A Popular History of France from the Earliest Times, Volume 3 eBook

A Popular History of France from the Earliest Times, Volume 3 by François Guizot

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Contents

A Popular History of France from the Earliest Times, Volume 3 eBook....1

Contents....2

Page 1....13

Page 2....15

Page 3....16

Page 4....17

Page 5....18

Page 6....19

Page 7....20

Page 8....21

Page 9....22

Page 10....23

Page 11....24

Page 12....25

Page 13....26

Page 14....27

Page 15....28

Page 16....29

Page 17....30

Page 18....31

Page 19....32

Page 20....33

Page 21....34

Page 22....35

Page 23....36

Page 24.....37
Page 25.....38
Page 26.....39
Page 27.....40
Page 28.....41
Page 29.....42
Page 30.....43
Page 31.....44
Page 32.....45
Page 33.....46
Page 34.....47
Page 35.....48
Page 36.....49
Page 37.....50
Page 38.....51
Page 39.....52
Page 40.....53
Page 41.....54
Page 42.....55
Page 43.....56
Page 44.....57
Page 45.....58
Page 46.....59
Page 47.....60
Page 48.....61
Page 49.....62

Page 50.....63
Page 51.....64
Page 52.....65
Page 53.....66
Page 54.....67
Page 55.....68
Page 56.....69
Page 57.....70
Page 58.....71
Page 59.....72
Page 60.....73
Page 61.....74
Page 62.....75
Page 63.....76
Page 64.....77
Page 65.....78
Page 66.....79
Page 67.....80
Page 68.....81
Page 69.....82
Page 70.....83
Page 71.....84
Page 72.....85
Page 73.....86
Page 74.....87
Page 75.....88

Page 76.....89
Page 77.....90
Page 78.....91
Page 79.....92
Page 80.....93
Page 81.....94
Page 82.....95
Page 83.....96
Page 84.....97
Page 85.....98
Page 86.....99
Page 87.....100
Page 88.....101
Page 89.....102
Page 90.....103
Page 91.....104
Page 92.....105
Page 93.....106
Page 94.....107
Page 95.....108
Page 96.....109
Page 97.....110
Page 98.....111
Page 99.....112
Page 100.....113
Page 101.....114

Page 102.....115
Page 103.....117
Page 104.....118
Page 105.....119
Page 106.....120
Page 107.....121
Page 108.....122
Page 109.....123
Page 110.....124
Page 111.....125
Page 112.....126
Page 113.....127
Page 114.....128
Page 115.....129
Page 116.....130
Page 117.....131
Page 118.....132
Page 119.....133
Page 120.....134
Page 121.....135
Page 122.....136
Page 123.....137
Page 124.....138
Page 125.....139
Page 126.....140
Page 127.....141

Page 128.....142
Page 129.....143
Page 130.....144
Page 131.....145
Page 132.....146
Page 133.....147
Page 134.....148
Page 135.....149
Page 136.....151
Page 137.....152
Page 138.....153
Page 139.....154
Page 140.....155
Page 141.....157
Page 142.....158
Page 143.....159
Page 144.....160
Page 145.....161
Page 146.....162
Page 147.....163
Page 148.....164
Page 149.....165
Page 150.....166
Page 151.....167
Page 152.....168
Page 153.....169

Page 154.....170
Page 155.....171
Page 156.....172
Page 157.....173
Page 158.....174
Page 159.....175
Page 160.....176
Page 161.....177
Page 162.....178
Page 163.....179
Page 164.....180
Page 165.....181
Page 166.....182
Page 167.....183
Page 168.....184
Page 169.....185
Page 170.....186
Page 171.....187
Page 172.....188
Page 173.....189
Page 174.....190
Page 175.....191
Page 176.....192
Page 177.....194
Page 178.....195
Page 179.....196

Page 180.....197
Page 181.....198
Page 182.....199
Page 183.....200
Page 184.....201
Page 185.....202
Page 186.....203
Page 187.....204
Page 188.....205
Page 189.....206
Page 190.....207
Page 191.....208
Page 192.....209
Page 193.....210
Page 194.....211
Page 195.....212
Page 196.....213
Page 197.....214
Page 198.....215
Page 199.....216
Page 200.....217
Page 201.....218
Page 202.....219
Page 203.....220
Page 204.....221
Page 205.....222

Page 206.....223
Page 207.....224
Page 208.....225
Page 209.....226
Page 210.....227
Page 211.....229
Page 212.....230
Page 213.....231
Page 214.....232
Page 215.....233
Page 216.....234
Page 217.....235
Page 218.....236
Page 219.....237
Page 220.....238
Page 221.....239
Page 222.....240
Page 223.....241
Page 224.....242
Page 225.....243
Page 226.....244
Page 227.....245
Page 228.....246
Page 229.....247
Page 230.....248
Page 231.....249

Page 232.....250
Page 233.....251
Page 234.....252
Page 235.....253
Page 236.....254
Page 237.....255
Page 238.....256
Page 239.....257
Page 240.....258
Page 241.....259
Page 242.....260
Page 243.....261
Page 244.....262
Page 245.....263
Page 246.....264
Page 247.....265
Page 248.....266
Page 249.....267
Page 250.....268
Page 251.....269
Page 252.....270
Page 253.....271
Page 254.....272
Page 255.....273
Page 256.....274
Page 257.....275

Page 258.....276

Page 259.....277

Page 260.....278

Page 261.....279

Page 262.....280

Page 1

WOOD-CUTS:

[Illustration: The Procession went over the Gates——16]

[Illustration: "'Thou art betrayed."'——26]

[Illustration: Murder of the Duke of Orleans——38]

[Illustration: Death of Valentine de Milan——45]

[Illustration: John the Fearless——51]

[Illustration: Already distressed——57]

[Illustration: Charles *vi*. and Odette——71]

[Illustration: "'Into the River!"'——77]

[Illustration: The Body of Charles *vi*. lying in State——84]

[Illustration: The Shepherdess of Domremy——90]

[Illustration: Joan of Arc in her Father's Garden——91]

[Illustration: Herself drew out the Arrow——109]

[Illustration: Joan examined in Prison——128]

[Illustration: Philip the Good of Burgundy——144]

[Illustration: The Constable Made his Entry on Horseback——150]

[Illustration: Jacques Coeur——165]

[Illustration: Jacques Coeur's Hostel at Bourges——169]

[Illustration: Agnes Sorel——175]

[Illustration: Louis XI. and Burgesses waiting for News——193]

[Illustration: Charles the Rash——203]

[Illustration: Louis XI. and Charles the Rash at Peronne——209]

[Illustration: Philip de Commynes——217]

[Illustration: The Corpse of Charles the Rash Discovered——236]

[Illustration: The Balue Cage——245]

[Illustration: Louis XI. at his Devotions——255]

[Illustration: Views of the Castle of Plessis-les-Tours——258]

[Illustration: Louis XI——260]

[Illustration: Anne de Beaujeu——264]

[Illustration: Meeting between Charles *viii*, and Anne of Brittany——282]

[Illustration: Charles *viii*. crossing the Alps——285]

[Illustration: Charles *viii*——293]

[Illustration: Battle of Fornovo——303]

[Illustration: Louis XII——310]

[Illustration: Bayard——315]

[Illustration: Battle of Agnadello——334]

[Illustration: Cardinal d’Amboise——347]

[Illustration: Chaumont d’Amboise——350]

[Illustration: Bayard’s Farewell——358]

[Illustration: Gaston de Foix——364]

CHAPTER XXIII.——THE HUNDRED YEARS’ WAR—CHARLES VI. AND THE DUKES OF BURGUNDY.

Sully, in his Memoirs, characterizes the reign of Charles *vi*. as “that reign so pregnant of sinister events, the grave of good laws and good morals in France.” There is no exaggeration in these words; the sixteenth century with its St. Bartholomew and The League, the eighteenth with its reign of terror, and the nineteenth with its Commune of Paris, contain scarcely any events so sinister as those of which France was, in the reign of Charles *vi*., from 1380 to 1422, the theatre and the victim.

Page 2

Scarcely was Charles V. laid on his bier when it was seen what a loss he was and would be to his kingdom. Discord arose in the king's own family. In order to shorten the ever critical period of minority, Charles V. had fixed the king's majority at the age of fourteen. His son, Charles *vi*., was not yet twelve, and so had two years to remain under the guardianship of his four uncles, the Dukes of Anjou, Berry, Burgundy, and Bourbon; but the last being only a maternal uncle and a less puissant prince than his paternal uncles, it was between the other three that strife began for temporary possession of the kingly power.

Though very unequal in talent and in force of character, they were all three ambitious and jealous. The eldest, the Duke of Anjou, who was energetic, despotic, and stubborn, aspired to dominion in France for the sake of making French influence subserve the conquest of the kingdom of Naples, the object of his ambition. The Duke of Berry was a mediocre, restless, prodigal, and grasping prince. The Duke of Burgundy, Philip the Bold, the most able and the most powerful of the three, had been the favorite, first of his father, King John, and then of his brother, Charles V., who had confidence in him and readily adopted his counsels. His marriage, in 1369, with the heiress to the countship of Flanders, had been vigorously opposed by the Count of Flanders, the young princess's father, and by the Flemish communes, ever more friendly to England than to France; but the old Countess of Flanders, Marguerite of France, vexed at the ill will of the count her son, had one day said to him, as she tore open her dress before his eyes, "Since you will not yield to your mother's wishes, I will cut off these breasts which gave suck to you, to you and to no other, and will throw them to the dogs to devour." This singular argument had moved the Count of Flanders; he had consented to the marriage; and the Duke of Burgundy's power had received such increment by it that on the 4th of October, 1380, when Charles *vi*. was crowned at Rheims, Philip the Bold, without a word said previously to any, suddenly went up and sat himself down at the young king's side, above his eldest brother, the Duke of Anjou, thus assuming, without anybody's daring to oppose him, the rank and the rights of premier peer of France.

He was not slow to demonstrate that his superiority in externals could not fail to establish his political preponderance. His father-in-law, Count Louis of Flanders, was in almost continual strife with the great Flemish communes, ever on the point of rising against the taxes he heaped upon them and the blows he struck at their privileges. The city of Ghent, in particular, joined complaint with menace. In 1381 the quarrel became war. The Ghentese at first experienced reverses. "Ah! if James Van Artevelde were alive!" said they. James Van Artevelde had left a son named Philip; and there was in Ghent a burgher-captain, Peter Dubois,

Page 3

who went one evening to see Philip Van Artevelde. "What we want now," said he, "is to choose a captain of great renown. Raise up again in this country that father of yours who, in his lifetime, was so loved and feared in Flanders." "Peter," replied Philip, "you make me a great offer; I promise that, if you put me in that place, I will do nought without your advice." "Ah! well!" said Dubois, "can you really be haughty and cruel? The Flemings like to be treated so; with them you must make no more account of the life of men than you do of larks when the season for eating them comes." "I will do what shall be necessary," said Van Artevelde. The struggle grew violent between the count and the communes of Flanders with Ghent at their head. After alternations of successes and reverses the Ghentese were victorious; and Count Louis with difficulty escaped by hiding himself at Bruges in the house of a poor woman who took him up into a loft where her children slept, and where he lay flat between the paillasse and the feather-bed. On leaving this asylum he went to Bapaume to see his son-in-law, the Duke of Burgundy, and to ask his aid. "My lord," said the duke to him, "by the allegiance I owe to you and also to the king you shall have satisfaction. It were to fail in one's duty to allow such a scum to govern a country. Unless order were restored, all knighthood and lordship might be destroyed in Christendom." The Duke of Burgundy went to Senlis, where Charles *vi*. was, and asked for his support on behalf of the Count of Flanders. The question was referred to the king's council. The Duke of Berry hesitated, saying, "The best part of the prelates and nobles must be assembled and the whole matter set before them; we will see what is the general opinion." In the midst of this deliberation the young king came in with a hawk on his wrist. "Well! my dear uncles," said he, "of what are you parleying? Is it aught that I may know?" The Duke of Berry enlightened him, saying, "A brewer, named Van Artevelde, who is English to the core, is besieging the remnant of the knights of Flanders shut up in Oudenarde; and they can get no aid but from you. What say you to it? Are you minded to help the Count of Flanders to reconquer his heritage, which those presumptuous villains have taken from him?"

"By my faith," answered the king, "I am greatly minded; go we thither; there is nothing I desire so much as to get on my harness, for I have never yet borne arms; I would fain set out to-morrow." Amongst the prelates and lords summoned to Compiegne some spoke of the difficulties and dangers that might be encountered. "Yes, yes," said the king, "but 'begin nought and win nought.'" When the Flemings heard of the king's decision they sent respectful letters to him, begging him to be their mediator with the count their lord; but the letters were received with scoffs, and the messengers were kept in prison. At this news Van Artevelde

Page 4

said, “We must make alliance with the English; what meaneth this King Wren of France? It is the Duke of Burgundy leading him by the nose, and he will not abide by his purpose; we will frighten France by showing her that we have the English for allies.” But Van Artevelde was under a delusion; Edward *iii*. was no longer King of England; the Flemings’ demand was considered there to be arrogant and opposed to the interests of the lords in all countries; and the alliance was not concluded. Some attempts at negotiation took place between the advisers of Charles *vi*. and the Flemings, but without success. The Count of Flanders repaired to the king, who said, “Your quarrel is ours; get you back to Artois; we shall soon be there and within sight of our enemies.”

Accordingly, in November, 1382, the King of France and his army marched into Flanders. Several towns, Cassel, Bergues, Gravelines, and Turnhout, hastily submitted to him.

There was less complete unanimity and greater alarm amongst the Flemings than their chiefs had anticipated. “Noble king,” said the inhabitants, “we place our persons and our possessions at your discretion, and to show you that we recognize you as our lawful lord, here are the captains whom Van Artevelde gave us; do with them according to your will, for it is they who have governed us.” On the 28th of November the two armies found themselves close together at Rosebecque, between Ypres and Courtrai. In the evening Van Artevelde assembled his captains at supper, and, “Comrades,” said he, “we shall to-morrow have rough work, for the King of France is here all agog for fighting. But have no fear; we are defending our good right and the liberties of Flanders. The English have not helped us; well, we shall only have the more honor. With the King of France is all the flower of his kingdom. Tell your men to slay all, and show no quarter. We must spare the King of France only; he is a child, and must be pardoned; we will take him away to Ghent, and have him taught Flemish. As for the dukes, counts, barons, and other men-at-arms, slay them all; the commons of France shall not bear us ill will; I am quite sure that they would not have a single one of them back.” At the very same moment King Charles *vi*. was entertaining at supper the princes his uncles, the Count of Flanders, the constable, Oliver de Clisson, the marshals, &c. They were arranging the order of battle for the morrow. Many folks blamed the Duke of Burgundy for having brought so young a king, the hope of the realm, into the perils of war. It was resolved to confide the care of him to the constable de Clisson, whilst conferring upon Sire de Coucy, for that day only, the command of the army. “Most dear lord,” said the constable to the king, “I know that there is no greater honor than to have the care of your person; but it would be great grief to my comrades not to have me with them. I say not that they

Page 5

could not do without me; but for a fortnight now I have been getting everything ready for bringing most honor to you and yours. They would be much surprised if I should now withdraw." The king was somewhat embarrassed. "Constable," said he, "I would fain have you in my company to-day; you know well that my lord my father loved you and trusted you more than any other; in the name of God and St. Denis do whatever you think best. You have a clearer insight into the matter than I and those who have advised me. Only attend my mass to-morrow." The battle began with spirit the next morning, in the midst of a thick fog. According to the monk of St. Denis, Van Artevelde was not without disquietude. He had bidden one of his people go and observe the French army; and, "You bring me bad news," said he to the man in a whisper, "when you tell me there are so many French with the king: I was far from expecting it. . . . This is a hard war; it requires discreet management. I think the best thing for me is to go and hurry up ten thousand of our comrades who are due." "Why leave thy host without a head?" said they who were about him: "it was to obey thy orders that we engaged in this enterprise; thou must run the risks of battle with us." The French were more confident than Van Artevelde. "Sir," said the constable, addressing the king, cap in hand, "be of good cheer; these fellows are ours; our very varlets might beat them." These words were far too presumptuous; for the Flemings fought with great bravery. Drawn up in a compact body, they drove back for a moment the French who were opposed to them; but Clisson had made everything ready for hemming them in; attacked on all sides they tried, but in vain, to fly; a few, with difficulty, succeeded in escaping and casting, as they went, into the neighboring swamps the banner of St. George. "It is not easy," says the monk of St. Denis, "to set down with any certainty the number of the dead; those who were present on this day, and I am disposed to follow their account, say that twenty-five thousand Flemings fell on the field, together with their leader, Van Artevelde, the concoctor of this rebellion, whose corpse, discovered with great trouble amongst a heap of slain, was, by order of Charles *vi*., hung upon a tree in the neighborhood. The French also lost in this struggle some noble knights, not less illustrious by birth than valor, amongst others forty-four valiant men who, being the first to hurl themselves upon the ranks of the enemy to break them, thus won for themselves great glory."

The victory of Rosebecque was a great cause for satisfaction and pride to Charles *vi*. and his uncle, the Duke of Burgundy. They had conquered on the field in Flanders the commonalty of Paris as well as that of Ghent; and in France there was great need of such a success, for, since the accession of the young king, the Parisians had risen with a demand for actual abolition of the taxes of which Charles V., on his death-bed,

Page 6

had deplored the necessity, and all but decreed the cessation. The king's uncles, his guardians, had at first stopped, and indeed suppressed, the greater part of those taxes; but soon afterwards they had to face a pressing necessity: the war with England was going on, and the revenues of the royal domain were not sufficient for the maintenance of it. The Duke of Anjou attempted to renew the taxes, and one of Charles V.'s former councillors, John Desmarets, advocate-general in parliament, abetted him in his attempt. Seven times, in the course of the year 1381, assemblies of notables met at Paris to consider the project, and on the 1st of March, 1382, an agent of the governing power scoured the city at full gallop, proclaiming the renewal of the principal tax. There was a fresh outbreak. The populace, armed with all sorts of weapons, with strong mallets amongst the rest, spread in all directions, killing the collectors, and storming and plundering the Hotel de Ville. They were called the Malleteers. They were put down, but with as much timidity as cruelty. Some of them were arrested, and at night thrown into the Seine, sewn up in sacks, without other formality or trial. A fresh meeting of notables was convened, towards the middle of April, at Compiegne, and the deputies from the principal towns were summoned to it; but they durst not come to any decision: "They were come," they said, "only to hear and report; they would use their best endeavors to prevail on those by whom they had been sent to do the king's pleasure." Towards the end of April some of them returned to Meaux, reporting that they had everywhere met with the most lively resistance; they had everywhere heard shouted at them, "Sooner death than the tax." Only the deputies from Sens had voted a tax, which was to be levied on all merchandise; but, when the question of collecting it arose, the people of Sens evinced such violent opposition that it had to be given up. It was when facts and feelings were in this condition in France, that Charles *vi*. and the Duke of Burgundy had set out with their army to go and force the Flemish communes to submit to their count.

[Illustration: The Procession went over the Gates——16]

Returning victorious from Flanders to France, Charles *vi*. and his uncles, everywhere brilliantly feasted on their march, went first of all for nine days to Compiegne, "to find recreation after their fatigues," says the monk of St. Denis, "in the pleasures of the chase; afterwards, on the 10th of January, 1383, the king took back in state to the church of St. Denis the oriflamme which he had borne away on his expedition; and next day, the 11th of January, he re-entered Paris, he alone being mounted, in the midst of his army." The burgesses went out of the city to meet him, and offer him their wonted homage, but they were curtly ordered to retrace their steps; the king and his uncles, they were informed, could not forget offences so recent. The wooden

Page 7

barriers which had been placed before the gates of the city to prevent anybody from entering without permission, were cut down with battle-axes; the very gates were torn from their hinges; they were thrown down upon the king's highway, and the procession went over them, as if to trample under foot the fierce pride of the Parisians. When he was once in the city, and was leaving Notre Dame, the king sent abroad throughout all the streets an order forbidding any one, under the most severe penalties, from insulting or causing the least harm to the burgesses in any way whatsoever; and the constable had two plunderers strung up to the windows of the houses in which they had committed their thefts. But fundamental order having been thus upheld, reprisals began to be taken for the outbreaks of the Parisians, municipal magistrates or populace, burgesses or artisans, rich or poor, in the course of the two preceding years;—arrests, imprisonments, fines, confiscations, executions, severities of all kinds fell upon the most conspicuous and the most formidable of those who had headed or favored popular movements. The most solemn and most iniquitous of these punishments was that which befell the advocate-general, John Desmarets. "For nearly a whole year," says the monk of St. Denis, "he had served as mediator between the king and the Parisians; he had often restrained the fury and stopped the excesses of the populace, by preventing them from giving rein to their cruelty. He was always warning the factious that to provoke the wrath of the king and the princes was to expose themselves to almost certain death. But, yielding to the prayers of this rebellious and turbulent mob, he, instead of leaving Paris as the rest of his profession had done, had remained there, and throwing himself boldly amidst the storms of civil discord, he had advised the assumption of arms and the defence of the city, which he knew was very displeasing to the king and the grandees." When he was taken to execution, "he was put on a car higher than the rest, that he might be better seen by everybody." Nothing shook for a moment the firmness of this old man of seventy years. "Where are they who judged me?" he said: "let them come and set forth the reasons for my death. Judge me, O God, and separate my cause from that of the evil-doers." On his arrival at the market-place, some of the spectators called out to him, "Ask the king's mercy, Master John, that he may pardon your offences." He turned round, saying, "I served well and loyally his great-grandfather King Philip, his grandfather King John, and his father King Charles; none of those kings ever had anything to reproach me with, and this one would not reproach me any the more if he were of a grown man's age and experience. I don't suppose that he is a whit to blame for such a sentence, and I have no cause to cry him mercy. To God alone must I cry for mercy, and I pray Him to forgive my sins." Public respect accompanied the old and courageous magistrate beyond the scaffold; his corpse was taken up by his friends, and at a later period honorably buried in the church of St. Catherine.

Page 8

After the chastisements came galas again, of which the king and his court were immoderately fond. Young as he was (he was but seventeen), his powerful uncle, the Duke of Burgundy, was very anxious to get him married, so as to secure his own personal influence over him. The wise Charles V., in his dying hours, had testified a desire that his son should seek alliances in Germany. A son of the reigning duke, Stephen of Bavaria, had come to serve in the French army, and the Duke of Burgundy had asked him if there were any marriageable princess of Bavaria. "My eldest brother," answered the Bavarian, "has a very beautiful daughter, aged fourteen." "That is just what we want," said the Burgundian: "try and get her over here; the king is very fond of beautiful girls; if she takes his fancy, she will be Queen of France." The Duke of Bavaria, being informed by his brother, at first showed some hesitation. "It would be a great honor," said he, "for my daughter to be Queen of France; but it is a long way from here. If my daughter were taken to France, and then sent back to me because she was not suitable, it would cause me too much chagrin. I prefer to marry her at my leisure, and in my own neighborhood." The matter was pressed, however, and at last the Duke of Bavaria consented. It was agreed that the Princess Isabel should go on a visit to the Duchess of Brabant, who instructed her, and had her well dressed, say the chroniclers, for in Germany they clad themselves too simply for the fashions of France. Being thus got ready, the Princess Isabel was conducted to Amiens, where the king then was, to whom her portrait had already been shown. She was presented to him, and bent the knee before him. He considered her charming. Seeing with what pleasure he looked upon her, the constable, Oliver de Clisson, said to Sire De Coney, "By my faith, she will bide with us." The same evening, the young king said to his councillor, Bureau de la Riviere, "She pleases me: go and tell my uncle, the Duke of Burgundy, to conclude at once." The duke, delighted, lost no time in informing the ladies of the court, who cried, "Noel!" for joy. The duke had wished the nuptials to take place at Arras; but the young king, in his impatience, was urgent for Amiens, without delay, saying that he couldn't sleep for her. "Well, well," replied his uncle, "you must be cured of your complaint." On the 18th of July, 1385, the marriage was celebrated at the cathedral of Amiens, whither the Princess Isabel "was conducted in a handsome chariot, whereof the tires of the wheels were of silvern stuff." King, uncles, and courtiers were far from a thought of the crimes and shame which would be connected in France with the name of Isabel of Bavaria. There is still more levity and imprudence in the marriages of kings than in those of their subjects.

Page 9

Whilst this marriage was being celebrated, the war with England, and her new king, Richard *ii*., was going on, but slackly and without result. Charles *vi*. and his uncle of Burgundy, still full of the proud confidence inspired by their success against the Flemish and Parisian communes, resolved to strike England a heavy blow, and to go and land there with a powerful army. Immense preparations were made in France for this expedition. In September, 1386, there were collected in the port of Ecluse (Sluys) and at sea, between Sluys and Blankenberg, thirteen hundred and eighty-seven vessels, according to some, and according to others only nine hundred, large and small; and Oliver de Clisson had caused to be built at Trdguier, in Brittany, a wooden town which was to be transported to England and rebuilt after landing, “in such sort,” says Froissart, “that the lords might lodge therein and retire at night, so as to be in safety from sudden awakenings, and sleep in greater security.” Equal care was taken in the matter of supplies. “Whoever had been at that time at Bruges, or the Dam, or the Sluys would have seen how ships and vessels were being laden by torchlight, with hay in casks, biscuits in sacks, onions, peas, beans, barley, oats, candles, gaiters, shoes, boots, spurs, iron, nails, culinary utensils, and all things that can be used for the service of man.” Search was made everywhere for the various supplies, and they were very dear. “If you want us and our service,” said the Hollanders, “pay us on the nail; otherwise we will be neutral.” To the intelligent foresight shown in these preparations was added useless magnificence. “On the masts was nothing to be seen but paintings and gildings; everything was emblazoned and covered with armorial bearings. But nothing came up to the Duke of Burgundy’s ship; it was painted all over outside with blue and gold, and there were five huge banners with the arms of the duchy of Burgundy and the countships of Flanders, Artois, Rethel, and Burgundy, and everywhere the duke’s device, ‘I’m a-longing.’” The young king, too, displayed great anxiety to enter on the campaign. He liked to go aboard his ship, saying, “I am very eager to be off; I think I shall be a good sailor, for the sea does me no harm.” But everybody was not so impatient as the king, who was waiting for his uncle, the Duke of Berry, and writing to him letter after letter, urging him to come. The duke, who had no liking for the expedition, contented himself with making an answer bidding him “not to take any trouble, but to amuse himself, for the matter would probably terminate otherwise than was imagined.” The Duke of Berry at last arrived at Sluys on the 14th of October, 1386. “If it hadn’t been for you, uncle,” said the king to him, “we should have been by this time in England.” Three months had gone by; the fine season was past; the winds were becoming violent and contrary; the vessels come from Treguier with the constable to join the fleet had suffered

Page 10

much on the passage; and deliberations were recommencing touching the opportuneness, and even the feasibility, of the expedition thus thrown back. "If anybody goes to England, I will," said the king. But nobody went. "One day when it was calm," says the monk of St. Denis, "the king, completely armed, went with his uncles aboard of the royal vessel; but the wind did not permit them to get more than two miles out to sea, and drove them back, in spite of the sailors' efforts, to the shore they had just left. The king, who saw with deep displeasure his hopes thus frustrated, had orders given to his troops to go back, and, at his departure, left, by the advice of his barons, some men-of-war to unload the fleet, and place it in a place of safety as soon as possible. But the enemy gave them no time to execute the order. As soon as the calm allowed the English to set sail, they bore down on the French, burned or took in tow to their own ports the most part of the fleet, carried off the supplies, and found two thousand casks full of wine, which sufficed a long while for the wants of England."

Such a mistake, after such a fuss, was probably not unconnected with a resolution adopted by Charles *vi*. some time after the abandonment of the projected expedition against England. In October, 1388, he assembled at Rheims a grand council, at which were present his two uncles, the Dukes of Burgundy and Berry [the third, the Duke of Anjou, had died in Italy, on the 20th of September, 1384, after a vain attempt to conquer the kingdom of Naples], his brother, the Duke of Orleans, his cousins, and several prelates and lords of note. The chancellor announced thereat that he had been ordered by the king to put in discussion the question, whether it were not expedient that he should henceforth take the government of his kingdom upon himself. Cardinal Ascelin de Montaigu, Bishop of Laon, the first to be interrogated upon this subject, replied that, in his opinion, the king was quite in a condition, as well as in a legal position, to take the government of his kingdom upon himself, and, without naming anybody, he referred to the king's uncles, and especially to the Duke of Burgundy, as being no longer necessary for the government of France. Nearly all who were present were of the same opinion. The king, without further waiting, thanked his uncles for the care they had taken of his dominions and of himself, and begged them to continue their affection for him. Neither the Duke of Burgundy nor the Duke of Berry had calculated upon this resolution; they submitted, without making any objection, but not without letting a little temper leak out. The Duke of Berry even said that he and his brother would beg the king to confer with them more maturely on the subject when he returned to Paris. Hereupon the council broke up; the king's two uncles started for their own dominions; and a few weeks afterwards the Cardinal-bishop of Laon died of a short illness. "It was

Page 11

generally believed," says the monk of St. Denis, "that he died of poison." At his own dying wish, no inquiry was instituted on this subject. The measure adopted in the late council was, however, generally approved of. The king was popular; he had a good heart, and courteous and gentle manners; he was faithful to his friends, and affable to all; and the people liked to see him passing along the streets. On taking in hand the government, he recalled to it the former advisers of his father, Charles V., Bureau de la Riviere, Le Mercier de Noviant, and Le Begue de Vilaine, all men of sense and reputation. The taxes were diminished; the city of Paris recovered a portion of her municipal liberties; there was felicitation for what had been obtained, and there was hope of more.

Charles *vi*. was not content with the satisfaction of Paris only; he wished all his realm to have cognizance of and to profit by his independence. He determined upon a visit to the centre and the south of France. Such a trip was to himself, and to the princes and cities that entertained him, a cause of enormous expense. "When the king stopped anywhere, there were wanted for his own table, and for the maintenance of his following, six oxen, eighty sheep, thirty calves, seven hundred chickens, two hundred pigeons, and many other things besides. The expenses for the king were set down at two hundred and thirty livres a day, without counting the presents which the large towns felt bound to make him." But Charles was himself magnificent even to prodigality, and he delighted in the magnificence of which he was the object, without troubling himself about their cost to himself. Between 1389 and 1390, for about six months, he travelled through Burgundy, the banks of the Rhone, Languedoc, and the small principalities bordering on the Pyrenees. Everywhere his progress was stopped for the purpose of presenting to him petitions or expressing wishes before him. At Nimes and Montpellier, and throughout Languedoc, passionate representations were made to him touching the bad government of his two uncles, the Dukes of Anjou and Berry. "They had plundered and ruined," he was told, "that beautiful and rich province; there were five or six talliages a year; one was no sooner over than another began; they had levied quite three millions of gold from Villeneuve-d'Avignon to Toulouse." Charles listened with feeling, and promised to have justice done, and his father's old councillors, who were in his train, were far from dissuading him. The Duke of Burgundy, seeing him start with them in his train, had testified his spite and disquietude to the Duke of Berry, saying, "Aha! there goes the king on a visit to Languedoc, to hold an inquiry about those who have governed it. For all his council be takes with him only La Riviere, Le Mercier, Montaigu, and Le Begue de Vilaine. What say you to that, my brother?" "The king, our nephew, is young," answered the Duke of Berry: "if

Page 12

he trusts the new councillors he is taking, he will be deceived, and it will end ill, as you will see. As for the present, we must support him. The time will come when we will make those councillors, and the king himself, rue it. Let them do as they please, by God: we will return to our own dominions. We are none the less the two greatest in the kingdom, and so long as we are united, none can do aught against us."

The future is a blank, as well to the anxieties as to the hopes of men. The king's uncles were on the point of getting back the power which they believed to be lost to them. On the 13th of June, 1392, the constable, Oliver de Clisson, was waylaid as he was returning home after a banquet given by the king at the hostel of St. Paul. The assassin was Peter de Craon, cousin of John *iv*., Duke of Brittany. He believed De Clisson to be dead, and left him bathed in blood at a baker's door in the street called Culture-Sainte-Catherine. The king was just going to bed, when one of his people came and said to him, "Ah! sir, a great misfortune has happened in Paris." "What, and to whom?" said the king. "To your constable, sir, who has just been slain." "Slain!" cried Charles; "and by whom?" "Nobody knows; but it was close by here, in St. Catherine Street." "Lights! quick!" said the king; "I will go and see him;" and he set off, without waiting for his following. When he entered the baker's shop, De Clisson, grievously wounded, was just beginning to recover his senses. "Ah! constable," said the king, "and how do you feel?" "Very poorly, dear sir." "And who brought you to this pass?" "Peter de Craon and his accomplices; traitorously and without warning." "Constable," said the king, "never was anything so punished or dearly paid for as this shall be; take thought for yourself, and have no further care; it is my affair." Orders were immediately given to seek out Peter de Craon, and hurry on his trial. He had taken refuge, first in his own castle of Sable, and afterwards with the Duke of Brittany, who kept him concealed, and replied to the king's envoys that he did not know where he was. The king proclaimed his intention of making war on the Duke of Brittany until Peter de Craon should be discovered, and justice done to the constable. Preparations for war were begun; and the Dukes of Berry and Burgundy received orders to get ready for it, themselves and their vassals. The former, who happened to be in Paris at the time of the attack, did not care to directly oppose the king's project; but he evaded, delayed, and predicted a serious war. According to Froissart, he had been warned, the morning before the attack, by a simple cleric, of Peter de Craon's design; but, "It is too late in the day," he had said; "I do not like to trouble the king to-day; to-morrow, without fail, we will see to it." He had, however, forgotten or neglected to speak to his nephew. Neither he nor his brother, the Duke of Burgundy, there is reason to suppose, were

Page 13

accomplices in the attack upon De Clisson, but they were not at all sorry for it. It was to them an incident in the strife begun between themselves, princes of the blood royal, and those former councillors of Charles V., and now, again, of Charles *vi*., whom, with the impertinence of great lords, they were wont to call the marinosettes. They left nothing undone to avert the king's anger and to preserve the Duke of Brittany from the war which was threatening him.

Charles *vi*.'s excitement was very strong, and endured forever. He pressed forward eagerly his preparations for war, though attempts were made to appease him. He was recommended to take care of himself; for he had been ill, and could scarcely mount his horse; and the Duke of Burgundy remonstrated with him several times on the fatigue he was incurring. "I find it better for me," he answered, "to be on horseback, or working at my council, than to keep resting. Whoso wishes to persuade me otherwise is not of my friends, and is displeasing to me." A letter from the Queen of Arragon gave some ground for supposing that Peter de Craon had taken refuge in Spain; and the Duke of Burgundy took advantage of it to dissuade the king from his prompt departure for the war in Brittany. "At the very least," he said, "it was right to send to Arragon to know the truth of the matter, and to thank the queen for her courtesy." "We are quite willing, uncle," answered Charles: "you need not be vexed; but for my own part I hold that this traitor of a Peter de Craon is in no other prison and no other Barcelona than there is in being quite comfortable at the Duke of Brittany's." There was no way of deterring him from his purpose. He had got together his uncles and his troops at Le Mans; and, after passing three weeks there, he gave the word to march for Brittany. The tragic incident which at that time occurred has nowhere been more faithfully or better narrated than in M. de Barante's History of the Dukes of Burgundy. "It was," says he, "the beginning of August, 1392, during the hottest days of the year. The sun was blazing, especially in those sandy districts. The king was on horseback, clad in a short and tight dress called a jacket. His was of black velvet, and very oppressive. On his head he wore a cap of scarlet velvet, ornamented with a chaplet of large pearls, which the queen had given him at his departure. Behind him were two pages on horseback. In order not to incommode the king with dust, he was left to march almost alone. To the left of him were the Dukes of Burgundy and Berry, some paces in front, conversing together. The Duke of Orleans, the Duke of Bourbon, Sire de Coney, and some others were also in front, forming another group. Behind were Sires de Navarre, de Bar, d'Albret, d'Artois, and many others in one pretty large troop. They rode along in this order, and had just entered the great forest of Le Mans, when all at once there started from behind a tree by the road-side a tall man, with bare head and feet, clad in a common white smock, who, dashing forward and seizing the king's horse by the bridle, cried, 'Go no farther; thou art betrayed!'

Page 14

[Illustration: "'Thou art betrayed."'——26]

The men-at-arms hurried up immediately, and striking the hands of the fellow with the butts of their lances, made him let go the bridle. As he had the appearance of a poor madman, and nothing more, he was allowed to go without any questioning, and he followed the king for nearly half an hour, repeating the same cry from a distance. The king was much troubled at this sudden apparition; and his head, which was very weak, was quite turned by it. Nevertheless the march was continued. When the forest had been traversed, they came to a great sandy plain, where the rays of the sun were more scorching than ever. One of the king's pages, overcome by the heat, had fallen asleep, and the lance he carried fell against his helmet, and suddenly caused a loud clash of steel.

"The king shuddered; and then he was observed, rising in his stirrups, to draw his sword, touch his horse with the spur, and make a dash, crying, 'Forward upon these traitors! They would deliver me up to the enemy!' Every one moved hastily aside, but not before some were wounded; it is even said that several were killed, among them a bastard of Polignac. The king's brother, the Duke of Orleans, happened to be quite close by. 'Fly, my nephew d'Orleans,' shouted the Duke of Burgundy: 'my lord is beside himself. My God! let some one try and seize him!' He was so furious that none durst risk it; and he was left to gallop hither and thither, and tire himself in pursuit of first one and then another. At last, when he was weary and bathed in sweat, his chamberlain, William de Martel, came up behind and threw his arms about him. He was surrounded, had his sword taken from him, was lifted from his horse, and laid gently on the ground, and then his jacket was unfastened. His brother and his uncles came up, but his eyes were fixed and recognized nobody, and he did not utter a word. 'We must go back to Le Mans,' said the Dukes of Berry and Burgundy: 'here is an end of the trip to Brittany.' On the way they fell in with a wagon drawn by oxen; in this they laid the King of France, having bound him for fear of a renewal of his frenzy, and so took him back, motionless and speechless, to the town."

It was not a mere fit of delirious fever; it was the beginning of a radical mental derangement, sometimes in abeyance, or at least for some time alleviated, but bursting out again without appreciable reason, and aggravated at every fresh explosion. Charles *vi*. had always had a taste for masquerading. When in 1389 the young queen, Isabel of Bavaria, came to Paris to be married, the king, on the morning of her entry, said to his chamberlain, Sire de Savoisy, "Prithee, take a good horse, and I will mount behind thee; and we will dress so as not to be known and go to see my wife cone in." Savoisy did not like it, but the king insisted; and so they went in this guise through the crowd, and got many

Page 15

a blow from the officers' staves when they attempted to approach too near the procession. In 1393, a year after his first outbreak of madness, the king, during an entertainment at court, conceived the idea of disguising as savages himself and five of his courtiers. They had been sewn up in a linen skin which defined their whole bodies; and this skin had been covered with a resinous pitch, so as to hold sticking upon it a covering of tow, which made them appear hairy from head to foot. Thus disguised these savages went dancing into the ball-room; one of those present took up a lighted torch and went up to them; and in a moment several of them were in flames. It was impossible to get off the fantastic dresses clinging to their bodies. "Save the king!" shouted one of the poor masquers; but it was not known which was the king. The Duchess de Berry, his aunt, recognized him, caught hold of him, and wrapped him in her robe, saying, "Do not move; you see your companions are burning." And thus he was saved amidst the terror of all present. When he was conscious of his mad state, he was horrified; he asked pardon for the injury he had done, confessed and received the communion. Later, when he perceived his malady returning, he would allude to it with tears in his eyes, ask to have his hunting-knife taken away, and say to those about him, "If any of you, by I know not what witchcraft, be guilty of my sufferings, I adjure him, in the name of Jesus Christ, to torment me no more, and to put an end to me forthwith without making me linger so." He conceived a horror of Queen Isabel, and, without recognizing her, would say when he saw her, "What woman is this? What does she want? Will she never cease her importunities? Save me from her persecution!" At first great care was taken of him. They sent for a skilful doctor from Laon, named William de Harsely, who put him on a regimen from which, for some time, good effects were experienced. But the doctor was uncomfortable at court; he preferred going back to his little place at Laon, where he soon afterwards died; and eleven years later, in 1405, nobody took any more trouble about the king. He was fed like a dog, and allowed to fall ravenously upon his food. For five whole months he had not a change of clothes. At last some shame was felt for this neglect, and an attempt was made to repair it. It took a dozen men to overcome the madman's resistance. He was washed, shaved, and dressed in fresh clothes. He became more composed, and began once more to recognize certain persons, amongst others, the former provost of Paris, Juvenal des Ursins, whose visit appeared to give him pleasure, and to whom he said, without well knowing why, "Juvenal, let us not waste our time." On his good days he was sometimes brought in to sit at certain councils at which there was a discussion about the diminution of taxes and relief of the people, and he showed symptoms, at intervals, of taking an interest

Page 16

in them. A fair young Burgundian, Odette de Champdivers, was the only one amongst his many favorites who was at all successful in soothing him during his violent fits. It was Duke John the Fearless, who had placed her near the king, that she might promote his own influence, and she took advantage of it to further her own fortunes, which, however, did not hinder her from afterwards passing into the service of Charles VII. against the house of Burgundy.

[Illustration: Charles *vi*. and Odette——71]

For thirty years, from 1392 to 1422, the crown remained on the head of this poor madman, whilst France was a victim to the bloody quarrels of the royal house, to national dismemberment, to licentiousness in morals, to civil anarchy, and to foreign conquest.

When, for the first time, in the forest of Le Mans, the Dukes of Berry and Burgundy saw their nephew in this condition, their first feeling was one of sorrow and disquietude. The Duke of Burgundy especially, who was accessible to generous and sympathetic emotions, cried out with tears, as he embraced the king, “My lord and nephew, comfort me with just one word!” But the desires and the hopes of selfish ambition reappeared before long more prominently than these honest effusions of feeling. “All!” said the Duke of Berry, “De Clisson, La Mviere, Noviant, and Vilaine have been haughty and harsh towards me; the time has come when I shall pay them out in the same coin from the same mint.” The guardianship of the king was withdrawn from his councillors, and transferred to four chamberlains chosen by his uncles. The two dukes, however, did not immediately lay hands on the government of the kingdom; the constable De Clisson and the late councillors of Charles V. remained in charge of it for some time longer; they had given enduring proofs of capacity and fidelity to the king’s service; and the two dukes did not at first openly attack them, but labored strenuously, nevertheless, to destroy them. The Duke of Burgundy one day said to Sire de Noviant, “I have been overtaken by a very pressing business, for which I require forthwith thirty thousand crowns; let me have them out of my lord’s treasury; I will restore them at another time.” Noviant answered respectfully that the council must be spoken to about it. “I wish none to know of it,” said the duke. Noviant persisted. “You will not do me this favor?” rejoined the duke; “you shall rue it before long.” It was against the constable that the wrath of the princes was chiefly directed. He was the most powerful and the richest. One day he went, with a single squire behind him, to the Duke of Burgundy’s house; and, “My lord,” said he, “many knights and squires are persecuting me to get the money which is owing to them. I know not where to find it. The chancellor and the treasurer refer me to you. Since it is you and the Duke of Berry who govern, may it please you to give me an answer.” “Clisson,” said the duke, “you

Page 17

have no occasion to trouble yourself about the state of the kingdom; it will manage very well without your services. Whence, pray, have you been able to amass so much money? My lord, my brother of Berry and myself have not so much between us three. Away from my presence, and let me see you no more! If I had not a respect for myself, I would have your other eye put out." Clisson went out, mounted his horse, returned to his house, set his affairs in order, and departed, with two attendants, to his strong castle of Montlhery. The two dukes were very sorry that they had not put him under arrest on the spot. The rupture came to a climax. Of the king's four other councillors one escaped in time; two were seized and thrown into prison; the fourth, Bureau de la Riviere was at his castle of Auneau, near Chartres, honored and beloved by all his neighbors. Everybody urged him to save himself. "If I were to fly or hide myself," said he, "I should acknowledge myself guilty of crimes from which I feel myself free. Here, as elsewhere, I am at the will of God; He gave me all I have, and He can take it away whensoever He pleases. I served King Charles of blessed memory, and also the king, his son; and they recompensed me handsomely for my services. I will abide the judgment of the parliament of Paris touching what I have done according to my king's commands as to the affairs of the realm." He was told that the people sent to look for him were hard by, and was asked, "Shall we open to them?" "Why not?" was his reply. He himself went to meet them, and received them with a courtesy which they returned. He was then removed to Paris, where he was shut up with his colleagues in the Louvre.

Their trial before parliament was prosecuted eagerly, especially in the case of the absent De Clisson, whom a royal decree banished from the kingdom "as a false and wicked traitor to the crown, and condemned him to 'pay a hundred thousand marks of silver, and to forfeit forever the office of constable.'" It is impossible in the present day to estimate how much legal justice there was in this decree; but, in any case, it was certainly extreme severity to so noble and valiant a warrior who had done so much for the safety and honor of France. The Dukes of Burgundy and Berry and many barons of the realm signed the decree; but the king's brother, the Duke of Orleans, refused to have any part in it. Against the other councillors of the king the prosecution was continued, with fits and starts of determination, but in general with slowness and uncertainty. Under the influence of the Dukes of Burgundy and Berry, the parliament showed an inclination towards severity; but Bureau de la Riviere had warm friends, and amongst others, the young and beautiful Duchess of Berry, to whose marriage he had greatly contributed, and John Juvenal des Ursins, provost of the tradesmen of Paris, one of the men towards whom the king and the populace felt the highest esteem and confidence. The

Page 18

king, favorably inclined towards the accused by his own bias and the influence of the Duke of Orleans, presented a demand to parliament to have the papers of the procedure brought to him. Parliament hesitated and postponed a reply; the procedure followed its course; and at the end of some months further the king ordered it to be stopped, and Sires de la Riviere and Neviant to be set at liberty and to have their real property restored to them, at the same time that they lost their personal property and were commanded to remain forever at fifteen leagues' distance, at least, from the court. This was moral equity, if not legal justice. The accused had been able and faithful servants of their king and country. Their imprisonment had lasted more than a year. The Dukes of Burgundy and Berry remained in possession of power.

They exercised it for ten years, from 1392 to 1402, without any great dispute between themselves—the Duke of Burgundy's influence being predominant—or with the king, who, save certain lucid intervals, took merely a nominal part in the government. During this period no event of importance disturbed France internally. In 1393 the King of England, Richard *ii*., son of the Black Prince, sought in marriage the daughter of Charles *vi*., Isabel of France, only eight years old. In both courts and in both countries there was a desire for peace. An embassy came in state to demand the hand of the princess. The ambassadors were presented, and the Earl of Northampton, marshal of England, putting one knee to the ground before her, said, "Madame, please God you shall be our sovereign lady and Queen of England." The young girl, well tutored, answered, "If it please God and my lord and father that I should be Queen of England, I would be willingly, for I have certainly been told that I should then be a great lady." The contract was signed on the 9th of March, 1396, with a promise that, when the princess had accomplished her twelfth year, she should be free to assent to or refuse the union; and ten days after the marriage, the king's uncles and the English ambassadors mutually signed a truce, which promised—but quite in vain—to last for eight and twenty years.

About the same time Sigismund, King of Hungary, threatened with an invasion of his kingdom by the great Turkish Sultan Bajazet I., nicknamed Lightning (El Derfr), because of his rapid conquests, invoked the aid of the Christian kings of the West, and especially of the King of France. Thereupon there was a fresh outbreak of those crusades so often renewed since the end of the thirteenth century. All the knighthood of France arose for the defence of a Christian king. John, Count of Nevers, eldest son of the Duke of Burgundy, scarcely eighteen years of age, said to his comrades, "If it pleased my two lords, my lord the king and my lord and father, I would willingly head this army and this venture, for I have a desire to make myself known." The Duke of Burgundy

Page 19

consented, and, in person, conducted his son to St. Denis, but without intending to make him a knight as yet. "He shall receive the accolade," said he, "as a knight of Jesus Christ, at the first battle against the infidels." In April, 1396, an army of new crusaders left France and traversed Germany uproariously, everywhere displaying its valiant ardor, presumptuous recklessness, and chivalrous irregularity. Some months elapsed without any news; but, at the beginning of December, there were seen arriving in France some poor creatures, half naked, dying of hunger, cold, and weariness, and giving deplorable accounts of the destruction of the French army. The people would not believe them: "They ought to be thrown into the water," they said, "these scoundrels who propagate such lies." But, on the 23th of December, there arrived at Paris James de Helly, a knight of Artois, who, booted and spurred, strode into the hostel of St. Paul, threw himself on his knees before the king in the midst of the princes, and reported that he had come straight from Turkey; that on the 28th of the preceding September the Christian army had been destroyed at the battle of Nicopolis; that most of the lords had been either slain in battle or afterwards massacred by the sultan's order; and that the Count of Nevers had sent him to the king and to his father the duke, to get negotiations entered into for his release. There was no exaggeration about the knight's story. The battle had been terrible, the slaughter awful. For the latter, the French, who were for a moment victorious, had set a cruel example with their prisoners; and Bajazet had surpassed them in cool ferocity. After the first explosion of the father's and the people's grief, the ransom of the prisoners became the topic. It was a large sum, and rather difficult to raise; and, whilst it was being sought for, James de Helly returned to report as much to Bajazet, and to place himself once more in his power. "Thou art welcome," said the sultan; "thou hast loyally kept thy word; I give thee thy liberty; thou canst go whither thou wiliest."

Terms of ransom were concluded; and the sum total was paid through the hands of Bartholomew Pellegrini, a Genoese trader. Before the Count of Nevers and his comrades set out, Bajazet sent for them. "John," said he to the count through an interpreter, "I know that thou art a great lord in thy country, and the son of a great lord. Thou art young. It may be that thou art abashed and grieved at what hath befallen thee in thy first essay of knighthood, and that, to retrieve thine honor, thou wilt collect a powerful army against me. I might, ere I release thee, bind thee by oath not to take arms against me, neither thyself nor thy people. But no; I will not exact this oath either from them or from thee. When thou hast returned yonder, take up arms if it please thee, and come and attack me. Thou wilt find me ever ready to receive thee in the open field, thee and thy men-at-arms.

Page 20

And what I say to thee, I say for the sake of all the Christians thou mayest purpose to bring. I fear them not; I was born to fight them, and to conquer the world." Everywhere and at all times human pride, with its blind arrogance, is the same. Bajazet saw no glimpse of that future when his empire would be decaying, and held together only by the interested protection of Christian powers. After paying dearly for their errors and their disasters, Count John of Nevers and his comrades in captivity re-entered France in February, 1398, and their expedition to Hungary was but one of the last vain ventures of chivalry in the great struggle that commenced in the seventh century between Islamry and Christendom.

While this tragic incident was taking place in Eastern Europe, the court of the mad king was falling a victim to rivalries, intrigues, and scandals which, towards the close of this reign, were to be the curse and the shame of France. There had grown up between Queen Isabel of Bavaria and Louis, Duke of Orleans, brother of the king, an intimacy which, throughout the city and amongst all honorable people, shocked even the least strait-laced. It was undoubtedly through the queen's influence that Charles *vi*., in 1402, suddenly decided upon putting into the hands of the Duke of Orleans the entire government of the realm and the right of representing him in everything during the attacks of his malady. The Duke of Burgundy wrote at once about it to the parliament of Paris, saying, "Take counsel and pains that the interests of the king and his dominion be not governed as they now are, for, in good truth, it is a pity and a grief to hear what is told me about it." The accusation was not grounded solely upon the personal ill-temper of the Duke of Burgundy. His nephew, the Duke of Orleans, was elegant, affable, volatile, good-natured; he had for his partisans at court all those who shared his worse than frivolous tastes and habits; and his political judgment was no better than his habits. No sooner was he invested with power than he abused it strangely; he levied upon the clergy as well as the people an enormous talliage, and the use he made of the money increased still further the wrath of the public. An Augustine monk, named James Legrand, already celebrated for his writings, had the hardihood to preach even before the court against abuses of power and licentiousness of morals. The king rose up from his own place, and went and sat down right opposite the preacher. "Yes, sir," continued the monk, "the king your father, during his reign, did likewise lay taxes upon the people, but with the produce of them he built fortresses for the defence of the kingdom, he hurled back the enemy and took possession of their towns, and he effected a saving of treasure which made him the most powerful amongst the kings of the West. But now, there is nothing of this kind done; the height of nobility in the present day is to frequent bagnios,

Page 21

to live in debauchery, to wear rich dresses with pretty fringes and big cuffs. This, O queen," he added, "is what is said to the shame of the court; and, if you will not believe me, put on the dress of some poor woman and walk about the city, and you will hear it talked of by plenty of people." In spite of his malady and his affection for his brother, Charles *vi*., either from pure feebleness or because he was struck by those truths so boldly proclaimed, yielded to the counsels of certain wise men who represented to him "that it was neither a reasonable nor an honorable thing to intrust the government of the realm to a prince whose youth needed rather to be governed than to govern." He withdrew the direction of affairs from the Duke of Orleans and restored it to the Duke of Burgundy, who took it again and held it with a strong grasp, and did not suffer his nephew Louis to meddle in anything. But from that time forward open distrust and hatred were established between the two princes and their families. In the very midst of this court-crisis Duke Philip the Bold fell ill and died within a few days, on the 27th of April, 1404. He was a prince valiant and able, ambitious, imperious, eager in the pursuit of his own personal interests, careful in humoring those whom he aspired to rule, and disposed to do them good service in whatever was not opposed to his own ends. He deserved and possessed the confidence and affection not only of his father, King John, but also of his brother, Charles V., a good judge of wisdom and fidelity. He founded that great house of Burgundy which was for more than a century to eclipse and often to deplorably compromise France; but Philip the Bold loved France sincerely, and always gave her the chief place in his policy. His private life was regular and staid, amidst the scandalous licentiousness of his court. He was of those who leave behind them unfeigned regret and an honored memory, without having inspired their contemporaries with any lively sympathy.

John the Fearless, Count of Nevers, his son and successor in the dukedom of Burgundy, was not slow to prove that there was reason to regret his father. His expedition to Hungary, for all its bad leadership and bad fortune, had created esteem for his courage and for his firmness under reverses, but little confidence in his direction of public affairs. He was a man of violence, unscrupulous and indiscreet, full of jealousy and hatred, and capable of any deed and any risk for the gratification of his passions or his fancies. At his accession he made some popular moves; he appeared disposed to prosecute vigorously the war against England, which was going on sluggishly; he testified a certain spirit of conciliation by going to pay a visit to his cousin, the Duke of Orleans, lying ill at his castle of Beaute, near Vincennes; when the Duke of Orleans was well again, the two princes took the communion together, and dined together at their uncle's, the Duke of Berry's; and the Duke of Orleans invited the new Duke of Burgundy to dine with him the next Sunday. The Parisians took pleasure in observing these little matters, and in hoping for the re-establishment of harmony in the royal family. They were soon to be cruelly undeceived.

Page 22

On the 23d of November, 1407, the Duke of Orleans had dined at Queen Isabel's. He was returning about eight in the evening along Vieille Rue du Temple, singing and playing with his glove, and attended by only two squires riding one horse, and by four or five varlets on foot, carrying torches. It was a gloomy night; not a soul in the streets. When the duke was about a hundred paces from the queen's hostel, eighteen or twenty armed men, who had lain in ambush behind a house called Image de Notre-Dame, dashed suddenly out; the squires' horse took fright and ran away with them; and the assassins rushed upon the duke, shouting, "Death! death!" "What is all this?" said he; "I am the Duke of Orleans." "Just what we want," was the answer; and they hurled him down from his mule. He struggled to his knees; but the fellows struck at him heavily with axe and sword. A young man in his train made an effort to defend him, and was immediately cut down; and another, grievously wounded, had but just time to escape into a neighboring shop. A poor cobbler's wife opened her window, and, seeing the work of assassination, shrieked, "Murder! murder!" "Hold your tongue, you strumpet!" cried some one from the street. Others shot arrows at the windows where lookers-on might be. A tall man, wearing a red cap which came down over his eyes, said in a loud voice, "Out with all lights, and away!" The assassins fled at the top of their speed, shouting, "Fire! fire!" throwing behind them foot-trippers, and by menaces causing all the lights to be put out which were being lighted here and there in the shops.

[Illustration: Murder of the Duke of Orleans——38]

The duke was quite dead. One of his squires, returning to the spot, found his body stretched on the road, and mutilated all over. He was carried to the neighboring church of Blancs-Manteaux, whither all the royal family came to render the last sad offices. The Duke of Burgundy appeared no less afflicted than the rest. "Never," said he, "was a more wicked and traitorous murder committed in this realm." The provost of Paris, Sire de Tignouville, set on foot an active search after the perpetrators. He was summoned before the council of princes, and the Duke of Berry asked him if he had discovered anything. "I believe," said the provost, "that if I had leave to enter all the hostels of the king's servants, and even of the princes, I could get on the track of the authors or accomplices of the crime." He was authorized to enter wherever it seemed good to him. He went away to set himself to work. The Duke of Burgundy, looking troubled and growing pale, "Cousin," said the King of Naples, Louis d'Anjou, who was present at the council, "can you know aught about it? You must tell us." The Duke of Burgundy took him, together with his uncle, the Duke of Berry, aside, and told them that it was he himself who, tempted of the devil, had given orders for this murder. "O God!" cried the Duke of Berry, "then

Page 23

I lose both my nephews!" The Duke of Burgundy went out in great confusion, and the council separated. Research brought about the discovery that the crime had been for a long while in preparation, and that a Norman nobleman, Raoul d'Auquetonville, late receiver-general of finance, having been deprived of his post by the Duke of Orleans for malversation, had been the instrument. The council of princes met the next day at the Hotel de Nesle. The Duke of Burgundy, who had recovered all his audacity, came to take his seat there. Word was sent to him not to enter the room. Duke John persisted; but the Duke of Berry went to the door and said to him, "Nephew, give up the notion of entering the council; you would not be seen there with pleasure." "I give up willingly," answered Duke John; "and that none may be accused of putting to death the Duke of Orleans, I declare that it was I, and none other, who caused the doing of what has been done." Thereupon he turned his horse's head, returned forthwith to the Hotel d'Artois, and, taking only six men with him, he galloped without a halt, except to change horses, to the frontier of Flanders. The Duke of Bourbon complained bitterly at the council that an immediate arrest had not been ordered. The Admiral de Brabant, and a hundred of the Duke of Orleans' knights, set out in pursuit, but were unable to come up in time. Neither Raoul d'Anquetonville nor any other of the assassins was caught. The magistrates, as well as the public, were seized with stupor in view of so great a crime and so great a criminal.

But the Duke of Orleans left a widow who, in spite of his infidelities and his irregularities, was passionately attached to him. Valentine Visconti, the Duke of Milan's daughter, whose dowry had gone to pay the ransom of King John, was at Chateau-Thierry when she heard of her husband's murder. Hers was one of those natures, full of softness and at the same time of fire, which grief does not overwhelm, and in which a passion for vengeance is excited and fed by their despair. She started for Paris in the early part of December, 1407, during the roughest winter, it was said, ever known for several centuries, taking with her all her children. The Duke of Berry, the Duke of Bourbon, the Count of Clermont, and the constable went to meet her. Herself and all her train in deep mourning, she dismounted at the hostel of St. Paul, threw herself on her knees before the king with the princes and council around him, and demanded of him justice for her husband's cruel death. The chancellor promised justice in the name of the king, who added with his own lips, "We regard the deed relating to our own brother as done to ourself." The compassion of all present was boundless, and so was their indignation; but it was reported that the Duke of Burgundy was getting ready to return to Paris, and with what following and for what purpose would he come? Nothing was known on that point. There was no force with

Page 24

which to make a defence. Nothing was done for the Duchess of Orleans; no prosecution began. As much vexed and irritated as disconsolate, she set out for Blois with her children, being resolved to fortify herself there. Charles had another relapse of his malady. The people of Paris, who were rather favorable than adverse to the Duke of Burgundy, laid the blame of the king's new attack, and of the general alarm, upon the Duchess of Orleans, who was off in flight. John the Fearless actually re-entered Paris on the 20th of February, 1408, with a thousand men-at-arms, amidst popular acclamation, and cries of "Long live the Duke of Burgundy!" Having taken up a strong position at the Hotel d'Artois, he sent a demand to the king for a solemn audience, proclaiming his intention of setting forth the motives for which he had caused the Duke of Orleans to be slain. The 8th of March was the day fixed. Charles *vi*., being worse than ever that day, was not present; the *dauphin*, Louis, Duke of Guienne, a child of twelve years, surrounded by the princes, councillors, a great number of lords, doctors of the university, burgesses of note, and people of various conditions, took his father's place at this assembly. The Duke of Burgundy had intrusted a Norman Cordelier, Master John Petit, with his justification. The monk spoke for more than five hours, reviewing sacred history, and the histories of Greece, Rome, and Persia, and the precedents of Phineas, Absalom the son of David, Queen Athaliah, and Julian the Apostate, to prove "that it is lawful, and not only lawful, but honorable and meritorious, in any subject to slay or cause to be slain a traitor and disloyal tyrant, especially when he is a man of such mighty power that justice cannot well be done by the sovereign." This principle once laid down, John Petit proceeded to apply it to the Duke of Burgundy, "causing to be slain that criminal tyrant, the Duke of Orleans, who was meditating the damnable design of thrusting aside the king and his children from their crown;" and he drew from it the conclusion that "the Duke of Burgundy ought not to be at all blamed or censured for what had happened in the person of the Duke of Orleans, and that the king not only ought not to be displeased with him, but ought to hold the said lord of Burgundy, as well as his deed, agreeable to him, and authorized by necessity." The defence thus concluded, letters were actually put before the king, running thus: "It is our will and pleasure that our cousin of Burgundy, his heirs and successors, be and abide at peace with us and our successors, in respect of the aforesaid deed, and all that hath followed thereon; and that by us, our said successors, our people and officers, no hinderance, on account of that, may be offered them, either now or in time to come."

Charles *vi*., weak in mind and will, even independently of his attacks, signed these letters, and gave Duke John quite a kind reception, telling him, however, that "he could cancel the penalty, but not the resentment of everybody, and that it was for him to defend himself against perils which were probably imminent." The duke answered proudly that "so long as he stood in the king's good graces, he did not fear any man living."

Page 25

Three days after this strange audience and this declaration, Queen Isabel, but lately on terms of the closest intimacy with the Duke of Orleans, who had been murdered on his way home after dining with her, was filled with alarm, and set off suddenly for Melun, taking with her her son Louis, the *dauphin*, and accompanied by nearly all the princes, who, however, returned before long to Paris, being troubled by the displeasure the Duke of Burgundy testified at their departure. For more than four months, Duke John the Fearless remained absolute master of Paris, disposing of all posts, giving them to his own creatures, and putting himself on good terms with the university and the principal burgesses. A serious revolt amongst the Liigese called for his presence in Flanders. The first troops he had sent against them had been repulsed; and he felt the necessity of going thither in person. But two months after his departure from Paris, on the 26th of August, 1408, Queen Isabel returned thither from Melun, with the *dauphin* Louis, who for the first time rode on horseback, and with three thousand men-at-arms. She set up her establishment at the Louvre. The Parisians shouted “Noel,” as she passed along; and the Duke of Berry, the Duke of Bourbon, the Duke of Brittany, the constable, and all the great officers of the crown rallied round her. Two days afterwards, on the 28th of August, the Duchess of Orleans arrived there from Blois, in a black litter drawn by four horses caparisoned in black, and followed by a large number of mourning carriages. On the 5th of September, a state assembly was held at the Louvre. All the royal family, the princes and great officers of the crown, the presidents of the parliament, fifteen archbishops or bishops, the provost of Paris, the provost of tradesmen, and a hundred burgesses of note attended it. Thereupon Master Juvenal des Ursins, king’s advocate, announced the intention of Charles *vi*. in his illness to confer the government upon the queen, set forth the reasons for it, called to mind the able regency of Queen Blanche, mother of St. Louis, and produced royal letters, sealed with the great seal. Immediately the Duchess of Orleans came forward, knelt at the *dauphin*’s feet, demanding justice for the death of her husband, and begged that she might have a day appointed her for refuting the calumnies with which it had been sought to blacken his memory. The *dauphin* promised a speedy reply. On the 11th of September, accordingly, a new meeting of princes, lords, prelates, parliament, the university, and burgesses was held in the great hall of the Louvre. The Duchess of Orleans, the Duke her son, their chancellor, and the principal officers of her household were introduced, and leave was given them to proceed with the justification of the late Duke of Orleans. It had been prepared beforehand; the duchess placed the manuscript before the council, as pledging herself unreservedly to all

Page 26

it contained, and Master Serisy, Abbot of St. Fiacre, a monk of the order of St. Benedict, read the document out publicly. It was a long and learned defence, in which the imputations made by the cordelier, John Petit, against the late Duke of Orleans, were effectually and in some parts eloquently refuted. After the justification, Master Cousinot, advocate of the Duchess of Orleans, presented in person his demands against the Duke of Burgundy. They claimed that he should be bound to come, “without belt or chaperon,” and disavow solemnly and publicly, on his knees before the royal family, and also on the very spot where the crime was committed, the murder of the Duke of Orleans. After several other acts of reparation which were imposed upon him, he was to be sent into exile for twenty years beyond the seas, and on his return to remain at twenty leagues’ distance, at least, from the king and the royal family. After reacting these demands, which were more legitimate than practicable, the young *dauphin*, well instructed as to what he had to say, addressed the Duchess of Orleans and her children in these terms: “We and all the princes of the blood royal here present, after having heard the justification of our uncle, the Duke of Orleans, have no doubt left touching the honor of his memory, and do hold him to be completely cleared of all that hath been said contrary to his reputation. As to the further demands you make, they shall be suitably provided for in course of justice.” At this answer the assembly broke up.

It had just been reported that the Duke of Burgundy had completely beaten and reduced to submission the insurgent Liegese, and that he was preparing to return to Paris with his army. Great was the consternation amongst the council of the queen and princes. They feared above everything to see the king and the *dauphin* in the Duke of Burgundy’s power; and it was decided to quit Paris, which had always testified a favorable disposition towards Duke John. Charles *vi*. was the first to depart, on the 3d of November, 1408. The queen, the *dauphin*, and the princes followed him two days afterwards, and at Gien they all took boat on the Loire to go to Tours. The Duke of Burgundy on his arrival at Paris, on the 28th of November, found not a soul belonging to the royal family or the court; and he felt a moment’s embarrassment. Even his audacity and lack of scruple did not go to the extent of doing without the king altogether, or even of dispensing with having him for a tool; and he had seen too much of the Parisian populace not to know how precarious and fickle was its favor. He determined to negotiate with the king’s party, and for that purpose he sent his brother-in-law the Count of Hainault, to Tours, with a brilliant train of unarmed attendants, bidden to make themselves agreeable, and not to fight.

Page 27

A recent event had probably much to do with his decision. His most indomitable foe, she to whom the king and his councillors had lately granted a portion of the vengeance she was seeking to take on him, Valentine of Milan, Duchess of Orleans, died on the 4th of December, 1408, at Blois, far from satisfied with the moral reparation she had obtained in her enemy's absence, and clearly foreseeing that against the Duke of Burgundy, flushed with victory and present in person, she would obtain nothing of what she had asked. For spirits of the best mettle, and especially for a woman's heart, impotent passion is a heavy burden to bear; and Valentine Visconti, beautiful, amiable, and unhappy even in her best days through the fault of the husband she loved, sank under this trial. At the close of her life she had taken for device, "Nought have I more; more hold I nought" (Bien ne m 'est plus; plus ne m 'est rien); and so fully was that her habitual feeling that she had the words inscribed upon the black tapestry of her chamber. In her last hours she had by her side her three sons and her daughter, but there was another still whom she remembered. She sent for a child, six years of age, John, a natural son of her husband by Marietta d'Enghien, wife of Sire de Cany-Dunois. "This one," said she, "was filched from me; yet there is not a child so well cut out as he to avenge his father's death." Twenty-five years later John was the famous Bastard of Orleans, Count Dunois, Charles VII.'s lieutenant-general, and Joan of Arc's comrade in the work of saving the French kingship and France.

[Illustration: Death of Valentine de Milan——45]

The Duke of Burgundy's negotiations at Tours were not fruitless. The result was, that on the 9th of March, 1409, a treaty was concluded and an interview effected at Chartres between the duke on one side and on the other the king, the queen, the *dauphin*, all the royal family, the councillors of the crown, the young Duke of Orleans, his brother, and a hundred knights of their house, all met together to hear the king declare that he pardoned the Duke of Burgundy. The duke prayed "my lord of Orleans and my lords his brothers to banish from their hearts all hatred and vengeance;" and the princes of Orleans "assented to what the king commanded them, and forgave their cousin the Duke of Burgundy everything entirely." On the way back from Chartres the Duke of Burgundy's fool kept playing with a church-paten (called "peace"), and thrusting it under his cloak, saying, "See, this is a cloak of peace;" and, "Many folks," says Juvenal des Ursins, "considered this fool pretty wise." The Duke of Burgundy had good reason, however, for seeking this outward reconciliation; it put an end to a position too extended not to become pretty soon untenable; the peace was a cause of great joy at Paris; the king was not long coming back; and two hundred thousand persons, says the chronicle, went out to meet him, shouting, "Noel!"

Page 28

The Duke of Burgundy had gone out to receive him; and the queen and the princes arrived two days after-wards. It was not known at the time, though it was perhaps the most serious result of the negotiation, that a secret understanding had been established between John the Fearless and Isabel of Bavaria. The queen, as false as she was dissolute, had seen that the duke might be of service to her on occasion if she served him in her turn, and they had added the falsehood of their undivulged arrangement to that of the general reconciliation.

But falsehood does not extinguish the facts it attempts to disguise. The hostility between the houses of Orleans and Burgundy could not fail to survive the treaty of Chartres, and cause search to be made for a man to head the struggle so soon as it could be recommenced. The hour and the man were not long waited for. In the very year of the treaty, Charles of Orleans, eldest son of the murdered duke and Valentine of Milan, lost his wife, Isabel of France, daughter of Charles *vi*.; and as early as the following year (1410) the princes, his uncles, made him marry Bonne d'Armagnac, daughter of Count Bernard d'Armagnac, one of the most powerful, the most able, and the most ambitious lords of Southern France. Forthwith, in concert with the Duke of Berry, the Duke of Brittany, and several other lords, Count Bernard put himself at the head of the Orleans party, and prepared to proceed against the Duke of Burgundy in the cause of dominion combined with vengeance. From 1410 to 1415 France was a prey to civil war between the Armagnacs and Burgundians, and to their alternate successes and reverses brought about by the unscrupulous employment of the most odious and desperate means. The Burgundians had generally the advantage in the struggle, for Paris was chiefly the centre of it, and their influence was predominant there. Their principal allies there were the butchers, the boldest and most ambitious corporation in the city. For a long time the butcher-trade of Paris had been in the hands of a score of families the number had been repeatedly reduced, and at the opening of the fifteenth century, three families, the Legoix, the St. Yons, and the Thiberts, had exercised absolute mastery in the market district, which in turn exercised mastery over nearly the whole city. "One Caboche, a flayer of beasts in the shambles of Hotel-Dieu, and Master John de Troyes, a surgeon with a talent for speaking, were their most active associates. Their company consisted of 'prentice-butchers, medical students, skinners, tailors, and every kind of lewd fellows. When anybody caused their displeasure they said, 'Here's an Armagnac,' and despatched him on the spot, and plundered his house, or dragged him off to prison to pay dear for his release. The rich burgesses lived in fear and peril. More than three hundred of them went off to Melun with the provost of tradesmen, who could no longer answer for the tranquillity of the city."

Page 29

The Armagnacs, in spite of their general inferiority, sometimes got the upper hand, and did not then behave with much more discretion than the others. They committed the mistake of asking aid from the King of England, “promising him the immediate surrender of all the cities, castles, and bailiwicks they still possessed in Guienne and Poitou.” Their correspondence fell into the hands of the Burgundians, and the Duke of Burgundy showed the king himself a letter stating that “the Duke of Berry, the Duke of Orleans, and the Duke of Bourbon had lately conspired together at Bourges for the destruction of the king, the kingdom, and the good city of Paris.” “Ah!” cried the poor king with tears, “we quite see their wickedness, and we do conjure you, who are of our own blood, to aid and advise us against them.” The duke and his partisans, kneeling on one knee, promised the king all the assistance possible with their persons and their property. The civil war was passionately carried on. The Burgundians went and besieged Bourges. The siege continued a long while without success. Some of the besiegers grew weary of it. Negotiations were opened with the besieged. An interview took place before the walls between the Duke of Berry and the Duke of Burgundy. “Nephew,” said the former, “I have acted ill, and you still worse. It is for us to try and maintain the kingdom in peace and prosperity.” “I will be no obstacle, uncle,” answered Duke John. Peace was made. It was stipulated that the Duke of Berry and the Armagnac lords should give up all alliance with the English, and all confederacy against the Duke of Burgundy, who, on his side, should give up any that he might have formed against them. An engagement was entered into mutually to render aid, service, and obedience to the king against his foe of England, as they were bound by right and reason to do; and lastly a promise was made to observe the articles of the peace of Chartres, and to swear them over again. There was a special prohibition against using, for the future, the words Armagnacs and Burgundians, or any other term reflecting upon either party. The pacification was solemnly celebrated at Auxerre, on the 22d of August, 1412; and on the 29th of September following, the *dauphin* once more entered Paris, with the Duke of Burgundy at his side. The king, queen, and Duke of Berry arrived a few days afterwards. The people gave a hearty reception to them, even to the Armagnacs, well known as such, in their train; but the butchers and the men of their faction murmured loudly, and treated the peace as treason. Outside, it was little more than nominal; the Count of Armagnac remained under arms and the Duke of Orleans held aloof from Paris. A violent ferment again began there. The butchers continued to hold the mastery. The Duke of Burgundy, all the while finding them very much in the way, did not cease to pay court to them, Many of his knights were highly displeased at seeing

Page 30

themselves mixed up with such fellows. The honest burgesses began to be less frightened at the threats and more angry at the excesses of the butchers. The advocate-general, Juvenal des Ursins, had several times called without being received at the Hotel d'Artois, but one night the Duke of Burgundy sent for him, and asked him what he thought of the position. "My lord," said the magistrate, "do not persist in always maintaining that you did well to have the Duke of Orleans slain; enough mischief has come of it to make you agree that you were wrong. It is not to your honor to let yourself be guided by flayers of beasts and a lot of lewd fellows. I can guarantee that a hundred burgesses of Paris, of the highest character, would undertake to attend you everywhere, and do whatever you should bid them, and even lend you money if you wanted it." The duke listened patiently, but answered that he had done no wrong in the case of the Duke of Orleans, and would never confess that he had. "As to the fellows of whom you speak," said he, "I know my own business." Juvenal returned home without much belief in the duke's firmness. He himself, full of courage as he was, durst not yet declare himself openly. The thought of all this occupied his mind incessantly, sleeping and waking. One night, when he had fallen asleep towards morning, it seemed to him that a voice kept saying, *Surgite cum sederitis, qui manducatis panem doloris* (Rise up from your sitting, ye who eat the bread of sorrow). When he awoke, his wife, a good and pious woman, said to him, "My dear, this morning I heard some one saying to you, or you pronouncing in a dream, some words that I have often read in my Hours;" and she repeated them to him. "My dear," answered Juvenal, "we have eleven children, and consequently great cause to pray God to grant us peace; let us hope in Him, and He will help us." He often saw the Duke of Berry. "Well, Juvenal," the old prince would say to him, "shall this last forever? Shall we be forever under the sway of these lewd fellows?" "My lord," Juvenal would answer, "hope we in God; yet a little while and we shall see them confounded and destroyed."

Nor was Juvenal mistaken. The opposition to the yoke of the Burgundians was daily becoming more and more earnest and general. The butchers attempted to stein the current; but the carpenters took sides against them, saying, "We will see which are the stronger in Paris, the hewers of wood or the fellers of oxen." The parliament, the exchequer-chamber, and the Hotel-de-Ville demanded peace; and the shouts of Peace! peace! resounded in the streets. A great crowd of people assembled on the Greve; and thither the butchers came with their company of about twelve hundred persons, it is said. They began to speak against peace, but could not get a hearing. "Let those who are for it go to the right," shouted a voice, "and those who are against it to the left!" But the adversaries of peace durst

Page 31

not risk this test. The Duke of Burgundy could not help seeing that he was declining rapidly; he was no longer summoned to the king's council; a watch was kept upon his house; and he determined to go away. On the 23d of August, 1413, without a word said, even to his household, he went away to the wood of Vincennes, prevailing on the king to go hawking with him. There was a suspicion that the duke meant to carry off the king. Juvenal des Ursins, with a company of armed burgesses, hurried off to Vincennes, and going straight to the king, said, "Sir, come away to Paris; it is too hot to be out." The king turned to go back to the city. The Duke of Burgundy was angry, saying that the king was going a-hawking. "You would take him too far," rejoined Juvenal; "your people are in travelling dress, and you have your trumpeters with you."

[Illustration: John the Fearless——51]

The duke took leave of the king, said business required his presence in Flanders, and went off as fast as he could.

When it was known that he had gone, there was a feeling of regret and disquietude amongst the sensible and sober burgesses at Paris. What they wanted was peace; and in order to have it the adherence of the Duke of Burgundy was indispensable. Whilst he was present, there might be hope of winning him or forcing him over to it; but, whilst he was absent, headstrong as he was known to be, a renewal of war was the most probable contingency. And this result appeared certain when it was seen how the princes hostile to the Duke of Burgundy, above all, Duke Charles of Orleans, the Count of Armagnac and their partisans hastened back to Paris, and resumed their ascendency with the king and in his council. The *dauphin*, Louis Duke of Aquitaine, united himself by the ties of close friendship with the Duke of Orleans, and prevailed upon him to give up the mourning he had worn since his father's murder; the two princes appeared everywhere dressed alike; the scarf of Armagnac re-placed that of Burgundy; the feelings of the populace changed as the fashion of the court; and when children sang in the streets the song but lately in vogue, "Burgundy's duke, God give thee joy!" they were struck and hurled to the ground. Facts were before long in accordance with appearances. After a few pretences of arrangement the Duke of Burgundy took up arms and marched on Paris. Charles VI., on his side, annulled, in the presence of Parliament, all acts adverse to the Duke of Orleans and his adherents; and the king, the queen, and the *dauphin* bound themselves by oath not to treat with the duke of Burgundy until they had destroyed his power. At the end of March, 1414, the king's army was set in motion; Compiegne, Soissons, and Bapaume, which held out for the Duke of Burgundy, were successively taken by assault or surrendered; the royal troops treated the people as vanquished rebels; and the four great communes of Flanders sent a deputation to the king to make protestations

Page 32

of their respect and an attempt to arrange matters between their lord and his suzerain. Animosity was still too lively and too recent in the king's camp to admit of satisfaction with a victory as yet incomplete. On the 28th of July began the siege of Arras; but after five weeks the besiegers had made no impression; an epidemic came upon them; the Duke of Bavaria and the constable, Charles d'Albret, were attacked by it; weariness set in on both sides; the Duke of Burgundy' himself began to be anxious about his position; and he sent the Duke of Brabant, his brother, and the Countess of Hainault, his sister, to the king and the *dauphin*, with more submissive words than he had hitherto deigned to utter. The Countess of Hainault, pleading the ties of family and royal interests, managed to give the *dauphin* a bias towards peace; and the *dauphin* in his turn worked upon the mind of the king, who was becoming more and more feeble and accessible to the most opposite impressions. It was in vain that the most intimate friends of the Duke of Orleans tried to keep the king steadfast in his wrath from night to morning. One day, when he was still in bed, one of them softly approaching and putting his hand under the coverlet, said, plucking him by the foot, "My lord, are you asleep?" "No, cousin," answered the king; "you are quite welcome; is there anything new?" "No, sir; only that your people report that if you would assault Arras there would be good hope of effecting an entry." "But if my cousin of Burgundy listens to reason, and puts the town into my hands without assault, we will make peace." "What! sir; you would make peace with this wicked, this disloyal man who so cruelly had your brother slain?" "But all was forgiven him with the consent of my nephew of Orleans," said the king mournfully. "Alas! sir, you will never see that brother again." "Let me be, cousin," said the king, impatiently; "I shall see him again on the day of judgment."

Notwithstanding this stubborn way of working up the irreconcilable enmities which caused divisions in the royal family, peace was decided upon and concluded at Arras, on the 4th of September, 1414, on conditions as vague as ever, which really put no end to the causes of civil war, but permitted the king on the one hand and the Duke of Burgundy on the other, to call themselves and to wear an appearance of being reconciled. A serious event which happened abroad at that time was heavily felt in France, reawakened the spirit of nationality, and opened the eyes of all parties a little to the necessity of suspending their own selfish disagreements. Henry IV., King of England, died on the 20th of March, 1413. Having been chiefly occupied with the difficulties of his own government at home, he, without renouncing the war with France, had not prosecuted it vigorously, and had kept it in suspense or adjournment by a repetition of truces. Henry V., his son and successor, a young prince of

Page 33

five and twenty, active, ambitious, able, and popular, gave, from the very moment of his accession, signs of having bolder views, which were not long coming to maturity, in respect of his relations with France. The Duke of Burgundy had undoubtedly anticipated them, for, as soon as he was cognizant of Henry IV.'s death, he made overtures in London for the marriage of his daughter Catherine with the new King of England, and he received at Bruges an English embassy on the subject. When this was known at Paris, the council of Charles VI. sent to the Duke of Burgundy Sire de Dampierre and the Bishop of Evreux bearing letters to him from the king "which forbade him, on pain of forfeiture and treason, to enter into any treaty with the King of England, either for his daughter's marriage or for any other cause." But the views of Henry V. soared higher than a marriage with a daughter of the Duke of Burgundy. It was to the hand of the King of France's daughter, herself also named Catherine, that he made pretension, flattering himself that he would find in this union aid in support of his pretences to the crown of France. These pretences he put forward, hardly a year after his accession to the throne, basing them, as Edward III. had done, on the alleged right of Isabel of France, wife of Edward II., to succeed King John. No reply was vouchsafed from Paris to this demand. Only the Princess Catherine, who was but thirteen, was presented to the envoys of the King of England, and she struck them as being tall and beautiful. A month later, in August, 1414, Henry V. gave Charles VI. to understand that he would be content with a strict execution of the treaty of Bretigny, with the addition of Normandy, Anjou, and Maine, and the hand of the Princess Catherine with a dowry of two million crowns. The war between Charles VI. and John the Fearless caused a suspension of all negotiations on this subject; but, after the peace of Arras, in January, 1415, a new and solemn embassy from England arrived at Paris, and the late proposals were again brought forward. The ambassadors had a magnificent reception; splendid presents and entertainments were given them; but no answer was made to their demands; they were only told that the King of France was about to send an embassy to the King of England. It did not set out before the 27th of the following April; the Archbishop of Bourges, the most eloquent prelate in the council, was its spokesman; and it had orders to offer the King of England the hand of the Princess Catherine with a dowry of eight hundred and forty thousand golden crowns, besides fifteen towns in Aquitaine and the seneschalty of Limoges. Henry V. rejected these offers, declaring that, if he did not get Normandy and all the districts ceded by the treaty of Bretigny, he would have recourse to war to recover a crown which belonged to him. To this arrogant language the Archbishop of Bourges replied, "O king, what canst thou be thinking of that thou wouldst fain thus

Page 34

oust the King of the French, our lord, the most noble and excellent of Christian kings, from the throne of so powerful a kingdom? Thinkest thou that it is for fear of thee and of the English that he hath made thee an offer of his daughter together with so great a sum and a portion of his land? Nay, verily; he was moved by pity and the love of peace; he would not that the innocent blood should be spilt and Christian people destroyed in the hurly-burly of battle. He will invoke the aid of God Almighty, of the blessed virgin Mary, and of all the saints. Then by his own arms and those of his loyal subjects, vassals, and allies, thou wilt be driven from his kingdom, and, peradventure, meet with death or capture."

On returning to Paris the ambassadors, in presence of the king's council and a numerous assembly of clergy, nobility, and people, gave an account of their embassy and advised instant preparation for war without listening to a single word of peace. "They loudly declared," says the monk of St. Denis, "that King Henry's letters, though they were apparently full of moderation, had lurking at the bottom of them a great deal of perfidy, and that this king, all the time that he was offering peace and union in the most honeyed terms, was thinking only how he might destroy the kingdom, and was levying troops in all quarters." Henry V., indeed, in November, 1414, demanded of his Parliament a large subsidy, which was at once voted without any precise mention of the use to be made of it, and merely in the terms following: "For the defence of the realm of England and the security of the seas." At the commencement of the following year, Henry resumed negotiations with France, renouncing his claims to Normandy, Anjou, and Maine; but Charles VI. and his council adhered to their former offers. On the 16th of April, 1415, Henry announced to a grand council of spiritual and temporal peers, assembled at Westminster, his determination "of setting out in person to go and, by God's grace, recover his heritage." He appointed one of his brothers, the Duke of Bedford, to be regent in his absence, and the peers, ecclesiastical and laical, applauded his design, promising him their sincere co-operation. Thus France, under a poor mad king and amidst civil dissensions of the most obstinate character, found the question renewed for her of French versus English king-ship and national independence versus foreign conquest.

On the 14th of August, 1415, an English fleet, having on board, together with King Henry V., six thousand men-at-arms, twenty-four thousand archers, powerful war-machines, and a multitude of artisans and "small folk," came to land near Harfleur, not far from the mouth of the Seine. It was the most formidable expedition that had ever issued from the ports of England. The English spent several days in effecting their landing and setting up their siege-train around the walls of the city. "It would have been easy," says the monk of St. Denis, "to

Page 35

hinder their operations, and the inhabitants of the town and neighborhood would have worked thereat with zeal, if they had not counted that the nobility of the district and the royal army commanded by the constable, Charles d'Albret, would come to their aid." No one came. The burgesses and the small garrison of Harfleur made a gallant defence; but, on the 22d of September, not receiving from Vernon, where the king and the *dauphin* were massing their troops, any other assistance than the advice to "take courage and trust to the king's discretion," they capitulated; and Henry V., after taking possession of the place, advanced into the country with an army already much reduced by sickness, looking for a favorable point at which to cross the Somme and push his invasion still farther. It was not until the 19th of October that he succeeded, at Bethencourt, near St. Quentin. Charles VI., who at that time had a lucid interval, after holding at Rouen a council of war, at which it was resolved to give the English battle, wished to repair with the *dauphin*, his son, to Bapaume, where the French army had taken position; but his uncle, the Duke of Berry, having still quite a lively recollection of the battle of Poitiers, fought fifty-nine' years before, made opposition, saying, "Better lose the battle than the king and the battle." All the princes of the royal blood and all the flower of the French nobility, except the king and his three sons, and the Dukes of Berry, Brittany, and Burgundy, joined the army. The Dukes of Orleans and Bourbon, and the Constable d'Albret, who was in command, sent to ask the King of England on what day and at what place he would be pleased to give them battle. "I do not shut myself up in walled towns," replied Henry; "I shall be found at any time and any where ready to fight, if any attempt be made to cut off my march." The French resolved to stop him between Agincourt and Framecourt, a little north of St. Paul and Hesdin. The encounter took place on the 25th of October, 1415. It was a monotonous and lamentable repetition of the disasters of Crecy and Poitiers; disasters almost inevitable, owing to the incapacity of the leaders and ever the same defects on the part of the French nobility, defects which rendered their valorous and generous qualities not only fruitless, but fatal. Never had that nobility been more numerous and more brilliant than in this premeditated struggle. On the eve of the battle, Marshal de Boucicaut had armed five hundred new knights; the greater part passed the night on horse-back, under arms, on ground soaked with rain; and men and horses were already distressed in the morning, when the battle began. It were tedious to describe the faulty manoeuvres of the French army and their deplorable consequences on that day. Never was battle more stubborn or defeat more complete and bloody. Eight thousand men of family, amongst whom were a hundred and twenty lords bearing their

Page 36

own banners, were left on the field of battle. The Duke of Brabant, the Count of Nevers, the Duke of Bar, the Duke of Alencon, and the Constable d'Albret were killed. The Duke of Orleans was dragged out wounded from under the dead. When Henry V., after having spent several hours on the field of battle, retired to his quarters, he was told that the Duke of Orleans would neither eat nor drink. He went to see him. "What fare, cousin?" said he. "Good, my lord." "Why will you not eat or drink?" "I wish to fast." "Cousin," said the king, gently, "make good cheer: if God has granted me grace to gain the victory, I know it is not owing to my deserts; I believe that God wished to punish the French; and, if all I have heard is true, it is no wonder, for they say that never were seen disorder, licentiousness, sins, and vices like what is going on in France just now. Surely, God did well to be angry." It appears that the King of England's feeling was that also of many amongst the people of France. "On reflecting upon this cruel mishap," says the monk of St. Denis, "all the inhabitants of the kingdom, men and women, said, 'In what evil days are we come into this world that we should be witnesses of such confusion and shame!'" During the battle the eldest son of Duke John the Fearless, the young Count of Charolais (at that time nineteen), who was afterwards Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, was at the castle of Aire, where his governors kept him by his father's orders and prevented him from joining the king's army. His servants were leaving him one after another to go and defend the kingdom against the English.

[Illustration: Already distressed——57]

When he heard of the disaster at Agincourt he was seized with profound despair at having failed in that patriotic duty; he would fain have starved himself to death, and he spent three whole days in tears, none being able to comfort him. When, four years afterwards, he became Duke of Burgundy, and during his whole life, he continued to testify his keen regret at not having fought in that cruel battle, though it should have cost him his life, and he often talked with his servants about that event of grievous memory. When his father, Duke John, received the news of the disaster at Agincourt, he also exhibited great sorrow and irritation; he had lost by it his two brothers, the Duke of Brabant and the Count of Nevers; and he sent forthwith a herald to the King of England, who was still at Calais, with orders to say, that in consequence of the death of his brother, the Duke of Brabant, who was no vassal of France, and held nothing in fief there, he, the Duke of Burgundy, did defy him mortally (fire and sword) and sent him his gauntlet. "I will not accept the gauntlet of so noble and puissant a prince as the Duke of Burgundy," was Henry V.'s soft answer; "I am of no account compared with him. If I have had the victory over the nobles of France, it is by God's grace. The death of the Duke of Brabant hath been an affliction to me; but I do assure thee that neither I nor my people did cause his death. Take back to thy master his gauntlet; if he will be at Boulogne on the 15th of January next, I will prove to him by the testimony of my prisoners and two of my friends, that it was the French who accomplished his brother's destruction."

Page 37

The Duke of Burgundy, as a matter of course, let his quarrel with the King of England drop, and occupied himself for the future only in recovering his power in France. He set out on the march for Paris, proclaiming everywhere that he was assembling his army solely for the purpose of avenging the kingdom, chastising the English, and aiding the king with his counsels and his forces. The sentiment of nationality was so strongly aroused that politicians most anxious about their own personal interests, and about them alone, found themselves obliged to pay homage to it.

Unfortunately, it was, so far as Duke John was concerned, only a superficial and transitory homage. There is no repentance so rarely seen as that of selfishness in pride and power. The four years which elapsed between the battle of Agincourt and the death of John the Fearless were filled with nothing but fresh and still more tragic explosions of hatred and strife between the two factions of the Burgundians and Armagnacs, taking and losing, re-taking and re-losing, alternately, their ascendency with the king and in the government of France. When, after the battle of Agincourt, the Duke of Burgundy marched towards Paris, he heard almost simultaneously that the king was issuing a prohibition against the entry of his troops, and that his rival, the Count of Armagnac, had just arrived and been put in possession of the military power, as constable, and of the civil power, as superintendent-general of finance. The duke then returned to Burgundy, and lost no time in recommencing hostilities against the king's government. At one time he let his troops make war on the king's and pillage the domains of the crown; at another he entered into negotiations with the King of England, and showed a disposition to admit his claims to such and such a province, and even perhaps to the throne of France. He did not accede to the positive alliance offered him by Henry; but he employed the fear entertained of it by the king's government as a weapon against his enemies. The Count of Armagnac, on his side, made the most relentless use of power against the Duke of Burgundy and his partisans; he pursued them everywhere, especially in Paris, with dexterous and pitiless hatred. He abolished the whole organization and the privileges of the Parisian butcherdom which had shown so favorable a leaning towards Duke John; and the system he established as a substitute was founded on excellent grounds appertaining to the interests of the people and of good order in the heart of Paris; but the violence of absolute power and of hatred robs the best measures of the credit they would deserve if they were more disinterested and dispassionate. A lively reaction set in at Paris in favor of the persecuted Burgundians; even outside of Paris several towns of importance, Rheims, Chalons, Troyes, Auxerre, Amiens, and Rouen itself, showed a favorable disposition towards the Duke of Burgundy, and made a sort of alliance with him, promising

Page 38

to aid him “in reinstating the king in his freedom and lordship, and the realm in its freedom and just rights.” The Count of Armagnac was no more tender with the court than with the populace of Paris. He suspected, not without reason, that the queen, Isabel of Bavaria, was in secret communication with and gave information to Duke John. Moreover, she was leading a scandalously licentious life at Vincennes; and one of her favorites, Louis de Bosredon, a nobleman of Auvergne and her steward, meeting the king one day on the road, greeted the king cavalierly and hastily went his way. Charles VI. was plainly offended. The Count of Armagnac seized the opportunity; and not only did he foment the king’s ill-humor, but talked to him of all the irregularities of which the queen was the centre, and in which Louis de Bosredon was, he said, at that time her principal accomplice. Charles, in spite of the cloud upon his mind, could hardly have been completely ignorant cf such facts; but it is not necessary to be a king to experience extreme displeasure on learning that offensive scandals are almost public, and on hearing the whole tale of them. The king, carried away by his anger, went straight to Vincennes, had a violent scene with his wife, and caused Bosredon to be arrested, imprisoned, and put to the question; and he, on his own confession it is said, was thrown into the Seine, sewn up in a leathern sack, on which were inscribed the words, “Let the king’s justice run its course!” Charles VI. and Armagnac did not stop there. Queen Isabel was first of all removed from the council and stripped of all authority, and then banished to Tours, where commissioners were appointed to watch over her conduct, and not to let her even write a letter without their seeing it. But royal personages can easily elude such strictness. A few months after her banishment, whilst the despotism of Armagnac and the war between the king and the Duke of Burgundy were still going on, Queen Isabel managed to send to the duke, through one of her servants, her golden seal, which John the Fearless well knew, with a message to the effect that she would go with him if he would come to fetch her. On the night of November 1, 1417, the Duke of Burgundy hurriedly raised the siege of Corbeil, advanced with a body of troops to a position within two leagues from Tours, and sent the queen notice that he was awaiting her. Isabel ordered her three custodians to go with her to mass at the Convent of Marmoutier, outside the city. Scarcely was she within the church when a Burgundian captain, Hector de Saveuse, presented himself with sixty men at the door. “Look to your safety, madame,” said her custodians to Isabel; “here is a large company of Burgundians or English.” “Keep close to me,” replied the queen. Hector de Saveuse at that moment entered and saluted the queen on behalf of the Duke of Burgundy. “Where is he?” asked the queen. “He will not be long coming.” Isabel ordered the captain to arrest her three custodians;

Page 39

and two hours afterwards Duke John arrived with his men-at-arms. "My dearest cousin," said the queen to him, "I ought to love you above every man in the realm; you have left all at my bidding, and are come to deliver me from prison. Be assured that I will never fail you. I quite see that you have always been devoted to my lord, his family, the realm, and the common-weal." The duke carried the queen off to Chartres; and as soon as she was settled there, on the 12th of November, 1417, she wrote to the good towns of the kingdom,

"We, Isabel, by the grace of God Queen of France, having, by reason of my lord the king's seclusion, the government and administration of this realm, by irrevocable grant made to us by the said my lord the king and his council, are come to Chartres in company with our cousin, the Duke of Burgundy, in order to advise and ordain whatsoever is necessary to preserve and recover the supremacy of my lord the king, on advice taken of the prud'hommes, vassals, and subjects."

She at the same time ordered that Master Philip de Morvilliers, heretofore councillor of the Duke of Burgundy, should go to Amiens, accompanied by several clerics of note and by a registrar, and that there should be held there, by the queen's authority, for the bailiwicks of Amiens, Vermandois, Tournai, and the countship of Ponthieu, a sovereign court of justice, in the place of that which there was at Paris. Thus, and by such a series of acts of violence and of falsehoods, the Duke of Burgundy, all the while making war on the king, surrounded himself with hollow forms of royal and legal government.

Whilst civil war was thus penetrating to the very core of the kingship, foreign war was making its way again into the kingdom. Henry V., after the battle of Agincourt, had returned to London, and had left his army to repose and reorganize after its sufferings and its losses. It was not until eighteen months afterwards, on the 1st of August, 1417, that he landed at Touques, not far from Honfleur, with fresh troops, and resumed his campaign in France. Between 1417 and 1419 he successively laid siege to nearly all the towns of importance in Normandy, to Caen, Bayeux, Falaise, Evreux, Coutances, Laigle, St. Lo, Cherbourg, &c., &c. Some he occupied after a short resistance, others were sold to him by their governors; but when, in the month of July, 1418, he undertook the siege of Rouen, he encountered there a long and serious struggle. Rouen had at that time, it is said, a population of one hundred and fifty thousand souls, which was animated by ardent patriotism. The Rouennese, on the approach of the English, had repaired their gates, their ramparts, and their moats; had demanded re-enforcements from the King of France and the Duke of Burgundy; and had ordered every person incapable of bearing arms or procuring provisions for ten months, to leave the city. Twelve thousand old men, women, and children were thus expelled, and died either

Page 40

round the place or whilst roving in misery over the neighboring country; “poor women gave birth unassisted beneath the walls, and good compassionate people in the town drew up the new-born in baskets to have them baptized, and afterwards lowered them down to their mothers to die together.” Fifteen thousand men of city-militia, four thousand regular soldiers, three hundred spearmen and as many archers from Paris, and it is not quite known how many men-at-arms sent by the Duke of Burgundy, defended Rouen for more than five months amidst all the usual sufferings of strictly-besieged cities. “As early as the beginning of October,” says Monstrelet, “they were forced to eat horses, dogs, cats, and other things not fit for human beings;” but they nevertheless made frequent sorties, “rushing furiously upon the enemy, to whom they caused many a heavy loss.” Four gentlemen and four burgesses succeeded in escaping and going to Beauvais, to tell the king and his council about the deplorable condition of their city. The council replied that the king was not in a condition to raise the siege, but that Rouen would be relieved “within” on the fourth day after Christmas. It was now the middle of December. The Rouennese resigned themselves to waiting a fortnight longer; but, when that period was over, they found nothing arrive but a message from the Duke of Burgundy recommending them “to treat for their preservation with the King of England as best they could.” They asked to capitulate. Henry V. demanded that “all the men of the town should place themselves at his disposal.” “When the commonalty of Rouen heard this answer, they all cried out that it were better to die all together sword in hand against their enemies than place themselves at the disposal of yonder king, and they were for shoring up with planks a loosened layer of the wall inside the city, and, having armed themselves and joined all of them together, men, women, and children, for setting fire to the city, throwing down the said layer of wall into the moats, and getting them gone by night whither it might please God to direct them.” Henry V. was unwilling to confront such heroic despair; and on the 13th of January, 1419, he granted the Rouennese a capitulation, from which seven persons only were excepted, Robert Delivet, the archbishop’s vicar-general, who from the top of the ramparts had excommunicated the foreign conqueror; D’Houdetot, baillie of the city; John Segneult, the mayor; Alan Blanchard, the captain of the militia-crossbowmen, and three other burgesses. The last-named, the hero of the siege, was the only one who paid for his heroism with his life; the baillie, the mayor, and the vicar bought themselves off. On the 19th of January, at midday, the English, king and army, made their solemn entry into the city. It was two hundred and fifteen years since Philip Augustus had won Rouen by conquest from John Lackland, King of England; and happily his successors were not to be condemned to deplore the loss of it very long.

Page 41

These successes of the King of England were so many reverses and perils for the Count of Armagnac. He had in his hands Paris, the king, and the *dauphin*; in the people's eyes the responsibility of government and of events rested on his shoulders; and at one time he was doing nothing, at another he was unsuccessful in what he did. Whilst Henry V. was becoming master of nearly all the towns of Normandy, the constable, with the king in his army, was besieging Senlis; and he was obliged to raise the siege. The legates of Pope Martin V. had set about establishing peace between the Burgundians and Armagnacs, as well as between France and England; they had prepared, on the basis of the treaty of Arras, a new treaty, with which a great part of the country, and even of the burgesses of Paris, showed themselves well pleased; but the constable had it rejected on the ground of its being adverse to the interests of the king and of France; and his friend, the chancellor, Henry de Marle, declared that, if the king were disposed to sign it, he would have to seal it himself, for that, as for him, the chancellor, he certainly would not seal it. Bernard of Armagnac and his confidential friend, Tanneguy Duchatel, a Breton nobleman, provost of Paris, were hard and haughty. When a complaint was made to them of any violent procedure, they would answer, "What business had you there? If it were the Burgundians, you would make no complaint." The Parisian population was becoming every day more Burgundian. In the latter days of May. 1418, a plot was contrived for opening to the Burgundians one of the gates of Paris. Perrinet Leclerc, son of a rich iron-merchant having influence in the quarter of St. Germain des Pros, stole the keys from under the bolster of his father's bed; a troop of Burgundian men-at-arms came in, and they were immediately joined by a troop of Parisians. They spread over the city, shouting, "Our Lady of peace! Hurrah for the king! Hurrah for Burgundy! Let all who wish for peace take arms and follow us!" The people swarmed from the houses and followed them accordingly. The Armagnacs were surprised and seized with alarm. Tanneguy Duchatel, a man of prompt and resolute spirit, ran to the *dauphin*'s, wrapped him in his bed-clothes, and carried him off to the Bastille, where he shut him up with several of his partisans. The Count of Armagnac, towards whose house the multitude thronged, left by a back-door, and took refuge at a mason's, where he believed himself secure. In a few hours the Burgundians were masters of Paris. Their chief, the lord of Isle-Adam, had the doors of the hostel of St. Paul broken in, and presented himself before the king. "How fares my cousin of Burgundy?" said Charles VI.; "I have not seen him for some time." That was all he said. He was set on horseback and marched through the streets. He showed no astonishment at anything; he had all but lost memory as well as reason, and no longer knew the difference

Page 42

between Armagnac and Burgundian. A devoted Burgundian, Sire Guy de Bar, was named provost of Paris in the place of Tanneguy Duchatel. The mason with whom Bernard of Armagnac had taken refuge went and told the new provost that the constable was concealed at his house. Thither the provost hurried, made the constable mount behind him, and carried him off to prison at the Chatelet, at the same time making honorable exertions to prevent massacre and plunder.

But factions do not so soon give up either their vengeance or their hopes. On the 11th of June, 1418, hardly twelve days after Paris had fallen into the hands of the Burgundians, a body of sixteen hundred men issued from the Bastille, and rushed into the street St. Antoine, shouting, “Hurrah for the king, the *dauphin*, and the Count of Armagnac!” They were Tanneguy Duchatel and some of the chiefs of the Armagnacs who were attempting to regain Paris, where they had observed that the Burgundians were not numerous. Their attempt had no success, and merely gave the Burgundians the opportunity and the signal for a massacre of their enemies. The little band of Tanneguy Duchatel was instantly repulsed, hemmed in, and forced to re-enter the Bastille with a loss of four hundred men. Tanneguy saw that he could make no defence there; so he hastily made his way out, taking the *dauphin* with him to Melun. The massacre of the Armagnacs had already commenced on the previous evening: they were harried in the hostelries and houses; they were cut down with axes in the streets. On the night between the 12th and 13th of June a rumor spread about that there were bands of Armagnacs coming to deliver their friends in prison. “They are at the St. Germain gate,” said some. No, it is the St. Marceau gate,” said others. The mob assembled and made a furious rush upon the prison-gates. “The city and burgesses will have no peace,” was the general saying, “so long as there is one Armagnac left! Hurrah for peace! Hurrah for the Duke of Burgundy!” The provost of Paris, the lord of Isle-Adam, and the principal Burgundian chieftains, galloped up with a thousand horse, and strove to pacify these madmen, numbering, it is said, some forty thousand. They were received with a stout of, “A plague of your justice and pity! Accursed be he whosoever shall have pity on these traitors of Armagnacs. They are English; they are hounds. They had already made banners for the King of England, and would fain have planted them upon the gates of the city. They made us work for nothing, and when we asked for our due they said, ’You rascals, haven’t ye a sou to buy a cord and go hang yourselves? In the devil’s name speak no more of it; it will be no use, whatever you say.’” The provost of Paris durst not oppose such fury as this. “Do what you please,” said he. The mob ran to look for the constable Armagnac and the chancellor de Marle in the Palace-tower, in which they had been shut up,

Page 43

and they were at once torn to pieces amidst ferocious rejoicings. All the prisons were ransacked and emptied; the prisoners who attempted resistance were smoked out; they were hurled down from the windows upon pikes held up to catch them. The massacre lasted from four o'clock in the morning to eleven. The common report was, that fifteen hundred persons had perished in it; the account rendered to parliament made the number eight hundred. The servants of the Duke of Burgundy mentioned to him no more than four hundred.

It was not before the 14th of July that he, with Queen Isabel, came back to the city; and he came with a sincere design, if not of punishing the cut-throats, at least of putting a stop to all massacre and pillage; but there is nothing more difficult than to suppress the consequences of a mischief of which you dare not attack the cause. One Bertrand, head of one of the companies of butchers, had been elected captain of St. Denis because he had saved the abbey from the rapacity of a noble Burgundian chieftain, Hector de Saveuse. The lord, to avenge himself, had the butcher assassinated. The burgesses went to the duke to demand that the assassin should be punished; and the duke, who durst neither assent nor refuse, could only partially cloak his weakness by imputing the crime to some disorderly youngsters whom he enabled to get away. On the 20th of August an angry mob collected in front of the Chatelet, shouting out that nobody would bring the Armagnacs to justice, and that they were every day being set at liberty on payment of money. The great and little Chatelet were stormed, and the prisoners massacred. The mob would have liked to serve the Bastille the same; but the duke told the rioters that he would give the prisoners up to them if they would engage to conduct them to the Chatelet without doing them any harm, and, to win them over, he grasped the hand of their head man, who was no other than Capeluche, the city executioner. Scarcely had they arrived at the court-yard of the little Chatelet when the prisoners were massacred there without any regard for the promise made to the duke. He sent for the most distinguished burgesses, and consulted them as to what could be done to check such excesses; but they confined themselves to joining him in deploring them. He sent for the savages once more, and said to them, "You would do far better to go and lay siege to Montlhery, to drive off the king's enemies, who have come ravaging everything up to the St. Jacques gate, and preventing the harvest from being got in." "Readily," they answered, "only give us leaders." He gave them leaders, who led six thousand of them to Montlhery. As soon as they were gone Duke John had Capeluche and two of his chief accomplices brought to trial, and Capeluche was beheaded in the market-place by his own apprentice. But the gentry sent to the siege of Montlhery did not take the place; they accused their leaders of having betrayed them, and returned to be

Page 44

a scourge to the neighborhood of Paris, everywhere saying that the Duke of Burgundy was the most irresolute man in the kingdom, and that if there were no nobles the war would be ended in a couple of months. Duke John set about negotiating with the *dauphin* and getting him back to Paris. The *dauphin* replied that he was quite ready to obey and serve his mother as a good son should, but that it would be more than he could stomach to go back to a city where so many crimes and so much tyranny had but lately been practised. Terms of reconciliation were drawn up and signed on the 16th of September, 1418, at St. Maur, by the queen, the Duke of Burgundy, and the pope's legates; but the *dauphin* refused to ratify them. The unpunished and long-continued massacres in Paris had redoubled his distrust towards the Duke of Burgundy; he had, moreover, just assumed the title of regent of the kingdom; and he had established at Poitiers a parliament, of which Juvenal des Ursins was a member. He had promised the young Count of Armagnac to exact justice for his father's cruel death; and the old friends of the house of Orleans remained faithful to their enmities. The Duke of Burgundy had at one time to fight, and at another to negotiate with the *dauphin* and the King of England, both at once, and always without success. The *dauphin* and his council, though showing a little more discretion, were going on in the same alternative and unsatisfactory condition. Clearly neither France and England nor the factions in France had yet exhausted their passions or their powers; and the day of summary vengeance was nearer than that of real reconciliation.

Nevertheless, complicated, disturbed and persistently resultless situations always end by becoming irksome to those who are entangled in them, and by inspiring a desire for extrication. The King of England, in spite of his successes and his pride, determined upon sending the Earl of Warwick to Provins, where the king and the Duke of Burgundy still were: a truce was concluded between the English and the Burgundians, and it was arranged that on the 30th of May, 1419, the two kings should meet between Mantes and Melun, and hold a conference for the purpose of trying to arrive at a peace. A few days before the time, Duke John set out from Provins with the king, Queen Isabel, and Princess Catherine, and repaired first of all to Pontoise, and then to the place fixed for the interview, on the borders of the Seine, near Meulan, where two pavilions had been prepared, one for the King of France and the other for the King of England. Charles VI., being ill, remained at Pontoise. Queen Isabel, Princess Catherine, and the Duke of Burgundy arrived at the appointed spot. Henry V. was already there; he went to meet the queen, saluted her, took her hand, and embraced her and Madame Catherine as well; Duke John slightly bent his knee to the king, who raised him up and embraced him likewise. This solemn interview was succeeded

Page 45

by several others to which Princess Catherine did not come. The queen requested the King of England to state exactly what he proposed; and he demanded the execution of the treaty of Bretigny, the cession of Normandy, and the absolute sovereignty, without any bond of vassalage, of whatever should be ceded by the treaty. A short discussion ensued upon some secondary questions. There appeared to be no distant probability of an understanding. The English believed that they saw an inclination on the Duke of Burgundy's part not to hasten to a conclusion, and to obtain better conditions from King Henry by making him apprehensive of a reconciliation with the *dauphin*. Henry proposed to him, for the purpose of ending everything, a conference between themselves alone; and it took place on the 3d of June. "Cousin," said the king to the duke, "we wish you to know that we will have your king's daughter, and all that we have demanded with her; else we will thrust him out of his kingdom, and you too." "Sir," answered the duke, "you speak according to your pleasure; but before thrusting my lord and myself from the kingdom you will have what will tire you, we make no doubt, and you will have enough to do to keep yourself in your own island." Between two princes so proud there was little probability of an understanding; and they parted with no other result than mutual displeasure.

Some days before, on the 14th of May, 1419, a truce of three months had been concluded between the *dauphin* and the Duke of Burgundy, and was to lead to a conference also between these two princes. It did not commence before the 8th of July. During this interval, Duke John had submitted for the mature deliberation of his council the question whether it were better to grant the English demands, or become reconciled to the *dauphin*. Amongst his official councillors opinions were divided; but, in his privacy, the lady of Giac, "whom he loved and trusted mightily," and Philip Jossequin, who had at first been his chamber attendant, and afterwards custodian of his jewels and of his privy seal, strongly urged him to make peace with the *dauphin*; and the pope's fresh legate, the Bishop of Laon, added his exhortations to these home influences. There had been fitted up at a league's distance from Melun, on the embankment of the ponds of Vert, a summer-house of branches and leaves, hung with drapery and silken stuffs; and there the first interview between the two princes took place. The *dauphin* left in displeasure; he had found the Duke of Burgundy haughty and headstrong. Already the old servants of the late Duke of Orleans, impelled by their thirst for vengeance, were saying out loud that the matter should be decided by arms, when the lady of Giac went after the *dauphin*, who from infancy had also been very much attached to her, and she, going backwards and forwards between the two princes, was so affectionate and persuasive with both that she prevailed upon them

Page 46

to meet again, and to sincerely wish for an understanding. The next day but one they returned to the place of meeting, attended, each of them, by a large body of men-at-arms. They advanced towards one another with ten men only, and dismounted. The Duke of Burgundy went on bended knee. The *dauphin* took him by the hand, embraced him, and would have raised him up. "No, my lord," said the duke; "I know how I ought to address you." The *dauphin* assured him that he forgave every offence, if indeed he had received any, and added, "Cousin, if in the proposed treaty between us there be aught which is not to your liking, we desire that you amend it, and henceforth we will desire all you shall desire; make no doubt of it." They conversed for some time with every appearance of cordiality; and then the treaty was signed. It was really a treaty of reconciliation, in which, without dwelling upon "the suspicions and imaginings which have been engendered in the hearts of ourselves and many of our officers, and have hindered us from acting with concord in the great matters of my lord the king and his kingdom, and resisting the damnable attempts of his and our old enemies," the two princes made mutual promises, each in language suitable to their rank and connection, "to love one another, support one another, and serve one another mutually, as good and loyal relatives, and bade all their servants, if they saw any hinderance thereto, to give them notice thereof, according to their bounden duty." The treaty was signed by all the men of note belonging to the houses of both princes; and the crowd which surrounded them shouted "Noel!" and invoked curses on whosoever should be minded henceforth to take up arms again in this damnable quarrel. When the *dauphin* went away, the duke insisted upon holding his stirrup, and they parted with every demonstration of amity. The *dauphin* returned to Touraine, and the duke to Pontoise, to be near the king, who, by letters of July 19, confirmed the treaty, enjoined general forgetfulness of the past, and ordained that "all war should cease, save against the English."

There was universal and sincere joy. The peace fulfilled the requirements at the same time of the public welfare and of national feeling; it was the only means of re-establishing order at home, and driving from the kingdom the foreigner who aspired to conquer it. Only the friends of the Duke of Orleans, and of the Count of Armagnac, one assassinated twelve years before, and the other massacred but lately, remained sad and angry at not having yet been able to obtain either justice or vengeance; but they maintained reserve and silence. They were not long in once more finding for mistrust and murmuring grounds or pretexts which a portion of the public showed a disposition to take up. The Duke of Burgundy had made haste to publish his ratification of the treaty of reconciliation; the *dauphin* had let his wait. The Parisians

Page 47

were astounded not to see either the *dauphin* or the Duke of Burgundy coming back within their walls, and at being, as it were, forgotten and deserted amidst the universal making-up. They complained that no armed force was being collected to oppose the English, and that there was an appearance of flying before them, leaving open to them Paris, in which at this time there was no captain of renown. They were still more troubled when, on the 29th of July, they saw the arrival at the St. Denis gate of a multitude of disconsolate fugitives, some wounded, and others dropping from hunger, thirst, and fatigue. When they were asked who they were, and what was the reason of their desperate condition, “We are from Pontoise,” they said; “the English took the town this morning; they killed or wounded all before them; happy he whosoever could escape from their hands; never were Saracens so cruel to Christians as yonder folk are.” It was a real fact. The King of England, disquieted at the reconciliation between the Duke of Burgundy and the *dauphin*, and at the ill success of his own proposals at the conference of the 30th of May preceding, had vigorously resumed the war, in order to give both the reunited French factions a taste of his resolution and power. He had suddenly attacked and carried Pontoise, where the command was in the hands of the lord of Isle-Adam, one of the most valiant Burgundian officers. Isle-Adam, surprised and lacking sufficient force, had made a feeble resistance. There was no sign of an active union on the part of the two French factions for the purpose of giving the English battle. Duke John, who had fallen back upon Troyes, sent order upon order for his vassals from Burgundy, but they did not come up. Public alarm and distrust were day by day becoming stronger. Duke John, it was said, was still keeping up secret communications with the seditious in Paris and with the King of England; why did he not act with more energy against this latter, the common enemy? The two princes in their conference of July 9, near Melun, had promised to meet again; a fresh interview appeared necessary in order to give efficacy to their reconciliation. Duke John was very pressing for the *dauphin* to go to Troyes, where the king and queen happened to be. The *dauphin* on his side was earnestly solicited by the most considerable burgesses of Paris to get this interview over in order to insure the execution of the treaty of peace which had been sworn to with the Duke of Burgundy. The *dauphin* showed a disposition to listen to these entreaties. He advanced as far as Montereau in order to be ready to meet Duke John as soon as a place of meeting should be fixed.

Page 48

Duke John hesitated, from irresolution even more than from distrust. It was a serious matter for him to commit himself more and more, by his own proper motion, against the King of England and his old allies amongst the populace of Paris. Why should he be required to go in person to seek the *dauphin*? It was far simpler, he said, for Charles to come to the king his father. Tanneguy Duchatel went to Troyes to tell the duke that the *dauphin* had come to meet him as far as Montereau, and, with the help of the lady of Giae, persuaded on his side, to Bray-sur-Seine, two leagues from Montereau. When the two princes had drawn thus near, their agents proposed that the interview should take place on the very bridge of Montereau, with the precautions and according to the forms decided on. In the duke's household many of his most devoted servants were opposed to this interview; the place, they said, had been chosen by and would be under the ordering of the *dauphin*'s people, of the old servants of the Duke of Orleans and the Count of Armagnac. At the same time four successive messages came from Paris urging the duke to make the plunge; and at last he took his resolution. "It is my duty," said he, "to risk my person in order to get at so great a blessing as peace. Whatever happens, my wish is peace. If they kill me, I shall die a martyr. Peace being made, I will take the men of my lord the *dauphin* to go and fight the English. He has some good men of war and some sagacious captains. Tanneguy and Barbazan are valiant knights. Then we shall see which is the better man, Jack (Hannotin) of Flanders or Henry of Lancaster." He set out for Bray on the 10th of September, 1419, and arrived about two o'clock before Montereau. Tanneguy Duchatel came and met him there. "Well," said the duke, "on your assurance we are come to see my lord the *dauphin*, supposing that he is quite willing to keep the peace between himself and us, as we also will keep it, all ready to serve him according to his wishes." "My most dread lord," answered Tanneguy, "have ye no fear; my lord is well pleased with you, and desires henceforth to govern himself according to your counsels. You have about him good friends who serve you well." It was agreed that the *dauphin* and the duke should, each from his own side, go upon the bridge of Montereau, each with ten men-at-arms, of whom they should previously forward a list. The *dauphin*'s people had caused to be constructed at the two ends of the bridge strong barriers closed by a gate; about the centre of the bridge was a sort of lodge made of planks, the entrance to which was, on either side, through a pretty narrow passage; within the lodge there was no barrier in the middle to separate the two parties. Whilst Duke John and his confidants, in concert with the *dauphin*'s people, were regulating these material arrangements, a chamber-attendant ran in quite scared, shouting out, "My lord, look

Page 49

to yourself; without a doubt you will be betrayed." The duke turned towards Tanneguy, and said, "We trust ourselves to your word; in God's holy name, are you quite sure of what you have told us? For you would do ill to betray us." "My most dread lord," answered Tanneguy, "I would rather be dead than commit treason against you or any other: have ye no fear; I certify you that my lord meaneth you no evil." "Very well, we will go then, trusting in God and you," re-joined the duke; and he set out walking to the bridge. On arriving at the barrier on the castle side he found there to receive him Sire de Beauveau and Tanneguy Duchatel. "Come to my lord," said they; "he is awaiting you." "Gentlemen," said the duke, "you see how I come;" and he showed them that he and his people had only their swords; then clapping Tanneguy on the shoulder, he said, "Here is he in whom I trust," and advanced towards the *dauphin*, who remained standing, on the town side, at the end of the lodge constructed in the middle of the bridge. On arriving at the prince's presence Duke John took off his velvet cap and bent his knee to the ground. "My lord," said he, "after God, my duty is to obey and serve you; I offer to apply thereto and employ therein my body, my friends, my allies, and well-wishers. Say I well?" he added, fixing his eyes on the *dauphin*. "Fair cousin," answered the prince, "you say so well that none could say better; rise and be covered." Conversation thereupon ensued between the two princes. The *dauphin* complained of the duke's delay in coming to see him: "For eighteen days," he said, "you have made us await your coming in this place of Montereau, this place a prey to epidemic and mortality, at the risk of and probably with an eye to our personal danger." The duke, surprised and troubled, resumed his haughty and exacting tone: "We can neither do nor advise aught," said he, "save in your father's presence; you must come thither." "I shall go when I think proper," said Charles, "and not at your will and pleasure; it is well known that whatever we do, we two together, the king will be content therewith." Then he reproached the duke with his inertness against the English, with the capture of Pontoise, and with his alliances amongst the promoters of civil war. The conversation was becoming more and more acrid and biting. "In so doing," added the *dauphin*, "you were wanting to your duty." "My lord," replied the duke, "I did only what it was my duty to do." "Yes, you were wanting," repeated Charles. "No," replied the duke. It was probably at these words that, the lookers-on also waxing wroth, Tanneguy Duchatel told the duke that the time had come for expiating the murder of the Duke of Orleans, which none of them had forgotten, and raised his battle-axe to strike the duke. Sire de Navailles, who happened to be at his master's side, arrested the weapon; but, on the other hand, the Viscount of Narbonne raised

Page 50

his over Navailles, saying, “Whoever stirs is a dead man.” At this moment, it is said, the mob which was thronging before the barriers at the end of the bridge heard cries of “Alarm! slay, slay.” Tanneguy had struck and felled the duke; several others ran their swords into him; and he expired. The *dauphin* had withdrawn from the scene and gone back into the town. After his departure his partisans forced the barrier, charged the dumbfounded Burgundians, sent them flying along the road to Bray, and returning on to the bridge would have cast the body of Duke John, after stripping it, into the river; but the minister of Montereau withstood them, and had it carried to a mill near the bridge. “Next day he was put in a pauper’s shell, with nothing on but his shirt and drawers, and was subsequently interred at the church of Notre-Dame de Montereau, without winding-sheet and without pall over his grave.”

[Illustration: ’"Into the River!"’——77]

The enmities of the Orleannese and the Armagnacs had obtained satisfaction; but they were transferred to the hearts of the Burgundians. After twelve years of public crime and misfortune the murder of Louis of Orleans had been avenged; and should not that of John of Burgundy be, in its turn? Wherever the direct power or the indirect influence of the Duke of Burgundy was predominant, there was a burst of indignation and vindictive passion. As soon as the Count of Charolais, Philip, afterwards called the Good, heard at Ghent, where he happened at that time to be, of his father’s murder, he was proclaimed Duke of Burgundy. “Michelle,” said he to his wife, sister of the *dauphin*, Charles, “your brother has murdered my father.” The princess burst into tears; but the new duke calmed her by saying that nothing could alter the love and confidence he felt towards her. At Troyes Queen Isabel showed more anger than any one else against her son, the *dauphin*; and she got a letter written by King Charles VI. to the dowager Duchess of Burgundy, begging her, her and her children, “to set in motion all their relatives, friends, and vassals to avenge Duke John.” At Paris, on the 12th of September, the next day but one after the murder, the chancellor, the parliament, the provost royal, the provost of tradesmen, and all the councillors and officers of the king assembled, “together with great number of nobles and burgesses and a great multitude of people,” who all swore “to oppose with their bodies and all their might the enterprise of the criminal breakers of the peace, and to prosecute the cause of vengeance and reparation against those who were guilty of the death and homicide of the late Duke of Burgundy.” Independently of party-passion, such was, in Northern and Eastern France, the general and spontaneous sentiment of the people. The *dauphin* and his councillors, in order to explain and justify their act, wrote in all directions to say that, during the interview, Duke John had answered

Page 51

the *dauphin* “with mad words . . . He had felt for his sword in order to attack and outrage our person, the which, as we have since found out, he aspired to place in subjection . . . but, through his own madness, met death instead.” But these assertions found little credence, and one of the two knights who were singled out by the *dauphin* to accompany him on to the bridge of Montereau, Sire de Barbazan, who had been a friend of the Duke of Orleans and of the Count of Armagnac, said vehemently to the authors of the plot, “You have destroyed our master’s honor and heritage, and I would rather have died than be present at this day’s work, even though I had not been there to no purpose.” But it was not long before an event, easy to foresee, counterbalanced this general impression and restored credit and strength to the *dauphin* and his party. Henry V., King of England, as soon as he heard about the murder of Duke John, set himself to work to derive from it all the advantages he anticipated. “A great loss,” said he, “is the Duke of Burgundy; he was a good and true knight and an honorable prince; but through his death we are by God’s help at the summit of our wishes. We shall thus, in spite of all Frenchmen, possess Dame Catherine, whom we have so much desired.” As early as the 24th of September, 1419, Henry V. gave full powers to certain of his people to treat “with the illustrious city of Paris and the other towns in adherence to the said city.” On the 17th of October was opened at Arras a congress between the plenipotentiaries of England and those of Burgundy. On the 20th of November a special truce was granted to the Parisians, whilst Henry V., in concert with Duke Philip of Burgundy, was prosecuting the war against the *dauphin*. On the 2d of December the bases were laid of an agreement between the English and the Burgundians. The preliminaries of the treaty, which was drawn up in accordance with these bases, were signed on the 9th of April, 1420, by King Charles VI., and on the 20th communicated at Paris by the chancellor of France to the parliament and to all the religious and civil, royal and municipal authorities of the capital. After this communication, the chancellor and the premier president of parliament went with these preliminaries to Henry V. at Pontoise, where he set out with a division of his army for Troyes, where the treaty, definitive and complete, was at last signed and promulgated in the cathedral of Troyes, on the 21st of May, 1420.

Of the twenty-eight articles in this treaty, five contained its essential points and fixed its character: 1st. The King of France, Charles VI., gave his daughter Catherine in marriage to Henry V., King of England. 2d. “Our son, King Henry, shall place no hinderance or trouble in the way of our holding and possessing as long as we live, and as at the present time, the crown, the kingly dignity of France, and all the revenues, proceeds, and profits which are

Page 52

attached thereto for the maintenance of our state and the charges of the kingdom. 3d. It is agreed that immediately after our death, and from that time forward, the crown and kingdom of France, with all their rights and appurtenances, shall belong perpetually and shall be continued to our son King Henry and his heirs. 4th. Whereas we are, at most times, prevented from advising by ourselves and from taking part in the disposal of the affairs of our kingdom, the power and the practice of governing and ordering the commonweal shall belong and shall be continued, during our life, to our son King Henry, with the counsel of the nobles and sages of the kingdom who shall obey us and shall desire the honor and advantage of the said kingdom. 5th. Our son King Henry shall strive with all his might, and as soon as possible, to bring back to their obedience to us, all and each of the towns, cities, castles, places, districts, and persons in our kingdom that belong to the party commonly called of the *dauphin* or Armagnac."

This substitution, in the near future, of an English for the French kingship; this relinquishment, in the present, of the government of France to the hands of an English prince nominated to become before long her king; this authority given to the English prince to prosecute in France, against the *dauphin* of France, a civil war; this complete abdication of all the rights and duties of the kingship, of paternity and of national independence; and, to sum up all in one word, this anti-French state-stroke accomplished by a king of France, with the co-operation of him who was the greatest amongst French lords, to the advantage of a foreign sovereign—there was surely in this enough to excite the most ardent and most legitimate national feelings. They did not show themselves promptly or with a blaze. The fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, after so many military and civil troubles, had great weaknesses and deep-seated corruption in mind and character. Nevertheless the revulsion against the treaty of Troyes was real and serious, even in the very heart of the party attached to the Duke of Burgundy. He was obliged to lay upon several of his servants formal injunctions to swear to this peace, which seemed to them treason. He had great difficulty in winning John of Luxembourg and his brother Louis, Bishop of Therouenne, over to it. "It is your will," said they; "we will take this oath; but if we do, we will keep it to the hour of death." Many less powerful lords, who had lived a long while in the household of Duke John the Fearless, quitted his son, and sorrowfully returned to their own homes. They were treated as Armagnacs, but they persisted in calling themselves good and loyal Frenchmen. In the duchy of Burgundy the majority of the towns refused to take the oath to the King of England. The most decisive and the most helpful proof of this awakening of national feeling was the ease experienced by the *dauphin*, who was one day to be Charles

Page 53

VII., in maintaining the war which, after the treaty of Troyes, was, in his father's and his mother's name, made upon him by the King of England and the Duke of Burgundy. This war lasted more than three years. Several towns, amongst others, Melun, Crotoy, Meaux, and St. Riquier, offered an obstinate resistance to the attacks of the English and Burgundians. On the 23d of March, 1421, the *dauphin*'s troops, commanded by Sire de la Fayette, gained a signal victory over those of Henry V., whose brother, the Duke of Clarence, was killed in action. It was in Perche, Anjou, Maine, on the banks of the Loire, and in Southern France, that the *dauphin* found most of his enterprising and devoted partisans. The sojourn made by Henry V. at Paris, in December, 1420, with his wife, Queen Catherine, King Charles VI., Queen Isabel, and the Duke of Burgundy, was not, in spite of galas and acclamations, a substantial and durable success for him. His dignified but haughty manners did not please the French; and he either could not or would not render them more easy and amiable, even with men of note who were necessary to him. Marshal Isle-Adam one day went to see him in camp on war-business. The king considered that he did not present himself with sufficient ceremony. "Isle-Adam," said he, "is that the robe of a marshal of France?" "Sir, I had this whity-gray robe made to come hither by water aboard of Seine-boats." "Ha!" said the king, "look you a prince in the face when you speak to him?" "Sir, it is the custom in France, that when one man speaks to another, of whatever rank and puissance that other may be, he passes for a sorry fellow, and but little honorable, if he dares not look him in the face." "It is not our fashion," said the king; and the subject dropped there. A popular poet of the time, Alan Chattier, constituted himself censor of the moral corruption and interpreter of the patriotic paroxysms caused by the cold and harsh supremacy of this unbending foreigner, who set himself up for king of France, and had not one feeling in sympathy with the French. Alan Chartier's *Quadriloge invectif* is a lively and sometimes eloquent allegory, in which France personified implores her three children, the clergy, the chivalry, and the people, to forget their own quarrels and unite to save their mother whilst saving themselves; and this political pamphlet getting spread about amongst the provinces did good service to the national cause against the foreign conqueror. An event more powerful than any human eloquence occurred to give the *dauphin* and his partisans earlier hopes. Towards the end of August, 1422, Henry V. fell ill; and, too stout-hearted to delude himself as to his condition, he thought no longer of anything but preparing himself for death. He had himself removed to Vincennes, called his councillors about him, and gave them his last royal instructions. "I leave you the government of France," said he to his brother, the Duke of Bedford, "unless

Page 54

our brother of Burgundy have a mind to undertake it; for, above all things, I conjure you not to have any dissension with him. If that should happen God preserve you from it!—the affairs of this kingdom, which seem well advanced for us, would become bad." As soon as he had done with politics he bade his doctors tell him how long he had still to live. One of them knelt down before his bed and said, "Sir, be thinking of your soul; it seemeth to us that, saving the divine mercy, you have not more than two hours." The king summoned his confessor with the priests, and asked to have recited to him the penitential psalms. When they came to the twentieth versicle of the *Miserere,—Ut oedificentur muri Hierusalem* (that the walls of Jerusalem may be built up),—He made them stop. "Ah!" said he, "if God had been pleased to let me live out my time, I would, after putting an end to the war in France, reducing the *dauphin* to submission or driving him out of the kingdom in which I would have established a sound peace, have gone to conquer Jerusalem. The wars I have undertaken have had the approval of all the proper men and of the most holy personages; I commenced them and have prosecuted them without offence to God or peril to my soul." These were his last words. The chanting of the psalms was resumed around him, and he expired on the 31st of August, 1422, at the age of thirty-four. A great soul and a great king; but a great example also of the boundless errors which may be fallen into by the greatest men when they pursue with arrogant confidence their own views, forgetting the laws of justice and the rights of other men.

On the 22d of October, 1422, less than two months after the death of Henry V., Charles VI., King of France, died at Paris in the forty-third year of his reign. As soon as he had been buried at St. Denis, the Duke of Bedford, regent of France according to the will of Henry V., caused a herald to proclaim, "Long live Henry of Lancaster, King of England and of France!" The people's voice made very different proclamation. It had always been said that the public evils proceeded from the state of illness into which the unhappy King Charles had fallen. The goodness he had given glimpses of in his lucid intervals had made him an object of tender pity. Some weeks yet before his death, when he had entered Paris again, the inhabitants, in the midst of their sufferings and under the harsh government of the English, had seen with joy their poor mad king coming back amongst them, and had greeted him with thousand-fold shouts of "Noel!" His body lay in state for three days, with the face uncovered, in a hall of the hostel of St. Paul, and the multitude went thither to pray for him, saying, "Ah! dear prince, never shall we have any so good as thou Wert; never shall we see thee more. Accursed be thy death! Since thou dost leave us, we shall never have aught but wars and troubles. As for thee, thou goest to thy rest; as for us, we remain in tribulation and sorrow. We seem made to fall into the same distress as the children of Israel during the captivity in Babylon."

Page 55

[Illustration: The Body of Charles VI. lying in State——84]

The people's instinct was at the same time right and wrong. France had yet many evil days to go through and cruel trials to endure; she was, however, to be saved at last; Charles VI. was to be followed by Charles VII. and Joan of Arc.

CHAPTER XXIV.——THE HUNDRED YEARS' WAR.—CHARLES VII. AND JOAN OF ARC. 1422-1461.

[Illustration: PORTRAIT OF JOAN OF ARC——85]

Whilst Charles VI. was dying at Paris, his son Charles, the *dauphin*, was on his way back from Saintonge to Berry, where he usually resided. On the 24th of October, 1422, at Mehun-sur-Yevre, he heard of his father's death. For six days longer, from the 24th to the 29th of October, he took no style but that of regent, as if he were waiting to see what was going to happen elsewhere in respect of the succession to the throne. It was only when he knew that, on the 27th of October, the parliament of Paris had, not without some little hesitation and ambiguity, recognized "as King of England and of France, Henry VI., son of Henry V. lately deceased," that the *dauphin* Charles assumed on the 30th of October, in his castle of Mehun-sur-Yevre, the title of king, and repaired to Bourges to inaugurate in the cathedral of that city his reign as Charles VII.

[Illustration: The Shepherdess of Domremy——90]

He was twenty years old, and had as yet done nothing to gain for himself, not to say anything of glory, the confidence and hopes of the people. He passed for an indolent and frivolous prince, abandoned to his pleasures only; one whose capacity there was nothing to foreshadow, and of whom France, outside of his own court, scarcely ever thought at all. Some days before his accession he had all but lost his life at Rochelle by the sudden breaking down of the room in the episcopal palace where he was staying; and so little did the country know of what happened to him that, a short time after the accident, messengers sent by some of his partisans had arrived at Bourges to inquire if the prince were still living. At a time when not only the crown of the kingdom, but the existence and independence of the nation, were at stake, Charles had not given any signs of being strongly moved by patriotic feelings. "He was, in person, a handsome prince, and handsome in speech with all persons, and compassionate towards poor folks," says his contemporary Monstrelet; "but he did not readily put on his harness, and he had no heart for war if he could do without it." On ascending the throne, this young prince, so little of the politician and so little of the knight, encountered at the head of his enemies the most able amongst the politicians and warriors of the day in the Duke of Bedford, whom his brother Henry V. had appointed regent of France, and had charged to defend on behalf of his nephew, Henry VI., a child in the cradle, the crown of France, already more than half won. Never did struggle appear more unequal or native king more inferior to foreign pretender.

Page 56

Sagacious observers, however, would have easily discerned in the cause which appeared the stronger and the better supported many seeds of weakness and danger. When Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, heard at Arras, that Charles VI. was dead, it occurred to him immediately that if he attended the obsequies of the English King of France he would be obliged, French prince as he was, and cousin-german of Charles VI., to yield precedence to John, Duke of Bedford, regent of France, and uncle of the new king, Henry VI. He resolved to hold aloof, and contented himself with sending to Paris chamberlains to make his excuses and supply his place with the regent. On the 11th of November, 1422, the Duke of Bedford followed alone at the funeral of the late king of France, and alone made offering at the mass. Alone he went, but with the sword of state borne before him as regent. The people of Paris cast down their eyes with restrained wrath. "They wept," says a contemporary, "and not without cause, for they knew not whether for a long, long while they would have any king in France." But they did not for long confine themselves to tears. Two poets, partly in Latin and partly in French, Robert Blondel, and Alan Chartier, whilst deploring the public woes, excited the popular feeling. Conspiracies soon followed the songs. One was set on foot at Paris to deliver the city to king Charles VII., but it was stifled ruthlessly; several burgesses were beheaded, and one woman was burned. In several great provincial cities, at Troyes and at Rheims, the same ferment showed itself, and drew down the same severity. William Prieuse, superior of the Carmelites, was accused of propagating sentiments favorable to the *dauphin*, as the English called Charles VII. Being brought, in spite of the privileges of his gown, before John Cauchon, lieutenant of the captain of Rheims [related probably to Peter Cauchon, Bishop of Beauvais, who nine years afterwards was to sentence Joan of Arc to be burned], he stoutly replied, "Never was English king of France, and never shall be." The country had no mind to believe in the conquest it was undergoing; and the Duke of Burgundy, the most puissant ally of the English, sulkily went on eluding the consequences of the anti-national alliance he had accepted.

Such being the disposition of conquerors and conquered, the war, though still carried on with great spirit, could not, and in fact did not, bring about any decisive result from 1422 to 1429. Towns were alternately taken, lost, and retaken, at one time by the French, at another by the English or Burgundians; petty encounters and even important engagements took place with vicissitudes of success and reverses on both sides. At Crevant-sur-Yonne, on the 31st of July, 1423, and at Verneuil, in Normandy, on the 17th of August, 1424, the French were beaten, and their faithful allies, the Scots, suffered considerable loss. In the latter affair, however, several

Page 57

Norman lords deserted the English flag, refusing to fight against the King of France. On the 26th of September, 1423, at La Gravelle, in Maine, the French were victorious, and Du Guesclin was commemorated in their victory. Anne de Laval, granddaughter of the great Breton warrior, and mistress of a castle hard by the scene of action, sent thither her son, Andrew de Laval, a child twelve years of age, and, as she buckled with her own hands the sword which his ancestor had worn, she said to him, “God make thee as valiant as he whose sword this was!” The boy received the order of knighthood on the field of battle, and became afterwards a marshal of France. Little bands, made up of volunteers, attempted enterprises which the chiefs of the regular armies considered impossible. Stephen de Vignolles, celebrated under the name of La Hire, resolved to succor the town of Montargis, besieged by the English; and young Dunois, the bastard of Orleans, joined him. On arriving, September 5, 1427, beneath the walls of the place, a priest was encountered in their road. La Hire asked him for absolution. The priest told him to confess. “I have no time for that,” said La Hire; “I am in a hurry; I have done in the way of sins all that men of war are in the habit of doing.” Whereupon, says the chronicler, the chaplain gave him absolution for what it was worth; and La Hire, putting his hands together, said, “God, I pray Thee to do for La Hire this day as much as Thou wouldst have La Hire do for Thee if he were God and Thou wert La Hire.” And Montargis was rid of its besiegers. The English determined to become masters of Mont St. Michel au peril de la mer, that abbey built on a rock facing the western coast of Normandy and surrounded every day by the waves of ocean. The thirty-second abbot, Robert Jolivet, promised to give the place up to them, and went to Rouen with that design; but one of his monks, John Enault, being elected vicar-general by the chapter, and supported by some valiant Norman warriors, offered an obstinate resistance for eight years, baffled all the attacks of the English, and retained the abbey in the possession of the King of France. The inhabitants of La Rochelle rendered the same service to the king and to France in a more important case. On the 15th of August, 1427, an English fleet of a hundred and twenty sail, it is said, appeared off their city with invading troops aboard. The Rochellese immediately levied upon themselves an extraordinary tax, and put themselves in a state of defence; troops raised in the neighborhood went and occupied the heights bordering on the coast; and a bold Breton sailor, Bernard de Kercabin, put to sea to meet the enemy, with ships armed as privateers. The attempt of the English seemed to them to offer more danger than chance of success; and they withdrew. Thus Charles VII. kept possession of the only seaport remaining to the crown. Almost everywhere in the midst of a war as indecisive as it was obstinate local patriotism and the spirit of chivalry successfully disputed against foreign supremacy the scattered fragments of the fatherland and the throne.

Page 58

In order to put an end to this doubtful condition of events and of minds, the Duke of Bedford determined to aim a grand blow at the national party in France and at her king. After Paris and Rouen, Orleans was the most important city in the kingdom; it was as supreme on the banks of the Loire as Paris and Rouen were on those of the Seine. After having obtained from England considerable re-enforcements commanded by leaders of experience, the English commenced, in October, 1428, the siege of Orleans. The approaches to the place were occupied in force, and bastilles closely connected one with another were constructed around the walls. As a set-off, the most valiant warriors of France, La Hire, Dunois, Xaintrailles, and the Marshal La Fayette threw themselves into Orleans, the garrison of which amounted to scarcely twelve hundred men. Several towns, Bourges, Poitiers, and La Rochelle, sent thither money, munitions, and militia; the states-general, assembled at Chinon, voted an extraordinary aid; and Charles VII. called out the regulars and the reserves. Assaults on the one side and sorties on the other were begun with ardor. Besiegers and besieged quite felt that they were engaged in a decisive struggle. The first encounter was unfortunate for the Orleannese. In a fight called the Herring affair, they were unsuccessful in an attempt to carry off a supply of victuals and salt fish which Sir John Falstolf was bringing to the besiegers. Being a little discouraged, they offered the Duke of Burgundy to place their city in his hands, that it might not fall into those of the English; and Philip the Good accepted the offer, but the Duke of Bedford made a formal objection: "He didn't care," he said, "to beat the bushes for another to get the birds." Philip in displeasure withdrew from the siege the small force of Burgundians he had sent. The English remained alone before the place, which was every day harder pressed and more strictly blockaded. The besieged were far from foreseeing what succor was preparing for them.

This very year, on the 6th of January, 1428, at Domremy, a little village in the valley of the Meuse, between Neufchateau and Vaucouleurs, on the edge of the frontier from Champagne to Lorraine, the young daughter of simple tillers of the soil, "of good life and repute, herself a good, simple, gentle girl, no idler, occupied hitherto in sewing or spinning with her mother, or driving afield her parent's sheep, and sometimes, even, when her father's turn came round, keeping for him the whole flock of the commune," was fulfilling her sixteenth year. It was Joan of Arc, whom all her neighbors called Joannette. She was no recluse; she often went with her companions to sing and eat cakes beside the fountain by the gooseberry-bush, under an old beech, which was called the fairy-tree: but dancing she did not like. She was constant at church, she delighted in the sound of the bells, she went often to confession and communion, and she

Page 59

blushed when her fair friends taxed her with being too religious. In 1421, when Joan was hardly nine, a band of Anglo-Burgundians penetrated into her country, and transferred thither the ravages of war. The village of Domremy and the little town of Vaucouleurs were French, and faithful to the French king-ship; and Joan wept to see the lads of her parish returning bruised and bleeding from encounters with the enemy. Her relations and neighbors were one day obliged to take to flight, and at their return they found their houses burned or devastated. Joan wondered whether it could possibly be that God permitted such excesses and disasters. In 1425, on a summer's day, at noon, she was in her father's little garden. She heard a voice calling her, at her right side, in the direction of the church, and a great brightness shone upon her at the same time in the same spot. At first she was frightened, but she recovered herself on finding that "it was a worthy voice;" and, at the second call, she perceived that it was the voice of angels. "I saw them with my bodily eyes," she said, six years later, to her judges at Rouen, "as plainly as I see you; when they departed from me I wept, and would fain have had them take me with them." The apparitions came again and again, and exhorted her "to go to France for to deliver the kingdom." She became dreamy, rapt in constant meditation. "I could endure no longer," said she, at a later period, "and the time went heavily with me as with a woman in travail." She ended by telling everything to her father, who listened to her words anxiously at first, and afterwards wrathfully. He himself one night dreamed that his daughter had followed the king's men-at-arms to France, and from that moment he kept her under strict superintendence. "If I knew of your sister's going," he said to his sons, "I would bid you drown her; and, if you did not do it, I would drown her myself." Joan submitted: there was no leaven of pride in her sublimation, and she did not suppose that her intercourse with celestial voices relieved her from the duty of obeying her parents. Attempts were made to distract her mind. A young man who had courted her was induced to say that he had a promise of marriage from her, and to claim the fulfilment of it. Joan went before the ecclesiastical judge, made affirmation that she had given no promise, and without difficulty gained her cause. Everybody believed and respected her.

[Illustration: Joan of Arc in her Father's Garden——91]

In a village hard by Domremy she had an uncle whose wife was near her confinement; she got herself invited to go and nurse her aunt, and thereupon she opened her heart to her uncle, repeating to him a popular saying, which had spread indeed throughout the country: "Is it not said that a woman shall ruin France, and a young maid restore it?" She pressed him to take her to Vaucouleurs to Sire Robert de Baudricourt, captain of the bailiwick, for she wished to go to the

Page 60

dauphin and carry assistance to him. Her uncle gave way, and on the 13th of May, 1428, he did take her to Vaucouleurs. "I come on behalf of my Lord," said she to Sire de Baudricourt, "to bid you send word to the *dauphin* to keep himself well in hand, and not give battle to his foes, for my Lord will presently give him succor." "Who is thy lord?" asked Baudricourt. "The King of Heaven," answered Joan. Baudricourt set her down for mad, and urged her uncle to take her back to her parents "with a good slap o' the face."

In July, 1428, a fresh invasion of Burgundians occurred at Domremy, and redoubled the popular excitement there. Shortly afterwards, the report touching the siege of Orleans arrived there. Joan, more and more passionately possessed with her idea, returned to Vaucouleurs. "I must go," said she to Sire de Baudricourt, "for to raise the siege of Orleans. I will go, should I have to wear off my legs to the knee." She had returned to Vaucouleurs without taking leave of her parents. "Had I possessed," said she, in 1431, to her judges at Rouen, "a hundred fathers and a hundred mothers, and had I been a king's daughter, I should have gone." Baudricourt, impressed without being convinced, did not oppose her remaining at Vaucouleurs, and sent an account of this singular young girl to Duke Charles of Lorraine, at Nancy, and perhaps even, according to some chronicles, to the king's court. Joan lodged at Vaucouleurs in a wheelwright's house, and passed three weeks there, spinning with her hostess, and dividing her time between work and church. There was much talk in Vaucouleurs of her, and her visions, and her purpose. John of Metz [also called John of Novelompont], a knight serving with Sire de Baudricourt, desired to see her, and went to the wheelwright's. "What do you here, my dear?" said he; "must the king be driven from his kingdom, and we become English?" "I am come hither," answered Joan, "to speak to Robert de Baudricourt, that he may be pleased to take me or have me taken to the king; but he pays no heed to me or my words. However, I must be with the king before the middle of Lent, for none in the world, nor kings, nor dukes, nor daughter of the Scottish king can recover the kingdom of France; there is no help but in me. Assuredly I would far rather be spinning beside my poor mother, for this other is not my condition; but I must go and do the work because my Lord wills that I should do it." "Who is your lord?" "The Lord God." "By my faith," said the knight, seizing Joan's hands, "I will take you to the king, God helping. When will you set out?" "Rather now than to-morrow; rather to-morrow than later." Vaucouleurs was full of the fame and the sayings of Joan. Another knight, Bertrand de Poulengy, offered, as John of Metz had, to be her escort, Duke Charles of Lorraine wished to see her, and sent for her to Nancy. Old and ill as he was, he had deserted the duchess his wife, a virtuous lady, and was leading anything

Page 61

but a regular life. He asked Joan's advice about his health. "I have no power to cure you," said Joan, "but go back to your wife and help me in that for which God ordains me." The duke ordered her four golden crowns, and she returned to Vaucouleurs, thinking of nothing but her departure. There was no want of confidence and good will on the part of the inhabitants of Vaucouleurs in forwarding her preparations. John of Metz, the knight charged to accompany her, asked her if she intended to make the journey in her poor red rustic petticoats. "I would like to don man's clothes," answered Joan. Subscriptions were made to give her a suitable costume. She was supplied with a horse, a coat of mail, a lance, a sword, the complete equipment, indeed, of a man-at-arms; and a king's messenger and an archer formed her train. Baudricourt made them swear to escort her safely, and on the 25th of February, 1429, he bade her farewell, and all he said was, "Away then, Joan, and come what may."

Charles VII. was at that time residing at Chinon, in Touraine. In order to get there Joan had nearly a hundred and fifty leagues to go, in a country occupied here and there by English and Burgundians, and everywhere a theatre of war. She took eleven days to do this journey, often marching by night, never giving up man's dress, disquieted by no difficulty and no danger, and testifying no desire for a halt save to worship God. "Could we hear mass daily," said she to her comrades, "we should do well." They only consented twice, first in the abbey of St. Urban, and again in the principal church of Auxerre. As they were full of respect, though at the same time also of doubt, towards Joan, she never had to defend herself against their familiarities, but she had constantly to dissipate their disquietude touching the reality or the character of her mission. "Fear nothing," she said to them; "God shows me the way I should go; for thereto was I born." On arriving at the village of St. Catherine-de-Fierbois, near Chinon, she heard three masses on the same day, and had a letter written thence to the king, to announce her coming and to ask to see him; she had gone, she said, a hundred and fifty leagues to come and tell him things which would be most useful to him. Charles VII. and his councillors hesitated. The men of war did not like to believe that a little peasant-girl of Lorraine was coming to bring the king a more effectual support than their own. Nevertheless some, and the most heroic amongst them,—Dunois, La Hire, and Xaintrailles,—were moved by what was told of this young girl. The letters of Sire de Baudricourt, though full of doubt, suffered a gleam of something like a serious impression to peep out; and why should not the king receive this young girl whom the captain of Vaucouleurs had thought it a duty to send? It would soon be seen what she was and what she would do. The politicians and courtiers, especially the most trusted of them,

Page 62

George de la Tremoille, the king's favorite, shrugged their shoulders. What could be expected from the dreams of a young peasant-girl of nineteen? Influences of a more private character and more disposed towards sympathy—Yolande of Arragon, for instance, Queen of Sicily and mother-in-law of Charles VII., and perhaps, also, her daughter, the young queen, Mary of Anjou, were urgent for the king to reply to Joan that she might go to Chinon. She was authorized to do so, and, on the 6th of March, 1429, she with her comrades arrived at the royal residence.

At the very first moment two incidents occurred to still further increase the curiosity of which she was the object. Quite close to Chinon some vagabonds, it is said, had prepared an ambuscade for the purpose of despoiling her, her and her train. She passed close by them without the least obstacle. The rumor went that at her approach they were struck motionless, and had been unable to attempt their wicked purpose. Joan was rather tall, well shaped, dark, with a look of composure, animation, and gentleness. A man-at-arms, who met her on her way, thought her pretty, and with an impious oath expressed a coarse sentiment. "Alas!" said Joan, "thou blasphemest thy God, and yet thou art so near thy death!" He drowned himself, it is said, soon after. Already popular feeling was surrounding her marvellous mission with a halo of instantaneous miracles.

[Illustration: CHINON CASTLE——95]

On her arrival at Chinon she at first lodged with an honest family near the castle. For three days longer there was a deliberation in the council as to whether the king ought to receive her. But there was bad news from Orleans. There were no more troops to send thither, and there was no money forthcoming: the king's treasurer, it was said, had but four crowns in the chest. If Orleans were taken, the king would perhaps be reduced to seeking a refuge in Spain or in Scotland. Joan promised to set Orleans free. The Orleannese themselves were clamorous for her; Dunois kept up their spirits with the expectation of this marvellous assistance. It was decided that the king should receive her. She had assigned to her for residence an apartment in the tower of the Coudray, a block of quarters adjoining the royal mansion, and she was committed to the charge of William Bellier, an officer of the king's household, whose wife was a woman of great piety and excellent fame. On the 9th of March, 1429, Joan was at last introduced into the king's presence by the Count of Vendome, high steward, in the great hall on the first story, a portion of the wall and the fireplace being still visible in the present day. It was evening, candle-light; and nearly three hundred knights were present. Charles kept himself a little aloof, amidst a group of warriors and courtiers more richly dressed than he. According to some chroniclers, Joan had demanded that "she should not be deceived, and should have pointed out to her

Page 63

him to whom she was to speak;" others affirm that she went straight to the king, whom she had never seen, "accosting him humbly and simply, like a poor little shepherdess," says an eye-witness, and, according to another account, "making the usual bends and reverences as if she had been brought up at court." Whatever may have been her outward behavior, "Gentle *dauphin*," she said to the king (for she did not think it right to call him king so long as he was not crowned), "my name is Joan the maid; the King of Heaven sendeth you word by me that you shall be anointed and crowned in the city of Rheims, and shall be lieutenant of the King of Heaven, who is King of France. It is God's pleasure that our enemies the English should depart to their own country; if they depart no evil will come to them, and the kingdom is sure to continue yours." Charles was impressed without being convinced, as so many others had been before, or were, as he was, on that very day. He saw Joan again several times. She did not delude herself as to the doubts he still entertained. "Gentle *dauphin*," she said to him one day, "why do you not believe me? I say unto you that God hath compassion on you, your kingdom, and your people; St. Louis and Charlemagne are kneeling before Him, making prayer for you, and I will say unto you, so please you, a thing which will give you to understand that you ought to believe me." Charles gave her audience on this occasion in the presence, according to some accounts, of four witnesses, the most trusted of his intimates, who swore to reveal nothing, and, according to others, completely alone. "What she said to him there is none who knows," wrote Alan Chartier, a short time after [in July, 1429], "but it is quite certain that he was all radiant with joy thereat as at a revelation from the Holy Spirit." M. Wallop, after a scrupulous sifting of evidence, has given the following exposition of this mysterious interview. "Sire de Boisy," he says, "who was in his youth one of the gentlemen of the bed-chamber on the most familiar terms with Charles VII., told Peter Sala, giving the king himself as his authority for the story, that one day, at the period of his greatest adversity, the prince, vainly looking for a remedy against so many troubles, entered in the morning, alone, into his oratory, and there, without uttering a word aloud, made prayer to God from the depths of his heart that if he were the true heir, issue of the house of France (and a doubt was possible with such a queen as Isabel of Bavaria), and the kingdom ought justly to be his, God would be pleased to keep and defend it for him; if not, to give him grace to escape without death or imprisonment, and find safety in Spain or in Scotland, where he intended in the last resort to seek a refuge. This prayer, known to God alone, the Maid recalled to the mind of Charles VII.; and thus is explained the joy which, as the witnesses say, he testified, whilst none at that time knew the cause. Joan by this revelation not only caused the king to believe in her; she caused him to believe in himself and his right and title: though she never spoke in that way as of her own motion to the king, it was always a superior power speaking by her voice, 'I tell thee on behalf of my Lord that thou art true heir of France, and son of the king.'" (Jeanne d'Arc, by M. Wallon, t. i. p. 32.)

Page 64

Whether Charles VII. were or were not convinced by this interview of Joan's divine mission, he clearly saw that many of those about him had little or no faith in it, and that other proofs were required to upset their doubts. He resolved to go to Poitiers, where his council, the parliament, and several learned members of the University of Paris were in session, and have Joan put to the strictest examination. When she learned her destination, she said, "In the name of God, I know that I shall have tough work there, but my Lord will help me. Let us go, then, for God's sake." On her arrival at Poitiers, on the 11th of March, 1429, she was placed in one of the most respectable families in the town, that of John Rabuteau, advocate-general in parliament. The Archbishop of Rheims, Reginald de Chartres, Chancellor of France, five bishops, the king's councillors, several learned doctors, and amongst others Father Seguin, an austere and harsh Dominican, repaired thither to question her. When she saw them come in, she went and sat down at the end of the bench, and asked them what they wanted with her. For two hours they set themselves to the task of showing her, "by fair and gentle arguments," that she was not entitled to belief. "Joan," said William Aimery, professor of theology, "you ask for men-at-arms, and you say that it is God's pleasure that the English should leave the kingdom of France, and depart to their own land; if so, there is no need of men-at-arms, for God's pleasure alone can discomfit them, and force them to return to their homes." "In the name of God," answered Joan, "the men-at-arms will do battle, and God will give them victory." Master William did not urge his point. The Dominican, Seguin, "a very sour man," says the chronicle, asked Joan what language the voices spoke to her. "Better than yours," answered Joan. The doctor spoke the Limousine dialect. "Do you believe in God?" he asked, ill-humoredly. "More than you do," retorted Joan, offended. "Well," rejoined the monk, "God forbids belief in you without some sign tending thereto: I shall not give the king advice to trust men-at-arms to you, and put them in peril on your simple word." "In the name of God," said Joan, "I am not come to Poitiers to show signs; take me to Orleans, and I will give you signs of what I am sent for. Let me have ever so few men-at-arms given me, and I will go to Orleans;" then, addressing another of the examiners, Master Peter of Versailles, who was afterwards Bishop of Meaux, she said, "I know nor A nor B; but in our Lord's book there is more than in your books; I come on behalf of the King of Heaven to cause the siege of Orleans to be raised, and to take the king to Rheims, that he may be crowned and anointed there." The examination was prolonged for a fortnight, not without symptoms of impatience on the part of Joan. At the end of it, she said to one of the doctors, John Erault, "Have you paper and ink? Write what I shall say to you." And she dictated a form of letter which became, some weeks later, the manifesto addressed in a more developed shape by her from Orleans to the English, calling upon them to raise the siege and put a stop to the war. The chief of those piously and patriotically heroic phrases were as follows:—

Page 65

"Jesu Maria,

"King of England, account to the King of Heaven for His blood royal. Give up to the Maid the keys of all the good towns you have taken by force. She is come from God to avenge the blood royal, and quite ready to make peace, if you will render proper account. If you do not so I am a war-chief; in whatsoever place I shall fall in with your folks in France, if they be not willing to obey, I shall make them get thence, whether they will or not; and if they be willing to obey, I will receive them to mercy. . . . The Maid cometh from the King of Heaven as His representative, to thrust you out of France; she doth promise and certify you that she will make therein such mighty *haha* [great tumult], that for a thousand years hitherto in France was never the like. . . . Duke of Bedford, who call yourself regent of France, the Maid doth pray you and request you not to bring destruction on yourself; if you do not justice towards her, she will do the finest deed ever done in Christendom.

"Writ on Tuesday in the great week." [Easter week, March, 1429].
Subscribed: "Hearken to the news from God and the

Maid."

At the end of their examination, the doctors decided in Joan's favor. Two of them, the Bishop of Castres, Gerard Machet, the king's confessor, and Master John Erault, recognized the divine nature of her mission. She was, they said, the virgin foretold in the ancient prophecies, notably in those of Merlin; and the most exacting amongst them approved of the king's having neither accepted nor rejected, with levity, the promises made by Joan; "after a grave inquiry there had been discovered in her," they said, "nought but goodness, humility, devotion, honesty, simplicity. Before Orleans she professes to be going to show her sign; so she must be taken to Orleans, for to give her up without any appearance on her part of evil would be to fight against the Holy Spirit, and to become unworthy of aid from God." After the doctors' examination came that of the women. Three of the greatest ladies in France, Yolande of Arragon, Queen of Sicily; the Countess of Gaucourt, wife of the Governor of Orleans; and Joan de Mortemer, wife of Robert le Macon, Baron of Troves, were charged to examine Joan as to her life as a woman. They found therein nothing but truth, virtue, and modesty; "she spoke to them with such sweetness and grace," says the chronicle, "that she drew tears from their eyes;" and she excused herself to them for the dress she wore, and for which the sternest doctors had not dreamed of reproaching her. "It is more decent," said the Archbishop of Embrun, "to do such things in man's dress, since they must be done along with men." The men of intelligence at court bowed down before this village-saint, who was coming to bring to the king in his peril assistance from God; the most valiant men of war were moved by the confident outbursts of her patriotic courage; and the people everywhere welcomed her with faith and enthusiasm. Joan had as yet only just appeared, and already she was the heaven-sent interpretress of the nation's feeling, the hope of the people of France.

Page 66

Charles no longer hesitated. Joan was treated, according to her own expression in her letter to the English, “as a war-chief;” there were assigned to her a squire, a page, two heralds, a chaplain, Brother Pasquerel, of the order of the hermit-brotherhood of St. Augustin, varlets, and serving-folks. A complete suit of armor was made to fit her. Her two guides, John of Metz and Bertrand of Poulengy, had not quitted her; and the king continued them in her train. Her sword he wished to be supplied by himself; she asked for one marked with five crosses; it would be found, she said, behind the altar in the chapel of St. Catherine-de-Fierbois, where she had halted on her arrival at Chinon; and there, indeed, it was found. She had a white banner made, studded with lilies, bearing the representation of God seated upon the clouds, and holding in His hand the globe of the world. Above were the words “Jesu Maria,” and below were two angels, on their knees in adoration. Joan was fond of her sword, as she said two years afterwards at her trial, but she was forty times more fond of her banner, which was, in her eyes, the sign of her commission and the pledge of victory. On the completion of the preparations she demanded the immediate departure of the expedition. Orleans was crying for succor; Dunois was sending messenger after messenger; and Joan was in a greater hurry than anybody else.

More than a month elapsed before her anxieties were satisfied. During this interval we find Charles VII. and Joan of Arc at Chatelherault, at Poitiers, at Tours, at Florent-les-Saumur, at Chinon, and at Blois, going to and fro through all that country to push forward the expedition resolved upon, and to remove the obstacles it encountered. Through a haze of vague indications a glimpse is caught of the struggle which was commencing between the partisans and the adversaries of Joan, and in favor of or in opposition to the impulse she was communicating to the war of nationality. Charles VII.’s mother-in-law, Yolande of Arragon, Queen of Sicily, and the young Duke of Alencon, whose father had been killed at the battle of Agincourt, were at the head of Joan’s partisans. Yolande gave money and took a great deal of trouble in order to promote the expedition which was to go and succor Orleans. The Duke of Alencon, hardly twenty years of age, was the only one amongst the princes of the house of Valois who had given Joan a kind reception on her arrival, and who, together with the brave La Hire, said that he would follow her whithersoever she pleased to lead him. Joan, in her gratitude, called him the handsome duke, and exhibited towards him amity and confidence.

Page 67

But, side by side with these friends, she had an adversary in the king's favorite, George de la Tremoille, an ambitious courtier, jealous of any one who seemed within the range of the king's favor, and opposed to a vigorous prosecution of the war, since it hampered him in the policy he wished to keep up towards the Duke of Burgundy. To the ill will of La Tremoille was added that of the majority of courtiers enlisted in the following of the powerful favorite, and that of warriors irritated at the importance acquired at their expense by a rustic and fantastic little adventuress. Here was the source of the enmities and intrigues which stood in the way of all Joan's demands, rendered her successes more tardy, difficult, and incomplete, and were one day to cost her more dearly still.

At the end of about five weeks the expedition was in readiness. It was a heavy convoy of revictualment, protected by a body of ten or twelve thousand men, commanded by Marshal de Boussac, and numbering amongst them Xaintrailles and La Hire. The march began on the 27th of April, 1429. Joan had caused the removal of all women of bad character, and had recommended her comrades to confess. She took the communion in the open air, before their eyes; and a company of priests, headed by her chaplain, Pasquerel, led the way whilst chanting sacred hymns. Great was the surprise amongst the men-at-arms, many had words of mockery on their lips. It was the time when La Hire used to say, "If God were a soldier, He would turn robber." Nevertheless, respect got the better of habit; the most honorable were really touched; the coarsest considered themselves bound to show restraint. On the 29th of April they arrived before Orleans. But, in consequence of the road they had followed, the Loire was between the army and the town; the expeditionary corps had to be split in two; the troops were obliged to go and feel for the bridge of Blois in order to 'cross the river; and Joan was vexed and surprised. Dunois, arrived from Orleans in a little boat, urged her to enter the town that same evening. "Are you the bastard of Orleans?" asked she, when he accosted her. "Yes; and I am rejoiced at your coming." "Was it you who gave counsel for making me come hither by this side of the river, and not the direct way, over yonder where Talbot and the English were?" "Yes; such was the opinion of the wisest captains." "In the name of God, the counsel of my Lord is wiser than yours; you thought to deceive me, and you have deceived yourselves, for I am bringing you the best succor that ever had knight, or town, or city, and that is the good will of God, and succor from the King of Heaven; not assuredly for love of me, it is from God only that it proceeds." It was a great trial for Joan to separate from her comrades, "so well prepared, penitent, and well disposed; in their company," said she, "I should not fear the whole power of the English." She was afraid that disorder might set in amongst

Page 68

the troops, and that they might break up, instead of fulfilling her mission. Dunois was urgent for her to go herself at once into Orleans, with such portion of the convoy as boats might be able to transport thither without delay. “Orleans,” said he, “would count it for nought, if they received the victuals without the Maid.” Joan decided to go: the captains of her division promised to rejoin her at Orleans; she left them her chaplain, Pasquerel, the priests who accompanied him, and the banner around which she was accustomed to muster them; and she herself, with Dunois, La Hire, and two hundred men-at-arms, crossed the river at the same time with a part of the supplies.

[Illustration: JOAN ENTERING ORLEANS——104]

The same day, at eight P. M., she entered the city, on horseback, completely armed, preceded by her own banner, and having beside her Dunois, and behind her the captains of the garrison and several of the most distinguished burgesses of Orleans who had gone out to meet her. The population, one and all, rushed thronging round her, carrying torches, and greeting her arrival “with joy as great as if they had seen God come down amongst them. They felt,” says the Journal of the Siege, “all of them recomforted and as it were disbesieged by the divine virtue which they had been told existed in this simple maid.” In their anxiety to approach her, to touch her, one of their lighted torches set fire to her banner. Joan disengaged herself with her horse as cleverly as it could have been done by the most skilful horseman, and herself extinguished the flame. The crowd attended her to the church whither she desired to go first of all to render thanks to God, and then to the house of John Boucher, the Duke of Orleans’s treasurer, where she was received together with her two brothers and the two gentlemen who had been her guides from Vaucouleurs. The treasurer’s wife was one of the most virtuous city dames in Orleans, and from this night forth her daughter Charlotte had Joan for her bedfellow. A splendid supper had been prepared for her; but she would merely dip some slices of bread in wine and water. Neither her enthusiasm nor her success, the two greatest tempters to pride in mankind, made any change in her modesty and simplicity.

The very day after her arrival she would have liked to go and attack the English in their bastilles, within which they kept themselves shut up. La Hire was pretty much of her opinion; but Dunois and the captains of the garrison thought they ought to await the coming of the troops which had gone to cross the Loire at Blois, and the supports which several French garrisons in the neighborhood had received orders to forward to Orleans. Joan insisted. Sire de Gamaches, one of the officers present, could not contain himself. “Since ear is given,” said he, “to the advice of a wench of low degree rather than to that of a knight like me, I will not bandy more words; when the time comes, it shall be my sword that will

Page 69

speak; I shall fall, perhaps, but the king and my own honor demand it; henceforth I give up my banner and am nothing more than a poor esquire. I prefer to have for master a noble man rather than a girl who has heretofore been, perhaps, I know not what." He furled his banner and handed it to Dunois. Dunois, as sensible as he was brave, would not give heed either to the choler of Gamaches or to the insistence of Joan; and, thanks to his intervention, they were reconciled on being induced to think better, respectively, of giving up the banner and ordering an immediate attack. Dunois went to Blois to hurry the movements of the division which had repaired thither; and his presence there was highly necessary, since Joan's enemies, especially the chancellor Regnault, were nearly carrying a decision that no such re-enforcement should be sent to Orleans. Dunois frustrated this purpose, and led back to Orleans, by way of Beauce, the troops concentrated at Blois. On the 4th of May, as soon as it was known that he was coming, Joan, La Hire, and the principal leaders of the city as well as of the garrison, went to meet him, and re-entered Orleans with him and his troops, passing between the bastilles of the English, who made not even an attempt to oppose them. "That is the sorceress yonder," said some of the besiegers; others asked if it were quite so clear that her power, did not come to her from on high; and their commander, the Earl of Suffolk, being himself, perhaps, uncertain, did not like to risk it: doubt produced terror, and terror inactivity. The convoy from Blois entered Orleans, preceded by Brother Pasquerel and the priests.

Joan, whilst she was awaiting it, sent the English captains a fresh summons to withdraw conformably with the letter which she had already addressed to them from Blois, and the principal clauses of which were just now quoted here. They replied with coarse insults, calling her strumpet and cow-girl, and threatening to burn her when they caught her. She was very much moved by their insults, insomuch as to weep; but calling God to witness her innocence, she found herself comforted, and expressed it by saying, "I have had news from my Lord." The English had detained the first herald she had sent them; and when she would have sent them a second to demand his comrade back, he was afraid. "In the name of God," said Joan, "they will do no harm nor to thee nor to him; thou shalt tell Talbot to arm, and I too will arm; let him show himself in front of the city; if he can take me, let him burn me; if I discomfit him, let him raise the siege, and let the English get them gone to their own country." The second herald appeared to be far from reassured; but Dunois charged him to say that the English prisoners should answer for what was done to the heralds from the Maid. The two heralds were sent back. Joan made up her mind to iterate in person to the English the warnings she had given them in her letter.

Page 70

She mounted upon one of the bastions of Orleans, opposite the English bastille called Tournelles, and there, at the top of her voice, she repeated her counsel to them to be gone; else, woe and shame would come upon them. The commandant of the bastille, Sir William Gladesdale [called by Joan and the French chroniclers *Glacidas*], answered with the usual insults, telling her to go back and mind her cows, and alluding to the French as miscreants. "You lie," cried Joan, "and in spite of you soon shall ye depart hence; many of your people shall be slain; but as for you, you shall not see it."

Dunois, the very day of his return to Orleans, after dinner, went to call upon Joan, and told her that he had heard on his way that Sir John Falstolf, the same who on the 12th of the previous February had beaten the French in the Herring affair, was about to arrive with re-enforcements and supplies for the besiegers. "Bastard, bastard," said Joan, "in the name of God I command thee, as soon as thou shalt know of this Pascot's coming, to have me warned of it, for, should he pass without my knowing of it, I promise thee that I will have thy head cut off." Dunois assured her that she should be warned. Joan was tired with the day's excitement; she threw herself upon her bed to sleep, but unsuccessfully; all at once she said to Sire Daulon, her esquire, "My counsel doth tell me to go against the English; but I know not whether against their bastilles or against this Fascot. I must arm." Her esquire was beginning to arm her when she heard it shouted in the street that the enemy were at that moment doing great damage to the French. "My God," said she, "the blood of our people is running on the ground; why was I not awakened sooner? Ah! it was ill done! . . . My arms! My arms! my horse!" Leaving behind her esquire, who was not yet armed, she went down. Her page was playing at the door: "Ah! naughty boy," said she, "not to come and tell me that the blood of France was being shed! Come! quick! my horse!" It was brought to her; she bade them hand down to her by the window her banner, which she had left behind, and, without any further waiting, she departed and went to the Burgundy gate, whence the noise seemed to come. Seeing on her way one of the townsmen passing who was being carried off wounded, she said, "Alas! I never see a Frenchman's blood but my hair stands up on my head!" It was some of the Orleannese themselves who, without consulting their chiefs, had made a sortie and attacked the Bastille St. Loup, the strongest held by the English on this side. The French had been repulsed, and were falling back in flight when Joan came up, and soon after her Dunois and a throng of men-at-arms who had been warned of the danger. The fugitives returned to the assault; the battle was renewed with ardor; the bastille of St. Loup, notwithstanding energetic resistance on the part of the English who manned it, was taken; and all its

Page 71

defenders were put to the sword before Talbot and the main body of the besiegers could come up to their assistance. Joan showed sorrow that so many people should have died unconfessed; and she herself was the means of saving some who had disguised themselves as priests in gowns which they had taken from the church of St. Loup. Great was the joy in Orleans, and the enthusiasm for Joan was more lively than ever. "Her voices had warned her," they said, "and apprised her that there was a battle; and then she had found by herself alone and without any guide the way to the Burgundy gate." Men-at-arms and burgesses all demanded that the attack upon the English hastilles should be resumed; but the next day, the 5th of May, was Ascension-day. Joan advocated lions repose on this holy festival, and the general feeling was in accord with her own. She recommended her comrades to fulfil their religious duties, and she herself received the communion. The chiefs of the besieged resolved to begin on the morrow a combined attack upon the English bastilles which surrounded the palace; but Joan was not in their counsels. "Tell me what you have resolved," she said to them; "I can keep this and greater secrets." Dunois made her acquainted with the plan adopted, of which she fully approved; and on the morrow, the 6th of May, a fierce struggle began again all round Orleans. For two days the bastilles erected by the besiegers against the place were repeatedly attacked by the besieged. On the first day Joan was slightly wounded in the foot. Some disagreement arose between her and Sire de Gaucourt, governor of Orleans, as to continuing the struggle; and John Boucher, her host, tried to keep her back the second day. "Stay and dine with us," said he, "to eat that shad which has just been brought." "Keep it for supper," said Joan; "I will come back this evening and bring you some goddamns (Englishman) or other to eat his share;" and she sallied forth, eager to return to the assault. On arriving at the Burgundy gate she found it closed; the governor would not allow any sortie thereby to attack on that side. "Ah! naughty man," said Joan, "you are wrong; whether you will or no, our men-at-arms shall go and win on this day as they have already won." The gate was forced; and men-at-arms and burgesses rushed out from all quarters to attack the bastille of Tournelles, the strongest of the English works. It was ten o'clock in the morning; the passive and active powers of both parties were concentrated on this point; and for a moment the French appeared weary and downcast. Joan took a scaling-ladder, set it against the rampart, and was the first to mount. There came an arrow and struck her between neck and shoulder, and she fell. Sire de Gamaches, who had but lately displayed so much temper towards her, found her where she lay. "Take my horse," said he, "and bear no malice: I was wrong; I had formed a false idea of you." "Yes," said Joan, "and bear no malice: I never saw a more accomplished knight." She was taken away and had her armor removed. The arrow, it is said, stood out almost half-a-foot behind. There was an instant of faintness and tears; but she prayed and felt her strength renewed, and pulled out the arrow with her own hand.

Page 72

[Illustration: Herself drew out the Arrow——109]

Some one proposed to her to charm the wound by means of cabalistic words; but “I would rather die,” she said, “than so sin against the will of God. I know full well that I must die some day; but I know nor where nor when nor how. If, without sin, my wound may be healed, I am right willing.” A dressing of oil and lard was applied to the wound; and she retired apart into a vineyard, and was continually in prayer. Fatigue and discouragement were overcoming the French; and the captains ordered the retreat to be sounded. Joan begged Dunois to wait a while. “My God,” said she, “we shall soon be inside. Give your people a little rest; eat and drink.” She resumed her arms and remounted her horse; her banner floated in the air; the French took fresh courage; the English, who thought Joan half dead, were seized with surprise and fear; and one of their principal leaders, Sir William Gladesdale, made up his mind to abandon the outwork which he had hitherto so well kept, and retire within the bastille itself. Joan perceived his movement. “Yield thee,” she shouted to him from afar; “yield thee to the King of Heaven! Ah! Glacidas, thou hast basely insulted me; but I have great pity on the souls of thee and thine.” The Englishman continued his retreat. Whilst he was passing over the drawbridge which reached from the out-work to the bastille, a shot from the side of Orleans broke down the bridge; Gladesdale fell into the water and was drowned, together with many of his comrades; the French got into the bastille without any fresh fighting; and Joan re-entered Orleans amidst the joy and acclamations of the people. The bells rang all through the night, and the Te Deum was chanted. The day of combat was about to be succeeded by the day of deliverance.

On the morrow, the 8th of May, 1429, at daybreak, the English leaders drew up their troops close to the very moats of the city, and seemed to offer battle to the French. Many of the Orleannese leaders would have liked to accept this challenge; but Joan got up from her bed, where she was resting because of her wound, put on a light suit of armor, and ran to the city gates. “For the love and honor of holy Sunday,” said she to the assembled warriors, “do not be the first to attack, and make to them no demand; it is God’s good will and pleasure that they be allowed to get them gone if they be minded to go away; if they attack you, defend yourselves boldly; you will be the masters.” She caused an altar to be raised; thanksgivings were sung, and mass was celebrated. “See!” said Joan; “are the English turning to you their faces, or verily their backs?” They had commenced their retreat in good order, with standards flying. “Let them go: my Lord willeth not that there be any fighting to-day; you shall have them another time.” The good words spoken by Joan were not so preventive but that many men set off to pursue the English, and cut off stragglers and baggage. Their bastilles were found to be full of victual and munitions; and they had abandoned their sick and many of their prisoners. The siege of Orleans was raised.

Page 73

The day but one after this deliverance, Joan set out to go and rejoin the king, and prosecute her work at his side. She fell in with him on the 13th of May, at Tours, moved forward to meet him, with her banner in her hand and her head uncovered, and bending down over her charger's neck, made him a deep obeisance. Charles took off his cap, held out his hand to her, and, "as it seemed to many," says a contemporary chronicler, "he would fain have kissed her, for the joy that he felt." But the king's joy was not enough for Joan. She urged him to march with her against enemies who were flying, so to speak, from themselves, and to start without delay for Rheims, where he would be crowned. "I shall hardly last more than a year," said she; "we must think about working right well this year, for there is much to do." Hesitation was natural to Charles, even in the hour of victory. His favorite, La Tremoille, and his chancellor, the Archbishop of Rheims, opposed Joan's entreaties with all the objections that could be devised under the inspiration of their ill will: there were neither troops nor money in hand for so great a journey; and council after council was held for the purpose of doing nothing. Joan, in her impatience, went one day to Loches, without previous notice, and tapped softly at the door of the king's privy chamber (chambre de re-trait). He bade her enter. She fell upon her knees, saying, "Gentle *dauphin*, hold not so many and such long councils, but rather come to Rheims, and there assume your crown; I am much pricked to take you thither." "Joan," said the Bishop of Castres, Christopher d'Harcourt, the king's confessor, "cannot you tell the king what pricketh you?" "Ah! I see," replied Joan, with some embarrassment: "well, I will tell you. I had set me to prayer, according to my wont, and I was making complaint for that you would not believe what I said; then the voice came and said unto me, 'Go, go, my daughter; I will be a help to thee; go.' When this voice comes to me, I feel marvellously rejoiced; I would that it might endure forever." She was eager and overcome.

Joan and her voices were not alone in urging the king to shake off his doubts and his indolence. In church, and court, and army, allies were not wanting to the pious and valiant maid. In a written document dated the 14th of May, six days after the siege of Orleans was raised, the most Christian doctor of the age, as Gerson was called, sifted the question whether it were possible, whether it were a duty, to believe in the Maid. "Even if (which God forbid)," said he, "she should be mistaken in her hope and ours, it would not necessarily follow that what she does comes of the evil spirit, and not of God, but that rather our ingratitude was to blame. Let the party which hath a just cause take care how, by incredulity or injustice, it rendereth useless the divine succor so miraculously manifested, for God, without any change of counsel, changeth the upshot

Page 74

according to deserts." Great lords and simple gentlemen, old and young warriors, were eager to go and join Joan for the salvation of the king and of France. The constable, De Richemont, banished from the court through the jealous hatred of George la Tremoille, made a pressing application there, followed by a body of men-at-arms; and, when the king refused to see him, he resolved, though continuing in disgrace, to take an active part in the war. The young Duke of Alencon, who had been a prisoner with the English since the battle of Agincourt, hurried on the payment of his ransom in order to accompany Joan as lieutenant-general of the king in the little army which was forming. His wife, the duchess, was in grief about it. "We have just spent great sums," said she, "in buying him back from the English; if he would take my advice, he would stay at home." "Madame," said Joan, "I will bring him back to you safe and sound, nay, even in better contentment than at present; be not afraid." And on this promise the duchess took heart. Du Guesciin's widow, Joan de Laval, was still living; and she had two grandsons, Guy and Andrew de Laval, who were amongst the most zealous of those taking service in the army destined to march on Rheims. The king, to all appearance, desired to keep them near his person. "God forbid that I should do so," wrote Guy de Laval, on the 8th of June, 1429, to those most dread dames, his grandmother and his mother; "my brother says, as also my lord the Duke d'Alencon, that a good riddance of bad rubbish would he be who should stay at home." And he describes his first interview with the Maid as follows: "The king had sent for her to come and meet him at Selles-en-Berry. Some say that it was for my sake, in order that I might see her. She gave right good cheer (a kind reception) to my brother and myself; and after we had dismounted at Selles I went to see her in her quarters. She ordered wine, and told me that she would soon have me drinking some at Paris. It seems a thing divine to look on her and listen to her. I saw her mount on horseback, armed all in white armor, save her head, and with a little axe in her hand, on a great black charger, which, at the door of her quarters, was very restive, and would not let her mount. Then said she, 'Lead him to the cross,' which was in front of the neighboring church, on the road. There she mounted him without his moving, and as if he were tied up; and turning towards the door of the church, which was very nigh at hand, she said, in quite a womanly voice, 'You, priests and church-men, make procession and prayers to God.' Then she resumed her road, saying, 'Push forward, push forward.' She told me that three days before my arrival she had sent you, dear grand-mother, a little golden ring, but that it was a very small matter, and she would have liked to send you something better, having regard to your estimation."

Page 75

It was amidst this burst of patriotism, and with all these valiant comrades, that Joan recommenced the campaign on the 10th of June, 1429, quite resolved to bring the king to Rheims. To complete the deliverance of Orleans, an attack was begun upon the neighboring places, Jargeau, Meung, and Beaugency. Before Jargeau, on the 12th of June, although it was Sunday, Joan had the trumpets sounded for the assault. The Duke d'Alencon thought it was too soon. "Ah!" said Joan, "be not doubtful; it is the hour pleasing to God; work ye, and God will work." And she added, familiarly, "Art thou afeard, gentle duke? Knowest thou not that I have promised thy wife to take thee back safe and sound?" The assault began; and Joan soon had occasion to keep her promise. The Duke d'Alencon was watching the assault from an exposed spot, and Joan remarked a piece pointed at this spot. "Get you hence," said she to the duke; "yonder is a piece which will slay you." The Duke moved, and a moment afterwards Sire de Lude was killed at the self-same place by a shot from the said piece. Jargeau was taken. Before Beaugency a serious incident took place. The constable, De Richemont, came up with a force of twelve hundred men. When he was crossing to Loudun, Charles VII., swayed as ever by the jealous La Tremoille, had word sent to him to withdraw, and that if he advanced he would be attacked. "What I am doing in the matter," said the constable, "is for the good of the king and the realm; if anybody comes to attack me, we shall see." When he had joined the army before Beaugency, the Duke d'Alencon was much troubled. The king's orders were precise, and Joan herself hesitated. But news came that Talbot and the English were approaching. "Now," said Joan, "we must think no more of anything but helping one another." She rode forward to meet the constable, and saluted him courteously. "Joan," said he, "I was told that you meant to attack me; I know not whether you come from God or not; if you are from God, I fear you not at all, for God knows my good will; if you are from the devil, I fear you still less." He remained, and Beaugency was taken. The English army came up. Sir John Falstolf had joined Talbot. Some disquietude showed itself amongst the French, so roughly handled for some time past in pitched battles. "Ah! fair constable," said Joan to Richemont, "you are not come by my orders, but you are right welcome." The Duke d'Alencon consulted Joan as to what was to be done. "It will be well to have horses," was suggested by those about her. She asked her neighbors, "Have you good spurs?" "Ha!" cried they, "must we fly, then?"

Page 76

“No, surely,” replied Joan: “but there will be need to ride boldly; we shall give a good account of the English, and our spurs will serve us famously in pursuing them.” The battle began on the 18th of June, at Patay, between Orleans and Chateaudun. By Joan’s advice, the French attacked. “In the name of God,” said she, “we must fight. Though the English were suspended from the clouds, we should have them, for God hath sent us to punish them. The gentle king shall have to-day the greatest victory he has ever had; my counsel hath told me they are ours.” The English lost heart, in their turn; the battle was short, and the victory brilliant; Lord Talbot and the most part of the English captains remained prisoners. “Lord Talbot,” said the Duke d’Alencon to him, “this is not what you expected this morning.” “It is the fortune of war,” answered Talbot, with the cool dignity of an old warrior. Joan’s immediate return to Orleans was a triumph; but even triumph has its embarrassments and perils. She demanded the speedy march of the army upon Rheims, that the king might be crowned there without delay; but objections were raised on all sides, the objections of the timid and those of the jealous. “By reason of Joan the Maid,” says a contemporary chronicler, “so many folks came from all parts unto the king for to serve him at their own expense, that La Tremoille and others of the council were much wroth thereat, through anxiety for their own persons.” Joan, impatient and irritated at so much hesitation and intrigue, took upon herself to act as if the decision belonged to her. On the 25th of June she wrote to the inhabitants of Tournai, “Loyal Frenchmen, I do pray and require you to be all ready to come to the coronation of the gentle King Charles, at Rheims, where we shall shortly be, and to come and meet us when ye shall learn that we are approaching.” Two days afterwards, on the 27th of June, she left Gien, where the court was, and went to take up her quarters in the open country with the troops. There was nothing for it but to follow her. On the 29th of June, the king, the court (including La Tremoille), and the army, about twelve thousand strong, set out on the march for Rheims. Other obstacles were encountered on the road. In most of the towns the inhabitants, even the royalists, feared to compromise themselves by openly pronouncing against the English and the Duke of Burgundy. Those of Auxerre demanded a truce, offering provisions, and promising to do as those of Troyes, Chalons, and Rheims should do. At Troyes the difficulty was greater still. There was in it a garrison of five or six hundred English and Burgundians, who had the burgesses under their thumbs. All attempts at accommodation failed. There was great perplexity in the royal camp; there were neither provisions enough for a long stay before Troyes, nor batteries and siege trains to carry it by force. There was talk of turning back. One of the king’s councillors, Robert

Page 77

le Macon, proposed that Joan should be summoned to the council. It was at her instance that the expedition had been undertaken; she had great influence amongst the army and the populace; the idea ought not to be given up without consulting her. Whilst he was speaking, Joan came knocking at the door; she was told to come in; and the chancellor, the Archbishop of Rheims, put the question to her. Joan, turning to the king, asked him if he would believe her. "Speak," said the king; "if you say what is reasonable and tends to profit, readily will you be believed." "Gentle king of France," said Joan, "if you be willing to abide here before your town of Troyes, it shall be at your disposal within two days, by love or by force; make no doubt of it." "Joan," replied the chancellor, "whoever could be certain of having it within six days might well wait for it; but say you true?" Joan repeated her assertion; and it was decided to wait. Joan mounted her horse, and, with her banner in her hand, she went through the camp, giving orders everywhere to prepare for the assault. She had her own tent pitched close to the ditch, "doing more," says a contemporary, "than two of the ablest captains would have done." On the next day, July 10, all was ready. Joan had the fascines thrown into the ditches, and was shouting out, "Assault!" when the inhabitants of Troyes, burgesses and men-at-arms, came demanding permission to capitulate. The conditions were easy. The inhabitants obtained for themselves and their property such guarantees as they desired; and the strangers were allowed to go out with what belonged to them. On the morrow, July 11, the king entered Troyes with all his captains, and at his side the Maid carrying her banner. All the difficulties of the journey were surmounted. On the 15th of July the Bishop of Chalons brought the keys of his town to the king, who took up his quarters there. Joan found there four or five of her own villagers, who had hastened up to see the young girl of Domremy in all her glory. She received them with a satisfaction in which familiarity was blended with gravity. To one of them, her godfather, she gave a red cap which she had worn; to another, who had been a Burgundian, she said, "I fear but one thing—treachery." In the Duke d'Alencon's presence she repeated to the king, "Make good use of my time, for I shall hardly last longer than a year." On the 16th of July King Charles entered Rheims, and the ceremony of his coronation was fixed for the morrow.

It was solemn and emotional, as are all old national traditions which recur after a forced suspension. Joan rode between Dunois and the Archbishop of Rheims, chancellor of France. The air resounded with the Te Deum sung with all their hearts by clergy and crowd. "In God's name," said Joan to Dunois, "here is a good people and a devout when I die, I should much like it to be in these parts." "Joan," inquired Dunois, "know you when you will die, and in

Page 78

what place?" "I know not," said she, "for I am at the will of God." Then she added, "I have accomplished that which my Lord commanded me, to raise the siege of Orleans and have the gentle king crowned. I would like it well if it should please him to send me back to my father and mother, to keep their sheep and their cattle, and do that which was my wont." "When the said lords," says the chronicler, an eye-witness, "heard these words of Joan, who, with eyes towards heaven, gave thanks to God, they the more believed that it was somewhat sent from God, and not otherwise."

Historians, and even contemporaries, have given much discussion to the question whether Joan of Arc, according to her first ideas, had really limited her design to the raising of the siege of Orleans and the coronation of Charles VII. at Rheims. She had said so herself several times, just as she had to Dunois at Rheims on the 17th of July, 1429; but she sometimes also spoke of more vast and varied projects, as, for instance, driving the English completely out of France, and withdrawing from his long captivity Charles, Duke of Orleans. He had been a prisoner in London ever since the battle of Agincourt, and was popular in his day, as he has continued to be in French history, on the double ground of having been the father of Louis XII. and one of the most charming poets in the ancient literature of France. The Duke d'Alencon, who was so high in the regard of Joan, attributed to her more expressly this quadruple design: "She said," according to him, "that she had four duties; to get rid of the English, to have the king anointed and crowned, to deliver Duke Charles of Orleans, and to raise the siege laid by the English to Orleans." One is inclined to believe that Joan's language to Dunois at Rheims in the hour of Charles VII.'s coronation more accurately expressed her first idea; the two other notions occurred to her naturally in proportion as her hopes as well as her power kept growing greater with success. But however lofty and daring her soul may have been, she had a simple and not at all a fantastic mind. She may have foreseen the complete expulsion of the English, and may have desired the deliverance of the Duke of Orleans, without having in the first instance premeditated anything more than she said to Dunois during the king's coronation at Rheims, which was looked upon by her as the triumph of the national cause.

However that may be, when Orleans was relieved, and Charles VII. crowned, the situation, posture, and part of Joan underwent a change. She no longer manifested the same confidence in herself and her designs. She no longer exercised over those in whose midst she lived the same authority. She continued to carry on war, but at hap-hazard, sometimes with and sometimes without success, just like La Hire and Dunois; never discouraged, never satisfied, and never looking upon her-self as triumphant. After the coronation, her advice was to march at once upon Paris, in order

Page 79

to take up a fixed position in it, as being the political centre of the realm of which Rheims was the religious. Nothing of the sort was done. Charles and La Tremoille once more began their course of hesitation, tergiversation, and changes of tactics and residence without doing anything of a public and decisive character. They negotiated with the Duke of Burgundy, in the hope of detaching him from the English cause; and they even concluded with him a secret, local, and temporary truce. From the 20th of July to the 23d of August Joan followed the king whithersoever he went, to Chateau-Thierry, to Senlis, to Blois, to Provins, and to Compigne, as devoted as ever, but without having her former power. She was still active, but not from inspiration and to obey her voices, simply to promote the royal policy. She wrote the Duke of Burgundy a letter full of dignity and patriotism, which had no more effect than the negotiations of La Tremoille. During this fruitless labor amongst the French the Duke of Bedford sent for five thousand men from England, who came and settled themselves at Paris. One division of this army had a white standard, in the middle of which was depicted a distaff full of cotton; a half-filled spindle was hanging to the distaff; and the field, studded with empty spindles, bore this inscription: “Now, fair one, come!” Insult to Joan was accompanied by redoubled war against France. Joan, saddened and wearied by the position of things, attempted to escape from it by a bold stroke. On the 23d of August, 1429, she set out from Compiegne with the Duke d’Alencon and “a fair company of men-at-arms;” and suddenly went and occupied St. Denis, with the view of attacking Paris. Charles VII. felt himself obliged to quit Compiegne likewise, “and went, greatly against the grain,” says a contemporary chronicler, “as far as into the town of Senlis.” The attack on Paris began vigorously. Joan, with the Duke d’Alencon, pitched her camp at La Chapelle. Charles took up his abode in the abbey of St. Denis. The municipal corporation of Paris received letters with the arms of the Duke d’Alencon, which called upon them to recognize the king’s authority, and promised a general amnesty. The assault was delivered on the 8th of September. Joan was severely wounded, but she insisted upon remaining where she was. Night came, and the troops had not entered the breach which had been opened in the morning. Joan was still calling out to persevere. The Duke d’Alencon himself begged her, but in vain, to retire. La Tremoille gave orders to retreat; and some knights came up, set Joan on horse-back, and led her back, against her will, to La Chapelle. “By my martin” (staff of command), said she, “the place would have been taken.” One hope still remained. In concert with the Duke d’Alencon she had caused a flying bridge to be thrown across the Seine opposite St. Denis. The next day but one she sent her vanguard in this direction; she intended to return thereby to the siege; but, by the king’s order, the bridge had been cut adrift. St. Denis fell once more into the hands of the English. Before leaving, Joan left there, on the tomb of St. Denis, her complete suit of armor and a sword she had lately obtained possession of at the St. Honore gate of Paris, as trophy of war.

Page 80

From the 13th of September, 1429, to the 24th of May, 1430, she continued to lead the same life of efforts ever equally valiant and equally ineffectual. She failed in an attempt upon Laemir. Charite-sur-Loire, undertaken, for all that appears, with the sole design of recovering an important town in the possession of the enemy. The English evacuated Paris, and left the keeping of it to the Duke of Burgundy, no doubt to test his fidelity. On the 13th of Aprils 1430, at the expiration of the truce he had concluded, Philip the Good resumed hostilities against Charles VII. Joan of Arc once more plunged into them with her wonted zeal. Ile-de-France and Picardy became the theatre of war. Compiegne was regarded as the gate of the road between these two provinces; and the Duke of Burgundy attached much importance to holding the key of it. The authority of Charles VII. was recognized there; and a young knight of Compiegne, William de Flavy, held the command there as lieutenant of La Tremoille, who had got himself appointed captain of the town. La Tremoille attempted to treat with the Duke of Burgundy for the cession of Compiegne; but the inhabitants were strenuously opposed to it. “They were,” they said, “the king’s most humble subjects, and they desired to serve him with body and substance; but as for trusting themselves to the lord Duke of Burgundy, they could not do it; they were resolved to suffer destruction, themselves and their wives and children, rather than be exposed to the tender mercies of the said duke.” Meanwhile Joan of Arc, after several warlike expeditions in the neighborhood, re-entered Compiegne, and was received there with a popular expression of satisfaction. “She was presented,” says a local chronicler, with three hogsheads of wine, a present which was large and exceeding costly, and which showed the estimate formed of this maiden’s worth.” Joan manifested the profound distrust with which she was inspired of the Duke of Burgundy. There is no peace possible with him,” she said, “save at the point of the lance.” She had quarters at the house of the king’s attorney, Le Boucher, and shared the bed of his wife, Mary. “She often made the said Mary rise from her bed to go and warn the said attorney to be on his guard against several acts of Burgundian treachery.” At this period, again, she said she was often warned by her voices of what must happen to her; she expected to be taken prisoner before St. John’s or Midsummer-day (June 24); on what day and hour she did not know; she had received no instructions as to sorties from the place; but she had constantly been told that she would be taken, and she was distrustful of the captains who were in command there. She was, nevertheless, not the less bold and enterprising. On the 20th of May, 1430, the Duke of Burgundy came and laid siege to Compiegne. Joan was away on an expedition to Crepy in Valois, with a small band of three or four hundred brave comrades. On the 24th of May,

Page 81

the eve of Ascension-day, she learned that Compiegne was being besieged, and she resolved to re-enter it. She was reminded that her force was a very weak one to cut its way through the besiegers' camp. "By my martin," said she, "we are enough; I will go see my friends in Compiegne." She arrived about daybreak without hinderance, and penetrated into the town; and repaired immediately to the parish church of St. Jacques to perform her devotions on the eve of so great a festival. Many persons, attracted by her presence, and amongst others "from a hundred to six-score children," thronged to the church. After hearing mass, and herself taking the communion, Joan said to those who surrounded her, "My children and dear friends, I notify you that I am sold and betrayed, and that I shall shortly be delivered over to death; I beseech you, pray God for me." When evening came, she was not the less eager to take part in a sortie with her usual comrades and a troop of about five hundred men. William de Flavy, commandant of the place, got ready some boats on the Oise to assist the return of the troops. All the town-gates were closed, save the bridge-gate. The sortie was unsuccessful. Being severely repulsed and all but hemmed in, the majority of the soldiers shouted to Joan, "Try to quickly regain the town, or we are lost." "Silence," said Joan; "it only rests with you to throw the enemy into confusion; think only of striking at them." Her words and her bravery were in vain; the infantry flung themselves into the boats, and regained the town, and Joan and her brave comrades covered their retreat. The Burgundians were coming up in mass upon Compiegne, and Flavy gave orders to pull up the draw-bridge and let down the portcullis. Joan and some of her following lingered outside, still fighting. She wore a rich surcoat and a red sash, and all the efforts of the Burgundians were directed against her. Twenty men thronged round her horse; and a Picard archer, "a tough fellow and mighty sour," seized her by her dress, and flung her on the ground. All, at once, called on her to surrender. "Yield you to me," said one of them; "pledge your faith to me; I am a gentleman." It was an archer of the bastard of Wandonne, one of the lieutenants of John of Luxembourg, Count of Ligny. "I have pledged my faith to one other than you," said Joan, "and to Him I will keep my oath." The archer took her and conducted her to Count John, whose prisoner she became.

Was she betrayed and delivered up, as she had predicted? Did William de Flavy purposely have the drawbridge raised and the portcullis lowered before she could get back into Compiegne? He was suspected of it at the time, and many historians have indorsed the suspicion. But there is nothing to prove it. That La Tremoille, prime minister of Charles VII., and Reginald de Chartres, Archbishop of Rheims, had an antipathy to Joan of Arc, and did all they could on every occasion to compromise her and destroy

Page 82

her influence, and that they were glad to see her a prisoner, is as certain as anything can be. On announcing her capture to the inhabitants of Rheims, the arch-bishop said, “She would not listen to counsel, and did everything according to her pleasure.” But there is a long distance between such expressions and a premeditated plot to deliver to the enemy the young heroine who had just raised the siege of Orleans and brought the king to be crowned at Rheims. History must not, without proof, impute crimes so odious and so shameful to even the most depraved of men.

However that may be, Joan remained for six months the prisoner of John of Luxembourg, who, to make his possession of her secure, sent her, under good escort, successively to his two castles of Beaulieu and Beaurevoir, one in the Vermandois and the other in the Cambresis. Twice, in July and in October, 1430, Joan attempted, unsuccessfully, to escape. The second time she carried despair and hardihood so far as to throw herself down from the platform of her prison. She was picked up cruelly bruised, but without any fracture or wound of importance. Her fame, her youth, her virtue, her courage, made her, even in her prison and in the very family of her custodian, two warm and powerful friends. John of Luxembourg had with him his wife, Joan of Bethune, and his aunt, Joan of Luxembourg, godmother of Charles VII. They both of them took a tender interest in the prisoner; and they often went to see her, and left nothing undone to mitigate the annoyances of a prison. One thing only shocked them about her—her man’s clothes. “They offered her,” as Joan herself said, when questioned upon this subject at a later period during her trial, “a woman’s dress, or stuff to make it to her liking, and requested her to wear it; but she answered that she had not leave from our Lord, and that it was not yet time for it.” John of Luxembourg’s aunt was full of years and reverenced as a saint. Hearing that the English were tempting her nephew by the offer of a sum of money to give up his prisoner to them, she conjured him in her will, dated September 10, 1430, not to sully by such an act the honor of his name. But Count John was neither rich nor scrupulous; and pretexts were not wanting to aid his cupidity and his weakness. Joan had been taken at Compiegne on the 23d of May, in the evening; and the news arrived in Paris on the 25th of May, in the morning. On the morrow, the 26th, the registrar of the University, in the name and under the seal of the inquisition of France, wrote a citation to the Duke of Burgundy “to the end that the Maid should be delivered up to appear before the said inquisitor, and to respond to the good counsel, favor, and aid of the good doctors and masters of the University of Paris.” Peter Cauchon, Bishop of Beauvais, had been the prime mover in this step. Some weeks later, on the 14th of July, seeing that no reply arrived from the Duke of Burgundy, he caused a renewal

Page 83

of the same demands to be made on the part of the University in more urgent terms, and he added, in his own name, that Joan, having been taken at Compiegne, in his own diocese, belonged to him as judge spiritual. He further asserted that “according to the law, usage, and custom of France, every prisoner of war, even were it king, *dauphin*, or other prince, might be redeemed in the name of the King of England in consideration of an indemnity of ten thousand livres granted to the capturer.” Nothing was more opposed to the common law of nations and to the feudal spirit, often grasping, but noble at bottom. For four months still, John of Luxembourg hesitated; but his aunt, Joan, died at Boulogne, on the 13th of November, and Joan of Arc had no longer near him this powerful intercessor. The King of England transmitted to the keeping of his coffers at Rouen, in golden coin, English money, the sum of ten thousand livres. John of Luxembourg yielded to the temptation. On the 21st of November, 1430, Joan of Arc was handed over to the King of England, and the same day the University of Paris, through its rector, Hebert, besought that sovereign, as King of France, “to order that this woman be brought to their city for to be shortly placed in the hands of the justice of the Church, that is, of our honored lord, the Bishop and Count of Beauvais, and also of the ordained inquisitor in France, in order that her trial may be conducted officially and securely.”

It was not to Paris, but to Rouen, the real capital of the English in France, that Joan was taken. She arrived there on the 23d of December, 1430. On the 3d of January, 1431, an order from Henry VI., King of England, placed her in the hands of the Bishop of Beauvais, Peter Cauchon. Some days afterwards, Count John of Luxembourg, accompanied by his brother, the English chancellor, by his esquire, and by two English lords, Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, and Humphrey, Earl of Stafford, the King of England’s constable in France, entered the prison. Had John of Luxembourg come out of sheer curiosity, or to relieve himself of certain scruples by offering Joan a chance for her life? “Joan,” said he, “I am come hither to put you to ransom, and to treat for the price of your deliverance; only give us your promise here to no more bear arms against us.” “In God’s name,” answered Joan, “are you making a mock of me, captain? Ransom me! You have neither the will nor the power; no, you have neither.” The count persisted. “I know well,” said Joan, “that these English will put me to death; but were they a hundred thousand more Goddams than have already been in France, they shall never have the kingdom.”

At this patriotic burst on the heroine’s part, the Earl of Stafford half drew his dagger from the sheath as if to strike Joan, but the Earl of Warwick held him back. The visitors went out from the prison and handed over Joan to the judges.

Page 84

The court of Rouen was promptly formed, but not without opposition and difficulty. Though Joan had lost somewhat of her greatness and importance by going beyond her main object, and by showing recklessness, unattended by success, on small occasions, she still remained the true, heroic representative of the feelings and wishes of the nation. When she was removed from Beaurevoir to Rouen, all the places at which she stopped were like so many luminous points for the illustration of her popularity. At Arras, a Scot showed her a portrait of her which he wore, an outward sign of the devoted worship of her lieges. At Amiens, the chancellor of the cathedral gave her audience at confession and administered to her the eucharist. At Abbeville, ladies of distinction went five leagues to pay her a visit; they were glad to have had the happiness of seeing her so firm and resigned to the will of Our Lord; they wished her all the favors of heaven, and then wept affectionately on taking leave of her. Joan, touched by their sympathy and open heartedness, said, “Ah! what a good people is this! Would to God I might be so happy, when my days are ended, as to be buried in these parts!”

When the Bishop of Beauvais, installed at Rouen, set about forming his court of justice, the majority of the members he appointed amongst the clergy or the University of Paris obeyed the summons without hesitation. Some few would have refused; but their wishes were overruled. The Abbot of Jumieges, Nicholas de Houppeville, maintained that the trial was not legal. The Bishop of Beauvais, he said, belonged to the party which declared itself hostile to the Maid; and, besides, he made himself judge in a case already decided by his metropolitan, the Archbishop of Rheims, of whom Beauvais was holden, and who had approved of Joan’s conduct. The bishop summoned before him the recalcitrant, who refused to appear, saying that he was under no official jurisdiction but that of Rouen. He was arrested and thrown into prison, by order of the bishop, whose authority he denied. There was some talk of banishing him, and even of throwing him into the river; but the influence of his brethren saved him. The sub-inquisitor himself allowed the trial in which he was to be one of the judges to begin without him; and he only put in an appearance at the express order of the inquisitor-general, and on a confidential hint that he would be in danger of his life if he persisted in his refusal. The court being thus constituted, Joan, after it had been put in possession of the evidence already collected, was cited, on the 20th of February, 1431, to appear on the morrow, the 21st, before her judges assembled in the chapel of Rouen Castle.

Page 85

The trial lasted from the 21st of February to the 30th of May, 1431. The court held forty sittings, mostly in the chapel of the castle, some in Joan's very prison. On her arrival there, she had been put in an iron cage; afterwards she was kept no longer in the cage, but in a dark room in a tower of the castle, wearing irons upon her feet, fastened by a chain to a large piece of wood, and guarded night and day by four or five "soldiers of low grade." She complained of being thus chained; but the bishop told her that her former attempts at escape demanded this precaution. "It is true," said Joan, as truthful as heroic, "I did wish and I still wish to escape from prison, as is the right of every prisoner." At her examination, the bishop required her to take an oath to tell the truth about everything as to which she should be questioned." "I know not what you mean to question me about; perchance you may ask me things I would not tell you; touching my revelations, for instance, you might ask me to tell something I have sworn not to tell; thus I should be perjured, which you ought not to desire." The bishop insisted upon an oath absolute and with-out condition. "You are too hard on me," said Joan; I do not like to take an oath to tell the truth save as to matters which concern the faith." The bishop called upon her to swear on pain of being held guilty of the things imputed to her.

[Illustration: Joan examined in Prison——128]

"Go on to something else," said she. And this was the answer she made to all questions which seemed to her to be a violation of her right to be silent. Wearied and hurt at these imperious demands, she one day said, "I come on God's business, and I have nought to do here; send me back to God, from whom I come." "Are you sure you are in God's grace?" asked the bishop. "If I be not," answered Joan, "please God to bring me to it; and if I be, please God to keep me in it!" The bishop himself remained dumbfounded.

There is no object in following through all its sittings and all its twistings this odious and shameful trial, in which the judges' prejudiced servility and scientific subtlety were employed for three months to wear out the courage or overreach the understanding of a young girl of nineteen, who refused at one time to lie, and at another to enter into discussion with them, and made no defence beyond holding her tongue or appealing to God who had spoken to her and dictated to her that which she had done. In order to force her from her silence or bring her to submit to the Church instead of appealing from it to God, it was proposed to employ the last means of all, torture. On the 9th of May the bishop had Joan brought into the great tower of Rouen Castle; the instruments of torture were displayed before her eyes; and the executioners were ready to fulfil their office, "for to bring her back," said the bishop, "into the ways of truth, in order to insure the salvation of

Page 86

her soul and body, so gravely endangered by erroneous inventions." "Verily," answered Joan, "if you should have to tear me limb from limb, and separate soul from body, I should not tell you aught else; and if I were to tell you aught else, I should afterwards still tell you that you had made me tell it by force." The idea of torture was given up. It was resolved to display all the armory of science in order to subdue the mind of this young girl, whose conscience was not to be subjugated. The chapter of Rouen declared that in consequence of her public refusal to submit herself to the decision of the Church as to her deeds and her statements, Joan deserved to be declared a heretic. The University of Paris, to which had been handed in the twelve heads of accusation resulting from Joan's statements and examinations, replied that "if, having been charitably admonished, she would not make reparation and return to union with the Catholic faith, she must be left to the secular judges to undergo punishment for her crime." Armed with these documents the Bishop of Beauvais had Joan brought up, on the 23d of May, in a hall adjoining her prison, and, after having addressed to her a long exhortation, "Joan," said he, "if in the dominions of your king, when you were at large in them, a knight or any other, born under his rule and allegiance to him, had risen up, saying, 'I will not obey the king or submit to his officers,' would you not have said that he ought to be condemned? What then will you say of yourself, you who were born in the faith of Christ and became by baptism a daughter of the Church and spouse of Jesus Christ, if you obey not the officers of Christ, that is, the prelates of the Church?" Joan listened modestly to this admonition, and confined herself to answering, "As to my deeds and sayings, what I said of them at the trial I do hold to and mean to abide by." "Think you that you are not bound to submit your sayings and deeds to the Church militant or to any other than God?" "The course that I always mentioned and pursued at the trial I mean to maintain as to that. If I were at the stake, and saw the torch lighted, and the executioner ready to set fire to the fagots, even if I were in the midst of the flames, I should not say aught else, and I should uphold that which I said at the trial even unto death."

According to the laws, ideas, and practices of the time the legal question was decided. Joan, declared heretic and rebellious by the Church, was liable to have sentence pronounced against her; but she had persisted in her statements, she had shown no submission. Although she appeared to be quite forgotten, and was quite neglected by the king whose coronation she had effected, by his councillors, and even by the brave warriors at whose side she had fought, the public exhibited a lively interest in her; accounts of the scenes which took place at her trial were inquired after with curiosity. Amongst the very judges who prosecuted her, many

Page 87

were troubled in spirit, and wished that Joan, by an abjuration of her statements, would herself put them at ease and relieve them from pronouncing against her the most severe penalty. What means were employed to arrive at this end? Did she really, and with full knowledge of what she was about, come round to the adjuration which there was so much anxiety to obtain from her? It is difficult to solve this historical problem with exactness and certainty. More than once, during the examinations and the conversations which took place at that time between Joan and her judges, she maintained her firm posture and her first statements. One of those who were exhorting her to yield said to her one day, “Thy king is a heretic and a schismatic.” Joan could not brook this insult to her king. “By my faith,” said she, “full well dare I both say and swear that he is the noblest Christian of all Christians, and the truest lover of the faith and the Church.” “Make her hold her tongue,” said the usher to the preacher, who was disconcerted at having provoked such language. Another day, when Joan was being urged to submit to the Church, brother Isambard de la Pierre, a Dominican, who was interested in her, spoke to her about the council, at the same time explaining to her its province in the church. It was the very time when that of Bale had been convoked. “Ah!” said Joan, “I would fain surrender and submit myself to the council of Bale.” The Bishop of Beauvais trembled at the idea of this appeal. “Hold your tongue in the devil’s name!” said he to the monk. Another of the judges, William Erard, asked Joan menacingly, “Will you abjure those reprobate words and deeds of yours?” “I leave it to the universal Church whether I ought to abjure or not.” “That is not enough: you shall abjure at once or you shall burn.” Joan shuddered. “I would rather sign than burn,” she said. There was put before her a form of abjuration, whereby, disavowing her revelations and visions from heaven, she confessed her errors in matters of faith, and renounced them humbly. At the bottom of the document she made the mark of a cross. Doubts have arisen as to the genuineness of this long and diffuse deed in the form in which it has been published in the trial-papers. Twenty-four years later, in 1455, during the trial undertaken for the rehabilitation of Joan, several of those who had been present at the trial at which she was condemned, amongst others the usher Massieu and the registrar Taquel, declared that the form of abjuration read out at that time to Joan and signed by her contained only seven or eight lines of big writing; and according to another witness of the scene it was an Englishman, John Calot, secretary of Henry VI., King of England, who, as soon as Joan had yielded, drew from his sleeve a little paper which he gave to her to sign, and, dissatisfied with the mark she had made, held her hand and guided it so that she might put down her name, every letter. However that may be, as soon as Joan’s abjuration had thus been obtained, the court issued on the 24th of May, 1431, a definitive decree, whereby, after some long and severe strictures in the preamble, it condemned Joan to perpetual imprisonment, “with the bread of affliction and the water of affliction, in order that she might deplore the errors and faults she had committed, and relapse into them no more henceforth.”

Page 88

The Church might be satisfied; but the King of England, his councillors and his officers, were not. It was Joan living, even though a prisoner, that they feared. They were animated towards her by the two ruthless passions of vengeance and fear. When it was known that she would escape with her life, murmurs broke out amongst the crowd of enemies present at the trial. Stones were thrown at the judges. One of the Cardinal of Winchester's chaplains, who happened to be close to the Bishop of Beauvais, called him traitor. "You lie," said the bishop. And the bishop was right; the chaplain did lie; the bishop had no intention of betraying his masters. The Earl of Warwick complained to him of the inadequacy of the sentence. "Never you mind, my lord," said one of Peter Cauchon's confidants; "we will have her up again." After the passing of her sentence Joan had said to those about her, "Come, now, you churchmen amongst you, lead me off to your own prisons, and let me be no more in the hands of the English." "Lead her to where you took her," said the bishop; and she was conducted to the castle prison. She had been told by some of the judges who went to see her after her sentence, that she would have to give up her man's dress and resume her woman's clothing, as the Church ordained. She was rejoiced thereat; forthwith, accordingly, resumed her woman's clothes, and had her hair properly cut, which up to that time she used to wear clipped round like a man's. When she was taken back to prison, the man's dress which she had worn was put in a sack in the same room in which she was confined, and she remained in custody at the said place in the hands of five Englishmen, of whom three staid by night in the room and two outside at the door. "And he who speaks [John Massieu, a priest, the same who in 1431 had been present as usher of the court at the trial in which Joan was condemned] knows for certain that at night she had her legs ironed in such sort that she could not stir from the spot. When the next Sunday morning, which was Trinity Sunday, had come, and she should have got up, according to what she herself told to him who speaks, she said to her English guards, 'Uniron me; I will get up.' Then one of then took away her woman's clothes; they emptied the sack in which was her man's dress, and pitched the said dress to her, saying, 'Get up, then,' and they put her woman's clothes in the same sack. And according to what she told me she only clad herself in her man's dress after saying, 'You know it is forbidden me; I certainly will not take it.' Nevertheless they would not allow her any other; insomuch that the dispute lasted to the hour of noon. Finally, from corporeal necessity, Joan was constrained to get up and take the dress."

Page 89

The official documents drawn up during the condemnation-trial contain quite a different account. "On the 28th of May," it is there said, "eight of the judges who had taken part in the sentence [their names are given in the document, t. i. p. 454] betook themselves to Joan's prison, and seeing her clad in man's dress, 'which she had but just given up according to our order that she should resume woman's clothes, we asked her when and for what cause she had resumed this dress, and who had prevailed on her to do so. Joan answered that it was of her own will, without any constraint from any one, and because she preferred that dress to woman's clothes. To our question as to why she had made this change, she answered, that, being surrounded by men, man's dress was more suitable for her than woman's. She also said that she had resumed it because there had been made to her, but not kept, a promise that she should go to mass, receive the body of Christ, and be set free from her fetters. She added that if this promise were kept, she would be good, and would do what was the will of the Church. As we had heard some persons say that she persisted in her errors as to the pretended revelations which she had but lately renounced, we asked whether she had since Thursday last heard the voices of St. Catherine and St. Margaret; and she answered, Yes. To our question as to what the saints had said she answered, that God had testified to her by their voices great pity for the great treason she had committed in abjuring for the sake of saving her life, and that by so doing she had damned herself. She said that all she had thus done last Thursday in abjuring her visions and revelations she had done through fear of the stake, and that all her abjuration was contrary to the truth. She added that she did not herself comprehend what was contained in the form of abjuration she had been made to sign, and that she would rather do penance once for all by dying to maintain the truth than remain any longer a prisoner, being all the while a traitress to it."

We will not stop to examine whether these two accounts, though very different, are not fundamentally reconcilable, and whether Joan resumed man's dress of her own desire or was constrained to do so by the soldiers on guard over her, and perhaps to escape from their insults. The important points in the incident are the burst of remorse which Joan felt for her weakness and her striking retractation of the abjuration which had been wrung from her. So soon as the news was noised abroad, her enemies cried, "She has relapsed!" This was exactly what they had hoped for when, on learning that she had been sentenced only to perpetual imprisonment, they had said, "Never you mind; we will have her up again." "*Farewell, farewell*, my lord," said the Bishop of Beauvais to the Earl of Warwick, whom he met shortly after Joan's retractation; and in his words there was plainly an expression of satisfaction, and not a mere phrase of politeness. On the 29th of May the tribunal met again. Forty judges took part in the deliberation; Joan was unanimously declared a case of relapse, was found guilty, and cited to appear next day, the 30th, on the Vieux-Marche to hear sentence pronounced, and then undergo the punishment of the stake.

Page 90

When, on the 30th of May, in the morning, the Dominican brother Martin Ladvenu was charged to announce her sentence to Joan, she gave way at first to grief and terror. “Alas!” she cried, “am I to be so horribly and cruelly treated that this my body, full pure and perfect and never defiled, must to-day be consumed and reduced to ashes! Ah! I would seven times rather be beheaded than burned!” The Bishop of Beauvais at this moment came up. “Bishop,” said Joan, “you are the cause of my death; if you had put me in the prisons of the Church and in the hands of fit and proper ecclesiastical warders, this had never happened; I appeal from you to the presence of God.” One of the doctors who had sat in judgment upon her, Peter Maurice, went to see her, and spoke to her with sympathy. “Master Peter,” said she to him, “where shall I be to-night?” “Have you not good hope in God?” asked the doctor. “O! yes,” she answered; “by the grace of God I shall be in paradise.” Being left alone with the Dominican, Martin Ladvenu, she confessed and asked to communicate. The monk applied to the Bishop of Beauvais to know what he was to do. “Tell brother Martin,” was the answer, “to give her the eucharist and all she asks for.” At nine o’clock, having resumed her woman’s dress, Joan was dragged from prison and driven to the Vieux-Marche. From seven to eight hundred soldiers escorted the car and prohibited all approach to it on the part of the crowd, which encumbered the road and the vicinities; but a man forced a passage and flung himself towards Joan. It was a canon of Rouen, Nicholas Loiseleur, whom the Bishop of Beauvais had placed near her, and who had abused the confidence she had shown him. Beside himself with despair, he wished to ask pardon of her; but the English soldiers drove him back with violence and with the epithet of traitor, and but for the intervention of the Earl of Warwick his life would have been in danger. Joan wept and prayed; and the crowd, afar off, wept and prayed with her. On arriving at the place, she listened in silence to a sermon by one of the doctors of the court, who ended by saying, “Joan, go in peace; the Church can no longer defend thee; she gives thee over to the secular arm.” The laic judges, Raoul Bouteillier, baillie of Rouen, and his lieutenant, Peter Daron, were alone qualified to pronounce sentence of death; but no time was given them. The priest Massieu was still continuing his exhortations to Joan, but “How now! priest,” was the cry from amidst the soldiery, “are you going to make us dine here?” “Away with her! Away with her!” said the baillie to the guards; and to the executioner, “Do thy duty.” When she came to the stake, Joan knelt down completely absorbed in prayer. She had begged Massieu to get her a cross; and an Englishman present made one out of a little stick, and handed it to the French heroine, who took it, kissed it, and laid it on her breast. She begged brother Isambard de la Pierre

Page 91

to go and fetch the cross from the church of St. Sauveur, the chief door of which opened on the Vieux-Marche, and to hold it “upright before her eyes till the coming of death, in order,” she said, “that the cross whereon God hung might, as long as she lived, be continually in her sight;” and her wishes were fulfilled. She wept over her country and the spectators as well as over herself. “Rouen, Rouen,” she cried, “is it here that I must die? Shalt thou be my last resting-place? I fear greatly thou wilt have to suffer for my death.” It is said that the aged Cardinal of Winchester and the Bishop of Beauvais himself could not stifle their emotion—and, peradventure, their tears. The executioner set fire to the fagots. When Joan perceived the flames rising, she urged her confessor, the Dominican brother, Martin Ladvenu, to go down, at the same time asking him to keep holding the cross up high in front of her, that she might never cease to see it. The same monk, when questioned four and twenty years later, at the rehabilitation trial, as to the last sentiments and the last words of Joan, said that to the very latest moment she had affirmed that her voices were heavenly, that they had not deluded her, and that the revelations she had received came from God. When she had ceased to live, two of her judges, John Alespie, canon of Rouen, and Peter Maurice, doctor of theology, cried out, “Would that my soul were where I believe the soul of that woman is!” And Tressart, secretary to King Henry VI., said sorrowfully, on returning from the place of execution, “We are all lost; we have burned a saint.”

A saint indeed in faith and in destiny. Never was human creature more heroically confident in, and devoted to, inspiration coming from God, a commission received from God. Joan of Arc sought nothing of all that happened to her and of all she did, nor exploit, nor power, nor glory. “It was not her condition,” as she used to say, to be a warrior, to get her king crowned, and to deliver her country from the foreigner. Everything came to her from on high, and she accepted everything without hesitation, without discussion, without calculation, as we should say in our times. She believed in God, and obeyed Him. God was not to her an idea, a hope, a flash of human imagination, or a problem of human science; He was the Creator of the world, the Saviour of mankind through Jesus Christ, the Being of beings, ever present, ever in action, sole legitimate sovereign of man whom He has made intelligent and free, the real and true God whom we are painfully searching for in our own day, and whom we shall never find again until we cease pretending to do without Him and putting ourselves in His place. Meanwhile one fact may be mentioned which does honor to our epoch and gives us hope for our future. Four centuries have rolled by since Joan of Arc, that modest and heroic servant of God, made a sacrifice of herself for France. For four and twenty years after her death, France

Page 92

and the king appeared to think no more of her. However, in 1455, remorse came upon Charles VII. and upon France. Nearly all the provinces, all the towns, were freed from the foreigner, and shame was felt that nothing was said, nothing done, for the young girl who had saved everything. At Rouen, especially, where the sacrifice was completed, a cry for reparation arose. It was timidly demanded from the spiritual power which had sentenced and delivered over Joan as a heretic to the stake. Pope Calixtus III. entertained the request preferred, not by the King of France, but in the name of Isabel Romee, Joan's mother, and her whole family. Regular proceedings were commenced and followed up for the rehabilitation of the martyr; and, on the 7th of July, 1456, a decree of the court assembled at Rouen quashed the sentence of 1431, together with all its consequences, and ordered "a general procession and solemn sermon at St. Ouen Place and the Vieux-Marche," where the said maid had been cruelly and horribly burned; besides the planting of a cross of honor (crucis honestee) on the Vieux-Marche, the judges reserving the official notice to be given of their decision "throughout the cities and notable places of the realm." The city of Orleans responded to this appeal by raising on the bridge over the Loire a group in bronze representing Joan of Arc on her knees before Our Lady between two angels. This monument, which was broken during the religious wars of the sixteenth century and repaired shortly afterwards, was removed in the eighteenth century, and, Joan of Arc then received a fresh insult; the poetry of a cynic was devoted to the task of diverting a licentious public at the expense of the saint whom, three centuries before, fanatical hatred had brought to the stake. In 1792 the council of the commune of Orleans, "considering that the monument in bronze did not represent the heroine's services, and did not by any sign call to mind the struggle against the English," ordered it to be melted down and cast into cannons, of which "one should bear the name of Joan of Arc." It is in our time that the city of Orleans and its distinguished bishop, Mgr. Dupanloup, have at last paid Joan homage worthy of her, not only by erecting to her a new statue, but by recalling her again to the memory of France with her true features, and in her grand character. Neither French nor any other history offers a like example of a modest little soul, with a faith so pure and efficacious, resting on divine inspiration and patriotic hope.

During the trial of Joan of Arc the war between France and England, without being discontinued, had been somewhat slack: the curiosity and the passions of men were concentrated upon the scenes at Rouen. After the execution of Joan the war resumed its course, though without any great events. By way of a step towards solution, the Duke of Bedford, in November, 1431, escorted to Paris King Henry VI., scarcely ten years old, and had him crowned at Notre-Dame.

Page 93

The ceremony was distinguished for pomp, but not for warmth. The Duke of Burgundy was not present; it was an Englishman, the Cardinal-bishop of Winchester, who anointed the young Englander King of France; the Bishop of Paris complained of it as a violation of his rights; the parliament, the university, and the municipal body had not even seats reserved at the royal banquet; Paris was melancholy, and day by day more deserted by the native inhabitants; grass was growing in the court-yards of the great mansions; the students were leaving the great school of Paris, to which the Duke of Bedford at Caen, and Charles VII. himself at Poitiers, were attempting to raise up rivals; and silence reigned in the Latin quarter. The child-king was considered unintelligent, and ungraceful, and ungracious. When, on the day after Christmas, he started on his way back to Rouen, and from Rouen to England, he did not confer on Paris “any of the boons expected, either by releasing prisoners or by putting an end to black-mails, gabels, and wicked imposts.” The burgesses were astonished, and grumbled; and the old queen, Isabel of Bavaria, who was still living at the hostel of St. Paul, wept, it is said, for vexation, at seeing from one of her windows her grandson’s royal procession go by.

Though war was going on all the while, attempts were made to negotiate; and in March, 1433, a conference was opened at Seineport, near Corbeil. Everybody in France desired peace. Philip the Good himself began to feel the necessity of it. Burgundy was almost as discontented and troubled as Ile-de-France. There was grumbling at Dijon as there was conspiracy at Paris. The English gave fresh cause for national irritation. They showed an inclination to canton themselves in Normandy, and abandon the other French provinces to the hazards and sufferings of a desultory war. Anne of Burgundy, the Duke of Bedford’s wife and Philip the Good’s sister, died. The English duke speedily married again without even giving any notice to the French prince. Every family tie between the two persons was broken; and the negotiations as well as the war remained without result.

An incident at court caused a change in the situation, and gave the government of Charles a different character. His favorite, George de la Tremoille, had become almost as unpopular amongst the royal family as in the country in general. He could not manage a war, and he frustrated attempts at peace. The Queen of Sicily, Yolande d’Aragon, her daughter, Mary d’Anjou, Queen of France, and her son, Louis, Count of Maine, who all three desired peace, set themselves to work to overthrow the favorite. In June, 1433, four young lords, one of whom, Sire de Beuil, was La Tremoille’s own nephew, introduced themselves unexpectedly into his room at the castle of Coudray, near Chinon, where Charles VII. was. La Tremoille showed an intention of resisting, and received a sword-thrust. He was made to resign all his offices, and was sent

Page 94

under strict guard to the castle of Alontresor, the property of his nephew, Sire de Beuil. The conspirators had concerted measures with La Tremoille's rival, the constable De Richemont, Arthur of Brittany, a man distinguished in war, who had lately gone to help Joan of Arc, and who was known to be a friend of peace at the same time that he was firmly devoted to the national cause. He was called away from his castle of Parthenay, and set at the head of the government as well as of the army. Charles VII. at first showed anger at his favorite's downfall. He asked if Richemont was present, and was told no: where-upon he seemed to grow calmer. Before long he did more; he became resigned, and, continuing all the while to give La Tremoille occasional proofs of his former favor, he fully accepted De Richemont's influence and the new direction which the constable imposed upon his government.

War was continued nearly everywhere, with alternations of success and reverse which deprived none of the parties of hope without giving victory to any. Peace, however, was more and more the general desire. Scarcely had one attempt at pacification failed when another was begun. The constable De Richemont's return to power led to fresh overtures. He was a states-man as well as a warrior; and his inclinations were known at Dijon and London, as well as at Chinon. The advisers of King Henry VI. proposed to open a conference, on the 15th of October, 1433, at Calais. They had, they said, a prisoner in England, confined there ever since the battle of Agincourt, Duke Charles of Orleans, who was sincerely desirous of peace, in spite of his family enmity towards the Duke of Burgundy. He was considered a very proper person to promote the negotiations, although he sought in poetry, which was destined to bring lustre to his name, a refuge from politics which made his life a burden. He, one day meeting the Duke of Burgundy's two ambassadors at the Earl of Suffolk's, Henry VI.'s prime minister, went up to them, affectionately took their hands, and, when they inquired after his health, said, "My body is well, my soul is sick; I am dying with vexation at passing my best days a prisoner, without any one to think of me." The ambassadors said that people would be indebted to him for the benefit of peace, for he was known to be laboring for it. "My Lord of Suffolk," said he, "can tell you that I never cease to urge it upon the king and his council; but I am as useless here as the sword never drawn from the scabbard. I must see my relatives and friends in France; they will not treat, surely, without having consulted with me. If peace depended upon me, though I were doomed to die seven days after swearing it, that would cause me no regret. however, what matters it what I say? I am not master in anything at all; next to the two kings, it is the Duke of Burgundy and the Duke of Brittany who have most power. Will you not come and call upon me?" he added, pressing

Page 95

the hand of one of the ambassadors. “They will see you before they go,” said the Earl of Suffolk, in a tone which made it plain that no private conversation would be permitted between them. And, indeed, the Earl of Suffolk’s barber went alone to wait upon the ambassadors in order to tell them that, if the Duke of Burgundy desired it, the Duke of Orleans would write to him. “I will undertake,” he added, “to bring you his letter.” There was evident mistrust; and it was explained to the Burgundian ambassadors by the Earl of Warwick’s remark, “Your duke never once came to see our king during his stay in France. The Duke of Bedford used similar language to them. Why,” said he, “does my brother the Duke of Burgundy give way to evil imaginings against me? There is not a prince in the world, after my king, whom I esteem so much. The ill-will which seems to exist between us spoils the king’s affairs and his own too. But tell him that I am not the less disposed to serve him.”

In March, 1435, the Duke of Burgundy went to Paris, taking with him his third wife, Isabel of Portugal, and a magnificent following. There were seen, moreover, in his train, a hundred wagons laden with artillery, armor, salted provisions, cheeses, and wines of Burgundy. There was once more joy in Paris, and the duke received the most affectionate welcome. The university was represented before him, and made him a great speech on the necessity of peace. Two days afterwards a deputation from the city dames of Paris waited upon the Duchess of Burgundy, and implored her to use her influence for the re-establishment of peace. She answered, “My good friends, it is the thing I desire most of all in the world; I pray for it night and day to the Lord our God, for I believe that we all have great need of it, and I know for certain that my lord and husband has the greatest willingness to give up to that purpose his person and his substance.” At the bottom of his soul Duke Philip’s decision was already taken. He had but lately discussed the condition of France with the constable, De Richemont, and Duke Charles of Bourbon, his brother-in-law, whom he had summoned to Nevers with that design. Being convinced of the necessity for peace, he spoke of it to the King of England’s advisers whom he found in Paris, and who dared not show absolute opposition to it. It was agreed that in the month of July a general, and, more properly speaking, a European conference should meet at Arras, that the legates of Pope Eugenius IV. should be invited to it, and that consultation should be held thereat as to the means of putting an end to the sufferings of the two kingdoms.

Page 96

Towards the end of July, accordingly, whilst the war was being prosecuted with redoubled ardor on both sides at the very gates of Paris, there arrived at Arras the pope's legates and the ambassadors of the Emperor Sigismund, of the Kings of Castile, Aragon, Portugal, Naples, Sicily, Cyprus, Poland, and Denmark, and of the Dukes of Brittany and Milan. The university of Paris and many of the good towns of France, Flanders, and even Holland, had sent their deputies thither. Many bishops were there in person. The Bishop of Liege came thither with a magnificent train, mounted, says the chroniclers, on two hundred white horses. The Duke of Burgundy made his entrance on the 30th of July, escorted by three hundred archers wearing his livery. All the lords who happened to be in the city went to meet him at a league's distance, except the cardinal-legates of the pope, who confined themselves to sending their people. Two days afterwards arrived the ambassadors of the King of France, having at their head the Duke of Bourbon and the constable De Richemont, together with several of the greatest French lords, and a retinue of four or five hundred persons. Duke Philip, forewarned of their coming, issued from the city with all the princes and lords who happened to be there. The English alone refused to accompany him, wondering at his showing such great honor to the ambassadors of their common enemy. Philip went forward a mile to meet his two brothers-in-law, the Duke of Bourbon and the Count de Richemont, embraced them affectionately, and turned back with them into Arras, amidst the joy and acclamations of the populace. Last of all arrived the Duchess of Burgundy, magnificently dressed, and bringing with her her young son, the Count of Charolais, who was hereafter to be Charles the Rash. The Duke of Bourbon, the constable De Richemont, and all the lords were on horseback around her litter; but the English, who had gone, like the others, to meet her, were unwilling, on turning back to Arras, to form a part of her retinue with the French.

Grand as was the sight, it was not superior in grandeur to the event on the eve of accomplishment. The question was whether France should remain a great nation, in full possession of itself and of its independence under a French king, or whether the King of England should, in London and with the title of King of France, have France in his possession and under his government. Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, was called upon to solve this problem of the future, that is to say, to decide upon the fate of his lineage and his country.

[Illustration: Philip the Good of Burgundy——144]

Page 97

As soon as the conference was opened, and no matter what attempts were made to veil or adjourn the question, it was put nakedly. The English, instead of peace, began by proposing a long truce, and the marriage of Henry VI. with a daughter of King Charles. The French ambassadors refused, absolutely, to negotiate on this basis; they desired a definitive peace; and their conditions were, that the King and people of England making an end of this situation, so full of clanger for the whole royal house, and of suffering for the people. Nevertheless, the duke showed strong scruples. The treaties he had sworn to, the promises he had made, threw him into a constant fever of anxiety; he would not have any one able to say that he had in any respect forfeited his honor. He asked for three consultations, one with the Italian doctors connected with the pope's legates, another with English doctors, and another with French doctors. He was granted all three, though they were more calculated to furnish him with arguments, each on their own side, than to dissipate his doubts, if he had any real ones. The legates ended by solemnly saying to him, "We do conjure you, by the bowels of our Lord Jesus Christ, and by the authority of our holy father, the pope, of the holy council assembled at Bale, and of the universal Church, to renounce that spirit of vengeance whereby you are moved against King Charles in memory of the late Duke John, your father; nothing can render you more pleasing in the eyes of God, or further augment your fame in this world." For three days Duke Philip remained still undecided; but he heard that the Duke of Bedford, regent of France on behalf of the English, who was his brother-in-law, had just died at Rouen, on the 14th of September. He was, besides the late King of England, Henry V., the only English-man who had received promises from the duke, and who lived in intimacy with him. Ten days afterwards, on the 21th of September, the queen, Isabel of Bavaria, also died at Paris; and thus another of the principal causes of shame to the French kingship, and misfortune to France, disappeared from the stage of the world. Duke Philip felt himself more free and more at rest in his mind, if not rightfully, at any rate so far as political and worldly expedience was concerned. He declared his readiness to accept the proposals which had been communicated to him by the ambassadors of Charles VII.; and on the 21st of September, 1435, peace was signed at Arras between France and Burgundy, without any care for what England might say or do.

There was great and general joy in France. It was peace, and national reconciliation as well; Dauphinizers and Burgundians embraced in the streets; the Burgundians were delighted at being able to call themselves Frenchmen. Charles VII. convoked the states-general at Tours, to consecrate this alliance. On his knees, upon the bare stone, before the Archbishop of Crete, who had just celebrated mass, the king laid his hands

Page 98

upon the Gospels, and swore the peace, saying that “It was his duty to imitate the King of kings, our divine Saviour, who had brought peace amongst men.” At the chancellor’s order, the princes and great lords, one after the other, took the oath; the nobles and the people of the third estate swore the peace all together, with cries of “Long live the king! Long live the Duke of Burgundy!” “With this hand,” said Sire de Lannoy, “I have thrice sworn peace during this war; but I call God to witness that, for my part, this time it shall be kept, and that never will I break it (the peace).” Charles VII., in his emotion, seized the hands of Duke Philip’s ambassadors, saying, “For a long while I have languished for this happy day; we must thank God for it.” And the Te Deum was intoned with enthusiasm.

Peace was really made amongst Frenchmen; and, in spite of many internal difficulties and quarrels, it was not broken as long as Charles VII. and Duke Philip the Good were living. But the war with the English went on incessantly. They still possessed several of the finest provinces of France; and the treaty of Arras, which had weakened them very much on the Continent, had likewise made them very angry. For twenty-six years, from 1435 to 1461, hostilities continued between the two kingdoms, at one time actively and at another slackly, with occasional suspension by truce, but without any formal termination. There is no use in recounting the details of their monotonous and barren history. Governments and people often persist in maintaining their quarrels and inflicting mutual injuries by the instrumentality of events, acts, and actors that deserve nothing but oblivion. There is no intention here of dwelling upon any events or persons save such as have, for good or for evil, to its glory or its sorrow, exercised a considerable influence upon the condition and fortune of France.

The peace of Arras brought back to the service of France and her king the constable De Richemont, Arthur of Brittany, whom the jealousy of George de la Tremoille and the distrustful indolence of Charles VII. had so long kept out of it. By a somewhat rare privilege, he was in reality, there is reason to suppose, superior to the name he has left behind him in history; and it is only justice to reproduce here the portrait given of him by one of his contemporaries who observed him closely and knew him well. “Never a man of his time,” says William Gruet, “loved justice more than he, or took more pains to do it according to his ability. Never was prince more humble, more charitable, more compassionate, more liberal, less avaricious, or more open-handed in a good fashion and without prodigality. He was a proper man, chaste and brave as prince can be; and there was none of his time of better conduct than lie in conducting a great battle, or a great siege, and all sorts of approaches in all sorts of ways. Every day, once at least in the four and twenty hours, his conversation was of war, and he took more pleasure in it than in aught else. Above all things he loved men of valor and good renown, and he more than any other loved and supported the people, and freely did good to poor mendicants and others of God’s poor.”

Page 99

Nearly all the deeds of Richemont, from the time that he became powerful again, confirm the truth of this portrait. His first thought and his first labor were to restore Paris to France and to the king. The unhappy city in subjection to the English was the very image of devastation and ruin. "The wolves prowled about it by night, and there were in it," says an eye-witness, "twenty-four thousand houses empty." The Duke of Bedford, in order to get rid of these public tokens of misery, attempted to supply the Parisians with bread and amusements (panem et circenses); but their very diversions were ghastly and melancholy. In 1425, there was painted in the sepulchre of the Innocents a picture called the Dance of Death: Death, grinning with fleshless jaws, was represented taking by the hand all estates of the population in their turn, and making them dance. In the Hotel Armagnac, confiscated, as so many others were, from its owner, a show was exhibited to amuse the people. "Four blind men, armed with staves, were shut up with a pig in a little paddock. They had to see whether they could kill the said pig, and when they thought they were belaboring it most they were belaboring one another." The constable resolved to put a stop to this deplorable state of things in the capital of France. In April, 1433, when he had just ordered for himself apartments at St. Denis, he heard that the English had just got in there and plundered the church. He at once gave orders to march. The Burgundians, who made up nearly all his troop, demanded their pay, and would not mount. Richemont gave them his bond; and the march was begun to St. Denis. "You know the country?" said the constable to Marshal Isle-Adam. "Yes, my lord," answered the other; "and by my faith, in the position held by the English, you would do nothing to harm or annoy them, though you had ten thousand fighting men." "Ah! but we will," replied Richemont; "God will help us. Keep pressing forward to support the skirmishers." And he occupied St. Denis, and drove out the English. The population of Paris, being informed of this success, were greatly moved and encouraged. One brave burgess of Paris, Michel Laillier, master of the exchequer, notified to the constable, it is said, that they were ready and quite able to open one of the gates to him, provided that an engagement were entered into in the king's name for a general amnesty and the prevention of all disorder. The constable, on the king's behalf, entered into the required engagement, and presented himself the next day, the 13th of April, with a picked force before the St. Michel gate. The enterprise was discovered. A man posted on the wall made signs to them with his hat, crying out, "Go to the other gate; there's no opening this; work is going on for you in the Market-quarter." The picked force followed the course of the ramparts up to the St. Jacques gate. "Who goes there?" demanded some burghers who had the guard

Page 100

of it. “Some of the constable’s people.” He himself came up on his big charger, with satisfaction and courtesy in his mien. Some little time was required for opening the gate; a long ladder was let down; and Marshal Isle-Adam was the first to mount, and planted on the wall the standard of France. The fastenings of the drawbridge were burst, and when it was let down, the constable made his entry on horseback, riding calmly down St. Jacques Street, in the midst of a joyous and comforted crowd. “My good friends,” he said to them, “the good King Charles, and I on his behalf, do thank you a hundred thousand times for yielding up to him so quietly the chief city of his kingdom. If there be amongst you any, of whatsoever condition he may be, who hath offended against my lord ’the king, all is forgiven, in the case both of the absent and the present.”

[Illustration: The Constable Made his Entry on Horseback——150]

Then he caused it to be proclaimed by sound of trumpet throughout the streets that none of his people should be so bold, on pain of hanging, as to take up quarters in the house of any burgher against his will, or to use any reproach whatever, or do the least displeasure to any. At sight of the public joy, the English had retired to the Bastille, where the constable was disposed to besiege them. “My lord,” said the burghers to him, “they will surrender; do not reject their offer; it is so far a fine thing enough to have thus recovered Paris; often, on the contrary, many constables and many marshals have been driven out of it. Take contentedly what God hath granted you.” The burghers’ prediction was not unverified. The English sallied out of the Bastille by the gate which opened on the fields, and went and took boat in the rear of the Louvre. Next day abundance of provisions arrived in Paris; and the gates were opened to the country folks. The populace freely manifested their joy at being rid of the English. “It was plain to see,” was the saving, “that they were not in France to remain; not one of them had been seen to sow a field with corn or build a house; they destroyed their quarters without a thought of repairing them; they had not restored, peradventure, a single fireplace. There was only their regent, the Duke of Bedford, who was fond of building and making the poor people work; he would have liked peace; but the nature of those English is to be always at war with their neighbors, and accordingly they all made a bad end; thank God there have already died in France more than seventy thousand of them.”

Up to the taking of Paris by the constable the Duke of Burgundy had kept himself in reserve, and had maintained a tacit neutrality towards England; he had merely been making, without noisy demonstration, preparations for an enterprise in which he, as Count of Flanders, was very much interested. The success of Richemont inspired him with a hope, and perhaps with a jealous desire, of showing his power and his patriotism as

Page 101

a Frenchman by making war, in his turn, upon the English, from whom he had by the treaty of Arras effected only a pacific separation. In June, 1436, he went and besieged Calais. This was attacking England at one of the points she was bent upon defending most obstinately. Philip had reckoned on the energetic cooperation of the cities of Flanders, and at the first blush the Flemings did display a strong inclination to support him in his enterprise. “When the English,” they said, “know that my lords of Ghent are on the way to attack them with all their might they will not await us; they will leave the city and flee away to England.” Neither the Flemings nor Philip had correctly estimated the importance which was attached in London to the possession of Calais. When the Duke of Gloucester, lord-protector of England, found this possession threatened, he sent a herald to defy the Duke of Burgundy and declare to him that, if he did not wait for battle beneath the walls of Calais, Humphrey of Gloucester would go after him even into his own dominions. “Tell your lord that he will not need to take so much trouble, and that he will find me here,” answered Philip proudly. His pride was over-confident. Whether it were only a people’s fickleness or intelligent appreciation of their own commercial interests in their relations with England, the Flemings grew speedily disgusted with the siege of Calais, complained of the tardiness in arrival of the fleet which Philip had despatched thither to close the port against English vessels, and, after having suffered several reverses by sorties of the English garrison, they ended by retiring with such precipitation that they abandoned part of their supplies and artillery. Philip, according to the expression of M. Henri Martin, was reduced to covering their retreat with his cavalry; and then he went away sorrowfully to Lille, to advise about the means of defending his Flemish lordships exposed to the reprisals of the English.

Thus the fortune of Burgundy was tottering whilst that of France was recovering itself. The constable’s easy occupation of Paris led the majority of the small places in the neighborhood, St. Denis, Chevreuse, Marcoussis, and Montlhery to decide either upon spontaneous surrender or allowing themselves to be taken after no great resistance. Charles VII., on his way through France to Lyon, in Dauphiny, Languedoc, Auvergne, and along the Loire, recovered several other towns, for instance, Chateau-Landon, Nemours, and Charny. He laid siege in person to Montereau, an important military post with which a recent and sinister reminiscence was connected. A great change now made itself apparent in the king’s behavior and disposition. He showed activity and vigilance, and was ready to expose himself without any care for fatigue or danger. On the day of the assault (10th of October, 1437) he went down into the trenches, remained there in water up to his waist, mounted the scaling-ladder

Page 102

sword in hand, and was one of the first assailants who penetrated over the top of the walls right into the place. After the surrender of the castle as well as the town of Montereau, he marched on Paris, and made his solemn re-entry there on the 12th of November, 1437, for the first time since in 1418 Tanneguy-Duchatel had carried him away, whilst still a child, wrapped in his bed-clothes. Charles was received and entertained as became a recovered and a victorious king; but he passed only three weeks there, and went away once more, on the 3d of December, to go and resume at Orleans first, and then at Bourges, the serious cares of government. It is said to have been at this royal entry into Paris that Agnes Sorel or Soreau, who was soon to have the name of Queen of Beauty, and to assume in French history an almost glorious though illegitimate position, appeared with brilliancy in the train of the queen, Mary of Anjou, to whom the king had appointed her a maid of honor. It is a question whether she did not even then exercise over Charles VII. that influence, serviceable alike to the honor of the king and of France, which was to inspire Francis I., a century later, with this gallant quatrain:

"If to win back poor captive France be aught,
More honor, gentle Agnes, is thy weed,
Than ere was due to deeds of virtue wrought
By cloistered nun or pious hermit-breed."

It is worth while perhaps to remark that in 1437 Agnes Sorel was already twenty-seven.

[Illustration: Agnes Sorel——175]

One of the best informed, most impartial, and most sensible historians of that epoch, James Duclercq, merely says on this subject, King Charles, before he had peace with Duke Philip of Burgundy, led a right holy life and said his canonical hours. But after peace was made with the duke, though the king continued to serve God, he joined himself unto a young woman who was afterwards called Fair Agnes.

Nothing is gained by ignoring good even when it is found in company with evil, and there is no intention here of disputing the share of influence exercised by Agnes Sorel upon Charles VII.'s regeneration in politics and war after the treaty of Arras. Nevertheless, in spite of the king's successes at Montereau and during his passage through Central and Northern France, the condition of the country was still so bad in 1440, the disorder was so great, and the king so powerless to apply a remedy, that Richemont, disconsolate, was tempted to rid and disburden himself from the government of France and between the rivers [Seine and Loire, no doubt] and to go or send to the king for that purpose. But one day the prior of the Carthusians at Paris called on the constable and found him in his private chapel. "What need you, fair father?" asked Richemont. The prior answered that he wished to speak with my lord the

constable. Richemont replied that it was he himself. “Pardon me, my lord,” said the prior, “I did not know you; I wish

Page 103

to speak to you, if you please." "Gladly," said Richemont. "Well, my lord, you yesterday held counsel and considered about disburdening yourself from the government and office you hold hereabouts." "How know you that? Who told you?" "My lord, I do not know it through any person of your council, and do not put yourself out to learn who told me, for it was one of my brethren. My lord, do not do this thing; and be not troubled, for God will help you." "Ah! fair father, how can that be? The king has no mind to aid me or grant me men or money; and the men-at-arms hate me because I have justice done on them, and they have no mind to obey me." "My lord, they will do what you desire; and the king will give you orders to go and lay siege to Meaux, and will send you men and money." "Ah! fair father, Meaux is so strong! How can it be done? The King of England was there for nine months before it." "My lord, be not you troubled; you will not be there so long; keep having good hope in God and He will help you. Be ever humble and grow not proud; you will take Meaux ere long; your men will grow proud; they will then have somewhat to suffer; but you will come out of it to your honor."

The good prior was right. Meaux was taken; and when the constable went to tell the news at Paris the king made him "great cheer." There was a continuance of war to the north of the Loire; and amidst many alternations of successes and reverses the national cause made great way there. Charles resolved, in 1442, to undertake an expedition to the south of the Loire, in Aquitaine, where the English were still dominant; and he was successful. He took from the English Tartas, Saint-Sever, Marmande, La Reole, Blaye, and Bourg-sur-Mer. Their ally, Count John d'Armagnac, submitted to the King of France. These successes cost Charles VII. the brave La Hire, who died at Montauban of his wounds. On returning to Normandy, where he had left Dunois, Charles, in 1443, conducted a prosperous campaign there. The English leaders were getting weary of a war without any definite issue; and they had proposals made to Charles for a truce, accompanied with a demand on the part of their young king, Henry VI., for the hand of a French princess, Margaret of Anjou, daughter of King Rena, who wore the three crowns of Naples, Sicily, and Jerusalem, without possessing any one of the kingdoms. The truce and the marriage were concluded at Tours, in 1444. Neither of the arrangements was popular in England; the English people, who had only a far-off touch of suffering from the war, considered that their government made too many concessions to France. In France, too, there was some murmuring; the king, it was said, did not press his advantages with sufficient vigor; everybody was in a hurry to see all Aquitaine reconquered. "But a joy that was boundless and impossible to describe," says Thomas Bazin, the most intelligent of the contemporary historians, "spread abroad

Page 104

through the whole population of the Gauls. Having been a prey for so long to incessant terrors, and shut up within the walls of their towns like convicts in a prison, they rejoiced like people restored to freedom after a long and bitter slavery. Companies of both sexes were seen going forth into the country and visiting temples or oratories dedicated to the saints, to pay the vows which they had made in their distress. One fact especially was admirable and the work of God Himself: before the truce so violent had been the hatred between the two sides, both men-at-arms and people, that none, whether soldier or burgher, could without risk to life go out and pass from one place to another unless under the protection of a safe-conduct. But, so soon as the truce was proclaimed, every one went and came at pleasure, in full liberty and security, whether in the same district or in districts under divided rule; and even those who, before the proclamation of the truce, seemed to take no pleasure in anything but a savage outpouring of human blood, now took delight in the sweets of peace, and passed the days in holiday-making and dancing with enemies who but lately had been as bloodthirsty as themselves."

But for all their rejoicing at the peace, the French, king, lords, and commons, had war still in their hearts; national feelings were waking up afresh; the successes of late years had revived their hopes; and the civil dissensions which were at that time disturbing England let favorable chances peep out. Charles VII. and his advisers employed the leisure afforded by the truce in preparing for a renewal of the struggle. They were the first to begin it again; and from 1449 to 1451 it was pursued by the French king and nation with ever-increasing ardor, and with obstinate courage by the veteran English warriors astounded at no longer being victorious. Normandy and Aquitaine, which was beginning to be called Guyenne only, were throughout this period the constant and the chief theatre of war. Amongst the greatest number of fights and incidents which distinguished the three campaigns in those two provinces, the recapture of Rouen by Dunois in October, 1449, the battle of Formigny, won near Bayeux on the 15th of April, 1450, by the constable De Richemont, and the twofold capitulation of Bordeaux, first on the 28th of June, 1451, and next on the 9th of October, 1453, in order to submit to Charles VII., are the only events to which a place in history is due, for those were the days on which the question was solved touching the independence of the nation and the kingship in France. The Duke of Somerset and Lord Talbot were commanding in Rouen when Dunois presented himself beneath its walls, in hopes that the inhabitants would open the gates to him. Some burgesses, indeed, had him apprised of a certain point in the walls at which they might be able to favor the entry of the French. Dunois, at the same time making a feint of attacking in another quarter,

Page 105

arrived at the spot indicated with four thousand men. The archers drew up before the wall; the men-at-arms dismounted; the burgesses gave the signal, and the planting of scaling-ladders began; but when hardly as many as fifty or sixty men had reached the top of the wall the banner and troops of Talbot were seen advancing. He had been warned in time and had taken his measures. The assailants were repulsed; and Charles VII., who was just arriving at the camp, seeing the abortiveness of the attempt, went back to Pont-de-l'Arehe. But the English had no long joy of their success. They were too weak to make any effectual resistance, and they had no hope of any aid from England. Their leaders authorized the burgesses to demand of the king a safe-conduct in order to treat. The conditions offered by Charles were agreeable to the burgesses, but not to the English; and when the archbishop read them out in the hall of the mansion-house, Somerset and Talbot witnessed an outburst of joy which revealed to them all their peril. Fagots and benches at once began to rain down from the windows; the English shut themselves up precipitately in the castle, in the gate-towers, and in the great tower of the bridge; and the burgesses armed themselves and took possession during the night of the streets and the walls. Dunois, having received notice, arrived in force at the Martainville gate. The inhabitants begged him to march into the city as many men as he pleased. "It shall be as you will," said Dunois. Three hundred men-at-arms and archers seemed sufficient. Charles VII returned before Rouen; the English asked leave to withdraw without loss of life or kit; and "on condition," said the king "that they take nothing on the march without paying." "We have not the wherewithal," they answered; and the king gave them a hundred francs. Negotiations were recommenced. The king required that Harfleur and all the places in the district of Caux should be given up to him. "Ah! as for Harfleur, that cannot be," said the Duke of Somerset; "it is the first town which surrendered to our glorious king, Henry V., thirty-five years ago." There was further parley. The French consented to give up the demand for Harfleur; but they required that Talbot should remain as a hostage until the conditions were fulfilled. The English protested. At last, however, they yielded, and undertook to pay fifty thousand golden crowns to settle all accounts which they owed to the tradesmen in the city, and to give up all places in the district of Caen except Harfleur. The Duchess of Somerset and Lord Talbot remained as hostages; and on the 10th of November, 1449, Charles entered Rouen in state, with the character of a victor who knew how to use victory with moderation.

Page 106

The battle of Formigny was at first very doubtful. In order to get from Valognes to Bayeux and Caen the English had to cross at the mouth of the Vire great sands which were passable only at low tide. A weak body of French under command of the Count de Clermont had orders to cut them off from this passage. The English, however, succeeded in forcing it; but just as they were taking position, with the village of Formigny to cover their rear, the constable De Richemont was seen coming up with three thousand men in fine order. The English were already strongly intrenched, when the battle began. “Let us go and look close in their faces, admiral,” said the constable to Sire de Coetivi. “I doubt whether they will leave their intrenchments,” replied the admiral. “I vow to God that with His grace they will not abide in them,” rejoined the constable; and he gave orders for the most vigorous assault. It lasted nearly three hours; the English were forced to fly at three points, and lost thirty-seven hundred men; several of their leaders were made prisoners; those who were left retired in good order; Bayeux, Avranches, Caen, Falaise, and Cherbourg fell one after the other into the hands of Charles VII.; and by the end of August, 1450, the whole of Normandy had been completely won back by France.

The conquest of Guyenne, which was undertaken immediately after that of Normandy, was at the outset more easy and more speedy. Amongst the lords of Southern France several hearty patriots, such as John of Blois, Count of Perigord, and Arnold Amanieu, Sire d’Albret, of their own accord began the strife, and on the 1st of November, 1450, inflicted a somewhat severe reverse upon the English, near Blanquefort. In the spring of the following year Charles VII. authorized the Count of Armagnac to take the field, and sent Dunois to assume the command-in-chief. An army of twenty thousand men mustered under his orders; and, in the course of May, 1451, some of the principal places of Guyenne, such as St. Emillon, Blaye, Fronsac, Bourg-en-Mer, Libourne, and Dax were taken by assault or capitulated. Bordeaux and Bayonne held out for some weeks; but, on the 12th of June, a treaty concluded between the Bordelese and Dunois secured to the three estates of the district the liberties and privileges which they had enjoyed under English supremacy; and it was further stipulated that, if by the 24th of June the city had not been succored by English forces, the estates of Guyenne should recognize the sovereignty of King Charles. When the 24th of June came, a herald went up to one of the towers of the castle and shouted, “Succor from the King of England for them of Bordeaux!!” None replied to this appeal; so Bordeaux surrendered, and on the 29th of June Dunois took possession of it in the name of the King of France. The siege of Bayonne, which was begun on the 6th of August, came to an end on the 20th by means of a similar treaty. Guyenne was thus completely won. But the English still had

Page 107

a considerable following there. They had held it for three centuries; and they had always treated it well in respect of local liberties, agriculture, and commerce. Charles VII., on recovering it, was less wise. He determined to establish there forthwith the taxes, the laws, and the whole regimen of Northern France; and the Bordelese were as prompt in protesting against these measures as the king was in employing them. In August, 1452, a deputation from the three estates of the province waited upon Charles at Bourges, but did not obtain their demands. On their return to Bordeaux an insurrection was organized; and Peter de Montferrand, Sire de Lesparre, repaired to London and proposed to the English government to resume possession of Guyenne. On the 22d of October, 1452, Talbot appeared before Bordeaux with a body of five thousand men; the inhabitants opened their gates to him; and he installed himself there as lieutenant of the King of England, Henry VI. Nearly all the places in the neighborhood, with the exception of Bourg and Blaye, returned beneath the sway of the English; considerable reenforcements were sent to Talbot from England; and at the same time an English fleet threatened the coast of Normandy. But Charles VII. was no longer the blind and indolent king he had been in his youth. Nor can the prompt and effectual energy he displayed in 1453 be any longer attributed to the influence of Agnes Sorel, for she died on the 9th of February, 1450. Charles left Richemont and Dunois to hold Normandy; and, in the early days of spring, moved in person to the south of France with a strong army and the principal Gascon lords who two years previously had brought Guyenne back under his power. On the 2d of June, 1453, he opened the campaign at St. Jean-d'Angely. Several places surrendered to him as soon as he appeared before their walls; and on the 13th of July he laid siege to Castillon, on the Dordogne, which had shortly before fallen into the hands of the English. The Bordelese grew alarmed and urged Talbot to oppose the advance of the French. "We may very well let them come nearer yet," said the old warrior, then eighty years of age; "rest assured that, if it please God, I will fulfil my promise when I see that the time and the hour have come."

On the night between the 16th and 17th of July, however, Talbot set out with his troops to raise the siege of Castillon. He marched all night and came suddenly in the early morning upon the French archers, quartered in an abbey, who formed the advanced guard of their army, which was strongly intrenched before the place. A panic set in amongst this small body, and some of them took to flight. "Ha! you would desert me then?" said Sire de Rouault, who was in command of them; "have I not promised you to live and die with you?" They thereupon rallied and managed to join the camp. Talbot, content for the time with this petty success, sent for a chaplain to come and say mass; and, whilst waiting

Page 108

for an opportunity to resume the fight, he permitted the tapping of some casks of wine which had been found in the abbey, and his men set themselves to drinking. A countryman of those parts came hurrying up, and said to Talbot, “My lord, the French are deserting their park and taking to flight; now or never is the hour for fulfilling your promise.” Talbot arose and left the mass, shouting, “Never may I hear mass again if I put not to rout the French who are in yonder park.” When he arrived in front of the Frenchmen’s intrenchment, “My lord,” said Sir Thomas Cunningham, an aged gentleman who had for a long time past been his standard-bearer, “they have made a false report to you; observe the depth of the ditch and the faces of yonder men; they don’t look like retreating; my opinion is, that for the present we should turn back; the country is for us, we have no lack of provisions, and with a little patience we shall starve out the French.” Talbot flew into a passion, gave Sir Thomas a sword-cut across the face, had his banner planted on the edge of the ditch, and began the attack. The banner was torn down and Sir Thomas Cunningham killed. “Dismount!” shouted Talbot to his men-at-arms, English and Gascon. The French camp was defended by a more than usually strong artillery; a body of Bretons, held in reserve, advanced to sustain the shock of the English; and a shot from a culverin struck Talbot, who was already wounded in the face, shattered his thigh, and brought him to the ground. Lord Lisle, his son, flew to him to raise him. “Let me be,” said Talbot; “the day is the enemies’; it will be no shame for thee to fly, for this is thy first battle.” But the son remained with his father, and was slain at his side. The defeat of the English was complete. Talbot’s body, pierced with wounds, was left on the field of battle. He was so disfigured that, when the dead were removed, he was not recognized. Notice, however, was taken of an old man wearing a cuirass covered with red velvet; this, it was presumed, was he; and he was placed upon a shield and carried into the camp. An English herald came with a request that he might look for Lord’ Talbot’s body. “Would you know him?” he was asked. “Take me to see him,” joyfully answered the poor servant, thinking that his master was a prisoner and alive. When he saw him, he hesitated to identify him; he knelt down, put his finger in the mouth of the corpse, and recognized Talbot by the loss of a molar tooth. Throwing off immediately his coat-of-arms with the colors and bearings of Talbot, “Ah! my lord and master,” he cried, “can this be verily you? May God forgive your sins! For forty years and more I have been your officer-at-arms and worn your livery, and thus I give it back to you!” And he covered with his coat-of-arms the stark-stripped body of the old hero.

Page 109

The English being beaten and Talbot dead, Castillon surrendered; and at unequal intervals Libourne, St. Emillon, Chateau-Neuf de Medoc, Blanquefort, St. Macaire, Cadillac, &c., followed the example. At the commencement of October, 1453, Bordeaux alone was still holding out. The promoters of the insurrection which had been concerted with the English, amongst others Sires de Duras and de Lesparre, protracted the resistance rather in their own self-defence than in response to the wishes of the population; the king's artillery threatened the place by land, and by sea a king's fleet from Rochelle and the ports of Brittany blockaded the Gironde. "The majority of the king's officers," says the contemporary historian, Thomas Basin, "advised him to punish by at least the destruction of their walls the Bordelese who had recalled the English to their city; but Charles, more merciful and more soft-hearted, refused." He confined himself to withdrawing from Bordeaux her municipal privileges, which, however, she soon partially recovered, and to imposing upon her a fine of a hundred thousand gold crowns, afterwards reduced to thirty thousand; he caused to be built at the expense of the city two fortresses, the Fort of the Ila and the Castle of Trompette, to keep in check so bold and fickle a population; and an amnesty was proclaimed for all but twenty specified persons, who were banished. On these conditions the capitulation was concluded and signed on the 17th of October; the English re-embarked; and Charles, without entering Bordeaux, returned to Touraine. The English had no longer any possession in France but Calais and Guines; the Hundred Years' War was over.

And to whom was the glory?

Charles VII. himself decided the question. When in 1455, twenty-four years after the death of Joan of Are, he at Rome and at Rouen prosecuted her claims for restoration of character and did for her fame and her memory all that was still possible, he was but relieving his conscience from a load of ingratitude and remorse which in general weighs but lightly upon men, and especially upon kings; and he was discharging towards the Maid of Domremy the debt due by France and the French kingship when he thus proclaimed that to Joan above all they owed their deliverance and their independence. Before men and before God Charles was justified in so thinking; the moral are not the sole, but they are the most powerful forces which decide the fates of people; and Joan had roused the feelings of the soul, and given to the struggles between France and England its religious and national character. At Rheims, when she repaired thither for the king's coronation, she said of her own banner, "It has a right to the honor, for it has been at the pains." She, first amongst all, had a right to the glory, for she had been the first to contribute to the success.

Page 110

Next to Joan of Arc, the constable De Richemont was the most effective and the most glorious amongst the liberators of France and of the king. He was a strict and stern warrior, unscrupulous and pitiless towards his enemies, especially towards such as he despised, severe in regard to himself, dignified in his manners, never guilty of swearing himself and punishing swearing as a breach of discipline amongst the troops placed under his orders. Like a true patriot and royalist, he had more at heart his duty towards France and the king than he had his own personal interests. He was fond of war, and conducted it bravely and skilfully, without rashness, but without timidity: "Wherever the constable is," said Charles VII., "there I am free from anxiety; he will do all that is possible!" He set his title and office of constable of France above his rank as a great lord; and when, after the death of his brother, Duke Peter II., he himself became Duke of Brittany, he always had the constable's sword carried before him, saying, "I wish to honor in my old age a function which did me honor in my youth." His good services were not confined to the wars of his time; he was one of the principal reformers of the military system in France by the substitution of regular troops for feudal service. He has not obtained, it is to be feared, in the history of the fifteenth century, the place which properly belongs to him.

Dunois, La Hire, Xaintrailles, and Marshals De Boussac and De La Fayette were, under Charles VII., brilliant warriors and useful servants of the king and of Fiance; but, in spite of their knightly renown, it is questionable if they can be reckoned, like the constable De Richemont, amongst the liberators of national independence. There are degrees of glory, and it is the duty of history not to distribute it too readily and as it were by handfuls.

Besides all these warriors, we meet, under the sway of Charles VII., at first in a humble capacity and afterwards at his court, in his diplomatic service and sometimes in his closest confidence, a man of quite a different origin and quite another profession, but one who nevertheless acquired by peaceful toil great riches and great influence, both brought to a melancholy termination by a conviction and a consequent ruin from which at the approach of old age he was still striving to recover by means of fresh ventures. Jacques Coeur was born at Bourges at the close of the fourteenth century. His father was a furrier, already sufficiently well established and sufficiently rich to allow of his son's marrying, in 1418, the provost's daughter of his own city. Some years afterwards Jacques Coeur underwent a troublesome trial for infraction of the rules touching the coinage of money; but thanks to a commutation of the penalty, graciously accorded by Charles VII., he got off with a fine, and from that time forward directed all his energies towards commerce. In 1432 a squire in the service of

Page 111

the Duke of Burgundy was travelling in the Holy Land, and met him at Damascus in company with several Venetians, Genoese, Florentine, and Catalan traders with whom he was doing business. “He was,” says his contemporary, Thomas Basin, “a man unlettered and of plebeian family, but of great and ingenious mind, well versed in the practical affairs of that age. He was the first in all France to build and man ships which transported to Africa and the East woollen stuffs and other produce of the kingdom, penetrated as far as Egypt, and brought back with them silken stuffs and all manner of spices, which they distributed not only in France, but in Catalonia and the neighboring countries, whereas heretofore it was by means of the Venetians, the Genoese, or the Barcelonese that such supplies found their way into France.”

[Illustration: Jacques Coeur——165]

Jacques Coeur, temporarily established at Montpellier, became a great and a celebrated merchant. In 1433 Charles VII. put into his hands the direction of the mint at Paris, and began to take his advice as to the administration of the crown’s finances. In 1440 he was appointed moneyman to the king, ennobled together with his wife and children, commissioned soon afterwards to draw up new regulations for the manufacture of cloth at Bourges, and invested on his own private account with numerous commercial privileges. He had already at this period, it was said, three hundred manufacturing hands in his employment, and he was working at the same time silver, lead, and copper mines situated in the environs of Tarare and Lyons. Between 1442 and 1446 he had one of his nephews sent as ambassador to Egypt, and obtained for the French consuls in the Levant the same advantages as were enjoyed by those of the most favored nations. Not only his favor in the eyes of the king, but his administrative and even his political appointments, went on constantly increasing. Between 1444 and 1446 the king several times named him one of his commissioners to the estates of Languedoc and for the installation of the new parliament of Toulouse. In 1446 he formed one of an embassy sent to Italy to try and acquire for France the possession of Genoa, which was harassed by civil dissensions. In 1447 he received from Charles VII. a still more important commission, to bring about an arrangement between the two popes elected, one under the name of Felix V., and the other under that of Nicholas V.; and he was successful. His immense wealth greatly contributed to his influence. M. Pierre Clement [Jacques Coeur et Charles WE, ou la France au quinzieme siecle; t. ii., pp. 1-46] has given a list of thirty-two estates and lordships which Jacques Coeur had bought either in Berry or in the neighboring provinces. He possessed, besides, four mansions and two hostels at Lyons; mansions at Beaucaire, at Beziers, at St. Pourcain, at Marseilles, and at Montpellier; and he had built, for his own residence, at Bourges, the celebrated hostel which still exists as an admirable model of Gothic and national art in the fifteenth century, attempting combination with the art of Italian renaissance.

Page 112

[Illustration: Jacques Coeur's Hostel at Bourges——169]

M. Clement, in his table of Jacques Coeur's wealth does not count either the mines which he worked at various spots in France, nor the vast capital, unknown, which he turned to profit in his commercial enterprises; but, on the other hand, he names, with certain *et ceter*as, forty-two court-personages, or king's officers, indebted to Jacques Coeur for large or small sums he had lent them. We will quote but two instances of Jacques Coeur's financial connection, not with courtiers, however, but with the royal family and the king himself. Margaret of Scotland, wife of the *dauphin*, who became Louis XI., wrote with her own hand, on the 20th of July, 1445, "We, Margaret, dauphiness of Viennois, do acknowledge to have received from Master Stephen Petit, secretary of my lord the king, and receiver-general of his finances for Languedoc and Guienne, two thousand livres of Tours, to us given by my said lord, and to us advanced by the hands of Jacques Coeur, his moneyman, we being but lately in Lorraine, for to get silken stuff and sables to make robes for our person." In 1449, when Charles VII. determined to drive the English from Normandy, his treasury was exhausted, and he had recourse to Jacques Coeur. "Sir," said the trader to the king, "what I have is yours," and lent him two hundred thousand crowns; "the effect of which was," says Jacques Duclercq, "that during, this conquest, all the men-at-arms of the King of France, and all those who were in his service, were paid their wages month by month."

An original document, dated 1450, which exists in the "cabinet des titres" of the National Library, bears upon it a receipt for sixty thousand livres from Jacques Coeur to the king's receiver-general in Normandy, "in restitution of the like sum lent by me in ready money to the said lord in the month of August last past, on occasion of the surrendering to his authority of the towns and castle of Cherbourg, at that time held by the English, the ancient enemies of this realm." It was probably a partial repayment of the two hundred thousand crowns lent by Jacques Coeur to the king at this juncture, according to all the contemporary chroniclers.

Enormous and unexpected wealth excites envy and suspicion at the same time that it confers influence; and the envious before long become enemies. Sullen murmurs against Jacques Coeur were raised in the king's own circle; and the way in which he had begun to make his fortune—the coinage of questionable money—furnished some specious ground for them. There is too general an inclination amongst potentates of the earth to give an easy ear to reasons, good or bad, for dispensing with the gratitude and respect otherwise due to those who serve them. Charles VII., after having long been the patron and debtor of Jacques Coeur, all at once, in 1451, shared the suspicions aroused against him. To accusations of grave abuses and malversations in money matters

Page 113

was added one of even more importance. Agnes Sorel had died eighteen months previously (February 9, 1450); and on her death-bed she had appointed Jacques Coeur one of the three executors of her will. In July, 1451, Jacques was at Taillebourg, in Guyenne, whence he wrote to his wife that “he was in as good case and was as well with the king as ever he had been, whatever anybody might say.” Indeed, on the 22d of July Charles VII. granted him a “sum of seven hundred and seventy-two livres of Tours to help him to keep up his condition and to be more honorably equipped for his service;” and, nevertheless, on the 31st of July, on the information of two persons of the court, who accused Jacques Coeur of having poisoned Agnes Sorel, Charles ordered his arrest and the seizure of his goods, on which he immediately levied a hundred thousand crowns for the purposes of the war. Commissioners extraordinary, taken from amongst the king’s grand council, were charged to try him; and Charles VII. declared, it is said, that “if the said moneyman were not found liable to the charge of having poisoned or caused to be poisoned Agnes Sorel, he threw up and forgave all the other cases against him.” The accusation of poisoning was soon acknowledged to be false, and the two informers were condemned as calumniators; but the trial was, nevertheless, proceeded with. Jacques Coeur was accused “of having sold arms to the infidels, of having coined light crowns, of having pressed on board of his vessels, at Montpellier, several individuals, of whom one had thrown himself into the sea from desperation, and lastly of having appropriated to himself presents made to the king, in several towns of Languedoc, and of having practised in that country frequent exaction, to the prejudice of the king as well as of his subjects.” After twenty-two months of imprisonment, Jacques Coeur, on the 29th of May, 1453, was convicted, in the king’s name, on divers charges, of which several entailed a capital penalty; but “whereas Pope Nicholas V. had issued a rescript and made request in favor of Jacques Coeur, and regard also being had to services received from him,” Charles VII. spared his life, “on condition that he should pay to the king a hundred thousand crowns by way of restitution, three hundred thousand by way of fine, and should be kept in prison until the whole claim was satisfied;” and the decree ended as follows: “We have declared and do declare all the goods of the said Jacques Coeur confiscated to us, and we have banished and do banish this Jacques Coeur forever from this realm, reserving thereanent our own good pleasure.”

Page 114

After having spent nearly three years more in prison, transported from dungeon to dungeon, Jacques Coeur, thanks to the faithful and zealous affection of a few friends, managed to escape from Beaucaire, to embark at Nice and to reach Rome, where Pope Nicholas V. welcomed him with tokens of lively interest. Nicholas died shortly afterwards, just when he was preparing an expedition against the Turks. His successor, Calixtus III., carried out his design, and equipped a fleet of sixteen galleys. This fleet required a commander of energy, resolution, and celebrity. Jacques Coeur had lived and fought with Dunois, Xaintrailles, La Hire, and the most valiant French captains; he was known and popular in Italy and the Levant; and the pope appointed him captain-general of the expedition. Charles VII.'s moneyman, ruined, convicted, and banished from France, sailed away at the head of the pope's squadron and of some Catalan pirates to carry help against the Turks to Rhodes, Chios, Lesbos, Lemnos, and the whole Grecian archipelago. On arriving at Chios, in November, 1456, he fell ill there, and perceiving his end approaching, he wrote to his king "to commend to him his children, and to beg that, considering the great wealth and honors he had in his time enjoyed in the king's service, it might be the king's good pleasure to give something to his children, in order that they, even those of them who were secular, might be able to live honestly, without coming to want." He died at Chits on the 25th of November, 1456, and, according to the historian John d'Auton, who had probably lived in the society of Jacques Coeur's children, "he remained interred in the church of the Cordeliers in that island, at the centre of the choir."

We have felt bound to represent with some detail the active and energetic life, prosperous for a long while and afterwards so grievous and hazardous up to its very last day, of this great French merchant at the close of the middle ages, who was the first to extend afar in Europe, Africa, and Asia the commercial relations of France, and, after the example of the great Italian merchants, to make an attempt to combine politics with commerce, and to promote at one and the same time the material interests of his country and the influence of his government. There can be no doubt but that Jacques Coeur was unscrupulous and frequently visionary as a man of business; but, at the same time, he was inventive, able, and bold, and, whilst pushing his own fortunes to the utmost, he contributed a great deal to develop, in the ways of peace, the commercial, industrial, diplomatic, and artistic enterprise of France. In his relations towards his king, Jacques Coeur was to Charles VII. a servant often over-adventurous, slippery, and compromising, but often also useful, full of resource, efficient, and devoted in the hour of difficulty. Charles VII. was to Jacques Coeur a selfish and ungrateful patron, who contemptuously deserted the man whose brains he had sucked, and ruined him pitilessly after having himself contributed to enrich him unscrupulously.

Page 115

We have now reached the end of events under this long reign; all that remains is to run over the substantial results of Charles VII.'s government, and the melancholy imbroglios of his latter years with his son, the turbulent, tricky, and wickedly able born-conspirator, who was to succeed him under the name of Louis XI.

One fact is at the outset to be remarked upon; it at the first blush appears singular, but it admits of easy explanation. In the first nineteen years of his reign, from 1423 to 1442, Charles VII. very frequently convoked the states-general, at one time of Northern France, or Langue d'oil, at another of Southern France, or Langue d'oc. Twenty-four such assemblies took place during this period at Bourges, at Selles in Berry, at Le Puy in Velay, at Mean-sur-Yevre, at Chinon, at Sully-sur-Loire, at Tours, at Orleans, at Nevers, at Carcassonne, and at different spots in Languedoc. It was the time of the great war between France on the one side and England and Burgundy allied on the other, the time of intrigues incessantly recurring at court, and the time likewise of carelessness and indolence on the part of Charles VII., more devoted to his pleasures than regardful of his government. He had incessant need of states-general to supply him with money and men, and support him through the difficulties of his position. But when, dating from the peace of Arras (September 21, 1435), Charles VII., having become reconciled with the Duke of Burgundy, was deliverer from civil war, and was at grips with none but England alone already half beaten by the divine inspiration, the triumph, and the martyrdom of Joan of Arc, his posture and his behavior underwent a rare transformation. Without ceasing to be coldly selfish and scandalously licentious king he became practical, hard-working, statesman-like king, jealous and disposed to govern by himself, but at the same time watchful and skilful in availing himself of the able advisers who, whether it were by a happy accident or by his own choice, were grouped around him. "He had his days and hours for dealing with all sorts of men, one hour with the clergy, another with the nobles, another with foreigners, another with mechanical folks, armorers, and gunners; and in respect of all these persons he had a full remembrance of their cases and their appointed day. On Monday, Tuesday, and Thursday he worked with the chancellor, and got through all claims connected with justice. On Wednesday he first of all gave audience to the marshals, captains, and men of war. On the same day he held a council of finance, independently of another council which was also held on the same subject every Friday." It was by such assiduous toil that Charles VII., in concert with his advisers, was able to take in hand and accomplish, in the military, financial, and judicial system of the realm, those bold and at the same time prudent reforms which wrested the country from the state of disorder, pillage, and

Page 116

general insecurity to which it had been a prey, and commenced the era of that great monarchical administration, which, in spite of many troubles and vicissitudes, was destined to be, during more than three centuries, the government of France. The constable De Richemont and marshal De la Fayette were, in respect of military matters, Charles VII.'s principal advisers; and it was by their counsel and with their co-operation that he substituted for feudal service and for the bands of wandering mercenaries (routiers), mustered and maintained by hap-hazard, a permanent army, regularly levied, provided for, paid, and commanded, and charged with the duty of keeping order at home, and at the same time subserving abroad the interests and policy of the state. In connection with, and as a natural consequence of this military system, Charles VII., on his own sole authority, established certain permanent imposts with the object of making up any deficiency in the royal treasury, whilst waiting for a vote of such taxes extraordinary as might be demanded of the states-general. Jacques Coeur, the two brothers Bureau, Martin Gouge, Michel Lailler, William Cousinot, and many other councillors, of burgher origin, labored zealously to establish this administrative system, so prompt and freed from all independent discussion. Weary of wars, irregularities, and sufferings, France, in the fifteenth century, asked for nothing but peace and security; and so soon as the kingship showed that it had an intention and was in a condition to provide her with them, the nation took little or no trouble about political guarantees which as yet it knew neither how to establish nor how to exercise; its right to them was not disputed in principle, they were merely permitted to fall into desuetude; and Charles VII., who during the first half of his reign had twenty-four times assembled the states-general to ask them for taxes and soldiers, was able in the second to raise personally both soldiers and taxes without drawing forth any complaint hardly, save from his contemporary historian, the Bishop of Lisieux, Thomas Basin, who said, "Into such misery and servitude is fallen the realm of France, heretofore so noble and free, that all the inhabitants are openly declared by the generals of finance and their clerks taxable at the will of the king, without anybody's daring to murmur or even ask for mercy." There is at every juncture, and in all ages of the world, a certain amount, though varying very much, of good order, justice, and security, without which men cannot get on; and when they lack it, either through the fault of those who govern them or through their own fault, they seek after it with the blind eyes of passion, and are ready to accept it, no matter what power may procure it for them, or what price it may cost them. Charles VII. was a prince neither to be respected nor to be loved, and during many years his reign had not been a prosperous one; but "he re-quickened justice, which had been a long while dead," says a chronicler devoted to the Duke of Burgundy; "he put an end to the tyrannies and exactions of the men-at-arms, and out of an infinity of murderers and robbers he formed men of resolution and honest life; he made regular paths in murderous woods and forests, all roads safe, all towns peaceful, all nationalities of his kingdom tranquil; he chastised the evil and honored the good, and he was sparing of human blood."

Page 117

Let it be added, in accordance with contemporary testimony, that at the same time that he established an all but arbitrary rule in military and financial matters, Charles VII. took care that “practical justice, in the case of every individual, was promptly rendered to poor as well as rich, to small as well as great; he forbade all trafficking in the offices of the magistracy, and every time that a place became vacant in a parliament he made no nomination to it, save on the presentations of the court.”

Questions of military, financial, and judicial organization were not the only ones which occupied the government of Charles VII. He attacked also ecclesiastical questions, which were at that period a subject of passionate discussion in Christian Europe amongst the councils of the Church and in the closets of princes. The celebrated ordinance, known by the name of Pragmatic Sanction, which Charles VII. issued at Bourges on the 7th of July, 1438, with the concurrence of a grand national council, laic and ecclesiastical, was directed towards the carrying out, in the internal regulations of the French Church, and in the relations either of the State with the Church in France, or of the Church of France with the papacy, of reforms long since desired or dreaded by the different powers and interests. It would be impossible to touch here upon these difficult and delicate questions without going far beyond the limits imposed upon the writer of this history. All that can be said is, that there was no lack of a religious spirit, or of a liberal spirit, in the Pragmatic Sanction of Charles VII., and that the majority of the measures contained in it were adopted with the approbation of the greater part of the French clergy, as well as of educated laymen in France.

In whatever light it is regarded, the government of Charles VII. in the latter part of his reign brought him not only in France, but throughout Europe, a great deal of fame and power. When he had driven the English out of his kingdom, he was called Charles the Victorious; and when he had introduced into the internal regulations of the state so many important and effective reforms, he was called Charles the Well-served. “The sense he had by nature,” says his historian Chastellain, “had been increased to twice as much again, in his straitened fortunes, by long constraint and perilous dangers, which sharpened his wits perforce.” “He is the king of kings,” was said of him by the Doge of Venice, Francis Foscari, a good judge of policy; “there is no doing without him.”

Nevertheless, at the close, so influential and so tranquil, of his reign, Charles VII. was, in his individual and private life, the most desolate, the most harassed, and the most unhappy man in his kingdom. In 1442 and 1450 he had lost the two women who had been, respectively, the most devoted and most useful, and the most delightful and dearest to him, his mother-in-law, Yolande of Arragon, Queen of Sicily, and his favorite, Agnes

Page 118

Sorel. His avowed intimacy with Agnes, and even, independently of her and after her death, the scandalous licentiousness of his morals, had justly offended his virtuous wife, Mary of Anjou, the only lady of the royal establishment who survived him. She had brought him twelve children, and the eldest, the *dauphin* Louis, after having from his very youth behaved in a factious, harebrained, turbulent way towards the king his father, had become at one time an open rebel, at another a venomous conspirator and a dangerous enemy. At his birth in 1423, he had been named Louis in remembrance of his ancestor, St. Louis, and in hopes that he would resemble him. In 1440, at seventeen years of age, he allied himself with the great lords, who were displeased with the new military system established by Charles VII., and allowed himself to be drawn by them into the transient rebellion known by the name of Praguery. When the king, having put it down, refused to receive the rebels to favor, the *dauphin* said to his father, "My lord, I must go back with them, then; for so I promised them." "Louis," replied the king, "the gates are open, and if they are not high enough I will have sixteen or twenty fathom of wall knocked down for you, that you may go whither it seems best to you." Charles VII. had made his son marry Margaret Stuart of Scotland, that charming princess who was so smitten with the language and literature of France that, coming one day upon the poet Alan Chartier asleep upon a bench, she kissed him on the forehead in the presence of her mightily astonished train, for he was very ugly. The *dauphin* rendered his wife so wretched that she died in 1445, at the age of one and twenty, with these words upon her lips: "O! fie on life! Speak to me no more of it!" In 1449, just when the king his father was taking up arms to drive the English out of Normandy, the *dauphin* Louis, who was now living entirely in Dauphiny, concluded at Briancon a secret league with the Duke of Savoy "against the ministers of the King of France, his enemies." In 1456, in order to escape from the perils brought upon him by the plots which he, in the heart of Dauphiny, was incessantly hatching against his father, Louis fled from Grenoble and went to take refuge in Brussels with the Duke of Burgundy, Philip the Good, who willingly received him, at the same time excusing himself to Charles VII. "on the ground of the respect he owed to the son of his suzerain," and putting at the disposal of Louis, "his guest," a pension of thirty-six thousand livres. "He has received the fox at his court," said Charles: "he will soon see what will become of his chickens." But the pleasantries of the king did not chase away the sorrows of the father. "Mine enemies have full trust in me," said Charles, "but my son will have none. If he had but once spoken with me, he would have known full well that he ought to have neither doubts nor fears. On my royal word, if he will but come to me, when he has opened

Page 119

his heart and learned my intentions, he may go away again whithersoever it seems good to him." Charles, in his old age and his sorrow, forgot how distrustful and how fearful he himself had been. "It is ever your pleasure," wrote one of his councillors to him in a burst of frankness, "to be shut up in castles, wretched places, and all sorts of little closets, without showing yourself and listening to the complaints of your poor people." Charles VII. had shown scarcely more confidence to his son than to his people. Louis yielded neither to words, nor to sorrows of which proofs were reaching him nearly every day. He remained impassive at the Duke of Burgundy's, where he seemed to be waiting with scandalous indifference for the news of his father's death. Charles sank into a state of profound melancholy and general distrust. He had his doctor, Adam Fumee, put in prison; persuaded himself that his son had wished, and was still wishing, to poison him; and refused to take any kind of nourishment. No representation, no solicitation, could win him from his depression and obstinacy. It was in vain that Charles, Duke of Berry, his favorite child, offered to first taste the food set before him. It was in vain that his servants "represented to him with tears," says Bossuet, "what madness it was to cause his own death for fear of dying; when at last he would have made an effort to eat, it was too late, and he must die." On the 2nd of July, 1461, he asked what day it was, and was told that it was St. Magdalen's day. "Ah!" said he, "I do laud my God, and thank Him for that it hath pleased Him that the most sinful man in the world should die on the sinful woman's day! Dampmartin," said he to the count of that name, who was leaning over his bed, "I do beseech you that after my death you will serve so far as you can the little lord, my son Charles." He called his confessor, received the sacraments, gave orders that he should be buried at St. Denis beside the king his father, and expired. No more than his son Louis, though for different reasons, was his wife, Queen Mary of Anjou, at his side. She was living at Chinon, whither she had removed a long while before by order of the king her husband. Thus, deserted by them of his own household, and disgusted with his own life, died that king of whom a contemporary chronicler, whilst recommending his soul to God, re-marked, "When he was alive, he was a right wise and valiant lord, and he left his kingdom united, and in good case as to justice and tranquillity."

CHAPTER XXV.——LOUIS XI. (1461-1483.)

Page 120

Louis XI. was thirty-eight years old, and had been living for five years in voluntary exile at the castle of Genappe, in Hainault, beyond the dominions of the king his father, and within those of Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, when, on the 23d of July, 1461, the day after Charles VII.'s death, he learned that he was King of France. He started at once to return to his own country, and take possession of his kingdom. He arrived at Rheims on the 14th of August, was solemnly crowned there on the 18th, in presence of the two courts of France and Burgundy, and on the 30th made his entry into Paris, within which he had not set foot for six and twenty years. In 1482, twenty-one years afterwards, he, sick and almost dying in his turn at his castle of Plessis-les-Tours, went, nevertheless, to Amboise, where his son the *dauphin*, who was about to become Charles VIII., and whom he had not seen for several years, was living. "I do expressly enjoin upon you," said the father to the son, "as my last counsel and my last instructions, not to change a single one of the chief officers of the crown. When my father. King Charles VII., went to God, and I myself came to the throne, I disappointed [i.e., deprived of their appointments] all the good and notable knights of the kingdom who had aided and served my said father in conquering Normandy and Guienne, in driving the English out of the kingdom, and in restoring it to peace and good order, for so I found it, and right rich also. Therefrom much mischief came to me, for thence I had the war called the Common Weal, which all but cost me my crown."

With the experience and paternal care of an old man, whom the near prospect of death rendered perfectly disinterested, wholly selfish as his own life had been, Louis's heart was bent upon saving his son from the first error which he himself had committed on mounting the throne. "Gentlemen," said Dunois on rising from table at the funeral-banquet held at the abbey of St. Denis in honor of the obsequies of King Charles VII., "we have lost our master; let each look after himself." The old warrior foresaw that the new reign would not be like that which had just ended. Charles VII. had been a prince of indolent disposition, more inclined to pleasure than ambition, whom the long and severe trials of his life had moulded to government without his having any passion for governing, and who had become in a quiet way a wise and powerful king, without any eager desire to be incessantly and everywhere chief actor and master. His son Louis, on the contrary, was completely possessed with a craving for doing, talking, agitating, domineering, and reaching, no matter by what means, the different and manifold ends he proposed to himself. Anything but prepossessing in appearance, supported on long and thin shanks, vulgar in looks and often designedly ill-dressed, and undignified in his manners though haughty in mind, he was powerful by the sheer force of a mind marvellously lively, subtle, unerring, ready, and inventive, and of a character indefatigably active, and pursuing success as a passion without any scruple or embarrassment in the employment of means. His contemporaries, after observing his reign for some time, gave him the name of the universal spider, so relentlessly did he labor to weave a web of which he himself occupied the centre and extended the filaments in all directions.

Page 121

As soon as he was king, he indulged himself with that first piece of vindictive satisfaction of which he was in his last moments obliged to acknowledge the mistake. At Rheims, at the time of his coronation, the aged and judicious Duke Philip of Burgundy had begged him to forgive all those who had offended him. Louis promised to do so, with the exception, however, of seven persons whom he did not name. They were the most faithful and most able advisers of the king his father, those who had best served Charles VII. even in his embroilments with the *dauphin*, his conspiring and rebellious son, *viz*., Anthony de Chabannes, Count of Dampmartin, Peter de Breze, Andrew de Laval, Juvenal des Ursins, &c. Some lost their places, and were even, for a while, subjected to persecution; the others, remaining still at court, received there many marks of the king's disfavor. On the other hand, Louis made a show of treating graciously the men who had most incurred and deserved disgrace at his father's hands, notably the Duke of Alencon and the Count of Armagnac. Nor was it only in respect of persons that he departed from paternal tradition; he rejected it openly in the case of one of the most important acts of Charles VII.'s reign, the Pragmatic Sanction, issued by that prince at Bourses, in 1438, touching the internal regulations of the Church of France and its relations towards the papacy. The popes, and especially Pius II., Louis XI.'s contemporary, had constantly and vigorously protested against that act. Barely four months after his accession, on the 27th of November, 1461, Louis, in order to gain favor with the pope, abrogated the Pragmatic Sanction, and informed the pope of the fact in a letter full of devotion. There was great joy at Rome, and the pope replied to the king's letter in the strongest terms of gratitude and commendation. But Louis's courtesy had not been so disinterested as it was prompt. He had hoped that Pius II. would abandon the cause of Ferdinand of Arragon, a claimant to the throne of Naples, and would uphold that of his rival, the French prince, John of Anjou, Duke of Calabria, whose champion Louis had declared himself. He bade his ambassador at Rome to remind the pope of the royal hopes. "You know," said the ambassador to Pius II., "it is only on this condition that the king my master abolished the Pragmatic; he was pleased to desire that in his kingdom full obedience should be rendered to you; he demands, on the other hand, that you should be pleased to be a friend to France; otherwise I have orders to bid all the French cardinals withdraw, and you cannot doubt but that they will obey." But Pius II. was more proud than Louis XI. dared to be imperious. He answered, "We are under very great obligations to the King of France, but that gives him no right to exact from us things contrary to justice and to our honor; we have sent aid to Ferdinand by virtue of the treaties we have with him; let the king your

Page 122

master compel the Duke of Anjou to lay down arms and prosecute his rights by course of justice, and if Ferdinand refuse to submit thereto we will declare against him; but we cannot promise more. If the French who are at our court wish to withdraw, the gates are open to them." The king, a little ashamed at the fruitlessness of his concession and of his threat, had for an instant some desire to re-establish the Pragmatic Sanction, for which the parliament of Paris had taken up the cudgels; but, all considered, he thought it better to put up in silence with his rebuff, and pay the penalty for a rash concession, than to get involved with the court of Rome in a struggle of which he could not measure the gravity; and he contented himself with letting the parliament maintain in principle and partially keep up the Pragmatic. This was his first apprenticeship in that outward resignation and patience, amidst his own mistakes, of which he was destined to be called upon more than once in the course of his life to make a humble but skilful use.

At the same time that at the pinnacle of government and in his court Louis was thus making his power felt, and was engaging a new set of servants, he was zealously endeavoring to win over, everywhere, the middle classes and the populace. He left Rouen in the hands of its own inhabitants; in Guienne, in Auvergne, at Tours, he gave the burgesses authority to assemble, and his orders to the royal agents were, "Whatever is done see that it be answered for unto us by two of the most notable burgesses of the principal cities." At Rheims the rumor ran that under King Louis there would be no more tax or talliage. When deputations went before him to complain of the weight of imposts, he would say, "I thank you, my dear and good friends, for making such remonstrances to me; I have nothing more at heart than to put an end to all sorts of exactions, and to re-establish my kingdom in its ancient liberties. I have just been passing five years in the countries of my uncle of Burgundy; and there I saw good cities mighty rich and full of inhabitants, and folks well clad, well housed, well off, lacking nothing; the commerce there is great, and the communes there have fine privileges. When I came into my own kingdom I saw, on the contrary, houses in ruins, fields without tillage, men and women in rags, faces pinched and pale. It is a great pity, and my soul is filled with sorrow at it. All my desire is to apply a remedy thereto, and, with God's help, we will bring it to pass." The good folks departed, charmed with such familiarity, so prodigal of hope; but facts before long gave the lie to words. "When the time came for renewing at Rheims the claim for local taxes, the people showed opposition, and all the papers were burned in the open street. The king employed stratagem. In order not to encounter overt resistance, he caused a large number of his folks to disguise themselves as tillers or artisans; and so entering the town,

Page 123

they were masters of it before the people could think of defending themselves. The ringleaders of the rebellion were drawn and quartered, and about a hundred persons were beheaded or hanged. At Angers, at Alencon, and at Aurillac, there were similar outbursts similarly punished." From that moment it was easy to prognosticate that with the new king familiarity would not prevent severity, or even cruelty. According to the requirements of the crisis Louis had no more hesitation about violating than about making promises; and, all the while that he was seeking after popularity, he intended to make his power felt at any price.

How could he have done without heavy imposts and submission on the part of the tax-payers? For it was not only at home in his own kingdom that he desired to be chief actor and master. He pushed his ambition and his activity abroad into divers European states. In Italy he had his own claimant to the throne of Naples in opposition to the King of Arragon's. In Spain the Kings of Arragon and of Castile were in a state of rivalry and war. A sedition broke out in Catalonia. Louis XI. lent the King of Arragon three hundred and fifty thousand golden crowns to help him in raising eleven hundred lances, and reducing the rebels. Civil war was devastating England. The houses of York and Lancaster were disputing the crown. Louis XI. kept up relations with both sides; and without embroiling himself with the Duke of York, who became Edward IV., he received at Chinon the heroic Margaret of Anjou, wife of Henry VI., and lent twenty thousand pounds sterling to that prince, then disthroned, who undertook either to repay them within a year or to hand over Calais, when he was re-established upon his throne, to the King of France. In the same way John II., King of Arragon, had put Roussillon and Cerdagne into the hands of Louis XI., as a security for the loan of three hundred and fifty thousand crowns he had borrowed. Amidst all the plans and enterprises of his personal ambition Louis was seriously concerned for the greatness of France; but he drew upon her resources, and compromised her far beyond what was compatible with her real interests, by mixing himself up, at every opportunity and by every sort of intrigue, with the affairs and quarrels of the kings and peoples around him.

In France itself he had quite enough of questions to be solved and perils to be surmounted to absorb and satisfy the most vigilant and most active of men. Four princes of very unequal power, but all eager for independence and preponderance, *viz*., Charles, Duke of Berry, his brother; Francis II., Duke of Brittany; Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, his uncle; and John, Duke of Bourbon, his brother-in-law, were vassals whom he found very troublesome, and ever on the point of becoming dangerous. It was not long before he had a proof of it. In 1463, two years after Louis's accession, the Duke of Burgundy sent one of his most trusty servants, John of Croy, Sire

Page 124

de Chimay, to complain of certain royal acts, contrary, he said, to the treaty of Arras, which, in 1435, had regulated the relations between Burgundy and the crown. The envoy had great difficulty in getting audience of the king, who would not even listen for more than a single moment, and that as he was going out of his room, when, almost without heeding, he said abruptly, “What manner of man, then, is this Duke of Burgundy? Is he of other metal than the other lords of the realm?” “Yes, sir,” replied Chimay, “he is of other metal; for he protected you and maintained you against the will of your father King Charles, and against the opinion of all those who were opposed to you in the kingdom, which no other prince or lord would have dared to do.” Louis went back into his room without a word. “How dared you speak so to the king,” said Dunois to Chimay. “Had I been fifty leagues away from here,” said the Burgundian, “and had I thought that the king had an idea only of addressing such words to me, I would have come back express to speak to him as I have spoken.” The Duke of Brittany was less puissant and less proudly served than the Duke of Burgundy; but, being vain and inconsiderate, he was incessantly attempting to exalt himself above his condition of vassal, and to raise his duchy into a sovereignty, and when his pretensions were rejected he entered, at one time with the King of England and at another with the Duke of Burgundy and the malcontents of France, upon intrigues which amounted very nearly to treason against the king his suzerain. Charles, Louis’s younger brother, was a soft and mediocre but jealous and timidly ambitious prince; he remembered, moreover, the preference and the wishes manifested on his account by Charles VII., their common father, on his death-bed, and he considered his position as Duke of Berry very inferior to the hopes he believed himself entitled to nourish. Duke John of Bourbon, on espousing a sister of Louis XI., had flattered himself that this marriage and the remembrance of the valor he had displayed, in 1450, at the battle of Formigny, would be worth to him at least the sword of constable; but Louis had refused to give it him. When all these great malcontents saw Louis’s popularity on the decline, and the king engaged abroad in divers political designs full of onerousness or embarrassment, they considered the moment to have come, and, at the end of 1464, formed together an alliance “for to remonstrate with the king,” says Commynes, “upon the bad order and injustice he kept up in his kingdom, considering themselves strong enough to force him if he would not mend his ways; and this war was called the common weal, because it was undertaken under color of being for the *common weal* of the kingdom, the which was soon converted into private weal.” The aged Duke of Burgundy, sensible and weary as he was, gave only a hesitating and slack adherence to the league; but his son Charles, Count of Charolais,

Page 125

entered into it passionately, and the father was no more in a condition to resist his son than he was inclined to follow him. The number of the declared malcontents increased rapidly; and the chiefs received at Paris itself, in the church of Notre Dame, the adhesion and the signatures of those who wished to join them. They all wore, for recognition's sake, a band of red silk round their waists, and, "there were more than five hundred," says Oliver de la Marche, a confidential servant of the Count of Charolais, "princes as well as knights, dames, damsels, and esquires, who were well acquainted with this alliance without the king's knowing anything as yet about it."

It is difficult to believe the chronicler's last assertion. Louis XI., it is true, was more distrustful than far-sighted, and, though he placed but little reliance in his advisers and servants, he had so much confidence in himself, his own sagacity, and his own ability, that he easily deluded himself about the perils of his position; but the facts which have just been set forth were too serious and too patent to have escaped his notice. However that may be, he had no sooner obtained a clear insight into the league of the princes than he set to work with his usual activity and knowledge of the world to checkmate it. To rally together his own partisans and to separate his foes, such was the twofold end he pursued, at first with some success. In a meeting of the princes which was held at Tours, and in which friends and enemies were still mingled together, he used language which could not fail to meet their views. "He was powerless," he said, "to remedy the evils of the kingdom without the love and fealty of the princes of the blood and the other lords; they were the pillars of the state; without their help one man alone could not bear the weight of the crown." Many of those present declared their fealty. "You are our king, our sovereign lord," said King Rene, Duke of Anjou; "we thank you for the kind, gracious, and honest words you have just used to us. I say to you, on behalf of all our lords here present, that we will serve you in respect of and against every one, according as it may please you to order us." Louis, by a manifesto, addressed himself also to the good towns and to all his kingdom. He deplored therein the enticements which had been suffered to draw away "his brother, the Duke of Berry and other princes, churchmen, and nobles, who would never have consented to this league if they had borne in mind the horrible calamities of the kingdom, and especially the English, those ancient enemies, who might well come down again upon it as heretofore . . . . They proclaim," said he, "that they will abolish the imposts; that is what has always been declared by the seditious and rebellious; but, instead of relieving, they ruin the poor people. Had I been willing to augment their pay, and permit them to trample their vassals under foot as in time past, they would never have given a thought to the common weal. They pretend that they desire to establish order everywhere, and yet they cannot endure it anywhere; whilst I, without drawing from my people more than was drawn by the late king, pay my men-at-arms well, and keep them in a good state of discipline."

Page 126

Louis, in his latter words, was a little too boastful. He had very much augmented the imposts without assembling the estates, and without caring for the old public liberties. If he frequently repressed local tyranny on the part of the lords, he did not deny himself the practice of it. Amongst other tastes, he was passionately fond of the chase; and, wherever he lived, he put it down amongst his neighbors, noble or other, without any regard for rights of lordship. Hounds, hawking birds, nets, snares, all the implements of hunting were forbidden. He even went so far, it is said, on one occasion, as to have two gentlemen's ears cut off for killing a hare on their own property. Nevertheless, the publication of his manifesto did him good service. Auvergne, Dauphiny, Languedoc, Lyon and Bordeaux turned a deaf ear to all temptations from the league of princes. Paris, above all, remained faithful to the king. Orders were given at the Hotel de Ville that the principal gates of the city should be walled up, and that there should be a night watch on the ramparts; and the burgesses were warned to lay in provision of arms and victual. Marshal Joachim Rouault, lord of Gamaches, arrived at Paris on the 30th of June, 1465, at the head of a body of men-at-arms, to protect the city against the Count of Charolais, who was coming up; and the king himself, not content with despatching four of his chief officers to thank the Parisians for their loyal zeal, wrote to them that he would send the queen to lie in at Paris, "the city he loved most in the world."

Louis would have been glad to have nothing to do but to negotiate and talk. Though he was personally brave, he did not like war and its unforeseen issues. He belonged to the class of ambitious despots who prefer stratagem to force. But the very ablest speeches and artifices, even if they do not remain entirely fruitless, are not sufficient to reduce matters promptly to order when great interests are threatened, passions violently excited, and factions let loose in the arena. Between the League of the Common Neal and Louis XI. there was a question too great to be, at the very outset, settled peacefully. It was feudalism in decline at grips with the kingship, which had been growing greater and greater for two centuries. The lords did not trust the king's promises; and one amongst those lords was too powerful to yield without a fight. At the beginning Louis had, in Auvergne and in Berry, some successes, which decided a few of the rebels, the most insignificant, to accept truces and enter upon parleys; but the great princes, the Dukes of Burgundy, Brittany, and Berry, waxed more and more angry. The aged Duke of Burgundy, Philip the Good himself, sobered and wearied as he was, threw himself passionately into the struggle. "Go," said he to his son, Count Charles of Charolais, "maintain thine honor well, and, if thou have need of a hundred thousand more men to deliver thee from difficulty, I myself will lead them

Page 127

to thee." Charles marched promptly on Paris. Louis, on his side, moved thither, with the design and in the hope of getting in there without fighting. But the Burgundians, posted at St. Denis and the environs, barred his approach. His seneschal, Peter de Breze, advised him to first attack the Bretons, who were advancing to join the Burgundians. Louis, looking at him somewhat mistrustfully, said, "You, too, Sir Seneschal, have signed this League of the Common Weal." "Ay, sir," answered Brez, with a laugh, "they have my signature, but you have myself." "Would you be afraid to try conclusions with the Burgundians?" continued the king. "Nay, verily," replied the seneschal; "I will let that be seen in the first battle." Louis continued his march on Paris. The two armies met at Montlhery, on the 16th of July, 1465. Breze, who commanded the king's advance-guard, immediately went into action, and was one of the first to be killed. Louis came up to his assistance with troops in rather loose order; the affair became hot and general; the French for a moment wavered, and a rumor ran through the ranks that the king had just been killed.

"No, my friends," said Louis, taking off his helmet, "no, I am not dead; defend your king with good courage." The wavering was transferred to the Burgundians. Count Charles himself was so closely pressed that a French man-at-arms laid his hand on him, saying, "Yield you, my lord; I know you well; let not yourself be slain." "A rescue!" cried Charles; "I'll not leave you, my friends, unless by death: I am here to live and die with you." He was wounded by a sword-thrust which entered his neck between his helmet and his breastplate, badly fastened. Disorder set in on both sides, without either's being certain how things were, or being able to consider itself victorious. Night came on; and French and Burgundians encamped before Montlhery. The Count of Charolais sat down on two heaps of straw, and had his wound dressed. Around him were the stripped corpses of the slain. As they were being moved to make room for him, a poor wounded creature, somewhat revived by the motion, recovered consciousness and asked for a drink. The count made them pour down his throat a drop of his own mixture, for he never drank wine. The wounded man came completely to himself, and recovered. It was one of the archers of his guard. Next day news was brought to Charles that the Bretons were coming up, with their own duke, the Duke of Berry, and Count Dunois at their head. He went as far as Etampes to meet them, and informed them of what had just happened. The Duke of Berry was very much distressed; it was a great pity, he said, that so many people had been killed; he heartily wished that the war had never been begun. "Did you hear," said the Count of Charolais to his servants, "how yonder fellow talks? He is upset at the sight of seven or eight hundred wounded men going about the town, folks who are nothing to him, and whom he does not even know; he would be still more upset if the matter touched him nearly; he is just the sort of fellow to readily make his own terms and leave us stuck in the mud; we must secure other friends." And he forthwith made one of his people post off to England, to draw closer the alliance between Burgundy and Edward IV.

Page 128

Louis, meanwhile, after passing a day at Corbeil, had once more, on the 18th of July, entered Paris, the object of his chief solicitude. He dismounted at his lieutenant's, the Sire de Meinn's, and asked for some supper. Several persons, burgesses and their wives, took supper with him. He excited their lively interest by describing to them the battle of Montlhery, the danger he had run there, and the scenes which had been enacted, adopting at one time a pathetic and at another a bantering tone, and exciting by turns the emotion and the laughter of his audience. In three days, he said, he would return to fight his enemies, in order to finish the war; but he had not enough of men-at-arms, and all had not at that moment such good spirits as he. He passed a fortnight in Paris, devoting himself solely to the task of winning the hearts of the Parisians, reducing imposts, giving audience to everybody, lending a favorable ear to every opinion offered him, making no inquiry as to who had been more or less faithful to him, showing clemency without appearing to be aware of it, and not punishing with severity even those who had served as guides to the Burgundians in the pillaging of the villages around Paris. A crier of the Chatelet, who had gone crying about the streets the day on which the Burgundians attacked the gate of St. Denis, was sentenced only to a month's imprisonment, bread and water, and a flogging. He was marched through the city in a night-man's cart; and the king, meeting the procession, called out, as he passed, to the executioner, "Strike hard, and spare not that ribald; he has well deserved it."

Meanwhile the Burgundians were approaching Paris and pressing it more closely every day. Their different allies in the League were coming up with troops to join them, including even some of those who, after having suffered reverses in Auvergne, had concluded truces with the king. The forces scattered around Paris amounted, it is said, to fifty thousand men, and occupied Charenton, Conflans, St. Maur, and St. Denis, making ready for a serious attack upon the place. Louis, notwithstanding his firm persuasion that things always went ill wherever he was not present in person, left Paris for Rouen, to call out and bring up the regulars and reserves of Normandy. In his absence, interviews and parleys took place between besiegers and besieged. The former, found partisans amongst the inhabitants of Paris, in the Hotel de Ville itself. The Count de Dunois made capital of all the grievances of the League against the king's government, and declared that, if the city refused to receive the princes, the authors of this refusal would have to answer for whatever misery, loss, and damage might come of it; and, in spite of all efforts on the part of the king's officers and friends, some wavering was manifested in certain quarters. But there arrived from Normandy considerable re-enforcements, announcing the early return of the king. And,

Page 129

in fact, he entered Paris on the 28th of August, the mass of the people testifying their joy and singing “Noel.” Louis made as if he knew nothing of what had happened in his absence, and gave nobody a black look; only four or five burgesses, too much compromised by their relations with the besiegers, were banished to Orleans. Sharp skirmishes were frequent all round the place; there was cannonading on both sides; and some balls from Paris came tumbling about the quarters of the Count of Charolais, and killed a few of his people before his very door. But Louis did not care to risk a battle. He was much impressed by the enemy’s strength, and by the weakness of which glimpses had been seen in Paris during his absence. Whilst his men-of-war were fighting here and there, he opened negotiations. Local and temporary truces were accepted, and agents of the king had conferences with others from the chiefs of the League. The princes showed so exacting a spirit that there was no treating on such conditions; and Louis determined to see whether he could not succeed better than his agents. He had an interview of two hours’ duration in front of the St. Anthony gate, with the Count of St. Poi, a confidant of the Count of Charolais. On his return he found before the gate some burgesses waiting for news.

[Illustration: Louis XI. and Burgesses waiting for News——193]

“Well, my friends,” said he, “the Burgundians will not give you so much trouble any more as they have given you in the past.” “That is all very well, sir,” replied an attorney of the Chatelet, “but meanwhile they eat our grapes and gather our vintage without any hinderance.” “Still,” said the king, “that is better than if they were to come and drink your wine in your cellars.” The month of September passed thus in parleys without result. Bad news came from Rouen; the League had a party in that city. Louis felt that the Count of Charolais was the real head of the opposition, and the only one with whom anything definite could he arrived at. He resolved to make a direct attempt upon him; for he had confidence in the influence he could obtain over people when he chatted and treated in person with them. One day he got aboard of a little boat with five of his officers, and went over to the left bank of the Seine. There the Count of Charolais was awaiting him. “Will you insure me, brother?” said the king, as he stepped ashore. “Yes, my lord, as a brother,” said the count. The king embraced him and went on; “I quite see, brother, that you are a gentleman and of the house of France.” “How so, my lord?” “When I sent my ambassadors lately [in 1464] to Lille on an errand to my uncle, your father and yourself, and when my chancellor, that fool of a Morvilliers, made you such a fine speech, you sent me word by the Archbishop of Narbonne that I should repent me of the words spoken to you by that Morvilliers, and that before a year was over. Piques-Dieu, you’ve kept your promise, and

Page 130

before the end of the year has come. I like to have to do with folks who hold to what they promise." This he said laughingly, knowing well that this language was just the sort of flattery to touch the Count of Charolais. They walked for a long while together on the river's bank, to the great curiosity of their people, who were surprised to see them conversing on such good terms. They talked of possible conditions of peace, both of them displaying considerable pliancy, save the king touching the duchy of Normandy, which he would not at any price, he said, confer on his brother the Duke of Berry, and the Count of Charolais touching his enmity towards the house of Croy, with which he was determined not to be reconciled. At parting, the king invited the count to Paris, where he would make him great cheer. "My lord," said Charles, "I have made a vow not to enter any good town until my return." The king smiled; gave fifty golden crowns for distribution, to drink his health, amongst the count's archers, and once more got aboard of his boat. Shortly after getting back to Paris he learned that Normandy was lost to him. The widow of the seneschal, De Breze, lately killed at Montlhery, forgetful of all the king's kindnesses and against the will of her own son, whom Louis had appointed seneschal of Normandy after his father's death, had just handed over Rouen to the Duke of Bourbon, one of the most determined chiefs of the League. Louis at once took his course. He sent to demand an interview with the Count of Charolais, and repaired to Conflans with a hundred Scots of his guard. There was a second edition of the walk together. Charles knew nothing as yet about the surrender of Rouen; and Louis lost no time in telling him of it before he had leisure for reflection and for magnifying his pretensions. "Since the Normans," said he, "have of themselves felt disposed for such a novelty, so be it! I should never of my own free will have conferred such an appanage on my brother; but, as the thing is done, I give my consent." And he at the same time assented to all the other conditions which had formed the subject of conversation.

In proportion to the resignation displayed by the king was the joy of the Count of Charolais at seeing himself so near to peace. Everything was going wrong with his army; provisions were short; murmurs and dissensions were setting in; and the League of common weal was on the point of ending in a shameful catastrophe. Whilst strolling and conversing with cordiality the two princes kept advancing towards Paris. Without noticing it, they passed within the entrance of a strong palisade which the king had caused to be erected in front of the city-walls, and which marked the boundary-line. All on a sudden they stopped, both of them disconcerted. The Burgundian found himself within the hostile camp; but he kept a good countenance, and simply continued the conversation. Amongst his army, however, when

Page 131

he was observed to be away so long, there was already a feeling of deep anxiety. The chieftains had met together. "If this young prince," said the marshal of Burgundy, "has gone to his own ruin like a fool, let us not ruin his house. Let every man retire to his quarters, and hold himself in readiness without disturbing himself about what may happen. By keeping together we are in a condition to fall back on the marches of Hainault, Picardy, or Burgundy." The veteran warrior mounted his horse and rode forward in the direction of Paris to see whether Count Charles were coming back or not. It was not long before he saw a troop of forty or fifty horse moving towards him. They were the Burgundian prince and an escort of the king's own guard. Charles dismissed the escort, and came up to the marshal, saying, "Don't say a word; I acknowledge my folly; but I saw it too late; I was already close to the works." "Everybody can see that I was not there," said the marshal; "if I had been, it would never have happened. You know, your highness, that I am only on loan to you, as long as your father lives." Charles made no reply, and returned to his own camp, where all congratulated him and rendered homage to the king's honorable conduct.

Negotiations for peace were opened forthwith. There was no difficulty about them. Louis was ready to make sacrifices as soon as be recognized the necessity for them, being quite determined, however, in his heart to recall them as soon as fortune came back to him. Two distinct treaties were concluded: one at Conflans on the 5th of October, 1465, between Louis and the Count of Charolais; and the other at St. Maur on the 29th of October, between Louis and the other princes of the League. By one or the other of the treaties the king granted nearly every demand that had been made upon him; to the Count of Charolais he gave up all the towns of importance in Picardy; to the Duke of Berry he gave the duchy of Normandy, with entire sovereignty; and the other princes, independently of the different territories that had been conceded to them, all received large sums in ready money. The conditions of peace had already been agreed to, when the Burgundians went so far as to summon, into the bargain, the strong place of Beauvais. Louis quietly complained to Charles: "If you wanted this town," said he, "you should have asked me for it, and I would have given it to you; but peace is made, and it ought to be observed." Charles openly disavowed the deed. When peace was proclaimed, on the 30th of October, the king went to Vincennes to receive the homage of his brother Charles for the duchy of Normandy, and that of the Count of Charolais for the lands of Picardy. The count asked the king to give up to him "for that day the castle of Vincennes for the security of all." Louis made no objection; and the gate and apartments of the castle were guarded by the count's own people. But the Parisians, whose favor Louis had won, were alarmed on his account.

Page 132

Twenty-two thousand men of the city militia marched towards the outskirts of Vincennes and obliged the king to return and sleep at Paris. He went almost alone to the grand review which the Count of Charolais held of his army before giving the word for marching away, and passed from rank to rank speaking graciously to his late enemies. The king and the count, on separating, embraced one another, the count saying in a loud voice, “Gentlemen, you and I are at the command of the king my sovereign lord, who is here present, to serve him whensoever there shall be need.”

When the treaties of Conflans and St. Maur were put before the parliament to be registered, the parliament at first refused, and the exchequer-chamber followed suit; but the king insisted in the name of necessity, and the registration took place, subject to a declaration on the part of the parliament that it was forced to obey. Louis, at bottom, was not sorry for this resistance, and himself made a secret protest against the treaties he had just signed.

At the outset of the negotiations it had been agreed that thirty-six notables, twelve prelates, twelve knights, and twelve members of the council, should assemble to inquire into the errors committed in the government of the kingdom, and to apply remedies. They were to meet on the 15th of December, and to have terminated their labors in two months at the least, and in three months and ten days at the most. The king promised on his word to abide firmly and stably by what they should decree. But this commission was nearly a year behind time in assembling, and, even when it was assembled, its labors were so slow and so futile, that the Count de Dampmartin was quite justified in writing to the Count of Charolais, become by his father’s death Duke of Burgundy, “The League of common weal has become nothing but the League of common woe.”

Scarcely were the treaties signed and the princes returned each to his own dominions when a quarrel arose between the Duke of Brittany and the new Duke of Normandy. Louis, who was watching for dissensions between his enemies, went at once to see the Duke of Brittany, and made with him a private convention for mutual security. Then, having his movements free, he suddenly entered Normandy to retake possession of it as a province which, notwithstanding the cession of it just made to his brother, the King of France could not dispense with. Evreux, Gisors, Gournay, Louviers, and even Rouen fell, without much resistance, again into his power. The Duke of Berry made a vigorous appeal for support to his late ally, the Duke of Burgundy, in order to remain master of the new duchy which had been conferred upon him under the late treaties. The Count of Charolais was at that time taking up little by little the government of the Burgundian dominions in the name of his father, the aged Duke Philip, who was ill and near his end; but, by pleading his own engagements, and especially his ever-renewed struggle with his Flemish subjects, the Liegese, the count escaped from the necessity of satisfying the Duke of Berry.

Page 133

In order to be safe in the direction of Burgundy as well as that of Brittany, Louis had entered into negotiations with Edward IV., King of England, and had made him offers, perhaps even promises, which seemed to trench upon the rights ceded by the treaty of Conflans to the Duke of Burgundy, as to certain districts of Picardy. The Count of Charolais was informed of it; and in his impetuous wrath he wrote to King Louis, dubbing him simply Sir, instead of giving him, according to the usage between vassal and suzerain, the title of My most dread lord, “May it please you to wit, that some time ago I was apprised of a matter at which I cannot be too much astounded. It is with great sorrow that I name it to you, when I remember the fair expressions I have all through this year had from you, both in writing and by word of mouth. It is certain that parley has been held between your people and those of the King of England, that you have thought proper to assign to them the district of Caux and the city of Rouen; that you have promised to obtain from them Abbeville and the count-ship of Ponthieu, and that you have concluded with them certain alliances against me and my country, whilst making them large offers to my prejudice. Of what is yours, sir, you may dispose according to your pleasure; but it seems to me that you might do better than wish to take from my hands what is mine, in order to give it to the English or to any other foreign nation. I pray you, therefore, sir, if such overtures have been made by your people, to be pleased not to consent thereto in any way, but to put a stop to the whole, to the end that I may remain your most humble servant, as I desire to be.”

Louis returned no answer to this letter. He contented him-self with sending to the commission of thirty-six notables, then in session at Etampes for the purpose of considering the reform of the kingdom, a request to represent to the Count of Charolais the impropriety of such language, and to appeal for the punishment of the persons who had suggested it to him. The count made some awkward excuses, at the same time that he persisted in complaining of the king’s obstinate pretensions and underhand ways. A serious incident now happened, which for a while distracted the attention of the two rivals from their mutual recriminations. Duke Philip the Good, who had for some time past been visibly declining in body and mind, was visited at Bruges by a stroke of apoplexy, soon discovered to be fatal. His son, the Count of Charolais, was at Ghent. At the first whisper of danger he mounted his horse, and without a moment’s halt arrived at Bruges on the 15th of June, 1467, and ran to his father’s room, who had already lost speech and consciousness. “Father, father,” cried the count, on his knees and sobbing, “give me your blessing; and if I have offended you, forgive me.” “My lord,” added the Bishop of Bethlehem, the dying man’s confessor, “if you only hear us, bear witness by some sign.” The duke turned

Page 134

his eyes a little towards his son, and seemed to feebly press his hand. This was his last effort of life; and in the evening, after some hours of passive agony, he died. His son flung himself upon the bed: "He shrieked, he wept, he wrung his hands," says George Chatelain, one of the aged duke's oldest and most trusted servants, "and for many a long day tears were mingled with all his words every time he spoke to those who had been in the service of the dead, so much so that every one marvelled at his immeasurable grief; it had never heretofore been thought that he could feel a quarter of the sorrow he showed, for he was thought to have a sterner heart, whatever cause there might have been; but nature overcame him." Nor was it to his son alone that Duke Philip had been so good and left so many grounds for sorrow. "With you we lose," was the saying amongst the crowd that followed the procession through the streets, "with you we lose our good old duke, the best, the gentlest, the friendliest of princes, our peace and eke our joy! Amidst such fearful storms you at last brought us out into tranquillity and good order; you set justice on her seat and gave free course to commerce. And now you are dead, and we are orphans!" Many voices, it is said, added in a lower tone, "You leave us in hands whereof the weight is unknown to us; we know not into what perils we may be brought by the power that is to be over us, over us so accustomed to yours, under which we, most of us, were born and grew up."

What the people were anxiously forecasting, Louis foresaw with certainty, and took his measures accordingly. A few days after the death of Philip the Good, several of the principal Flemish cities, Ghent first and then Liege, rose against the new Duke of Burgundy in defence of their liberties, already ignored or threatened. The intrigues of Louis were not unconnected with these solicitations. He would undoubtedly have been very glad to have seen his most formidable enemy beset, at the very commencement of his ducal reign, by serious embarrassments, and obliged to let the king of France settle without trouble his differences with his brother Duke Charles of Berry, and with the Duke of Brittany. But the new Duke of Burgundy was speedily triumphant over the Flemish insurrections; and after these successes, at the close of the year 1467, he was so powerful and so unfettered in his movements, that Louis might, with good reason, fear the formation of a fresh league amongst his great neighbors in coalition against him, and perhaps even in communication with the English, who were ever ready to seek in France allies for the furtherance of their attempts to regain there the fortunes wrested from them by Joan of Arc and Charles VII. In view of such a position Louis formed a resolution, unpalatable, no doubt, to one so jealous of his own power, but indicative of intelligence and boldness; he confronted the difficulties of home government in order to prevent perils from without. The remembrance had not yet faded of the energy displayed and the services rendered in the first part of Charles VII.'s reign by the states-general; a wish was manifested for their resuscitation; and they were spoken of, even in the popular doggerel, as the most effectual remedy for the evils of the period.

Page 135

“But what says Paris?”—“She is deaf and dumb.”

“Dares she not speak?”—“Nor she, nor parliament.”

“The clergy?”—“O! the clergy are kept mum.”

“Upon your oath?”—“Yes, on the sacrament.”

“The nobles, then?”—“The nobles are still worse.”

“And justice?”—“Hath nor balances nor weights.”

“Who, then, may hope to mitigate this curse?”

“Who? prithee, who?”—“Why, France’s three estates.”

“Be pleased, O prince, to grant alleviation . . .”

“To whom?”—“To the good citizen who waits . . .”

“For what?”—“The right of governing the nation . . .”

“Through whom? pray, whom?”—“Why, France’s three estates.”

In the face of the evil Louis felt no fear of the remedy. He summoned the states-general to a meeting at Tours on the 1st of April, 1468. Twenty-eight lords in person, besides representatives of several others who were unable to be there themselves, and a hundred and ninety-two deputies elected by sixty-four towns, met in session. The chancellor, Juvenal des Ursins, explained, in presence of the king, the object of the meeting: “It is to take cognizance of the differences which have arisen between the king and Sir Charles, his brother, in respect of the duchy of Normandy and the appanage of the said Sir Charles; likewise the great excesses and encroachments which the Duke of Brittany hath committed against the king by seizing his places and subjects, and making open war upon him; and thirdly, the communication which is said to be kept up by the Duke of Brittany with the English, in order to bring them down upon this country, and hand over to them the places he doth hold in Normandy. Whereupon we are of opinion that the people of the three estates should give their good advice and council.” After this official programme, the king and his councillors withdrew. The estates deliberated during seven or eight sessions, and came to an agreement “without any opposition or difficulty whatever, that as touching the duchy of Normandy it ought not to and cannot be separated from the crown in any way whatsoever, but must remain united, annexed, and conjoined thereto inseparably. Further, any arrangement of the Duke of Brittany with the English is a thing damnable, pernicious, and of most evil consequences, and one which is not to be permitted, suffered, or tolerated in any way. Lastly, if Sir Charles, the Duke of Brittany, or others, did make war on the king our sovereign lord, or have any

treaty or connection with his enemies, the king is bound to proceed against them who should do so, according to what must be done in such case for the tranquillity and security of the realm . . . . And as often soever as the said cases may occur, the people of the estates have agreed and consented, do agree and consent, that, without waiting for other assemblage or congregation of the estates, the king have power to do all that comports with order and justice; the said estates promising and agreeing to serve and aid the king touching these matters, to obey him with all their might, and to live and die with him in this quarrel."

Page 136

Louis XI. himself could demand no more. Had they been more experienced and far-sighted, the states-general of 1468 would not have been disposed to resign, even temporarily, into the hands of the kingship, their rights and their part in the government of the country; but they showed patriotism and good sense in defending the integrity of the kingdom, national unity, and public order against the selfish ambition and disorderly violence of feudalism.

Fortified by their burst of attachment, Louis, by the treaty of Ancenis, signed on the 10th of September, 1468, put an end to his differences with Francis II., Duke of Brittany, who gave up his alliance with the house of Burgundy, and undertook to prevail upon Duke Charles of France to accept an arbitration for the purpose of settling, before two years were over, the question of his territorial appanage in the place of Normandy. In the meanwhile a pension of sixty thousand livres was to be paid by the crown to that prince. Thus Louis was left with the new duke, Charles of Burgundy, as the only adversary he had to face. His advisers were divided as to the course to be taken with this formidable vassal. Was he to be dealt with by war or by negotiation? Count de Dampmartin, Marshal de Rouault, and nearly all the military men earnestly advised war. "Leave it to us," they said: "we will give the king a good account of this Duke of Burgundy. Plague upon it! what do these Burgundians mean? They have called in the English and made alliance with them in order to give us battle; they have handed over the country to fire and sword; they have driven the king from his lordship. We have suffered too much; we must have revenge; down upon them, in the name of the devil, down upon them. The king makes a sheep of himself and bargains for his wool and his skin, as if he had not wherewithal to defend himself. 'Sdeath! if we were in his place, we would rather risk the whole kingdom than let ourselves be treated in this fashion." But the king did not like to risk the kingdom; and he had more confidence in negotiation than in war. Two of his principal advisers, the constable De St. Pol and the cardinal De la Balue, Bishop of Evreux, were of his opinion, and urged him to the top of his bent. Of them he especially made use in his more or less secret relations with the Duke of Burgundy; and he charged them to sound him with respect to a personal interview between himself and the duke. It has been very well remarked by M. de Barante, in his *Histoire des Dues de Bourgogne,* that "Louis had a great idea of the influence he gained over people by his wits and his language; he was always convinced that people never said what ought to be said, and that they did not set to work the right way." It was a certain way of pleasing him to give him promise of a success which he would owe to himself alone; and the constable and the cardinal did not fail to do so. They found the Duke of Burgundy

Page 137

very little disposed to accept the king's overtures. "By St. George," said he, "I ask nothing but what is just and reasonable; I desire the fulfilment of the treaties of Arras and of Conflans to which the king has sworn. I make no war on him; it is he who is coming to make it on me; but should he bring all the forces of his kingdom I will not budge from here or recoil the length of my foot. My predecessors have seen themselves in worse plight, and have not been dismayed." Neither the constable De St. Pol nor the cardinal De la Balue said anything to the king about this rough disposition on the part of Duke Charles; they both in their own personal interest desired the interview, and did not care to bring to light anything that might be an obstacle to it. Louis persisted in his desire, and sent to ask the duke for a letter of safe-conduct. Charles wrote with his own hand, on the 8th of October, 1468, as follows:—
"My lord, if it is your pleasure to come to this town of Peronne for to see us, I swear to you and promise you, by my faith and on my honor, that you may come, remain, sojourn, and go back safely to the places of Chauny and Noy on, at your pleasure, as many times as it may please you, freely and frankly, without any hinderance to you or to any of your folks from me or others in any case whatever and whatsoever may happen."

[Illustration: Charles the Rash——203]

When this letter arrived at Noyon, extreme surprise and alarm were displayed about Louis; the interview appeared to be a mad idea; the vicegerent (vidam) of Amiens came hurrying up with a countryman who declared on his life that mylord of Burgundy wished for it only to make an attempt upon the king's person; the king's greatest enemies, it was said, were already, or soon would be, with the duke; and the captains vehemently reiterated their objections. But Louis held to his purpose, and started for Noyon on the 2d of October, taking with him the constable, the cardinal, his confessor, and, for all his escort, fourscore of his faithful Scots, and sixty men-at-arms. This knowing gossip, as his contemporaries called him, had fits of rashness and audacious vanity.

Duke Charles went to meet him outside the town. They embraced one another, and returned on foot to Peronne, chatting familiarly, and the king with his hand resting on the duke's shoulder, in token of amity. Louis had quarters at the house of the chamberlain of the town; the castle of Peronne being, it was said, in too bad a state, and too ill furnished, for his reception. On the very day that the king entered Peronne, the duke's army, commanded by the Marshal of Burgundy, arrived from the opposite side, and encamped beneath the walls. Several former servants of the king, now not on good terms with him, accompanied the Burgundian army. "As soon as the king was apprised of the arrival of these folks," says Commynes, "he had a great fright, and sent to beg of the Duke of Burgundy

Page 138

that he might be lodged at the castle, seeing that all those who had come were evil disposed towards him. The duke was very much rejoiced thereat, had him lodged there, and stoutly assured him that he had no cause for doubt." Next day parleys began between the councillors of the two princes. They did not appear much disposed to come to an understanding, and a little sourness of spirit was beginning to show itself on both sides, when there came news which excited a grand commotion. "King Louis, on coming to Peronne, had not considered," says Commynes, "that he had sent two ambassadors to the folks of Liege to excite them against the duke. Nevertheless, the said ambassadors had advanced matters so well that they had already made a great mass (of rebels). The Liegese came and took by surprise the town of Tongres, wherein were the Bishop of Liege and the Lord of Humbercourt, whom they took also, slaying, moreover, some servants of the said bishop." The fugitives who reported this news at Peronne made the matter a great deal worse than it was; they had no doubt, they said, but that the bishop and Sire d'Humbercourt had also been murdered; and Charles had no more doubt about it than they. His fury was extreme; he strode to and fro, everywhere relating the news from Liege. "So the king," said he, "came here only to deceive me; it is he who, by his ambassadors, excited these bad folks of Liege; but, by St. George, they shall be severely punished for it, and he, himself, shall have cause to repent." He gave immediate orders to have the gates of the town and of the castle closed and guarded by the archers; but being a little troubled, nevertheless, as to the effect which would be produced by this order, he gave as his reason for it that he was quite determined to have recovered a box full of gold and jewels which had been stolen from him. "I verily believe," says Commynes, "that if just then the duke had found those whom he addressed ready to encourage him, or advise him to do the king a bad turn, he would have done it; but at that time I was still with the said duke; I served him as chamberlain, and I slept in his room when I pleased, for such was the usage of that house. With me was there none at this speech of the duke's, save two grooms of the chamber, one called Charles de Visen, a native of Dijon, an honest man, and one who had great credit with his master; and we exasperated nought, but assuaged according to our power."

Whilst Duke Charles was thus abandoning himself to the first outburst of his wrath, King Louis remained impassive in the castle of Peronne, quite close to the great tower, wherein, about the year 925, King Charles the Simple had been confined by Herbert, Count of Vermandois, and died a prisoner in 929. None of Louis's people had been removed from him; but the gate of the castle was strictly guarded. There was no entering. on his service, but by the wicket, and none of the duke's people came to visit him; he had no occasion to parley, explain himself,

Page 139

and guess what it was expedient for him to say or do; he was alone, wrestling with his imagination and his lively impressions, with the feeling upon him of the recent mistakes he had committed, especially in exciting the Liegese to rebellion, and forgetting the fact just when he was coming to place himself in his enemy's hands. Far, however, from losing his head, Louis displayed in this perilous trial all the penetration, activity, and shrewdness of his mind, together with all the suppleness of his character; he sent by his own servants questions, offers, and promises to all the duke's servants from whom he could hope for any help or any good advice. Fifteen thousand golden crowns, with which he had provided himself at starting, were given by him to be distributed amongst the household of the Duke of Burgundy; a liberality which was perhaps useless, since it is said that he to whom he had intrusted the sum kept a good portion of it for himself. The king passed two days in this state of gloomy expectancy as to what was in preparation against him.

On the 11th of October, Duke Charles, having cooled down a little, assembled his council. The sitting lasted all the day and part of the night. Louis had sent to make an offer to swear a peace, such as, at the moment of his arrival, had been proposed to him, without any reservation or difficulty on his part. He engaged to join the duke in making war upon the Liegese and chastising them for their rebellion. He would leave as hostages his nearest relatives and his most intimate advisers. At the beginning of the council his proposals were not even listened to; there was no talk but of keeping the king a prisoner, and sending after his brother, the Prince Charles, with whom the entire government of the kingdom should be arranged; the messenger had orders to be in readiness to start at once; his horse was in the court-yard; he was only waiting for the letters which the duke was writing to Brittany. The chancellor of Burgundy and some of the wiser councillors besought the duke to reflect.

The king had come to Peronne on the faith of his safe-conduct; it would be an eternal dishonor for the house of Burgundy if he broke his word to his sovereign lord; and the conditions which the king was prepared to grant would put an end, with advantage to Burgundy, to serious and difficult business. The duke gave heed to these honest and prudent counsels; the news from Liege turned out to be less serious than the first rumors had represented; the bishop and Sire d'Humbercourt had been set at liberty. Charles retired to his chamber; and there, without thinking of undressing, he walked to and fro with long strides, threw himself upon his bed, got up again, and soliloquized out loud, addressing himself occasionally to Commynes, who lay close by him. Towards morning, though he still showed signs of irritation, his language was less threatening. "He has promised me," said he, "to come with me to reinstate the Bishop

Page 140

of Liege, who is my brother-in-law, and a relation of his also; he shall certainly come; I shall not scruple to hold him to his word that he gave me;" and he at once sent Sires de Crequi, de Charni, and de la Roche to tell the king that he was about to come and swear peace with him. Commynes had only just time to tell Louis in what frame of mind the duke was, and in what danger he would place himself, if he hesitated either to swear peace or to march against the Liegese.

As soon as it was broad day, the duke entered the apartment of the castle where the king was a prisoner. His look was courteous, but his voice trembled with choler; his words were short and bitter, his manner was threatening. A little troubled at his aspect, Louis said, "Brother, I am safe, am I not, in your house and your country?" "Yes, sir," answered the duke, "so safe that if I saw an arrow from a bow coming towards you I would throw myself in the way to protect you. But will you not be pleased to swear the treaty just as it is written?" "Yes," said the king, "and I thank you for your good will." "And will you not be pleased to come with me to Liege, to help me punish the treason committed against me by these Lidgese, all through you and your journey hither? The bishop is your near relative, of the house of Bourbon." "Yes, Padues-Dieu," replied Louis, "and I am much astounded at their wickedness. But begin we by swearing this treaty; and then I will start, with as many or as few of my people as you please."

Forthwith was taken out from the king's boxes the wood of the so-called true cross, which was named the cross of St. Laud, because it had been preserved in the church of St. Laud, at Angers. It was supposed to have formerly belonged to Charlemagne; and it was the relic which Louis regarded as the most sacred. The treaty was immediately signed, without any change being made in that of Conflans. The Duke of Burgundy merely engaged to use his influence with Prince Charles of France to induce him to be content with Brie and Champagne as appanage. The storm was weathered; and Louis almost rejoiced at seeing himself called upon to chastise in person the Liegese, who had made him commit such a mistake and run such a risk.

Next day the two princes set out together, Charles with his army, and Louis with his modest train increased by three hundred men-at-arms, whom he had sent for from France. On the 27th of October they arrived before Liege. Since Duke Charles's late victories, the city had no longer any ramparts or ditches; nothing seemed easier than to get into it; but the besieged could not persuade themselves that Louis was sincerely allied with the Duke of Burgundy, and they made a sortie, shouting, "Hurrah for the king! Hurrah for France!" Great was their surprise when they saw Louis advancing in person, wearing in his hat the cross of St. Andrew of Burgundy, and shouting, "Hurrah for Burgundy!" Some even amongst the French who surrounded the king were shocked; they could not reconcile themselves to so little pride and such brazen falsehood. Louis took no heed of their temper, and never ceased to repeat, "When pride rides before,

shame and hurt follow close after." The surprise of the Liegese was transformed into indignation.

Page 141

[Illustration: Louis XI. and Charles the Rash at Peronne——209]

They made a more energetic and a longer resistance than had been expected. The besiegers, confident in their strength, kept careless watch, and the sorties of the besieged became more numerous. One night Charles received notice that his men had just been attacked in a suburb which they had held, and were flying. He mounted his horse, gave orders not to awake the king, repaired by himself to the place where the fight was, put everything to rights, and came back and told the whole affair to Louis, who exhibited great joy. Another time, one dark and rainy night, there was an alarm, about midnight, of a general attack upon the whole Burgundian camp. The duke was soon up, and a moment afterwards the king arrived. There was great disorder. “The Liegese sallied by this gate,” said some; “No,” said others, “it was by that gate!” there was nothing known for certain, and there were no orders given. Charles was impetuous and brave, but he was easily disconcerted, and his servants were somewhat vexed not to see him putting a better countenance on things before the king. Louis, on the other hand, was cool and calm, giving commands firmly, and ready to assume responsibility wherever he happened to be. “Take what men you have,” said he to the constable St. Poi, who was at his side, “and go in this direction; if they are really coming upon us, they will pass that way.” It was discovered to be a false alarm. Two days afterwards there was a more serious affair. The inhabitants of a canton which was close to the city, and was called Franchemont, resolved to make a desperate effort, and go and fall suddenly upon the very spot where the two princes were quartered. One night, about ten P. M., six hundred men sallied out by one of the breaches, all men of stout hearts and well armed. The duke’s quarters were first attacked. Only twelve archers were on guard below, and they were playing at dice. Charles was in bed. Commynes put on him, as quickly as possible, his breastplate and helmet, and they went down stairs. The archers were with great difficulty defending the doorway, but help arrived, and the danger was over. The quarters of King Louis had also been attacked; but at the first sound the Scottish archers had hurried up, surrounded their master, and repulsed the attack, without caring whether their arrows killed Liegese or such Burgundians as had come up with assistance. The gallant fellows from Franchemont fell, almost to a man. The duke and his principal captains held a council the next day; and the duke was for delivering the assault. The king was not present at this council, and when he was informed of the resolution taken he was not in favor of an assault. “You see,” said he, “the courage of these people; you know how murderous and uncertain is street fighting; you will lose many brave men to no purpose. Wait two or three days, and the Liegese will infallibly

Page 142

come to terms." Nearly all the Burgundian captains sided with the king. The duke got angry. "He wishes to spare the Liegese," said he; "what danger is there in this assault? There are no walls; they can't put a single gun in position; I certainly will not give up the assault; if the king is afraid, let him get him gone to Namur." Such an insult shocked even the Burgundians. Louis was informed of it, but said nothing. Next day, the 30th of October, 1468, the assault was ordered; and the duke marched at the head of his troops. Up came the king; but, "Bide," said Charles; "put not yourself uselessly in danger; I will send you word when it is time." "Lead on, brother," replied Louis; "you are the most fortunate prince alive; I will follow you." And he continued marching with him. But the assault was unnecessary. Discouragement had taken possession of the Liegese, the bravest of whom had fallen. It was Sunday, and the people who remained were not expecting an attack; "the cloth was laid in every house, and all were preparing for dinner." The Burgundians moved forward through the empty streets; and Louis marched quietly along, surrounded by his own escort, and shouting, "Hurrah for Burgundy!" The duke turned back to meet him, and they went together to give thanks to God in the cathedral of St. Lambert. It was the only church which had escaped from the fury and the pillaging of the Burgundians; by midday there was nothing left to take in the houses or in the churches. Louis loaded Duke Charles with felicitations and commendations: "He knew how to turn them in a fashion so courteous and amiable that the duke was charmed and softened." The next day, as they were talking together, "Brother," said the king to the duke, "if you have still need of my help, do not spare me; but if you have nothing more for me to do, it would be well for me to go back to Paris, to make public in my court of parliament the arrangement we have come to together; otherwise it would run a risk of becoming of no avail; you know that such is the custom of France. Next summer we must meet again; you will come into your duchy of Burgundy, and I will go and pay you a visit, and we will pass a week joyously together in making good cheer." Charles made no answer, and sent for the treaty lately concluded between them at Peronne, leaving it to the king's choice to confirm or to renounce it, and excusing himself in covert terms for having thus constrained him and brought him away. The king made a show of being satisfied with the treaty, and on the 2d of November, 1468, the day but one after the capture of Liege, set out for France. The duke bore him company to within half a league of the city. As they were taking leave of one another, the king said to him, "If, peradventure, my brother Charles, who is in Brittany, should be discontented with the assignment I make him for love of you, what would you have me do?" "If he do not please to take it," answered the duke, "but would have you satisfy him, I leave it to you two." Louis desired no more: he returned home free and confident in himself, "after having passed the most trying three weeks of his life."

Page 143

But Louis XI.'s deliverance after his quasi-captivity at Peronne, and the new treaty he had concluded with Duke Charles, were and could be only a temporary break in the struggle between these two princes, destined as they were, both by character and position, to irremediable incompatibility. They were too powerful and too different to live at peace when they were such close neighbors, and when their relations were so complicated. We find in the chronicle of George Chastelain, a Flemish burgher, and a servant on familiar terms with Duke Charles, as he had been with his father, Duke Philip, a judicious picture of this incompatibility and the causes of it. "There had been," he says, "at all times a rancor between these two princes, and, whatever pacification might have been effected to-day, everything returned to-morrow to the old condition, and no real love could be established. They suffered from incompatibility of temperament and perpetual discordance of will; and the more they advanced in years the deeper they plunged into a state of serious difference and hopeless bitterness. The king was a man of subtlety and full of fence; he knew how to recoil for a better spring, how to affect humility and gentleness in his deep designs, how to yield and to give up in order to receive double, and how to bear and tolerate for a time his own grievances in hopes of being able at last to have his revenge. He was, therefore, very much to be feared for his practical knowledge, showing the greatest skill and penetration in the world. Duke Charles was to be feared for his great courage, which he evinced and displayed in his actions, making no account of king or emperor. Thus, whilst the king had great sense and great ability, which he used with dissimulation and suppleness in order to succeed in his views, the duke, on his side, had a great sense of another sort and to another purpose, which he displayed by a public ostentation of his pride, without any fear of putting himself in a false position." Between 1468 and 1477, from the incident at Peronne to the death of Charles at the siege of Nancy, the history of the two princes was nothing but one constant alternation between ruptures and re-adjustments, hostilities and truces, wherein both were constantly changing their posture, their language, and their allies. It was at one time the affairs of the Duke of Brittany or those of Prince Charles of France, become Duke of Guienne; at another it was the relations with the different claimants to the throne of England, or the fate of the towns, in Picardy, handed over to the Duke of Burgundy by the treaties of Conflans and Peronne, which served as a ground or pretext for the frequent recurrences of war. In 1471 St. Quentin opened its gates to Count Louis of St. Poi, constable of France; and Duke Charles complained with threats about it to the Count of Dampmartin, who was in commend, on that frontier, of Louis XI.'s army, and had a good understanding with the constable. Dampmartin,

Page 144

“one of the bravest men of his time,” says Duclos [Histoire de Louis XI in the (Enures completes of Duclos, t. ii. p. 429), “sincere and faithful, a warm friend and an implacable foe, at once replied to the duke, ’Most high and puissant prince, I suppose your letters to have been dictated by your council and highest clerics, who are folks better at letter-making than I am, for I have not lived by quill-driving. . . . If I write you matter that displeases you, and you have a desire to revenge yourself upon me, you shall find me so near to your army that you will know how little fear I have of you. . . . Be assured that if it be your will to go on long making war upon the king, it will at last be found out by all the world that as a soldier you have mistaken your calling.” The next year (1472) war broke out. Duke Charles went and laid siege to Beauvais, and on the 27th of June delivered the first assault. The inhabitants were at this moment left almost alone to defend their town. A young girl of eighteen, Joan Fourquet, whom a burgher’s wife of Beauvais, Madame Laisne, her mother by adoption, had bred up in the history, still so recent, of Joan of Arc, threw herself into the midst of the throng, holding up her little axe (hachette) before the image of St. Angadresme, patroness of the town, and crying, “O glorious virgin, come to my aid; to arms! to arms!” The assault was repulsed; re-enforcements came up from Noyon, Amiens, and Paris, under the orders of the Marshal de Rouault; and the mayor of Beauvais presented Joan to him. “Sir,” said the young girl to him, “you have everywhere been victor, and you will be so with us.” On the 9th of July the Duke of Burgundy delivered a second assault, which lasted four hours. Some Burgundians had escaladed a part of the ramparts; Joan Hachette arrived there just as one of them was planting his flag on the spot; she pushed him over the side into the ditch, and went down in pursuit of him; the man fell on one knee; Joan struck him down, took possession of the flag, and mounted up to the ramparts again, crying, “Victory!” The same cry resounded at all points of the wall; the assault was everywhere repulsed. The vexation of Charles was great; the day before he had been almost alone in advocating the assault; in the evening, as he lay on his camp-bed, according to his custom, he had asked several of his people whether they thought the townsmen were prepared for it. “Yes, certainly,” was the answer; “there are a great number of them.” “You will not find a soul there to-morrow,” said Charles with a sneer. He remained for twelve days longer before the place, looking for a better chance; but on the 12th of July he decided upon raising the siege, and took the road to Normandy. Some days before attacking Beauvais, he had taken, not without difficulty, Nesle in the Vermandois. “There it was,” says Commynes, “that he first committed a horrible and wicked deed of war, which had never been his wont; this was burning everything everywhere; those who were taken alive were hanged; a pretty large number had their hands cut off. It mislikes me to speak of such cruelty; but I was on the spot, and must needs say something about it.” Commynes undoubtedly said something about it to Charles himself, who answered, “It is the fruit borne by the tree of war; it would have been the fate of Beauvais if I could have taken the town.”

Page 145

Between the two rivals in France, relations with England were a subject of constant manoeuvring and strife. In spite of reverses on the Continent and civil wars in their own island, the Kings of England had not abandoned their claims to the crown of France; they were still in possession of Calais; and the memory of the battles of Crecy, Poitiers, and Agincourt was still a tower of strength to them. Between 1470 and 1472 the house of York had triumphed over the house of Lancaster; and Edward IV. was undisputed king. In his views touching France he found a natural ally in the Duke of Burgundy; and it was in concert with Charles that Edward was incessantly concocting and attempting plots and campaigns against Louis XI. In 1474 he, by a herald, called upon Louis to give up to him Normandy and Guienne, else, he told him, he would cross over to France with his army. "Tell your master," answered Louis coolly, "that I should not advise him to." Next year the herald returned to tell Louis that the King of England, on the point of embarking, called upon him to give up to him the kingdom of France. Louis had a conversation with the herald. "Your king," said he, "is undertaking this war against his own grain at the solicitation of the Duke of Burgundy; he would do much better to live in peace with me, instead of devoting himself to allies who cannot but compromise him without doing him any service;" and he had three hundred golden crowns presented to the herald, with a promise of considerably more if peace were made. The herald, thus won over, promised, in his turn, to do all he could, saying that he believed that his master would lend a willing ear, but that, before mentioning the subject, they must wait until Edward had crossed the sea and formed some idea of the difficulties in the way of his enterprise; and he advised Louis to establish communications with my lord Howard and my lord Stanley, who had great influence with King Edward. "Whilst the king was parleying with the said herald, there were many folks in the hall," says Commynes, "who were waiting, and had great longing to know what the king was saying to him, and what countenance he would wear when he came from within. The king, when he had made an end, called me and told me to keep the said herald talking, so that none might speak to him, and to have delivered unto him a piece of crimson velvet containing thirty ells. So did I, and the king was right joyous at that which he had got out of the said herald."

[Illustration: Philip de Commynes——217]

It was now three years since Philip de Commynes had left the Duke of Burgundy's service to enter that of Louis XI. In 1471 Charles had, none knows why, rashly authorized an interview between Louis and De Commynes. "The king's speech," says the chronicler Molinet, in the Duke of Burgundy's service, "was so sweet and full of virtue that it entranced, siren-like, all those who gave ear to it." "Of all princes," says

Page 146

Commynes himself, “he was the one who was at most pains to gain over a man who was able to serve him, and able to injure him; and he was not put out at being refused once by one whom he was working to gain over, but continued thereat, making him large promises, and actually giving money and estate when he made acquaintances that were pleasing to him.” Commynes spoke according to his own experience. Louis, from the moment of making his acquaintance, had guessed his value; and as early as 1468, in the course of his disagreeable adventure at Peronne, he had found the good offices of Commynes of great service to him. It was probably from this very time that he applied himself assiduously to the task of gaining him over. Commynes hesitated a long while; but Louis was even more perseveringly persistent than Commynes was hesitating. The king backed up his handsome offers by substantial and present gifts. In 1471, according to what appears, he lent Commynes six thousand livres of Tours, which the Duke of Burgundy’s councillor lodged with a banker at Tours. The next year, the king, seeing that Commynes was still slow to decide, bade one of his councillors to go to Tours, in his name, and seize at the banker’s the six thousand livres intrusted to the latter by Commynes. “This,” says the learned editor of the last edition of Commynes’ Memoires, “was an able and decisive blow. The effect of the seizure could not but be, and indeed was, to put Commynes in the awkward dilemma of seeing his practices (as the saying was at that time) divulged without reaping the fruit of them, or of securing the advantages only by setting aside the scruples which held him back. He chose the latter course, which had become the safer; and during the night between the 7th and 8th of August, 1472, he left Burgundy forever. The king was at that time at Ponts-de-Ce, and there his new servant joined him.” The very day of his departure, at six A. M., Duke Charles had a seizure made of all the goods and all the rights belonging to the fugitive; “but what Commynes lost on one side,” says his editor, “he was about to recover a hundred fold on the other; scarcely had he arrived at the court of Louis XI. when he received at once the title of councillor and chamberlain to the king; soon afterwards a pension of six thousand livres of Tours was secured to him, by way of giving him wherewithal to honorably maintain his position; he was put into the place of captain of the castle and keep of the town of Chinon; and lastly, a present was made to him of the rich principality of Talmont.” Six months later, in January, 1473, Commynes married Helen de Chambes, daughter of the lord of Montsoreau, who brought him as dowry twenty-seven thousand five hundred livres of Tours, which enabled him to purchase the castle, town, barony, land, and lordship of Argenton [arrondissement of Bressuire, department of Deux-Sevres], the title of which he thenceforward assumed.

Half a page or so can hardly be thought too much space to devote in a History of France to the task of tracing to their origin the conduct and fortunes of one of the most eminent French politicians, who, after having taken a chief part in the affairs of their country and their epoch, have dedicated themselves to the work of narrating them in a spirit of liberal and admirable comprehension both of persons and events. But we will return to Louis XI.

Page 147

The King of England readily entertained the overtures announced to him by his herald. He had landed at Calais on the 22d of June, 1475, with an army of from sixteen to eighteen thousand men thirsting for conquest and pillage in France, and the Duke of Burgundy had promised to go and join him with a considerable force; but the latter, after having appeared for a moment at Calais to concert measures with his ally, returned no more, and even hesitated about admitting the English into his towns of Artois and Picardy. Edward waited for him nearly two months at Peronne, but in vain. During this time Louis continued his attempts at negotiation. He fixed his quarters at Amiens, and Edward came and encamped half a league from the town. The king sent to him, it is said, three hundred wagons laden with the best wines he could find, “the which train,” says Commynes, “was almost an army as big as the English;” at the entrance of the gate of Amiens Louis had caused to be set out two large tables “laden with all sorts of good eatables and good wines; and at each of these two tables he had caused to be seated five or six men of good family, stout and fat, to make better sport for them who had a mind to drink. When the English went into the town, wherever they put up they had nothing to pay; there were nine or ten taverns, well supplied, whither they went to eat and drink, and asked for what they pleased. And this lasted three or four days.” An agreement was soon come to as to the terms of peace. King Edward bound himself to withdraw with his army to England so soon as Louis XI. should have paid him seventy-five thousand crowns. Louis promised besides to pay annually to King Edward fifty thousand crowns, in two payments, during the time that both princes were alive. A truce for seven years was concluded; they made mutual promises to lend each other aid if they were attacked by their enemies or by their own subjects in rebellion; and Prince Charles, the eldest son of Louis XI., was to marry Elizabeth, Edward’s daughter, when both should be of marriageable age. Lastly, Queen Margaret of Anjou, who had been a prisoner in England since the death of her husband, Henry VI., was to be set at liberty, and removed to France, on renouncing all claim to the crown of England. These conditions having been formulated, it was agreed that the two kings should meet and sign them at Pecquigny, on the Somme, three leagues from Amiens. Thither, accordingly, they repaired, on the 29th of August, 1475. Edward, as he drew near, doffed “his bonnet of black velvet, whereon was a large fleur-de-lis in jewels, and bowed down to within half a foot of the ground.” Louis made an equally deep reverence, saying, “Sir my cousin, right welcome; there is no man in the world I could more desire to see than I do you, and praised be God that we are here assembled with such good intent.” The King of England answered this speech “in good French enough,” says Commynes. The

Page 148

missal was brought; the two kings swore and signed four distinct treaties; and then they engaged in a long private conversation, after which Louis went away to Amiens and Edward to his army, whither Louis sent to him “all that he had need of, even to torches and candles.” As he went chatting along the road with Commynes, Louis told him that he had found the King of England so desirous of paying a visit to Paris that he had been anything but pleased. “He is a right handsome king,” said he: “he is very fond of women; and he might well meet at Paris some smitten one who would know how to make him such pretty speeches as to render him desirous of another visit. His predecessors were far too much in Normandy and Paris; his comradeship is worth nothing on our side of the sea; on the other side, over yonder, I should like very well to have him for good brother and good friend.” Throughout the whole course of the negotiation Louis had shown pliancy and magnificence; he had laden Edward’s chief courtiers with presents; two thousand crowns by way of pension had been allowed to his grand chamberlain, Lord Hastings, who would not give an acknowledgment. “This gift comes of the king your master’s good pleasure, and not at my request,” said he to Louis’s steward; “if you would have me take it, you shall slip it here inside my sleeve, and have no letter or voucher beyond; I do not wish to have people saying, ’The grand chamberlain of England was the King of France’s pensioner,’ or to have my acknowledgments found in his exchequer-chamber.” Lord Hastings had not always been so scrupulous, for, on the 15th of May, 1471, he had received from the Duke of Burgundy a pension for which he had given an acknowledgment. Another Englishman, whose name is not given by Commynes, waxed wroth at hearing some one say, “Six hundred pipes of wine and a pension given you by the king soon sent you back to England.” “That is certainly what everybody said,” answered the Englishman, “that you might have the laugh against us. But call you the money the king gives us pension? Why, it is tribute; and, by St. George, you may perhaps talk so much about it as to bring us down upon you again!” “There was nothing in the world,” says Commynes, “of which the king was more fearful than lest any word should escape him to make the English think that they were being derided; at the same time that he was laboring to gain them over, he was careful to humor their susceptibilities;” and Commynes, under his schooling, had learned to understand them well: “They are rather slow goers,” says he, “but you must have a little patience with them, and not lose your temper. . . . I fancy that to many it might appear that the king abased himself too much; but the wise might well hold that the kingdom was in great danger, save for the intervention of God, who did dispose the king’s mind to choose so wise a course, and did greatly trouble that of the Duke of Burgundy. . . . Our king

Page 149

knew well the nature of the King of England, who was very fond of his ease and his pleasures: when he had concluded these treaties with him, he ordered that the money should be found with the greatest expedition, and every one had to lend somewhat to help to supply it on the spot. The king said that there was nothing in the world he would not do to thrust the King of England out of the realm, save only that he would never consent that the English should have a bit of territory there; and, rather than suffer that, he would put everything to jeopardy and risk."

Commynes had good reason to say that the kingdom was in great peril. The intentions of Charles the Rash tended to nothing short of bringing back the English into France, in order to share it with them. He made no concealment of it. "I am so fond of the kingdom," said he, "that I would make six of it in France." He was passionately eager for the title of king. He had put out feelers for it in the direction of Germany, and the emperor, Frederic III., had promised it to him together with that of vicar-general of the empire, on condition that his daughter, Mary of Burgundy, married Duke Maximilian, Frederic's son. Having been unsuccessful on the Rhine, Charles turned once more towards the Thames, and made alliance with Edward IV., King of England, with a view of renewing the English invasion of France, flattering himself, of course, that he would profit by it. To destroy the work of Joan of Arc and Charles VII.—such was the design, a criminal and a shameful one for a French prince, which was checkmated by the peace of Peequigny. Charles himself acknowledged as much when, in his wrath at this treaty, he said, "He had not sought to bring over the English into France for any need he had of them, but to enable them to recover what belonged to them;" and Louis XI. was a patriotic king when he declared that "there was nothing in the world he would not do to thrust the King of England out of the realm, and, rather than suffer the English to have a bit of territory in France, he would put everything to jeopardy and risk."

The Duke of Burgundy, as soon as he found out that the King of France had, under the name of truce, made peace for seven years with the King of England, and that Edward IV. had recrossed the Channel with his army, saw that his attempts, so far, were a failure. Accordingly he too lost no time in signing [on the 13th of September, 1475] a truce with King Louis for nine years, and directing his ambition and aiming his blows against other quarters than Western France. Two little states, his neighbors on the east, Lorraine and Switzerland, became the object and the theatre of his passion for war. Lorraine had at that time for its duke Rene II., of the house of Anjou through his mother Yolande, a young prince who was wavering, as so many others were, between France and Burgundy. Charles suddenly entered Lorraine, took possession of several castles, had the inhabitants

Page 150

who resisted hanged, besieged Nancy, which made a valiant defence, and ended by conquering the capital as well as the country-places, leaving Duke Rene no asylum but the court of Louis XI., of whom the Lorraine prince had begged a support, which Louis, after his custom, had promised without rendering it effectual. Charles did not stop there. He had already been more than once engaged in hostilities with his neighbors the Swiss; and he now learned that they had just made a sanguinary raid upon the district of Vaud, the domain of a petty prince of the house of Savoy, and a devoted servant of the Duke of Burgundy. Scarcely two months after the capture of Nancy, Charles set out, on the 11th of June, 1476, to go and avenge his client, and wreak his haughty and turbulent humor upon these bold peasants of the Alps.

In spite of the truce he had but lately concluded with Charles the Rash, the prudent Louis did not cease to keep an attentive watch upon him, and to reap advantage, against him, from the leisure secured to the King of France by his peace with the King of England and the Duke of Brittany. A late occurrence had still further strengthened his position: his brother Charles, who became Duke of Guienne, in 1469, after the treaty of Peronne, had died on the 24th of May, 1472. There were sinister rumors abroad touching his death. Louis was suspected, and even accused to the Duke of Brittany, an intimate friend of the deceased prince, of having poisoned his brother. He caused an inquiry to be instituted into the matter; but the inquiry itself was accused of being incomplete and inconclusive. “King Louis did not, possibly, cause his brother’s death,” says M. de Barante, “but nobody thought him incapable of it.” The will which Prince Charles had dictated a little before his death increased the horror inspired by such a suspicion. He manifested in it a feeling of affection and confidence towards the king his brother; he requested him to treat his servants kindly; “and if in any way,” he added, “we have ever offended our right dread and right well-beloved brother, we do beg him to be pleased to forgive us; since, for our part, if ever in any matter he hath offended us, we do affectionately pray the Divine Majesty to forgive him, and with good courage and good will do we on our part forgive him.” The Duke of Guienne at the same time appointed the king executor of his will. If we acknowledge, however, that Louis was not incapable of such a crime, it must be admitted that there is no trust-worthy proof of his guilt. At any rate his brother’s death had important results for him. Not only did it set him free from all fresh embarrassment in that direction, but it also restored to him the beautiful province of Guienne, and many a royal client. He treated the friends of Prince Charles, whether they had or had not been heretofore his own, with marked attention. He re-established at Bordeaux the parliament he had removed to Poitiers; he pardoned the towns of Pdzenas and Montignac for some late seditions; and, lastly, he took advantage of this incident to pacify and satisfy this portion of the kingdom. Of the great feudal chieftains who, in 1464, had formed against him the League of the common weal, the Duke of Burgundy was the only one left on the scene, and in a condition to put him in peril.

Page 151

But though here was for the future his only real adversary, Louis XI. continued, and with reason, to regard the Duke of Burgundy as his most formidable foe, and never ceased to look about for means and allies wherewith to encounter him. He could no longer count upon the co-operation, more or less general, of the Flemings. His behavior to the Liegese after the incident at Peronne, and his share in the disaster which befell Liege, had lost him all his credit in the Flemish cities. The Flemings, besides, had been disheartened and disgusted at the idea of compromising themselves for or against their Burgundian prince. When they saw him entering upon the campaign in Lorraine and Switzerland, they themselves declared to him what he might or might not expect from them. "If he were pressed," they said, "by the Germans or the Swiss, and had not with him enough men to make his way back freely to his own borders, he had only to let them know, and they would expose their persons and their property to go after him and fetch him back safely within his said borders, but as for making war again at his instance, they were not free to aid him any more with either men or money." Louis XI., then, had nothing to expect from the Flemings any more; but for two years past, and so soon as he observed the commencement of hostilities between the Duke of Burgundy and the Swiss, he had paved the way for other alliances in that quarter. In 1473 he had sent "to the most high and mighty lords and most dear friends of ours, them of the league and city of Berne and of the great and little league of Germany, ambassadors charged to make proposals to them, if they would come to an understanding to be friends of friends and foes of foes" (make an offensive and defensive alliance). The proposal was brought before the diet of the cantons assembled at Lucerne. The King of France "regretted that the Duke of Burgundy would not leave the Swiss in peace; he promised that his advice and support, whether in men or in money, should not be wanting to them; he offered to each canton an annual friendly donation of two thousand livres; and he engaged not to summon their valiant warriors to take service save in case of pressing need, and unless Switzerland were herself at war." The question was discussed with animation; the cantons were divided; some would have nothing to do with either the alliance or the money of Louis XI., of whom they spoke with great distrust and antipathy; others insisted upon the importance of being supported by the King of France in their quarrels with the Duke of Burgundy, and scornfully repudiated the fear that the influence and money of Louis would bring a taint upon the independence and the good morals of their country. The latter opinion carried the day; and, on the 2d of October, 1474, conformably with a treaty concluded, on the 10th of the previous January, between the King of France and the league of Swiss cantons, the canton of Berne made to the French legation the following

Page 152

announcement: “If, in the future, the said lords of the league asked help from the King of France against the Duke of Burgundy, and if the said lord king, being engaged in his own wars, could not help them with men, in this case he should cause to be lodged and handed over to them, in the city of Lyons, twenty thousand Rhenish florins every quarter of a year, as long as the war actually continued; and we, on our part, do promise, on our faith and honor, that every time and however many times the said lord king shall ask help from the said lords of the league, we will take care that they do help him and aid him with six thousand men in his wars and expeditions, according to the tenor of the late alliance and union made between them, howbeit on payment.”

A Bernese messenger carried this announcement to the Burgundian camp before the fortress of Neuss, and delivered it into the hands of Duke Charles himself, whose only remark, as he ground his teeth, was, “Ah! Berne! Berne!” At the be-ginning of January, 1476, he left Nancy, of which he had recently gained possession, returned to Besancon, and started thence on the 6th of February to take the field with an army amounting, it is said, to thirty or forty thousand men, provided with a powerful artillery and accompanied by an immense baggage-train, wherein Charles delighted to display his riches and magnificence in contrast with the simplicity and roughness of his personal habits. At the rumor of such an armament the Swiss attempted to keep off the war from their country. “I have heard tell,” says Commynes, “by a knight of theirs, who had been sent by them to the said duke, that he told him that against them he could gain nothing, for that their country was very barren and poor; that there were no good prisoners to make, and that the spurs and the horses’ bits in his own army were worth more money than all the people of their territory could pay in ransom even if they were taken.” Charles, however, gave no heed, saw nothing in their representations but an additional reason for hurrying on his movements with confidence, and on the 19th of February arrived before Granson, a little town in the district of Vaud, where war had already begun.

Louis XI. watched all these incidents closely, keeping agents everywhere, treating secretly with everybody, with the Duke of Burgundy as well as with the Swiss, knowing perfectly well what he wanted, but holding himself ready to face anything, no matter what the event might be. When he saw that the crisis was coming, he started from Tours and went to take up his quarters at Lyons, close to the theatre of war and within an easy distance for speedy information and prompt action. Scarcely had he arrived, on the 4th of March, when he learned that, on the day but one before, Duke Charles had been tremendously beaten by the Swiss at Granson; the squadrons of his chivalry had not been able to make any impression upon the battalions of Berne, Schwitz, Soleure, and

Page 153

Fribourg, armed with pikes eighteen feet long; and at sight of the mountaineers marching with huge strides and lowered heads upon their foes and heralding their advance by the lowings of the bull of Uri and the cow of Unterwalden, two enormous instruments made of buffalo-horn, and given, it was said, to their ancestors by Charlemagne, the whole Burgundian army, seized with panic, had dispersed in all directions, “like smoke before the northern blast.” Charles himself had been forced to fly with only five horsemen, it is said, for escort, leaving all his camp, artillery, treasure, oratory, jewels, down to his very cap garnished with precious stones and his collar of the Golden Fleece, in the hands of the “poor Swiss,” astounded at their booty and having no suspicion of its value. “They sold the silver plate for a few pence, taking it for pewter,” says M. de Barante. Those magnificent silks and velvets, that cloth of gold and damask, that Flanders lace, and those carpets from Arras which were found heaped up in chests, were cut in pieces and distributed by the ell, like common canvas in a village shop. The duke’s large diamond which he wore round his neck, and which had once upon a time glittered in the crown of the Great Mogul, was found on the road, inside a little box set with fine pearls. The man who picked it up kept the box and threw away the diamond as a mere bit of glass. Afterwards he thought better of it; went to look for the stone, found it under a wagon, and sold it for a crown to a clergyman of the neighborhood. “There was nothing saved but the bare life,” says Commynes.

That even the bare life was saved was a source of sorrow to Louis XI. in the very midst of his joy at the defeat. He was, nevertheless, most proper in his behavior and language towards Duke Charles, who sent to him Sire de Contay “with humble and gracious words, which was contrary to his nature and his custom,” says Commynes; “but see how an hour’s time changed him; he prayed the king to be pleased to observe loyally the truce concluded between them, he excused himself for not having appeared at the interview which was to have taken place at Auxerre, and he bound himself to be present, shortly, either there or elsewhere, according to the king’s good pleasure.” Louis promised him all he asked, “for,” adds Commynes, “it did not seem to him time, as yet, to do other-wise;” and he gave the duke the good advice “to return home and bide there quietly, rather than go on stubbornly warring with yon folks of the Alps, so poor that there was nought to gain by taking their lands, but valiant and obstinate in battle.” Louis might give this advice fearlessly, being quite certain that Charles would not follow it. The latter’s defeat at Granson had thrown him into a state of gloomy irritation. At Lausanne, where he staid for some time, he had “a great sickness, proceeding,” says Commynes, “from grief and sadness on account of this shame that he had suffered; and, to tell the

Page 154

truth, I think that never since was his understanding so good as it had been before this battle." Before he fell ill, on the 12th of March, Charles issued orders from his camp before Lausanne to his lieutenant at Luxembourg to put under arrest "and visit with the extreme penalty of death, without waiting for other command from us, all the men-at-arms, archers, cross-bowmen, infantry, or other soldiery" who had fled or dispersed after the disaster at Granson; "and as to those who be newly coming into our service it is ordered by us that they, on pain of the same punishment, do march towards us with all diligence; and if they make any delay, our pleasure is that you proceed against them in the manner hereinabove declared without fail in any way." With such fiery and ruthless energy Charles collected a fresh army, having a strength, it is said, of from twenty-five to thirty thousand men, Burgundians, Flemings, Italians, and English; and after having reviewed it on the platform above Lausanne, he set out on the 27th of May, 1476, and pitched his camp on the 10th of June before the little town of Morat, six leagues from Berne, giving notice everywhere that it was war to the death that he intended. The Swiss were expecting it, and were prepared for it. The energy of pride was going to be pitted against the energy of patriotism. "The Duke of Burgundy is here with all his forces, his Italian mercenaries and some traitors of Germans," said the letter written to the Bernese by the governor of Morat, Adrian of Bubenberg; "the gentlemen of the magistracy, of the council, and of the burgherhood may be free from fear and hurry, and may set at rest the minds of all our confederates: I will defend Morat;" and he swore to the garrison and the inhabitants that he would put to death the first who should speak of surrender. Morat had been for ten days holding out against the whole army of the Burgundians; the confederate Swiss were arriving successively at Berne; and the men of Zurich alone were late. Their fellow-countryman, Hans Waldmann, wrote to them, "We positively must give battle or we are lost, every one of us. The Burgundians are three times more numerous than they were at Granson, but we shall manage to pull through. With God's help great honor awaits us. Do not fail to come as quickly as possible." On the 21st of June, in the evening, the Zurichers arrived. "Ha!" the duke was just saying, "have these hounds lost heart, pray? I was told that we were about to get at them." Next day, the 22d of June, after a pelting rain and with the first gleams of the returning sun, the Swiss attacked the Burgundian camp. A man-at-arms came and told the duke, who would not believe it, and dismissed the messenger with a coarse insult, but hurried, nevertheless, to the point of attack. The battle was desperate; but before the close of the day it was hopelessly lost by the Burgundians. Charles had still three thousand horse, but he saw them break up, and he himself had great difficulty in getting away, with merely a dozen men behind him, and reaching Merges, twelve leagues from Morat. Eight or ten thousand of his men had fallen, more than half, it is said, killed in cold blood after the fight. Never had the Swiss been so dead set against their foes; and "as cruel as at Morat" was for a long while a common expression.

Page 155

“The king,” says Commynes, “always willingly gave somewhat to him who was the first to bring him some great news, without forgetting the messenger, and he took pleasure in speaking thereof before the news came, saying, ’I will give so much to him who first brings me such and such news.’ My lord of Bouchage and I (being together) had the first message about the battle of Morat, and told it both together to the king, who gave each of us two hundred marks of silver.” Next day Louis, as prudent in the hour of joy as of reverse, wrote to Count de Dampmartin, who was in command of his troops concentrated at Senlis, with orders to hold himself in readiness for any event, but still carefully observe the truce with the Duke of Burgundy. Charles at that time was thinking but little of Louis and their truce; driven to despair by the disaster at Morat, but more dead set than ever on the struggle, he repaired from Morges to Gex, and from Gex to Salins, and summoned successively, in July and August, at Salins, at Dijon, at Brussels, and at Luxembourg the estates of his various domains, making to all of them an appeal, at the same time supplicatory and imperious, calling upon them for a fresh army with which to recommence the war with the Swiss, and fresh subsidies with which to pay it. “If ever,” said he, “you have desired to serve us and do us pleasure, see to doing and accomplishing all that is bidden you; make no default in anything whatsoever, and he henceforth in dread of the punishments which may ensue.” But there was everywhere a feeling of disgust with the service of Duke Charles; there was no more desire of serving him and no more fear of disobeying him; he encountered almost everywhere nothing but objections, complaints, and refusals, or else a silence and an inactivity which were still worse. Indignant, dismayed, and dumbfounded at such desertion, Charles retired to his castle of La Riviere, between Pontarlier and Joux, and shut himself up there for more than six weeks, without, however, giving up the attempt to collect soldiers. “Howbeit,” says Commynes, “he made but little of it; he kept himself quite solitary, and he seemed to do it from sheer obstinacy more than anything else. His natural heat was so great that he used to drink no wine, generally took barley-water in the morning and ate preserved rose-leaves to keep himself cool; but sorrow changed his complexion so much that he was obliged to drink good strong wine without water, and, to bring the blood back to his heart, burning tow was put into cupping-glasses, and they were applied thus heated to the region of the heart. Such are the passions of those who have never felt adversity, especially of proud princes who know not how to discover any remedy. The first refuge, in such a case, is to have recourse to God, to consider whether one have offended Him in aught, and to confess one’s misdeeds. After that, what does great good is to converse with some friend, and not be ashamed to show one’s grief before him, for that lightens and comforts the heart; and not at any rate to take the course the duke took of concealing himself and keeping himself solitary; he was so terrible to his own folks that none durst come forward to give him any comfort or counsel; but all left him to do as he pleased, feeling that, if they made him any remonstrance, it would be the worse for them.”

Page 156

But events take no account of the fears and weaknesses of men. Charles learned before long that the Swiss were not his most threatening foes, and that he had something else to do instead of going after them amongst their mountains. During his two campaigns against them, the Duke of Lorraine, Rend II., whom he had despoiled of his dominions and driven from Nancy, had been wandering amongst neighboring princes and people in France, Germany, and Switzerland, at the courts of Louis XI. and the Emperor Frederic III., on visits to the patricians of Berne, and in the free towns of the Rhine. He was young, sprightly, amiable, and brave; he had nowhere met with great assistance, but he had been well received, and certain promises had been made him. When he saw the contest so hotly commenced between the Duke of Burgundy and the Swiss, he resolutely put himself at the service of the republican mountaineers, fought for them in their ranks, and powerfully contributed to their victory at Morat. The defeat of Charles and his retreat to his castle of La Riviere gave Rend new hopes, and gained him some credit amongst the powers which had hitherto merely testified towards him a good will of but little value; and his partisans in Lorraine recovered confidence in his for-tunes. One day, as he was at his prayers in a church, a rich widow, Madame Walther, came up to him in her mantle and hood, made him a deep reverence, and handed him a purse of gold to help him in winning back his duchy. The city of Strasbourg gave him some cannon, four hundred cavalry, and eight hundred infantry; Louis XI. lent him some money; and Rend before long found himself in a position to raise a small army and retake Epinal, Saint-Did, Vaudemont, and the majority of the small towns in Lorraine. He then went and laid siege to Nancy. The Duke of Burgundy had left there as governor John de Rubemprd, lord of Bievres, with a feeble garrison, which numbered amongst its ranks three hundred English, picked men. Sire de Bievres sent message after message to Charles, who did not even reply to him. The town was short of provisions; the garrison was dispirited; and the commander of the English was killed. Sire de Bievres, a loyal servant, but a soldier of but little energy, determined to capitulate. On the 6th of October, 1476, he evacuated the place at the head of his men, all safe in person and property. At sight of him Rend dismounted, and handsomely went forward to meet him, saying, “Sir, my good uncle, I thank you for having so courteously governed my duchy; if you find it agreeable to remain with me, you shall fare the same as myself.” “Sir,” answered Sire de Bievres, “I hope that you will not think ill of me for this war; I very much wish that my lord of Burgundy had never begun it, and I am much afraid that neither he nor I will see the end of it.”

Page 157

Sire de Bievres had no idea how true a prophet he was. Almost at the very moment when he was capitulating, Duke Charles, throwing off his sombre apathy, was once more entering Lorraine with all the troops he could collect, and on the 22d of October he in his turn went and laid siege to Nancy. Duke Rend, not considering himself in a position to maintain the contest with only such forces as he had with him, determined to quit Nancy in person and go in search of re-enforcements at a distance, at the same time leaving in the town a not very numerous but a devoted garrison, which, together with the inhabitants, promised to hold out for two months. And it did hold out whilst Rend was visiting Strasbourg, Berne, Zurich, and Lucerne, presenting himself before the councils of these petty republics with, in order to please them, a tame bear behind him, which he left at the doors, and promising, thanks to Louis XI.'s agents in Switzerland, extraordinary pay. He thus obtained auxiliaries to the number of eight thousand fighting men. He had, moreover, in the very camp of the Duke of Burgundy, a secret ally, an Italian condottiere, the Count of Campo-Basso, who, either from personal hatred or on grounds of interest, was betraying the master to whom he had bound himself. The year before, he had made an offer to Louis XI. to go over to him with his troops during a battle, or to hand over to him the Duke of Burgundy, dead or alive. Louis mistrusted the traitor, and sent Charles notice of the offers made by Campo-Basso. But Charles mistrusted Louis's information, and kept Campo-Basso in his service. A little before the battle of Morat Louis had thought better of his scruples or his doubts, and had accepted, with the compensation of a pension, the kind offices of Campo-Basso. When the war took place in Lorraine, the condottiere, whom Duke Charles had one day grossly insulted, entered into communication with Duke Rend also, and took secret measures for insuring the failure of the Burgundian attempts upon Nancy. Such was the position of the two princes and the two armies, when, on the 4th of June, 1477, Rend, having returned with re-enforcements to Lorraine, found himself confronted with Charles, who was still intent upon the siege of Nancy. The Duke of Burgundy assembled his captains. "Well!" said he, "since these drunken scoundrels are upon us, and are coming here to look for meat and drink, what ought we to do?" The majority of those present were of opinion that the right thing to do was to fall back into the duchy of Luxembourg, there to recruit the enfeebled army. "Duke Rene," they said, "is poor; he will not be able to bear very long the expense of the war, and his allies will leave him as soon as he has no more money; wait but a little, and success is certain." Charles flew into a passion. "My father and I," said he, "knew how to thrash these Lorrainers; and we will make them remember it. By St. George! I will not fly before a boy, before Rend of Vaudemont, who is coming at the head of this scum. He has not so many men with him as people think; the Germans have no idea of leaving their stoves in winter. This evening we will deliver the assault against the town, and to-morrow we will give battle."

Page 158

And the next day, January the 5th, the battle did take place, in the plain of Nancy. The Duke of Burgundy assumed his armor very early in the morning. When he put on his helmet, the gilt lion, which formed the crest of it, fell off. “That is a sign from God!” said he; but, nevertheless, he went and drew up his army in line of battle. The day but one before, Campo-Basso had drawn off his troops to a considerable distance; and he presented himself before Duke Rene, having taken off his red scarf and his cross of St. Andrew, and being quite ready, he said, to give proofs of his zeal on the spot. Rene spoke about it to his Swiss captains. “We have no mind,” said they, “to have this traitor of an Italian fighting beside us; our fathers never made use of such folk or such practices in order to conquer.” And Campo-Basso held aloof. The battle began in gloomy weather, and beneath heavy flakes of snow, lasted but a short time, and was not at all murderous in the actual conflict, but the pursuit was terrible. Campo-Basso and his troops held the bridge of Bouxieres, by which the Burgundian fugitives would want to pass; and the Lorrainerss of Rend and his Swiss and German allies scoured the country, killing all with whom they fell in. Rend returned to Nancy in the midst of a population whom his victory had delivered from famine as well as war. “To show him what sufferings they had endured,” says M. de Barante, “they conceived the idea of piling up in a heap, before the door of his hostel, the heads of the horses, dogs, mules, cats, and other unclean animals which had for several weeks past been the only food of the besieged.” When the first burst of joy was over, the question was, what had become of the Duke of Burgundy; nobody had a notion; and his body was not found amongst the dead in any of the places where his most valiant and faithful warriors had fallen. The rumor ran that he was not dead; some said that one of his servants had picked him up wounded on the field of battle, and was taking care of him, none knew where; and according to others, a German lord had made him prisoner, and carried him off beyond the Rhine. “Take good heed,” said many people, “how ye comport yourselves otherwise than if he were still alive, for his vengeance would be terrible on his return.” On the evening of the day after the battle, the Count of Campo-Basso brought to Duke Rend a young Roman page who, he said, had from a distance seen his master fall, and could easily find the spot again. Under his guidance a move was made towards a pond hard by the town; and there, half buried in the slush of the pond, were some dead bodies, lying stripped. A poor washerwoman, amongst the rest, had joined in the search; she saw the glitter of a jewel in the ring upon one of the fingers of a corpse whose face was not visible; she went forward, turned the body over, and at once cried, “Ah! my prince!” There was a rush to the spot immediately. As the head was being detached from the ice to which

Page 159

it stuck, the skin came off, and a large wound was discovered. On examining the body with care, it was unhesitatingly recognized to be that of Charles, by his doctor, by his chaplain, by Oliver de la Marche, his chamberlain, and by several grooms of the chamber; and certain marks, such as the scar of the wound he had received at Montlhery, and the loss of two teeth, put their assertion beyond a doubt. As soon as Duke Rend knew that they had at last found the body of the Duke of Burgundy, he had it removed to the town, and laid on a bed of state of black velvet, under a canopy of black satin. It was dressed in a garment of white satin; a ducal crown, set with precious stones, was placed on the disfigured brow; the lower limbs were cased in scarlet, and on the heels were gilded spurs. The Duke of Lorraine went and sprinkled holy water on the corpse of his unhappy rival, and, taking the dead hand beneath the pall, “Ah! dear cousin,” said he, with tears in his *eyes*.

For the time that I knew him he was not cruel; but he became so before his death, and that was a bad omen for a long existence. He was very sumptuous in dress and in all other matters, and a little too much so. He showed very great honor to ambassadors and foreign folks; they were right well feasted and entertained by him. He was desirous of great glory, and it was that more than ought else that brought him into his wars; he would have been right glad to be like to those ancient princes of whom there has been so much talk after their death; he was as bold a man as any that reigned in his day. . . . After the long felicity and great riches of this house of Burgundy, and after three great princes, good and wise, who had lasted six score years and more in good sense and virtue, God gave this people the Duke Charles, who kept them constantly in great war, travail, and expense, and almost as much in winter as in summer. Many rich and comfortable folks were dead or ruined in prison during these wars. The great losses began in front of Neuss, and continued through three or four battles up to the hour of his death; and at that hour all the strength of his country was sapped; and dead, or ruined, or captive, were all who could or would have defended the dominions and the honor of his house. Thus it seems that this loss was an equal set-off to the time of their felicity. “Please God to forgive Duke Charles his sins!”

[Illustration: The Corpse of Charles the Rash Discovered——236]

To this pious wish of Commynes, after so judicious a sketch, we may add another: Please God that people may no more suffer themselves to be taken captive by the corrupting and ruinous pleasures procured for them by their masters’ grand but wicked or foolish enterprises, and may learn to give to the men who govern them a glory in proportion to the wisdom and justice of their deeds, and by no means to the noise they make and the risks they sow broadcast around them!

Page 160

The news of the death of Charles the Rash was for Louis XI. an unexpected and unhoped-for blessing, and one in which he could scarcely believe. The news reached him on the 9th of January, at the castle of Plessis-les-Tours, by the medium of a courier sent to him by George de la Tremoille, Sire de Craon, commanding his troops on the frontier of Lorraine.

“Insomuch as this house of Burgundy was greater and more powerful than the others,” says Commynes, “was the pleasure great for the king more than all the others together; it was the joy of seeing himself set above all those he hated, and above his principal foes; it might well seem to him that he would never in his life meet any to gainsay him in his kingdom, or in the neighborhood near him.” He replied the same day to Sire de Craon, “Sir Count, my good friend, I have received your letters, and the good news you have brought to my knowledge, for which I thank you as much as I am able. Now is the time for you to employ all your five natural wits to put the duchy and countship of Burgundy in my hands. And, to that end, place yourself with your band and the governor of Champagne, if so be that the Duke of Burgundy is dead, within the said country, and take care, for the dear love you bear me, that you maintain amongst the men of war the best order, just as if you were inside Paris; and make known to them that I am minded to treat them and keep them better than any in my kingdom; and that, in respect of our god-daughter, I have an intention of completing the marriage that I have already had in contemplation between my lord the *dauphin* and her. Sir Count, I consider it understood that you will not enter the said country, or make mention of that which is written above, unless the Duke of Burgundy be dead. And, in any case, I pray you to serve me in accordance with the confidence I have in you. And adieu!”

Beneath the discreet reserve inspired by a remnant of doubt concerning the death of his enemy, this letter contained the essence of Louis XI.’s grand and very natural stroke of policy. Charles the Rash had left only a daughter, Mary of Burgundy, sole heiress of all his dominions. To annex this magnificent heritage to the crown of France by the marriage of the heiress with the *dauphin* who was one day to be Charles VIII., was clearly for the best interests of the nation as well as of the French kingship, and such had, accordingly, been Louis XI.’s first idea. “When the Duke of Burgundy was still alive,” says Commynes, “many a time spoke the king to me of what he would do if the duke should happen to die; and he spoke most reasonably, saying that he would try to make a match between his son (who is now our king) and the said duke’s daughter (who was afterwards Duchess of Austria); and if she were not minded to hear of it for that my lord, the *dauphin*, was much younger than she, he would essay to get her married to some younger lord of this

Page 161

realm, for to keep her and her subjects in amity, and to recover without dispute that which he claimed as his; and still was the said lord on this subject a week before he knew of the said duke's death. . . . Howbeit it seems that the king our master took not hold of matters by the end by which he should have taken hold for to come out triumphant, and to add to his crown all those great lordships, either by sound title or by marriage, as easily he might have done."

Commynes does not explain or specify clearly the mistake with which he reproaches his master. Louis XI., in spite of his sound sense and correct appreciation, generally, of the political interests of France and of his crown, allowed himself on this great occasion to be swayed by secondary considerations and personal questions. His son's marriage with the heiress of Burgundy might cause some embarrassment in his relations with Edward IV., King of England, to whom he had promised the *dauphin* as a husband for his daughter Elizabeth, who was already sometimes called, in England, the Dauphiness. In 1477, at the death of the duke her father, Mary of Burgundy was twenty years old, and Charles, the *dauphin*, was barely eight. There was another question, a point of feudal law, as to whether Burgundy, properly so called, was a fief which women could inherit, or a fief which, in default of a male heir, must lapse to the suzerain. Several of the Flemish towns which belonged to the Duke of Burgundy were weary of his wars and his violence, and showed an inclination to pass over to the sway of the King of France. All these facts offered pretexts, opportunities, and chances of success for that course of egotistical pretension and cunning intrigue in which Louis delighted and felt confident of his ability; and into it he plunged after the death of Charles the Rash. Though he still spoke of his desire of marrying his son, the *dauphin*, to Mary of Burgundy, it was no longer his dominant and ever-present idea. Instead of taking pains to win the good will and the heart of Mary herself, he labored with his usual zeal and address to dispute her rights, to despoil her brusquely of one or another town in her dominions, to tamper with her servants, or excite against them the wrath of the populace. Two of the most devoted and most able amongst them, Hugonet, chancellor of Burgundy, and Sire d'Humbercourt, were the victims of Louis XI.'s hostile manoeuvres and of blind hatred on the part of the Ghentese; and all the Princess Mary's passionate entreaties were powerless both with the king and with the Flemings to save them from the scaffold. And so Mary, alternately threatened or duped, attacked in her just rights or outraged in her affections, being driven to extremity, exhibited a resolution never to become the daughter of a prince unworthy of the confidence she, poor orphan, had placed in the spiritual tie which marked him out as her protector. "I understand,"

Page 162

said she, “that my father had arranged my marriage with the emperor’s son; I have no mind for any other.” Louis in his alarm tried all sorts of means, seductive and violent, to prevent such a reverse. He went in person amongst the Walloon and Flemish provinces belonging to Mary. “That I come into this country,” said he to the inhabitants of Quesnoy, “is for nothing but the interests of Mdlle. de Burgundy, my well-beloved cousin and god-daughter. . . . Of her wicked advisers some would have her espouse the son of the Duke of Cleves; but he is a prince of far too little lustre for so illustrious a princess; I know that he has a bad sore on his leg; he is a drunkard, like all Germans, and, after drinking, he will break his glass over her head, and beat her. Others would ally her with the English, the kingdom’s old enemies, who all lead bad lives: there are some who would give her for her husband the emperor’s son, but those princes of the imperial house are the most avaricious in the world; they will carry off Mdlle. de Burgundy to Germany, a strange land and a coarse, where she will know no consolation, whilst your land of Hainault will be left without any lord to govern and defend it. If my fair cousin were well advised, she would espouse the *dauphin*; you speak French, you Walloon people; you want a prince of France, not a German. As for me, I esteem the folks of Hainault more than any nation in the world; there is none more noble, and in my sight a hind of Hainault is worth more than a grand gentleman of any other country.” At the very time that he was using such flattering language to the good folks of Hainault, he was writing to the Count de Dampmartin, whom he had charged with the repression of insurrection in the country-parts of Ghent and Bruges, “Sir Grand Master, I send you some mowers to cut down the crop you wot off; put them, I pray you, to work, and spare not some casks of wine to set them drinking, and to make them drunk. I pray you, my friend, let there be no need to return a second time to do the mowing, for you are as much crown-officer as I am, and, if I am king, you are grand master.” Dampmartin executed the king’s orders without scruple; and at the season of harvest the Flemish country-places were devastated. “Little birds of heaven,” cries the Flemish chronicler Molinet, “ye who are wont to haunt our fields and rejoice our hearts with your amorous notes, now seek out other countries; get ye hence from our tillages, for the king of the mowers of France hath done worse to us than do the tempests.”

All the efforts of Louis XI., his winning speeches, and his ruinous deeds, did not succeed in averting the serious check he dreaded. On the 18th of August, 1477, seven months after the battle of Nancy and the death of Charles the Rash, Arch-duke Maximilian, son of the Emperor Frederick III., arrived at Ghent to wed Mary of Burgundy. “The moment he caught sight of his betrothed,” say the Flemish

Page 163

chroniclers, “they both bent down to the ground and turned as pale as death—a sign of mutual love according to some, an omen of unhappiness according to others.” Next day, August 19, the marriage was celebrated with great simplicity in the chapel of the Hotel de Ville; and Maximilian swore to respect the privileges of Ghent. A few days afterwards he renewed the same oath at Bruges, in the midst of decorations bearing the modest device, “Most glorious prince, defend us lest we perish” (Gloriosissime princeps, defende nos ne pereamus). Not only did Louis XI. thus fail in his first wise design of incorporating with France, by means of a marriage between his son the *dauphin* and Princess Mary, the heritage of the Dukes of Burgundy, but he suffered the heiress and a great part of the heritage to pass into the hands of the son of the German emperor; and thereby he paved the way for that determined rivalry between the houses of France and Austria, which was a source of so many dangers and woes to both states during three centuries. It is said that in 1745, when Louis XV., after the battle of Fontenoy, entered Bruges cathedral, he remarked, as he gazed on the tombs of the Austro-Burgundian princes, “There is the origin of all our wars.” In vain, when the marriage of Maximilian and Mary was completed, did Louis XI. attempt to struggle against his new and dangerous neighbor; his campaigns in the Flemish provinces, in 1478 and 1479, had no great result; he lost, on the 7th of August, 1479, the battle of Guinegate, between St. Omer and Therouanne; and before long, tired of war, which was not his favorite theatre for the display of his abilities, he ended by concluding with Maximilian a truce at first, and then a peace, which in spite of some conditionals favorable to France, left the principal and the fatal consequences of the Austro-Burgundian marriage to take full effect. This event marked the stoppage of that great, national policy which had prevailed during the first part of Louis XI.’s reign. Joan of Arc and Charles VII. had driven the English from France; and for sixteen years Louis XI. had, by fighting and gradually destroying the great vassals who made alliance with them, prevented them from regaining a footing there. That was work as salutary as it was glorious for the nation and the French kingship. At the death of Charles the Rash, the work was accomplished; Louis XI. was the only power left in France, without any great peril from without, and without any great rival within; but he then fell under the sway of mistaken ideas and a vicious spirit. The infinite resources of his mind, the agreeableness of his conversation, his perseverance combined with the pliancy of his will, the services he was rendering France, the successes he in the long ruin frequently obtained, and his ready apparent resignation under his reverses, for a while made up for or palliated his faults, his falsehoods, his perfidies, his iniquities; but when evil is predominant

Page 164

at the bottom of a man's soul, he cannot do without youth and success; he cannot make head against age and decay, reverse of fortune and the approach of death; and so Louis XI. when old in years, master-power still though beaten in his last game of policy, appeared to all as he really was and as he had been prediscerned to be by only such eminent observers as Commynes, that is, a crooked, swindling, utterly selfish, vindictive, cruel man. Not only did he hunt down implacably the men who, after having served him, had betrayed or deserted him; he revelled in the vengeance he took and the sufferings he inflicted on them. He had raised to the highest rank both in state and church the son of a cobbler, or, according to others, of a tailor, one John de Balue, born in 1421, at the market-town of Angles, in Poitou. After having chosen him, as an intelligent and a clever young priest, for his secretary and almoner, Louis made him successively clerical councillor in the parliament of Paris, then Bishop of Evreux, and afterwards cardinal; and he employed him in his most private affairs. It was a hobby of his thus to make the fortunes of men born in the lowest stations, hoping that, since they would owe everything to him, they would never depend on any but him. It is scarcely credible that so keen and contemptuous a judge of human nature could have reckoned on dependence as a pledge of fidelity. And in this case Louis was, at any rate, mistaken; Balue was a traitor to him, and in 1468, at the very time of the incident at Peronne, he was secretly in the service of Duke Charles of Burgundy, and betrayed to him the interests and secrets of his master and benefactor. In 1469 Louis obtained material proof of the treachery; and he immediately had Balue arrested and put on his trial. The cardinal confessed everything, asking only to see the king. Louis gave him an interview on the way from Amboise to Notre-Dame de Clery; and they were observed, it is said, conversing for two hours, as they walked together on the road. The trial and condemnation of a cardinal by a civil tribunal was a serious business with the court of Rome. The king sent commissioners to Pope Paul II.: the pope complained of the procedure, but amicably and without persistence. The cardinal was in prison at Loches; and Louis resolved to leave him there forever, without any more fuss. But at the same time that, out of regard for the dignity of cardinal, which he had himself requested of the pope for the culprit, he dispensed with the legal condemnation to capital punishment, he was bent upon satisfying his vengeance, and upon making Balue suffer in person for his crime. He therefore had him confined in a cage, "eight feet broad," says Commynes, "and only one foot higher than a man's stature, covered with iron plates outside and inside, and fitted with terrible bars." There is still to be seen in Loches castle, under the name of the Balue cage, that instrument of prison-torture

Page 165

which the cardinal, it is said, himself invented. In it he passed eleven years, and it was not until 1480 that he was let out, at the solicitation of Pope Sixtus IV., to whom Louis XI., being old and ill, thought he could not possibly refuse this favor. He remembered, perhaps, at that time how that, sixteen years before, in writing to his lieutenant-general in Poitou to hand over to Balue, Bishop of Evreux, the property of a certain abbey, he said, “He is a devilish good bishop just now; I know not what he will be here-after.”

[Illustration: The Balue Cage——245]

He was still more pitiless towards a man more formidable and less subordinate, both in character and origin, than Cardinal Balue. Louis of Luxembourg, Count of St. Pol, had been from his youth up engaged in the wars and intrigues of the sovereigns and great feudal lords of Western Europe—France, England, Germany, Burgundy, Brittany, and Lorraine. From 1433 to 1475 he served and betrayed them all in turn, seeking and obtaining favors, incurring and braving rancor, at one time on one side and at another time on another, acting as constable of France and as diplomatic agent for the Duke of Burgundy, raising troops and taking towns for Louis XI., for Charles the Rash, for Edward IV., for the German emperor, and trying nearly always to keep for himself what he had taken on another’s account. The truth is, that he was constantly occupied with the idea of making for himself an independent dominion, and becoming a great sovereign. “He was,” says Duclos, “powerful from his possessions, a great captain, more ambitious than politic, and, from his ingratitude and his perfidies, worthy of his tragic end.” His various patrons grew tired at last of being incessantly taken up with and then abandoned, served and then betrayed; and they mutually interchanged proofs of the desertions and treasons to which they had been victims. In 1475 Louis of Luxembourg saw a storm threatening; and he made application for a safe-conduct to Charles the Rash, who had been the friend of his youth. “Tell him,” replied Charles to the messenger, “that he has forfeited his paper and his hope as well;” and he gave orders to detain him. As soon as Louis XI. knew whither the constable had retired, he demanded of the Duke of Burgundy to give him up, as had been agreed between them. “I have need,” said he, “for my heavy business, of a head like his;” and he added, with a ghastly smile, “it is only the head I want; the body may stay where it is.” On the 24th of November, 1475, the constable was, accordingly, given up to the king; and on the 27th, was brought to Paris. His trial, begun forthwith, was soon over; he himself acknowledged the greater part of what was imputed to him; and on the 19th of December he was brought up from the Bastille before the parliament. “My lord of St. Pol,” said the chancellor to him, “you have always passed for being the firmest lord in the realm; you must not belie yourself to-day, when you have more

Page 166

need than ever of firmness and courage;" and he read to him the decree which sentenced him to lose his head that very day on the Place de Greve. "That is a mighty hard sentence," said the constable; "I pray God that I may see Him to-day." And he underwent execution with serene and pious firmness. He was of an epoch when the most criminal enterprises did not always preclude piety. Louis XI. did not look after the constable's accomplices. "He flew at the heads," says Duclos, "and was set on making great examples; he was convinced that noble blood, when it is guilty, should be shed rather than common blood. Nevertheless there was considered to be something indecent in the cession by the king to the Duke of Burgundy of the constable's possessions. It seemed like the price of the blood of an unhappy man, who, being rightfully sacrificed only to justice and public tranquillity, appeared to be so to vengeance, ambition, and avarice."

In August, 1477, the battle of Nancy had been fought; Charles the Rash had been killed; and the line of the Dukes of Burgundy had been extinguished. Louis XI. remained master of the battle-field on which the great risks and great scenes of his life had been passed through. It seemed as if he ought to fear nothing now, and that the day for clemency had come. But such was not the king's opinion; two cruel passions, suspicion and vengeance, had taken possession of his soul; he remained convinced, not without reason, that nearly all the great feudal lords who had been his foes were continuing to conspire against him, and that he ought not, on his side, ever to cease from striving against thorn. The trial of the constable, St. Pol, had confirmed all his suspicions; he had discovered thereby traces and almost proofs of a design for a long time past conceived and pursued by the constable and his associates—the design of seizing the king, keeping him prisoner, and setting his son, the *dauphin*, on the throne, with a regency composed of a council of lords. Amongst the declared or presumed adherents of this project, the king had found James d'Armagnac, Duke of Nemours, the companion and friend of his youth; for his father, the Count of Pardiac, had been governor to Louis, at that time *dauphin*. Louis, on becoming king, had loaded James d'Armagnac with favors; had raised his countship of Nemours to a duchy-peerage of France; had married him to Louise of Anjou, daughter of the Count of Maine and niece of King Rend. The new Duke of Nemours entered, nevertheless, into the League of Common Weal against the king. Having been included, in 1465, with the other chiefs of the league in the treaty of Conflans, and reconciled with the king, the Duke of Nemours made oath to him, in the Sainte-Chapelle, to always be to him a good, faithful, and loyal subject, and thereby obtained the governorship of Paris and Ile-de-France. But, in 1469, he took part in the revolt of his cousin, Count John d'Armagnac, who was supposed to be

Page 167

in communication with the English; and having been vanquished by the Count de Dampmartin, he had need of a fresh pardon from the king, which he obtained on renouncing the privileges of the peerage if he should offend again. He then withdrew within his own domains, and there lived in tranquillity and popularity, but still keeping up secret relations with his old associates, especially with the Duke of Burgundy and the constable of St. Pol. In 1476, during the Duke of Burgundy's first campaign against the Swiss, the more or less active participation of the Duke of Nemours with the king's enemies appeared to Louis so grave, that he gave orders to his son-in-law, Peter of Bourbon, Sire de Beaujeu, to go and besiege him in his castle of Carlat, in Auvergne. The Duke of Nemours was taken prisoner there and carried off to Vienne, in Dauphiny, where the king then happened to be. In spite of the prisoner's entreaties, Louis absolutely refused to see him, and had him confined in the tower of Pierre-Encise. The Duke of Nemours was so disquieted at his position and the king's wrath, that his wife, Louise of Anjou, who was in her confinement at Carlat, had a fit of terror and died there; and he himself, shut up at Pierre-Encise, in a dark and damp dungeon, found his hair turn white in a few days. He was not mistaken about the gravity of the danger. Louis was both alarmed at these incessantly renewed conspiracies of the great lords and vexed at the futility of his pardons. He was determined to intimidate his enemies by a grand example, and avenge his kingly self-respect by bringing his power home to the ingrates who made no account of his indulgence. He ordered that the Duke of Nemours should be removed from Pierre-Encise to Paris, and put in the Bastille, where he arrived on the 4th of August, 1476, and that commissioners should set about his trial. The king complained of the gentleness with which the prisoner had been treated on arrival, and wrote to one of the commissioners, "It seems to me that you have but one thing to do; that is, to find out what guarantees the Duke of Nemours had given the constable of being at one with him in making the Duke of Burgundy regent, putting me to death, seizing my lord the *dauphin*, and taking the authority and government of the realm. He must he made to speak clearly on this point, and must get hell (be put to the torture) in good earnest. I am not pleased at what you tell me as to the irons having been taken off his legs, as to his being let out from his cage, and as to his being taken to the mass to which the women go. Whatever the chancellor or others may say, take care that he budge not from his cage, that he be never let out save to give him hell (torture him), and that he suffer hell (torture) in his own chamber." The Duke of Nemours protested against the choice of commissioners, and claimed, as a peer of the realm, his right to be tried by the parliament. When put to the torture he

Page 168

ended by saying, “I wish to conceal nothing from the king; I will tell him the truth as to all I know.” “My most dread and sovereign lord,” he himself wrote to Louis, “I have been so misdoing towards you and towards God that I quite see that I am undone unless your grace and pity be extended to me; the which, accordingly, most humbly and in great bitterness and contrition of heart, I do beseech you to bestow upon me liberally;” and he put the simple signature, “Poor James.” “He confessed that he had been cognizant of the constable’s designs; but he added that, whilst thanking him for the kind offers made to himself, and whilst testifying his desire that the lords might at last get their guarantees, he had declared what great obligations and great oaths he was under to the king, against the which he would not go; he, moreover, had told the constable he had no money at the moment to dispose of, no relative to whom he was inclined to trust himself or whom he could exert himself to win over, not even M. d’Albret, his cousin.” In such confessions there was enough to stop upright and fair judges from the infliction of capital punishment, but not enough to reassure and move the heart of Louis XI. On the chancellor’s representations he consented to have the business sent before the parliament; but the peers of the realm were not invited to it. The king summoned the parliament to Noyon, to be nearer his own residence; and he ordered that the trial should be brought to a conclusion in that town, and that the original commissioners who had commenced proceedings, as well as thirteen other magistrates and officers of the king denoted by their posts, should sit with the lords of the parliament, and deliberate with them.

In spite of so many arbitrary precautions and violations of justice, the will of Louis XI. met, even in a parliament thus distorted, with some resistance. Three of the commissioners added to the court abstained from taking any part in the proceedings; three of the councillors pronounced against the penalty of death; and the king’s own son-in-law, Sire de Beaujeu, who presided, confined himself to collecting the votes without delivering an opinion, and to announcing the decision. It was to the effect that “James d’Armagnac, Duke of Nemours, was guilty of high treason, and, as such, deprived of all honors, dignities, and prerogatives, and sentenced to be beheaded and executed according to justice.” Furthermore the court declared all his possessions confiscated and lapsed to the king. The sentence, determined upon at Noyon on the 10th of July, 1477, was made known to the Duke of Nemours on the 4th of August, in the Bastille, and carried out, the same day, in front of the market-place. A disgusting detail, reproduced by several modern writers, has almost been received into history. Louis XI., it is said, ordered the children of the Duke of Nemours to be placed under the scaffold, and be sprinkled with their father’s blood.

Page 169

None of his contemporaries, even the most hostile to Louis XI., and even amongst those who, at the states-general held in 1484, one of them after his death, raised their voices against the trial of the Duke of Nemours, and in favor of his children, has made any mention of this pretended atrocity. Amongst the men who have reigned and governed ably, Louis XI. is one of those who could be most justly taxed with cruel indifference when cruelty might be useful to him; but the more ground there is for severe judgment upon the chieftains of nations, the stronger is the interdict against overstepping the limit justified and authorized by facts.

The same rule of historical equity makes it incumbent upon us to remark that, in spite of his feelings of suspicion and revenge, Louis XI. could perfectly well appreciate the men of honor in whom he was able to have confidence, and would actually confide in them even contrary to ordinary probabilities. He numbered amongst his most distinguished servants three men who had begun by serving his enemies, and whom he conquered, so to speak, by his penetration and his firm mental grasp of policy. The first was Philip of Chabannes, Count de Dampmartin, an able and faithful military leader under Charles VII., so suspected by Louis XI. at his accession, that, when weary of living in apprehension and retirement he came, in 1463, and presented himself to the king, who was on his way to Bordeaux, “Ask you justice or mercy?” demanded Louis. “Justice, sir,” was the answer. “Very well, then,” replied the king, “I banish you forever from the kingdom.” And he issued an order to that effect, at the same time giving Dampmartin a large sum to supply the wants of exile. It is credible that Louis already knew the worth of the man, and wished in this way to render their reconciliation more easy. Three years afterwards, in 1466, he restored to Dampmartin his possessions together with express marks of royal favor, and twelve years later, in 1478, in spite of certain gusts of doubt and disquietude which had passed across his mind as to Dampmartin under circumstances critical for both of them, the king wrote to him, “Sir Grand Master, I have received your letters, and I do assure you, by the faith of my body, that I am right joyous that you provided so well for your affair at Quesnoy, for one would have said that you and the rest of the old ones were no longer any good in an affair of war, and we and the rest of the young ones would have gotten the honor for ourselves. Search, I pray you, to the very roots the case of those who would have betrayed us, and punish them so well that they shall never do you harm. I have always told you that you have no need to ask me for leave to go and do your business, for I am sure that you would not abandon mine without having provided for everything. Wherefore, I put myself in your hands, and you can go away without leave. All goes well; and I am much better pleased at your holding your own so well

Page 170

than if you had risked a loss of two to one. And so, farewell!" In 1465, another man of war, Odet d'Aydie, Lord of Lescun in Warn, had commanded at Montlhery the troops of the Dukes of Berry and Brittany against Louis XI.; and, in 1469, the king, who had found means of making his acquaintance, and who "was wiser," says Commynes, "in the conduct of such treaties than any other prince of his time," resolved to employ him in his difficult relations with his brother Charles, then Duke of Guienne, "promising him that he and his servants, and he especially, should profit thereby." Three years afterwards, in 1472, Louis made Lescun Count of Comminges, "wherein he showed good judgment," adds Commynes, "saying that no peril would come of putting in his hands that which he did put, for never, during those past dissensions, had the said Lescun a mind to have any communication with the English, or to consent that the places of Normandy should be handed over to them;" and to the end of his life Louis XI. kept up the confidence which Lescun had inspired by his judicious fidelity in the case of this great question. There is no need to make any addition to the name of Philip de Commynes, the most precious of the politic conquests made by Louis in the matter of eminent counsellors, to whom he remained as faithful as they were themselves faithful and useful to him. The *Memoires of Commynes* are the most striking proof of the rare and unfettered political intellect placed by the future historian at the king's service, and of the estimation in which the king had wit enough to hold it.

Louis XI. rendered to France, four centuries ago, during a reign of twenty-two years, three great services, the traces and influence of which exist to this day. He prosecuted steadily the work of Joan of Arc and Charles VII., the expulsion of a foreign kingship and the triumph of national independence and national dignity. By means of the provinces which he successively won, wholly or partly, Burgundy, Franche-Comte, Artois, Provence, Anjou, Roussillon, and Barrois, he caused France to make a great stride towards territorial unity within her natural boundaries. By the defeat he inflicted on the great vassals, the favor he showed the middle classes, and the use he had the sense to make of this new social force, he contributed powerfully to the formation of the French nation, and to its unity under a national government. Feudal society had not an idea of how to form itself into a nation, or discipline its forces under one head; Louis XI. proved its political weakness, determined its fall, and labored to place in its stead France and monarchy. Herein are the great facts of his reign, and the proofs of his superior mind.

Page 171

But side by side with these powerful symptoms of a new regimen appeared also the vices of which that regimen contained the germ, and those of the man himself who was laboring to found it. Feudal society, perceiving itself to be threatened, at one time attacked Louis XI. with passion, at another entered into violent disputes against him; and Louis, in order to struggle with it, employed all the practices, at one time crafty and at another violent, that belong to absolute power. Craft usually predominated in his proceedings, violence being often too perilous for him to risk it; he did not consider himself in a condition to say brazen-facedly, “Might before right;” but he disregarded right in the case of his adversaries, and he did not deny himself any artifice, any lie, any baseness, however specious, in order to trick them or ruin them secretly, when he did not feel himself in a position to crush them at a blow. “The end justifies the means”—-that was his maxim; and the end, in his case, was sometimes a great and legitimate political object, nothing less than the dominant interest of France, but far more often his own personal interest, something necessary to his own success or his own gratification. No loftiness, no greatness of soul, was natural to him; and the more experience of life he had, the more he became selfish and devoid of moral sense and of sympathy with other men, whether rivals, tools, or subjects. All found out before long, not only how little account he made of them, but also what cruel pleasure he sometimes took in making them conscious of his disdain and his power. He was “familiar,” but not by no means “vulgar;” he was in conversation able and agreeable, with a mixture, however, of petulance and indiscretion, even when he was meditating some perfidy; and “there is much need,” he used to say, “that my tongue should sometimes serve me; it has hurt me often enough.” The most puerile superstitions, as well as those most akin to a blind piety, found their way into his mind. When he received any bad news, he would cast aside forever the dress he was wearing when the news came; and of death he had a dread which was carried to the extent of pusillanimity and ridiculousness. “Whilst he was every day,” says M. de Barante, “becoming more suspicious, more absolute, more terrible to his children, to the princes of the blood, to his old servants, and to his wisest counsellors, there was one man who, without any fear of his wrath, treated him with brutal rudeness. This was James Cattier, his doctor. When the king would sometimes complain of it before certain confidential servants, ‘I know very well,’ Cattier would say, that some fine morning you’ll send me where you’ve sent so many others; but, ’sdeath, you’ll not live a week after!’” Then the king would coax him, overwhelm him with caresses, raise his salary to ten thousand crowns a month, make him a present of rich lordships; and he ended by making him premier president of the Court of Exchequer. All churches

Page 172

and all sanctuaries of any small celebrity were recipients of his oblations, and it was not the salvation of his soul, but life and health, that he asked for in return. One day there was being repeated, on his account and in his presence, an orison to St. Eutropius, who was implored to grant health to the soul and health to the body. “The latter will be enough,” said the king; “it is not right to bother the saint for too many things at once.” He showed great devotion for images which had received benediction, and often had one of them sewn upon his hat. Hawkers used to come and bring them to him; and one day he gave a hundred and sixty livres to a pedler who had in his pack one that had received benediction at Aix-la-Chapelle.

[Illustration: Louis XI. at his Devotions——255]

Whatever may have been, in the middle ages, the taste and the custom in respect of such practices, they were regarded with less respect in the fifteenth than in the twelfth century, and many people scoffed at the trust that Louis XI. placed in them, or doubted his sincerity.

Whether they were sincere or assumed, the superstitions of Louis XI. did not prevent him from appreciating and promoting the progress of civilization, towards which the fifteenth century saw the first real general impulse. He favored the free development of industry and trade; he protected printing, in its infancy, and scientific studies, especially the study of medicine; by his authorization, it is said, the operation for the stone was tried, for the first time in France, upon a criminal under sentence of death, who recovered, and was pardoned; and he welcomed the philological scholars who were at this time laboring to diffuse through Western Europe the works of Greek and Roman antiquity. He instituted, at first for his own and before long for the public service, post-horses and the letter-post within his kingdom. Towards intellectual and social movement he had not the mistrust and antipathy of an old, one-grooved, worn-out, unproductive despotism; his kingly despotism was new, and, one might almost say, innovational, for it sprang and was growing up from the ruins of feudal rights and liberties which had inevitably ended in monarchy. But despotism’s good services are short-lived; it has no need to last long before it generates iniquity and tyranny; and that of Louis XI., in the latter part of his reign, bore its natural, unavoidable fruits. “His mistrust,” says M. de Barante, “became horrible, and almost insane; every year he had surrounded his castle of Plessis with more walls, ditches, and rails. On the towers were iron sheds, a shelter from arrows, and even artillery. More than eighteen hundred of those planks bristling with nails, called caltrops, were distributed over the yonder side of the ditch. There were every day four hundred crossbow-men on duty, with orders to fire on whosoever approached. Every suspected passer-by was seized, and carried off to Tristan l’Hermite, the provost-marshal.

Page 173

No great proofs were required for a swing on the gibbet, or for the inside of a sack and a plunge in the Loire. . . . Men who, like Sire de Commynes, had been the king's servants, and who had lived in his confidence, had no doubt but that he had committed cruelties and perpetrated the blackest treachery; still they asked themselves whether there had not been a necessity, and whether he had not, in the first instance, been the object of criminal machinations against which he had to defend himself. . . . But, throughout the kingdom, the multitude of his subjects who had not received kindnesses from him, nor lived in familiarity with him, nor known of the ability displayed in his plans, nor enjoyed the wit of his conversation, judged only by that which came out before their eyes; the imposts had been made much heavier, without any consent on the part of the states-general; the talliages, which under Charles VII. brought in only eighteen hundred thousand livres, rose, under Louis XI., to thirty-seven hundred thousand; the kingdom was ruined, and the people were at the last extremity of misery; the prisons were full; none was secure of life or property; the greatest in the land, and even the princes of the blood, were not safe in their own houses.

An unexpected event occurred at this time to give a little more heart to Louis XI., who was now very ill, and to mingle with his gloomy broodings a gleam of future prospects. Mary of Burgundy, daughter of Charles the Rash, died at Bruges on the 27th of March, 1482, leaving to her husband, Maximilian of Austria, a daughter, hardly three years of age, Princess Marguerite by name, heiress to the Burgundian-Flemish dominions which had not come into the possession of the King of France. Louis, as soon as he heard the news, conceived the idea and the hope of making up for the reverse he had experienced five years previously through the marriage of Mary of Burgundy. He would arrange espousals between his son, the *dauphin*, Charles, thirteen years old, and the infant princess left by Mary, and thus recover for the crown of France the beautiful domains he had allowed to slip from him. A negotiation was opened at once on the subject between Louis, Maximilian, and the estates of Flanders, and, on the 23d of December, 1482, it resulted in a treaty, concluded at Arras, which arranged for the marriage, and regulated the mutual conditions. In January, 1483, the ambassadors from the estates of Flanders and from Maximilian, who then for the first time assumed the title of archduke, came to France for the ratification of the treaty. Having been first received with great marks of satisfaction at Paris, they repaired to Plessis-les-Tours. Great was their surprise at seeing this melancholy abode, this sort of prison, into which "there was no admittance save after so many formalities and precautions." When they had waited a while, they were introduced, in the evening, into a room badly

Page 174

lighted. In a dark corner was the king, seated in an arm-chair. They moved towards him; and then, in a weak and trembling voice, but still, as it seemed, in a bantering tone, Louis asked pardon of the Abbot of St. Peter of Ghent and of the other ambassadors for not being able to rise and greet them. After having heard what they had to say, and having held a short conversation with them, he sent for the Gospels for to make oath. He excused himself for being obliged to take the holy volume in his left hand, for his right was paralyzed and his arm supported in a sling. Then, holding the volume of the Gospels, he raised it up painfully, and placing upon it the elbow of his right arm, he made oath. Thus appeared in the eyes of the Flemings that king who had done them so much harm, and who was obtaining of them so good a treaty by the fear with which he inspired them, all dying as he was.

On the 2d of June following, the infant princess, Marguerite of Austria, was brought by a solemn embassy to Paris first, and then, on the 23d of June, to Amboise, where her betrothal to the *dauphin*, Charles, was celebrated. Louis XI. did not feel fit for removal to Amboise; and he would not even receive at Plessis-les-Tours the new Flemish embassy. Assuredly neither the king nor any of the actors in this regal scene foresaw that this marriage, which they with reason looked upon as a triumph of French policy, would never be consummated; that, at the request of the court of France, the pope would annul the betrothal; and that, nine years after its celebration, in 1492, the Austrian princess, after having been brought up at Amboise under the guardianship of the Duchess of Bourbon, Anne, eldest daughter of Louis XI., would be sent back to her father, Emperor Maximilian, by her affianced, Charles VIII., then King of France, who preferred to become the husband of a French princess with a French province for dowry, Anne, Duchess of Brittany.

[Illustration: Views of the Castle of Plessis-les-Tours——258]

It was in March, 1481, that Louis XI. had his first attack of that apoplexy, which, after several repeated strokes, reduced him to such a state of weakness that in June, 1483, he felt himself and declared himself not in a fit state to be present at his son’s betrothal. Two months afterwards, on the 25th of August, St. Louis’s day, he had a fresh stroke, and lost all consciousness and speech. He soon recovered them; but remained so weak that he could not raise his hand to his mouth, and, under the conviction that he was a dead man, he sent for his son-in-law, Peter of Bourbon, Sire de Beaujeu; and “Go,” said he, “to Amboise, to the king, my son; I have intrusted him as well as the government of the kingdom to your charge and my daughter’s care. You know all I have enjoined upon him; watch and see that it be observed. Let him show favor and confidence towards those who have done me good service and whom I have named to him. You know,

Page 175

too, of whom he should beware, and who must not be suffered to come near him." He sent for the chancellor from Paris, and bade him go and take the seals to the king. "Go to the king," he said to the captains of his guards, to his archers, to his huntsmen, to all his household. "His speech never failed him after it had come back to him," says Commynes, "nor his senses; he was constantly saying something of great sense and never in all his illness, which lasted from Monday to Saturday evening, did he complain, as do all sorts of folk when they feel ill. . . . "Notwithstanding all those commands he recovered heart," adds Commynes, "and had good hope of escaping." In conversation at odd times with some of his servants, and even with Commynes himself, he had begged them, whenever they saw that he was very ill, not to mention that cruel word death; he had even made a covenant with them, that they should say no more to him than, "Don't talk much," which would be sufficient warning. But his doctor, James Coettier, and his barber, Oliver the Devil, whom he had ennobled and enriched under the name of Oliver le Daim, did not treat him with so much indulgence. "They notified his death to him in brief and harsh terms," says Commynes; "'Sir, we must do our duty; have no longer hope in your holy man of Calabria or in other matters, for assuredly all is over with you; think of your soul; there is no help for it.' 'I have hope in God that He will aid me,' answered Louis, coldly; 'peradventure I am not so ill as you think.'

"He endured with manly virtue so cruel a sentence," says Commynes, "and everything, even to death, more than any man I ever saw die; he spoke as coolly as if he had never been ill." He gave minute orders about his funeral, sepulchre, and tomb. He would be laid at Notre-Dame de Clery, and not, like his ancestors, at St. Denis; his statue was to be gilt bronze, kneeling, face to the altar, head uncovered, and hands clasped within his hat, as was his ordinary custom. Not having died on the battle-field and sword in hand, he would be dressed in hunting-garb, with jack-boots, a hunting-horn, slung over his shoulder, his hound lying beside him, his order of St. Michael round his neck, and his sword at his side. As to the likeness, he asked to be represented, not as he was in his latter days, bald, bow-backed, and wasted, but as he was in his youth and in the vigor of his age, face pretty full, nose aquiline, hair long, and falling down behind to his shoulders. After having taken all these pains about himself after his death, he gave his chief remaining thoughts to France and his son. "Orders must be sent," said he, "to M. d'Esquerdes [Philip de Crevecoeur, Baron d'Esquerdes, a distinguished warrior, who, after the death of Charles the Rash, had, through the agency of Commynes, gone over to the service of Louis XI., and was in command of his army] to attempt no doings as to Calais. We had thought to drive out the English from this

Page 176

the last corner they hold in the kingdom; but such matters are too weighty; all that business ends with me. M. d'Esquerdes must give up such designs, and come and guard my son without budging from his side for at least six months. Let an end be put, also, to all our disputes with Brittany, and let this Duke Francis be allowed to live in peace without any more causing him trouble or fear. This is the way in which we, must now deal with all our neighbors. Five or six good years of peace are needful for the kingdom. My poor people have suffered too much; they are in great desolation. If God had been pleased to grant me life, I should have put it all to rights; it was my thought and my desire, let my son be strictly charged to remain at peace, especially whilst he is so young. At a later time, when he is older, and when the kingdom is in good case, he shall do as he pleases about it."

[Illustration: Louis XI——260]

On Saturday, August 30, 1483, between seven and eight in the evening, Louis XI. expired, saying, "Our Lady of Embrun, my good mistress, have pity upon me; the mercies of the Lord will I sing forever (misericordias Domini in ceternum cantabo)."

"It was a great cause of joy throughout the kingdom," says M. de Barante with truth, in his *Histoire des Dues de Bourgogne*: "this moment had been impatiently waited for as a deliverance, and as the ending of so many woes and fears. For a long time past no King of France had been so heavy on his people or so hated by them."

This was certainly just, and at the same time ungrateful.

Louis XI. had rendered France great service, but in a manner void of frankness, dignity, or lustre; he had made the contemporary generation pay dearly for it by reason of the spectacle he presented of trickery, perfidy, and vindictive cruelty, and by his arbitrary and tyrannical exercise of kingly power. People are not content to have useful service; they must admire or love; and Louis XI. inspired France with neither of those sentiments. He has had the good fortune to be described and appraised, in his own day too, by the most distinguished and independent of his councillors, Philip de Commynes, and, three centuries afterwards, by one of the most thoughtful and the soundest intellects amongst the philosophers of the eighteenth century, Duclos, who, moreover, had the advantage of being historiographer of France, and of having studied the history of that reign in authentic documents. We reproduce here the two judgments, the agreement of which is remarkable:—

"God," says Commynes, "had created our king more wise, liberal, and full of manly virtue than the princes who reigned with him and in his day, and who were his enemies and neighbors. In all there was good and evil, for they were men; but without flattery, in

him were more things appertaining to the office of king than in any of the rest. I saw them nearly all, and knew what they could do."

Page 177

“Louis XI.,” says Duclos, “was far from being without reproach; few princes have deserved so much; but it may be said that he was equally celebrated for his vices and his virtues, and that, everything being put in the balance, he was a king.”

We will be more exacting than Commynes and Duclos; we will not consent to apply to Louis XI. the words liberal, virtuous, and virtue; he had nor greatness of soul, nor uprightness of character, nor kindness of heart; he was neither a great king nor a good king; but we may assent to Duclos’ last word—he was a king.

CHAPTER XXVI.——THE WARS OF ITALY.— CHARLES VIII.— 1483-1498.

[Illustration: CHARLES VIII.——263]

Louis XI. had by the queen his wife, Charlotte of Savoy, six children; three of them survived him: Charles VIII., his successor; Anne, his eldest daughter, who had espoused Peter of Bourbon, Sire de Beaujeu; and Joan, whom he had married to the Duke of Orleans, who became Louis XII. At their father’s death, Charles was thirteen; Anne twenty-two or twenty-three; and Joan nineteen. According to Charles V.’s decree, which had fixed fourteen as the age for the king’s majority, Charles VIII., on his accession, was very nearly a major; but Louis XI., with good reason, considered him very far from capable of reigning as yet. On the other hand, he had a very high opinion of his daughter Anne, and it was to her far more than to Sire de Beaujeu, her husband, that, six days before his death, and by his last instructions, he intrusted the guardian-ship of his son, to whom he already gave the title of King, and the government of the realm. They were oral instructions not set forth in or confirmed by any regular testament; but the words of Louis XI. had great weight, even after his death. Opposition to his last wishes was not wanting. Louis, Duke of Orleans, was a natural claimant to the regency; but Anne de Beaujeu, immediately and without consulting anybody, took up the position which had been intrusted to her by her father, and the fact was accepted without ceasing to be questioned. Louis XI. had not been mistaken in his choice; there was none more fitted than his daughter Anne to continue his policy under the reign and in the name of his successor; “a shrewd and clever woman, if ever there was one,” says Brantome, “and the true image in everything of King Louis, her father.”

[Illustration: Anne de Beaujeu——264]

She began by acts of intelligent discretion. She tried, not to subdue by force the rivals and malcontents, but to put them in the wrong in the eyes of the public, and to cause embarrassment to themselves by treating them with fearless favor. Her brother-in-law, the Duke of Bourbon, was vexed at being only in appearance and name the head of his own house; and she made him constable of France and lieutenant-general of the kingdom. The friends of Duke Louis of Orleans, amongst others

Page 178

his chief confidant, George of Amboise, Bishop of Montauban, and Count Dunois, son of Charles VII.'s hero, persistently supported the duke's rights to the regency; and *Madame* (the title Anne de Beaujeu had assumed) made Duke Louis governor of Ile-de-France and of Champagne, and sent Dunois as governor to Dauphiny. She kept those of Louis XI.'s advisers for whom the public had not conceived a perfect hatred like that felt for their master; and Commynes alone was set aside, as having received from the late king too many personal favors, and as having too much inclination towards independent criticism of the new regency. Two of Louis XI.'s subordinate and detested servants, Oliver de Daim and John Doyac, were prosecuted, and one was hanged and the other banished; and his doctor, James Cattier, was condemned to disgorge fifty thousand crowns out of the enormous presents he had received from his patient. At the same time that she thus gave some satisfaction to the cravings of popular wrath, Anne de Beaujeu threw open the prisons, recalled exiles, forgave the people a quarter of the talliage, cut down expenses by dismissing six thousand Swiss whom the late king had taken into his pay, re-established some sort of order in the administration of the domains of the crown, and, in fine, whether in general measures or in respect of persons, displayed impartiality without paying court, and firmness without using severity. Here was, in fact, a young and gracious woman who gloried solely in signing herself simply Anne of France, whilst respectfully following out the policy of her father, a veteran king, able, mistrustful, and pitiless.

Anne's discretion was soon put to a great trial. A general cry was raised for the convocation of the states-general. The ambitious hoped thus to open a road to power; the public looked forward to it for a return to legalized government. No doubt Anne would have preferred to remain more free and less responsible in the exercise of her authority; for it was still very far from the time when national assemblies could be considered as a permanent power and a regular means of government. But Anne and her advisers did not waver; they were too wise and too weak to oppose a great public wish. The states-general were convoked at Tours for the 5th of January, 1484. On the 15th they met in the great hall of the arch-bishop's palace. Around the king's throne sat two hundred and fifty deputies, whom the successive arrivals of absentees raised to two hundred and eighty-four. "France in all its entirety," says M. Picot, "found itself, for the first time, represented; Flanders alone sent no deputies until the end of the session; but Provence, Roussillon, Burgundy, and Dauphiny were eager to join their commissioners to the delegates from the provinces united from the oldest times to the crown." [*Histoire des Etats Generaux* from 1355 to 1614, by George Picot, t. i. p. 360.]

Page 179

We have the journal of these states-general drawn up with precision and detail by one of the chief actors, John Masselin, canon of and deputy for Rouen, “an eminent speaker,” says a contemporary Norman chronicle, “who delivered on behalf of the common weal, in the presence of kings and princes, speeches full of elegance.” We may agree that, compared with the pompous pedantry of most speakers of his day, the oratorical style of John Masselin is not without a certain elegance, but that is not his great and his original distinction; what marks him out and gives him so high a place in the history of the fifteenth century, is the judicious and firm political spirit displayed in his conduct as deputy and in his narrative as historian. [The Journal, written by the author in Latin, was translated into French and published, original and translation, by M. A. Bernier, in 1835, in the *Collection des Documents inedits relatifs d l’Histoire de France.*] And it is not John Masselin only, but the very assembly itself in which he sat, that appears to us, at the end of five centuries, seriously moved by a desire for a free government, and not far from comprehending and following out the essential conditions of it. France had no lack of states-general, full of brilliancy and power, between 1356 and 1789, from the reign of Charles V. to that of Louis XVI.; but in the majority of these assemblies, for all the ambitious soarings of liberty, it was at one time religious party-spirit and at another the spirit of revolution that ruled and determined both acts and events. Nothing of that kind appeared in the states-general assembled at Tours in 1484; the assembly was profoundly monarchical, not only on general principles, but in respect of the reigning house and the young king seated on the throne. There was no fierce struggle, either, between the aristocracy and the democracy of the day, between the ecclesiastical body and the secular body; although widely differing and widely separated, the clergy, the nobility, and the third estate were not at war, even in their hearts, between themselves. One and the same idea, one and the same desire, animated the three orders; to such a degree that, as has been well pointed out by M. Picot, “in the majority of the towns they proceeded in common to the choice of deputies: the clergy, nobles, and commons who arrived at Tours were not the representatives exclusively of the clergy, the nobles, or the third estate: they combined in their persons a triple commission;” and when, after having examined together their different memorials, by the agency of a committee of thirty-six members taken in equal numbers from the three orders, they came to a conclusion to bring their grievances and their wishes before the government of Charles VIII., they decided that a single spokesman should be commissioned to sum up, in a speech delivered in solemn session, the report of the committee of Thirty-six; and it was the canon, Master John Masselin,

Page 180

who received the commission to speak in the name of all. They all had at heart one and the same idea; they desired to turn the old and undisputed monarchy into a legalized and free government. Clergy, nobles, and third estate, there was not in any of their minds any revolutionary yearning or any thought of social war. It is the peculiar and the beautiful characteristic of the states-general of 1484 that they had an eye to nothing but a great political reform, a regimen of legality and freedom.

Two men, one a Norman and the other a Burgundian, the canon John Masselin and Philip Pot, lord of la Roche, a former counsellor of Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, were the exponents of this political spirit, at once bold and prudent, conservative and reformative. The nation's sovereignty and the right of the estates not only to vote imposts but to exercise a real influence over the choice and conduct of the officers of the crown, this was what they affirmed in principle, and what, in fact, they labored to get established. "I should like," said Philip de la Roche, "to see you quite convinced that the government of the state is the people's affair; and by the people I mean not only the multitude of those who are simply subjects of this crown, but indeed all persons of each estate, including the princes also. Since you consider yourselves deputies from all the estates of the kingdom, why are you afraid to conclude that you have been especially summoned to direct by your counsels the commonwealth during its quasi-interregnum caused by the king's minority? Far be it from me to say that the reigning, properly so called, the dominion, in fact, passes into any hands but those of the king; it is only the administration, the guardianship of the kingdom, which is conferred for a time upon the people or their elect. Why tremble at the idea of taking in hand the regulation, arrangement, and nomination of the council of the crown? You are here to say and to advise freely that which, by inspiration of God and your conscience, you believe to be useful for the realm. What is the obstacle that prevents you from accomplishing so excellent and meritorious a work? I can find none, unless it be your own weakness and the pusillanimity which causes fear in your minds. Come, then, most illustrious lords, have great confidence in yourselves, have great hopes, have great manly virtue, and let not this liberty of the estates, that your ancestors were so zealous in defending, be imperilled by reason of your soft-heartedness." "This speech," says Masselin, "was listened to by the whole assembly very attentively and very favorably." Masselin, being called upon to give the king "in his privy chamber, before the Dukes of Orleans and Lorraine and a numerous company of nobles," an exact account of the estates' first deliberations, held in his turn language more reserved than, but similar to, that of Lord Philip de la Roche, whose views he shared and whose proud

Page 181

openness he admired. The question touching the composition of the king's council and the part to be taken in it by the estates was for five weeks the absorbing idea with the government and with the assembly. There were made, on both sides, concessions which satisfied neither the estates nor the court, for their object was always on the part of the estates to exercise a real influence on the government, and on the part of the court to escape being under any real influence of the estates. Side by side with the question of the king's council was ranged that of the imposts; and here it was no easier to effect an understanding: the crown asked more than the estates thought they ought or were able to vote; and, after a long and obscure controversy about expenses and receipts, Masselin was again commissioned to set-before the king's council the views of the assembly and its ultimate resolution. "When we saw," said he, "that the aforesaid accounts or estimates contained elements of extreme difficulty, and that to balance and verify them would subject us to interminable discussions and longer labor than would be to our and the people's advantage, we hastened to adopt by way of expedient, but nevertheless resolutely, the decision I am about to declare to you. . . . Wishing to meet liberally the king's and your desires, we offer to pay the sum that King Charles VII. used to take for the impost of talliages, provided, however, that this sum be equally and proportionately distributed between the provinces of the kingdom, and that in the shape of an aid. And this contribution be only for two years, after which the estates shall be assembled as they are to-day to discuss the public needs; and if at that time or previously they see the advantage thereof, the said sum shall be diminished or augmented. Further, the said my lords the deputies do demand that their next meeting be now appointed and declared, and that an irrevocable decision do fix and decree that assembly."

This was providing at one and the same time for the wants of the present and the rights of the future. The impost of talliage was, indeed, voted just as it had stood under Charles VII., but it became a temporary aid granted for two years only; at the end of them the estates were to be convoked and the tax augmented or diminished according to the public wants. The great question appeared decided; by means of the vote, necessary and at the same time temporary, in the case of the impost, the states-general entered into real possession of a decisive influence in the government; but the behavior and language of the officers of the crown and of the great lords of the court rendered the situation as difficult as ever. In a long and confused harangue the chancellor, William de Rochefort, did not confine himself to declaring the sum voted, twelve hundred thousand livres, to be insufficient, and demanding three hundred thousand livres more; he passed over in complete silence the limitation

Page 182

to two years of the tax voted and the requirement that at the end of that time the states-general should be convoked. "Whilst the chancellor was thus speaking," says Masselin, "many deputies of a more independent spirit kept groaning, and all the hall resounded with a slight murmuring because it seemed that he was not expressing himself well as to the power and liberty of the people." The deputies asked leave to deliberate in the afternoon, promising a speedy answer. "As you wish to deliberate, do so, but briefly," said the chancellor; "it would be better for you to hold counsel now so as to answer in the afternoon." The deputies took their time; and the discussion was a long and a hot one. "We see quite well how it is," said the princes and the majority of the great lords; "to curtail the king's power, and pare down his nails to the quick, is the object of your efforts; you forbid the subjects to pay their prince as much as the wants of the state require: are they masters, pray, and no longer subjects? You would set up the laws of some fanciful monarchy, and abolish the old ones." "I know the rascals," said one of the great lords [according to one historian, it was the Duke of Bourbon, Anne de Beaujeu's brother-in-law]; "if they are not kept down by over-weighting them, they will soon become insolent; for my part, I consider this tax the surest curb for holding them in." "Strange words," says Masselin, "unworthy of utterance from the mouth of a man so eminent; but in his soul, as in that of all old men, covetousness had increased with age, and he appeared to fear a diminution of his pension."

After having deliberated upon it, the states-general persisted in their vote of a tax of twelve hundred thousand livres, at which figure it had stood under King Charles VII., but for two years only, and as a gift or grant, not as a permanent talliage any more, and on condition that at the end of that time the states should be necessarily convoked. At the same time, however, "and over and above this, the said estates, who do desire the well-being, honor, prosperity, and augmentation of the lord king and of his kingdom, and in order to obey him and please him in all ways possible, do grant him the sum of three hundred thousand livres of Tours, for this once only, and without being a precedent, on account of his late joyful accession to the throne of France, and for to aid and support the outlay which it is suitable to make for his holy consecration, coronation, and entry into Paris."

On this fresh vote, full of fidelity to the monarchy and at the same time of patriotic independence, negotiations began between the estates and the court; and they lasted from the 28th of February to the 12th of March, but without result. At bottom, the question lay between absolute power and free government, between arbitrariness and legality; and, on this field, both parties were determined not to accept a serious and final defeat. Unmoved by the loyal concessions

Page 183

and assurances they received, the advisers of the crown thought no longer of anything but getting speedily rid of the presence of the estates, so as to be free from the trouble of maintaining the discussion with them. The deputies saw through the device; their speeches were stifled, and the necessity of replying was eluded. "My lord chancellor," said they, at an interview on the 2d of March, 1484, "if we are not to have a hearing, why are we here? Why have you summoned us? Let us withdraw. If you behave thus, you do not require our presence. We did not at all expect to see the fruits of our vigils, and the decisions adopted after so much trouble by so illustrious an assembly rejected so carelessly." The complaints were not always so temperate. A theologian, whom Masselin quotes without giving his name, "a bold and fiery partisan of the people," says he, added these almost insulting words: "As soon as our consent had been obtained for raising the money, there is no doubt but that we have been cajoled, that everything has been treated with contempt, the demands set down in our memorials, our final resolutions, and the limits we fixed. Speak we of the money. On this point, our decisions have been conformed to only so far as to tell us, 'This impost shall no longer be called talliage; it shall be a free grant.' Is it in words, pray, and not in things, that our labor and the well-being of the state consist? Verily, we would rather still call this impost *talliage,* and even blackmail (*maltote*), or give it a still viler name, if there be any, than see it increasing immeasurably and crushing the people. The curse of God and the execration of men upon those whose deeds and plots have caused such woes! They are the most dangerous foes of the people and of the commonwealth." "The theologian burned with a desire to continue," adds Masselin; "but though he had not wandered far from the truth, many deputies chid him and constrained him to be silent. . . . Already lethargy had fallen upon the most notable amongst us; glutted with favors and promises, they no longer possessed that ardor of will which had animated them at first; when we were prosecuting our business, they remained motionless at home; when we spoke before them, they held their peace or added but a few feeble words. We were wasting our time."

On the 12th of March, 1484, the deputies from Normandy, twenty-five in number, happened to hold a meeting at Montils-les-Tours. The Bishop of Coutances told them that there was no occasion for the estates to hold any more meetings; that it would be enough if each of the six sections appointed three or four delegates to follow the course of affairs; and that, moreover, the compensation granted to all the deputies of the estates would cease on the 14th of March, and after that would be granted only to their delegates. This compensation had already, amongst the estates, been the subject of a long discussion. The clergy

Page 184

and the nobility had attempted to throw the whole burden of it upon the third estate; the third estate had very properly claimed that each of the three orders should, share proportionately in this expense, and the chancellor had with some difficulty got it decided that the matter should stand so. On the 14th of March, accordingly, the six sections of the estates met and elected three or four deputies apiece. The deputies were a little surprised, on entering their sessions-hall, to find it completely dismantled: carpets, hangings, benches, table, all had been removed, so certainly did the government consider the session over. Some members, in disgust, thought and maintained that the estates ought not to separate without carrying away with them the resolutions set down in their general memorial, formally approved and accompanied by an order to the judges to have them executed. "But a much larger number," says Masselin, "were afraid of remaining too long, and many of our colleagues, in spite of the zeal which they had once shown, had a burning desire to depart, according to the princes' good pleasure and orders. As for us, we enjoined upon the three deputies of our Norman nationality not to devote themselves solely to certain special affairs which had not yet been terminated, but to use redoubled care and diligence in all that concerned the general memorial and the aggregate of the estates. And having thus left our commissioners at Tours and put matters to rights, we went away well content; and we pray God that our labors and all that has been done may be useful for the people's welfare."

Neither Masselin nor his descendants for more than three centuries were destined to see the labors of the states-general of 1484 obtain substantial and durable results. The work they had conceived and attempted was premature. The establishment of a free government demands either spontaneous and simple virtues, such as may be found in a young and small community, or the lights, the scientific method, and the wisdom, painfully acquired and still so imperfect, of great and civilized nations. France of the fifteenth century was in neither of these conditions. But it is a crown of glory to have felt that honest and patriotic ambition which animated Masselin and his friends at their exodus from the corrupt and corrupting despotism of Louis XI. Who would dare to say that their attempt, vain as it was for them, was so also for generations separated from them by centuries? Time and space are as nothing in the mysterious development of God's designs towards men, and it is the privilege of mankind to get instruction and example from far-off memories of their own history. It was a duty to render to the states-general of 1484 the homage to which they have a right by reason of their intentions and their efforts on behalf of the good cause and in spite of their unsuccess.

Page 185

When the states-general had separated, Anne de Beaujeu, without difficulty or uproar, resumed, as she had assumed on her father's death, the government of France; and she kept it yet for seven years, from 1484 to 1491. During all this time she had a rival and foe in Louis, Duke of Orleans, who was one day to be Louis XII. "I have heard tell," says Brantome, "how that, at the first, she showed affection towards him, nay, even love; in such sort that, if M. d'Orleans had been minded to give heed thereto, he might have done well, as I know from a good source; but he could not bring himself to it; especially as he found her too ambitious, and he would that she should be dependent on him, as premier prince and nearest to the throne, and not he on her; whereas she desired the contrary, for she was minded to have the high place and rule everything. . . . They used to have," adds Brantome, "prickings of jealousy, love, and ambition." If Brantome's anecdote is true, as one is inclined to believe, though several historians have cast doubts upon it, Anne de Beaujeu had, in their prickings of jealousy, love, and ambition, a great advantage over Louis of Orleans. They were both young, and exactly of the same age; but Louis had all the defects of youth, whilst Anne had all the qualities of mature age. He was handsome, volatile, inconsiderate, impudent, brave, and of a generous, open nature, combined with kindliness; she was thoughtful, judicious, persistent, and probably a little cold and hard, such, in fact, as she must needs have become in the school of her father, Louis XI. As soon as the struggle between them began, the diversity of their characters appeared and bore fruit. The Duke of Orleans plunged into all sorts of intrigues and ventures against the fair regent, exciting civil war, and, when he was too much compromised or too hard pressed, withdrawing to the court of Francis II., Duke of Brittany, an unruly vassal of the King of France. Louis of Orleans even made alliance, at need, with foreign princes, Henry VII., King of England, Ferdinand the Catholic, King of Arragon, and Maximilian, archduke of Austria, without much regard for the interests of his own kingly house and his own country. Anne, on the contrary, in possession of official and legal authority, wielded it and guarded it with prudence and moderation in the interests of France and of the crown, never taking the initiative in war, but having the wit to foresee, maintain, and, after victory, end it. She encountered from time to time, at her own court and in her own immediate circle, a serious difficulty: the young king, Charles, was charmed by the Duke of Orleans's brilliant qualities, especially by the skill and bravery that Louis displayed at tournaments. One day, interrupting the Bishop of Montauban, George of Amboise, who was reading the breviary to him, "Send word to the Duke of Orleans," said the king, "to go on with his enterprise, and that I would fain be

Page 186

with him." Another day he said to Count Dunois, "Do take me away, uncle: I'm longing to be out of this company." Dunois and George of Amboise, both of them partisans of the Duke of Orleans, carefully encouraged the king in sentiments so favorable to the fair regent's rival. Incidents of another sort occurred to still further embarrass the position for Anne de Beaujeu. The eldest daughter of Francis II., Duke of Brittany, herself also named Anne, would inherit his duchy, and on this ground she was ardently wooed by many competitors. She was born in 1477; and at four years of age, in 1481, she had been promised in marriage to Edward, Prince of Wales, son of Edward IV., King of England. But two years afterwards, in 1483, this young prince was murdered, or, according to other accounts, imprisoned by his uncle Richard III., who seized the crown; and the Breton promise vanished with him. The number of claimants to the hand of Anne of Brittany increased rapidly; and the policy of the duke her father consisted, it was said, in making for himself five or six sons-in-law by means of one daughter. Towards the end of 1484, the Duke of Orleans, having embroiled himself with Anne de Beaujeu, sought refuge in Brittany; and many historians have said that he not only at that time aspired to the hand of Anne of Brittany, but that he paid her assiduous court and obtained from her marks of tender interest. Count Darn, in his *Histoire de Bretagne* (t. iii. p. 82), has put the falsehood of this assertion beyond a doubt; the Breton princess was then only seven and the Duke of Orleans had been eight years married to Joan of France, younger daughter of Louis XI. But in succeeding years and amidst the continual alternations of war and negotiation between the King of France and the Duke of Brittany, Anne de Beaujeu and the Duke of Orleans, competition and strife between the various claimants to the hand of Anne of Brittany became very active; Alan, Sire d'Albret, called the Great because of his reputation for being the richest lord of the realm, Viscount James de Rohan, and Archduke Maximilian of Austria, all three believed themselves to have hopes of success, and prosecuted them assiduously. Sire d'Albret, a widower and the father of eight children already, was forty-five, with a pimply face, a hard eye, a hoarse voice, and a quarrelsome and gloomy temper; and Anne, being pressed to answer his suit, finally declared that she would turn nun rather than marry him. James de Rohan, in spite of his powerful backers at the court of Rennes, was likewise dismissed; his father, Viscount John II., was in the service of the King of France. Archduke Maximilian remained the only claimant with any pretensions. He was nine and twenty, of gigantic stature, justly renowned for valor and ability in war, and of more literary culture than any of the princes his contemporaries, a trait he had in common with Princess Anne, whose education had been very carefully attended to.

Page 187

She showed herself to be favorably disposed towards him; and the Duke of Orleans, whose name, married though he was, was still sometimes associated with that of the Breton princess, formally declared, on the 26th of January, 1486, that, “when he came to the Duke of Brittany’s, it was solely to visit him and advise him on certain points touching the defence of his duchy, and not to talk to him of marriage with the princesses his daughters.” But, whilst the negotiation was thus inclining towards the Austrian prince, Anne de Beaujeu, ever far-sighted and energetic, was vigorously pushing on the war against the Duke of Brittany and his allies. She had found in Louis de la Tremoille an able and a bold warrior, whom Guicciardini calls the greatest captain in the world. In July, 1488, he came suddenly down upon Brittany, took one after the other Chateaubriant, Ancenis, and Fougeres, and, on the 28th, gained at St. Aubin-du-Cormier, near Rennes, over the army of the Duke of Brittany and his English, German, and Gascon allies, a victory which decided the campaign: six thousand of the Breton army were killed, and Duke Louis of Orleans, the Prince of Orange, and several French lords, his friends, were made prisoners. On receiving at Angers the news of this victory, Charles VIII. gave orders that the two captive princes should be brought to him; but Anne de Beaujeu, fearing some ebullition on his part of a too prompt and too gratuitous generosity, caused delay in their arrival; and the Duke of Orleans, who was taken first to the castle of Sable and then to Lusignan, went ultimately to the Tower of Bourges, where he was to await the king’s decision.

It was a great success for Anne de Beaujeu. She had beaten her united foes; and the most formidable of them all, the Duke of Orleans, was her prisoner. Two incidents that supervened, one a little before and the other a little after the battle of St. Aubin-du-Cormier, occurred to both embarrass the position and at the same time call forth all the energy of Anne. Her brother-in-law, Duke John of Bourbon, the head of his house, died on the 1st of April, 1488, leaving to his younger brother, Peter, his title and domains. Having thus become Duchess of Bourbon, and being well content with this elevation in rank and fortune, Madame the Great (as Anne de Beaujeu was popularly called) was somewhat less eagerly occupied with the business of the realm, was less constant at the king’s council, and went occasionally with her husband to stay a while in their own territories. Charles VIII., moreover, having nearly arrived at man’s estate, made more frequent manifestations of his own personal will; and Anne, clear-sighted and discreet though ambitious, was little by little changing her dominion into influence. But some weeks after the battle of St. Aubin-du-Cormier, on the 7th or 9th of September, 1488, the death of Francis II., Duke of Brittany, rendered the active intervention of the Duchess of Bourbon natural and necessary; for

Page 188

he left his daughter, the Princess Anne, barely eighteen years old, exposed to all the difficulties attendant upon the government of her inheritance, and to all the intrigues of the claimants to her hand. In the summer of 1489, Charles VIII. and his advisers learned that the Count of Nassau, having arrived in Brittany with the proxy of Archduke Maximilian, had by a mock ceremony espoused the Breton princess in his master's name. This strange mode of celebration could not give the marriage a real and indissoluble character; but the concern in the court of France was profound. In Brittany there was no mystery any longer made about the young duchess's engagement; she already took the title of Queen of the Romans. Charles VIII. loudly protested against this pretended marriage; and to give still more weight to his protest he sent to Henry VII., King of England, who was much mixed up with the affairs of Brittany, ambassadors charged to explain to him the right which France had to oppose the marriage of the young Duchess with Archduke Maximilian, at the same time taking care not to give occasion for thinking that Charles had any views on his own account in that quarter. "The king my master," said the ambassador, "doth propose to assert by arms his plain rights over the kingdom of Naples, now occupied by some usurper or other, a bastard of the house of Arragon. He doth consider, moreover, the conquest of Naples only as a bridge thrown down before him for to take him into Greece; there he is resolved to lavish his blood and his treasure, though he should have to pawn his crown and drain his kingdom, for to overthrow the tyranny of the Ottomans, and open to himself in this way the kingdom of Heaven." The King of England gave a somewhat ironical reply to this chivalrous address, merely asking whether the King of France would consent not to dispose of the heiress of Brittany's hand, save on the condition of not marrying her himself. The ambassadors shuffled out of the question by saying that their master was so far from any such idea, that it had not been foreseen in their instructions.

Whether it had or had not been foreseen and meditated upon, so soon as the reunion of Brittany with France by the marriage of the young duchess, Anne, with King Charles VIII. appeared on the horizon as a possible, and, peradventure, probable fact, it became the common desire, aim, and labor of all the French politicians who up to that time had been opposed, persecuted, and proscribed. Since the battle of St. Aubin-du-Cormier, Duke Louis of Orleans had been a prisoner in the Tower of Bourges, and so strictly guarded that he was confined at night in an iron cage like Cardinal Balue's for fear he should escape. In vain had his wife, Joan of France, an unhappy and virtuous princess, ugly and deformed, who had never been able to gain her husband's affections, implored her all-powerful sister, Anne of Bourbon, to set him at liberty: "As I am incessantly thinking," she wrote

Page 189

to her, “about my husband’s release, I have conceived the idea of setting down in writing the fashion in which peace might be had, and my said husband be released. I am writing it out for the king, and you will see it all. I pray you, sister, to look to it that I may get a few words in answer; it has been a very sad thing for me that I never see you now.” There is no trace of any answer from Anne to her sister. Charles VIII. had a heart more easily touched. When Joan, in mourning, came and threw herself at his feet, saying, “Brother, my husband is dragging on his life in prison; and I am in such trouble that I know not what I ought to say in his defence. If he has had aught wherewith to reproach himself, I am the only one whom he has outraged. Pardon him, brother; you will never have so happy a chance of being generous.” “You shall have him, sister,” said Charles, kissing her; “grant Heaven that you may not repent one day of that which you are doing for him to-day!” Some days after this interview, in May, 1491, Charles, without saying anything about it to the duchess, Anne of Bourbon, set off one evening from Plessis du Pare on pretence of going a-hunting, and on reaching Berry sent for the Duke of Orleans from the Tower of Bourges. Louis, in raptures at breathing the air of freedom, at the farthest glimpse he caught of the king, leaped down from his horse and knelt, weeping, on the ground. “Charles,” says the chronicler, “sprang upon his neck, and knew not what cheer (reception) to give him, to make it understood that he was acting of his own motion and free will.” Charles ill understood his sister Anne, and could scarcely make her out. But two convictions had found their way into that straightforward and steady mind of hers; one, that a favorable time had arrived for uniting Brittany with France, and must be seized; the other, that the period of her personal dominion was over, and that all she had to do was to get herself well established in her new position. She wrote to the king her brother to warn him against the accusations and wicked rumors of which she might possibly be the object. He replied to her on the 21st of June, 1491: “My good sister, my dear, Louis de Pesclins has informed me that you have knowledge that certain matters have been reported to me against you; whereupon I answered him that nought of the kind had been reported to me; and I assure you that none would dare so to speak to me; for, in whatsoever fashion it might, I would not put faith therein, as I hope to tell you when we are together,—bidding you adieu, my good sister, my dear.” After having re-assured his sister, Charles set about reconciling her, as well as her husband, the Duke of Bourbon, with her brother-in-law, the Duke of Orleans. Louis, who was of a frank and by no means rancorous disposition, as he himself said and proved at a later period, submitted with a good grace; and on the 4th of September, 1491, at La Fleche, the princes jointly made oath, by their

Page 190

baptism and with their hands on the book of the Gospels, “to hold one another once more in perpetual affection, and to forget all old rancor, hatred, and ill will, for to well and loyally serve King Charles, guard his person and authority, and help him to comfort the people, and set in order his household and his kingdom.” Councillors and servants were included in this reconciliation of the masters; and Philip de Commynes and the Bishop of Montauban, ere long Archbishop of Rouen, Governor of Normandy, and Cardinal d’Amboise, went out of disgrace, took their places again in the king’s councils, and set themselves loyally to the work of accomplishing that union between Charles VIII. and Anne of Brittany, whereby France was to achieve the pacific conquest of Brittany.

Pacific as it was, this conquest cost some pains, and gave some trouble. In person Charles VIII. was far from charming; he was short and badly built; he had an enormous head; great, blank-looking eyes; an aquiline nose, bigger and thicker than was becoming; thick lips, too, and everlastingly open; nervous twitchings, disagreeable to see; and slow speech. “In my judgment,” adds the ambassador from Venice, Zachary Contarini, who had come to Paris in May, 1492, “I should hold that, body and mind, he is not worth much; however, they all sing his praises in Paris as a right lusty gallant at playing of tennis, and at hunting, and at jousting, exercises to the which, in season and out of season, he doth devote a great deal of time.” The same ambassador says of Anne of Brittany, who had then been for four months Queen of France, “The queen is short also, thin, lame of one foot, and perceptibly so, though she does what she can for herself by means of boots with high heels, a brunette and very pretty in the face, and, for her age, very knowing; in such sort that what she has once taken into her head she will obtain somehow or other, whether it be smiles or tears that be needed for it.” —[*La Diplomatic Venitienne au Seizieme Siecle,* by M. Armand Baschet, p. 325 (Paris, 1862).] Knowing as she was, Anne was at the same time proud and headstrong; she had a cultivated mind; she was fond of the arts, of poetry, and of ancient literature; she knew Latin, and even a little Greek; and having been united, though by proxy and at a distance, to a prince whom she had never seen, but whom she knew to be tall, well made, and a friend to the sciences, she revolted at the idea of giving him up for a prince without beauty, and to such an extent without education, that, it is said, Charles VIII., when he ascended the throne, was unable to read. When he was spoken of to the young princess, “I am engaged in the bonds of matrimony to Archduke Maximilian,” said Anne: “and the King of France, on his side, is affianced to the Princess Marguerite of Austria; we are not free, either of us.” She went so far as to say that she would set out and go and join Maximilian. Her advisers, who had nearly all of them become advocates of the French

Page 191

marriage, did their best to combat this obstinacy on the part of their princess, and they proposed to her other marriages. Anne answered, “I will marry none but a king or a king’s son.” Whilst the question was thus being disputed at the little court of Rennes, the army of Charles VIII. was pressing the city more closely every day. Parleys took place between the leaders of the two hosts; and the Duke of Orleans made his way into Rennes, had an interview with the Duchess Anne, and succeeded in shaking her in her refusal of any French marriage. “Many maintain,” says Count Philip de Segur [*Histoire de Charles VIII,* t. i. p. 217], “that Charles VIII. himself entered alone and without escort into the town he was besieging, had a conversation with the young duchess, and left to her the decision of their common fate, declaring to her that she was free and he her captive; that all roads would be open to her to go to England or to Germany; and that, for himself, he would go to Touraine to await the decision whereon depended, together with the happiness of his own future, that of all the kingdom.” Whatever may be the truth about these chivalrous traditions, there was concluded on the 15th of September, 1491, a treaty whereby the two parties submitted themselves for an examination of all questions that concerned them to twenty-four commissioners, taken half and half from the two hosts; and, in order to give the preconcerted resolution an appearance of mutual liberty, authority was given to the young Duchess Anne to go, if she pleased, and join Maximilian in Germany. Charles VIII., accompanied by a hundred men-at-arms and fifty archers of his guard, again entered Rennes; and three days afterwards the King of France and the Duchess of Brittany were secretly affianced in the chapel of Notre-Dame. The Duke of Orleans, the Duchess of Bourbon, the Prince of Orange, Count Dunois, and some Breton lords, were the sole witnesses of the ceremony. Next day Charles VIII. left Rennes and repaired to the castle of Langeais in Touraine. There the Duchess Anne joined him a fortnight afterwards. The young Princess Marguerite of Austria, who had for eight years been under guardianship and education at Amboise as the future wife of the King of France, was removed from France and taken back into Flanders to her father, Archduke Maximilian, with all the external honors that could alleviate such an insult. On the 13th of December, 1491, the contract of marriage between Charles VIII. and Anne of Brittany was drawn up in the great hall of the castle of Langeais, in two drafts, one in French and the other in Breton. The Bishop of Alby celebrated the nuptial ceremony. By that deed, “if my Lady Anne were to die before King Charles, and his children, issue of their marriage, she ceded and transferred irrevocably to him and his successors, kings of France, all her rights to the duchy of Brittany. King Charles ceded in like manner to my Lady Anne his rights to the possession

Page 192

of the said duchy, if he were to die before her with-out children born of their marriage. My Lady Anne could not, in case of widowhood, contract a second marriage save with the future king, if it were his pleasure and were possible, or with other near and presumptive future successor to the throne, who should be bound to make to the king regnant, on account of the said duchy, the same acknowledgments that the predecessors of the said Lady Anne had made." On the 7th of February, 1492, Anne was crowned at St. Denis; and next day, the 8th of February, she made her entry in state into Paris, amidst the joyful and earnest acclamations of the public. A sensible and a legitimate joy: for the reunion of Brittany to France was the consolidation of the peace which, in this same century, on the 17th of September, 1453, had put an end to the Hundred Years' War between France and England, and was the greatest act that remained to be accomplished to insure the definitive victory and the territorial constitution of French nationality.

[Illustration: Meeting between Charles VIII, and Anne of Brittany——282]

Charles VIII. was pleased with and proud of himself. He had achieved a brilliant and a difficult marriage. In Europe, and within his own household, he had made a display of power and independence. In order to espouse Anne of Brittany, he had sent back Marguerite of Austria to her father. He had gone in person and withdrawn from prison his cousin Louis of Orleans, whom his sister, Anne de Beaujeu, had put there; and so far from having got embroiled with her, he saw all the royal family reconciled around him. This was no little success for a young prince of twenty-one. He thereupon devoted himself with ardor and confidence to his desire of winning back the kingdom of Naples, which Alphonso I., King of Arragon, had wrested from the house of France, and of thereby re-opening for himself in the East, and against Islamry, that career of Christian glory which had made a saint of his ancestor, Louis IX. Mediocre men are not safe from the great dreams which have more than once seduced and ruined the greatest men. The very mediocre son of Louis XI., on renouncing his father's prudent and by no means chivalrous policy, had no chance of becoming a great warrior and a saint; but not the less did he take the initiative as to those wars in Italy which were to be so costly to his successors and to France. By two treaties concluded in 1493 [one at Barcelona on the 19th of January and the other at Senlis on the 23d of May], he gave up Roussillon and Cerdagne to Ferdinand the Catholic, King of Arragon, and Franche-Comte, Artois, and Charolais to the house of Austria, and, after having at such a lamentable price purchased freedom of movement, he went and took up his quarters at Lyons to prepare for his Neapolitan venture.

Page 193

In his council he found loyal and able opponents. "On the undertaking of this trip," says Philip de Commynes, one of those present, "there was many a discussion, for it seemed to all folks of wisdom and experience very dangerous . . . all things necessary for so great a purpose were wanting; the king was very young, a poor creature, wilful and with but a small attendance of wise folk and good leaders; no ready money; neither tents, nor pavilions for wintering in Lombardy. One thing good they had: a lusty company full of young men of family, but little under control." The chiefest warrior of France at this time, Philip de Crevecoeur, Marshal d'Esquerdes, threw into the opposition the weight of his age and of his recognized ability. "The greatness and tranquillity of the realm," said he, "depend on possession of the Low Countries; that is the direction in which we must use all our exertions rather than against a state, the possession of which, so far from being advantageous to us, could not but weaken us." "Unhappily," says the latest, learned historian of Charles VIII. [*Histoire de Charles VIII.*, by the late M. de Cherrier, t. i. p. 393], "the veteran marshal died on the 22d of April, 1494, in a small town some few leagues from Lyons, and thenceforth all hope of checking the current became visionary. . . . On the 8th of September, 1494, Charles VIII. started from Grenoble, crossed Mount Genevre, and went and slept at Oulx, which was territory of Piedmont. In the evening a peasant who was accused of being a master of Vaudery [i.e. one of the Vaudois, a small population of reformers in the Alps, between Piedmont and Dauphiny] was brought before him; the king gave him audience, and then handed him over to the provost, who had him hanged on a tree." By such an act of severity, perpetrated in a foreign country and on the person of one who was not his own subject, did Charles VIII. distinguish his first entry into Italy.

[Illustration: Charles VIII. crossing the Alps——285]

It were out of place to follow out here in all its details a war which belongs to the history of Italy far more than to that of France; it will suffice to point out with precision the positions of the principal Italian states at this period, and the different shares of influence they exercised on the fate of the French expedition.

Six principal states, Piedmont, the kingdom of the Dukes of Savoy; the duchy of Milan; the republic of Venice; the republic of Florence; Rome and the pope; and the kingdom of Naples, co-existed in Italy at the end of the fifteenth century. In August, 1494, when Charles VIII. started from Lyons on his Italian expedition, Piedmout was governed by Blanche of Montferrat, widow of Charles the 'Warrior,' Duke of Savoy, in the name of her son Charles John Amadeo, a child only six years old. In the duchy of Milan the power was in the hands of Ludovic Sforza, called the Moor, who, being ambitious, faithless,

Page 194

lawless, unscrupulous, employed it in banishing to Pavia the lawful duke, his own nephew, John Galeas Mario Sforza, of whom the Florentine ambassador said to Ludovic himself, “This young man seems to me a good young man and animated by good sentiments, but very deficient in wits.” He was destined to die ere long, probably by poison. The republic of Venice had at this period for its doge Augustin Barbarigo; and it was to the council of Ten that in respect of foreign affairs as well as of the home department the power really belonged. Peter de’ Medici, son of Lorenzo de’ Medici, the father of the Muses, was feebly and stupidly, though with all the airs and pretensions of a despot, governing the republic of Florence.

Rome had for pope Alexander VI. (Poderigo Borgia), a prince who was covetous, licentious, and brazen-facedly fickle and disloyal in his policy, and who would be regarded as one of the most utterly demoralized men of the fifteenth century, only that he had for son a Caesar Borgia. Finally, at Naples, in 1494, three months before the day on which Charles VIII, entered Italy, King Alphonso II. ascended the throne. “No man,” says Commynes, “was ever more cruel than he, or more wicked, or more vicious and tainted, or more gluttonous; less dangerous, however, than his father, King Ferdinand, the which did take in and betray folks whilst giving them good cheer (kindly welcome), as hath been told to me by his relatives and friends, and who did never have any pity or compassion for his poor people.” Such, in Italy, whether in her kingdoms or her republics, were the Heads with whom Charles VIII. had to deal when he went, in the name of a disputed right, three hundred leagues away from his own kingdom in quest of a bootless and ephemeral conquest.

The reception he met with at the outset of his enterprise could not but confirm him in his illusory hopes. Whilst he was at Lyons, engaged in preparations for his departure, Duke Charles of Savoy, whose territories were the first he would have to cross, came to see him on a personal matter. “Cousin, my good friend,” said the king to him, “I am delighted to see you at Lyons, for, if you had delayed your coming, I had intended to go myself to see you, with a very numerous company, in your own dominions, where it is likely such a visit could not but have caused you loss.” “My lord,” answered the duke, “my only regret at your arrival in my dominions would be, that I should be unable to give you such welcome there as is due to so great a prince. . . . However, whether here or elsewhere, I shall be always ready to beg that you will dispose of me and all that pertains to me just as of all that might belong to your own subjects.” Duke Charles of Savoy had scarcely exaggerated; he was no longer living in September, 1494, when Charles VIII, demanded of his widow Blanche, regent in the name of her infant son, a free passage for the French army over her territory, and she not only granted his

Page 195

request, but, when he entered Turin, she had him received exactly as he might have been in the greatest cities of France. He admired the magnificent jewels she wore; and she offered to lend them to him. He accepted them, and soon afterwards borrowed on the strength of them twelve thousand golden ducats; so ill provided was he with money. The fair regent, besides, made him a present of a fine black horse, which Commynes calls the best in the world, and which, ten months later, Charles rode at the battle of Fornovo, the only victory he was to gain on retiring from this sorry campaign. On entering the country of the Milanese he did not experience the same feeling of confidence that Piedmont had inspired him with. Not that Ludovic the Moor hesitated to lavish upon him assurances of devotion. "Sir," said he, "have no fear for this enterprise; there are in Italy three powers which we consider great, and of which you have one, which is Milan; another, which is the Venetians, does not stir; so you have to do only with that of Naples, and many of your predecessors have beaten us when we were all united. If you will trust me, I will help to make you greater than ever was Charlemagne; and when you have in your hands this kingdom of Naples, we shall easily drive yon Turk out of that empire of Constantinople." These words pleased Charles VIII. mightily, and he would have readily pinned his faith to them; but he had at his side some persons more clear-sighted, and Ludovic had enemies who did not deny themselves the pleasure of enlightening the king concerning him. He invited Charles to visit Milan; he desired to parade before the eyes of the people his alliance and intimate friendship with the powerful King of France; but Charles, who had at first treated him as a friend, all at once changed his demeanor, and refused to go to Milan, "so as not to lose time." Ludovic was too good a judge to make any mistake in the matter; but he did not press the point. Charles resumed his road to Piacenza, where his army awaited him. At Pavia, vows, harangues, felicitations, protestations of devotion, were lavished upon him without restoring his confidence; quarters had been assigned to him within the city; he determined to occupy the castle, which was in a state of defence; his own guard took possession of the guard-posts; and the watch was doubled during the night. Ludovic appeared to take no notice, and continued to accompany the king as far as Piacenza, the last town in the state of Milan. Into it Charles entered with seventy-eight hundred horse, many Swiss foot, and many artillerymen and bombardiers. The Italian population regarded this army with an admiration tinged with timidity and anxiety. News was heard there to the effect that young John Galeas, nephew of Ludovic the Moor and lawful Duke of Milan, was dead. He left a son, five years old, for whom he had at Pavia implored the king's protection; and "I will look upon him as my own," King Charles had answered as

Page 196

he fondled the child. Ludovic set out in haste for Milan; and it was not long before it was known that he had been proclaimed duke and put in possession of the duchy. Distrust became general throughout the army. “Those who ought to have known best told me,” says Commynes, “that several, who had at first commended the trip, now found fault with it, and that there was a great inclination to turn back.” However, the march was continued forward; and on the 29th of October, 1494, the French army encamped before Sarzana, a Florentine town. Ludovic the Moor suddenly arrived in the camp with new proposals of alliance, on new conditions: Charles accepted some of them, and rejected the principal ones. Ludovic went away again on the 3d of November, never to return.

From this day the King of France might reckon him amongst his enemies. With the republic of Florence was henceforth to be Charles’s business. Its head, Peter de’ Medici, went to the camp at Sarzana, and Philip de Commynes started on an embassy to go and negotiate with the doge and senate of Venice, which was the chiefest of the Italian powers and the territory of which lay far out of the line of march of the King of France and his army. In the presence of the King of France and in the midst of his troops Peter de’ Medici grew embarrassed and confused. He had gone to meet the king without the knowledge of the Florentines and was already alarmed at the gravity of his situation; and he offered more concession and submission than was demanded of him. “Those who treated with him,” says Commynes, “told me, turning him to scorn and ridicule, that they were dumbfounded at his so readily granting so great a matter and what they were not prepared for.” Feelings were raised to the highest pitch at Florence when his weaknesses were known. There was a numerous and powerful party, consisting of the republicans and the envious, hostile to the Medicis; and they eagerly seized the opportunity of attacking them. A deputation, comprising the most considerable men of the city, was sent, on the 5th of November, to the King of France with a commission to obtain from him more favorable conditions. The Dominican, Jerome Savonarola, at that time the popular oracle of Florence, was one of them. With a pious hauteur that was natural and habitual to him, he adopted the same tone towards Charles as towards the people of Florence. “Hearken thou to my words,” said he, “and grave them upon thy heart. I warn thee, in God’s name, that thou must show thyself merciful and forbearing to the people of Florence, if thou wouldest that He should aid thee in thy enterprise.” Charles, who scarcely knew Savonarola by name, answered simply that he did not wish to do the Florentines any harm, but that he demanded a free passage, and all that had been promised him: “I wish to be received at Florence,” he added, “to sign there a definitive treaty which shall settle everything.” At these cold expressions the ambassadors withdrew in some

Page 197

disquietude. Peter de' Medici, who was lightly confident, returned to Florence on the 8th of November, and attempted again to seize the supreme power. A violent outbreak took place; Peter was as weak before the Florentine populace as he had been before the King of France; and, having been harried in his very palace, which was given up to pillage, it was only in the disguise of a monk that he was able, on the 9th of November, to get out of the city in company with his two brothers, Julian and Cardinal John de' Medici, of whom the latter was to be, ten years later, Pope Leo X. Peter and his brothers having been driven out, the Florentines were anxious to be reconciled with Charles VIII. Both by political tradition and popular bias the Florentine republic was favorable to France. Charles, annoyed at what had just taken place, showed but slight inclination to enter into negotiation with them; but his wisest advisers represented to him that, in order to accomplish his enterprise and march securely on Naples, he needed the good will of Florence; and the new Florentine authorities promised him the best of receptions in their city. Into it Charles entered on the 17th of November, 1494, at the head of all his army. His reception on the part of officials and populace was really magnificent. Negotiation was resumed. Charles was at first very exacting; the Florentine negotiators protested; one of them, Peter Capponi, "a man of great wits and great courage," says Guiceiardini, "highly esteemed for those qualities in Florence, and issue of a family which had been very powerful in the republic," when he heard read the exorbitant conditions proposed to them on the king's behalf, started up suddenly, took the paper from the secretary's hands, and tore it up before the king's eyes, saying, "Since you impose upon us things so dishonorable, have your trumpets sounded, and we will have our bells rung;" and he went forth from the chamber together with his comrades. Charles and his advisers thought better of it; mutual concessions were made; a treaty, concluded on the 25th of November, secured to the King of France a free passage through the whole extent of the republic, and a sum of one hundred and twenty thousand golden florins "to help towards the success of the expedition against Naples;" the commune of Florence engaged to revoke the order putting a price upon the head of Peter de' Medici as well as confiscating his goods, and not to enforce against him any penalty beyond proscription from the territory; and, the honor as well as the security of both the contracting parties having thus been provided for, Charles VIII. left Florence, and took, with his army, the road towards the Roman States.

Page 198

Having on the 7th of December, 1494, entered Acquapendente, and, on the 10th, Viterbo, he there received, on the following day, a message from Pope Alexander VI., who in his own name and that of Alphonso II., King of Naples, made him an offer of a million ducats to defray the expenses of the war, and a hundred thousand livres annually, on condition that he would abandon his enterprise against the kingdom of Naples. "I have no mind to make terms with the Arragonese usurper," answered Charles: "I will treat directly with the pope when I am in Rome, which I reckon upon entering about Christmas. I have already made known to him my intentions; I will forthwith send him ambassadors commissioned to repeat them to him." And he did send to him the most valiant of his warriors, Louis de la Tremoille, "the which was there," says the contemporary chronicler, John Bouchet, "with certain speakers, who, after having pompously reminded the pope of the whole history of the French kingship in its relations with the papacy, ended up in the following strain: 'prayeth you, then, our sovereign lord the king not to give him occasion to be, to his great sorrow, the first of his lineage who ever had war and discord with the Roman Church, whereof he and the Christian Kings of France, his predecessors, have been protectors and augmenters.' More briefly and with an affectation of sorrowful graciousness, the pope made answer to the ambassador: 'If it please King Charles, my eldest spiritual son, to enter into my city without arms in all humility, he will be most welcome; but much would it annoy me if the army of thy king should enter, because that, under shadow of it, which is said to be great and riotous, the factions and bands of Rome might rise up and cause uproar and scandal, wherefrom great discomforts might happen to the citizens.'" For three weeks the king and the pope offered the spectacle, only too common in history, of the hypocrisy of might pitted against the hypocrisy of religion. At last the pope saw the necessity of yielding; he sent for Prince Ferdinand, son of the King of Naples, and told him that he must no longer remain at Rome with the Neapolitan troops, for that the King of France was absolute about entering; and he at the same time handed him a safe-conduct under Charles's own hand. Ferdinand refused the safe-conduct, and threw himself upon his knees before the pope, asking him for his blessing: "Rise, my dear son," said the pope; "go, and have good hope; God will come to our aid." The Neapolitans departed, and on the 1st of January, 1495, Charles VIII. entered Rome with his army, "saying gentlewise," according to Brantome, "that a while agone he had made a vow to my lord St. Peter of Rome, and that of necessity he must accomplish it at the peril of his life. Behold him, then, entered into Rome," continues Brantome, "in bravery and triumph, himself armed at all points, with lance on thigh, as if he would fain pick forward to the charge. Marching in this fine and furious

Page 199

order of battle, with trumpets a-sounding and drums a-beating, he enters in and takes his lodging, by the means of his harbingers, wheresoever it seems to him good, has his bodies of guards set, posts his sentinels about the places and districts of the noble city, with no end of rounds and patrols, has his tribunals and his gallows planted in five or six different spots, his edicts and ordinances being published and proclaimed by sound of trumpet, as if he had been in Paris. Go find me ever a King of France who did such things, save Charlemagne; yet trow I he did not bear himself with authority so superb and imperious. What remained, then, more for this great king, if not to make himself full master of this glorious city which had subdued all the world in days of yore, as it was in his power to do, and as he, perchance, would fain have done, in accordance with his ambition and with some of his council, who urged him mightily thereto, if it were only for to keep himself secure. But far from this: violation of holy religion gave him pause, and the reproach that might have been brought against him of having done offence to his Holiness, though reason enough had been given him: on the contrary, he rendered him all honor and obedience, even to kissing in all humility his slipper!" [*Oeuvres de Brantome* (Paris, 1822), t. ii. p. 3.] No excuse is required for quoting this fragment of Brantome; for it gives the truest and most striking picture of the conditions of facts and sentiments during this transitory encounter between a madly adventurous king and a brazen-facedly dishonest pope. Thus they passed four weeks at Rome, the pope having retired at first to the Vatican and afterwards to the castle of St. Angelo, and Charles remaining master of the city, which, in a fit of mutual ill-humor and mistrust, was for one day given over to pillage and the violence of the soldiery. At last, on the 15th of January, a treaty was concluded which regulated pacific relations between the two sovereigns, and secured to the French army a free passage through the States of the Church, both going to Naples and also returning, and provisional possession of the town of Civita Vecchia, on condition that it should be restored to the pope when the king returned to France. On the 16th and 19th of January the pope and the king had two interviews, one private and the other public, at which they renewed their engagements, and paid one another the stipulated honors. It was announced that, on the 23d of January, the Arragonese King of Naples, Alphonso II., had abdicated in favor of his son, Ferdinand II.; and, on the 28th of January, Charles VIII. took solemn leave of the pope, received his blessing, and left Rome, as he had entered it, at the head of his army, and more confident than ever in the success of the expedition he was going to carry out.

[Illustration: Charles VIII——293]

Page 200

Ferdinand II., the new King of Naples, who had no lack of energy or courage, was looking everywhere, at home and abroad, for forces and allies to oppose the imminent invasion. To the Duke of Milan he wrote, “Remember that we two are of the same blood. It is much to be desired that a league should at once be formed between the pope, the kings of the Romans and Spain, you, and Venice. If these powers are united, Italy would have nought to fear from any. Give me your support; I have the greatest need of it. If you back me, I shall owe to you the preservation of my throne, and I will honor you as my father.” He ordered the Neapolitan envoy at Constantinople to remind Sultan Bajazet of the re-enforcements he had promised his father, King Alphonso: “Time presses; the King of France is advancing in person on Naples; be instant in solicitation; be importunate if necessary, so that the Turkish army cross the sea without delay. Be present yourself at the embarkation of the troops. Be active; run; fly.” He himself ran through all his kingdom, striving to resuscitate some little spark of affection and hope. He had no success anywhere; the memory of the king his father was hateful; he was himself young and without influence; his ardor caused fear instead of sympathy. Charles kept advancing along the kingdom through the midst of people that remained impassive when they did not give him a warm reception. The garrison of Monte San Giovanni, the strongest place on the frontier, determined to resist. The place was carried by assault in a few hours, and “the assailants,” says a French chronicler, “without pity or compassion, made short work of all those plunderers and malefactors, whose bodies they hurled down from the walls. The carnage lasted eight whole hours.” A few days afterwards Charles with his guard arrived in front of San Germano: “The clergy awaited him at the gate with cross and banner; men of note carried a dais under the which he took his place; behind him followed men, women, and children, chanting this versicle from the Psalms: ’Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini! Blessed be he that cometh in the name of the Lord!’” The town of Capua was supposed to be very much attached to the house of Arragon; John James Trivulzio, a valiant Milanese captain, who had found asylum and fortune in Naples, had the command there; and thither King Ferdinand hurried. “I am going to Naples for troops,” said he to the inhabitants; “wait for me confidently; and if by to-morrow evening you do not see me return, make your own terms with King Charles; you have my full authority.” On arriving at Naples, he said to the Neapolitans, “Hold out for a fortnight; I will not expose the capital of my kingdom to be stormed by barbarians; if, within a fort-night hence, I have not prevented the enemy from crossing the Volturno, you may ask him for terms of capitulation;” and back he went to Capua. When he was within sight of the ramparts he heard

Page 201

that on the previous evening, before it was night, the French had been admitted into the town. Trivulzio had been to visit King Charles at Teano, and had offered, in the name of his troops and of the Capuans, to surrender Capua; he had even added, says Guicciardini, that he did not despair of bringing King Ferdinand himself to an arrangement, if a suitable provision were guaranteed to him. "I willingly accept the offer you make me in the name of your troops and of the Capuans," answered Charles: "as for the Arragonese prince, he shall be well received if he come to me; but let him understand that not an inch of ground shall be left to him in this kingdom; in France he shall have honors and beautiful domains." On the 18th of February Charles entered Capua amidst the cheers of the people; and on the same day Trivulzio went over to his service with a hundred lances. On returning to Naples, Ferdinand found the gates closed, and could not get into Castel Nuovo save by a postern. At that very moment the mob was pillaging his stables; he went down from the fortress, addressed the crowd collected beneath the ramparts in a few sad and bitter words, into which he tried to infuse some leaven of hope, took certain measures to enable the two forts of Naples, Castel Nuovo and Castel dell Uovo, to defend themselves for a few days longer, and, on the 23d of February, went for refuge to the island of Ischia, repeating out loud, as long as he had Naples in sight, this versicle from the Psalms: "Except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain!" At Ischia itself "he had a fresh trial to make," says Guicciardini, "of his courage and of the ungrateful faithlessness displayed towards those whom Fortune deserts." The governor of the island refused to admit him accompanied by more than one man. The prince, so soon as he got in, flung himself upon him, poniard in hand, with such fury and such an outburst of kingly authority, that all the garrison, astounded, submitted to him and gave up to him the fort and its rock. On the very eve of the day on which King Ferdinand II. was thus seeking his last refuge in the island of Ischia, Charles VIII. was entering Naples in triumph at the head of his troops, on horseback, beneath a pall of cloth of gold borne by four great Neapolitan lords, and "received," says Guicciardini, "with cheers and a joy of which it would be vain to attempt a description; the incredible exultation of a crowd of both sexes, of every age, of every condition, of every quality, of every party, as if he had been the father and first founder of the city." And the great French historian bears similar witness to that of the great Italian historian: "Never," says Commynes, "did people show so much affection to king or nation as they showed to the king, and thought all of them to be free of tyranny."

Page 202

At the news hereof the disquietude and vexation of the principal Italian powers were displayed at Venice as well as at Milan and at Rome. The Venetian senate, as prudent as it was vigilant, had hitherto maintained a demeanor of expectancy and almost of good will towards France; they hoped that Charles VIII. would be stopped or would stop of himself in his mad enterprise, without their being obliged to interfere. The doge, Augustin Barbarigo, lived on very good terms with Commynes, who was as desirous as he was that the king should recover his senses. Commynes was destined to learn how difficult and sorry a thing it is to have to promote a policy of which you disapprove. When he perceived that a league was near to being formed in Italy against the King of France, he at once informed his master of it, and attempted to dissuade the Venetians from it. They denied that they had any such design, and showed a disposition to form, in concert with the Kings of France, Spain, and the Romans, and with the whole of Italy, a league against the Turks, provided that Charles VIII. would consent to leave the King of Naples in possession of his kingdom, at the same time keeping for himself three places therein, and accepting a sum in ready money which Venice would advance. "Would to God," says Commynes, "that the king had been pleased to listen then! Of all did I give him notice, and I got bare answer. . . . When the Venetians heard that the king was in Naples, and that the strong fort, which they had great hopes would hold out, was surrendered, they sent for me one morning, and I found them in great number, about fifty or sixty, in the apartment of the prince (the doge) who was ill. Some were sitting upon a staircase leading to the benches, and had their heads resting upon their hands, others otherwise, all showing that they had great sadness at heart. And I trow that, when news came to Rome of the battle lost at Cannae against Hannibal, the senators who had remained there were not more dumbfounded and dismayed than these were; for not a single one made sign of seeing me, or spoke to me one word, save the duke (the doge), who asked me if the king would keep to that of which he had constantly sent them word, and which I had said to them. I assured them stoutly that he would, and I opened up ways for to remain at sound peace, hoping to remove their suspicions, and then I did get me gone."

The league was concluded on the 31st of March, 1495, between Pope Alexander VI., Emperor Maximilian I., as King of the Romans, the King of Spain, the Venetians, and the Duke of Milan: "To three ends," says Commynes, "for to defend Christendom against the Turks, for the defence of Italy, and for the preservation of their Estates. There was nothing in it against the king, they told me, but it was to secure themselves from him; they did not like his so deluding the world with words by saying that all he wanted was the kingdom, and then to march against the Turk, and all the while he was showing quite the contrary. . . . I remained in the city about a month after that, being as well treated as before; and then I went my way, having been summoned by the king, and being conducted in perfect security, at their expense, to Ferrara, whence I went to Florence for to await the king."

Page 203

When Ferdinand II. took refuge in the island of Ischia, and Castel Nuovo and Castel dell' Uovo had surrendered at Naples, Charles VIII., considering himself in possession of the kingdom, announced his intention, and, there is reason to believe, actually harbored the design, of returning to France, without asserting any further his pretensions as a conqueror. On the 20th of March, before the Italian league had been definitively concluded, Briconnet, Cardinal of St. Malo, who had attended the king throughout his expedition, wrote to the queen, Anne of Brittany, "His Majesty is using diligence as best he can to return over yonder, and has expressly charged me, for my part, to hasten his affairs. I hope he will be able to start hence about the 8th of April. He will leave over here, as lieutenant, my lord de Montpensier, with a thousand or twelve hundred lances, partly French and partly of this country, fifteen hundred Swiss, and a thousand French crossbow-men." Charles himself wrote, on the 28th of March, to his brother-in-law, the Duke of Bourbon, that he would mount his horse immediately after Quasimodo [the first Sunday after Easter], to return to France without halting, or staying in any place. But Charles, whilst so speaking and projecting, was forgetful of his giddy indolence, his frivolous tastes, and his passion for theatrical display and licentious pleasure. The climate, the country, the customs of Naples charmed him. "You would never believe," he wrote to the Duke of Bourbon, "what beautiful gardens I have in this city; on my faith, they seem to me to lack only Adam and Eve to make of them an earthly paradise, so beautiful are they, and full of nice and curious things, as I hope to tell you soon. To add to that, I have found in this country the best of painters; and I will send you some of them to make the most beautiful ceilings possible. The ceilings at Beauce, Lyons, and other places in France do not approach those of this place in beauty and richness. . . . Wherefore I shall provide myself with them, and bring them with me for to have some done at Arnboise." Politics were forgotten in the presence of these royal fancies. Charles VIII. remained nearly two months at Naples after the Italian league had been concluded, and whilst it was making its preparations against him was solely concerned about enjoying, in his beautiful but precarious kingdom, "all sorts of mundane pleasaunces," as his councillor, the Cardinal of St. Malo, says, and giving entertainments to his new subjects, as much disposed as himself to forget everything in amusement. On the 12th of May, 1495, all the population of Naples and of the neighboring country was afoot early to see their new king make his entry in state as King of Naples, Sicily, and Jerusalem, with his Neapolitan court and his French army. Charles was on horseback beneath a rich dais borne by great Neapolitan lords; he had a close crown on his head, the sceptre in his right hand, and a golden globe in his left; in front

Page 204

of this brilliant train he took his way through the principal streets of the city, halting at the five knots of the noblesse, where the gentlemen and their wives who had assembled there detained him a long while, requesting him to be pleased to confer with his own hand the order of knighthood on their sons, which he willingly did. At last he reached the cathedral church of St. Januarius, which had recently been rebuilt by Alphonso I. of Arragon, after the earth-quake of 1456. The archbishop, at the head of his clergy, came out to meet him, and conducted him to the front of the high altar, where the head of St. Januarius was exhibited.

When all these solemnities had been accomplished to the great satisfaction of the populace, bonfires were lighted up for three days; the city was illuminated; and only a week afterwards, on the 20th of May, 1495, Charles VIII. started from Naples to return to France, with an army, at the most, from twelve to fifteen thousand strong, leaving for guardian of his new kingdom his cousin, Gilbert of Bourbon, Count de Montpensier, a brave but indolent knight (who never rose, it was said, until noon), with eight or ten thousand men, scattered for the most part throughout the provinces.

During the months of April and May, thus wasted by Charles VIII., the Italian league, and especially the Venetians and the Duke of Milan, Ludovic the Moor, had vigorously pushed forward their preparations for war, and had already collected an army more numerous than that with which the King of France, in order to return home, would have to traverse the whole of Italy. He took more than six weeks to traverse it, passing three days at Rome, four at Siena, the same number at Pisa, and three at Lucca, though he had declared that he would not halt anywhere. He evaded entering Florence, where he had made promises which he could neither retract nor fulfil. The Dominican Savonarola, “who had always preached greatly in the king’s favor,” says Commynes, “and by his words had kept the Florentines from turning against us,” came to see him on his way at Poggibonsi. “I asked him,” said Commynes, “whether the king would be able to cross without danger to his person, seeing the great muster that was being made by the Venetians. He answered me that the king would have trouble on the road, but that the honor would remain his, though he had but a hundred men at his back; but, seeing that he had not done well for the reformation of the Church, as he ought, and had suffered his men to plunder and rob the people, God had given sentence against him, and in short he would have a touch of the scourge.”

Page 205

Several contemporary historians affirm that if the Italian army, formed by the Venetians and the Duke of Milan, had opposed the march of the French army, they might have put it in great peril; but nothing of the kind was attempted. It was at the passage of the Appennines, so as to cross them and descend into the duchy of Parma, that Charles VIII. had for the first time to overcome resistance, not from men, but from nature. He had in his train a numerous and powerful artillery, from which he promised himself a great deal when the day of battle came; and he had to get it up and down by steep paths, “Here never,” says the chronicle of La Tremoille, “had car or carriage gone. . . .” The king, knowing that the lord of La Tremoille, such was his boldness and his strong will, thought nothing impossible, gave to him this duty, which he willingly undertook; and, to the end that the footmen, Swiss, German, and others, might labor thereat without fearing the heat, he addressed them as follows: ’The proper nature of us Gauls is strength, boldness, and ferocity. We triumphed at our coming; better would it be for us to die, than to lose by cowardice the delight of such praise; we are all in the flower of our age and the vigor of our years; let each lend a hand to the work of dragging the gun-carriages and carrying the cannon-balls; ten crowns to the first man that reaches the top of the mountain before me!’ Throwing off his armor, La Tremoille, in hose and shirt, himself lent a hand to the work; by dint of pulling and pushing, the artillery was got to the brow of the mountain; it was then harder still to get it down the other side, along a very narrow and rugged incline; and five whole days were spent on this rough work, which luckily the generals of the enemy did not attempt to molest. La Tremoille, “black as a Moor,” says the chronicle, “by reason of the murderous heat he had endured, made his report to the king, who said, ’By the light of this day, cousin, you have done more than ever could Annibal of Carthage or Caesar have done, to the peril of your person, whereof you have not been sparing to serve me, me and mine. I vow to God, that if I may only see you back in France, the recompense I hope to make you shall be so great, that others shall conceive fresh desire to serve me.’”

Charles VIII. was wise to treat his brave men well; for the day was at hand when he would need them and all their bravery. It was in the duchy of Parma, near the town of Fornovo, on the right bank of the Taro, an affluent of the Po, that the French and Italian armies met, on the 5th of July, 1495. The French army was nine or ten thousand strong, with five or six thousand camp followers, servants or drivers; the Italian army numbered at least thirty thousand men, well supplied and well rested, whereas the French were fatigued with their long march, and very badly off for supplies. During the night between the 5th and 6th of July, a violent storm burst over the

Page 206

country, “rain, lightnings, and thunder so mighty,” says Commynes, “that none could say more; seemed that heaven and earth would dissolve, or that it portended some great disaster to come.” Next day, at six in the morning, Charles VIII. heard mass, received the communion, mounted on horseback, and set out to join his own division. “I went to him,” says Commynes, “and found him armed at all points, and mounted upon the finest horse I had ever seen in my life, called Savoy; Duke Charles of Savoy (the Duchess of Savoy,? v. p. 288) had given it him; it was black, and had but one eye; it was a middle-sized horse, of good height for him who was upon it. Seemed that this young man was quite other than either his nature, his stature, or his complexion bespoke him, for he was very timid in speaking, and is so to this day. That horse made him look tall; and he had a good countenance, and of good color, and speech bold and sensible.” On perceiving Commynes, the king said to him, “Go and see if yonder folks would fain parley.” “Sir,” answered Commynes, “I will do so willingly; but I never saw two so great hosts so near to one another, and yet go their ways without fighting.” He went, nevertheless, to the Venetian advanced posts, and his trumpeter was admitted to the presence of the Marquis of Mantua, who commanded the Italian army; but skirmishing had already commenced in all quarters, and the first boom of the cannon was heard just as the marquis was reading Commynes’ letter. “It is too late to speak of peace,” said he; and the trumpeter was sent back. The king had joined the division which he was to lead to battle. “Gentlemen,” said he to the men-at-arms who pressed around him, “you will live or die here with me, will you not?” And then raising his voice that he might be heard by the troops, “They are ten times as many as we,” he said; “but you are ten times better than they; God loves the French; He is with us, and will do battle for us. As far as Naples I have had the victory over my enemies; I have brought you hither without shame or blame; with God’s help I will lead you back into France, to our honor and that of our kingdom.” The men-at-arms made the sign of the cross; the foot-soldiers kissed the ground; and the king made several knights, according to custom, before going into action. The Marquis of Mantua’s squadrons were approaching. “Sir,” said the bastard of Bourbon, “there is no longer time for the amusement of making knights; the enemy is coming on in force; go we at him.” The king gave orders to charge, and the battle began at all points.

[Illustration: Battle of Fornovo——303]

Page 207

It was very hotly contested, but did not last long, with alternations of success and reverse on both sides. The two principal commanders in the king's army, Louis de la Tremoille and John James Trivulzio, sustained without recoiling the shock of troops far more numerous than their own. "At the throat! at the throat!!" shouted La Tremoille, after the first onset, and his three hundred men-at-arms burst upon the enemy and broke their line. In the midst of the melley, the French baggage was attacked by the Stradiots, a sort of light infantry composed of Greeks recruited and paid by the Venetians. "Let them be," said Trivulzio to his men; "their zeal for plunder will make them forget all, and we shall give the better account of them." At one moment, the king had advanced before the main body of his guard, without looking to see if they were close behind him, and was not more than a hundred paces from the Marquis of Mantua, who, seeing him scantily attended, bore down at the head of his cavalry. "Not possible is it," says Commynes, "to do more doughtily than was done on both sides." The king, being very hard pressed, defended himself fiercely against those who would have taken him; the bastard Matthew of Bourbon, his brother-in-arms and one of the bravest knights in the army, had thrown himself twenty paces in front of him to cover him, and had just been taken prisoner by the Marquis of Mantua in person, when a mass of the royal troops came to their aid, and released them from all peril. Here it was that Peter du Terrail, the Chevalier de Bayard, who was barely twenty years of age, and destined to so glorious a renown, made his first essay in arms; he had two horses killed under him, and took a standard, which he presented to the king, who after the battle made him a present of five hundred crowns.

Charles VIII. remained master of the battle-field. "There were still to be seen," says Commynes, "outside their camp, a great number of men-at-arms, whose lances and heads only were visible, and likewise foot-soldiers. The king put it to the council whether he ought to give chase to them or not; some were for marching against them; but the French were not of this opinion; they said that enough had been done, that it was late, and that it was time to get lodged. Night was coming on; the host which had been in front of us withdrew into their camp, and we went to get lodged a quarter of a league from where the battle had been. The king put up at a poorly-built farm-house, but he found there an infinite quantity of corn in sheaves, whereby the whole army profited. Some other bits of houses there were hard by, which did for a few; and every one lodged as he could, without making any cantonment, I know well enough that I lay in a vineyard, at full length on the bare ground, without anything else and without cloak, for the king had borrowed mine in the morning. Whoever had the wherewith made a meal, but few had, save a hunch of bread from

Page 208

a varlet's knapsack. I went to see the king in his chamber, where there were some wounded whom he was having dressed; he wore a good mien, and every one kept a good face; and we were not so boastful as a little before the battle, because we saw the enemy near us." Six days after the battle, on the 12th of July, the king wrote to his sister, the Duchess Anne of Bourbon, "Sister, my dear, I commend myself to you right heartily. I wrote to my brother how that I found in my way a big army that Lord Ludovic, the Venetians, and their allies, had got ready against me, thinking to keep me from passing. Against which, with God's help, such resistance was made, that I am come hither without any loss. Furthermore, I am using the greatest diligence that can be to get right away, and I hope shortly to see you, which is my desire, in order to tell you at good length all about my trip. And so God bless you, sister, my dear, and may He have you in His keeping!"

Both armies might and did claim the victory, for they had, each of them, partly succeeded in their design. The Italians wished to unmistakably drive out of Italy Charles VIII., who was withdrawing voluntarily; but to make it an unmistakable retreat, he ought to have been defeated, his army beaten, and himself perhaps a prisoner. With that view they attempted to bar his passage and beat him on Italian ground: in that they failed; Charles, remaining master of the battle-field, went on his way in freedom, and covered with glory, he and his army. He certainly left Italy, but he left it with the feeling of superiority in arms, and with the intention of returning thither better informed and better supplied. The Italian allies were triumphant, but without any ground of security or any lustre; the expedition of Charles VIII. was plainly only the beginning of the foreigner's ambitious projects, invasions and wars against their own beautiful land. The King of France and his men of war had not succeeded in conquering it, but they had been charmed with such an abode; they had displayed in their campaign knightly qualities more brilliant and more masterful than the studied duplicity and elegant effeminacy of the Italians of the fifteenth century, and, after the battle of Fornovo, they returned to France justly proud and foolishly confident, notwithstanding the incompleteness of their success.

[Illustration: CASTLE OF AMBOISE——308]

Charles VIII. reigned for nearly three years longer after his return to his kingdom; and for the first two of them he passed his time in indolently dreaming of his plans for a fresh invasion of Italy, and in frivolous abandonment to his pleasures and the entertainments at his court, which he moved about from Lyons to Moulins, to Paris, to Tours, and to Amboise. The news which came to him from Italy was worse and worse every day. The Count de Montpensier, whom he had left at Naples, could not hold his own there, and died a prisoner there on the 11th of November, 1496, after

Page 209

having found himself driven from place to place by Ferdinand II., who by degrees recovered possession of nearly all his kingdom, merely, himself also, to die there on the 6th of October, leaving for his uncle and successor, Frederick III., the honor of recovering the last four places held by the French. Charles ordered a fresh army of invasion to be formed, and the Duke of Orleans was singled out to command it; but he evaded this commission. The young *dauphin*, Charles Orlando, three years old, had just died, “a fine child and bold of speech,” says Commynes, “and one that feared not the things that other children are wont to fear.” Duke Louis of Orleans, having thus become heir to the throne, did not care to go and run risks at a distance. He, nevertheless, declared his readiness to obey an express command from the king if the title of lieutenant-general were given him; but “I will never send him to war on compulsion,” said Charles, and nothing more was said about it. Whilst still constantly talking of the war he had in view, Charles attended more often and more earnestly than he hitherto had to the internal affairs of his kingdom. “He had gotten it into his head,” says Commynes, “that he would fain live according to God’s commandments, and set justice and the Church in good order. He would also revise his finances, in such sort as to levy on the people but twelve hundred thousand francs, and that in form of talliage, besides his own property on which he would live, as did the kings of old.” His two immediate predecessors, Charles VII. and Louis IX., had decreed the collation and revision of local customs, so often the rule of civil jurisdiction; but the work made no progress: Charles VIII., by a decree dated March 15, 1497, abridged the formalities, and urged on the execution of it, though it was not completed until the reign of Charles IX. By another decree, dated August 2, 1497, he organized and regulated, as to its powers as well as its composition, the king’s grand council, the supreme administrative body, which was a fixture at Paris. He began even to contemplate a reformation of his own life; he had inquiries made as to how St. Louis used to proceed in giving audience to the lower orders; his intention, he said, was to henceforth follow the footsteps of the most justice-loving of French kings. “He set up,” says Commynes, “a public audience, whereat he gave ear to everybody, and especially to the poor; I saw him thereat, a week before his death, for two good hours, and I never saw him again. He did not much business at this audience; but at least it was enough to keep folks in awe, and especially his own officers, of whom he had suspended some for extortion.” It is but too often a man’s fate to have his life slip from him just as he was beginning to make a better use of it. On the 7th of April, 1498, Charles VIII. was pleased, after dinner, to go down with the queen into the fosses of the castle of Amboise, to

Page 210

see a game of tennis. Their way lay through a gallery the opening of which was very low; and the king, short as he was, hit his forehead. Though he was a little dizzy with the blow, he did not stop, watched the players for some time, and even conversed with several persons; but about two in the afternoon, whilst he was a second time traversing this passage on his way back to the castle, he fell backwards and lost consciousness. He was laid upon a paltry paillasse in that gallery where everybody went in and out at pleasure; and in that wretched place, after a lapse of nine hours, expired "he," says Commynes, "who had so many fine houses, and who was making so fine an one at Amboise; so small a matter is our miserable life, which giveth us so much trouble for the things of the world, and kings cannot help themselves any more than peasants. I arrived at Amboise two days after his decease; I went to say mine orison at the spot where was the corpse; and there I was for five or six hours. And, of a verity, there was never seen the like mourning, nor that lasted so long; he was so good that better creature cannot be seen; the most humane and gentle address that ever was was his; I trow that to never a man spake he aught that could displease; and at a better hour could he never have died for to remain of great renown in histories and regretted by those that served him. I trow I was the man to whom he showed most roughness; but knowing that it was in his youth, and that it did not proceed from him, I never bore him ill-will for it."

Probably no king was ever thus praised for his goodness, and his goodness alone, by a man whom he had so maltreated, and who, as judicious and independent as he was just, said of this same king, "He was not better off for sense than for money, and he thought of nothing but pastime and his pleasures."

CHAPTER XXVII.——THE WARS IN ITALY.—LOUIS XII. 1498-1515.

On ascending the throne Louis XII. reduced the public taxes and confirmed in their posts his predecessor's chief advisers, using to Louis de la Tremoille, who had been one of his most energetic foes, that celebrated expression, "The King of France avenges not the wrongs of the Duke of Orleans." At the same time, on the day of his coronation at Rheims [May 27, 1492], he assumed, besides his title of King of France, the titles of King of Naples and of Jerusalem and Duke of Milan. This was as much as to say that he would pursue a pacific and conservative policy at home and a warlike and adventurous policy abroad. And, indeed, his government did present these two phases, so different and inharmonious. By his policy at home Louis XII. deserved and obtained the name of Father of the People; by his enterprises and wars abroad he involved France still more deeply than Charles VIII. had in that mad course of distant, reckless, and incoherent conquests for which his successor, Francis I., was destined to pay by

capture at Pavia and by the lamentable treaty of Madrid, in 1526, as the price of his release. Let us follow these two portions of Louis XII.'s reign, each separately, without mixing up one with the other by reason of identity of dates. We shall thus get at a better understanding and better appreciation of their character and their results.

Page 211

Outside of France, Milaness [the Milanese district] was Louis XII.'s first thought, at his accession, and the first object of his desire. He looked upon it as his patrimony. His grandmother, Valentine Visconti, widow of that Duke of Orleans who had been assassinated at Paris in 1407 by order of John the Fearless, Duke of Burgundy, had been the last to inherit the duchy of Milan, which the Sforzas, in 1450, had seized. When Charles VIII. invaded Italy in 1494, "Now is the time," said Louis, "to enforce the rights of Valentine Visconti, my grandmother, to Milaness." And he, in fact, asserted them openly, and proclaimed his intention of vindicating them so soon as he found the moment propitious. When he became king, his chance of success was great. The Duke of Milan, Ludovic, the Moor, had by his sagacity and fertile mind, by his taste for arts and sciences and the intelligent patronage he bestowed upon them, by his ability in speaking, and by his facile character, obtained in Italy a position far beyond his real power. Leonardo da Vinci, one of the most eminent amongst the noble geniuses of the age, lived on intimate terms with him; but Ludovic was, nevertheless, a turbulent rascal and a greedy tyrant, of whom those who did not profit by his vices or the enjoyments of his court were desirous of being relieved. He had, moreover, embroiled himself with his neighbors the Venetians, who were watching for an opportunity of aggrandizing themselves at his expense. As early as the 20th of April, 1498, a fortnight after his accession, Louis XII. addressed to the Venetians a letter "most gracious," says the contemporary chronicler Marino Sanuto, "and testifying great good-will;" and the special courier who brought it declared that the king had written to nobody in Italy except the pope, the Venetians, and the Florentines. The Venetians did not care to neglect such an opening; and they at once sent three ambassadors to Louis XII. Louis heard the news thereof with marked satisfaction. "I have never seen Zorzi," said he, "but I know him well; as for Loredano, I like him much; he has been at this court before, some time ago." He gave them a reception on the 12th of August, at Etampes, "not in a palace," says one of the senate's private correspondents, "but at the Fountain inn. You will tell me that so great a king ought not to put up at an inn; but I shall answer you that in this district of Etampes the best houses are as yet the inns. There is certainly a royal castle, in the which lives the queen, the wife of the deceased king; nevertheless his Majesty was pleased to give audience in this hostelry, all covered expressly with cloth of Alexandrine velvet, with lilies of gold at the spot where the king was placed. As soon as the speech was ended, his Majesty rose up and gave quite a brotherly welcome to the brilliant ambassadors. The king has a very good countenance, a smiling countenance; he is forty years of age, and appears very active in make. To-day, Monday, August 13, the ambassadors were received at a private audience."

Page 212

[Illustration: Louis XII——310]

A treaty concluded on the 9th of February, 1499, and published as signed at Blois no earlier than the 15th of April following, was the result of this negotiation. It provided for an alliance between the King of France and the Venetian government, for the purpose of making war in common upon the Duke of Milan, Ludovic Sforza, on and against every one, save the lord pope of Rome, and for the purpose of insuring to the Most Christian king restoration to the possession of the said duchy of Milan as his rightful and olden patrimony. And on account of the charges and expenses which would be incurred by the Venetian government whilst rendering assistance to the Most Christian king in the aforesaid war, the Most Christian king bound himself to approve and consent that the city of Cremona and certain forts or territories adjacent, specially indicated, should belong in freehold and perpetuity to the Venetian government. The treaty, at the same time, regulated the number of troops and the military details of the war on behalf of the two contracting powers, and it provided for divers political incidents which might be entailed, and to which the alliance thus concluded should or should not be applicable according to the special stipulations which were drawn up with a view to those very incidents.

In the month of August, 1499, the French army, with a strength of from twenty to five and twenty thousand men, of whom five thousand were Swiss, invaded Milaness. Duke Ludovic Sforza opposed to it a force pretty nearly equal in number, but far less full of confidence and of far less valor. In less than three weeks the duchy was conquered; in only two cases was any assault necessary; all the other places were given up by traitors or surrendered without a show of resistance. The Venetians had the same success on the eastern frontier of the duchy. Milan and Cremona alone remained to be occupied. Ludovic Sforza “appeared before his troops and his people like the very spirit of lethargy,” says a contemporary unpublished chronicle, “with his head bent down to the earth, and for a long while he remained thus pensive and without a single word to say. Howbeit he was not so discomfited but that on that very same day he could get his luggage packed, his transport-train under orders, his horses shod, his ducats, with which he had more than thirty mules laden, put by, and, in short, everything in readiness to decamp next morning as early as possible.” Just as he left Milan, he said to the Venetian ambassadors, “You have brought the King of France to dinner with me; I warn you that he will come to supper with you.”

Page 213

“Unless necessity constrain him thereto,” says Machiavelli [treatise Du Prince, ch. xxi.], “a prince ought never to form alliance with one stronger than himself in order to attack others, for, the most powerful being victor, thou remainest, thyself, at his discretion, and princes ought to avoid, as much as ever they can, being at another’s discretion. The Venetians allied themselves with France against the Duke of Milan; and yet they might have avoided this alliance, which entailed their ruin.” For all his great and profound intellect, Machiavelli was wrong about this event and the actors in it. The Venetians did not deserve his censure. By allying themselves, in 1499, with Louis XII. against the Duke of Milan, they did not fall into Louis’s hands, for, between 1499 and 1515, and many times over, they sided alternately with and against him, always preserving their independence and displaying it as suited them at the moment. And these vicissitudes in their policy did not bring about their ruin, for at the death of Louis XII. their power and importance in Southern Europe had not declined. It was Louis XII. who deserved Machiavelli’s strictures for having engaged, by means of diplomatic alliances of the most contradictory kind, at one time with the Venetians’ support, and at another against them, in a policy of distant and incoherent conquests, without any connection with the national interests of France, and, in the long run, without any success.

[Illustration: Bayard——315]

Louis was at Lyons when he heard of his army’s victory in Milaness and of Ludovic Sforza’s flight. He was eager to go and take possession of his conquest, and, on the 6th of October, 1499, he made his triumphal entry into Milan amidst cries of “Hurrah! for France.” He reduced the heavy imposts established by the Sforzas, revoked the vexatious game-laws, instituted at Milan a court of justice analogous to the French parliaments, loaded with favors the scholars and artists who were the honor of Lombardy, and recrossed the Alps at the end of some weeks, leaving as governor of Milaness John James Trivulzio, the valiant Condottiere, who, four years before, had quitted the service of Ferdinand II., King of Naples, for that of Charles VIII. Unfortunately Trivulzio was himself a Milanese and of the faction of the Guelphs. He had the passions of a partisan and the habits of a man of war; and he soon became as tyrannical and as much detested in Milaness as Ludovic the Moor had but lately been. A plot was formed in favor of the fallen tyrant, who was in Germany expecting it, and was recruiting, during expectancy, amongst the Germans and Swiss in order to take advantage of it. On the 25th of January, 1500, the insurrection broke out; and two months later Ludovic Sforza had once more become master of Milaness, where the French possessed nothing but the castle of Milan. In one of the fights brought about by this sudden revolution the young Chevalier Bayard,

Page 214

carried away by the impetuosity of his age and courage, pursued right into Milan the foes he was driving before him, without noticing that his French comrades had left him; and he was taken prisoner in front of the very palace in which were the quarters of Ludovic Sforza. The incident created some noise around the palace; Ludovic asked what it meant, and was informed that a brave and bold gentleman, younger than any of the others, had entered Milan pell-mell with the combatants he was pursuing, and had been taken prisoner by John Bernardino Casaccio, one of the leaders of the insurrection. Ludovic ordered him to be brought up, which was done, though not without some disquietude on the part of Bayard's captor, "a courteous gentleman, who feared that Lord Ludovico might do him some displeasure." He resolved himself to be his conductor, after having dressed him in one of his own robes and made him look like a gentleman. "Marvelling to see Bayard so young, 'Come hither, my gentleman,' said Ludovico: 'who brought you into the city?' 'By my faith, my lord,' answered Bayard, who was not a whit abashed, 'I never imagined I was entering all alone, and thought surely I was being followed of my comrades, who knew more about war than I, for if they had done as I did they would, like me, be prisoners. Howbeit, after my mishap, I laud the fortune which caused me to fall into the hands of so valiant and discreet a knight as he who has me in holding.' 'By your faith,' asked Ludovico, 'of how many is the army of the King of France?' 'On my soul, my lord,' answered Bayard, 'so far as I can hear, there are fourteen or fifteen hundred men-at-arms and sixteen or eighteen thousand foot; but they are all picked men, who are resolved to busy themselves so well this bout that they will assure the state of Milan to the king our master; and meseems, my lord, that you would surely be in as great safety in Germany as you are here, for your folks are not the sort to fight us.' With such assurance spoke the good knight that Lord Ludovico took pleasure there-in, though his say was enough to astound him. 'On my faith, my gentleman,' said he, as it were in raillery, 'I have a good mind that the King of France's army and mine should come together, in order that by battle it may be known to whom of right belongs this heritage, for I see no other way to it.' 'By my sacred oath, my lord,' said the good knight, 'I would that it might be to-morrow, provided that I were out of captivity.' 'Verily, that shall not stand in your way,' said Ludovico, 'for I will let you go forth, and that presently. Moreover, ask of me what you will, and I will give it you.' The good knight, who, on bended knee, thanked Lord Ludovico for the offers he made him, as there was good reason he should, then said to him, 'My lord, I ask of you nothing save only that you may be pleased to extend your courtesy so far as to get me back my horse and my arms that I brought into this city, and so send me away to my

Page 215

garrison, which is twenty miles hence; you would do me a very great kindness, for which I shall all my life feel bounden to you; and, barring my duty to the king my master and saving my honor, I would show my gratitude for it in whatsoever it might please you to command me.' 'In good faith,' said Lord Ludovico, 'you shall have presently that which you do ask for.' And then he said to the Lord John Bernardino, 'At once, Sir Captain, let his horse be found, his arms and all that is his.' 'My lord,' answered the captain, 'it is right easy to find, it is all at my quarters.' He sent forthwith two or three servants, who brought the arms and led up the horse of the good young knight; and Lord Ludovico had him armed before his eyes. When he was accoutred, the young knight leaped upon his horse without putting foot to stirrup; then he asked for a lance, which was handed to him, and, raising his eyes, he said to Lord Ludovico, 'My lord, I thank you for the courtesy you have done me; please God to pay it back to you.' He was in a fine large court-yard; then he began to set spurs to his horse, the which gave four or five jumps, so gayly that it could not be better done; then the young knight gave him a little run, in the which he broke the lance against the ground into five or six pieces; whereat Lord Ludovico was not over pleased, and said out loud, 'If all the men-at-arms of France were like him yonder, I should have a bad chance.' Nevertheless he had a trumpeter told off to conduct him to his garrison." [Histoire du bon Chevalier sans Peur et sans Reproche, t. i. pp. 212-216.]

For Ludovic the Moor's chance to be bad it was not necessary that the men-at-arms of France should all be like Chevalier Bayard. Louis XII., so soon as he heard of the Milanese insurrection, sent into Italy Louis de la Tremoille, the best of his captains, and the Cardinal d'Amboise, his privy councillor and his friend, the former to command the royal troops, French and Swiss, and the latter "for to treat about the reconciliation of the rebel towns, and to deal with everything as if it were the king in his own person." The campaign did not last long. The Swiss who had been recruited by Ludovic and those who were in Louis XII.'s service had no mind to fight one another; and the former capitulated, surrendered the strong place of Novara, and promised to evacuate the country on condition of a safe-conduct for themselves and their booty. Ludovic, in extreme anxiety for his own safety, was on the point of giving himself up to the French; but, whether by his own free will or by the advice of the Swiss who were but lately in his pay, and who were now withdrawing; he concealed himself amongst them, putting on a disguise, "with his hair turned up under a coif, a collaret round his neck, a doublet of crimson satin, scarlet hose, and a halberd in his fist;" but, whether it were that he was betrayed or that he was recognized, he, on the 10th of April, 1500, fell into the hands of the French, and was conducted

Page 216

to the quarters of La Tremoille, who said no more than, “Welcome, lord.” Next day, April 11, Louis XII. received near Lyons the news of this capture, “whereat he was right joyous, and had bonfires lighted, together with devotional processions, giving thanks to the Prince of princes for the happy victory he had, by the divine aid, obtained over his enemies.” Ludovic was taken to Lyons. “At the entrance into the city a great number of gentlemen from the king’s household were present to meet him; and the provost of the household conducted him all along the high street to the castle of Pierre-Encise, where he was lodged and placed in security.” There he passed a fortnight. Louis refused to see him, but had him “questioned as to several matters by the lords of his grand council; and, granted that he had committed nought but follies, still he spoke right wisely.” He was conducted from Pierre-Encise to the castle of Loches in Touraine, where he was at first kept in very strict captivity, “without books, paper, or ink,” but it was afterwards less severe. “He plays at tennis and at cards,” says a despatch of the Venetian ambassador, Dominic of Treviso, “and he is fatter than ever.” [*La Diplomatic Venitienne,* by M. Armand Baschet (1862), p. 363.] He died in his prison at the end of eight years, having to the very last great confidence in the future of his name, for he wrote, they say, on the wall of his prison these words: “Services rendered me will count for an heritage.” And “thus was the duchy of Milan, within seven months and a half, twice conquered by the French,” says John d’Auton in his Claronique, “and for the nonce was ended the war in Lombardy, and the authors thereof were captives and exiles.”

Whilst matters were thus going on in the north of Italy, Louis XII. was preparing for his second great Italian venture, the conquest of the kingdom of Naples, in which his predecessor Charles VIII. had failed. He thought to render the enterprise easier by not bearing the whole burden by himself alone. On the 11th of November, 1500, he concluded at Grenada “with Ferdinand and Isabella, King and Queen of Castile and Arragon,” a treaty, by which the Kings of France and Spain divided, by anticipation, between them the kingdom of Naples, which they were making an engagement to conquer together. Terra di Lavoro and the province of the Abruzzi, with the cities of Naples and Gaeta, were to be the share of Louis XII., who would assume the title of King of Naples and of Jerusalem; Calabria and Puglia (Apulia), with the title of duchies, would belong to the King of Spain, to whom Louis XII., in order to obtain this chance of an accessary and precarious kingship, gave up entirely Roussillon and Cerdagne, that French frontier of the Pyrenees which Louis XI. had purchased, a golden bargain, from John II., King of Arragon. In this arrangement there was a blemish and a danger of which the superficial and reckless policy of Louis XII.

Page 217

made no account: he did not here, as he had done for the conquest of Milaness, join himself to an ally of far inferior power to his own, and of ambition confined within far narrower boundaries, as was the case when the Venetians supported him against Ludovie Sforza: he was choosing for his comrade, in a far greater enterprise, his nearest and most powerful rival, and the most dexterous rascal amongst the kings of his day. "The King of France," said Ferdinand one day, "complains that I have deceived him twice; he lies, the drunkard; I have deceived him more than ten times." Whether this barefaced language were or were not really used, it expressed nothing but the truth: mediocre men, who desire to remain pretty nearly honest, have always the worst of it, and are always dupes when they ally themselves with men who are corrupt and at the same time able, indifferent to good and evil, to justice and iniquity. Louis XII., even with the Cardinal d'Amboise to advise him, was neither sufficiently judicious to abstain from madly conceived enterprises, nor sufficiently scrupulous and clear-sighted to unmask and play off every act of perfidy and wickedness: by uniting himself, for the conquest and partition of the kingdom of Naples, with Ferdinand the Catholic, he was bringing upon himself first of all hidden opposition in the very midst of joint action, and afterwards open treason and defection. He forgot, moreover, that Ferdinand had at the head of his armies a tried chieftain, Gonzalvo of Cordova, already known throughout Europe as the great captain, who had won that name in campaigns against the Moors, the Turks, and the Portuguese, and who had the character of being as free from scruple as from fear. Lastly the supporters who, at the very commencement of his enterprises in Italy, had been sought and gained by Louis XII., Pope Alexander VI. and his son Caesar Borgia, were as little to be depended upon in the future as they were compromising at the present by reason of their reputation for unbridled ambition, perfidy, and crime. The King of France, whatever sacrifices he might already have made and might still make in order to insure their co-operation, could no more count upon it than upon the loyalty of the King of Spain in the conquest they were entering upon together.

The outset of the campaign was attended with easy success. The French army, under the command of Stuart d'Aubigny, a valiant Scot, arrived on the 25th of June, 1501, before Rome, and there received a communication in the form of a bull of the pope which removed the crown of Naples from the head of Frederick III., and partitioned that fief of the Holy See between the Kings of France and Spain. Fortified with this authority, the army continued its march, and arrived before Capua on the 6th of July. Gonzalvo of Cordova was already upon Neapolitan territory with a Spanish army, which Ferdinand the Catholic had hastily sent thither at the request of Frederick III. himself, who had counted upon the assistance

Page 218

of his cousin the King of Arragon against the French invasion. Great was his consternation when he heard that the ambassadors of France and Spain had proclaimed at Rome the alliance between their masters. At the first rumor of this news, Gonzalvo of Cordova, whether sincerely or not, treated it as a calumny; but, so soon as its certainty was made public, he accepted it without hesitation, and took, equally with the French, the offensive against the king, already dethroned by the pope, and very near being so by the two sovereigns who had made alliance for the purpose of sharing between them the spoil they should get from him. Capua capitulated, and was nevertheless plundered and laid waste. A French fleet, commanded by Philip de Ravenstein, arrived off Naples when D'Aubigny was already master of it. The unhappy King Frederick took refuge in the island of Ischia; and, unable to bear the idea of seeking an asylum in Spain with his cousin who had betrayed him so shamefully, he begged the French admiral himself to advise him in his adversity. "As enemies that have the advantage should show humanity to the afflicted," Ravenstein sent word to him, "he would willingly advise him as to his affairs; according to his advice, the best thing would be to surrender and place himself in the hands of the King of France, and submit to his good pleasure; he would find him so wise, and so debonnair, and so accommodating, that he would be bound to be content. Better or safer counsel for him he had not to give." After taking some precautions on the score of his eldest son, Prince Ferdinand, whom he left at Tarento, in the kingdom he was about to quit, Frederick III. followed Ravenstein's counsel, sent to ask for "a young gentleman to be his guide to France," put to sea with five hundred men remaining to him, and arrived at Marseilles, whither Louis XII. sent some lords of his court to receive him. Two months afterwards, and not before, he was conducted to the king himself, who was then at Blois. Louis welcomed him with his natural kindness, and secured to him fifty thousand livres a year on the duchy of Anjou, on condition that he never left France. It does not appear that Frederick ever had an idea of doing so, for his name is completely lost to history up to the day of his death, which took place at Tours on the 9th of November, 1504, after three years' oblivion and exile.

On hearing of so prompt a success, Louis XII.'s satisfaction was great. He believed, and many others, no doubt, believed with him, that his conquest of Naples, of that portion at least which was assigned to him by his treaty with the King of Spain, was accomplished. The senate of Venice sent to him, in December, 1501, a solemn embassy to congratulate him. In giving the senate an account of his mission, one of the ambassadors, Dominic of Treviso, drew the following portrait of Louis XII.: "The king is in stature tall and thin, and temperate in eating, taking scarcely

Page 219

anything but boiled beef; he is by nature miserly and retentive; his great pleasure is hawking; from September to April he hawks. The Cardinal of Rouen [George d'Amboise] does everything; nothing, however, with-out the cognizance of the king, who has a far from stable mind, saying yes and no. . . . I am of opinion that their lordships should remove every suspicion from his Majesty's mind, and aim at keeping themselves closely united with him." [Armand Baschet, *La Diplomatic, L'enitienne*, p. 362.] It was not without ground that the Venetian envoy gave his government this advice. So soon as the treaty of alliance between Louis XII. and the Venetians for the conquest of Milaness had attained its end, the king had more than once felt and testified some displeasure at the demeanor assumed towards him by his former allies. They had shown vexation and disquietude at the extension of French influence in Italy; and they had addressed to Louis certain representations touching the favor enjoyed at his hands by the pope's nephew, Caesar Borgia, to whom he had given the title of Duke of Valentinois on investing him with the countships of Valence and of Die in Dauphiny. Louis, on his side, showed anxiety as to the conduct which would be exhibited towards him by the Venetians if he encountered any embarrassment in his expedition to Naples. Nothing of the kind happened to him during the first month after King Frederick III.'s abandonment of the kingdom of Naples. The French and the Spaniards, D'Aubigny and Gonzalvo of Cordova, at first gave their attention to nothing but establishing themselves firmly, each in the interests of the king his master, in those portions of the kingdom which were to belong to them.

But, before long, disputes arose between the two generals as to the meaning of certain clauses in the treaty of November 11, 1500, and as to the demarcation of the French and the Spanish territories. D'Aubigny fell ill; and Louis XII. sent to Naples, with the title of viceroy, Louis d'Armagnac, Duke of Nemours, a brave warrior, but a negotiator inclined to take umbrage and to give offence. The disputes soon took the form of hostilities. The French essayed to drive the Spaniards from the points they had occupied in the disputed territories; and at first they had the advantage. Gonzalvo of Cordova, from necessity or in prudence, concentrated his forces within Barletta, a little fortress with a little port on the Adriatic; but he there endured, from July, 1502, to April, 1503, a siege which did great honor to the patient firmness of the Spanish troops and the persistent vigor of their captain. Gonzalvo was getting ready to sally from Barletta and take the offensive against the French when he heard that a treaty signed at Lyons on the 5th of April, 1503, between the Kings of Spain and France, made a change in the position, reciprocally, of the two sovereigns, and must suspend the military operations of their generals within the kingdom of

Page 220

Naples. “The French general declared his readiness to obey his king,” says Guicciardini; “but the Spanish, whether it were that he felt sure of victory or that he had received private instructions on that point, said that he could not stop the war without express orders from his king.” And sallying forthwith from Barletta, he gained, on the 28th of April, 1503, at Cerignola, a small town of Puglia, a signal victory over the French commanded by the Duke of Nemours, who, together with three thousand men of his army, was killed in action. The very day after his success Gonzalvo heard that a Spanish corps, lately disembarked in Calabria, had also beaten, on the 21st of April, at Seminara, a French corps commanded by D’Aubigny. The great captain was as eager to profit by victory as he had been patient in waiting for a chance of it. He marched rapidly on Naples, and entered it on the 14th of May, almost without resistance; and the two forts defending the city, the Castel Nuovo and the Castel dell’ Uovo surrendered, one on the 11th of June and the other on the 1st of July. The capital of the kingdom having thus fallen into the hands of the Spaniards, Capua and Aversa followed its example. Gaeta was the only important place which still held out for the French, and contained a garrison capable of defending it; and thither the remnant of the troops beaten at Seminara and at Cerignola had retired. Louis XII. hastened to levy and send to Italy, under the command of Louis de la Tremoille, a fresh army for the purpose of relieving Gaeta and recovering Naples; but at Parma La Tremoille fell ill, “so crushed by his malady and so despairing of life,” says his chronicler, John Bouchet, “that the physicians sent word to the king that it was impossible in the way of nature to recover him, and that without the divine assistance he could not get well.” The command devolved upon the Marquis of Mantua, who marched on Gaeta. He found Gonzalvo of Cordova posted with his army on the left bank of the Garigliano, either to invest the place or to repulse re-enforcements that might arrive for it. The two armies passed fifty days face to face almost, with the river and its marshes between them, and vainly attempting over and over again to join battle. Some of Gonzalvo’s officers advised him to fall back on Capua, so as to withdraw his troops from an unhealthy and difficult position; but “I would rather,” said he, “have here, for my grave, six feet of earth by pushing forward, than prolong my life a hundred years by falling back, though it were but a few arms’ lengths.” The French army was dispersing about in search of shelter and provisions; and the Marquis of Mantua, disgusted with the command, resigned it to the Marquis of Saluzzo, and returned home to his marquisate. Gonzalvo, who was kept well informed of his enemies’ condition, threw, on the 27th of December, a bridge over the Garigliano, attacked the French suddenly, and forced them to fall back upon Gaeta, which they did not succeed in entering

Page 221

until they had lost artillery, baggage, and a number of prisoners. "The Spaniards," says John d'Auton, "halted before the place, made as if they would lay siege to it, and so remained for two or three days. The French, who were there in great numbers, had scarcely any provisions, and could not hold out for long; however, they put a good face upon it. The captain, Gonzalvo, sent word to them that if they would surrender their town he would, on his part, restore to them without ransom all prisoners and others of their party; and he had many of them, James de la Palisse, Stuart d'Aubigny, Gaspard de Coligny, Anthony de la Fayette, &c., all captains. The French captains, seeing that fortune was not kind to them, and that they had provisions for a week only, were all for taking this offer. All the prisoners, captains, men-at-arms, and common soldiers were accordingly given up, put to sea, and sailed for Genoa, where they were well received and kindly treated by the Genoese, which did them great good, for they were much in need of it. Nearly all the captains died on their return, some of mourning over their losses, others of melancholy at their misfortune, others for fear of the king's displeasure, and others of sickness and weariness." [*Chroniques of John d'Auton,* t. iii. pp. 68-70.]

Gaeta fell into the hands of the Spaniards on the 1st of January, 1504. The war was not ended, but the kingdom of Naples was lost to the King of France.

At the news of these reverses the grief and irritation of Louis XII. were extreme. Not only was he losing his Neapolitan conquests, but even his Milaness was also threatened. The ill-will of the Venetians became manifest. They had re-victualled by sea the fortress of Barletta, in which Gonzalvo of Cordova had shut himself up with his troops; "and when the king presented complaints of this succor afforded to his enemies, the senate replied that the matter had taken place without their cognizance, that Venice was a republic of traders, and that private persons might very likely have sold provisions to the Spaniards, with whom Venice was at peace, without there being any ground for concluding from it that she had failed in her engagements towards France. Some time afterwards, four French galleys, chased by a Spanish squadron of superior force, presented themselves before the port of Otranto, which was in the occupation of the Venetians, who pleaded their neutrality as a reason for refusing asylum to the French squadron, which the commander was obliged to set on fire that it might not fall into he enemy's hands." [*Histoire de la Republique de L'enise,* by Count Daru, t. iii. p. 245.] The determined prosecution of hostilities in the kingdom of Naples by Gonzalvo of Cordova, in spite of the treaty concluded at Lyons on the 5th of April, 1503, between the Kings of France and Spain, was so much the more offensive to Louis XII. in that this treaty was the consequence and the confirmation

Page 222

of an enormous concession which he had, two years previously, made to the King of Spain on consenting to affiance his daughter, Princess Claude of France, two years old, to Ferdinand's grandson, Charles of Austria, who was then only one year old, and who became Charles the Fifth (emperor)! Lastly, about the same time, Pope Alexander VI., who, willy hilly, had rendered Louis XII. so many services, died at Rome on the 12th of August, 1503. Louis had hoped that his favorite minister, Cardinal George d'Amboise, would succeed him, and that hope had a great deal to do with the shocking favor he showed Caesar Borgia, that infamous son of a demoralized father. But the candidature of Cardinal d'Amboise failed; a four weeks' pope, Pius III., succeeded Alexander VI.; and, when the Holy See suddenly became once more vacant, Cardinal d'Amboise failed again; and the new choice was Cardinal Julian della Rovera, Pope Julius II., who soon became the most determined and most dangerous foe of Louis XII., already assailed by so many enemies.

The Venetian, Dominic of Treviso, was quite right; Louis XII. was "of unstable mind, saying yes and no." On such characters discouragement tells rapidly. In order to put off the struggle which had succeeded so ill for him in the kingdom of Naples, Louis concluded, on the 31st of March, 1504, a truce for three years with the King of Spain; and on the 22d of September, in the same year, in order to satisfy his grudge on account of the Venetians' demeanor towards him, he made an alliance against them with Emperor Maximilian I. and Pope Julius II., with the design, all three of them, of wresting certain provinces from them. With those political miscalculations was connected a more personal and more disinterested feeling. Louis repented of having in 1501 affianced his daughter Claude to Prince Charles of Austria, and of the enormous concessions he had made by two treaties, one of April 5, 1503, and the other of September 22, 1504, for the sake of this marriage. He had assigned as dowry to his daughter, first the duchy of Milan, then the kingdom of Naples, then Brittany, and then the duchy of Burgundy and the countship of Blois. The latter of these treaties contained even the following strange clause: "If, by default of the Most Christian king or of the queen his wife, or of the Princess Claude, the aforesaid marriage should not take place, the Most Christian king doth will and consent, from now, that the said duchies of Burgundy and Milan and the countship of Asti, do remain settled upon the said Prince Charles, Duke of Luxembourg, with all the rights therein possessed, or possibly to be possessed, by the Most Christian king." [*Corps Diplomatique du Droit des Gens,* by J. Dumont, t. iv. part i. p. 57.] It was dismembering France, and at the same time settling on all her frontiers, to east, west, and south-west, as well as to north and south, a power which the approaching union of two crowns, the imperial and the Spanish, on the head of Prince Charles of Austria, rendered so preponderating and so formidable.

Page 223

It was not only from considerations of external policy, and in order to conciliate to himself Emperor Maximilian and King Ferdinand, that Louis XII. had allowed himself to proceed to concessions so plainly contrary to the greatest interests of France: he had yielded also to domestic influences. The queen his wife, Anne of Brittany, detested Louise of Savoy, widow of Charles d'Orleans, Count of Angouleme, and mother of Francis d'Angouleme, heir presumptive to the throne, since Louis XII. had no son. Anne could not bear the idea that her daughter, Princess Claude, should marry the son of her personal enemy; and, being more Breton than French, say her contemporaries, she, in order to avoid this disagreeableness, had used with the king all her influence, which was great, in favor of the Austrian marriage, caring little, and, perhaps, even desiring, that Brittany should be again severed from France. Louis, in the midst of the reverses of his diplomacy, had thus to suffer from the hatreds of his wife, the observations of his advisers, and the reproaches of his conscience as a king. He fell so ill that he was supposed to be past recovery. "It were to do what would be incredible," says his contemporary, John de St. Gelais, "to write or tell of the lamentations made throughout the whole realm of France, by reason of the sorrow felt by all for the illness of their good king. There were to be seen night and day, at Blois, at Amboise, at Tours, and everywhere else, men and women going all bare throughout the churches and to the holy places, in order to obtain from divine mercy grace of health and convalescence for one whom there was as great fear of losing as if he had been the father of each." Louis was touched by this popular sympathy; and his wisest councillors, Cardinal d'Amboise the first of all, took advantage thereof to appeal to his conscience in respect of the engagements which "through weakness he had undertaken contrary to the interests of the realm and the coronation-promises." Queen Anne herself, not without a struggle, however, at last gave up her opposition to this patriotic recoil; and on the 10th of May, 1505, Louis XII. put in his will a clause to the effect that his daughter, Princess Claude, should be married, so soon as she was old enough, to the heir to the throne, Francis, Count of Angouleme. Only it was agreed, in order to avoid diplomatic embarrassments, that this arrangement should be kept secret till further notice. [The will itself of Louis XII. has been inserted in the *Recueil des Ordonnances des Bois des France,* t. xxi. p. 323, dated 30th of May, 1505.]

Page 224

When Louis had recovered, discreet measures were taken for arousing the feeling of the country as well as the king's conscience as to this great question. In the course of the year 1505 there took place throughout the whole kingdom, amongst the nobility and in the principal towns, assemblies at which means were proposed for preventing this evil. Unpleasant consequences might have been apprehended from these meetings, in the case of a prince less beloved by his subjects than the king was; but nothing further was decided thereby than that a representation should with submission be made to him of the dangers likely to result from this treaty, that he should be entreated to prevent them by breaking it, and that a proposal should be made to him to assemble the estates to deliberate upon a subject so important. [*Histoire de France,* by Le Pere Daniel, t. viii. p. 427, edit. of 1755.] The states-general were accordingly convoked and met at Tours on the 10th of May, 1506; and on the 14th of May Louis XII. opened them in person at Plessis-les-Tours, seated in a great hall, in the royal seat, between Cardinal d'Amboise and Duke Francis of Valois, and surrounded by many archbishops and all the princes of the blood and other lords and barons of the said realm in great number, and he gave the order for admitting the deputies of the estates of the realm.

[Illustration: STATES GENERAL AT TOURS——329]

"Far from setting forth the grievances of the nation, as the spokesman of the estates had always done, Thomas Bricot, canon of Notre-Dame de Paris, delivered an address enumerating, in simple and touching terms, the benefits conferred by Louis XII., and describing to him the nation's gratitude. To him they owed peace and the tranquillity of the realm, complete respect for private property, release from a quarter of the talliages, reform in the administration of justice, and the appointment of enlightened and incorruptible judges. For these causes, the speaker added, and for others which it would take too long to recount, he was destined to be known as Louis XII., father of the people.

"At these last words loud cheers rang out; emotion was general, and reached the king himself, who shed tears at hearing the title which posterity and history were forever to attach to his name.

"Then, the deputies having dropped on their knees, the speaker resumed his speech, saying that they were come to prefer a request for the general good of the realm, the king's subjects entreating him to be pleased to give his only daughter in marriage to my lord Francis, here present, who is every whit French.

"When this declaration was ended, the king called Cardinal d'Amboise and the chancellor, with whom he conferred for some time; and then the chancellor, turning to the deputies, made answer that the king had given due ear and heed to their request and representation, . . . that if he had done well, he desired to do still better; and that, as to the request touching the marriage, he had never heard talk of it; but that as to that matter, he would communicate with the princes of the blood, so as to have their opinion.

Page 225

“The day after this session the king received an embassy which could not but crown his joy: the estates of the duchy of Burgundy, more interested than any other province in the rupture of the (Austrian) marriage, had sent deputies to join their most urgent prayers to the entreaties of the estates of France.

“On Monday, May 18, the king assembled about him his chief councillors, to learn if the demand of the estates was profitable and reasonable for him and his kingdom. ‘Thereon,’ continues the report, ’the first to deliver an opinion was my lord the Bishop of Paris; after him the premier president of the parliament of Paris and of that of Bordeaux.’ Their speeches produced such effect that, ’quite with one voice and one mind, those present agreed that the request of the estates was sound, just, and reasonable, and with one consent entreated the king to agree to the said marriage.’

“The most enlightened councillors and the princes of the blood found themselves in agreement with the commons. There was no ambiguity about the reply. On the Tuesday, May 19, the king held a session in state for the purpose of announcing to the estates that their wishes should be fully gratified, and that the betrothal of his daughter to the heir to the throne should take place next day but one, May 21, in order that the deputies might report the news of it to their constituents.

“After that the estates had returned thanks, the chancellor gave notice that, as municipal affairs imperatively demanded the return of the deputies, the king gave them leave to go, retaining only one burgess from each town, to inform him of their wants and ’their business, if such there be in any case, wherein the king will give them good and short despatch.’

“The session was brought to a close by the festivities of the betrothal, and by the oath taken by the deputies, who, before their departure, swore to bring about with all their might, even to the risk of body and goods, the marriage which had just been decided upon by the common advice of all those who represented France.’” [*Histoire des Etats Generaux* from 1355 to 1614, by George Picot, t. i. pp. 352-354].

Francis d’Angouleme was at that time eleven years old, and Claude of France was nearly seven.

Whatever displeasure must have been caused to the Emperor of Germany and to the King of Spain by this resolution on the part of France and her king, it did not show itself, either in acts of hostility or even in complaints of a more or less threatening kind. Italy remained for some years longer the sole theatre of rivalry and strife between these three great powers; and, during this strife, the utter diversity of the combinations, whether in the way of alliance or of rupture, bore witness to the extreme changeability of the interests, passions, and designs of the actors. From 1506 to 1515, between Louis XII.’s will and his death, we find in the history of his career

Page 226

in Italy five coalitions, and as many great battles, of a profoundly contradictory character. In 1508, Pope Julius II., Louis XII., Emperor Maximilian, and Ferdinand the Catholic, King of Spain, form together against the Venetians the League of Cambrai. In 1510, Julius II., Ferdinand, the Venetians, and the Swiss make a coalition against Louis XII. In 1512, this coalition, decomposed for a while, re-unites, under the name of the League of the Holy Union, between the pope, the Venetians, the Swiss, and the Kings of Arragon and Naples against Louis XII., minus the Emperor Maximilian, and plus Henry VIII., King of England. On the 14th of May, 1509, Louis XII., in the name of the League of Cambrai, gains the battle of Agnadello against the Venetians. On the 11th of April, 1512, it is against Pope Julius II., Ferdinand the Catholic, and the Venetians that he gains the battle of Ravenna. On the 14th of March, 1513, he is in alliance with the Venetians, and it is against the Swiss that he loses the battle of Novara. In 1510, 1511, and 1512, in the course of all these incessant changes of political allies and adversaries, three councils met at Tours, at Pisa, and at St. John Lateran with views still more discordant and irreconcilable than those of all these laic coalitions. We merely point out here the principal traits of the nascent sixteenth century; we have no intention of tracing with a certain amount of detail any incidents but those that refer to Louis XII. and to France, to their procedure and their fortunes.

Jealousy, ambition, secret resentment, and the prospect of despoiling them caused the formation of the League of Cambrai against the Venetians. Their far-reaching greatness on the seas, their steady progress on land, their riches, their cool assumption of independence towards the papacy, their renown for ability, and their profoundly selfish, but singularly prosperous policy, had excited in Italy, and even beyond the Alps, that feeling of envy and ill-will which is caused amongst men, whether kings or people, by the spectacle of strange, brilliant, and unexpected good fortune, though it be the fruits of rare merit. As the Venetians were as much dreaded as they were little beloved, great care was taken to conceal from them the projects that were being formed against them. According to their historian, Cardinal Bembo, they owed to chance the first notice they had. It happened one day that a Piedmontese at Milan, in presence of the Resident of Venice, allowed to escape from his lips the words, “I should have the pleasure, then, of seeing the crime punished of those who put to death the most illustrious man of my country.” He alluded to Carmagnola, a celebrated Piedmontese condottiere, who had been accused of treason and beheaded at Venice on the 3d of May, 1432. The Venetian ambassador at Louis XII.’s court, suspecting what had taken place at Cambrai, tried to dissuade the king. “Sir,” said he, “it were folly to attack them of Venice; their wisdom

Page 227

renders them invincible." "I believe they are prudent and wise," answered Louis, "but all the wrong way of the hair (inopportunely); if it must come to war, I will bring upon them so many fools, that your wiseacres will not have leisure to teach them reason, for my fools hit all round without looking where." When the league was decisively formed, Louis sent to Venice a herald to officially proclaim war. After having replied to the grievances alleged in support of that proclamation, "We should never have believed," said the Doge Loredano, "that so great a prince would have given ear to the envenomed words of a pope whom he ought to know better, and to the insinuations of another priest whom we forbear to mention (Cardinal d'Amboise). In order to please them, he declares himself the foe of a republic which has rendered him great services. We will try to defend ourselves, and to prove to him that he has not kept faith with us. God shall judge betwixt us. Father herald, and you, trumpeter, ye have heard what we had to say to you; report it to your master. Away!" Independently of their natural haughtiness, the Venetians were puffed up with the advantages they had obtained in a separate campaign against the Emperor Maximilian, and flattered themselves that they would manage to conquer, one after the other, or to split up, or to tire out, their enemies; and they prepared energetically for war. Louis XII., on his side, got together an army with a strength of twenty-three hundred lances (about thirteen thousand mounted troops), ten to twelve thousand French foot, and six or eight thousand Swiss. He sent for Chevalier Bayard, already famous, though still quite a youth. "Bayard," said he, "you know that I am about to cross the mountains, for to bring to reason the Venetians, who by great wrong withhold from me the countship of Cremona and other districts. I give to you from this present time the company of Captain Chatelard, who they tell me is dead, whereat I am distressed; but I desire that in this enterprise you have under your charge men afoot; your lieutenant-captain, Pierrepont [Pierre de Pont d'Albi, a Savoyard gentleman, and Bayard's nephew], who is a very good man, shall lead your men-at-arms." "Sir," answered Bayard, "I will do what pleaseth you; but how many men afoot will you be pleased to hand over to me to lead?" "A thousand," said the king: "there is no man that hath more." "Sir," replied Bayard, "it is a many for my poor wits; I do entreat you to be content that I have five hundred; and I pledge you my faith, sir, that I will take pains to choose such as shall do you service; meseems that for one man it is a very heavy charge, if he would fain do his duty therewith." "Good!" said the king: "go, then, quickly into Dauphiny, and take heed that you be in my duchy of Milan by the end of March." Bayard forthwith set out to raise and choose his foot; a proof of the growing importance of infantry, and of the care taken by Louis XII. to have it commanded by men of war of experience and popularity.

Page 228

[Illustration: Battle of Agnadello——334]

On the 14th of May, 1509, the French army and the Venetian army, of nearly equal strength, encountered near the village of Agnadello, in the province of Lodi, on the banks of the Adda. Louis XII. commanded his in person, with Louis de la Tremoille and James Trivulzio for his principal lieutenants; the Venetians were under the orders of two generals, the Count of Petigliano and Barthelemy d'Alviano, both members of the Roman family of the Orsini, but not on good terms with one another. The French had to cross the Adda to reach the enemy, who kept in his camp. Trivulzio, seeing that the Venetians did not dispute their passage, cried out to the king, "To-day, sir, the victory is ours!" The French advance-guard engaged with the troops of Alviano. When apprised of this fight, Louis, to whom word was at this same time brought that the enemy was already occupying the point towards which he was moving with the main body of the army, said briskly, "Forward, all the same; we will halt upon their bellies." The action became general and hot. The king, sword in hand, hurried from one corps to another, under fire from the Venetian artillery, which struck several men near him. He was urged to place himself under cover a little, so as to give his orders thence; but, "It is no odds," said he; "they who are afraid have only to put themselves behind me." A body of Gascons showed signs of wavering: "Lads," shouted La Tremoille, "the king sees you." They dashed forward; and the Venetians were broken, in spite of the brave resistance of Alviano, who was taken and brought, all covered with blood, and with one eye out, into the presence of the king. Louis said to him, courteously, "You shall have fair treatment and fair captivity; have fair patience." "So I will," answered the condottiere; "if I had won the battle, I had been the most victorious man in the world; and, though I have lost it, still have I the great honor of having had against me a King of France in person." Louis, who had often heard talk of the warrior's intrepid presence of mind, had a fancy for putting it to further proof, and, all the time chatting with him, gave secret orders to have the alarm sounded not far from them. "What is this, pray, Sir Barthelemy?" asked the king: "your folks are very difficult to please; is it that they want to begin again?" "Sir," said Alviano, "if there is fighting still, it must be that the French are fighting one another; as for my folks, I assure you, on my life, they will not pay you a visit this fortnight." The Venetian army, in fact, withdrew with a precipitation which resembled a rout: for, to rally it, its general, the Count of Petigliano, appointed for its gathering-point the ground beneath the walls of Brescia, forty miles from the field of battle. "Few men-at-arms," says Guicciardini, "were slain in this affair; the great loss fell upon the Venetians' infantry, which lost, according to

Page 229

some, eight thousand men; others say that the number of dead on both sides did not amount to more than six thousand." The territorial results of the victory were greater than the numerical losses of the armies. Within a fortnight, the towns of Caravaggio, Bergamo, Brescia, Crema, Cremona, and Pizzighitone surrendered to the French. Peschiera alone, a strong fortress at the southern extremity of the Lake of Garda, resisted, and was carried by assault. "It was a bad thing for those within," says the Loyal Serviteur of Bayard; "for all, or nearly all, perished there; amongst the which was the governor of the Signory and his son, who were willing to pay good and heavy ransom; but that served them not at all, for on one tree were both of them hanged, which to me did seem great cruelty; a very lusty gentleman, called the Lorrainer, had their parole, and he had big words about it with the grand master, lieutenant-general of the king; but he got no good thereby." The *Memoires of Robert de la Marck,* lord of Fleuranges, and a warrior of the day, confirm, as to this sad incident, the story of the Loyal Serviteur of Bayard: "When the French volunteers," says he, "entered by the breach into the castle of Peschiera, they cut to pieces all those who were therein, and there were left only the captain, the proveditore, and the podesta, the which stowed themselves away in a tower, surrendered to the good pleasure of the king, and, being brought before him, offered him for ransom a hundred thousand ducats; but the king swore, 'If ever I eat or drink till they be hanged and strangled! 'Nor even for all the prayer they could make could the grand master Chaumont, and even his uncle, Cardinal d'Amboise, find any help for it, but the king would have them hanged that very hour." Some chroniclers attribute this violence on Louis XII.'s part to a "low and coarse" reply returned by those in command at Peschiera to the summons to surrender. Guicciardini, whilst also recording the fact, explains it otherwise than by a fit of anger on Louis's part: "The king," he says, "was led to such cruelty in order that, dismayed at such punishment, those who were still holding out in the fortress of Cremona might not defend themselves to the last extremity." [*Guicciardini, Istoria d'Italia,* liv. viii. t. i. p. 521.] So that the Italian historian is less severe on this act of cruelty than the French knight is.

Louis XII.'s victory at Agnadello had for him consequences very different from what he had no doubt expected. "The king," says Guicciardini, "departed from Italy, carrying away with him to France great glory by reason of so complete and so rapidly won a victory over the Venetians; nevertheless, as in the case of things obtained after hope long deferred men scarcely ever feel such joy and happiness as they had at first imagined they would, the king took not back with him either greater peace of mind or greater security in respect of his affairs." The

Page 230

beaten Venetians accepted their defeat with such a mixture of humility and dignity as soon changed their position in Italy. They began by providing all that was necessary for the defence of Venice herself; foreigners, but only idle foreigners, were expelled; those who had any business which secured them means of existence received orders to continue their labors. Mills were built, cisterns were dug, corn was gathered in, the condition of the canals was examined, bars were removed, the citizens were armed; the law which did not allow vessels laden with provisions to touch at Venice was repealed, and rewards were decreed to officers who had done their duty. Having taken all this care for their own homes and their fatherland on the sea, the Venetian senate passed a decree by which the republic, releasing from their oath of fidelity the subjects it could not defend, authorized its continental provinces to treat with the enemy with a view to their own interests, and ordered its commandants to evacuate such places as they still held. Nearly all such submitted without a struggle to the victor of Agnadello and his allies of Cambrai; but at Treviso, when Emperor Maximilian's commissioner presented himself in order to take possession of it, a shoemaker named Caligaro went running through the streets, shouting, "Hurrah! for St. Mark."

The people rose, pillaged the houses of those who had summoned the foreigner, and declared that it would not separate its lot from that of the republic. So Treviso remained Venetian. Two other small towns, Marano and Osopo, followed her example; and for several months this was all that the Venetians preserved of their continental possessions. But at the commencement of July, 1509, they heard that the important town of Padua, which had fallen to the share of Emperor Maximilian, was uttering passionate murmurs against its new master, and wished for nothing better than to come back beneath the old sway; and, in spite of the opposition shown by the doge, Loredano, the Venetians resolved to attempt the venture. During the night between the 16th and 17th of July, a small detachment, well armed and well led, arrived beneath the walls of Padua, which was rather carelessly guarded. In the morning, as soon as the gate was opened, a string of large wagons presented themselves for admittance. Behind one of these, and partially concealed by its bulk, advanced six Venetian men-at-arms, each carrying on his crupper a foot-soldier armed with an arquebuse; they fired on the guard; each killed his man; the Austrian garrison hurried up and fought bravely; but other Venetian troops arrived, and the garrison was beaten and surrendered. Padua became Venetian again. "This surprisal," says M. Darn, "caused inexpressible joy in Venice; after so many disasters there was seen a gleans of hope." The Venetians hastened to provision Padua well and to put it in a state of defence; and they at the same time published a decree promising

Page 231

such subjects of the republic as should come back to its sway complete indemnity for the losses they might have suffered during the war. It blazed forth again immediately, but at first between the Venetians and the Emperor Maximilian almost alone by himself. Louis XII., in a hurry to get back to France, contented himself with leaving in Lombardy a body of troops under the orders of James de Chabannes, Sire de la Palisse, with orders “to take five hundred of the lustiest men-at-arms and go into the service of the emperor, who was to make a descent upon the district of Padua.” Maximilian did not make his descent until two months after that the Venetians had retaken Padua and provisioned it well; and it was only on the 15th of September that he sat down before the place. All the allies of the League of Cambrai held themselves bound to furnish him with their contingent. On sallying from Milan for this campaign, La Palisse “fell in with the good knight Bayard, to whom he said, ’My comrade, my friend, would you not like us to be comrades together?’ Bayard, who asked nothing better, answered him graciously that he was at his service to be disposed of at his pleasure;” and from the 15th to the 20th of September, Maximilian got together before Padua an army with a strength, it is said, of about fifty thousand men, men-at-arms or infantry, Germans, Spaniards, French, and Italians, sent by the pope and by the Duke of Ferrara, or recruited from all parts of Italy.

At the first rumor of such a force there was great emotion in Venice, but an emotion tempered by bravery and intelligence. The doge, Leonardo Loredano, the same who had but lately opposed the surprisal of Padua, rose up and delivered in the senate a long speech, of which only the essential and characteristic points can be quoted here: —

“Everybody knows, excellent gentlemen of the senate,” said he, “that on the preservation of Padua depends all hope, not only of recovering our empire, but of maintaining our own liberty. It must be confessed that, great and wonderful as they have been, the preparations made and the supplies provided hitherto are not sufficient either for the security of that town or for the dignity of our republic. Our ancient renown forbids us to leave the public safety, the lives and honor of our wives and our children, entirely to the tillers of our fields and to mercenary soldiers, without rushing ourselves to shelter them behind our own breasts and defend them with our own arms. For so great and so glorious a fatherland, which has for so many years been the bulwark of the faith and the glory of the Christian republic, will the personal service of its citizens and its sons be ever to seek? To save it who would refuse to risk his own life and that of his children? If the defence of Padua is the pledge for the salvation of Venice, who would hesitate to go and defend it? And, though the forces already there were sufficient, is not our honor also concerned therein? The

Page 232

fortune of our city so willed it that in the space of a few days our empire slipped from our hands; the opportunity has come back to us of recovering what we have lost; by spontaneously facing the changes and chances of fate, we shall prove that our disasters have not been our fault or our shame, but one of those fatal storms which no wisdom and no firmness of man can resist. If it were permitted us all in one mass to set out for Padua, if we might, without neglecting the defence of our own homes and our urgent public affairs, leave our city for some days deserted, I would not await your deliberation; I would be the first on the road to Padua; for how could I better expend the last days of my old age than in going to be present at and take part in such a victory? But Venice may not be deserted by her public bodies, which protect and defend Padua by their forethought and their orders just as others do by their arms; and a useless mob of graybeards would be a burden much more than a reenforcement there. Nor do I ask that Venice be drained of all her youth; but I advise, I exhort, that we choose two hundred young gentlemen, from the chiefest of our families, and that they all, with such friends and following as their means will permit them to get together, go forth to Padua to do all that shall be necessary for her defence. My two sons, with many a comrade. will be the first to carry out what I, their father and your chief, am the first to propose. Thus Padua will be placed in security; and when the mercenary soldiers who are there see how prompt are our youth to guard the gates and everywhere face the battle, they will be moved thereby to zeal and alacrity incalculable; and not only will Padua thus be defended and saved, but all nations will see that we, we too, as our fathers were, are men enough to defend at the peril of our lives the freedom and th safety of the noblest country in the world."

This generous advice was accepted by the fathers and carried out by the sons with that earnest, prompt, and effective ardor which accompanies the resolution of great souls. When the Paduans, before their city was as yet invested, saw the arrival within their walls of these chosen youths of the Venetian patriciate, with their numerous troop of friends and followers, they considered Padua as good as saved; and when the imperial army, posted before the place, commenced their attacks upon it, they soon perceived that they had formidable defenders to deal with. "Five hundred years it was since in prince's camp had ever been seen such wealth as there was there; and never was a day but there filed off some three or four hundred lanzknechts who took away to Germany oxen and kine, beds, corn, silk for sewing, and other articles; in such sort that to the said country of Padua was damage done to the amount of two millions of crowns in movables and in houses and palaces burnt and destroyed." For three days the imperial artillery fired upon the town and made in its walls

Page 233

three breaches “knocked into one;” and still the defenders kept up their resistance with the same vigor. “One morning,” says the Loyal Serviteur of Bayard, “the Emperor Maximilian, accompanied by his princes and lords from Germany, went thither to look; and he marvelled and thought it great shame to him, with the number of men he had, that he had not sooner delivered the assault. On returning to his quarters he sent for a French secretary of his, whom he bade write to the lord of La Palisse a letter, whereof this was the substance: ’Dear cousin, I have this morning been to look at the breach, which I find more than practicable for whoever would do his duty. I have made up my mind to deliver the assault to-day. I pray you, so soon as my big drum sounds, which will be about midday, that you do incontinently hold ready all the French gentlemen who are under your orders at my service, by command of my brother the King of France, to go to the said assault along with my foot; and I hope that, with God’s help we shall carry it.’

“The lord of La Palisse,” continues the chronicler, “thought this a somewhat strange manner of proceeding; howbeit he hid his thought, and said to the secretary, ’I am astounded that the emperor did not send for my comrades and me for to deliberate more fully of this matter; howbeit you will tell him that I will send to fetch them, and when they are come I will show them the letter. I do not think there will be many who will not be obedient to that which the emperor shall be pleased to command.’

“When the French captains had arrived at the quarters of the lord of La Palisse, he said to them, ’Gentlemen, we must now dine, for I have somewhat to say to you, and if I were to say it first, peradventure you would not make good cheer.’ During dinner they did nothing but make sport one of another. After dinner, everybody was sent out of the room, save the captains, to whom the lord of La Palisse made known the emperor’s letter, which was read twice, for the better understanding of it. They all looked at one another, laughing, for to see who would speak first. Then said the lord of Ymbercourt to the lord of La Palisse, ’It needs not so much thought, my lord; send word to the emperor that we are all ready; I am even now a-weary of the fields, for the nights are cold; and then the good wines are beginning to fail us;’ whereat every one burst out a-laughing. All agreed to what was said by the lord of Ymbercourt. The lord of La Palisse looked at the good knight (Bayard), and saw that he seemed to be picking his teeth, as if he had not heard what his comrades had proposed. ‘Well, and you,’ said he, ’what say you about it? It is no time for picking one’s teeth; we must at once send speedy reply to the emperor.’ Gayly the good knight answered, ’If we would all take my lord of Ymbercourt’s word, we have only to go straight to the breach. But it is a somewhat sorry pastime for men-at-arms to go afoot,

Page 234

and I would gladly be excused. Howbeit, since I must give my opinion, I will. The emperor bids you, in his letter, set all the French gentlemen afoot for to deliver the assault along with his lanzknechts. My opinion is, that you, my lord, ought to send back to the emperor a reply of this sort: that you have had a meeting of your captains, who are quite determined to do his bidding, according to the charge they have from the king their master; but that to mix them up with the foot, who are of small estate, would be to make them of little account; the emperor has loads of counts, lords, and gentlemen of Germany; let him set them afoot along with the men-at-arms of France, who will gladly show them the road; and then his lanzknechts will follow, if they know that it will pay.' When the good knight had thus spoken, his advice was found virtuous and reasonable. To the emperor was sent back this answer, which he thought right honorable. He incontinently had his trumpets sounded and his drums beaten for to assemble all the princes, and lords, and captains as well of Germany and Burgundy as of Hainault. Then the emperor declared to them that he was determined to go, within an hour, and deliver the assault on the town, whereof he had notified the lords of France, who were all most desirous of doing their duty therein right well, and prayed him that along with them might go the gentlemen of Germany, to whom they would gladly show the road: 'Wherefore, my lords,' said the emperor, I pray you, as much as ever I can, to be pleased to accompany them and set yourselves afoot with them; and I hope, with God's help, that at the first assault we shall be masters of our enemies.' When the emperor had done speaking, on a sudden there arose among his Germans a very wondrous and strange uproar, which lasted half an hour before it was appeased; and then one amongst them, bidden to answer for all, said that they were not folks to be set afoot or so to go up to a breach, and that their condition was to fight like gentlemen, a-horseback. Other answer the emperor could not get; but though it was not according to his desire, and pleased him not at all, he uttered no word beyond that he said, 'Good my lords, we must advise, then, how we shall do for the best.' Then, forthwith he sent for a gentleman of his who from time to time went backwards and forwards as ambassador to the French, and said to him, 'Go to the quarters of my cousin, the lord of La Palisse; commend me to him and to all my lords the French captains you find with him, and tell them that for to-day the assault will not be delivered.' I know not," says the chronicler, "how it was nor who gave the advice; but the night after this speech was spoken the emperor went off, all in one stretch, more than forty miles from the camp, and from his new quarters sent word to his people to have the siege raised; which was done."

Page 235

So Padua was saved, and Venice once more became a power. Louis XII., having returned victorious to France, did not trouble himself much about the check received in Italy by Emperor Maximilian, for whom he had no love and but little esteem. Maximilian was personally brave and free from depravity or premeditated perfidy, but he was coarse, volatile, inconsistent, and not very able. Louis XII. had amongst his allies of Cambrai and in Italy a more serious and more skilful foe, who was preparing for him much greater embarrassments.

Julian Bella Rovera had, before his elevation to the pontifical throne, but one object, which was, to mount it. When he became pope, he had three objects: to recover and extend the temporal possessions of the papacy, to exercise to the full his spiritual power, and to drive the foreigner from Italy. He was not incapable of doubling and artifice. In order to rise he had flattered Louis XII. and Cardinal d'Amboise with the hope that the king's minister would become the head of Christendom. When once he was himself in possession of this puissant title he showed himself as he really was; ambitious, audacious, imperious, energetic, stubborn, and combining the egotism of the absolute sovereign with the patriotism of an Italian pope. When the League of Cambrai had attained success through the victory of Louis XII. over the Venetians, Cardinal d'Amboise, in course of conversation with the two envoys from Florence at the king's court, let them have an inkling "that he was not without suspicion of some new design;" and when Louis XII. announced his approaching departure for France, the two Florentines wrote to their government that "this departure might have very evil results, for the power of Emperor Maximilian in Italy, the position of Ferdinand the Catholic, the despair of the Venetians, and the character and dissatisfaction of the pope, seemed to foreshadow some fresh understanding against the Most Christian king." Louis XII. and his minister were very confident. "Take Spain, the king of the Romans, or whom you please," said Cardinal d'Amboise to the two Florentines; "there is none who has observed and kept the alliance more faithfully than the king has; he has done everything at the moment he promised; he has borne upon his shoulders the whole weight of this affair; and I tell you," he added, with a fixed look at those whom he was addressing, "that his army is a large one, which he will keep up and augment every day." Louis, for his part, treated the Florentines with great good-will, as friends on whom he counted and who were concerned in his success. "You have become the first power in Italy," he said to then one day before a crowd of people: "how are you addressed just now? Are you Most Serene or Most Illustrious?" And when he was notified that distinguished Venetians were going to meet Emperor Maximilian on his arrival in Italy, "No matter," said Louis; "let them go whither they will." The Florentines

Page 236

did not the less nourish their mistrustful presentiments; and one of Louis XII.'s most intelligent advisers, his finance-minister Florimond Robertet, was not slow to share them. "The pope," said he to them one day [July 1, 1509], "is behaving very ill towards us; he seeks on every occasion to sow enmity between the princes, especially between the emperor and the Most Christian king;" and, some weeks later, whilst speaking of the money-aids which the new King of England was sending, it was said, to Emperor Maximilian, he said to the Florentine, Nasi, "It would be a very serious business, if from all this were to result against us a universal league, in which the pope, England, and Spain should join." [*Negotiations Diplomatiques de la France avec la Toscane,* published by M. Abel Desjardins, in the *Documents relatifs d l'Histoire de France,* t. ii. pp. 331, 355, 367, 384, 389, 416.]

Next year (1510) the mistrust of the Florentine envoys was justified. The Venetians sent a humble address to the pope, ceded to him the places they but lately possessed in the Romagna, and conjured him to relieve them from the excommunication he had pronounced against them. Julius II., after some little waiting, accorded the favor demanded of him. Louis XII. committed the mistake of embroiling himself with the Swiss by refusing to add twenty thousand livres to the pay of sixty thousand he was giving them already, and by styling them "wretched mountain-shepherds, who presumed to impose upon him a tax he was not disposed to submit to." The pope conferred the investiture of the kingdom of Naples upon Ferdinand the Catholic, who at first promised only his neutrality, but could not fail to be drawn in still farther when war was rekindled in Italy. In all these negotiations with the Venetians, the Swiss, the Kings of Spain and England, and the Emperor Maximilian, Julius II. took a bold initiative. Maximilian alone remained for some time at peace with the King of France.

In October, 1511, a league was formally concluded between the pope, the Venetians, the Swiss, and King Ferdinand against Louis XII. A place was reserved in it for the King of England, Henry VIII., who, on ascending the throne, had sent word to the King of France that "he desired to abide in the same friendship that the king his father had kept up," but who, at the bottom of his heart, burned to resume on the Continent an active and a prominent part. The coalition thus formed was called the League of Holy Union. "I," said Louis XII., "am the Saracen against whom this league is directed."

He had just lost, a few months previously, the intimate and faithful adviser and friend of his whole life: Cardinal George d'Amboise, seized at Milan with a fit of the gout, during which Louis tended him with the assiduity and care of an affectionate brother, died at Lyons on the 25th of May, 1510, at fifty years of age. He was one not of the greatest, but of the most honest ministers who ever enjoyed a powerful

Page 237

monarch's constant favor, and employed it we will not say with complete disinterestedness, but with a predominant anxiety for the public weal. In the matter of external policy the influence of Cardinal d'Amboise, was neither skilfully nor salutarily exercised: he, like his master, indulged in those views of distant, incoherent, and improvident conquests which caused the reign of Louis XII. to be wasted in ceaseless wars, with which the cardinal's desire of becoming pope was not altogether unconnected, and which, after having resulted in nothing but reverses, were a heavy heritage for the succeeding reign. But at home, in his relations with his king and in his civil and religious administration, Cardinal d'Amboise was an earnest and effective friend of justice, of sound social order, and of regard for morality in the practice of power. It is said that, in his latter days, he, virtuously weary of the dignities of this world, said to the infirmary-brother who was attending him, "Ah! Brother John, why did I not always remain Brother John!" A pious regret the sincerity and modesty whereof are rare amongst men of high estate.

[Illustration: Cardinal d'Amboise——347]

"At last, then, I am the only pope!" cried Julius II., when he heard that Cardinal d'Amboise was dead. But his joy was misplaced: the cardinal's death was a great loss to him; between the king and the pope the cardinal had been an intelligent mediator, who understood the two positions and the two characters, and who, though most faithful and devoted to the king, had nevertheless a place in his heart for the papacy also, and labored earnestly on every occasion to bring about between the two rivals a policy of moderation and peace. "One thing you may be certain of," said Louis's finance-minister Robertet to the ambassador from Florence, "that the king's character is not an easy one to deal with; he is not readily brought round to what is not his own opinion, which is not always a correct one; he is irritated against the pope; and the cardinal, to whom that causes great displeasure, does not always succeed, in spite of all influence, in getting him to do as he would like. If our Lord God were to remove the cardinal, either by death or in any other manner, from public life, there would arise in this court and in the fashion of conducting affairs such confusion that nothing equal to it would ever have been seen in our day." [*Negociations Diplomatiques de la France avec la Toscane,* t. ii. pp. 428 and 460.] And the confusion did, in fact, arise; and war was rekindled, or, to speak more correctly, resumed its course after the cardinal's death. Julius II. plunged into it in person, moving to every point where it was going on, living in the midst of camps, himself in military costume, besieging towns, having his guns pointed and assaults delivered under his own eyes. Men expressed astonishment, not unmixed with admiration, at the indomitable energy

Page 238

of this soldier-pope at seventy years of age. It was said that he had cast into the Tiber the keys of St. Peter to gird on the sword of St. Paul. His answer to everything was, "The barbarians must be driven from Italy." Louis XII. became more and more irritated and undecided. "To reassure his people," says Bossuet (to which we may add, 'and to reassure himself'), "he assembled at Tours (in September, 1510), the prelates of his kingdom, to consult them as to what he could do at so disagreeable a crisis without wounding his conscience. Thereupon it was said that the pope, being unjustly the aggressor, and having even violated an agreement made with the king, ought to be treated as an enemy, and that the king might not only defend himself, but might even attack him without fear of excommunication. Not considering this quite strong enough yet, Louis resolved to assemble a council against the pope. The general council was the desire of the whole church since the election of Martin V. at the council of Constance (November 11, 1417); for, though that council had done great good by putting an end to the schism which had lasted for forty years, it had not accomplished what it had projected, which was a reformation of the Church in its head and in its members; but, for the doing of so holy a work, it had ordained, on separating, that there should be held a fresh council. . . . This one was opened at Pisa (November 1, 1511) with but little solemnity by the proxies of the cardinals who had caused its convocation. The pope had deposed them, and had placed under interdict the town of Pisa, where the council was to be held, and even Florence, because the Florentines had granted Pisa for the assemblage. Thereupon the religious brotherhoods were unwilling to put in an appearance at the opening of the council, and the priests of the Church refused the necessary paraphernalia. The people rose, and the cardinals, having arrived, did not consider their position safe; insomuch that after the first session they removed the council to Milan, where they met with no better reception. Gaston de Foix, nephew of Louis XII., who had just appointed him governor of Milaness, could certainly force the clergy to proceed and the people to be quiet, but he could not force them to have for the council the respect due to so great a name; there were not seen at it, according to usage, the legates of the Holy See; there were scarcely fifteen or sixteen French prelates there; the Emperor Maximilian had either not influence enough or no inclination to send to it a single one from Germany; and, in a word, there was not to be seen in this assembly anything that savored of the majesty of a general council, and it was understood to be held for political purposes." [Bossuet, *Abrege de l'Histoire de France pour l'Education du dauphin*; *OEuvres completes* (1828), t. xvii. pp. 541, 545.] Bossuet had good grounds for speaking so. Louis XII. himself said, in 1511,

Page 239

to the ambassador of Spain, that “this pretended council was only a scarecrow which he had no idea of employing save for the purpose of bringing the pope to reason.” Amidst these vain attempts at ecclesiastical influence the war was continued with passionateness on the part of Julius II., with hesitation on the part of Louis XII., and with some disquietude on the part of the French commanders, although with their wonted bravery and loyalty. Chaumont d’Amboise, the cardinal’s nephew, held the command-in-chief in the king’s army. He fell ill: the pope had excommunicated him; and Chaumont sent to beg him, with instance, to give him absolution, which did not arrive until he was on his death-bed. “This is the worst,” says Bossuet, “of wars against the Church; they cause scruples not only in weak minds, but even, at certain moments, in the very strongest.” Alphonso d’ Este, Duke of Ferrara, was almost the only great Italian lord who remained faithful to France. Julius II., who was besieging Ferrara, tried to win over the duke, who rejected all his offers, and, instead, won over the negotiator, who offered his services to poison the pope. Bayard, when informed of this proposal, indignantly declared that he would go and have the traitor hanged, and warning sent to the pope. “Why,” said the duke, “he would have been very glad to do as much for you and me.” “That is no odds to me,” said the knight; “he is God’s lieutenant on earth, and, as for having him put to death in such sort, I will never consent to it.” The duke shrugged his shoulders, and spitting on the ground, said, ’Od’s body, Sir Bayard, I would like to get rid of all my enemies in that way; but, since you do not think it well, the matter shall stand over; whereof, unless God apply a remedy, both you and I will repent us.” Assuredly Bayard did not repent of his honest indignation; but, finding about the same time (January, 1511) an opportunity of surprising and carrying off the pope, he did not care to miss it; he placed himself in ambush before day-break, with a hundred picked men-at-arms, close to a village from which the pope was to issue. “The pope, who was pretty early, mounted his litter, so soon as he saw the dawn, and the clerics and officers of all kinds went before without a thought of anything. When the good knight heard them he sallied forth from his ambush, and went charging down upon the rustics, who, sore dismayed, turned back again, pricking along with loosened rein and shouting, Alarm! alarm! But all that would have been of no use but for an accident very lucky for the holy father, and very unfortunate for the good knight. When the pope had mounted his litter, he was not a stone’s throw gone when there fell from heaven the most sharp and violent shower that had been seen for a hundred years. ‘Holy father,’ said the Cardinal of Pavia to the pope, ’it is not possible to go along this country so long as this lasts; meseems you must turn back again; ’to which the pope agreed; but, just

Page 240

as he was arriving at St. Felix, and was barely entering within the castle, he heard the shouts of the fugitives whom the good knight was pursuing as hard as he could spur; whereupon he had such a fright, that, suddenly and without help, he leaped out of his litter, and himself did aid in hauling up the bridge; which was doing like a man of wits, for had he waited until one could say a *Pater noster,* he had been snapped up. Who was right down grieved, that was the good knight; never man turned back so melancholic as he was to have missed so fair a take; and the pope, from the good fright he had gotten, shook like a palsy the live-long day." [*Histoire du ben Chevalier Ballard,* t. i. pp. 346-349.]

[Illustration: Chaumont d'Amboise——350]

From 1510 to 1512 the war in Italy was thus proceeding, but with no great results, when Gaston de Foix, Duke of Nemours, came to take the command of the French army. He was scarcely twenty-three, and had hitherto only served under Trivulzio and La Palisse; but he had already a character for bravery and intelligence in war. Louis XII. loved this son of his sister, Mary of Orleans, and gladly elevated him to the highest rank. Gaston, from the very first, justified this favor. Instead of seeking for glory in the field only, he began by shutting himself up in Milan, which the Swiss were besieging. They made him an offer to take the road back to Switzerland, if he would give them a month's pay; the sum was discussed; Gaston considered that they asked too much for their withdrawal; the Swiss broke off the negotiation; but "to the great astonishment of everybody," says Guicciardini, "they raised the siege and returned to their own country." The pope was besieging Bologna; Gaston arrived there suddenly with a body of troops whom he had marched out at night through a tempest of wind and snow; and he was safe inside the place whilst the besiegers were still ignorant of his movement. The siege of Bologna was raised. Gaston left it immediately to march on Brescia, which the Venetians had taken possession of for the Holy League. He retook the town by a vigorous assault, gave it up to pillage, punished with death Count Louis Avogaro and his two sons, who had excited the inhabitants against France, and gave a beating to the Venetian army before its walls. All these successes had been gained in a fortnight. "According to universal opinion," says Guicciardini, "Italy for several centuries had seen nothing like these military operations."

We are not proof against the pleasure of giving a place in this history to a deed of virtue and chivalrous kindness on Bayard's part, the story of which has been told and retold many times in various works. It is honorable to human kind, and especially to the middle ages, that such men and such deeds are met with here and there, amidst the violence of war and the general barbarity of manners.

Page 241

Bayard had been grievously wounded at the assault of Brescia; so grievously that he said to his neighbor, the lord of Molart, "'Comrade, march your men forward; the town is ours; as for me, I cannot pull on farther, for I am a dead man.' When the town was taken, two of his archers bare him to a house, the most conspicuous they saw thereabouts. It was the abode of a very rich gentleman; but he had fled away to a monastery, and his wife had remained at the abode under the care of Our Lord, together with two fair daughters she had, the which were hidden in a granary beneath some hay. When there came a knocking at her door, she saw the good knight who was being brought in thus wounded, the which had the door shut incontinently, and set at the entrance the two archers, to the which he said, 'Take heed for your lives, that none enter herein unless it be any of my own folk; I am certified that, when it is known to be my quarters, none will try to force a way in; and if, by your aiding me, I be the cause that ye lose a chance of gaining somewhat, never ye mind; ye shall lose nought thereby.'

"The archers did as they were bid, and he was borne into a mighty fine chamber, into the which the lady of the house herself conducted him; and, throwing herself upon her knees before him, she spoke after this fashion, being interpreted, 'Noble sir, I present unto you this house, and all that is therein, for well I know it is yours by right of war; but may it be your pleasure to spare me my honor and life, and those of two young daughters that I and my husband have, who are ready for marriage.' The good knight, who never thought wickedness, replied to her, 'Madam, I know not whether I can escape from the wound that I have; but, so long as I live, you and your daughters shall be done no displeasure, any more than to my own person. Only keep them in your chambers; let them not be seen; and I assure you that there is no man in the house who would take upon himself to enter any place against your will.'

"When the good lady heard him so virtuously speak, she was all assured. Afterwards, he prayed her to give instructions to some good surgeon, who might quickly come to tend him; which she did, and herself went in quest of him with one of the archers. He, having arrived, did probe the good knight's wound, which was great and deep; howbeit he certified him that there was no danger of death. At the second dressing came to see him the Duke of Nemours' surgeon, called Master Claude, the which did thenceforward have the healing of him; and right well he did his devoir, in such sort that in less than a month he was ready to mount a-horseback. The good knight, when he was dressed, asked his hostess where her husband was; and the good lady, all in tears, said to him, 'By my faith, my lord, I know not whether he be dead or alive; but I have a shrewd idea that, if he be living, he will be in a large monastery, where be hath large acquaintance.' 'Lady,'

Page 242

said the good knight, 'have him fetched; and I will send in quest of him in such sort that he shall have no harm.' She set herself to inquire where he was, and found him; then were sent in quest of him the good knight's steward and two archers, who brought him away in safety; and on his arrival he had joyous cheer (reception) from his guest, the good knight, the which did tell him not to be melancholic, and that there was quartered upon him none but friends. . . . For about a month or five weeks was the good knight ill of his wound, without leaving his couch. One day he was minded to get up, and he walked across his chamber, not being sure whether he could keep his legs; somewhat weak he found himself; but the great heart he had gave him not leisure to think long thereon. He sent to fetch the surgeon who had the healing of him, and said to him, 'My friend, tell me, I pray you, if there be any danger in setting me on the march; me-seems that I am well, or all but so; and I give you my faith that, in my judgment, the biding will henceforth harm me more than mend me, for I do marvellously fret.' The good knight's servitors had already told the surgeon the great desire he had to be at the battle, for every day he had news from the camp of the French, how that they were getting nigh the Spaniards, and there were hopes from day to day of the battle, which would, to his great sorrow, have been delivered without him. Having knowledge whereof, and also knowing his complexion, the surgeon said, in his own language, 'My lord, your wound is not yet closed up; howbeit, inside it is quite healed. Your barber shall see to dressing you this once more; and provided that every day, morning and evening, he put on a little piece of lint and a plaister for which I will deliver to him the ointment, it will not increase your hurt; and there is no danger, for the worst of the wound is a-top, and will not touch the saddle of your horse.' Whoso had given him ten thousand crowns, the good knight had not been so glad. He determined to set out in two days, commanding his people to put in order all his gear.

"The lady with whom he lodged, who held herself all the while his prisoner, together with her husband and her children, had many imaginings. Thinking to herself that, if her guest were minded to treat with rigor herself and her husband, he might get out of them ten or twelve thousand crowns, for they had two thousand a year, she made up her mind to make him some worthy present; and she had found him so good a man, and of so gentle a heart, that, to her thinking, he would be graciously content. On the morning of the day whereon the good knight was to dislodge after dinner, his hostess, with one of her servitors carrying a little box made of steel, entered his chamber, where she found that he was resting in a chair, after having walked about a great deal, so as continually, little by little, to try his leg. She threw herself upon both knees; but incontinently he raised her up,

Page 243

and would never suffer her to speak a word, until she was first seated beside him. She began her speech in this manner: 'My lord, the grace which God did me, at the taking of this town, in directing you to this our house, was not less than the saving to me of my husband's life, and my own, and my two daughters', together with their honor, which they ought to hold dearer still. And more, from the time that you arrived here, there hath not been done to me, or to the least of my people, a single insult, but all courtesy; and there hath not been taken by your folks of the goods they found here the value of a farthing without paying for it. My lord, I am well aware that my husband, and I, and my children, and all of this household are your prisoners, for to do with and dispose of at your good pleasure, as well as the goods that are herein; but, knowing the nobleness of your heart, I am come for to entreat you right humbly that it may please you to have pity upon us, extending your wonted generosity. Here is a little present we make you; you will be pleased to take it in good part.' Then she took the box which the servitor was holding, and opened it before the good knight, who saw it full of beautiful ducats. The gentle lord, who never in his life made any case of money, burst out laughing, and said, 'Madam, how many ducats are there in this box?' The poor soul was afraid that he was angry at seeing so few, and said to him, 'My lord, there are but two thousand five hundred ducats; but, if you are not content, we will find a larger sum.' Then said he, 'By my faith, madam, though you should give me a hundred thousand crowns, you would not do so well towards me as you have done by the good cheer I have had here, and the kind tendance you have given me; in whatsoever place I may happen to be, you will have, so long as God shall grant me life, a gentleman at your bidding. As for your ducats, I will none of them; and yet I thank you; take them back; all my life I have always loved people much better than crowns. And think not in any wise that I do not go away as well pleased with you as if this town were at your disposal, and you had given it to me.'

"The good lady was much astounded at finding herself put off. 'My lord,' said she, 'I should feel myself forever the most wretched creature in the world, if you did not take away with you so small a present as I make you, which is nothing in comparison with the courtesy you have shown me heretofore, and still show me now by your great kindness.' When the knight saw her so firm, he said to her, 'Well, then, madam, I will take it for love of you; but go and fetch me your two daughters, for I would fain bid them farewell.' The poor soul, who thought herself in paradise, now that her present was at last accepted, went to fetch her daughters, the which were very fair, good, and well educated, and had afforded the good knight much pastime during his illness, for right well could they sing and play

Page 244

on the lute and spinet, and right well work with the needle. They were brought before the good knight, who, whilst they were attiring themselves, had caused the ducats to be placed in three lots, two of a thousand each, and the other of five hundred. They, having arrived, would have fallen on their knees, but were incontinently raised up, and the elder of the two began to say, 'My lord, these two poor girls, to whom you have done so much honor as to guard them, are come to take leave of you, humbly thanking your lordship for the favor they have received, for which, having nothing else in their power, they will be for-ever bound to pray God for you.' The good knight, half-weeping to see so much sweetness and humility in those two fair girls, made answer, 'Dear demoisels, you have done what I ought to do; that is, thank you for the good company you have made me, and for which I feel myself much beholden and bounden. You know that fighting men are not likely to be laden with pretty things for to present to ladies; and for my part, I am sore displeased that I am in no wise well provided for making you such present as I am bound to make. Here is your lady-mother, who has given me two thousand five hundred ducats, which you see on this table; of them I give to each of you a thousand towards your marriage; and for my recompense, you shall, an if it please you, pray God for me.' He put the ducats into their aprons, whether they would or not; and then, turning to his hostess, he said to her, "Madam, I will take these five hundred ducats for mine own profit, to distribute them amongst the poor sisterhoods which have been plundered; and to you I commit the charge of them, for you, better than any other, will understand where there is need thereof, and thereupon I take my leave of you." Then he touched them all upon the hand, after the Italian manner, and they fell upon their knees, weeping so bitterly that it seemed as if they were to be led out to their deaths. Afterwards, they withdrew to their chambers, and it was time for dinner. After dinner, there was little sitting ere the good knight called for the horses; for much he longed to be in the company so yearned for by him, having fine fear lest the battle should be delivered before he was there. As he was coming out of his chamber to mount a-horseback, the two fair daughters of the house came down and made him, each of them, a present which they had worked during his illness; one was two pretty and delicate bracelets, made of beautiful tresses of gold and silver thread, so neatly that it was a marvel; the other was a purse of crimson satin, worked right cunningly. Greatly did he thank them, saying that the present came from hand so fair, that he valued it at ten thousand crowns; and, in order to do them the more honor, he had the bracelets put upon his arms, and he put the purse in his sleeve, assuring them that, so long as they lasted, he would wear them for love of the givers."

Page 245

[Illustration: Bayard's Farewell——358]

Bayard had good reason for being in such a hurry to rejoin his comrades-in-arms, and not miss the battle he foresaw. All were as full of it as he was. After the capture of Brescia, Gaston de Foix passed seven or eight days more there, whilst Bayard was confined by his wound to his bed. "The prince went, once at least, every day to see the good knight, the which he comforted as best he might, and often said to him, 'Hey! Sir Bayard, my friend, think about getting cured, for well I know that we shall have to give the Spaniards battle between this and a month; and, if so it should be, I had rather have lost all I am worth than not have you there, so great confidence have I in you.' 'Believe me, my lord,' answered Bayard, 'that if so it is that there is to be a battle, I would, as well for the service of the king my master as for love of you and for mine own honor, which is before everything, rather have myself carried thither in a litter than not be there at all.' The Duke of Nemours made him a load of presents according to his power, and one day sent him five hundred crowns, the which the good knight gave to the two archers who had staid with him when he was wounded."

Louis XII. was as impatient to have the battle delivered as Bayard was to be in it. He wrote, time after time, to his nephew Gaston that the moment was critical, that Emperor Maximilian harbored a design of recalling the five thousand lanzknechts he had sent as auxiliaries to the French army, and that they must be made use of whilst they were still to be had; that, on the other hand, Henry VIII., King of England, was preparing for an invasion of France, and so was Ferdinand, King of Spain, in the south: a victory in the field was indispensable to baffle all these hostile plans. It was Louis XII.'s mania to direct, from Paris or from Lyons, the war which he was making at a distance, and to regulate its movements as well as its expenses. The Florentine ambassador, Pandolfini, was struck with the perilousness of this mania; and Cardinal d'Amboise was no longer by to oppose it. Gaston de Foix asked for nothing better than to act with vigor. He set out to march on Ravenna, in hopes that by laying siege to this important place he would force a battle upon the Spanish army, which sought to avoid it. There was a current rumor in Italy that this army, much reduced in numbers and cooled in ardor, would not hold its own against the French if it encountered them. Some weeks previously, after the siege of Bologna had been raised_ by the Spaniards, there were distributed about at Rome little bits of paper having on them, "If anybody knows where the Spanish army happens to be, let him inform the sacristan of peace; he shall receive as reward a lump of cheese." Gaston de Foix arrived on the 8th of April, 1512, before Ravenna. He there learned that, on the 9th of March, the ambassador of France had been sent away from London by Henry VIII.

Page 246

Another hint came to him from his own camp. A German captain, named Jacob, went and told Chevalier Bayard, with whom he had contracted a friendship, “that the emperor had sent orders to the captain of the lanzknechts that they were to withdraw incontinently on seeing his letter, and that they were not to fight the Spaniards: ‘As for me,’ said he, ’I have taken oath to the King of France, and I have his pay; if I were to die a hundred thousand deaths, I would not do this wickedness of not fighting; but there must be haste.’ The good knight, who well knew the gentle heart of Captain Jacob, commended him marvellously, and said to him, by the mouth of his interpreter, ’My dear comrade and friend, never did your heart imagine wickedness. Here is my lord of Nemours, who has ordered to his quarters all the captains, to hold a council; go we thither, you and I, and we will show him privately what you have told me.’ ‘It is well thought on,’ said Captain Jacob: ‘go we thither.’ So they went thither. There were dissensions at the council: some said that they had three or four rivers to cross; that everybody was against them, the pope, the King of Spain, the Venetians, and the Swiss; that the emperor was anything but certain, and that the best thing would be to temporize: others said that there was nothing for it but to fight or die of hunger like good-for-noughts and cowards. The good Duke of Nemours, who had already spoken with the good knight and with Captain Jacob, desired to have the opinion of the former, the which said, ’My lord, the longer we sojourn, the more miserable too will become our plight, for our men have no victual, and our horses must needs live on what the willows shoot forth at the present time. Besides, you know that the king our master is writing to you every day to give battle, and that in your hands rests, not only the safety of his duchy of Milan, but also all his dominion of France, seeing the enemies he has to-day. ’Wherefore, as for me, I am of opinion that we ought to give battle, and proceed to it discreetly, for we have to do with cunning folks and good fighters. That there is peril in it is true; but one thing gives me comfort: the Spaniards for a year past have, in this Romagna, been always living like fish in the water, and are fat and full-fed; our men have had and still have great lack of victual, whereby they will have longer breath, and we have no need of ought else, for whoso fights the longest, to him will remain the ‘field.’” The leaders of note in the army sided with the good knight, “and notice thereof was at once given to all the captains of horse and foot.”

Page 247

The battle took place on the next day but one, April 11. “The gentle Duke of Nemours set out pretty early from his quarters, armed at all points. As he went forth he looked at the sun, already risen, which was mighty red. ‘Look, my lords, how red the sun is,’ said he to the company about him. There was there a gentleman whom he loved exceedingly, a right gentle comrade, whose name was Haubourdin, the which replied, ’Know you, pray, what that means, my lord? To-day will die some prince or great captain: it must needs be you or the Spanish viceroy.’ The Duke of Nemours burst out a-laughing at this speech, and went on as far as the bridge to finish the passing-in-review of his army, which was showing marvellous diligence.” As he was conversing with Bayard, who had come in search of him, they noticed not far from them a troop of twenty or thirty Spanish gentlemen, all mounted, amongst whom was Captain Pedro de Paz, leader of all their jennettiers [light cavalry, mounted on Spanish horses called jennets]. “The good knight advanced twenty or thirty paces and saluted them, saying, ’Gentlemen, you are diverting your-selves, as we are, whilst waiting for the regular game to begin; I pray you let there be no firing of arquebuses on your side, and there shall be no firing at you on ours.’” The courtesy was reciprocated. “Sir Bayard,” asked Don Pedro de Paz, who is yon lord in such goodly array, and to whom your folks show so much honor?” “It is our chief, the Duke of Nemours,” answered Bayard; “nephew of our prince, and brother of your queen.” [Germaine de Foix, Gaston de Foix’s sister, had married, as his second wife, Ferdinand the Catholic.] Hardly had he finished speaking, when Captain Pedro de Paz and all those who were with him dismounted and addressed the noble prince in these words: “Sir, save the honor and service due to the king our master, we declare to you that we are, and wish forever to remain, your servants.” The Duke of Nemours thanked them gallantly for their gallant homage, and, after a short, chivalrous exchange of conversation, they went, respectively, to their own posts. The artillery began by causing great havoc on both sides. “’Od’s body,” said a Spanish captain shut up in a fort which the French were attacking, and which he had been charged to defend, “we are being killed here by bolts that fall from heaven; go we and fight with men;” and he sallied from the fort with all his people, to go and take part in the general battle. “Since God created heaven and earth,” says the Loyal Serviteur of Bayard, “was never seen a more cruel and rough assault than that which French and Spaniards made upon one another, and for more than a long half hour lasted this fight. They rested before one another’s eyes to recover their breath; then they let down their vizors and so began all over again, shouting, France! and Spain! the most imperiously in the world. At last the Spaniards were utterly broken, and constrained to abandon their camp, whereon,

Page 248

and between two ditches, died three or four hundred men-at-arms. Every one would fain have set out in pursuit; but the good knight said to the Duke of Nemours, who was all covered with blood and brains from one of his men-at-arms, that had been carried off by a cannon-ball, 'My lord, are you wounded?' 'No,' said the duke, 'but I have wounded a many others.' 'Now, God be praised!' said Bayard; 'you have gained the battle, and abide this day the most honored prince in the world; but push not farther forward; reassemble your men-at-arms in this spot; let none set on to pillage yet, for it is not time; Captain Louis d'Ars and I are off after these fugitives that they may not retire behind their foot; but stir not, for any man living, from here, unless Captain Louis d'Ars or I come hither to fetch you.' "The Duke of Nemours promised; but whilst he was biding on his ground, awaiting Bayard's return, he said to the Baron du Chimay,—"an honest gentleman who had knowledge," says Fleuranges, "of things to come, and who, before the battle, had announced to Gaston that he would gain it, but he would be in danger of being left there if God did not do him grace,—Well, Sir Dotard, am I left there, as you said? Here I am still.' 'Sir, it is not all over yet,' answered Chimay; whereupon there arrived an archer, who came and said to the duke, 'My lord, yonder be two thousand Spaniards, who are going off all orderly along the causeway.' 'Certes,' said Gaston, 'I cannot suffer that; whoso loves me, follow me.' And resuming his arms he pushed forward. 'Wait for your men,' said Sire de Lautrec to him; but Gaston took no heed, and followed by only twenty or thirty men-at-arms, he threw himself upon those retreating troops." He was immediately surrounded, thrown from his horse, and defending himself all the while, "like Roland at Roncesvalles," say the chroniclers, he fell pierced with wounds. "Do not kill him," shouted Lautrec; "it is the brother of your queen." Lautrec himself was so severely handled and wounded that he was thought to be dead. Gaston really was, though the news spread but slowly. Bayard, returning with his comrades from pursuing the fugitives, met on his road the Spanish force that Gaston had so rashly attacked, and that continued to retire in good order. Bayard was all but charging them, when a Spanish captain came out of the ranks and said to him, in his own language, "What would you do, sir? You are not powerful enough to beat us; you have won the battle; let the honor thereof suffice you, and let us go with our lives, for by God's will are we escaped." Bayard felt that the Spaniard spoke truly; he had but a handful of men with him, and his own horse could not carry him any longer: the Spaniards opened their ranks, and he passed through the middle of them and let them go. "'Las!" says his Loyal Serviteur, "he knew not that the good Duke of Nemours was dead, or that those yonder were they who had slain him; he had died ten thousand deaths but he would have avenged him, if he had known it."

Page 249

When the fatal news was known, the consternation and grief were profound. At the age of twenty-three Gaston de Foix had in less than six months won the confidence and affection of the army, of the king, and of France. It was one of those sudden and undisputed reputations which seem to mark out men for the highest destinies. "I would fain," said Louis XIL, when he heard of his death, "have no longer an inch of land in Italy, and be able at that price to bring back to life my nephew Gaston and all the gallants who perished with him. God keep us from often gaining such victories!" "In the battle of Ravenna," says Guicciardini, "fell at least ten thousand men, a third of them French, and two thirds their enemies; but in respect of chosen men and men of renown the loss of the victors was by much the greater, and the loss of Gaston de Foix alone surpassed all the others put together; with him went all the vigor and furious onset of the French army." La Palisse, a warrior valiant and honored, assumed the command of this victorious army; but under pressure of repeated attacks from the Spaniards, the Venetians, and the Swiss, he gave up first the Romagna, then Milanes, withdrew from place to place, and ended by falling back on Piedmont. Julius II. won back all he had won and lost. Maximilian Sforza, son of Ludovic the Moor, after twelve years of exile in Germany, returned to Milan to resume possession of his father's duchy. By the end of June, 1512, less than three months after the victory of Ravenna, the domination of the French had disappeared from Italy.

[Illustration: Gaston de Foix——364]

Louis XII. had, indeed, something else to do besides crossing the Alps to go to the protection of such precarious conquests. Into France itself war was about to make its way; it was his own kingdom and his own country that he had to defend. In vain, after the death of Isabella of Castile, had he married his niece, Germaine de Foix, to Ferdinand the Catholic, whilst giving up to him all pretensions to the kingdom of Naples. In 1512 Ferdinand invaded Navarre, took possession of the Spanish portion of that little kingdom, and thence threatened Gascony. Henry VIII., King of England, sent him a fleet, which did not withdraw until after it had appeared before Bayonne and thrown the south-west of France into a state of alarm. In the north, Henry VIII. continued his preparations for an expedition into France, obtained from his Parliament subsidies for that purpose, and concerted plans with Emperor Maximilian, who renounced his doubtful neutrality and engaged himself at last in the Holy League. Louis XII. had in Germany an enemy as zealous almost as Julius II. was in Italy: Maximilian's daughter, Princess Marguerite of Austria, had never forgiven France or its king, whether he were called Charles VIII. or Louis XII., the treatment she had received from that court, when, after having been kept there and brought up for eight years to become

Page 250

Queen of France, she had been sent away and handed back to her father, to make way for Anne of Brittany. She was ruler of the Low Countries, active, able, full of passion, and in continual correspondence with her father, the emperor, over whom she exercised a great deal of influence. [This correspondence was published in 1839, by the *Societe de l'Histoire de France* (2 vols. 8vo.), from the originals, which exist in the archives of Lille.] The Swiss, on their side, continuing to smart under the contemptuous language which Louis had imprudently applied to them, became more and more pronounced against him, rudely dismissed Louis de la Tremoille, who attempted to negotiate with them, re-established Maximilian Sforza in the duchy of Milan, and haughtily styled themselves "vanquishers of kings and defenders of the holy Roman Church." And the Roman Church made a good defender of herself. Julius II. had convoked at Rome, at St. John Lateran, a council, which met on the 3d of May, 1512, and in presence of which the council of Pisa and Milan, after an attempt at removing to Lyons, vanished away like a phantom. Everywhere things were turning out according to the wishes and for the profit of the pope; and France and her king were reduced to defending themselves on their own soil against a coalition of all their great neighbors.

"Man proposes and God disposes." Not a step can be made in history without meeting with some corroboration of that modest, pious, grand truth. On the 21st of February, 1513, ten months since Gaston de Foix, the victor of Ravenna, had perished in the hour of his victory, Pope Julius II. died at Rome at the very moment when he seemed invited to enjoy all the triumph of his policy. He died without bluster and without disquietude, disavowing nought of his past life, and relinquishing none of his designs as to the future. He had been impassioned and skilful in the employment of moral force, whereby alone he could become master of material forces; a rare order of genius, and one which never lacks grandeur, even when the man who possesses it abuses it. His constant thought was how he might free Italy from the barbarians; and he liked to hear himself called by the name of liberator, which was commonly given him. One day the outspoken Cardinal Grimani said to him that, nevertheless, the kingdom of Naples, one of the greatest and richest portions of Italy, was still under the foreign yoke; whereupon Julius II., brandishing the staff on which he was leaning, said, wrathfully, "Assuredly, if Heaven had not otherwise ordained, the Neapolitans too would have shaken off the yoke which lies heavy on them." Guicciardini has summed up, with equal justice and sound judgment, the principal traits of his character: "He was a prince," says the historian, "of incalculable courage and firmness; full of boundless imaginings which would have brought him headlong to ruin if the respect borne to the Church, the dissensions of princes and the conditions of the

Page 251

times, far more than his own moderation and prudence, had not supported him; he would have been worthy of higher glory had he been a laic prince, or had it been in order to elevate the Church in spiritual rank and by processes of peace that he put in practice the diligence and zeal he displayed for the purpose of augmenting his temporal greatness by the arts of war. Nevertheless he has left, above all his predecessors, a memory full of fame and honor, especially amongst those men who can no longer call things by their right names or appreciate them at their true value, and who think that it is the duty of the sovereign-pontiffs to extend, by means of arms and the blood of Christians, the power of the Holy See rather than to wear themselves out in setting good examples of a Christian's life and in reforming manners and customs pernicious to the salvation of souls—that aim of aims for which they assert that Christ has appointed them His vicars on earth."

The death of Julius II. seemed to Louis XII. a favorable opportunity for once more setting foot in Italy, and recovering at least that which he regarded as his hereditary right, the duchy of Milan. He commissioned Louis de la Tremoille to go and renew the conquest; and, whilst thus reopening the Italian war, he commenced negotiations with certain of the coalitionists of the Holy League, in the hope of causing division amongst them, or even of attracting some one of them to himself. He knew that the Venetians were dissatisfied and disquieted about their allies, especially Emperor Maximilian, the new Duke of Milan Maximilian Sforza, and the Swiss. He had little difficulty in coming to an understanding with the Venetian senate; and, on the 14th of May, 1513, a treaty of alliance, offensive and defensive, was signed at Blois between the King of France and the republic of Venice. Louis hoped also to find at Rome in the new pope, Leo X. [Cardinal John de' Medici, elected pope March 11, 1513], favorable inclinations; but they were at first very ambiguously and reservedly manifested. As a Florentine, Leo X. had a leaning towards France; but as pope, he was not disposed to relinquish or disavow the policy of Julius II. as to the independence of Italy in respect of any foreign sovereign, and as to the extension of the power of the Holy See; and he wanted time to make up his mind to infuse into his relations with Louis XII. good-will instead of his predecessor's impassioned hostility. Louis had not, and could not have, any confidence in Ferdinand the Catholic; but he knew him to be as prudent as he was rascally, and he concluded with him at Orthez, on the 1st of April, 1513, a year's truce, which Ferdinand took great care not to make known to his allies, Henry VIII., King of England, and the Emperor Maximilian, the former of whom was very hot-tempered, and the latter very deeply involved, through his daughter Marguerite of Austria, in the warlike league against France. "Madam" [the name given to

Page 252

Marguerite as ruler of the Low Countries], wrote the Florentine minister to Lorenzo de' Medici, "asks for nought but war against the Most Christian king; she thinks of nought but keeping up and fanning the kindled fire, and she has all the game in her hands, for the King of England and the emperor have full confidence in her, and she does with them just as she pleases." This was all that was gained during the year of Julius II.'s death by Louis XII.'s attempts to break up or weaken the coalition against France; and these feeble diplomatic advantages were soon nullified by the unsuccess of the French expedition in Milaness. Louis de la Tremoille had once more entered it with a strong army; but he was on bad terms with his principal lieutenant, John James Trivulzio, over whom he had not the authority wielded by the young and brilliant Gaston de Foix; the French were close to Novara, the siege of which they were about to commence; they heard that a body of Swiss was advancing to enter the place; La Tremoille shifted his position to oppose them, and on the 5th of June, 1513, he told all his captains in the evening that "they might go to their sleeping-quarters and make good cheer, for the Swiss were not yet ready to fight, not having all their men assembled;" but early next morning the Swiss attacked the French camp. "La Tremoille had hardly time to rise, and, with half his armor on, mount his horse; the Swiss outposts and those of the French were already at work pell-mell over against his quarters." The battle was hot and bravely contested on both sides; but the Swiss by a vigorous effort got possession of the French artillery, and turned it against the infantry of the lanzknechts, which was driven in and broken. The French army abandoned the siege of Novara, and put itself in retreat, first of all on Verceil, a town of Piedmont, and then on France itself. "And I do assure you," says Fleuranges, an eye-witness and partaker in the battle, "that there was great need of it; of the men-at-arms there were but few lost, or of the French foot; which turned out a marvellous good thing for the king and the kingdom, for they found him very much embroiled with the English and other nations." War between, France and England had recommenced at sea in 1512: two squadrons, one French, of twenty sail, and the other English, of more than forty, met on the 10th of August somewhere off the island of Ushant; a brave Breton, Admiral Herve Primoguet, aboard of "the great ship of the Queen of France," named the Cordeliere, commanded the French squadron, and Sir Thomas Knyvet, a young sailor "of more bravery than experience," according to the historians of his own country, commanded, on board of a vessel named the Regent, the English squadron. The two admirals' vessels engaged in a deadly duel; but the French admiral, finding himself surrounded by superior forces, threw his grappling-irons on to the English vessel, and, rather than surrender, set fire to the two admirals' ships, which blew up at the same time, together with their crews of two thousand men.

Page 253

The sight of heroism and death has a powerful effect upon men, and sometimes suspends their quarrels. The English squadron went out again to sea, and the French went back to Brest. Next year the struggle recommenced, but on land, and with nothing so striking. An English army started from Calais, and went and blockaded, on the 17th of June, 1513, the fortress of Therouanne in Artois. It was a fortnight afterwards before Henry VIII. himself quitted Calais, where festivities and tournaments had detained him too long for what he had in hand, and set out on the march with twelve thousand foot to go and join his army before Therouanne. He met on his road, near Thournehem, a body of twelve hundred French men-at-arms with their followers a-horseback, and in the midst of them Bayard. Sire de Piennes, governor of Picardy, was in command of them. "My lord," said Bayard to him, "let us charge them: no harm can come of it to us, or very little; if, at the first charge, we make an opening in them, they are broken; if they repulse us, we shall still get away; they are on foot and we a-horseback;" and "nearly all the French were of this opinion," continues the chronicler; but Sire de Piennes said, Gentlemen, I have orders, on my life, from the king our master, to risk nothing, but only hold his country. Do as you please; for my part I shall not consent thereto.' Thus was this matter stayed; and the King of England passed with his band under the noses of the French." Henry VIII. arrived quietly with his army before Therouanne, the garrison of which defended itself valiantly, though short of provisions. Louis XII. sent orders to Sire de Piennes to revictual Therouanne "at any price." The French men-at-arms, to the number of fourteen hundred lances, at whose head marched La Palisse, Bayard, the Duke de Longueville, grandson of the great Dunois, and Sire de Piennes himself, set out on the 16th of August to go and make, from the direction of Guinegate, a sham attack upon the English camp, whilst eight hundred Albanian light cavalry were to burst, from another direction, upon the enemies' lines, cut their way through at a gallop, penetrate to the very fosses of the fortress, and throw into them munitions of war and of the stomach, hung to their horses' necks. The Albanians carried out their orders successfully. The French men-at-arms, after having skirmished for some time with the cavalry of Henry VIII. and Maximilian, began to fall back a little carelessly and in some disorder towards their own camp, when they perceived two large masses of infantry and artillery, English and German, preparing to cut off their retreat. Surprise led to confusion; the confusion took the form of panic; the French men-at-arms broke into a gallop, and, dispersing in all directions, thought of nothing but regaining the main body and the camp at Blangy. This sudden rout of so many gallants received the sorry name of the affair of spurs, for spurs did more service than

Page 254

the sword. Many a chosen captain, the Duke de Longueville, Sire de la Palisse, and Bayard, whilst trying to rally the fugitives, were taken by the enemy. Emperor Maximilian, who had arrived at the English camp three or four days before the affair, was of opinion that the allies should march straight upon the French camp, to take advantage of the panic and disorder; but "Henry VIII. and his lords did not agree with him." They contented themselves with pressing on the siege of Therouanne, which capitulated on the 22d of August, for want of provisions. The garrison was allowed to go free, the men-at-arms with lance on thigh and the foot with pike on shoulder, with their harness and all that they could carry." But, in spite of an article in the capitulation, the town was completely dismantled and burnt; and, by the advice of Emperor Maximilian, Henry VIII. made all haste to go and lay siege to Tournai, a French fortress between Flanders and Hainault, the capture of which was of great importance to the Low Countries and to Marguerite of Austria, their ruler.

On hearing these sad tidings, Louis XII., though suffering from an attack of gout, had himself moved in a litter from Paris to Amiens, and ordered Prince Francis of Angouleme, heir to the throne, to go and take command of the army, march it back to the defensive line of the Somme, and send a garrison to Tournai. It was one of that town's privileges to have no garrison; and the inhabitants were unwilling to admit one, saying that Tournai never had turned and never would turn tail; and, if the English came, they would find some one to talk to them." "Howbeit," says Fleuranges, "not a single captain was there, nor, likewise, the said lord duke, but understood well how it was with people besieged, as indeed came to pass, for at the end of three days, during which the people of Tournai were besieged, they treated for appointment (terms) with the King of England." Other bad news came to Amiens. The Swiss, puffed up with their victory at Novara and egged on by Emperor Maximilian, had to the number of thirty thousand entered Burgundy, and on the 7th of September laid siege to Dijon, which was rather badly fortified. La Tremoille, governor of Burgundy, shut himself up in the place and bravely repulsed a first assault, but "sent post-haste to warn the king to send him aid; whereto the king made no reply beyond that he could not send him aid, and that La Tremoille should do the best he could for the advantage and service of the kingdom." La Tremoille applied to the Swiss for a safe-conduct, and "without arms and scantily attended" he went to them to try whether "in consideration of a certain sum of money for the expenses of their army they could be packed off to their own country without doing further displeasure or damage." He found them proud and arrogant of heart, for they styled themselves chastisers of princes," and all he could obtain from them was "that the king should give up the duchy of Milan and all the

Page 255

castles appertaining thereto, that he should restore to the pope all the towns, castles, lands, and lordships which belonged to him, and that he should pay the Swiss four hundred thousand crowns, to wit, two hundred thousand down and two hundred thousand at Martinmas in the following winter." [*Corps Diplomatique du Droit des Gens,* by Dumont, t. vi. part 1, p. 175.] As brave in undertaking a heavy responsibility as he was in delivering a battle, La Tremoille did not hesitate to sign, on the 13th of September, this harsh treaty; and, as he had not two hundred thousand crowns down to give the Swiss, he prevailed upon them to be content with receiving twenty thousand at once, and he left with them as hostage, in pledge of his promise, his nephew Rend d'Anjou, lord of Mezieres, "one of the boldest and discreetest knights in France." But for this honorable defeat, the veteran warrior thought the kingdom of France had been then undone; for, assailed at all its extremities, with its neighbors for its foes, it could not, without great risk of final ruin, have borne the burden and defended itself through so many battles. La Tremoille sent one of the gentlemen of his house, the chevalier Reginald de Moussy, to the king, to give an account of what he had done, and of his motives. Some gentlemen about the persons of the king and the queen had implanted some seeds of murmuring and evil thinking in the mind of the queen, and through her in that of the king, who readily gave ear to her words because good and discreet was she. The said Reginald de Moussy, having warning of the fact, and without borrowing aid of a soul (for bold man was he by reason of his virtues), entered the king's chamber, and, falling on one knee, announced, according to order, the service which his master had done, and without which the kingdom of France was in danger of ruin, whereof he set forth the reasons. The whole was said in presence of them who had brought the king to that evil way of thinking, and who knew not what to reply to the king when he said to them, 'By the faith of my body, I think and do know by experience that my cousin the lord of La Tremoille is the most faithful and loyal servant that I have in my kingdom, and the one to whom I am most bounden to the best of his abilities. Go, Reginald, and tell him that I will do all that he has promised; and if he has done well, let him do better.' The queen heard of this kind answer made by the king, and was not pleased at it; but afterwards, the truth being known, she judged contrariwise to what she, through false report, had imagined and thought." [*Memoires de la Tremoille,* in the Petitot collection, t. xiv. pp. 476-492.]

Word was brought at the same time to Amiens that Tournai, invested on the 15th of September by the English, had capitulated, that Henry VIII. had entered it on the 21st, and that he had immediately treated it as a conquest of which he was taking possession, for he had confirmed it in all its privileges except that of having no garrison.

Page 256

Such was the situation in which France, after a reign of fifteen years and in spite of so many brave and devoted servants, had been placed by Louis XII.'s foreign policy. Had he managed the home affairs of his kingdom as badly and with as little success as he had matters abroad, is it necessary to say what would have been his people's feelings towards him, and what name he would have left in history? Happily for France and for the memory of Louis XII., his home-government was more sensible, more clear-sighted, more able, more moral, and more productive of good results than his foreign policy was.

When we consider this reign from this new point of view, we are at once struck by two facts: 1st, the great number of legislative and administrative acts that we meet with bearing upon the general interests of the country, interests political, judicial, financial, and commercial; the *Recueil des Ordonnances des Rois de France* contains forty-three important acts of this sort owing their origin to Louis XII.; it was clearly a government full of watchfulness, activity, and attention to good order and the public weal; 2d, the profound remembrance remaining in succeeding ages of this reign and its deserts—a remembrance which was manifested, in 1560, amongst the states-general of Orleans, in 1576 and 1588 amongst the states of Blois, in 1593 amongst the states of the League, and even down to 1614 amongst the states of Paris. During more than a hundred years France called to mind, and took pleasure in calling to mind, the administration of Louis XII. as the type of a wise, intelligent, and effective regimen. Confidence may be felt in a people's memory when it inspires them for so long afterwards with sentiment of justice and gratitude.

If from the simple table of the acts of Louis XII.'s home-government we pass to an examination of their practical results it is plain that they were good and salutary. A contemporary historian, earnest and truthful though panegyrical, Claude do Seyssel, describes in the following terms the state of France at that time: "It is," says he, "a patent fact that the revenue of benefices, lands, and lordships has generally much increased. And in like manner the proceeds of gabels, turnpikes, law-fees and other revenues have been augmented very greatly. The traffic, too, in merchandise, whether by sea or land, has multiplied exceedingly. For, by the blessing of peace, all folks (except the nobles, and even them I do not except altogether) engage in merchandise. For one trader that was in Louis XI.'s time to be found rich and portly at Paris, Rouen, Lyons, and other good towns of the kingdom, there are to be found in this reign more than fifty; and there are in the small towns greater number than the great and principal cities were wont to have. So much so that scarcely a house is made on any street without having a shop for merchandise or for mechanical art. And less difficulty is now made about going to Rome, Naples London, and elsewhere over-sea than was made formally about going to Lyons or to Geneva. So much so that there are some who have gone by sea to seek, and have found, new homes. The renown and authority of the king now reigning are so great that his subjects are honored and upheld in every country, as well at sea as on land."

Page 257

Foreigners were not less impressed than the French themselves with this advance in order, activity, and prosperity amongst the French community. Machiavelli admits it, and with the melancholy of an Italian politician acting in the midst of rivalries amongst the Italian republics, he attributes it above all to French unity, superior to that of any other state in Europe.

As to the question, to whom reverts the honor of the good government at home under Louis XII., and of so much progress in the social condition of France, M. George Picot, in his *Histoire des Etats Generaux* [t. i. pp. 532-536], attributes it especially to the influence of the states assembled at Tours, in 1484, at the beginning of the reign of Charles VIII.: "They employed," he says, "the greatest efforts to reduce the figure of the impost; they claimed the voting of subsidies, and took care not to allow them, save by way of gift and grant. They did not hesitate to revise certain taxes, and when they were engaged upon the subject of collecting of them, they energetically stood out for the establishment of a unique, classified body of receivers-royal, and demanded the formation of all the provinces into districts of estates, voting and apportioning their imposts every year, as in the cases of Languedoc, Normandy, and Dauphiny. The dangers of want of discipline in an ill-organized standing army and the evils caused to agriculture by roving bands drove the states back to reminiscences of Charles VII.'s armies; and they called for a mixed organization, in which gratuitous service, commingled in just proportion with that of paid troops, would prevent absorption of the national element. To reform the abuses of the law, to suppress extraordinary commissions, to reduce to a powerful unity, with parliaments to crown all, that multitude of jurisdictions which were degenerate and corrupt products of the feudal system in its decay, such was the constant aim of the states-general of 1484. They saw that a judicial hierarchy would be vain without fixity of laws; and they demanded a summarization of customs and a consolidation of ordinances in a collection placed within reach of all. Lastly they made a claim, which they were as qualified to make as they were intelligent in making, for the removal of the commercial barriers which divided the provinces and prevented the free transport of merchandise. They pointed out the repairing of the roads and the placing of them in good condition as the first means of increasing the general prosperity. Not a single branch of the administration of the kingdom escaped their conscientious scrutiny: law, finance, and commerce by turns engaged their attention; and in all these different matters they sought to ameliorate institutions, but never to usurp power. They did not come forward like the shrievalty of the University of Paris in 1413, with a new system of administration; the reign of Louis XI. had left nothing that was important or possible, in that way, to conceive; there was nothing more to be done than to glean after him, to relax those appliances of government which he had stretched at all points, and to demand the accomplishment of such of his projects as were left in arrear and the cure of the evils he had caused by the frenzy and the aberrations of his absolute will."

Page 258

We do not care to question the merits of the states-general of 1484; we have but lately striven to bring them to light, and we doubt not but that the enduring influence of their example and their sufferings counted for much in the progress of good government during the reign of Louis XII. It is an honor to France to have always resumed and pursued from crisis to crisis, through a course of many sufferings, mistakes, and tedious gaps, the work of her political enfranchisement and the foundation of a regimen of freedom and legality in the midst of the sole monarchy which so powerfully contributed to her strength and her greatness. The states-general of 1484, in spite of their rebuffs and long years after their separation, held an honorable place in the history of this difficult and tardy work; but Louis XII.'s personal share in the good home-government of France during his reign was also great and meritorious. His chief merit, a rare one amongst the powerful of the earth, especially when there is a question of reforms and of liberty, was that he understood and entertained the requirements and wishes of his day; he was a mere young prince of the blood when the states of 1484 were sitting at Tours; but he did not forget them when he was king, and, far from repudiating their patriotic and modest work in the cause of reform and progress, he entered into it sincerely and earnestly with the aid of Cardinal d'Amboise, his honest, faithful, and ever influential councillor. The character and natural instincts of Louis XII. inclined him towards the same views as his intelligence and moderation in politics suggested. He was kind, sympathetic towards his people, and anxious to spare them every burden and every suffering that was unnecessary, and to have justice, real and independent justice, rendered to all. He reduced the talliages a tenth at first and a third at a later period. He refused to accept the dues usual on a joyful accession. When the wars in Italy caused him some extraordinary expense, he disposed of a portion of the royal possessions, strictly administered as they were, before imposing fresh burdens upon the people. His court was inexpensive, and he had no favorites to enrich. His economy became proverbial; it was sometimes made a reproach to him; and things were carried so far that he was represented, on the stage of a popular theatre, ill, pale, and surrounded by doctors, who were holding a consultation as to the nature of his malady: they at last agreed to give him a potion of gold to take; the sick man at once sat up, complaining of nothing more than a burning thirst. When informed of this scandalous piece of buffoonery, Louis contented himself with saying, "I had rather make courtiers laugh by my stinginess than my people weep by my extravagance." He was pressed to punish some insolent comedians; but, "No," said he, "amongst their ribaldries they may sometimes tell us useful truths let them amuse themselves, provided that they respect

Page 259

the honor of women." In the administration of justice he accomplished important reforms, called for by the states-general of 1484 and promised by Louis XI. and Charles VIII., but nearly all of them left in suspense. The purchase of offices was abolished and replaced by a two-fold election; in all grades of the magistracy, when an office was vacant, the judges were to assemble to select three persons, from whom the king should be bound to choose. The irremovability of the magistrates, which had been accepted but often violated by Louis XI., became under Louis XII. a fundamental rule. It was forbidden to every one of the king', magistrates, from the premier-president to the lowest provost to accept any place or pension from any lord, under pain of suspension from their office or loss of their salary. The annual Mercurials (Wednesday-meetings) became, in the supreme courts, a general and standing usage. The expenses of the law were reduced. In 1501, Louis XII. instituted at Aix in Provence a new parliament; in 1499 the court of exchequer a Rouen, hitherto a supreme but movable and temporary court became a fixed and permanent court, which afterwards received under Francis I., the title of parliament. Being convinced before long, by facts themselves, that these reforms were seriously meant by their author, and were practically effective, the people conceived, in consequence, towards the king and the magistrates a general sentiment of gratitude and respect. In 1570 Louis made a journey from Paris to Lyons by Champaigne and Burgundy; and "wherever he passed," says St. Gelais" men and women assembled from all parts, and ran after him for three or four leagues. And when they were able to touch his mule, or his robe, or anything that was his, they kissed their hands . . . with as great devotion as they would have shown to a reliquary. And the Burgundians showed as much enthusiasm as the real old French."

Louis XII.'s private life also contributed to win for him, we will not say the respect and admiration, but the good will of the public. He was not, like Louis IX., a model of austerity and sanctity; but after the licentious court of Charles VII., the coarse habits of Louis XI., and the easy morals of Charles VIII., the French public was not exacting. Louis XII. was thrice married. His first wife, Joan, daughter of Louis XI., was an excellent and worthy princess, but ugly, ungraceful, and hump-backed. He had been almost forced to marry her, and he had no child by her. On ascending the throne, he begged Pope Alexander VI. to annul his marriage; the negotiation was anything but honorable, either to the king or to the pope; and the pope granted his bull in consideration of the favors shown to his unworthy son, Caesar Borgia, by the king. Joan alone behaved with a virtuous as well as modest pride, and ended her life in sanctity within a convent at Bourges, being wholly devoted to pious works, regarded by the people as a saint, spoken of by bold preachers as

Page 260

a martyr, and “still the true and legitimate Queen of France,” and treated at a distance with profound respect by the king who had put her away. Louis married, in 1499, his predecessor’s widow, Anne, Duchess of Brittany, twenty-three years of age, short, pretty, a little lame, witty, able, and firm. It was, on both sides, a marriage of policy, though romantic tales have been mixed up with it; it was a suitable and honorable royal arrangement, without any lively affection on one side or the other, but with mutual esteem and regard. As queen, Anne was haughty, imperious, sharp-tempered, and too much inclined to mix in intrigues and negotiations at Rome and Madrid, sometimes without regard for the king’s policy; but she kept up her court with spirit and dignity, being respected by her ladies, whom she treated well, and favorably regarded by the public, who were well disposed towards her for having given Brittany to France. Some courtiers showed their astonishment that the king should so patiently bear with a character so far from agreeable; but “one must surely put up with something from a woman,” said Louis, “when she loves her honor and her husband.” After a union of fifteen years, Anne of Brittany died on the 9th of January, 1514, at the castle of Blois, nearly thirty-seven years old. Louis was then fifty-two. He seemed very much to regret his wife; but, some few months after her death, another marriage of policy was put, on his behalf, in course of negotiation. It was in connection with Princess Mary of England, sister of Henry VIII., with whom it was very important for Louis XII. and for France to be once more at peace and on good terms. The Duke de Longueville, made prisoner by the English at the battle of Guinegate, had, by his agreeable wit and his easy, chivalrous grace, won Henry VIII.’s favor in London; and he perceived that that prince, discontented with his allies, the Emperor of Germany and the King of Spain, was disposed to make peace with the King of France. A few months, probably only a few weeks, after Anne of Brittany’s death, De Longueville, no doubt with Louis XII.’s privity, suggested to Henry VIII. the idea of a marriage between his young sister and the King o France. Henry liked to do sudden and striking things: he gladly seized the opportunity of avenging himself upon his two allies, who, in fact, had not been very faithful to him, and he welcomed De Longueville’s idea. Mary was sixteen, pretty, already betrothed to Archduke Charles of Austria, and, further passionately smitten with Charles Brandon, the favorite of Henry VIII., who had made him Duke of Suffolk, and, according to English historians, the handsomest nobleman in England. These two difficulties were surmounted: Mary herself formally declared her intention of breaking a promise of marriage which had been made during her minority, and which Emperor Maximilian had shown himself in no hurry to get fulfilled; and Louis XII. formally demanded her

Page 261

hand. Three treaties were concluded on the 7th of August, 1514, between the Kings of France and England, in order to regulate the conditions of their political and matrimonial alliance; on the 13th of August, the Duke de Longueville, in his sovereign's name, espoused the Princess Mary at Greenwich; and she, escorted to France by brilliant embassy, arrived on the 8th of October at Abbeville where Louis XII. was awaiting her. Three days afterwards the marriage was solemnized there in state, and Louis, who had suffered from gout during the ceremony, carried off his young queen to Paris, after having had her crowned at St. Denis Mary Tudor had given up the German prince, who was destined to become Charles V., but not the handsome English nobleman she loved. The Duke of Suffolk went to France to see her after her marriage, and in her train she had as maid of honor a young girl, a beauty as well, who was one day to be Queen of England—Anne Boleyn.

Less than three months after this marriage, on the 1st of January, 1515, "the death-bell-men were traversing the streets of Paris, ringing their bells and crying, 'The good King Louis, father of the people, is dead.'" Louis XII., in fact, had died that very day, at midnight, from an attack of gout and a rapid decline. "He had no great need to be married, for many reasons," says the Loyal Serviteur of Bayard, "and he likewise had no great desire that way; but, because he found himself on every side at war, which he could not maintain without pressing very hard upon his people, he behaved like the pelican. After that Queen Mary had made her entry, which was mighty triumphant, into Paris, and that there had taken place many jousts and tourneys, which lasted more than six weeks, the good king, because of his wife, changed all his manner of living: he had been wont to dine at eight, and he now dined at midday; he had been wont to go to bed at six in the evening, and he often now went to bed at midnight. He fell ill at the end of December, from the which illness nought could save him. He was, whilst he lived, a good prince, wise and virtuous, who maintained his people in peace, without pressing hard upon them in any way, save by constraint. He had in his time much of good and of evil, whereby he got ample knowledge of the world. He obtained many victories over his enemies; but towards the end of his days Fortune gave him a little turn of her frowning face. He was borne to his grave at St. Denis amongst his good predecessors, with great weeping and wailing, and to the great regret of his subjects."

"He was a gentle prince," says Robert de la Marck, lord of Fleuranges, "both in war and otherwise, and in all matters wherein he was required to take part. It was pity when this malady of gout attacked him, for he was not an old man."

Page 262

To the last of his days Louis XII. was animated by earnest sympathy and active solicitude for his people. It cost him a great deal to make with the King of England the treaties of August 7, 1514, to cede Tournai to the English, and to agree to the payment to them of a hundred thousand crowns a year for ten years. He did it to restore peace to France, attacked on her own soil, and feeling her prosperity threatened. For the same reason he negotiated with Pope Leo X., Emperor Maximilian, and Ferdinand the Catholic, and he had very nearly attained the same end by entering once more upon pacific relations with them, when death came and struck him down at the age of fifty-three. He died sorrowing over the concessions he had made from a patriotic sense of duty as much as from necessity, and full of disquietude about the future. He felt a sincere affection for Francis de Valois, Count of Angouleme, his son-law and successor; the marriage between his daughter Claude and that prince had been the chief and most difficult affair connected with his domestic life; and it was only after the death of the queen, Anne of Brittany, that he had it proclaimed and celebrated. The bravery, the brilliant parts, the amiable character, and the easy grace of Francis I. delighted him, but he dreaded his presumptuous inexperience, his reckless levity, and his ruinous extravagance; and in his anxiety as a king and father he said, “We are laboring in vain; this big boy will spoil everything for us.”

END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.