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THE  
CONSTABLE DE BOURBON.

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WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH.

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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BERNHARD TAUCHNITZ

1866.

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УВАЖАЈ! ОБОЗНАТЪ

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## BOOK IV.

### THE SIEGE OF MARSEILLES.

*The Constable de Bourbon. II.*

1



THE  
CONSTABLE DE BOURBON.

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I.

Moncalieri.

HAD it rested with Bourbon, after the victory of Romagnano he would have followed Bonnivet across the Alps, and invaded France. But the ambitious design was frustrated by the jealousy of Lannoy and Pescara, while Sforza and the other chiefs of the Italian league, perfectly content with the expulsion of the French from Lombardy, declined to engage in a war from which they could derive little advantage, and at once withdrew from the Imperial army.

After pursuing the flying French as far as Susa, Bourbon took the army to Turin, where he was well received by Carlo III., Duke of Savoy. This sovereign, who was nearly related to both the contending powers, being brother-in-law of the Emperor, and uncle to François I., endeavoured, though with

imperfect success, to preserve a strict neutrality. He generally inclined towards the winning side, and since at this juncture fortune had declared herself in favour of the Emperor, he veered round in the same direction, and not only allowed the victorious army to encamp near his capital, but gave its leader a most distinguished reception.

Meanwhile, efforts were made by the Pope to bring about peace, and with this view he despatched envoys to Charles V., to François I., and to Henry VIII., proposing a truce for a year, and offering to act as mediator. But the proposition was rejected by the three monarchs. Elated by the success of his army, the Emperor was bent upon fresh conquests, and felt more disposed to invade France than to make peace with its ruler. Henry VIII. was of the same opinion; while François I., exasperated rather than intimidated by the defeat he had just sustained in the Milanese, peremptorily refused to enter into any treaty in which Bourbon should be included.

In Lannoy and Pescara, as we have intimated, Bourbon had secret enemies, and it was owing to their representations that the invasion of France was delayed. At the instance of the Viceroy of Naples, who had proceeded to Madrid to hold a conference with his Imperial master, Charles V. consented to suspend the execution of his enterprise until the

determination of the King of England could be ascertained, and some time elapsed, owing to the intrigues of Wolsey, before Henry VIII. gave his adhesion to the project.

During this long interval, Bourbon remained at Turin, impatiently awaiting the Emperor's decision.

The imperial army, which now consisted mainly of Spanish soldiers and German lanz-knechts, with some few Italian and Swiss mercenaries, was encamped at Moncalieri, a charming village situated on the declivity of a hill, forming part of the beautiful Collina di Torino. A princely habitation, belonging to the Duke of Savoy, crowned the summit of the hill, and here Bourbon resided. From the terraces of the palace of Moncalieri a splendid view was commanded of the Alps, of the rich plains of Lombardy traversed by the Po, and of the fair city of Turin. The sides of the hill were covered with vineyards, in the midst of which rose a few flat-roofed habitations, with a church and a campanile.

At the foot of the hill, and extending to the right bank of the river Po, which flowed past it, lay the camp. Its supplies were derived from the numerous villages around it, as well as from the adjacent capital.

Nothing could be more enchanting than the palace of Moncalieri, with its superb saloons, its



stately terrace, and exquisite gardens. Yet its delights could not lure Bourbon from the camp, and he spent the greater part of each day in inspecting the troops and practising military manœuvres. His aim was to win the regard of the soldiers, and in this he completely succeeded. They idolised him, as Bayard had been idolised by the French army.

Of late, the Imperial army had been joined by three leaders of distinction, the Marquis del Vasto, the Comte de Hohenzollern, and the Comte de Lodron. The two latter had been appointed by the Emperor to the command of the lanz-knechts. Of the former we must say a few words. Don Alonso Avalos, Marquis del Vasto, was a nephew of the renowned Pescara, and, though barely twenty-one, had already acquired a brilliant military reputation. He deeply regretted that he had not been a sharer in the campaign which had just terminated so gloriously for the Imperialists in the victory of Romagnano. Bourbon, who felt a genuine admiration for the high military qualities of the young marquis, would fain have attached him to his side, but Del Vasto, influenced by Pescara, held himself haughtily aloof. De Hohenzollern and De Lodron, however, manifested no such jealous feelings.

Though considerably reduced by the withdrawal of the Italian troops, the Imperial army still formed

a large force, comprising nineteen thousand foot, eleven hundred lances, and fifteen hundred light horse. Of this force the greater part were experienced soldiers, fond of warfare, and ready for any enterprise.

• One morning, in the early part of June, Bourbon took a solitary walk upon the terrace of the palace, occasionally glancing down upon the camp, and noting with interest the movements of the soldiers. The atmosphere was so soft and balmy, that it might have tranquillised any breast less troubled than his own. But Nature failed to soothe him then. All her charms were displayed in vain. The glorious picture stretched out before him caught his eye, but did not fix his attention. The mighty Alps were unheeded. Unheeded also was Turin, with its Duomo, churches, palaces, and convents, encircled by the Dora and the Po. His thoughts were elsewhere, and his mental gaze was directed towards distant scenes.

He had been some time on the terrace, pacing to and fro, and had just made up his mind to ride down to the camp, when he perceived a party of horsemen ascending the hill. As they came from the direction of Turin, the hope was instantly awakened within his breast that these horsemen might be the long-expected envoys. And so it proved. Presently,

a chamberlain came forth and informed him that the ambassadors from the Emperor and from the King of England had arrived, and besought an immediate audience.

Instantly re-entering the palace, Bourbon proceeded to a cabinet, and caused the ambassadors to be brought into his presence. They were announced as the Comte de Beaurain and Doctor Pace. The latter was a man of middle age, and possessed a handsome countenance, marked by great quickness and intelligence, a tall, commanding figure, and a dignified and courteous manner. He was attired in a gown of black velvet, and wore a close coif of the same material on his head. Long residence in Italy had given him something of the look and manner of a native of the country — a resemblance which was heightened by his dark complexion and dark eyes.

Doctor Pace had studied at Padua under the learned Bombasius, and on his return to his own country, being recommended to Cardinal Bainbridge, Archbishop of Canterbury, he accompanied that dignitary to Rome. Subsequently, Doctor Pace was made secretary of state by Henry VIII., and enjoyed in an eminent degree the favour of that capricious monarch. Some few years prior to our history, Pace had been created Dean of Saint Paul's, but he had little opportunity of discharging his ecclesiastical

functions, since the chief part of his time was spent abroad. Shortly before Bourbon's defection he had been sent to Venice to negotiate between Charles V. and François I., and his conduct on that occasion established him in the good opinion of his own sovereign. From Venice he proceeded, by Wolsey's directions, to Rome, with the secret object of ensuring the elevation of the ambitious Cardinal to the Papacy. In this he failed, and consequently incurred Wolsey's displeasure. He still, however, retained the king's favour, and was employed by him on the present mission to Bourbon.

Well aware of his distinguished abilities, Bourbon received the English envoy with great consideration, and expressed a lively satisfaction at seeing him as well as the Comte de Beaurain.

"I hope you bring me good tidings, messeigneurs," he said. "But I shall deem nothing good unless you tell me it is agreed that I shall immediately cross the Alps with the army. By Saint Louis! I have tarried here long enough."

"Your highness can scarce complain that you are indifferently lodged," remarked Doctor Pace. "For my own part, I could be content to remain for ever in this delightful palace."

"I will surrender it to you with pleasure," said Bourbon. "But keep me not in suspense. Am I

to cross the Alps? Have my royal allies decided to invade France?"

"Such is their determination," replied Beaurain. "And they entrust the command of the enterprise to your highness."

"Thank Heaven for that!" exclaimed Bourbon, joyfully. "Now I can listen patiently to details."

"We have come to propose a new treaty to your highness," pursued Beaurain, "having the same object as the last, which, unfortunately, miscarried — namely, an invasion of France, and a division of the kingdom among the conquerors."

"That is all I desire," replied Bourbon; "but, to ensure entire success, France ought to be simultaneously invaded through Provence, Languedoc, and Picardy. By attacking François at these three points we shall compel him to divide his forces, so that he can offer no effectual resistance. Nevertheless, if it be desired that I should undertake the invasion single-handed, I am ready to do so. Two roads are open to me — one by the Lyonnais, the other by Provence. Lyons is only fortified on one side, and with an adequate force may be easily taken. All the nobles of Dauphiné, Auvergne, and the Bourbonnais will rally round me. Of that I am well assured. But it will be as easy to reach Lyons through Provence as by Dauphiné. The Duke of

Savoy will give me a free passage through his states, and supply the army with necessary provisions. In less than a week I can cross the mountains, and then, skirting the sea, make my way to Provence. The Imperial fleet, under the command of the Admiral Ugo de Monçada, is now in the Mediterranean, and will support me during my march along the coast, and furnish reinforcements in case of need. But I do not think I shall require much help. The castle of Monaco, which, as you are aware, is very strong, and favourably situated for the disembarkation of troops and artillery, will be opened to me by the Bishop of Grasse. From Monaco I will march on along the coast to Marseilles, which I will besiege and take."

"If your highness can take Marseilles, the Emperor will be well content," remarked Beaurain. "He desires to have a port in Provence, as the King of England has a port in Picardy. With Marseilles, Genoa, and Barcelona, he would have the command of the Mediterranean."

"His desire shall be gratified," returned Bourbon. "Marseilles will not long hold out when I appear before it. Three cannon-shot from the heights will bring forth the timorous citizens, key in hand, and cord round the neck — suppliant for mercy, and willing to accept any terms."

“Your highness makes light of the matter,” observed Beaurain, smiling. “I trust I may be wrong, but I do not think Marseilles will be easily taken. It has been put in a perfect state of defence by Renzo da Ceri, who has been there ever since he surrendered Lodi. The Imperial fleet, under Admiral Monçada, will render you all possible assistance, and will transport your artillery from Genoa to Monaco, but you must not forget that our bitter enemy, Andrea Doria, with his galleys, has recently joined the French squadron, now cruising in the Mediterranean, and may give us much trouble. Tidings have just reached me that the valiant young Prince of Orange, who had sailed in a brigantine from Barcelona to Genoa to join our army, has been captured by Doria.”

“What do I hear? the Prince of Orange captured!” exclaimed Bourbon. “That is a heavy loss indeed. No braver or better captain than Philibert de Challon can be found. He would have been my right hand in the proposed expedition.”

“Are we to understand that your highness agrees to the terms of the new treaty?” demanded Beaurain.

“Let me hear them once more, and you shall have an answer,” said the duke.

“First then, as regards your highness,” rejoined Beaurain. “It is agreed that, on the conquest of

France, if haply such shall be the result of the expedition, you shall be put in possession, not only of the provinces heretofore belonging to you, and of which you have been unjustly deprived by François I., but of those to which you lay claim — namely, Provence and Dauphiné. And the Emperor undertakes to erect these provinces into a kingdom, of which your highness shall be sovereign.”

“So far good,” said Bourbon, well pleased.

“The remainder of France,” pursued Beaurain, “is to be divided between the Emperor and the King of England.”

“To that I raise no objection,” remarked Bourbon.

“I have now an observation to make,” said Doctor Pace. “It is expressly stipulated by my royal master that he shall assume the title of King of France, to which realm he has all along laid claim, and shall be so recognised by your highness.”

“Henry become King of France! — that cannot be!” cried Bourbon. “The stipulation was proposed to me at Montbrison, and I then refused it.”

“Things have greatly changed since then,” said Pace. “My royal master peremptorily requires that your highness shall swear fidelity to him, and pay him homage as King of France.”

“Were I to take the oath you propose,” rejoined Bourbon, “the Pope would infallibly declare himself



against us, and I should alienate all the French nobility, who would shrink from me, and join the hostile standard. If the oath of fealty must be taken, let it be deferred till the conquest has been achieved."

"It cannot be deferred," said Doctor Pace. "The king my master is obstinate, as you know. Unless your highness consents, he will assuredly take no part in the invasion."

"Nay, then, I must yield," said Bourbon. "But I do so with great reluctance."

"I do not discern the dangers which your highness seems to apprehend," remarked Beaurain. "After all, it is a small price to pay for a kingdom."

"What assistance will the king render me?" asked Bourbon of the English envoy.

"He will contribute a hundred thousand ducats towards the payment of the army as soon as your highness shall have crossed the Alps," replied Pace, "and thenceforward will continue to furnish a like sum monthly, till the object of the expedition be accomplished. His majesty is making active preparations for a descent upon Picardy, and is sending a prodigious number of soldiers, both horse and foot, to Dover, to be transported thence to Calais, where they will join the Burgundian cavalry and the Fle-

mish lansquenets. When required, this army will march into the heart of France."

"On the part of the Emperor," added Beaurain, "I am empowered to furnish you with two hundred thousand ducats, to be employed in payment of the arrears due to the troops. The expedition, therefore, can be undertaken without delay."

"I will set forth at once," said Bourbon, joyfully. "Preparations shall be made for our immediate departure. Come with me to the camp. Your presence will be desirable while I lay the plan before the generals."

The party then quitted the cabinet, and, mounting their steeds, rode down the hill to the camp. On arriving there, Bourbon summoned all the principal leaders to his tent, and informed them that an immediate invasion of France had been determined upon. The announcement, which was confirmed by the two ambassadors, was received with enthusiasm by the Counts de Hohenzollern and De Lodron, but very coldly by Pescara and the young Marquis del Vasto.

"Let those go who list," said Pescara, haughtily. "I have no desire to take part in the expedition."

"Neither have I," added Del Vasto.

"I counsel you to think twice ere you withdraw

from it, my lords," said Beaurain. "The Emperor will be highly displeased."

"They will scarcely withdraw from an expedition which must infallibly cover them with glory," said Bourbon. "Hear me, marquis," he added to Pescara. "The supreme command of the army rests with me, but as I desire to have the full benefit of your great military skill, I appoint you captain-general of the entire forces."

"Nay, my lord, this is more than I merit;" said Pescara.

"Not so, marquis," said Bourbon. "I am rejoiced to be able to evince my sense of your valour and skill. It gratifies me also that I can prove the estimation in which I hold the military talents of your distinguished nephew. Marquis del Vasto," he added, turning to the young nobleman, "I appoint you captain-general of the Spanish forces. You will be next in command to your renowned uncle."

"I trust I shall not disgrace the appointment, my lord," said Del Vasto, bowing.

"No fear of that," rejoined Bourbon. "And now, messeigneurs," he added to the assemblage, "give heed, I pray you, to what I am about to say. With your aid, and with the aid of the brave army under my command, I will strive to wrest the crown of France from the unworthy monarch who now

wears it, and place it on the head of Henry VIII. of England, to whom, in your presence, I solemnly plight fealty and homage.”

All bowed as the words were uttered, and immediately afterwards the assemblage broke up.

Orders were then issued by sound of trumpet throughout the camp that the army would march towards France on the morrow.

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## II.

## The Castle of Monaco.

ACCUSTOMED to active warfare, and delighting in it, the soldiers of the Imperial army were well pleased to learn that they were to start on a fresh expedition, and their satisfaction was by no means diminished when they received their arrears of pay. On all hands, preparations were made for the march. The artillery, which would have greatly impeded the passage of the troops over the Alps, was sent on to Genoa, to be conveyed thence by the Spanish fleet to Monaco.

Next morning, tents were struck, and shortly afterwards the whole of the well-disciplined host was in motion. Bourbon, with the two ambassadors, remained for a day at Turin, to take leave of the Duke of Savoy, and then following the army, overtook it at Cuneo.

The Alps were crossed by the Col di Tenda, and the passage being at that time free from snow, no difficulty was experienced. Making his way by Giandola and Sospello, Bourbon arrived at the little village of Turbia, situated in the mountains, behind Monaco, with his army in excellent condition and

in high spirits, on the eighth day after leaving Moncalieri.

A magnificent prospect was offered to the soldiers as they quitted Turbia, where they had halted for the night, and descended towards the coast. Before them lay the whole of that superb bay, extending from Mentone to Cape Sant' Ospizio, in the midst of which stood Monaco, with its haughty castle. Smooth almost as a mirror on that beautiful summer morning, the blue Mediterranean spread out like a lake, with a few small vessels becalmed in the offing. If Bourbon and his host contemplated this striking picture with admiration, they themselves were regarded with equal interest by the inhabitants of the town of Monaco, and by the soldiers of the garrison. The descent of the army from the mountains formed a very striking spectacle, and as battalion after battalion came in sight, their burnished arms glittering in the sun, the admiration of the beholders rose to enthusiasm.

Situated on a lofty headland jutting into the sea, the Castle of Monaco reared its proud towers as if in defiance of any foe. So strongly was it built, and so well fortified, that it was deemed impregnable. Whether facing sea or land, its battlements bristled with ordnance of formidable size. A lovely bay formed a safe and commodious harbour for friendly

shipping. Though of no great size, Monaco was the capital of a small sovereignty, and was nominally ruled over by Prince Onorio Grimaldi, the descendant of an illustrious Genoese family. Nominally ruled over, we say, because Onorio was still of tender years, and the government of the petty principality was entrusted to his uncle, the Bishop of Grasse, between whom and Bourbon a very friendly feeling subsisted.

As Bourbon approached Monaco, the Bishop of Grasse, accompanied by his nephew, the young Prince Onorio Grimaldi, a very handsome stripling of some thirteen or fourteen years, came forth with a large attendance of richly-attired esquires and gentlemen to meet him. Courteously greeting the duke, the bishop placed the castle at his disposal, and the young prince gratefully seconded his uncle's proposition.

Bourbon gladly accepted the proffered hospitality, and he and all the principal leaders of the army were lodged within the castle, and sumptuously entertained. The camp was pitched on the farther side of the Bay of Monaco, about a league from the town.

Nearly a week had elapsed since Bourbon's arrival at Monaco, and no tidings having been heard of the Spanish fleet, which was to bring the artillery from Genoa, he began to fear that some disaster had happened, especially as it was known that

Andrea Doria and the French fleet under La Fayette had left Marseilles, and were cruising about in the Mediterranean. However, as for several days a dead calm had prevailed, the slow progress of the ships could be easily accounted for.

At last the wished-for breeze sprang up. The smooth-blue expanse became ruffled, and the wind being favourable, the fleet might be speedily expected.

One morning, Bourbon, accompanied by Pescara and Del Vasto, and followed by a troop of two hundred mounted Spanish arquebusiers, was riding from the Castle of Monaco to the camp, when, perceiving several vessels in the distance, he halted to look at them, feeling sure they must be the expected squadron. He was right in the supposition; but his satisfaction was speedily damped, when it became manifest that the ships were being chased by a hostile fleet far their superior in number, and were making all possible sail to place themselves under the protection of the guns of the Castle of Monaco. But it was doubtful whether they could accomplish their object. Clearly they were pursued by Andrea Doria, and in him, as Bourbon and Pescara well knew, they had to deal with one of the most resolute and skilful naval captains of the age.

For a short time, the ships on either side, pursued and pursuers, seemed to maintain their relative



distances, being more than half a league apart, and a strong hope was felt by the beholders that the former would escape. But this impression was shaken when it became manifest that the French were gaining upon the fugitives, the still freshening breeze aiding their efforts.

It was with indescribable rage and mortification that Bourbon witnessed this scene. Though he felt that Monçada was unable to cope successfully with a fleet greatly superior to his own in number, and that he therefore acted prudently in avoiding an engagement which might probably result in his own discomfiture, and in the loss of the artillery and stores he was bringing for the Imperial army, Bourbon could not constrain himself, but gave loud utterance to his wrath, and Pescara was scarcely less indignant.

The foremost of the French fleet had now got so much nearer the Spaniards, that deeming they were within range they fired a few guns at the latter, but the shots fell short, and the discharge was not replied to by the fugitives, who pressed on as swiftly as they could. All the ships were now dashing quickly through the waves, and the chase was watched with the keenest interest, not only by Bourbon and those with him, but by hundreds of spectators collected on the walls of the

city, along the harbour, and on the battlements of the castle.

On the towers and ramparts the cannoniers were at their post, match in hand, and with shotted guns, ready to fire upon the French fleet should they venture within range.

The chase had now reached its highest point of excitement, and in a few minutes more the fate of the Spanish fleet must be decided. More guns were fired at them by the foe, but though some of the shots struck, little mischief was done, and the fugitives still held on their way. The French, however, continued to gain upon them, and so critical had become their position, that Bourbon, and almost all the others who looked on, had given them up for lost, when, contrary to all expectation, their escape was ensured by a manoeuvre of Doria, whose galley, as could be discerned from the broad flag floating at its stern, was foremost in pursuit.

Having come up with the fleet, Doria dashed among them, and turning three galleys out of their course, got between them and Monaco. Feeling sure that these luckless galleys would be captured, Doria directed his attention to the other ships, and poured a broadside into the vessel nearest him. But he failed to disable her, and with her companions she got safely under the castle guns, which

were instantly opened upon her pursuer with such effect as to check his further advance. Ere many minutes more the Spanish fleet, which had sustained little damage, entered the harbour amid the shouts and congratulations of the beholders, while the hostile squadron was kept aloof by the guns of the fortress.

Meanwhile, the three galleys intercepted by Doria did their best to escape, and giving up all idea of gaining the harbour, made for the nearest point that could be reached. This was on the farther side of the bay, near Roccabruna, and too far off to be protected by the castle guns. Though closely pursued by the French fleet, the three galleys were here run ashore, and abandoned by their officers and crews.

Bourbon was infuriated at the sight.

“It were a shame and dishonour to the Emperor, as well as a grievous loss to the army, if those galleys should fall into the hands of the enemy!” he exclaimed. “Their capture must be prevented. Come with me. Not a moment must be lost.”

Followed by Pescara and Del Vasto and the troop of arquebusiers, Bourbon galloped as fast as his charger could carry him towards the spot where the galleys had been run ashore. It was not far distant, and he reached it before the boats sent by

Doria to take possession of their prizes could come up. Instantly dismounting, he ordered a third of the arquebusiers to follow him, and springing on board the most exposed of the galleys, prepared for its defence. His example was followed by Pescara and Del Vasto, each of whom took possession of a galley, accompanied by a party of arquebusiers.

Ere long an attempt was made by three large boats, each containing twenty well-armed men, to seize the galley on which Bourbon was stationed; but so murderous was the fire of the arquebusiers, and such havoc was made by Bourbon himself, that, after sustaining heavy loss, the assailants were compelled to desist. An equally gallant resistance was made by Pescara and Del Vasto, and after a sharp conflict, which endured for nearly an hour, several boats were sunk and the others driven off, with the loss of the greater part of their crews.

During this conflict, the French fleet had not used their guns, fearing to injure their own men, but as soon as the boats moved off they opened fire. However, they failed to dislodge Bourbon and the other generals, and at last, finding the attempt to capture the galleys hopeless, Doria and La Fayette sailed off.

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## III.

How Bourbon was proclaimed Comte de Provence.

OWING to this bold achievement, Bourbon lost none of his artillery and stores, and quitting Monaco, where he had sojourned for nearly three weeks, commenced his march along the coast. He was still accompanied by the Comte de Beaurain and Doctor Pace. The route now taken by the army offered enchanting views of the Mediterranean. Gigantic aloes, cactuses, and pomegranates, skirted the road. Orange-groves, vineyards, and well-stocked orchards, everywhere delighted the eye.

The heat being excessive, the men rested during the middle of the day in some well-chosen spot where they could find shelter from the blazing sun beneath the plane-trees, and refresh themselves with good wine and delicious fruits.

It was at early dawn when Bourbon, after quitting Villa Franca, stationed himself on a rocky point to gaze at the lovely bay which spread out before him, with the fair city of Nice in its centre. The view both on land and sea was magnificent. The surface of the Mediterranean was dyed with a thousand lovely hues, borrowed from the blush-

ing sky. Forests of olives covered the whole face of the country, while nearer the coast, on the sides of the hills, were vineyards and orange-groves. Lemon-trees and carob-trees likewise abounded. It was literally a land flowing with oil and wine.

But Bourbon's view did not rest either upon the glowing sea or on the teeming country; but passed over the rapid Var into the delicious region beyond it. There lay the garden of France, rich in vineyards and olive-groves, and boasting cities and villages as beautiful as those he now gazed upon. There lay Provence, the land of the troubadour and the minstrel, and whose charms of scenery and climate even poets could not overrate. There lay the choicest portion of his future kingdom, and the moment was at hand when he was to take possession of it.

He was recalled from the reverie into which he had fallen by the approach of Pomperant and Lurey, who rode up to him. For some time we have not found occasion to allude to these faithful adherents, but we may mention that not only the two young seigneurs in question, but all the other noble gentlemen who had accompanied Bourbon in his flight from France, had attended him throughout the campaign in the Milanese, and shared with him the dangers and glories of the battle of Romagnano. Neither did they shrink from the present expedition.

The period had not arrived when their leader could fully requite their devotion, but he hoped ere long to do so. Let us also mention that Bourbon still retained in his service the faithful Hugues.

"I see whither your gaze is directed, my lord, and can guess the thoughts that occupy your mind," remarked Pomperant, as he rode up. "'Tis a lovely region, that of Provence — an earthly paradise — and it will pain François to lose it."

"Yet he makes not an effort to check the invasion," remarked Bourbon. "There is no army to oppose our progress. The conquest will be too easy. By-and-by I will rouse him from his dreams of pleasure, and force him to give me battle. But let us on. I am impatient to set foot in France."

After halting at the charming city of Nice, and crossing the headlong Var, Bourbon entered Provence with his army. His progress was wholly unimpeded. Marching on through a delightful district to Antibes, he took possession of that little seaport, and proceeded to Grasse.

As he advanced, the country seemed to increase in beauty. The hills were clothed with groves of ilex, arbutus, and myrtle, and the cork-tree flourished in more exposed places. Aloes and cactuses fringed the shore, and olives and vines, figs and mulberries, struggled for mastery on the plains.

Bourbon prevented his army from committing any kind of excess, and though the purpose of his invasion was well understood, the peasants and the inhabitants of the towns did not fly at his approach, but received him joyfully. From Grasse he proceeded to Cannes, with its beautiful bay, and the lovely group of islands, with fort, convent, and church, that face it.

Again marching along a coast of almost unrivalled beauty, and boasting an aqueduct and many other Roman remains, he reached Frejus, and then turning inland, summoned the important town of Draguignan to surrender. The mandate was instantly obeyed, and he entered the town without striking a blow, and was received with all honour by the authorities.

Having taken Hyères, Brignolles, and Tourves, he pursued his march towards Aix, the ancient capital of Provence, and renowned for its fêtes and tournaments in the days of Raimond Beranger and the good René d'Anjou.

As Aix was occupied by a considerable force under the Maréchal de la Palisse, it might have been thought that he would here experience a check, especially as the ancient city was strongly fortified; but as he advanced towards it from Trets, whence he had despatched Pomperant with a guard



to summon it to surrender, La Palisse, unwilling to hazard a siege, withdrew his forces, and retired to Avignon.

When Bourbon, therefore, came within a couple of leagues of the capital of Provence, he encountered a large band of citizens, who had come thus far to meet him. At the head of the troop were the Sire de Prat, viguier, or provost of the city, and all the chief magistrates.

Dismounting from their steeds, these important personages, who were attired in their robes of office, bent the knee humbly before Bourbon, and the viguier presented him with the keys of the city.

Bourbon received their submission very graciously, assured them that their city should be respected, and that he came as a liberator and not as an oppressor. This welcome announcement was received with acclamations by the troop of citizens, who shouted loudly, "Vive Bourbon!"

Attended by the viguier and the magistrates, Bourbon rode on through plantations of almond-trees, olive-groves, and vineyards, to the beautiful city of Aix.

As he approached, the bells were rung joyously, peals of ordnance were fired from the walls, and from the gates, which were thrown wide open, issued crowds to give him welcome.

Bourbon, of course, took possession of the city, and placed a strong force in its garrison, and on its towers and fortifications, but the army was encamped outside the walls.

Next day, mass was celebrated in the noble old cathedral of Saint Sauveur, at which Bourbon, Pescara, and all the other generals, with the two ambassadors, assisted. The duke then proceeded to the ancient palace of King René, and, in the presence of the viguier and the magistrates, assumed the title of Comte de Provence, and received their homage.

Proclamation of the title was subsequently made by sound of trumpet in all the principal places of the city, and the announcement was received with enthusiastic cries of "Vive Bourbon! Vive le Comte de Provence!"

For three days great rejoicings were held in Aix, and the good old times of Raimond Beranger and King René seemed to be revived. Banquets and fêtes were given in the palace in honour of the new Comte de Provence. Jousts and floral games were held in a plain outside the walls, at which the fair dames of Aix assisted. Troubadours sang their lays; and merry dances were executed by sprightly youths and dark-eyed damsels. In all the neighbouring villages there was revelry and rejoicing—

Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth.

## IV.

Showing how Marseilles was fortified.

BOURBON was still at Aix, when a messenger arrived from Charles V. enjoining him to lay immediate siege to Marseilles. Thus compelled to forego his design of marching upon Lyons, he summoned a council of the leaders of the army, and acquainted them with the message he had just received from the Emperor. "I once affirmed to the Comte de Beaurain," he said, "that three cannon-shot would suffice to bring the citizens of Marseilles to my feet. But I have seen cause to change my opinion. The Seigneurs Pomperant and Lurcy have examined the city carefully, and they report that its defences are exceedingly strong, and are rapidly being augmented by Renzo da Ceri and Chabot de Brion, to whom the command of the garrison has been entrusted. Aided by the chief commissary, Mirandel, Renzo da Ceri has made immense preparations for the defence. Two convents and three churches, which might have assisted the assault, have been pulled down; and the faubourgs and all the pleasure-houses built outside the city on the east and north have likewise been levelled."

“And do the inhabitants second these efforts?” demanded Pescara. “If so, they resemble not the good citizens of Aix, who have declared themselves so heartily in our favour.”

“The citizens of Marseilles are determinately hostile both to the Emperor and myself, and have vowed to burn the place rather than surrender it,” replied Bourbon. “They boast of their attachment to the crown of France, though Provence has only been forty years annexed to the kingdom. The whole population, it appears, assisted in the demolition of the convents, churches, and bastides, and they all seem animated by a spirit of patriotic enthusiasm. I have not been able to ascertain the precise strength of the garrison, but I know it amounts to full four thousand men, a fourth of which consists of cavalry, and the rest of foot soldiers. Renzo da Ceri brought all his best men-at-arms from Lodi, and Chabot de Brion was accompanied by three hundred arquebusiers. In addition to these, eight thousand of the citizens, inflamed by patriotic ardour, have formed themselves into trainbands. Thus you see what we have to expect. The defenders of Marseilles are well supplied with artillery and munitions of war, and possess some cannon of large size. As to supplies, they can easily obtain them, since the port is defended by the French

fleet under Doria and La Fayette. Notwithstanding all these obstacles, I make no doubt we shall speedily reduce the city. To-morrow I will go and reconnoitre it, and I will pray you, my lords," he added to Pescara and Del Vasto, "to accompany me. We will take a sufficient force with us, and the main body of the army will follow."

This plan being agreed upon, the council broke up.

Next morning Bourbon, at the head of two thousand Spanish soldiers, attended by Pescara and Del Vasto, together with Pomperant and Lurey, quitted Aix and proceeded towards Marseilles.

Night had fallen as the generals drew near the beautiful city they intended to besiege, and quitting their escort, they mounted to the summit of the steep rocky hill, called the Montagne de la Vierge-de-la-Garde, crowned by a small chapel dedicated to the Blessed Virgin. A full moon shed down her radiance on the city, enabling them to survey it almost as perfectly as by daylight.

To those unacquainted with Marseilles, it may be proper to mention that it is surrounded by hills, which rise behind it in the form of an amphitheatre. A large natural basin, capable of holding a vast number of ships of the largest size, and from its position perfectly sheltered, forms the harbour, the

entrance being so narrow, that, at the period of our history, it was secured by a thick chain, suspended from rock to rock. Further protection was afforded by the guns of the Castle of Saint Jean, placed on a rock on the north of the harbour. Outside is a small group of islands, on one of which stood a fort. Between these islands and the harbour lay the French fleet.

Very beautiful was the appearance of the city on that bright moonlight night — the vine-clad hills — the old walls and towers encircling the quaint houses — the noble basin with its shipping — the rocks so nearly approaching each other that they seemed almost to shut in the harbour — the group of islands outside, with the fleet at anchor near them — the beautiful curves of the coast — the wide expanse of the sea glittering like silver — all formed a ravishing picture. But the attention of those who gazed upon it was solely directed to the defences of the city, and to the discovery of its weak points. They saw where the churches and convents had been demolished by Mirandel, and where the faubourgs and bastides had been pulled down, and acknowledged the wisdom of the proceeding. They also perceived to what extent the walls and fortifications had been strengthened, and the moat widened by Renzo da Ceri.

Little is left of the Marseilles of the sixteenth century. The boast and pride of the existing city, the unequalled Rue de la Cannebière, was then un-built, and its site was little better than a marsh. The ancient city was defended on the land side by high walls, flanked by bastions, and garnished with eight towers, the chief of which, called the Tower of Saint Paul, protected the Porte de la Joliette. The walls were surrounded by a wide deep ditch, supplied from the sea, and the gates were approached by drawbridges. All the more exposed of these gates were now filled up with masonry, and the others rendered unassailable by external and internal works. Towers, bastions, and battlements, bristled with ordnance. On a mound in the midst of the city, crowned by three wind-mills, cannon of large size were placed. Cannon also had been hoisted on the steeple of the Cathedral de la Major, on a tower constructed on the hill overlooking the city on the north, and on the clock-tower near the fountains of the Accoules.

All these formidable preparations were carefully noted by Bourbon and Pescara, who consumed the whole night in the inspection. Both agreed that if those in command were vigorously seconded by the inhabitants, the city might hold out for a long period.

The result of the examination of the defences was that they were least strong at an angle where the ramparts were flanked by the old tower of Saint Paul, which did not appear in very good condition, while within the walls stood the palace of the Bishop of Marseilles and the old church of Saint Cannat. It was towards this weak point, which occupied a space of some thousand yards, that Bourbon resolved to direct the main attack.

Dawn was at hand by the time the two generals had completed their survey. Just then the sudden and violent ringing of alarm-bells from tower and steeple, followed by the sound of trumpet and drum, proclaimed that the guardians of the city had become aware that the foe was at hand.

Heedless of these sounds, Bourbon and Pescara, and those with them, remained on the heights until a sortie was made from the Porte d'Aix by a large force of cavalry, numbering about fifteen hundred men, and headed by Renzo da Ceri. They then descended to their escort, whom they had left on the farther side of the hill on the road from Aix.

When Renzo da Ceri came in sight of Bourbon and his troop, and found that the force was greater than his own, he hesitated to make the attack, and eventually galloped back to the city.

He was hotly pursued by Bourbon and Pescara,



who, despite the cannonade directed against them from the towers, bastions, and battlements, followed him to the gate whence he had issued, and only withdrew because the drawbridge was raised.

## V.

In what Manner Pomperant entered Marseilles.

Two days afterwards Marseilles was invested by Bourbon. The main body of the Imperial army occupied the heights overlooking the city from east to west. The lanz-knechts, under the Counts de Hohenzollern and De Lodron, were placed near the shore, and a division of the Spanish infantry, under Del Vasto, was stationed on the plain of Saint Michel, on the road to Aubagne.

On the side of a hill on the north, about four hundred toises from the walls, stood the chapel and hospital of Saint Lazare, and it was under their shelter that Bourbon and Pescara fixed their tents. From this point operations were commenced against the beleaguered city, and trenches opened in the direction of that part of the walls which had been judged to be weakest. The pioneers laboured during the night, and were protected by gabions and

mantelets, but they suffered severely from the fire of the besieged. Frequent sorties were made by Renzo da Ceri, and many a bloody conflict took place near the trenches; but these engagements uniformly resulted in the discomfiture of the besieged, and consequently the works advanced slowly but steadily.

At length Bourbon had drawn sufficiently near to use his artillery with effect, and having erected his batteries, he opened a tremendous fire upon the portion of the walls extending from the Porte d'Aix to an old Franciscan convent. The besieged immediately replied, and every cannon garnishing the ramparts, bastions, and towers that could be rendered available against the assailants was brought into play. Even a monstrous piece of ordnance, appropriately enough called "The Basilisk," thundered from the hill surmounted by the clock-tower. This huge cannon, supposed to be the largest then fabricated, projected shot of a hundred-weight, and required sixty men to replace it after each discharge. But its unwieldy size prevented good aim from being taken, and the ponderous shot, discharged at long intervals, could be easily avoided. The smaller guns, however, were better served and directed, and caused considerable destruction among the assailants. Ere many hours, however, a breach had been made in the walls, but Bourbon hesitated

to order an immediate assault, deeming the aperture not wide enough.

"I would it were possible to obtain exact information of the state of the city," he remarked to Pomperant, as he entered his tent with the latter.

"Leave that to me, my lord," said Pomperant. "I will bring you the information you require."

"You!" exclaimed Bourbon, in surprise. "How will you get into the city?"

"The task is not easy, I admit," replied Pomperant. "I do not mean to swim across the moat, and attempt to scale the walls in the face of the arquebusiers, but I think I can manage to enter the city from the sea-side, where it is less guarded."

"But to do this you must escape the fleet — elude the vigilance of the sentinels on the walls of the Château de Saint Jean — and lastly, you must raise the chain that protects the entrance to the harbour. It cannot be done. It were easier to penetrate the city by the breach made by my guns."

"Difficult as the task may be, I am ready to undertake it," rejoined Pomperant.

"Will you go alone?"

"No; I will take Hugues with me. I can trust him."

Bourbon did not attempt to dissuade him, and at nightfall Pomperant, attended by Hugues, started

on the expedition, and rode to that part of the coast where the German lanz-knechts were encamped. The night was dark and favourable for the enterprise. As he was accompanied by the Comte de Hohenzollern and a guard, no interruption was offered him by the sentinels stationed at various points, and he soon reached the shore, and proceeded to a little creek in which a fishing-boat was moored.

Instantly dismounting, and consigning his horse to one of De Hohenzollern's soldiers, Pomperant embarked in the boat with Hugues, who took the oars and rowed cautiously along the coast, making for a rocky headland, which screened the entrance of the harbour.

In a few minutes the boat had got under cover of the rock, and escaped the notice of the sentinels stationed on the ramparts of the fort above. No wind was stirring, and only a slight undulation was perceptible on the surface of the tideless sea.

While Hugues kept the little vessel moving, Pomperant, who was seated in the stern, peered through the gloom to see whether any danger was at hand. He could just discern the French fleet lying between the group of islands and the mouth of the harbour, and concluded from the sounds that reached him that several boats were leaving the

ships. At once determining on the course to be pursued, he ordered Hugues to move noiselessly on, and keep close to the rock until he gained the entrance of the harbour. This was done, and ere long the boats, upwards of a dozen in number, came up. They were filled with armed men, doubtless sent by Doria or La Fayette to strengthen the garrison of the city.

As soon as the boats had passed, Hugues followed in their wake, and speeded between the rocky heights guarding the narrow channel. The boats were of course challenged by the sentinels stationed on the forts on either side, but the answers being satisfactory, they were allowed to pass. Hugues also passed without exciting suspicion.

It has already been mentioned that a heavy chain was drawn across the mouth of the harbour, and a short delay occurred while this obstacle was removed. Several men were standing with torches on the rocky steps aiding those who were engaged in lowering the ponderous chain, while higher up stood a guard of arquebusiers.

At length, the chain being dropped and the passage free, the throng of boats pushed into the harbour, and close behind them came Hugues, hoping in the confusion to elude observation. But the manœuvre, though skilfully managed, did not

escape detection. The torchlight revealed the intruders, and an authoritative voice from the steps called out;

“Hola! who goes there? What boat is that? Stay, and give an account of yourselves.”

Hugues paid no attention to the summons, which was reiterated by other voices, but hurrying on more rapidly than before, contrived to place some of the other boats between him and the arquebusiers, so that the latter could not fire, and in another minute he had disappeared in the gloom. Luckily, the soldiers in the boats, though they heard the shouts, disregarded them, and pursued their course without stopping.

As soon as it was practicable, Hugues disengaged himself from his dangerous companions, and while they made their way to a wharf on the left of the basin, he struck across to the opposite side, where a landing was effected without molestation. At this time the harbour was entirely destitute of ships, as any vessels lying there would, of course, have been exposed to the guns of the hostile batteries. Hence the wharf at which Pomperant and Hugues landed was wholly deserted. In fact, there were very few buildings near the spot, for the city had not as yet extended to this side of the harbour.

The walls, however, which surrounded the basin

were not far off, but the place was gloomy, and the attention of the sentinels was elsewhere directed. After securing the boat to the wharf, Pomperant and Hugues made their way as quickly as they could round the head of the basin, which, as we have before stated, was then little better than a swamp, and, reaching the city, plunged into a narrow street communicating with the principal quay.

Just as they had entered this street, which was only lighted by an occasional lantern hung before a door, the sound of martial footsteps warned them that a patrol was approaching, and fearing they might be stopped and questioned, they withdrew into an archway till the guard had passed by. They then pursued their way along the street, which gradually mounted a hill, until they came to an open space, in the midst of which a troop of cavalry was drawn up. This band was surrounded by a crowd of citizens, some of whom carried torches, and in its leader, who was arrayed in a complete suit of armour, but whose beaver was raised, Pomperant instantly recognised the stern dark countenance of Renzo da Ceri. He was haranguing the assemblage, and Pomperant, closely followed by Hugues, mingled with the crowd to hear what he said.

“Be of good cheer, my friends,” he cried. “The danger is past. In a few hours the breach will be repaired, and the measures I have taken for the defence of the city are so complete that we may laugh at the threats of the foe. The traitor Bourbon boasted that he would be master of the city this night, and it is well for you that he did not dare to make good his threat.”

The mention of Bourbon’s name was received with a perfect storm of yells and execrations, and when this had subsided Renzo went on.

“We have an enemy who will show us no mercy,” he said. “Were he to take the city, it would be sacked by this soldiery.”

“That is false!” shouted Pomperant.

“Who spoke?” demanded Renzo, fiercely. “Let him show himself, that I may see who dares gainsay my assertion.”

There was a moment’s pause, during which glances were turned in the direction of the imprudent speaker, but he could not be discovered.

“Whoever uttered those words must be a friend of Bourbon,” pursued Renzo. “I repeat, that it is the traitor’s intention to deliver this city to his savage host, and I therefore exhort you to fight to the last in defence of those dear to you. Save your wives and daughters from dishonour. None will be spared.”



"Again I say it is false!" vociferated Pomperant.

"Seize the traitor, and bring him before me," roared Renzo.

An attempt was made to obey the injunction. Several persons were seized, and, amid the confusion that prevailed, Pomperant and Hugues extricated themselves from the throng, and passed into a side-street, just as dark and narrow as that they had recently traversed. From the noise and shouts which reached them, it was clear the assemblage had just broken up, and presently Renzo, with his mounted guard, rode down the street, followed by a number of men, evidently part of the assemblage who had been listening to his harangue.

Pomperant and Hugues allowed themselves to be borne on by the stream, and at length issued forth into a wide esplanade ornamented with plane-trees, which here intervened between the city and the walls. On the left of this open space, and within a short distance of the ramparts, stood the bishop's palace, a large and monastic-looking structure. Close beside it was the venerable church of Saint Cannat. The palace and the church were the only two buildings near this angle of the walls, and it was quite evident to Pomperant that if Bourbon could once obtain possession of them, the city must

fall. The marvel was, that experienced engineers like Renzo da Ceri and Chabot de Brion should allow them to remain. Close to the walls where the breach had been made a large body of lansquenets were collected, and with them was a band of armed citizens. The ramparts also were thronged with arquebusiers, and the cannoniers remained standing near their guns.

Within a few yards of the breach a battery had been reared, on which three large cannon were planted, ready for service in case the assault should be made. But already the repairs were more than half accomplished. The gap was filled up with huge stones, pieces of timber, fascines, and other matters, and banked up with earth. A hundred men at a time were engaged on the operations, and a hundred others stood by ready to relieve them, so there was no pause. Officers were stationed on the walls on either side of the breach, giving orders and superintending the work.

After watching the proceedings for some time with an interest such as a soldier only can feel, and satisfying himself that the breach would infallibly be repaired before daybreak, Pomperant moved away. Following the course of the walls, he examined them as well as he could in the gloom.

Proceeding in this manner, he made the circuit

of the city; and the result of his scrutiny was, that it was in a perfect state of defence. He remarked that the gates exposed to attack were blocked up, and protected on the inside by parapets and batteries. He also noticed that all the ramparts were garnished with cannon, and that the sentinels everywhere were doubled. The bastions, indeed, were thronged with armed men, and it was evident that the whole garrison was on the alert. Officers, accompanied by a mounted guard, were continually riding from gate to gate, while others made their round on the battlements to see that good watch was kept. Patrols, both horse and foot, were likewise moving about in every direction. Enough was seen by Pomperant to convince him that a most energetic defence would be made, and that it would be long before the place could be taken.

Having completed his examination of the walls, he re-entered the city, and shaped his course, as well as he could, in the direction of the mound, on the summit of which stood the clock-tower. As both he and Hugues were unacquainted with Marseilles, they more than once lost their way; and though there were plenty of people abroad they did not dare to question them, lest it should be found out that they were strangers. Pomperant had begun to despair of reaching the mound, when he unexpectedly came upon it.

## VI.

## "The Basilisk."

DAWN was now at hand, and by the time Pomperant and his attendant had climbed the summit of the mound it had become quite light.

Very striking was the view presented from this eminence. Pomperant had stationed himself on a point of the hill not far from the battery, whereon was placed the monstrous cannon called "The Basilisk," of which mention has previously been made; and he and his companion were screened from the observation of the artillerymen by the clock-tower.

Immediately beneath him lay the city of Marseilles, with its picturesque habitations, its noble mansions, convents, and churches, encircled by fortifications, which in their turn were encircled by a broad, deep moat. On the right lay the harbour, almost enclosed by rocks; and Pomperant looked with interest at the narrow inlet by which he had gained admittance overnight. Outside, and near the islands, lay the French fleet; while far as the eye could range spread out the placid sea, now tinged with the roseate hues of morning.

The heights surrounding the city were crowned with the camp of the besieging army. At that still hour the trumpets were heard sounding a réveillé, and the men could be distinguished mustering at the call. The German lanz-knechts were concealed from view by the intervening hills, but the division of the Spanish troops under Del Vasto were in sight. The hills seemed peopled with armed men, and the rays of the sun were reflected upon thousands of steel caps and corslets, and upon forests of pikes and lances.

Though Bourbon's tent was concealed from view, its position was marked by the proud banner floating above the walls of the little chapel of Saint Lazare. Pescara's tent was likewise hidden by the sacred edifice, but his banner was as conspicuous as that of Bourbon. The course of the trenches, which advanced in zig-zags towards the walls, could be readily traced. The men were at the battery, waiting orders to open fire. From the battery Pomperant naturally turned to the ramparts which it faced, and he saw that the breach had been completely repaired, and was defended by a parapet, behind which cannon were planted. The work was a marvel of industry, and showed the spirit that animated the besieged.

If all were thus early astir in the camp of the

Imperial army; if the men were mustering and preparing for action; if the artillerymen were at their posts at the various batteries, and both horse and foot in readiness — so also were the besieged. Bastions, ramparts, and towers were thronged with soldiers. A troop of cavalry, commanded by Chabot de Brion, was drawn up near the bishop's palace. Close beside them was a company of pikemen. Detachments of horse and foot were likewise stationed near the Porte d'Aix, and all the other gates not blocked up. In short, every possible preparation for energetic defence was made.

As yet not a gun had been fired by the besiegers, and Pomperant waited with breathless impatience for the commencement of hostilities. There was something ominous in the silence that now prevailed. All the martial sounds recently saluting the ear had ceased. Drums and trumpets were mute. The stillness was undisturbed, for the morning was calm, and the numerous banners on walls and towers hung motionless.

After running his eye along the ramparts, crowded with arquebusiers and pikemen, Pomperant once more turned his gaze towards the little chapel on the hill-side. At that moment came forth a troop of knights, sheathed in polished armour. At their head rode Bourbon and Pescara, both distinguishable,

even at that distance, from the splendour of their accoutrements and the rich housings of their steeds. Each had a short battle-axe at his saddle-bow — each carried a bâton, in token of command. As the knightly troop rode slowly down the hill towards the battery, its movements were watched with keenest interest by thousands of soldiers from the ramparts and towers of the city. Still, not a gun was fired.

At this moment, Pomperant, whose attention had been for some time diverted by other objects from the battery near which he stood, was reminded of its proximity by a bustle among the artillerymen who had charge of the monster cannon, and looking in that direction, he saw they were about to fire; and the match being applied, he was almost stunned by the tremendous detonation that ensued.

The sound was echoed from the heights, and reverberated like thunder from the rocks near the harbour. The course of the huge shot could be distinctly traced, and was watched by thousands of eyes. Bourbon and Pescara, with their knightly retinue, had been the mark against which “The Basilisk” was pointed. But the ball passed over the heads of the troop, without causing them to swerve from their course, and fell on the farther side of the lazaret-house.

Ineffectual as this discharge proved, it served as

the signal for commencing the day's work. The battery at the head of the trenches immediately opened fire, and was replied to from the ramparts and bastions of the city, and the stillness of the lovely morning was broken by the incessant roar of artillery, and the balmy air filled with clouds of sulphurous smoke.

It was some time before "The Basilisk" could be restored to its place, and more than half a hundred men were required for the task; but their labour was quite thrown away, for the second shot was no better aimed than the first — and, indeed, alarmed the besiegers, for it fell into the moat.

Meantime, the roar of ordnance was uninterrupted, and Pomperant looked curiously at the walls; but though some destruction was caused among the defenders, little damage was done to the ramparts.

The conflict had endured for more than an hour, during which Pomperant, enchained by the exciting spectacle, had remained on the same spot, when the sound of a trumpet called his attention to the Porte d'Aix, and he perceived that a large troop of cavalry had been collected at this point. The leader of this troop was Chabot de Brion, who was fully armed, and mounted on a powerful charger. Pomperant at once comprehended that a



sortie was about to be made by the commander of the garrison.

In another minute the gate was thrown open, the drawbridge lowered, and Brion dashed out at the head of his men, and, sword in hand, galloped up the hill towards the battery. But ere he got half way thither he was encountered by Bourbon, who had just been joined by a detachment of horse, and a sharp conflict ensued, resulting in the defeat of Brion and his party, who were driven back, with considerable loss, to the city. So hard pressed were the fugitives, that, although their leader escaped several officers were captured.

During this skirmish, which seemed like an interlude in the terrible drama, the cannonading went on as furiously as ever.

No other incident occurred to relieve the monotony of the siege, and, satisfied that little impression would be made upon the walls, Pomperant quitted the mound, and went in search of some house of entertainment where he might break his fast. He was not long in discovering a tavern; but it was not without some trepidation that he entered it.

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## VII.

## The Amazons.

SOME cold viands, flanked by a bottle of good wine, were soon set before him by the tavern-keeper, who talked about the siege and seemed full of uneasiness lest the city should be taken.

"I am told that Bourbon means to allow three days' pillage to his soldiers if he takes the city," he remarked; "and as to the poor women, not even the holy sisters will be respected."

"You alarm yourself without reason, my good host," said Pomperant. "The city will not be sacked, and no outrages will be committed."

"How know you that?" demanded the tavern-keeper, staring at him in surprise.

"Because such severities would be wholly inconsistent with Bourbon's previous conduct," returned Pomperant. "Ever since he has been in Provence he has checked all licence on the part of the soldiery. Only those who resist will be slaughtered.

"Then I shan't be one of them. I wish this city had surrendered like Aix. Folks may talk as they please about patriotism and loyalty, and so

forth, but I don't like fighting. Ever since the siege began I haven't been able to sleep in my bed. So you don't believe Bourbon to be the bloodthirsty monster he it represented, eh?"

"On the contrary, I am persuaded he would offer very advantageous terms to the garrison if they would surrender," said Pomperant.

"Why don't they surrender?" groaned the host. "Don't betray me, sir," he hastened to add. "Renzo da Ceri would hang me if he heard I had expressed such an unpatriotic sentiment."

"Fear nothing, my good fellow," said Pomperant, laughing. "I am quite as unpatriotic as yourself, for I concur with you in opinion. I belong to Andrew Doria's fleet, and only landed last night, so I don't know much about the state of the city. Answer me frankly. How long do you think it can hold out?"

"Perhaps a month — perhaps longer. They say it can hold out till the king comes to relieve it."

"But if the king shouldn't come — what then?" remarked Pomperant.

"Nay, then we *must* yield. But we shall have some dreadful fighting. When women turn soldiers, it looks as if mischief were meant."

"Women turn soldiers! What mean you, my good host?" inquired Pomperant.

“I mean what I say,” replied the tavern-keeper. “Some of the noblest dames of Marseilles have formed themselves into a military corps, and have determined, if called upon, to fight the foe. The lady who commands this company of Amazons is young and beautiful. Mademoiselle Marphise — for so is she named — is the daughter of M. de Vaudreuil, one of our richest merchants. The second in command is likewise young and beautiful, and quite as high-spirited as Marphise. Her name is Marcelline d’Herment.”

“Marcelline d’Herment! Impossible!” cried Pomperant. “Why, if I am not misinformed, her brother, the Seigneur d’Herment, assisted the Constable de Bourbon in his flight.”

“Very true,” replied the host. “But Marphise has great influence over her, and has caused her to change her opinions. Whatever she may have been before, Mademoiselle Marcelline is now violently opposed to the Duke de Bourbon. She is staying with M. de Vaudreuil, and she and Marphise are inseparable. Their tastes are too masculine for me. They are marching about all day long. If you go to the Esplanade de la Tourette, or the Place de Linche, you cannot fail to see them exercising their corps. Some folks think it a very pretty sight.”

“I should like to see them,” said Pomperant.

"I will go at once to the Esplanade de la Tourette."

"You are more likely to find them in the Place de Linche at this hour," said the host. "Pursue this street, and you will come to it."

"Pomperant then paid his reckoning, and, quitting the inn with Hugues, went in the direction indicated by the tavern-keeper.

The Place de Linche, a large square, in which there was an agreeable promenade shaded by plane-trees, was now almost wholly deserted, most of the inhabitants having gone to points whence they could witness the progress of the siege, and only a few old people and children were to be seen. Pomperant was about to depart, when the sound of military music, proceeding from a street on the opposite side, arrested him, and immediately afterwards the corps of Amazons marched into the square.

At the head of this company rode a damsel who might have been taken as a representative of Hippolita, or Thalestris, or any other Amazonian queen. Of unusually large stature, she was still admirably proportioned, and her features were rigorously classical in outline. She was armed in a glittering corslet, and her casque was surmounted with white and red plumes. In her hand she carried a javelin, and a small shield hung at her saddle-bow.

Though it could not be denied that Marphise was handsome, her expression and bearing were too masculine to be altogether pleasing. The rest of the corps, which numbered about three hundred, were on foot, and as the majority of them were young, and possessed of considerable personal attractions, they formed a very striking appearance. They were all arrayed in burnished breastplates, and had plumed helmets on their heads, and javelins in their hands. Some of these damsels, as their cast of countenance proclaimed, were of Catalonian origin. They marched six abreast, with light quick footsteps, and in good order, towards the centre of the square, where they formed in line. The second in command was Marcelline. Her accoutrements were precisely like those of the rest of the corps, but she was armed with a drawn sword instead of a javelin.

Nearly an hour was spent by the troop in the practice of various military exercises, all of which were very cleverly performed, and during the whole of that time Pomperant and Hugues remained standing by, screened from observation by the trees.

The practice being ended, the troop formed in order of march, and began to move off the ground, taking a direction which brought them close to the spot where Pomperant was stationed with Hugues.

He might have easily retired, but instead of doing so he made a sign to attract Marcelline's attention, and on beholding him she uttered a cry of surprise. The exclamation reached the ears of Marphise, who was riding in front of her, and, looking round, she was struck with the other's agitation, and inquired the cause. Marcelline made no reply; but as she looked very faint, the Amazonian leader immediately ordered a halt.

"What ails you?" she said to Marcelline.

"It is nothing — it will pass," replied the other. "Leave me here. I will follow anon."

"The sight of that man troubles you," said Marphise, noticing the direction of her friend's gaze. "Who is he? I must know."

Instead of making any reply to the question, Marcelline sprang forward, and called out to Pomperant, "Away, or you are lost!"

But before he could move a step, even if he intended to depart, Marphise was by his side.

"You are a stranger in Marseilles!" she cried. "I arrest you as a spy."

"No, let him go; he is no spy," interposed Marcelline. "Imprudent that you are to come here," she added, in an under tone, to her lover.

"It is as I suspected!" cried Marphise. "I am

certain he is from the enemy's camp. This man is also with him," she added, pointing to Hugues.

"If I tell you who he is, Marphise, will you allow him to depart?" whispered Marcelline.

"I know not that," rejoined the other. "But speak!"

"It is the Seigneur Pomperant," replied Marcelline.

"What! the friend of the traitor Bourbon!" exclaimed the Amazon. "Do you imagine I will let *him* go? Never! I will rather hang him. Let thirty of the corps step forward and take charge of these men," she shouted.

The order was obeyed with surprising celerity, and Pomperant and Hugues were environed by a double row of spears.

"Take the prisoners before Renzo da Ceri," said the Amazon. "He will dispose of them."

"Marphise!" cried Marcelline, "if you have any love for me do not act thus. You need have no fear of the Seigneur Pomperant. I will answer for him with my life."

The Amazon reflected for a moment.

"Is he content to remain a prisoner on parole?" she demanded.

"Most assuredly," replied Marcelline.

"Let him answer for himself," cried the Amazon.



“Will you pledge your word that you will not attempt to quit Marseilles without permission?” she added to Pomperant.

“Do not hesitate,” whispered Marcelline. “If you are taken before Renzo or Chabot de Brion, you are lost.”

“Now, your answer?” cried Marphise.

“I accept the conditions,” he replied. “I will not attempt to escape, and I will be answerable for my attendant.”

“Enough,” replied Marphise. “You are at liberty. But be careful, or you may fall into the hands of those who will not deal with you as leniently as I have done.”

Ordering the party around her to fall into rank, the Amazon put her steed in motion, and the troop marched out of the Place de Linche.

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## VIII.

Showing how the Bishop's Palace and the Church of Saint Cannat were Demolished.

LEFT to his reflections, Pomperant was not altogether satisfied with what he had done. He was now a prisoner on parole, and could not return to the camp, or communicate in any way with Bourbon.

Had he yielded to the dictates of prudence, he would have sought some secure retreat for the day, and none appeared so eligible for the purpose as the tavern where he had breakfasted, but the temptation to witness the progress of the siege was too strong to be resisted, and on quitting the Place de Linche he proceeded to a point whence a view of the ramparts could be obtained.

The cannonade was still going on as furiously as ever. A portion of the ramparts had been destroyed, and a new breach made in the walls. Still it was not yet large enough to allow a successful attack to be made. But it was evident that the besiegers were making every preparation for a speedy assault.

Supported by a tremendous fire from the batteries, and protected by mantelets, which they pushed on before them, a party of men advanced towards the fosse, and endeavoured to form a traverse by throwing into it a vast quantity of fascines, made of large boughs of trees tied together, fagots, hurdles, and bags and gabions full of earth and stones.

These operations could not be carried on without great loss on the part of the besiegers. A terrific fire was directed against them by the arquebusiers from the ramparts and bastions. Notwithstanding this, the work proceeded. A detachment of arquebusiers, marching down from the camp, fixed palisades within thirty toises of the walls, whence they fired upon the defenders of the ramparts.

At this juncture another sortie was made by Chabot de Brion, and with better effect than that which he had undertaken earlier in the day. Not only did he force the arquebusiers to retire in disorder, causing great havoc among them, but he slaughtered most of the engineers engaged on the traverse. Such as escaped the sword were drowned in the fosse.

So rapidly was this achievement executed, that ere Pescara could reach the scene of action with his cavalry, Brion had re-entered the city.

Infuriated by the losses they had sustained, the besiegers redoubled their efforts. Fresh engineers supplied the places of those who had perished, and the arquebusiers returned to their post. But success had heightened the ardour of the besieged, and stimulated them to greater exertions. Though the cannonade was continued without intermission throughout the day, the breach was not sufficiently enlarged for the assault.

Towards evening, however, the traverse was completed, though several parties of engineers had been destroyed in the task, and preparations were made to erect a gallery upon it. In spite of the constant severe fire from the ramparts and bastions — in spite of the stones and missiles hurled upon them — the engineers persisted in their work, and laboured with such resolution and assiduity, that, in less than an hour, a gallery, eight feet high and twelve wide, was put together. The sides were formed of double planks, the intervals being filled up with earth, and the pointed roof was covered externally with raw hides, so as to prevent it from being set on fire.

A critical juncture had now arrived for the besieged. Had the breach been sufficiently large, the assault would inevitably have taken place, for Bourbon was fully prepared; but not only was the aper-

ture insufficient, but it could be seen that a rear rampart had been erected, which would have to be stormed when the outer wall was carried.

Once more, therefore, the assault had to be deferred, and in consequence of this delay all the works which it had cost so many lives to execute were thrown away. Heavy cannon, placed on the bastions commanding this angle of the walls, were brought to bear upon the gallery, and the damage done by the shot enabled the besieged to set fire to it by means of burning barrels of pitch, which they hurled upon it. The whole fabric was soon in flames, and the conflagration, which was witnessed by the whole of the Imperial army, produced a very striking effect, as it illuminated all the ramparts, towers, and structures in its vicinity. Bourbon had thus the mortification of seeing the work, on which so much labour had been expended, utterly destroyed.

As soon as the gallery was consumed, and the blackened beams had fallen into the moat, the energetic commanders of the garrison ordered ladders to be brought, and a large party of men descended for the purpose of destroying the traverse. Before they could accomplish this, they were attacked by a strong detachment of Spanish infantry, and a desperate conflict took place. The Spaniards were driven back with great loss, but, as they were speedily reinforced,

the besiegers were compelled to abandon the work and remount the walls.

Shortly after this occurrence, a council of war was held by Renzo da Ceri and Chabot de Brion in a large hall in the episcopal palace.

Ever since the commencement of the siege this splendid structure had been abandoned by the bishop, who had taken up his abode in a less exposed part of the city, and the palace was now occupied by troops. All the principal officers of the garrison were present, and Renzo announced to the meeting that it would be necessary to demolish the palace in which they stood, as well as the venerable church of Saint Cannat adjoining it, lest the besiegers should obtain possession of them.

“It grieves me sorely,” he said, “to order the destruction of these noble edifices, endeared to the citizens of Marseilles by so many recollections. But there is no help for it. With the aid of Heaven, I trust we may keep off the foe. But should he pass the walls, we must afford him no shelter. The work must be commenced without delay.”

Not a single dissentient voice was raised, but the proposition was received with sadness. After a pause, Renzo added, “I perceive from your silence that you are all of my opinion. Let us now repair to the

church of Saint Cannat, where mass will be celebrated for the last time."

The edifice which had thus been doomed to destruction was a fine old Gothic church, and, as we have just intimated, was held in especial veneration by the citizens. It was soon known that it was about to be demolished, and thousands flocked towards it to join in the sacred rites which were to be performed within it for the last time.

The interior of the church presented a very striking spectacle, the interest of which was heightened by the circumstances that had brought together such an assemblage. The aisles were filled with soldiers and armed citizens; and among the former were many whose grim visages showed they had been actively engaged in the recent strife. In the nave was drawn up the corps of Amazons, with Marphise and Marcelline at their head. Within the choir stood Renzo da Ceri, Chabot de Brion, Mirandel, and all the principal officers, in their full accoutrements. The viguier and the chief magistrates of the city were likewise present. The Bishop of Marseilles, assisted by other ecclesiastical dignitaries, officiated at the altar, and never before in that fabric had mass been solemnised with such fervour and devotion as on that night.

The occasion, indeed, was one that could not

fail to excite the profoundest interest in all who witnessed the ceremonial. Never more within those hallowed walls, which were so firmly built that they might have lasted for ages, would holy rites be performed. All those reverend objects, all those tombs and monuments, would be destroyed — all those shrines desecrated. It was a sad reflection, but it weighed upon every breast.

Among those gathered in the church were Pomperant and Hugues. They were stationed near one of the pillars that lined the north aisle within a few paces of Marcelline, who was aware of the proximity of her lover. An address was pronounced by the bishop, in which he deeply lamented the necessary destruction of this temple of the Most High, denouncing Bourbon as the cause of the sacrilege, and invoking Heaven's vengeance upon his head. It was not without a shudder that Pomperant listened to these awful words, and perceived the effect they produced on Marcelline.

Just as the bishop concluded his discourse, the thunder of artillery was heard, and Renzo da Ceri and some of the other leaders quitted the church, but the service was not otherwise interrupted. The corps of Amazons remained to the last, and Marcelline allowed her companions to march forth without her. She lingered behind to exchange a few words



with her lover. By this time the church was almost deserted, and they moved to a part of the aisle where the tapers, having been extinguished, left them almost in darkness.

"I ought to regard you as an enemy," she said. "I fear you are included in the denunciation which the good bishop has just pronounced upon Bourbon."

"Listen to me, Marcelline, and believe what I tell you," he rejoined. "The obstinacy of the citizens of Marseilles has rendered this siege necessary. They have brought all the calamities of war upon themselves. Why could they not act like the inhabitants of Aix and other towns of Provence?"

"Because they are loyal subjects of the king," she replied.

"These were not your sentiments when we first met," rejoined Pomperant. "You and your brother were then devoted to Bourbon."

"My brother is still devoted to him," she said. "Nay more, he is condemned to death by the Parliament of Paris for the share he has taken in the conspiracy, and if he had not fled, the sentence would have been executed. But I have changed. Since I have been in Marseilles, and have discoursed with these loyal and patriotic citizens, I have imbibed their opinions."

"You are wrong," rejoined Pomperant. "Mar-

seilles will be far happier and more prosperous under Bourbon's rule than under that of François de Valois. A day will come — and that shortly — when Bourbon's name will be as much honoured in this city as it is now execrated."

"Heaven grant he may never enter Marseilles as a conqueror!" exclaimed Marcelline, fervently.

"Be not deceived, Marcelline. He will never retire till he has taken the city, and it cannot hold out long."

"You are mistaken," she cried, energetically. "It will hold out till it is relieved by the king. But if its fall should be inevitable, it is the fixed determination of the citizens to burn it to the ground rather than Bourbon shall possess it. I have vowed to kill myself rather than fall into the hands of his ruthless soldiery."

"Your fears are groundless, I repeat," said Pomperant; "but if you have such apprehensions, why do you not leave the city? The port is open. You can easily gain the fleet."

"I have promised Marphise to remain here to the last, and I shall keep my word," she rejoined.

"Then I will stay and guard you," he said. "Oh, Marcelline! let not these differences separate us. I love you not the less devotedly because of your loyalty to François de Valois. Do not hate me for my attachment to Bourbon."

"But I am bound to regard you as a traitor," she rejoined.

"Not as a traitor to you," he replied. "I have never swerved, even in thought, from my fidelity to you."

"Talk to me no more of love," she cried. "I have steeled my breast against all the softer emotions. But we must separate. Those who are engaged to demolish this saintly pile are about to commence their task. Farewell!"

And she quitted the church by a side-door.

A number of priests and friars now entered the fane, and proceeded to remove all the sacred vessels, reliques, and other objects from the sacristy and from the various shrines. The great silver crucifix, and the tall silver candlesticks, were carried away from the altar.

While this was going on, a large band of workmen, armed with pickaxes, shovels, and bars of iron, had set to work to pull down the monuments and open the tombs, and the church resounded with the noise of their implements.

Ere long a great number of ancient coffins were disinterred — some of stone and some of mouldering wood, and from the former the dead were taken. Coffins and corpses were then laid upon litters, and taken out of the church, to be deposited in a more secure spot — the bearers being headed by a procession of priests and monks.

As soon as they were gone, the church, which had thus been despoiled of its treasures and its dead, was given up to the destroyer.

The work of demolition immediately commenced, hundreds being employed in the task, which was superintended by experienced engineers. Gunpowder was used to accelerate the operations, and before morning the reverend and beautiful fabric was little better than a heap of ruins, the roof gone, the pillars in the aisles undermined and thrown down, and the walls demolished. The most determined enemy could not have done the work quicker than it was executed by the patriotic citizens, and they ceased not in their task till the holy pile was razed to the ground. The stones and beams that had composed it were employed in barricading the streets.

As Pomperant and Hugues were in the church when the work of demolition commenced, they were compelled to join in it, and they both laboured as industriously as the rest, till relieved by a fresh party.

When Pomperant escaped from the irksome task imposed upon him by necessity, he found that a multitude of citizens and soldiers were employed in pulling down the bishop's palace. Explosion after explosion shook the house to its foundations, and the walls fell with a tremendous crash.

The good bishop stood by, watching the destruction of his palace, and expressed no regret, but encouraged the soldiers and citizens in their task. But when the entire fabric fell to the ground, his looks expressed the deepest emotion, and he turned away and quitted the spot.

So complete was the destruction, that it seemed as if it had been caused by an earthquake. But again the active soldiers were at work, and the remains of the late noble edifice were expeditiously removed.

Much had been accomplished during that night — more than Pomperant, who could not tear himself from the scene, supposed possible. A stately palace, embellished by charming gardens, and a large church had been utterly destroyed, and a great portion of the wreck of both buildings carried away, and employed, as we have said, in barricading the streets, and in the construction of other defensive works.

“If Bourbon should carry yon walls by assault to-day, he will find no shelter here,” remarked Pomperant to Hugues.

“And the barricades must be taken before he can get into the city,” rejoined Hugues. “These citizens of Marseilles, it must be owned, are good workmen.”

## IX.

## Les Tranchées des Dames.

GREATLY to the surprise of the citizens, who expected a renewal of the tremendous cannonade which had been carried on during the two previous days, the firing on the part of the besiegers now ceased. As this complete cessation of hostilities endured throughout the day, and as the night passed without disturbance, the general opinion prevailed that Bourbon, admonished by his recent failure, was about to raise the siege and retire.

But this opinion was not shared by Renzo da Ceri and the leaders of the garrison. They felt certain that a new plan of action was about to be adopted by the besiegers; and the supposition was soon shown to be correct. It was found that Bourbon was approaching the walls by sap, and had already made considerable advance before the discovery of his plan was made. It was now evident that, despairing of making a sufficient breach with his cannon, he was proceeding to undermine the walls, and level them with gunpowder.

As soon as Renzo da Ceri discovered the enemy's

design, which was revealed to him during a sortie made with that object, he set to work to defeat it, and immediately ordered trenches to be cut near the walls, so as to enable him to prepare counter-mines. These works were at once commenced, and were carried on with the same zeal and spirit that had been displayed during the previous operations. But as these trenches and subterranean galleries were to be of great depth as well as length, and must be completed within a short space of time, extraordinary exertions were required. Thousands of active citizens offered their services, and worked like regular pioneers.

On hearing what was to be done, Marphise and Marcelline, accompanied by the corps of Amazons, sought an interview with the commander, who received them somewhat ungraciously.

"What would you with me?" he said. "This is no time for trifling. I want men, not women."

"We can work as well as men," replied Marphise, boldly. "We ask to be employed in digging the trenches."

"I admire your spirit, and thank you for the offer," said Renzo; "but such rough work as this is unfit for your delicate hands."

"We will show you what women can do, if you deign to employ us," urged Marphise. "Our ex-

ample will serve to animate the citizens, and will teach the enemy what they have to expect."

"Again I say, you overrate your own powers," rejoined Renzo. "The work is such as would tax the strength of the stoutest pioneer. You will soon be compelled to abandon it."

"Have no such fear," cried Marcelline, resolutely. "I speak in the name of the whole corps. If we commence the work, we will carry it through. Will we not?" she added, appealing to them.

All the Amazons shouted an affirmative.

"We demand to be employed," said Marphise, warmly. "We will take no refusal."

"Well, since you are resolved, I will not attempt to dissuade you further," said Renzo, smiling. "You have my full permission to work at the trenches."

This response was received by a loud and ringing shout from the whole body of the Amazons.

"You will not regret granting us permission, monseigneur," said Marcelline. "But we must further stipulate that none but women be allowed to work at our trench."

"That is but fair," replied the commandant. "I unhesitatingly agree to the condition. The whole honour of the work shall be yours; and if you



achieve it, your names will ever occupy the proudest page in the annals of your city."

This speech was received with another shout from the female corps.

"Conduct us to the spot where the trench is to be opened, and we will begin at once," said Marphise.

Yielding to the request, Renzo proceeded with the gallant little band towards the Tour de Saint Paul, where he marked out a spot adjoining the walls. Experienced pioneers explained to the Amazons the nature of the work they would have to perform, and supplied them with the necessary implements. This done they retired, and the resolute damsels having divested themselves of their helmets and breastplates, immediately set to work, their operations being watched with great curiosity by the soldiers stationed on the adjacent tower, and by those on the ramparts.

They pursued their task with an unflagging energy that excited the admiration of all who beheld them, and in a few hours the trenches were fairly opened. Marphise and Marcelline were foremost in the work, and as they came forth from the excavation to rest for a short time from their toil, and allow others to take their place, they perceived Pomperant watching them from a distance.

This undertaking caused a great sensation through-

out the city, and before long dames and damsels of all ranks flocked to the trenches, and zealously assisted in the operations, which were continued night and day without interruption — one band being immediately relieved by another. Marphise and Marcelline passed three entire days and as many nights in the trenches, and during that interval allowed themselves but little repose.

On the morning of the fourth day the work was complete. A long subterranean gallery, about five feet square, had been excavated, having chambers at intervals, carried below the foundation of the walls, in which powder could be deposited. As Renzo da Ceri examined the work, he was struck with astonishment.

“I could not have believed this could have been done had I not seen it,” he exclaimed. “These trenches are marvellously executed. If this siege is memorable for nothing else, it will be for this unparalleled achievement. While Marseilles shall endure, these trenches will never be forgotten.”

Renzo’s words have come to pass. The Boulevard des Dames of the modern city of Marseilles is so designated because it occupies the site of the famous Ladies’ Trenches.

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## X.

How Pomperant furnished a Safe-Conduct to the Deputies to the King.

IN less than a week Renzo da Ceri had completed his vast defensive operations.

In this interval a fosse of great depth had been cut behind that part of the walls most exposed to the fire of the enemy. Not only was it intended that this fosse should be filled with powder, petards, and caltrops, but it was flanked by high ramparts, so that in reality a second line of fortifications would have to be taken if the outer walls should be carried. But though Renzo was firmly persuaded he could hold out, he felt that the king ought to be made acquainted with the exact condition of the city, so that his majesty might take such measures as he should deem necessary for its relief.

Intelligence had been received through the fleet that François was at Avignon with his army, but the difficulty was how to communicate with him. At last the commander bethought him of Pierre Cépède and Jean Bégue, two citizens distinguished for their courage and loyalty, and proposed the errand to them, and they at once agreed to undertake it.

"I thank you, messieurs, for your ready compliance with my request," said Renzo. "If you should be taken, I do not think any harm will befall you. I can compel Bourbon to set you free. You look surprised, but I will explain my meaning. Last night I made a prisoner of great importance. The Seigneur Pomperant, Bourbon's favourite, has had the foolhardiness to venture within the city, and I should have ordered him for immediate execution, had not the idea occurred to me that I could turn him to account. What ho, there!" he added to the guard. "Bring in the prisoners."

Presently Pomperant and Hugues were brought in, guarded by halberdiers. Both maintained an undaunted demeanour.

"Seigneur Pomperant," said Renzo, sternly, "I know you are Bourbon's chief favourite, and that he will gladly purchase your safety. I shall therefore keep you as a hostage for these two gentlemen, who are going as deputies to the king. You must furnish them with a safe-conduct."

"Even if I were inclined to do so, monseigneur, I lack the power," rejoined Pomperant.

"I will show you how to do it," said Renzo. "Sit down at that table, and write a letter to Charles de Bourbon, telling him you are my prisoner, and that you have engaged to protect Pierre Cépède and

Jean Bégue from all harm and interruption. Add, that if they return to Marseilles in safety, I will set you free, but if they are detained or molested, I will hang you in the sight of the whole Imperial army."

"If I write as you desire, the Duke de Bourbon will not respect my letter," said Pomperant. "But if you carry out your threat, I warn you that terrible retribution will follow."

"I will take my chance of that," rejoined Renzo. "If you are wise, you will save yourself from an ignominious death. Refuse to write as I have dictated, and I will forthwith hang you as a spy."

"Methinks you had better agree to these conditions, monseigneur," said Hugues. "If you decline, they will doubtless hang me at the same time."

"You judge rightly, fellow," remarked Renzo. "You will share the same fate as your master."

"Then, in Heaven's name, comply, monseigneur," implored Hugues.

Pomperant sat down and wrote the required letter. When he had done so, he gave it to Renzo, who, after scanning it, delivered it to the deputies.

"There is your safe-conduct, messieurs," he said. "You will start on your expedition to-night."

Then, turning to Pomperant, he added, "Fear not that I will act loyally towards you, Seigneur Pomperant. You have been condemned to death as a traitor by the Parliament of Paris, but I shall not regard the decree. I look upon you only as a prisoner of war. On the return of these gentlemen, I will liberate you and your attendant. Meantime, you will both remain close prisoners."

Pomperant and Hugues were then removed by the guard, and were conducted to the tower of Saint Paul, where they were locked up in separate dungeons.

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## XI.

How Toulon was besieged and taken by the Marquis Del Vasto.

“MORE powder and larger cannon must be had, or a sufficiently wide breach in the walls cannot be made,” remarked Pescara to Bourbon, as they sat together in the tent of the latter. “But where are these requisites to be procured?”

“In Toulon. In that fortress there are plenty of cannon of far larger calibre than ours, together with abundance of powder and ball.”

“But Toulon has yet to be taken. That may be a work of some time, since the fortress is strong.”

“The siege ought not to occupy more than a week,” rejoined Bourbon. “I shall send your valiant nephew, the Marquis del Vasto, to besiege the place by land. He will be supported by Monçada, who is lying off the coast, as you know, and no interference is to be apprehended from the French fleet, as La Fayette and Andrea Doria are fully occupied in guarding the port of Marseilles. The capture of Toulon may therefore be regarded as certain.”

“The plan appears practicable,” said Pescara, after some reflection; “and since you are resolved

upon it, the sooner it is executed the better. Del Vasto will like the enterprise."

"I am sure of it," replied Bourbon. "I will ride down at once to his camp and give him instructions. It is but a day's march to Toulon, and he will appear before the fortress ere any tidings can be given of his approach."

As had been anticipated, the gallant young marquis received the command with delight, and at once prepared for the expedition.

Taking with him a large detachment of the Spanish forces, he marched throughout the night, and appeared at dawn on the crest of the hills overlooking Toulon. At the same time, the Spanish fleet under Admiral Monçada, who had received instructions from Bourbon, entered the roadstead, and took up a position opposite the fortress, which immediately opened fire upon the enemy.

At this epoch the Castle of Toulon was a place of great strength, and its ramparts mounted a considerable number of guns of large size. Notwithstanding this, the combined attack by land and sea was successful, and on the fourth day from the commencement of the siege, Del Vasto became master of the fortress. Irritated by the obstinate defence he had encountered, and the heavy losses he had



sustained, the young Spanish general put the garrison to the sword.

All the large cannon found within the fort, together with an immense stock of the munitions of war, were placed on board the fleet, and after being safely landed, were conveyed to the Imperial camp; thus providing Bourbon with abundant materials for prosecuting the siege of Marseilles with vigour. As may be supposed, Del Vasto received high commendations from the duke for his brilliant achievement.

Meanwhile, despatches from his royal allies had reached Bourbon. The Emperor informed him, by a letter brought by the Comte de Montfort, that the army of Catalonia would speedily enter France.

“Tell the Emperor,” said Bourbon, well pleased by the intelligence, “that I hope to send him in a few days the good news of the fall of Marseilles. In anticipation of that event, entreat him to hasten as much as possible the march of the auxiliary army, and entreat him also to strengthen his fleet, which is inferior to that commanded by La Fayette and Andrea Doria. Things could not go better than they do at present. I shall soon be in a condition to give battle to François de Valois — and if I win it — and by Sainte Barbe I *shall* win it! — his Imperial Majesty will be the greatest monarch that

ever reigned, and able to give law to all Christendom."

Charged with this message, the Comte de Montfort departed.

From Henry VIII. Bourbon received the sum of a hundred thousand ducats, which was brought by Sir John Russell.

"Tell your royal master," he said to Russell, "that the time has now arrived when it will be needful to march his army into Picardy. Fifteen days hence, at the latest, I trust to be joined by the auxiliary forces about to be despatched by the Emperor from Catalonia. By that time Marseilles will have fallen."

"Your highness feels sure of that?" remarked the English envoy, with an incredulous smile.

"I am certain of it," said Bourbon, confidently. "The besieged have made a gallant defence, but they cannot hold out much longer. My approaches are now within a few toises of the moat. I have plenty of cannon of the largest calibre, which will soon make a breach in the walls."

"But I am told by Pescara that there is an inner fosse of great depth, filled with combustibles, and a second line of ramparts with cannon mounted on the embrasures," remarked Sir John Russell.

"No matter," rejoined Bourbon. "I will take

the city in spite of its defences, and, having done so, I shall withdraw to Aix, where I shall await the arrival of the Catalonian army. On being joined by it, I shall at once march to Avignon, and compel François to give me battle. If I am victorious, your royal master will be King of France."

"It will rejoice his majesty and the Lord Cardinal to learn that your highness is so confident of success," replied Russell. "I now take my leave, and shall return at once to England."

Sir John Russell had not long been gone, when a great noise was heard outside the tent, and, surprised at the disturbance, Bourbon rushed out to ascertain the cause of it.

"What means this noise?" he demanded of several arquebusiers, who were standing around, and whose countenances manifested alarm. "Is the enemy upon us?"

"Worse than that, general," replied one of the men. "A great shot from the accursed 'Basilisk' has just fallen upon the Marquis of Pescara's tent," pointing in that direction. "Your highness may see the rent it has made."

"Great Heavens!" ejaculated Bourbon. "But the marquis! — is he safe?"

"Alas, general, I much fear he is killed," re-

plied the arquebusier. "He was at mass at the time with his confessor, Padre Hilario."

Bourbon heard no more, but flew to the tent. On entering it, a terrible spectacle met his gaze. On the ground lay the mangled body of Padre Hilario, and near the unfortunate priest lay two Spanish officers, one of whom had been beheaded by the huge shot. Pescara was standing near the ghastly group, so bespattered with blood that Bourbon fancied he must be grievously wounded. A strange laugh, however, from the Spanish general convinced him to the contrary.

"I have had a very narrow escape," said Pescara. "If I had not knelt on this side of poor Padre Hilario, I should have shared his fate. The besieged have learned to take better aim with 'The Basilisk' than they did at first. Your highness sees what messengers they send us," he added, in a tone of bitter raillery. "I suppose you thought the shouts were caused by the timorous magistrates of Marseilles bringing you the keys of the city — ha! ha!"

Bourbon made no reply to this ill-timed jest, but instantly quitted the tent.

Next day, the Marquis del Vasto was sent to propose terms of surrender to the garrison. He was accompanied by twenty lances, and preceded

by a herald and a trumpeter, and the errand of this little troop being evidently pacific, it was allowed to approach the Porte d'Aix without molestation.

On arriving before the gate, the trumpeter thrice sounded his clarion, and when the bruit ceased, an officer from the battlements, addressing the herald, demanded his business.

"The most noble Marquis del Vasto desires an audience of the commanders of the garrison, to lay before them a proposition from his Highness the Duke de Bourbon, general-in-chief of the Imperial army."

"Tarry till I ascertain the pleasure of the commanders," rejoined the officer.

After a time the officer reappeared on the battlements, and announced that the Marquis del Vasto could alone be admitted.

"His lordship may enter without fear," said the officer. "I am authorised by the commanders of the garrison to guarantee his safety."

On this the drawbridge was lowered, and the gate being thrown open, a strong guard of halberdiers issued forth, and lined the bridge.

Del Vasto then dismounted, and, crossing the bridge, was met at the gate by the officer, who conducted him to a chamber on the basement floor

of the tower, ordinarily used as a guard-room. Here he found two knightly personages, both completely cased in steel, whom he recognised as the commanders of the garrison.

"I am sent to you, messeigneurs," said Del Vasto, after formal salutations had passed, "to make a proposition which I trust may be entertained. Conceiving himself to be in a position to take this city, which you have so long and so ably defended, his Highness the Duke de Bourbon, influenced by feelings of humanity, before making the assault, has determined to afford you the opportunity of capitulating on terms, consistent with your own honour, and highly advantageous to the city."

"It is needless to state the terms, my lord marquis," replied Chabot de Brion, haughtily. "We cannot listen to them."

"Do not reject the proposal unheard, messeigneurs," said Del Vasto. "Have some consideration for the citizens."

"You have taught us what to expect, marquis, by your treatment of the garrison of Toulon," rejoined Renzo, sternly. "But we are not to be terrified. Tell your leader, Charles de Bourbon, to take Marseilles — if he can. We will only treat with him at the cannon's mouth."

"You will have reason to repent your bold de-

termination, messeigneurs," rejoined Del Vasto. "Before departing, I would say a word in regard to the Seigneur Pomperant, who has fallen into your hands. Are you willing to make an exchange of prisoners? You shall have a dozen of your own officers for him."

"Offer us twenty, and add twenty to those, and we will not part with him," rejoined Renzo. "Tell Bourbon so."

With a proud salutation Del Vasto then departed. Conducted to the gate by the officer, he passed through the guard lining the drawbridge, mounted his charger, and rode back to the camp, where he related what had occurred to Bourbon and Pescara.

"I felt sure the garrison would not capitulate," said the latter.

"What of Pomperant?" demanded Bourbon, eagerly. "Will they exchange him?"

"No, your highness, they absolutely refuse," replied Del Vasto. "But I do not imagine he is in any danger. They have some motive for detaining him."

"Possibly," said Bourbon. "We shall learn what it is in time."

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## XII.

## Avignon.

ROUSED to exertion by the danger that menaced his kingdom, François I. hastened to reinforce his army, which had been greatly reduced by Bonnivet's reverses in the Milanese, and in a few weeks after Bourbon's irruption into Provence, he had succeeded in augmenting it by fourteen thousand Swiss mercenaries, six thousand lansquenets, and fifteen hundred light horse.

Placing himself at the head of this force, he marched to Lyons, where he was joined by the King of Navarre and several foreign princes. Almost all the nobles, on whose aid Bourbon had counted, flocked round the king's standard, bringing with them large companies of horse, so that he had now a very numerous army — the three divisions which were placed under the command of Marshals Chabannes, Foix, and Montmorency.

Continuing his march along the left bank of the Rhône, François pitched his camp at Avignon, and again surrendered himself to pleasure, passing his time in such festivities as he was wont to indulge



in at Blois and Fontainebleau. In the old Papal palace of Avignon — an enormous structure, part convent and part castle — he held his court, and its gloomy halls and chambers were enlivened by the presence of troops of young nobles decked out in gay attire, and echoed to the light laugh of the numerous frolic dames who ever accompanied the luxurious monarch.

Bonnivet was with his royal master at Avignon. In spite of the favourite's reverses in the Milanese, he had lost none of his influence, and easily persuaded the king that it was necessary to his glory to recover possession of the lost duchy of Milan, and that if he appeared at the head of an army in Italy, this object would infallibly be accomplished. François therefore determined upon a new expedition as soon as he should have driven Bourbon out of Provence.

Subjugated by the charms of the resistless Diane de Poitiers, who had now completely supplanted the Comtesse de Châteaubriand, unable to tear himself from her, encouraged in his luxurious idleness by Bonnivét, Saint-Marsault, and others of his courtiers, the king wasted his time in the pleasant city of Avignon, dreaming of conquests which he meant to achieve, and allowing Bourbon to prosecute the siege of Marseilles unmolested.

Attended by a mirthful train, Diane and the king made a pilgrimage to Vacluse, and, after quaffing of the classic fountain, François carved the name of his mistress, linked with his own, on the walls of the grotto.

One day it chanced that François and Diane were stationed on the balcony over the gate of the Papal palace — an elevated spot whence the sovereign-pontiffs who had inhabited the palace were accustomed to pronounce their benediction upon the people, as they would have done from the windows of the Vatican had Rome been free to them. Chance had brought the amorous pair to the balcony. For the last hour they had been strolling round the lofty walls of the palace. Vainly had Diane essayed to count the spires that rose around her — nowhere are there so many churches as in Avignon — and as if to confuse her still further, their bells all rang out at once. Half distracted by the deafening clamour, she turned to the towering cathedral, where Popes were enthroned, and where Popes lie buried. From the contemplation of Notre-Dame des Dons, as the mighty edifice is designated, she turned to gaze upon the camp, which occupied the whole of the plain lying between the junction of the rapid Durance and the rushing Rhône. The long rows of tents, mingled with pavilions decorated with

pennons and banners, formed a picture of surpassing beauty.

By this time the bells had ceased ringing, and François was able to resume the tender converse which the clamour had interrupted.

Thus beguiling the time, now gazing at one point of the ancient city, now at another; sometimes looking at the cathedral, at the fortifications, at the vast tract of country traversed by the Rhône, at the mountains, or at the camp, they found themselves in the balcony overlooking the gateway. Here, seated on a marble bench, which had been once used by the Popes, they continued their discourse, while the young nobles and dames in attendance ranged themselves behind them.

The balcony where the king and Diane sat commanded a wide open space in front of the gateway, which was defended by a dry moat and drawbridge. Perceiving two horsemen, escorted by an officer and half a dozen mounted men-at-arms, approach the gateway, and being struck by their appearance, François despatched Bonnivet, who was standing among the group of courtiers, to make inquiries concerning them.

After the lapse of a few minutes Bonnivet reappeared, accompanied by the two strangers, both of

whom were men of middle age, grave deportment, and plain attire, and presented them to the king as Messieurs Pierre Cépède and Jean Bégue, deputies from Marseilles.

"I have not waited for permission to bring these brave and loyal citizens before your majesty," said Bonnivet, "because I felt certain you would grant them an immediate audience."

"You did right," rejoined François. "Rise, messieurs," he added to the kneeling deputies. "You are welcome. You must have run great risk in coming hither. How did you contrive to elude the vigilance of the foe?"

"Heaven has aided us, sire," replied Pierre Cépède. "All the approaches to the city, on the land side, are so strictly guarded, that certain destruction would have attended any attempt at exit in that direction. We were, therefore, compelled to pass out at the port; and not without much difficulty and danger reached the mouth of the Rhône. We came up the river to Arles, and thence, with as little delay as possible, to this city."

"You have done well," replied François, approvingly. "What tidings do you bring me of my faithful city of Marseilles?"

"The city still holds out, sire," said Pierre Cépède; "and its defences have been so greatly

strengthened, that no uneasiness whatever was felt by the commanders until the enemy obtained possession of the heavy artillery from Toulon."

"Ha!" exclaimed François, surprised and angry. "How is this? I did not know that Toulon had fallen."

"The news only arrived this morning, sire," interposed Bonnavet. "I was unwilling to trouble your majesty by mentioning it."

"It should not have been kept from me for a single moment," cried the king, sharply. "By Saint Denis! this is a great disaster. Where was my fleet at the time? How came La Fayette and Doria to let Toulon be taken?"

"Sire, they could not leave the port of Marseilles," returned Jean Bégue. "The fall of Toulon is a heavy blow, but the fall of Marseilles would be still heavier. Listen to the prayers of the citizens, sire, and come to their relief. You do not know what exertions they have made for the defence of the city — what heroism they have displayed. No sacrifices have been too great. Our noblest and fairest dames have formed themselves into bands, and have worked at the trenches like pioneers. Oh, madame!" he continued, addressing Diane, "if you could only behold what they have done, you would be filled with admiration. For three days and three

nights they laboured incessantly. We are proud of our women, madame."

"And with good reason," rejoined Diane. "Oh, sire! you must fly to the rescue of this devoted city. You will ever reproach yourself if it should fall."

Both the deputies looked gratefully at her as these words were uttered.

"Is there immediate danger, messieurs?" demanded the king.

"No, sire," replied Pierre Cépède. "We have endeavoured to explain to your majesty the exact condition of the city. Its defences are as complete as they can be made. We have brave and experienced commanders, and our citizens are animated by loyalty and devotion. But we have an enemy opposed to us, skilful, daring, and confident of success. If Marseilles *can* be taken, Charles de Bourbon will take it."

"It never shall be taken," cried François. "Return to your fellow-citizens, messieurs. Tell them how highly I estimate their courage and loyalty. Say that I will forthwith send them from Martigues a reinforcement of fifteen hundred men-at-arms, with good store of wine, cattle, and provender. Bid them persevere in their valiant defence of the city. They may rest assured that I will come to their succour. Farewell, messieurs! In good time I will

adequately requite the important service you have rendered me."

Well satisfied with these assurances, the deputies withdrew.

Next day, the king marched with his whole army towards Aix. On learning that he was approaching, the viguier and the magistrates, dreading his resentment, rode forth from the city to meet him, and strove to excuse themselves for the welcome they had given to Bourbon. François fiercely interrupted them, calling out,

"Ha, knaves! ha, traitors! You have opened your gates to a rebel in arms against us and our kingdom. You received him with all honour, allowed him to usurp the title of Comte de Provence, which belongs to us, and took the oath of fidelity to him, in violation of your allegiance to us your lawful sovereign. You deserve death, and you shall die."

"Spare us, sire! spare us!" cried the viguier and the others, throwing themselves at his feet. "We now see the enormity of our offence."

"Repentance comes too late. I will have no pity upon you, vile traitors," rejoined the king, sternly. "From your fate your misguided fellow-citizens shall learn what it is to incur our displeasure. Away with them!" he added to the guard. "Let them be taken back to the city, and decapi-

tated in the place in front of the Cathedral of Saint Sauveur. Set their heads on the gates, so that all may see how treason is punished."

This severe sentence was carried into effect. As the king entered Aix, he looked up at the gates, and beheld the heads of the unfortunate viguier and his brother-magistrates.

Not content with punishing the chief offenders, François compelled all the principal citizens and all public officers to renew their oaths of allegiance to him, and imprisoned several who were proved to have displayed zeal for the rebel chief.

Diane de Poitiers accompanied the king to Aix, and it was arranged that she should occupy the old palace of René d'Anjou, while her royal lover moved on to succour Marseilles.

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## XIII.

How Pomperant was ordered for Execution.

EVER since the departure of the two deputies to Avignon, Pomperant had been kept in strict confinement in the Tour de Saint Paul. One morning the door of his dungeon was opened by an officer, whose sombre looks proclaimed his errand.

"You are come to bid me prepare for death, I perceive, captain," said Pomperant, with as much composure as he could command.

"You have guessed rightly, monseigneur," replied the officer. "The two deputies have been captured, and unless they are liberated before noon you will be executed. A message has been sent to that effect to the Duke de Bourbon."

"At least the commanders will let me die as becomes a gentleman — not as a common malefactor?" said Pomperant.

"I cannot give you that consolation, monseigneur," rejoined the officer. "You are to be hanged from the summit of this tower in face of the hostile army. The execution will take place precisely at noon. You have yet an hour to live."

“An hour! Is that all?” mentally ejaculated Pomperant.

“Send a priest to me, I pray you, captain,” he said, with forced calmness. “I would fain make my peace with Heaven.”

The officer then withdrew, and shortly afterwards a priest entered, who received the prisoner's confession, and gave him absolution.

“I will leave you now, my son,” said the holy man, “but I shall remain without, and will attend you at the last.”

Pomperant had not been long alone, when the door of the cell again opened, and gave admittance to Marcelline. A sad greeting passed between them.

“I have striven to save you,” she said, in a voice half suffocated by emotion. “I have been to Renzo da Ceri, and have implored him, on my bended knees, to spare your life — but in vain. He will not even grant you the respite of an hour. All I could obtain was permission to hold this brief interview with you.”

“I thank him for the grace — it is more than I expected,” replied Pomperant, gazing at her with the deepest affection. “Oh! Marcelline, you have made life so dear to me that I grieve to lose it.

But the thought that you love me will soothe the pangs of death."

"It may console you to be assured that I will wed no other," she rejoined. "I will be true to your memory — doubt it not. As soon as this siege is ended, I will enter a convent, and devote myself to Heaven."

At this moment the priest entered the cell.

"Daughter," said the good man, looking compassionately at her, "you must bid your lover an eternal farewell."

"Oh no, no — do not say so, father!" she rejoined. "Grant me a few more minutes."

"Alas, daughter, I have no power to comply with your request."

"Nay, you must go, dear Marcelline," said Pomperant. "Your presence will only unman me. Farewell for ever!"

Marcelline continued gazing passionately at her lover, while the priest drew her gently from the cell.

Overcome by emotion, Pomperant sank down on a seat, and he had scarcely regained his firmness, when the door of the cell was thrown suddenly open. Nothing doubting that it was the guard come to conduct him to execution, he arose and prepared for departure.

What was his surprise, when Marcelline, half frenzied with joy, again burst into the dungeon, exclaiming,

“Saved! saved! They are come!”

The sudden revulsion of feeling was almost too much for Pomperant, and he could scarcely sustain Marcelline as she flung herself into his arms.

“Is this a dream?” he said, gazing at her, as if doubting the evidence of his senses. “Methought we had parted for ever.”

“No, I have come to tell you are saved,” she rejoined. “The deputies have returned. You are free!”

As the words were uttered, Renzo da Ceri, accompanied by the two deputies, and followed by the officer, entered the cell.

“I have come to perform my promise, Seigneur Pomperant,” said Renzo. “These gentlemen having been released, you are free to return to your camp. You may congratulate yourself on your escape. A few minutes more and it would have been too late. The escort that brought the two deputies from the camp galloped all the way, and has only just reached the gates.”

“We also have reason to congratulate ourselves,” remarked Pierre Cépède. “Had we arrived too

late, we should have been taken back for instant execution."

"Conduct the Seigneur Pomperant to the Porte d'Aix, where the escort awaits him," said Renzo to the officer. "Let his attendant go with him."

"The orders shall be obeyed," said the officer.

Bidding a tender adieu to Marcelline, and expressing a fervent hope that they might meet again, Pomperant thanked the commander for his honourable conduct, and quitted the cell with the officer.

On issuing from the tower, he found Hugues standing in the midst of a guard of halberdiers, and the faithful fellow expressed the liveliest satisfaction at beholding him. But not a moment was allowed for explanation. They were hurried to the gate through a crowd of soldiers and armed citizens.

On the farther side of the drawbridge, which was strongly guarded, stood the escort. Joining it without delay, they mounted the steeds provided for them, and the whole party then galloped off to the camp.

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## XIV.

## The Mine.

WITHIN an hour after Pomperant's return to the camp, all the batteries on which the heavy cannon brought from Toulon had been mounted, opened fire upon that part of the ramparts where the breach had formerly been made. By nightfall a wide gap was made, and the cannonade then ceased.

At the same time the sappers, who had carried their works under the fosse after incredible toil, had reached the foundations of the walls. Before midnight the chamber of the mine was completed, and the barrels of gunpowder deposited within it; and Lucey, who had been entrusted with the superintendence of this dangerous operation, brought word to Bourbon that all was ready.

"Let the mine be sprung, then," replied Bourbon. "It will save some hours' work in the morning."

On returning to execute this order, Lucey was accompanied by Pomperant. After tracking the windings of the long gallery, which was lighted by

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"The news only arrived this morning, sire," interposed Bonnivet. "I was unwilling to trouble your majesty by mentioning it."

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adequately requite the important service you have rendered me."

Well satisfied with these assurances, the deputies withdrew.

Next day, the king marched with his whole army towards Aix. On learning that he was approaching, the viguier and the magistrates, dreading his resentment, rode forth from the city to meet him, and strove to excuse themselves for the welcome they had given to Bourbon. François fiercely interrupted them, calling out,

"Ha, knaves! ha, traitors! You have opened your gates to a rebel in arms against us and our kingdom. You received him with all honour, allowed him to usurp the title of Comte de Provence, which belongs to us, and took the oath of fidelity to him, in violation of your allegiance to us your lawful sovereign. You deserve death, and you shall die."

"Spare us, sire! spare us!" cried the viguier and the others, throwing themselves at his feet. "We now see the enormity of our offence."

"Repentance comes too late. I will have no pity upon you, vile traitors," rejoined the king, sternly. "From your fate your misguided fellow-citizens shall learn what it is to incur our displeasure. Away with them!" he added to the guard. "Let them be taken back to the city, and decapi-

tated in the place in front of the Cathedral of Saint Sauveur. Set their heads on the gates, so that all may see how treason is punished."

This severe sentence was carried into effect. As the king entered Aix, he looked up at the gates, and beheld the heads of the unfortunate viguier and his brother-magistrates.

Not content with punishing the chief offenders, François compelled all the principal citizens and all public officers to renew their oaths of allegiance to him, and imprisoned several who were proved to have displayed zeal for the rebel chief.

Diane de Poitiers accompanied the king to Aix, and it was arranged that she should occupy the old palace of René d'Anjou, while her royal lover moved on to succour Marseilles.

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## XV.

How the Siege of Marseilles was raised.

NEXT morning, at an early hour, Del Vasto entered Pescara's tent, and found his redoubted relative alone and fully armed.

"What commands have you for me?" said the younger general. "Of course the assault will be made to-day. What with the long cannonade and the damage done by the mine, the breach must be wide enough."

"Ay, the breach is wide enough, undoubtedly," rejoined Pescara; "but the besieged are too well prepared. I shall not counsel the assault."

"You are not wont to be so cautious," said Del Vasto, surprised. "Doubtless a large number of men will be sacrificed. But what of that? The city will be taken."

"No, my good nephew," rejoined Pescara. "I find I must speak more plainly. Bourbon shall never take Marseilles."

"But you cannot prevent him. He will lead the assault, and we must follow."

"I forbid you," rejoined Pescara, authoritatively.

“Listen to me, nephew. You know the full extent of Bourbon’s ambitious designs, and that he hopes to carve a kingdom for himself out of France. You know that he aspires to the hand of the Emperor’s sister Leonor, the widowed Queen of Portugal. Lannoy and I have resolved to thwart his plans. We do not mean to be supplanted by this proscribed prince. With this end, Lannoy has delayed the march of the Catalonian army, and I shall prevent the capture of Marseilles. If Bourbon is compelled to raise the siege, he will forfeit the Emperor’s favour, and will also lose credit with his other royal ally, King Henry VIII.”

“Why not let the assault be made?” said Del Vasto. “Bourbon may fall, and then all the glory will be yours.”

“But what if he should *not* fall?” rejoined Pescara. “What if the assault should prove resistless, and he should become master of Marseilles? Then his power would be confirmed, and it would be idle to oppose him. That must not be. I will snatch the prize from him at the very moment he deems he has secured it. But do not remain longer here. Get your men ready, and leave the rest to me.”

Upon this, Del Vasto quitted the tent.

Meantime, orders having been issued that the

assault would be made on that day, all the troops were got under arms.

Attended by Pomperant, Lurcy, and others of his suite, Bourbon rode along the lines, and addressed a few words to the men calculated to incite their courage. Much to his surprise, however, and vexation, these addresses were sullenly received, and in some cases responded to by murmurs.

"What can it mean?" remarked Bourbon to his attendants, as, having completed the inspection, he rode back towards his tent. "Officers and men seem unwilling to fight. Did I not know them better — had not their courage been proved in many a conflict — I should think they were alarmed at the task before them."

"They have heard too much of the reception they are likely to meet with," replied Lurcy. "They have seen how it has fared with hundreds of their comrades who have gone before them, and fear to share their fate. Besides, they have been discouraged."

"Discouraged!" exclaimed Bourbon, fiercely. "By whom?"

"By their leaders," rejoined Lurcy. "Pescara has said openly that the city cannot be taken, and that the assault, when made, will fail. This opinion, delivered to the officers, has been repeated to the

men, and has produced the effect which your highness has just observed. The whole army is discouraged."

"By Sainte Barbe! I will speedily rouse its spirit," cried Bourbon. "I have long distrusted Pescara. He has thwarted me secretly at every turn, but I have hitherto defeated his machinations, and I shall defeat them now. But for him, I should have taken the city when the first breach was made in the walls; and I have ever since reproached myself for yielding to his perfidious counsel. The garrison is now far better prepared for resistance than it was then."

"Pescara's opinion may proceed from jealousy, but I confess I share it," said Pomperant. "If your highness had carefully examined the defences of the city as I have done — if you had witnessed the spirit displayed by the soldiers and by the people, and which presents a strong contrast to the sullenness and want of zeal of our own men, you would have come to the conclusion that Marseilles cannot be taken."

"Be the result what it may, the assault shall now be made," rejoined Bourbon. "By Sainte Barbe! I long for the moment of attack, when, amidst the roar of cannon and the rattle of arque-

buses, we shall force our way through the breach, and hew down all who oppose us."

"You will then have a second ditch to cross, full of powder and combustibles," said Pomperant, "and another rampart, bristling with cannon, to scale."

"Were there a third ditch and a third rampart, they would not daunt me," cried Bourbon. "With this good blade, which has never yet failed me, I will cut a passage through the foe. Where I go, the men must follow."

"That is all I fear," said Lurcy. "I have no faith in these treacherous Spaniards."

"They cannot, dare not fall back now!" cried Bourbon.

"I hope not," replied Lurcy. But his looks belied his words.

On entering his tent with his suite, Bourbon found his confessor awaiting him, and the whole party knelt down reverently and performed their devotions. After partaking of a hasty meal, they donned their plumed casques, and buckling on their swords, issued forth, and mounted their steeds. By this time, the whole side of the hill, down which Bourbon now rode with his attendants, was covered with troops.

Glancing towards the city, Bourbon saw that

ramparts, bastions, and towers were crowded with armed men. Extraordinary efforts had been made by the indefatigable Renzo da Ceri to repair the damage done by the cannonade and by the mine, but the breach was too considerable to be filled up in the short time allowed for the task. The gap, however, was occupied by a living wall of pikemen.

"Your highness sees that the garrison are in good heart," remarked Pomperant. "They will assuredly make an obstinate defence."

"You overrate their courage," rejoined Bourbon. "Our attack will strike terror into them. You will keep near me, Pomperant."

"Doubt it not, monseigneur," replied the other. "I care not if I perish in the breach. She I loved lies buried there."

At this moment Bourbon came to a halt, and shortly afterwards the Marquis del Vasto, accompanied by the Counts de Hohenzollern and De Lodron, with the principal leaders of the army, joined him. All these martial personages were fully accoutred and well mounted, and made a gallant show. But there was something in their looks and manner that convinced Bourbon and those with him that they were disinclined to the attack. However,



he made no remark, but, saluting them with his wonted cordiality, said to Del Vasto,

"Where is the Marquis of Pescara? I wish to consult with him before ordering the assault."

"He will be here anon," replied the young general. "He has ridden down to examine the breach more nearly."

"Close inspection is not required to ascertain its width," cried Bourbon, impatiently. "I shall not wait for his return. To your posts, messeigneurs! — to your posts!"

But, to his surprise and vexation, none of them stirred.

"Do you not hear me?" he exclaimed. "To your posts, I say!"

"A few minutes' delay can matter little, highness," remarked the Count de Hohenzollern. "We wish to hear Pescara's report. He may have some suggestions to offer."

"I can listen to no suggestions now," said Bourbon, imperiously. "My plans are fixed."

"Perhaps your highness has not been informed that the garrison has just been reinforced by fifteen hundred lansquenets and three hundred horse sent by the king," remarked De Lodron.

"I care not for the reinforcements," rejoined Bourbon. "Were the garrison doubled I would not

delay the assault. What means this hesitation, messeigneurs? Away with you!"

"Highness," said De Hohenzollern, respectfully, "I pray you pardon our seeming disobedience, but it is necessary we should hear what the Marquis of Pescara has to say."

"Well, be it as you will," said Bourbon, with difficulty restraining his anger.

"Here he comes!" cried Del Vasto, as Pescara galloped towards them, attended by a score of mail-clad knights.

"So, you are come at last, marquis," said Bourbon, as Pescara rode up. "You have kept us waiting long. What discovery have you made?"

"I have seen enough to satisfy me of the inutility of the attack," rejoined the other. "These citizens of Marseilles have spread a well-covered table for our reception. Those who desire to sup in Paradise may go there. I shall not."

"A truce to this ill-timed jesting, my lord," said Bourbon, sternly. "Be serious for a moment, if you can, and let us arrange the attack."

"I have had enough of this siege," rejoined Pescara, "and shall return at once to Italy, which is stripped of soldiers, and threatened by the King of France."

"If you withdraw now, my lord, it will be in

express defiance of my commands," said Bourbon. "You will answer to the Emperor for your conduct."

"His Imperial Majesty knows me too well to suppose that I would turn back from danger," replied Pescara. "But I will not attempt impossibilities. I am not alone in my opinion. Put the question to the other generals. How say you, messeigneurs?" he added to them. "Ought the assault to be made?"

"We are all against it," said Del Vasto, speaking for the others, who bowed assent.

"You are all in league to thwart me," cried Bourbon, furiously. "But I will put you to shame. I will show you that the assault *can* be made successfully. Go, my lord, if you will," he added to Pescara. "Your soldiers will follow me."

"Your highness is mistaken," returned the other. "They will march with me to Italy."

Suppressing his rage, Bourbon turned to the German generals.

"I shall not, I am sure, lack your aid, messeigneurs," he said. "You and your brave lanzknechts will follow me?"

"Your highness must hold us excused," they replied. "Where the Marquis of Pescara declines to go, we are not foolhardy enough to venture."

"You find that I am right," remarked Pescara, with a mocking laugh. "There is nothing left for it but to raise the siege and depart."

"Depart! — never!" cried Bourbon. "Why, if the assault be not made, the meanest burgess of Marseilles will laugh us to scorn. Let the charge be sounded," he added to Pomperant. "We shall soon see who will follow me."

"None but your own attendants will follow," said Pescara.

At this moment an esquire approached, and stated that a messenger had just arrived from Aix, bringing most important intelligence. Bourbon immediately ordered the man into his presence.

"Highness," said the messenger, "I have speeded hither to inform you that the king arrived last evening at Aix with the army."

"The king arrived at Aix!" exclaimed Bourbon. "By Sainte Barbe! this is important news indeed, if true."

"It will be speedily confirmed, monseigneur," said the messenger. "The Marshal de Chabannes is marching with the vanguard of the army to the relief of Marseilles."

Bourbon made no remark, but signed to the messenger to retire.

"Your highness must now admit that I gave you

good counsel in advising you to abandon the siege," remarked Pescara.

"Out upon your counsel! — it has been ruinous," cried Bourbon. "The city might have been taken ere Chabannes could come up. But I will forgive you all, if you will march with me at once to meet the king, and compel him to give us battle. A victory will retrieve the disgrace we shall incur by abandoning the siege, and satisfy both the Emperor and the King of England."

"I am against the plan," rejoined Pescara, coldly. "The king's army is far superior to our own in number, and we shall have the forces of the garrison in our rear. No, we must evacuate Provence."

"Not when a kingdom is to be won," cried Bourbon. "My lord! my lord! what change has come over you? Be yourself. François de Valois will now give us the opportunity we have so long sought. He cannot refuse a battle. We shall conquer. France lies before us, and invites us on!"

"Let those who will, go on," said Pescara, in a cold sarcastic tone. "I shall take the road to Italy. I will not risk a battle the result of which must be disastrous. Our army would be utterly destroyed. We must retreat while we can do so with safety."

"Never!" exclaimed Bourbon. "I will never

retreat before François de Valois. The command of the army has been entrusted to me by the Emperor, and I call upon you to obey me."

"I refuse, monseigneur — peremptorily refuse," said Pescara.

For a few moments Bourbon was well-nigh choked with passion. When he could speak, he said, in hoarse accents,

"Since you are resolved upon this disgraceful course, I cannot prevent it. But let not the retreat be conducted with undue haste, and with disorder. Our munitions of war must not fall into the hands of the enemy. Bury the heavy cannon brought from Toulon. The lighter ordnance can be carried by mules. Throw all the great shot into the sea. Leave nothing behind that can be serviceable to the foe."

Then casting one look at the city, the brave defenders of which thronged its walls and towers, utterly ignorant of their deliverance, and momentarily expecting the assault, he rode back to his tent, where he remained during the rest of the day, a prey to indescribable mental anguish.

By nightfall, all preparations for the retreat had been completed, and, as soon as it became dark, the tents were struck, and the whole army got into

order of march, and set off in the direction of Toulon.

By midnight, the heights around Marseilles were entirely abandoned, and the city, which for five weeks had been completely environed by enemies, was once more free.

Cautiously as the retreat of the Imperial army was conducted, it could not be accomplished without being discovered by the garrison. Indeed, the inaction of the besiegers throughout the day had caused their design to be suspected. A sortie, for the purpose of investigation, was made by Renzo da Ceri at the head of a troop of cavalry, and when he returned with the joyful intelligence that the heights were evacuated and the enemy gone, nothing could exceed the delight of the citizens. All those who had retired to rest were roused from slumber by shouts and the ringing of bells. The populace were half frenzied with joy. Wherever Renzo da Ceri and Chabot de Brion appeared they were greeted with the most enthusiastic demonstrations of regard, and hailed as deliverers of the city. A torch-light procession, headed by the two commanders, was made through the principal streets, and when this was over, Renzo addressed a vast crowd in the Place de Linche. After extolling the courage and patriotic spirit displayed by the citizens, he said,

"The only circumstance that mars my satisfaction at this moment of triumph is the loss of our brave Amazons, Marphise and Marcelline."

"Let not that thought afflict you, monseigneur," said Pierre Cépède, who was standing near him. "They live. They have been rescued from the ruins of the wall beneath which they were supposed to be buried. Heaven has preserved them."

When this joyful intelligence was communicated to the assemblage, a loud and long-continued shout rent the air.

While the citizens passed the night in rejoicing, Renzo da Ceri put himself at the head of a strong detachment of cavalry and started in pursuit of the retreating enemy, for the purpose of harassing their march and cutting off stragglers.

He soon found they had taken the direction of Toulon, and had not proceeded far when he was joined by the Marshal de Chabannes with three hundred light horse. Together they hovered about the rear of the Imperial army until it had passed the Var, when they retired.

The Imperialists then pursued their course without further molestation, crossed the Maritime Alps, and entering Piedmont, proceeded to Alba, where they came to a halt.



Thus ended Bourbon's invasion of France. All the dreams of conquest he had indulged had vanished. The crown he had hoped to grasp had escaped him. His plans had been thwarted by the jealousy of his generals, who had deserted him at the critical moment, when success seemed certain. Deep and bitter was the mortification he endured. But though disheartened, he did not despair. He felt sure that the theatre of war would be soon transferred to Italy, well knowing that François I. would never relinquish his pretensions to the Duchy of Milan.

"We shall meet on these plains, if not in France," he said to Pomperant, "and then I will requite him for the injuries he has done me. I will forgive Fortune all the scurvy tricks she has played me of late if she will grant me that day."

END OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

**BOOK V.**

**THE BATTLE OF PAVIA.**



## I.

How François I. set out for Italy, and how he entered Milan.

“THERE is now no hindrance to my proposed campaign in Italy,” remarked François I. to Bonnivet, when tidings of Bourbon’s retreat were brought him. “Milan will speedily be regained. Genoa will follow, and then let the Emperor look well to Naples, if he would keep it. By Saint Louis! I will pluck that jewel from his crown, and place it on my own. I sent word to the Pope, that before the autumn was over I would cross the Alps at the head of thirty thousand men. His holiness was incredulous, but he will find it was no rash assertion. I will be in Milan within a month.”

“Your majesty overlooks one impediment,” remarked Bonnivet. “Your gracious mother, the Duchess d’Angoulême, is averse to the expedition, and may prevent it. She is now at Lyons, and will start for Aix as soon as she learns that Bourbon has evacuated Provence. If you desire to execute your project, avoid an interview with her.”

“The advice is good,” said François. “My plan is fixed, but I do not wish to be importuned. I will

despatch a messenger to the duchess with a letter, bidding her adieu, and at the same time appointing her Regent during my absence in Italy. Let immediate preparations be made for the march. Two days hence we will set out for Lombardy."

"Well resolved, sire," rejoined Bonnivet. "I am convinced that you have but to appear before Milan to compel its surrender."

"We shall see," said the king. "At all events, I do not think it will hold out as long as Marseilles."

"A propos of Marseilles, sire," said Bonnivet, "you must not forget that the principal citizens will be here to-morrow. No doubt they expect to receive your majesty's thanks for their gallant defence of the city."

"They shall have a worthy reception," returned François. "A grand fête shall be given in their honour. Give orders to that effect at once, and see that all is done to gratify these loyal citizens."

Next day, as had been anticipated, a numerous company arrived from Marseilles. The cavalcade was headed by the viguier, the magistrates, and many of the principal citizens, and was, moreover, accompanied by the band of Amazons. Peals of ordnance were fired, bells rung and trumpets brayed, as the procession entered Aix. The houses were

hung with banners, and the streets filled with people eager to give them welcome. The Amazons were everywhere greeted with acclamations.

François received the party in the great hall of the palace. He was surrounded by a brilliant assemblage, comprising the chief personages of his army, and including, among others, the young King Henri of Navarre, the Duc d'Alençon, the Grand Master of France, the Comte de Saint-Paul, the Marshal de Montmorency, the Marshal de Foix, and the Seneschal d'Armagnac. Near to the king, on the left, stood the lovely Diane de Poitiers, and close behind them was a train of demoiselles and pages.

The viguier and the magistrates were presented to the king by Bonnivet, who, with a band of young nobles, had met them at the gates, and conducted them to the palace. François gave them a most cordial reception, thanking them in the warmest terms for the courage and zeal they had displayed. But his chief commendations were bestowed upon the Amazons; and he presented two gems to Marphise and Marcelline, bidding them wear them as tokens of his approval.

“I trust that my faithful city of Marseilles will never be placed in the like strait again, so that it may need the defence of its dames, he said; “but

should it be so, I doubt not your noble example will be followed."

"We have shown our fellow-citizens what women can do in the hour of need, sire," said Marphise; "but now that our services are no longer required, we shall lay aside the arms we have borne, and resume our customary avocations. This is the last occasion on which we shall appear in these accoutrements — unless your majesty should think fit to call upon us again. In that case, we shall be ready to resume them."

"Foi de gentilhomme!" exclaimed François smiling. "I am half inclined to take you with me to Italy, where you would earn as much distinction as you have done at Marseilles. How say you, fair damsels? Will you go with us? Such a corps would prove irresistible."

"Nay, sire," interposed Diane. "They have done enough. Marseilles cannot spare its heroines."

"You are right," said François. "I was but jesting. Women are not like our ruder sex. They do not love war for its own sake. Our camp would be no place for them."

"The Amazons of old fought as well as men, sire — better, if all reports be true," said Marphise, boldly. "We have something of their spirit."

"You ought be to soldiers' wives," said François

smiling, "and on my return from Italy — if you be not meanwhile wedded — I must find you husbands among my bravest captains. It greatly rejoices me to see you here to-day, for I had heard — much to my grief — that you perished during the explosion of a mine."

"We narrowly escaped being crushed to death, sire," replied Marcelline. "But after lying beneath the ruins for some hours, we were fortunately extricated."

"Heaven designed you for a better fate," said the king. "I have but imperfectly discharged my obligations to you. Whenever you have a favour to solicit, hesitate not to come to me. *Foi de gentil-homme!* the request shall be granted."

"At some future time I may claim fulfilment of your royal promise, sire," returned Marcelline.

The whole party then retired, charmed with their gracious reception. A sumptuous repast awaited them in the banqueting-chamber, and the rest of the day was spent in festivity and rejoicing.

"Are you prepared to brave the difficulties of the march and accompany me to Italy?" said François to Diane, as the Amazons withdrew.

"No, sire," she replied; "and I would fain dissuade you from the expedition. You have now an



opportunity of making an advantageous peace with the Emperor. Why not profit by it?"

"Honour forbids me," he rejoined. "My own inclinations prompt me to remain here. But I must requite the affront offered me by Bourbon. I must win back the duchy I have lost."

"And for this you will quit France — you will quit me?" she added, in a lower tone.

"I must," he replied. "I have been attacked, and I owe it to myself to chastise the insolent aggressor."

At this moment a letter was handed to him by Bonnivet.

"From the Duchess d'Angoulême, sire," he said, in a significant tone, as he delivered it.

"What says your royal mother, sire?" demanded Diane, who had watched his countenance as he perused the letter. "I will wager she is of my mind, and urges you to abandon the expedition."

"You are right, ma mie," replied the king. "She tells me she is coming in all haste to Aix, having a secret of great importance to reveal to me, and she entreats me to delay my departure till her arrival."

"And you will comply with the request, sire?" said Diane. "No doubt she has some state secret to communicate. You will wait?"

"I shall rather hasten my departure," rejoined the king. "I can guess the nature of her secret. It is a pretext to detain me — but I will not yield. Make ready, messeigneurs," he added to the leaders near him. "We shall set forth to Italy to-morrow."

"Why do you not dissuade his majesty from this expedition, messeigneurs?" said Diane to Saint-Paul and Montmorency. "I know you disapprove of it."

"If your majesty would listen to me," said Saint-Paul, "I would urge you to delay the campaign till the spring. The season is too far advanced. You will have to pass the winter in your tent, in the midst of snow and water."

"On the contrary, I shall pass the winter in the ducal palace at Milan, which is as large and pleasant as the Château de Blois," replied François. "What think you of the expedition, Montmorency?" he added to the marshal.

"Since you ask me, sire, I must say frankly that I am opposed to it," he replied. "I look upon the plains of Lombardy with dread. They are rife with all ailments. Agues and fever abound there, and pestilence reigns in the cities. I regard Lombardy as one fast sepulchre in which we are all to be engulfed."

"You had the plague at Abbiate-Grasso, and have not forgotten the attack," remarked the king.

"Ay, and the plague is now raging at Milan," said Montmorency. "Beware of it, sire. 'Tis a more deadly enemy than Bourbon."

"Oh, do not venture into that infected city, sire," implored Diane. "I have a presentiment that this expedition will be disastrous."

"Bah! I go to win another Marignan," rejoined François.

"We have more than a month of fine weather before us now," remarked Bonnivet to Diane. "Long before winter has set in his majesty will be master of Milan."

"But the plague! — the plague!" cried Diane. "How is he to avoid that? Be advised by me, sire, and stay in France, where you incur no risk."

"I laugh at all danger," rejoined the king. "My sole regret is that I must perforce leave you behind. To those who cannot brave the rigours of winter, or who are afraid of the pestilence," he added, glancing at Montmorency and Saint-Paul, "the roads of France will be open."

"Nay, sire, as long as you remain in Italy I shall stay — even if I find a tomb there," said Montmorency.

"It is well," rejoined François. "To-morrow we start on the expedition."

Seeing that her royal lover was inflexible, Diane

made no further effort to turn him from his purpose. Her only hope was that the Duchess d'Angoulême might arrive before his departure. But in this she was disappointed. François had taken his measures too well. A messenger met the duchess on the way, and telling her the king was on the eve of departure, she turned back.

It was a glorious day on which François, after taking a tender farewell of Diane, set forth with his host from Aix — and it was a gallant sight to see the king, arrayed in his splendid armour, and mounted on his war-horse, issue from the gates accompanied by the flower of the French chivalry. Proceeding by forced marches along the valley of the Durance to Briançon, he crossed the Alps without difficulty by the Pass of Susa.

Enthusiastic was his delight at finding himself once more in Italy at the head of an army which he deemed irresistible. Without encountering any obstruction he pressed on to Vercelli, where he ascertained the movements of the enemy.

The Imperial army, it appeared, had been greatly reduced by the forced march from Marseilles, and had also sustained heavy losses of baggage and artillery. Two thousand men had been thrown into Alexandria. Lodi, Pizzighettone, and Como were also strongly garrisoned, but by far the most for-

midable preparations had been made at Pavia, the defence of which had been committed, as during Bonnivet's campaign in the previous year, to Antonio de Leyva. The garrison of Pavia was now augmented by five thousand German lanzknechts under De Hohenzollern, five hundred Spanish soldiers, and three hundred lances.

Bourbon and Pescara, accompanied by Lannoy, had marched with the rest of the army to Milan, and thither François determined to follow them.

Two days after quitting Vercelli the king appeared before the city. His approach could not, of course, be concealed from the Imperialists, and a long counsel was held by Bourbon and the other chiefs as to the possibility or prudence of holding the place against him. It was decided that, considering the enfeebled condition of the troops and the infected state of the city, there was no alternative but to abandon it. Defence under such circumstances was, indeed, impossible, and had the Imperial generals attempted to sustain a siege, the whole army would probably have been destroyed by the pestilence.

Accompanied by Sforza, Pescara, and the others, Bourbon therefore quitted the city, and proceeded to Lodi. Just as the last of the Imperialists marched out of Milan by the Porta Romana, a detachment of

the French army, under La Trémouille, entered the city by the Porta Vercellina.

The satisfaction which François would have felt at this easy conquest was marred by the dismal aspect of the plague-stricken city. Ghastly evidences of the presence of the Destroyer met his eye at every turn. The deserted streets, the closed houses, the mournful air of the populace — all conspired to cast a gloom over him.

Just then the pestilence was at its height. On the very day on which he entered Milan with his host, several hundreds of persons had died, and as many more were sick. The hospitals and lazarettos were filled to overflowing, and the pits surcharged with dead. No remedies could be found to arrest the progress of the scourge. Almost all who were seized by it perished, and the city was more than half depopulated.

No wonder that François blamed himself for his rashness in exposing his army to so much peril. But he resolved that his stay in Milan should be brief — no longer than was absolutely necessary to resume his authority — and that all possible precautions should be taken against contagion. With this view he secluded himself within the ducal palace, and ordered the army to encamp without the walls.

## II.

Bonnivet's last Interview with the Comtessa di Chieri.

THERE was a fair dame in Milan, to behold whom Bonnivet had urged the king, at all risks, to march on to the city. This was the Comtessa di Chieri. Had it been possible, he would have flown to her immediately on his arrival. But he was detained throughout the day at the ducal palace, partly in immediate attendance upon the king, and partly in the discharge of other duties that devolved upon him, for he was obliged to confer with the civic officials and others whom François would not admit to his presence. But he had despatched a messenger to the countess, with a letter informing her that he would visit her in the evening, and had received an answer saying she expected him.

When night came, and he was free, he flew to her palace in the Corso Romano, and was instantly admitted. He found her in the superb saloon where he had last seen her, surrounded with objects of luxury, and looking beautiful as ever. But her appearance was somewhat changed. There was a flush in her cheeks, and a preternatural brilliancy in her

dark eyes. A rapturous meeting took place between them, and the pain of their long separation seemed forgotten in the bliss of the moment.

"I did not think I should ever behold you again," she murmured.

"You doubted my love for you, or you could never have entertained that notion," he replied, passionately. "Hear what I have done to obtain this interview. To pass an hour with you, Beata, I have prevailed upon the king to undertake a new campaign in Italy. To throw myself at your feet, I have induced him to march on Milan."

"You should not have come now," she rejoined. "Had I been able to do so, I would have warned you to avoid this infected city."

"I have no fear of the pestilence," said Bonnivet. "And I would brave any danger to be near you. But why have you exposed yourself to so much risk? Why have you remained here?"

"I could not leave," she rejoined. "And I have an excellent physician, Doctor Nardi, who watches over me. Ah! here he is," she added, as a grave-looking personage, attired in a black silk doublet and hose, and wearing a black silk skull-cap, entered the saloon.

After respectfully saluting Bonnivet, Doctor Nardi seated himself beside the countess, and kept



his eyes upon her for some moments. Bonnivet, who watched him closely, thought he detected anxiety in his looks.

"You have not been quite well to-day, I think, countess?" remarked Doctor Nardi.

"I had a severe headache this morning," she replied. "But it has passed."

"Any feverish symptoms?" inquired the doctor.

"Yes," she replied. "About an hour ago, I felt stifled with heat, and then had a shivering fit. But there is nothing to be alarmed at?" she added, nervously.

"Nothing — nothing," he replied. "But you must retire to rest immediately. The fever has not quite left you, and may return."

"But why should I retire to rest, dear doctor?" appealed the countess. "I do not feel ill. Ah! I see you are alarmed about me," she continued gazing eagerly at him. "Tell me what is the matter?"

"Do not agitate yourself, signora," he returned. "You will soon be better — but you must attend to my directions. I will send you a febrifuge presently, and will see you in the morning. Good night, countess."

He then bowed and departed, and Bonnivet, feeling very uneasy, followed him out of the room.

"I trust the countess is not seriously ill, doctor?" inquired Bonnavet.

"A passing indisposition," replied Nardi, evasively. "But you must not stay, monseigneur. Take leave of the countess. At this awful season there is no security that they who part at night may meet again on the morrow."

The last words were uttered with a significance that increased Bonnavet's uneasiness.

"Do not conceal the truth from me, doctor," he said. "The certainty, however dreadful, would be more tolerable than suspense."

"What purpose will it answer to tell you what I think?" rejoined Nardi. "Be advised by me, and leave the palace without delay. Every moment you remain here increases the risk."

"Ha!" ejaculated Bonnavet, horror-stricken. "I now understand. But I will not leave her."

"As you please, monseigneur," said Nardi. "I have warned you."

"Stay, I implore of you," cried Bonnavet, detaining him. "Is there any means of saving her?"

"Alas! none," replied Nardi. "She is beyond the power of medicine. I have seen too many fatal cases lately to be mistaken. She has all the worst symptoms about her. Before to-morrow morning she will be a corpse." ♦

"Oh! say not so, doctor!" cried Bonnivet, distractedly.

"You are never content," rejoined Nardi, petulantly. "You try to extract the truth from me, and when I yield to your importunities, you are dissatisfied. You now know the worst. Act as you think proper; but if you would not yourself fall a victim to the pestilence, you will leave the palace as expeditiously as possible. I will send a nurse to attend upon the countess, and a priest to minister to her soul's welfare."

"I cannot, will not, leave her," rejoined Bonnivet, rushing back to the saloon.

"Then share her fate," muttered Nardi, shrugging his shoulders as he departed.

Even in this brief interval a marked change had taken place in the countess's looks. The flush in her cheeks had given way to deathly pallor, but the fire in her large black eyes burnt yet more fiercely. As Bonnivet returned, she started up from the couch on which she had sunk, and caught hold of his arm.

"What has he told you?" she demanded, gazing at him as if to search into his soul. "I know he thinks me ill — very ill — but he does not suspect — ha!" And she paused.

"No, no; calm yourself," rejoined Bonnivet,

endeavouring to reassure her. "There is no danger. But he charged me to reiterate his order that you should retire to rest immediately."

"But I do not choose to obey him," she rejoined. "I do not want to part with you. I feel better — much better. Come and sit beside me," she added, returning to the couch, "and let us renew the discourse which the doctor interrupted. I will leave Milan to-morrow. If you march to Lodi or Pavia, I may accompany you — may I not?"

Bonnivet made no reply.

"You do not seem pleased by the proposition," she continued. "Do you not wish to have me near you?"

"Oh! this is more than I can bear!" exclaimed Bonnivet, unable to repress his emotion.

The countess gazed at him bewildered.

"Your looks affright me," she said. "I am sure Doctor Nardi has told you more about me than you are willing to repeat. But I will shake off my misgivings. I will be gay. Pledge me in a cup of wine," she continued, finding a silver goblet. "May our love last for ever!"

And raising the goblet to her lips she handed it to him.

But Bonnivet set down the cup untasted.

"What! you refuse my pledge?" she cried.

"I can act this part no longer," mentally ejaculated Bonnivet. "Summon all your fortitude, Beata," he added to her. "I have a terrible communication to make to you."

"I partly guess it," she rejoined, with a ghastly look. "But speak! What have you to tell me?"

"I cannot bring my tongue to utter what I have to say," he returned. "Any other lips than mine should pronounce the fatal words."

"At this moment the door opened, and a priest entered, accompanied by a Sister of Charity. On their entrance the countess arose with difficulty.

"Daughter," said the priest, "we have been sent to you by your physician, Doctor Nardi. This good sister will watch over you, while I will minister to you the last offices of our religion, and prepare you for the awful change which you must speedily undergo."

"Am I dreaming?" she cried, gazing in terror at them. "Doctor Nardi told me nothing of all this."

"No, daughter; he left it to me to tell you that you are stricken by the pestilence."

The unfortunate countess heard no more, but uttering a piercing cry, fell senseless on the couch. The Sister of Charity flew to her assistance.

“Go, monseigneur,” said the priest to Bonnavet. “The few short hours she has left must be devoted to Heaven. Go, I pray you!”

Thus adjured, Bonnavet could not resist. Casting a glance of anguish at the inanimate countess, he quitted the room, and left the palace.

### III.

#### How François I. besieged Pavia.

BONNAVET was so overcome by the shock caused by the sad fate of the Comtessa di Chieri, that for two days he was unable to leave his chamber. On the third day, being informed that a council of war was to be held by the king, he roused himself to attend it.

All the leaders of the army were present at the council, and the question proposed for their consideration by the king was, whether the enemy should be first attacked at Lodi or Pavia.

“My own inclinations prompt me to proceed to Pavia,” said François. “As the second city of the duchy, if it falls, all the rest must surrender. The Imperialists will soon be driven out of Lombardy, and then we can march on to Naples. But

I am not wedded to this plan, and desire to have your opinions. Speak freely."

"My advice to your majesty," said Montmorency, "is to march first on Lodi, whither Pescara and Bourbon have retired with the remnants of their army. The city is badly fortified, and without provisions, and will be easily taken."

"You are misinformed as to the condition of Lodi," said Bonnavet. "Be assured that Bourbon and Pescara would not have retired there unless they had felt certain they could hold it. The fortress was first strengthened by Francesco Sforza, and subsequently rendered impregnable by Federigo da Bozzolo, who held it, as you know, to the last. The Imperial army is still numerous, and will make an obstinate and determined resistance. To attack a fortress so defended is to run the risk of failure. Pavia, on the contrary, can be speedily reduced either by force or stratagem. Antonio de Leyva has but little authority over the garrison, which consists almost exclusively of German lanzknechts, who have been badly paid, and are known to be discontented."

"That may be true," remarked Montmorency, "but De Leyva is a very skilful commander, full of energy and resources, and will make a long and vigorous defence. When the Imperial army quitted

Milan on our approach it was in a state of great disorder. The men had suffered greatly by their march, and were in many cases without arms, and almost without accoutrements. Again, the plague has thinned their ranks, and those who are left are disheartened. They can soon be starved out at Lodi, where provisions are scanty. Lodi ours — Bourbon, Pescara, Lannoy, and Sforza captives — Pavia and all the other cities and fortresses of the duchy must inevitably surrender. From these considerations, I counsel your majesty to march on the Adda and not to encamp on the Ticino.”

All the other leaders, except Saint-Marsault, concurred with Montmorency; but Bonnivet would not give up his point.

“The king’s honour is concerned in the matter,” he said. “A war waged by his majesty in person ought not to be conducted according to the ordinary rules of military tactics.”

“No successful war can be conducted otherwise,” remarked Montmorency, contemptuously. “Such advice would not have been tendered by Bayard, were he alive.”

“It comports not with the king’s dignity to attack a small fortress while an important city holds out,” retorted Bonnivet. “Pavia captured, his ma-



jesty will be master of the Milanese, and can then proceed to the invasion of Naples."

"Foi de gentilhomme! you are right," exclaimed the king. "Honour calls us to Pavia and not to Lodi, and we will obey the summons. Seigneur de la Trémouille," he added to that general, "I entrust to you the defence of this city of Milan. I will leave with you eight thousand fantassins and three hundred lances — a force amply sufficient in the event of an attack on the part of the Imperialists. As to you, messeigneurs," he continued to the others, "you will make ready. To-morrow we set out for Pavia."

Towards evening, on the following day, François appeared before Pavia with the whole of his army, excepting that portion of it which had been left with La Trémouille for the defence of Milan.

The king was in excellent spirits, confident in his army, which was in splendid condition, and well supplied with cavalry and artillery, and he had entire faith in Bonnivet's representations that Pavia would be an easy conquest, and its possession ensure him the mastery of the duchy.

It was therefore in a blithe mood that he approached the ancient capital of the Longobardi kingdom, and gazed at its numerous towers and spires, its proud Duomo and stern castello, rising from out

its walls, and now empurpled by the rays of the setting sun.

"Is not yon city better worth fighting for than Lodi, sire?" remarked Bonnivet, who was riding near him, and saw what was passing in his breast.

"Ay, marry is it," rejoined the king. "I should almost be sorry if it were to surrender. A week's siege will be pleasant pastime."

"I do not think your majesty will be disappointed," replied Bonnivet. "De Leyva is obstinate, and will not yield without giving us some trouble. But the city *must* fall when you choose to take it, and you can therefore proceed as leisurely as you will. As I have already explained to your majesty, the garrison, which consists almost entirely of German lanz-knechts, under the command of the Comte de Hohenzollern, is discontented and even mutinous, and, if need be, can be easily corrupted."

"I would rather conquer with steel than gold," rejoined François, laughing. "But let us consider where I shall establish my quarters. I must have access to yon charming park of Montibello, which, with its woods and glades, reminds me of the forest of Fontainebleau."

And, as he spoke, he pointed to a vast park, several miles in extent, and very thickly wooded, lying to the north of the city. In the midst of this

park, which, extensive as it was, was completely surrounded by strong and lofty walls, stood a large palace, which had been built as a hunting-seat by Gian Galeazzo Visconti, Duke of Milan.

The palace, though merely designed to enable its princely owner to pursue the pleasures of the chase, was strongly fortified, moated, and approached by a drawbridge. As may well be imagined, the close vicinity of this vast and noble park to the city was a great embellishment to its appearance. But, in truth, Pavia was extremely beautiful and picturesque, full of splendid edifices, and boasting numerous churches, convents, and stately mansions.

At the same time, the extraordinary number of strong and lofty towers by which it was guarded, together with its huge and frowning citadel, gave it a very formidable appearance, which was further increased by its walls and bastions, now abundantly garnished with ordnance. But it was not merely to its walls and towers that Pavia owed its strength. On the side on which it was weakest it was protected by a deep and rapid river, which formed an impassable moat.

About a league above Pavia the Ticino divides itself into two arms, one of which bathes the walls in the manner just described, while the lesser arm, after describing a wide curve, rejoins the main stream

below the city, forming an island near its point of junction, on which the suburb of Sant Antonio was built. A stone bridge, erected by Gian Galeazzo Visconti, covered by a gallery, and defended by a strong tower, connected this suburb with the city.

Between the banks of the lesser arm of the Ticino and the walls, and contiguous to the park of Mirabello, stood the stately abbey of San Lanfranco and the church of San Salvator, and it was towards these structures that Bonnivet now directed the king's attention.

"Your majesty observes yonder abbey and church," he said, pointing them out. "There you can conveniently establish your quarters during the siege. Openings can easily be made in the walls so as to give you access to the park of Mirabello, and, if you are so minded, you can occupy the château of Gian Galeazzo Visconti."

"I like the situation of the abbey best, and will take up my quarters near it," said the king. "I will have you and the Grand Master with me, and the main part of the army shall encamp there. The Marshal de la Palisse shall post himself on yon hills on the east of the city," pointing in that direction. "The Duke d'Alençon shall occupy the park of Mirabello, and take possession of the château of Gian Galeazzo."

“Possession of the little island on which stands the suburb of Sant Antonio is important,” said Bonnivet. “If your majesty will allow me, I will take it.”

“No, that shall be Montmorency’s task,” rejoined François. “He is angry that we have come hither in preference to Lodi. I must find him employment.”

These arrangements were carried out. Next morning François fixed his quarters near the abbey of San Lanfranco, while his generals posted themselves as he had directed.

On the same day, the Marshal de Montmorency, with a large force, consisting of more than five thousand men, crossed the lesser arm of the Ticino by a bridge of boats, and took possession of the island. Then turning to the tower, at the head of the bridge communicating with the city, he summoned the little garrison to surrender, and meeting with a determined refusal from the officer in command, immediately attacked the tower and took it. Most of the garrison had fallen during the assault, but the survivors — amongst whom was the captain, a valiant man-at-arms — were brought before the marshal.

“How dared you resist the king’s army in a paltry shed like that?” he demanded.

"It was our duty to guard the bridge, monseigneur," replied the captain, boldly.

"You are false traitors, and shall serve as an example to your fellows, who will learn the fate they may expect if they hold out," rejoined Montmorency, furiously. "Away with them!" he added to the guard. "Hang them at once from the summit of the tower, in face of the city, so that the whole garrison may behold them."

The ruthless mandate was immediately carried into effect, and the brave soldiers were ignominiously put to death.

Unable to stay the execution, which he witnessed from the walls of the city, De Leyva vowed to make terrible reprisals on the first prisoners he should take, and he kept his word. By partially destroying the bridge, he prevented Montmorency from following up his success in that direction.

Pavia being now invested at all points, François determined to commence the assault without delay, and his batteries being placed and mounted with powerful artillery, he opened fire simultaneously on the eastern and western sides of the city, continuing the cannonade for three days, when a sufficient breach in either portion of the walls was effected.

Next day, the assault was made on both points

at the same time, and at each encountered a vigorous resistance.

One party of the besiegers was led on by Bonnivet, who gallantly mounted the breach, but on gaining its summit he was checked by the pikes of the Spanish soldiers, and discovered, at the same time, that within the walls there was a deep trench, of the existence of which he had been ignorant, while from its parapets a company of arquebusiers, commanded by De Leyva, poured a murderous fire upon him. His armour alone saved him — all those near him being struck down. As it was impossible to force the breach under such circumstances, he was compelled to retire.

Nor did better success attend the Marshal de la Palisse, by whom the assault was made on the other side of the city. He was repulsed with heavy loss by the Comte de Hohenzollern.

It was then found that such preparations had been made by De Leyva that it was impossible to take the place by assault, and that recourse must be had to the tedious operations of sap and mine. However, the king reconciled himself without difficulty to the delay, and his troops, so far from being dissatisfied, were well pleased. There was plenty of good cheer in the camp, abundance of provisions

were brought from the country round, and a market was held in the park of Mirabello, where these were sold.

Thus the besiegers led a joyous life, interrupted only by an occasional skirmish. As to François, he amused himself by hunting daily in the vast park, and while engaged in the chase almost forgot the object that had brought him thither. His nights were spent in festivity, and the attraction of female society was not wanting, for bands of fair dames came over from Piacenza. A bridge of boats across the Ticino connected the king's camp with the island on which Montmorency was stationed, and a similar bridge at another part of the river made communication easy with La Palisse. The Duke d'Alençon, as we have mentioned, was quartered in the Castle of Mirabello.

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## IV.

Of the Stratagem practised by Antonio de Leyva.

BUT while abundance was to be found in the camp of the besiegers, and while the French army was contented and even joyous, severe privation was already experienced in Pavia.

Disappointed in the succours he expected to receive from Lodi, De Leyva had already put the garrison on short allowance, and provisions had become so scarce, that the horrors of famine began to be anticipated. Occasionally supplies were obtained by shirmishing parties, but these were inefficient for a populous city like Pavia, and were speedily exhausted.

But De Leyva appeared wholly unconcerned by the distress he saw around him. Harsh and inflexible, resolute in the performance of his duty, and callous to the sufferings of others, he looked on the people around him with a cold, unpitiful eye. So long as the garrison could be fed, he cared not what became of the citizens.

His worst apprehensions were caused by the mutinous spirit which on several occasions of late had been evinced by the German lanz-knechts under

De Hohenzollern. He had tried to allay their discontent by promising them their pay, but as he could not make good his word, his assurances were treated with derision, and the men even threatened, if not paid, to deliver the city to the enemy.

That this would be carried out, De Leyva became convinced by discovering that a secret correspondence existed between the Comte d'Azarnes, one of the German leaders, and Bonnavet. The knowledge of the secret thus obtained he prudently kept to himself, resolving to punish the treachery of Azarnes at a fitting season. As gold, however, must be obtained at whatever risk, he carefully thought over the matter, and at last conceived a stratagem by which he hoped that a supply of money might be safely passed through the French army. During a sortie which he made for the purpose into the park of Mirabello, he despatched an emissary in whom he could confide, with instructions to Lannoy and Pescara, both of whom were at Lodi.

While François, unable to take the city by assault, was proceeding by slower means, a plan was suggested to him by an officer belonging to the Duke d'Alençon, which promised success, and, gave great uneasiness to the besieged. This was no less than to divert the main arm of the Ticino,

which flowed past Pavia, into the lesser channel. If the plan could be accomplished, the city, being entirely undefended on this side, must necessarily fall.

Every exertion, therefore, was used by the king to carry the scheme into effect. An enormous number of men were employed in damming up the main arm of the river, and in deepening and widening the channel of the lesser arm so as to receive its waters, and as the work progressed François was greatly elated by the prospect of success, while De Leyva attempted, though vainly, to fortify the exposed part of the city, which, when the bed of the river was laid dry, would be open to attack.

On both sides the opinion now prevailed that Pavia was doomed, but its resolute commander held stoutly on, and would not listen to any terms of capitulation.

Another day, and all would have been over, when just at the critical moment, while prayers were offered in the Duomo for the preservation of the city, torrents of rain began to fall, and continued to pour down without intermission for several hours, until the swollen waters of the Ticino could no longer be restrained, but, bursting the embankments reared against them, returned to their original channel.

Pavia was saved. Fervent thanksgivings were offered up by the citizens, who regarded the occurrence as providential, and a *Te Deum* was chanted in the Duomo. Discouraged by the ill success of the scheme, François made no attempt to renew it.

Just after this event, which Antonio de Leyva looked upon as a good omen, another incident of a very different nature occurred.

We have said that a large market was held in the park of Mirabello, at which provisions of all kinds were sold by country-folk to the soldiers. One morning, two tall and robust young men, with handsome and sunburnt visages, and clad like peasants, were allowed to pass through the French camp, there being nothing either in their looks or deportment calculated to excite suspicion. Each led a mule charged with a couple of large casks, apparently filled with wine, and as the two young peasants strode along they laughed and jested with the soldiers.

On arriving at the place where the market was held, they were speedily surrounded by eager customers, and while chaffering with them moved gradually nearer and nearer to the city walls, until it became evident that they had attracted the notice of the sentinels, and they were cautioned by the soldiers

with them not to go any farther. The peasants, however, treated the warning as a joke, and went on.

All at once, a troop of cavalry, headed by De Leyva, issued from a sallyport, and dashing at the party, seized the peasants and their mules, and carried them off into the city before any attempt at rescue could be made by the troops of the Duke d'Alençon, who had witnessed the affair.

As soon as De Leyva was safe within the walls of the city, he gave vent to a hearty fit of laughter, and the two peasants joined in his merriment.

"Admirably executed, by my fay!" exclaimed the governor. "The stratagem has succeeded to a miracle. Little do the enemy dream what rare wine they have allowed to escape them. 'Tis a vintage fit for the king's table — ha! ha! But whom have I to thank for the important service thus rendered me?" he added to the foremost of the peasants. "Unless I am mistaken, it is the Seigneur Pomperant."

"Your excellency is right," replied the other. "Lannoy and Pescara could find no better messenger than myself, so I have come hither disguised, as you see, with my attendant Hugues. Each of those casks contains a thousand golden ducats — a rich prize for the king, if it had fallen into his hands."

"A good sum, in truth, and if it will not pay

the lanz-knechts in full, it will at least stop their mouths for a timé," rejoined De Leyva, laughing. "Again I thank you for the service, though I am sorry you will have to remain in this city. There is plenty of revelry, I am told, each night in the king's camp, but there is none here. All we do in Pavia is to fast, pray, and fight."

"I am familiar with beleaguered cities," said Pomperant. "I was in Marseilles during the siege."

"Marseilles endured no privations," rejoined De Leyva. "The port was open, and supplies could be sent in by the fleet. But here we are cut off from everything. May I count on speedy succour from Lannoy and Pescara?"

"I fear not," replied Pomperant. "They are not in a condition to march upon the king's army. But they expect reinforcements."

"Where is the Duke de Bourbon?" demanded De Leyva.

"In Suabia collecting an army," replied Pomperant. "From what I have heard from his highness he will get together a large force, and, when he returns, I doubt not he will fly to your succour."

"I hope he may not come too late," remarked De Leyva.

"Before setting out, the duke told me that he knew full well your excellency would hold out, and

that most assuredly he would be back in time to relieve you."

"Well, I suppose I must be content," said De Leyva. "But I am eager to examine the treasure."

By the governor's orders the casks were then taken to the castello, and on being opened were found full of golden pieces, which De Leyva immediately distributed among the German lanz-knechts, telling them the remainder of their pay was safe in the hands of the Viceroy of Naples, at Lodi, and should be given to them as soon as it could be sent with safety. By this means confidence was restored, and the tendency to mutiny checked.

The time had now arrived for the punishment of the traitor. On the day after the gold had been distributed as above mentioned, De Leyva sent for Azarnes to the castello, and after conversing with him for some time in a friendly manner, called for wine. A cup of Cyprus was filled, and Azarnes drank it unsuspectingly. Another goblet was offered to De Leyva, but, though he raised it to his lips, he took care not to taste it. After a while, De Leyva drew from his breast the letter addressed to Bon-nivet which he had intercepted, and, showing it to Azarnes, asked him sternly if it was his writing. With such evidence against him, the unfortunate man did not dare to attempt denial.

"Your silence proclaims your guilt," said De Leyva. "You deserve death, but act as I enjoin, and I will pardon you."

"I am ready to obey your excellency," rejoined Azarnes.

"Write, then, to Bonnavet that the men are firm, and refuse to deliver up the city," said De Leyva. "Add that pay has been sent them by the Viceroy of Naples, and that succour is daily expected."

Azarnes wrote as commanded, and when the letter was finished, De Leyva took it.

"I will send the letter off at once," he said. "Remain here till I return. I shall not be long absent. I have more to say to you."

And, with a singular look at Azarnes, he quitted the room.

De Leyva had not been gone many minutes, when the unfortunate man was seized with a mortal sickness, and a frightful suspicion crossing him, he examined the other goblet, and found it untouched. He then knew that he was poisoned, and made for the door, but ere he could reach it his strength utterly forsook him, and he fell on the ground. At this moment De Leyva entered the chamber.

"What! my wine is too potent for you — ha?" he exclaimed.



"You have poisoned me," groaned the dying man.

"I have been compelled to become your executioner," rejoined De Leyva. "I would rather have put you to death publicly, but since justice might have been defeated, I have elected this plan."

The action of the terrible poison was so swift, that ere many minutes Azarnes had ceased to exist.

## V.

George von Frundsberg.

ON quitting Milan on the approach of François I., Bourbon proceeded with Lannoy and Pescara to Lodi, where he remained for a few days, and then announced his intention of proceeding to Germany to raise a fresh army for the Emperor.

"Your highness has my best wishes for the success of your project, but I fear you will fail," said Lannoy.

"If we have to wait till you bring back an army from Germany, we shall wait long enough," remarked Pescara, sarcastically.

"In less than two months I will be back, and will bring with me ten or twelve thousand men," said Bourbon, confidently.

Counting upon the friendship always professed for him by the Duke of Savoy, and upon the disposition lately shown by that potentate to attach himself zealously to the Imperial cause, Bourbon first directed his course to Turin, and was received as cordially by the prince as he had been after the victory of Romagnano.

Bourbon told the prince his design, frankly explaining to him the enfeebled condition of the Imperial army, and the absolute necessity that existed for its prompt reinforcement.

“I am now going to Suabia,” he said, “and with the assistance of the Archduke Ferdinand, I hope to be able to get together a sufficient number of men, but to do this I must have money, for the Germans will not fight without pay. Herein lies the grand difficulty, and I know not where to turn for aid, unless to your highness. It is in vain to apply to the Emperor. Apparently he has no money to send, for he is terribly in arrear with his own army. Time will not allow application to be made to Henry VIII., even if he should be disposed to yield further subsidies. How say you, prince? Will you generously help me in my need? It will be an incalculable favour to the Emperor as well as to myself, for, unless you aid him at this juncture, he will lose Lombardy, and possibly Naples.”

"You shall not sue in vain, prince," returned the Duke of Savoy, graciously. "I will aid you as much for your own sake as for that of the Emperor. Not merely will I empty my treasure for you, but you shall have all my jewels. It shall not be my fault if you do not raise an army."

"By Sainte Barbe!" cried Bourbon, overjoyed. "I did right to come to your highness. You are a true friend. If François de Valois is compelled to leave Italy, it will be you who will drive him out."

Next day, Bourbon quitted Turin loaded with gold and jewels, and shaped his course at once towards Germany. After visiting the Archduke Ferdinand, by whose aid he was enabled, in an incredibly short space of time, to raise five hundred Burgundian lances and six thousand lanz-knechts, he proceeded to Memmingen, for the purpose of obtaining the assistance of the renowned George von Frundsberg.

Of this remarkable personage, who claims a place in our history, it will be necessary to offer a brief preliminary description.

Of gigantic stature, endowed with prodigious strength, truculent in aspect, ferocious in manner and disposition, George von Frundsberg, lord of Mindelheim, more resembled a robber-chief than a military leader. His appearance was at once

formidable and grotesque. His features were large, bloated and inflamed by intemperance, his nose aquiline, his eyes fierce and bloodshot, and overshadowed by black beetling brows. His hair was grizzled and shorn close to the skull; but his beard was shaggy, and his immense moustaches stuck out like the whiskers of a tiger, imparting an extraordinarily savage character to his physiognomy. His powerful frame had been originally well proportioned, but he had now acquired an ungainly corpulence, which his armour could not conceal.

Von Frundsberg was a furious Lutheran, and, in his zeal for propagating the new doctrines, had perpetrated frightful atrocities. He never spoke of the Pope or the Romish priesthood without being seized by an access of rage; and bore at his girdle a gold chain, with which he had vowed to strangle the Sovereign Pontiff with his own hands.

Having at his command an army of four or five thousand men, Von Frundsberg was a very important ally to gain.

Accompanied by Marx Sittich von Ems, whom he had appointed to the command of his Burgundian lances, Bourbon visited Von Frundsberg at his castle of Mindelheim, and was entertained by him.

with rude but profuse hospitality. The fierce Lutheran chief astounded his guests by his capacity for drinking, and he emptied stoup after stoup of Rhenish during the repast, but though they did not follow his example, they laughed at his terrible and impious jests, and Bourbon gained him over by promising that as soon as the French were driven out of Italy he would march with him to Rome, and allow his men to sack the city.

“On that understanding I will join your highness,” said Von Frundsberg, “and will bring with me five thousand of the bravest reiters and lanzknechts in Suabia — such soldiers as are not to be found in the French camp. They will go wherever I choose to take them, because they know that, if ill paid, they are certain of plunder, and that if they starve one day they will feast the next. Like myself, they are staunch Lutherans, all excommunicated by the Pope, and their great delight is to torture and slay the priests of Baal, to break their idols, and plunder their temples of their gold and silver ornaments. By my father’s bones! what sanctuaries we have stripped. What tall candlesticks! what weighty chalices! what splendid cups we have carried off! At Rome there will be no end of plunder. Every church contains a mine of wealth, and if the priests hide their plate and

vessels we will soon force them to bring them out — ho! ho! There is no better amusement than torturing a priest. It is the height of my ambition to plunder Saint Peter's, to rifle the temple of Antichrist of its treasures, to destroy its altars, and wash out its abominations in the blood of its priests; and if the arch-pontiff himself falls into my hands, I have sworn to hang him with a chain fabricated for the purpose. Here it is," he added, displaying it. "One must show respect even to the Pope — à tout seigneur tout honneur! — ho! ho!"

Though disgusted by the sacrilegious wretch, Bourbon constrained himself, and led him to believe that he shared his opinions, and was so lavish in his promises of plunder, that, before the repast was concluded, Von Frundsberg had engaged to share his fortunes.

"Promise to take me to Rome," he cried. "Promise me the treasures of Saint Peter's and the Vatican for my soldiers. Promise me Antichrist for myself," he cried, with a ferocious and stunning laugh, "and I am yours body and soul."

"I promise you all you ask," rejoined Bourbon.

"Then the compact is made," said Von Frundsberg, striking the table with his tremendous fist, and making all the goblets upon it rattle. "We

will march for Lombardy to-morrow. Meanwhile, we will drink confusion to François de Valois. You will pledge me in that toast?" he added, draining his capacious cup.

Bourbon and Marx Sittich did him reason, and the carouse was continued to a late hour.

Bourbon did not allow the ardour of his newly-acquired ally to cool, but held him to his promise to march without delay. When Von Frundsberg ordered his men to get ready, and told them whither they were going, they shouted enthusiastically, feeling sure that if they once entered Italy they would find their way to Rome, whither their leader had engaged to take them.

Proceeding by forced marches, Bourbon conducted his newly-acquired army by Lindau and Feldkirch to Coire, and thence, across the Splügen, into Italy.

When he reappeared at Lodi at the head of this force, Lannoy and Pescara were filled with amazement, and though they congratulated him on his extraordinary success with feigned heartiness, it was easy to perceive they were greatly mortified.

Bourbon laughed secretly at their chagrin. His position was now totally changed in regard to them, for the army he had raised was his own, and only recognised him as general.

"I told you I would bring back twelve thousand men with me," he said to Pescara. "I have kept my word, as you see."

"I did not think it possible, I own," rejoined the other. "You have employed your time well, whereas we have done little during your absence. But De Leyva still holds out."

"I know it," said Bourbon. "We must march instantly to his relief."

"With the reinforcement you have brought, we need not hesitate to attack the king," rejoined Pescara. "I have carefully prepared a plan of action, which I feel assured will be crowned with success. I will submit it to you, and if you approve it, we will act upon it."

"Tis a good plan, and well considered," observed Lannoy.

"Then I will adopt it," said Bourbon. "Let us fly to victory."

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## VI.

How François I. refused to raise the Siege of Pavia.

WHILE Bourbon was occupied in collecting a fresh army in Suabia, renewed efforts were made by Clement VII. to bring about a peace between the contending powers. The conduct of the negotiations was confided by the Pope to his datary, Giovan Matteo Giberto, and this personage first addressed himself to Lannoy, proposing a truce of five years, the terms of which should be arranged by the Supreme Pontiff. But Lannoy haughtily rejected the proposal, declaring he would never treat with the King of France so long as that monarch retained a foot of ground in Italy.

Though foiled in the onset, Giberto did not despair of accomplishing his object, and, proceeding to the French camp, obtained an interview with the king. Having heard what he had to say, François replied :

“The moment is ill chosen to make this offer to me. Tell his Holiness that I did not cross the Alps with an army of thirty thousand men to make a profitless peace with the Emperor. I brought my

troops into Lombardy to retake the duchy of Milan, and I shall not be deterred from my purpose by promises or threats. I shall speedily be master of Pavia, and shall then pursue my conquests. You shall hear my plans, for I calculate upon the Pope's assistance in carrying them out. I am about to send the Duke of Albany to Naples with six thousand fantassins and six hundred lances, to be detached from my own army. At Leghorn, Albany will be reinforced by three thousand men brought thither by my fleet, and commanded by the valiant Renzo da Ceri. Thus augmented, the army will march on through the Roman States, where it will be further increased by four thousand Italian soldiers promised me by Orsini."

"Sire," returned the datary, "although I do not approve of the proposed expedition, I venture to engage that it will not be opposed by his Holiness, who will, I make no doubt, allow the Duke of Albany a free passage through the Roman States, and render him other assistance. But have you well considered the prudence of the step you are about to take? It is known that the Duke de Bourbon is levying a vast number of troops in Suabia, and will probably collect together a large army. Is it wise to reduce your own forces to this extent?"

"My object is to create a diversion, and so

weaken the strength of the Imperial army," rejoined François. "When Lannoy finds that I have despatched a force to attack Naples, he will necessarily send back all the best of the Spanish troops for the defence of the city, and will thus leave Lombardy unprotected. As soon as the bulk of his forces is withdrawn, the whole of the Milanese will fall into my hands, and having garrisoned the chief cities, I shall march on to Naples."

"It is a bold but hazardous manœuvre, sire," replied Giberto, "and I trust success may attend it. I grieve to find that my efforts to bring about a peace, which might be even more advantageous than conquest to your majesty, have proved ineffectual. But let me assure you that his Holiness loves you as a son, and will certainly aid you, so far as he can, without offending the Emperor."

The plan thus propounded by François to the datary was carried into effect. When Lannoy was informed that the Duke of Albany had marched with a large force to Naples, he became seriously alarmed, and his first impulse, as François had anticipated, was to send back all his soldiers for the defence of the city; but he was earnestly dissuaded from the step by Pescara.

"The fate of Naples will be decided in Lombardy," said this astute general. "If François is

victorious, he will march off instantly to the south of Italy to complete his conquest. If we win, we have nothing to fear from Albany's expedition."

Governed by this reasoning, the force of which he acknowledged, Lannoy remained with his troops at Lodi, thus defeating the king's manœuvre, while Albany was allowed to pursue his march through Italy unmolested.

The army of the King of France was still further diminished by the loss of six thousand Grisons, of whose assistance he was deprived in a very singular manner, as we shall proceed to relate.

Among the many adventurers brought to the surface during this troublous time in Italy, one of the most remarkable was Gian Giacomo Medequin. He had filled the office of secretary to Francesco Sforza, Duke of Milan, and while in that capacity betrayed the duke's secrets to the French. Discovering his treachery, Sforza determined to get rid of him, and, with this view, charged him with a letter to the governor of Musso, a small fortified town situated in a remote part of the duchy at the north of the Lake of Como. Suspecting mischief, the unscrupulous Medequin opened the letter, and found that it was an order to the governor to throw him into the lake.

On making this discovery, instead of seeking

safety in flight, Medequin formed a plan of vengeance, and, proceeding to Musso, sought the lieutenant of the fort, to whom he delivered a letter which he had forged, purporting to come from Sforza, ordering the lieutenant to arrest the governor, and commit the custody of the fort to Medequin. The forged order was obeyed, and Medequin became master of the garrison. To screen himself from the consequences of this audacious act, it was necessary that he should render some important service to the Imperial army. He resolved, therefore, to obtain possession of the Castle of Chiavenna, an important stronghold belonging to the Grisons, and lying in ambush with a sufficient force, he succeeded at last in seizing upon the governor of the place. No sooner had he secured his prey than he rode towards Chiavenna with a strong escort, and demanded to speak with the châtelaine. When she appeared on the walls, she beheld her husband, bound hand and foot, and kneeling before Medequin, who held an executioner's sword in his hand, ready to smite off the unfortunate man's head.

"If you would save your husband's life, madame, you will instantly deliver up the city," he shouted to her.

"Heed not the threat," said the captive; "I am ready to die."

“Be speedy in your decision, madame, or I strike,” cried Medequin, raising the sword.

“Hold!” exclaimed the affrighted *châtelaine*. “I cannot see my husband perish thus. Open the gates.”

So Chiavenna was delivered up.

The loss of this stronghold caused great alarm to the Grisons, who were not without apprehension of further disasters, as their country was almost defenceless, the *élite* of their army being with François I. before Pavia. Peremptory orders were instantly sent to these men to return without delay, and in spite of all the efforts made by the king and his generals to detain them, they at once quitted the French camp.

By this bold device, François was unexpectedly deprived of the services of six thousand of his troops, and at a moment when he could least spare them, while Medequin secured the protection of Pescara and Lannoy.

Ill fortune seemed to attend the king at this juncture. The important and strongly garrisoned fort of Sant Angelo was taken by Pescara. A Milanese captain, named Palavicini, in the service of the King of France, had advanced with a strong force towards Cremona, with the intention of cutting off the communication between that city and Lodi,

when Francesco Sforza, who had retired thither, sallied forth at the head of fourteen hundred men, attacked Palavicini, and put his troops to flight.

This disaster was vexatious to François, but he shortly afterwards sustained a far heavier blow. The valiant Giovanni de' Medici, who, it will be remembered, had distinguished himself so greatly on the side of the Imperialists in the previous campaign, had now passed over with his band, consisting of four thousand men, to the French camp, his motive for the step being inability to obtain pay for his men from the Emperor. The defection of so daring and skilful a leader as Medici was sensibly felt by the Imperialists, but his services were quickly lost by François.

While engaged in a skirmish with Antonio de Leyva, who had sallied forth to attack him, and whom he had forced to retreat with heavy loss, the brave young Italian leader was wounded in the heel by a bullet from an arquebuss, and was conveyed to Piacenza. On this, his troop immediately disbanded, refusing to serve under any other leader.

These losses, following each other in rapid succession, were not without effect upon the king, but he continued firm in his resolution to reduce Pavia, and would not listen to any suggestion to raise the siege.

When intelligence was brought him that Bourbon had returned from Suabia at the head of twelve thousand men, and that the Imperial army, thus powerfully reinforced, was about to march to succour the beleaguered city, and compel him to give them battle, François held a council of war, rather for the purpose of acquainting his generals with his designs than of asking their opinion.

Though the king's sentiments were well known to all the leaders, several of them gave their opinion stoutly in opposition to his majesty, and the Marshal de Chabannes urged him strongly to raise the siege, avoid a battle, and retire to the Castle of Binasco.

"It is the interest of the Imperialists to fight," said the marshal, "because they cannot afford to wait. They have not wherewithal to pay their troops, and can only keep them together by promise of a battle. Your majesty's interest is to avoid an engagement, since by delay you can accomplish all you desire, without risk and without loss. I will not venture to point out the disastrous consequences that must ensue, if the issue of the battle should be adverse to us; but I beseech you to weigh them before coming to a decision which you may hereafter rue. My counsel, I know, will be distasteful to your majesty, but it is my duty to offer it."



Several of the other leaders concurred with the veteran marshal in opinion, and recommended delay.

"Were I to follow your advice, marshal," cried François — "were I to raise the siege of Pavia, and retire to Binasco, as you suggest, Bourbon would say I retreated before him."

"And with reason, sire," cried Bonnivet, indignantly. "I give you no such timid counsel, but advise you to remain where you are. Let the foe attack you if he dares — the inevitable result will be his own discomfiture. What shameful counsel is this you give to the king, messeigneurs? Would you have him belie his glorious career? Would you have him forfeit the laurels won at Marignan? Shall a base soldier like De Leyva have it in his power to boast that he has compelled our valiant king to retreat? Shall the traitor Bourbon be allowed to say — as he *will* say — that his royal master has fled before him?"

"Never!" exclaimed François. "By Saint Louis! he shall never say that!"

"You overrate our difficulties and dangers," continued Bonnivet, addressing the marshals; "but you do not take into account our resources. Bethink you that the flower of the French chivalry is here, with the king at its head. Do not let us dishonour ourselves by precautions unworthy of his majesty

and of us. It is upon the plains of Pavia, and not under shelter of the walls of Binasco, that we must seek for safety. Such caution is out of place. The king's glory is in our keeping. Europe will demand a strict account of our charge. We must answer by victory or death."

"You have misapprehended me, Bonnivet," said Chabannes. "No one is more anxious than myself for the glory of the king. But I would not have him give undue advantage to the foe. Our army is much reduced in number, and discouraged by this lengthened siege, whereas the enemy is newly recruited by troops who have endured no hardship, but are stimulated to fight by promises of plunder. My opinion is shared by all the elder leaders."

"You have the wisdom of Nestor, marshal," rejoined Bonnivet, sarcastically, "and I listen to every word that falls from you with respect. But I cannot suffer the king to be guided by your counsel. His majesty has more need of the valour of his chiefs, at this juncture, than of their advice. As to yourself, marshal, were you to lose this chance of distinction, you would ever after regret it. It would be the first time you have sought to avoid a meeting with the enemy."

"Enough, Bonnivet," cried François. "I do not

discern the dangers pointed out to me; but if they exist, I remain unmoved. I will await the foe in these intrenchments. When the battle comes, despite his age and prudence, no one, I am well assured, will display more ardour than Chabannes. Never shall it be said that the King of France fled before a rebellious subject. Here, on these plains of Pavia, I will punish the traitor, and I call on you, messeigneurs, to aid me in the task."

"Your majesty shall not call in vain," was the general reply.

## VII.

*In what manner Pomperant procured a Supply of Powder for the Governor of Pavia.*

By this time Pavia was almost reduced to the last extremity. Such was the vigilance of the besiegers, that no supplies whatever, unless obtained during a skirmish made by the active governor, could be introduced.

The horrors of famine were aggravated by the rigours of an unusually severe winter. Many persons perished from cold, as from inanition. Pieces of costly furniture and carved wood were broken up, and numerous habitations were half destroyed in the attempt to procure fuel. But Antonio de Leyva

remained firm as ever — deaf to prayers and supplications, unmoved by menaces.

Once more the lanz-knechts had begun to clamour for pay, when at last the governor, driven to his wits' end, resorted to a course often practised by the Lutheran leaders. Seizing all the gold and silver cups, vessels, images, and reliquaries belonging to the churches, he caused them to be melted down and coined into money, which he distributed among the mutinous lanz-knechts. De Leyva sought to mitigate the wrath of the priests by solemnly vowing to indemnify them for the loss of their plate; but he afterwards excused himself by declaring that he had made the promise in the Emperor's name, and that it was for his majesty, not for him, to replace the treasures of which the churches had been despoiled.

But not only did the governor of Pavia want food and money, but his stock of powder was well-nigh exhausted, and it seemed impossible to obtain a fresh supply. Pomperant, however, who had remained within the city, enduring all the privations and hardships to which the garrison was exposed, undertook to remedy this difficulty.

Having fully explained his design to De Leyva, who approved of it and engaged to have all in readiness for his return, Pomperant set out at night-

time on the expedition, accompanied only by the faithful Hugues. They were both fully armed and mounted on the fleetest horses that could be found in the garrison, and, issuing suddenly from the sally-port, contrived to gain a wood skirting the wall of the park of Mirabello, and thence, after narrowly escaping capture, made their way to the Castle of Sant Angelo, which they knew to be in possession of the Imperialists.

Here Pomperant found Bourbon, and a joyful meeting took place between the duke and his devoted partisan, who had not met for nearly three months. On learning Pomperant's errand, Bourbon at once gave him a band of forty reiters, each of whom was furnished with a large bag of powder. Attended by this troop, and accompanied by Hugues, who likewise carried a bag of powder at his saddle-bow, Pomperant quitted Sant Angelo when it grew dark, and got within a league of Pavia without encountering any material obstacle.

But danger was now at hand. So completely was Pavia surrounded, that it was impossible to enter the city without passing through the enemy's lines. Avoiding the intrenchments thrown around the main body of the French army, Pomperant approached a point where there were fewest difficulties

in the way, and, dashing past the sentinels, succeeded in gaining the wood bordering the park.

But the alarm was instantly given, and a mounted picket at once started in pursuit. The horses of these troopers being fresh, they soon gained upon the reiters, and a conflict appeared unavoidable.

While Pomperant was straining every nerve to reach Pavia, the horse of one of the reiters stumbled and fell, and, ere the man could disengage himself, he was surrounded by the French troopers, several of whom fired at him as he lay on the ground. During the fray the bag of powder exploded. Amid the confusion and dismay caused by this incident Pomperant and his band escaped, and entering the city through the sally-port, were warmly welcomed by the governor.

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## VIII.

How Marcelline d'Herment came to Pavia to solicit her Brother's Pardon from the King.

A FEW days afterwards, Pomperant, attended by the reiters, made a sortie from Pavia, and as he was returning, after an unsuccessful quest for provisions, he descried some half-dozen French men-at-arms advancing towards him at a rapid pace. No sooner, however, did this little troop discern their danger, than they galloped back towards the French camp. It then appeared that they were merely acting as an escort to a lady, who refused to return with them. Seeing this, Pomperant ordered the reiters to halt, and rode towards her alone.

The lady was young, attired in a riding-dress of green velvet, and there was something in her appearance that reminded him of Marcelline. As he drew nearer, the resemblance seemed to increase, till at last Pomperant, who scarcely dared to trust the evidence of his senses, could no longer doubt. It was Marcelline herself. Uttering a cry of surprise and delight, he pressed towards her, and the next moment was by her side.

"Do my eyes deceive me?" he exclaimed,

gazing rapturously at her. "Do I indeed behold Marcelline d'Herment, whom I have so long mourned as lost! Speak, and reassure me. I thought you had perished beneath the walls of Marseilles."

"Yes, 'tis I, in good truth, Pomperant," she rejoined. "I was not even injured by the explosion which you supposed had caused my death. I have been most anxious to inform you of my escape, but could find no means of communicating with you."

"Had you done so, you would have saved me months of grief," he cried. "But I will not reproach you. My delight at meeting you again is too great to allow the presence of any other sentiment. I care not even to ask by what strange and fortunate chance you are here. Enough that I behold you."

"We meet only to part," she rejoined. "But you shall hear what has brought me to Pavia. When I explain to you the motive of my journey your wonder will cease. My brother, the Seigneur d'Herment, has been condemned to death by the Parliament of Paris, and is now in the Conciergerie waiting the execution of the sentence. At Aix, where I had an interview with his majesty after the siege of Marseilles, he graciously promised that if I had any favour to ask from him, he would grant it. When I heard that my unfortunate brother had



been doomed to death, I bethought me of the promise. By my entreaties I obtained a respite from the Chancellor Duprat, and immediately set out for Italy, and, undeterred by all difficulties and dangers from which one less resolute than myself might have shrunk, crossed the Alps, and, after some unavoidable delays, reached the French camp before Pavia yesterday. I easily obtained an audience of the king, who was in his tent, and when I threw myself on my knees before him, he said, 'I recollect you well. You are one of the heroines of Marseilles. I have not forgotten my promise to you.' 'I have come to claim fulfilment of that promise, sire,' I replied. But when I explained my errand, he looked very grave, and said, coldly, 'You ask more than I can perform. I cannot pardon your brother. As an accomplice of the traitor Bourbon he must die.' 'Sire,' I rejoined, 'I am equally guilty with my brother, since I accompanied the Constable de Bourbon in his flight.' 'You have made amends by your conduct at Marseilles,' he replied; 'but your brother's case is different. You are too loyal to ask me to spare a traitor, even though he should be of your own blood.' 'Your royal word has never yet been broken, sire,' I rejoined. 'I hold you to your promise.' For a few moments he looked displeased, and I trembled, for I expected a refusal. Without

making a remark, however, he signed a warrant, which was lying on a table near him, and gave it to me, saying, as he did so, 'There is the pardon. Deliver that to the Chancellor Duprat, and your brother will be set free.'

"Nobly done!" exclaimed Pomperant.

"Nobly done indeed!" cried Marcelline. "And I shall ever bless him for his clemency. Oh! Pomperant, how could you draw sword against such a king?"

"Because I have sworn to follow Bourbon, and shall stand by him to the last," he rejoined. "Hear me, Marcelline. We are now on the eve of a decisive battle, which will either result in the downfall of François de Valois, or in the utter destruction of Bourbon and his followers. Have I not your good wishes for success?"

"Pomperant, I have told you that I am loyal to the king. After his great generosity towards me, can I nourish any treasonable sentiments against him? My prayer will be that you may escape, but I shall also pray that the king may be the victor."

"If you so pray, you will pray for my death, Marcelline. Bourbon has told me that if François should ever give him battle, he will conquer or die on the field. If he falls, I shall not survive."

"You have done wrong in thus attaching yourself to a rebel, Pomperant. If you persist in your treason, I must tear you from my heart, whatever the effort may cost me."

"Oh! say not so, Marcelline! Better we had never met than you should use such cruel language towards me. Better I should have thought you lost for ever than find you changed."

"I am not changed, Pomperant. But I will not continue to love a traitor and rebel. Quit the service of the king's enemies. Seek some place of safety, and when I have obtained my brother's pardon, I will return and join you. Will you do this? Will you fly with me now? Come! come! you shall have all my love. But if you stay here, you will behold me no more."

"You tempt me sorely, Marcelline. But I cannot — must not — yield. I cannot sacrifice my honour even to my love. I am vowed to Bourbon, as I have told you, and shall follow him to the last. Think you I could desert him now?"

"Then you must forget me, for I shall hold you unworthy of my love, and tear you from my heart. Farewell!"

"We have not yet parted," cried Pomperant. "Fortune has placed you in my hands. You must go with me to Pavia."

"To Pavia!" she exclaimed. "Never!"

And she turned with the intention of galloping back to the French camp, but Pomperant seized her bridle and detained her.

"You are my prisoner," he said.

"You cannot mean this, Pomperant?" she rejoined, in alarm. "You will not detain me against my will. My brother's life is at stake. You will be answerable for his fate should he be put to death."

"Have no fears about your brother," said Pomperant. "I will find a faithful messenger to take the warrant to Duprat."

"Pomperant," said Marcelline, "you will not dishonour your knightly character by detaining me against my will?"

"No," he replied, after a great effort, "I will not hinder you. You are free. But do not return to the French camp," he added, perceiving she was about to ride in that direction. "I will send Hugues with you. He is amongst yon troop of reiters. Take him with you to France."

"I have a servant at Novara, and shall be safe when I arrive there," she rejoined. "This conduct is worthy of you, Pomperant."

"It has been a misfortune to me that I have ever loved you, Marcelline," he rejoined, sadly. "I

must try to banish all thoughts of you in the strife. If I fall, bestow a tear on me. If I escape, we may meet again."

"Perhaps so," she replied. "Heaven only knows what is in store for us."

Without a word more, Pomperant called to Hugues, who instantly obeyed the summons and rode towards them.

"Attend this lady to Novara," he said, "and then return as best you can to Pavia."

Hugues bowed assent, and Pomperant, drawing near to Marcelline, said, in a low, deep voice,

"Are we to part thus?"

"We must," she rejoined in the same tone. "Farewell! — forget me!"

"Would I could forget her!" ejaculated Pomperant, as he rode back with the reiters to Pavia.

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## IX.

How Pescara caused a Breach to be made in the Walls of the Park of Mirabello.

ON quitting Lodi, the Imperial army consisted of upwards of twenty-one thousand men, more than half of whom had been raised by Bourbon. The lanz-knechts were commanded by Von Frundsberg, the reiters by Marx Sittich von Ems, and the Burgundian light horse by the Comte de Salms.

Pescara's chief reliance was upon a corps of Basque arquebussiers, whom he had trained to rush upon the enemy, discharge their pieces, and retreat with extraordinary rapidity. These Basques formed a corps fifteen hundred strong, and were all unerring marksmen. Moreover, they were armed with short sharp swords, which they could fix on the top of their arquebusses, and use with terrible effect against cavalry.

During its march the army extended for nearly three leagues. The vanguard was commanded by Pescara, with whom were the best of the Spanish cavalry, and the before-mentioned Basque arquebussiers. Then came the Marquis del Vasto with his battalion, and after him Lamoy with the

Neapolitan soldiers. Then came five hundred light horse under Castrioto, then the lanz-knechts under Von Frundsberg, and lastly the reiters and Burgundian cavalry. The rear-guard was commanded by Bourbon. The whole of the army was in excellent condition, and though the men were unpaid, they were content with the promises of plunder held out to them by their leaders. Under such circumstances, however, it was incumbent that a battle should take place with as little delay as possible, and on this point both Bourbon and Pescara were agreed.

Instead of marching direct upon Pavia, the Imperial generals proceeded towards Milan, as if designing to attack that city, hoping by the device to draw François from his intrenched camp, but the king was either too well informed of their design or too wary, for he would not quit his position.

Finding he did not move, they altered their course and gradually approached Pavia, and as they drew near to the French camp frequent skirmishes took place between troops of cavalry on either side, in which, owing to the address and daring of Pescara and Del Vasto, the advantage generally remained with the Imperialists.

By the king's command Bonnivet had been despatched with four hundred light horse to watch the

movements of the enemy, and while thus employed in the neighbourhood of Belgiojoso, he was surprised by Pescara, and after a sharp skirmish compelled to retreat.

On learning that the enemy were now close at hand, the king quitted his quarters at San Lanfranco, and removed to the neighbourhood of the Certosa, a magnificent convent situated at the northern extremity of the park of Mirabello.

By this time the whole of the Imperial army had come up, and was encamped upon a plain, between two canals, on the east of Pavia, about a league from the walls of the city, and about half a league from the advanced guard of the French army. The hostile camps were separated by the Vernacula, a small but deep river, with steep banks. The spot chosen for their camp by the Imperialists was protected by a rising ground from the French artillery, while the Vernacula served them as a trench.

After carefully studying the position of the French army, Pescara became convinced that it would be impossible to force them in their intrenchments, and as all attempts to draw them forth had proved ineffectual, some new expedient must be adopted. At last he hit upon a plan, which he proposed to Bourbon.

“Since all other means have failed,” he said, “I



propose to proceed in this manner. The attack must be made to-night. My design is to make a breach in the walls of the park of Mirabello sufficiently large to allow the passage of our whole army. This can be readily accomplished in a few hours, and without artillery, if we are undiscovered. The walls can be battered down by rams and other engines, and while the operations are going on, false attacks must be made at two or three different points of the French camp, so as to distract their attention. Once within the park, we shall have nothing between us and the king, whose quarters are now near the Certosa. If we cannot compel him to give us battle, we can at least succour Pavia."

"I like the plan, and doubt not it will succeed," remarked Bourbon. "But De Leyva must be informed of it, that he may hold himself in readiness to sally forth with the garrison."

"I will engage to take a message to him," said Pomperant, who was standing by.

"Tell him to make ready to-night," said Pescara; "and when he hears cannon fired in the park to come forth with his men."

"It shall be done," replied Pomperant. "It is well you have resolved to execute your plan without delay, for Pavia is reduced almost to the last extremity."

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About an hour before midnight Pescara put his battalion in motion, and after making a wide circuit, so as to avoid the French pickets, he approached the farther side of the park of Mirabello. Del Vasto followed. Next came Castrioto, with his squadron of five hundred light horse. Then came Lannoy, with his Neapolitan soldiers. Then the Burgundian cavalry under the Comte de Salms; and lastly Bourbon, Von Frundsberg, and Marx Sittich von Ems, with the German lanz-knechts and reiters. The night was so dark, and the movement so noiselessly executed, that no suspicion was entertained by the French.

As the mighty host thus silently collected upon a plain on the north side of the park, they were concealed from the French sentinels by a thick intervening wood. From this plain the dark outline of Pavia, with its numerous lofty towers, its Duomo and castle, could be discerned, and the sounds that disturbed the silence of the night proclaimed that the garrison were astir.

No sooner did Pescara reach that portion of the walls which he had selected for his purpose, than a large body of pioneers set to work to batter them down with rams, huge beams of wood, and other engines. But the walls had been very solidly built by Gian Galeazzo Visconti, and offered a more obstinate resistance than had been expected. Dawn

was at hand before a sufficiently large breach could be made.

While this operation was proceeding, two false attacks, as preconcerted, had been made upon the French camp, accompanied by a constant discharge of artillery; but in spite of this precaution the plan was discovered, and communicated to François.

As soon as the breach was practicable, the Marquis del Vasto, in obedience to Pescara's injunctions, dashed into the park with his battalion, and hastened to the Castle of Mirabello, which he attacked and took without difficulty, dispersing the troops by whom it was garrisoned.

So far success had crowned the attempt. But a sudden check was now experienced.

## X.

### The Battle.

As we have just mentioned, intelligence of the movements of the Imperialists, and of their probable plans, had been conveyed to the king. Overjoyed by the tidings — for he was all eagerness for the fray — François, who was sleeping in his tent, immediately arose, and caused his esquires to array him in a magnificent suit of mail, that had lately

been fabricated for him at Milan. Then donning his glittering casque, with its long white plumes, which drooped down his back, and buckling on his sword, he mounted his stoutest war-horse — a powerful black charger — and rode forth.

As soon as he appeared he was joined by the Duke d'Alençon and the Marshal de Chabannes, both of whom were fully armed and accoutred, and mounted on barded steeds. With them was a throng of knightly personages, composed of the chief officers of the crown, the young nobles ordinarily in attendance upon the king, and the guard.

By this time it had become light, and as François galloped forward with the brilliant cortége we have described into the park, he could see the fugitives from the Castle of Mirabello, pursued by the cavalry of Del Vasto. He could also distinguish Pescara's battalion pouring in through the breach.

“Call forth my men-at-arms, and let the Senechal d'Armagnac fire upon the insolent foe,” he cried.

Scarcely was the order issued, when D'Armagnac, who had already posted his artillery on a rising ground in the park, opened a terrible fire upon the Spaniards who were passing through the breach, and not only caused great destruction among them, but threw them into such disorder, that they fled for

shelter to a hollow where they were safe from the murderous fire.

“Ha! by Saint Denis, they are routed already!” exclaimed the king, laughing. “Charge them!” he added to the Duke d’Alençon, who, on receiving the order, immediately put himself at the head of two companies of horse, and rode towards the hollow, whither the fugitives had retreated.

Meantime, D’Armagnac had kept up such an incessant and well-directed fire, that the entrance of Pescara’s battalion through the breach was effectually checked.

Thus the plan of the Spanish general seemed to be foiled, and if the king had contented himself with crushing the troops of Del Vasto, who were now lodged in the Castle of Mirabello, while the breach was rendered impracticable by the artillery, he might have gained the day. But his valorous and impetuous disposition caused him to reject the counsels of prudence. He burned to mingle with the fight.

“By Saint Louis!” he cried to Bonnivet, who was sheathed from head to foot in glittering mail, and bestrode a powerful charger, “I cannot look tamely on and allow the cannon to do the work for me. I must give battle to the foe. I must punish Bourbon’s presumption.”

"The enemy is half beaten already, sire," rejoined Bonnivet. "Pescara's plan has utterly failed. Your majesty has only to strike the blow to complete the victory."

"I will do it!" exclaimed the chivalrous king. "I should be unworthy of victory if I neglected to ensure it. Bid the army advance. I will give battle to the enemy outside the park."

"Be advised by me, sire, and remain where you are," said the Marshal de Chabannes. "Victory is certain. Leave nothing to hazard."

"By Heaven! I will not remain here another instant! — Montjoye! Saint Denis! en avant, messeigneurs! — en avant!"

The trumpets sounded loudly, and the king, attended by all his train of knights, nobles, and esquires, moved with the main body of the army towards the breach.

When he perceived this unlucky movement, D'Armagnac, much to his grief, was compelled to cease firing, and the Spaniards, now freed from the murderous discharges he had poured upon them, rallied and prepared to return to the plain.

It was a glorious sight as François, with all his host, passed through the breach and confronted the Imperialists, who were drawn out in battle array on the plain. All his foes were before him. Bourbon

was there with his lanz-knechts, reiters, and Burgundian lances — Pescara with his Spaniards and Basques — Castrioto with his light horse — Lannoy with his Neapolitan cavalry.

Bourbon watched the brilliant host as it deployed upon the plain, and as he followed the movements of the king, whose lofty stature and magnificent armour revealed him to all eyes, he thought that the hour of vengeance had come. On either side there was confident anticipation of victory. François made sure of overthrowing his enemies, and punishing the audacious rebel who had invaded his kingdom, while Bourbon felt equally certain of vengeance.

No sooner had the king so imprudently quitted the park with his host, than Del Vasto abandoned the Castle of Mirabello, of which he had taken possession, and, hurrying after them with his three thousand Spanish fantassins, attacked the French rear.

At the same time De Leyva issued from the gates of Pavia with the whole of the garrison and engaged with Chabot de Brion, who had been left to oppose him with a very inferior force.

When drawn up for battle, the French army formed a very extended line, the right wing being commanded by the Marshal de Chabannes, and the

left by the Duke d'Alençon. Between the right wing and the main body, with whom was the king, were the Black Bands, commanded by the Duke of Suffolk. On the left was a corps of ten thousand Swiss, commanded by Diesbach.

The Imperial army likewise formed a long line, but was divided into a great number of squadrons all ready to act together, or separately, as circumstances might dictate.

No sooner was his line formed than the fiery French king, who was all impatience for action, bade the trumpets sound, and called to his gendarmes to charge.

Couching his long lance, and closely attended by Bonnivet and all his young nobles and esquires, François hurled himself against Castrioto, who, with his squadron of light horse drawn up in a close square, awaited his attack. The shock was terrific and irresistible. Down went horse and man before the French chivalry, and Castrioto was transfixed by the king's own lance.

Their leader gone, the horsemen could not rally, but were quickly dispersed, while the victorious king, without pausing, turned his arms against Lannoy and his Neapolitans, almost as speedily routing them as he had done the horse of Castrioto.



"Your majesty seems to have decided the battle with a blow," remarked Bonnivet, as they stopped to breathe their horses, while the men-at-arms pursued the fugitives.

"At last, I am Duke of Milan," said François, laughing, and fully persuaded he had gained the victory.

But he was speedily undeceived. Pescara had chosen this moment, when the squadrons of Castrioto and Lannoy were routed, to bring up his Basque arquebussiers. Advancing rapidly within a short distance of the French gendarmes, these unerring marksmen fired with deadly effect, retreating before their opponents, encumbered by their heavy armour, could touch them.

These attacks were renewed till most serious damage was done to the king's squadron, and many of his brave captains shot, for the aim of the Basques was taken at the leaders.

It was in this terrible conflict with the Basques that the valiant Seigneur de la Trémouille, who had been recalled by the king from Milan, was shot through the head and heart. Galeazzo de San Severino, chief equerry of the king, was slain at the same time. Louis d'Ars was dismounted and trampled to death amid the press, and the Comte de Tonnerre was so hacked to pieces that he could scarcely be

recognised. Many other nobles and valiant knights were slain.

Meanwhile, Del Vasto, who had brought his three thousand fantassins into action, profiting by the disorder into which the gendarmes had been thrown, attacked the battalion of Swiss commanded by Jean Diesbach, with whom were the Marshals Montmorency and Fleuranges. But the Swiss did not maintain their former character for bravery on this occasion, and, in spite of the efforts of Montmorency and Fleuranges, both of whom were taken prisoners, they fled, while Diesbach, unable to restrain them, and overcome by shame, sought death amid the enemy.

An important movement was now made by Bourbon. Ordering Von Frundsberg and Sittich to lengthen their battalion, he enveloped the Black Bands under the Duke of Suffolk, and completely exterminated them. Both Suffolk and the Comte de Vaudemont were now slain.

Bourbon next directed his victorious lanz-knechts against the right wing of the French, which had become detached from the main body of the army, and enveloped it, as he had done the Black Bands.

In this conflict the brave Clermont d'Amboise was slain, and the veteran Marshal de Chabannes, while rallying his men, had his horse killed under

him, and was taken prisoner by a Spanish captain named Castaldo. Chabannes, who was wounded, declared his name and rank to his captor, and desired to be taken to a place of safety. Castaldo agreed, and was removing him from the conflict, when they encountered another Spanish soldier, named Buzarto.

"Hold!" exclaimed the new comer, fiercely. "I claim a share in the prize."

"Pass on," rejoined Castaldo. "The prisoner is mine by right of war. I have taken him."

"You refuse to share him with me?" demanded Buzarto, in a threatening tone.

"I do," rejoined the other, sternly. "And I counsel you not to meddle with me."

"And you expect a large ransom — eh?" said Buzarto.

"A princely ransom," rejoined Castaldo, glancing at his prisoner. "I have to do with a marshal of France."

"A marshal of France!" exclaimed Buzarto, furiously. "Then he shall belong to neither of us."

And levelling his arquebuss at the noble veteran, who had fought in a hundred battles, he shot him dead — an infamous act, which doomed its perpetrator to general execration.

Meanwhile, the king had thrown himself into

the thickest of the fight. His lance having long since been broken, he had drawn his trenchant sword, and, like a paladin of old, dealt blows right and left, and did not refuse a hand-to-hand combat when offered him.

Already, as we have shown, he had slain Castrioto, and now several others fell by his hand. Among them was a knight from the Franche-Comté, named Andelot, with whom François had a long conflict.

While drawing breath after this encounter, he heard shouts on the right, and, turning at the sound, beheld the flying bands of the Swiss mercenaries.

“Great Heavens!” he exclaimed, in mingled amazement and indignation, “what means that rush of men?”

“The Swiss are retreating, sire — shamefully retreating — almost without a blow,” rejoined Bonnivet, who was near him.

“Ha, dastards! ha, traitors! do they desert me thus!” cried the king, furiously. “Come with me, Bonnivet.”

And spurring his steed, he dashed after the flying Swiss, striving to rally them, but his efforts were in vain.

At the same juncture, the Duke d’Alençon, alarmed

by the destruction of the Black Bands, the rout of the right wing, and the disorder of the main body, sounded a retreat, and withdrew ingloriously from the field.

Vainly did La Roche du Maine, his lieutenant, and the Baron de Trans, try to turn him from his fatal resolution. Finding him immovable, they threw themselves into the main body, towards which the efforts of the enemy were now directed.

Once more the lion-hearted king made a tremendous charge against the Spanish cavalry, led on by Pescara. For a moment it seemed as if this charge would turn the tide of victory, so great was the havoc it occasioned. Pescara himself was wounded by a sword-cut in the cheek, stricken from his steed, und trampled under foot by the enemy. With difficulty he was rescued by his men, and dragged out of the way. Lannoy again brought on his Neapolitans, and was repulsed with heavy loss.

The battle now raged furiously, and the din of arms was as if a thousand smiths were at work, mingled with the rattle of arquebusses, the shrieks of wounded horses, and the shouts, curses, and groans of the combatants. Terrible was the carnage. On all sides could be seen the bravest and noblest of the French chivalry flocking towards the king's standard, resolved to win the day or perish

with him, for his actions showed that he would never retire.

But the decisive moment had come. Pescara was down, and severely wounded, as we have seen, and his squadron shattered by the last charge of the king. Lannoy, who had advanced to sustain him, was likewise repulsed. For a brief space the heroic king persuaded himself that he could retrieve his losses, but his exultation was speedily quelled. He saw a dense dark mass gathering in front that threatened to overwhelm him.

Bourbon was there with his lanz-knechts, his German reiters, and his Burgundian lances. At his right and left wing were Von Frundsberg and Sittich. Fierce and terrible was the joy that lighted up the duke's haughty features at that moment. He saw the king, who had so deeply wronged him. He saw him surrounded with his peerless knights and nobles. Chaumont was there, the Marshal de Foix, Lambesc, Lavedan, the Grand Master of France, and a hundred other noble knights. There also was the hated Bonnivet. He could crush them all.

After gazing at them as the eagle gazes ere swooping upon its prey, Bourbon gave word to charge. The trumpets sounded, and the Burgundian lances and German reiters dashed on, shouting loudly, "Vive Bourbon!"

Clearing the ground between them and the foe, they burst like a thunder-cloud upon the French men-at-arms and knights. Tremendous was the splintering of lances — loud the rattle of musketry — sharp the clash of swords. But the squadron gathered round the king was broken in six places, and could not rally. In the terrific mêlée that ensued, half the gallant knights whom Bourbon had seen were slain. Chaumont was transfixed in the charge — Lavedan cut down — the Grand Master buried beneath a heap of death.

Vainly the king and those near him essayed to rally the men. They were panic-stricken, and could not be got together again.

If the strife was not yet over, the victory was won, and the decisive blow had been given by Bourbon.

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## XI.

## How Bonnivet was slain by Bourbon.

THE lanz-knechts and Burgundians were now wholly occupied in making prisoners and slaughtering the foe. Heaps of slain lay thick on all sides, the plain was deluged in blood, and the knights rode over the dead and dying.

It was at this terrible crisis that the king's eye, ranging over the field, caught Bonnivet, who instantly rode up to him.

"What orders, sire?" he demanded.

"Hence!" cried François. "Quit my sight for ever. This is your work."

"Sire," rejoined Bonnivet, "if I have done wrong it has been unwittingly. Let me die by your side."

"No, I will not have you near me," cried François. "Away, false traitor, away!"

"Sire, by Heaven I am no traitor!" rejoined Bonnivet. "But I will not long survive your displeasure."

And, without a word more, he dashed into the thick of the enemy.

He had not been gone more than a minute, when



the Marshal de Foix rode up, his left arm shattered, his armour sullied, and his steed covered with gore. From his ghastly looks it was evident he was mortally wounded, but he had still strength enough to sit his horse.

"Where is Bonnivet, sire?" he demanded. "I thought I saw him with you."

"He is gone," rejoined the king. "What would you with him?"

"Slay him — slay him with this sword dyed in the blood of our enemies," rejoined De Foix. "It is he who has brought this dire calamity on France. But for him this disastrous battle would not have been fought. If I can slay him, I shall die content. Where is he, sire? Show him to me."

"Ride from the battle while you can, and seek a surgeon — 'twere best," said the king.

"No, I will first slay Bonnivet," rejoined De Foix.

"Then seek him yonder," said the king, pointing to the thickest part of the strife.

And while De Foix rode off, he himself renewed the combat. Scarcely knowing whither he was going, De Foix was quickly surrounded by several Burgundian lances, when he found himself confronted by a knight in black armour.

"Yield you, De Foix?" said this knight. And,

raising his visor, he disclosed the features of Bourbon.

"I yield," replied the other. "But you had better let your men finish me. There is not an hour's life in me."

"Nay, I trust you are not so badly hurt as that," said Bourbon. "Let him be taken at once to Pavia and carefully tended. Captain Castaldo, I give him in your charge."

"Bourbon," said De Foix, "I will forgive you all the wrong you have done to France, if you will slay Bonnivet."

"'Tis he I seek," rejoined Bourbon. "Is he with the king?"

"No," replied De Foix. "He has gone in that direction," pointing to another part of the field.

"Then I will find him, if he be not slain," said Bourbon. "Heaven grant he may be reserved for my hand!"

And, renewing his orders to Castaldo, he rode off.

Casting his eyes round the field of battle, and glancing at the numerous groups of combatants, he discerned a French noble engaged in a conflict with three or four lanz-knechts. From the richness of his armour he knew it to be Bonnivet, and spurred towards him. Before he came up the Admiral had

slain one of his assailants, and put the others to flight, and was about to ride off. When Bourbon called out to him, he immediately wheeled round.

"At last I have found you," cried the duke, with a fierce laugh. "You cannot escape me now."

"What! is it Bourbon?" cried Bonnivet, glancing at him.

"Ay," replied the other. "Your mortal enemy. Back on your lives!" he added to the Burgundian lances. "I must settle this matter alone. You see that the victory is won," he added to Bonnivet, "and you know what that means. François has lost the Milanese, and will lose his kingdom."

"France will never be yours, vile traitor and rebel," cried Bonnivet, in an access of rage. "You shall never boast of your triumph over the king. I will avenge him!"

And animated with the deadliest fury of hate, he attacked Bourbon.

The conflict was terrible, but brief. By a tremendous downward blow Bourbon struck his adversary's weapon from his grasp, and then, seizing his arm, thrust the point of his sword into his throat above the gorget.

Bonnivet fell to the ground at the feet of the victor. As Bourbon gazed at his noble lineaments,

now disfigured and sullied with gore, a slight sentiment of compassion touched his breast.

“Alas! unhappy man,” he exclaimed. “Your destiny was fatal — fatal to France and to me.”

And he rode back towards the scene of strife and slaughter.

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## XII.

How the King surrendered to the Viceroy of Naples.

ALL the king's bravest nobles were now gone — slain or made prisoners. Already have we particularised the slain. Among the captives were the valiant Montmorency, Saint Pol, De Lorges, Laval, Ambricourt, Fleuranges, and many other illustrious personages. François alone confronted the enemy. He was wounded in three places, and his armour was hacked with many blows and stained with blood. But his prodigious strength seemed undiminished — nay, the very rage by which he was excited lent force to his arm. His blows were delivered with such fury and rapidity that his assailants seemed to fall around him on all sides.

After sustaining this conflict for some time, finding his foes pressing around him he cut his way through them, and pushed his steed towards a bridge over the little river Vernacula. But ere he could reach it a shot from an arquebuss pierced the brain of his charger, and the noble animal, who had borne him so well, and who, like his master, was wounded in several places, fell to the ground.

The king's assailants now made certain of cap-

turing him alive. They were led on by a Spanish captain, Diego Avila, and Giovanni d'Urbietta, an Italian, neither of whom, however, recognised François, owing to a gash in his face, but they knew from the richness of his armour that he was a personage of the highest rank, and hoped to obtain a large ransom. Thus they now shouted loudly to him to yield, but he replied by striking at them with his sword, and as soon as he could liberate himself from his charger he renewed the attack, killing and slaying several more of his foes, among whom were Avila and Urbietta.

But almost superhuman as was his force, it was impossible that he could long sustain himself against such tremendous odds. His enemies were closing around him, heavy blows were ringing against his armour, when Pomperant, who was riding near, caught sight of his towering figure amid the throng, and seeing the peril in which he stood, forced his way through the band of soldiers, shouting in a loud voice, "Hold! on your lives! It is the king!"

"The king!" exclaimed the soldiers, falling back at the announcement.

Most opportune was the rescue. In another minute François, who disdained to save his life by proclaiming himself, would have been laid low.

Taking advantage of the pause, Pomperant flung

himself from his steed, and prostrating himself before the king, who, with his reeking sword in hand, fiercely confronted his assailants,

“Sire,” he cried, in the most earnest tones he could command, “I conjure you not to struggle against fate. The battle is utterly lost, and all your valour can only end in your own destruction.”

“I do not desire to survive this fatal day,” rejoined the king, fiercely. “I will not yield. If you would boast that you have slain the King of France draw your sword and attack me.”

“No, sire. I will never lift my arm against your person,” said Pomperant, respectfully. “But since you have done all that valour can achieve — since you have fought as monarch of France never fought before — since further resistance is in vain, let me implore you to yield to my master, the Duke de Bourbon.”

“Yield to Bourbon! Yield to that rebel and traitor! — never!” exclaimed the king, furiously. “Wert thou not kneeling before me, villain, I would strike thee dead for daring to make the proposition to me. If I surrender to any one, it shall be to the Marquis of Pescara. He is a valiant captain, and loyal to his sovereign.”

“Pescara is wounded, sire, and unable to protect

you," rejoined Pomperant. "But the Viceroy of Naples is at hand."

"Let him come to me, then," said François.

Some soldiers were instantly despatched on this errand by Pomperant, who remained standing near the king to protect him. Though smarting from his wounds, François refused all assistance; but feeling faint from loss of blood, he sat down upon the breathless body of his charger, and took off his helmet.

"Fill this with water for me," he said, giving the casque to a soldier. "I am sore athirst."

The man hurried to the river, filled the helmet, and brought it to him. François drank eagerly, and breaking off an ornament, bestowed it upon the soldier.

At this moment Lannoy rode up, and, dismounting, knelt before the king, who had risen at his approach, and now assumed a dignified and majestic demeanour. When he spoke, his accents were firm, but full of sadness.

"Here is my sword," he said, delivering the blood-stained weapon to the Viceroy. "I yield myself prisoner to the Emperor your master. I might have saved myself by flight, but I would have died rather than quit the field dishonourably."

"Your majesty has held out to the latest mo-



ment," rejoined Lannoy. "Scarce one of your soldiers but has thrown down his arms. Doubt not that you will be worthily treated by the Emperor."

Lannoy then kissed the hand graciously extended towards him, and drawing his own sword presented it to the king.

"I will take the weapon, though I cannot use it," said François.

"Your wounds must be tended without delay, sire," said the Viceroy. "You shall be transported at once to Pavia, where skilful chirurgeons can be obtained."

"No, not to Pavia," said François, uneasily. "The inhabitants of that miserable city hate me, and with good reason, for I have shown them scant pity. Let me be taken to the Certosa, where my wounds can be dressed by the monks. They have good chirurgeons among them."

"Your majesty's wishes shall be obeyed," said Lannoy.

A litter was then made with crossed halberds, covered by a cloak, on which the wounded king was placed, and in this manner he was borne on the shoulders of the lanz-knechts towards the Certosa.

On the way thither, many frightful scenes met his gaze. De Leyva and a squadron of cavalry, infuriated against the French, were careering over the

battle-field, putting to death all who had survived the fight. Hundreds were thus massacred in this way — hundreds of others, flying for their lives, plunged into the Ticino, and being unable to swim across the rapid stream, were drowned. The shouts of the victors and the cries of the vanquished rang in the monarch's ear, and filled his breast with anguish.

At one time the progress of the bearers was arrested by a pile of slain, and the soldiers were obliged to turn aside to avoid the obstruction. François remarked that the heap of bodies was caused by the destruction of the Black Bands, and he involuntarily exclaimed, "Ah! if all my soldiers had fought like those brave men, the day would not have gone against me."

Other interruptions of a like nature occurred. Dead and dying were strewed so thickly on the ground that it was impossible to avoid them. It was utterly impossible, also, to shut the ears to the dismal sounds that smote them.

Presently the king was taken past a spot where the dead lay thickest, and here it was evident, from the rich accoutrements of the slain, that the flower of his young nobility had fallen while fighting so valiantly in his defence. The spoilers were already at work stripping them of their valuables. It was

a sad sight to François, and lacerated his heart so severely, that he wished he were lying amongst them.

As he averted his gaze from this painful spectacle, his eye alighted upon a knight accoutred in black armour, who had just ridden up. As this warrior had his visor down, François could not distinguish his features.

“Halt!” exclaimed the knight, authoritatively. And the soldiers immediately obeyed.

The knight then raised his beaver, and disclosed the dark lineaments of Bourbon, now flushed with triumph.

“Ha! by Saint Denis! I felt that a traitor was nigh!” exclaimed the wounded king, raising himself, and gazing fiercely at the other. “Are you come to insult me?”

“No, sire,” replied Bourbon. “I have no such design. This is not the moment, when we have changed positions, that I would exult in your defeat. Were it possible, I would soothe the bitterness of your feelings.”

“You would soothe them by telling me I have lost my kingdom,” cried François, fiercely. “You would soothe them by reminding me that I am a captive. You would soothe them by pointing out all those valiant nobles and captains who have died for me. You would soothe them by telling me how

many you yourself have slain. Whose blood dyes your sword?"

"The blood of one who has brought all these misfortunes upon you, sire," rejoined Bourbon.

"You would have me understand that Bonnavet has died by your hand? ha!" demanded François.

"Even so, sire," rejoined Bourbon. "His guilty soul has just gone to its account. In avenging my own wrongs upon his head, I have avenged you."

"He has much to answer for," exclaimed the king. "But Heaven forgive him, even as I forgive him."

"I will not trouble you with my presence further, sire," said Bourbon. "I have only intruded upon you now to give you the assurance that we shall never forget what is due to your exalted rank, and that our victory will be used with moderation and generosity."

"What generosity can I expect from the Emperor, or from you?" cried François, bitterly. "Answer me one question ere you go. How many men have you lost in the battle?"

"Our total losses, as far as we can estimate them, are under seven hundred men, sire," replied Bourbon.

"And mine! how many have I lost?" demanded

the king. "Fear not to speak," he added seeing Bourbon hesitate; "I would know the exact truth."

"Sire," replied Bourbon, in a sombre tone, "it is impossible to compute your losses at this moment, but I shall not overstate them in saying that eight thousand of your soldiers have fallen upon this plain. Twenty of your proudest nobles are lying within a few paces of us."

Groaning as if his heart would burst, François sank backwards.

Bourbon signed to the soldiers to proceed with their burden, and then rode off with his Burgundian lances.

François did not again unclose his eyes, and scarcely, indeed, manifested any signs of consciousness, until he was taken into the court of the Certosa.

When he was there set down, the prior with the principal monks came forth to meet him, and would have conveyed him to the interior of the convent, but François refused to have his wounds dressed till he had prayed to Heaven, and desired the prior to conduct him at once to the church.

His injunctions were complied with, and the prior gave him his arm, for he could not walk without assistance. On entering the magnificent fabric, he was taken to the nearest chapel, and ere

he knelt down his eye fell upon this inscription on the wall:

BONUM MIHI QUIA HUMILIASTI ME, UT DISCAM  
JUSTIFICATIONES TUAS.

The unfortunate king could not fail to apply these words to his own situation. Profoundly touched, he humbled himself before Heaven, acknowledging his manifold and great offences, and imploring forgiveness.

His devotions ended, he was taken to the principal chamber of the monastery, where his wounds were carefully dressed.

For three days he remained at the Certosa, the monastery being strictly guarded by the Spanish soldiery, and during his detention there he was visited by the Viceroy of Naples, the Marquis del Vasto, and Pescara, who had only partially recovered from the wounds he had received in the battle.

The king was then removed to the fortress of Pizzighettone, under the charge of the vigilant Captain Alarcon, with a guard of two hundred cavalry and twelve hundred fantassins, there to be kept a close prisoner till the Emperor's pleasure concerning him could be ascertained.

Before his departure from the Certosa, François announced his defeat to his mother in these memorable words:

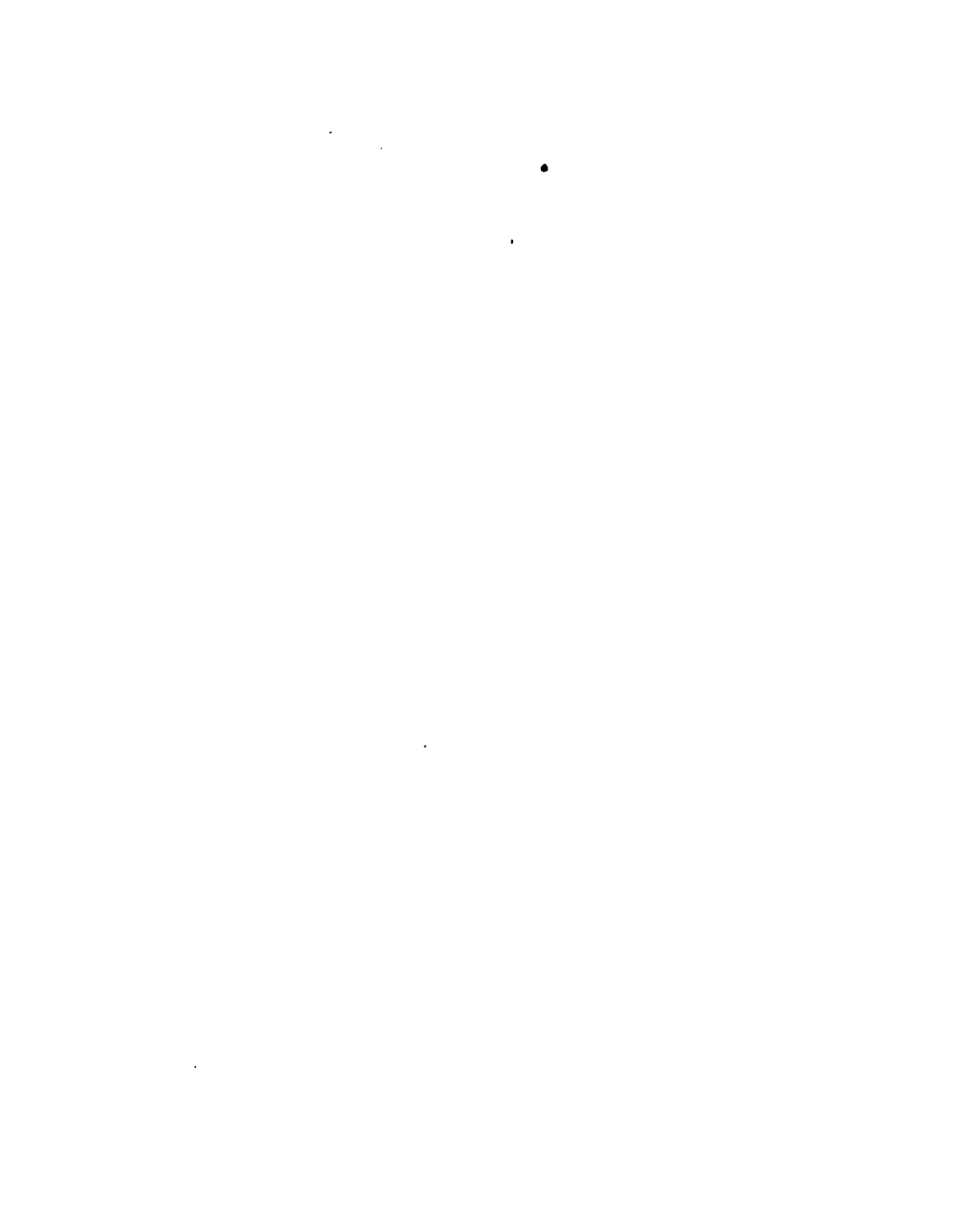
“Madame, tout est perdu, fors l’honneur.”

END OF THE FIFTH BOOK.

BOOK VI.

CHARLES V.





## I.

How François I. was taken to Madrid, and confined in a Moorish Castle.

HAD the Duke de Bourbon been able to follow up the great and decisive victory won at Pavia by an immediate invasion of France, he must inevitably have become master of the destinies of that kingdom.

His march to Paris could scarcely have been opposed. The king was a captive — many of his best leaders were slain — others were prisoners — the flower of the French chivalry was destroyed — the gendarmerie annihilated. All that was needed was an army. But this Bourbon could not obtain.

At no previous time was the Imperial army less under the control of its leaders than after the battle of Pavia. Though enriched by the immense booty they had acquired, the insatiate Spaniards absolutely refused to proceed upon any fresh campaign until they received their arrears of pay; while the German lanz-knechts and reiters, fully satisfied with their share of the plunder, disbanded, and returned to their own country.

Thus Bourbon was again prevented from reaping the fruits of his victory. The crown of France was within reach, if he could have grasped it. But this was impossible without an army. He had counted upon the aid of Von Frundsberg, but that bold commander, though devoted to him, and ready to accompany him, could not keep together his men, who were determined to place their plunder in the care of their families.

Time was thus given to the Duchess d'Angoulême, Regent of France, who displayed extraordinary courage and activity in the emergency, to prepare for the defence of the kingdom by levying fresh forces in Switzerland, by entering into an alliance with England, and by negotiating with the different Italian states.

Immediately after the battle of Pavia the whole of the Milanese was evacuated by the French troops, who made their way across the Alps with the utmost expedition, and the different cities were at once taken possession of by the Imperialists. Francesco Sforza returned to Milan, and ostensibly resumed his former sway, but being now little better than a vassal of the Emperor, he exercised no real authority in the duchy. Hence he naturally became anxious to throw off the yoke imposed upon him, and entered

into a league with the rest of the Italian states for protection against their common enemy.

Meanwhile François I. had been detained a close prisoner within the fortress of Pizzighettone, strictly guarded by the harsh and incorruptible Alarcon. But as it was not unlikely that rescue might be attempted, or that the illustrious captive, though ever so carefully watched, might contrive to effect his escape, it was judged prudent to remove him to Spain, and he was accordingly conducted to Madrid by Alarcon and Lannoy—contrary to the wishes of Bourbon, who desired to keep him in Italy.

On his arrival at Madrid, the unfortunate king was placed in an old Moorish castle, and treated with unbecoming severity. Charles V. refused to see him, hoping that the tediousness of captivity would make him yield to the hard conditions he had proposed to him.

Bourbon followed the royal prisoner to Madrid, and was received with the greatest distinction by the Emperor, but neither his brilliant achievements nor his princely rank could reconcile the haughty Castilian nobles to his presence at the court. They regarded him as a rebel and a traitor, and could scarcely refrain from manifesting their scorn and aversion. He came attended by a large retinue, and as the Emperor did not desire to assign him

apartments in the royal palace, he begged the Marquis de Villena to lend him his mansion — one of the largest and most magnificent in Madrid.

“Sire,” replied the proud marquis, “I can refuse you nothing. But I declare that as soon as the Duke de Bourbon has quitted my house I will burn it to the ground as a place infected with treason, and unworthy to be inhabited by men of honour.”

“As you please, my lord,” said Charles V., smiling sternly. “But as I have instigated the duke to his treason, I must share the reproach, and since you will not lend him your house, I must perforce lodge him in the Alcazar.”

Bourbon expected that the treaty for the liberation of the captive monarch would be speedily concluded, but such was not the Emperor’s policy. Months elapsed, and François still languished in confinement. On one point only the Emperor relaxed his severity. He permitted the Duchess d’Alençon to enter Spain, and soothe her royal brother in his captivity.

Marguerite de Valois was now a widow, the Duke d’Alençon having died shortly after his ignominious flight from the battle of Pavia, and it was the hope of the intriguing Duchess d’Angoulême that the charms of her daughter might captivate the Emperor, who was still unmarried. The

death of Queen Claude, which occurred immediately after his departure for Italy, had likewise set François I. free, and he intimated his willingness to espouse the Emperor's sister, Leanon of Austria; the princess, it will be remembered, who had already been promised to the Duke de Bourbon. To this alliance Charles V. was favourably inclined — he had long since manifested his disinclination to fulfil his promise to Bourbon — but he had not yet given his assent to the proposal. In fact, he intended that the marriage between François I. and Leanon should form one of the conditions of the king's liberation.

To the charms of the lovely Marguerite de Valois, who produced a great effect at the court of Madrid, and enchanted the *grandees* by her beauty and accomplishments, the Emperor was insensible, his choice being already fixed upon the fair Isabella of Portugal — a princess to whom he was subsequently united.

At this time Charles V., whose power and successes alarmed all the sovereigns of Europe, was still in the prime of early manhood, not having completed his twenty-fifth year, but the gravity of his deportment and the sternness of his aspect made him look much older. Young as he was, however, he had already crowded the events of a long life into his term of existence, and had all the sagacity,

prudence, and caution which years alone are generally supposed to confer. His mode of life offered a perfect contrast to that of François I. Little addicted to pleasure, he devoted himself laboriously to affairs of state. Bigoted in religion, he was ever ready to manifest his zeal for the Catholic Church by the persecution of heresy. In manner he was serious and reserved — in disposition obstinate and inflexible. He was a profound hypocrite, as was exemplified by his conduct after the battle of Pavia, when he feigned the greatest humility, and forbade any public demonstrations of joy at so important a victory. "It seems," says Voltaire, "that at this juncture he was wanting to his fortune. Instead of entering France, and profiting by the victory gained by his generals in Italy, he remained inactive in Spain." But he could not follow up his success. Lacking the means of carrying on the war, he resolved to impose the hardest conditions possible upon his royal captive, and extort a heavy ransom from him. With this view, the unfortunate king was treated with the unjustifiable severity we have described.

A more remarkable countenance than that of Charles V. has seldom been seen. At the period in question, his physiognomy had not acquired the sternness, almost grimness, which characterised it in later life, but even then it was cold and severe. His

eyes were grey, searching in expression, and seemed to read the thoughts of those he gazed upon. His brow was lofty, and indeed the upper part of his face was extremely handsome. The nose was well formed, though not set quite straight, but the main defect of the countenance was the chin, the lower jaw protruding so much beyond the upper that the teeth could not meet properly. Notwithstanding this drawback, which was transmitted to all his descendants, and formed a characteristic of the House of Austria, his face was cast in a noble mould, and power, inflexibility, and wisdom could be read in every lineament.

In stature Charles V. was not above the middle height, but his port was erect and stately. His limbs were strong and well proportioned, and if his movements lacked lightness and grace, they were never deficient in majesty.

Nearly a year had elapsed since the unfortunate François had been brought to Madrid, and he was still kept a close prisoner in the Moorish castle, when one morning the Duke de Bourbon solicited an audience of the Emperor, which was immediately granted. Charles V. was in his cabinet at the time, and with him were the Viceroy of Naples and his chancellor, Gattinara.

The Emperor was attired, as usual, in habili-



ments of a sombre hue. His doublet and hose were of black taffety. His black damask mantle was trimmed with sable, and embroidered with the cross of Santiago. Over his shoulders he wore the collar of the Toison d'Or, and his black velvet cap was simply ornamented with a golden chain.

To the Emperor's surprise Bourbon was accompanied by the Duchess d'Alençon, and a look of displeasure crossed the monarch's brow on beholding her. From his manner he appeared disinclined to receive her.

"Sire," said Bourbon, approaching him, "I beseech you not to dismiss the duchess unheard." Then lowering his voice, he added, "I have it on the physician's authority that the king's life is in imminent danger. He cannot survive many days unless he is allowed more freedom. If he dies, your majesty will lose your ransom."

The Emperor appeared much struck with what was said, and he inquired somewhat anxiously, "Have you seen him?"

"No, sire," replied Bourbon, "but I have conversed with the physician. I pray you listen to the Duchess d'Alençon. Approach, madame," he added to her, "his majesty will hear you."

Thus invited, the beautiful princess, whose countenance bespoke her affliction, came forward and

threw herself at the Emperor's feet. Charles endeavoured to raise her, but she would not move from her suppliant posture till she had spoken.

"Sire," she said, in accents well calculated to move the Emperor, "if your majesty has any compassion for your unfortunate prisoner you will see him without delay. You alone have power to cure his malady, which is caused by grief, and aggravated by mental irritation. That he cannot long survive if he continues in this state is quite certain, for his disease is beyond the reach of medicine. His physicians can do no more for him, and leave him to your majesty. If you abandon him, he will die, and then you will have a perpetual reproach upon your conscience. Save him, sire! — save him, while there is yet time!"

"Rest easy, madame, I will save him," said the Emperor, raising her. "I had no idea it had come to such a pass with your royal brother. I would not have him die for all my dominions. Haste and tell him so, madame. I will come to him speedily."

"The message will give him new life, sire," rejoined Marguerite. "I will prepare him for the visit."

And with a grateful obeisance to the Emperor she retired, and, quitting the palace, hastened to

the old Moorish castle in which François was confined.

As soon as the duchess was gone, Gattinara said to the Emperor, "Sire, permit me to observe, that if you visit the king at this juncture, you must grant him his liberty unconditionally. Otherwise, your visit will be attributed to unworthy motives."

"Would you have the king die, as he infallibly will do, unless his Imperial Majesty sees him?" cried Bourbon.

"I have deemed it my duty to point out to his majesty the construction that will be put upon his visit," rejoined Gattinara, gravely.

"The solid advantages of the victory are not to be sacrificed to an over-strained sense of honour," remarked Lannoy. "If the king dies, all will be lost."

"Humanity dictates the course to be pursued," said Bourbon. "To refuse to see the king would be to condemn him to death."

"By Santiago! I *will* see him," said the Emperor; "and, what is more, I will conclude the treaty with him. Bring it with you, Gattinara. Now to the prison."

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## II.

How the Treaty of Madrid was signed.

WHEN Marguerite was admitted by the guard into the chamber in which her royal brother was confined, he was alone, and stretched upon a couch.

"I have good tidings for your majesty," she cried, flying towards him, and taking his hand. "The Emperor is coming to see you."

"It is too late," said François. "He can do me no good now. I have lost all hope. Look here," he added, taking a paper from beneath the cushion on which he was reclining, "this is an act by which I renounce the crown of France, and place it in the hands of the Dauphin, exhorting my family and my people to regard me as dead — and most likely I shall be dead ere this act can be delivered to my son."

"I shall not need to take it," she rejoined. "I am persuaded you will now be able to make terms with the Emperor."

"I will rather die than submit to his conditions," rejoined the king.

"Hear me, François," she said, "and do not

think the course I am about to suggest unworthy of you. You must be delivered from this prison at any price."

"Not at the price of my honour, Marguerite," he cried. "You cannot counsel that?"

"You must dissemble with the tyrant, brother," she rejoined. "You must beat him with his own weapons. A treaty signed in prison cannot be binding on you. The circumstances render it invalid. Promise all the Emperor asks — but perform only what is reasonable and just."

"I must perform all I promise," said François.

"No," she rejoined. "You are justified in deceiving a pitiless conqueror who abuses his position. France will absolve you."

As this moment, the door was thrown open and gave admittance to the Emperor, who was attended by Bourbon, Lannoy, and Gattinara.

Charles V. paused near the door to look at his prisoner, and was sensibly touched by his altered appearance.

"Can this be the magnificent François de Valois?" he muttered to Bourbon. "Mother of Heaven! how he is changed!"

"Sadly changed, indeed, sire," rejoined Bourbon. "Even I can pity him."

On beholding the Emperor, François raised himself with his sister's support, and said, in accents of mingled bitterness and reproach,

"Your majesty has come to see your prisoner die."

"No, I have come to bid you live," rejoined Charles V., hastening towards him. "You are no longer my prisoner, but my friend and brother. From this moment you are free."

As these gracious words were uttered, François withdrew from his sister, and flung his arms round the Emperor's neck. On recovering from his emotion, he said,

"I thank your majesty from the bottom of my heart for your goodness towards me. You have performed a magical cure. In giving me freedom you have instantly restored me to health and strength."

"I am rejoiced to hear it, my good brother," rejoined Charles V. "I should never have forgiven myself if aught had befallen you. You shall be liberated this very day — that is, as soon as we have arranged the terms of the treaty," he hastened to add. "That is a necessary preliminary step, as you know."

"Of course, sire," rejoined the king. "We can

settle the treaty now. I am well enough to attend to it."

And, assisted by the Emperor and Marguerite, he rose from the couch, and seated himself near the table, on which writing materials were placed.

"You have indeed recovered in a marvellous manner, my good brother," remarked Charles V., smiling.

"It is all your doing, sire," rejoined François. "But let us proceed to business. I repeat, I am quite equal to it."

"Twill be best that the matter should be concluded at once, brother," said Charles V., seating himself opposite the king. "The treaty has already been drawn out by the grand-chancellor, and shall be read to you."

"The treaty drawn out!" exclaimed François, frowning. "Then we cannot discuss the terms."

"If we discuss the terms it may prolong your captivity, brother," rejoined Charles V.

"Agree," whispered Marguerite, who was standing near the king.

"Well, let me hear the conditions," said François to Gattinara, who had unfolded a large parchment, and was preparing to read it. "Give the substance of the treaty, my lord. I care not for the formalities."

"By this treaty, sire," said Gattinara, "you will cede to his Imperial Majesty all your pretensions to the kingdom of Naples, the duchy of Milan, Genoa, and Asti — in a word, all your rights in Italy."

He then paused for a moment, but as François made no observation, he went on:

"You will also cede the duchy of Burgundy to his Imperial Majesty ——"

"It should be 'restore,' rather than 'cede,'" interrupted Charles V., "since the duchy was the patrimony of my ancestress, Mary of Burgundy. But proceed."

"Your majesty will cede the duchy of Burgundy," continued the chancellor, "the countship of Charolois, the signories of Noyers and of Château-Chinon, the viscounty of Auxonne, and the jurisdiction of Saint-Laurent."

François uttered an exclamation of impatience, but was restrained by his sister, who grasped his hand.

"A moment's patience, brother," remarked Charles V. "We will speak of Burgundy anon."

"Your majesty shall remove your protection from Henri d'Albret, who was taken prisoner at the battle of Pavia, but who has since escaped, and



prevail upon him to renounce the title of King of Navarre."

"Pâques Dieu! I cannot do this," cried François.

"Let the chancellor go on, brother," said the Emperor.

"Your majesty shall likewise remove your protection from the Duke of Gueldres," pursued Gattinara, "the Duke of Würtemberg, and Robert de la Marck."

"By Saint Louis! I will not thus sacrifice my friends and allies!" cried François.

"Hear him out, brother! — hear him out!" said the Emperor.

Gattinara paused for a moment, and then resumed. Aware of what was coming, Bourbon watched the king narrowly.

"Your majesty shall restore to the Duke de Bourbon all the lands, fiefs, and signories of which he has been deprived, and shall add to them Provence and Dauphiné. These states shall be erected into a kingdom to be possessed by the Duke de Bourbon, without tenure from the crown of France."

"Never!" exclaimed François, rising. "I will remain in thralldom all my days rather than consent to this indignity. I agree to restore Bourbon's possessions, and will indemnify him for all his losses, but I will not dismember France in order to

create a kingdom for him. Even if I were disposed to yield, the laws of the State are opposed to any such alienation, and would prevent it."

"I will take my chance of that," remarked Bourbon, sternly. "What has been gained by the sword can be maintained by the sword. The condition must be subscribed."

"The king agrees," said Marguerite, as François, by her persuasion, sat down again.

At a sign from the Emperor, Gattinara went on.

"Your majesty shall re-establish the Seigneur de Pomperant, and all the other partisans of the Duke de Bourbon, in their possessions. And you shall release the Prince of Orange, who has been confined in the castle of Lusignan, and deprived of his possessions for his zeal towards the Emperor."

"To the latter condition I unhesitatingly agree," said François.

"Lastly," said Gattinara, "your majesty shall pay to the King of England five hundred thousand crowns, and to his Imperial Majesty as a ransom two millions."

"These are onerous conditions, sire," said François, as the chancellor concluded.

"They appear hard now, but you will not think

them so when you are at liberty, brother," said the Emperor.

"Neither will you be bound by them," whispered Marguerite. "The violence offered releases you from all engagements."

"His majesty must pledge his royal word to return to prison, if all the conditions of the treaty be not fulfilled within three months," said Lannoy.

"How say you, brother? Will you give that pledge?" demanded Charles V.

"He will — he does!" interposed Marguerite.

"Nay, madame, let the king speak for himself," said the Emperor.

"I give the required pledge," said François, with evident reluctance.

"But your majesty must also give hostages for your good faith," remarked Bourbon.

"Hostages!" exclaimed François.

"Yes, sire, hostages — hostages the most precious to yourself and to your people — your two elder sons. They must take your place, and remain in captivity till all be fulfilled."

"Sire, you do not require this?" cried François.

"If you mean fairly, brother — as I feel sure you do — where is the hardship?" rejoined Charles V.

"I must have an exchange of prisoners."

"Assent," whispered Marguerite. "We will soon find means to liberate the princes."

"Well, sire, I must perforce agree," said François.

"One point only remains," said the Emperor. "I would willingly have kept it separate, but circumstances require that it should form part of the treaty. It relates to my sister Leanor, the widowed queen of Portugal."

"Yes, sire, and I now renew the proposal I have made to you respecting the queen," said François. "Do you agree to give me her hand?"

"Sire," interposed Bourbon, haughtily, "you have already promised your sister to me."

"Before giving that promise I ought to have consulted her," said Charles.

"You would have me to understand that she declines the alliance," said Bourbon.

"The queen could scarce hesitate between a proscribed prince and a powerful monarch," said Marguerite, in a tone that stung Bourbon to the quick.

"You mistake, madame," he cried, sharply. "'Tis the prince who is powerful, and the king a prisoner. However, I relinquish my claim. Your Imperial Majesty is free to bestow the queen your sister on whomsoever you list."

"Then, brother, she is yours," said the Emperor to François; "and I may now tell you frankly that your chivalrous qualities have won her admiration, and that she can give you her heart as well as her hand. The alliance, I trust, will form a lasting bond of amity between us. By the terms of the treaty you are bound to cede Burgundy to me. I am willing that you should settle the duchy upon my sister, to revert to me in default of issue by the marriage."

"Sire, I am content," said François.

"Since we are fully agreed, let the treaty be signed," said Charles V.

The document was then laid on the table, and being duly signed and sealed by the two monarchs, was delivered to the custody of the grand-chancellor.

The Emperor then signified his desire to be left alone with the King of France, and the others withdrew.

"I have a few words to say to you, brother," said Charles V., drawing near the king. "You are now free — perfectly free. Up to this moment we have treated together as princes, let us now deal as loyal gentlemen. You are esteemed, and with reason, the model of chivalry. Tell me, with the frankness of a preux chevalier, who has never

broken his word, that you mean to perform the compact you have made with me."

And he fixed a searching look upon the king as he spoke.

"Sire," replied François, pointing to a crucifix fixed against the wall beside them, "I swear on that cross to deal loyally with you."

"Then if you fail, I may say you have forfeited your word?" said the Emperor, still fastening his keen grey eyes upon him.

"You may, sire. But rest easy. F*oi de gentil-homme!* I shall *not* fail."

Perfectly satisfied by these assurances, Charles V. caused the doors of the castle to be thrown open, and conducted his sometime prisoner to the royal palace, where apartments suitable to his rank were assigned him.

A few days afterwards, François was affianced to Leonor of Portugal, and as soon as he was able to travel, he proceeded with a strong guard, under the charge of Lannoy and Alarcon, towards Fontarabia.

In the centre of the river Bidassoa, which divides France and Spain, a bark was moored, and in this little vessel the exchange between the king and his two sons took place.

François tenderly embraced his sons, and, bid-

ding them farewell, caused himself to be rowed to the opposite bank, exclaiming joyfully, as he leaped ashore,

“Once more, I am king.”

Mounting a swift charger, he speeded towards Bayonne, where he found the Duchess d'Angoulême and the court awaiting him.

How he violated the conditions of the treaty of Madrid, and how he broke his plighted faith with the Emperor, it is not the purpose of this history to relate.

END OF THE SIXTH BOOK.

**BOOK VII.**

**THE SACK OF ROME.**





## I.

How Von Frundsberg once more entered Italy with his Lanz-knechts.

DEEPLY mortified, Bourbon quitted Madrid immediately after the liberation of François I., and returned to Lombardy.

In order to conciliate him, Charles V. had appointed him to the supreme command of the army of Italy, and he had now no rival to thwart him, Pescara having died during his absence.

Francesco Sforza having joined the Italian league, as previously stated, and openly declared against the Emperor, had shut himself up in the citadel of Milan, where he was besieged by the Imperial generals. Their forces were quartered in the city, and the miserable inhabitants, having been disarmed, were completely at the mercy of the rapacious soldiers, who took what they pleased, forcing their victims by torments to give their property. The shops and magazines were gutted of their stores, and the owners not merely robbed, but ill treated.

To prevent egress from the city, the gates were strictly guarded, and many persons committed suicide by hurling themselves from the walls, in order to

escape from the horrible tyranny to which they were subjected. It was while the inhabitants were in this miserable condition that Bourbon arrived at Milan to assume the command of the Imperial army.

As soon as he had taken up his quarters in the ducal palace, he was waited upon by the podesta and the magistrates, who represented to him in the most moving terms the lamentable state of the city, and implored him to encamp the army without the walls. Bourbon appeared touched by what he heard, but he professed his inability to relieve the city from oppression, unless the means of doing so were afforded him.

“I feel your distress, and the distress of your fellow-citizens, most acutely,” he said. “But I can only see one remedy for it. All the disorders on the part of the soldiery of which you complain, and which I deeply deplore, are caused by want of pay. The generals have had no money to give them, and have therefore been compelled to tolerate this dreadful licence. I am in the same predicament. Furnish me with thirty thousand ducats, so that I can offer these refractory troops a month’s pay, and I will compel them to encamp without the walls of the city, and so liberate you from further persecution.”

“Alas! my lord, we are in such a strait that we

cannot comply with your suggestion," said the podesta. "We have been plundered of our all."

"Make a final effort, my good friends," said Bourbon. "You must have some secret hoards kept for an extremity like the present. Do not hesitate. Without money I cannot help you."

"We despair of raising the large sum named by your highness," rejoined the podesta, dolefully. "But should we succeed, may we rely upon your promise? Pardon the doubt. We have been so often deceived."

"I, too, have been deluded by false promises, and by a monarch whose word should be sacred," rejoined Bourbon. "Bring the money without fear. If I deceive you, may I perish by the first shot fired by the enemy at the first battle in which I shall be engaged."

"Your oath is recorded in heaven, my lord!" said the podesta, solemnly. And he quitted the palace with his brother magistrates.

Two days afterwards, the money was brought and distributed by Bourbon among the soldiery, but he was unable to make good his word. The insatiable Spaniards refused to quit their quarters, and the wretched citizens, betrayed in their last hope, had no other refuge but death.

After holding out for a few weeks, at the end of

which time the garrison was reduced to the last extremities, Sforza capitulated, and was allowed to retire to Como, from which city he subsequently fled to join the army of the Italian League.

Had the Emperor possessed the sinews of war, he might easily have subjugated the whole of Italy at this juncture; but as he was unable to pay his army, and allowed it to subsist by plundering the country, he could neither extend his conquests nor retain what he had won. All the cities of Lombardy were ready to throw off the yoke imposed upon them, and to rise against their oppressors. The Italian States, as we have previously mentioned, had leagued together for the defence of the country, and a powerful army had been raised by the Duke of Urbino, assisted by the renowned Giovanni de' Medici and other leaders, to hold Bourbon in check.

And there was good reason for apprehension. A storm was brewing, which threatened to lay waste the whole of the fair land of Italy. The restless ambition of Bourbon led him to seek for fresh conquests, and he now turned his thoughts towards the south, designing to plunder Rome and make himself King of Naples.

But the army, though devoted to him, was not sufficiently strong for the execution of his plan. While he was considering how he could increase his

troops, he learnt, to his great joy, that his late companion-in-arms, Von Frundsberg, had again collected together a large force in Germany, and he immediately despatched Pomperant to acquaint that leader with his project, and to exhort him to enter Italy with all possible despatch, promising him a far larger booty in the new campaign than he had gained at the battle of Pavia.

Incited by this promise, Von Frundsberg entered Italy at the head of fourteen thousand lanzknechts, and five hundred reiters contributed by the Archduke Ferdinand, under the command of Captain Zucker.

Debouching by the Val de Sabbia, devastating the country as he marched along, plundering the churches and destroying the images, Von Frundsberg at last reached Borgoforté on the Po, whither he was followed by the Duke of Urbino and Giovanni de' Medici.

A sharp engagement took place, but it was quickly decided in favour of the Germans. During a charge made at the head of his light horse by Medici, that valiant leader was struck by a shot from a falconet, and his leg being grievously shattered, he was carried off the field.

This unlucky event turned the fortune of the day. Discouraged by the fate of their leader, Medici's

cavalry were dispersed by Zucker, while the Venetian infantry retired before Von Frundsberg.

The successful issue of this conflict, the first in which they had been engaged since their irruption into Italy, greatly encouraged the marauding army. Continuing their march without further interruption from the Duke of Urbino, they skirted the right bank of the Po, ravaging the whole territory of Modena, Reggio, and Parma, preying like a cloud of locusts on that rich and fertile district, sacking and burning villages, plundering the churches, and finally halted near Piacenza, where Von Frundsberg pitched his camp to await a junction with Bourbon.

Meanwhile, the army of the Italian League had lost its best leader — the only one, indeed, capable of successfully checking the invasion. From the field of Borgoforte the gallant Giovanni de' Medici was transported to Mantua, when it was found that his leg was so grievously injured that it was necessary to amputate the limb. The hardy young warrior held a light for the surgeons, and watched them during their task, without shrinking or even changing countenance. But his life could not be saved by the operation.

Thus died Italy's best champion, and on whom she might have relied at her hour of need.

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## II.

How Bourbon commenced his March to Rome.

LONG before Von Frundsberg and his barbarous hordes had reached Piacenza, Bourbon would have joined them, but he found it impossible to remove the Imperial army from Milan without giving them a modicum of the arrears of pay due to them. Already he had distributed his money and jewels among them, and had nothing more to give. In vain he endeavoured to extort fresh supplies from the miserable citizens; their resources were utterly exhausted, and the worst torments proved ineffectual.

In this dilemma, a plan of raising money occurred to him, and was at once put in execution.

Girolamo Moroni, Sforza's chancellor and private secretary, had been imprisoned in the Castle of Pavia by Pescara, and still remained a captive. Knowing that Moroni possessed great wealth, and hoping to extort a large sum from him by working on his fears, Bourbon visited him in the castle. The prisoner, who regarded Bourbon as a friend, was well pleased to see him.

"You are come to deliver me?" he said.

"I am come to deliver you from bondage, but not



in the way you expect," rejoined Bourbon, sternly. "Prepare for death. You will be beheaded to-morrow morning."

"For what crime?" demanded Moroni, trembling. "What have I done?"

"You have conspired against the Emperor, and have induced Francesco Sforza to join the Italian League," rejoined Bourbon.

"But in putting me to death you will deprive yourself of a most useful agent," said the wily chancellor. "I can aid you effectually against the League."

"I care not for the League," rejoined Bourbon. "But I will save you on one condition. I know you have a large sum of money concealed——"

"I swear to your highness that you are mistaken," interrupted Moroni. "I have been despoiled of all my treasures by Pescara."

"I know better," said Bourbon. "You have a secret hoard. Pay me thirty thousand ducats, and you shall be set free. Otherwise, your head will fall on the block."

"Thirty thousand ducats! Impossible, highness! Where am I to get that sum?"

"That is best known to yourself. I will give you two days to find the money. On the morning

of the third day, if it be not forthcoming, you will die."

"I pray your highness to consider that compliance with the demand is impossible."

"I make no demand," said Bourbon. "I offer your life on very easy terms."

And he quitted the cell.

As Moroni remained obstinate, in order to intimidate him still further, Bourbon caused a large scaffold to be reared in the court of the castle, in sight of the windows of his prison-chamber.

These dismal preparations were not without effect. Believing that Bourbon would really execute his threat, Moroni sent for him, and delivered him the money.

"Ha! I felt certain you could procure it," cried Bourbon, as he took the bags of gold. "This money will enable me to march to Rome."

On his return to Milan, Bourbon assembled his army, and after distributing the money among them, he thus harangued them:

"Valiant captains and brave soldiers! — The time has now arrived when I must acquaint you with my secret intentions. Ere long, I hope to enrich you all by the sack of Rome — to deliver to you its nobles, its senators, its prelates, with all their wealth. You shall have the whole consistory of cardinals to

deal with as you list — nay, Pope Clement himself, who has excommunicated us all, and who so unworthily fills the chair of Saint Peter.”

This address was received with enthusiastic acclamations. The captains drew their swords, and the men brandished their halberds, or shook their arquebusses above their heads, and a universal shout arose of “To Rome! — to Rome!”

“I will not deceive you, my brave companions,” pursued Bourbon, as soon as the clamour ceased. “I have nothing more to give you. I am a poor knight — poor as yourselves. But as I have told you, we shall all become rich at Rome. Let us march thither at once. The Baron von Frundsberg and his lanz-knechts are waiting for us near Piacenza. Let us join them without delay, or they may go on and reach Rome before us.”

“We are ready to march at once,” cried a thousand voices. “To Rome! — to Rome! Vive Bourbon!”

Bourbon did not allow their enthusiasm to cool, but put them in order of march at once, using so much expedition, that late in the following day he had effected a junction with Von Frundsberg.

When the two armies were combined, Bourbon found himself at the head of twenty-two thousand men — namely, fourteen thousand lanz-knechts

brought by Frundsberg, five hundred reiters under Captain Zucker, five thousand Spaniards, two thousand Italians, and a thousand light horse.

"With such an army as this," he said to Von Frundsberg, as they rode together along the lines, "I can conquer all Italy."

### III.

#### How Bourbon reached the Apennines.

IN the fierce bands of which Bourbon was now the leader, Italy found a scourge such as it had not endured since it was overrun by Alaric. The Spaniards were cruel and rapacious, worse than brigands, and scarcely amenable to discipline. The Germans were equally savage, and even more undisciplined, and, being all Lutherans and inflamed with intense hatred against the Pope and the creed of Rome, believed they were serving the cause of the Reformed religion by plundering and slaughtering its opponents. The Italians, who were commanded by Fabrizio Maramaldo, Sciarra Colonna, and Ludovico Gonzaga, had all the worst qualities of their Spanish and German associates, being bloodthirsty and licentious, and capable of any deed of violence or rapacity. Among the Spanish leaders who still remained with the army

was the Marquis del Vasto, but since the death of his redoubted relative, Pescara, and the increased popularity of Bourbon, he exercised little authority over the troops.

Over the whole of this wild host, composed of such heterogeneous materials — Lutherans, Romanists, scoffers at all creeds — no one exercised supreme control but Bourbon. The lanz-knechts were devoted to Von Frundsberg, and the reiters to Zucker, but neither Spaniards nor Italians would have served under such leaders. By a mixture of firmness and indulgence, which he knew so well how to practise, by his frankness and easiness of manner, Bourbon kept the wildest and most ferocious under a certain restraint and discipline, and though he was often compelled to make a severe example of some mutinous ruffian, the army ever recognised the justice of the sentence, and upheld his authority.

That Bourbon should be content to link his fortunes with soldiers whose professed objects were plunder and violence, may appear surprising, but it must be borne in mind that his nobler impulses had been checked, if not destroyed, by the life he had lately led. Ambition still reigned within his breast, the desire of conquest still animated him strongly as ever — even more strongly, perhaps — but he no longer cared by what means, or by what instru-

ments, he attained his end. If he could gain a crown, no matter how it was won.

Meanwhile, he had succeeded in convincing the soldiers that he had become an adventurer like themselves. As we have said, he had stripped himself of all his money and jewels, and retained only his sword and lance, his accoutrements and his steed. Yet never had he been so powerful as now. None dared to disobey him. While idolising him, the men stood in awe of him, and the captains and generals feared him. He had become the master-spirit of the whole host, by whom all its plans and movements were directed. He was now without territory and without money, his home was the camp, his family the army. Of all his followers, the only one who accompanied him on his march to Rome was Pomperant. Like himself, Pomperant was still proscribed.

Proceeding slowly, so as not to fatigue his troops, Bourbon marched by San Donino, Parma, Reggio, and Modena towards Bologna.

He did not stop to attack any of these cities, but contented himself with ravaging the surrounding country, emptying the granaries, and stripping the monasteries and churches of their plate and ornaments. The zealous Lutherans completed the work of destruction by demolishing the shrines and images.

Abundance of provisions being brought in each day by the foraging parties, who scoured the country round, the army fared sumptuously, and Von Frundsberg caroused nightly in his tent with Zucker and the German captains.

When within a day's march of Bologna, Bourbon had a conference with Alfonso d'Este, Duke of Ferrara, who, having been excluded from the Italian League by the Pope, was favourable to the invasion.

Bourbon endeavoured to prevail upon the duke to furnish him with artillery, of which he stood greatly in need. D'Este declined to supply the cannon, but made Bourbon a large subsidy, which enabled him to give two crowns to each of the lanzknechts, being the first pay they had received since they had started on the expedition.

Having no artillery to attack Bologna, Bourbon continued his march. His position was one of some danger. In his rear was the Duke of Urbino and the Venetian army, while in front were the Pontifical troops, commanded by the Marquis of Saluzzo. The latter, however, retired as the invaders advanced, and the Duke of Urbino, not wishing to risk an engagement, contented himself with harassing their rear.

As he pursued his march, Bourbon's army was daily augmented by hundreds of lawless adventurers,

by deserters from the army of the League, and from the Pontifical army, who flocked round his standard, drawn towards it by the hope of plunder. Bourbon welcomed them all, brigands as they were, the bulk of his host being composed of similar material.

He was now approaching the Apennines, and had reached a wild and picturesque spot on the spur of the mountains, where the army, sheltered by some high rocks, had encamped for the night. The soldiers were collected in groups around their fires, carousing, gambling, jesting, quarrelling, or making merry, as was their wont. Some of the Spanish soldiers were chanting a song, composed in their leader's honour, which commenced thus:

Calla, calla, Julio Cesar, Hannibal y Scipion,  
Viva la fama de Bourbon!

While Bourbon was making his rounds, he heard the sentinels challenge a horseman who was riding up the hill towards the camp, and sent Pomperant to question him.

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## IV.

## The Prince of Orange.

THE person stopped by the sentinels was a young man of about five-and-twenty, of martial bearing and aspect. He was tall, well proportioned, and possessed handsome features, characterised by a proud, fierce expression, and Pomperant's first impression on beholding him was, that he was a Venetian officer charged with a message from the Duke of Urbino; but as he drew near, and the stranger's countenance could be more clearly distinguished, Pomperant uttered an exclamation of surprise and pleasure, for he recognised in him one of the bitterest enemies of France, and one of the most devoted friends of the Duke de Bourbon, the Prince of Orange.

Young as he was, Philibert de Chalons, Prince of Orange, was one of the most distinguished captains of the day. He came of an ancient Burgundian house, and inherited all the warlike qualities of his ancestry. Of a remarkably fierce and vindictive temperament, he never forgave an injury. His animosity towards François I. originated in a slight offered him by that monarch. At the ceremonial of

the baptism of the Dauphin, the Prince of Orange was one of the invited guests, and appeared at the Louvre with a retinue befitting his rank, but he was very coldly received by the king, and the apartments designed for him in the palace were given to another. Highly incensed by this treatment, he immediately returned to his castle of Nozeroy, and subsequently offered his services to the Emperor, who received him with open arms, and compensated him by other lands for the territories of which he was deprived by the King of France.

Philibert's conduct justified the Emperor's sagacity. The young prince greatly distinguished himself at the siege of Fontarabia.

When Bourbon invaded Provence, Philibert sailed from Barcelona to join him, but being taken prisoner, as may be remembered, by Andrea Doria, he was carried to France, and imprisoned in the castle of Lusignan in Poitou, where he was detained in close captivity until after the battle of Pavia.

Imprisonment did not tame his spirit, but rather envenomed his hatred of François I. Regardless of all consequences, he perpetually launched into fierce invectives against that monarch, and covered the walls of his prison with satirical remarks upon him.

In compliance with the treaty of Madrid, the

Prince of Orange was set free, but as the convention was only executed in part, his confiscated domains were not restored to him.

Without a single follower, and almost without money, Philibert set forth to join Bourbon, and after many adventures and hindrances on his journey, which it is not necessary to recount, reached him at the foot of the Apennines, as described.

"I have come to join your highness," said the young prince, when brought before Bourbon by Pomperant. "I have nothing to offer you but my sword, but that I devote to your service."

"By Sainte Barbe! you are as welcome, prince, as if you had a thousand lances at your back," rejoined Bourbon. "You offer me your sword. I accept it with gratitude. At any time, the offer would enchant me — now, it is doubly welcome. Your distinguished name will be of infinite service, and will help to confound my enemies. Before you ask aught from me, noble prince, I will evince my satisfaction by appointing you second in command to myself of the whole army.

"I have done nothing to merit such consideration at your highness's hands," rejoined Philibert.

"But you will do much hereafter, prince," said Bourbon. "I know that in you I have a staunch partisan — a friend on whom I can rely. We have

wrongs in common, and are both mortal enemies of the false and perfidious François de Valois."

"His very name rouses my choler," cried Philibert, fiercely. "May all the curses I have daily invoked upon the faithless tyrant during my captivity at Lusignan alight on his devoted head! Had I been in the Emperor's place, I would never have set him free till all the conditions of the treaty had been fulfilled. François de Valois is not to be trusted. He has broken his word with us all, and his name ought to be covered with infamy. But I beg pardon of your highness for my warmth," he added, checking himself. "I thank you for the trust you repose in me. You shall find me a firm friend. And I hope the hour may come when we shall both be fully avenged on our common enemy."

"Be sure the hour will come," said Bourbon, sternly. "But the work of vengeance must be begun at Rome. Look around, prince. What do you behold?"

"An army of brave men — somewhat savage, perhaps, and not like the well-equipped legions of France, but able to conquer a kingdom."

"Of this robber-host François has made me leader," said Bourbon; "and he has compelled you to join it."

"No matter. I serve Bourbon," rejoined Phili-

bert; "and I would rather serve him than any monarch in Europe. I care not of what the army is composed, so that the men can fight."

"They can fight well, prince, and pillage as well as fight, as you will find, when you know them better," said Bourbon, laughing.

"If they serve without pay, as I suppose they do, they must plunder," said Philibert. "Despite their looks and equipments, they seem good soldiers."

"The Pope will think so if they once get within the walls of Rome," remarked Bourbon. "They are all impatience to be there, and I do not mean to balk them."

"Then you do not design to attack Florence?" inquired the Prince of Orange.

"I have no artillery," replied Bourbon, "and I do not wish to waste time in a siege. Florence will be defended by the army of the League and the Pontifical troops. Rome is more important."

While they were thus conversing, Von Frundsberg and Zucker came up, and their new leader was presented to them by Bourbon.

Philibert possessed some of the qualities of Bourbon himself, and could put on, when he pleased, the rough frankness of a soldier. His manner pleased Von Frundsberg, and that hardy

veteran was delighted with him when they became better acquainted, and had passed half the night in a carouse.

## V.

How Lannoy vainly attempted to arrest Bourbon's March.

NEXT day, from the heights of the Apennines, Bourbon and his bands looked down upon the lovely city of Florence, and on the incomparable valley of the Arno. When the soldiers beheld Florence in all its ravishing beauty lying before them — when from the heights on which they stood they could count all its palaces and churches, their cupidity was so strongly excited that they demanded with frenzied eagerness to be led to the assault.

“Let us sack Florence, noble general!” they shouted.

“No, my brave companions, I cannot grant your request,” rejoined Bourbon. “Florence is too well defended. Mark the cannon on the walls and bastions? Mark the army encamped outside the walls, placed there to cover the city? Florence cannot be taken without artillery, and we have none. We must march on to Rome, which can be easily taken,

and where ten times the wealth of Florence is collected."

Convinced by these arguments, the men ceased their solicitations, and Bourbon descending to the valley, and avoiding Florence, crossed the Upper Arno, and continued his march without molestation to Viterbo, in the neighbourhood of which city he halted.

It was during this halt that he was informed by his scouts of the approach of Lannoy with a small escort. An hour later the Viceroy of Naples arrived, and was received by Bourbon in his tent. The Prince of Orange, Del Vasto, Von Frundsberg, Zucker, and the other leaders were present at the interview.

"I have come to forbid your highness's further advance," said Lannoy to Bourbon. "I have just concluded, on the part of the Emperor, a truce with the Pope, and have undertaken that the army shall retire."

"Your highness has undertaken more than you can perform," said Bourbon. "I need scarcely inform you that the troops are unpaid."

"Let not that concern you," rejoined Lannoy. "His Holiness has supplied me with sufficient money to pay them. The army must retire, I say. I am

the representative of his Imperial Majesty in Italy, and I issue that order."

"By the beard of my father! I shall not respect it," cried Von Frundsberg. "I do not serve the Emperor!"

"Neither do we," added Zucker, Maramaldo, and the Italian leaders. "We have received no pay from him. We serve the brave Bourbon."

"But the Duke de Bourbon only derives his authority from the Emperor," said Lannoy; "and I offer you payment for your troops."

"That will not suffice," cried Von Frundsberg, fiercely. "We have not crossed the Po, and marched thus far through Italy, to retire because the Emperor at the last moment has thought fit to conclude a truce with the Pope. The truce is not binding upon us. We have nothing to do with it. As to the paltry payment offered by your highness, we scout it. No sum could induce us to turn back. We are the sworn enemies of Antichrist. We will destroy the idolatrous city. We will plunder the Vatican and Saint Peter's of their treasures."

"Is it possible your highness can tolerate this horrible impiety?" said Lannoy to Bourbon. "At least the Spanish soldiers will obey me. I shall take them with me to Rome for the defence of the city against this meditated attack. Bid them come



with me in the Emperor's name," he added, to Del Vasto.

"I fear the attempt will be vain," returned the marquis.

"Try them," said Bourbon. "If they choose to depart, I shall not hinder them."

On this, Del Vasto quitted the tent, but he had not been gone many minutes when a great disturbance was heard outside, and he returned with looks of alarm.

"You have met with ill success, I fear, my lord?" said Lannoy.

"I could scarce have met with worse," rejoined the marquis. "The soldiers utterly refuse to obey me. They will not obey the truce. They will not protect the Pope. They are determined to sack Rome. They say they know no other leader than Bourbon. Your highness must fly. The soldiers are so infuriated against you that I fear they will do you injury."

"How should I fly?" cried Lannoy, trembling. "I put myself under your highness's protection," he added to Bourbon.

"Fear nothing," said Bourbon. "I will be answerable for your safety."

As he spoke, a number of Spanish soldiers burst into the tent, shouting out,

"Death to Lannoy! Death to the Pope's general!"

"How dare you force your way thus into my presence?" cried Bourbon, confronting them fiercely, and speaking in a stern authoritative tone. "Hence, mutinous rascals, or you shall be punished."

"Deliver up the Viceroy to us, and we will go at once," said the foremost of the band.

"Ha! dare you parley with me?" cried Bourbon. "Away, I say, at once, or —"

On this the soldiers retired, but they cast menacing glances at Lannoy as they went, and the tumult outside the tent continued.

"It would have been well if your highness had ascertained the disposition of the army before venturing among them," remarked Von Frundsberg. "They will not be balked of their plunder."

"Your highness has promised me your protection," said Lannoy, appealing to Bourbon.

"Fear nothing," replied the other. "I will see you safely out of the camp. Come with me!"

Bourbon then went forth, closely followed by Lannoy and Del Vasto. As the party appeared, the soldiers assailed the Viceroy with renewed threats, but, overawed by Bourbon's determined manner, they fell back, and allowed the escort to

approach. As soon as Lannoy had mounted his steed, and was surrounded by his little band, his courage in some degree returned, and he said to the soldiers,

“Before I go, let me make a last appeal to you to return to your duty, and obey your liege lord, the Emperor.”

“We have no other leader now but Bourbon,” rejoined the men. “Vive Bourbon!”

“Have I no longer any authority over you?” said Del Vasto.

“None,” returned the soldiers. “You do not belong to us. You are banished the army.”

“Banished!” exclaimed Del Vasto. “Who dares to pronounce my banishment?”

“We do,” replied the men. “You would betray our interests. You would sell us to the Pope. Therefore we depose you. You are no longer our general. Go to your new master.”

“Have a little patience, my good friends, and listen to reason,” said Lannoy. “I speak for your own good. I would save you from a great crime.”

“No more! We will hear no more!” cried the soldiers, furiously. “Begone! If you return again, we will massacre you.”

“Your highness had better depart at once,” said Bourbon. “If you inflame the men further, I may

not be able to restrain them. You must go likewise, my lord," he added to Del Vasto. "It will not be safe for you to remain."

The counsel was followed. To prevent mishap, Bourbon conducted them to the outskirts of the camp.

## VI.

### Von Frundsberg's last Carouse.

FROM Viterbo, Bourbon pressed on towards Rome, hoping to take the city by surprise. By this time his army, increased, as we have said, by deserters from the troops of the League and the Pontifical forces, amounted to upwards of forty thousand men.

As the first glimpse of the fated city, destined so soon to fall into their hands, was caught from the hills near Bracciano, the excitement of the whole host, captains and generals included, was prodigious. On that night Von Frundsberg had a grand carouse in his tent. Zucker and all the other German captains were with him, and they continued their revelry till past midnight, when Bourbon, accompanied by the Prince of Orange and Pomperant, entered the tent, hoping by his presence to put a stop to the orgie. Above the surrounding Bacchanals towered

the gigantic figure of Von Frundsberg, his visage looking more inflamed than ever. As Bourbon and the others entered the tent, he was addressing his companions, telling them that in two days more Rome would be taken, and the sack begin.

“Then you will be amply rewarded,” he said; “then you may strip all those temples of their ornaments and slay their priests. I give you each a cardinal, but I reserve to myself the Sovereign Pontiff. You know what I mean to do with him,” added the sacrilegious wretch, producing his golden chain, and laughing loudly.

“Before you hang him, you must make him deliver up all his treasures — the tons of gold he has hidden in the Vatican and elsewhere,” said Zucker.

“Fear not that,” rejoined Von Frundsberg, with a tremendous roar of laughter. “I know well how to deal with him. But I must fulfil my mission. Have I not been told by Doctor Martin Luther himself that I am destined by Heaven to cast down Antichrist and to wash out the enormities of the polluted and idolatrous city of Rome in blood? For this purpose I have come hither.”

At this moment his eye alighted upon Bourbon, and he called out,

“Welcome, noble general! thrice welcome! We

are making merry, as you see, in anticipation of our victory. Our next carouse shall be in Rome, and it shall be a rare one — ho! ho!”

“You have sat late enough, and drank enough, baron,” said Bourbon, glancing around at the inebriated crew. “We shall march betimes to-morrow, and you will need clear heads.”

“One more cup of wine, and we have done, said Von Frundsberg. “Nay, you must join us, general,” he added to Bourbon, who shook his head. “We have got some famous Montepulciano, of the Pope’s own vintage, and destined to the Pope’s own cellar — ho! ho! Taste it, I pray your highness. You will find it delicious,” smacking his lips. “Fill for me! fill!” he called to a soldier who served him, holding out an immense gilt chalice stolen from an altar at San Lorenzo-alle-Grotte — “fill to the brim! All must do me reason. It may be the last cup we shall drink together. Who knows?”

“You do not mean to empty that chalice, baron?” said Bourbon, looking in astonishment at the vessel, which held nearly a gallon of wine.

“By my faith! but I do, your highness,” rejoined Von Frundsberg, with a tremendous roar of laughter. “I drink to the speedy downfall of Rome.”

And, as he spoke, he raised the brimming chalice

to his lips, and did not remove it till it was completely drained.

After accomplishing this feat, he gazed at Bourbon, but his triumph was of short duration. With a convulsive attempt at utterance, which shook his whole frame, he fell heavily backwards.

Immediate assistance was rendered him, but it was of no avail. Suffocated by the draught he had swallowed, in a few seconds the infuriated drunkard had ceased to exist.

Bourbon shuddered as he gazed at the inanimate mass, and all the fierce soldiers around were impressed by the catastrophe. Von Frundsberg died with the chain of gold tightly clasped in his left hand.

Had Von Frundsberg's death occurred earlier, it might have produced some effect upon the lanz-knechts. But he had brought them within sight of Rome, and though they grieved for him, they did not for a moment falter in their purpose, but accepted the Prince of Orange, whom Bourbon appointed as their general. Von Frundsberg found a rude grave at Bracciano, and the chain of gold was buried with him.

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## VII.

How Bourbon and his Bands arrived before Rome.

NEXT morning, as soon as it was light, Bourbon, who had not taken off his armour, and had only snatched a couple of hours of sleep, rode to the summit of a hill, whence he could command a good view of the city he was about to deliver to destruction.

There lay the ancient capital of the world — and now the chief city of Christendom — the burial-place of the holy apostles and martyrs — there it lay, with its seven hills, its heathen temples and Christian fanes, its ruins, its monuments, its palaces hallowed by a thousand historical recollections. There was the mighty Coliseum, there the Forum, there the Palatine, crowned with the palace of the Cæsars. There was Mount Aventine — there the Esquiline, with the Baths of Titus — there the Pincian Hill, with its cypresses. Over all, and dominating the ancient temples, rose the Basilica of Saint Peter — then, however, wanting its incomparable dome. Near to this stately fane were the Vatican and the frowning Castle of Saint Angelo, with the yellow Tiber flowing past its walls. Could he gaze on that time-



hallowed city unmoved — knowing he was about to doom it to destruction? Some feelings of compunction did, indeed, cross him, but he quickly crushed them.

At a later hour in the same day — it was the 5th of May, 1527 — the sentinels on the walls and gates of Rome, and on the battlements of the Castle of Saint Angelo, descried the mighty host advancing along the wide and desolate Campagna. Presently came numerous messengers, wild with terror, describing the number and savage character of the troops. But the Pope did not appear to be alarmed by the tidings brought him. Though usually timid and irresolute, he did not exhibit any uneasiness now, but declared that ample preparations had been made for the defence of the city. He would not allow the bridges to be cut connecting the Borgo with the city, and prohibited the terrified merchants from removing their goods by the Tiber.

The reason of this apparent confidence was, that he fully believed he should be able to treat with Bourbon, and save the city from assault by payment of a large subsidy — never reflecting that it was not in Bourbon's power to treat with him, and that nothing less than the sack of the city would content the rapacious soldiery.

The defence of the city had been committed by

the Pontiff to Renzo da Ceri, who persuaded himself that he could resist Bourbon as successfully at Rome as he had done at Marseilles. Besides the garrison of the Castle of Saint Angelo, and the Pope's Swiss guard, there were in Rome at the time about two thousand arquebussiers, and a small troop of cavalry. The walls and fortifications were for the most part in good order, and well supplied with ordnance, and as it was known that Bourbon was entirely without artillery, and almost without munitions, it was not deemed likely he could take the city by assault. Renzo's confidence was, therefore, excusable. But he was wrong. Bourbon had now an army with him whom no walls could keep out.

On arriving before Rome, Bourbon placed his army between the Janiculum Hill and the Vatican, and he had no sooner taken up this position than he sent Pomperant with a trumpet to summon the Pope to surrender the city.

Presenting himself at the ancient Porta Flaminia, which was succeeded, some half a century later, by the Porta del Popolo, Pomperant caused the trumpeter to sound his clarion thrice, and in the name of the Constable de Bourbon summoned the Sovereign Pontiff to surrender the city.

Response was immediately made in haughty terms by Renzo da Ceri, who ordered Pomperant to

retire or he would fire upon him, and the latter accordingly withdrew.

Bourbon expected no other answer, but on receiving it he gave immediate orders that the city should be assaulted on the following morning at daybreak.

At eventide, Bourbon, attended by the Prince of Orange and Pomperant, surveyed the city from the Monte Mario. After a careful examination of the walls, which then formed a circuit of more than five leagues, he decided on making the assault at different points of the Aurelian Wall between the Janiculum Hill and the Vatican. This being settled, he rode back towards the camp.

As yet not a single gun had been fired on either side, for the Pope had ordered his general not to precipitate matters by opening fire from the Castle of Saint Angelo upon the enemy. But the cannon were all shotted, and the sentinels with their arquebusses on the shoulder, were pacing to and fro on the ramparts.

When Bourbon returned to the camp, he called together the men, and thus addressed them:

“Captains and brave soldiers! fortune has at last brought us to the city we have so ardently desired to reach. Rome is before you. On the other side of those old walls countless treasures await you. But

you must fight hard to win the treasures. The walls must be scaled, since we have no cannon to breach them."

"We will do it, noble general," cried the men.  
"We need no breach."

"I myself will lead the assault," continued Bourbon, "and will show you how to take the city."

"We will follow, fear not! Vive Bourbon!" shouted the soldiers.

"Listen to me, my friends," he pursued. "The famous astrologer, Cornelius Agrippa, of whom you must have heard, foretold that I should die before the walls of a great city. It may be here — before Rome — that I am destined to perish. If it be so, I care not. The death will be glorious — worthy of a soldier. I shall lead the assault without fear, certain that you, my brave companions, will capture the city, and avenge me."

"'Tis a false prediction!" cried a hundred voices.  
"We will all guard you. You will not die thus. You are destined to be King of Rome."

"Be my fate what it may," said Bourbon — "whether I share your triumph, or die beforehand, I know that Rome, with all its treasures, with its Pope, its cardinals, its nobles, and its fair women, will be yours. And now return to your tents, and

take your rest. You will have enough to do to-morrow. An hour before dawn, make ready for the assault. Your captains have their full directions. You may rest without fear. I will take care that strict watch is kept."

The soldiers then dispersed, singing, "Calla, calla! Viva la fama de Bourbon!"

"You have no faith in that idle prediction?" remarked the Prince of Orange to Bourbon, as he accompanied him to his tent.

"I have scarcely thought of it before to-day, but it came upon me forcibly as I gazed on Rome this evening from the Monte Mario," rejoined Bourbon. "If I should fall, you must take the command of the army."

"No such necessity, I trust, may arise," said Philibert. "But the army shall not want a leader."

"It will have a good one in you," rejoined Bourbon. "And now leave me. Come to me an hour before daybreak."

With this the Prince of Orange departed, and Bourbon was left alone, and passed several hours in deep self-communion.

About midnight he roused himself, and, issuing from his tent, looked around. It was a glorious night, and the old walls that rose before him were bathed in the moonbeams. The camp was hushed,

and all was so still at the moment, that the tread of the sentinels could be heard on the ramparts. Having looked around for a short time, he re-entered his tent, trimmed his lamp, and sat down to look at a plan of Rome, which was laid on the table before him. From this occupation he was roused by the noise of some one entering the tent, and, looking up, he perceived Pomperant, accompanied by a nun.

Surprised at the sight, he inquired why he was thus disturbed.

"The holy sister herself will explain her errand," replied Pomperant. "She has ventured forth from the city to see your highness, and I could not refuse to bring her to you."

"You have done wrong," said Bourbon, sternly. "I have no time to waste on women now. Depart, good sister."

"Dismiss me not, I pray your highness, till you have heard what I have to say," rejoined the nun. "Am I so much changed? Does this garb disguise me so greatly, that you fail to recognise Marcelline d'Herment?"

"Marcelline d'Herment!" exclaimed Bourbon, in surprise.

"I am vowed to Heaven, as you see," she rejoined. "I have entered a convent in Rome, and

hoped to pass the rest of my days in peace. But I have been sorely troubled since I learnt that your highness was marching to lay waste the city, and determined, at whatever risk, to make an effort to save it. With that view I came forth to-night. I ventured to approach the sentinels, and I desired to be brought before your highness. The men refused, but while they were talking with me the Seigneur Pomperant came up, and at once consented to bring me before you."

"If I have done wrong, I trust your highness will forgive me," said Pomperant, "but I could not refuse the request."

"Nay, there is no harm done," said Bourbon. "But how comes it that you have abandoned the world?" he added to Marcelline. "I thought you had given your heart to Pomperant. Why have you placed this insurmountable bar between yourself and him?"

"Ah! why, indeed?" cried Pomperant, reproachfully.

"I could not do otherwise," she rejoined. "But I have not come hither to tell my own sad story. I have come to entreat your highness, even at the eleventh hour, to abandon your impious purpose. Oh! prince, listen to me, I implore you. Treason

and rebellion are great crimes, but they are as naught compared with the act you are about to commit. If you deliver over Rome to pillage and slaughter, your name will be for ever execrated. Turn back, I implore of you!"

"I cannot turn back. Be that my answer," said Bourbon, impatiently.

"But it is in your power to save the city!" cried Marcelline. "You can come to terms with his Holiness, who will enable you to satisfy your men."

"Bah!" exclaimed Bourbon. "Nothing will satisfy them but the plunder of the city."

"Will no consideration move you?" she cried. "Have you no pity for the innocent and the aged? Will you allow the temples of your religion to be destroyed and polluted?"

"My heart is steeled to pity," rejoined Bourbon, sternly. "All your solicitations are in vain."

"Then since you are deaf to all entreaties, tremble!" she cried. "Tremble! for Heaven's vengeance will alight upon you. Grace has been offered you, but you have cast it aside. But you will not enjoy your triumph. You will not enter the city."

"Who shall prevent me?" demanded Bourbon.



"Heaven," she rejoined. "Heaven will prevent you."

"Were you a messenger from Heaven itself, you should not prevent me from being first to scale the walls," said Bourbon. "This interview can lead to nothing, and must not be prolonged," he added to Pomperant. "Conduct the Sister Marcelline through the camp, and place her where she may safely enter the city."

"It shall be done," replied Pomperant.

He then withdrew with Marcelline. On reaching the outskirts of the camp, she said to him,

"Are you determined to follow Bourbon?"

"To the last," he rejoined. "If he is shot down, I will take his place."

Marcelline made no reply, but darted from him, and ran towards the Aurelian Wall.

Plunging into the dry fosse which skirted the wall, she hurried along the bottom of the trench for some distance in the direction of the Vatican. All at once she stopped, and clapped her hands. At the signal, a ladder was let down, and, mounting it, she gained the ramparts.

Marcelline fancied her movements were unobserved, but she was mistaken. Curious to ascertain how she could gain access to the city, Pomperant had followed her. On approaching the spot where

she had disappeared, he perceived that the old wall, which was built of brick, and of great solidity, was in this part considerably dilapidated — so much so, as almost to form a breach.

After carefully examining the spot, he hastened back to Bourbon's tent to acquaint him with the important discovery he had made. Bourbon had thrown himself on a couch, but without divesting himself of his armour, and he was wrapped in the last slumber he was destined to enjoy, when Pomperant entered his tent, and aroused him.

"I am sure your highness will forgive me for disturbing you," he said, "when I tell you that I have discovered a breach in the walls."

"Ha! that is indeed good news!" cried Bourbon. "But how did you make the discovery?"

"I made it while following Marcelline to see how she entered the city," replied Pomperant.

"Take me to the spot," said Bourbon. "I must be satisfied with my own eyes that you have not been deceived. It is strange that you roused me from a dream of the assault. I thought an angel with a flaming brand stood on the battlements to drive me back, but I went on. Listen to me, Pomperant. When dealing with the miserable Milanese, as you know, I took heaven to witness that I meant them fairly, wishing I might perish by the first shot

at the first battle if I played them false. This is the first battle, and not a shot has yet been fired."

"The first shot will not harm you, my lord," rejoined Pomperant. "You did not wilfully deceive the Milanese. The Spanish soldiers refused to obey your orders."

"True," replied Bourbon; "but I feel that I violated my promise, and if Heaven punishes me, I cannot complain. But come. Let us examine the wall."

They then quitted the tent, and, enveloped in long russet-coloured cloaks, which completely covered their armour, passed out of the camp, and cautiously approached the Aurelian Wall.

## VIII.

Benvenuto Cellini.

No sooner had Marcelline gained the ramparts, than the ladder she had ascended was drawn up by the sentinels. Before she could move off, a martial personage, accoutred in a steel cap and corslet, and armed with an arquebuss, came up and detained her.

"Ha! where have you been, sister?" he demanded, sternly. "Speak! — give an account of yourself."

"I have been in the enemy's camp," she replied, "and have spoken with the general himself."

"With Bourbon!" exclaimed the soldier. "You are trifling with me."

"On my life I am not," she rejoined. "I have seen him as I see you, but I have failed in my object, which was to dissuade him from the attack."

"I am not surprised at it," said the soldier, contemptuously. "You have gone on a mad errand. Did you for a moment suppose that Bourbon would turn back at your entreaties?"

"Bourbon has a noble heart, and I thought to move him," she rejoined.

"Tut! Rome is not likely to be saved from sack by a woman's prayers and entreaties," said the soldier. "We must keep Bourbon and his bands out of the city, if we can. If they once get in, woe betide us! But how is this?" he cried, noticing the dilapidated state of the ramparts. "This wall ought to have been repaired."

"It will be repaired in the morning, good Messer Benvenuto Cellini," replied the sentinel.

"To-morrow may be too late," remarked Cellini. "I will see our general about it without delay."

"You need not go far to seek him, brave Ben-

venuto," said Renzo da Ceri, marching towards them. "What have you to say to me?"

"I would pray your lordship to look at the condition of these ramparts," said Cellini. "There is a breach as if made by cannon."

"By Heaven! the wall is very ruinous here!" cried Renzo. "I cannot think how the gap escaped my notice."

"Since it has escaped your lordship's quick eyes, it may escape those of the enemy," said Cellini. "But it may be well to have it speedily repaired."

"It shall be repaired to-morrow morning," said Renzo.

"Provided Bourbon does not enter by it in the mean time," said Cellini.

"Oh! he will not attempt the assault for a month," rejoined Renzo, contemptuously. "He has no artillery. To-morrow, or next day at the latest, we shall have Count Guido Rangone, with five thousand fantassins and a corps of artillery. He is now at Ponte Salario. We shall also be speedily reinforced by detachments from the armies of the Duke of Urbino and the Marquis of Saluzzo. Rome, therefore, is secure."

"Your lordship must pardon me, but I cannot think Rome secure while Bourbon is encamped before it," remarked Cellini.

"Well, you have abandoned your trade of goldsmith, and have taken up arms for its defence," said Renzo, laughing. "If you win as much renown as a soldier as you have done as a sculptor, Rome may be proud of you."

"I will try," said Cellini.

"Is this the famous Benvenuto Cellini?" inquired Marcelline, approaching them. "I knew him not."

"Yes, this is he, who may vie with the greatest of the ancient sculptors," said Renzo da Ceri.

"For the moment, I am a mere Roman soldier," said Cellini. "I shall resume my profession as an artist when we have got rid of Bourbon. But who is she who inquires my name?"

"One you may be proud to know," said Renzo. "This holy sister is Marcelline d'Herment, one of the Amazons who helped to defend Marseilles."

"I have heard of her," said Cellini. "I hope our Roman dames will follow her example. But hush!" he exclaimed, stepping towards the battlements, "I see two tall figures approaching the walls. They come nearer. Do you not distinguish them?"

"Perfectly," replied Marcelline.

"Be silent, and we can hear what they say," whispered Cellini. And after listening intently for a few moments, he added, "They have discovered

the breach. It is here the assault will be made to-morrow morning."

"How know you that?" demanded Renzo da Ceri.  
"I could hear nothing."

"My ears never deceive me," said Cellini.  
"Who are they, think you?"

"The tallest of the two is Bourbon," replied Marcelline, in a whisper. "I recognise his voice and figure."

"Bourbon!" exclaimed Cellini. "Then his hour is come."

And kneeling down, he placed his arquebuss on the battlements and took deliberate aim at the duke. But just as he was about to fire, Marcelline caught hold of his hand and stopped him, and ere he could take fresh aim the two personages were gone,

"Maledizione! why did you interfere, sister?" cried Benvenuto, turning angrily upon her. "I should have killed him, and delivered Rome. I never miss my aim."

"I would not have him die now," she rejoined.

"Well, he shall not escape me," said Cellini. "I heard him say he would be first to scale the walls."

"And if he said so he will keep his word;" rejoined Marcelline.

"I will be ready for him. What says your excellency now?" he added to Renzo.

"I have little doubt that the assault will be made to-morrow morning, and at this point," replied Renzo. "Since the breach cannot be repaired, I will send a sufficient force to defend it."

"Be mine the privilege to fire the first shot," said Benvenuto.

"Agreed," replied Renzo. "Not an arquebuss shall be discharged till you have fired."

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## IX.

*The First Shot from the Walls.*

DAWN was at hand — the dawn of the direst day that ever Rome beheld.

Already the entire host of Bourbon was under arms, and impatient for the assault. The captains were forming their men in masses before the long dark line of walls which they were about to scale.

Grim and menacing did those walls and bastions look now, as they were thronged with armed men, and bristled with cannon. But they inspired no terror on the bands gathered before them. Sullen and stern in the grey light of morning loomed the Castle of Saint Angelo, but the fierce host had no dread of its guns.

As the shades of night disappeared, and daylight revealed to them the fierce bands gathered before the Aurelian Wall, and forming a long line, extending from the Janiculum Hill to the rear of the Basilica of Saint Peter's and the Vatican, those stationed on the ramparts and bastions, though valiant men, were seized with dread, the aspect of the host being truly formidable.

Scarcely had it become light when word was passed along the whole line that the assault was about to be made, and the manifestations of impatience, heretofore exhibited, were increased in a tenfold degree, the men becoming so fiercely excited that they could be scarcely restrained by their captains.

While they were all eagerly awaiting the signal, a movement was made in the centre of the line, and Bourbon appeared, fully accoutred, and wearing his emblazoned surcoat over his armour. He was attended by his standard-bearer, carrying his banner, which was of yellow taffety, embroidered with flaming swords, and bearing the motto, "Espérance, Espérance."

Close behind came Pomperant, while in front ran several Spanish soldiers with a long scaling-ladder, which they reared against the wall at the appointed spot.

All this was accomplished with the utmost rapidity. A charge was then sounded loudly by the trumpeters, and Bourbon, sword in hand, mounted the ladder, shouting in a loud voice, "Follow me, my brave fellows! On! on!"

But he had not ascended many steps when the barrel of an arquebuss was protruded over the ram-

parts, and the next moment the discharge was heard.

The shot struck the duke below the gorget and traversed his right side. Feeling himself mortally wounded, he made an effort to descend, but, unable to retain his hold of the ladder, he fell to the ground.

As he dropped, Benvenuto Cellini, with his face lighted up by a fierce exulting smile, was seen looking down from above.

"Saints be praised! the first shot has told," cried the sculptor. "I have killed him."

As the words were uttered, a hundred bullets from the infuriated soldiers whistled about his ears, but not one hit its mark.

Pomperant, who was close behind, and had just set foot on the ladder when Bourbon fell, now rushed to his wounded leader's assistance.

"Are you much hurt, my lord?" he inquired anxiously.

"Mortally," gasped Bourbon. "I have not many minutes of life left. But do not tarry with me, Pomperant. Supply my place. On! on!"

"I cannot leave you thus, my dear lord," said Pomperant. "Perhaps you are not dangerously hurt."

"I tell you I am sped," groaned Bourbon. "My

eyes are growing dim. What are the men doing? Are they mounting the ladder?"

"A hundred ladders are placed against the walls, and the men are swarming up them," rejoined Pomperant.

"I cannot see them, but I hear their shouts, mingled with the rattle of arquebusses and the roar of cannon," cried Bourbon. "Have any gained the ramparts?"

"None as yet, my lord," rejoined Pomperant. "The foremost have all been struck down, but others are pressing on."

"Where is the Prince of Orange?" asked Bourbon, anxiously.

"The smoke is so thick that I cannot discern him," replied Pomperant. "The besieged make a desperate resistance. Our men are hurled from the battlements by scores."

"But they do not give way? Others mount — ha?"

"They do, my lord. Ha! the smoke clears off. I see the Prince of Orange now. He is upon the ramparts."

"Bravely done, by Sainte Barbe! Would I were with him!" ejaculated Bourbon. "Do the men know I have fallen?"

"Some few may know the sad truth, my lord,"

replied Pomperant. "But the mass believe you are on the ramparts. They are shouting your name. Hark!"

As he spoke, loud shouts of "Bourbon! — Bourbon!" could be distinctly heard above the terrible din of the conflict.

"The walls are gained, my lord," said Pomperant, after a brief pause. "Your standard is placed on the battlements. Listen to those shouts of victory, with which your own name is mingled.

"I hear them," cried Bourbon. "On! on! brave Philibert. On! on! to Saint Peter's — to the Vatican! I am with you!" he ejaculated, making a vain effort to rise.

"My lord — my dear lord! turn your thoughts towards Heaven!" cried Pomperant.

"I cannot pray amid this din of battle," said Bourbon. "Oh! that I could have crossed those walls! Oh! that I could have reached Saint Peter's! But it was decreed that I should never enter Rome. Agrippa's prediction has come to pass, and the malediction I invoked has fallen upon me. I am justly punished for my sins."

"Then implore Heaven's forgiveness while there is yet time, my dear lord," cried Pomperant.

"Have mercy on me, Jesu! have mercy!" eja-

culated Bourbon, fervently. "I have no hope save in thee."

So marked a change then took place in his noble features, that Pomperant thought all was over. A slight pressure of the hand, however, showed him that the duke was still conscious.

All at once, Bourbon roused himself by a supreme effort, and said,

"Farewell, my friend! To the battle! — away! Cover me — leave me!"

With these words, he expired.

Pomperant gazed for a moment with blinded eyes at the inanimate form of the hero he had loved so well, and served so long and faithfully, and exclaimed, in mournful accents,

"Farewell, valiant Bourbon! Farewell, noble prince and gallant knight! Thou hast not left thy peer behind thee! Farewell for ever!"

He then cast a cloak over the body, and, snatching up the duke's sword, which had fallen near him, pushed aside the throng of soldiers who were struggling to mount the ladder, and shouting, "Bourbon! — Bourbon!" gained the ramparts without difficulty.

## X.

In Saint Peter's.

THE broad parapet was ankle-deep in blood, and was covered with dying and dead — Romans, Spaniards, Germans. But the defenders of the breach were all gone. Bourbon's broad banner was floating above the battlements, but his standard-bearer was lying stark beside it.

Taking down the banner, and giving it to one of the Spanish soldiers who had followed him, Pomperant, amid a shower of bullets directed against him from the Pontifical soldiers, who were still masters of a neighbouring bastion, hurried along the ramparts in search of some means of descending to the city.

Strange was it he should escape uninjured, for several of the soldiers with him were struck down, but, after stumbling over heaps of dead bodies, and plashing through pools of blood, he reached a tower, where a few gallant men were gathered to dispute his progress. But these brave fellows could not withstand the furious attack made upon them, and Pomperant and his men, having forcibly entered the

tower, dashed down a winding staircase, and issued forth into a street in the Borgo.

Here a terrible conflict still was going on, but though the Romans still disputed the advance of the assailants, they were evidently giving way before them. The ear was deafened with the clash of arms, the shouts of the combatants, the groans of the wounded, the bray of trumpets, the roar of ordnance, and the sharp rattle of musketry. The terrified inhabitants were running in all directions, uttering piercing cries.

Pomperant's object was to reach Saint Peter's, and, after engaging in several conflicts, he made his way in the direction of the Basilica. As he went on, many a frightful scene of massacre met his gaze, which he would have prevented if he had had the power.

The Spanish soldiers, having now learnt that Bourbon had fallen, gave no quarter, but slew all they encountered without pity — priests, old men, women, and children — shouting, "Carne! carne! — sangre! sierra! Bourbon! Bourbon!"

Fearfully was Bourbon avenged, and if his spirit hovered over Rome at that dread hour, it must have bewailed these frightful excesses.

The noble colonnades, which now form so grand an approach to Saint Peter's, were then unbuilt,



but there was a large piazza in front of the sacred edifice, and here the last stand was made by the Pontifical troops. But they were charged by the Prince of Orange, and being dispersed and unable to rally, were all cut down.

As Pomperant entered the piazza the Papal troops were flying in all directions, but none of them were allowed to escape. Leaving the Prince of Orange to pursue his victory, Pomperant hurried towards the glorious Basilica, and mounted its wide steps, which were covered with dead and defiled with gore.

While the conflict was going on in the piazza, the Pope had been hearing high mass at the altar, but warned by the shouts of the fugitives, who rushed into the sacred edifice in the vain hope of finding it a sanctuary, he escaped, with several of the cardinals who were with him at the time, by a secret passage to the Vatican, and thence by a covered way to the Castle of Saint Angelo, where, for the time at least, he was secure. He was just hurrying from the altar as Pomperant entered the church, and had he not been protected by his Swiss guard, he must have been captured.

Frightful was the scene that ensued. The brave Swiss were quickly overcome and massacred by the bands of unlicensed soldiers who had burst into

the church, and numbers of prelates and priests shared their fate. The work of pillage then commenced, and the altars were quickly stripped of all their ornaments by the rapacious soldiery.

Great silver crucifixes, the Pope's splendid cross, magnificent censors, golden and silver images, superb altar coverings, and rich priestly vestments, great chalices, cups and plate, were all piled together in an immense heap, to be divided anon among the soldiery.

But while the work of pillage was going on, numbers of the Lutheran soldiers were engaged in demolishing all they regarded as idolatrous and superstitious, and no statue or picture escaped destruction or mutilation by these ferocious zealots. The whole interior of the glorious building presented an indescribable scene of horror and confusion. Instead of resounding with the solemn notes of the organ, and the exquisite voices of the choir, the roof now echoed with the shouts and imprecations of the infuriated soldiery, and with the shrieks of their victims. The pavement was slippery with blood. Hell and its legions seemed let loose in the holy of holies.

Horror-stricken by the scene, Pomperant was hurrying away, when his ear was assailed by the cries of a female in distress. So piercing were

We must drop a veil over the horrors of the sack of Rome, which endured without interruption for two months. Never in the history of the world was a city abandoned to such frightful licence — never were such atrocities committed.

Bourbon found a place of sepulture in the chapel of the Castle of Gaeta, where a magnificent monument was reared over him by his soldiers.

THE END.





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