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The Massacre of St. Bartholomew.

(ILLUSTRATED.)

PREFACE — A great contest has begun in our country. The Roman Catholic Hierarchy has declared its intention to take possession of this Republic, to extirpate Protestantism and compel all men to bend the knee before its altars. Orders have come from Rome to destroy our public school system — the corner stone of a free government — and those orders are being executed to the utmost. The press is largely under control of the papal priesthood—so much of it as is not so controlled will not publish anything reflecting on the hierarchy for fear of offending their Roman Catholic readers, and so losing subscribers. Though this remark applies more particularly to the secular press, yet those religious publications — the organs of the various protestant churches seem timid and fear to set forth the whole truth respecting the evil designs of Rome upon the liberties of the people of the United States. Still, since the late bold attack of Rome upon our school system, which attack seemed to culminate in Boston, the American people have begun to inquire as to this fearful power, which has its head in a foreign land. What are its principles, what its history, and its aims in this country, are some of the inquiries now being made by thousands of American citizens.

To meet the demand for such information about 20 independent newspapers have come into existence, and they are telling the whole truth without fear or favor. Several of these are advertised in this pamphlet, yet there are many thousand good people in every State into whose hands no one of these publications has yet come. Here is room for the PAMPHLET. Those who are fortunate enough to see the danger should give a note of warning to their sleeping friends and relatives.

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THE MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

CHAPTER I.

Why Study this Massacre?—Coligny Attracted to Paris—The Character of Catherine de Medicis—Her Interview with the Pope's Nuncio—Dangers that Threatened the Huguenots.

Few events have exerted a more far-reaching or more potent influence on the religious world than the massacre of St. Bartholomew, which began on the 24th day of August, 1572, at Paris, France.

The vast number of non-Catholic men, women and children whose lives were then sacrificed to the demon Popery, makes it an event never to be forgotten by Protestants. Neither old age nor tender infancy nor sex was spared.

But some good people, too cautious and timid, may ask of what use it can be to bring before the people of the United States the horrible events of 300 years ago. I answer that we judge what will be by what has been. The very same organization, the same hierarchy, that committed those diabolical atrocities, still exists, and has a powerful foothold in these United States, is growing stronger and more formidable, and boasts that in a few years more it will have full control of our government, and will be able to do the same things here that it did in France in the sixteenth century. Nay, more, its principal public journals openly threaten that they *will* do them! Let us see, then, what its adherents did when they had the power and the opportunity. But human nature, it is said, has changed since then for the better. Maybe; human nature is changeable and history shows that it sometimes changes for the worse as well as for the better. A good government enables it to improve, but give Rome absolute control and she will reduce the people of this country, in a single century, to the same condition in which she has

kept the people of Spain, Mexico and Austria ever since she got control of them. And then remember it is a cardinal dogma of the Roman Church that her principles never change. Rome may *die*, but she cannot change. No organization with a declared infallible head can ever amend or improve its infallible decrees.

But Rome says: "I did not do it; it was done by the civil power."

Pierre Larousse, a native of the country in which this dreadful butchery occurred, published at Paris, in 1816, in fifteen ponderous volumes, his immortal work, "Grand Dictionnaire Universel du XIX Siecle." On page 278, under the head of "Massacre of St. Bartholomew," he says: "The recital of this tragic episode seems like a bloody leaf torn from some barbarous oriental monarchy. The problem to be solved is, Was the general extermination of the Protestants premeditated a long while in advance by the *great queen* (the mother of the then reigning king, Charles the IX), and pursued with admirable dissimulation, until accomplished, as Davila, Capilupi and other fanatical panegyrists cynically affirm? Or was it political, or provoked by counterplots of the Huguenots; and had the representatives of the dominant religion no part in it? Or was it a spontaneous outburst of the fanatical populace?"

"All these theories and others have had their partisans."

"It is known that after the peace of Saint-Germain, Coligny, the great admiral and the principal man of the Huguenots, was attracted to the [royal] court by Catherine de Medicis (the queen mother) and Charles IX, by dint of flattery and frequent, pressing invitations.

The old captain had placed himself, with heroic confidence, in the hands of his enemies—not that he felt altogether safe, but with the desire of counterbalancing the Spanish and Lorraine faction, and of healing the ills of France, which had been exhausted by civil wars, and of em-

ploying the national energies in a foreign war, and to assist in extending the frontiers, and in liberating the Protestants of the Netherlands." He first met King Charles at Blois, where the Court then was.

"Yet who can affirm," continues Larousse, "absolutely, that this impetuous man, deprived by an Italian education, reared in the principles of Machiavel and the Borgias, was entirely of good faith? One of his great admirers has bluntly said: 'The king had no difficulty in falsifying his word as often as he wished.' At all events, he received the admiral as a savior; he called him *his father*; he paid every attention to him and his friends; he made him a solemn entry into Paris, giving him the place of honor at the king's right hand; at his request the king caused an elevated pyramid, built upon the site of the house of a merchant named Gastine, *who had been burned for letting his lodging to an assembly of Protestants*, to be torn down; in fine, the king seemed willing to follow the admiral's advice entirely. The Lorraine party, the Guises, seemed in full distavor; the ultra-Catholics filled the churches with their declamations, and the chaplain of the king himself, Sorbin of Sainte-Foix, boldly attacked Charles IX, and did not fear to exhort the Duke of Anjou to continue the work of annihilating the heretics, which had *apparently* been abandoned by his brother, the king."

"As to Catherine, there is no doubt that she constantly nourished the idea of destroying the Protestant chiefs, and particularly Coligny; but it is not very probable that she had, at this time, a fixed plan. False, implacable and perfidious, but vacillating, undecided, embarrassed in her own intrigues, she was divided between the thirst for power, the fear of the Guises, her redoubtable allies, and her preference for her son Anjou the contemptible, effeminate Italian. The depth of her politics was only lying and treachery; but she would seem to us much more fit to take advantage of events than to direct them; to seize occasions than to make them. Nevertheless, if one can deny to her the frightful merit of having alone, long in advance, combined, contrived and directed the complot, it is yet indisputable that she had long before promised her co-operation in this bloody

work, which the *ultra-Catholic faction had been for a long time pursuing with an implacable tenacity*. Capilupi reports that in 1568, four years before the massacre, she had a *conversation with the nuncio, who was urging her to this and Catherine gave him the assurance 'that she and His Majesty (her son) had nothing more at heart than to trap the admiral and his adherents some day and make an ever-memorable butchery of them.'*

"Meanwhile, while Coligny was entertaining the king with vaster projects—extension of the boundaries and of the patronage of France, organization of the marine, weakening of the Spanish power, not only in the Low Countries, but in the New World; while the grand patriot was dreaming how to efface all party divisions by occupying all the forces and all minds in great national enterprises, the odious complot was organizing around him.

Strozzi and old La Garde were emptying the arsenals of La Rochelle, the stronghold of the Protestants, under the pretext of arming the fleet for the expedition to the Low Countries. The Spanish faction was openly combating the admiral's plans. The Guises by degrees introduced an army into Paris, composed of gentlemen of their numberless fiefs, bullies supported by them, clients of every condition provided them by their party, &c. Bolstered up by the powerful clergy of Paris, and by the bulk of the population, sustained by a part of the Court, they already appeared as masters of the situation. The Protestants, on the contrary, although represented at the capital by the *élite* of their leaders and of their military men, were not in sufficient numbers to protect themselves and defend their co-religionists of Paris. Evil rumors came to them from all directions; *furious preachers, bishops Sorbin and Vigor, the Milanese gray friar, Panigrola, and a hundred others, thundered against them and preached their extermination night and day*. But, besides their natural pride, duty retained them about their leader. As to Coligny, while he saw the danger, he thought himself safe enough with the king, who was expected to control the situation, protect his party and realize his patriotic projects. His confidence was such that, before the epoch fixed for the last treaty of peace,

he had caused three of the protestant strongholds to be replaced into the hands of the king. Moreover, he had recently said: 'I prefer to be dragged dead through the streets of Paris rather than to enter upon a civil war.'

"After having wavered, hesitated and dissimulated a long time, Catherine entered decidedly upon the contest against the admiral, whose influence seemed to threaten her own; pronounced for the Spanish and Papal party, besieged Charles IX, in order to wring from him a promise of peace; and finally, *giving form to the vague thoughts of murder which had been floating in her mind for many years, she took counsel how to get rid of the admiral.*"

CHAP. II.

Marriage of the King's Sister to a Huguenot—The Admiral Shot—Catholic Leaders Inflame the People; Catherine Provokes the King to Order the Massacre—The Watchword and Signal.

Under these auspices, and in the midst of many plots, the wedding of Henry of Navarre (a Huguenot) and Marguerite (sister of Charles IX) was celebrated at Notre-Dame, Paris.

This mixed marriage was a pledge of alliance and peace with the Protestants, and the king brought it about *in spite of the Holy See.*

This certainly seemed to show the king's good faith. For the cathedral, this ceremony was the "abomination of desolation." They had predicted that the wedding would be *vermillion*,—that is, that it would be attended by a bloody battle or massacre. During the mass, the Protestants remained outside the cathedral. To these the Catholics said: "You shall enter before long, whether you wish or not." But the marriage was peaceably celebrated on the 18th day of August, 1572, and the feasts continued four days. On the very day of the marriage, Charles IX. was made to sign an order to the governors to arrest every courier and every other person who should pass the mountains [coming from Rome], in the next six days.

Now, the sixth day after the date of this order was the 24th of August, the day on which the great massacre began. Perhaps it was an accidental coincidence, but a remarkable one. It is known, in fact, that this arrest of couriers, this interruption of communication between Paris and Rome, was an old war custom that has been perpetuated to our own times (1816), and is always premonitory of some great movement or project.

Evidently the massacre was arrested at its source, and Gaspard de Tavannes, an *ultra-Catholic*, has given us in his memoirs a plan which he himself had suggested for exterminating the Protestants, during the marriage feasts, by means of a simulated sham battle.

This bloody farce could not take place; but the balls and masquerades were at least enlivened by strange mystifications against Navarre. Condi and the Protestants, were beaten, ridiculed and retained in hell, while their wives, appareled like nymphs, were triumphing in the arms of the orthodox dancers in ballets, the shamelessness of which was intended solely as a punishment for the austerities of the Huguenots.

By these significant and menacing comedies, Catherine, the Duke of Anjou, the Guises and the whole faction, were precluding the assassination.

The first act in the drama was planned and devised by two women. Catherine de Medicis caused the duchess de Nemours, widow of the great Guise who had been killed by the Protestant Poltrot, to come to her secretly, and put her under obligations to seek revenge for her house by killing Coligny. The queen-mother, according to the testimony of the grave historians (De Thou and "*Memoirs of the French State*) had made a Machiavelian plot for the destruction of the Huguenots, Lorraines and politicians, by one another, and then to crush the probable victors, the Guises. At all events, the latter, who had considerable forces in hand, consented to undertake the horrible initiative. Their thirst for blood was such that the young Guise wished at first his mother should, herself, kill the admiral in the hall of the Louvre (Letter of the Nuncio Salviati), by a musket shot, but they finally resolved on more practical measures. The Guises had long kept one Maurevert, an expert in those bloody

schemes, as an especial assassin to kill Coligny. They concealed him at the house of one Villemur, a dignitary of the Roman Catholic Church, at the cloister Saint-Germain l'Auxerrois, and for three days he lay hid behind the trellis of a window, with a musket (*arquebuse*), loaded with copper balls, awaiting the passage of the admiral. On Friday, the 22d of August, as Coligny was returning on foot from the council, and reading a petition as he went to his little hotel on the street Bethisy, he passed in front of the fatal window and received the shot close to the muzzle. One ball carried off the index finger of his right hand; another lodged in his left arm. In the presence of his illustrious victim the wretch's hand had trembled; he fled behind the houses, sprang upon a horse taken from the stable of the Guises, which, saddled and bridled, was awaiting him in the back yard. (Pres. Lincoln's assassin fled in the very same manner.)

Without moving, Coligny pointed with his mutilated hand to the window whence the shot had come, and said to his friends, who were around him: "Notify the king."

Charles IX. was playing at tennis with the Duke of Guise and Teligny, son-in-law of the admiral. He turned pale, threw down his battledore angrily, ordered an investigation, forbid the citizens to arm, swore that he would punish the guilty, and sent a detachment of guards to protect the admiral in his lodgings. Doubtless all that would sufficiently prove that he was not yet in the confidence of the plotters; but it should be remarked that the queen-mother herself pretended violent indignation at the news of this crime, which she had planned.

However it may be, Charles, upon invitation of Coligny, went to the wounded man, and overwhelmed him with attentions. Catherine, the queen-mother, and Anjou, her pet son, accompanied him, either to mask their complicity, or perhaps to spy out the words of their victim.

Meantime, although the illustrious surgeon, Ambroise Paré, answered for the life of the admiral, and the crime seemed to have failed, Paris was full of the agitation which precedes great crises. The Protestant gentlemen collected about the hotel on Bethisy street, loudly accusing the Guises of the assassination. Those

quarters, *under the influence of the brotherhoods and the clergy, took up arms in spite of the king's injunction.* Anjou, not by any means to leave the first place to the Duke of Guise, *at the head of the Catholic party,* drove through the town in a coach, scattering along his route the false report that Montmorency (the chief of the politicians) was about to fall upon Paris with a great body of cavalry—*at sure means of increasing the excitement and of hastening, by a panic, the massacre of the Protestants.*

On the 23d, Saturday, there was a council at the house of the queen-mother, where were present Condi (*who was then the grand chaplain of the queen-mother, confessor of Charles, the King, and Bishop of Paris, and better known in history as Cardinal Retz*), Chancellor Birague, Marshal Tavannes, Anjou and the Duke of Nevers. Of these four counsellors, who aided the widow, Catherine de Medicis, and the sons of Henry II. to stain the annals of France with an ineffaceable blot, three were strangers to France. They fixed upon their plan, and then went, the whole six, to find the king in his cabinet at the Louvre.

It is, thus, the generally adopted opinion of to-day that Charles did not yet know anything of the frightful project. Yet it is proper to recall the fact that other historians, as Audin and Sismondi, for example, have admitted without fixing anything very positively, that the idea of getting rid of all the chiefs of the party at a single stroke, was not altogether new to Charles. Davila says positively that it was the king that authorized the Duke of Guise to kill Coligny; but it is contradicted by the statements of Tavannes, of queen Marguerite and of the Duke of Anjou.

The reader will perceive that I have not hastened on to the details of the butchery. It was not my aim to harrow the gentle reader's mind with scenes of violence and blood, but to fix the guilt of murdering, in cold blood, 70,000 peaceable citizens where it belongs. Thus far we find all the prominent plotters of this tragedy high church dignitaries, though also intimately connected with the State—Catherine de Medicis (a native born Italian and fierce partisan of the Roman Catholic Church,) the Nuncio, fresh from Pope Gregory XIII, and urg-

ing her to the destruction of all French Protestants, and Pierre de Condi (Cardinal Retz), wielding an unlimited influence over Catherine. Now we know that neither the Nuncio nor the Cardinal ever takes any important step in ecclesiastical affairs without first consulting his Holiness. The sequel will show with absolute certainty that Gregory is fairly convicted of being an accessory, after the fact, *at least*; and what the Pope does, the Roman Catholic Church does.

But let us return to the plotters at the Louvre on the 23d of August, Saturday. It is well known what they did there. Catherine cynically set forth the plan of her faction; she said that the Huguenots were armed everywhere; that the civil war was about to re-commence, and that it was better to end it in Paris, while they had the leaders in hand. Besides, the Catholics were determined to finish them, she said, and if the king did not put himself at their head, they would name a captain general (which was actually done in the league); that Guise could not be punished for the murder of the admiral, because *she herself and the duke of Anjou were of the party*; that the work must be finished, because Coligny was an enemy of the royal authority, etc. It is said that Charles struggled a long while against his mother and her hated counsellors; but her insinuation that perhaps he was afraid of the Huguenots brought him to a decision. Then he broke forth in a frenzy: "By the dead God!" shouted this maniac; "since you think it best that the admiral be killed, I wish it, but also all the Huguenots of France that not one may remain to reproach me. By the dead God! give the order for it promptly."

The conspirators passed the rest of the day in preparing for the execution of their crime. Guise, Aumale, Montpensier, the bastard of Angouleme, were summoned to the frightful cabal. The murders were parceled out—an easy matter, because they had a list of the Huguenots and their dwellings.

Le Charron, the provost of the merchants, received various orders from the king, of which he understood the import only too well. He objected, but they threatened to hang him if he did not obey. Still, he did not send the orders till next day, when they had become useless.

Thus the *regular authority of the Hotel de Ville seemed to have but a feeble part in the massacre.*

But the conspirators had prudently taken measures to do without it. One of their henchmen, Marcel, ex-provost of the merchants, had been charged to collect the leaders of the brotherhoods, the captains of the quarters, all the leaders of which they were sure, at the Hotel de Ville, in order to communicate to them the watchword. The signal agreed upon was the clock on the Palais de Justice, which was to be struck at break of day on Sunday. *All the good Catholics were to recognize one another by a white handkerchief on the arm and a white cross on the hat.*

CHAPTER III.

Motherly Tenderness of Catherine—

The Signal is given—Admiral Coligny Barbarously Butchered.

When the queen-mother retired the night before the beginning of the butchery, August 23, a characteristic scene was enacted. It is known that Henry of Navarre, the Protestant husband of the king's sister (Marguerite), and Condé, cousin of Navarre, also Protestant, were at the Louvre with their friends and families. All these Protestants were destined to be sacrificed, except the two princes, Navarre and Condé, whose death had been the subject of deliberation; but it was agreed to spare them, so as not to leave the party of the Guises without a counterbalance. The Louvre, therefore, the residence of the king, was in a few hours to be stained with the blood of the king's guests. Very well; that evening, at the usual hour, Catherine coldly dismissed her daughter Marguerite, the new queen of Navarre, who was not in the secret; and as her other daughter, the Duchess of Lorraine, was entreating for her sister, saying how merciless it was to send this unfortunate one into the apartments of her husband, where blood was about to flow, the queen-mother commanded more rudely: "Whatever may happen" said she, "she must go there, for fear of arousing their suspicion."

This remark alone serves to show the

motherly tenderness of Catherine, which has been so much dwelt upon by some historians.

And the danger which she feared was not imaginary; we know from the *Memoirs of the Queen Marguerite*, the frightful scenes that covered her bed chamber, even to her bed, with blood.

Meanwhile, during the silence of the night, preparations are being completed; towards midnight, the 1,200 musketeers of the regiment of the guards commenced to take their appointed positions; the voluntary assassins arm themselves in the quarters; Guise brings together the French and Swiss captains, and communicates to them his own savage fury: "The beast is taken in a snare," said he; "we must satiate him with his own blood; it is the king that wishes it!"

At the moment of sounding the signal for the butchery, this miserable Catharine, it is said, had a moment of anxious hesitation, not from pity, but from fright; but this moment was brief, and presently she sent the order to strike the bell nearest the Louvre, that of Saint Germain L'Auxerrois, to which the death knell of the tower of the clock replied a little later. Next, she went with her son Anjou and stationed herself in a little room that looked out towards the church, the better to see the beginning of the grand enterprise. A pistol shot was heard, and caused these two cowardly assassins to tremble. In the recital which is attributed to him, Anjou pretends even that he and his mother were so overcome with terror that they gave a counter order. Be this assertion true or false, it was too late; presently the tumult, the cries, the ringing of bells, the musket shots, announced that the *Matin* of Paris had begun.

The dawn came, but the sombre streets of ancient Paris were veiled in obscurity, and the massacre began by the lurid glimmer of the torches. That day, which came on slowly to light those scenes, ought to be doubly sacred to Christians. It was Sunday, and was the feast of one of the founders of Christianity, the martyr apostle, St. Bartholomew.

Coligny, watched over by Ambroise Paré, his physician, and by his pastor, of Merlin, guarded by a handful of

Protestant gentlemen scattered through the neighboring houses and by two posts of the royal guards, rested with entire confidence, believing himself fully protected, moreover, by the word of the king, by treaties, by public faith—by all that is honorable among men. It is with him the massacre begins. Now, let the reader take notice that thus far no Huguenot (Protestant) seems to have had the slightest influence in bringing about the terrible slaughter which must now be narrated.

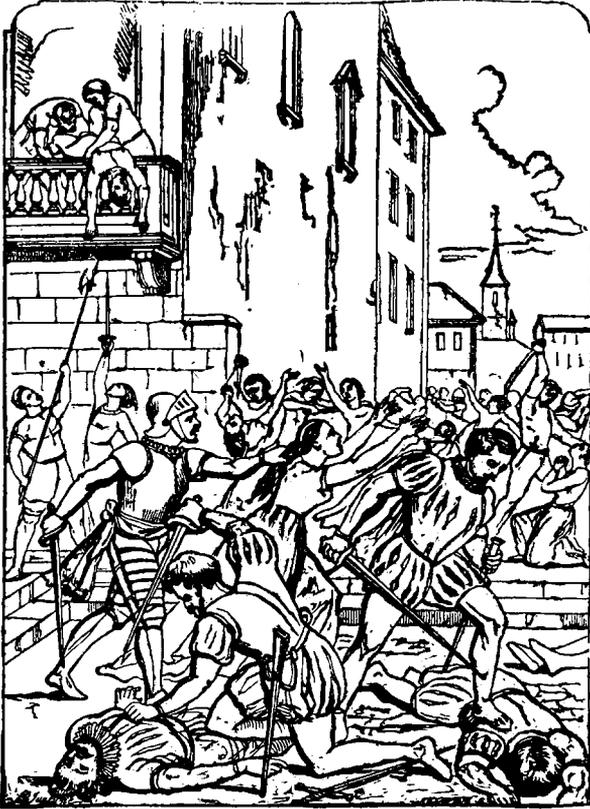
CHAPTER IV.

Details of the Murder of the Admiral—His Head sent to Rome—The Bloodthirsty Butchery in the King's Court—The Carnage becomes General—The Murder of Teligny.

The Duke of Guise had not wished to leave to others the mission of finishing this illustrious victim, who belonged to him, and of whom he was the assassin-in-chief. (Henry I. of Lorraine was the Duke of Guise, born 1550, assassinated at Blois in 1588. At this time he was 22 years old. He had inherited influence from his father over the Catholic party, had distinguished himself against the Protestants at Jarnac and at Montcontour (1516) being then only 16 years old. See "Grand Dictionnaire Universel du XIX Siecle," art. Guise.) He took with him Aumale, the bastard of Angoulême, and a great troop of soldiers, and invaded the street of Bethisy. The royal guards and Cosseins, their captain, joined him and transformed themselves unhesitatingly from official protectors into cowardly murderers. They break down the doors, they kill or put to flight the servants. Sarlabous, the governor of Havre, Atlin, an attaché of the Duke of Aumale, the German Behme (or Besme), Guise's hired assassin, and several others, present themselves howling before the Admiral. The august old man receives them with a calm so extraordinary that the French murderers hesitate. Behme advances, and after a few words, plunges an enormous hunting spear into the abdomen of Coligny; then they all finished him, with horrible curses. Guise was becoming impatient while

waiting in the courtyard. "Behme, have you finished," said he. "It is finished," said Behme. "Throw it out, then, that it (the corpse) may be recognized," said Guise; and the lifeless body of the great admiral bounded upon the pavement. The head was covered with blood and unrecognizable, but Angouleme wiped off the face and said: "My faith, it is indeed he." And these illustrious lords

stooped to the baseness and vileness of *kicking the face of the great martyr.* An Italian, named Petrucci, cut off his head and *carried it to the royal family.* *This royal bit was carefully embalmed and sent to the Pope.* The hideous trophy set out for Rome, but there is no historic evidence which permits the affirmation that it ever arrived at its destination. (See cut.)



From "The Massacre of St. Bartholomew,"

Harper & Brothers.

Other vindicators of religion, picked up in the gutters of Paris by the leaders, broke up the body, dragged it through the streets and hung it up by the feet to the gibbet of Montfaucon.

The massacre began about 5 in the morning at the Louvre, the royal residence. The wretches designed as victims, most of whom were participating in

the games the previous evening, were surprised, one by one, either in the apartments or in the court yard, under the eyes of the king, who, from a window, was assisting in the killing! There fell the most valiant and the most loyal captains, the flower of France and of the reform. "From the yard these unfortunates addressed the most pathetic appeals to this

window, but found in the king, their host, their magistrate of common justice, only the savage, distempered and furious eye of a miserable fool." (Michelet, celebrated French historian, born at Paris, 1798.)

As to Navarre and Condé, the king sent for them, and said to them, with frantic violence: "I want but one religion in my kingdom—the mass or death, choose!"

Navarre, the lively leaper, who was later, with his Gasconic grace, to make the perilous jump, extricated himself from the danger by a few concessive words. Condé, just as frivolous, showed himself more firm and more worthy. But it had been decided to spare them both. Still, the king threatened to cut off the head of Condé if he did not abjure Protestantism within three days. Both renounced it a little later.

The carnage extends throughout the entire city, companies of infuriated men, under the control of the Guises, the Aumales, the Montpensiers, the Tavannes, the Nevers, the royal guards, etc., after having cut the throats of the Protestant gentlemen gathered in the admiral's quarters, went next to the magistrates, to the citizens and to the artisans *accused of heresy!* As has been seen in all proscriptions, neighbors denounced their competitors, and relatives, those whose inheritance they awaited. The savage Tavannes was everywhere howling; *"Bleed! Bleed! Bleeding is as good in August as in May!"* (Brantome, French chronicler, died 1614.)

To justify the fury of the slayers and diminish the horror of their crime, the trite calumny, invariably employed in all times against the proscribed, had been launched forth from the beginning: "The Huguenots are conspiring! they must be crushed in order to save the religion and the king."

Now, besides not finding any document or any indication that could give the least appearance of reality to this romance, the greater part of these pretended conspirators were surprised in bed; and although they may have felt themselves surrounded by plots, they counted so surely on the good faith of the king that they had planned nothing for their defence—a precaution that certainly would not have been forgotten by conspirators. La Rochefoucauld, an intimate friend of the

king's, who had trifled with the king the previous evening till midnight, saw eight masked men suddenly enter his house. He thought it was one of those masquerades familiar to Charles IX., who, in his strange enjoyments, often went to surprise the men and even the women of the court. This wretch still laughed when the knife was already at his throat. These sinister masques were some of the friends of the Duke of Anjou. Under "Teligny" in the *Dictionnaire du XIX^{eme} Siecle*, the French work from which most of these articles have been translated, is found the following: "He (Teligny) refused to look upon Charles IX. as an enemy of the Protestants, and the tocsin of St. Bartholomew alone was able to dissipate this illusion. At the first alarm he had run to the house of Coligny (the admiral, his father-in-law), who ordered him to fly. Several courtiers, sent to butcher him, had not the courage to do it when they saw him, so much was he loved by all who knew him. He was then able to shut himself up in a granary, where he was found by the soldiers of the Duke of Anjou, and pitilessly murdered.

These incidents are sufficient to refute the lying statements published by some Roman Catholic authors who have endeavored to prove that the massacre was committed by the French people, enthusiastic in their efforts to crush out a great Huguenot conspiracy.

CHAPTER V.

Charles IX Fires upon the Huguenots —His savage Frenzy—Catherine a full-blooded Italian Woman.

A large number of Protestants lodged outside the walls in the suburb of Saint-Germain. Bands of assassins had been sent to them, but they had dispersed on their way to butcher and pillage in the Quarters. Being awakened by the frightful tumult of Paris, they believed some movement had been set on foot by the Guises. They went down towards the river (Seine) facing the Louve, for the purpose of ranging themselves around the king; but they fled on seeing the Swiss or royal guards, and the courtiers firing upon them from the other

bank, and entering some boats to pursue them.

It is then, as we are assured, that Charles IX, irritated at seeing this prey escape the butchery, seized a musket (arquebuse), with the fury of a blood-thirsty maniac, and several times fired upon the fugitives. In our day we do not ignore that this fact has been called in question; but besides its being attested by several statements of that time, it is nothing improbable of a man whose savage instincts as a hunter are known; who disembowelled with his own hand animals that had been run down, covered himself with their blood and frantically tore out their entrails and cut off the heads of asses and mules that he met on his road. (See Papyre, Charles IX.) It is known, too, that after having shrunk from the execution of such a crime, he showed himself one of the most furious when blood began to flow, and that his habitual violence, which so often bordered on dementia, became a real craze for murder and carnage.

This, moreover, is only an accessory circumstance; and supposing that it had no reality, the horror so justly attached to the name of Charles IX would be but very slightly diminished. But, we repeat, it is very probably true, for it is attested, not only by Protestant writers, by the "Memoires de l'Etat de France," folio 212, by the "Reveille-matin des Francais," etc., but also by Brantome, who could not be accused of malevolence, for he considers Charles IX as the type of a perfect king. Brantome says: "And he was more sanguine than all; so that, when the tragedy was at its height, and it was day, and he had put his head to the window of his room, and saw any in the suburbs of Saint-Germain who were moving and running away, he took a great hunting gun that he had, and fired full at them; but in vain, for the musket would not carry so far. He constantly cried out, *kill, kill!* He deigned to save none except Ambroise Paré, his first surgeon, and his nurse."

Following the tradition, he must have fired from the balcony on the ground floor, which is at the end of the wing of the Louvre, built in his reign by Jean Bullant. In the second year of the first French Republic, in Floreal (April 20 to May 19), an ignominious post was placed

there, with this inscription: "It was from this window that the infamous Charles IX, of execrable memory, fired upon the people with a carbine." The whole conduct of this king shows that his proper place was either the insane asylum or a school for the feeble-minded. The fact is, his mother, Catherine, a full-blooded Italian woman and *niece of Pope Gregory XIII*, had control of the government, while the Pope, through his bishops, cardinals and nuncios, had control of her, and no fair-minded man can reach any other honest conclusion than that these murders were committed by the Church of Rome, for the purpose of destroying the thinking men of that age.

Just when the Protestants were flying from the suburb of Saint-Germain, Guise, Aumale and Angouleme ran with their cavalry to the gate Bucy; but being mistaken in their keys, they lost precious time, while the fugitives, under the guidance of the vidame of Chartres (*vidame*, a dignitary who held his fief of a bishop), of Jean de Rohan, of Montgomery and other chiefs, gained Vaugirard, and fled rapidly, with the intention of taking refuge in Normandy. The butchers followed them as far as Montfort-l'Amaury, but without being able to overtake them.

CHAPTER VI.

What Classes of men perpetrated the Massacre—The King Wearies of the Murders—Barbarity of the Assassins—The Court Ladies gratify their Curiosity—Names of Illustrious Slain—Tithing the Booty—The King incites Governors of Provinces to kill—Ignatius Loyola.

Thus far we have seen that the massacre was the work of the court, the princes, the lords, the religious brotherhoods of the guards of the King and princes, of the clients and hired assassins of the Guises, and of a certain number of fanatics and bandits. Doubtless one will also observe the presence

of citizen militia, as the goldsmith Cruce, the butcher Pezou, the bookseller Koerver and others, who guided the companies composed of tried men, of chosen assassins; doubtless the wretches sallying forth from the court of Miracles, from the prisons and the low pot houses, the artisans even and tradesmen, led astray by incendiary sermons,—mingled voluntarily with the chosen butchers; but the movement was none the less prepared, commanded, directed by the chiefs of this society: it is an official butchery; it is impossible to remove the least doubt in this respect; and the theory of the Buchez's of the Capfigues and others, which consists in representing this horrible execution as an act of faith and of popular fury,—as the spontaneous work of the Paris population—this theory is as false as it is odious.

After the departure of the Guises, about midday, across the city inundated with blood, the provost of the merchants, and aldermen went to the Louve and begged the King to stop the pillage, the sack and murders which his people, those of the princes, princesses, lords, gentlemen guards, archers, Swiss, etc. were committing under their influence. Here is what shows exactly, as is seen, the face of this pretended popular movement, and the part which municipal magistrates, the representatives of the city, took therein. It required courage to take such a step at such a time. Charles IX, by a natural reaction, had fallen from his frenzied condition into a dull stupidity; he welcomed the municipal officers and authorized them to disarm and establish quiet. The order was derisive. They continued to butcher in the streets, in the houses, in the prisons and everywhere.

Remember, all this was on Sunday. On Monday there was a lull, a weariness, but a Franciscan, or Grey Friar, pretended a miracle: he cried out everywhere that a hawthorn bush had just blossomed at the cemetery of the Innocents! Then the bells of the parishes, the convents, and chapels, began to sound all at once, as if to celebrate the justice of God, manifested by a prodigy so striking. This incessant and fearful clanging of so many bells re-kindled the lukewarm fury of the as-

sassins. The massacre was renewed with redoubled barbarity. Women heavy with child were ripped up to tear out the young heretics, which were flung to the voracity of the hogs and the dogs. From certain houses where all the adults had been killed, little infants were carried off in baskets and thrown from the tops of the bridges into the river like litters of animals! Little wretches of ten years old strangled babies in the cradle, or dragged them through the streets with cords about their necks! On all sides there was murder, pillage, rape and the destruction of houses; the gutters were swollen with blood, and they poured it forth in waves to the river, which was constantly filled with dead bodies. From the Louvre the great lords and noble ladies could contemplate, in sweet leisure, the bloody defile of victims. "The King," says Brantome (an ultramontane Roman Catholic historian), "took very great pleasure at seeing pass under his window more than 4,000 bodies of people killed or drowned which floated down the river."

These horrors were also the delight of the court of prostitutes, of effeminate men and assassins.

The maids of honor, the ladies and the queen-mother had already, the night before, passed agreeable hours in the obscene review of the gentlemen killed in the court-yard and stripped off their clothing, and decided for themselves the suit brought against the intrepid Baron de Pont' y his shameless wife, on the ground of impotence! What citizens Rome doth make!

The massacre continued the next day, Tuesday; and during several days yet there were isolated but numerous murders. Among the most notable victims of the last days, we must recall Pierre de La Place and the illustrious Ramus, immolated at the instigation of an ignorant and envious rival, Professor Charpentier, a creature of the Jesuits.

According to tradition, the statuary, Jean Goujon, was killed the 24th, by a musket shot, upon his very scaffolding, while he was working at the bas-reliefs of the court of the Louvre. It seems little likely that in such a carnage where his co-religionists perished, the great

artist would have had the sangfroid to mount there for the purpose of chiseling figures, unless it may have been to take refuge there. His name is not found upon the lists of the dead, which are, however, very incomplete.

Another, illustrious reformer, Bernard Pallissy, who worked for Catherine, outside the walls, at the Tuilleries, was saved, either by the protection of the queen-mother, or by the forgetfulness of the slayers.

Plunder necessarily accompanied the butchery. For many, indeed, the massacre was an industry. Life was sold to the proscribed, and then, after having thus robbed them, they were killed. Corpses were sold to relatives in tears, and then the living were slain upon the dead. Suitors cut the throats of their adversaries; candidates for office killed the occupants. Individual hatreds took their revenge.

Notably did the Guises cause many of their enemies to be killed, and among others Salceic, who nevertheless was a Catholic, and then caused his hotel to be plundered and all the booty to be carried to their own homes. Charles IX and the princes levied tithes upon the plunder of the lapidaries and other rich Huguenots killed by their soldiers; they sold the offices of those whom they delivered to death; they did a brokerage business with the assassins. These are the men produced by parochial schools with Jesuit teachers.

On the 24th, after the visit of the provost and the aldermen, Charles, notwithstanding the order made by him to them, had shamelessly written to the governors of the provinces and to the ambassadors, that the massacre was entirely the work of the Guises; the result of a rivalry between them and the family of the Admiral—a sort of vendetta after the fashion of the Italian factions—and that he himself had had enough to do to protect himself in his Louvre! This move was an Italian contrivance of the queen-mother, conformably to the classic method of destroying parties by one another. It was hoped by this fiction, by this official lie, to preserve the alliance of the Protestant sovereigns, after having, by the terrible reality of the massacre, satisfied the faction of

the ultramontane Catholics, Spain and the Holy See. Guise and Aumale, on returning from their chase after fugitives, showed themselves discontented: they were anxious to remain the chiefs of their party, but not that the King should break off his responsibility and renounce all connection with them. On the other hand, it was feared that Montmorency, chief of public affairs, but a Huguenot, who happened just at this time to be in England, on seeing the King deny the massacre, might march upon Paris as if to come to the aid of Charles, against the omnipotence of the Guises. Doubtless he would have rallied crowds of Huguenots, as well as a great number of honest Catholics, who were disgusted by so great atrocities, and reduced to silence by fear.

Thus the wretched Charles was about to find himself again between two parties, neither of which would be 'he party of the King.

Then the King was made to take a new turn. On Tuesday, the 26th, this miserable fool went into the full Parliament and solemnly falsified himself, and declared with a savage cynicism that all that had been done had taken place by his express order, and that he had desired thus to prevent the plots of Coligny and his co-religionists! This circumstance is, I believe, the only ground for the statement made by Roman Catholic historians, that the massacre of St. Bartholomew was instigated by Huguenot plots against the reigning family!

Christophe de Thou, President of the Parliament, who held the massacre in horror, had, nevertheless, the cowardice to apologize for it, and to laud the admirable wisdom of the King by quoting the maxim of Louis XI: "He who knows not how to dissimulate, knows not how to reign"—a maxim every way worthy its Jesuitic origin.

[Ignatius Loyola was born in the year 1491—just one year before Columbus set sail for America—and less than 100 years before the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, which began August 24, 1572, and yet he governed, guided and directed the Roman Catholic Church everywhere then as fully as to-day. Its priests were then the teachers of youth, as they are now asking to be in the U-

nited States. Will American citizens accept such teachers for their sons and daughters?]

CHAP. VII.

Members of the Parliament Terrified —The King Likes the Odor of the Dead Coligny—The Catholic Clergy Hold a Jubilee.

The members of Parliament, troubled, perhaps, by the cries of the victims, which they could hear from their seats, plunged into nonsense and ignominy. They indicted Coligny and his *accomplices*, and, after two months' procedure, rendered all sorts of blighting decrees, ordered the anniversary of St. Bartholomew to be celebrated forever by a procession, and finally, to associate *justice* with the glorious exploits of the murderers, sent to death two Protestants of the most noble character—Captain Briquemaut, 70 years old, and Cavaignes, a member of the Council of State. They were *tortured* and hanged, by torchlight, at the Greve, in the presence of all the court. They hanged Coligny in effigy at the same time.

The next day after the sitting of Parliament in the king's presence, Charles IX. went to visit the remains of Coligny at the gibbet of Montfaucon, which had become a place of pilgrimage for all the fervent Catholics. Of this visit Brantome, an ultramontane Catholic, says: "When the corpse had begun to emit a bad odor, the king went to see it. Some who were with him stopped their noses, for which he reprimanded them, saying, 'I do not stop mine like you others, for the odor of one's enemy is very good.'"

On the 28th of August the Catholic clergy had an extraordinary jubilee celebrated in honor of the memorable victory! The king and the court figured in great pomp in the processions and *stations*.

In the midst of these tragic farces, the massacre was going on in the provinces. While he was loudly confessing the crime, claiming it as his own, the king had caused new letters to be sent, contradicting those sent the day before to the governors, who, besides, received

contradictory instructions in regard to the Huguenots. The orders of massacre were verbally transmitted by special envoys; the historian, Tavannes, positively affirms it. Besides, there was need of nothing more than to leave the field free to the ecclesiastic and brotherhood leaders, who cared little for the contradictory orders of the court, but proceeded to their execution with a rapidity and a certainty quite remarkable. They began by imprisoning the most noble of the Huguenots; and then they massacred them in the prisons. At last the butchery extended from house to house, upon the public squares and in the streets, accompanied by the usual scenes of pillage and devastation. The victims were almost exclusively merchants, manufacturers, common citizens, artisans and some gentlemen of the robe (lawyers); very few gentlemen of the sword. The latter, doubtless, had had the time and means of taking care of themselves. At Paris, on the contrary, although the lists give many people of trade and industry, yet the number of nobles sacrificed was very considerable. The peace had induced many of them to come in, besides those who followed Condé, Navarre and Coligny.

At Troyes, the council that decreed the massacre met at the house of the Bishop Bauffremont. At Orleans, it began by the reception of a pressing letter from Bishop Sorbin, a preacher of the king. At Lyons, the principal Protestants had been imprisoned in the archbishop's palace and in the convents, where they were butchered by bands organized by the brotherhoods! Next they proceeded to massacre in the houses and in the streets.

[The perpetrators of these deeds of blood and pillage were born in the Roman Catholic Church, reared in it, educated in it, and the hierarchy are now endeavoring to raise up a great multitude of just such citizens in the United States of America, to be used in the near future for just such purposes,—for the butchery of all Protestants, all heretics, all who do not bow down to the idols of pagan Rome. The public schools are a great light which Rome will extinguish by any and every means, lawful or unlawful; for her

deeds are evil, and so she prefers darkness to light. She must collect her children into her own special schools, parochial schools, and poison their young minds with hatred of Protestantism and Protestants, and carefully exclude from them all knowledge of history, except the lying history of the false miracles of so-called saints. Such schools will produce a proletariat fit for their purposes. They did produce it in France, why not in America?

Let the American people see to it well, that no Roman Catholic be put into any office of public trust, and especially where he can exert an influence on our public schools.]

CHAP. VIII.

The Catholic Dignitaries Confiscate the Goods of Murdered Protestants—The Names of Towns where the Massacre Prevalled—How it was Done at Bordeaux. 25,000 to 70,000 Murdered!—How Rome Rejoiced at the News—The Pope goes in Solemn Procession from 3 Churches—The Declaration of the Rev. Dr. White, a Jesuit of Washington, D. C.

Among the victims was the illustrious composer of music, Claude Goudimel. Governor Mandelot, who had received orders, closed his eyes, and soon after, entreated the queen-mother not to forget him in the distribution of the confiscated goods of the Protestants. Similar conduct was the rule everywhere. The greater part of the butchers enriched themselves out of the spoils of the victims. These ardent Catholics had a holy horror of the Protestants, but not of their goods. They thought, like the Roman Cæsar, that silver always smells good. Some ingenious assassins even cast lots for the bodies of the slain, so as to sell their fat! It is well known how great were the prejudices of the ancients as to the marvellous curative virtues of human fat.

Protestants were also killed at Rouen,

Meaux, Angers, Saumur, Toulouse, Bourges, La Charite, etc. The executions continued till September, and even till October in some places. It was a real campaign. On the 3d of October, the Jesuit, Edmond Auger, came to Bordeaux to preach the massacre. He announced that it was the Archangel Michael, who had accomplished the great *work of justice*; shamed the inhabitants of Bordeaux, the governor and the magistrates, for their effeminacy, and finally brought on an execution, which was accomplished quasi-legally, under the direction of the aldermen!

[Here we see just what is meant when a Romanist tells you that the Church of Rome did not put to death that vast and almost inconceivable number of Protestant martyrs—60,000,000 of the choicest of humanity by the Inquisition—almost as many as the entire population of the United States! They tell you that they were put to death by the civil authorities. They mean that the civil authorities, all themselves Romanists, acted as executioners after the church had pronounced sentence!]

Happily, the bloody work was not executed in the whole of France. Many towns preserved their inhabitants in whole or in part from these horrors.

It would be difficult to determine exactly the total number of deaths. It is estimated from 25,000 to 70,000! from 4,000 to 10,000 of whom were in Paris.

The Court of Rome received the grand news with inexpressible transports of joy. Cardinal Lorraine (a Guise) counted out 1,000 crowns (\$500,00) in gold to the courier who brought him the dispatches, and wrote to Charles IX, a letter of frenzied enthusiasm. At Holy-Angel Castle, the cannon fired. Pope Gregory XIII., accompanied by the sacred college, went in procession from three of the churches (mass-houses) of Rome, to return solemn thanks to God; published a universal jubilee; caused a commemorative medal to be struck (as had been already done at Paris), of which one is still preserved in the British Museum, and ordered the celebrated painter, Vasari, to execute a representation of the massacre at Paris on the walls of the Sistine Chapel, and the same is still seen there

with the following inscription: *Pontifex Colignii necem probat* (the Pope approves the murder of Coligny). [It ought to be observed that the word *necem* in Latin does not mean *death* simply, but *murder*! The Pope approves the *murder* of those who do not agree with him in religious matters; and the Church of Rome claims that *it never changes*. It claims to be the same to-day as it was in 1572; and only a few years ago, the Rev. Dr. White, a Jesuit, and one of the greatest expounders of Romish dogmas this country has ever had, said from the pulpit of St. Matthew's church, in this city, that the Roman Catholic Church had the same right to punish heretics now that it ever had; "but," said he, "we are restrained, as I may say, by the force of circumstances."

How can any reasonable man uphold an organization that is only waiting for power to torture to death every one who may chance to express an honest conviction differing from that held by that organization? And yet, I recently met a Roman Catholic lady of considerable education and well read in history, who said it made her blood boil to read of the horrible deaths of more than 60,000,000 of people by the inquisition of the Romish church; and although, she declared, she believed the historians had told the truth, she still clung to the church! Is it a fatality?]

CHAP. IX.

Cardinal Lorraine attributes the great Victory to the advice and prayers of the Pope—The Pope asks the King of France to establish the Inquisition to complete the Destruction of Protestants—Phillipe II. of Spain rejoices—Conclusion.

Cardinal Lorraine caused to be placed over the door of the Church of Saint Louis an inscription thanking God for the victory gained by Charles IX., "thanks to the advice and prayers of the Holy See."

The Pope, moreover, sent Cardinal Fabio Orsini, as delegate to France, to congratulate and thank the king, and

to ask him to complete his work by establishing the Inquisition, and by recognizing the canons of the Council of Trent. On his way through Lyons, this cardinal solemnly blessed those who had butchered the Protestants, as they *piously* knelt before him in the cathedral yard!

Phillipe II. showed no less joy; but in the other European countries this great exploit did not appear so holy, and produced almost everywhere a sentiment of repulsion and horror.

[I believe this is a fair and unbiased account of the massacre of St. Bartholomew,—one of the bloodiest and most inexcusable butcheries recorded in the annals of history. It began at Paris and spread over the greater part of France, and continued for about two months. It is estimated that from 25,000 to 70,000 persons were slain. One writer thinks that not much less than 100,000 persons perished directly by violence, and indirectly by want, privation, hunger, exposure, fear, the hardships of prison life and life in the galleys. And now the question again recurs. Who did it? We have seen that the Pope's nuncio urged the destruction of the Protestants upon Catherine, niece of the Pope, the mother of Charles IX., the King of France, four years before it took place; that she replied to the nuncio that neither she nor her son, the king, desired anything more than to accomplish just that very end; that when it did take place, she was the prime mover in forming and combining the plot; that all the leaders were members of the hierarchy; that the head of the Protestant leader, Admiral Coligni, was sent to the Pope as an acceptable present; that the Pope himself rejoiced publicly when the news of the massacre was brought him; that he had a medal struck, original copies of which are still in existence, which bears evidence of the Pope's approval of the foul deed by an inscription and representation of the scene of Coligny's death; and, finally, that he caused a grand painting representing the destruction of the Huguenots, to be made on the walls of the Sistine Chapel, which still remains there; as a witness against the church, with its appropriate inscription: "*Pontifex Colignii necem probat*" (the Pope

approves the murder of Coligny).

A great General Council has invested ALL the Popes with infallibility; and hence the Pope is the church; and what the Pope approves the church must approve. The Roman Catholic Church has always approved of the murder of Protestants, and, as it

claims to be unchangeable, it always will approve of such murders. That church is a fanatical sect of pagan origin, and dangerous to the liberties of any country, and should be kept under strict surveillance of law, that a St. Bartholomew may never be possible in our own beloved land.]

APPENDIX.



Cardinal Gibbons, in a recent publication of his, says that he is very sorry for this massacre; yet he would like to drive all Catholic children into parochial schools and have them drilled in the same vicious principles that actuated the St. Bartholomew assassins, and burnt alive the illustrious scholar, Giordano Bruno on the 17th of Feb. 1600.

Both the Pope and Cardinal Gibbons have very recently caused to be read in the R. C. Churches a paper on the unveiling of the statue of Bruno, (which occurred June 10th, '89), which is really an approval of Bruno's murder. At any rate neither in the paper sent out by the Pope nor in that by Gibbons is there one word of regret for the murder; but bitter denunciation of the poor, helpless victim,—one of the greatest scholars, and thinkers of his age. Even his enemies cannot point out one immoral act of his life. Like Galileo, he was in advance of his time, and, on being examined by the "Holy Inquisitors," was found guilty of knowing more of science, philosophy, and astronomy than they themselves knew. He taught that the sun, and not the earth, is the center of the solar system. It is also true that he knew, and openly taught, the exceeding wickedness of the R. C Church; for he had been a Dominican monk, and he knew them.

Bruno, while lecturing in a German University, said, speaking of the Pope: "That potentate who is armed with key and sword, with falsehood and force, with hypocrisy and haughtiness, at once

Fox and Lion, Vicar of the Prince of Hell, who with superstitious cult and more than bestial ignorance, under the name of divine wisdom, poisons the whole world." How well they who put him to a most agonizing death confirmed every word of that sentence!

His statue was erected by such men as Max Müller, Herbert Spencer, Victor Hugo, Chas. Bradlaugh, Ernest Renan, and many other equally illustrious men in every nation of Europe! Do we need further testimony that Giordano Bruno was a great, good and illustrious man? But such doctrines as he taught were likely to open the eyes of the blind followers of the Roman Church and that would never do. And these "holy" inquisitors were not content to destroy him by a most agonizing death, but must degrade and disgrace him in the eyes of the people. As he was led out for execution, He was dressed in a fantastic garb painted all over with the pictures of devils and the flames of hell!! His arms hung limp by his side having been dislocated by the torture.

He died without one cry of pain, his last words being, "I die a martyr and willingly, while my soul shall ascend to Paradise upon the smoke of my burning body." "Will pagan Romanism never learn that "Truth tho' crushed to earth, shall rise again"? The Roman Catholic church burnt Bruno's body, but his spirit is still in the world, and still lifts a warning voice to the whole civilized world against the wiles of Rome.

As to the present character of the R.

C. church, read the following, taken from Crispi's own newspaper, the *Riforma*:—

"In truth, this punishment of Bruno—which, to judge things mildly, we might have set down as the result of the cruel practices of a past age—thus falls back upon the Vatican as an immutable principle of its religion and government: a principle which would still be enforced if the Vatican had the power.

The Church (of Rome) has not changed in any way. Now, none of her most decided adversaries would have gone so far in his charges against her. All would rather have preferred figuring to themselves that she had given up her errors which once were common to a backward civilization, and which the progress of time had left behind forever. Instead of this, the Church (of Rome) has passed a worse judgment upon herself than her bitterest antagonists could have done." [From the "19th Century" for July '89]

Who can know better the spirit of Roman Catholicism than the Prime Minister of Italy, who was educated for the priesthood in the R. C. church, and who has lived all his life at Rome?

But let us interrogate the French Government.

The Parliament of France appointed a committee to examine the principles of the Jesuits. Following is an extract from their report:

"The consequences of their doctrine destroy the law of nature, break all the bonds of society,

authorizing lying, theft, perjury, the utmost uncleanness, murder, and all sins! Their doctrines root out all sentiments of humanity, excite rebellion, root out all religion, and substitute all sorts of superstition, blasphemy, irreligion, and idolatry."

Popery and civil liberty cannot co-exist.

Let the American people beware.

Remember the Inquisition! Remember the valleys of Piedmont; the fires of Smithfield; the Bartholomew massacre and Revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

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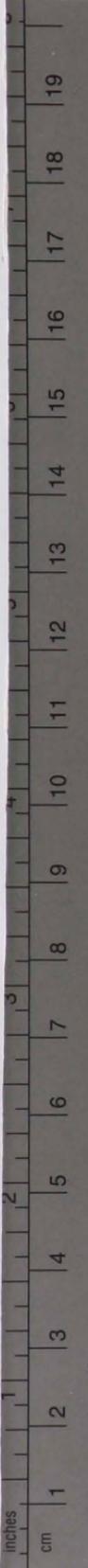
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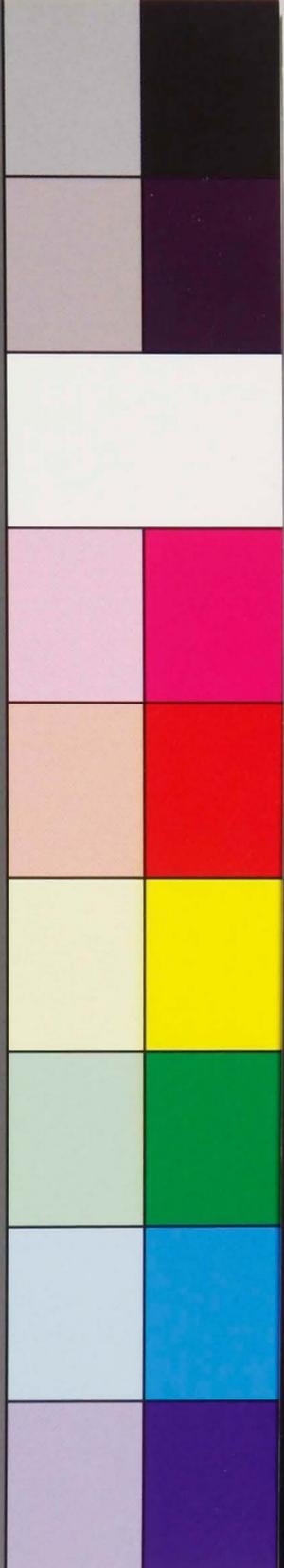




Kodak Color Control Patches

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Blue Cyan Green Yellow Red Magenta White 3/Color Black



A 1 2 3 4 5 6 M 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 B 17 18 19

Kodak Gray Scale



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