken his family title of De Retz, had great influence with Gaston of Orleans, and persuaded him to stand neutral between the Court and Condé. By this means Gaston placed his own city of Orleans in danger of being occupied by the royal troops, and alarmed on its account, yet too timid to take the decided measure of defending it himself, he allowed his daughter, Anne Marie, to go thither as its champion. Mademoiselle was delighted with the frolic; she set off with her ladies, and finding some difficulty in having the gates opened to her, she climbed over a broken part of the rampart, went up a ladder, and entered the town, where she awoke such enthusiasm among the citizens, that they would not admit the royal troops, who marched on, while she regarded herself as a second Maid of Orleans.

The manœuvres of Turenne and Condé occupied some months, during which each showed great powers of generalship. Their contest came to a crisis at the wretched battle of St. Antoine, so called because held in the parish of that name in the suburbs of Paris. To distinguish the two armies of fellow-countrymen, Condé's men each wore a wisp of straw in their hats, while Turenne's troops were marked by pieces of paper. Condé's army was broken, his best friends slain or wounded, and though he was so active that Turenne said of him, "I did not see one Prince de Condé, I saw twelve!" in so many places did he seem to be at once, he could not retrieve the day, nor secure a retreat. The gates of Paris were shut behind him; and he must have been cut off but for Mademoiselle,

who, after vainly trying to prevail on her father to intercede with the authorities to admit the shattered troops, hurried herself to the Governor of Paris, and by actually threatening to tear out his beard, or to stir up the populace, she forced from him an order to open the gate of St. Antoine. Going herself to a house near, she saw her commands obeyed, and Condé's gentlemen, desperately wounded, borne in by the few who were unhurt; and at length came Condé himself, covered with dust and blood, holding his naked sword, for he had lost the scabbard, and throwing himself into a chair, he burst into tears, calling himself a man in despair, who had lost all his friends.

It was the ruin of his cause, and he acted most shamefully by the city which had sheltered him, inciting the mob to rise and murder a number of moderate men who would not join his party. The outrage did him no service, and vexation brought on a severe fever, during which his party declined further. Mazarin, seeing that to yield to the hatred of the parliament for the present, was the only way to restore tranquillity, quietly left France, and the parliament at once came to terms with the royal family. Condé, too proud to ask pardon, became a deserter, and, like his ancestor, the Constable de Bourbon, hurried to seek revenge for the injuries he had suffered, by fighting in the service of Spain.

Louis XIV. returned to his capital with greater power than ever over the finances, and was received with delight; but he never forgot the tumults which he had there witnessed, and in future he seldom inhabited Paris.

Cardinal de Retz was arrested, and imprisoned at Nantes, whence he managed to escape by the window;

and though he dislocated his shoulder in falling to the ground, he effected his retreat from France, and carried his intrigues to Rome.

Mazarin stayed away till the people had somewhat forgotten their hatred of him, and then coming back, openly resumed the ministry which he had directed all the time, and again ruled France, the king, and his mother. So ended the Fronde, a miserable period of intrigue and selfishness, when the Parliament of Paris, struggling against the usurpations of a foreigner, only became linked with the cabals of violent and self-interested men, and thus lost the rights they had before possessed. Mazarin finished what Richelieu had begun, and France was absolutely under the sovereign's authority.

PART II. THE JANSENISTS. 1640-1668.

THE Roman Catholic Church had come out of the grand religious contest, not indeed the mighty temporal power of the middle ages, but still great and influential. Though her sway had been shaken off in many countries, in those which she retained it was uniform and compact; and the reform of manners, and the fresh vigour infused by the Jesuits, had likewise told in raising up many bright lights among her members; and never were her saints, her charities, nor her missions, more numerous than in the seventeenth century.

Her whole policy was changed. Instead of openly launching excommunications at monarchs, they were provided with Jesuit confessors, who too often rewarded their outward membership with the Church by granting absolution for sins not forsaken nor truly repented; and morals were little regarded in comparison with

subservience to the Pope. To preserve external unity was made the great object, and the doubtful doctrines inculcated as articles of faith, rendered inquiry so suspicious and dangerous, that the exercise of reason was forbidden instead of being guided. The guardians of the faith had so much of error likewise to defend, that they could not venture to let the truth take care of itself, or to acknowledge that truths, being all alike from the same source, can never be contrary to one another. Thus when Galileo Galilei, the Florentine astronomer, first worked out the conclusion, that the sun, not the earth, is the centre around which the planets revolve, and that our world is but a subordinate sphere, the Inquisition decided that his theory was opposed to the Scripture, and forced him to abjure it as a heresy, burning his books, and committing him to prison for three years, during which he was every week to repeat the Penitential Psalms. He died in 1642, sixty years before his discovery was confirmed by Sir Isaac Newton; and it became evident that the words of Scripture construed by the Inquisition as opposed to Galileo's theory, were in fact applicable to the things as they appear, and not intended to make revelations in science.

This narrowing spirit, by rendering the belief of religious men more superstitious and less reasonable, alienated the more bold and speculative minds; and while some began to question the whole Christian system together, the greater number turned entirely away from religion as an influence on the affairs of common life, and regarded it only as the occupation of monks and nuns, or the resource of a death-bed. Rome, willing to keep them in her pale on any terms, left them to their own courses.

A party arose in the Netherlands and France, which

caused much discussion. Cornelius Jansen, Bishop of Ypres, was a most earnest student of the works of St. Augustine, and gathered from them opinions which he recorded in a book published after his death in 1640, and taught by his great friend Jean de St. Cyran. Great stress was laid by them, on the only true freedom of the spirit being the surrender of the will to the grace that renders all service a work of love and joy; thus discouraging the system of penances, that affixed to each sin its particular penalty, making obedience a service of fear, without necessarily affecting the heart. If all their doctrines were not completely accordant with Church teachings, the difference was such as could only be detected by a most practised theologian, and they were embraced by a great number of the best of the French clergy and laity. One of the most distinguished Jansenists was Antoine Arnauld d'Andilly, one of the councillors of Anne of Austria, a most admirable man, untainted with the vices of the court, who faithfully served his sovereign for a long course of years. His daughter Jaqueline, who as a child had been made Abbess of Port Royal aux Champs, under the name of la Mere Angélique, had many years previously brought her nuns back to the strict rule of the Cistercian Order, and made her convent a most beautiful example of the practice of piety and charity; and St. Cyran becoming their director, they bore witness to the influence of his teaching by the holiness and self-denial of their lives; and the alms-giving was most noble and extensive, especially in the wars of the Fronde, when the peasantry were reduced to the utmost distress, and the sisters gave up their cloisters, their provisions, their very rooms and beds, to shelter those who took refuge from the armies.

A very different disciple was gained in Madame de Longueville. After the ruin of the Frondeurs, she went to visit her aunt, the widow of the last Montmorency, a lady of great piety, who had lived in religious retirement ever since her husband's execution. Listening to her religious readings, Anne Génévieve, on whom the delights of this world had so palled that she was heard to say "I do not like innocent pleasures!" awoke again to the impressions of her girlhood. "I was like a person," she said, "who awakens from a long dream of being great, happy, honoured and esteemed by all, to find herself loaded with chains, pierced with wounds, fainting with weakness, and imprisoned in a dark dungeon." Deeply repenting of her errors, she obtained her husband's forgiveness, and spent her life in the most strict penitence, devoting herself to the education of her sons, and enjoying no satisfaction so much as that of partaking in the holy exercises of Port Royal. After she became a widow, she took up her abode in one of the many little houses that sprang up around the convent, which served as a kind of hermitages, for the devout persons who were thither attracted.

The great desire of the Jansenists was to teach how to render the service of the Church an offering of the heart and understanding, and they set forth translations of portions of the Scripture, of the Fathers, and of the Liturgy, as well as devotional books and theological writings of their own. The chief of their authors was Blaise Pascal, a man of marvellous talent, who had such a turn for mathematics, that when a young child he was found lying on the floor working out the propositions of Euclid by intuition, though he had never heard the name of the mathematician, and called the circles and lines he had chalked on the floor, rounds

and bars. He had already made many great scientific discoveries, when in his twenty-fifth year, he turned from such studies to devote himself entirely to religion, giving himself up to prayer and mortification, and sparing himself no austerity, though his health was extremely frail. So holy was his life that his example was said to be worth a hundred sermons, and his meditations and devotions evince the utmost piety. His most celebrated work was his "Provincial Letters," an attack on the manuals drawn up by the Jesuits for the guidance of confessors, where by trying to define the degree of every fault, and to distinguish in every case mortal sins from venial offences, it often appeared as if sin were made light of, and expediency was always admitted as an excuse, so as to show the fatal error of Jesuitism. Wit and argument were both employed in the Provincial Letters in the most unsparing manner; and the exposure, though not perfectly fair, had in it sufficient truth to undermine the power of the company of St. Ignatius.

To put down the Jansenists became the great object of the Jesuits, who eagerly sought occasion against them, and at length drew up five propositions, which they declared they had found in Jansen's writings, and placed before the Pope for condemnation. But these five were so broadly stated, that the Jansenists denied that they were to be found in their books, and showed that the opinions advanced by Jansen were equally taught by St. Augustine, so that the one could not be condemned without the other. Innocent X. (Gian Battista Panfilo,) owned privately that he was unlearned in theology, and doubtful what view to take; but Cardinal Chigi, in whom he placed great trust, met with Jansen's book, and after looking at it, tore it to pieces; and as this took place on the Feast of St. Athanasius,

the Pope took it as a warning, and in 1653 published an anathema on the five propositions.

The anathema flew harmlessly over the heads of the Jansenists, who never had professed to hold the five propositions; and when, the next year, Chigi, becoming Pope Alexander VII., declared that they did hold them, and condemned them accordingly, they replied that his infallibility did not extend to matters of fact, and that accusation was no proof. However, the Sorbonne, or theological college of Paris, sat in judgment on the writings of M. Arnauld's son, and one hundred and twenty-seven of the Doctors of Divinity agreed in condemning his teaching, and degrading him from his rank among them, though their Archbishop, Cardinal de Retz, was on his side, and the minority of seventy-two retired, in order not to sign the sentence, which they declared to be as much against the Scripture, the Fathers, and tradition, as against Arnauld d'Andilly.

On this decision, orders came from the court that the retreats around Port Royal should be broken up, and the novices and *pensionnaires* (girls boarded in convents for education) should be removed. The danger was, however, averted in a most remarkable manner. A child of ten years old, cousin to Pascal, named Marguerite Perrier, who was one of the *pensionnaires*, had long been suffering from a dreadful complaint in her eye; when a much venerated relic, a holy thorn, was brought to the convent, and received there with processions and fitting devotions. Little Marguerite secretly touched her eye with the point, and the same evening the disease was found to be completely cured. The matter was examined into by some of the most honest and acute men in France, both surgeons and lawyers, and all could come to no conclusion save that there had

been a miraculous recovery. The court heard of the wonder, and no one dared to pursue measures against those who were thus favoured.

The respite was but for a time. The enemies of the Jansenists were still at work, and in 1661, another order came for the removal of the young. La Mère Angelique met the blow patiently, but it was her death; she fell into a languishing state, and sank into her grave so peacefully, that her words to her sisters were, "This is my Sabbath." The next year, 1662, died Pascal, after long and severe sufferings, which he bore rather as a joy than as a trial. They were spared the evils which soon befell their party.

Cardinal de Retz was induced to resign his see, as he was still in exile, and Hardouin de Péréfixe, who became Archbishop, enforced the signature of the anathema on the five propositions on all ecclesiastics in his provinces, without the addition of the protest that they were not in Jansen's writings. La Mère Agnes, the successor of Angelique, boldly held out with her nuns, though the Archbishop brought in the civil force, and carried her off with eleven of the sisters, quartering them in different convents at Paris, while those who remained were shut out of the choir of their chapel, excluded from the Holy Eucharist, and forbidden all correspondence. They were only saved from absolute dispersion by the king's respect for Madame de Longueville, who neglected nothing for the security of her friends. Four bishops, as well as many of the clergy, withstood Péréfixe; and the resistance lasted till 1668, when Clement IX., becoming Pope, restored peace by dispensing with the obnoxious signature; the king forbade the controversy to be pursued, or party names to be applied, and the sisters of Port Royal were left in peace in their beloved home.

PART III. CHRISTINA OF SWEDEN. 1650-1657.

THE young Stadtholder, William II. of Orange, began to assume authority inconsistent with the constitution, and quarrelling with the States, sent six of the deputies to prison, among them Jacob de Witt, a burgomaster of Dordrecht; and serious disputes were commencing, when the prince was taken with the small-pox, and died at the age of twenty-four, in 1650.

His widow, Mary, the princess-royal of England, gave birth eight days after to a son, who received his name, but was not invested with the civic honours of his family. No Stadtholder was appointed, and the States were governed by their General Assembly. It might have seemed that the English Commonwealth would have agreed better with the Dutch Republic than even in former days; but Cardinal Mazarin, dreading such a union, spared no pains to sow discord; and the honest Dutch merchants, who took pride in sheltering the royal Stuarts, greatly resented the marked incivility shown to the princes by Cromwell's envoys.

A Navigation Act, passed by the English Parliament, restricting trade with the East and America to English ships, was a great injury to the commerce of Holland, and the States were highly offended that their vessels were searched to discover whether they were carrying munitions of war to the royalists. A naval war commenced, conducted with great skill by the Dutch admiral, Van Tromp, and the English Puritan, Admiral Blake. There was great loss on both sides; but in 1653, the English fleet gained a complete victory off the Texel, and Van Tromp was killed, calling with his last breath, "Courage, my boys, I have run my course with glory!" This defeat brought the Dutch to

sue for peace; and a treaty was concluded, by which Cromwell obliged them to pay large sums in compensation, and especially to pledge themselves that the young Prince of Orange should never become their Stadtholder. Many of the provinces strenuously opposed this ungrateful exclusion of the infant descendant of their great champion; but De Witt, and others whom his father had offended, gave their voice against him, and his claims were sacrificed to the English usurper.

Cromwell rendered his power highly respected in Europe, and interfered in a good cause when Charles Emmanuel II., Duke of Savoy, took it upon him to persecute the Vaudois, or Waldenses. This race had long dissented from the Roman Church, and held doctrines nearly similar to those of the Protestants. They had lived for many years in three valleys of Piedmont, which had been assigned for their abode. They were peaceful and industrious, and during all the civil commotions of Europe, had never taken part against their princes, though the Dukes of Savoy were staunch Romanists, and harassed and depressed them in every way. Nevertheless, their numbers increased, so that the valleys were no longer sufficient for their abode, and they had spread far beyond their limits, when, in 1655, Charles Emmanuel published an edict ordering them all either to conform to the Roman doctrine, or to retire at once to the valleys.

It was the depth of winter, and the Alps were nearly impassable, when the decree was put into execution, driving the unfortunate Waldenses from their homes, and forcing them to drag through the mountain-paths their women, children, and infirm, so that many perished in avalanches, fell down precipices, or were benumbed

by the fatal sleep of cold, and the survivors who reached the valleys were in a dreadful state of misery. Others made resistance rather than encounter such horrors, and the Savoyard troops who were sent against them, appeared to intend their extermination, and spared none who fell into their hands, massacring whole villages, and pursuing the fugitives up the mountains, where they rolled "mother and infant down the rocks." Cardinal Mazarin himself was roused to remonstrate; and Oliver Cromwell sent an indignant letter to the Duke of Savoy, drawn up by his secretary, Milton, while a fast was held throughout England, and £40,000 were collected for the sufferers. This interference obliged the Duke of Savoy to desist from his persecution and spare his victims.

Some hope was entertained by the Romanists of recovering Sweden. Christina, the daughter of the great Gustavus, was of a wild wayward nature, unrestrained even by her mother, who was so much absorbed by grief for her husband, that she left the young girl without a check to all the temptations of her position. Christina had brilliant talents, and pursued her studies with the utmost ardour; and when first she entered on state affairs, the same eager interest and acute powers made her enter into business in a manner that amazed her council, and caused the highest hopes to be conceived of her reign. But there was no balance to her headstrong temper and excessive vanity; she had never opened her mind to serious impressions, and in church her inattention was shown by her wandering eye and suppressed laughter, as she would play with her little dogs during the sermon. She was devoid of all feminine tastes, and prided herself on the freedom of her tongue and her wit, which was

restrained neither by womanly decorum nor respect even for the memory of her father. Thus her mind lay open to all evil; and an infidel French physician, who attended her in a severe illness, amused her irreverent mind by jests at sacred things, and filled her with doubts on the truth of Christianity.

The unhappy young woman grew restless, and incited by love of change, as well as of mystery, she sent secretly for two Jesuits, before whom she laid her doubts, and led them to hope that they had converted her, and with her the kingdom. But where faith was not, the zest of life soon passed away, and the pleasure she had once had in the cares of her office being now over, they had become a burthen, which no sense of duty taught her to endure; and in 1654, to the amazement and grief of her people, she declared her intention of giving up her crown to her next heir, her cousin, Charles Gustavus, only reserving a pension.

No expostulation prevailed; and convoking the senate, she announced her abdication, and herself laid down her regal ornaments one by one, till she stood only arrayed in white, to receive the parting homage of her States. Little as she deserved regret, tears were shed at the parting, for she was loved as the grandchild of the great Vasa, and the child of Gustavus; and the honest rough peasant-deputy wrung her hand, and begged her to think better of her decision, and remain with her faithful people.

Leaving Sweden, she was received into the Roman Catholic Church at Innspruck, and afterwards visited Rome, where she was greeted with triumph; but her restless spirit would not let her remain there, and she went to France, where her masculine manners and lawless tongue were so offensive, that even her rank could

not obtain consideration. Moreover, she caused Monaldeschi, a member of her household, to be murdered in the gallery at Fontainebleau, and defended her right to execute him, as a sovereign by birth. Louis XIV. was obliged to request her to quit his dominions, since he could not permit such proceedings even to crowned heads. Her successor, Charles X. was an ambitious and able man, and involved himself in a war with Casimir of Poland, who was supported by Frederick III. of Denmark. He met with nothing but disaster; and in 1659 his forces sustained such a dreadful defeat from the Danes at Odensee, that eleven of his best regiments were made prisoners, and only two generals, with a few servants, escaped. He never recovered the shock, and died on the 11th of February, 1660, in the arms of Oxenstiern.

His son, Charles XI., was only five years old; and Christina, who was tired of private life, intrigued to be restored to the throne; but she had disgraced herself too much for her subjects to acknowledge her again, and she spent the rest of her life at Rome, despised for her coarse unwomanly behaviour, though she was full of intellect, science, and love of art. She died in 1689, at the age of 64, after a life only to be explained or excused by the tendency to insanity inherent in the House of Vasa.

In 1657 died Ferdinand III. of Germany. He was already seriously ill with gout, when a fire broke out in the apartments occupied by his youngest child, an infant. One of the guards snatched up the cradle and ran with it into the emperor's room, but in his haste struck it against the wall, so that it was broken to pieces, and the child fell to the ground. Although he was unhurt, the shock and terror had such an effect on

his father, that he only lived an hour after, and was succeeded by his eldest surviving son, Leopold I., a youth of eighteen, reserved, and of little talent, but kind-hearted and charitable.

In the meantime, Venice was waging a desperate war with the Turks for the possession of Candia. It lasted twenty-four years; and so gallant was the defence of the Venetians under their brave commander, Francesco Morosini, that a number of French volunteers of high rank, touched with admiration, came to their aid, and fought bravely on their behalf, but without the same constancy, for in a short time they deserted them. In 1667 the island was ceded to the Turks. The inhabitants were allowed their choice of following the Venetians, or remaining under Turkish rule; and out of the whole population, only two Greek priests, one woman, and three Jews, chose to remain in Candia.

PART IV. PEACE OF THE PYRENNEES. 1654-1661.

ON leaving France, the Prince de Condé proceeded to the Netherlands, where his services were gladly received in the Spanish army. He became opposed to Turenne, and the skill of these two great generals was a study to all the young officers serving under them, especially James and Henry Stuart, the Dukes of York and Gloucester, the former of whom has left very valuable memoirs of the campaign. He says that each general knew when the other was with the opposite army by its appearance and manœuvres, and could almost always divine the intentions of his rival; and he had full means of judging, for he served under both. Mazarin concluded an alliance with Cromwell, and in

consequence Charles II. and his brothers were ordered to quit France, whereupon they espoused the cause of Spain, and James and Henry joined the Spanish army.

Turenne had the great advantage of being able to act for himself, while Condé's movements were impeded by the Spanish generals, whose authority equalled his own, especially the Count de Fuensaldana and Don Juan of Austria. Though brave in the field, this young man thought every other requisite of a commander beneath his dignity, and would neither condescend to examine the ground, nor to give any orders for the position of the divisions of his army in camp; and the Spanish movements were so tardy that the French were always far before them, taking towns before they could relieve them.

On the morning of the 24th of August, Turenne made an attack on the Spanish camp at Arras. Some of his officers showed him a weak point in the enemy's lines. "True," he said, "but we should gain nothing there. Monsieur le Prince never sleeps, and that is his post. But on the other point, it will be long before the soldiers will believe us in earnest in attacking them at that time of day, and when they do, it will be no easy matter to persuade the servants of Fuensaldana to awake him from his siesta. At last he will go to the archduke, who will be also asleep in his tent, and having roused him, they will consult together, and by that time we shall have done." It fell out as he had said; the Spaniards were surprised, and routed almost without a struggle. Only Condé was on the alert, and after protecting their flight with his division, he slowly retreated under the walls of Cambray. The King of Spain wrote to him, "My cousin, I hear that all was lost, but that all was saved by your Highness."

Another time the capture of a convoy was entirely missed because Don Juan was taking his siesta in his coach; no one would wake him, and no one would act without his orders. "Ah!" said Condé to the Duke of York, "to see defeats in warfare, one must serve a campaign with the Spanish army!"

In 1658, Cromwell insisted that the French, with the assistance of his fleet and of three thousand parliamentary troops, should take Dunkirk and put it into the hands of the English, threatening otherwise to reconquer Calais. Mazarin sent orders to Turenne to besiege the place, and it was invested before the Spanish army knew anything of the matter. As soon as tidings came to Brussels, Don Juan and Condé hurried off with the army without waiting for the artillery and baggage. Juan insisted on advancing between the hills of sand, called the Dunes, up to the French camp, and when Condé represented that it would expose their troops to great danger, haughtily answered that the enemy would never dare to look at the army of his Catholic Majesty. "You do not know M. de Turenne," said Condé; "faults are not committed with impunity before so great a man!" Nevertheless, Don Juan persisted; and Condé, turning to Prince Henry Stuart, said, "You say you have never seen a battle. Well, in half an hour you will see one lost."

In this battle two nations were divided against themselves, for the Spanish army included a great number of French partizans of Condé, as well as the two English princes, and many cavaliers who had taken service with them. It was a fiercely contested battle, and Don Juan exclaimed that "the French fought like men, and the English like devils." The

Spaniards showed as usual their calm and lofty resolution, but in vain; they were routed with the loss of four thousand men; and ten days after, Dunkirk was taken.

Such repeated reverses at length brought Spain to desire peace, and a negotiation was commenced. Mazarin and the Spanish minister, Don Luis de Haro, met on the little Isle of Pheasants, in the middle of the Bidassoa, and arranged the terms of the Peace of the Pyrennees, each seated in an arm-chair, the legs of which were placed on the territory of his own country. The French gave up some of the towns they had won in the Netherlands, and the Spaniards confirmed their right to the rest, on condition that the Prince de Condé should be recalled from his exile, and restored to his estates, though not to his offices, and that the Infanta Maria Teresa should become the wife of the young King of France.

The peace was signed on the 17th of November, 1659; and Condé at once returned to France. Mazarin came two leagues from Paris to meet him, and conducted him to the presence of the king, when he knelt to ask forgiveness for the part he had taken. "Cousin," replied Louis, stiffly, "after your great services, I shall never remember what has been hurtful only to yourself." Coldly as the promise was given, it was kept; and Condé soon deserved the affection and confidence which Louis well knew how to bestow.

The other condition, namely, his marriage, was not fulfilled by Louis without a sacrifice. Mazarin had brought his five Italian nieces to share his fortune at Paris. Two were married to the Prince of Conti and Duke of Mantua; Olimpia had become the wife of Thomas Maurice, Count de Soissons, a grandson of the Duke of Savoy, but naturalized in France; and her

sister Maria Mancini, without being very beautiful, was so brilliantly clever and fascinating, that the young king had become greatly attached to her, and Mazarin was in hopes of seeing her on the throne. Anne of Austria would not, however, hear of such a misalliance, and told Mazarin that should he permit it to take place, she should raise the kingdom on behalf of her second son, and depose Louis. The Cardinal on this told Louis that he would stab his niece rather than let the crown be degraded by her; and Louis yielded, and allowed the young lady to be sent from court, though not without shedding so many tears that she addressed the parting reproach to him, "You weep, you are king, yet I go."

On the 9th of June, 1660, Philip IV. and Louis XIV. met with all their courts at St. Jean de Luz, and the marriage took place. Maria Teresa was a fine-looking stately lady of two-and-twenty; gentle, amiable, and pious, but as ill-educated and ignorant as Spanish Infantas usually were; and though she had a great affection for the king, and he always regarded her with respect and kindness, she had no influence over him, and was of no importance in her own court. She was made solemnly to renounce all rights to the Spanish crown for herself and her posterity—a declaration which her father called a mere "*paterata*," and which the French hoped to have cause to disregard, as her only brother, Carlos, was a child of sickly constitution and weak intellect.

This year, 1660, the marriage of the king's brother Philippe likewise took place. He married his cousin, Henrietta Stuart, who had become no longer a homeless exile, for the 29th of May, 1660, beheld the restoration of Charles II. to his father's throne.

Mazarin regretted that he had not given one of his nieces in marriage to Charles in his time of adversity, but the intrigues of Giulio Mazarini were nearly at an end. He fell into a dropsy, and died on the 8th of March, 1661, after having governed France for twenty years, during which, by his quiet arts and able management, he had confirmed and consolidated the authority which his predecessor, Richelieu, had won for the crown by more violent measures.

He was excessively avaricious, and his fortune was larger than had ever been collected by any individual, in spite of his having been a great gamester, staking enormous sums, but generally weighing the pistoles he won, that he might risk again those of lightest weight. He offered to bequeath the whole to the king, but Louis refused to deprive his family of it, and it furnished enormous legacies to half the court, besides richly endowing his nieces. He was abbot of twenty-two monasteries, the succession to which he disposed of by will, as well as of an immense number of other benefices.

The king was extremely attached to him, and lamented so much for his death that there were fears for his health; and in fact, his services to the French crown had been such as to merit the gratitude which he did not fail to receive.

Don Luis de Haro, the Spanish prime minister, died the same year, leaving an irreproachable character for integrity and uprightness, but having shown himself quite unequal to arrest the decline of Spain, which needed a man of far more vigour and resources than he possessed.

PART V. COURT OF LOUIS XIV. 1661-1669.

“To whom shall we address ourselves?” asked the president of the council from Louis XIV. the morning after the funeral of Cardinal Mazarin.

“To me,” replied the young king; and thenceforth Louis XIV. was his own prime minister; nay, the whole kingdom of France seemed to be centred in his person, according to his saying, “*L’Etat c’est moi.*”—“The state is myself.”

Louis XIV. was at this period, when he first began to act for himself, twenty-three years of age. He was of regal beauty and majestic demeanour, with the perfection of courtesy and self-respect, paying to all the exact attention due to them, so that to every woman, even the peasant and fishwife, he would remove his hat. Kind-hearted, brave, and honourable, and with such abilities, that Mazarin said of him that there was stuff enough in him to make four kings, and an honest man besides, he was altogether a person to raise to the utmost the estimate of the royal dignity. He had been very slightly educated, but diligence and acuteness supplied the want; and he had the power, essential to a great king, of knowing the characters of his servants, and trusting them entirely. Colbert and Séguier were his chief civil ministers, and admirably arranged the finances; Louvois, his minister at war; Condé and Turenne were the ablest generals in Europe; and their contemporary, Sebastian de Vauban, was the most noted of military engineers, and the deviser of the modern method of fortification as well as of attack of besieged places. Literature was also enjoying an Augustan age, the language had attained its perfection, and the brilliance of the present reign rendered French habits more

than ever the model of the rest of Europe. No young man's education was deemed complete unless he had visited Paris, and the language was universally spoken in Europe; while dress, fashions, and customs, were everywhere imitations of the French.

Unfortunately this widely spread taste was highly artificial. Louis XIV. had grown up in a system of etiquette that had become natural to him, and it was also his policy to keep the whole noblesse dependent on his person alone, making a decoration, a slight court privilege or office, the great objects of their ambition; and such was his power on the bias of the French mind, that he fully succeeded, and men esteemed it an honour worth the service of a life-time to stand among the attendants at the king's levee, or to be invited to one of his hunting-parties. State and grandeur in all their gradations were the main idea of the court, and the French nobility became more than ever detached from their country homes, and at the same time from everything simple and natural. The style of ornament was half classical, but loaded with unmeaning decorations, not without a certain splendour, though absurd and incongruous in the details, illustrative of the whole taste of the reign, the name of which it bears. The palace of Versailles, the favourite abode of Louis XIV., and his splendid grounds, laid out by his orders, are the finest specimen of this style of magnificence and affectation, which became more extravagant as time went on.

There was a greater evil than mere want of correct taste—though indeed mistaken appreciation of beauty is generally the token that the moral tone of an age has also deteriorated; and the worldly gorgeousness of France covered ever-increasing corruption. Louis XIV. had brought himself to believe that the requirements of

religion were the outward observances—regular fasting, daily attendance at mass, and communion at high festivals, together with courteous dealings with the Pope, and discouragement of heresy; and all this he scrupulously fulfilled, and deemed himself truly the most Christian king; but of the influence of faith upon the soul he chose to know nothing, shrank from all such hints with dislike and dread, and conducted himself in private life so as to show that he had little idea of true repentance or of purity of heart.

He became attached to Louise de la Vallière, a beautiful but frivolous young maid of honour, whom he created a duchess, ordering all the ladies of the court to treat her with deference; but nothing could make her happy under the sense of her sin, and she drooped and pined, constantly protesting that she would retire to a convent, but too weak to make the sacrifice, until she had been supplanted in his affections by Athenais de Mortémar, Marquise de Montespan. This woman, bold, witty, and ambitious, had affected to be much attached to poor Louise, who, conscious that she was not herself brilliant in conversation, used to welcome her to her saloons that the king might be amused, until she found herself discarded in favour of her rival. After long and vain attempts to retain the king's love, she finally retired to a Carmelite convent, where she lived as a sincere penitent.

Madame de Montespan's husband complained loudly of the king's conduct, and was exiled to his estates in the Pyrennees; while the lady was made a duchess, and for many years lorded it over the court—Louis, at her request, forcing even the queen to treat her with regard. She was of an imperious and violent temper, and made herself as much hated as the gentle Louise

had been pitied; but such was the unhappy state of public opinion, that ladies of the purest life freely associated with her, and the prominence that Louis XIV. gave to her, rendered such connections matters of fashion instead of shame. Charles II. of England, and his brother James, were lamentable instances of the effrontery in guilt which the world seemed to have licensed; and most of the petty German princes appeared to imagine that by immorality, if by nothing else, they could emulate Louis XIV.

The French court was not without witnesses to the truth. Jaques Benigne de Bossuet was one of the finest preachers who ever existed; and Bourdaloue, and somewhat later, Massillon, did not spare their warnings of righteousness, temperance, and judgment, in the ears of the king and people, in such fervent and beautiful language that multitudes flocked to hear them, and listened unwearied for hours. But men's personal conduct far more depended on the private exhortations of their confessors than on the impression produced by sermons; and though the priests to whom Louis committed his conscience of course objected to his attachments, they were too apt to temporize. Père la Chaise, his Jesuit confessor, went on for many years winking at his crimes while he served the Church.

Charles II. married the Infanta Catalina of Bragança, daughter of Joao IV. of Portugal. Joao had died in 1656, leaving two sons; the elder of whom, Affonso VI., became king under the regency of his mother, Dona Luisa de Guzman; but he was weak in mind, violent in temper, and depraved in habits, so that nothing was more dreaded than his majority. The English alliance was of great benefit to the Portuguese, who were engaged in an unequal naval war with the Dutch,

and fast losing their East-Indian possessions to them. Goa was part of the dowry of the Infanta, and became the first hold of the English upon Hindostan. Spain had likewise taken up arms against Portugal; and Don Juan of Austria invaded Alentejo and took Evora; but he sustained a great defeat at Estremos, and though he had shown great courage, and two horses had been killed under him, Philip IV. never overlooked the disaster, and hardly vouchsafed to speak to him on his return. Shortly after, the Marques Caracena was again routed at Montesclaros, and the king was so much concerned, that, though he commanded himself enough to say, "It is the will of God," he dropped on the floor in a swoon. His health had been failing ever since he had caught cold at his meeting with Louis XIV. on the Pyrennees, and these troubles completely broke him down; he fell ill, and received the sacraments with great piety, saying, when the Creed was rehearsed to him, "I confess it to be indeed my faith. I would I could die for it!" The influence of Queen Mariana prevented him from seeing Don Juan before his death, which took place on the 17th of September, 1665, in the sixty-first year of his age. He was not devoid of abilities, but his indolence and indifference had prevented him from exerting them except in matters of art and literature, and his whole reign was a long decay of his kingdom and people, such as he only perceived when it was too late. The peasantry were indeed a fine high-spirited race, but the nobility were daily becoming more pompous, ignorant, and degenerate; bad government kept down all merit, but nothing was esteemed but "*sangre azul*," blue blood, namely, a descent in a direct line from the old Goths, untainted by Jewish or Moorish inter-marriages. Even military honours went for nothing in

comparison with birth, and the French ambassador once actually had to make known to a Spanish grandee the person and merits of a general whose valour in the Netherlands had been the admiration of the French, but of whom his countrymen at court had never heard, and he was esteemed but cheaply even when introduced. The wealth of South America made Spain no richer; such as was not captured by the fleets of pirates on the way home was squandered on the court attendants, or laid up uselessly in gold and silver plate, which it would have been degrading to sell; so that while the lands were exhausted by bad tillage, and the coinage was debased, the king could not pay his armies, and the haughty nobles, who had piles of gold and silver dishes on their beaufets, could hardly provide a meal a day, or keep themselves and their servants from rags.

The new reign promised nothing better. The infant king, Carlos II., was four years old, but could neither speak nor walk, had not cut his teeth, and had a soft skull; and his mother, Mariana of Austria, the Queen Regent, had little capacity, and spent her energies in hatred of Don Juan, her step-son, the only person who had any remains of the former talents of the family. All her confidence was given to Father Nithard, a German Jesuit, who had accompanied her as her confessor, and who thus became the chief director of the government of Spain.

There was an old edict in Brabant, enacted to discourage second marriages, which made the daughter of the first wife inherit in preference to the son of the second; and on this plea Louis XIV. claimed the Netherlands for his wife, Marie Therese, the daughter of Isabel, the first wife of Philip IV. Holland was much alarmed, since the neighbourhood of the Netherlands under the

weak dominion of Spain was far preferable to what it would be under the grasping and powerful Louis XIV., who had just bought Dunkirk from Charles II. and thus inclosed them on both sides.

Holland was divided into two factions; that inclined to the old friendship with the Stuarts, who wished to restore the authority of Stadtholder in favour of William III. of Orange, now in his sixteenth year; and the far more powerful Lowestein faction, as it was termed, headed by the Grand Pensionary, John de Witt, son of him whom William II. had imprisoned. These were bent on alliance with the French, enmity to the English, and abolition of the Stadtholdership.

De Witt was an upright man and sturdy republican, and in his jealousy of English interest had taken measures which had led to a war. June 5th, 1665, Admiral Opdam had been defeated in a great sea-fight off Lowestoffe with the Duke of York and Prince Rupert. He had declared that he would either be crowned with laurel or cypress, and he perished with five hundred men when his ship took fire and was blown up. A more doubtful battle followed the same time next year between Monk and De Ruyter, when each side showed desperate bravery, and inflicted great injury. Louis XIV. was not sorry that England and Holland should thus destroy each other's fleets, but though he was in alliance with Holland, he would not risk his own ships against the English, and therefore, in hopes of weakening them otherwise, he paid subsidies to Algernon Sydney and other malcontents to enable them to give Charles II. disturbance at home; but the great calamities of the Plague and Fire of London had stunned the English nation, and while little was effected abroad, they gave no ear to the seditions. The depression

caused by these misfortunes gave, however, great advantage to the enemy, and De Ruyter sailed into the Thames, and burnt the English ships unmolested, to the great mortification of the nation. Charles had already begun to treat secretly with Louis, and at Breda a peace was signed between him and France on the one side, and Holland on the other, in July, 1667.

Louis XIV. thus remained free to pursue his claims on the Netherlands; and he entered Flanders at the head of his army, followed by his whole court, and laid siege to Lille. The governor, the Comté de Brouai, politely sent to ask where the king's quarters were, that he might not fire on them. "Everywhere!" was Louis's spirited answer; and he gallantly exposed himself in the trenches, so that one of his attendants was obliged to snatch off the plumed hat which was rendering him a mark for the enemy's fire. The garrison surrendered in a month, and the king caused Vauban to fortify Lille after his new system. The next year Condé was sent to invade Franche Comté, which he seized so easily, that the expedition was called a carnival sport, and so ably, that the king said to Condé's son, the Duc d'Enghien, "I always admired your father; now I love him as much as I esteem him."

These rapid conquests alarmed the rest of Europe, and a Triple Alliance was formed against France between England, Spain, and Holland, whose forces united appeared to Louis too formidable to be resisted, and he therefore, on the 2nd of May, 1668, signed a peace with the three powers, by which he restored Franche Comté to Spain, but retained Lille and his other conquests.

In this, which was called the Peace of Aix la Chapelle, Portugal was likewise included, and for the

first time the House of Bragança obtained recognition from Spain. A revolution had taken place in this little kingdom; Affonso VI., after the death of his mother Luisa, had shown his folly and depravity more and more, and his marriage with the beautiful young Elisabeth of Nemours had failed to establish any influence over him. Indeed, his treatment of her was such that she was often in tears, and his ministers felt his violence and incapacity so much, that his brother, Don Pedro, was able to turn them against him. He was made prisoner, forced to sign an abdication, and imprisoned in a convent, while Pedro was declared regent, and became King in 1683. He took not only his brother's crown, but his wife; and Rome, with the usual disgraceful facility in granting dispensations, gave sanction to the marriage.

In 1669, Don Juan of Austria succeeded in driving away Nithard; but the queen would not submit to receive him as her minister, and he remained for some years nearly supreme in Aragon, while she reigned at Madrid.

PART VI. INVASION OF HOLLAND. 1670-1677.

THOUGH checked by the Triple Alliance, Louis XIV. did not lay aside his ambitious designs; and he now began to direct his views towards Holland, on which he looked with especial dislike as an example of successful revolt, and as having prevented his plans of seizing the Netherlands. It was reported that the Dutch had caused a medal to be struck bearing the figure of Joshua, with the legend, "*Stare fecit solem*,"—"He made the sun stand still;" and the sun being the device of Louis, he took great offence.

His first object was to deprive them of the support of England; and for this purpose he set secretly to work by means of Henrietta Stuart, sister of Charles II., and wife of his brother Philippe, who, since the death of his uncle Gaston, had become Duke of Orleans, but was better known by his court name of Monsieur.

Madame, as Henrietta was called, was very beautiful and engaging, but she had been thrown away by her education in such a court as that of Anne of Austria, and by her forced marriage with Philippe, a vain, silly, selfish man, incapable of any true affection for her. Gaiety and admiration were her sole object, and her coquetries were the talk of the court; indeed, she was so careful of her beauty that she would never receive a kiss from her little girls lest it should injure her complexion. After hearing a sermon from Bossuet on the death of her mother, Queen Henrietta Maria, she seems to have had more serious thoughts; but educated as she had been from infancy in France, she had none of the feelings of an English woman, and thought herself doing a praiseworthy action when Louis XIV. proposed to her to become the instrument of his intrigue for bribing her brother to break his oaths and desert his allies on behalf of the French.

With this view Louis conducted his court on a progress to visit his new works at Lille and Dunkirk; and at the latter place, Madame professed that she could not be so near her brother, who was then at Dover, without paying him a visit, and accordingly she crossed the strait, and after a short stay returned, bringing with her Charles's consent to a secret treaty, by which he disgracefully engaged to assist in the destruction of the Dutch on condition that he should have a share in the spoil, that his nephew the Prince of Orange should

be provided for, and that in the meantime he should receive a pension of two hundred thousand pounds a year.

Poor Henrietta soon experienced the Stuart heritage of misfortune. The perception that she was engaged in affairs unknown to him made her husband doubly jealous; and there were persons about him, especially the Chevalier de Lorraine, who had reason to fear that through her the king might learn that they had betrayed their trust. On the 30th of June, 1670, Henrietta was suddenly taken ill, suffering frightful agonies, which the physicians used no efficient means to alleviate, while the whole court gathered round in strange dismay and confusion. The English ambassador spoke to her in his own language, and she was answering in the same, when her confessor, catching the word *poison*, said, "Madame, accuse no one, but offer your death as a sacrifice."

She said no more, except to desire her maid to give her papers to the ambassador; but the woman was fainting with distress, and Monsieur seized the letters. Her illness lasted seven hours, when she expired, in her twenty-sixth year.

A medical examination left the cause of her death in doubt; and Louis XIV., in great grief and perplexity, sent for one of the attendants on whom his suspicion rested, and promised that no measures should be taken if he would own the truth. The man confessed that the Chevalier de Lorraine and another attendant had caused him to poison the jar of succory-water from which Madame was in the habit of drinking, and the king with agitation begged to know whether his brother had been privy to it. "No, Sire, we all knew that he could not keep a secret." Louis drew a long breath, as if infinitely relieved, and except that he imprisoned

the Chevalier for a short time without assigning any motive, took no further notice. His ideas of royal decorum forbade him to lay open the secrets of his brother's household.

There was a comedy as well as a tragedy connected with that journey to Dunkirk. Mademoiselle, now past forty, after having lived upon hopes of marrying the emperor, the king, and the Prince of Condé, and having disdained Charles II. in exile, fell desperately in love with a Gascon nobleman, the Duke de Lauzun, much younger than herself; and throughout the expedition she amused the court by her fears and compassion whenever she saw him standing hatless, with his wig exposed to the rain, in attendance on the king. Lauzun was a thorough Gascon, vain, boastful, and passionate. Once he had so violently reproached the king for disappointing him of an office that he had promised to him, that Louis threw his own stick out of the window lest he should forget himself and give a blow with it. Still there was something in the haughty recklessness of his nature that attracted Louis, and Lauzun continued a great favourite with him. When Mademoiselle, the greatest heiress in France, made Lauzun listen to her confession of love, and proposed to him to marry her, he did not listen with any flattering eagerness; he told her that she would lower herself by marrying a servant of her cousin, and that he was so much absorbed in his duties to the king, that he could never be with her; however, she obtained his consent, and Louis was surprised into promising his permission. No sooner, however, was the engagement announced, than all Paris echoed with amusement; the king grew ashamed, thought royalty would be degraded, and retracted his consent; but poor Mademoiselle went into transports of

despair, kept her bed, lived upon broth, and reviled the king, until at last she found herself regarded with so much displeasure and ridicule, that she quitted Versailles, and lived at her own Chateau d'Eu, keeping a sort of rural literary court. Lauzun at first submitted, but afterwards, Madame de Montespan having promised to intercede for him, he hid himself in her apartments to judge of her sincerity, and finding that she spoke against him, he angrily reproached her, and this led to his being imprisoned for seven years in the Bastille.

In the meantime, the storm that had been prepared in secret for Holland, began to break in 1672. France and England had declared war at once by land and sea, without any cause of quarrel, except that Louis declared that the Dutch insulted him, and Charles complained that they would not lower their flag to his, and that they refused the Stadtholdership to his nephew, William of Orange. Accordingly, his fleet made a piratical attack on the Dutch ships returning from Smyrna; and Louis, with an immense army, entered Holland.

No one was less desirous of being supported by the French than William III., Prince of Orange. He had reached his twenty-first year, and had been carefully educated, especially with a view to the art of war. His health was frail, with a tendency to consumption, and a constant asthma, and he was very small and sparely made, but with a vigour and energy of mind sufficient to triumph over his bodily weakness, and concealing beneath Dutch soberness of demeanour, intense selfishness and ambition. Wary and silent as his great namesake so called, he had little warmth or gratitude in his nature, and was rude and cold in

manner; but in this time of danger, the only thought of the Dutch was, how often the House of Orange had saved them from peril, and the populace clamoured loudly against the Grand Pensionary, De Witt, and his brother Cornelius, as the authors of their misfortunes, by offending the King of England in the person of his nephew, and preferring the treacherous alliance of France.

Off Harwich, a fierce naval engagement took place between the Dutch and English fleets, where each side suffered dreadfully, and drew off with the loss of the second in command, and the victory undecided.

Louis and his immense army marched at the same time into Holland. They would have attempted the passage of the Issel, but the Dutch forces under the Prince of Orange were on the watch, and Condé desisted, and turned towards the Rhine, which was so low in consequence of a drought, that two thousand adventurous cavalry were able to cross, half wading, half swimming, and gained a footing on the other side, but not without loss. The young godson of Paris, now Duc de Longueville, was there killed beside his uncle, the Prince de Condé, whose arm was broken by a musket-shot, so that he was forced to be lifted from his horse and carried into a barn, where he caused the corpse of his nephew to be laid beside him.

The passage thus secured, the king crossed the river the next day on a bridge of boats, and rapidly over-ran the adjoining country, taking the lesser towns, and offering to the Republic the most severe terms, destructive of their independence, but securing the nominal Stadtholdership to the Prince of Orange. The magistrates of Amsterdam had almost decided on carrying the keys to Louis, and the Grand Pensionary himself

was ready to yield; but William, who preferred ruling a free people by their own choice, to being imposed on them by the conqueror, still maintained that perseverance would save Holland, that her dykes when opened would admit floods that the enemy could not resist, and that they had only to be firm. The spirit of the people was with him, and in Amsterdam, Dordrecht, and the other cities, there were risings with loud outcries of "Orange boven!"—Up with Orange! insisting that he should be appointed Stadtholder. The magistracy confirmed the choice; but Cornelius de Witt, too firm to yield to a popular cry, refused to sign the appointment, and thus drew on himself the rage of the people. He was arrested under an absurd accusation of having bribed a man to assassinate the prince; and the judges actually caused him, though a distinguished soldier and sailor, and of high integrity, to be put to the torture. Not a word could be drawn from him by all the sufferings they could inflict; and his brother, the Grand Pensionary, though he had been lately attacked by the mob, and left for dead upon the ground, stood by him all the time, supporting him by quoting the ode of Horace, "*Justum ac tenacem propositi virum.*" Cornelius was sentenced to exile, whereupon his brother announced that he should accompany him; but while he was with him in his prison at Amsterdam, the atrocious mob again rose, broke open the doors, and dragging out the two brothers, absolutely tore them limb from limb, sold fragments of their bodies, and hung them on a gibbet. Never was a more frightful outrage committed on two more patriotic victims; and if William III. had any share in inflaming the fury of the populace, it is a fearful blot on his memory. When De Witt's papers were searched in

the vain hope of justifying the massacre by finding proofs of correspondence with France, the examiners said afterwards, "What could we find? Nothing but probity."

Had Louis XIV. pressed his attack while parties were so high, he might have completed his conquest; but the inundation, caused by opening the sluices, had rendered the country unhealthy, and he suddenly returned to Versailles, while the operations of his army were slackened. This gave time for the other powers of Europe to interfere. Spain and Austria took up arms on behalf of Holland, their forces were combined with hers, and the Elector Frederick William of Brandenburg marched to the defence of the Dutch.

In 1674 was fought at Seneff the last great battle of the Prince de Condé and the first of the Prince of Orange, at the head of the Austrian and Spanish forces. It was occasioned by a blunder of the younger leader, in leaving his right wing exposed. Condé perceived it, and laughing, cried, that he had only to attack to beat them; but the enemy, posted in the gardens of the village of Seneff, made such a determined resistance, that only at the third desperate charge were they forced to retreat to the village of Faith. There William ranged them in stronger order of battle than before, and they sustained unbroken a still more fierce assault from the French. The battle lasted seventeen hours, and was not ended till the moon set at eleven at night, and Condé could scarcely speak from exhaustion. He meant to have renewed the attack the next day; but his troops were so broken and dispersed, that when the Dutch sounded a retreat, the French, in the dark, thought it was a signal for themselves to retire, so that each army quitted the field at the same time.

Each still claimed the victory; and when Condé returned to Versailles, the king showed him the unusual favour of coming to the head of the great stair-case to meet him; and as the prince, who was disabled by the gout, apologized for slowly mounting, he graciously answered, "My cousin, do not hurry yourself; so laden with laurels, it is not easy to walk fast."

William having become Stadtholder, his English uncle had little interest in continuing the war, and a peace was concluded between Holland and England in 1674. The other states of Europe began more boldly to espouse the cause of the Dutch; and the Elector of Brandenburg, and General Montecuculi, at the head of the armies of the Emperor Leopold, occupied Turenne in defending Alsace. Turenne, though ten years older than Condé, was still in full health and vigour, owing, probably, to his more regular life. His piety was as ardent as ever, and Bossuet had persuaded him to join the Roman Catholic Church, where his conversion was esteemed a great triumph. The only cloud on his glory is the cruel devastation which his troops were suffered to commit in the enemy's country; but this might have been chiefly the fault of his employers, for the misery of the peasantry was considered as the means of bringing their chiefs to terms, and the cabinet of Louis restrained him greatly in his movements. He was obliged once to reply, when Louvois was pointing out to him where to cross a river, "Yes, Sir, but your finger is not a bridge."*

In his army, no one could be more beloved. One day, when he had lain down to rest in an exposed spot, on awaking, he found himself under a hut formed of boughs of trees, covered by the soldiers' cloaks, while

* The same story is told of Spinola and Olivares.

the men stood round in the midst of a snow-storm, watching him. "What are you doing here?" he asked. "We are taking care of our general. That is our first object," was their answer. And he well deserved their love, from the gentleness of his manner towards them, and his constant care for their welfare. The old general, on his piebald mare, which had borne him through so many victories, was watched by all with loving eyes.

In 1675, he was opposed to General Montecuculi on the banks of the Rhine; and while reconnoitring the ground at Saspach, in preparation for a battle, he was struck by a cannon-ball in the body, and at once expired. Never was there more bitter lamentation. The camp was still as death, except for a cry now and then among the soldiers, "Our father! we have lost our father!" The generals next in command quarrelled in their despair, and had almost shot one another; and none knew where to turn for a leader. "Let loose the piebald," said some, "she will lead us where her master would have taken us." Even Conde, when entreated by the king to take the command, said that he would give the world for a few minutes conversation with Turenne's ghost, that he might learn his plans; and thus amid the lamentations of the whole nation was the greatest and noblest of European generals laid in the Abbey of St. Denis, among the tombs of the kings.

Condé was in bad health, and effected little in his campaign; and on his retirement to Chantilly, the Marshal de Luxemburg became the most trusted of the French commanders.

A revolt at Messina caused Louis XIV. to send a fleet to assist the insurgents against Spain; but Ruyter, with the Dutch fleet, met it, and gained a complete

victory, in January, 1677, when he received a wound of which he died shortly after.

PART VII. THE TREATY OF NIMEGUEN. 1677-1686.

EUROPE was weary of the war, and conferences for a peace began to be held at Nimeguen, but they were suddenly broken off; and Louis XIV. and his brother marched into the Netherlands, where Valenciennes was taken by Vauban, whose system was so much more effective for attack than defence, that a change was brought about in the whole prospects of a campaign, since a fortified place, instead of being impregnable, was certain to fall if not relieved within a given time.

Monsieur, under the tutelage of the Marshal de Luxemburg, besieged St. Omer; and the Prince of Orange, marching to relieve it, suffered a great defeat at Mont Cassel, where he lost three thousand killed and four thousand prisoners. Louis declared that he was twice as glad of the victory for his brother as he was for himself; and it made the Dutch very anxious for peace, although William of Orange was as much as ever bent on war, in spite of perpetual defeats. His marriage with Mary Stuart, the eldest daughter of the Duke of York, gave him an additional hold upon England, but his influence could not prevent the renewal of the conferences at Nimeguen; and in 1678 a general peace was concluded between France, England, Germany, Spain, and Holland, called the Treaty of Nimeguen.

Louis's success in this war earned for him the title of Louis le Grand, and placed him at the summit of what he considered as glory. Colbert's excellent management of the finances had kept his army well supplied,

and encouraged the prosperity of the people; but the king had not fully comprehended his merits, and gave more of his favour to Louvois, who boasted more of his doings. It was not till after Colbert's death, in 1683, that the loss of his prudent management caused his wisdom to be acknowledged.

Louis had been thought fair and moderate in his dealings at Nimeguen; but no sooner was the treaty signed than he began to stretch the terms to the utmost in his own favour. He claimed every town that had belonged to the Duchy of Burgundy before the time of Charles V., and above all, the grand old Rhenish city of Strasburg, which he entered in person, amid acclamations from all the Roman Catholic inhabitants, who were delighted at his restoring to them the Cathedral, after the Protestants had held it ever since the Reformation. The German Diet in vain protested against his flagrant injustice in thus robbing the empire, but his power bore down all before it; and Spain was equally unable to protect the poor little republic of Genoa from being bombarded by the French. The Doge was obliged to come to France to sign a treaty of submission, and when there, was asked what struck him most of the wonders of the capital. "The strangest thing I have seen at Paris," he said, "is myself there."

In the plenitude of his self-exaltation Louis caused a statue of himself to be cast, trampling under foot four slaves, Germany, Spain, Holland, and Brandenburg. He was yet to be taught how vain and hollow was his triumph, and though slow in coming, the lesson was already preparing.

One of the articles of the treaty bore that the young King of Spain should marry a French princess; and the bride selected for him by Louis, was Louise Marie, the

eldest child of the Duke of Orleans. She had inherited the grace and beauty of her mother, the unfortunate Henrietta, and though only sixteen, there was an attachment between her and her cousin the Dauphin, and she pleaded hard against being sent into exile in Spain to be the wife of the sickly imbecile Carlos; but her uncle put her aside, as a wayward child. "I make you Queen of Spain," he said; "what could I do more for my own daughter?"

"Ah! Sire," she answered, "you might do more for your niece!"

However, Louis had resolved that the Dauphin should strengthen his connexions with Germany, and while Louise was sent to Spain, Marie Anne Christine, the daughter of the Elector of Bavaria, was brought to France as the wife of the Dauphin. Her happiness was as completely sacrificed as that of the other parties concerned. She was a victim to home-sickness, could speak no French, and did not care to learn, and unpleasing, clumsy, and melancholy, seldom left her apartments, where she worked embroidery, and talked of her native land to her one German lady.

The Dauphin himself had a small and frivolous mind, not ill-disposed, but too trifling to give much promise for the future. His preceptor had been the great Bossuet; but he had profited so little by his instructions, that after he was grown up he was never known to touch a Latin book.

Bossuet was recompensed with the Bishopric of Meaux, whence he derived the title so often bestowed on him on account of his eloquence, "The Eagle of Meaux." Bossuet was considered to have been too subservient to the king; and indeed, there was something in the majesty of Louis XIV. that seems to have caused

him to be idolized by Frenchmen of all classes in a manner that we can scarcely understand, and which made them surrender their whole judgment to him. Condé once declared that he believed that if the king should turn Huguenot, all the clergy would imitate him.

The Gallican Church had always been more obedient to the king than the Pope, chiefly because in early times there had been few collisions between them; and there was no remonstrance when Louis XIV. extended his *regale*, or right of appropriating the revenues of vacant benefices, and in other ways domineered over the clergy.

The Pope, Innocent XI., rebuked him; whereupon he convoked a synod of national clergy, and four propositions drawn up by Bossuet were agreed to, namely, that the temporal power is independent of the spiritual; that a General Council is superior to the Pope; that the usages of national Churches are not to be interfered with; and that in matters of faith the Papal decision is not final till ratified by a Council.

These decisions were considered as the charter of the liberties of the Gallican Church, but at present they only confirmed Louis in his tyranny. A change was coming over him in his private life, chiefly owing to a lady of a very different stamp from any with whom he had as yet associated.

Françoise d'Aubigné was the daughter of a reprobate son of a distinguished Huguenot family, but had been adopted by a Roman Catholic aunt, and educated in that Church. Her aunt was very poor, and extremely harsh and unkind; and when Françoise was about sixteen, the poor old comic poet, Scarron, offered to marry her, as the means of releasing her from such

tyranny. He had been so crippled by an accident that he described himself as twisted like the letter Z, and he was in constant pain, but so gay and amiable that his apartments were filled with persons who came to enjoy his wit, and Françoise lived happily with him for eight years. She was fair and graceful, and very devout, but intently bent on being praised and admired, not so much for her beauty as for her goodness, her obligingness, and good sense. When Scarron died, she lived decorously on a very small pension granted to her as the widow of a distinguished person, until she was selected as governess to the children of Madame de Montespan, and was thus brought into contact with the king. He shunned her at first, as a learned lady and a pious one, but gradually became attracted by the depth and vivacity of the first superior woman he had known, far unlike the flippant brilliance of Madame de Montespan, or the dull ignorance of the poor queen.

When Christine of Bavaria arrived, Madame Scarron was appointed one of her ladies, chiefly because her dextrous hands alone of all the court, could comb out the princess's profuse hair without hurting her. The king came daily to visit his daughter-in-law, and always conversed with the attendant, on whom he conferred a small estate, with the title of Madame de Maintenon. Her great desire was to bring him to a stricter sense of religion; and she argued with him, read to him, and talked to him, till she gained a partial success. His pride was not to be easily overcome, and he revolted at the doctrines of lowliness; but she did persuade him to renounce all intercourse with Madame de Montespan, who finally retired into the country, and led a life of penance.

The queen became happier than she had been since her marriage, but in 1683 she died, after a very brief illness; and about a year after, Louis and Françoise d'Aubigné were married in the most absolute secrecy. No one at court had the least doubt of the fact, but all evidence has been destroyed; and though Madame de Maintenon was always treated as a most beloved and trusted wife, she never took rank as queen, and remained as gentle, obliging, and decorous as ever to all those who approached her. Her placid ambition was gratified, for she ruled the greatest prince in Europe; but it was at the price of a heavy bondage, for Louis XIV., bred up in selfishness, never perceived the feelings of others. All the ladies connected with him felt his exactions in turn, and Madame de Maintenon, as the most necessary to him, was the most enslaved, without a moment to herself, and never allowed a will of her own.

Under her influence, the manners of the court were becoming far more outwardly correct and religious, but the surface alone was reformed in most cases. There was deadly corruption everywhere, and a tendency to the most horrible crimes even among the higher nobility. A mania for poisoning was detected among the ladies, who obtained drugs from a wretched woman named La Voisin, under the title of succession powders. The Marquise de Brinvilliers was strangled and burnt, after confessing that she had made experiments on the sick in the hospitals, and destroyed her parents, her husband, and many other relations; and the two nieces of Mazarin, the Duchess de Bouillon and the Countess de Soissons, were so deeply concerned in these horrors that they fled from Paris, leaving behind them the reputation of murderesses.

There was one who could believe all the world guilty rather than his mother;—Eugene of Savoy, the second son of Olimpia de Soissons, a very small slight boy of sixteen, hitherto educated for the priesthood, and generally called the Little Abbé, the title usually given in France to ecclesiastics. Louis XIV. had always disliked the boy, because the steady gaze of his large honest black eyes never quailed before his majesty; and now, indignant at the misfortunes of his mother, and full of ardour and enterprise hitherto unsuspected, Eugene joined the young Prince de Conti, and some other youths who were weary of the grave stateliness of the court, and fled to the Austrian army, then making war on the Turks. Conti was married to the king's daughter by Louise de la Vallière, and Louis was greatly displeased. He captured and read the correspondence between the runaways and their friends at home, and was stung to the heart by the undutiful satire there contained. He found his reformed habits and his connexion with Madame de Maintenon turned into ridicule, implications cast on his courage, and a sentence, above all, calling him “a chess king in war, a stage king in display;” which was too true ever to be forgotten. The Princess de Conti came weeping to Madame de Maintenon at the discovery. “Yes, weep, Madame, it is a great misfortune to have a bad heart,” said Madame de Maintenon. However, Louis, always indulgent in his own family, freely forgave all the runaways except Eugene, who he declared should never enter France again; but Eugene, who had found his element in the German army, recked little of the threat. “I will enter it sword in hand,” was all the answer he made.

While in “the Little Abbé de Savoie,” Louis had

lost one of the greatest soldiers of the rising generation, the great soldier of his youth was passing away. Condé's eagle face and Vandyke dress had been looked at with veneration at every great spectacle of the court which his health enabled him to attend ; and his sister, Madame de Longueville, with the aid of Bossuet, had brought him to a deeper sense of devotion in his old age. His grandson, the Duke de Bourbon, married one of the king's illegitimate daughters, of whom the old prince was very fond. She caught the small-pox, and the prince's exertion in going to see her was too much for his health ; he fell down in a swoon as he was going to meet the king and prevent him from entering the sick room, and from that time he rapidly declined. It was at his dying request, that his nephew Conti was pardoned and recalled ; and his eyes lighted up at the king's kind messages, but he was chiefly absorbed in repeating verses of the Psalms, and fully conscious and calm, he died in his sixty-fourth year, in 1686. Bossuet spoke his funeral oration, as forty years before he had greeted him after the Battle of Rocroy in a sermon dwelling on the end of all earthly honours. The king would not permit the honoured title of M. le Prince to be transferred to another, and the son of Condé was still known as M. le Duc.

During these years of peace, Louis spent nearly as much as in his years of war, for he had a great passion for building and laying out grounds, not for the public good, but for his own splendour ; and after having erected the palace of Versailles with the utmost magnificence, so that the stateliness prevented all comfort or privacy, he applied himself to build hunting-seats at Marly and Trianon, where the court was supposed to be in undress, though there never could be any approach

to ease or informality where his own theatrical dignity imposed perpetual awe and restraint.

PART VIII. THE SIEGE OF VIENNA. 1679-1687.

CARLOS II., King of Spain, had at ten years of age begun to grow somewhat stronger, and to show some signs of intellect; but the policy of his mother, Queen Mariana, was to keep him as ignorant and idle as possible, that he might leave the whole power in her hands; and when at fifteen he was declared of age, she tried to obtain his signature to a paper yielding the direction of affairs to her. He replied with spirit that he would not give away his authority, and hoped that He who had made him a king would enable him to be the father of his people. This was, however, only a flash of spirit, and withered away at once, so that the queen continued to rule, under the guidance of a man named Valenzuela, whom she treated with imprudent favour, until he affected the airs of a lover, and showed himself at bull-fights in black and silver, in honour of her mourning-dress, and bearing the device of an eagle gazing on the sun, with the motto, "*Tengo solo licencia*,"—I alone have permission.

Carlos became ashamed of the dominion of Valenzuela, and made his escape from the palace at night on foot with three attendants. Going to his hunting seat of Buen Retiro, he wrote to summon his half-brother, Don Juan, to assist him; and in a short time Mariana was sent to Toledo, while Valenzuela was banished to the Philippine Islands. Don Juan had at length triumphed over his enemies, and become the head of the administration; and he was not without hope that, failing his brother's frail and feeble life,

he might obtain the crown in preference to the sisters of the king, the Queen of France and Empress of Germany. But he found the ministry no enviable post; the affairs of the kingdom were in the most wretched state of decay, and he had not only to attend to them, but to keep a constant watch on the machinations of his enemies; and his hopes of the throne were disconcerted by the article regarding Carlos' marriage. His health gave way under the pressure of care, and after a vain struggle with his sufferings, he sank under them. He bequeathed half his jewels to Mariana, in token of forgiveness for the ill she had worked him; he declared that his conscience was at rest, and that he was ready for death; and he strove hard to make the king comprehend his plans for the good of the country. He expired in his fiftieth year, on the 17th of September, 1679, and at his own earnest wish was buried with his royal forefathers in the Escorial. With him died the last hopes of the Spanish House of Austria.

It was a few weeks after his death that Louise of Orleans arrived in Spain. The life she led there was at first very unhappy. The king, indeed, was devotedly attached to her, but he was helpless from his weakness of character; and both were under the dominion of the Spanish etiquette, which became more cumbrous with every reign. The household was under the tyranny of the Camerera mayor, the old Duquesa de Terranova, who hated everything French, and not only would not allow a Frenchwoman to come near the queen, but actually wrung the necks of her favourite parrots because they spoke French. She watched the poor queen wherever she went, and gave her no peace, forcing her to go to bed every night at eight o'clock, the hour habitual with the former queen, pull-

ing off her shoes, and taking down her hair, in the midst of whatever she might be engaged in. Louise was once, when riding, thrown from her horse, and dragged along by her foot caught in the stirrup; but though it was in the palace-court, and numbers of gentlemen stood round, no one ventured to save her, as it was high treason to touch a Queen of Spain; and she would have been killed if two young officers had not stepped forward to the rescue, a service for which the king *pardoned* them, but could not prevent them from being exiled. When Louise had become familiar with Spanish, she obtained of the king the dismissal of the hateful camerera, the boldest measure Carlos ever took, and her life became somewhat happier.

The House of Austria in Germany was almost as exhausted as it was in Spain, and it was not surprising, for seldom had fresh connexions been made to recruit either of the worn-out hypochondriacal races; but arch-duchesses and infantas had been exchanged again and again as queens and empresses. The présent Emperor Leopold was a little, dark, insignificant man, excessively shy and reserved, and with no taste for anything but music, in which he performed so well, that a musician once said to him, "What a pity your Majesty is not a fiddler!" He had begun as usual by marrying the Infanta Margarita of Spain, daughter to his Aunt Mariana, but fortunately she had no son, and died early. A second wife died of over-fatigue in the chase; and he chose for the third Eleonore Magdalene of Neuberg, one of the best princesses who ever reigned. She was full of high spirit, and of strong religious feeling; hating all the trappings of rank, and dreading the exalted station intended for her, because she would then no longer ride spirited horses to the chase, and because

she could not become a Carmelite nun. She took long walks in the summer sun, in hopes that tanned cheeks would cause her to be rejected, but in vain; she was selected as empress, and thenceforth she applied herself in the most admirable manner to fulfil her duties. She conformed in everything to the tastes of her husband, going with him to the opera with a book of devotions in her hand, bound like the words of the opera, translating the best French books into German for him, and even preparing delicate dishes for him with her own hands, while she lived on the hardest fare. All her spare time was spent in charity, austerity, and devotion, and she was so bent on working for the poor, that she knitted for them even as she walked to church.

Leopold's devotion took the ordinary Austrian turn of persecuting the Protestants. A disturbance in Hungary afforded him an excuse for declaring, in 1673, that the Magyars had forfeited their freedom; whereupon he imprisoned many of the nobles, pronounced the kingdom hereditary instead of elective, and instituted courts for trying causes of heresy. Two hundred and fifty Lutheran pastors were seized, and when it was found that their constancy under suffering only strengthened their people, they were put out of sight by being sold for fifty crowns a-piece to work in the galleys at Naples; but happily, the Dutch admiral, De Ruyter, when protecting the Bay of Naples from the French, was able to obtain their liberty, and receiving them on board his vessels, treated them with great respect and bounty.

This tyranny stirred up a far more dangerous revolt, under the leadership of Count Emmerich Tekeli, who, after some years of partizan warfare, obtained the aid

of the Turks. Mahommed IV. who was then Sultan, had many scruples on breaking the truce with Germany, but Louis XIV. who only sought to weaken the emperor, overcame his doubts, and in 1682 he sent a pacha to create Tekeli Prince of Upper Hungary, by delivering to him a sword, a vest, and a standard.

The next year the Grand Vizier, Kara Mustafa, at the head of 200,000 men, broke into Hungary, and overran the whole country, advancing into Austria up to the very gates of the capital. Leopold and his family took flight, the Empress Eleonore encouraging and comforting her husband ; but she was forced to be left at Lintz, where she gave birth to a son, whose face she vowed not to look upon until she should hear that the Infidel was driven back.

Kara Mustafa advanced unopposed, slaughtering all the Christian inhabitants, and set up his camp before Vienna, which was defended by the governor, Count Stahremberg, and the good Bishop Kollonitsch, who had been a Knight of Malta, with a small though gallant garrison ; and the townspeople resolved to hold out to the last extremity, while the Duke of Lorraine hovered near with such an army as the German resources could collect, and in it the young French fugitive princes, who here made their first campaign.

The sole hope of the besieged city lay in a quarter whence little aid had hitherto come, in the one great man who for his own lifetime rendered Poland illustrious.

In 1674 the Poles had elected as their king John Sobieski, a nobleman of their own country, who had already shown great talents both in war and policy. Between his election and his coronation, he drove back the Turks who were threatening the country ; and his firm-

ness and valour so gained the hearts of his subjects, that he had brought the army into a state of discipline that made the daring courage of the Poles more efficient than ever before.

Sobieski had, before his elevation to the throne, married a French lady, Marie Casimire de la Grange, an attached wife, but a vain meddling woman. He was at first inclined to be the ally of Louis XIV., but Marie impelled him to make demands for her French relatives which Louis would not grant; and when she travelled into France to show off her grandeur, she claimed to be treated like Henrietta Maria of England, whereupon Louis hinted to her that an elective queen was not the same as a hereditary one. She never forgave the affront, and from that time Sobieski was the enemy of Louis XIV. and the friend of Leopold.

A treaty of mutual assistance had been drawn up between Austria and Poland, and in the dire extremity of Vienna the Emperor and Duke of Lorraine wrote letter after letter, begging the king to hasten to their relief. The siege had lasted three months, and provisions had become fearfully scarce, cats and other refuse were eaten, and the Viennese watched earnestly for rescue; but, on the other hand, the Turkish army was no less weary of the blockade, and looking towards the hills, the soldiers exclaimed, "O ye infidels, if ye will not come yourselves, let us at least see your crests over the hills; for once seen, the siege will be over, and we shall be released."

The discontent of his troops caused Kara Mustafa to risk an assault, and though it was beaten off, such was the havoc made in the garrison, and so deadly the fire of the Turks, that the citizens had believed the hour of their ruin was come, when, as night came on,

they beheld five rockets burst from the summit of the Kahlenberg hill. It was the appointed signal that rescue was at hand, and in two days more cannon were booming on the heights. Stahremberg sent a messenger at night, who swam the Danube with a letter to the Duke of Lorraine bearing these few words, "No time to be lost! No time indeed to be lost!"

Sobieski and the Duke of Lorraine were there, with their forces united with those of all Germany. In the spirit of a crusader, Sobieski harangued his troops, and led them down the mountain side, to burst upon the Othman force. Kara Mustafa soon saw that resistance was vain; and after causing every captive to be slaughtered, as well as all the Turkish women who could not be conveyed away, he took flight with his whole army, who fought desperately as they fled. An immense booty fell into the hands of the conquerors; and Sobieski wrote to his wife, "You will not meet me with the reproach of the Tartar wives, You are no man, you come back without booty." Jewels of every kind abounded, and stores, both of ammunition and provisions, coffee among the rest in such quantities, that it became a popular drink, and Stahremberg's faithful messenger was the first master of a coffee-house in Christian Europe. The good Bishop Kollonitsch found booty of another kind—five hundred infants, whose mothers had perished in the massacre, and whom he undertook to support and bring up at his own charge.

Sobieski entered Vienna the next day, in the midst of the ecstasies of the rescued people, who kissed his garments and his horse as he rode in, and called him father and deliverer; but he did not meet with the like gratitude from their superiors; Leopold had no gen-

erosity, and at once became afraid of the preserver of his capital, ordered the Duke of Lorraine to treat him coldly; and though he returned to Vienna three days after the victory, he would not meet Sobieski there. He entered, walking on foot with a taper in his hand, and went to the cathedral at once; but he forgot all thankfulness to the human means of his deliverance.

He delayed seeing Sobieski till the ceremonies of the meeting should be settled. "How should the Emperor meet the King of Poland?" he said. "With open arms," replied the Duke of Lorraine; but Leopold could not make up his mind to let an elective king sit on his right hand, and therefore made endless excuses, till Sobieski, guessing the cause, proposed to obviate the difficulty by meeting him on horseback before the camp.

This was done; and the emperor, stiff, chill, and haughty, rode out to meet the great king, and spoke a few words of thanks in Latin. With grave dignity, Sobieski replied in the same tongue, "I am glad, Sir, to have rendered you this small service;" then, as his son approached, he presented him, saying, "This is a prince, whom I am rearing for the service of Christendom." Young James Sobieski bowed, but the Emperor only made a movement with his head, without even raising his hand to his hat. Sobieski was in absolute consternation at meeting with such treatment, and the Poles complained loudly of the discourtesy and ingratitude that they experienced in matters of more importance, for provisions were not supplied, the sick were not allowed to be removed from the camp, and the dead were denied burial in the cemeteries. The Duke of Lorraine and the other German princes were equally ill-treated. Eugene, however, was made colonel of a

regiment, and Stahremberg received the order of the Golden Fleece and the rank of Field Marshal. Still, for the sake of his oath to aid the Emperor, and for the cause of Christendom, Sobieski did not desert the imperial army, and the retreat of the Turks was followed up to the Danube. Once the Poles having pushed too far ahead were driven back, and met with severe loss; Sobieski himself, who had fought in the rear, was left with only six men near him, and had to ride for his life, and when he reached the German troops, was so exhausted that he was obliged to lie panting on a heap of straw.

Five days after, however, the united armies gained a great victory at Gran, which led to the recovery of that city, after it had been in the hands of the Infidel for eighty years. The Sultan, who had prepared the greatest rejoicings for the capture of Vienna, with fires where effigies of the Pope and Emperor were to be burnt, was so enraged at the failure, that the Mufti hardly withheld him from a general massacre of his Christian subjects; and on the news of the defeat at Gran, he sent a bow-string as the signal for the execution of Kara Mustafa. The Vizier, consoling himself by the words of the Koran, which declare it glorious to die by the will of the Prince of the Faithful, prostrated himself at the tidings, kissed the messenger, gave up his seal to the Aga of the Janissaries, and submitted with Turkish dignity.

PART IX. REVOCATION OF THE EDICT OF NANTES.

1679-1691.

As far back as 1679, severe decrees had been issued against the Huguenots, preventing them from holding

office, forbidding marriages between them and Catholics; and in 1681, another decree enacted that children of seven years old might declare themselves Catholics, and then be taken from their parents' care. Their worship was suspended when a bishop was near; their sacred buildings pulled down on every possible excuse; and when a regiment was quartered in a village, a double allowance of soldiers was billeted on the Huguenots, with an understanding that every cruelty and exaction was both permissible and meritorious.

These severities increasing every year, the Huguenots began to pass over into other countries, Charles II. and the King of Denmark both inviting them and promising them naturalization. Innocent XI. did not approve of violent measures, and wrote to Louis that men must be led, not dragged, into the temple; and Madame de Maintenon regretted the cruelties exercised, but she found herself forced to conform to Louis's opinion.

In 1685 took place the most tyrannical act of Louis's reign, namely, the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, by which Henri IV. had granted liberty of conscience to the Calvinists.

It was pretended that to bring all France to one profession had been the design of Henri IV. all along, and that it was only for a time that the edict had been granted; whereas now, the period of grace being past, all decrees in favour of the Huguenots were repealed; and thenceforth no Calvinist assembly for worship should take place in house or chapel; that all Huguenot ministers must quit the realm in fifteen days, under pain of the galleys; that all Huguenot schools should be suppressed; that all children of Huguenot parents should be taken away and brought up as Catholics;

and that no emigration should be allowed to the laity, under pain of galleys for the men, convents for the women.

So zealous and admirable did the Court of France deem this atrocious decree, that the old Chancellor Le Tellier, who was dying at the age of eighty-three, begged to have the gratification of signing it, and having done so, repeated the *Nunc dimittis* in his joy at having shared in the overthrow of schism.

The decree was at once put in execution, the places of worship were destroyed, and the ministers ruthlessly driven away, unless they would forsake their doctrine. Happy would their flocks have been if they could have been permitted to follow them; but to them departure was forbidden, and soldiers were quartered upon them to watch that they neither fled, worshipped, nor taught their children. The troops, naturally lawless, were persuaded that ill-treatment of a Huguenot was praiseworthy, and committed the most shocking outrages on the unhappy families, robbing and misusing them without restraint, till in some cases, utterly worn out by misery, the wretched people yielded, and were taken to church. Of all the regiments, the dragoons were the most successful in these horrible conversions, and thus the system was termed *les dragonnades*.

Intense were the horrors thus inflicted, and every Protestant state in Europe rang with indignant sympathy with the sufferers, mostly either peasantry or the industrious silk manufacturers of southern France, though there were many others of higher rank, including numerous gentlemen, and some of the best officers of the French army and navy, the latter especially, for the Huguenots had always preferred service by sea.

Strict as was the watch kept by the dragoons, hosts of Huguenots made their way out of the kingdom. Some uniting, strove to force a passage by their weapons, but these were overthrown and killed; and most of them made their escape in small bodies, or individually, by the connivance of compassionate friends, or by bribing fishermen and sailors. Some carried away their property, others escaped with life alone, some even hidden in casks on board the ships, or in fishing boats; many were captured and condemned to the galleys, some were seized by the African pirates, many more perished on the voyage, but still great numbers escaped. No less than 225,000 left their houses, and the confiscated property amounted to seventeen million livres, besides what passed to Catholic relations.

Holland, Switzerland, Germany, and England, eagerly received the exiles; collections were made in their behalf, and so strong was the general compassion, that even James II., who had come to the throne of England in 1685, contributed largely from his own purse.

Some of the ministers received Holy Orders from English bishops, and took livings; the nobles entered the armies of England, Holland, and Germany, and the artizans settled in colonies according to their trades, the dyers in North Germany, the silk weavers in Spitalfields, and the goldsmiths at Berlin, where they were hospitably received by the great Elector of Brandenburg.

France never recovered the skill and extent of manufacture that she had formerly possessed. These were transferred to England, which, since the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, has rapidly progressed in the arts and manufactures carried thither by the refugee Huguenots. Great were the miseries of the

recusants who could not leave their homes ; many were put to death, others tortured and imprisoned for life ; others, unable to endure the ill-usage of the dragoons, conformed, but generally returned to their original doctrine ; and a remnant continued to exist in the Cevennes, and other remote parts of Languedoc, baffling all the attempts of the court to force them into compliance.

Innocent XI. protested against these barbarities, and deemed it a profanation to force Calvinists to receive the Sacraments against their will ; but since the dispute of the Regale had set him at variance with the king, his opinion had been little heeded.

He had been obliged to revoke the privileges allowed to ambassadors at Rome, of preventing the capture of any criminal in the whole street where they resided. In fact, as no one could be seized in a church or a convent, there was hardly a place in Rome where a felon could not instantly elude pursuit, and the swarms of robbers rendered the city a most perilous abode ; but necessary as was the recall of the unreasonable privilege, Louis considered his dignity to be insulted, and sent the Marquis de Lavardin, his ambassador, to march into Rome with seven hundred armed men, a force that the papal officers could not resist. Innocent XI. excommunicated the Marquis ; whereupon the King seized Avignon, imprisoned the Nunzio, and hinted at an intention of making the Archbishop of Paris into a patriarch of France.

In 1689 died the good Pope Innocent XI., after so holy a life, that his confessor said he had never seen in him any sin that could separate the soul from God. Alexander XIII., his successor, was equally opposed to Louis ; but after his death, in 1691, the King made his peace with Innocent XII., giving up the privileges

of his ambassador, withdrawing the opposition of his bishops, and restoring Avignon; and thenceforth the Pope was again the tool of the king.

PART X. DECLINE OF THE TURKS. 1686-1698.

AFTER the great defeat of the Turks before Vienna, there was a confederation formed against them by all the neighbouring European powers, namely, Austria, Muscovy, Poland, Venice, and the Order of Malta.

Sobieski forayed Moldavia, but suffered far more than did his enemies, for they burnt up the grass before him, poisoned the waters of the Pruth, lay in ambush and cut off the stragglers, without ever giving him battle. The Greek Christians, who were regarded as heretics, and misused by the Latins, were not disposed to accept their assistance; and had just cause of offence, when Sobieski required of them to yield up the relics and other treasures of their churches, and arrested the Bishop of Jassy for refusing compliance. At the little town of Nemez, the whole Polish army was detained for five days before the gates, and lost fifty men before the garrison surrendered on condition of being allowed to depart in safety. What was the surprise of the Poles when they beheld six Moldavian hunters issue from the gates, carrying three others between them, and learnt that these, with ten more, who had been slain, were the whole garrison. They had been at Nemez by accident, when the tidings of the approach of the Polish army put the inhabitants to flight, and had gallantly assumed the defence. Sobieski was so enraged at the loss of time and of troops, that he would have put them to death but for the intercession of one of his nobles.

He was obliged to return to Poland, where his latter years were embittered by the dissensions of his three sons, James, Constantine, and Alexander, and by the violence and turbulence of his subjects. He was a better general than king, and allowed himself to be too much ruled by his wife, a vain, selfish, intriguing Frenchwoman, who led him into avarice, broke the laws by assuming privileges forbidden to the Queens of Poland, and tarnished his glory by her avarice.

Sobieski died in 1697; and his wife and sons quarrelled fiercely over the treasures that he had amassed, contrary to the law forbidding a king to add to his private fortune. The Diet of Poland were agreed in nothing except that none of the three sons should reign. Half the nobles were in the pay of France, and elected Louis de Bourbon, Prince de Conti. The other half chose Augustus, the Elector of Saxony, a man of such wonderful personal strength that he could twist a horse-shoe in his fingers, and the Turks called him Nalkiran, the breaker of horse-shoes. He was selfish and voluptuous, and readily forsaking the Lutheran doctrine, of which his fathers had been the champions, joined the Roman Catholic Church to qualify himself for the Polish throne. Terrible confusion ensued, and after much violence the Prince of Conti was obliged to turn back from the frontier, while Augustus was crowned; but king and people soon became greatly disgusted with each other, for he made a vain and offensive attempt to rule the wild Poles in the same arbitrary manner as his quiet and obedient feudal vassals the Saxons.

Whilst Sobieski had been invading Moldavia, the Venetians and Knights of Malta sent a fleet under the command of the gallant Francesco Morosini, who re-

covered the island of Santa Maura, and the whole Morea, excepting the town of Malvasia. Driving the Turks across the Isthmus, he besieged them at Athens, where the Venetian cannon did more damage than had befallen the buildings in all the previous disasters of Greece. The Parthenon had been converted into a powder magazine, and a shell falling into it destroyed the roof, and the building having thus become un-serviceable, was destroyed piecemeal, as affording the whitest marble for making mortar. It is said that the temple to the Unknown God was also ruined, but the Venetians recked little of this destruction in their triumph at gaining the ancient city, which surrendered to them in 1687. Two colossal marble lions which still guard the gates of the arsenal at Venice, were sent home from the Piræus as memorials of the conquest. Morosini was elected Doge in 1688, and in ancient Roman fashion the surname of Peloponnesiacus was bestowed upon him. He was less successful as Doge, and though he besieged Negropont and Malvasia, sickness prevented him from succeeding, and he died in 1690.

The Austrians had done their part in Hungary, where the Duke of Lorraine recaptured Buda, and gave the Grand Vizier a terrible defeat at Mohatz, where eight thousand Janissaries were killed, and two thousand drowned. The Emperor Leopold took this occasion for strengthening his hold over the Magyars. He set up a tribunal at Eperies for inquiring into the conduct of the nobles, and punished all correspondence with Tekeli with such dreadful severity, that the spot was called the Bloody Theatre of Eperies. Having thus awed the Magyars, he offered them pardon and liberty of conscience if they would declare

the crown hereditary instead of elective, give up the clause in the coronation oath, permitting the subject to take up arms, and accept his son Joseph as their King, terms which their exhaustion made them willingly accept.

The severe losses of the Turks made them believe their Sultan in fault, and in 1688 Mahommed was deposed. He offered no resistance, only saying, "The wrath of Allah, stirred up by the sins of believers, discharges itself on my head. Go and tell my brother Solyman that Allah has spoken by the mouth of the people, and that he is the head of the Othman Empire."

Solyman, a devout phlegmatic Turk, was very reluctant to accept the crown. "My brother was born to rule, I to study eternal life," he said; "let me spend the remainder of my days in peace."

However, he was forced forward, and placed on the throne, but he jumped off at once, and performed abutions as if he had touched an unclean thing; and though at last he yielded, he never molested his brother nor his nephews. His virtues would, the Turks hoped, restore success to their horse-tails; but their losses continued, Belgrade was taken by the Elector of Bavaria, and by the end of 1689, nothing remained to them north of the Danube but Great Waradin and Temeswar. Solyman began to negotiate for peace, but Louis XIV., in his desire to harass the House of Austria, incited him to continue the war, promising that when the Emperor should be overthrown, Hungary should be the spoil of the Infidel.

While the French invaded the Palatinate, Solyman again entered Hungary, and retook Belgrade, and many other places. Charles Duke of Lorraine died in 1690; and the Markgraf Ludwig of Baden, taking

the command of the Austrian army, gained a great victory at Salankamen, but with such loss that he could not profit by it, and to the south the Venetians were driven back by the brave Dey of Algiers, called *Mezza Morto*, or Half Dead, from having been desperately wounded in his youth. He was a rough sailor, of very simple habits, who taught both captains and crews among the Algerines to look on rich dresses as effeminate, and made the Turkish navy a terrible scourge in the Mediterranean.

The grave Solyman died in 1691; and after the short reign of his brother Ahmed, Mostafa II., son to the deposed Mahommed, came to the throne. He was a warlike prince, who himself commanded his forces, but he could not restore the fortunes of the Ottomans, and they everywhere lost ground. The Czar Peter of Muscovy took Azof, and the Turks were again driven out of Hungary, ruining the last hopes of the rebel Tekeli, who was so reduced that he lived by selling wine at Constantinople.

In 1696, the Sultan Mostafa made a great effort, leading an immense army into Hungary. He was met at Zenta by the Austrians, under Prince Eugene of Savoy, and all was prepared for a battle, when Eugene received orders from Vienna on no account to hazard an engagement. He put the letter in his pocket without opening it, and made his attack. It was the most terrible defeat that the Turks had ever experienced, no less than thirty thousand were slain, and among them forty-two pachas and the Grand Vizier. The Sultan showed great courage, rallying his men continually, and upbraiding them for their cowardice. "You are a crane leading other cranes," he shouted to one of his pachas, "see how I fly!"

The Emperor Leopold caused Eugene to be placed under arrest, on his return to Vienna, for disobedience to orders, but speedily restored him to his command, on finding how strongly the army was attached to him. The victory of Zenta secured tranquillity to Hungary for many years; and in 1698, a general peace was signed at Carlowitz, by which the Turks resigned Hungary, only retaining Belgrade, Peterwaradin, and a few other frontier fortresses; exchanged the Ukraine against some places in Moldavia occupied by the Poles, and ceded the Morea to Venice.

PART XI. THE WAR OF THE PALATINATE. 1685-1697.

LOUIS XIV. and his minister Louvois were inspecting the works at the new palace of the Trianon; Louis said that two of the windows were uneven, Louvois contended that they were even; the king, displeased at contradiction, caused the windows to be measured, and proved himself to be right. He sharply reprimanded Louvois for his presumption; the minister found his influence failing, and going home, swore that his master should have a fresh war on his hands, that he might be taught his value, and have no time to think of buildings.

A pretext for war was not wanting. Charles Louis, Elector Palatine, died in 1685, leaving no offspring, and the inheritance passed to his nearest male relation, the Duke of Neuburg, father to the Empress Eleonore; but the personal property was the right of the sister of the deceased, Elizabeth, the wife of the Duke of Orleans. Louvois induced the King, who never needed much persuasion when there was a chance of aggrandizing France, to found upon this

right a claim in behalf of his sister-in-law, to treasures, lands, and fortresses, which were necessary to the very existence of the County Palatine, and, lying in the heart of Germany, would have brought the French within a perilous distance of the seat of empire. The claim was therefore a declaration of war, and Louis took up arms without any ally, except James II. of England, and Mohammed of Turkey.

His first measure was a most cruel invasion of the Palatinate. Louvois gave strict orders to Marshal Duras that what he could not keep he must destroy, and the devastation was even more horrible than that which had been inflicted on the miserable county by Turenne. Three days' notice was given to the peasants that they might remove; and whilst they were slowly dragging themselves along the roads in the depth of winter, the soldiery commenced their frightful work, pillaging and burning every dwelling, rooting up the gardens, cutting down the vineyards, and ploughing up the fields of young corn. Heidelberg was plundered, and the ramparts of the noble castle blown up with gunpowder; and the wretchedness of the houseless wanderers, even of those who did not perish by the way, was beyond all description. The Markgraf Ludwig of Baden declared that he had come from Hungary only to see that Christians could be more savage than Turks.

Madame de Maintenon at length forced upon the King's attention what was the real effect of the orders procured so lightly from him. Louis, a kind-hearted man, was for the first time awakened to the perception of his own barbarity; he spoke severely to Louvois, and sternly refused his consent when the minister told him that the city of Treves, one of the most ancient

in Europe, must share the ruin of Heidelberg. What was his indignation when, the next day, Louvois told him that, knowing his reluctance was only a scruple, and that the fall of Treves was necessary for his service, he had taken on himself to despatch the order for the pillage! Louis XIV. was not the man who could be thus treated: in his anger he even forgot his dignity; he caught up the tongs, and struck at Louvois, but Madame de Maintenon clung to his arm while the minister retreated, and the next moment the king rushed after him, calling out that he should send a courier instantly with counter orders to save Treves. It was not necessary, the scene had been only an experiment; Louvois had a courier waiting, ready to carry the order for destruction as soon as he should have surprised consent from the king by telling him the deed was already done.

He found wars no less dangerous than windows, but he still contrived to make himself necessary to the king for two years more, though often offending him by his arrogance, and perceiving more and more the decay of his influence. He became absent and much distressed; once, when driving two ladies in his open carriage, he talked to himself all the way of the king, and disgrace, and had nearly conducted them into a pond, when one of them seized the reins, and stopped the horses.

Shortly after, a stormy interview took place between him and the king; the same afternoon he came again to the council, but Louis, seeing that he was on the point of fainting, sent him home; he returned violently ill, and died before his son could come to him. It was thought that he had poisoned himself, rather than endure disgrace. His son, the Marquis de Barbesieux, succeeded to his office.

The invasion of the Palatinate had been the ruin of Louis's devoted ally, James II. Had he attacked Holland, the Stadtholder, William of Orange, would have been prevented from profiting by the indignation of the English at the attacks of their Romanist sovereign upon their Church and State. At Rome, James was only regarded as the friend of Louis; his advances to Innocent XI. met with a cold reception, and the expedition of William to England was regarded merely as an assault on the ally of France. Betrayed by his army, and deserted by his daughters, James lost courage, and made his escape to France, while parliament declared the throne vacant, and placed the crown on the heads of William of Nassau and Mary Stuart.

Louis received his fugitive cousins with delicacy and hospitality. The queen and her son had been entrusted by James to the care of the Marquis de Lauzun. This nobleman had been liberated from the Bastille at the intercession of Mademoiselle, backed by the endowment of Madame de Montespan's eldest son, the Duke de Maine, with a large share of her patrimony. They had then been married in secret, and it was well that it was in secret, for they quarrelled violently; he was insolent, and would order her to pull off his dirty boots, and she soon lost her affection, and proceeded to blows; they grew tired of disputes and reconciliations, and after a last scene when she scratched his face with her nails, they separated for ever; and she continued as "Mademoiselle" till her death, at the Chateau d'Eu, leaving behind her one of the most amusing autobiographies ever written.

Lauzun had the most absolute confidence of James II., who made the great error of preferring him to

Luxemburg, and all the superior generals of the French service. Ireland having risen in behalf of the Stuarts, Louis sent James to Dublin with an army, taking leave of him with the sincere hope that they might never have occasion to meet again: and for two years James remained in Ireland, reigning over a quarrelsome court, and savage Irish subjects, till William III. coming to Ireland, totally routed him and Lauzun at the Battle of Boyne Water, in 1690, and he was obliged to return to St. Germain. Two years after, Louis fitted out a fleet for him under the Chevalier de Tourville, and he had come to La Hogue to embark, when the English ships came in sight. Admiral Russell was actually in correspondence with James, but he was forced to maintain the honour of the British flag, and gave the French such a thorough defeat that poor James himself could not help crying out in exultation, "See my brave English sailors!" This was the final blow to the hopes of James; a great number of his adherents entered the French service, and in especial his illegitimate son, James Fitzjames, Duke of Berwick, whose mother was the sister of the great English general, Marlborough, and who had inherited a large share of his uncle's talents.

The war with England was chiefly carried on in the Netherlands, where William commanded the allies in person, and Louis and his son, the Dauphin, made several campaigns with the French army, leaving, however, the real management in the hands of the Marechal de Luxemburg, a little hump-backed ill-tempered man, but an exceedingly able soldier, trained under Condé. He manœuvred admirably, and William was no match for him, nor could succeed in relieving Mons and Namur, which fell before the French

in two successive years. At Steinkirk and Landen, William suffered severe defeats; but on the death of Luxemburg, the English began to recover ground, and Namur was re-taken.

Spain had at first been neutral, for though there was a strong Austrian party, the Queen, Louise of Orleans, was fondly attached to her native land, and influenced her husband not to declare against her uncle. Unhappily, her love for all that came from France led her to overlook the horrible suspicion that attached to the Countess of Soissons, and to receive her on friendly terms; when either a morbid love of crime, or the bribe of some wretch of the Austrian party, caused the countess to administer poison in a cup of milk, and the beautiful young Louise died in a few hours, in the year 1689, when only a year older than her mother had been when she met the same fate. The countess fled to Brussels, and lived there hated and degraded.

After the queen's death, the Austrian party led the broken-hearted Carlos II. to marry Maria Anna of Neuburg, a sister of the Empress, and to join the alliance against France. Catalonia revolted, and the Duke de Noailles was sent to the assistance of the insurgents. He gained two great victories at Ter and Gerona; but by bombarding Barcelona in the most cruel manner, firing shells not at the fortifications but at the houses, he excited a hatred to the French name that lasted for generations to come.

Savoy, the little mountain dukedom between Germany, France, and Italy, had always been forced to depend on one or the other of the two more powerful states; and the present Duke, Victor Amadeus, had never been able to make up his mind to whom to

adhere. Very clever, and rashly brave, he was a hard master, and vacillating in temper. His wife, Anne Marie, was a daughter of Monsieur, and his predilections were French; but his cousin Eugene, who regarded him with good-natured contempt, brought him over to the German party, and then remained with an Austrian army to fight his battles.

Marshal Catinat was Eugene's equal in skill, and their success was evenly balanced. In one campaign, indeed, Eugene was able to fulfil his promise, and enter France sword in hand; the Savoyards over-ran Dauphiné, and committed greater devastations than he could bear to witness in the land of his birth; but Victor Amadeus was rash and headstrong in success, and occasioned the loss of a battle, after which Catinat kept the Savoyards cooped up in their mountain fortresses.

Distress at length detached Victor Amadeus from the League; and Louis, who found four wars going on at once, such a drain as his finances could no longer endure, resolved to employ him as a mediator with the other powers; and conferences for peace were begun.

The Treaty of Ryswick, in 1697, put an end to this vain war of ambition, by Louis acknowledging William III. as King of England, giving up the empty pretensions to the devastated Palatinate, and restoring the towns in the Netherlands, thus leaving matters much as they stood before all this blood had been shed.

Besides the published terms of Ryswick, there was a secret treaty, to which all the powers except Spain were privy, and which was, in fact, the seed of the ensuing war. The House of Austria in Spain, descended from Charles V.. had long been dwindling,

each succeeding king had been weaker than his father, and now the only male representative was Carlos II., who was only thirty-five, but prematurely old, and fast sinking childless into his grave. His vast inheritance was the object of ambition.

Spanish laws decreed that no Infanta who married a foreign prince had any right to inherit; but as all the Infantas had married foreigners, unless this rule had been set aside no one could have been found to reign at all.

The eldest sister of Carlos II. was Maria Teresa, the late wife of Louis XIV., whose son, the Dauphin, would have been the obvious heir, but for the certainty that neither would Spain submit to become a province of France, nor the European powers allow one state to become so much mightier than the rest.

The second sister, Margarita, had married the Emperor Leopold, and died, leaving a daughter, Antonia, likewise dead. She had been married to the Elector of Bavaria, and her son would have best suited the Spaniards, but he died in the midst of these negotiations; and it was then taken into account that Leopold's mother had been the daughter of Philip III., though on the other hand, Anne of Austria, the mother of Louis XIV., was her elder sister.

Louis wanted the inheritance for the Dauphin's second son, Philip Duke of Anjou; Leopold for his own second son, the Archduke Charles; but they finally came to an agreement that Charles should have Spain and the Netherlands, and France the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies and the Duchy of Lorraine; and England and Holland swore to see the terms fulfilled.

Victor Amadeus was rewarded for his share in

making the peace by a marriage between the Duke of Burgundy, the Dauphin's eldest son, and his eldest daughter, Marie Adelaide.

In 1689 had died the great Elector of Brandenburg, having laid the foundations of the prosperity of his country. About the same time Hanover was made into an Electoral State, because the Protestants complained that they had not representatives enough in the college since the defection of Augustus of Saxony, and Leopold wanted to please them, that they might give their votes to elect his eldest son, Joseph, King of the Romans.

PART XII. QUIETISM. 1680-1690.

THE three sons of the Dauphin had been placed by Louis XIV. under the care of the Duke de Beauvilliers, a nobleman noted for his excellence, whose wife was one of the few ladies who had held aloof from Madame de Montespan; and the duke had chosen, as clerical preceptor, his great friend, François de Fénelon, one of the most beautiful characters ever trained up by the French Church. He was full of ardent faith, love, and deep piety, with much learning, great good sense, and manners full of sweetness as well as of the chivalrous grace proper to a son of a noble old French family. He had been brought up by his uncle, the admirable Marquis de Fénelon, had been much noticed by Bossuet, and had had great success on a mission to the Huguenots, who were won by his gentle piety, after the fury of the Dragoons.

Hardly anyone but such a man as Fénelon could have dealt with the young heir of France, Louis Duke of Burgundy, who came into his hands at seven years old.

Of strong and violent character, proud, passionate, and obstinate, he was almost regarded as a young Nero, till Fénélon inspired him with the strong sense of religion, which made him turn his force of will against his faults themselves. Gradually he learnt to humble himself, to repent of his outbreaks, to govern them, and finally to be perfectly patient and gentle, and to direct his talents to their best use, preparing himself conscientiously for the station to which he was born. The affection between him and his tutor was like that of child and father; and Fénélon, while loving him enthusiastically, never failed openly to check the foibles that still remained. In the classical taste of the time, a favourite means used by Fénélon for giving lessons to the prince, was to write fables on mythological persons, with a moral pointing to the maxim that he wished to impress; and in time, a longer tale grew up under his hand, purporting to be a continuation of the *Odyssey*, where Telemachus, in search of his father, Ulysses, was conducted through various trials by Minerva, under the disguise of the old Mentor, and all Fénélon's visions of good government were put into her mouth.

The tale was the secret delight of the prince and his tutor; Fénélon only published sermons and devotional treatises, which were much admired by Madame de Maintenon, who read some parts to the king; but their tone was too high and spiritual for Louis XIV., and he would not listen; though, by her influence, he gave Fénélon the Archbishopric of Cambray, begging him to continue preceptor to the princes, and to spend three months of each year with them.

Unhappily, however, at this very time his favour was failing. Madame Guyon, the young widow of an

engineer, had put forth two books, full of sentiments of the most exalted mystical piety, and was looked upon by a number of persons as a most favoured saint, living in a rapturous state of divine love. Want of reserve in displaying feeling, and attempting to express what mortal language cannot safely utter, led her into phrases which alarmed the sober-minded; the more because the Inquisition had lately condemned the writings of a Spanish Jesuit named Molinos, who spoke of Divine Love in somewhat the same style.

Madame Guyon was sent for to St. Cyr, Madame de Maintenon's school for orphan girls of good birth; the nuns were delighted with her, Madame de Maintenon herself was drawn in to admire, and Fénelon, though not fully approving all her expressions, found much accordant with his own fervent spirit, and honoured her for the glow which found vent in such strong language. Louis called her writings mere reveries; Bossuet openly censured their over-familiarity and unreal mysticism, and with two other bishops, proceeded to examine them minutely, Madame Guyon declaring that she submitted herself absolutely to their opinion, and removing to a convent in Bossuet's diocese of Meaux.

After long examination, various phrases were condemned, and Bossuet, going to Madame Guyon, heard her own them as errors, and promise to remain in retirement, and to attract no more followers; after which he gave her a certificate of his approval, and himself administered to her the Holy Eucharist.

From vanity or weakness, she broke her word. She secretly left Meaux, hid herself at Paris, and allowed her friends to make an unfair use of the certificate,

showing it about without saying that she had obtained it by a retraction.

Bossuet was exasperated, and by his influence she was seized, and imprisoned in the Bastille. Quietism, as it was the custom to call her opinions, was violently abused, and Fénélon was called on to condemn her books. With the chivalry of a true gentleman he refused; he said that after having once revered her as a saint he could not join the cry against her; that he was not called on to pronounce, as her book had never been heard of in his diocese, and that her language was no stronger than what was to be found in the writings of St. Theresa and others approved by the Church.

Bossuet was very angry with his old friend; Madame de Maintenon turned against him, and the king was displeased. Fénélon thought that he ought to make his real views known, and accordingly published a work called "Maxims of the Saints," where he spoke much of the Love of God, which, he said, when pure and perfect, absorbed all thought of self, so that even the desire of reward was lost in full intensity of adoration.

To Bossuet this doctrine appeared perilous, as seeming to set aside the Christian grace of hope, and to despise the promise of eternal life; and to Louis XIV., brought up to seek to earn a recompense for each observance, the soaring self-forgetting theory appeared utterly wild and unreasonable; he was terrified at having committed his grandsons to such a visionary, and banished Fénélon to Cambray, though the Duke of Burgundy, who was about fifteen, entreated on his knees, with many tears, that his tutor might be spared to him; but all correspondence was sternly forbidden, and had it not been for Fénélon's great forbearance,

the Duke de Beauvilliers would have been involved in his disgrace.

Fénélon sent his book to the Pope, and begged to go to Rome to plead his cause; but this Louis would not allow, and pressed Innocent XII. for a judgment against the book. The Bishop of Meaux had sent to plead against it his nephew, a mere vulgar partizan, who spared no pains to inflame men's minds against Fénélon; and it is sad to find that the great good Bossuet was so much prejudiced, that he consented to the putting forth scandalous imputations against poor Madame Guyon, as if they could alter the soundness of Fénélon's maxims.

The Pope could not conscientiously condemn the book, but he dreaded Louis XIV. and Bossuet too much to refuse, and he delayed till Louis wrote a letter rebuking him for weakness and compliance with perilous doctrine. The sentence was passed, and the phrases regarding unalloyed love were censured, though as gently as Innocent dared.

Fénélon submitted, with the implicit loyalty of his Church and nation. It was far easier to believe himself in the wrong than either Pope or king; he preached a sermon upon absolute obedience, published his own condemnation, and made no complaint of Louis or of Bossuet. It was hoped that he might now be restored to his pupil; but at this very crisis his story of Telemachus was published without his knowledge, by a printer who had procured it from a dishonest servant, who had been employed to make a copy of the manuscript. The tale was read with the utmost eagerness and admiration, but it was regarded as an additional offence by Louis XIV., who fancied all Fénélon's maxims against tyranny personal attacks, and felt

himself cruelly injured when he found unjust wars held up to reprobation. The book was supposed to be a satire on the court, and that such doctrines should have been instilled into his own heir, whom he was rearing to support the absolutism of the French monarchy, seemed to Louis the height of treachery and ingratitude.

The more universally the book was read, the greater was his displeasure; and there was great sagacity in his dislike, for this romance, the work of the deeply pious and loyal Fénelon, was really one of the first books that turned the public from the worship of the monarchy, and prepared men's minds for the reception of notions that the author would have abhorred.

Fénelon's disgrace was deeper than ever, while the fame of his writing spread everywhere. He bore all meekly, and ruled his diocese like a true shepherd and father, making his palace the place of hospitality for his clergy, educating his nephews, impressing faith and loyalty on all who came within his influence, and corresponding with the Duke de Beauvilliers on all matters of state policy, or respecting his beloved prince. The Duke of Burgundy loved him as heartily as ever, never failed to follow his advice, and now and then ventured to send him a short note expressing his unchangeable reverence and affection.

Fénelon grieved sincerely over the alienation of Bossuet, and often spoke of the world where misunderstandings would be for ever ended, and "where reconciled Christians meet." The friends never met again on earth. Bossuet died in 1704, after he had spoken far more gently of Madame Guyon, and, as it would seem, repented of the bitter animosity into which he had been betrayed.

Madame Guyon remained seven years in the Bastille, but she was at length released, and banished to her daughter's estates, where she lived in great piety and charity.

Louis XIV. became more intolerant as he advanced in life, and Pope Clement XI. was more at his beck than had been his predecessor. In 1709 a fresh bull was obtained from him against the five propositions attributed to Jansen; and again the signature was demanded from all ecclesiastics, declaring that these were in his writings, and that they were heretical. Again did the nuns of Port Royal refuse compliance, and Louis resolved that their establishment should be broken up; he obtained a bull from Clement, authorizing the destruction of the abbey; the nuns were taken away in guarded carriages, and dispersed in other monasteries, the buildings were taken down, and the very burial-ground turned into a common field. The heart of Madame de Longueville, the corpses of the Arnauld family, and others who had friends to reclaim them, were carefully removed; and the general mass were carried to the cemetery, but not without frightful desecration.

Such was Louis XIV.'s horror of Jansenism, that when his nephew, Philippe of Orleans, asked a favour for a friend, the reply was, "He is a Jansenist." "*Ma foi*, he is no Jansenist, he is only an Atheist," said Philippe; and the king consented. Louis knew not what he did; in crushing out every aspiration that departed from the beaten road, in violently putting down every assertion that did not accord with his own views, he silenced all legitimate discussion, and made religion distasteful and repulsive to such as had inquiring minds, or who doubted the consistency of the

doctrine and practice of the court. Among these was Philippe himself, the son of the Duke of Orleans by his second wife, Elizabeth of the Rhine. He had great talents and keen wit, with the easy good nature and indolence of our own Charles II. Left without any good training by his silly frivolous father and coarse satirical mother, his worse dispositions grew unchecked; and while going deep into various philosophical and physical studies, he gave himself up to profligacy, and was secretly strongly infected with the atheism that his uncle deemed less dangerous than the faith of Pascal. His father died of apoplexy in 1700, and he became one of the leading men in the country; but such were his inconsistencies, that his mother said of him that he was like a prince in a fable, endowed with every talent, but cursed by a malevolent fairy, who prevented them from ever doing him any good. That hag was unbelief.

Carlos II. of Spain was deeply hurt on learning his kinsman's rapacious speculations on his death, and still more by the discovery that his wife, Mariana of Neuberg, had been offered the hand of the Dauphin on his own death, on condition of her using her influence with him in favour of the Duke of Anjou.

The insult still further biased Carlos in favour of his Austrian cousin, nephew to his queen, and of a family always his ally; but feeble as he was, he became great in his single-minded desire to discover the true and just course. He secluded himself from the world in the convent of the Escorial, where he spent many weeks in retirement and prayer; and as if still further to fix on his mind the emptiness of the honours for which his relations were contending, he descended into the burial vaults, caused the coffins to be opened, and

stood face to face with the royal dead, from the mighty Charles who had ruled from the Baltic to the Pillars of Hercules, down to his own beloved Louise, to whom he had owed the only brightness in his dreary pilgrimage. Her lovely features were scarcely changed, and he stood long gazing upon them, turning away at last with the exclamation, "Soon shall I be with her."

The decision cost him so much, that when he left the convent, he looked as if his age were seventy instead of thirty-eight. As soon as it had been confirmed by the Pope, he caused his will to be drawn up in favour of the rightful heir, though his hereditary foe, Philippe Duke of Anjou. "God is the disposer of kingdoms, for they are His," he said, when the document was brought to him, and with many tears he affixed his signature. "Now I am nothing," added he, as he finished; his strength failed him, he fainted, and declined from that hour. He died at the end of a month, on the 1st of November, 1700, the last of the Spanish branch of the House of Austria. *Midsummer 1769.*

PART XIII. WAR OF THE SPANISH SUCCESSION.

1700-1710.

LOUIS XIV. would never have encumbered himself with the Treaty of Ryswick could he have supposed that Carlos II. would act with such integrity. He could not accept the will without a breach of faith with the other powers, but he was resolved on the step, and with all his theatrical dignity, he led his grandson forward, and thus addressed him: "Monsieur, the King of Spain makes you a king, the grandees demand you, the people desire you, and I—I consent. To be a good

Spaniard is henceforth your first duty, but remember that you were born a Frenchman."

Louis, his son the Dauphin, and the Duke of Burgundy, then renounced in Philip's favour their prior claims to Spain, while in return he gave up his right to the French throne in case of the failure of his brother's line, and was thereupon acknowledged as Philip V. of Spain, the first of the Spanish House of Bourbon. He was only seventeen, and so docile and amiable, that the king expected to rule him at Madrid as easily as at Versailles, and took leave of him saying, "The Pyrenees are no more." To make the connexion closer, Louis gave him as a wife Maria Louisa of Savoy, the sister of the charming young Marie Adelaide, who was the wife of the Duke of Burgundy, and the delight and plaything of the king's old age. As a confidante who might watch over the young couple, Louis appointed as *camerera mayor*, Anne de la Tremouille, a French lady, widow of the Roman prince Orsini, a woman of much wit and insinuating manners, who gained the affections of the queen, and ruled her absolutely.

Philip V. was universally well received; but the Princesse des Ursins, as the French called her, title of Orsini, did his cause great harm by keeping him aloof from his Spanish nobility, and she also made mischief by quarrelling with all the French ambassadors, one after the other, till Louis, provoked by the constant mutual accusations, recalled her to France; but the little queen, who was only fifteen, spirited and warm-hearted, would give him no peace while she was deprived of her friend, and as she managed her husband completely, the evils of this absurd court intrigue much interfered with Louis's measures.

His grandson's accession had involved more serious troubles. The Emperor Leopold appealed against the infraction of the Treaty of Ryswick, and the other European powers were dismayed at such an increase to the influence of France, but still held back from a general war, till roused by Louis's own grasping proceedings.

The Spanish Low Countries were governed by the Elector of Bavaria, who was persuaded to declare for Philip V. and to admit French troops to garrison the towns, thus giving great alarm to the Dutch, who had by this means their greatest enemy upon their borders.

The other electors, except the Archbishop of Cologne, all held by their emperor, who rewarded Augustus of Saxony and Frederick of Brandenburg with the title of King; a grant that the Prince Eugene thought very imprudent, since he foresaw that these monarchies would diminish the power of the old empire. "The minister should be hanged who has given such treacherous advice," he said.

Frederick sank the old county of Brandenburg in the name of Prussia, the domain once called Bo-Russia, that had been won and civilized by the Teutonic Knights, and had become family property when the Margraf Albert of Brandenburg, had embraced the doctrine of Luther and seized the lands of the Order. Frederick I. was a weak man, of petty pompous tastes, and, except obtaining the royal title, did little for his family or domain, a barren tract, so sandy, that the wits of Vienna called him the arch-sandman of the empire. The death of the exiled James II., which took place in 1701, gave an opening for a further declaration of Louis's enmity to England, by acknowledging the young James Stuart as king; and at the same time he

interfered with the trade of the English and Dutch so as to offend both nations sufficiently to make them second the wishes of William III. and declare war against France.

In 1702 a grand alliance was signed between Germany, England, and Holland, for the maintenance of the Treaty of Ryswick; and William, wasted as he was by consumption and asthma, was about to take the command, but his last campaign was over; a trifling accident aggravated his disease, and on the 8th of March, 1702, he was removed from the scene where his vigour and prudence had been rewarded to the utmost with worldly prosperity. His death gave place to a still more dangerous enemy to France, John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, whose wife at this time absolutely ruled Anne, the new Queen of England, and who was already in Holland with the army. The principality of Orange passed to a younger branch of the House of Nassau, but the Stadtholdership was left vacant, while the Dutch troops served under Marlborough, whose polished deferential manners peculiarly fitted him to act with foreigners.

Whilst England had Marlborough, and Austria, Eugene, Madame de Maintenon pronounced that France had many courtiers, but not one general. Her judgment was over-hasty, but the French marshals highest in rank were men whose talent was not equal to the occasion. The Duke de Villeroi, who had been governor to the Dauphin, was a vain hot-headed man, and unable to manœuvre with success. The Duke de Vendome was a grandson of Henri IV. and was an exaggerated likeness of *Le Grand Monarque*, very dissipated, and excessively indolent, but when roused, able and spirited. The Duke de Villars was haughty and

conceited, an immoral man, but with polished manners that gave him great favour at court, and military talent greater than was possessed by any of his countrymen. The Duke of Berwick was alone his equal as a soldier, and was very far from rivalling him at court. Truthful, honourable, and despising all intrigues and cabals, Berwick's stern manners were disliked while they were respected. He was sent to command the army in Spain, but as soon as Maria Louisa found that he would not concern himself in her plans for bringing back the Princess Orsini, she insisted on his recall. "Why?" she was asked. "Oh, I do not know; he is a great dry Englishman, who always goes straightforward," replied the poor girl, not naturally silly, but ill advised and spoilt.

The Duke of Burgundy was sent to join the army in Flanders, and when passing through Cambray, at his earnest entreaty, was permitted to have an interview with Fénelon, but on condition that they should not be alone together; and they were only in each other's presence for the short time while the Duke's horses were being changed, and the magistrates were paying their respects. Short as the meeting was, it cheered both tutor and pupil for many years.

The war had been begun in Italy, where Philip V. had been taking possession of Naples and Lombardy, under the protection of the Duke de Vendome, and had met his father-in-law, Victor Amadeus, at Milan. The young king was too precise in etiquette to allow the Duke of Savoy the honours of an arm-chair in his presence, and thus gave great offence, very inexpedient at a moment when the Duke's domains were threatened by the Austrian army under his cousin Eugene. A battle was fought at Luzzara, for which the

French sang a *Te Deum*, to Eugene's great vexation, but he gained all the substantial advantage; and after the king had returned to Spain, Victor Amadeus was persuaded by his cousin to desert the French and join the Austrian party.

Philip was recalled by news of a descent on Cadiz, made by the English and Dutch fleets, but it was badly managed, and was beaten off by the noble and loyal Marques de Villadarias. A more serious attempt was, however, made in the same year, 1703. The Admiral of Castille, jealous of the French dominion at court, fled from Madrid, and going to Vienna, assured Leopold that Spain was ripe for revolt, and induced him to send his son, the Archduke Charles, to put himself at the head of the insurgents.

Leopold gave his son no army, no money, nothing but German advisers, who gained a complete hold of Charles's weak dull mind, and did the greatest harm to his cause. He had to borrow money from the Dutch, and ships from the English. Queen Anne sent him to Lisbon in the fleet commanded by Sir George Rooke, with an army under the Earl of Galway, one of the refugee Huguenots in the English service.

An attempt to invade Spain from Portugal only proved that the Castillians would have nothing to do with Charles. However, Sir George Rooke cruised round the coast of Spain, and finding Gibraltar slenderly garrisoned, made a sudden assault on the famous Rock, and after three days, captured it most gallantly, on the 5th of August, 1704.

Charles Mordaunt, Earl of Peterborough, a man of great talent and courage, though vain, inconsistent, and hot-tempered, came out to take the command of the English force, and to try what could be done in Cata-

lonia, where fear for their liberties had filled the hardy people with dislike to Philip's dominion. Picking up the Archduke at Lisbon, Peterborough carried him thither in the fleet, and he was received with the utmost joy. Barcelona was taken, and Peterborough saved it from pillage. The Archduke was proclaimed as Charles III. and from his gentle manners and devout respect to the churches, became very popular. Philip V. brought a French army and fleet to besiege him there; but Peterborough, conducting the English fleet to the rescue, forced the French Admiral to sail away, and landed with such reinforcements that he obliged Philip to fly, leaving all his cannon and baggage behind him.

The English army advanced on Madrid, and the court was obliged to fly to Burgos, taking with them the Princess Orsini, whom the importunity of the queen had persuaded Louis to restore. Peterborough urged Charles at once to push on and enter Madrid, but he answered that he had not preparations sufficient for an entry in state. "Sir," said Lord Peterborough, "our William III. came into London with a cloak bag, in a hackney coach. In a few weeks he was King of England."

No like success was in store for the Archduke; he entered Madrid, but without meeting with any greeting, the people disliked him, the grandees would not join him, and Peterborough would fain have had him push on, but he chose to loiter there till his army had been weakened by their excesses, and wasted by sickness; and Berwick, who had been sent back to Spain, coming up with the French army, he was forced to retreat.

Out of patience with the obstinacy of Charles and his Germans, Peterborough threw up the command;

and Lord Galway assuming it in his stead, committed blunder upon blunder, and was totally routed by Berwick at Almanza. This was the worst defeat that the English ever suffered from the French, though there was some consolation in observing that the English were commanded by a Frenchman, and the French by an Englishman.

Galway was soon after recalled, and General Stanhope and Count Stahremberg succeeded to the keeping of Charles. Stanhope made a descent upon the island of Minorca, won it, and maintained his ground there; and in 1710, they made another great effort, beat Philip's troops at Almenara, dashed on and again drove him out of Madrid; but found no more welcome than before. "The city is a desert," said Charles; and he quitted it at once.

The Duke de Vendome arrived, forced the Archduke to retreat, and gained a victory over Stahremberg at Villaviciosa. The army had pushed on so fast that there was no bed brought for Philip. "You shall sleep on the most glorious couch that ever monarch reposed on!" cried Vendome; and he collected the standards taken from the enemy, and formed them into a bed for the young king.

Charles was again forced to shut himself up in his stronghold of Barcelona.

One good effect of these Wars of the Succession was the occupation of the spirits who had formerly swelled the ranks of the Buccaneers. The French governor of St. Domingo, and the English one of Jamaica, had been long engaged in breaking up these formidable banditti by degrees, giving them grants of land and finding them employments; and in process of time the increased settlement of the islands, and the supremacy

of the English fleet, caused them gradually to melt away, after many a deed of blood and horror had been left by them as the first memory connected with the lovely isles of the west.

PART XIV. EUGENE AND MARLBOROUGH. 1704-1711.

THE war of the Spanish succession raged not only in Spain. The Elector Charles of Bavaria had taken part against the Emperor, and introduced such immense armies of French into his duchy, that Leopold, apprehending danger to Vienna, hastily recalled Eugene from Italy, and entreated Marlborough to come to his aid from Holland.

Eugene and Marlborough met for the first time at Mondelsheim, and formed a most warm and steady friendship, never once clouded by rivalry, for the little brisk fiery Savoyard prince was as candid, generous, and simple-minded, as the handsome stately English duke was sensible, courteous, and forbearing.

Villeroi and Tallard were opposed to them on the banks of the Danube, with an enormous army, but so ill arranged, that one wing could give no support to the other; and Tallard's whole force, after hard fighting, was driven between a marsh and the river, where they had no alternative but to lay down their arms. This battle, called by the English Blenheim, by foreigners Hochstadt, was fought on the 13th of August, 1704, and first overthrew that supremacy of the French arms which had been established at Rocroy.

The French were chased from the interior of Germany, and Leopold was preparing for a still more successful campaign, when he fell ill, and died in the spring of 1705, in the arms of his admirable wife,

Eleonore. She survived him fifteen years, continuing her devoted course of piety and charity, so that she was called "The mother of the poor." Her last instance of deep humility was her chosen epitaph, "Eleonore, a poor sinner."

Their son Joseph I., was three-and-twenty years of age, and had more capacity and spirit than his father or brother. He sent Eugene to Italy to help poor Victor Amadeus, whose domains were being ravaged by the French under Vendome; another huge army of eighty thousand men had been given to Villeroi, who marched into Flanders to meet Marlborough, and confident of redeeming the honour lost at Blenheim, sought a battle at Ramillies on the Mehaigne. His rout was even worse than the former one, he had thirteen thousand killed and wounded, while the English lost only three thousand; and this destruction of his army forced him to retreat, leaving almost all the chief towns of the Spanish Netherlands to surrender to the English.

On this second defeat, Villeroi was superseded by Vendome, who was removed from the Italian army then besieging Turin, under Marshals Marsin and Feuillade.

The Duke of Orleans joined the army, to make a campaign in the fashion of the princes of the time, as a mere spectator; but he had too much sense not to be shocked at the bad management of Marsin, and endeavoured in vain to make him change his tactics. Eugene was advancing to the relief of the city, and Philippe of Orleans would fain have persuaded the generals to come out of their lines, and attack the Austrians as they came up, but Marsin showed letters from the king ordering him to avoid an engagement; and the French, dispirited and wearied, were assaulted in their entrenchments. They fought gallantly, but

the rout was total; Marsin was killed by an explosion of powder; Orleans, twice wounded, was carried away fainting in his carriage; Feuillade tore his hair instead of giving orders; and when the fugitives arrived at Pignerol, they only numbered twenty thousand out of the fifty thousand who had mustered at Turin.

“This time,” said Eugene, “they will not sing *Te Deum* at Paris;” and so far from it, Louis XIV. received Feuillade with the stately rebuke, “Sir, we are both very unfortunate.” The Battle of Turin led to the entire reduction of Lombardy under the power of Austria; and Eugene, detaching a division to the borders of the kingdom of Naples, the inhabitants, always fickle, willingly rose against the House of Bourbon, and the French power in Italy was completely lost. Eugene and Victor Amadeus even marched into Provence and laid siege to Toulon, but could not take it, and retreated.

Beaten at all points, with his finances exhausted, and his armies recruited from the prisons, or with unhappy peasants torn from their homes and driven in chains to their regiments, Louis XIV. began to perceive the hollowness of his past glory, and to offer terms of peace; but the blood of the allies was up, and in the flush of victory they were resolved to hunt down the old man who had been the terror of Europe for the last half century. They rejected his offers, and the war began again in the Netherlands, whither Eugene again came to join Marlborough, and their armies were spread throughout the country. Such was the honour, however, in which the English and Germans both held Fénélon, that not a village in the See of Cambrai was plundered. Respect for him had the same effect even with Protestants, as the mediæval

dread of sacrilege, though it was known that the stores of corn that for his sake they left untouched would be bestowed upon the half-starved French army, for the noble and loyal archbishop bought up all the grain in the country, as a free gift to his persecuting king's distressed soldiers.

The Duke of Burgundy was sent to join in the campaign of 1708, and thus enjoyed more free correspondence with his beloved tutor than had been the case since their separation ; but this was the only comfort he enjoyed, for he had no real authority, and the Duke de Vendome, who commanded the army, treated him with arrogant contempt, hating his scrupulous devotion, casting implications on his courage, and trying to the utmost that patience which he had learnt with so much difficulty in his boyhood. In self-command he never failed, nor in true greatness, though he lost the approbation of the world. On the 11th of July the two armies encountered at Oudenarde so suddenly, that there was no time to put them in order of battle, and the whole length of the lines was engaged at once, looking, said Prince Eugene, like a curtain of fire. The French fell into inextricable confusion, and as officers galloped up to the staff from every part of the army with tidings that they were driven in, Vendome flew into a violent rage. "Well, gentlemen," he cried, "I see you are all bent on retreating. We must then. You, Monseigneur," turning to the Duke of Burgundy, "have wished it this long time!" The Duke, who, with his young brother, the Duke de Berri, had been under fire as bravely as Vendome himself all this time, bore this gross insult with the most perfect calmness. Perhaps this was the true victory of Oudenarde. The routed army drew off towards Ghent, losing more by

stragglers being taken in the darkness than they had had killed in the battle, while Vendome quarrelled with everyone, and tried to cast the whole blame on the Prince.

The allies followed up their success by the siege of Lille, one of the most perfect of Vauban's fortifications, and defended by the brave Marshal Boufflers. Eugene conducted the siege, while Marlborough protected his lines. Two assaults were made, but were beaten off; and in one Eugene was struck on the head, and for a short time thought to be killed. Finally he took the outworks, and Boufflers retired into the citadel, hoping to be relieved by the army under Vendome and Berwick.

This was, however, impossible without a battle. Vendome was eager to regain his honour; but the Duke of Burgundy, sick of bloodshed, heedless of earthly glory, and grieving over the unjust war, saw such dreadful peril to France from a defeat in the present circumstances, that he wrote to his grandfather a full statement, and obtained orders to retreat without a battle. He wrote to Boufflers, authorizing him to surrender, and Eugene forwarded the letter, adding one from himself, expressive of his admiration for the gallant defence, and telling Boufflers that he must spare his brave garrison and dictate his own terms. Boufflers accordingly surrendered, and asked his generous enemy to dine with him. "I will come," said Eugene, "if you will give me one of your citadel dinners." And accordingly the first course consisted of horseflesh, speedily followed up, however, by fare more suited to the palate of Eugene's staff.

Great obloquy fell upon the Duke of Burgundy, and Fénelon did not spare him the full knowledge of it,

with comments on the means of avoiding such reports in future. The Dauphin himself, jealous of his son's talents, was pleased to see him held cheap; but the old King, better able to perceive his difficulties, accepted his exculpation, and promised that he should make another campaign to retrieve his credit, under a better and less overbearing general than Vendome. But the king was told that in the broken state of his finances the suite of a royal prince would be too expensive; and though the Duke begged to be allowed to live like a private gentleman, the old King, fancying that this would degrade royalty, would not comply, and he was obliged to remain inactive.

Villars, who next had the command, was more nearly a match for Marlborough than any other general, and Malplaquet was more skilfully contested by the French, and cost the allies more bloodshed than any of the other battles of this war. Mons was taken by them immediately after, and disasters crowded more thickly than ever upon Louis XIV. who now in his old age showed more true dignity than in the prosperity of his youth, by the patience with which he bore the misfortunes that he began to look on as judgments for his unjust pursuit of greatness.

PART XV. THE PEACE OF UTRECHT. 1711-1715.

IN his utmost need a ray of hope shone upon Louis XIV. The Emperor Joseph I. fell ill of the small-pox, and as his physicians rolled him up in twenty yards of scarlet broad-cloth, and excluded all air from his room, he died on the 17th of April, 1711. His children were both daughters, and by an agreement sworn to by him and his brother, Charles was to suc-

ceed in preference to them ; though, if Charles likewise left no male heir, Joseph's daughters would have a prior claim to those of Charles.

In pursuance of this agreement, called the Family Compact, Charles came to Vienna to take possession of Austria, and thus virtually gave up his attempt upon Spain. At the same time, it became known that Queen Anne had shaken off her domineering friend, the Duchess of Marlborough, and withdrawing her confidence from the war party, bestowed it on those who thought that the balance of power would be best established by leaving Philip V. to reign in Spain, rather than again uniting that kingdom to Austria. The English people had grown tired of the war, and fancied that Marlborough embezzled the public money ; and when Eugene came to England to try to revive the former hatred of France, he was actually hooted in the streets as a friend of Marlborough. Even at court he was coolly received ; Anne did indeed present him with a diamond-hilted sword, but she objected to receiving him in his own hair instead of a full-bottomed wig, and his little dry spare figure was more derided than his gallant temper was admired.

Negotiations were opened, but the hope of peace for his country came to Louis XIV. at the same time as grievous calamities desolated his court. In 1711 there prevailed a severe form of small-pox, and the treatment of the malady increased the danger ; many nobles died, and the Dauphin, Louis's only legitimate child, sank under it, in his 50th year, on the 13th of April, 1711.

Louis, though he fainted at the first tidings, and was much affected, soon recovered his composure, and the Dauphin was very little missed, especially as the Duke of Burgundy, no longer repressed by his jealousy, began

to take his proper place, make his talents available, and give his opinion, so that his grandfather leant on him more and more. Marie Adelaide, his charming young wife, was the brightest being in the palace, caressing, beautiful, and lively, and devoting herself to soothe the careworn old age of the King. She would dance, sing, talk nonsense, and play sportive tricks, to win a smile from the old man, and afterwards would say to her ladies in the lightness of her heart, "I saw the courtiers sneering! They think me a silly child, but what care I, so I can please the King? I laugh at them, I who am to be their queen," and she finished her words singing.

She never was their queen. Malignant measles followed the former visitation, and she was one of the first to be stricken down; her husband watched her day and night, but the illness and the ill-judged remedies, severe bleeding and smoking tobacco, put an end to her life on the 12th of February. Her husband spent one night alone with his grief, the next morning he went to his grandfather, but as Louis embraced him, he beheld in his face the livid marks that were the first symptoms of the disease. In six days more, the good Duke died, praying till his senses failed him; and his two orphan infants were both very ill from the same complaint. The eldest, a child of five, died in another week; the youngest was guarded from the physicians by his nurses and his governess, the Duchess de Ventadour, and struggled through, though he was long weak and sickly.

"There is nothing left to bind me to earth," said Fénelon, when he heard of his dear pupil's death; and though gentle as ever, and attentive to the needs of his diocese, he never regained his cheerfulness, and only

survived two years. Men such as Fénelon believed that Heaven was greatly incensed with France, since, instead of giving them such a king as Louis of Burgundy, in His mercy He took him away from the evil to come; but the mass of the people, in their grief and despair, raged under the belief that poison had been employed, and clamoured for a victim.

The Duke of Orleans, known to be an infidel and a profligate, addicted moreover to chemistry, was the object of their suspicions, and he was pursued with yells and horrible execrations as he drove to the palace, where in one stately chamber lay the coffins of father, mother, and child. The ghastly suspicion was even thought to be in the king's mind, as in cold sad stateliness he received his nephew's condolences; but Louis was too wise to entertain such a thought, he knew his nephew to be too kind-hearted a man to injure any living creature wilfully, and truly said of him that he was a boaster of crimes that he did not commit.

Louis bore up bravely under his grief, and did not relax his attention to business, but applied himself to the treaty of peace, which the English change of policy rendered more favourable to him than he could have expected.

He was to expel James Stuart from France, and acknowledge Anne as Queen of England, on condition of her owning Philip as King of Spain. Gibraltar and Minorca were to remain in the hands of the English, and the colonies of Newfoundland, Upper Canada, and Nova Scotia, to be ceded to them. The Dutch were to guard the Low Countries for Charles VI. of Germany, and to obtain various towns on the frontier; while Philip gave up the Netherlands to his rival.

Charles VI. declared himself ill-used and deserted;

and Eugene fought one more campaign, but without Marlborough he was overmatched by Villars; and in September Charles agreed to the peace, which was signed at Utrecht, in 1713.

Charles resigned his claims to Spain, on obtaining the Netherlands and Lombardy, while the Two Sicilies were again made into a separate kingdom, and bestowed upon Victor Amadeus of Savoy, as a compensation for all that he had suffered. The Elector of Bavaria was forgiven, and reinstated at the instance of France; but Charles shamefully abandoned his friends in Barcelona, who had stood by him faithfully for ten years. He removed his troops, and left them to the mercy of Philip, who sent Berwick to besiege them. They held out with the desperate constancy of Spain, till the streets were torrents of blood between flaming houses; and though Berwick's honour and pity spared the survivors from the vengeance of the court, the privileges of the Catalans were forfeited for ever.

Charles was the more ready to come into the treaty because he wanted the consent of Germany to his injustice towards his nieces. The leading idea of his life was to make his daughters inherit in preference to their cousins, and for this purpose he wrote a letter to all the princes, desiring them to deliberate on the succession. Such a letter was called a Pragmatic Sanction, from the Greek word *πραγμα*, business; and to obtain the consent of the different powers to this arrangement, he agreed to the Treaty of Utrecht, and empowered Eugene to sign in his name. Villars signed for France; and the two generals parted with mutual regret. "We shall never fight nor sign together again," said Eugéné, "but we shall always honour and esteem one another.

The court of Spain had been won over to consent to

the Peace of Utrecht by the Princess Orsini, who was flattered with the hope of being rewarded by a little principality in the Netherlands; but this was a mere bait for her vanity, and when the treaty was signed, and she found herself disappointed, she made loud complaints, which were only laughed at. Her friend, Queen Maria Louisa, died in 1714, leaving two young sons, Luis and Fernando; and the princess took the direction of the king so entirely, that it was reported that she intended to marry him herself. Fearing the interference of his grandfather, she resolved that he should have another wife whom she could manage as easily as Maria Louisa, and she made him choose Elisabetta Farnese, daughter of the Duke of Parma, thinking that, being very young, and used to a small retired court, she would be amenable to her power. Elisabetta wrote polite letters, and on her arrival in Spain the princess went to meet her; but what was her surprise when at their first interview, before the young queen had even seen her husband, she received her compliments as insults, exclaimed, "Take away that mad woman," and ordered the astonished guards to put her into a carriage, and conduct her across the frontier. If Philip had not actually privately requested his bride to free him from his tyrant, he was at least very glad of the measure; he became at once an obedient slave to Elisabetta, and the Princess Orsini was never recalled, but ended her days in ruling over the exiled court of the Stuarts at Rome.

Another loss had fallen upon the French King. His youngest grandson, the Duke de Berri, died of complaint in the lungs brought on by an accident. He had been unhappily married to the eldest daughter of Philippe of Orleans, a wretched woman, whom her father shamelessly allowed to partake in all his profligate amuse-

ments; and as they had no children, the Duke of Orleans now stood next in the succession to the poor little Dauphin.

Trouble rendered Louis XIV. more than ever willing to execute the bidding of his Jesuit confessor, and Père le Tellier worked upon him to force from Pope Clement XI. a final decision against the Jansenists. A commentary on the Gospels by Père Quesnel was the excuse, and from it were extracted a hundred and one propositions, embodying the distinctive views of the Jansenists, all which were rehearsed and formally condemned in the bull called *Unigenitus*, from the word with which it commenced. Among these was the recommendation to *all men* to read the Holy Scriptures, the saying that faith justifies, but that she works through charity, and many other Catholic truths, such as some of the Popes had fully approved; and in fact, the bull was only wrung from Clement by his desire to obtain the support of the French court. But when Louis had obtained the bull from the Pope, he could not make his clergy accept it; and Cardinal de Noailles not only held out against it, and for the independence of the French Church, but recommended the king to dismiss Le Tellier. Threats were put forth of deposing him from his Archbishopric, and hot contests between the Jesuits and the regular clergy embittered the king's old age, and were the penalty of his tyranny over the Pope.

Melancholy indeed was the twilight that had succeeded the brilliant sunshine of Louis XIV.'s reign. Always hollow, the fair exterior of his vain-glorious grandeur was now at an end, and victories had been forgotten in disasters and reverses. His subjects were pining under poverty and exactions; his nobles were

tyrants on their own estates, and profligate sycophants at court; and the religion that in his latter years he had zealously striven to enforce, belied as it had been by his own earlier example, was either openly set at naught, or hypocritically and wearily professed in his presence.

Friends and kinsfolk, statesmen and generals, children and companions, of two generations had passed away, and he seemed to have outlived all but the very dregs of his race. The Houses of Condé, Conti, and Orleans, seemed to rival one another in wickedness; his own illegitimate children married into these great families, were flippant, undutiful, or careless—all except the Duke de Maine, the eldest son of Madame de Montespan, and the favourite pupil of Madame de Maintenon; and he, while clever, witty, and beloved by his father, was deformed, had bad health, and was the object of bitter jealousy and hatred to the whole court.

Madame de Maintenon still lived, but she was older than the king, more infirm, and no less sick of the dreary position into which she had thrust herself. She dragged wearily through the long days, moralizing to her friends on the vanity of this world, and complaining of having to amuse an unamusable king.

Sorrow and disappointment could not break the spirit of Louis XIV., nor quench his energy. Dignified and upright as ever, he still went through his arduous labours each day, still was his own prime minister, gave audience to ambassadors, and showed himself as keen and resolute as in his best days. He was in his 77th year, his little great-grandchild was but five years old, and when he looked round him for fit protectors for the poor child, none were to be found.

The good Duke de Beauvilliers was dead, and of those who had formed the mind of the Duke of Burgundy none survived but the Abbé Fleury; while the first prince of the blood, the natural guardian of the infant, was a man whose own children were a scandal to the court. Louis did his best to make justice agree with the welfare of the child, by appointing in his will a council of regency, in which the Duke of Orleans had but one vote, and making the Duke de Maine personal guardian to the boy.

The old King continued in the same unbroken health to the very last. He had survived five English sovereigns, and had seen George I. mount the British throne in the place of Queen Anne, when, on the twenty-sixth of August, 1715, he was suddenly struck down by the weight of years, and knew that he was dying.

Calm and dignified to the last, he caused the little Louis to be carried to his bed-side, and thus spoke to him: "You will be a great king, my child," he said, "but your happiness depends on your submission to God, and your care for your people. Do not imitate my taste for building, nor for war; it is the ruin of the people. I made war lightly and from vain-glory." With that confession, he kissed and blessed the child, and took leave of his attendants, then applied himself to devotion. His life flickered gradually but gently away. He became insensible; and Madame de Maintenon, thinking he would revive no more, went away to St. Cyr; but his mind returned, and his last earthly pang seems to have been the finding that she had left him. He expired on the thirty-first of August, 1715, after a reign of seventy-two years, having wanted very little to have made him a magnificent character; but

his nobler qualities having rendered his faults doubly fatal to those who fell within his commanding influence.

Madame de Maintenon survived him five years, and died at St. Cyr in 1719, after the strangest life perhaps ever led by woman. She never once asserted her marriage, except when at a convent she quietly claimed to dine alone at the same table with the widow of James II.

PART XVI. PETER AND CHARLES. 1676-1697.

WHILE in western Europe cultivation had been a gradual process, the north-east was still barbarous, until in the seventeenth century a great man arose who endeavoured to force all at once on his people that civilization for which a long course of years alone could prepare either body or mind.

The House of Romanoff, coming from Poland, had from the first more intelligence than the rest of the Muscovites. There has always been much ability in the family, but from some hereditary defect in their constitution, there have been many cases either of idiocy or insanity, and not one has reached old age; despotic power having probably a tendency to increase the affection of the brain to which they have been subject almost from the first.

Michael, the first and best Czar of the family, died in 1645; Alexis, his son, who first gained the Cossacks to his standard, reigned till 1676, when he left his throne to his son Feodor, the eldest of a large family.

Feodor was the first Czar who tried to break down Muscovite prejudices, and to introduce fashions from Poland, for, wild as that kingdom seemed to the rest

of Europe, it was a model of civilization to the more northern Slavonians. The chief act of his reign was the destruction of the inconvenient rule of precedence, which forbade a Muscovite boyar to hold any office beneath another, who could not count as many ancestors as himself; or who could not produce his pedigree authenticated from the first. Thus able men were thrust aside, and no one could command the army whose genealogical tree did not indisputably mount into fabulous antiquity. To put an end to the ruinous effects of this system, Feodor caused all his boyars to bring their genealogical parchments to court, as if to be compared; but when there, he collected them into a pile, and made a speech, showing the pride, the jealousy, and the fatal mischiefs, that resulted from making ancestry the rule of promotion, and finally burnt the whole mass together, as the mere origin of contention; while the Patriarch pronounced an anathema on such as should revive the ancient discord, and the boyars, whatever their rage, could not do otherwise than with one voice shout "Amen!"

Feodor had weak health, and died in 1681, young and childless. The next brother, Iwan, was half blind, and of weak intellect; the third, Peter, was only ten years old; and this enabled Sophia, the eldest sister, a handsome but violent woman, to gain over the Strelitz guards, murder her opponents, and seat herself on the throne as guardian of her brothers, a task which she fulfilled by surrounding young Peter with worthless companions, who would, she hoped, occupy his mind with low pleasures. When she found that his manly spirit could no longer be repressed, she took measures for having him seized and imprisoned, or put to death; but these were detected, and Peter turned her schemes

against herself, shut her up in a convent, and assumed the government. Iwan lived till 1696, but he was no more than a name, and Peter was the sole sovereign of Russia from 1688, when he was in his seventeenth year.

Peter Alexovitch Romanoff, the real founder of the fortunes of Russia, was a tall athletic man, with a massive brow, keen black eyes, and a majestic face, though sometimes very stern, and by a painful twitching of the features betraying his share of the family temperament, which was such, that a shock even from a trifle would bring on convulsions attended with violent pain. Strong and wild passions would sweep over him, and he would lose all mastery of himself, nor had education given any efficient aid in controlling his natural faults. The Russian clergy had sunk into an ignorant and degraded state, and those about the court were time-servers, who did little to impress the high-spirited youth, while his sister had systematically tried to debase his tastes. However, Peter had too much vigour to be thus degraded, and he formed himself; he read and studied hard in all languages, he acted as a soldier in every rank from a private upwards, and took delight in every practical exercise, handling carpenters' tools, and using the spade and the axe. He also became expert in managing a boat, though he had previously to conquer by force a nervous horror of water, that threw him into fits when near a running stream. Pain, danger, and hardship, were, however, nothing to Peter, his strong will gained the victory over all, and his mind did everything for himself and his subjects that intelligence and resolution could effect, without the higher and gentler spirit that could alone make his improvements real, or

refine himself or his people. From the want of it he remained a grand savage, and he left his people barbarians with surface polish. He was rude and harsh in manner, though his native generosity made him kind to the weak, especially to his feeble brother and to little children; and he was a warm and constant friend, choosing his companions from any rank for the qualities he esteemed, and raising them to high authority.

Alexey Menzikoff, the founder of a princely line, was a pastry-cook's boy; and many of his other friends were French Huguenots, or Swiss, Dutch, and Scots, seeking their fortune.

The chief of these was General Lefort, a Genevan, whom Peter appointed ambassador to the States of Holland, going himself in disguise in his train in order to study civilized arts in other countries, while he left his capital in the charge of General Gordon, a Scotsman. Peter's travels were not merely spent in gazing. He entered himself and his companion, Menschikoff, as workmen in the dock-yard at Amsterdam, and worked hard at all the common toils of a ship carpenter, living on his earnings, lighting his own fire, and cooking his own meals, and doing such thorough hard work that Menschikoff lamented over his own sore hands. He spent nine months in Holland, in studying the arts and manufactures, the laws and administration of justice, during which, though he was well known, his incognito was respected. He next visited England, to pursue his studies in the dock-yard at Deptford, and was lodged at Says Court, the house of John Evelyn, an English gentleman, whose servants pronounced the Czar and his people "right nasty" in their habits. He took a great share in building a ship, and received

a present from King William III. of a beautiful yacht, with which he was so delighted that he gave William a magnificent ruby, which he took out of his pocket in a soiled piece of brown paper. He studied the English discipline, and was so much struck by it that he declared the life of a British Admiral was happier than that of a Russian Czar. He saw William III. in private, telling him he wished to see him as one of the greatest heroes in Europe; but dislike to the public gaze, and consciousness of want of manners, made him refuse to appear at court; and when wishing to see the King in Parliament, he chose to climb up to a gutter and peep in at a window, where the King saw him, and could not help laughing, as well as the whole house, and Peter retired in haste. Looking into Westminster Hall, he was much amazed at the number of lawyers; "I have only two in my dominions," he said, "and I believe I shall hang one of them when I go back."

Many Scots and English accepted his invitation to return with him, and carry out his improvements; and after going to Vienna to learn military discipline from the army trained by Eugene, he arrived at Moscow, having been absent seventeen months.

He found the brave Gordon barely able to keep down the conspiracies excited against him by the Strelitz officers, with the connivance of the Princess Sophia, and as it was thought, of the Czaritza Eudocia. Peter had been married to her very young, and without affection, and she greatly disliked his innovations, so that it was thought she would willingly have raised her son Alexis to the throne in her stead; and Peter used this pretext for divorcing her and shutting her up in a convent. On the other conspirators he took a cruel vengeance, and caused three of his victims to

be hung in front of his sister Sophia's windows, with petitions to her in their hands, leaving the frozen corpses on the gibbets the whole winter. He then began to make his subjects as like as possible to the western nations, using his despotic power to bear down opposition. He clad his soldiers in European uniform, and issued a ukase that every subject above the degree of a serf should lay aside the flowing eastern robe and long beard, hanging up model coats at the gate of the town, and cutting all garments into conformity. The beards were not only a protection from the cold, but the Russians had religious scruples connected with them; and those who could afford it, paid a tax of one hundred roubles a year that their beards might be spared, receiving as a token of permission a medal, bearing a nose, beard, and moustaches. He also obliged the boyars to bring their wives and daughters out of the seclusion in which they had hitherto lived, making them appear at court in European costume; but the poor ladies, unfitted by education and manners for such habits, felt their modesty outraged, and this safeguard removed, more evil than good resulted from these violent changes.

Peter also caused the Arabic figures to be used in arithmetic instead of the old Chinese method; he reformed the calendar, set up schools, opened his cities to commerce, and above all, strove to form a navy, though his domains had then no sea-board, except the ice-bound Arctic coast, and the shallow Sea of Azof. He looked with greedy eyes at the shores of Finland, Esthonia, and Livonia, which on the late peace had been made over by Poland to Charles XI. of Sweden.

PART XVII. CHARLES. 1697-1707.

WHEN Charles XI. of Sweden died in 1697, leaving a son of only fifteen, Peter hoped to take advantage of the boy's youth, and allying himself with Augustus of Saxony, King of Poland, and Frederick IV., King of Denmark, he declared war against Sweden. But the young King of Sweden was as extraordinary a character as Peter himself; like him, with the genius and inconsistency of a hereditary tendency to insanity; but unlike him, inclined to nothing but war.

Charles XII. was a thorough Spartan, without one softening touch of tenderness, hard as iron, indifferent to pain, enjoying danger, caring neither for amusement nor luxury. After having once been overcome by wine, he never tasted it again; he chose the plainest fare, the hardest bed, and wore a dress as coarse as that of a private soldier, with a huge pair of boots that seemed like a part of himself. Self-will, conceit, and vain-glory, were the springs of his actions, and unless these were excited, he was moody and obstinate. As a child, he would not learn Latin, till told that the Kings of Poland and Denmark knew it; and when he had mastered Quintus Curtius for the love of Alexander, he would read nothing else except Cæsar's Commentaries. To be like Alexander was his great desire, and when reminded of his short life, he said that was enough, so one had conquered kingdoms! He was left under the regency of his grandmother, Hedwige Eleanore; but shortly after, while reviewing his troops, he told Count Piper that he did not choose either himself or these brave men to be under woman's orders; and the old queen, finding him a troublesome charge, resigned her post before his coronation; when

he showed the same defiant temper by snatching the crown from the archbishop and setting it on his own head.

Though so eager to throw off restraint, he took at first no share in the government, but used to sit cross-legged on the council table half asleep; until in 1700 tidings came of the triple league against him, and that while Peter was about to besiege Narva, Augustus was marching upon Riga, and Frederick invading Holstein. While the councillors were considering of negotiations, Charles suddenly rose: "Gentlemen," he said, "I am resolved never to begin an unjust war, nor to finish a just one except by the destruction of my enemies. My resolution is fixed. I will attack the first who declares against me, and having conquered him, I shall be able to strike terror into the others."

Accordingly Charles took leave of Stockholm, which he never saw again; and by a sudden attack on Copenhagen, recalled the King of Denmark, and forced him to conclude a peace, thus finishing one war in six weeks. It was during his landing at Copenhagen, that hearing for the first time the whistling sound of musket-balls in the air, he declared that should be his music from henceforth.

He marched to seek that music at Riga, but Augustus retreated on his approach, and he proceeded to relieve Narva, which sixty thousand Russians were besieging, commanded by the Duke of Croy, a German, and with the Czar doing duty as a lieutenant. The Swedes were only eight thousand, but they had not lost the admirable discipline established by Gustavus, and they gained a complete victory, not at all to the surprise or discouragement of Peter. "They will beat us for a

long time," he said, "but at last they will teach us to beat them."

Charles left a part of his army in Livonia; but his great hatred was directed against Augustus, whom he was resolved to drive out of Poland, and crossing the Dwina under cover of a cloud of smoke from burning straw, he invaded the kingdom and took Cracow, whence he was pushing hastily forward, when his horse fell, and his thigh was broken. While confined to his bed at Cracow, tidings came that the Russians were gaining advantages over the Swedes on Lake Peipus, and had, as Peter said, beaten them when two to one, so that they might hope at last to beat them man to man. Count Piper and the other ministers advised Charles to leave Poland, and return to the defence of his own domains, but he was obstinate. "I would depose Augustus," he said, "if I had to stay here fifty years."

The Poles, who hated Augustus's arbitrary rule and voluptuous habits, willingly rose against him, and he was hunted out of Poland, carrying with him, however, James and Constantine, the eldest and youngest sons of Sobieski, whom he treacherously captured when hunting, and carried off into his Saxon province of Silesia. Count Piper wished Charles to take the Polish crown for himself, and establish Lutheranism in Poland, reminding him of Gustavus Adolphus's title of "Defender of the Evangelic Religion;" but Charles would not hear of this, and said he was much happier in giving away kingdoms than in ruling them. He sent for Alexander Sobieski, the remaining brother, and offered him the crown; but Alexander refused to take advantage of the misfortunes of his elder brother; and Charles next fixed his choice on a young Polish

noble named Stanislas Leckzinski, whose manners had pleased him, and obtained his election from the Diet, silencing objections to his youth by saying, "He is about my age."

To force Augustus to acknowledge his deposition, Charles drove that unfortunate prince into Saxony, gained so many victories, that he complained that it was more like hunting than fighting, and pursued him back into Poland, where he finally offered him peace on condition of his resigning all pretensions to the Polish crown, releasing the Sobieski brothers, renouncing his alliance with Muscovy, and giving up to Charles's vengeance Patkul, a Swedish deserter, who had assisted to excite the war. Augustus sought a private interview with Charles in hopes of softening him; but Charles, partly to show his contempt for his effeminaey, would speak of nothing but his boots, which he told the king he never took off but when he slept; and Augustus was obliged to agree to the hard terms he imposed, thus ending the Polish war in 1707.

He spent a year in Saxony, his head seeming to be entirely turned by his success; he was harsh and insolent to all who approached, and tried to dictate to all Europe, following up the view of Gustavus, that he should be the protector of the Lutheran doctrine; and entertaining fancies that he should subdue Italy, dethrone the Pope, and establish liberty of conscience. In the meantime, however, the Czar Peter was his first enemy, and he was bent on deposing him.

PART XVIII. SWEDISH INVASION OF RUSSIA. 1703-1709.

PETER of Muscovy employed the space afforded him by Charles XII.'s persecution of Augustus, in train-

ing his subjects both to arms and to the arts of peace.

About this time he met with his second wife. She was a Livonian peasant girl, who had lost her parents before she was three years old, and was brought up by a Lutheran pastor at Marienburg, where, at sixteen, she married a Swedish sergeant the very morning before he was killed, the place taken, and she made prisoner by the Russians. She was taken into the family of Menzikoff, and there gained the attention of Peter, who married her privately. She was neither in looks or manners above her original station, but Peter's taste was not refined, and their mutual affection was very strong. She was thoroughly good-tempered and kind-hearted, quite fearless of opposing him in his wild fits of passion, when his good or the safety of the distressed was at stake, and her soothing influence was such that even his convulsions subsided at her presence.

Meantime the war continued in Livonia, and in 1703 Peter first gained his great object, the capture of a town on the Gulf of Finland. The place was Nyenschartz, at the mouth of the Neva, a dismal spot in the midst of a marsh; but Peter's will was to make Russia a naval power, and he was resolved that this spot should be the nucleus. On the 16th of May, 1703, the first stone was laid of the great city of St. Petersburg, founded in the midst of the delta of the Neva, after the pattern of Peter's models, the Dutch cities. The spiked towers and painted domes, the courts and eastern palaces, the native growth of Russia, were not to prevail; the new capital was laid out in regular streets and squares, like the newest parts of modern European cities; and the buildings, though at first only

of wood, had an air of completeness and civilization. A hundred thousand unfortunate serfs perished from the unwholesome toil of preparing the swamp for habitation, but the Czar recked little of human life. He built his palace, transferred his court to St. Petersburg, raised a formidable island fortress at Cronstadt to protect his harbour, and vigorously built ships in his new docks. Gordon asked him what was the use of building ships when he had no sea-ports. "My ships shall make ports for themselves!" returned Peter.

Charles XII. laughed at the new city. "Let him build his wooden houses," he said; "we will soon come and burn them!" However, Peter had time to take Narva and Dorpt, while Charles was dethroning Augustus, to whose aid he was prevented from coming by a revolt in Astracan.

In 1708 Charles put in effect his scheme of invading Russia. "My brother of Sweden wishes to be an Alexander," said Peter, "but he will not find me ready to act the part of Darius." Charles's hopes were, however, great; he believed the Muscovites too much disgusted with Peter's reforms to fight in his behalf; he was in alliance with the Turks, and he had been promised that the Cossacks of the Ukraine should rise in his favour. The person who made these promises was a man named Mazeppa, a native of the Ukraine, but who had been bred up in Poland, where, while still a youth, he had been detected by one of the nobles in misconduct which brought on him the horrible punishment of being bound to the back of a wild horse, which was then turned loose. The creature carried him into Russia, where he was succoured by some Cossacks, and his talents raised him to great influence among them. The Czar took him into favour, and

made him Hetman, or General of the Cossacks, but while dining together at Moscow, Mazeppa expressed his disapproval of the Emperor's plans for civilizing the wild horsemen of the Ukraine; whereupon Peter lost his temper, threatened and struck him, and thus offended him so, that he entered into a secret treaty with Charles, offering to join him with thirty thousand men the instant he should enter the Ukraine.

These hopes were the ruin of Charles's expedition. With sixty thousand gallantly appointed Swedes he marched into Russia, expecting to bear down everything before him, and his troops hoped to have been led straight upon Moscow: but instead of this he chose to march towards Desna, where he was to meet Mazeppa; and the march through a barren country, late in the season, proved as destructive to his soldiers as did the Russian army which watched them. At Desna, Mazeppa met him, but almost alone. The Cossacks would not hear of deserting the Czar, and had risen against the traitorous Hetman with one accord, so that he had hardly escaped from their hands.

General Lewenhaupt was expected with reinforcements and supplies from Sweden, but he only reached the camp with the remains of an army that had fought five battles on the way, and left a superior force between them and the frontier. There was no hope of succour from home, the food of the troops was exhausted, their clothes in rags, their shoes worn out, and their horses perishing; and in this state an unusually hard winter set in, making dreadful havoc in their ranks. Still Charles's spirit was untamed, he allowed no word of doubt or desponding, toiled as hard as the meanest soldier himself, but showed no pity for their sufferings, and forced them into long and hasty marches,

in one of which no less than two thousand men perished from famine and fatigue.

His object was to march upon Moscow, and in the spring he besieged the city of Pultowa, hoping to provision his army from the magazines which it contained. The town was bravely defended, and a musket-shot from the walls shattered the bone of Charles's heel, without making him change countenance, and he had continued for six hours afterwards on horseback before the wound was discovered by the bleeding of his foot. While undergoing a severe operation, which he did not seem to feel, he received tidings that the Czar was upon him with the whole Russian army. His position was very unfavourable, cooped up between the town and the river Pultowa, and with no retreat save through the sandy flats to the south; but the whole Swedish army was puffed up with presumption, and deemed it impossible that they should be defeated, trusting to Charles's title of the Invincible, and remembering the day when they had routed ten times their number of Muscovites.

Charles therefore ordered the attack to be made at half-past four in the morning of the sixth of July, 1709, by his infantry, whom he led himself, being carried in a horse litter, with a pistol in his hand; whilst he had previously despatched his cavalry to fall on the enemy in flank. The first attack broke the Russian ranks; Peter, who was acting as a Major General, had his hat pierced by a bullet; three horses were killed under Menzikoff, and the Swedes thought themselves victorious, but by some blunder their cavalry failed to come up, and this gave Peter time to rally his forces, and bring up seventy-two pieces of cannon, with which, at nine in the morning, he renewed the fight.

Menzikoff charged the reserve, and cut the Swedes off from the camp; and the effect of the cannon on the main body was fatal, one line fell back on another, as their ranks were mown away, and at last a charge of ten thousand Russian infantry threw the whole Swedish army into disorder. The horses of Charles's litter had been killed by one shot, the litter broken by another, and of twenty-four men, who then took turns to carry him, twenty-one had been killed, so heavy was the fire. He could neither stand nor fight, but he would not fly, until the Polish General Poniatowski making a sign to two of his bearers, they set him by force upon a horse, and when that was killed, on another, and dragged him off the field, without his opening his lips, until coming up with Count Piper's carriage, he was lifted into it, when he asked what was become of the Count. "A prisoner," he was told. "And Renschild and the rest of the staff?" "Taken also." He shrugged his shoulders, and said, "Prisoners to the Russians! Come, let us rather go to the Turks!"

Accordingly, Poniatowski and Mazeppa fled southwards with him, the carriage breaking down by the way, and Charles being now so spent, that for some hours they were forced to let him lie under a tree almost insensible, while the Russian pursuers were searching for him on all sides. On the banks of the Dnieper, the exhausted king met the remnant of his army, which Lewenhaupt had brought together; and here the Swedes expected to turn on their pursuers and conquer or secure their passage. But Charles was too ill to think or act, and could only be ferried over with Mazeppa in a little boat; while Menzikoff, coming up with ten thousand troopers, each with a foot soldier mounted behind him, along a road strewn with the

corpses of the Swedes, summoned Lewenhaupt to surrender. The cavalry swam their horses across and joined the king, the infantry were forced to lay down their arms, and yield themselves in a body; and this was the fatal blow to the military supremacy established by Gustavus Adolphus.

Peter was very gracious to the prisoners, whom he admired greatly. He invited the generals to supper in his tent, and drank their health as his masters in the art of war; and when he commented on Charles's imprudence, and Renschild answered that he had been bound as a good subject to obey instead of questioning his master's orders, Peter was so delighted that he took off his own sword, and bade Renschild keep it as a testimony of his esteem for his fidelity to his master. The private soldiers, too, he much esteemed for their patience and discipline, but his admiration turned out little to their benefit, for he could not bear to let such civilized persons pass out of his hands, and planted them as a colony on the borders of Siberia, where they established trades, and some of the officers set up schools, where many Russian nobles were educated. Poor Count Piper was kept at Moscow till his death, as Charles considered it beneath his dignity to ransom him.

Charles, in a small carriage, attended by a wounded general, was hurried through arid sandy deserts, where his little troop suffered dreadfully from want of water and the burning July sun, until at the end of five days they came to the river Bogh, then the frontier of the Othman Empire. Opposite them was the city of Oxacow, but admission was denied them till the Pacha could receive orders from the Seraskier of Bender, and this delay gave Menzikoff time to come up and take

five hundred more prisoners; while Charles crossed without leave in a little boat, and thus, as a helpless fugitive, with barely eighteen hundred men, quitted the country which he had entered with eighty thousand in all the pride of victory.

PART XIX. CHARLES XII. IN TURKEY. 1709-1715.

THE Othman Sultan, Achmet III., had been raised to the throne in 1703, on the deposition of his brother, Mostafa II. He was flattered by receiving a Christian king as a fugitive; and his mother, the Sultana Validé, had had her admiration excited by stories told her, by a Jewess, of the bravery of the Swede, whom she called her lion, and took under her protection. Charles's hard stoical character, his abstinence from wine, and belief in destiny, all were calculated to gain the good will of the Turks, and he was welcomed with distinction at Bender. Provisions were sent him in plenty, and he was allowed five hundred crowns a day; he set up a fortified camp at Bender, and as soon as his wound was cured, began to work as hard with his morsel of an army as if it had been the whole Swedish force, exercising them constantly, and tiring out three horses a day. His aim was to return to Russia at the head of the Othman army, and for this he was continually intriguing and bribing at the court of Constantinople; but Peter bribed higher, and had nearly obtained that Mazeppa should be delivered up to his vengeance, when the old Hetman's death saved him from suffering reprisals for Patkul's death.

Charles's disaster had raised against him all the north. Augustus of Saxony reasserted his claim to Poland, and easily overthrew Stanislaus, who was un-

popular as having been imposed on the nation by a conqueror. By ceding Livonia to the Czar, Augustus obtained his support ; while Frederick IV. of Denmark, uniting with almost every other neighbour of Sweden, fell upon the unprotected kingdom. The Swedes acted gallantly ; the peasants mustered in flaxen frocks with pistols in belts of rope, and the regency laid aside all jealousies and made a bold defence, but at fearful odds, and the king was too obstinately bent on his own scheme to come to their relief.

Charles had at last succeeded, by the help of the Khan of the Crimea, in stirring up the Sultan Achmet to invade the Russian dominions, and the war was begun by the arrest of the Muscovite ambassador, which so offended Peter, that he placed himself at the head of his army, and marched southwards, accompanied, at her own urgent request, by his beloved Catherine.

He advanced towards Jassy, having a secret understanding with Brancovan, Prince of Wallachia ; but by the time he had brought his army into a wild and barren country, where what grass there was had been freshly devoured by the locusts, he found that he had been beguiled as Charles had been by Mazeppa, that there was no one to join him, and the Turks were upon him in immense force. He was between the river Pruth and the enemy, with the Turks on one side, and the Crimean Tartars on the other, and cannon playing on his men whenever they went to procure water at the river. Three days of partial battles frightfully reduced his army, and on the fourth the ammunition was spent all but a few rounds, and the evening closed in on the doomed army. Peter sent off a message to Moscow, ordering that if he fell into the hands of the Turks, he should no longer be considered

as Czar, was seized with his convulsions, and went to his tent, commanding that no one should dare to approach him. The Generals, in the utmost distress, went to Catherine, and laid before her the hopeless state of affairs, declaring that only an accommodation would save the lives of the twenty-two thousand men still left. She did not hesitate. Terms must be offered at once, and no one could appear before the Vizier without a present. She brought together all the jewels in her possession, with all that she could collect from the officers' wives, and sent off General Schrematof to make proposals of peace. When, after some anxious hours, the reply arrived, she ventured with it into Peter's tent, braving the danger of his fierce anger; but there was no cause for fear. Peter owned that this brave woman had saved him and his army. He consented to the terms, which were the surrender of Azof and the neighbouring country, and the safe return of Charles to Sweden; and on these conditions he was allowed freely to retreat. Catherine's further reward was her proclamation as Czaritza, and the unbounded confidence and affection of her husband.

Just as the Russian army was marching off in safety, Charles XII. came up, eager to take part in the battle, rode straight through the enemy, swam his horse through the Pruth, and arriving at the Vizier's tent, was enraged to find that the prey had escaped. "Could you not have led the Czar a prisoner to Constantinople?" he exclaimed. "Yes," said the Vizier, "but then, who would have governed his dominions? It is not fit that all kings should be wandering from their homes."

Charles could only receive the taunt in silence, and go back to his camp, where he employed himself in

building a dwelling of stone at some distance from the camp; but favour had begun to turn against him, and the Vizier was resolved to send him home again. His allowance was cut off, and treaties were made with the Czar and King of Poland to secure his safe return; but he was childishy obstinate, and nothing would induce him to move, though the Turks used every means, at first with great courtesy and liberality, until, in despair of getting rid of their unwelcome guest, they came to violence.

A whole army of Turks and Tartars, with ten pieces of cannon, were sent to break up the camp of the obstinate King. "Ah! this head of iron!" they cried, "if he will perish, let him perish!" and they marched to the assault. Charles, with his household of sixty men, chose to make head against the whole of them, and fought like a madman from room to room, and actually once cleared the house of them; but then they shot arrows fastened to lighted matches at the roof, and setting the house on fire, forced him to leave it, when, sword in hand, he burst out on them, intending to cut his way through them, but his spurs became entangled, he fell, and was seized upon by twenty-one Janissaries, who held him by the arms and legs, and carried him off helpless, but smiling imperturbably at them. He was sent to Demotica, where five-and-twenty crowns a day were allowed to him and his few chief attendants; and here the new freak seized him of avoiding all appearing in public by pretending illness, and he actually kept his bed for eleven months. At last pressing letters came from his sister Ulrica Eleonora, telling him that the Swedes were forcing the regency upon her, and insisting that she should make peace with Russia and Denmark. These tidings finally moved

him, and the Turks were glad enough to equip him handsomely for the journey, giving him eight fine Arab horses, a scarlet tent, and a guard of honour; but he would not travel slowly enough to suit eastern notions, and hearing that great rejoicings were preparing to welcome him at Stockholm, he vowed not to return thither till he should have done something worthy of a triumph; and on the borders of Transylvania, took leave of his suite, disguised himself, and set off with two officers through the outskirts of Germany, traveling day and night, and in sixteen days' time was at the gates of Stralsund, where with some difficulty he was admitted. He was so much altered that he was obliged to make himself known to the governor, and the town rang with rejoicings, while the king slept for the first time for sixteen nights in a bed, after his boots had been cut off from his swollen feet.

Charles was soon besieged by the Prussians and Danes at Stralsund, and after showing his usual coolness and daring, he found himself obliged to escape through the midst of the hostile fleet, and leave the place to surrender. All Germany and the north were mustering their forces against him, he was obliged to enlist even boys of fifteen to recruit his army, and to buy up all the iron in his kingdom for weapons; but his way of preventing an invasion was to carry the war into an enemy's quarters, and he marched into Norway, leading his army to a winter's campaign, where his extraordinary constitution defied all cold and hunger. He could sleep all night in the open field, only covered with his cloak; and he once fasted five days without food or drink, without suffering from the effects. But in his full vigour his time came. He was besieging Frederickshall in Norway, and going

out on the night of the eleventh of December, 1715, to view the trenches, was leaning over the parapet when he was struck on the temple by a ball, and instantly fell dead, while his hand by a mechanical movement grasped his sword.

He was thirty-six years of age, when thus closed a career which had begun so gallantly, with evidence of powers that seemed to have been given for great ends, but which had been wasted by obstinacy and adherence to self-chosen designs, and had only resulted in the loss of a magnificent army, and almost in the ruin of his kingdom. His sister Ulrica Eleonora succeeded to his throne, to the exclusion of her elder sister's young son, the Duke of Holstein. She was married to Prince Frederick of Hesse, whom she associated with her on the throne; and her wise government and skilful negotiations soon restored Sweden to peace, though with the loss of the power founded by Gustavus, and thrown away by Charles.

CHAPTER V.

THE AGE OF PHILOSOPHY. 1715-1796.

PART I. DECAY OF EUROPE. 1715.

REVIEWING Europe in the earlier years of the 18th century, when the Peace of Utrecht had for a moment hushed the commotions of the great powers, we find a general state of decay and corruption, the evident harbinger of some approaching convulsion.

The great combat for mastery between Rome and Reformation, or rather between traditional authority

and private judgment, had been fought ; and Europe having been portioned out between them, both seemed dormant in their visible effect upon the world. In private, no doubt, the work of faith was silently carried on in many a heart ; but outwardly and avowedly, never, since the Teuton tribes had become Christian, had religion so little influenced the policy of the various governments, or the conduct of mankind at large.

The Popes, and the clergy as a body, were exemplary men, but in order to guard what they called the faith, and to keep up outward unity, they had relaxed their discipline on the morals ; and on the other hand, the vigour and novelty of the various Protestant sects had worn out. Even the Church of England was more bent on antagonism to Rome than on guarding her own purity, and everywhere the heathen classical taste had separated education from religion, and made tutors look on it as something apart from their office. Old institutions still existed, but though their mediæval mechanism served as a witness, and guarded the few, the many looked upon them as antiquated, and almost barbarous.

The spirit of inquiry, crushed out by Rome, was smouldering out of sight, not openly attacking her errors, but silently corroding men's minds by leading them to question the truths which she had burthened with falsehood ; and the new discoveries in science that were being constantly made, were all fresh temptations, and stepping-stones to self-satisfied presumptuous knowledge.

The State was in nearly the same condition as the Church. Except in England, the kings had everywhere succeeded in destroying the old feudal constitution, in denying to the commonalty all right of repre-

sentation, and in rendering the aristocracy mere subservient appendages to the crown. The consequences were ruinous, in the destruction of all generous public spirit and true loyalty. Royalty suffered by never hearing rough truths, and by losing all sense of honour and gratitude; and, excepting Peter the Great and Charles XII., there was not a man of average talent on the thrones of Europe. The nobility, with no career open but war, gave themselves up to luxury and vice, which re-acted both on the sovereign and the people, and made open sin no matter of shame, but rather of glory; and learning and science gave their guilt the additional dye that it acquires where cultivation renders men worse instead of better. Courage had not indeed declined, but wars were now mere strifes of ambition, and their avowed principle was not justice, but the balance of power. In the meantime, taxes ill managed, and conscriptions to supply the need of men, pressed weightily on the people; there was a deep dull murmur of discontent and feeling of bitterness towards the superiors, who, with religion, had thrown away the charity and humility that once softened the contrast between riches and want; and among the reading and thinking men, admiration for classical times was leading to a yearning for the free institutions of Greece and Rome, which they fancied would be a remedy for all the ills of overgrown monarchy.

This melancholy picture is more true of France, and less true of England, than of the other western powers, though to all it applies in some degree.

Spain had been too much exhausted by the bad government of the House of Austria, and too much silenced by the Inquisition, to entertain any misgivings

as to the propriety of her chains. The nobles were a puny dwindling race, whose "*sangre azul*," purple blood, was known by their being smaller and weaker than anyone else, for the peasantry were a fine spirited race, not in general much oppressed by the burthens of the country. There was no middle class; commerce was almost dead, or had passed into the hands of Jews and foreigners, the Spaniards thinking trade beneath their dignity; and the beautiful country fell more and more into ruin. The first of the House of Bourbon was such as had been his predecessors of the House of Austria—pious, but weak, silent, and gloomy in habits, bringing in also the despotic ideas of his paternal house; and thus in spite of the opposition of the Cortes, he forced upon them the Salic law, although he had himself inherited in opposition thereto. "A prayer-book and a wife were all he wanted," it had been rudely said of him; and his present queen, Elisabetta Farnese, a clever and ambitious woman, ruled him absolutely by encouraging the narrowness of his tastes, and his willingness to shrink from society. She grieved over the sacrifice of Flanders, Milan, and the Sicilies, which he had been forced to make to buy off his kingdom from the claims of Charles VI. and was on the watch to establish the fortunes of her sons in Italy.

The other Peninsular kingdom, Portugal, was in the same sluggish condition under the House of Braganza, at present represented by Joao V.

In Germany, the great feudal vassals of the ancient Empire were becoming detached, and forming kingdoms, for the most part ruled absolutely, and with an ignorant warlike nobility; freedom taking refuge in the Hanse Towns, and study in the various Universities, Jena, Heidelberg, &c., where criticism was car-

ried to a high pitch, and metaphysics and philosophy were beginning to become bewildered in vain deceit.

The House of Austria had succeeded in establishing nearly supreme power over Hungary and Bohemia, in consequence of the revolutions of the inhabitants. The duchy of Milan had lately been ceded to them; and in their own hereditary dukedom, including the Tyrol, they were loved enthusiastically by the simple peasant populace, and the nobility, who had a strong feeling for the grand old House of Hapsburg. Towards these, their countrymen, the Emperors were always gracious; they lived on simple easy terms with them, kept up little state, walked freely about Vienna, and were called by the townspeople by the diminutives of their names. It was only in the Sclavonic and Italian dominions, alien in language and habits, that their yoke was felt to weigh heavily; and though usually warm-hearted and religious men, their minds were not expansive enough to see that all men could not be ruled in exactly the same manner. Their faith, too, Romanism, as taught by the Jesuits, could scarcely bear with the treaties by which liberty of worship had been secured to their dissenting subjects. Charles VI. was a man with little character beyond that of his family. He was accomplished, as musical as his father, and very kind-hearted, but he exerted little influence for good, let his servants cheat him, and make his palace expenses enormous, and seldom acted sensibly, except when he followed the counsels of Prince Eugene. His whole soul was set on the Pragmatic Sanction, and in pursuance of it, in 1722, he settled his dominions on his eldest daughter, Maria Theresa.

Of the kingdoms that had grown up under the wing of Austria, Savoy, which at present had Sicily united

to it, was under Victor Amadeus, a prince of great personal courage, amounting to rashness, and of some talent, but so vacillating in policy, that no one respected him; and it was only the situation of Savoy, and his relationship with Eugene, that raised him to importance; besides which, Sicily had been given to him as a sort of compromise, neither Austria nor Spain choosing that the other should have it. It was a position of dangerous neutrality, and he was not long left at peace in it.

Prussia had in 1713 lost her first king, Frederick I., a vain man, fond of pageantry, yet very saving, and bent on leaving a huge army and great treasures, and making his new kingdom a great military power. He was succeeded by his son, Frederick William I., a mere soldier, not a general, but a mere drill-sergeant, whom George I. called the "Corporal of Potsdam," with his head filled with nothing but minute regulations as to the dress, drill, &c., of his soldiers. He had a passion for tall men, and would use any means to entrap them to enlist in his grenadiers. He gave a monk, called "the Great Joseph," 5,000 florins to induce him to enlist, buying him of his convent for another large sum; he had a tall Italian kidnapped at a large price; and for catching a gigantic Irishman, he paid what amounted to no less than £1,200 sterling. Though free from the gross vices of his contemporaries, he was a rude coarse man. In his own family he was savage, almost brutal; treating his wife, Sophia Dorothea of Hanover, and his daughters, with the utmost violence; and so harshly using his son Frederick, as to ruin a character full of the seeds of greatness. This kingdom was almost entirely Protestant, the king and nobility Lutheran, but with a large intermixture

of Calvinists, the remains of the Huguenot immigration.

Augustus I. of Saxony, who was a ball tossed about by Sweden and Russia, as Victor Amadeus of Savoy was by France and Spain, deserved less compassion. Of a Lutheran family, he had made himself a Roman Catholic to obtain the crown of Poland; but nothing was truly precious to him but his vicious indulgences of every description. His palace at Dresden was such as was probably never inhabited by any save an Eastern monarch; all propriety was openly outraged, so much, that even the rude soldier, Frederick William, on paying him a visit, was so shocked, that he expressed his honest indignation, and would never go near his court again.

The Electoral Duchy of Bavaria was slowly recovering from the invasion of Marlborough; the balancing Protestant Electorate of Hanover had just been united to the kingdom of England in the person of George I., and had thus brought the great influence of Britain to bear upon German affairs more than ever before.

The English Revolution, which had averted from her a monarch of the school of Louis XIV., had done so at the cost of division in the Church and State; and the continental infection of irreligion and immorality had spread to her court and nobility; but she still had a healthy middle class, a living Church, and strong principles; and evil as the days were with her, as with the other nations, the disease was less fatal, and thus her weight in European affairs became what it had never previously been in history.

France, though not dead like Spain, was the most utterly corrupt of all the nations; and as she had once originated and sent forth the grand and noble ideas of

the middle ages, so she now promulgated her own principles of decay, both in the fashionable vices, and the extravagant display, of her manners, as well as in the infidelity and scoffing that accompanied them.

Poor little Louis XV., a beautiful golden-haired child, such as his great-grandfather had been seventy-two years before, when he was set on the same throne, was in a far more desolate condition. Then, the baby king had been guarded by a devout and loving mother; now, the poor child was led forward in purple ribbon leading-strings by his governess, the Duchess de Ventadour—he had not a relation near enough for etiquette to allow him to be touched in public. Then, there was an able minister and gallant generals, and shouts of victory had joined with the boy's proclamation; now, the exchequer was exhausted, the country broken down, a disastrous war was just finished, and luxury and dissipation had eaten deep into the heart of the nation. "The whole head was sick, the whole heart faint." Alas! "they would revolt more and more, they would be smitten more and more."

Louis XIV. had appointed by his will a council of regency, of whom his son by Madame de Montespan, the Duc de Maine, was one of the chief members, and was to have the guardianship of the child; but the custom of the monarchy had always given the regency to the nearest to the throne, and the peers of France were exceedingly jealous of the children of Madame de Montespan, on whom their father had conferred rank above that of all the ancient aristocracy. The old lion, whom no one dared to oppose when living, was utterly disregarded when dead. His will was hastily murmured over before the Parliament of Paris, and then Philippe Duke of Orleans, the first Prince of the blood, was

declared Regent, and by the general consent of those present, set aside the Duc de Maine, and assumed the protection of the child.

The tutor of the young king was the Abbé Fleury, a pious and excellent priest, and while under him and the good Duchess de Ventadour the poor child seems to have had many good impressions; but the court that surrounded his nursery was in a dreadful state.

The hypocrisy, put on in compliment to Louis XIV.'s devotion, had been thrown aside, and wickedness then done in secret now openly braved the light. The Regent Duke of Orleans was a good-natured, clever, witty man, much like our own Charles II., easily led, though seeing his own folly all the time, but not exerting himself to resist, though when he did choose to take the trouble, he could act with good sense and promptness. His favourite was a wicked ecclesiastic, an apothecary's son, the Abbé Dubois—one of a race of men who swarmed in France, who, taking the tonsure and the clerical title, were admitted into great families as tutors, and became flatterers and parasites.

Dubois, who had a face like a fox, was very clever, and was with the duke everywhere, in his battles, his chemical studies, and his licentious pleasures, and thus gained great influence over him, so that during the regency he had the chief management of affairs; while the duke indulged in every species of excess, together with his shameless daughter, the Duchess de Berri, and a set of associates, for whom he invented the name of *roués*, because he declared that every one of them deserved to be broken upon the wheel for their crimes. His easy good-nature enabled Dubois to obtain from him the Archbishopric of Cambrai, by dint of impudence, for the profanation shocked even the Regent;

but Dubois persisted till he carelessly said, "You are not in Orders, who on earth would ordain such as you?" "If you will assure me that this is the only obstacle, I will find the man," answered Dubois. Orleans believed himself safe, but Dubois had gained the consent of a base time-serving bishop, who, in defiance of all canons, made him deacon and priest on the same day, and the duke made no farther objection to appointing him to the See where Fénélon's name was still fresh.

Indifferent as the Duke of Orleans was, he had at first intended to show toleration to the Jansenists, and Le Tellier and several of the Jesuits had been exiled; but the Court of Rome, though it had been so reluctant to grant the Bull *Unigenitus*, felt the power of the Papacy at stake in getting it accepted. The confirmation of the appointments to the Episcopate was suspended, and the hope of being made cardinals was held out to Dubois, Rohan, and the other influential clergy, until finally the Bull was received, and Quesnel's book and the Jansenist doctrines were denounced as heretical. Such an abuse of their influence against their personal enemies did more mischief to the Jesuits than any open attack upon them could ever have done.

The Huguenots in the Cevennes were horribly persecuted; the Dragonnades continued to be carried on as cruelly as ever; the Bibles and books of devotion were burnt; pastors were slain wherever they were seized; meetings for worship in the wilds and wastes were scattered by the shot and swords of the cavalry; children were stolen from their parents; infidelity was persecuting faith; the most licentious of mankind were striving to crush down the pure and patient.

PART II. LATTER YEARS OF PETER THE GREAT.
1715-1730.

THE Czar Peter of Muscovy was in the meantime continuing his reforms. On the death of the Patriarch in 1701, he had appointed no successor, and when the clergy remonstrated, he replied to them, "I will be your Patriarch;" thus assuming to himself an authority over the Russian Church such as Henry VIII. had taken over the Church of England, a power that never had properly belonged to sovereigns. He took the administration of Church property into his own hands, and regulated the monasteries, so as to make them places of education; while he also sent missions for the conversion of the heathen in his distant Asiatic dominions, and set on foot a Russian translation of the Scriptures.

In 1715 Peter set out on an excursion to revisit Holland, and was joyously welcomed in the dock-yard by his old comrades, the ship-wrights, who saw no change in him, except that his painful bashfulness was now laid aside. He found his old lodgings in full preservation, and was delighted with the present of a little boat at which he had formerly worked; but it was captured by the Swedes on the way home, and is still at the arsenal at Stockholm. He afterwards went to Paris, where he was received with every honour; and the infant Louis XV. was perched upon a high chair to associate with him on equal terms. The Czar broke through all the French etiquettes, tossed the boy up in the air and played with him, so as to delight the poor little victim of state; but in spite of Peter's roughness, his greatness made a profound impression on the French courtiers. He spoke with great pity of the country and the child-king, saying that luxury would soon lead

to their ruin ; and he showed nowhere more interest than at the grave of Richelieu. "Ah! thou great man," he said, "I would give one half of my dominions to learn of thee how to govern the other."

Meeting Catherine at Amsterdam, he took her with him through Prussia, and they were entertained by Frederick William I. at the Queen's favourite palace of *Mon Bijou*, where they made such havoc as showed that Peter's habits were not improved since his abode at SAYS Court. They only stayed two days, and made no favourable impression ; for even the unrefined Prussian royal family found Catherine extremely vulgar, and Queen Sophia was frightened by the nervous affection of Peter's face, upon which he caught her by the arm to re-assure her, and held it so tight that she was the more terrified ; whereupon he told her she was of a more tender mould than his Catherine.

Rude as he was, he was making a collection of the best pictures of the German and Dutch schools, the foundation of the Imperial gallery at St. Petersburg ; and he carried home a library of the best scientific works in every department, which proved of infinite use in establishing the mechanical arts in his new capital.

He returned to grief and anxiety. His first wife had left an only son, Alexis, who had shown from childhood an unpromising disposition, probably from the family constitutional defects, and had further been taught by his mother's relations, not merely to feel keenly for her wrongs, but to detest all his father's reforms. He was at the head of the party who were discontented and prejudiced, and his dissipated licentious behaviour made it plain that nothing but ruin and misery could ensue from his accession to the throne.

He had been married to a beautiful and amiable German princess, but his neglect and cruelty broke her health, and she died at the birth of her son Peter.

The Czar had threatened him with captivity in a convent, and tried vainly to bring him to better courses before the journey to France, but without effect; and when, on returning, he wrote to him to meet him at Copenhagen, Alexis, fancying that harm was intended for him, fled to Vienna, and when the Emperor Charles would not keep him there, proceeded to Naples.

Peter sent messengers to bring him back, with a letter making the most solemn asseverations that he should suffer no punishment, but laying a curse on him should he remain absent. With much persuasion, the envoys brought Alexis to Moscow, where he had a private interview with his father. What there passed was never known, but the next day Alexis was arrested, and a short time after was published his renunciation of the succession in favour of his little brother, the son of Catherine. He was still kept in confinement, and a tribunal of nobles and clergy were appointed to try him. Confessions of his evil intentions were laid before them, and though there was little proved towards any overt act of rebellion, though the clergy remonstrated, appealing to the love of David for his rebel son, and to the Divine Love of a Greater than David for all mankind, though Catherine pleaded warmly, and represented the disgrace that would fall on the innocent grandchild, Peter was resolved on the sentence of condemnation. It was pronounced; and shortly after, July 8th, 1718, proclamation was made that Alexis had died of a fit on hearing the sentence; but it was believed by many that he was privately put to death, a

remarkable parallel to the history of Don Carlos, the son of Philip II.

The harshness and the want of faith which Peter showed towards his unhappy son, are the greatest flaws in a career which in so many respects was noble. He soon after lost his other son, Peter, the child of Catherine, and showed such excessive grief, that he could hardly be roused to return to the care of his dominions.

He had three daughters left—Anna, whom he shortly after gave in marriage to the Duke of Holstein, Elizabeth, and Natalia; but, according to our ideas, his grandson Peter was clearly the heir. However, Peter, who had just assumed the title of Emperor instead of merely Czar, made a law that the reigning monarch should have the power of nominating his successor, one which was perhaps rendered expedient by the frequent mental ailments of the Romanoff family, and he directed the eyes of his people towards his wife, by causing her to be crowned Empress-Consort; and as for many centuries the Czaritzas had not worn the crown, he explained this unwonted honour by a manifesto, detailing her admirable conduct at the Pruth.

His health began to fail, though he was as active as ever; and in October, 1724, his exertions and exposure in wading into Lake Ladoga to save the crew of a stranded boat, brought on his final illness. He suffered dreadfully, but with great patience; and when hope was given up, and he was asked to name a successor, he was unable either to speak or to write, except a few words that were thus decyphered: "Restore all to—" but none could tell what dark longing for restitution was pressing on the departing spirit. Peter breathed his last on the 28th of January, 1725, in his

fifty-second year, at the same age as our own great Alfred, whom, in his ardent wishes for the good of his people, he resembled more than any other monarch. But, unfortunately, Peter knew not as well as did Alfred what was *good*, and though he raised Muscovy from a petty barbarous Tartar state to be one of the great powers of Europe, there was a want of soundness in his institutions, which the lapse of a century has been unable to remedy.

Immediately after Peter's death, Menzikoff, who had first introduced Catherine to him, resolved to reign through her. He proclaimed her Empress, and strange as was the elevation of a peasant-woman, unable to read and write, the Russians, remembering the Czar's love for her, and her kind intercessions for them, made no opposition.

Catherine was unfit for a throne, her easy good-nature was her best quality, and she left the whole government to Menzikoff, while she indulged herself, as might be expected of a coarse ignorant woman, without restraint. It would be well for her memory could her two years of empire be forgotten, and she could be remembered only as the heroine of the Pruth. She died in 1727, leaving the crown to the rightful heir, Peter, the son of Alexis, a boy of twelve years old.

Menzikoff governed him absolutely, till he and his friend Ivan Dolgorouki contrived to escape from his thralldom, and to send the overpowerful favourite an exile to Berezov in Siberia, where ended the strange life that had begun in the service of a pastry-cook. Peter II. was a boy of high promise, and great hopes were formed of him, but he died in 1730; and the male line of Romanoff being thus extinct, the succession was

made to pass to Anna Ivanovna, the daughter of Peter I.'s elder brother, the imbecile Ivan.

Anna was a widow at the time; she kept a barbarous court, full of unworthy favourites, and is chiefly celebrated for her freak of erecting a palace of ice upon the river Neva, an amusement rendered cruel by her having shut up there all night an unfortunate noble, as a punishment for having deserted the Greek for the Romish Church.

PART III. THE QUADRUPLE ALLIANCE. 1715-1729.

BY the Peace of Carlowitz, between Turkey, Austria, and Venice, the Morea had been left in the hands of the Republic; but the lethargy which had affected the Venetians as well as the rest of Europe, tempted Sultan Achmet III. to fit out an armament to reconquer it. In Greece he met with little resistance, but the island of Corfu held out gallantly, and beat off the enemy; while Prince Eugene prevailed on Charles VI. to allow him to march into Dalmatia to protect the other possessions of St. Mark.

A war on the Hungarian frontier ensued; and at Carlowitz, where the treaty now broken had been signed, 150,000 Turks were routed by Eugene, and the Grand Vizier mortally wounded. Before his death, he caused to be executed a German officer, whose ransom had been paid, because he said, "He would not have the Christian dog survive him."

Temeswar, the last Hungarian town held by the Turks, surrendered; and the next year, 1717, Eugene invested Belgrade, which was in an excellent state of defence, and required a long siege, while his army, encamped in the marshes of the Save, suffered severely

from sickness, and he was confined to bed by a fever. The new Grand Vizier, with 250,000 men, marched to the relief of the town, and while Eugene was incapable of exertion, advanced to the heights above his army, where the prince says, the Turks looked down as from an amphitheatre, forming a splendid scene for a painter, but a detestable one for a general in his situation, hemmed in between the town and the enemy, who advanced their lines every day, commanded his camp, and shot down officers going in and out of his tent. This lasted from the 1st to the 15th of August, before he was able to act. He had never been in so perilous a condition, but he was far from despairing, his officers loved him like a father, and his men had full confidence in him. He went round the camp on the evening of the 15th, giving orders, and presenting refreshments to the men, appointing them to be under arms by one o'clock at night, when he led them under cover of darkness and fog to fall on the Turkish camp. Their attack was irresistible, the Turks fled in confusion, and they pursued so impetuously, that for one moment Eugene dreaded that the enemy would perceive that their overhaste had opened a gap in their array; but he hastily brought up the second line, seized the Turkish batteries, turned them on the enemy, and produced such an utter rout, that the fugitives behind killed those in front for hindering their flight. It was the most complete victory of his victorious life, and at once obtained the surrender of Belgrade. He granted the honours of war, but not knowing what these were, the inhabitants came out in a strange medley of men, women, horses, and camels.

Encouraged by these successes, the Venetians began to recover ground in Greece; and the Crescent was fast

retreating, when the ambition of a mischievous woman again called back the course of Christian conquest. Elisabetta Farnese, Queen of Spain, had just given birth to her first child, Carlos, and was resolved that he should be equal in rank to his half-brother, Luis Prince of the Asturias. Nor could she endure that her husband, Philip. V., should abide by the renunciation so solemnly made, of all his rights as a member of the French royal family; and she filled him with jealousies of the Duke of Orleans, who had assumed the regency to which he pretended that he had a right. All her confidence was given to Giulio Alberoni, a priest, son of a gardener at Parma, but who had risen to such influence that he was prime-minister of Spain, and a cardinal.

He was a man of great ability, and promised Philip that with five years of peace, Spain should become the first monarchy in Europe; but Elisabetta had not patience to wait, in spite of his representations of the worn-out state of the country. Perceiving her ambitious views, France, England, and Holland formed an alliance for maintaining the general peace; but the Queen still insisted, and Alberoni gratified her by arranging an expedition, which made a sudden descent on the island of Sardinia, and drove out the Austrian garrisons.

This outrage obliged the Emperor Charles VI. to put an end to the Turkish war; and he made a peace, by which, as usual, he deserted his allies, securing his new conquests to himself, but nothing for the Venetians, who lost all hope of the Morea, and remained with nothing of their old Eastern possessions except the seven Ionian Islands. This was their last Turkish war; thenceforth the old Republic dragged on an inglorious

existence, show and luxury vainly trying to compensate for the loss of her ancient honours, when she was the wise and valiant bulwark of Christendom. On the signature of the treaty, Sultan Achmet sent Prince Eugene a present of two fine Arab horses, a scimitar, and a turban. "The one is the emblem of your valour," he said, "the other of your genius and wisdom."

Charles VI. joined the league, now called the Quadruple Alliance, for maintaining the peace of Europe; but the Spanish court presumed on the forbearance of the allies to make another descent upon Sicily, where Victor Amadeus had made himself so unpopular that the Spanish troops were hailed as deliverers. However, the English fleet, under Sir George Byng, gave battle before Syracuse, and destroyed all the Spanish ships except ten.

Still, there was great reluctance to enter on a war, but Elisabetta seemed resolved to try how far patience would hold out, and a conspiracy was detected between the Spanish ambassador in France and the Duke de Maine for arresting the Duke of Orleans, raising Philip V. to the regency, and placing the king's person in the charge of the Duke de Maine. This brought matters to a crisis; the Spanish ambassador was sent home, and the Duke of Berwick received the command of the army which was to attack the very sovereign whom he had twice brought to Madrid. With the honour of a knight of old, he would not serve against Philip till he had returned to him his collar of the Golden Fleece, and resigned his Spanish estates to his second son, the Duque de Liria, to whom he wrote an exhortation to do his duty bravely in the Spanish army.

The French besieged St. Sebastian, but no one

carried on the war heartily, and Alberoni, who had been so urgent against commencing it, was sacrificed to purchase peace. His influence had been undermined by the queen's nurse, a vulgar peasant woman, so absurdly prejudiced, that she burnt the king's shirts because the cardinal happened to touch them, and yet possessing so much power over Elisabetta, whose mind must have become contracted from force of the paltry arts which she used to govern the king, that she persuaded her to give up the prime-minister. He was ordered to quit Madrid in a week, and Spain in three. Retiring to Italy, he led a simple and studious life, and endowed a college with his wealth. "Spain is a corpse," he said, "which I revived; but when I left her, she returned to her tomb."

On his fall, peace was restored, and Spain acceded to the Quadruple Alliance, Elisabetta being persuaded, by hopes of Sicily, to resign Sardinia in exchange to Victor Amadeus, whose family date from 1720, as Kings of Sardinia, as well as Dukes of Savoy.

A marriage treaty was concluded between Luis, the heir of Spain, and Elisabeth, the fourth daughter of Philippe of Orleans; and between the young King of France, then twelve years old, and the little Infanta Mariana, a child of three, who was exchanged for Elisabeth on the frontier, without being allowed a single Spanish attendant. The betrothal greatly displeased the French nation, who could not bear to have only the frail life of Louis XV. to secure them from a contention between the Houses of Spain and Orleans, and wished to see him married long before this little girl would be grown up.

The Abbé Fleury, who brought up Louis XV., did his best to impress on the king lessons of piety. Louis

was not ill-disposed, and was gentle and good-natured ; but he had a slow and indolent mind, not easy of cultivation ; and his attendants, by treating him much as they had treated his magnificent great-grandfather, gave him habits of selfishness and self-importance that ruined a naturally amiable disposition, and prepared the way for all evil. Instead of teaching him the responsibilities of his situation, they let him believe that the world was made for the King of France. "Come, Sire, look at all these people, they all belong to you!" was the inducement employed to make him show himself at the window to his subjects. He was painfully shy, and had an aversion to being seen by any crowd, and even when the regent came to visit him, he would cry when he was spoken to, and his attendants were heard whispering, "Come, Sire, do it with a good grace," before an unwilling murmur of "yes" could be extorted. His good-humoured courtly cousin in time overcame this dislike, and he learnt to endure representation, and to be punctiliously polite in his court ; but he never was at ease in public, hated the sight of a new face, and was rudely familiar where he was intimate.

In 1720 he was declared of age, was crowned, and held a bed of justice at the Parliament of Paris, when Orleans laid aside the regency ; but he continued to guide the king, and Dubois was prime-minister. To be cardinal was Dubois' chief ambition, and he obtained a recommendation from every European prince, including George I. and James Stuart. The Pope, who had been very unwilling to grant the honour, finally yielded, partly, as it would seem, for the amusement of perplexing Dubois, by pretending to have yielded to the intercession of James III., King of

England, whom Dubois could not own as such without offence to the reigning power.

Disease had long been busy with Dubois' frame, and in 1723 he suddenly found himself dying. He uttered cries of rage and despair, went through a hasty confession, but would not receive the Holy Communion.

The king begged the Duke of Orleans to conduct the government. Philippe was forty-nine years old, and had grown weary alike of business and pleasure, everything palled upon him; but unbelief and mockery had long ago undermined any sense of religion, and he had nothing to give him energy to draw back from his course of sinful indulgence. Even when his health gave way, and his physicians told him that he must use precautions, he still answered, "To-morrow," and when the morrow came, "Another day—let me enjoy to-day's dinner." On the 2nd of December, 1723, he ate and drank more luxuriously even than usual; then went to the apartments of a beautiful young duchess, only nineteen, whom he had enticed from her husband, and sitting down beside her, said he was fatigued, that his head ached, and that she must tell him an amusing story. The first words were hardly spoken before she perceived that he was in an apoplectic fit, and before she could summon assistance, Philippe of Orleans was dead! His career had been pitiable. His better qualities had been ruined by a bad education. A silly father, a coarse mother, a dull indolent wife, had alienated him from home life, and the hypocritical imitations of the religion of Louis XIV. impelled him towards disbelief; and thus he fell into an abyss of profligacy into which he dragged all who fell under his influence. His four daughters were more depraved than himself, and his example sowed in the heart of his orphan ward seeds

of evil which afterwards bore a fatal crop, while the vice that openly proclaimed itself in the court almost passes belief. His son, Louis, alone avoided the contamination. Slow in intellect, and reserved in manner, he was despised by the court, and Philippe used to say that the best refutation of his imputed designs against the king, was the sight of his own son; but after he became his own master, Louis Duke of Orleans went to reside abroad, married a princess of Baden, and returning to Paris, lived so devoutly, that he is known as the Good Duke.

The direction of affairs fell into the hands of the Duke de Bourbon, the grandson of the great Condé, a worthless man, universally disliked; and curiously enough, no sooner was Philippe of Orleans in his grave, than the cry arose that the king was poisoned for want of his care.

Louis XV. was really delicate, and his frail health awoke in his uncle, Philippe V. of Spain, hopes that became such absolute home-sickness, that he pined to return to France, and even fell ill with melancholy. Elisabetta was actuated by visions of a second crown, to allow him to resign the kingdom of Spain to his eldest son, Don Luis, and to retire to the convent of San Ildefonso. There they were actually preparing for a journey to France, when it was intimated that the Court of Paris would not receive them, and much mortified, they remained in their retirement.

Young Luis I. of Spain was only seventeen years old, of engaging manners and high spirits, which found vent in excursions in disguise, and robbing his own gardens to frighten the gardeners. He soon had enough to sober him in the shock of learning the shameful behaviour of his wife, Elisabeth of Orleans, whom he

was obliged to place under restraint, while his father with tears entreated his pardon for having brought about such a match, and wrote to entreat the Pope to dissolve the marriage. Spain was really ruled from San Ildefonso; and the country was wondering how long the farce of king and no king would last, and what would happen when Luis should begin to differ with his step-mother, when he caught the small-pox, and died after reigning eight months, on the 31st of August, 1724.

His next brother, Fernando, was so young that Elisabetta persuaded her husband to resume the crown of Spain; but, in the meantime, the Duke de Bourbon, hoping that her designs on France might be disconcerted by the birth of a dauphin, resolved that the king should be married at once, instead of waiting for the little Spanish Infanta, who was only six years old.

He sent for accounts of all the princesses of a fit age in Europe. There were ninety-nine, but only twenty-five were Roman Catholics, and of these the chosen was one who would have seemed the most ineligible, Marie, the daughter of Stanislas Leczinski, the noble whom Charles XII. had made King of Poland, and who had been driven from his throne so hastily, that in the flight, his little daughter in her cradle had been lost for a short time in an out-house. She had no beauty, grace, nor cleverness, and was living in exile and poverty with her father in Alsace, when she was suddenly invited to share the throne of France. In truth, she seems to have been selected because she was nobody, and her quiet, gentle, inoffensive character gave no cause for hopes or fears from her influence.

The little Mariana was returned to her parents, and

violent was the Spanish resentment at the affront. Philip V. roused himself to declare that rivers of French blood must wash out the insult; the queen tore off a bracelet with a miniature of Louis XV., and cried, "The Bourbons are a race of—," then recollecting herself, she stopped short, and added, "except your Majesty;" and the populace could with difficulty be prevented from massacring the French at Madrid. Nothing came of all this fury but an attempt at a war, which ended in a vain siege of Gibraltar; and Philip sank into a dismal state of imbecility, lying in bed for months together, without shaving, or cutting his nails, paying no attention to business, and sometimes biting and scratching his queen and his confessor. Elisabetta carried on the government, and her desire to provide for her sons was thenceforth played off against the Emperor Charles's plans for his daughters.

The Court of France did not seek a war, for the Duke de Bourbon's disgraceful conduct and inattention to business had brought about his fall, and the ministry was held by the king's old tutor, Fleury, Bishop of Fréjus, chiefly because he was the only person who could coax the shy awkward boy of sixteen into making a civil answer, or attending to any state affairs. He was a better man than any who had lately ruled, but he was seventy-three years old, feeble, and cautious, dreading, as he said, "a historical administration," and letting things take their course, trying only to keep the peace abroad and at home. The old cardinal, as he was soon created, kept the court somewhat more respectable during the earlier years of the king's married life. Louis was fond of the gentle amiable queen, and they were very happy together. After three daughters, of whom two were twins, a son was born

in 1729, finally closing all the schemes of the Spanish House of Bourbon.

PART IV. AUSTRIAN AND SPANISH INTRIGUES.

1730-1740.

VICTOR Amadeus of Savoy and Sardinia employed the time of peace to restore the prosperity of his subjects, until the autumn of 1730, when, at the age of sixty-three, he resigned his crown to his son, Charles Emanuel; who behaved with the utmost ingratitude, when at the end of a year some disapprobation of his policy led him to suspect that the old king wished to resume the government. He sent guards with bayonets and torches, who dragged his father out of his bed at midnight, wrapped him in the blankets, and carried him to a prison at Rivoli, where he died the next year, 1732, Charles Emanuel refusing to visit him in his last illness.

That other plaything of policy, Augustus of Saxony, was endeavouring to render the Polish crown hereditary in his family, by alliances with Russia and Austria, gaining Charles VI. by promising his adhesion to the Pragmatic Sanction; and hoping also to secure the support of Prussia, he requested Frederick William I. to send his minister, Grumkow, to confer with him at Dresden. A disgraceful scene ensued; the king and minister each hoped to make the other betray his designs while in a state of intoxication, and with this view, each swallowed such a quantity of wine, that Grumkow never recovered the effects, and Augustus, whose health was enfeebled by his previous excesses, died in consequence, in the year 1733.

His death lighted up a fresh war. His son, Frederick

Augustus, claimed the Polish crown, though Stanislas Leczinski, bringing a subsidy from France, had obtained the votes of the Polish nobility. The Czaritza Anna of Russia kept her engagements with Augustus, and sent an army which laid Poland waste; and Charles VI. likewise espoused the Saxon cause, strongly against Prince Eugene's advice, for the Austrian army had been allowed to dwindle and lose effectiveness so much, that a war was most undesirable. Charles VI. was blinded by Frederick Augustus's promise to maintain the Pragmatic Sanction, and gave him such powerful support that poor Stanislas was a second time obliged to fly from his kingdom.

In spite of the Abbé Fleury's dread of being historical, he was obliged to take up arms in defence of the king's father-in-law, and he summoned from his honourable retreat the Marshal Duke of Berwick, who was living at his estate of Fitzjames, avoiding the court intrigues, which he despised, and spending his time in study and exercise, his days marked out with the rigid precision that marked his whole character, dry and grave, but sternly loyal and dutiful.

The command of the opposite army was given to Prince Eugene, then seventy-one years of age. He was received with shouts of "Our Father!" by the Austrian troops, and the King of Prussia said, "I see my master."

Under these two grand old names, round whom still lingered the beams of ancient chivalry and honour, served the two young men destined to be the leading captains of the rising generation. In Berwick's army was Maurice, an illegitimate son of the late King of Saxony, cast upon the world by his father's death, and who had entered the service of France, although thus

fighting against his half-brother. He was known in the French army as Maurice Comte de Saxe.

Under Eugene fought Frederick, the Crown Prince of Prussia, then about twenty-two years of age, and a very unsatisfactory mystery to his father, the Corporal of Potsdam. Frederick was of small delicate frame, and exceedingly fond of music and French literature, which his father imagined were signs of effeminacy; while his cool contempt for religion, both the forms and doctrines, and his love for free-thinking companions, gave more just cause of uneasiness to Frederick William I., who with all his faults, had a strong earnest sense of religion. The means the king took with his son were unhappily of a piece with the rude coarse violence of his whole nature. He treated him with harshness amounting to cruelty, denied him even innocent pleasures, and was furious when he found him writing or reading with his favourite sister, Wilhelmina. His situation became so unbearable, that when he was about seventeen, he formed the design of taking refuge in a foreign country, and fled from court by night with his friend, Captain Katt.

He was betrayed by his servants, pursued and brought back, only hiding his face in his hands, without uttering a word. His father, who looked on the young men as deserters, was in an ungovernable passion, struck Frederick violently on the face, pulled out his hair, and reviled him with the grossest language. "I have as much honour as yourself," said Frederick; "I have only done what you would have done yourself, had you been treated as you treat me." The king drew his sword, and would have slain him but for the interference of the attendants; indeed, such was his rage on finding that Wilhelmina had been aware of her brother's

design, that he gave her a blow, the scar of which lasted for life. He caused the two young men to be tried by court-martial for their desertion. The officers would not condemn the prince, but sentenced Katt to be shot; and the king caused the execution to be performed before his son's windows, where the unhappy Frederick was held by force, by four grenadiers, that he might witness his death. He offered to renounce his right to the crown that so he might purchase his friend's life, but the king would not hear him; and after a painful farewell between the two youths, the muskets were fired, and Katt fell. Frederick had a violent fever, and would neither eat nor take medicine till he was persuaded to do so for the sake of his mother and sister. His confinement lasted a whole year, during which his father allowed him only devotional books, and tried, by means of different clergymen, to bring him to a truer sense of religion. At last, trusting to their favourable reports, Frederick William suddenly released him, and brought him back to Potsdam in the midst of the festivities for his sister's marriage with the Markgraf of Bareuth, without intimating his arrival, till his mother found him standing behind her chair, and nearly fainted from the surprise. His sister was dancing, when Grumkow, with the strange manners of the Prussian court, said, "Madam, one would think you had been bitten by a tarantula; do not you see those strangers?"

Since that time, the "rascal Fritz," as his father called him, had been allowed more freedom of action, and in 1733 went, with keen and watchful eyes, to make his first campaign under the great Eugene; but he was disappointed in the general, and pronounced him only the shadow of his former self.

The truth was, that the army had so deteriorated, that Eugene could not act with his former daring, and he had likewise much to bear from the discontent of some of the German princes who served under him. He was sent to guard the frontier of the Rhine, but he could not prevent the Duke of Berwick from besieging Philipsburg. Here Berwick, who always went round his trenches every morning, was standing on an exposed spot, between his own batteries and those of the town, when both fired at the same time, and his head was taken off by a cannon-ball. He was the last great or good man who bore the name of Stuart, the last French general who preserved his religion or morality in the evil days of the 18th century.

Eugene's course was likewise nearly run. He beheld the surrender of Philipsburg to the French; and the next year had gained some slight successes, when he was recalled to Vienna, and knowing that this was his last campaign, took leave of his army, with many tears on either side, for he had been heartily loved, and had an ardent feeling for his brave old soldiers. He returned to his palace, where he amused himself with his museum, and with the extensive buildings he raised for the sake of employing the starving poor. So good a master was he, that all his servants grew old in his service, and the united ages of himself, his coachman, and two footmen, in the last year of his life, amounted to three hundred and ten. He now and then interfered to give some good counsel to Charles VI., though there was little love between them. In these failing years it was said of him, that "the remainder of what he was kept some order, where his 'yes' or 'no' had once kept in the very best." He died suddenly in the night, in 1736, and was buried in great state at the Cathedral

of Vienna, his heart being sent to rest with his Savoyard ancestors at Turin.

In the meantime, Antonio Farnese, the last Duke of Parma, had died in 1731; and his niece, the Queen of Spain, sent her son Carlos, a youth of fourteen, to take possession of the duchy; and also to be adopted by Giovan Gastone, the last of the Medici Grand-Dukes of Tuscany, who, too fat to rise from his bed, lay there surrounded with buffoons, trying to forget the forlorn condition of his country, and the troubles that would follow upon his death.

Having once gained a footing in Italy, Carlos suddenly marched southwards, and seized upon the kingdom of the Two Sicilies, where he was proclaimed King; resigning Parma and Placentia to his younger brother, Philip, while Charles Emanuel of Savoy was drawn into the general league against Austria by the promise of the Milanese territory. Old Marshal Villars, at the age of eighty-two, came to assist him in the command of his army, but the presumptuous young king slighted his counsels, and treated him so coolly as to grieve him extremely. He retired from the army in ill health, and died at Turin, in the same room where he had been born, when his father had been ambassador there.

A most murderous though undecisive battle was fought near Parma; and the Austrians were suffering dreadfully on all sides. Mantua was besieged, and on the northern frontier Lorraine had been seized by the French troops, and the young Duke Francis, who was betrothed to Maria Theresa, the eldest daughter of Charles VI., was a fugitive at his court. Charles was strongly advised to purchase peace by marrying his daughter to Don Carlos, the son of the King of Spain, but Maria

Theresa, a beautiful girl of a strong character, and fondly attached to her betrothed, was in despair at the proposal, and the emperor was nearly distracted between affection for his child and the danger of his dominions; he wept and bewailed himself half the night, and his life was in peril from his distress.

Finally, he decided on the shabby policy, so much in vogue, of dividing the allies; and Fleury was only too glad to conclude a separate peace by deserting the Spaniards, France was to leave Frederick Augustus unmolested as King of Poland, on condition that Stanislas Leczinski should for his life-time reign over Lorraine, which was to be united with France on his death. The young Duke Francis was to receive Tuscany as a compensation, and to marry the Archduchess Maria Theresa; and thus, in the hope of mounting the throne of Charlemagne, he resigned the little dukedom that had descended to him directly from the male line of that emperor. Spain was obliged, indignantly, to accede to the treaty, giving up the northern duchies of Italy, on the acknowledgment of Don Carlos as King of the Two Sicilies. This peace was concluded in 1735, and Charles VI. took advantage of it to ally himself with the Czaritza Anna, whose troops, under General Munich, had been gaining brilliant successes against the Turks, and had not only recovered Azov, but conquered the whole Crimea.

Charles hoped that while she drove the Moslem from the Black Sea, he might obtain the Danubian provinces; but Mahmood II., who had succeeded his uncle, Achmet, having just concluded a peace with Persia, was able to turn his whole attention to his western frontier, while the Austrian army was in no state to oppose the Janissaries. From 120,000 men it

had dwindled down to 40,000, and these were in the most miserable state, half starved, in rags, and so ill lodged, that General Seckendorff, a favourite pupil of Eugene, declared that he could hardly refrain from tears at their condition. In Eugene had been lost the only man in the council of war who did not cheat. Officers, paymasters, and treasurers, conspired to rob the troops; and such was the utter perversion of the emperor's revenue, that enough to clothe a whole company was allowed every week for bread and tokay on which to feed his parrots, and baths of wine for them to wash in.

Nothing but disaster could be the consequence; the Imperialists were defeated on every point, and the faction that governed the emperor fancied it was owing to the displeasure of Heaven at Seckendorff being a Protestant; so he was removed, and the emperor's son-in-law, Francis of Lorraine, took the command. He gained one battle, but the Turks in great force laid siege to Belgrade; and the danger to Austria itself became so imminent, that the Imperial generals took on themselves to conclude a peace, giving up Belgrade, Servia, and all that Eugene's victories had won from the Infidel. Charles was in the greatest distress at granting such terms; but he was forced to agree to them for want of means of carrying on the war, since everything was in utter confusion, and there was such folly and helplessness throughout his councils, that lookers-on thought that Austria was given up by Heaven to the blindness that precedes ruin.

Anna of Russia was obliged to consent to the treaty, finding the difficulty of maintaining her troops in the Crimea too great for her to continue the war, since the vast space between Russia Proper and that peninsula

was almost a desert, through which it was often impossible to transport the necessary supplies. She therefore gave up all her conquests except Azof; and the Peace of Belgrade was signed in the winter of 1739.

The following year, 1740, removed three of the sovereigns of Europe. On the 31st of July, died, of gout and dropsy, Frederick William I., after having drawn up directions for his own funeral, appointing the music, and fixing the text of his funeral sermon. Rude and fierce as he was, the old king was not without estimable qualities; he was devout, sincere, and honourable, and when not in a passion, upright; and the perfect state of discipline to which he had brought his army, made Prussia a most formidable power, for though the kingdom was but small, every man was a thoroughly trained soldier, each liable to serve in turn for three years at a time, even during peace.

Anna of Russia died in December, leaving her crown to the grandchild of her eldest sister, namely, Iwan of Brunswick, a child of six months old; but Elizabeth, the daughter of Peter the Great, and a clever woman, was persuaded to put herself at the head of the army, and depose the poor little prince. The revolution was effected without bloodshed, and the poor child was held in Elizabeth's arms as the shouts of the populace hailed her as empress. She seemed then to pity him, but fear of his asserting his rights caused her to shut him up in a dungeon, where he was kept for life, at first with his parents, but afterwards they were sent to an island in the White Sea, and he was left alone, and never allowed to see the light of heaven. Still he grew to be a fine spirited youth, though allowed no education, save the sad lessons of loneliness and mis-

fortune; and when he was twenty-four, a plot was formed for releasing him and raising him to the throne; but his keepers had orders to kill him rather than let him escape, and all his friends obtained was his bloody corpse.

Charles VI. of Germany, the last of the House of Hapsburg, died on the 12th of October, 1740; leaving his dominions in a miserable state, and by his unjust treatment of his brother's orphans, occasioning a general war, which broke out at once upon his death.

The same year, likewise, died the Pope, Clement XII. He was succeeded by Benedict XIV., a high-spirited old man, acute and clever, but too hasty, and apt to be betrayed into unbecoming language.

PART V. WAR OF THE AUSTRIAN SUCCESSION.
1740-1746.

TREATIES and covenants were but waste paper, and nothing was less heeded than the Pragmatic Sanction as soon as Charles VI. was dead. His daughter, Maria Theresa, was twenty-three years of age, beautiful and dignified, with all the sweetness of a fond young wife and mother, as well as high talent, and the lofty spirit of resolution, inspired at once by her noble descent, and by her deep sense of religion. Her people fondly loved her, and when she went to Hungary to receive the crown of St. Stephen, and, according to ancient custom, rode up the royal mound of Presburg, and waved her sword to all the four quarters of the heavens, the admiration of the beholders knew no bounds.

Her condition was, however, very alarming—without treasure, without troops, without counsellors, and

surrounded on all sides by greedy enemies, only longing to destroy the House of Austria. Charles, Elector of Bavaria, claimed the kingdom of Bohemia, and demanded the votes of the other Electors that he might ascend the Imperial throne; France was allied with him; and the German princes waited to join the strongest, or to sell their support dearly to the weakest, as might be most profitable.

Frederick II., the new King of Prussia, had profited by his freedom from his father's restraints to indulge his tastes for French literature. But he did not forget that he was a king; he left off all indolent habits, and took care to keep his army in the same effective state as that in which he found it. His ambition was immense, and he was the first to take advantage of the defenceless state of the young Queen of Hungary. Not that he disputed her title, but he was resolved on gaining something for himself. Only a month after her father's death, he suddenly dashed into Silesia, to which he had some distant claim, and seized the fortresses, telling her that if she would resign the province, he would, as Elector of Brandenburg, vote for her husband as Emperor.

Maria Theresa sent her army to drive him out, and a battle was fought at Mollwitz. The Prussian cavalry gave way; Frederick fancied the day was lost, and galloped off among the fugitives. They came to a post occupied by Austrians. "Farewell, Messieurs," said Frederick to his attendants, "I am the best mounted." He was pursued, not by the enemy, but by tidings that he had run away from his own victory; the Prussian infantry, under Marshal Schwerin, had stood firm, and the Austrians were in full retreat.

After this advantage, he redoubled his demands, and

George II. advised Maria Theresa to accept them; but she thought herself bound not to alienate any part of her inheritance, and steadily refused, though a French and Bavarian army, under Marshal Belleisle, was pouring into Bohemia and Austria, took Prague, and advanced to Lintz. She resolved to stir up the spirit of her brave Magyars, and going to Presburg, appeared in the Diet with the crown on her head, the sword by her side, and her robes still of deep mourning for her father. In a Latin speech, for such was the state language of Hungary, she stirred the spirits of the grandees by throwing herself upon their protection, and with such effect, that with one voice they all enthusiastically cried out, "Let us die for our king, Maria Theresa!"

All the Magyars, and their remote Slavonic neighbours, rose at once in her favour; English money, raised by private subscription, helped to equip them; and George II., who, as well as the Dutch Republic and Augustus of Saxony, was her steady ally, sent an army into Holland to make a diversion in her behalf, by attacking the French possessions in Flanders.

The very day that Charles of Bavaria was crowned emperor at Aix-la-Chapelle, his own city of Munich was taken by the Austrians; and Maria Theresa's brother-in-law, Prince Charles of Lorraine, proceeded to threaten Prague. Frederick II. came to the relief of his allies, and at Chotusitz gained a complete victory. The perception of the superiority of the Prussian forces made Maria Theresa consent to purchase peace with Frederick by the cession of Silesia, and he accordingly deserted his allies, receiving their complaints with cool effrontery.

The news of his defection closed the career of old

Cardinal Fleury. He was ninety years old, and the perplexity that the separation from Prussia occasioned was too much for him ; he sank quietly away, and died on the 29th of January, 1743.

His death threw state affairs upon the unwilling hands of the king. Louis, always dull and indolent, had easily been drawn into vice by the wicked courtiers, the legacy of the regent. He might have been guarded by his wife, but these wretches made it their great object to separate him from her ; they taught him to be a glutton and a drunkard ; she expressed her disgust, he became angry, and from that time entirely forsook her. Marie Leczinski, though a kind-hearted, amiable, pious woman, had not spirit to regain his affections, and spent the rest of her life quietly working tapestry among her ladies, without even trying to educate her daughters, and neglected by the whole court, excepting her excellent son, the Dauphin.

The king, in the meantime, was plunged in the most shameless vice and profligacy, surrounded by associates often of high rank, but who amused him by talking the most vulgar slang of Paris. He had lost all idea of elevation, and nothing but the mere coarse pleasures of the senses could give him satisfaction, and these were palling on his taste, and becoming a weariness. Business, of course, was hateful to him, and though he sat as a matter of form in his council chamber, he attended to nothing, and his ministers all went their own way, caring for nothing so little as the state of the miserable oppressed peasantry.

As to the war, Belleisle, who by the desertion of Prussia was left unsupported at Prague, held out for some time, and then made an honourable capitulation, by which he and his army safely returned to France.

His escape was a great mortification to Maria Theresa, who, nevertheless, celebrated her victory by a chariot race, herself and her sister appearing on the course. Her Tyrolese, descending into Bavaria, again drove out the Emperor, Charles VII., and she hoped to force him to declare his election null; but the Duchess de Chateauroux, who held sway over the mind of Louis XV., hoped to distinguish herself by rousing that weak sovereign to action, and persuaded him to send an army, under the Duc de Noailles, to recover Bavaria, while Frederick II. took up arms again, fearing to lose his unjust gains in Silesia.

George II. and William Duke of Cumberland, his second son, put themselves at the head of the English army, but were forced to retreat before the French. At Dettingen Noailles came up with them, and a fight took place, where George and his son both showed great spirit, and defeated the French with severe loss; but from Lord Stairs's bad management, the English were forced to continue their retreat the next day, leaving their wounded to the care of the enemy.

Louis set off, with Madame de Chateauroux, to put himself at the head of his army, and had gone as far as Metz, when he fell dangerously ill, and in an agony of terror listened to the clergy, and sent her away. Bad as Louis was, the French nation were still passionately attached to his name, and went into transports of grief on hearing of his danger. They called him Louis *le bien aimé*, and when a courier arrived with tidings that the crisis was past, the horse and the very boots of the messenger were kissed by the Parisians in their ecstasy. Such affection must have touched the heart of anyone less depraved; but Louis had learnt to regard himself as an irresponsible idol, and soon made

his name of *bien aimé* sound like irony. The Bishop of Soissons, a son of Berwick, was exiled from court for having rebuked him during his illness ; and though never again did Louis come into the diocese of Soissons without a letter from the Bishop being laid in his way, warning him of the evil of his ways, he never saw one of them, for his wicked associates always tore them up, lest he should take the warning and alter his way of life.

Madame de Chateauroux died almost suddenly ; in the midst of her crimes ; and the king soon after met with the brilliant and clever Madame de Pompadour, who lorded it over him and over the court for many years, and was treated with homage never shown to the poor weak queen. There was no one whom the king disliked more than his only son, the Dauphin, whose religious temper and virtuous life were a standing reproach to him. At sixteen the Dauphin was married to Maria Antonia, daughter of Philip V. ; but he was still kept in the back-ground ; the king was jealous of his advice being offered, and studiously slighted him.

However, he took him with him on going to join the army in 1745. The face of affairs had been changed by the death of the unfortunate Charles of Bavaria in January ; his son had given up his pretensions, and made peace with Austria ; but Prussia and France on the one hand, England and Austria on the other, were resolved to continue the war.

The Duke of Cumberland was in Flanders with the army, and there Maurice of Saxe, though with broken health, and a confirmed dropsy, marched to oppose him, with the King and the Dauphin. A great battle was fought at Fontenoi, where Louis stood bravely

exposed to the fire, and the Dauphin showed great spirit and animation. The English had nearly gained the day when it was retrieved by the skill of Marshal Saxe; and after frightful butchery on either side, the Duke of Cumberland was forced to draw off, and the French took the town of Tournai. However, George II. was able to influence the Diet at Frankfort, so that Francis of Lorraine, the husband of Maria Theresa, was elected Emperor.

To give the English employment at home, the French favoured the expedition of Charles Edward, the heir of the Stuarts, who, suddenly appearing in Scotland, put himself at the head of the Highland clans, and advancing into England, made it necessary at once to recall the troops from Flanders. While the Duke of Cumberland was gaining the Battle of Culloden, and trying to extirpate Jacobitism with the sword, the war raged still on the continent; Frederick beat the Austrians at Sohr, and the Saxons at Kesseldorf, in the heart of winter, and took possession of Dresden, where he again came to terms of peace with Maria Theresa.

In 1746 died the old hypochondriacal Philip V. of Spain—a good man, but unfit for a throne; and his son Fernando VI., who succeeded him, was in much the same dreamy melancholy state, chiefly under the dominion of his queen, Barbara of Portugal, and of a musician, Farinelli, whose songs were able to divert his sadness. The Infanta, who had been married to the Dauphin, died at the birth of a daughter, to the extreme grief of her husband. While still in the midst of his first sorrow, state policy made his father force on him a marriage with Marie Josephine, the daughter of Augustus III., King of Poland and Saxony. She was one of the

most sensible and excellent women of the day, and when first she saw her husband, on the evening of their wedding, overcome by the thought of his first wife, she affectionately begged him to indulge his grief—it showed her what love she might hope to deserve. Her father had dethroned the queen's father in Poland, and it was feared that this might cause some embarrassment between them; but the Dauphiness was prepared, and when Marie Leczinski asked to look at the portrait of the King of Poland on her bracelet, "See, Mamma, is it not like?" she said; and it proved to be the likeness of Stanislas. She was well educated, and a great reader, and Voltaire had the impertinence to write verses, comparing her busy useful life with the dullness of the poor queen; but he found this gave such offence to her that he was forced to change the name. To exalt the poor neglected queen was the great care of the good Dauphin and Dauphiness, and they also took charge of the princesses, who had been sent home from a convent, so ill-taught that they could hardly read. While Louis XV. lavished treasures on Madame de Pompadour, and indulged in every pleasure of the appetite at his secret suppers, he had refused his own family every kind of moderate indulgence that could render endurable the dreary burthen of etiquette, and but for the affection of their brother, the poor princesses would have had neither education, nor any innocent recreation at all. How miserable the country was cannot be described. All that had pressed heavily in the last reign had grown worse, and there was less vigour to contend with the evils, whilst the king heeded nothing. "This is the food your people live on, Sire," said the good Duke of Orleans, throwing down a black morsel on the council-table; but it

was nothing to Louis, so long as Madame de Pompadour provided for him some rare and unexpected dainty at her *petit souper*.

In 1747 the office of Stadtholder was revived, and conferred on William IV. of Orange, who had married Anne, the eldest daughter of George II., and he commanded the Dutch troops, which joined the army of the Duke of Cumberland; but the brothers-in-law did not agree, and their misunderstandings led to a defeat from Marshal Saxe at Laufeldt, before Maestricht, but not without the loss of 9000 French. Sir John Ligonier, one of the refugee Huguenots in the English service, was made prisoner, and through him, Louis XV. made it known that he was willing to come to terms of peace.

Another campaign was, however, fought before the rival powers were wearied out; but William of Cumberland was again out-manœuvred by Maurice of Saxe, who was on the point of taking Maestricht and invading Holland, when George II. consented to enter upon negotiations, and conferences were held at Aix-la-Chapelle. The high spirit of Maria Theresa was very slow to bend; but finding that all her allies were resolved on peace, she was brought to consent to terms, and the year 1748 finally closed the war of the Austrian Succession by the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, leaving the boundaries of the states of Europe much in their former state, excepting that Prussia retained her unjust conquest of Silesia.

Marshal Saxe did not long survive the war, his health had been ruined by his vices, and he died in 1750. He was buried at Strasburg, under a tomb magnificent in the bad taste of the 18th century.

In 1745 died Joao V. of Portugal, and was suc-

ceeded by his son Jose, a dissipated man, under the influence of his great minister, Jose de Carvalho, Marquis de Pombal. This man had been envoy in England, and was very desirous of bringing improvements into Portugal, in which, in a great degree, he succeeded.

PART VI. THE REBUKE OF KINGS. 1748-1755.

AFTER the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, the world had a short respite from war; but it was ill employed, for though art and literature were highly cultivated, both were in a corrupt state, such as could produce little except evil.

Jansenism and Calvinism were harshly treated by the French court, against whose vices they protested; but philosophy, as it was called, which openly scoffed at all religion, grew and flourished at Paris. It was not, indeed, patronized by the court, for it struck at monarchy as well as at faith; but Louis XV. was too dull and too base a man for his opinions to have any weight, and though the inspectors of the press forbade the publication of the Encyclopædia drawn up by a party of Atheistical philosophers, it was printed in Holland, and read and admired by all the polite society of Paris. Morals had been lost, and now faith was going.

Royal patronage was bestowed on Infidelity by the most clever of the contemporary princes. Frederick II. of Prussia was a sort of new Julian the Apostate; keen, stern, simple, and soldierly in his habits; active, clear-headed, and beneficent as a king; and so able and far-sighted, that husbandry and manufactures were flourishing under his rule, and making his little sandy

realm one of the most prosperous states in Europe. He always rose at four in the morning to attend to his correspondence; he spent many hours in business, and many on his army, giving up his meal-times and evenings to his favourite pursuits. He had no family ties, he had never lived with his queen since he had been forced by his father to marry her, and he visited her once a year, the only occasion when he wore silk stockings. To most persons his manners were sharp and peremptory, though always kind and free with his private soldiers, who called him their "father," and "good old Fritz," and were devoted to his service; and he had a circle of friends with whom he lived on the most familiar terms, chiefly either distinguished officers, or else literary men from France. His taste was exclusively French; he had such a dislike to German that he turned his own name, *Friedrich*, into *Federic*, and he was fond of composing in prose and verse in French. The great object of his enthusiasm was Francois Arouet de Voltaire, the foremost of the French Atheistical school, a man of brilliant talent and excessive vanity, whose poem upon Henri IV., called the *Henriade*, his plays, novels, and histories, were admired nearly as much as he believed they merited.

Frederick invited Voltaire to his court; but though he compared him to the White Elephant for whom Eastern kings contend, the poet preferred distant admiration, till he happened to see some French verses composed by the king in praise of another French poet, whom he called a "sun rising," while the sun of Voltaire was "setting." Voltaire leaped in a rage out of his bed; "I will show him that I am not setting yet!" and off he set to Prussia, where he was welcomed with transport. Frederick once actually kissed his hand, lived with

him on familiar terms, and sent him his writings to correct; but the exaggerated friendship founded in vanity could not last long, especially as Voltaire would fain have been a statesman, Frederick a poet. They made remarks on each other, which were reported by mischief-makers. Voltaire heard that the king talked of squeezing the orange and throwing away the rind; Frederick heard that Voltaire received his poetry by saying, "He is sending me more of his dirty linen to wash," and "This man is a mixture of Cæsar and Cotin," the worst poet of the day. Bickerings arose, and Voltaire quitted Potsdam; he was arrested on his way for having inadvertently carried off some of the king's manuscript poetry, but was soon released; and after two years of fierce enmity, the two friends renewed their correspondence. Voltaire spent the rest of his life at Geneva, where he might be said to keep a kind of court for receiving the homage of the travellers who were deluded by his talents into admiring his principles.

Maria Theresa reigned over a far better and purer court than was to be found anywhere else in Europe; but her ambitious and haughty spirit led her into actions unbecoming to her both as queen and wife. The loss of Silesia was a keen affliction to her; the very sight of a native drew forth her tears, and she was bent on reconquest, not merely from pride, but because she thought it wrong to leave her former subjects in Calvinist, not to say Infidel hands. Her first object was to separate Prussia from her allies, and in this hope, by the advice of her minister, Kaunitz, she was not ashamed to write, without her husband's knowledge, flattering letters to Madame de Pompadour, calling her cousin, and begging her to secure for Austria the friendship

of the king. When first the Emperor Francis heard of the proposed alliance, he struck his hand on the table, declaring it impracticable and unnatural; but his wife persuaded him to consent, and she further drew into her league the Czaritza Elizabeth, and Augustus III. of Poland and Saxony.

She found, however, that she could not have the aid of France without the enmity of England. A contest was imminent between the two kingdoms respecting the frontier of their possessions in Canada; and George II., though he had once consoled Maria Theresa for the loss of Silesia by saying, "*Ce qui est bon à prendre est bon à rendre,*" (What is good to take is good to restore,) having since guaranteed the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, thought himself bound to give his support to the King of Prussia.

In the autumn of 1755, while alliances were being formed, and rival powers were arming for the strife, one of those mighty convulsions of nature took place, that show, that while nations and kings prepare the sword and the battle, God hath but to show His voice, and the earth shall melt away. On All Saints' Day, in early morning, all the west of Europe and Africa were shaken by a tremendous earthquake. It was thought to have begun in the Atlantic, for the ground swelled up and subsided all along the coast; the water in wells rose and fell even in England and Bohemia, and three distinct waves or shocks upheaved the sea, and shook the land. Fez, Morocco, and Madrid, were all grievously shaken, but the place that suffered so much that its name is given to the visitation, was Lisbon. A gentleman, riding on the heights opposite to the town, looked at the crowd of buildings, the churches, convents, palaces, and houses; he looked again, and deemed himself giddy,

for he beheld one mass of ruins. All had fallen together, and a heap of dust arose, darkening the air. The multitudes of people, many of whom were keeping the feast day in the churches, were buried, crushed, and maimed, and one cry of agony and horror arose. Three thousand rushed away from the falling buildings upon a pier jutting out into the Tagus, but at the second shock, the river rose fifteen feet high, and swallowed the pier and all who stood on it. Not one corpse ever floated up again.

The ruins caught fire, and the horrors were increased by wretches who came to plunder in the desolation. King Jose was safe at his palace at Belem, but he had lost almost everything, and was in despair. "What is to be done?" he said to Carvalho. "Feed the living, and bury the dead," was the answer; and gallantly did king and minister toil for the relief of the sufferers. They were forced to begin by hanging a hundred of the ruffians who killed and plundered instead of helping. Thirty thousand inhabitants had perished; the survivors had neither shelter, food, nor clothing, and were dying of famine, when the English parliament voted a free gift of £100,000 for their aid, and large supplies of provisions were instantly sent off from England and Ireland, which came in time to save the lives of many.

All Europe was full of dismay at these horrors, but plainly as the voice of Heaven had spoken, who was there who put away his sin?

PART VII. THE SEVEN YEARS' WAR. 1756-1763.

THE war began in 1756 by an attack upon Minorca, which had been held by the English since the war of

the Spanish Succession. The Duke de Richelieu, the profligate friend of Louis XV., commanded the expedition, and besieged Port Mahon. The English fleet under Admiral Byng was sent to relieve the place, but the numbers were inferior to those of the French, and after an unsuccessful engagement, Byng retreated without having afforded any help to the garrison, who, after a brave defence, surrendered. The admiral was sent home, tried by court-martial, and sentenced to be shot, for not having done his utmost in his country's service.

During this winter Frederick II. had not been idle. Guessing at the confederation against him, he demanded from Maria Theresa an answer, which he said must not be in the style of an oracle, whether she intended peace or war; and no sooner did he hear it was to be war, than with 60,000 soldiers, in the autumn of 1756, he dashed into the domains of Augustus of Saxony, whom he knew to be secretly her ally. The Austrian army marched to the aid of Augustus, but Frederick beat them at Lowositz on the Elbe, blockaded the king at Pirna, and took the queen at Dresden. He sent his Scotch friend, Marshal Keith, to seize the papers, where he was sure that he should find the proofs of the league against him; but the queen, who knew their importance, put them into a trunk and sat upon it, telling Keith that she would not move unless she were dragged away. Keith sent to his master for orders, and Frederick insisted that force should be used rather than they should not be obtained, so the brave queen was obliged to yield, and Frederick found ample proofs of the alliance for his ruin. He allowed the queen to join her husband; and both retired into Poland, where the queen shortly after died

of grief at the misery of her country, while Frederick fixed his head-quarters at Dresden, and used Saxony as if it had been part of his own dominions.

He followed up his success by leading his troops over the mountains into Bohemia, and under the walls of Prague gave battle to Prince Charles of Lorraine. It was one of the longest battles of modern days, lasting from nine in the morning till eight at night, and these eleven dreadful hours witnessed the loss of 18,000 Prussians, 24,000 Imperialists, and of the second in command on each side, the Austrian, Marshal Brown, and the Prussian, Schwerin, the same who had won Frederick's first battle for him. He fell with the words "Forwards, my children!" and with his hand stiffened around the staff of the Black Eagle of Prussia, which was found hiding the old soldier's dead face.

Victory remained with Frederick, and he besieged Prague; but the Austrian Marshal, Daun, marched upon him, and entrenched himself on the heights of Kolin, where Frederick made a desperate attack, but was repulsed, with the loss of 13,000 men, and forced to retreat. He was extremely depressed by this reverse, and sat for hours on a hollow tree in silence, drawing figures in the sand with his stick; but he roused himself to command the siege to be raised, and to retreat from Bohemia.

By this time the Austrian allies were in the field; the French had sent out two armies, and the Swedes and Russians were overrunning the Prussian Provinces. The Duke of Cumberland was in Hanover with 50,000 German troops, but with no English besides his staff, and with this army he opposed the French under Marshal d'Estrées, and suffered a defeat at Hastenbeck. In fear for Hanover, he signed the

Convention of Kloster Seven, by which he dispersed his army, and left the French at liberty to pour in upon Prussia. His father was so much displeased with him that he resigned his command, and the convention was not considered to be binding; but his defeat had made the affairs of Prussia so desperate, that Frederick, menaced by four great powers at once, and without a single ally, almost despaired. He meant to die, as he considered, like a philosopher, and carried about a bottle of strong poison for the purpose; and in the same spirit, he wrote bitter jests in his letters, and composed French verses against William of Cumberland. Still his bold temper and high talent enabled him to retrieve his cause; he gave battle at Rossbach to the French, under Soubise, and gained the greatest and most important of all his victories. Only a month after, he beat Charles of Lorraine at Leuthen, and cleared his dominions from his enemies, after a year of desperate warfare.

1758 was a year of equal bloodshed in the colonies and on the continent. The Czaritza Elizabeth sent her troops down on Prussia, and they were repulsed in a fierce battle at Zorndorf; but Daun and the Austrians succeeded better, and Frederick, who had posted himself so injudiciously at Hochkirchen, that Keith told him that the enemy ought to be hanged if they did not take advantage of it, was routed there, with the loss of his brave Scottish friend.

Again, in 1759, the Russians came down upon Prussia under General Soltikow, and in hopes of preventing their junction with the Austrians, Frederick gave them battle at Kunersdorf, and forced them to take refuge within their lines. He attacked them there, but without success; and while his troops were

spent with their efforts, the Austrians burst on them, and after furious fighting, he was driven off, with three balls in his clothes, having lost half his army. He had around him only 3,000 men out of 48,000 when he lay down to rest on the straw in a hut. Dresden fell into the hands of the Austrians, and his affairs were in such a state that he again thought of poison, and wrote orders appointing a regency in case of his death; but to his surprise the Russians did not advance, they had suffered so much in the battle that Soltikow said, "One more such victory, and he should have to announce it alone in person at Petersburg." Frederick had time to rally his troops and call in his garrisons; and seeing him again at the head of 30,000 men, the Russians retreated.

The army of Hanoverians and English was under Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, and Lord George Sackville, and were protecting Hanover against the French army under Marshal de Contades. Ferdinand drew the French into a battle on the plain of Minden, and the steady firmness of the infantry had forced the French to retreat, when the Prince sent orders to Lord George to charge with the cavalry. He could not, or would not, believe that the Prince intended to break his own lines, and wasted time in sending messages, till Ferdinand sent orders to the second in command to charge, which was done, but too late to make the rout of the French as complete as it might have been. Lord George was tried by court-martial, censured, and declared unfit to serve again.

Though incomplete, the victory of Minden did great service to the affairs of England, by chasing the French from Hanover; and the next campaign opened by Frederick laying siege to Dresden, but the Austrians

advanced to relieve the town, and he retreated, though not till he had, by a savage and useless bombardment, destroyed the buildings of the town, and the lives of many peaceful inhabitants. He next hurried into Silesia, where the Austrians were besieging Breslau, and saved the town by the Battle of Liegnitz, which, as he said, would in any other war have been an important victory, whereas here it was a mere scratch. Silesia was indeed saved, but Austrian and Russian armies were overrunning Prussia, and had occupied Berlin, the Austrian General, Prince Esterhazy, lodging in Potsdam itself, but abstaining from all pillage, carrying away only one picture as a memorial. Frederick was in the meantime in Saxony, fighting with Daun before Torgau, where a most frightful battle took place. Frederick was struck down by a spent ball, and carried to the village church, where he lay on the pavement, writing, and hearing reports, while Marshal Ziethen fought on in the dark, and it was fully believed that the battle was lost; but late at night came tidings that the Austrians were in full retreat, and the battle-field the next morning was one of the most horrible sights even of that tremendous war of carnage. Torgau was the last pitched battle of the Seven Years' War.

Death came in as the awful arbitrator of the disputes between the sovereigns. Already, in 1759, had died Fernando VI. of Spain, a good meek man, so truthful that nothing false had ever passed his lips, and sincerely anxious to do right, but without capacity equal to his good will. He was so well aware of his weakness, that when complimented on his shooting, he said, "It would be strange if I could not do one thing well." He was always depressed and melan-

choly; and on the death of his beloved Queen Barbara, his health of body and mind entirely gave way, and he died on the 10th of August, 1759. He had done his best, kept his kingdom at peace, and made his subjects far happier than they had been for ages past. He was succeeded by his brother, that Don Carlos for whom Elisabetta Farnese had obtained the crown of Naples, and who, on becoming Carlos III. of Spain, placed his former kingdom in the hands of his third son, Fernando. His second son, Carlos, was declared Prince of the Asturias, since the eldest, Philip, was so absolutely an idiot that he felt it his duty to set him aside from the succession. Carlos was a man of fair ability and good intention, more Italian than Spanish, and chiefly in the French interest. He entered into what was called the Family Compact, by which all the Bourbon kings bound themselves to support each other; but this gave much offence to his subjects, whose cry was the dying words of Philip II., "Peace with England, war with all the world."

In 1760 George II. died, leaving the throne to his grandson, George III., whose chief friend and counsellor, the Earl of Bute, was far more inclined to peace than the great Earl of Chatham had been.

Death was "busy near the throne" in Russia likewise; Elizabeth was on her death-bed when she heard the tidings of the occupation of Kolberg by her army; and she died on the 29th of December, 1761, after a worthless life. She left her dominions to her nephew, the son of her sister the Duchess of Holstein, the Grand-Duke Peter, who was married to Catherine of Anhalt Zerbst.

Peter III. was a good-natured, kind-hearted man, but ill-educated, weak-minded, and with the gross vices

so common in that day. His wife was no better than himself, but with far more talent and intellect; they were constantly quarrelling, and only agreed in admiration for the new philosophy, and the royal philosopher, Frederick II., whom Peter used to call "the King my Master." There was in effect something striking to the imagination in the lion-like way in which Frederick stood at bay, defending his little kingdom against such fearful odds, and showing fresh vigour and resources after every disaster, such as would have crushed any man of ordinary ability. Peter at once forsook the alliance against him, offered him his assistance, and tried to render himself and all his army as Prussian as he could.

This friendship for their enemies disgusted the Russians, and Peter's open derision of their Church enraged them. His wife knew how to keep her sentiments in the back-ground, and was more popular in proportion to his hatred to her, which went so far that he intended to divorce her, and set aside their infant son, Paul.

Catherine, in alarm, entered into a plot with the chief officers of the army, and the Archbishop of Novgorod. She was proclaimed empress in her own right, while her husband was absent at a country-seat, and the army and populace accepted her with enthusiasm. The Czar made an attempt to escape with good old Marshal Munich, but, bewildered and helpless, he returned, put himself into Catherine's hands, and within a week was murdered—first poisoned, and then strangled—after a reign of six months.

Catherine II., the fourth Czaritza within fifty years, was a woman of keen clear sense, and cultivated mind, though of depraved habits; but she took care not to offend her devout subjects, and added hypocrisy to her

other crimes to cloak her secret atheism. To please her subjects, she denounced Prussia as the enemy of the state, but she had no desire at present to embark in a war on either side, since her empire needed time to recover from the recent exertions and the bad management of Elizabeth.

All Europe was indeed exhausted by the long struggle, and Maria Theresa herself was ready to cease from this dreadful war. The last campaign had been so favourable to the Prussians that she dreaded an invasion of her hereditary states, and consented that conferences should be held at Hubertsburg, in the Saxon territory.

The various powers came to an agreement, by which matters were left as they were before. Saxony was restored to Augustus III., Silesia was left to Frederick, and not the slightest result remained from the Seven Years' frightful war, in which 640,000 brave men had perished on the battle-field, and the miseries suffered by the country people in Saxony, Prussia, and Silesia, had been frightful beyond imagination. Burnt villages, corn destroyed, cattle driven off, were but a small portion of the horrors inflicted on the wretched country, over-run year after year by the savage troops, who thought excess and plunder their right and reward. Germany was indeed a land of desolate fields, of widows and orphans, when the treaty of Hubertsburg gave her rest, in 1763.

Poor Augustus III. only returned to his shattered capital and devastated kingdom to die at home; his eldest son, Christian, lived but a few months after him; and his grandson, being a child, could only succeed to Saxony, since the laws of Poland forbade the election of a minor.

There was a Polish noble, not of the highest rank, in the service of Russia, named Stanislas Poniatowski. He was handsome and courtly, and had been concerned in the plot against Peter III., so that he was an especial favourite of the Czaritza Catherine; and she resolved to make him King of Poland. Frederick II., glad to depress his rivals of the House of Saxony, assisted her, and by bribes and threats she succeeded in obtaining the election of her minion.

PART VIII. SUPPRESSION OF THE JESUITS. 1758-1773.

THE temper of the time, impatient of all strict doctrine, and contemning all that could not be proved by reasoning, had infected many who were not absolutely profane or irreligious. There was a reaction against superstition, and the Romish Church paid the penalty of having enforced error and truth together, by finding them alike rejected. Church-membership had been made a greater point than morality, till profligacy had grown utterly shameless, and now philosophy was pretending to inculcate virtue and civilization without faith.

The Company of Jesuits, as the ablest and most keen-sighted body of Roman Catholics, stood foremost in resistance to the so-called free-thinkers; and with their large numbers, acting as confessors, as tutors, and as advisers, they were most formidable opponents. In America, in India, in the Asiatic Islands, they had large mission establishments, where the native converts were employed under the care of the fathers; and these colonies had occasioned the Order to engage in commercial enterprises, by which they had acquired great riches. All this directed general hostility against them;

they were thought obstacles to improvement, their influence was hated, and there was a strong determination to be freed from them. They had, indeed, often acted wickedly and unscrupulously, but it was their good deeds, rather than their evil ones, that were the proximate cause of their downfall; their maintenance of Christianity against Infidelity, rather than of the Papacy against Catholicism.

The first blow was struck in Portugal, where the Marques de Pombal had long found them obstructions to his liberal views, and availed himself of an attack on the king's person to prejudice him against them. Jose was returning from the opera one night in 1758, when several shots were fired at him, and one struck him in the arm. The author of the plot was the Duke d'Aveyro, whom the king had basely injured, and he, with his accomplices, was broken on the wheel; but Pombal contrived to implicate Father Malagrida and two other Jesuits, accusing them of having been aware of the conspiracy, and bringing up against them what their Company had said in the days of William the Silent, that under certain circumstances the murder of a tyrant might not be mortal sin. The Pope, Benedict XIV., would not consent to Malagrida's trial on this accusation; but Pombal gave him up to the Inquisition on a charge of heresy, and he was burnt in an *auto da fe*, whilst many of his brethren were thrown into dungeons and treated with great barbarity.

About the same time, the Duc de Choiseul Praslin, the chief minister of Louis XV., was resolved on driving out the Jesuits from France. One of their great banking-houses in Martinique failed, the Jesuit who managed it acted dishonestly, and many persons were ruined. The Parliament of Paris sentenced the

Order to make good the losses, and Louis XV. joined Jose in petitioning the Pope to reform or to suppress the Order.

As Louis was getting into his carriage, a half-mad wretch, named Damien, tried to stab him ; but the weapon was only a penknife, and the king was so wrapped up in coats and waistcoats, that scarcely a few drops of blood flowed. However, he enjoyed the importance of an attempt on his life, went to bed, and acted as if he had been very ill ; while the miserable man, who ought merely to have been shut up, was first tortured and then executed, with exaggerations of the cruelty exercised on Ravailiac, till all Europe was sickened with horror and pity for the victim.

As before, the Jesuits were suspected of being in the secret ; and when Clement XIII., who had succeeded Benedict, promised to stand by them to the last, the sovereigns resolved to take the matter into their own hands, and Jose set the example by transporting all the Jesuits in his dominions to Italy, and seizing their possessions. In France an oath of obedience was required of them, that they could not take consistently with their constitution as an Order, otherwise they were expelled. Madame de Pompadour was strongly against them. The Dauphin pleaded hard for them, but all the reply that he received from Choiseul was, "Sir, I may be unfortunate enough to be your subject, I will never be your servant ;" and the Dauphin, baffled and grieved, desisted from the only opposition that he had ever offered to his father's measures.

In Spain, a popular outbreak had been laid to the charge of the unfortunate Jesuits. Squillace, the Italian minister of Carlos III., had been trying to reform Madrid, causing the streets to be paved and

lighted, and making police regulations, among which he forbade the wearing of the cloak and sombrero, or flapped hat, since they proved the means of concealing robberies and murders. This prohibition enraged the citizens, and they arose in tumult, committed many outrages, and were not appeased till Squillace was dismissed. Thereupon the king accused the Jesuits, and, without the least warning, resolved to be rid of them. With the utmost secrecy, he caused every house of theirs, throughout Spain, to be invested with troops at the dead of night, a sentinel was placed at the door of each cell, and the priests were assembled in the refectory, where an order for their expulsion was read, and they were allowed to collect a few necessaries, then placed by tens in carriages, and sent off to the sea-coast, where they were embarked for Rome; but the Pope could not afford to receive such numbers, and after beating about the Mediterranean for three months, they were at length landed in Corsica, whence they went to Italy, on the King of Spain promising to afford them a scanty maintenance out of the wealth of which he had stripped them. Their missions were broken up, and they were forced to part with the converts, who were as their children. They behaved beautifully, not attempting resistance, but soothing the poor natives, and exhorting them to submit to authority. This was the most lamentable part of their overthrow, for though dangerous in Europe, they had been the missionaries of the distant regions, and in losing them, their converts lost Christianity, and soon relapsed into heathenism and savage wildness.

Fernando of Naples followed his father's example; and all Roman Catholic Europe, except Austria, persecuted the Pope to obtain the final suppression of the

Order. Clement XIII. entreated Maria Theresa to support him, but she said that she could not interfere, and just as he was calling a consistory to examine into the question, he died suddenly.

Lorenzo Ganganelli, his successor, called Clement XIV., was a pious kind-hearted man, as much inclined to the new lights as a good Roman Catholic could be, and therefore honestly disapproving the whole Jesuit system. In 1773 he granted a brief dissolving the Company formed by Loyola, for two hundred years the most devoted and unscrupulous champions of Rome.

The good Dauphin had not lived to see the final ruin of his friends. In the midst of the corrupt court, he and his good wife Marie Josephine, had been bright lights, keeping their home and family a little isle of peace and purity in that evil world. He had the trial of visible jealousy and contempt from his father, who by turns called him a Jesuit and a philosopher, and thwarted any attempt of his to interfere in behalf of the starving people, though no one could more carefully avoid any step that could raise up a party in opposition. All he could do was to refuse all increase to his income, and to give alms to his utmost ability, once bestowing his whole half-year's allowance as soon as he had received it. He had few pleasures, for an unhappy accident to one of his gentlemen had caused him to give up shooting, and almost his only diversion was exercising his regiment, treating officers and soldiers so kindly, that they were strongly attached to him. He and his wife themselves educated their children, regularly giving them their lessons, and training them in all holy and charitable ways. The eldest, the Duke of Burgundy, was hurt by a fall while

playing with some other children, but fearing to bring anger on the boy who had caused the accident, he never mentioned it, and even when a tumour had formed, and he submitted patiently to a painful operation, he still never betrayed his play-fellow, but always put on a cheerful face when he entered his sick room. He lingered a year after the accident, and died in his tenth year, saying, "God's will be done; my kingdom is not of this world."

Alas! there was more cause to mourn for those left behind than for those taken from the evil to come.

The long attendance on his son, and grief for the treatment of the Jesuits, broke down the health of the Dauphin; a cold, caught while reviewing his regiment, settled on his lungs, and he fell into a confirmed decline. His danger, and the loss of Madame de Pompadour, who died after a short illness, professing much repentance, terrified the king for a while; he made some promises to break off his wicked ways, and these perhaps cheered the last days of the Dauphin, who sank peacefully with brightening hope and joy. He was entreated to pray that he might be spared to his country, but he said that he could ask nothing for himself, but that God's will might be done in him, though he prayed fervently for his children and his country. As his wife held his crucifix before him he gave thanks for the loving wife who "could teach him to die," and when he had received his last communion, he broke out into fervent thanksgivings for joy and peace even beyond what he had hitherto known.

After the usual fashion of France, the court prepared to leave Versailles the moment his last breath should be drawn, and as he lay propped up in bed, he could see into the court of the palace where the vehicles

were already being packed. "It is time I were gone," he said, "since I keep so many waiting." He died in his thirty-sixth year, on the 20th of December, 1765, leaving five children, the eldest son eleven years old, the youngest girl, destined to the glory almost of martyrdom, a babe in arms.

Louis XV. showed unwonted kindness to the widow, but she had become infected with her husband's disease, and only outlived him fifteen months. She heard her boy's lessons up to the day before her death, and entrusted the care of her orphans to their aunts, whom her husband had chiefly educated. His life, debarred as he was from active service, had left deep and precious traces.

The poor Queen Marie received another great shock at the same time. Her father, the old deposed Stanislas Leckzinski, was burnt to death by his dressing-gown catching fire, and under these repeated strokes she fell into a lethargic state, from which she never recovered, dying in 1767.

The king's momentary improvement had not been repentance, and he relapsed into all his evil practices. So depraved was his taste, that his pleasure was in whatever was low and vulgar; he went in disguise to what were called "candle-end balls," and were frequented by the meanest classes; he was familiar with all the gossip of Paris, and caused private letters to be brought to him from the post-office that he might pry into the citizens' family affairs. The vulgarity of his taste was shown in his choice of a person to fill the place of Madame de Pompadour. Madame du Barry was not even a lady, had little education, and only entertained him by her saucy airs, her imperious treatment of him, and her vulgar but good-natured chatter.

Slang was his delight, and he called his daughters *Loque*, *Chiffe*, and *Coche*, mud, rag, and pig. These poor ladies, Adelaide, Sophie, and Victoire, never saw him except for a few minutes when he came home from the chase, and expected them to be in attendance, when they slipped on their hoops and received an embrace from him. Otherwise they were entirely neglected, and had no amusement but needle-work, and the books read to them by their ladies; but they were kind-hearted people, much loved by their attendants, and by the little nephews and nieces who sometimes enlivened them. Louise, the second sister, entered a convent, where she led a far more cheerful life than in the palace.

Louis was still a grand princely-looking man, and could at times assume the bearing and manners of Louis XIV., but he was ruined in disposition, and went on from bad to worse, both as a man and a ruler. He saw, as plainly as anyone, that the present state of affairs could not continue; that the peasants were ground down to the earth; that the artizans were taxed beyond endurance; that there was nothing but discontent and misery from one end of France to the other; and that the philosophers, teaching liberty in religion and in state matters, were removing all sense of duty that could restrain the explosion that was preparing. But the perception only made him more reckless; he had not vigour or spirit enough to attempt improvement himself, and probably expected that the least alteration might bring down the whole rotten fabric; so he contented himself with saying that it would last his time, and tried to forget in profligacy the terrible harvest he was leaving to be reaped by his innocent grandson.

Far unlike was the Austrian court, where Maria Theresa and her gentle husband, Francis of Lorraine, lived in the utmost affection, bringing up their large family of sons and daughters in the free friendly manners of Germany. The empress queen called her husband her heart's joy, and though her superior force of character had the exclusive power, they were in perfect harmony, and when he died in 1765, her grief was profound. She would allow no one but herself to sew his shroud, she wore mourning all her life, and spent much of her time on her knees in the vault where his coffin was placed.

She continued sovereign of the hereditary states; but her son, Joseph II., became Emperor of Germany, and was less under her dominion than his father had been. He was so far imbued with the current philosophy, that his allegiance to the Church was shaken; and he was full of liberal ideas, mingled with the traditions of arbitrary power, so that his whole life was full of inconsistencies. His head was filled with projected reforms, against which his mother set her face in her own resolute manner. When he wanted to throw down the fortifications of Vienna, she said to one of her ladies, "I am an old woman. I can almost remember Vienna besieged by the Turks. I have twice seen it almost the frontier of my dominions. Let Joseph do as he pleases when I am dead. While I live Vienna shall not be dismantled." And time showed that the old empress was wise.

PART IX. PARTITION OF POLAND. 1770-1777.

IN 1770 France obtained the island of Corsica, hitherto the discontented possession of the Republic of Genoa.

After French troops had several times assisted to quell revolts, the Genoese power finally sold the isle to Louis XV., but the islanders struggled hard for independence under their leader, Pasquale Paoli, and there was a seven years' war before they were reduced, and he took refuge in England. The most important consequence of this acquisition was, that a certain obscure Corsican family, named Buonaparte, were thus attached to the fortunes of France.

Choiseul drew the alliance with Austria closer by a marriage between the young Dauphin and Marie Antoinette, the youngest daughter of Maria Theresa, a lovely, engaging, volatile girl of fourteen, full of high spirits, beneath which were sound principles to come to her help in time of need. It was a mournful omen for the wedding-day, that the splendours of the procession of carriages were dimmed by vast crowds of squalid hungry beggars; and at the rejoicings given by the city of Paris, the stage whence the fireworks were displayed caught fire, and in the general terror and confusion the throng trampled each other down, and struggled wildly in the darkness, so that when morning shone on this feast turned into heaviness, it was found that twelve hundred persons had perished, besides those who were crushed and maimed. The warm hearts of the young bride and bridegroom were deeply touched, and even the king was shocked, but the great expenses of the festivities had left scanty means for relieving the ruined families.

The marriage of the Dauphin was the last negotiation conducted by Choiseul. The king was rendered jealous of him by being told that he consulted him too little, sent him into exile to his own estates, and took the Duc d'Aiguillon and the Chancellor Maupe ou as

his advisers. Choiseul had been always attentive to the affairs of Poland, not only because the royal family were nearly connected with it, but because he was convinced that the unruly Sclavonic kingdom was a valuable check upon the growing power of Russia and of Prussia. His fall, therefore, smoothed the way for the designs that were being secretly matured between Frederick and Catherine, for committing one of the most wicked acts of aggression perpetrated in all modern times.

Frederick sent his brother Heinrich to confer with Catherine at Petersburg, where he was entertained with the utmost splendour, and all the Czaritza's improvements were displayed to him. The court was very unlike that of Berlin, where a stern, plain, heathen sort of morality prevailed, while at Petersburg the most scandalous profligacy was hardly regarded as matter of shame; and yet for the sake of gratifying the people, the Czaritza made an outward profession of religion. She showed how, with the most depraved conduct, there can yet be a strong intellect, great taste for art and literature, and a clear-sighted desire to improve and instruct others. The designs of Peter the Great were carried out by her, while her palace was the scene of almost Eastern magnificence and luxury. She displayed all her splendours before Prince Heinrich, but throughout he preserved the most imperturbable gravity, even when at a masquerade, a lively Frenchman appeared before him as a green parrot, fluttering, hopping, and chattering, and finally calling out to his face, "Henri! Henri!"

In private Heinrich accomplished his mission, and it was agreed that Poland should be divided between the Czaritza and the King. "I will undertake to frighten Turkey and to flatter England," said Cather-

rine. "You must buy over Austria that she may amuse France."

The frightening of Turkey was done on a large scale. Mustafa III. had declared war against Russia, and Catherine attacked him at once by land and sea. She had paid great attention to her navy, into which she had invited many English officers, and she had a large fleet both at Cronstadt and Archangel. This she caused to sail round into the Mediterranean, and attack the Turks in the Archipelago, where she had a secret understanding with many of the Greek Christians of the Isles. Many of the islands, and some of the Peloponnesian cities, fell into the hands of the Russians, and the Turkish fleet, coming out to oppose them, was defeated near the Isle of Scio, and chased into the Bay of Tchesme, where, by a gallant exploit of the English Vice-Admiral Elphinstone, four fire-ships were sent by night among the vessels, crowded into a narrow bay, and burnt the whole Turkish navy, so that the Russian fleet commanded the whole of the Turkish seas, and laid siege to the Isle of Lemnos.

Gazi Hassan, an adventurer born on the borders of Persia, who had been a boatman, a chief at Algiers, and a prisoner at Constantinople, but throughout all a devout Mussulman, proposed to the Grand Vizier to attack the Russian fleet with four thousand of the lowest rank at Constantinople, whom he undertook to arm with sword and pistol, and to transport to Lemnos in boats or rafts, without artillery. The Grand Vizier consented, believing the scheme utterly impracticable, but glad to be rid of four thousand of the rabble. However, the gallant Hassan landed unperceived, led his troop upon the enemy with a furious onset, and drove them to their ships in such a panic, that they

weighed anchor and raised the siege. He was made Capidan Pasha, and so well maintained the honour of his flag, that the Russians were finally obliged to sail back to the Baltic, while the Turks wreaked vengeance in horrible massacres of the unfortunate Greeks of the Morea and the Isles.

At the same time, General Romanzoff attacked the Grand Vizier on the banks of the Danube, gained a great victory at Kagul, and received the submission of the three great provinces of Wallachia, Moldavia, and Bessarabia.

These being the close neighbours of Austria, that power was alarmed by the progress of Russia, and offered mediation. This was the time for Frederick to play his part. He had to deal with Joseph II., over whom his ascendancy of character had gained great influence. Joseph admired him so enthusiastically, that, under the name of Count Falkenstein, he had come to Neisse, in Silesia, to pay him a visit, and had said to him, "Silesia no longer exists for the House of Austria." So intimate had they become, that Frederick even asked Joseph how his mother had approved of his opinions; to which he answered, that she blamed and pitied him, but quite maternally, and trusting that he would change. He termed Frederick "the King my master;" and Frederick had his palace of Sans Souchi hung with his portraits, calling him a young man of whom he could not see too much. As at this first meeting Frederick dressed himself and his suit in the white Austrian uniform, lest their own might excite unpleasant reminiscences; when they met the next year at Neustadt, Joseph and his train came in the blue of Prussia, saying, "Here are a troop of recruits for your Majesty."

At this interview, Joseph was drawn into the nefarious scheme, on the promise of a third part of the spoil; but the Empress Queen, on hearing of it, protested strongly against the project, but in vain, though she wrote, "When all my lands were invaded, and I knew not where I could in quiet give birth to my child, I firmly relied on my own good right, and on the help of God. Now, when public right cries out to Heaven against us, and when against us are justice and sound reason, I own that never in my whole life did I feel so anxious, and that I am ashamed to let myself be seen. What an example we shall set the whole world if for a wretched piece of Poland we give up honour and fair fame! I plainly perceive that I stand alone, and am no longer *en vigueur*, therefore I let things take their course, though not without the greatest grief."

To her objections Frederick's sneering remark was, "I would as soon undertake to write the Jewish history in madrigals as to make three sovereigns agree, especially when two of them are women."

The treaty then was made for dividing Poland, giving Austria the Lordship of Zips, which was said once to have belonged to Hungary; to Prussia, a district that had once been under the Teutonic Knights; and to Russia, all Livonia, the district from the Beresina to the Niemen. On the edge of the copy of the treaty, the Empress Queen wrote, "*Placet*, because so many great and learned men will have it so; but after I am dead and gone, people will see the consequences of thus breaking through all that has hitherto been held holy and just. M. Th."

In vain she protested. The miserable kingdom, divided against itself, was in a state both to deserve

and invite the spoiler. Stanislaus and his Diet had been quarrelling ever since his election, chiefly on account of the disputes between Roman Catholics and Protestants, or persons of the Greek Church. The Russian power, to which Stanislaus was devoted, was exercised in favour of the Dissidents, as they were called, and this gave great offence to the other party. In 1771, as Stanislaus was driving through the outskirts of Warsaw, at ten o'clock at night, he was attacked by a body of conspirators, who put his attendants to flight, wounded him, and dragged him into the forests; but they seem not to have known what to do next; they tore off the diamond star and crosses from his coat, and then dispersed in small parties through the woods, till the king, being left alone with one man, named Kosinski, persuaded him to repent of the outrage, and to conduct him to a mill, whence he safely returned to his capital.

This attack gave the Czaritza a pretext for filling Warsaw with Russian troops, professedly to protect Stanislaus; but the Austrians fearing to lose the prey, filled Zips likewise with their forces, and Frederick likewise taking up arms, the three powers sent in their demands to the Diet of Poland.

Danger and misfortune had inspired neither unity nor patriotism. Some of the nobles were bribed by one power, some by another, and all hated and distrusted the king. They disputed and abused each other and the king, till, gathering dignity from his extremity, Stanislaus threw his hat angrily on the ground, saying, "Gentlemen, I am weary of hearkening to your disputes. To yourselves alone you should attribute your misfortunes. For me, if no more territory should be left me than could be covered by this

hat, I should still be your lawful though unhappy king."

True as were his words, his connection with Russia was so much distrusted, that there was no attempt to rally round him while yet there might have been time. No help came from elsewhere. England would not break the peace with the continent even to hinder this wicked injustice, and the protest of France only consisted in a disconsolate exclamation of Louis XV., "If Choiseul were here still, I should not suffer this." Treasure, skill, and spirit were all wanting; and so far from aiding others, the French monarchy was drifting on towards ruin.

The helpless and distracted Polish Diet yielded, and the once extensive kingdom was reduced to a mere shred; while even that poor remnant was tyrannized over by Catherine, whose ambassador took every occasion of showing that he looked on Stanislaus rather as an inferior than a sovereign. The worst features of the wretched old constitution were forced upon the Diet, and they were obliged to enact a law against ever again electing a foreign prince, since their oppressors dreaded their being raised up by any external influence.

The Poles who fell under Prussian dominion were much better off than those who were left to themselves, for Frederick set to work vigorously with his improvements—building, cultivating, introducing arts, and raising the condition of the serfs, so that although they made a great outcry at being reformed against their will, their happiness was in the end much increased.

The war with Turkey was carried on by Romantsoff on the Danube with varying success, until the

Sultan, Mustafa III., died, and his brother, Abdul Hamet, sued for peace. The Tartar Khan of the Crimea had been trying to shake off the Turkish yoke, and Catherine made it one of the articles of the treaty that he should be declared free; the Turks yielded unwillingly, and peace was signed in 1774.

The year 1774 closed a reign that had grown more miserable and disgraceful every year. At sixty-four years of age, dread of death and horror of judgment began to hang heavily upon Louis XV.; and weary of pleasure and vice, he would fain have attempted to turn to better things; but he had wound the chain too tightly around him, and at each feeble effort the wretches, whose prosperity depended on his profligacy, contrived to tempt him by some new form of pleasure. In the midst he fell ill of the small-pox in the most malignant form, so much aggravated by his life of self-indulgence, that the infection was horrible. Fifty people caught the disease from merely crossing the gallery at Versailles, and ten died; but though his neglected daughters had never had the complaint, they nursed him faithfully at the peril of their lives. Madame Dubarry was not sent away till it was plain that he was dying; and after he had consented that a paper should be read in which he confessed that he regretted having given scandal by his way of life, he was allowed to receive the last rites of the Church. He died on the 10th of May, 1774, a man whose knowledge was small, his temptations great, and who, having once fallen into an abyss of sin, had never either energy or courage to lift himself out of it. The corpse was in a state that necessitated the most speedy burial, and he was hastily laid in the vaults of St. Denis, while the people could not be restrained from unseemly rejoicings at being rid

of a sovereign who was looked on as the shame of the nation.

Jose of Portugal died in 1777, leaving his throne to his daughter Maria, whom he had married to her uncle Pedro, because he did not dare to give her either to a foreign prince or to a native noble.

The successor of Charles XII., Ulrica Eleanora, died of the small-pox in the year 1751, leaving no heirs; and as the unfortunate Peter of Holstein Gottorp, her husband's nearest relation, had preferred the reversion of the Russian throne to that of Sweden, his uncle, Adolf Frederick, was chosen as successor. He reigned till 1771, when he died, and his son, Gustaf, came to the crown—a high-spirited clever young prince, nephew to Frederick the Great, and with his head full of the modern plans then in vogue. He made a journey to France, commenced a free and lively correspondence with the clever literary ladies of Paris, and showed every desire to promote the welfare of his subjects. His popularity with the middle classes and the lower orders enabled him to overthrow the constitution that had come in with Gustaf Vasa, and to assume more power than the recent monarchs had possessed; but he thus provoked the hostility of Russia, and his own subjects were divided into two factions—the Caps, who held with him, and the Hats, who hated him for destroying their privileges.

In that same year, 1772, Christiern II. of Denmark, who had come to the throne in 1766, was deprived of his wife and his minister by the cruel machinations of his mother, Juliana Maria. The king himself was weak in intellect, and the government was lapsing into the hands of his lovely young English wife, Caroline Matilda, the sister of George III.; but the Queen

Dowager, jealous of her influence, invented a wicked accusation against her of attachment to the prime minister, Count Struensee, and with the help of the king's brother, Prince Frederick, worked upon the feeble mind of Christiern. They obtained his consent to the arrest and execution of Struensee, and to the imprisonment of the young queen. Poor Caroline Matilda, while dressing in the morning, was seized by officers with drawn swords, and with her babe of a few months old, and one lady, was shut up in the Castle of Cronberg. George III. interfered in her behalf; but all he could obtain was that she should be kept in captivity in his own custody in Zelle, in Hanover, and for this she was obliged to give up her children, whom she never again beheld. She died of typhus fever, after three years' captivity, protesting with her last breath that she was innocent, though she owned that her high spirits had led her into imprudence.

Poor Christiern was so helpless, that his mother, his brother, and afterwards his son, conducted the government in his name till the close of his long imbecile reign.

PART X. PHILOSOPHY ON THE THRONE. 1778-1796.

AT the end of 1777 died Maximilian, the last male of the House of Bavaria, and the inheritance fell to Charles Theodore, the Elector Palatine, as the nearest in blood.

Joseph II. showed, however, that he had but too well learnt the lesson of unjust aggression that Frederick had taught him. He claimed the male fiefs as emperor, and asserted that Lower Bavaria belonged to his mother, as descended from a daughter of the electoral line. Maria Theresa insisted that nothing

should be demanded that was not her due; but again she was disregarded, and the Elector Palatine, a weak luxurious man, unable to resist the Austrian power, consented to receive a mere fragment of the dukedom.

Frederick, however, stirred up the next heir, the Duke de Deuxponts, to appeal to the electoral college, and assuming the protection of the defrauded family, the old king collected his troops and entered Bohemia. He treated the matter very coolly, saying that he was only going out to teach a young gentleman his military exercise; and when Joseph, full of ardour, marched to oppose him, he so skilfully manœuvred his army, that no fighting took place, and the soldiers called it the Potato War, because they were chiefly employed in roasting potatoes at their watch-fires. The two sovereigns wrote letters, the younger one grave and complimentary, the elder one as sarcastic as he had once been flattering. "Lucullus had never been in command," he wrote, "till he defeated Mithridates. I shall be the first to applaud your Imperial Majesty's victories, provided that they are not gained at my expense."

Maria Theresa in the meantime wrote to Frederick that she could not endure that they should begin again to tear each other's grey hairs, and that she engaged to join in any equitable adjustment of the question. Her interference made Joseph so angry, that he threatened to go off and reign alone as emperor at Aix-la-Chapelle, and Kaunitz purposely entangled the negociation, so that the war dragged on till Russia threatened to interfere, and Joseph was forced to yield up Bavaria to the rightful heirs.

The peace was signed at Teschen, on Maria Theresa's birth-day, and, full of joy that so much bloodshed

had been spared, she went in state to the cathedral to return thanks.

Joseph, under his travelling name of Falkenstein, set off to meet the Czaritza, who had come to view her new possessions in Poland. His favourite way of travelling was to ride on as courier in advance of the carriages of his attendants, and arriving at the posting-houses, order fresh horses to be ready for "Count Falkenstein," then dine on a sausage and some beer, rest on a settle, and ride on as soon as the carriages came in sight. In this manner he often met with curious adventures, and performed many acts of kindness. Once he promised to come and stand godfather to the new-born child of one of his hosts, and at the christening astonished the villagers by arriving not as a poor courier, but in full state as emperor. Another time he made friends with a retired officer, who had ten children of his own, and had adopted an orphan, whereupon he endowed the whole eleven, each with a pension of two hundred florins a-year.

It was a pity that his warm heart and generous mind were led astray by the new lights of the day, and his admiration wasted upon such as Frederick and Catherine. He was so delighted with the brilliancy of the Czaritza, that he promised to return with her to Petersburg, provided she would allow him to live at an inn as a private person. Inns there probably were none, but Catherine caused her English gardener to hang out a sign painted with a Catherine-wheel, and the Falkenstein arms written beneath, and Joseph was lodged there while admiring the improvements in progress at Petersburg.

He returned just in time to receive the dying counsels of his mother, who had long been suffering from a

hardening of the lungs, which caused dreadful oppression on the breath. She endured without a complaint, only praying for patience, and most blessed in the faith and love which upheld her. She thanked her counsellors for their faithful service, she sent loving messages to her subjects, and gave much good advice to her sons, committing to their charge the poor who lived upon her alms, and for whom she felt the greatest concern in dying, lest they should be neglected. She died on the 29th of November, 1780, in her sixty-fourth year, leaving nine survivors out of her sixteen children. Few names in history shine with a purer fame than does that of the Empress Queen, Maria Theresa of Hapsburg. She found her country distressed, unmanageable, without resources; she left it prosperous, orderly, peaceful, and respected; she was honoured and feared as a sovereign who had shown high spirit and constancy in adversity, and forbearance in prosperity, and had been wise, brave, and prudent, without ceasing to be a gentle, dignified, matronly woman. She had indeed committed more than one error, but even there she seems to have conscientiously acted, as she thought, for the right, and the love with which her people have ever since regarded her memory proves how happy and beneficial was her motherly rule.

A change came with her death. Away with all that was antiquated, useless, encumbering, and unreasonable, was the cry of Joseph II., and to work he set to improve his country, after the pattern of his favourite models, Frederick and Catherine; forgetting that the one had to deal with a small new kingdom, the other with a half-barbarous empire, all under her absolute dominion; whereas his realms were made up of states held by every imaginable form of tenure, and with

every variety of laws and institutions, suited to the differing characters of the inhabitants, Germans, Flemings, Czechs, Magyars, Italians, and Greeks.

However, all was to be alike, liberal and reasonable, language, customs, laws, and religion, and he began at once by honestly refusing to be crowned in Hungary, because he would not bind himself to observe the constitution. He carried off the crown of St. Stephen to Vienna, and profited by the love and loyalty that his mother had inspired, to make his reforms.

Two years were allowed, after which German was to be used in every court of law throughout his domains. All the old constitutions were done away, and a new one of his own published throughout his hereditary state; the feudal system was abolished, and a land-tax required instead, to the great inconvenience of many proprietors.

With equal violence and unscrupulousness he carried out his Church reforms. He severed his clergy from the Pope, forbidding all intercourse with Rome except through his ambassador; he altered the bounds and revenues of bishoprics without heed to the ancient landmarks; he dissolved by his sole authority most of the religious orders, leaving only such as were occupied in education, and breaking up thirteen hundred out of two thousand convents. He forbade pilgrimages, removed images from churches, declared marriage a civil contract, and would not permit funeral honours, because he said that death levels all.

Pope Pius VI. actually crossed the Alps in the heart of winter to try the effect of remonstrance; but Joseph was coldly civil to him, saw him very seldom, and sent off his new edicts even while he was at Vienna. No intercourse with the clergy was allowed, and not only

was Pius closely watched, but the back-door of his house was walled up that none might be admitted in private, and finding his visit useless, returned to Rome.

Another of Joseph's favourite schemes was to exchange the Austrian Netherlands with the Elector Palatine for the Duchy of Bavaria, and he hoped to effect this as soon as the King of Prussia should be dead; but Frederick, though seventy-four years old, and suffering from many disorders, was as alert in mind as ever, and discovering the project, brought all the German powers to join in a league for preventing it, and for preserving the old forms of the empire, so that Joseph was forced to give way, angrily calling Frederick the Anti-Cæsar.

The Germanic League was Frederick's last great work. He was very ill, and could neither ride, walk, nor lie down, though still attending with the same keenness and activity to business, and listening to all the books of the day. He would neither take medicine nor restrain his appetite, and rapidly became worse. No religious feeling ever seemed to come over him in these his last days. Some good German wrote a letter entreating him to turn where mercy alone could be found; but he merely desired that a civil answer might be sent, for the intention was good. He even desired in his will that he should be buried in his garden among his favourite dogs. He died as he had lived, infidel, king, and soldier, to the last. He signed letters and dictated despatches on his last morning, and the last time he spoke consciously was to send the watchword to the garrison. He died on the 17th of August, 1786, after having made his little barren realm one of the greatest military powers in Europe, and having spent a life that can best be described in the

words of St. Basil respecting his likeness, Julian the Apostate, "He was the ape of Christianity."

The third "philosopher" on the throne, Catherine II., continued her course of prosperity. She had taken a new favourite, Prince Potemkin, who was a man of ability, and assisted in all her designs; but her son, the Grand-Duke Paul, was an object of jealousy, sedulously kept in the back-ground, and treated with so much harshness that his mind became soured. He had married Mary Feodorowna, of Hesse Darmstadt, and their two eldest children, Alexander and Constantine, were regarded by her with great affection. She was often present at their lessons, and even wrote story-books for their amusement. Indeed, she attended to everything, both in home government and foreign affairs, with ability and energy that earned for her the title of Great.

She first established a fleet on the Caspian Sea, and endeavoured to obtain the allegiance which the Christian tribes on the Caucasus had hitherto paid to the Shah of Persia. The Crimea had been declared by her independent merely in order to take it out of the protection of Turkey; the hand of the Sultan had scarcely opened to release it, before her fingers closed on it. Upon a poor pretext, she sent her troops into that peninsula to massacre the Tartars and carry off the Khan, who lived on a pension from her in Russia, while his domains were added to the empire. The Turks would have taken up arms on this flagrant aggression, but that Joseph II. declared himself in alliance with the Czaritza, and they could not make war on both empires at once.

Catherine made a progress in 1787 to visit her newly-acquired possessions, accompanied by the Em-

peror Joseph, and by Stanislaus of Poland, who was not ashamed basely to flatter the destroyer of his kingdom. The whole journey was a triumph, but a very false one, prepared by Potemkin. All along the desert country he constructed sham villages, filled with elegantly-dressed peasants, tending flocks; and all these were carried on in the night, and planted at fit distances, to amuse the next day's journey. On her arrival at Cherson, she found the gates inscribed with "This is the road to Byzantium," an echo of her favourite scheme, namely, to make her second grandson Constantine the head of that Eastern Roman Empire, which had begun and ended with a Constantine. Joseph promised to assist her in the design, hoping to be rewarded with the Danubian provinces; and though the Netherlands were in a dangerous state of revolt, he took up arms immediately on his return to Vienna, and marched against Turkey.

His success was checked; he gained a few towns on the Danube, but lost 30,000 men in skirmishes, and 40,000 by disease, and himself laid the foundation of a painful complaint, which prevented him from taking the field the following year.

The death of the Sultan, Abdul Hamet, and the accession of his son Selim, led to a change of Grand Viziers. The new one was far inferior to his predecessor, and was beaten by Marshal Loudon at Foztani, whereupon Belgrade again surrendered to Austria. Loudon marched on, reduced Semendria and Cladova, and besieged Orsova.

On the other hand, the brave old Gazi Hassan contended in vain with Potemkin and Suwaroff. The latter was a fierce old soldier, who, in one of his earliest battles, had filled a sack with the heads of the Janissa-

ries whom he had killed, and rolled them at the feet of his general. Yet though so much of a savage Tartar, he was very devout; he never fought without signing the cross, and one of his despatches to the Czaritza stood thus:

“Glory to God,
Glory to you;
Tutukay is taken,
And I am there.”

He took the great town of Ismail, in Bessarabia, after three days' siege. His speech before leading the troops to the assault was, “My brothers, no quarter. Provisions are dear.” Fifteen thousand Russians were killed, and thirty-five thousand Turks; and he wrote to the empress, “The haughty Ismail is at your feet.”

The two allied armies on the eastern and western frontiers were drawing together; Gazi Hassan had died of grief; Selim's cruelties to the Greek Christians had led them to send a petition to invite the Grand-Duke Constantine to reign over them; and Turkey seemed about to fall; but her time was not come. Austria was called off from the battle by the tumults that had been excited by Joseph's hasty innovations. The Netherlands were in a state of revolt; Hungary had risen against the alterations, and declared that no obedience was the due of an uncrowned king; there were quarrels in the imperial family, and Joseph II. was fast sinking under anxiety and disappointment. Fever and asthma, brought home from the marshes of the Danube, were preying on him, and as fast as quiet and care restored him, fresh bad tidings threw him back. “My heart must be of stone not to break,” he said, as he learnt, by sad experience, how much easier it is to destroy than to build up. “My tomb should be

inscribed, Here lies a monarch, who, with the best intentions, never carried a single design into execution !” The last blow was the death of the young wife of his nephew Francis, whom he had fondly loved. After three hours spent with the bereaved husband, he became so much worse, that he sent for his confessor, and with great devotion went through the last rites of the Church. He died on the twentieth of February, 1790, in his forty-ninth year, leaving no children. His brother Leopold, who succeeded him, was an Austrian of the old stamp, who made peace at once with Turkey, and by undoing as much as possible of his brother’s measures, brought back Hungary and the Netherlands to their allegiance, but died at the end of two years, leaving the throne to his son Francis.

The loss of Austrian support made Catherine resolve on making peace with Turkey; and she signed a treaty at Jassy, in 1791. Her favourite, Potemkin, had died shortly before of disappointment and rage at the decay of his influence, and partly also of ennui, and disgust with the very situation that he had been so eager to retain. He had grown so weary of everything, that there were many evenings when he could only be amused by arranging his collection of diamonds in patterns upon a black velvet table.

An officer named Zubof became the favourite in his stead; and Catherine proceeded to summon Leopold of Austria and Frederick William of Prussia to make another division of Poland, saying the former had been but child’s play. They were not unwilling, and the poor craven Stanislaus scarcely attempted resistance to the final destruction of his kingdom. A brave gentleman, named Thaddeus Kosciusko, collected his countrymen, and made a gallant stand against the

enemies, who closed in on all sides, but it was too late; Suwaroff was sent against him with an overwhelming force, and at Prague made him prisoner, desperately wounded.

Stanislaus was sent to Grodno, where he died, despised and forgotten, and the crown of unfortunate Poland was carried away to Moscow, and stored up in the Kremlin. Russia had taken the largest share, and the Poles were far more miserable under her yoke than under that of either of the other powers which had destroyed their country. Romanists could not live happily under the dominion of a power which united the headship of a branch of the Greek Church with the temporal rule, and the despotism of the Czars fell heavily on the hitherto free and turbulent race. Insurrections have been incessant, and even at the present time—sixty years since Poland was ruined—her exiles are to be found in almost every European country, the remembrance of their wrongs fresh in their minds, and enmity to Russia their ruling passion.

Catherine did not live long after the consummation of her great crime. She was sixty-eight years old, and had always enjoyed such perfect health, that she said that medicine did not cost her fifteen-pence a year; and her mind was filled with fresh projects for extending her empire, when, on the morning of the 9th of November, 1796, she was found lying speechless on the floor of her private room. She never spoke again, and died the same night, cut off in the height of her power, success, and alas! of her sins.

Her son Paul's first deed was to cause his murdered father to be taken from his nameless grave. The coffin was laid beside that of the murderess, the imperial crown was placed on it, and, strange fancy! a true-

love knot was made to unite the coffins of the husband and wife, with the motto, "Divided in life, united in death." The whole court was commanded to do homage to the remains of the emperor, and, as a penance, Orlof and Baratinski, two of the murderers, were forced to stand on each side of their victim for three hours as chief mourners. Baratinski was constantly on the point of fainting, but Orlof wore an undaunted brow. They were afterwards banished, the one from court, the other from the empire; and Paul made it his business to search out and reward the few officers who had held faithfully to his unhappy father to the last.

CHAPTER VI.

THE ERA OF REVOLUTION. 1774.

PART I. THE EARLIER YEARS OF LOUIS XVI. 1774-1783.

THE whole world felt that the death of Louis XV. was the signal for reform. Ever since the accession of the House of Bourbon, the whole authority had been passing into the hands of the sovereign, and the checks imposed originally by the feudal system had been removed. The nobility had been depressed without a corresponding elevation of the commonalty, and except for the parliaments, who still kept up a shadow of resistance by refusing to register decrees which they disapproved, the royal prerogative was unbounded, and by the aid

of the army, which was solely dependent on the king, he could enforce obedience.

Except such "peers of France" as sat in the parliament of Paris, the nobility had no share in the business of the state; but to them alone were all places of distinction open. Unless a man was noble, he could not even be an officer in the army; and though rich bankers, lawyers, or merchants, could purchase patents of nobility, they were despised and kept at a distance by the families of high birth. Even in the Church, where all professed to be equal, the higher preferments were almost always given to the sons of noble families, as we may see in the case of Fénélon and Bossuet, where the latter, though a much greater favourite with Louis XIV., was only made Bishop of Meaux, because his birth, though highly respectable, was not thought noble enough for an archbishop. The bishoprics and abbeys were regarded chiefly as a provision for younger sons of noble families, who rarely thought of fulfilling any clerical duty, but waited at court, and frequented the drawing-rooms of Paris, talking love or philosophy, and waiting to be nominated to the headship of some rich convent, which they left to the prior to govern. The working clergy were almost all men of humble birth; the parish priests almost exclusively belonged to the better order of peasants, and there was very little chance of promotion, unless unusual talents as a preacher, or arts as an intriguer, raised a man into notice. Evil as the days were, there was, however, full evidence that the Church was not forsaken, and her bright lights were by-and-by to shine out steadily through the gathering tempest.

The nobles, spoilt by their privileges on the one hand, and by the want of public business on the other,

were utterly demoralized. They had been made dependent on the king, and attracted to the court, till Paris was the whole world to them, and to be sent back to their ancestral homes was banishment and despair. They were a clever active-minded race, but they had nothing to do but to intrigue, corrupt each other, make witty sayings, and study the new philosophy; while at home their stewards used their feudal rights to the most rigorous extent, in order to raise means to support their profusion. Here and there were glorious exceptions. Some nobles lived on their estates, like the fathers of their vassals, but in general the whole order was lost to all sense of Christian duty.

Nobles and clergy were alike exempt from direct taxation, and this threw the whole burden upon the lower classes. The peasantry were chiefly small land-owners, holding their little fields as feudal vassals, bound to pay a certain portion of each year's produce to their lord, and another portion to the king; and between the two, the poor cultivator only kept for himself a twelfth part of his crop. Besides this, he was bound to give so many days' work for his lord at certain seasons; he was made to contribute to the repair of the roads, and whenever either lord or vassal died, fines were exacted. If the lord ever came home at all, it was for the sake of sport, and therefore the game was to be left untouched; even wild boars and herds of deer had districts where inclosures were forbidden; hoeing and weeding and mowing hay were prevented, lest the partridges and quails should be disturbed; and hunting was carried on without the slightest consideration for the state of the crops. In plentiful years a peasant in full health might barely manage to live on black-barley or buck-wheat bread, clad in rags, in an

unglazed unchimneyed hut; in times of scarcity he starved. There were no poor-laws; no one was bound to protect him in age; the soup distributed at the convent doors was his sole resource, and many were the miserable creatures found dead with grass half eaten in their mouths.

The towns swarmed with beggars, and it was often deemed necessary to expel crowds of them from Paris by force. The country-people, broken down with misery, could suffer patiently and in silence, but the towns-people were more excitable. Their sufferings had more alleviation from the alms of the rich, from hospitals, and from the sisters of St. Vincent de Paul; but there were greater numbers to be relieved, more corruption, and more comprehension of the complaints of the party who cried out for liberty. The trades-people, who were heavily burdened, as well as eager for greater privileges, had loudly taken up the cry; and the state of things was owned to be intolerable. While these taxes crushed and ruined the whole country, the government was as badly off as the subjects—the revenue, even in time of peace, fell far short of the expenses; and ever since the days of Colbert, the confusion had been growing more and more ruinous and inextricable.

A ruined populace, a corrupt clergy, a selfish profligate nobility, an enormous debt, universal discontent, and an under-current of hatred of all rule from Heaven or from man; such was the condition of the inheritance that Louis XV. left to his grandson.

No wonder that as the young man heard the thundering sound of many feet, that announced that the crowd of courtiers were rushing from the bed of the newly-deceased monarch to pay their compliments to

his successor, he took his wife's hand, and throwing himself on his knees, cried, "O God, guard and protect us. We are too young to reign."

Louis XVI. had the qualities that could save his own soul, but that could not save his country. He was thoroughly religious, pure in life, and with a deep sense of duty and responsibility. This very desire to act for the best often made him irresolute and vacillating, and his gentleness and humanity prevented him from using severity when it might have been mercy. He was a bad judge of character, and though a great reader, had no ability in practical matters. Nor was he a king who could gratify the general taste for display; his manners were cold, awkward, and retiring, and he could never find the right thing to say at the right time. Bashful and ill at ease before strangers, he was only loved by those with whom he was familiar enough to show his great kindness and unselfishness; and he was never so happy as when alone with his family, making dissected maps for his children, studying the mechanism of watches, or making locks with his favourite locksmith.

Marie Antoinette had the very qualities that he wanted. Without regular features, her dazzling complexion, majestic bearing, and radiant joyousness and sweetness, made her one of the most lovely princesses who ever reigned; and she inspired an enthusiastic devotion into all that was loyal or chivalrous. Alas! loyalty and chivalry had been abused till they were melting fast away, and Marie Antoinette was not the woman to conciliate prejudices. At Vienna, in her happy free family life, she had been full of religious impressions, and when at fourteen she was sent to be the first lady of the court of Versailles, a friend prophesied

of her—She will be very gay, she will have great reverses, and she will become pious again.”

The augury was right. Marie Antoinette was full of high spirits and animation, with girlish distaste for all grave occupation, a hatred of state etiquette, a love of ornament and dress, quick feelings, and a lively incautious tongue. She had a most pure, innocent, and loving heart, and could not understand that she could incur blame by actions not wrong in themselves. She affronted the stately old court dames by laughing with her younger ladies, and eluding their ceremonies with girlish glee; she gossiped with her hair-dresser and milliner, and was led into foolish expenses; and she took walks in the summer evenings in the gardens at Versailles, with the band playing in the avenues, little imagining that the citizens of Paris fancied that it was for secret and wicked purposes that she liked to wander through the alleys in her white dress. They called her the Austrian, and reviled whatever she did; they said she wore lace and cambric to starve the silk-weavers at Lyons, and feed her brother's Flemish subjects; they went into a rage on a false report that she had called her little toy-farm at Trianon, Little Vienna; and they made the most preposterous stories of all her sayings and doings. Even in her most thoughtless days, her faults were the mere foibles of early youth, and were joined with the utmost kindness and consideration. She would not send her younger ladies to the theatre unless she knew that the play was fit for them; she was always touched by any sorrow or suffering; she gave a gold chain off her neck to relieve the wants of a poor woman whose husband had been hurt by a stag; and she adopted a little orphan whom she met in a wood. Her husband's young sister, Elizabeth,

loved her devotedly ; but his old aunts, who had now an establishment of their own, were fond of dwelling on all the follies of the poor young girl.

Of the king's brothers, Louis, Count de Provence, was a clever selfish man, perverted by the atheistical ideas of the time, though not avowedly so, always quoting Horace, and writing French poetry. He at first despised the queen's frivolity, and afterwards was jealous of her. Charles, Count d'Artois, was the handsomest and most graceful of the three brothers, and his young sister-in-law treated him as a play-fellow, thus giving occasion to spiteful remarks from the court. He was giddy, dissipated, and extravagant, and was much offended by the king refusing to pay his debts.

Both the princes had been married early to two princesses of Lorraine, and the Countess d'Artois had a son some years before any children were born to the king and queen ; but when at length Marie Antoinette gave birth to a daughter, and in the successive years to two sons, disappointment and jealousy turned the two brothers against her.

As a mother, she was very different from what she had been as a girl ; her taste for finery and folly passed away, she loved her children with all her heart, and strove to educate them in all piety and charity. She taught them self-denial by persuading them to give up all their New Year's gifts to feed the poor at Paris, and she infused a most high and noble spirit into all the three. The eldest boy died at about seven years old, after having shown much sweetness and resignation ; and his little brother, a beautiful and promising child, became Dauphin, and was the darling of the court for his gentle manners and spirited rapartees.

When told that he would be entangled in a thicket, he answered, "Thorny paths lead to glory;" and, poor child, his path was fast becoming bestrewn with thorns that would lead him to an eternal weight of glory.

Louis began his reign by hanging a box at his gate to receive plans for a reform of the kingdom; and that he might not be bound to persecute the Huguenots, he would not rehearse the clause in the coronation oath, by which he would have sworn to extirpate heresy, but with characteristic timidity, instead of openly omitting it, he muttered something unintelligible. The Edict of Nantes was re-enacted, some of his oppressive powers were restrained, and he sought for the best ministers; but he became bewildered between his duty to his subjects and his duty to his successors, and his plans were not consistently acted upon. He continued at the head of the government his grandfather's minister, Maurepas, who, though weak and frivolous, saw plainly the need of making some concession. He invited Neckar, a great Genevèse banker, a Protestant, and a man of unimpeached probity and high ability, to endeavour to rectify the system of taxation. Neckar strove at once to find sufficient supplies to equalize the burthens, and to give the tax-payers a voice in the application of their money; but he excited nothing but discontent; he thought himself ill supported, could not bear the abuse that was showered on him, and resigned. Marie Antoinette besought him to retain his post, and even shed tears; but it was dark, and he could not see them. "Had I seen them," he said, "I would have sacrificed to her my honour and happiness."

War added to the difficulties of France. The American colonies had revolted against George III., and for the sake of his possessions in Louisiana, Louis XVI.

engaged in the struggle, and received as ambassador from the insurgents the great Benjamin Franklin. A real sturdy simple republican was a treasure to the French, and he was treated with the most enthusiastic veneration ; a lady literally crowned his grey hair with laurel, and his picture was worn upon fans and on bracelets. His plain dress was all the rage, wigs and all the absurdities of the last reign were ridiculed, and it was the mark of a philosopher to wear his own hair cut short and without powder.

Louis Philippe Joseph, the son of the Good Duke of Orleans, was the first to appear at court in this costume. He had received a learned education, and was full of the so-called liberality of the time, very dissipated and irreligious, but with much good-nature, and a free open manner that made him popular. He had married the heiress of the old Guise family, but he neglected his wife, took her children from her, and placed them under the care of Madame de Genlis, a very clever woman, who, though far from blameless herself, was an excellent instructress, and so ably blended her religious teaching with the new lights, and with practical usefulness, that her pupils were well prepared for the many strange reverses in store for them.

The cause of the American insurgents was taken up with the utmost enthusiasm by the French nation, and the young Marquis de la Fayette fitted out a ship at his own expense to go and join them. He became a friend and companion of the great leader, George Washington, and returned home with an ardent desire to bring about changes in his own country.

A naval war took place between England and France, in which a doubtful battle at Ushant was claimed as a victory by the French. Carlos III. of

Spain was drawn into the war by the hopes of recovering Gibraltar, and the fortress was blockaded by the fleets of the two nations for no less than four years, during which Sir Gilbert Elliot and his garrison held out with indomitable constancy, and contrived to repulse the French in spite of all their engines of destruction. The Comte d'Artois came to see the place taken, but he only saw the French floating batteries, that had been called "invincible," destroyed by the English red-hot shot, and the four hundred sailors left afloat saved from drowning by the exertions of the besieged.

In the West Indies some of the French Islands were taken, and Lord Rodney gained a glorious victory off St. Lucie over Count de Grasse, and in Hindostan the French were defeated on all sides; but, on the other hand, the successes of Washington convinced the English government that it was in vain to expect that the American colonists would return to their allegiance, and a general pacification took place. England resigned her claims to America, and ceded to Spain Minorca and Florida, restored St. Lucie to France, and gave up Tobago, whereupon the siege of Gibraltar ceased, and peace was signed at Versailles on the 20th of January, 1783.

This war was the last great event of the life of Carlos III., who died five years later, in his seventy-third year, after a long and peaceful reign, in which he had almost always acted uprightly and beneficently, and shown himself the most sound-minded and able man of the Spanish House of Bourbon. His private life was blameless, and his gentle government made him long remembered by his people as "the good old king." He was greatly beloved by his family and attendants, and was extremely pious and devout, deny-

ing himself in everything except in his taste for hunting, in which it was his boast that he had killed five hundred and thirty-nine wolves, and five thousand three hundred and twenty-three foxes. He was thought to use this violent exercise to keep off the constitutional melancholy of his family, and indeed he alone of them all escaped it. His son, Carlos IV., was as weak and as much led by his wife as Philip IV. had been, and Spain fell back into her state of languor.

PART II. THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY. 1786-1792.

IN 1783 died the old Comte de Maurepas, who, though weak and frivolous, knew how to keep parties quiet, and had great influence over the king. This power chiefly fell to the queen, and she was more accused than ever of too much leaning towards her own country; while Calonne, who became minister of finance, flattered her by answering her requests: "If what your Majesty desires be possible, it is done; if it be impossible, it will be done."

So ill did he manage the revenue, that in 1786 it appeared that five million and a half more had been spent than had been received, and ignorant people charged all this upon poor Marie Antoinette, and gave her the nick-name of Madame Deficit. Since there must be a new system of taxation, everyone hoped that the king would convoke the assembly of the nation, which had fallen into disuse, namely, the States General; but of this he was afraid, and he only summoned the Notables, or higher nobility, who had not met since the time of Henri IV. This class being the only persons exempt from taxes, were not disposed to tax themselves, and did nothing but so violently abuse Calonne,

that he was obliged to resign, and go into exile in England.

The parliament of Paris were resolved to force the king into calling together the States General, and they refused to register any taxes that he made. He banished them to Troyes, and still they held out; he held a bed of justice, and the Duke of Orleans defied him to his face; he banished the duke to his estates, and sent his guards to apprehend Espremenil, one of the most factious lawyers, but the other members would not give up the culprit, and when the officers asked which he was, they cried out, "We are all Espremenils!"

At last, when his reluctance had irritated the whole nation, Louis XVI. yielded, and while he recalled Neckar to his councils, he summoned the States General to meet at Versailles on the 1st of May, 1789. From that day the French Revolution may be said to have begun.

The States General consisted of all the estates of the realm, not divided like the English parliament, but all sitting in one house, and voting with equal rights, so that the numbers of the *Tiers Etat*, third estate, or commonalty, the representatives of the towns-people and peasantry, entirely swamped the nobility and clergy.

It was so long since there had been any such meeting, that no one knew the exact powers of the States General; and the *Tiers Etat* was disposed to stretch them to the utmost, under a vehement sense of the wrongs so long endured, and a determination to obtain redress.

The name of States General was laid aside, and that of National Assembly adopted, so as to show that they deemed themselves acting for the nation rather than the king. Louis intended to appear among them in

person, and the hall was being prepared for the purpose, when the *Tiers Etat* tried to take possession, and were greatly offended at finding themselves excluded. They repaired to a tennis-court near at hand, and there bound themselves to each other by a solemn oath not to break up until they should have reformed the whole constitution of the kingdom.

A few days after, the king came among them to propose a scheme, to which the great body of clergy and nobles would have consented, but the *Tiers Etat* would not hear of it; whereupon the king sent a message that the assembly was dissolved. "Slave! tell your master," said the Count de Mirabeau, a most clever and profligate nobleman of the popular party, "that we are convoked by the people, and that his bayonets alone can drive us from our post." Then voting that the person of a member of the National Assembly was sacred, and that any attempt to molest them was high treason, the deputies proceeded to consider the state of the country.

There were many sections among them. First stood such as would withstand any change, especially such as would interfere with their own privileges; next, those who only sought for reasonable change, such as might be consistent with loyalty and with respect for ancient rights and customs, such as might become Christian men to enact: but these two classes, whom it was the fashion to call Aristocrats, made up between them a very small minority, and chiefly consisted of the nobles and clergy.

Of the Democrats, many were honest men, who saw so much evil in existing institutions, that they believed that they must uproot all in order to build afresh. Many nobles, and almost all the respectable part of

the *Tiers Etat*, held these views, and were infected more or less by admiration for the old republics, as well as by the infidel principles which were spreading throughout France, and becoming prevalent among the lower as formerly among the higher ranks. The Marquis de la Fayette was an example of the better sort of Democrats, who knew not what they did in opening the flood-gates of rebellion.

There were others, such as Mirabeau, who sought chiefly to obtain notice, or who were intoxicated by the pleasure of leading, love of change, and popularity. Of these was Philippe of Orleans, who was delighted with the notoriety gained by a prince of the blood taking part against the crown, and had selfish designs of dethroning the elder branch of his family and reigning as head of a limited monarchy.

Another party were called the Jacobins, from the old convent of Jacobin Friars, where their meetings took place. They held wild notions of universal equality, freedom from every kind of thralldom, and destruction of each vestige of rule. They affected a savage and ferocious demeanour, such as was laughed at in the National Assembly, but had the most fearful effect beyond its walls.

The lower class of Parisians, who had been corrupted by the vices of the nobles, and were embittered by the spectacle of selfish luxury in contrast with their own abject poverty, were ready to be worked on by any who showed sympathy with their wrongs. The Jacobins nightly harangued them in the squares, dilating on their miseries, inflaming their envy of their superiors, and above all, directing their hatred against the poor queen, whom they called Madame Veto, because she was supposed to influence her husband to put his veto

on any resolutions that the National Assembly might make for their relief.

Mobs paraded the streets, led chiefly by fierce fish-women; and so hostile was the aspect of affairs, that Louis XVI. drew the army nearer for protection, but this was a fatal measure. It was reported that he was going to put liberty down by force; the respectable citizens banded themselves in a force called afterwards the National Guard, assumed tri-coloured cockades, red, blue, and white, and chose La Fayette for their captain: but the mob far outran them; and fancying that the cannon of the Bastille had been pointed on the city, they flew to the old prison, stormed it, and killed the garrison, hanging them on the lamp-posts. Only seven captives were within, for the king had released all the state prisoners when he first came to the throne; but the building was triumphantly overthrown, and a box of dominoes made from one of the stones was sent to the Dauphin.

“This is a revolt,” said Louis XVI.

“Sire,” was the answer, “it is a revolution.”

It was true. The first taste of blood had maddened the populace, and had taught their cruel leaders what a mighty engine was in their hands. Those who might yet have stemmed the torrent were inactive, and the history of those days can hardly be read without feeling as if the sins of the fathers had been visited on the children, by permitting the whole nation to be given up to the possession of demons. The mob raged in the streets, and everyone on whom their wrath was directed was surrounded and murdered, sometimes by being hung on the nearest lamp-post, but often by being torn to pieces with the most dire cruelty and mockery, in which women were the prominent performers.

The National Assembly would not interfere with these horrors, being perhaps glad to intimidate the king; and the example of the capital spread to the country, where the peasants rose, sacked the *chateaux* of their lords, and put great numbers of the gentry to death. The nobility, finding that nothing was done for their safety, fled into other countries till the storm should be past, and among them the Comte d'Artois.

The Duke of Orleans hoped to frighten the king himself away; but Louis had no personal fears, and was not to be driven from his post, though he had not the vigour to make any valid resistance. True mercy would have brought force to repress these blood-thirsty tumults, but Louis was tender-hearted in the wrong place, and could not bear that life should be perilled in his defence, forgetting that therewith would be protected all religion and order in his dominions.

His army was in general disaffected, but his guards were attached to him; and on the second of October a dinner was given to the officers in the theatre at Versailles, at which there was a gleam of the old loyalty, and the song of "*O Richard, O mon roi!*" was greeted with rapturous applause. The royal family showed themselves, and were hailed with enthusiastic cries of "*Vive le roi!*" and even the officers of the National Guard turned outwards the white linings of their cockades, that they might again do homage to the white lily of Bourbon.

This flash produced a frightful tempest. At Paris it was said that the queen had been sending the troops to massacre the people; and under the influence of this report, and of the dearness of provisions, the populace broke out into fury. A young woman marched along, beating a drum, and crying "Bread! bread!" and

crowds flowed from every alley swelling her train, and directing their march to Versailles, where, with a tremendous noise, they burst into the National Assembly, and seating themselves on the benches, drank, swore, sang, and screamed, abused some of the deputies, and insisted that Mirabeau should speak.

The throng increased, and with every foul outcry imaginable, besieged the palace; but the king would neither fight nor fly. He had made up his mind not to shed a drop of blood, and instead of sending for his faithful Swiss guards, chose to wait in the hope that La Fayette and his National Guard would disperse the riot.

La Fayette assured the king that he was safe, and all went to bed in the palace; but the furious mob sat drinking and singing round bonfires outside. A fresh access of rage came upon them at half-past four in the morning, and they burst into the palace, screaming for the life of the queen. Poor Marie Antoinette was barely saved by a guardsman who sacrificed his life by standing before her door while Madame Auguiué barred and bolted it, and thus gave her time to rush into the king's apartments with a few garments hastily thrown over her. Some of her guards were murdered—a few were saved by La Fayette, who cleared the palace of the mob. But the multitude remained outside, and clamoured for a sight of the "Austrian." She came out on the balcony, with her daughter in one hand, her son in the other. "No children," was the cry. She believed that she was to be the sacrifice, and she was ready; she sent back the children, and stood still and calm, her eyes raised towards heaven, her hands crossed on her bosom, a mark for a thousand muskets. One was levelled, but the sight of her placid dignity

was her defence; the weapon was struck aside, vituperation sank, and a cry arose of "*Vive la reine!*"

A voice said, "To Paris," and whether the plan had been previously concerted or not, the whole mob became possessed with the determination to carry back the royal family and National Assembly to Paris. La Fayette consented, and the king yielded. They were conducted in carriages between long lanes of the savage populace, who bore aloft on pikes the heads of the slaughtered guards, and shouted a wild song, the burthen of which was, "We shall want no more bread! We bring the baker, baker's wife, and little baker's boy!" After six hours of this dreadful procession, the king and his family arrived at the Tuilleries, and began their dreary days of captivity in their own palace.

The year 1790 was spent by the National Assembly in making their reforms, the better sort hoping absurdly to come down to classical simplicity, the worse, simply delighting in destruction. They abolished all titles and armorial bearings; and the Duke of Orleans set the example by leaving aside even his name of Bourbon, and calling himself the Citizen Philippe Egalité, for all the world chose to be now addressed as "citizens;" and in accordance with this, it was the fashion to wear dresses or drapery as much resembling Greek statues as possible. As to the finances, they would pay no taxes at all, and in their stead seized all the Church property for the use of the state, assigning a pittance to the clergy; and as this monstrous robbery could not at once be turned into money, they issued notes promising payment, called "assignats," which soon became worthless, and caused great misery. Neckar, finding their plans too wild for any rational minister, resigned his post, and retired to Switzerland. Having taken away the

property of the Church, they proceeded to legislate for the clergy, and framed an oath, which required them to swear to obey the National Assembly, cut them off from Rome, and gave the choice of bishops to the new authorities.

Deprivation, if no more, was the penalty of a refusal; but only three bishops took the oath, and of them, one was Talleyrand, a man of wonderful talent, but of no religion at all. Very few priests submitted to the oaths, which were in defiance of all their Ordination vows, and all the recusants were driven from their homes, to wander forth in poverty as marked men, only supported by the faithful few who would not hearken to the pastors intruded on them by the sacrilegious party who held sway.

The king helplessly yielded everything, but the people could not believe him sincere, and only abused him the more. Mirabeau, who was the only one of the moderate party able to control the Jacobins, died early in 1791; and the situation of the royal family had become so desperate, that the king's aunts and his brother left France. They would have taken with them his sister Elizabeth, but she was bent on sharing the fortunes of Louis to the last.

An attempt was made in June by the royal family to escape, and they left Paris in disguise, the little dauphin as a girl, the queen as a governess, the king as a valet; but unhappily he was recognized by the likeness of his profile to his effigy on the coins, and the fugitives were stopped by the Mayor of Varennes. The Parisians fancied that they would bring the armies of Europe to restore them to their throne, and two deputies were sent, who brought them back to Paris, where they were received by the mob with the most horrible

imprecations. That journey of disappointment blanched the queen's hair in one night of grief.

The National Assembly had by this time finished the work they had undertaken, and devised a constitution in which an elective assembly was to originate all measures, and the king had only a power of *veto*, namely, of rejection; and if he ordered his army to act against the nation, he was to be considered as dethroned. Louis accepted the new constitution, making oath to observe it, ruinous as it was to the Church and to the rights of the nobility; and on September 24th, 1791, the National Assembly broke up, after making an ordinance that none of the members could be again elected to the Legislative Assembly.

PART III. THE GIRONDISTS. 1792-1793.

THE new Legislative Assembly was elected by the people of the departments into which the old provinces of France had been cut. There were three parties. Some thought that enough had been gained, and wished to uphold the constitutional monarchy as at present existing; and of these Dumourier was one of the most notable within the Assembly, as was La Fayette without. La Fayette's popularity was, however, greatly on the decline, and he found his National Guard so unruly, that one day he put on the dress of a private, saying that he was tired of obeying, and it was the men alone who commanded.

The Girondists, so called because their most noted leaders came from the Gironde, the country at the estuary of the Garonne, were republicans, clever intellectual men, not devoid of mercy and morality, but perverted by their deluded theories of liberty to expect

perfection without Christianity. Madame Roland, the wife of one of their number, had, when a girl, carried Plutarch's Lives to church instead of her Prayer-Book, and wept because she was not a Roman citizen; and the spirit of the whole party was to try to set up a new imitation of Greece or Rome, without even the shadow of religion that the philosophers of old had "felt after." Beautiful, enthusiastic, and virtuous, Madame Roland needed but faith to have been fit for better things than being the heroine of the Girondists.

Many degrees worse were the ferocious Jacobins, led by three men whose names are the most detested in history. Marat, who had been a surgeon, was a blood-thirsty savage, burning to revenge what he had learnt to look on as ages of tyranny. Danton was a lawyer, eager for power, blood, and plunder, and longing to destroy all that had ever stood above him, that he might rise on their ruin. Robespierre was a philanthropist, who, having undertaken to regenerate the world without faith or obedience, had been given up to a strong delusion to believe a lie. He had begun his course by a book against the punishment of death, and, through sentimental pity for the wrongs inflicted by the great, had arrived at a belief that a sweeping retribution must overtake them all, and that a new and perfect order of things might then arise. The other two were ruffians in look and manner; he was trim and refined, wearing powdered hair, a purple coat, and flowered waistcoat, and was called "The Incorruptible," from his indifference to riches.

Girondists and Jacobins alike used the mob for their instrument, and such assaults were made on the persons of all who were branded as "aristocrats," that it was a relief to be sent to prison, as an enemy of the constitu-

tion. The nobles were flying in greater numbers than ever, and colonies of them were supported by the generosity of the English, or lived by teaching either languages or dancing, showing such touching patience and cheerfulness, that the purifying effect of adversity was beautifully displayed. The more warlike repaired to Germany, where Frederick William III. of Prussia, and the young Emperor Francis II. were preparing to invade France, in order to deliver the king and nation from the faction that oppressed them; but this interference in his behalf was fatal to the poor king, by rousing the hatred of the people, and by depriving him of his two last protectors, La Fayette and Dumourier, who went to join the French army upon the frontier, leaving him with nothing between him and his bitterest foes.

The Legislative Assembly had made a decree which they called the "Second Article of the Rights of Man," by which all emigrants were declared guilty of treason, and their property confiscated, and the clergy who refused the oaths were put under surveillance, depriving them of their pensions. To these enactments Louis refused his consent; he had gone as far as his conscience permitted, and would go no further. Girondists and Jacobins were all alike furious, and they resolved to summon their mob to frighten him into either consenting or abdicating.

Thirty thousand rose at their bidding on the 20th of June, 1792, and formed into a grisly procession, carrying pikes and green boughs, with banners in front bearing "The Rights of Man," and on a pike the bleeding heart of a pig, with the motto, "The heart of an aristocrat." Howling out a revolutionary song, they paraded the streets, marched through the hall of the

Assembly, where the constitutional party cowered in terror, and pretended great civility, after which they proceeded to the Tuilleries.

Louis permitted no resistance. He opened the door of his apartments with his own hand, and the crowd rushed in and spread themselves through the stately rooms. A man thrust at him with a pike, but a few of the National Guard put him into an arm-chair, and standing before him in the recess of a window, sheltered him. He had no fears; and when with loud shouts his consent to the decree was demanded, calmly answered, that this was not the time nor the means to ask it. He allowed a red cap of liberty to be placed on his head, and the sight of it, and of his mild calmness, pacified those nearest to him.

In another part of the rooms the crowd had surrounded Madame Elizabeth, whom they took for the queen, and vituperated fiercely, till they were told of their mistake by an attendant. "Ah!" she said, "why undeceive them? It might have saved my sister's life." Marie Antoinette was standing behind a table, on which sat the poor little Dauphin in a red cap, while the mob poured forth their abuse upon her. With gentle dignity she spoke to the foremost woman, asking what harm she had done, and explaining how truly she loved the French, till the woman's fury subsided, and she began to cry, saying, "I did not know you; I see that you are good." After three hours of orgies in the palace the mob cleared off, and some of the Legislative Assembly coming to apologize, were so shocked at their outrages that they shed tears, though taking care to tell Marie Antoinette that their pity was for her as woman, not as queen.

The twentieth of June was a bloodless day, but a

more dreadful one was coming. The allied armies were on the frontier, and the Duke of Brunswick, the commander, put forth a proclamation which enraged the Parisians, and made the cruel dominant faction resolve on striking a decisive blow. La Fayette, who tried to restrain them, found his influence gone, was accused of opposing the will of the nation, and escaping from the army, was seized by the Austrians and imprisoned, thus learning from a distance the effects of letting loose the passions of the populace.

All the towns in France were in the same state of ferment as Paris, and Marseilles sent up to the assistance of the Paris mob five hundred fierce rebels, worked up to a state of frenzy against all monarchy, and who chanted with one voice the fine song called the "Marseillaise," a hymn of liberty, composed by a man who little guessed that it would be used to conjure an excitable race to deeds of savage horror.

It was evident that an attack was intended; the loyal gentlemen who still remained at large came to offer their services to the king; and his faithful Swiss Guards, about five hundred in number, were gathered round the Tuilleries. On the morning of the 10th of August the tocsin was heard, and the mob began to rise in thousands. The king came among his defenders and thanked them, but awkwardly and sadly. Though so fearless that he would not wear a breast-plate that his wife had provided, he shrank from shedding blood in his own defence, and was miserable at the sight of the weapons prepared to repel his people, who were howling for his destruction.

The National Assembly would not attempt to stop the populace, but they offered the royal family a refuge in their hall. Marie Antoinette replied, that she would rather be nailed to the palace walls than leave

it, and giving the king a pistol, called on him to struggle for the right; but the dread of bloodshed prevailed with him, and hoping to save his people, as he said, from committing a great crime, he consented, and with his wife, sister, and children, was conducted through a double file of grenadiers to the hall of the Assembly, where they were placed in a small wooden box, generally used by the short-hand writers who took down the debates.

They had scarcely arrived before the roar of fire-arms showed how vain the surrender had been. By some fatal oversight, no command had been given to the Swiss Guards to disperse, and they were left to defend their posts when there was no longer anything to defend. The mob fell on them, they fired, and this infuriated the assailants, who attacked them on all sides. Without orders, courage and discipline were fruitless against such odds, and the faithful Swiss were cut down and massacred almost to a man. Such was the fury of the frantic people, that because Swiss were so often employed as porters that *Suisse* had become the name of the office, a number of these unfortunate servants were slain who had never seen the Alps. The fidelity of these gallant guards is commemorated by a monument, representing a lion dying as he guards the fleur-de-lis, sculptured in the living rock of their native mountains near Lucerne.

When weary of slaughter, the populace rushed into the hall of the Assembly, and while some offered insults to the king and his family, others demanded that he should be dethroned. This was called the will of the nation, and the Assembly agreed at once. They declared Louis king no longer, and decreed that he should be kept under "safe guard of the law;" and while they

hesitated what to do with him, kept the whole family for fifteen hours penned up in the reporter's box, till late at night they were allowed to sleep at the ransacked convent of the Feuillants. They were afterwards transferred to the Temple, the former castle of the Templars, where they were closely watched by the National Guard, and, according to the humour of their keeper of the day, were treated with either brutal insolence or tolerable civility, all of which they bore with the most touching meekness and patience.

The present condition of France was, that all that was reasonable or moderate was paralyzed by deadly fear of the savage populace, who on their side were frantic with the cruelty of cowardly terror. Fancying the king and aristocracy had some strange dreadful power, they wanted to trample them down and utterly destroy them, and moved blindly at the summons of the three who had the secret of directing their passions, and who themselves guided the work of slaughter under the dread of a reaction. To obliterate all from whence a new aristocracy could be built up, seems to have been Robespierre's aim; and Danton, as minister of justice, was able to give the sanction of law to his atrocities.

The advance of the German forces quickened their measures. All whom they chose to call enemies of the state were committed to prison—men and women, and especially the non-juring clergy—till the jails of Paris overflowed with 8,000 victims. On the 2nd of September, about eighty or a hundred ruffians, armed with axes and guns, were sent round the jails to massacre the captives by wholesale. A sort of tribunal was erected in the hall of each prison; as each unfortunate came before it a few words passed, and "Let him be freed" was the death-warrant. The victim passed out

in hopes of release, and was butchered in the court. So arbitrary were the ruffians, that the heroic Marie de Sombreuil was allowed to save her father's life by swallowing a glass of blood! The Princesse de Lamballe was one of the victims, and the wretches carried her beautiful head, with the long fair curls floating round it, on the point of a pike, and held it before the windows of the Temple, howling for the queen to come and see it, but a fainting-fit spared her the sight. Tricoloured ribbons were stretched across the street, as a sign that the captives of the Temple were to be spared; but in every other jail the butchery lasted for four days, the maddened women of Paris bringing food and wine to the murderers, and holding horrid festival over the bloody work of extermination. The priests were treated like sheep pent up for the slaughter, and murdered with even more barbarity than the rest; but they died with great resolution, giving absolution to each other, while the murderers sung and danced in derision around them. The Abbé Sicard, who had devoted himself to the instruction of the deaf and dumb, was one of the few who were spared. At last, when the slaughter was complete, the butchery ended; but the prisons were quickly replenished with all that could be found which could be called aristocratic or an enemy of the nation; and hope of rescue passed away, for the German army was ill managed, and Dumourier, by a battle at Valmy, obliged it to retreat, after having done nothing but make the Democrats more furious against their victims. The Republican army followed the invaders across the frontier, and gained a great victory at Jemappes.

The Legislative Assembly had been dissolved, and France professed to be governed by a freshly elected

body, called the National Convention, where were still the two old parties of Girondists and Jacobins. These last, who were usually called the "Mountain," because they sat on the higher benches, were still the minority, but reigned over the rest by terror of their mighty tool, the mob. A physician, named Guillotin, had invented a machine for beheading with the least possible suffering, and this instrument, called by his name, was brought into use for sweeping off the so-called enemies of the state. A guillotine stood on high in the Place de Grève at Paris, as in the public place of each town; and not a week passed without innocent heads falling before the populace, who, in their horrible delusion, called the guillotine the means of their deliverance, and there were even women who wore little models of it as ornaments in their bonnets. Hatred was above all directed against the royal family; and the National Convention decided that Louis Capet, as they chose to call the king, after the nickname of Hugues, the first of his line, should be arraigned before them of treason to the nation. His former minister, Malesherbes, nobly volunteered to be his counsel; but it was a vain defence when the faction who ruled thirsted for the blood of one of the gentlest and most forbearing of men. Not one man of the Convention dared to pronounce him innocent, and out of the seven hundred and twenty-one members, a majority of twenty-six voted for his death. Among them was his own relative, Philippe Egalité, who, though his two elder sons had implored him to take no share in the trial, was led away into giving his voice for death; but even the bitterest Democrats were so shocked at his unnatural vote, that a murmur of "The monster!" ran along the benches.

On the 20th of January, 1793, Louis XVI. was con-

demned. That night he took leave of his wife and family, from whom he had been separated during the trial. They spent two hours together, and parted at last, his daughter in a swoon; and after a peaceful night he rose early, and spent his last hours with the Abbé Edgeworth in earnest prayer. Calmly he went forth, praying that his blood might not be visited on his people; but there were some who stood beneath the scaffold that his blood might drop on their heads, acting the cry of the Jews of old. Has the visitation for that blood yet ceased?

The Girondists, who had joined in shedding it, soon felt the retribution: there was a short sharp struggle for power between them and the ultra party; the Mountain triumphed, and sent the chiefs to the guillotine as enemies of the state. They sang the Marseillaise on the way, and died like the Romans they admired, crying, "Vive la Republique!" A young man was put to death for merely saying that one of the Girondists had lived like Aristides and died like Algernon Sidney. Madame Roland was executed a day or two after, glorying in sharing their fall, and as she beheld a statue of freedom, saying, "Ah! Liberty, how many crimes are committed in thy name!"

The execution of the Girondists opened the eyes of those who had fancied the Revolution the beginning of a new era of freedom. The liberty they had set up as an idol, had turned into a bloody phantom—the awful instrument of the judgment of Him who was sweeping the nation with the besom of destruction.

PART IV. LA VENDEE. 1792.

THE sovereign of France, Louis XVII., was a captive, and the whole executive power was in the hands of the Committee of Public Safety, into which Robespierre, Marat, and Danton, with others of the same mould, had formed themselves. Their rule well merited its fearful name, the "Reign of Terror;" blood flowed daily in every market-place; half the nation seemed to be drunk with blood, the other half stupified by terror.

Marat, from his brutal ferocity of demeanour, was generally regarded as the most hateful of the tyrants; and a maiden of Rouen, named Charlotte Corday, who had fed her enthusiastic imagination with the deeds of Brutus, strangely joined with the Book of Judith, thought to avenge the liberties of her country, and deliver her fellow-citizens, by devoting herself. Without imparting her plans, she left her father's house, travelled to Paris, sought an interview with Marat, and as he sat in his covered warm bath, she stabbed him to the heart. She was taken to prison, avowing the deed, and conducted to the guillotine the next day, her beautiful face glowing with the false inspiration that had prompted her, and which bore her up to the last, though untouched by one gleam of true faith.

His fate only made the survivors more savage, and the prisons teemed with persons of every rank. French gaiety was unconquerable, and there were brilliant conversations, witty sayings, dances, and games, as if the party were enjoying themselves in a hospitable mansion; but it was ghastly revelry, where they practised graceful deportment for the guillotine, and tried to make light of the inevitable fate. Each day, after

dinner, when mirth was at the highest, a roll of carts was heard in the yard, the National Guards brought in a list of names, those who were called went forth, and were seen no more. All Christians and Atheists alike died bravely, patient from faith, or resolute from pride. There was only one instance of abject terror, and that was Madame Dubarry, who shrieked, struggled, and offered all her wealth to save her life.

The allied armies were in the field, and the conscription to raise soldiers to meet them weighed heavily. This, together with the persecution of their clergy, roused the spirit of the gallant peasantry of Anjou and Brittany. In the district called La Vendée there was an excellent loyal nobility, who had lived at home, and used their rights for the good of their vassals, and the whole county was in a wholesome state. The evils under which their little king groaned, and their own sufferings, so worked on the peasants, that they rose under the command of a pedlar, named Cathelineau, whom they called the Saint of Anjou. The nobles, among whom were the excellent M. de Bonchamp, the pure self-devoted Marquis de Lescure, called the Saint of Poitou, with the high-spirited young Henri de Larochejaquelin, obeyed the summons, and without jealousy or pride of rank, put themselves under the pedlar, and set up the white standard for Louis XVII.

Their desperate valour at first gained ground; Cathelineau was soon killed, but under M. de Bonchamp they took Saumur, and in spite of the savage butcheries exercised by their enemies, they spared all prisoners. The women prayed while the men fought, and their success was brilliant. They entered into correspondence with England, and aid was promised,

but it was ill-conducted, and failed, to their cruel disappointment. Disciplined troops were poured on them; Lescure and Bonchamp were mortally wounded; and a council insisted on taking the army across the Loire into Brittany. This was fatal. They could leave neither sick nor women behind, as the enemy would have slaughtered them all, and the large helpless body were starved and wretched in spite of the friendly aid of the Breton peasants. Lescure and Bonchamp died, using their last breath to secure the lives of their prisoners; and Henri de Larochejaquelin, at twenty years of age, was left in sole command. "If I advance, follow me; if I fall, avenge me; if I give back, kill me," were his orders to his men; and so humble and unambitious was he, that his only desire, in case he should restore the king, was to be made colonel of a regiment of horse. There was little hope, however, that he would prevail. After much dreary wandering, and many losses, he re-crossed the Loire; but the enemy coming on him in the embarkation, utterly broke up and ruined his army, and he escaped almost alone, and slept the next night on the other side of a heap of straw, where some of the Blues, as the peasants called the republican soldiers, were lying. Still brave and high-hearted, he collected a few followers, and led a wild outlaw life in the woods, always gentle, humane, and devout, friendly with the peasants, who adored him, making war on the Blues, but always with mercy and gentleness to the prisoners. He was shot, at last, by a prisoner with whom he was parleying, and lies in a nameless grave in the woodlands of La Vendée, near his own ancestral castle—one of the brightest and last specimens of French chivalrous loyalty to the son of St. Louis. Stofflet, a gamekeeper

carried on the same partizan warfare without the same piety and generosity; the peasants had grown exasperated by the pitiless massacres exercised on them by their enemies, and had become savage in their turn. The Chouans, as they were called, because they came forth by night like owls, were a dreadful thorn in the side of the French Republic, which could not extirpate them in their forest fastnesses. All the towns were, however, gained, and slaughter reigned there. At Nantes, all the women who had been arrested were taken out to the mouth of the Loire in boats with a trap-door in the bottom, and there drowned; and in other parts of Bretagne, crowds were heaped together and deliberately mown down with grape-shot.

Lyons and Toulon likewise revolted, and were besieged by the troops under Kellerman. After a terrible bombardment and a blockade, Lyons surrendered, and admitted the Reign of Terror. Collot d'Herbois, one of the Committee of Public Safety, came to take vengeance, and commanded such cruelties that the hands of the executioners absolutely grew weary. He struck the buildings with a silver hammer, ordered them to be pulled down, and decreed that nothing should be left of the great manufacturing city, but a monument bearing the inscription, "Lyons resisted freedom—Lyons is no more!"

The Jacobins boasted that the corpses of Lyons would float down the Rhone and warn Toulon what she might expect. Toulon was, however, succoured by the English fleet, and held out till the outworks were taken and the harbour rendered untenable, when the English thought themselves forced to leave the city to her fate, carrying off, however, all whom the fleet could hold of the inhabitants, to the number of

fourteen thousand ; but this was but a fragment of the population, and the remainder suffered every horror that the guillotine and the grape-shot of their foes could inflict on them.

Little indeed did the assistance of the allies avail French loyalty. All the powers of Europe professed to be united to put down the Bloody Republic, but there was no real union between them. Russia, Prussia, and Austria, were chiefly bent on destroying Poland, and came but feebly to the work ; Spain was exhausted and degenerate ; and the English nation was not yet thoroughly roused, and always tardy in shining in war, had only asserted their superiority by sea. All the French West-Indian islands were taken except St. Domingo, where the negroes had risen and massacred the white inhabitants, and a dreadful civil war was raging.

By land, the ill-managed attacks of the allies on the French frontier had no effect, except to train the French army to war, animated as it was by the wild energy of the nation, and commanded by men who, for the first time, found military distinction open to them. The Prince of Orange and the Duke of York were driven back beyond the Sambre. On the Rhine, Moreau drove back the German forces, and France was everywhere successful ; and Pichegru, crossing the rivers on the ice, invaded Holland, drove away the Stadtholder to die an exile, and persuaded the Dutch to revolutionize their old republic, after a new pattern to suit the French taste, calling it the "Batavian Republic."

Gustaf III. of Sweden was one of the foremost to promote the war against the French, and was preparing his troops, much to the discontent of the country ;

when, on the 16th of March, 1792, he received an anonymous letter, advising him to stay away from all public amusements for a month, especially from a masquerade fixed for the same evening. He paid no attention to the warning, went to the masquerade, and was there shot in the back by a nobleman named Ankarstroem. He lingered twelve days, with great patience and firmness, and even expressing hopes that his death would put an end to party strifes. There were twelve nobles in the plot, but it was his especial desire that their lives might be spared, and only the actual assassin was put to death, the others were imprisoned, or deprived of their rank. His son, Gustaf IV., was only fourteen years of age, and the regency was therefore left to his brother, Charles Duke of Sudermania, who would not enter upon hostilities.

PART V. THE REIGN OF TERROR. 1792-1794.

THE attacks of other nations had exasperated the Parisians against the victims they held in their hands. It was decreed by the nation that the little king, or, as they called him, the "Wolf-cub of the Temple," should be parted from his mother, and placed in the lower rooms, under the charge of a shoemaker named Simon. "What shall I do with him?" was the inquiry. "Is he to be guillotined?" "No." "Is he to be poisoned?" "No." "What then?" "He is to be got rid of." But this was not to be till a horrible use had been made of the innocent. The nation sought occasion against his mother. She was carried off to the prison of the Conciergerie, which was used for the meanest criminals, and shut up in a low damp room, where two soldiers were always stationed; and meanwhile the

fiendish tyrants were striving to break her child's spirit, and draw witness out of his mouth against her. The young king, only eight years old, was daily insulted and beaten, struck when he refused to sing profane songs, called out of his bed at night, and kicked back to it again, and drenched with cold water because he was found kneeling in prayer. Still his sweet patience never failed; and when Simon asked what he would do if the Vendéens should restore him to his throne, he replied, "I would pardon you." A few of his words were twisted into an accusation of his mother; a deposition was drawn up, and after he had been forced into taking a stupifying quantity of wine, Simon held his hand, and compelled him to attach his signature. The paper obtained in this revolting manner was brought forward against Marie Antoinette at her trial. She raised her eyes to heaven and said, "I appeal to all mothers!" But she was in the hands of men worse than savages; they pronounced her doom, and she was to die the next day, the 15th of October, 1793. She sewed her own white robe of death, cut short her long white hair, and wrote a sweet farewell to her children and her sister, repeating that note of perfect forgiveness which rang through all the woes of that family; and the next morning she seated herself on the hurdle appointed as a still greater indignity, still looking truly the queen, and even more the martyr, with her fair cheek flushed, but with her blue eyes never raised till she came beneath a window where stood a disguised priest, to sign to her blessing and absolution. She spoke not, mounted the scaffold, and died as one to whom death was gain.

From the time her son learnt the horrible use that had been made of his words, he spoke no more.

Neither threats nor blows induced him to utter another syllable while in Simon's keeping, until, wearied by his constancy, the wretch shut him up in a room which no one ever entered, except to thrust a little food and water in at the door. It was never cleaned out, and though there was a bell he never rang it, preferring anything to the presence of those who would have answered the summons.

While the little martyr-king patiently pined away, the frantic rulers of the nation proclaimed aloud what "the fool hath said in his heart." They called on the Most High to destroy them if He existed! Some of them enthroned a wicked woman in the Cathedral of Notre Dame, as Goddess of Reason; they defiled churches; trod sacred vessels under-foot; and set up the statue of Marat in the stead of the saints. "Death is an eternal sleep," was written up on every public school, and impieties and blasphemies beyond imagination were everywhere perpetrated. The Abbey of St. Denis was uprooted to the very foundation, and all the relics of old time dispersed; the very tombs broken up, and the bones of kings, queens, and all that had made France illustrious, tossed about in derision and scattered to the winds. The only corpse that met with the least regard was that of Turenne, which was afterwards removed to the great Parisian cemetery, on the property once belonging to Père la Chaise, the confessor of Louis XIV.

To obliterate Sunday from the mind, the week was changed into a decade, every tenth day to be a feast for teaching Atheism; and the very months, though their names were already heathen, had new titles, expressive of their climate or produce, and the years were to be counted from 1792, the era of the French

Republic. Weights and measures were freshly divided on scientific principles, the first being divisions of the weight of the earth, the second of the circumference at the equator, and these are still retained, though the other changes are forgotten.

Almost all the Royalists and Girondists had perished, but the appetite for blood continued, and the next noted victim was one whom none could pity, Philippe Egalité. He was imprisoned at Marseilles with his two younger sons, and after some months was brought to Paris, where he was sentenced without a plausible pretext, and executed, after receiving the last rites from a priest who had taken the oaths. His two young sons tried to escape; but the elder, the Duke de Montpensier, fell in letting himself down from a window, and broke his leg, and his brother, the Count de Beaujolais, returned to share his captivity. Their eldest brother, Louis Philippe, fled from the army, and gained a livelihood in Switzerland by teaching mathematics; and their sister, Adelaide, was with Madame de Genlis in England.

The worship of the Goddess of Reason was too scandalous even for Robespierre and Danton, and they guillotined her votaries. Next, a struggle took place between the two leaders, and Danton fell, upon which he began to revile his former associates as brethren of Cain, and scourges of humanity. The prison-keepers were afraid to receive him, and the captives thronged round to gaze at their fallen foe, on the night before he was put to death.

Robespierre singly was more ruthless than ever. The guillotine was fed daily with larger hosts. The saintly Elizabeth was accused of nothing worse than of dressing the wounds of one of her brother's defenders;

but she, too, perished in her noble patience, leaving her niece to her lonely prison, with the recollection of her example and counsels to support her through her further trials.

Whether Robespierre would ever have begun his work of philanthropic perfection after his perpetration of slaughter, cannot be known. His mission of vengeance was worked out, and the time was come when he was to go no further.

The more humane of the National Convention could no longer bear to see France a field of blood, and on the 27th of July, 1794, or, as the Republicans called it, the 9th of Thermidor, this feeling found expression. Bilhaud Varennes made a speech denouncing Robespierre and his party, and declaring that one man paralyzed France. The spell of terror was broken; shouts of "Down with the tyrant!" resounded on all sides, and Robespierre was not allowed to say one word in his own defence, but with twenty of his faction was declared beyond the pale of law. An attempt was made to raise the populace in his behalf; but his popularity had passed away; and though some few took his part, the general feeling was of abhorrence against him, and the National Guard seized him and twenty of his associates, including their own ferocious chief, Heriot, into their keeping for the night.

A pistol-shot, fired either by himself or by one of the guard, broke Robespierre's under-jaw, and he lay nearly insensible all night on a table in the town-hall, in the midst of his fellow-criminals, while crowds were admitted, who loaded them with execrations, and gazed on them as if they had been captured beasts of prey. In early morning the whole number were placed in carts, and taken to the guillotine, amid the shouts of

the populace. The last sound that was heard was Robespierre's shriek of agony when the executioner wrenched away the bandage from his wound.

The death-carts ceased to roll along. Women came beneath the prison windows, clapping their hands, dancing, and then pointing to their own dress, (*robe*,) and to the stones, (*pierre*,) and then drawing a hand across their neck, to intimate by this pantomime that the captives had no more to fear from Robespierre. The Reign of Terror was over, the guillotine rested: but in the three years, from 1791 to 1794, it had shed the blood of 18,603 persons, besides the multitudes drowned in the Loire, or shot in Brittany, the crowds of priests who perished shut up in pestiferous vessels in the Bay of Biscay, the number of exiles wasting their lives in the swamps of Cayenne, the peasants starved to death, the women who died of the anguish of grief and terror. The catalogue of death surpasses all that any country has ever shown. The more reasonable part of the Convention obtained the rule, the Jacobin clubs were broken up, the prison-doors were opened, and multitudes came forth. But there was one young pure-hearted victim whom it was too late to save—the king, whose reign was the Reign of Terror. Commissioners were sent to visit him, and although they were no royalists, were shocked and sickened by the sight of the dark filthy room where the child had spent, in utter solitude and silence, the ninth year of his young life. He was one mass of sores and of dirt, and lay motionless on his bed, only noticing them by a nervous shudder as they forced open the door; and he would not answer one of their questions, except that one of the party, a gentle grey-haired man, asking why he did not eat, drew from him the words, "Because I want to die."

He was cleaned, visited by a doctor, and made somewhat more comfortable; but he was still locked up alone all night, and the words that passed before him were such, that he did not dare to speak. Once he begged one of the few who were kind to him not to speak aloud of his illness, lest he should distress his sister in the room above; and once a smile was drawn from him by a visitor who spoke of having seen him as the happy little Dauphin, commanding his boy troops before Versailles.

He lingered on for nearly a year, never allowed to see his sister, but ever patient and grateful for the few kindnesses that now and then gleamed upon him. At last, on the 8th of June, 1795, as he lay stretched on his bed, he opened his large blue eyes in ecstasy and cried, "The music is so fine!" Then with a start of joy, "I hear my mother's voice among them!" For more than an hour he lay listening to that music, lost to all sense of pain, only once speaking to express a hope that his sister likewise heard it; and thus in peace the little martyr-king flitted away to the glory to which those thorny paths had led him.

In a few months after, the 19th of December, 1795, Marie Therese and her sole surviving companion, her little dog, were conducted out of the Temple and taken across the frontier to meet her uncle, afterwards Louis XVIII., at Vienna. The memorials she left behind her in her five years' prison-chamber are two sentences written in pencil on the wall: "O God, deign to watch over me;" "O God, pardon those who have slain my parents."

She soon after married her cousin, Louis Duke de'Angoulême, son to the Count d'Artois, and accompanied her uncle to Russia, where an asylum was offered to

them by the Emperor Paul, who had come to the crown in 1796, with his head full of knight-errantry, wanting to be a redresser of wrongs, and a refuge for the distressed. He had released Kosiusko from his dungeon, and would fain have restored to him his sword. "I need it not," said the patriot, "for I have no country to defend;" and so he retired to Switzerland in broken health and spirits. To make restitution of Poland was no part of the plans of Paul; and this injustice defeated all his projects for the righting of Europe.

PART VI. NAPOLEON IN ITALY. 1795-1798.

THE National Convention had found that the constitution which they had established in 1793 was unfit for government, and it was therefore resolved to set up a new one, which was to consist of a Directory of five persons, who were to be chosen by the whole nation, and kept in check by two councils, the lower one to be all of men above twenty-five, the upper of men above forty years of age.

The change, however, was very distasteful to the mob of Paris, who had run riot all this time, and were furious against anything that would curb them. They began to rise in tumults, and threatened every kind of violence; heads were again carried about on pikes, and the 10th of August seemed about to return. The Convention felt that the aid of the regular army must be called in if they wished to prevent a recurrence of these orgies; but to bring down soldiers upon the city was so dangerous and unpopular a measure, that the charge could only be committed to a general of unusual caution, resolution, and ability. "I have the

man!" cried one of the ministers of war; "a little Corsican officer, who will not stand on ceremony."

That little Corsican officer was Napoleon Buonaparte, the third son of a lawyer at Ajaccio. He was born on the 15th of August, 1769, and at ten years old was sent to the military school of Brienne, whence he was advanced, as a reward of merit, to a higher school at Paris, and in his seventeenth year obtained a commission in the engineers. He was very poor, and lived a hard life; but talent secured promotion, and by the time Toulon was besieged he was a colonel, and was high enough in rank to make his great genius for war evident in the attack. He was not tall, but very well made, with a clear olive complexion, and features of perfect symmetry and stern classical beauty, the expression immoveably fixed, in accordance with the determination of his temper. He had immense intellect and military talent; he saw quickly and keenly through men, and though too selfish to feel warm or generous attachments, he could inspire enthusiastic devotion. Without being cruel by nature, he never let mercy or justice cross his path; and though too sensible and clear-headed for infidelity, he had no such religion as could soften or restrain him. Napoleon Buonaparte was the idol that he worshipped, trampling down all that stood in the way of his exaltation, and prevailing by energy of character. He had a mighty mind, and a very little heart.

The Convention called Colonel Buonaparte to their aid. He planted his cannon, brought in his force, and when the people rose on the 13th of Vendemiaire of the year 3—October 4th, 1795—his musketry and grape-shot were a speedy warning that the reign of King Mob was over. They retired, their leaders either

stabbed themselves or were guillotined; the Directory was established, and flattered themselves that the reign of order was come; but they little guessed that it was but the first step to the reign of the little Corsican.

Buonaparte was made second in command of the army of the interior, and soon after married a beautiful and graceful lady, Josephine Tascher de la Pagerie. She was the daughter of a planter in St. Domingo, and had been married to the Vicomte de Beauharnais, a nobleman who had perished on the guillotine, leaving her with two children, Eugène and Hortense. She was long in prison, but was released after the end of the Reign of Terror, and when calm and safety again prevailed, she sent her son to apply for his father's sword. This led to an acquaintance between her and the General; he was fascinated by her extreme sweetness and brilliancy, and though she was his elder by a few years, he was married to her on the 9th of March, 1796.

A few days afterwards he set out to take the command of the army which the Directory had decided on sending to carry the war into Italy. He resolved to begin the war on a new system, carrying neither tents, baggage, nor provisions, but feeding upon the unfortunate country, and rushing on with nothing to encumber his army, so as to burst suddenly on the enemy in the weakest spot. This, which he called making war maintain war, added frightfully to the loss and suffering both of troops and country people; but he recked little of this so that he could gain the victory.

The English fleet made it impossible to enter Italy by sea, and the only alternative was to cross the Alps like Hannibal, in the very face of the Austrian and Sardinian armies. Snow, ice, and heights scarcely

traversed by roads, could not stop him. He himself directed the dragging up of his formidable cannon, and made his way by the maritime Alps and the Pass of Corniche. After gaining two victories in the valleys of Piedmont, Victor Amadeus had no alternative but to accept any terms that the French would offer, and these were so hard that they broke his heart, and he died before the end of the year, leaving the ignominious treaty to be signed by his son, Charles Emanuel.

Dashing on into the plains of Lombardy, Buonaparte found the Austrian army drawn up at Lodi, to secure Milan by barring the passage of the Adda against him. The river was traversed by a long stone bridge, and the Austrians, though driven across the river, kept twenty cannon commanding the whole length of the bridge. But Buonaparte's quick eye perceived that the infantry who protected these guns were at too great a distance to be of any immediate service. He placed an equal number of his own to reply to them; ran great personal risk in stationing two so as to prevent attempts at undermining or destroying the bridge; then sent his cavalry to cross by a ford; and at the moment when they should occupy the Austrians, ordered a desperate charge of 6,000 grenadiers, through the fire across the bridge, to seize the hostile guns. The daring measure fully succeeded, the troops rushed across in spite of the balls that fell fatally among them; they burst upon the cannon before the Austrian infantry could come to their rescue, and the victory was won.

This Battle of the Bridge of Lodi first revealed to Buonaparte himself that he had powers which might play the first part in Europe; and his soldiers, who

at first distrusted so young a general, agreed that he deserved promotion, and thenceforth called him among themselves "Le petit Caporal."

The old German generals, who made war according to regular rules of tactics descended from Turenne and Marlborough, were more vexed at being beaten by such illegitimate methods than at the defeat itself. They had learnt to believe that one species of measure must necessarily succeed another, and puzzled and bewildered as their adversary flashed before them, they felt injured like a man beaten at chess by wrong moves, and lamentably complained that the whole art of war was destroyed.

The Austrians alone kept up any resistance, and they fought gallantly, though unsuccessfully. The petty states of Italy dropped off from the alliance as the conqueror came near their gates. Parma, Modena, Tuscany, even Rome and Naples, purchased a miserable peace by paying a heavy contribution, and what grieved the Italians far more, by surrendering their finest works of art to adorn the museum at the Louvre, which the Directory had set up, in hopes of softening the ferocity of the Parisians by education. Since warfare had become civilized, pictures and statues had been regarded as unlawful prey; but Buonaparte looked on them as his most precious trophies, and stripped every conquered city of all that was most valuable—feeding, indeed, the vanity of the Parisians, but embittering the minds of the losers against him more than by any exaction, which was only felt for the time.

The Austrian troops were beaten by Napoleon at Rivoli, at the Brenta, twice at Arcola—in fact, wherever he encountered them; but on the banks of the Rhine, under the Archduke Charles, brother to Francis

II., they were far more successful against Marshals Moreau and Jourdan; and in 1797 Charles took the command of the army opposed to Buonaparte, who, having taken Mantua after a long siege, held Italy in his hands, and meditated marching upon Vienna through the Tyrol. His soldiers had learnt to expect victory wherever he led them, and were ready for another early spring march through the mountains, and in spite of the ability of Charles, and the spirit of the loyal Tyrolese marksmen, who shot their enemies down at every pass, the French drove the Austrians over the Alps, and stood on the northern slope, only sixty leagues from Vienna. The danger was imminent, and the emperor and his family prepared to flee into Hungary. Sending off the younger children, the fortifications were repaired, and the Archduke mustered his forces for a desperate fight before the walls of the capital.

The moment was not however come; the troops on the Rhine, who were to have joined Buonaparte, were not able to cross the river for want of boats; the Venetian territories, hitherto neutral, had risen in insurrection in his rear; and the Directory could send him neither the requisite money nor reinforcements. He was forced to rein in for the time, consented to a suspension of arms, and on his own authority proceeded to make terms of peace.

Austria promised to acknowledge the Republic, provided she herself stood first; but Buonaparte scornfully struck out the condition, saying the Republic was like the sun, and must shine forth to all but the blind.

Flanders was to be given up to the French, Lombardy released, and by way of compensation, the Austrians were to be put in possession of the continental

states of Venice, Venice being indemnified by robberies from the Pope.

Napoleon owned that he made the treaty in hatred of Venice. The old Republic of St. Mark, sunk into sloth and profligacy, had professed to be neutral on his advance, and made no preparations for war; but when his back was turned, the Brescians and Bergamascans had risen against his troops, and at Verona a dreadful slaughter was made of his sick men left in the hospitals; "The Veronese Easter," as he named the tragedy, from the likeness to the Sicilian Vespers. A French vessel had likewise been fired upon at Lido. It was all the occasion he wanted for trampling down the old Republic, and with a great display of indignation he declared that "He would be another Attila to Venice," and warned "the superannuated Lion of St. Mark not to show his teeth."

Venice had still 15,000 troops, stores of treasure, arms and ammunition, a fleet, a sea open for communication with England; she had all but the spirit that had held out Cyprus once for thirteen years, and kept the Moslem at bay for four centuries. Her luxury had made her too abject even to perish with honour. On the 30th of April, 1797, the magistrates met to deliberate; news came that the French were constructing batteries; the Doge, Luigi Manini, turned pale, and cried, "To-night we are not sure of sleeping safely in our beds!" and they sent to demand an armistice for six days. In those six days they destroyed their own constitution, which had been the growth of eleven centuries. They tried to propitiate the enemy by making it a bad copy of the French Republic; they hung up the tricolour, erected the tree of liberty, and burnt at the foot of it the Golden Book. The words "*Pax tibi,*

evangelisti mei" were erased from the book on which the Lion of St. Mark rested his foot, and "The Rights of Man" inscribed in its stead. The Gondoliers said the Lion had turned over a new leaf—it was a leaf whence all respectability departed with religion.

A treaty was now to be established of a permanent character, and conferences took place at Campo Formio, near which Buonaparte and his brilliant wife, Josephine, held what might almost be called a court, full of pleasures and amusement. The final arrangement was that a republic should be set up, called the "Cisalpine," under the protection of France, and extending from the Alps to Mantua: and as to Venice, she was to be given up to Austria, the French taking the Ionian Isles and Albania. This treaty was signed in October, 1797.

Early in the ensuing year, the Austrian troops took possession of Venice; and the last Doge, Manini, died of apoplexy while taking the oaths to the emperor; and what was still greater pain to the Venetians, the departing French carried off the magnificent brazen horses, of which Dandolo had robbed Constantinople.

This arranged, Buonaparte left 100,000 men for the "protection" of his new allied Republic, and returned to Paris, after one of the most brilliant campaigns in history.

PART VII. NAPOLEON IN EGYPT. 1798–1799.

ON his return to Paris, Buonaparte experienced his first taste of popular applause, and was followed and admired as the hero of Italy; but his success had been only sufficient to excite his ambition. "If I am seen three times at the opera," he said, "people will no longer

care to look at me. Everything here passes away. My glory is already declining. This little corner of Europe is too small to supply it."

The Directory had begun to find that their little Corsican was a greater man than they could manage, and, willing to be rid of him on any terms, they consented to give him a new invading army. His fancy was chiefly excited by the idea of the conquest of the East, where, as he said, Alexander and Cæsar had won their fame; but the craving of the nation was for an attack on England, for George III.'s sturdy refusal to recognize the Republic had given great offence, and there were some who imagined Mr. Pitt the secret mover in the atrocities of the Reign of Terror. "The tricolor shall wave on the blood-stained banks of the Thames," said one of the Directors. "The ocean shall proudly waft the troops who come to deliver him from the fetters beneath which he groans." An "Army of England" was accordingly assembled, and Buonaparte went to Dieppe, and all the other northern ports, interrogating seafaring men on the defences of the English coasts; but he had already made up his mind that the enterprise was too hazardous, and returning, he persuaded the Directory that the way to cripple England was to begin by depriving her of India. He proposed, therefore, to seize on Egypt, cross the Isthmus of Suez, raise the warlike tribes of Cabul, and burst upon India, like Alexander, from the northern mountains.

The project was accepted, in the hope that he would be safely disposed of for a length of time, if not destroyed; and on the 19th of May, 1798, he sailed from Toulon, with 40,000 of his old Italian troops, and a magnificent fleet, including one 120-gun ship, *L'Orient*. He was pursued, at some distance, by the greatest of

naval commanders, Sir Horatio Nelson, with a fleet equal in numbers, but chiefly of smaller vessels, none carrying more than 74 guns.

Buonaparte's first blow was the death-stroke of the Order of St. John. Malta was even more impregnable in her fortifications than when the host of Solyman the Magnificent had been turned back, but her knights were degenerate. The Hospitalier spirit had died out, and the Order had become merely a provision for younger sons of noble families, who bore the title of *Le Chevalier*, and wore the eight-pointed cross at the button-hole, but had nothing of the monk, and very little of the soldier. The Grand Master, Baron Hompesch, was unpopular; the French knights were not to be trusted; the Maltese inhabitants were in a state of unruly terror; and there were traitors in Valetta. Had the Order but held out till Nelson could come up, they would have been rescued; but they basely surrendered without a blow; and the French, on entering, declared it was well for them that there was someone within to open the gates, for had the place been empty they could hardly have made their way into it.

The disgraced Hompesch received a pension and retired; and the knights dispersed, some going to Russia, where they made the Emperor Paul Grand Master, and thus effectually destroyed the true spirit of their Order for ever, by rendering it a mere court decoration. What they might have done was soon shown to them by the French garrison left in Malta, who were blockaded by the English fleet, and held out for a whole year, till they had eaten all the asses, cats, dogs, and even rats, in Valetta, and were living on herbs raised on a little earth on the rampart. Their constancy earned honourable terms; they were sent back to France, and Malta was garrisoned by England.

Napoleon, in the meantime, proceeded to Egypt, and landed safely at Alexandria. Egypt, ever "a servant," was a province of the Ottoman Empire, nominally under a pacha, but domineered over by the Mamelukes, those tremendous horsemen, recruited by young boys from the Caucasus, who were trained to be the bravest and most dexterous of warriors, and were cruel tyrants to the Arabs and Copts, who formed the chief population. Four centuries back they had been dreadful foes to St. Louis, and fire-arms had rendered them still more formidable. Splendidly clad, armed to the teeth, and magnificently mounted, they would gallop up, discharge their carbine, or give a thrust with their sabre, turn in full career, and rush away like a whirlwind. With Mameluke cavalry, and French infantry, Napoleon said he could have conquered the world; but happily for the world, these two fearful forces were only set on destroying each other.

Napoleon marched his army across the deserts towards Cairo through wastes of arid sand, scorched with sun, and parched with thirst, so that many sank down to die of exhaustion, or to fall a prey to the Mamelukes who hovered round, cutting off every straggler, and menacing them at every halt. Six leagues from Cairo, 6,000 of the Mamelukes, with three times as many other troops, had assembled in an entrenched camp, vowing to cut the invaders in pieces like gourds, and believing that nothing could withstand their terrible charge.

Napoleon formed his infantry into squares, and prepared his artillery. He pointed to the Pyramids, which here, for the first time, loomed in the dazzling haze of the distance. "Soldiers," he said, "remember that from the summit of those Pyramids, forty centuries

contemplate you." Such an exhortation filled the troops with enthusiasm, and the squares stood impenetrable as rocks, while the Mamelukes dashed up against them again and again, like the waves of a raging sea, furious at each repulse, and struggling like madmen to break through the ranks. Some turned their horses, and tried to kick their way in backwards; some hurled their daggers and pistols in their frenzy at the unbroken lines, and the wounded dragged themselves along to cut with their crooked sabres at the legs of the French; but it was all in vain, the squares might be thinned but could not be broken, and at every charge the Mamelukes fell under their musketry and the incessant fire of the artillery, till their desperate energy began to exhaust itself, and, broken and dejected, they were driven backwards on the Nile, and perished in great numbers in trying to swim their horses across. Only 2,500 survived, and drew off into Upper Egypt; and thus was broken that mighty power which had ruled Egypt for five centuries.

Napoleon chose to call this combat the "Battle of the Pyramids," to impress the French mind. It gave him Cairo and the whole of Lower Egypt, where he established himself, professing to be a great friend and ally of the Sultan, Selim II., and to have come to deliver him and the country from the tyranny of the Mamelukes. To gain the favour of the Turks and Arabs, he pretended that Islam agreed with the pure belief lately discovered by the French; talked of his great respect for the Koran and Mahomet; and flattered the Mollahs with hopes of his absolutely apostatizing. He published in the French papers an account of a visit to the Pyramid of Cheops, which it seems he never paid; but he thought the scene would tell upon the

Parisian mind, and represented himself as walking in with the words, "Glory be to Allah! there is no Allah but one Allah, and Mahomet is his prophet," and finishing the conversation with the Mollah who accompanied him, by quoting the Eastern proverb, "Bread seized by the wicked with violence turns to dust in his mouth."

Of this Buonaparte soon received a sensible proof. Nelson, though not in time to prevent the landing of the French, followed their fleet, and found it lying in the Bay of Aboukir, at the mouth of the Nile, and resolved that it should be destroyed. He declared himself secure of victory, though very doubtful who would live to tell the tale, and regarding his own fate as sure to be either "a peerage or Westminster Abbey." The attack was made late in the day, on the 1st of August, the English vessels bearing down upon the French, which were ranged in the form of a crescent, and received them with a heavy fire, not returned by the English till they were alongside of them, and then with deadly effect. Brueys, the admiral, was early killed on the deck of *L'Orient*; his captain, Casabianca, desperately wounded; and just as night came on the vessel caught fire, and burnt like a volcano, lighting up the battle, until the powder ignited, and she was blown to pieces, but not till all her crew had been picked up by English boats, except a little boy of ten years old, the son of Casabianca, who refused to quit his post without the orders that his dead father could not give, and was drowned after the explosion. Before the morning light, every French ship had been sunken or taken except two which escaped to bear home the tidings that the fleet was no more, and that the army was cut off from home.

Nelson set his prisoners on shore; where Napoleon

amalgamated them with his army, and continued to play at Mahometan in Egypt, to the great discomfiture of his soldiers, who pined for the pleasures of Paris. He found, however, that Sultan Selim, so far from thanking him for demolishing the Mamelukes, was fitting out two armies against him, one in Rhodes, the other in Syria. Buonaparte preferred marching on the Syrian army to awaiting it in Egypt, and accordingly set out by the Isthmus of Suez, and entered the Holy Land, where he began by laying siege to Jaffa. It was taken by assault, and a frightful carnage ensued, during which 2,000 of the garrison drew together in a mosque, and announced that unless they were admitted to surrender, they would sell their lives dearly. Eugène Beauharnois, Buonaparte's step-son, took it on himself to receive them as prisoners; but Buonaparte thought he could not spare troops enough either to guard them or escort them to Cairo, and had no scruples where his interest was concerned. After keeping the unfortunates for three days, he caused them to be shot down on the sea-shore, where their bleached bones still lie, heaped up in a cairn, a monument of perpetual shame to the name of Napoleon. Eugène was in utter despair, but Buonaparte's seared conscience justified the crime by the plea of necessity, even to the end of his life.

This act of barbarity rendered the garrison of St. Jean d'Acre desperate to defend the old fortifications of the Crusaders. They were commanded by Phelippeaux, a French emigrant officer of engineers, and two British ships had sailed into their harbour, under Sir Sidney Smith, a gallant though a vain man. European science strengthened Turkish endurance, and for sixty days the French attacked in vain. They gained a great victory over the Syrian army at Mount Thabor, and returned

n full force to the assault. Phelippeaux died of a fever, brought on by fatigue; and Buonaparte ordered a final assault, only to be again repulsed with terrible loss. The plague had broken out both within and without the walls, and Buonaparte was forced to raise the siege. It was his first and most keenly-felt repulse; he always believed that had he not been here turned back, all the Eastern natives would have flocked to his standard, and he should have fulfilled his favourite dream of the conquest of Asia. He repeatedly said of Sir Sidney Smith, "That man made me miss my destiny."

He never asked himself how far the massacre of Jaffa might have influenced his destiny, by inspiring the Turks of Acre with the resolution of despair; and Jaffa became the scene of another deed which has blotted his name as hard and cruel, even in his tender mercies. The plague was spreading, and he was obliged to return to Egypt, leaving his sick behind him, to the number of about sixty; and he gave orders that a dose of opium should be administered to each patient to save them from falling alive into the hands of the Turks. His chief medical officer refused, saying it was his duty to lengthen, not to shorten life; but there were others who seem to have fulfilled the mandate, which, perhaps, to a mind nurtured in the ideas of the Revolution, did not appear utterly monstrous.

Napoleon had a miserable march through the wilderness back to Egypt, the soldiers dropping down by the way, stricken by the plague, and derided by their unfeeling comrades. Not long after his return, Sir Sidney Smith's squadron transported to Egypt 9,000 of the gallant Janissary infantry, and as many again of other troops, commanded by Mustafa Pacha. They landed in the Bay of Aboukir; and Buonaparte, with 8,000

men, resolved to attack them at once. He said to his favourite dashing cavalry general, Joachim Murat, "This battle will decide the fate of the world!" and Murat, who from his fine figure and bold swordmanship, was called "Le beau Sabreur," vowed that if ever infantry were charged to the teeth by cavalry, the Janissaries should be so charged the next day.

"Swift as thought," to use Napoleon's own words, did Murat burst on the Turks in the critical moment. They were driven into the sea, and the whole army was absolutely destroyed; the water was covered with turbans, and the beach was for many subsequent days heaped with corpses cast ashore. About 6,000 surrendered with Mustafa Pacha, otherwise the entire force was annihilated; and Kleber, one of the French generals, in an ecstasy of admiration, threw his arms round Buonaparte, crying out, "General, you are as great as the world!"

The prisoners of the Battle of Aboukir were exchanged, and with his flag of truce Sir Sydney Smith sent ashore a file of newspapers, which informed Buonaparte of his home affairs, of which, since the Battle of the Nile, he had been wholly ignorant. He thus learnt the blockade of his garrison at Malta; that Corfu had been taken by the English and Russians; and that an effort of the French to assimilate Switzerland to themselves, as a Helvetic Republic, had led to a bloody and doubtful war with the stout peasantry. In Italy, the French had stirred up a revolution at Rome, against the poor old Pope, Pius VI., who was in his 80th year, and sent troops to assist the insurgents. The tricolor was planted on the capitol, with the old ensign S. P. Q. R., and the Pope taken captive, ordered to retire into Tuscany, and to lay aside his authority.

He behaved nobly, refused to part with any of his powers, and said that, though masters of his body, his enemies could not be masters of his soul. He was dragged from the altar, his rings torn off his fingers, and he was carried away by force to the convent of the Grand Chartreuse, the populace everywhere thronging to show him respect, and receive his blessing. Afterwards he was conducted through the provinces of the South of France, with no attendant but his confessor, and often in the most inclement weather, but greatly consoled by the faithful spirit that still remained among the peasantry, who knelt by the road-side while he made signs of blessing with tears streaming from his eyes, and exclaiming, "I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel." Worn out with suffering, he died at Valence, on the 29th of August, 1799; and in the ensuing spring the Cardinals, assembling at Venice, chose Pius VII. as his successor.

Charles Emanuel IV. of Sardinia had submitted to be enslaved by the French, but this was not sufficient humiliation. His capital was filled with French troops, and on an accusation of correspondence with Vienna, he was forced to resign Savoy and Piedmont, retaining nothing but the Island of Sardinia, whither he escaped, leaving his palace at Turin by torch-light by the connivance of Talleyrand, once a bishop, now French ambassador, and one of the most acute and time-serving statesmen in Europe.

All the continent seemed to be unnerved by terror, or bought over by the shares offered them in the prey; but the Battle of the Nile awoke a new life. Francis II. of Austria, and Paul of Russia, entered into an alliance with George III., and raised huge armies for the recovery of Italy. At the same time, Ferdinand IV.

of Naples, inspirited by his Austrian wife, Caroline, renounced the French alliance, and deemed himself secure under the protection of Nelson and his fleet, and of the Austrian army under General Mack. The latter was a good disciplinarian and steady officer; "but," said Nelson, "he travels with five carriages—I have no hopes from him;" and accordingly he was easily over-matched by the French, and all that Nelson could do for the king and queen was to transport them safely to Sicily, where they continued to reign, since the merest strip of sea had become a sufficient barrier against the French.

Though forsaken, the spirited lazzaroni and fishermen of Naples defended the city gallantly as long as they could, but the French quickly overcame them, and entering the town, constructed a Parthenopœan Republic, and confiscated all the royal property, even to the treasures from Pompeii and Herculaneum.

However, the Russians, under the fierce old Suwaroff, had come down upon the Adige, drove the French back upon the Alps, recovered Turin, and had well-nigh saved Lombardy. But his master, Paul, insisted that whatever was conquered should be restored to the rightful owner, and as Austria was resolved not to part with Venice, the two powers, both conscious of their prey on Poland, began to disagree, and their armies no longer to act in concert. Nevertheless, Suwaroff gained a great and bloody battle at Novi, and re-took most of the cities of the north of Italy, while Naples shook off the yoke, and the Archduke Charles pushed back the French on the Rhine; but there was disunion and jealousy between the two empires, their alliance was rapidly falling apart, and very little benefit to themselves was reaped, even though 1799 had

brought more disasters than any previous year to the French Republic.

The Directory, which Buonaparte had left in power, had been changed, and had fallen under the chief guidance of the Abbé Sièyes, a clever man, but more for theory than practice, who had done much to overthrow the old government, and liked to speculate on new constitutions; but in the meantime was by no means capable of keeping down the populace, of finding treasure for wars with every nation in Europe, and of directing the course of five armies, and five unwilling subject Republics. Affairs were becoming more hopelessly entangled every day, and more required the presence of a man able either to cut or to unravel the knot. The man who felt that power within himself first learnt the full condition of affairs from the English papers, and instantly made up his mind. Two vessels lay at Alexandria, and with them he resolved to hurry back to France, leaving his Egyptian army to Kleber, with every promise of speedy return and large succours; and accordingly he embarked, eluded the notice of the English vessels, and safely arrived at Fréjus on the 9th of October, 1799. His wife and brothers came to meet him; and such was the effect of bearing himself like a conqueror, that the French hailed him with as much ecstasy as if he had not been the destruction of their fleet, and had not left the flower of their army to wither in the sands of Egypt.

PART VIII. THE CONSULATE. 1799-1803.

NAPOLEON at first kept himself very quiet, but all his measures were secretly taken. He was sure of his

army, and he contrived to gain over Sièyes and another of the Directors named Ducos, to agree to establish a less democratical, and therefore less unweildy, constitution. With this view, in order to be secure from the interference of the Parisian mob, Sièyes induced the Directory to persuade the two Councils of the Ancients and the Five Hundred to sit at the Palace of St. Cloud, where the latter occupied the orangerie.

On the 19th of Brumaire, Buonaparte, followed by four grenadiers, came before the Council of the Ancients, and made them a violent speech, showing that their present constitution was a mere nothing, and France, which he had left flourishing, had been repulsed at all points, and had lost 100,000 men; while, he said, pointing to his grenadiers' bayonets, he was accompanied by the god of fortune and of war. The Ancients cheered him; and he went to the Five Hundred in the *orangerie*, where his brother Lucien was president, but they would not hear him so placidly, called him "Cromwell," threatened to make him an outlaw, and finally thronged round him, collared him, and one even drew a dagger against him. His grenadiers rescued him, and while Lucien with great spirit harangued against his outlawry, he hastened to his troops, who were close at hand, and were furious at the sight of their general, maltreated and with disordered dress, telling them that he had pointed the way to glory, and had been answered by daggers. Lucien was presently brought out by a small party of soldiers whom his brother had sent to his aid, and mounting a horse, told the troops that factious men with drawn daggers were interrupting the deliberations, and that they were authorized to employ force. In rushed Murat with drums beating; and at the words "Forward, grenadiers!" away went the Five Hundred, tumbling

out of windows and doors, and leaving fragments of their robes and scarfs on all the trees in the forest.

About fifty were got together in the evening, who, with the Ancients, named their new Cromwell as the First of three Consuls, who were henceforth to be chosen every ten years as heads of the government. The First Consul was to be quite uncontrolled by the other two, and to be assisted by two popular assemblies, with very little power of their own, but only a name to gratify the people. This was the beginning of the military despotism which for fourteen years made the will of Napoleon the sole law of France. Napoleon took up his abode in the Tuilleries, and did his best to accustom the people to a court. His beautiful Josephine gave receptions and balls, where gaieties of every kind prevailed, and where etiquettes were gradually restored, and court-dresses once more rendered necessary. The French taste for show was only too glad to revive, and Napoleon fostered it by constant inventions in liveries and state-coaches; for, said he, while people had these changes to discuss, they would not trouble their heads about his measures.

In the spring of the year 1800, the First Consul set forth to retrieve the fortunes of France in Italy. He marched by St. Bernard and Mont Cenis, dragging his artillery up tremendous heights, a hundred men harnessed to each gun, working with the utmost gaiety and spirit. But the little town and fort of Bard, at the narrowest point of the Vale of Aosta, was in possession of the Austrians, and entirely closed up the defile. The commandant sent notice to the commander-in-chief of the approach of the armies, and pledged himself that not one piece of artillery should pass his fort, which was perched on a precipice and

overlooked the whole place. But, at that very moment, he knew not that the guns had all passed close beneath his walls. The streets had been overlaid with earth and straw, and the cannon, hidden under branches of trees, were drawn along by night by the men, and came out safely into the Italian plains. The Battle of Montebello soon followed, won by a gallant charge of General Lannes, who declared that, in the *melée* among the fields of tall rye, he heard bones crashing like hailstones against windows. The crowning fight in this campaign was, however, that of Marengo, fought on the 14th of June, on the wide plain near Alessandria. It was a desperate strife; the Austrian General Melas had, at first, such an advantage, that when, at eleven o'clock, Napoleon arrived on the field, he found his men giving way, and though gallant charges of cavalry were made again and again, the Austrians still advanced; and by four o'clock, Melas, thinking all secure, went to Alessandria to rest, leaving his subordinate to follow up the retreat. By this time, however, Napoleon had been joined by his reserves. "The battle is lost," said Desaix, who led them, "but there is time to win another." Accordingly he fell upon the Austrians, and in the midst of the encounter was struck by a ball in the breast, and at once expired. The combat was still doubtful, when Kellerman, with his cavalry, creeping through the vineyards unseen, burst on the Austrians in flank, and utterly routed them, so that with great difficulty they effected their retreat across the Bormida, and were so utterly shattered that Melas was forced to ask permission to retire unmolested behind Mantua, leaving Lombardy and Piedmont to the French. Kellerman's charge had decided the fortunes of Italy; but he never received

the credit for it. Meanly jealous of his reputation, Buonaparte treated him coldly, and gave the whole praise to Desaix, who was removed by death from all competition. On the same day as Desaix died at Marengo, his friend Kleber, who had ruled in Egypt so uprightly as to acquire the title of the Just Sultan, was stabbed on his terrace at Cairo by a fanatic who hoped to deliver the Moslem from the power of the Giaour. The unfortunate wretch was put to death by three days of torture, and his stuffed skin figures in the Museum of Natural History at Paris. Menou, the senior officer who succeeded to the command, was a man of very inferior abilities.

The French army of Germany was under Moreau, a stern consistent republican, quite independent of Buonaparte, whereas almost all the rest of the generals were his devoted servants. On the 1st of December, between the rivers Inn and Iser, the Austrians, under the Archduke John, gained some advantage over the French, but did not follow it up till the morning of the 3rd, when "the drum beat at dead of night," and two hours before daylight, his troops set out through the forest of Hohenlinden, in the midst of a heavy snow-storm. They presently encountered the French, and fought desperately, though the snow fell so fast that the two opposing armies could not see each other, and could only aim towards the flashes of the muskets. At last, General Richepanse, by a most able movement, cut off half the Austrian army from the rest, and charging them in flank, decided the victory. Seven thousand on either side had fallen, with the snow "to be their winding sheet," but the Austrians were so completely shattered that this battle was as fatal to them as Marengo.

They found themselves deserted by Russia. Paul, always narrow-minded, and ill-educated, was beginning to be infected by the mental malady of his family. He was a mere drill-sergeant with his army, and was always teasing his soldiers with regulations respecting hair-powder, queues, and the cut of coats; while he so little appreciated his brave old Suwaroff, that he let him die in disgrace for his first reverse. In the midst of his jealousy of Austria, Napoleon, to flatter his notions of generosity, sent all his prisoners back to him newly clothed; and this won his heart, and caused him to set up the First Consul as his idol. He hunted poor Louis XVIII. and the Duchesse d'Angoulême out of his dominions in the depth of winter, and they had a dreadful journey to the frontiers of Prussia, Marie Thèrese tending and consoling her uncle, as he said, like the angel of his house.

Thus left alone by all but England, Francis II. concluded a peace at Luneville, with nearly the same terms as the former one; but Napoleon required of him to sign it, not merely as sovereign of the Austrian domains, but as head of the German Empire. England alone continued at war with France, which seemed as supreme by land as she was by sea. To bring France to terms, it was resolved to establish what was in fact a great blockade of the whole country, namely, that the English fleet should not only prevent any French vessels from coming or going, but should search any neutral ship, and seize any goods or provisions intended for French consumption, thus cutting her off from the trade of all the world. The Emperor Paul was terribly enraged at the hindrance that this continental system would be to his own commerce; and was also very angry with the English for

refusing to cede Malta to him as Grand Master of the Order of St. John. He had run his sword through the letter of denial and skewered it to the wall, after which he sent it back to the ambassador; and transferring all his hatred to the English, he allied himself with Gustaf IV. of Sweden, and Frederick, the Prince Royal of Denmark, who governed for his imbecile father, Christiern VII.; and all the three northern maritime powers made great preparations for a naval war with George III. in the spring.

England was beforehand with them. Lord Nelson sailed from Yarmouth with fifty-two vessels early in March, 1801, and on the 1st of April forced the entrance to the harbour of Copenhagen, in the teeth of a tremendous fire from the land batteries, the guard-ships, and the fleet. Nelson called it the most terrible of the one hundred and five naval engagements in which he had been present, for the Danes fought manfully, from the Prince Royal down to the youngest cabin-boy; but all was in vain, and after four hours the whole Danish fleet was burning, and English boats as busy as their own in picking up the drowning men, while the streets resounded with lamentation. Nelson going ashore to come to terms with the Prince, told him that French sailors would not have held out a quarter of the time; but so utterly was the fine Danish navy ruined, that but one man-of-war was sea-worthy enough to be carried to England. Having thus reduced the Danes, Nelson next sailed for Cronstadt; but even before the Battle of Copenhagen had been fought, the Russian enemy of England was no more.

Paul's insanity had for the last year been growing more savage and dangerous, and his ministers, Zoubof,

Benningsen, and Pahlen, at last told his sons, Alexander and Constantine, that he must be removed from the throne. The Grand-dukes tried to stipulate that he should be placed under restraint, and personally uninjured; but they had too much reason to fear that the conspirators believed that a mad despot could be nowhere safely disposed of but in the grave, and they awaited the result in horror. On the 23rd of March, 1801, the plot was put in execution after Paul was in bed. A deed of abdication was presented to him, but he violently dashed it aside, and struggled fiercely until he was thrown down and strangled.

He left four sons, Alexander, Constantine, Nicholas, and Michael, the two younger almost infants. He had repealed the edict which gave the reigning emperor the choice of his successor, and Alexander was crowned, amidst general rejoicings, for he was a kind hearted and sensible man, greatly beloved, and, as he called himself, "a happy accident" among a line of tyrants. He could not punish, nor even dismiss, the murderers of his father; and he at once changed his policy, entering into close alliance with England, though not declaring war with France.

In that same eventful March of 1801, Sir Sydney Smith conveyed to Egypt an English army under Sir Ralph Abercrombie, and a landing was effected in the Bay of Aboukir, in the very face of the enemy, with such skill and steadiness, that the French compared it to a scene in an opera. On the 19th a battle was fought near Alexandria, with 12,000 men on either side, when the gallant Abercrombie was mortally wounded, and the French sustained the most total defeat they had received since the Revolution. Menou shut himself up in Alexandria, but the English and

Turks let the sea into Lake Mareotis, and cut him off from the mainland, and in a short time he surrendered, on condition that the remains of the army should be safely transported back to France.

This final blow to his favourite Eastern plans excessively mortified Buonaparte, who shut himself up for two hours with his friend Junot, before he could master his annoyance, and always showed a greater preference for the men who had fought in Egypt than for any others. He began to devise more seriously a descent on England herself; but the whole population of the island began to arm, and Nelson and his Channel Fleet looked into every port of Northern France with an aspect that prevented any invading army from so much as embarking.

A change of ministry, however, and weariness of the expense of the war, inclined England to treat with the First Consul; and on the 25th of March, 1802, was signed the Peace of Amiens. There were excessive rejoicings, and a great number of English hastened to Paris to admire the brilliant parties at the Tuilleries, where Josephine presided, full of grace and gaiety, and had already restored all the ordinary courteous habits so long contemned. The First Consul had entered into correspondence with the Pope, Pius VII., who purchased his return to Rome, and the restoration of religion in France, by sanctioning the past robbery of Church property, and the subordination of the clergy to the state. France once more became a Christian land, and Napoleon himself was touched when the familiar sound of bells rang out again; but his chief motive had been to obtain the aid of religion as an engine of good order; and France, in her flush of pride, seemed rather to think herself conferring a favour in

renewing her profession of faith, than as in need of repentance for a grievous apostasy.

Moreau, and the other old Republicans, viewed all as mere affectation, and began to suspect Buonaparte's designs. He met with much opposition when he established his Legion of Honour, by which a cross and a pension were bestowed on all who earned distinction in arms or arts. As he truly said, the French loved honour (namely, vanity,) a great deal better than liberty or equality, and his soldiers were never in greater ecstasy than when he rode through them, distributing decorations to the bravest.

The peace with England enabled him to send his brother-in-law, Leclerc, to quell the revolt in St. Domingo. His beautiful but light-minded sister, Pauline, Leclerc's wife, was by Buonaparte's orders carried by force on board ship, to separate her from her levities at home. The island was under the rule of Toussaint l'Ouverture, one of the very few able men ever born of the negro race; but his black army could not contend against the French, and Leclerc caused him to be treacherously seized and sent on board ship, where his fate was never known. The most horrible cruelties on the part of both whites and blacks ensued, and in the midst Leclerc died from the climate; and the renewal of the war with England prevented further attempts to reduce the negroes.

The apparent cause of the new war was a dispute about the fate of Malta; but the truth was, that Napoleon had shown that he was not to be trusted, and that there could be no friendship with him. The very night of May, 1803, that he learnt that the English had decided on war, he pounced upon every peaceable traveller in France, and kept them all, to the number

of ten thousand, like prisoners of war, for the next eleven years, men and women alike, contrary to all the usages of civilized warfare, which has ever respected non-combatants. The wrongs of the *Detenus* might well inflame the whole nation against him, and on every coast watch and ward was kept, while the French host mustered at Boulogne, and sought in vain for an unguarded moment in which to cross the Channel; but the wooden walls were never absent, and all the mischief the French could do was to occupy George III.'s electoral county, Hanover.

Napoleon was all but ready to take his last step to despotism, but he had first to strike terror into the Royalists and the sturdy old Republicans. A Breton Royalist, named Georges Cadoudal, had made a real attempt to assassinate him, and he managed to charge the plot upon the two staunch Republicans, Moreau, the victor of Hohenlinden, and Pichegru, the conqueror of Holland; and threw them both into prison, where Pichegru was found strangled, by whose hand was never known. It was pretended that the Bourbon family were in the conspiracy; and one night the heir of the line of Condé, the Duc d'Enghien, who was quietly living at Baden, was suddenly seized by French troops, hurried across the frontier, and conducted to Vincennes, where at midnight he was brought before a tribunal presided over by Murat. A hasty inquiry ensued, and though the young duke had no knowledge of the assassin, Cadoudal, he was condemned to die. No priest was allowed to him; and at six in the morning of the 29th of March, 1804, the last of Condé's descendants was led into the court-yard, where he stood beside his own grave, while by torch-light a file of soldiers fired on him, and almost as he fell

his corpse was thrust into the grave and the earth filled in.

This, the blackest of all Buonaparte's crimes, seems to have been committed solely to frighten the Bourbons out of corresponding in France, by, as he said, "washing himself in the blood of one of their House." It was his last step in crime to the throne. Moreau was too much respected in the army to be made another victim, and was therefore sent into exile in Germany.

PART IX. THE FRENCH EMPIRE. 1804-1807.

WHILE France was fresh from the two blows struck at the Royalist and Republican parties, Buonaparte announced his intention of making himself emperor.

Busy brain and noisy tongue had had their day, and given place to the strong hand. Sluggish torpor had fallen on the exhausted people, and the army was enthusiastic in the cause of the general; scarcely a voice was raised, hardly a vote given, against the establishment of a more unlimited despotism than that which fourteen years before had been overthrown.

Every European state, except Russia, England, and Sweden, sent compliments to the new emperor; and thinking to revive the dominion of Charles le Magne, he even insisted that the Pope himself should travel to Paris for his coronation. Pius VII. had become a mere slave, and was forced to consent; he arrived at Paris, and was treated with much courtesy, though beneath this affectation there was much sneering and ill-concealed contempt. On the 2nd of December, 1804, the coronation took place in Notre Dame, with all the splendour that wealth could give. Pius anointed and

blessed the self-made monarch; but it was Napoleon himself, who, taking the crown from the altar, fixed it on his own head, and afterwards crowned his wife, when heralds proclaimed Napoleon and Josephine Emperor and Empress of the French, and *Te Deum* was chanted. The imperial crown was a wreath of golden laurel; the aristocracy were seventeen of the most distinguished generals, created marshals, with dukedoms named from their battles; and the soldiery were presented with eagle-standards, recalling the Roman Eagle—all marking that the new empire was exclusively military.

Napoleon made the Cisalpine Republic find out that monarchy would be preferable, and send to offer him the kingdom of Italy. He thereupon declared that the power and majesty of the French Empire were only surpassed by her moderation, and set out for Milan, where he crowned himself with the iron crown of Lombardy, on the 26th of May, 1805, pronouncing the old formula, "*Dieu me l'a donnèe, Gare qui la touche,*"—"God has given it to me, beware who touches it;" and then left Eugène Beauharnois as his viceroy in the new kingdom.

To invade England was still his favourite scheme, and his fleet were striving by every manoeuvre in the West Indies to lure away the English vessels from their guard. "A few days' superiority before Boulogne is all I want," said Buonaparte; and he seemed on the point of gaining a superior force by sea, for Carlos IV. of Spain, taking offence at the English measures for enforcing neutrality, became his ally, with all the noble Spanish ships, then the best built in the world.

However, French and Spanish fleets were alike

driven to put into Cadiz Bay, and Lord Nelson, at the head of the Mediterranean fleet, was resolved to strike a decisive blow. Villeneuve, the French admiral, was decided on not sailing out unless with a force three times larger than the English, and Nelson therefore kept out of sight till the two allied fleets had come out of Cadiz Bay, forty in number, and were lying off Cape Trafalgar, in a double line, each ship guarded by the broadside of two others. On the 21st of October, 1805, Nelson displayed his memorable signal, "England expects every man to do his duty;" and dividing his thirty-one ships between himself and Admiral Collingwood, bore down in two double columns on the enemy's line. His flag-ship, the *Victory*, and the *Teméraire*, were engaged so closely with two French ships, that the four lay as near as if they had been moored together; and when the French *Redoutable* caught fire, the English sailors dashed water on her, lest the flames should extend to the *Victory*. Seeing the port-holes of many of her guns closed, Nelson thought she had surrendered, and ordered the firing on her to cease; but her tops were filled with marksmen, one of whom, aiming at the stars and orders on Nelson's coat, succeeded in striking him down, and he fell shot through the back-bone. He lived to hear that the greatest of all his battles was won, and thanked God that he had done his duty; then died, lamented by his countrymen, as men mourn for their champion and deliverer, and leaving behind him unrivalled fame as a naval commander. He was buried in St. Paul's, in a coffin made of the wood of L'Orient. Though nineteen ships were captured, and seven more afterwards surrendered, a storm prevented many of the prizes from being brought home; but the French and Spanish

navies were utterly ruined, and Trafalgar had preserved the British Isles from all fear of invasion.

The news reached Napoleon in the full tide of victory. His aggression in Italy had roused Austria to a third war, in which Alexander of Russia promised aid in troops, England in money. Prussia weakly and foolishly stood aloof, allowing herself to be bribed to neutrality by being allowed to take possession of Hanover. The Emperor Francis required all his feudatory princes to take up arms; and when the Elector Maximilian of Bavaria, whose son was travelling in France, entreated to be allowed to remain neutral till he should be in safety, General Mack was sent to occupy the Duchy. This of course impelled Maximilian and other German princes to take part with Napoleon, who advanced with an immense force, to which he gave the name of the "Grand army." Mack, dull and inert, was, as he said, like a man petrified, and permitted himself to be surrounded and shut in at Ulm, where he neither fought nor fled, but only capitulated, on condition of being allowed to march out with his troops, leaving behind all the stores and ammunition. Twenty thousand German soldiers were made prisoners in the course of these movements, without a battle; and being sent to France, proved so gentle and trustworthy, that they were employed in the fields to make up for the numbers of peasants ever drained off to form Napoleon's huge armies.

It was as he rode into Ulm in triumph that his ships were striking their colours at Trafalgar. He bore the tidings coolly, only saying that he could not be everywhere at once; but he would not permit the French newspapers to avow that any action had taken place at all.

The Emperor Alexander had marched with his army from Russia, and Francis went to Presburg to meet him. Vienna was left undefended, and was occupied by Napoleon and his French troops; but no plunder was allowed, and all remained in excellent order. The armies of the three emperors met at Austerlitz on the 2nd of December, 1805, the anniversary of Napoleon's coronation, when his soldiers promised that if he would not expose his person in the battle, they would bring him for a bouquet the whole of the Russian standards and artillery. They redeemed their promise—it was the most splendid of all Napoleon's victories; and the brilliant sun that had risen on Austerlitz on that morning was never forgotten in all his subsequent auguries of good fortune.

This defeat obliged Alexander to retreat, and Francis again to ask for peace. He had a personal interview with Napoleon, in which he looked very mean and stooping beside the conqueror, who heartily contemned him, and of whom he said, "I like him less than ever, now that I have seen him."

The Treaty of Presburg pinched Francis harder than either Campo Formio or Luneville had done. He was forced to give up Venice to France, to pay a large subsidy, and to reward his own refractory vassals, the Dukes of Bavaria and Wirtemberg, by making them into kings, and helping out Bavaria by the cession of part of the Tyrol, the oldest and most faithful possession of the line of Hapsburg.

The Princess Augusta of Bavaria became the wife of Eugène Beauharnois. To aggrandize his family was one of Napoleon's great objects. Of his four brothers, he made Joseph, the eldest, a meek studious man, take the crown of Naples, while the lawful king and queen

were hunted into Sicily. Lucien, the next, had affronted him by marrying an American lady, as well as by his steady republicanism, and accepting nothing at his hands, had gone to live in England. Louis, the fourth brother, his pupil and favourite, was married to his step-daughter Hortense, and their little son was regarded as the heir to the empire. Upon them Napoleon conferred the kingdom of Holland, much against the wish of Louis; but when he pleaded ill-health, he was answered, "Better die a king than live a prince," and so he was sent off like Joseph, with directions to remember that their first duty was to Napoleon, their second to France, their third to their subjects. Jerome, the youngest, was at first in disgrace for an American marriage, but he afterwards divorced her, married the sister of the King of Wirtemberg, and was made King of Westphalia. His high-spirited sister Caroline, the wife of Murat, was very jealous of these royalties, and made such a disturbance that Napoleon told her, "One would think that I had robbed you of your inheritance from the king your father!" However, he despoiled the German princes of the Grand-duchy of Berg for Murat's benefit; and he gave his two less respectable sisters, Elise and Pauline, small principalities in Italy.

His power and success so dazzled the small German powers, that they formed themselves into a league, called the Confederation of the Rhine, and appointed him their protector. Francis beheld the grand old Germanic League, with the Electoral College, free cities, and government within government, utterly broken up, and he therefore resolved to resign the headship. On the 6th of August, 1806, he therefore put forth an act laying aside the title of Emperor of Germany and King of the Romans, and breaking up that Holy Roman

Empire which had been the heart and centre of Europe. Thenceforth the House of Hapsburg-Lorraine have retained the title of Emperor, but only of Austria and their other hereditary domains; and the German States have been independent, or only united by voluntary alliances.

Preying upon Hanover had hitherto kept Prussia quiet, but it was presently found that Napoleon was offering George III. to restore to him that country on condition that he would deliver up Sicily to Joseph. The Prussian Government were much enraged, and at the same time alarmed, by the Rhenish Confederacy, which threatened the influence established by Frederick the Great over the lesser states of Northern Germany, and they resolved on war. The former mean policy had always been hateful to the good and fair young Queen Louisa of Baden, to her brother-in-law, Prince Louis, and to the spirited young nobility, and all were delighted to hurry into the war; while the Emperor Alexander paid a visit in person to Berlin, to promise his support, and joined hands with Louisa over Frederick's tomb at midnight to confirm the alliance. Such was the general enthusiasm, that young men in bravado sharpened their swords on the threshold of the French ambassador, the whole warlike nation rose in arms, and uniting with the armies of Saxony and Hesse, amounted to 150,000 men, under the command of the Duke of Brunswick, now seventy-two years of age, the same who had led the allies into France. These forces might have turned the scale at Austerlitz, but as Prussia had once been tardy she was now precipitate. Instead of waiting for Alexander's promised aid, the Prussians advanced to encounter the French in Saxony. Napoleon, perceiving that their troops were too widely

extended, attacked the division on the Saal, commanded by Prince Louis; and after a fight, in which the young prince was killed, mastered the bridge, and thus introduced his army between the Prussians and their own country. A terrible battle ensued on the 14th of October, 1806, before the University of Jena. The Prussians were brave, but ill-commanded, and were utterly routed, with immense loss. The Duke of Brunswick was mortally wounded, and 20,000 men killed on the field; the survivors, under the brave General Blucher, roamed about for three weeks, and fought a sharp battle at Lubeck, but they were hemmed in by the French on all sides, and forced to surrender.

All the neighbouring fortresses capitulated, Berlin was taken, the king and queen, with a few thousand men, took refuge at Konigsburg, having lost at one blow the whole of those German dominions which had been gathered together piecemeal by so many robberies. Napoleon took up his residence at Sans Souci, sent off the relics of the great Frederick and all his curiosities to Paris, and set himself to tread down the Prussians and their allies with savage severity. King Augustus III. of Saxony purchased pardon by joining the Confederacy of the Rhine, but the Landgraf of Hesse was informed that he had ceased to reign; and the wounded Duke of Brunswick was treated infamously. He wrote to Napoleon that he had served Prussia, not as involving his dukedom in the war, but only as an individual; yet Napoleon remorselessly hunted the dying old man from his home, and drove him to Altona, the nearest Danish city, where he expired, and even then his corpse was not allowed to be brought back to the tomb of his fathers. His son regarded him as having been murdered, and took a deep oath of revenge, raised a band of

hussars, whose uniform and whose plumes were black, who always fought wherever the French were to be met.

Against the gentle and spirited Louisa he used invectives that showed that though he had made himself an emperor, he had not made himself a gentleman; he offered no peace but on impossible terms, and prepared to push on into Polish Prussia, inciting the inhabitants to rise on behalf of their ruined country, and even going so far as to forge a letter from Kosiusko, when he could not stir that patriot from his retirement to put his countrymen under a worse tyranny than the first. The Poles were in general, however, enthusiastic for Napoleon, and many entered his army, deluded by the hope that he would restore their nationality. By this time, however, the Russian forces, under Benningsen and Kaminskoy, had had time to come down into Poland with an immense body of the wild Cossacks, under their famous Hetman Platoff. The Russians, some of the steadiest troops in the world, were scarcely inferior to the French, and at the first encounter at Pultusk, gained a victory over General Lannes. On the 8th of February, 1807, at Pruss-Eylau, was fought one of the tremendous winter battles, when ice and snow added to all the other horrors. Each side claimed the victory, before night put a stop to the conflict; but though the Russians had taken twelve eagles, and had lost 25,000 men, to 30,000 of their enemies, it was they who were forced to retreat slowly from the field, while the French retained the sad privilege of gathering up the wounded who lay strewn in multitudes on the snow. This doubtful battle obliged Napoleon somewhat to give back and wait for reinforcements, as well as to secure the city of Dantzic in his rear, and it was

not till the summer that the encounter began again, by Benningsen advancing upon him. The battle of Friedland was fought on the anniversary of Marengo, and was still more desperately contested than Eylau; but the Russians were finally driven back behind the river Aller, each thinned though unbroken regiment passing over in the dusk of the evening, the water up to their breasts, leaving behind them not one of their colours, but 17,000 dead comrades marking where the squares of infantry had stood.

“This battle gained, but victory lost,” gave Königsburg to the French, while the Prussian royal family retreated to Memel. It further disposed Alexander to come to terms with his antagonist, and a meeting was therefore arranged to take place between the two emperors, at Tilsit on the Wiemen. A raft was constructed by a French engineer, with a wooden building on it, adorned with the eagles of France and Russia, and sumptuously decorated. Here the two sovereigns met and embraced; and Napoleon, using all his ascendancy of character, and flattering the Czar by every attention in his power, obtained his favour and admiration. They rode together, treated each other familiarly, and appeared the best friends. They sent for poor Frederick William of Prussia to hear what terms his ally had secured before deserting him. With him came Louisa, hoping to obtain some mercy for her country by her persuasions, but she might as well have tried to move a stone statue as Napoleon; and all her grace and sweetness only caused her to be set down as an intriguing woman. He gave her a rose; at first she refused it, but then holding out her hand for it, with a smile said, “Yes; but at least with Magdeburg!” “I must observe,” said Napoleon, “it is I who give, you

have only to receive." He boasted afterwards that he had been to her like wax-cloth against rain, and he professed that the domains that he allowed her husband to keep, were granted, not to Frederick William, but to Alexander. The Polish dominion was granted to Saxony; a military road was made across Silesia; Dantzic was declared free, under the protection of the French; and the Elbe was made the frontier of Prussia. Poor Louisa tried to comfort herself with thinking that these hard terms involved no dishonour, only misfortune; but they broke her heart, and the remaining two years of her life were spent in declining health and shattered spirits, such as made her subjects look on her as a victim to Napoleon's hardness of heart.

The Peace of Tilsit was less dishonourable to Frederick than to the other parties. After his chivalrous beginning, Alexander had allowed himself to be bought over to desert his ally, by Napoleon's promise to let him rob Sweden of Finland and conquer Turkey. In fact, they were to divide Europe between them; for Alexander engaged on his side to assist Napoleon against England, to leave him to seize upon Spain, and even to give one of his own sisters in marriage to this man, who was already thinking of setting aside his childless Josephine, in order to connect himself with real royalty; but the opposition of Alexander's mother saved his sister from this degradation.

In the meantime Napoleon was using his despotic power at home to enrich Paris with the most beautiful public buildings; and, to connect his kingdom of Italy more closely with France, he caused the Alps to be traversed by magnificent military roads.

PART X. THE FRENCH IN SPAIN. 1807-1809.

ENGLAND alone was still at war with Napoleon, but her force had hitherto been chiefly shown by sea, and his by land; nor did they come into constant contact until his ambition occasioned the war which he himself described as his ruin.

Fallen from the great days of the House of Avis, Portugal, under the House of Braganza, was, as Napoleon described it, little more than a dependency of England. It was at that time under the imbecile Maria I., in whose name her son Joao, Prince of Brazils, acted as regent, and tried to avoid offending the French or breaking with his old allies. Napoleon proposed to the court of Spain to take advantage of his weakness, and to seize and divide the kingdom. Spain was at this time in a wretched state. Carlos IV. was old, feeble, and totally in the hands of his wife, Maria Luisa, a wicked and shameless woman, who had raised Manuel Godoy, a handsome guardsman, to the highest offices in the state, and was blinded by his flattery into implicitly following his measures, and hating her eldest son, Fernando Prince of the Asturias, because he was impatient of the disgraceful thralldom of the favourite. To Godoy, whose title was Principe de la Paz, Napoleon sent an offer of the principality of Algarva, provided he would allow his troops to pass the Pyrenees to Portugal; and thus deluded, the Spanish court offered no opposition, little guessing that the blow was ultimately designed for them.

Marshal Junot was sent through Spain to Lisbon. Sir Sidney Smith was in the Tagus, and vainly tried to encourage Prince Joao to take a manly part. Fearing

that resistance would only bring worse calamities on the people, the regent decided on embarking for Brazil, and leaving the country to purchase mercy by submission. On the 27th of November, 1807, the poor old queen, who for sixteen years had not been seen, was conducted to the quay with her children and grand-children, and all entering their vessels amid the piteous lamentations of the people, sailed for Buenos Ayres, there to await better days.

Deserted by their prince, the citizens of Lisbon could but throw open their gates to the invader, although Junot's army, exhausted by their march over the bare Castillian hills, were in no condition to have forced an entrance. Once in the city, however, Junot quickly made his power felt; he quartered his troops in the convent, levied heavy subsidies, confiscated royal property, divided the works of art between himself and the Louvre, tore down the royal banners and escutcheons, and finally proclaimed that the House of Braganza had ceased to reign, and that Portugal's prosperity was secured by her subjection to the great and beneficent Emperor, Napoleon I. Far from being thankful, the shame and misery of the Portuguese under the yoke were unspeakable, and found no relief save in hopes of English aid, and wild whispers among the populace, that the time of greatest need would recall their long-mourned Sebastiao from the Secret Isle, to avenge their cause and recall their past days of glory.

Meanwhile, instead of fulfilling his promises by sharing the prey with Spain, Napoleon was pouring his troops across the frontier, and silently seizing one fortress after another; on Pampeluna, by a party of soldiers who pretended to be snow-balling each other till they were on the draw-bridge and within the gates;

on St. Sebastian, by a body of pretended sick, who were admitted into the hospital and overpowered the garrison; and others, by like treacherous means, until he could safely despatch a large body of forces under Murat. Alarm excited all the elements of discord at Madrid; the people rose in a fury against Buonaparte's dupe and tool, Godoy. They stormed his house, where for thirty-two hours he remained hidden in a garret, but venturing down at night to procure some water, was seized, and would have been put to death at once, but that he cried out for a confessor. This delay gave time for the queen, who would do anything to save her favourite, to obtain from the king an act of abdication in favour of his son Fernando, who, driving up amongst the mob as king, procured the release of Godoy.

Fernando VII. had all the nation on his side, but, to his great alarm, could not procure his recognition from the French. Murat marched into Madrid, and met with every attention from him, his servility going so far that on a hint that the emperor wished for the sword which Francis I. had yielded at Pavia, it was carried to Murat in a silver basin under a gold-edged cloth, in a coach-and-six, with six running footmen before it. All was in vain; Murat continued to treat Fernando with cold haughtiness, and Napoleon wrote to him as Prince of the Asturias instead of king, affecting to be displeased with him for prompting the rebellion against his father.

Agents of Napoleon suggested that the emperor was at Bayonne, and that no more was needed than that Fernando should go and plead his own cause in person. He listened to the persuasion, and set off for Bayonne with his brother Carlos; and at the same time the old king and queen were induced to come and make their

counter-statement, so that the whole family were caught together in one snare.

A scene took place, in which Maria Luisa abused her son with such coarse violence, that Napoleon himself stood aghast; Fernando, weak and unnerved, finding himself looked on as a parricide, could do no other than resign the crown conferred on him by the tumult. On the other hand, poor old Carlos IV., who only wanted tranquillity, was willing to confirm his abdication. Thus Napoleon held both acts of resignation in his hand, and thereupon announced that the House of Bourbon reigned no more in Spain. He gave the two deceived and deposed kings pensions, and placed them in an honourable captivity in France, where old Carlos IV. died.

Fernando VII. was of a dull sluggish nature, easily accommodating itself to restraint, and he patiently occupied himself with embroidering robes for the images of the saints, while his whole kingdom was one scene of war in his behalf.

Napoleon offered Spain to his brother Lucien, but this honest man would not defile his hands with the spoil; and the obedient Joseph was therefore transferred from Naples, where he was happy and popular, and promoted to Spain and Portugal; while Joachim Murat and Caroline succeeded to Naples.

This atrocious treachery roused all Spain. Weak as were the nobles, the peasantry were a devout and resolute people, and if not steady enough to make good disciplined soldiers, yet constant even to a proverb in sieges, and most formidable in a guerilla or partizan warfare. From one end to the other of Spain, the people rose against the invaders; the French were massacred in the towns, their troops were shot down by

guerillas on every hill-side, and the fortress gates were shut against them. While poor meek Joseph, silent, unhappy, and embarrassed, was escorted by a strong army to Vittoria, Madrid shut her gates, and Zaragoza, the capital of Aragon, under Don Jose Palafox, beat off the French by gallantly holding out. The invaders were beaten at Baylen, and a council or junta was elected at Seville, to direct the patriots in their resistance, and the assistance of England was earnestly entreated.

Portugal was in the like state of hatred and insurrection against the tyrants, and thither was aid first despatched. On the 8th of August, 1808, the English forces first set foot in the Peninsula, under the command of Sir Arthur Wellesley—the one general destined never to meet with defeat, never to be over-exalted by success. He met Junot at Vimeiro, and after a sharp battle totally routed him, and would have ruined his army, but that two senior officers arriving took the command, and with over caution admitted Junot to terms. A convention was signed at Cintra, by which both armies engaged to leave Portugal, and the French were allowed to carry off all the plunder they had amassed.

Another British army had arrived with Sir John Moore; and the enemy, being driven from Portugal, proceeded onwards into Spain, intending to relieve Madrid, and to co-operate with the Spanish patriots under Cuesta and Castaños. In the meantime, however, Napoleon, announcing to his soldiers that “the hideous presence of the Leopard contaminated the Peninsula,” set off himself to open his brother’s way to the throne. The Spaniards were no match for him, and suffered two severe defeats; Madrid was taken;

and by the time Sir John Moore reached Salamanca, he learnt that the Spanish army was broken up, and Napoleon advancing on him in person with a huge army. He could only retreat through Galicia in the depth of winter, the roads covered with snow, and the mountains scarcely passable. Broken down with cold and suffering, the soldiers still gallantly turned on the French, who, under Marshal Soult, pressed closely on their rear, and at Coruña, January 16th, 1809, a battle was fought to protect their embarkation. The victory was complete; but few of their battles have ever been so mournful as this—fought at the close of so disastrous a retreat, and ending with the death of their noble-hearted leader. Struck by a cannon-shot on the breast, he suffered patiently till the evening, knew that his men were secured by his victory, expired, and was buried on the ramparts at the dead of night, ere his friends sailed for England. Marshal Ney, coming up a few days after, raised a monument to his brave enemy.

Zaragoza, after holding out from November to February as only Spanish towns can hold out, was taken by Marshal Lannes, when all one scene of blood, ruin, disease, and starvation, yet filled with heroes and heroines, who had fought to the last gasp; above all, Agostina, an artilleryman's wife, whose courage had won for her a fame almost equal to that of Joan of Arc. Napoleon held Spain under him, but he had not subdued her—the people were conquered, but not crushed.

PART XI. THE TURN OF THE SCALE. 1809–1811.

FRANZ II. was startled by the seizure of the Peninsula, but Alexander in another conference with Napoleon at

Erfurt, sanctioned all his iniquities, to counterbalance those which he himself was committing in Sweden.

That country was little able to protect herself. Gustaf IV. had become infected with the mental malady of his family, and alternated between sudden changes of policy and violent fits of obstinacy, till he had broken with all his allies, and had no power to hinder Frederick VI. of Denmark from falling on him from Norway, nor Sweaborg, Gothland, Finland, and the whole of Pomerania, from being seized by the Russians. Great part of the supplies of Stockholm were drawn from these provinces, and the loss of them reduced the city to a state of famine; while the king, heedless of the distress of the nation, required large supplies of money, and exasperated the people.

Discontent was further excited by pamphlets sent across the gulf in balloons by the Danes, and the whole of Sweden was ready for revolt. In 1809, a party of officers took the lead, entered the presence-chamber, and after a remonstrance with Gustaf, tried to overcome him; but he made his escape by a secret passage, and had reached the court-yard when he was overtaken by one of the conspirators, a tall strong man, who caught him in his arms, and calling out to the bystanders that the king was ill, carried him back to his apartments.

A Diet then met, which excluded him and his heirs for ever from the throne, and allotted him a pension, with which he set out for the Holy Land; and his son afterwards entered the Austrian army by his family name of Vasa. His uncle was chosen king, as Charles XIII., but the old man was feeble and childless, and after making a humiliating peace with Denmark, Russia, and France, became so helpless that it was

resolved to choose a successor who might act as regent. Their choice fell on Jean Baptiste Julien Bernadotte, a man of an old Huguenot family in Béarn, one of the old honest republicans, whose talent as a soldier had earned promotion and respect from Napoleon, although his upright independent character made the emperor distrust and dislike him.

When the news of this election arrived, Napoleon was discontented, but could not prevent Bernadotte from accepting the crown so honourably offered. He tried to make him promise never to bear arms against France. "Never!" cried Bernadotte. "Sweden would so become vassal to France!" "Go," said Napoleon angrily; "our destinies are about to be accomplished." Bernadotte and his wife arrived at Stockholm; were adopted by the old king; and taking the name of Carl Johan, and the title of Crown Prince, he became the absolute master of Sweden.

Alexander had been less successful in his aggressions upon Turkey, though there, too, there had been revolutions. Selim II. had offended the Janissaries by trying to modernize their discipline, and in 1807 he was by them deposed and afterwards strangled. His brother, Mustafa, who succeeded, was murdered the following year, and made place for Mahmoud II., a brave prince, whose troops carried on a fierce and doubtful struggle with the Russians on the banks of the Danube.

However, while Napoleon was gone to chase the "hideous leopards" out of Spain, and with his usual effrontery, was informing the poor Spaniards that injustice and bad faith recoil upon the guilty head, Franz II. had taken up arms, and sent his brother Charles to invade the domains of the Confederacy of the Rhine. The army was the largest that Austria had ever raised,

and Napoleon was taken by surprise ; but with the utmost rapidity he hurried to Frankfort, and gathering his troops together from all quarters, suddenly dashed upon Charles at Eckmuhl near Ratisbon, on the 22nd of April, 1809, routed him, and seized the town. Charles retreated into Bohemia, and the way to Vienna was left open. The only delay was occasioned by a rising of the gallant Tyrolese peasantry, who were devotedly attached to the House of Hapsburg, loathed the Bavarian yoke, and uniting under their two brave leaders, Hofer and Spechbacher, made their rifles deadly weapons against the French troops, aiming at them on every mountain side. They were put down by an overwhelming force, and Hofer was taken and ruthlessly shot ; but Spechbacher escaped to the glaciers, and lived through infinite dangers to receive the reward of his loyalty.

By the time Napoleon marched on the undefended Vienna, Charles had concentrated his forces to recover the capital, and on the 29th of May tried to cross the Danube between the villages of Aspern and Essling. It was a double battle, called by both names, and lasted two days with very doubtful success. There was killed Lannes, one of the most daring and savage of Napoleon's marshals, both of whose legs were shot off, and who died passionately clinging to his master, and abusing the surgeons for not being able to save him.

For some weeks the two armies watched one another, until, on the night of the 5th of July, Napoleon crossed the Danube unknown to the Austrians, and on the 8th fell on the centre of the Austrian line upon the hill of Wagram. It was a tremendous battle, lost by the Austrians because the division of the Archduke John was too far off to come in time to his brother's

aid ; and won by the most consummate skill and greatest activity on the part of Napoleon, who, during these three critical days, spent sixty hours on horseback. Totally routed, Charles drew off into Moravia, and the Viennese merited Napoleon's mercy by their care of the wounded, who were picked up from the field, crying "Vive l'Empereur!" and waving white handkerchiefs on the end of their bayonets, in their joy at this decisive victory.

It placed Austria more than ever at his mercy ; and taking up his abode at Schoenbrunn, he proceeded to grant terms and give laws to the world. He was very angry with the Pope for having refused to take part against Austria ; and therefore announcing that, as the successor of Charles le Magne, Rome belonged to him, and had been granted in feoff to Pius VII., he sent his troops to require of the Pontiff to resign his sovereignty. "I have sworn to preserve inviolate the possessions of Holy Church—I will not break my oath," said Pius. Thereupon he was required to quit Rome ; and rather than sign away the States of the Church he submitted to force, and was carried off, first to Grenoble, and then to Savona, where he remained a prisoner, to the extreme indignation of all Europe.

Napoleon remained for some time at Vienna, deliberating what he should leave to the unfortunate Franz. The terms were hard, but Austria had no alternative but to submit, and Napoleon thought himself moderate in consideration of the proposal he was about to make to the emperor. The little son of Louis Buonaparte had died in the preceding winter, and Napoleon saw no scion of his race whom he deemed fit to inherit his power and projects. He was therefore resolved to set aside his faithful and attached Josephine, and to marry

a lady of royal lineage, hoping to transmit his domains to a warlike son. Josephine's love for him was most ardent and generous; she had shared his poverty, and embellished his greatness; her bright grace and gentle kindness had gained so much love for him, that he had said, that "he won battles, but she won hearts;" she looked and moved like a queen by birth, and had in every respect deserved his affection and constancy. But his hard heart could not be softened by honour or affection. Josephine must be set aside. He announced it in a private interview, when she fainted; but her generous affection conquered both resentment of the injury, and sense of the sin of such compliance. To her idol she sacrificed all, and obeyed him by announcing in public, that with her own free will she resigned her husband, for his good and the good of France. The senate of France, and the subservient clergy, pretended to annul the tie of marriage. The discarded wife retired to live a life of charity and kindness at Malmaison, and Napoleon demanded the hand of Marie Louise, the daughter of Franz II. Necessity and misfortune made the emperor base enough to give his daughter to this married man, a successful soldier. He tried to make out that the Buonapartes had something like noble blood; but Napoleon cut this short by saying that "he was his own Rudolf of Hapsburg." On her side, Marie Louise had some scruples, and contrived to send privately to ask Josephine whether hers had been merely a civil marriage, or one celebrated by a priest. Josephine, with French generosity and disregard of truth, falsely replied that her union had been unblest by the Church; and no further objections were made. Marie Louise was conducted to France by Caroline Murat, and met Napoleon at Soissons. She

was a fair handsome person, much simpler in her dress and tastes than Josephine had been, very good-tempered, but without much acuteness either of feeling or intellect. However, she lived smoothly and tranquilly with Napoleon, and in 1811 she gave birth to a son, whom he nominated at once King of Rome, and loved better than he loved anything else.

It was afterwards remarked, that Napoleon's reverses dated from his divorce of Josephine, as if in her he had cast aside his good angel. The Spanish ulcer, as he called the Peninsular War, had broken out again. Soult had marched into Portugal, but the Spaniards rising in full force, cooped him up at Oporto; and Sir Arthur Wellesley arriving with the English army, gave him a thorough defeat at Talavera, on the 28th of July, 1809.

Wellington, as Sir Arthur thenceforth was called by his well-earned title, kept Portugal free from the invader; but could not maintain himself in Spain for want of the co-operation of the Spaniards. Their dull chiefs, and brave though ill-disciplined troops, sustained a terrible defeat at Ocaña, which opened the way to Andalusia. Joseph Buonaparte entered Cordoba and Seville in triumph, but the Junta retreated to Cadiz, and were there defended by the brave General Graham.

In 1810, Napoleon, having no other war on his hands, mustered 80,000 men under his ablest marshal, Massena, whom he called the Spoilt Child of Victory, and sent him to drive Wellington and his 25,000 out of Portugal. To these English troops Wellington added 30,000 Portuguese, officered and disciplined by Englishmen, and gradually learning to act with them serviceably, although not a match for the French. At

Busaco, on the 27th of September, 1810, the British and Portuguese forces routed Massena; but their small numbers obliged them to confine themselves within the lines of Torres Vedras, fortified heights enclosing Lisbon. Here the country people brought in all their corn and cattle, destroying the remainder, so that Massena found nothing in the wasted district on which his army could subsist, and was forced, after some months, to retreat into winter quarters.

After much cruel devastation, Massena, in the spring of 1811, was obliged to turn back into Spain; and Wellington following hard upon him, again routed him at Fuentes d'Onor, and finally cleared Portugal of the invaders.

Massena was thereupon replaced by Marmont, while Soult continued to press on the Spaniards in the south, until General Graham sallied out of Cadiz, and gained a brilliant victory at Barossa. All the centre of Spain was, indeed, held by the forces of Buonaparte, but it was such a miserable subjection, the people so turbulent and discontented, the French troops so violent and rapacious, that the kind heart of Joseph sickened at the cruelties committed in his name, and he supplicated his brother to allow him to resign; but Napoleon would not consent, and kept the reluctant monarch on his uneasy throne.

Louis, equally gentle and kind, was in a still worse position as king of a commercial people, who were ruined by the suppression of trade with England, and ground down by Napoleon's exactions. He therefore winked at their traffic, and remonstrated with his brother; Queen Hortense told tales of him, and in great wrath, Napoleon summoned him to Paris, called him a smuggler, and threatened to fill Holland with troops.

With great spirit Louis declared that on the arrival of the first French regiment, he should consider himself no longer King of Holland, and he kept his word; gave up his crown to his infant child, and fled to Grätz, in Styria, whilst Holland was annexed to the French Empire.

Pius VII., ever since he had been carried from Rome, had refused to grant investiture to the French clergy. Napoleon sent a deputation of bishops to announce to him that he should be deposed if he persisted. He knelt down before them, repeating the Psalm, "Judge me, O Lord," and rising, excommunicated whomsoever should dare to pronounce sentence against him; then offered his hand to the bishops to kiss, in token of personal forgiveness. They were in tears when they left him, and some of them afterwards endured imprisonment rather than forward the measures of the tyrant against the good old Pope. Napoleon, however, had him carried off to Fontainebleau, and kept in captivity there; but though on some heads he yielded to force, he still held out against all that could betray the rights that he held in trust, and remained the only man in France who dared to dispute the will of Napoleon.

PART XII. THE FRENCH IN RUSSIA. 1812-1813.

FOR twenty years the French had been permitted to be the scourge of Europe, but there were bounds which they could not pass; their ambition at length overreached itself, and thenceforward their might crumbled away.

Alexander of Russia had become ashamed of his alliance, and alarmed at the promises that Napoleon

lavished on the Poles. The two emperors had many causes of displeasure with each other, and perceiving a breach to be inevitable, Alexander made peace with Turkey and with Sweden, so as to have his hands free for so formidable an enemy.

Napoleon was indulging in another vision of Asiatic conquest. To overthrow the only emperor whom he deemed a worthy rival, to set up the eagles in the palaces of the Czars, to have the vast Russian empire at his feet, and pour down his troops on India—such was his dream, renewing the projects which in his youth had carried him to Egypt. He collected a vast army, recruited by a conscription which stripped France of even her boys, and increased by reluctant multitudes from Italy, Austria, Prussia, and the whole Rhenish Confederacy, till the numbers were the largest that ever had been brought together since Xerxes had crossed the Hellespont. His most distinguished marshals were collected: Murat, the handsome swordsman, whose cavalry always charged in the hottest of the fray; Ney, the bravest of the brave; Davoust, the daring and brutal plunderer; Eugène Beauharnois, the kind-hearted chivalrous gentleman; and many a general trained in campaigns that had been one course of victory. The Grand Army had been taught by experience to deem itself invincible, and Napoleon's boastful proclamations puffed up still further the pride of conquest, till the Russian campaign was talked of as a two-months' hunting excursion; and on the 9th of May, 1812, the invaders set forth, eager for plunder and glory.

The pressing danger had awakened all that was great in the Russian sovereign and people. One spirit of devotion, self-sacrifice, and loyalty, seemed to actuate

the whole nation, from the Czar down to the rudest serf or wildest Cossack. The armies resolutely drew together, and one voice of prayer went up from the whole empire, while Alexander calmly encouraged his subjects by noble proclamations, in which he showed his faith and trust, that He Who defendeth the righteous cause, would fight his battles, and guard his faithful people.

The French were allowed to advance into the heart of the empire without meeting any enemy but famine and desolation. Vast tracts of pine and birch forests were not what Napoleon required for the fulfilment of his policy of making war maintain war. The few scattered villages were wasted by the first comers, and the ensuing divisions found absolutely nothing to subsist on. The troops pined for the excitement of a battle, and melted away without the cannon of the enemy; but Napoleon still pushed on towards Moscow, where he hoped to repair all his losses.

At Borodino, on the banks of the river Moskowa, the Russian generals, Kutusoff and Barclay de Tolly, resolved on a battle, in hopes of saving the capital. Napoleon encouraged and excited his men by hanging up, outside his tent, a portrait which he had just received of his little son; but he was not like himself on that day; his health was becoming affected, and he had just received the tidings that Wellington, after taking Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajos, had beaten Marmont in a terrible battle at Salamanca, and forced Joseph to fly from Madrid.

The Russians were encouraged by the blessings of the clergy, and the war-cry of their rude untrained peasants was, "God, have mercy on us!" They fought with desperate courage, but French vehemence and skill

were too great for them; and though the honour of the day was evenly balanced, Kutusoff, after burying his dead, was forced to draw off, and leave the way to Moscow open.

“Moscow! Moscow!” cried the weary French troops, as sailors cry “Land! land!” They eagerly poured into the ancient city; but, behold! they found it all one desert. Not a voice was raised against them except the bark of the wandering dogs—the palaces and streets were empty—the entire population had been conveyed away! They dispersed themselves in the deserted houses, and began to rest after their fatigues; but the same evening flames broke out in every quarter of the city. The more the invaders laboured to extinguish them, the more obstinately they burst forth. Houses fell, the heat of the streets became intolerable, and Napoleon, raging, and calling Alexander a barbarian, was forced to withdraw his army, and from a distance watch the sky glowing red like a furnace with the reflection of the burning city. It was such utter destruction, that when the flames had exhausted themselves, and the Grand Army returned, neither food nor shelter could be obtained, and with the Russian forces hovering round, it had become utterly impracticable to winter there. To retreat was the only alternative; and the jaded disappointed troops set out late in the autumn to retrace their steps through the bare and wasted country, with the Cossacks hanging close on their rear, and yet more terrible enemies ever increasing in violence. Cold and famine were their most bitter foes. Such supplies as they received were as nothing among their hosts. Horse-flesh and snow-water became their sustenance, and were little fitted to strengthen them against the fatigue

and deadly cold. By day they fought, by night they marched, with only a few hours' interval for rest, when generally circles of men around the watch-fires were left in the death-sleep of cold, and the heavy flakes of snow that overwhelmed the marching-columns were at once their slayers and their grave. Most awful indeed was the melting away of that mighty army, beneath the Hand of Him of Whom it is written, "He casteth forth His ice like morsels; who is able to abide His frost?"

The height of the misery of this doomed army was at the river Berezina, where, on the second day of their passage across their military bridges, the Russian Admiral Tchitchagoff came up, and planting his cannon, mowed down at his leisure the struggling crowd on the narrow bridge, who, frantic with terror and agony, fought furiously with each other, trod each other down, and made that spot the scene of some of the greatest horrors that ever took place since the world began. From that time the last semblance of discipline was lost. The Emperor, too proud in prosperity to be constant in adversity, had no feeling for sharing the woes of the unhappy men whom he had ruined, but set the example of shifting for himself. He set off with his guard of honour and comfortable carriage, escaped all further discomforts, traversed Germany, and safely arrived at Paris. Murat and Davoust, with no heart for misfortune, followed his example, and forsook the miserable army. Only Eugène and Ney showed any constancy or generosity. They fared as ill as the common soldiers, comforted the sufferers, gathered the strong together, and guarded the crowd of fugitives against the pursuers, ever brave and unselfish, and thus carrying off the only glory of that campaign. One by one, broken down, starved, frost-bitten, and perishing, did

the stragglers reach the boundary which they had passed with such exultation, and last of all was Marshal Ney. While he could see one soldier still to protect, he fought with his musket like a private—he was truly the sole rear-guard of the Grand Army—and finally, throwing the last weapon into the river Niemen, he crossed the bridge alone, plunged into the forests, and arrived at the nearest Prussian town. Only 10,000 of the French Grand Army lived to return as free men from the enemy's country.

Well was it for the fugitives that the kindly Prussians knew how to return good for evil. Bitter as had been their wrongs, keen as their longing to shake off the yoke, they saw nothing but the misery of the unfortunates, who wandered into their towns like spectres. They took their enemies to their houses, relieved their wants, fed them and tended them with Christian charity, such as might well redeem all the earlier errors of that ill-treated nation.

PART XIII. FALL OF NAPOLEON. 1812–1814.

THE destruction of the Grand Army was the signal to all Europe to shake off her thralldom. Ever since the Battle of Jena, the Prussians had been silently preparing to rise against the enslaver, and avenge their beloved queen. Theodore Körner, Frederick de la Motte Fouqué, and other young poets, composed war-songs that sounded like trumpet-calls; scholars and statesmen were shaken from their studies; nobles and peasants had long been training for arms; there was one heart throughout the country, and even ladies gave up their ornaments to raise funds for their country's liberation, and wore ornaments of steel instead of gold.

The kingdom was still full of the fugitive French troops, and Frederick William, fearing to be seized as a hostage, went to Breslau. There Alexander arrived at the head of his victorious army, and the two princes met with such joy, that the Prussian king shed tears. "Courage, my brother," said Alexander; "these are the last tears that Napoleon shall cause you to shed." The advance of the Russians drove the French out of Prussia; and at once a gallant army rose throughout the kingdom, and was put under the command of Blucher, a fiery old cavalry officer, who had served under Frederick the Great, and was so impetuous, that his men called him "Marshal Forwards," while Napoleon said he was like a bull rushing on danger with his eyes shut, and declared that the old dragoon had given him more trouble than all the other allied generals put together. The Crown-Prince of Sweden, faithful to his adopted country, joined the league, and brought a large army to act with the allies upon the Elbe; while Frederick Augustus of Saxony, who was sincerely Napoleon's friend, retired into Franconia.

Napoleon, on his side, sent forth a fresh conscription, which stripped all France and Italy of every youth that could carry a musket; and having thus collected an army, he issued a proclamation pledging himself not to cede one village of the empire, though the allies should be encamped on Montmartre! He left his wife to act as regent, hoping thus to secure the adherence of her father, and proceeded to Saxony. The first battle was fought at Lutzen, around the Stone of the Swede, where Gustavus Adolphus had fallen in fighting for the liberties of Germany. It was one of those dreadful indecisive fields of slaughter that usually resulted from the conflict of the French and Russians, ending, indeed,

with the former being left in possession of the field, but without one cannon, one colour, gained from their adversary. The Battle of Bautzen was such another ruinous success on the part of Napoleon, and it was further embittered by the loss of Duroc, one of his staff, a really good and religious man, who had been with him in all his campaigns, and was one of the few men for whom he had true love and trust. After seeing him mortally wounded at his side, he was more overpowered than he had ever been in his life, attended to nothing more that day, and answered all reports by saying, "Everything to-morrow."

These battles had forced the allies to give back; Napoleon occupied Dresden, and Davoust garrisoned Hamburgh, where his atrocities were so dreadful as to win for him the name of the "Hamburgh Robespierre," while they inflamed every German's horror and hatred of his nation.

The Emperor Francis sent Clement Metternich, the greatest of his rising statesmen, to Dresden, to tell his son-in-law that he could no longer remain neuter, and that if he took part with him, it must be at the price of the restoration of the Pope, and of the cession of his robberies of Austria. Napoleon would not take the offer, and asked Metternich what England was paying him for going over to the allies. Metternich disdained to answer, and they walked up and down the opposite sides of the room in silence, until Buonaparte tried to make up for the insult by more polite language. However, in that same summer Francis joined the allies, and Napoleon found, as he afterwards said, that his second marriage had been a "precipice concealed by flowers," leading him to reckon overmuch on the friendship of relatives ashamed of the connexion.

The plan of the ensuing campaign of the allies was drawn up by the two old friends, the former Republicans, Bernadotte and Moreau, who met in such changed circumstances, the one as a prince, the other as an exile, but making common cause against the usurper. Moreau was, however, soon mortally wounded in directing an attack on Dresden, which was so successfully repulsed by Napoleon, that he expected to drive back the allies by a signal victory on the following day; but an attack of indisposition, and the violence of the rain, prevented him from pursuing his advantage.

Meantime, Bernadotte had beaten Ney, and Blucher, with his Prussians, effected a junction with the Swedes and Russians on the Elbe. Napoleon found himself obliged to fall back, taking with him the faithful Frederick Augustus of Saxony; but he resolved to make a stand at Leipsic against the Russians, Prussians, and Swedes, who were now joined by the Austrians, under Prince Schwartzemberg. "A thunderbolt might yet retrieve his fortunes," he said; and he made his men swear to perish rather than let France come to dishonour. The King of Saxony sent to beg that the allies would have mercy on the city; they answered that they would injure it no more than the resistance of the French might render necessary, and would respect the lives and property of the inhabitants. These poor people nestled in cellars, while the terrible storm of shot passed over their heads, and destroyed not a few. The town had inefficient fortifications, and very wide suburbs; while on the eastward, on the road to France, flowed the two rivers Elster and Pleisse, the former crossed by a stone bridge, the latter by a small wooden one. The allies were superior in numbers, but the French were posted to great advantage, and had often triumphed where numbers were more unequal.

The battle began on the 16th of October, when Napoleon at first pushed back the allies, and Frederick Augustus set the bells ringing in triumph; but night came on after terrible bloodshed, and it was still a drawn battle. Napoleon sent offers for an armistice the next day, and ordered military bridges to be made to secure his retreat; but discouragement had disorganised his troops, and where he was not present in person nothing was done.

On the 18th the battle began again, and the carnage lasted all day, with success to the allies, who gained ground step by step, while the French had used every round of ammunition, and were utterly exhausted by the time night came on. Napoleon was forced to resolve on retreat. He put his troops in motion, took leave of the King of Saxony, and set off himself in early morning, leaving Marshal Macdonald and Prince Poniatowski, the nephew of the last King of Poland, to guard the retreat of the army. They bravely fulfilled their trust, and fought street by street to protect the march of their comrades; but, by an unfortunate mistake, the single stone bridge over the Elster was blown up, and more than 15,000 troops were cut off from escape. Macdonald swam his horse through the river, but Poniatowski, exhausted by fatigue and loss of blood from two wounds, perished in the current, bitterly lamented by the Poles, who had fixed all their hopes on him.

The defeat at Leipsic was the greatest blow that Napoleon had yet received. All Germany rose against him with one accord. His only real ally, Frederick Augustus, was sent a prisoner to Berlin; all the rest expelled the French, and hastened to swell the allied army; and even his own creature and brother-in-law,

Joachim Murat, forsook his falling fortunes, and hurried to Naples, in hopes of securing his kingdom by a separate peace with Austria. Loss followed upon loss. In Spain, though Wellington had been forced by the junction of Marmont with Soult's Andalusian army to retreat from Burgos, he had spent the winter of 1813 at Ciudad Rodrigo, and advancing in the spring, had again driven Joseph from Madrid, and at the great Battle of Vittoria, utterly routed Marmont and Junot, and put Joseph finally to flight, leaving behind him all the plunder of Madrid. The Peninsular War had come northwards, to the very gates of France, and the struggle between Soult and Wellington now raged around St. Sebastian and Pampeluna. The French, weary of their exile, called to the English out-posts to send them quickly back into their own fair country; and the Pyrenees had become the only barrier between the "leopards" and the French Empire.

To concentrate his forces for the defence of the soil of France, could now be his only object. Holland revolted, and he withdrew his armies. He released the Pope without conditions, and sent him safely home to Rome, where he was received with transport, on the 18th of May, 1814. Fernando VII. was likewise set free, and was informed that the English were disseminating Jacobin principles in Spain, so that he had better go home to counteract them. He was greeted with joy that his subjects would hardly have felt, had they known all his weakness and folly.

Loyal La Vendée and Brittany were preparing to rise under Louis de la Rochejaquelin, the brother of Henri; the Mayor of Bourdeaux had sent an address to Wellington, and the Bourbon princes were drawing near the frontier; the Count d'Artois in the Nether-

lands, and his two sons, the Dukes of Angoulême and Berri, the one with the Peninsular army, the other in Jersey. Even the French ministers, with Talleyrand at their head, were in secret communication with the allies, and Napoleon, in his own words, felt the reins slipping from his grasp.

On the first day of that year of Retribution, 1814, Blucher and the Prussians crossed the Rhine, and entered the French territory; Schwartzenberg and the Austrians were arriving through Switzerland; Alexander and the Russians through Lorraine; Bernadotte and the Swedes were not far behind in Flanders; Wellington was across the Pyrenees, and fighting with Soult around Bayonne. Five armies were closing in on the nation that had provoked the enmity of the whole world.

Napoleon had not yet lost hope, and gathering his troops, he set off to take the command. First, however, he summoned all the officers of the National Guard to the Tuilleries, and presenting himself before them with Marie Louise and his son, he told them he was about to go to meet the enemies of his country, hoping to repel them; but, said he, "should they approach the capital, I confide to you the Empress and the King of Rome," and then he added, with much feeling, "my wife and child." This scene touched the spectators even to tears, for there was more reality here than in all his boastful proclamations.

The campaign that ensued was as skilfully conducted as any of the earlier expeditions of Napoleon, and his troops were now fighting for their hearths and homes. So swift were his movements, that at Brienne, his own old college, he fell upon Blucher so suddenly, that the old Prussian was forced to escape by a back-door,

leading his horse down a stair-case ; but there was a sharp battle, in which the town was burnt before the allies retreated, leaving Napoleon to recognise his old haunts, especially the tree where he had been wont to sit reading Tasso. Blucher returned, and defeated him there before the end of the week ; but the allies committed the error of dividing their forces as they advanced, and thus gave him the opportunity, by his wonderful alertness, of beating each army, at Montmirail, Champ Aubert, and the Bridge of Montereau—where Napoleon again did the office of an artillery-man, and himself pointed the guns.

In the meantime, however, Soult had received a terrible defeat at Orthez ; and the English occupied Bourdeaux, where the white flag waved from every steeple, and the people came in crowds to greet the Duke d'Angoulême, the husband of the long-suffering princess of the Temple. Fate was closing upon the usurper on all sides. Two terrible and indecisive battles with Blucher at Laon and Craonne pushed him back for a short time ; but, while Napoleon was at Rheims, keeping the Austrians and Prussians in check, the Russians pushed straight on ; the Grand-duke Constantine beat Marmont at Vitry, and the cannon were actually heard by the Parisians, while crowds of peasants came hurrying in for refuge. Marie Louise and her son were sent away for safety to Blois, and Joseph put forth proclamations in his brother's style ; but the citizens were more frightened than patriotic, and though the wounded were carried into the town in numbers, and the Seine bore down the corpses of men and horses, the newspapers came out with discussions upon the Siege of Troy !

Marmont made a last stand on the heights of Mont-

martre, so called because St. Denis was said to have died there. The Marshal did his duty, and fought well, and so did all his troops; even the boys at the military school turned out and served the cannon bravely; but he had nothing to back him up but Joseph's faint heart, and the line was forced at all points. Marmont was obliged to withdraw into Paris; and Joseph, mounting his horse, rode off to join the Empress at Blois. The city was invested by the allies. They were actually encamped on Montmartre; Napoleon hastening from Rheims found it too late to defend his capital, and was obliged to turn aside to Fontainebleau.

On the 31st of March, 1814, the allies entered Paris, soon followed by their monarchs, Alexander, Francis, and Frederick William, and encamped their troops in the Boulevards and in the Champs Elysées. The strange wild inhabitants of the utmost parts of Russia—Cossacks, Tartars, Circassians—were seen wandering in the streets, making the city appear the scene of an immense masquerade. They behaved very well; the whole Russian army seemed actuated by a humble spirit of gratitude and wonder at their deliverance, and showed the same spirit as the medal they wore, "Not unto us, not unto us, but unto Thy Name be the praise." The Prussians alone were savage in their conduct, as if willing to revenge to the uttermost all that they had suffered after the Battle of Jena. The French themselves were strangely apathetic, more inclined to applaud whatever struck their fancy for the moment, than to tremble at the great crisis of their fate. They shouted with delight at seeing the Czar a polished gentleman, when they had expected him to be a fierce barbarian; they were enchanted at the grand

military spectacle that their conquerors presented, and applauded whoever of mark rode along their streets, mingling with their shouts the long-forgotten cry, "Vive le Roi!" Turning on their fallen idol, they overthrew his statues, and defaced his escutcheons; they had loved not the man, but his success, and now that he had brought disaster on them, they hated him.

The miserable man, with his fragment of an army at Fontainebleau, found his favoured friends dropping away one by one, making pretexts to go to Paris, and returning no more. The allies would make no terms with France as long as it was ruled in his name; the Parisians declared him deposed, and he sent in a resignation of his crown in his son's behalf; but this was rejected, and Marmont, going over to the allies with the troops under his command, took the last ground from under his feet. To avoid being made a prisoner, he finally, on the 11th of April, 1814, gave into the hands of his marshals an act of abdication of the French throne. That night he tried to put an end to his life by poison, but his servants were alarmed by his groans, he took the remedies and recovered, saying, "Fate will not have it so."

Soult, more constant than his other marshals, tried his fate once more in a bloody and unjustifiable battle at Toulouse, on the 14th of April, lost it, and retreated; while Wellington hastened to Paris to join in the conferences of the allied sovereigns.

It was decided that Louis XVIII. should be restored, and that Napoleon should be sent to the little island of Elba, which he might rule as a sovereignty, with his title of Emperor—an islet of sixty miles in circumference for him who had aimed at conquering the world! He had no alternative but to accept the terms;

and on the 20th of April, 1814, he took leave of his Imperial Guard, clasping their standard with the words, "Beloved Eagle, may the kisses I bestow on thee long resound in the hearts of the brave!" a speech which drew floods of tears from the favoured soldiers who had so often been led by him to victory. Then entering his carriage, with his faithful friends, Generals Bertrand and Drouet, he was escorted through France to his little sovereignty, joined on the way by his sister Pauline, who showed a steady attachment to him in his troubles, such as was wanting in most of his family.

Marie Louise made a few offers to join him at Fontainebleau, but while he still had any hope of renewing the war, he preferred her absence; and on her father's arrival, she quietly returned to his protection, and to her station as an archduchess. Napoleon seems to have felt that she was not a wife for adversity, and to have thought little more of her; though his heart was much set upon his son, a fine promising child, exceedingly fond of him, and who had struggled hard against the flight to Blois, as if with a perception that it cut him off for ever from his father.

Far unlike the smooth easy Austrian princess was the unselfish devoted wife whom Napoleon had forsaken. Her heart was broken by his misfortune. She sat weeping, and exclaiming, "Ah! my poor Cid! my Achilles!" and refused to be comforted, when he forbade her to join him in his exile. The Czar visited her at Malmaison, and every respect was paid to her; but she pined until a slight cold was sufficient to close her life. She died on the 29th of May, 1814, murmuring the words, "Elba! Napoleon!"

PART XIV. THE HUNDRED DAYS. 1814-1815.

EASTER-DAY, in 1814, beheld a beautiful ceremony on the very spot where Louis XVI. had perished. There Alexander caused an altar to be raised, and he, with his allied brethren, in the face of the open sky, gave thanks for the victory. Thirty thousand men, from every European nation, were present, and not a voice was heard, save those of the Greek clergy, who conducted the ceremony. The French spectators only said the uniforms of the strangers were not so well made as their own.

The clever Talleyrand meanwhile brought the senate together, and drew up an invitation to Louis XVIII. to return to his ancestral throne. He took leave of England and of the Prince Regent with the words, that to him, under Heaven, he chiefly owed his restoration; and on the 3rd of May he made his public entry into Paris, with his niece, the Duchess d'Angoulême, by his side. They were received with much splendour, but the duchess could only feel

“That with that triumph seemed to float
Upon the breeze, one dirge-like note
Of orphanhood and loss.”

When she came to the Tuilleries, that threshold which she had last crossed with her parents, brother, and aunt, she fell fainting at her uncle's feet. Yet the Parisians had been so diligently taught frivolity by Napoleon, that, instead of being touched, they only laughed at her low-crowned English bonnet.

One of the first things that Louis XVIII. was to sign,

was a treaty renouncing all the unjust conquests made by the French nation ; and after receiving this, the three allied sovereigns took leave of Paris, and went to make a visit to the Prince Regent in England, which rang with rejoicing and thankfulness, as well it might, for England alone had unswervingly held the upright course, never shared the prey, never felt the hand of the spoiler, never suffered one defeat. The one grief was, that the blind eyes and darkened mind of the good old king, George III., could take no part in the joy which his constancy had won, and which his children and country were reaping.

Everywhere save in England, invasion and violence had been like a flood, sweeping away the old landmarks, till scarcely a kingdom was left that knew its own boundary. Small states had been ruined past restoration ; kings had been set up, and had acquired claims that could not be disregarded, and the confusion might bring forth endless wars. It was therefore resolved that a congress should take place at Vienna for the adjustment of all these differences, and that all the various powers should send plenipotentiaries there to meet, and by whose decision they should abide.

In the meantime Louis XVIII. had resumed his sway. The gay philosophical young prince, had become a keen, selfish, luxurious old man, good-natured, fond of ease, and without much faith or principle. Large and gouty, he did not please the French love of display, and was called in consequence by contemptuous names, while the people had no heart to feel for the Duchess d'Angoulême, and only grumbled at her grave saddened manner, and her preference for the emigrant nobility. The French were greatly displeased,

likewise, that while Louis granted them a very good constitution, he did it by his own hereditary authority, instead of letting it emanate from the sovereign people. The reduction of the over-grown army filled the country with idle and discontented men, and there was a general spirit of disaffection, which the friends of Napoleon were not slow to foment. Their token was the violet, with the whisper, "To return in spring."

And in spring he did return. On the court of France, on the Congress of Vienna, burst the tidings that the enemy was at large. He had stolen away from a ball at Elba, while his mother and Pauline were doing the honours, and on the 1st of March, 1815, had landed close to Antibes. At the first sight of him his old soldiers in the various garrisons rushed to embrace him. If they hesitated, he called to them to fire on him—fire on their father—and with shouts of affection they hurried to his side, his army increasing at each step. Louis XVIII. looked round him, and saw scarcely anyone to depend on. Marshal Ney made great professions, and on being offered the command, declared that he would bring back Buonaparte to Paris in an iron cage. But at Besançon he met with letters and persuasions from his old master, so strong, that his honour to his new one gave way; he made an address to his troops in favour of Napoleon, and crying "Vive l'Empereur!" the shout was re-echoed with transport. He was treated by Napoleon with the utmost distinction, but his own honourable nature revolted against his treason, and he never held up his head after his broken promise.

His defection opened the road to Paris: Louis XVIII. fled to Ghent; the Duke d'Angoulême tried to

raise Toulon; the Duke de Berri, La Vendée; and Marie Therèse went to Bourdeaux, where she showed such spirit and discretion, that Napoleon called her the only man of her family: but it was all in vain; the army was madly attached to the emperor, and she was forced to sail to England only a year after she had left it. Murat, who had found the Congress of Vienna unwilling to confirm him in the possession of Naples, tried to raise Italy on behalf of his brother-in-law, and marched northwards with an army; but he was defeated by the Austrians, and came back saying to his wife, "All is lost, Caroline, except my own life, which I have not been able to throw away." Finding the Austrians advancing on him, he left his queen to take care of Naples, and fled to France, intending to join his brother-in-law; but Buonaparte only sent him a cold message to wait till he was wanted.

Napoleon was received at Paris with transports of joy, and scarcely a soldier failed to hasten to obey his summons to the beloved eagles. The Grand Army was renewed in all its formidable strength, but it was a bad omen for him that the cunning and far-sighted politician, Talleyrand, chose rather to abide by the fortunes of Louis XVIII. than to join the restored Emperor. The allies, breaking up their congress in haste, were mustering their forces to crush him once more. England and Prussia were the first in the field, and their troops, entering Flanders, planned the invasion of France. Napoleon had recourse to his old tactics of falling with his full force upon each army singly, and dashed off towards Brussels to encounter Wellington and Blucher before the other allies could join them. He hoped to get between the two, separate them, and drive them back, for he said that though one English-

man might be set against one Frenchman, two Dutch, Prussians, or Germans, were hardly equivalent to one of his men; and of English troops there were few in proportion, and those chiefly new recruits, with but a small number of the tried soldiers of the Peninsula.

Accordingly, he attacked the two armies in the villages around Brussels. On the 16th of June he fell upon Blucher at Ligny, and after a well-contested struggle drove him back to Wavre, much hurt by a fall from his horse. At the same time Ney had attacked the Prince of Orange and his division of the English army at Quatre Bras, and had been beaten off, though he fought like a man who only longed for death. Still, the Prussians had been so far separated from the English, that Napoleon judged it a fit time for a desperate stroke against Wellington, who was gathering his forces on the slopes of Waterloo, on the main road to Brussels.

"I have them, these English!" cried Napoleon. "Sire," said Soult, "I know them. They will die on the field before they leave it." From the chateau of Hougoumont, to the farm of La Haye Sainte, the English were drawn up in the fields of rye, an expanse of about two miles. From eleven in the morning till late in the day of the 18th of June, 1815, there was a fierce and hotly-contested struggle for the buildings of Hougoumont, the spot where the slaughter was greatest; while, on the crest of the ridge, the British infantry, drawn up in squares, endured every charge of the French, repeated hour after hour. The Emperor, who stood all this time under a tree, near the farm of La Belle Alliance, finally resolved that his choicest troops, his old Imperial Guard, should be sent against these obstinate squares, hoping to sweep them away. He sent

Ney at their head, and rode himself to address them—the last words he was ever to speak to his soldiers. On they went, with the shout of “Vive l’Empereur !” They charged the impenetrable squares, but still without effect ; and as they gave back, the English began to advance upon them—their retreat became a flight, and they went headlong down the slope, while the cry of consternation was heard, “*Sauve qui peut !* The Guard is driven back !”

The victory was with the English ; and to complete it, Blucher, who had all day been struggling through muddy roads to bring his troops and artillery up from Wavre, made his appearance just in time to take up the pursuit, and ruin the Grand Army beyond recovery. Waterloo was the most glorious of all the English victories, but it had been purchased by heavy losses. The Duke of Brunswick had been killed, and so many of Wellington’s own personal friends had fallen, that he might well say that a victory was the most dreadful thing in the world, except a defeat. In fact, the French always consoled themselves by declaring that Waterloo was only lost because those rogues of English could not find out when they were beaten.

When Napoleon saw his Guard driven back, and the Prussians on the field, he beheld his last hope gone. He rode away in the dusk of the summer evening, while his carriage and equipments became the prey of the Prussians. On his arrival at Paris, his brother Lucien, his friend in adversity, tried to brace him to decided measures, but found him so altered and irresolute, that he told him the smoke of the battle had turned his brain.

Defence was impossible ; the Prussians and English were in full march on Paris, and the army was anni-

hilated. Lucien finally drew up another resignation of the crown in favour of the little Napoleon II.; the fallen emperor signed it; and leaving Paris a second time to receive Louis XVIII., hurried away to Rochefort, in hopes of sailing for America. Twice, in former times, he had escaped from the British cruisers, but he could do so no more. Thirty English vessels were on the watch, and he found himself obliged to surrender to Captain Maitland, of the *Bellerophon*, one hundred days since he had landed in France. He was taken to Plymouth harbour, where he remained, while the allies, again meeting at Paris, deliberated on his fate.

They came to the resolution that he should be kept in captivity in the island of St. Helena, so lone a rock in the Atlantic, that there was little chance that he could escape, or hold communication with his partizans. On the 4th of August, 1815, the *Northumberland* sailed with him, his faithful General Bertrand, and a few other attendants, who were resolved on sharing his fortunes. A country-house, named Longwood, was fitted up for him, and he was placed under the custody of Sir Hudson Lowe.

There was as little dignity in his fall as there had been in his grandeur. He fretted, chafed, and intrigued, in his captivity; looked with less and less candour on the past; excused, instead of repenting, his misdeeds; and showed ill-temper and ingratitude even to the friends who had exiled themselves for his sake. Sir Hudson Lowe, an anxious man, oppressed with a sense of his responsibility, tormented him by jealous precautions, and by abstaining from acknowledging his pretensions to be treated as a sovereign; and this led to petty strifes, engendering bitter hatred. His health was in the meantime rapidly giving way from the terrible

disease, cancer in the stomach, the same complaint of which his father had died, and which had begun to prey on him as early as the Battle of Borodino. He gradually declined, and after having confessed, and received the rites of his Church, he became delirious from weakness and suffering, and with the words "*Tête d'Armée*," on his lips, he expired, in the midst of a terrific hurricane, on the 5th of May, 1821.

He was buried in a green valley, beneath some weeping-willows, which had been favourites with him; the coffin was covered with the cloak that he had worn at Marengo, and he received the solemn and impressive honours of a soldier's funeral.

There his body lay until the year 1840, when the French idolatry of his memory was gratified by bringing it home and giving it a magnificent funeral in the Church of the Invalides, attended by royalty, and by his only surviving brother, Jerome. Whatever he was to the French when alive, he is to the nation at present what St. Louis and Henri IV. were to their forefathers.

THE BUONAPARTE FAMILY.

THE English and Prussian troops marched direct from Waterloo to Paris; Louis XVIII. came with them; and soon after, the Austrian and Russian armies arrived with their emperors.

Louis XVIII. restored all the works of art of which other nations had been robbed, and statues and pictures were sent to their proper homes, and received with transport by the people, whose pride and delight they had always been. The public buildings named after

Napoleon's victories had their titles changed, partly to save them from the vengeance of the allies. Blucher was on the point of blowing up the noble bridge of Jena, and to Talleyrand's intercessions replied, "I would do it with pleasure if Prince Talleyrand were sitting in the middle of it;" but the Duke of Wellington's arrival saved the structure.

The restored king pardoned everyone except Marshal Ney and two others, of whom one, Lavalette, was saved by the contrivance of his wife. Ney had nearly escaped; he was hidden by his connexions in Auvergne, until his place of concealment was betrayed to a chance visitor by the sight of his beautiful Egyptian sabre, which had been carelessly left on a sofa. He was arrested, tried, and sentenced to die. He listened to the counsel of a poor sentry, who begged him not to face death without turning to his God; and after having confessed, he stood before the file of soldiers, as if they had been the enemy, called out, "Comrades, fire!" and died a brave man, expiating the one crime of which he had been guilty. Labedoyère, likewise, was shot, for having been one of the foremost to break his faith with Louis XVIII.

On the tidings of Waterloo, Murat had wandered back to Calabria; but his wife, after showing much courage and good sense, had been forced to surrender Naples to the Austrians and English, and had been taken a prisoner to Vienna. He found no friend, and wandered about as a wretched outcast, until he fell into the hands of the Sicilian authorities. The king, whose throne he had occupied, was not generous enough to spare him when he could do no farther harm. A tribunal of officers was appointed to try him, and sentenced him to die; whereupon he wrote an affectionate

letter to his wife, and when brought out for execution, kissed a cornelian on which her head was engraved, and called out to the soldiers, "Aim at my heart, spare my face—fire!" So by a soldier's death perished this mere dashing hussar officer, who owed both his elevation and his fall to no personal qualities of his own, but merely to his relationship to Napoleon.

Caroline spent the rest of her life in Bohemia, and her sisters, Elisa and Pauline, sank into obscurity in Italy.

Napoleon's widow, Marie Louise, was created Duchess of Parma and Placentia, where she reigned under the protection of Austria till her death. The child, who began life as King of Rome, and for a few days was Napoleon II., was bred up at Vienna as Duke of Reichstadt, and was a fine promising youth, a great favourite with Francis II., but with his heart set on the thought of his father, and eagerly interested whenever he could meet one of his old companions in arms. Many a thought was turned towards the boy by the Buonapartists; and his death, in 1832, in his 21st year, was keenly felt by them.

Joseph died, leaving only daughters. Lucien lived till old age in the little principality of Canino, which he had bought from the Pope, and where he occupied himself with researches into the Etruscan antiquities, in which the Italian soil abounds; and his son Charles became a distinguished naturalist in America. Louis wrote various books, and made an ineffectual attempt to defend his brother's memory. His only surviving son, Louis Napoleon, made two attempts to raise the Buonapartists in France, but was unsuccessful, spent some years in prison, and at length was allowed to retire to England. Jerome's princess-wife, Catharine

of Wurtemberg, refused to forsake him in his adversity, and her faithful affection extorted from her relations kindness and support for him.

Eugène Beauharnois likewise met with favour for the sake of his Bavarian wife, as well as for his own. He retained the title of Prince, and his children made royal marriages: his son was the husband of a Russian Grand-duchess; and his daughters married, the one the Emperor of Brazil, and the other, Oscar Bernadotte, King of Sweden.

CONCLUSION.

THE Congress of Vienna again met in 1815, to define the limits of the States of Europe.

Pius VII., on resuming his chair at Rome, found the world convinced that religion could not be dispensed with, if it were only regarded in the light of an engine for preserving good order. Still, even in Roman Catholic countries, there was an exceeding jealousy of allowing the Church to resume her ancient temporal authority and wealth; and the utilitarian spirit of the age looked on her as an institution rather for man's benefit than for God's glory. In this spirit, her clergy were treated as officers appointed and paid by the state, to be employed in Divine service, or in education; her grand old abbeys were confiscated, and scarcely any monastic orders were permitted to exist, save those engaged in active services, among whom the Sisters of Charity held the most honourable place. The Order of Jesuits was at once restored by Pius VII., who well knew them to be the ablest champions of his cause; and they revived, with all their original characteristics of deep devotion,

absolute obedience, exceeding astuteness, and great unscrupulousness. They have worked steadily for the interest of the Roman Catholic Church, in her perpetual contest with Infidelity, with Protestantism, and with the worldly spirit of irreligion. Sometimes their influence prevailed, sometimes it failed; but Rome is still the same as it has been ever since the Middle Ages began, presenting the same mysterious intermixture of holiness and iniquity.

The whirlwinds of the Revolution had unsettled many minds, and in the countries where the Reformation had taken root, there was an inclination to cavil at, and explain away, the sacred truths of the Bible. An external union, into which Frederick William III. of Prussia forced his Lutheran and Calvinist subjects, seemed to chill their faith, and render them indifferent to religion; and throughout the various Protestant countries, there has been a grievous prevalence of unbelief, in differing shades, such as reminds us of the fearful question whether, when the end shall come, faith shall be found upon earth.

England has her share of each peril; the aggressions of the Romanist hierarchy, the latitudinarian cry against forms of faith, the perilous hardening against all spiritual impressions. But while she has a true and living Church, who shall despair of her?

Those who were actors in the great events of the Revolutionary war returned to their homes. Francis II. of Austria died in 1835; and his brother Ferdinand, like him, left the whole government in the hands of Prince Metternich, who kept the discordant elements of the Austrian empire in peaceful order, but who was wont to prophesy, "After me, the deluge." The deluge did not wait till after his time.

Alexander I. of Russia, after a happy and prosperous reign, died in 1825, and was succeeded by his third brother, Nicholas. Bernadotte, the only one of Napoleon's generals who did not owe his elevation to violence, reigned peaceably in Sweden, and left his crown to his son Oscar in 1839. Spain returned to her allegiance to Fernando VII., but without the South American possessions, which all formed themselves into republics, subject to continual revolutions, and often falling under the dictatorship of a successful general. On the death of Fernando, in 1833, there was a civil war of the succession in Spain, between the liberal party on behalf of his little daughter Isabel II., and those attached to the old constitution, under his brother Carlos; and in the end the young queen triumphed. The same thing had also happened in Portugal, where the young queen, Maria de Gloria, was brought in by the constitutionalists instead of her uncle, Doñ Miguel, who had misused the old monarchical form. She died in 1853, and the present king is her son, Pedro V. Her brother Pedro reigns separately as Emperor of Brazil.

In Egypt, the Mameluke Beys, already weakened by their losses at the Battle of the Pyramids, were treacherously massacred in the citadel of Cairo, by the Pasha Mahomed Ali, who invited them to an entertainment, closed the gates behind them, and caused them to be shot down by soldiers stationed at the windows and embrasures. Only one escaped, by leaping over the rampart, when, though his horse was killed by the fall, he himself was so slightly injured that he was able to flee to Syria. Thus was finally destroyed that force of mighty chiefs, recruited from among infant Christians, slaves and renegades themselves, yet who had put an iron yoke on Egypt.

The analogous force of infantry at Constantinople, the Janissaries, who had become as formidable as a Prætorian Guard, did not long survive the Egyptian cavalry. Mahmoud II. tried to enforce European discipline; they revolted, and finally gave occasion for a general proscription, in which 15,000 were slaughtered; their very name was forbidden to be spoken, and their dress to be worn; and the downfall was completed of Murad's Yenghi Cheri, or new soldiers.

Mahmoud, though a vigorous energetic Sultan, lost more ground than any of his ancestors. In 1816 the fleets of England and France destroyed the old piratical den at Algiers, whence the Moorish corsairs had for centuries infested the Mediterranean coasts, and made it quite a frequent event in Spain, Italy, and southern France, to be carried off and put to ransom. The French subsequently formed a warlike colony in the territory of Algeria, with the city of Constantina as a capital.

The Greeks in the Morea and the islands began to rise against their Turkish Tyrants, and their gallant though fitful efforts, as well as the cruelty with which they were visited, at length awoke the sympathy of Europe. In 1826 the united fleets of England, France, and Russia, renewed the days of Lepanto by utterly destroying the Turkish and Egyptian fleets in the Bay of Navarino, and thus obliging Mahmoud to relax his grasp on the Peloponnesus and Attica. These were formed into the Kingdom of Greece, and offered first to Prince Leopold of Saxe Cobourg, and on his refusal, to Otho, the second son of the King of Bavaria, the present king. Mahmoud died in the year 1839, and was succeeded by his son, Abdul Medjid. Under both Sultans, every attempt has been made to assimilate the

Turks to Franks, but without much success, except at Constantinople, and even there the change is necessarily chiefly on the surface; for what can be expected of a Mahometan laying aside his allegiance to the Koran, without embracing Christianity?

Holland did not return to the republican form. It was made, together with Flanders, into a kingdom for the Prince of Orange; but the two countries would not adhere together, and in 1831 the Flemings broke away from the Dutch, and became the Kingdom of Belgium under Leopold of Saxe Cobourg.

Switzerland, Denmark, Sardinia, and Sicily, suffered little change; and Germany was chiefly altered by no longer owning an emperor, but her forty states of various sizes being all free, though bound together by a confederation, which holds Diets at Frankfort-on-the-Maine. The old ecclesiastical electorates were quite lost, Cologne being incorporated with the Prussian dominion, and the secular ones of Brandenburg, Saxony, Bavaria, and Hanover, having become independent kingdoms.

As to France, she rested at first from her long convulsions, and Louis XVIII. finished his reign in peace in 1823; but this tranquillity was only a breathing-time. His brother, Charles X., was so much inclined to reign by his own authority, that the restless people became disturbed; and in July, 1831, the revolution called the "Three Days" drove him from his throne to die an exile. His rights have descended to his grandson Henri, the son of the Duke de Berri, who had been murdered in 1820. The Duchesse d'Angoulême, ever patient and forgiving, died in the Austrian dominions at a good old age.

The Three Days raised to the throne Louis Philippe,

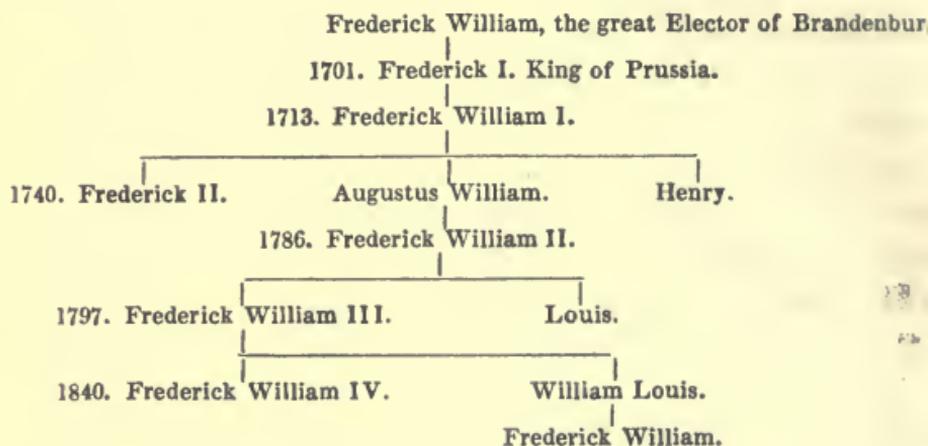
Duke of Orleans, the son of Egalité. He called himself "King of the French," and professed to reign by the will of the people, meeting with such success, that he was termed "the Napoleon of Peace," and the "Citizen King." His good education, and the many strange scenes through which his wanderings had led him, had quickened his eminent abilities, and he had many excellent qualities, sincere respect for religion, excellent morals, great clemency, and consummate prudence; but, after a time, his love of aggrandizing his family went too far, offended the other European sovereigns, and irritated his own subjects. The savage populace of Paris, worked upon by seditious men, rose in fury, and after a reign of eighteen years, he was obliged in his turn to flee, and take refuge in England, where he died in the subsequent year, 1849, after one of the most chequered lives in all history.

The moderate republicans, and the lawless mob, under the ensigns of the Tricolor and the Red Flag, had desperate struggles at Paris, until the whole nation passed under the power of the nephew of Napoleon, and grandson of Josephine, Louis Napoleon Buonaparte, who reigns as his uncle's heir, by the title of Napoleon III.

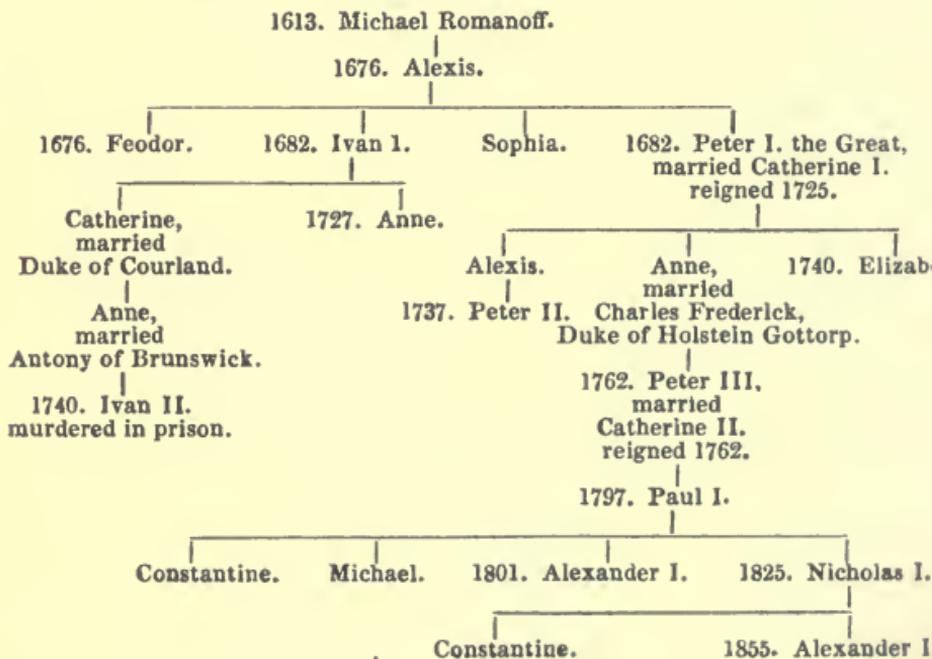
Scarcely a throne in Europe escaped the shock of the Revolution of 1848, and there were everywhere fierce risings of the city mobs; but these were all repressed before the end of the second year, and by the middle of the nineteenth century all was comparatively at peace in Europe. A great rebellion in the Austrian Empire caused Ferdinand to resign his throne to his nephew, Francis Joseph; and there was a short war of Italian independence; but these events have scarcely yet sufficiently developed themselves to become matter

of history; a landmark is often best distinguished at a distance; and we will here take our leave of these sketches of history, where it has been our aim to trace the Visible Church in her strife, first, with the heathen world, secondly, with her own errors, and lastly, with unbelief—always with moral guilt. Militant she must ever be, and her Unity has become matter for Faith; but again and again tokens are given of His Presence, Who hath promised to be with her alway, even unto the end, and Who, through every convulsion of angry nations, can work His own ends, and gather in His Arms the remnant who shall be saved when Time shall be no longer.

HOUSE OF BRANDENBURG IN PRUSSIA.



HOUSE OF ROMANOFF IN RUSSIA.



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