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Praise to the Father and the Son,  
And Holy Paraclete in One.  
Grant we may through the Christ inherit,  
Thy chrism of grace, Eternal of Spirit.

If "chrism" is not deemed too antique, it seems to retain, by its reference to "the Christ" in the previous line, the force of *Mittat Filius charisma.*

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Since the above translation was written, I have seen two other versions, which were before unknown to me, or quite forgotten by me, one by E. Caswall, and the other by R. Campbell, in Mr. Godfrey Thring's new Hymn-book. And I have also discovered that Caswall's version, though with many variations, is given in "Hymns Ancient and Modern," and in the "Hymnary." It is curious that, without any reference to, or remembrance of, their efforts, my fifth and sixth lines should be almost identical with Caswall's, and my twentieth line with Campbell's. But that two other writers in recent days should have essayed the same thing, may be at least an apology for my attempt. The common object of all must be to reproduce as nearly as possible in English the condensed thought of this noble Latin hymn.

E. H. BICKERSTETH.



ART. V.—THE RISE OF THE HUGUENOTS.

PART II.

1. *History of the Rise of the Huguenots.* By HENRY M. BAIRD. Professor in the University of the City of New York. Two Volumes, pp. 577, 681. Hodder & Stoughton. 1880.
2. *History of the Reformation of the Sixteenth Century.* By J. H. MERLE D'AUBIGNÉ, D.D. Simpkin, Marshall & Co.
3. *Life of Marguerite d'Angoulême, Queen of Navarre; Life of Jeanne d'Albret, Queen of Navarre.* By MARTHA WALKER FREER. Hurst & Blackett.

THE thunderstorm which was to destroy *Huguenotrie* was slowly gathering over the heads of these devoted men. Yet only a few black drops were to fall during the reign of Francis I. The King—whom the German Reformers had dubbed Sardanapalus—was no lover of cruelty; his proclivities were towards the literary, the æsthetic, and the ideal. It is probable that he would never have been a persecutor at all, had not political expediency forced him to it. And by his side, always

ready to stay his hand in that direction, was the really Protestant Queen of Navarre, the beloved sister who through life had more influence over Francis than any one else. But both these were about to quit the stage. As regarded the Reformation, they might have left France in a very different position, but for one event now to be noticed, which changed the whole aspect of things. And whether this occurrence was due to the malice of an enemy or to the indiscreet zeal of a friend, the evidence which has come down to us is insufficient to show.

The year 1534 had opened with an appearance of high promise. Melancthon had been requested to draw up a scheme of compromise between the old doctrine and the new, under auspices which made it seem extremely probable that the request came from King Francis himself. He eagerly applied himself to the task: but the result would have pleased neither party, for the suggested concessions were too great to be offered on either side.

Beyond the mass of the Huguenots, who tried to steer in the middle of the stream, there were now two extreme factions, of whom the one was ready to sacrifice almost vital truth for the sake of peace, while the other would not resign even the most non-essential minutiae. These factions can scarcely be said to be limited either to the Huguenots of France or to the sixteenth century.

But while matters remained in this promising condition, and every Huguenot heart was beating high with hope, an unseen hand, in the darkness, placarded all the walls of Paris with a diatribe inveighing against the Mass in the most violent and passionate language. Nay, a copy of the obnoxious thing was found affixed to the very door of the King's bedchamber—the most sacred sanctum of the Eldest Son of the Church.

The rage of the entire Roman Catholic population of Paris was only equalled by the fury of King Francis. In vain did the Queen of Navarre urge that "an enemy had done this." The incensed King hastened to Paris, determined to find and execute summary justice on the culprit. He suspended all action of the press throughout France, made a grand arrest of Lutherans, real or suspected, held a magnificent expiatory procession, and executed and tortured numbers of the proscribed heretics. There was a new Pope, who must be conciliated; and blood was just then the only acceptable sacrifice.

It is actually asserted that the new Pope himself interceded for the hapless victims. It is more likely that the gentle voice of Queen Marguerite at last succeeded in penetrating the tumult, and that the refined feelings of Francis himself made him only too glad to cease the persecution, as soon as his anger was appeased, and he could allow himself to think calmly. The reason alleged by himself was that he had imitated the example of the

Emperor. Professor Baird thinks that his real motive is to be found in the discovery that he was alienating the Protestant princes of Germany, whose co-operation against the Emperor he earnestly desired.

The connection between France and Germany, whether civil or religious, certainly became weaker from that time. The term "Lutherans" now disappears from French documents, and soon "Calvinists" comes instead.

The pause was only temporary. The King had flattered himself that heresy was banished from his realms. He woke to the conviction that it was spreading faster and further than ever. As it always had been, "the blood of the martyrs was the seed of the Church." Moreover, it was becoming evident that some recognized standard of orthodoxy must be adopted. The heretics, put on their trial, were so inconveniently Scriptural, and so provokingly logical, that those who came to scoff were apt to remain to pray. Nay, some of them even went so far in audacity as to summon the Fathers themselves in defence of their doctrine. To have the Church openly convicted of error by appeals to the Bible and the Fathers, was a kind of thing which it would never do to allow. A new formulary was therefore issued, and confirmed by the King in 1543; but it was accompanied by a fresh edict of persecution. Until now the persecution had been carried on in a spasmodic and irregular manner. Preparations were now made for a holocaust on a methodical plan, and under the direct supervision of the Crown. It was easy to win over King Francis: he had only to be well frightened. The faintest scent of insurrection would terrify him into any amount of severity. Marvellous stories were told him by the astute Cardinal de Tournon, who chose his time well, during the absence of Queen Marguerite. The King was informed that the district around M<sup>é</sup>rimondol—a Vaudois town from remote times—had broken out into open rebellion. Fifteen thousand insurgents were marching on Marseilles, capturing towns and opening prisons as they went; their intention being to institute a republic after the model of Switzerland. The King yielded; nothing roused his fury like an attack on his prerogatives. The massacre took place: but the victims were not fifteen thousand insurgents. M<sup>é</sup>rimondol was found silent and empty, the inhabitants having fled to the woods. Only one human being was discovered in the whole town—a half-witted youth. The poor lad had promised the soldier who took him two crowns for his life. D'Oppède, the French commandant, actually paid the two crowns to the soldier, and ordered the boy to be tied to an olive-tree and shot. With the last breath which he was to draw, the victim appealed to a higher Potentate and a juster Judge. But there was no vengeance in the cry; there was nothing but

faith and hope. "Lord God, these men are snatching from me a life full of wretchedness and misery ; but Thou wilt give me eternal life, through Jesus Christ Thy Son."

The King was induced to write a letter expressing his approval of the massacre, perpetrated on trembling old men and helpless women, in the woods surrounding M erindol. Francis added—probably not at the Cardinal's instigation—a recommendation of mercy to all who abjured. That is, to all Lutherans. "Sacramentarians"—namely, those who denied any and every corporal presence of Christ in the elements—had been long ago exempted from all mercy. They were not to be permitted to abjure, if they would.

The next massacre was at Meaux—that old centre of heresy. A gathering of sixty-two persons for divine service was dispersed, fourteen being burned at the stake ; among whom was their minister, Pierre Leclerc, brother of the earlier martyr. This took place on the 8th of September, 1545, and it was the last important act, as respected his religious policy, of the long reign of Francis I. On the last day of March, 1547, the King, whose one aim had been to do according to his will, bowed to the summons of the inevitable Angel : and some two years later, Queen Marguerite of Navarre followed the same dread messenger into the presence of Him whom she had served in much weakness and trembling, and yet with a true and faithful heart.

A new era had begun. And the Huguenots may be pardoned if at first their hopes rose above their fears. The new King, who held their lives in his hands, was the pupil of Lefevre, and was said to be a man of gentle and humane disposition. But it very soon appeared that what had been called gentleness was simply mental indolence. The young King was ready to do anything but think. Any one who would take on his own shoulders the intolerable burdens of reflection and decision, would find Henri II. as plastic clay in his fingers.

Three persons stepped into the gap, and lifted off the burden. They were, the Constable de Montmorency, a brave but narrow-minded man, the slave of Rome ; the Cardinal de Guise, an astute man, whose only principle was expediency ; and the Duchess de Valentinois, of whom the less said the better. They were the real rulers of France during the twelve years of the reign of Henri II. Behind them, however, was a fourth person, who thirsted for personal power as none of them thirsted, and yet, possessing more shrewdness than any of them, clearly perceived that her time had not yet come. Neglected, disliked, repressed in every way, the young Queen kept her own secret purpose locked in her breast, and went gliding through life in silent calm, quietly ignoring all that she might have resented,

and answering coldness and disrespect by silken speeches and soft, sweet smiles. Catherine de Medici is a living illustration of the Arabic proverb that "All things come to him who knows how to wait." At this time, indeed, the leaders of the Reformation looked upon Catherine as a friend. She had dared to plead for the mitigation of some severe edicts, and she frequently spoke with great respect of the deceased Queen of Navarre.

The character of the Queen [writes Miss Freer], at that early period, was little understood. The people pitied her as a forsaken wife, domineered over daily by Madame de Valeninois. She was supposed to have little influence in the State, and yet, by some means as surprising to Henry's Ministers as the obstacle often proved unexpected, Catherine showed herself indirectly a formidable opponent to many of their projects. The Queen never in any circumstances abated her submissive protestations, or voluntarily offended any one; she was never elated—never dejected. Above all, she avoided that shoal upon which so many princes make shipwreck—she never took a favourite. In fact, the protection of the reformed party, which numbered many great and influential nobles, was, at this period, Catherine's only road to power . . . . The Queen, therefore, perceiving her advantage, accepted it with her usual address.

Very early in the reign of Henri II. it became evident that persecution would flourish so long as his weak hand held the sceptre. A severe edict came out which forbade all hawking of books, and even oral discussion of any religious question. The King's faith was not at all shaken by the profligate life of Pope Julius III., but he was sorely scandalized when that pontiff issued a bull permitting the faithful to eat eggs, butter, and cheese, during Lent. This was a lamentable "relaxation of public morals" indeed. The bull was burnt openly at Paris, by order of King and Parliament.

Notwithstanding all the persecution directed against it, and notably the martyrdom of the Five Scholars of Lausanne—"among the most touching passages of the French martyrology"—the Reformation continued to spread.<sup>1</sup> The Huguenots became

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<sup>1</sup> The *Five Scholars of Lausanne*, natives of different parts of France, had enjoyed the instructions of Beza, and other theologians, in the school of the chief city of the Pays de Vaud. "A short time before Easter, 1552, these young men, who had reached different stages in their course of study, conceived it to be their duty to return to their native land, whence the most pressing calls for additional labourers qualified to instruct others were daily coming to Switzerland. Their plan was cordially endorsed by Beza, before whom it was first laid by one of their number, who had been an inmate of his home, and then by the Church of Lausanne, for it evidenced the purity and sincerity of their zeal. Provided with cordial letters from Lausanne, as well as from Geneva, through which they passed, they started, each for his native city, intending to labour, first of all, for the conversion of their own kindred and neighbours. But a different

bolder. Placards advocating their doctrines were posted up by unseen hands, and invisible singers made the dark lanes resound with sarcastic ballads against the monks. The "friends of the Church," of whom the Cardinal de Lorraine stood at the head, urgently represented to the King that for all this there was only one remedy—the establishment of the Inquisition. But the Parliament of Paris, which had moved too quickly for Francis I., was too slow to please those now in power. The royal command notwithstanding, Parliament decided by a large majority that "other means of eradicating heresy were more consistent with the spirit of Christianity."

An attempt was made at this time to colonize South America with Huguenots. It failed, owing chiefly to the treachery of an enemy mistaken for a friend; and the fugitives returned home, bearing with them a letter which they supposed to be a recommendation to pity, but which was in reality an order for their destruction, addressed to the magistrates of any French

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field and a shorter term of service than they had anticipated were in store for them. At Lyons, having accepted the invitation of a fellow-traveller to visit him at his country seat, they were surprised, on the 1st of May, 1552, by the provost and his guards, and, although they had committed no violation of the King's edicts by proclaiming the doctrines they believed, were hurried to the archiepiscopal prison, and confined in separate dungeons. From their prayers for divine assistance they were soon summoned to appear singly before the "official"—the ecclesiastical judge to whom the archbishop deputed his judicial functions. The answers to the interrogatories, of which they transmitted to their friends a record, it has been truly said put to shame the lukewarmness of our days by their courage, and amaze us by the presence of mind and the wonderful acquaintance with the Holy Scriptures they display. He who will peruse them in the worm-eaten pages of the "*Actiones Martyrum*," in which their letters were collected by the pious zeal of a contemporary, cannot doubt the proficiency these youthful prisoners had attained, both in sacred and in human letters, at the foot of the renowned Beza. Their unanswerable defence, however, only secured their more speedy condemnation as heretics. On the 13th of May they were sentenced to the flames; but an appeal which they made from the sentence of the ecclesiastical judge, on the plea that it contravened the laws of France, secured delay until their case could be laid before Parliament. Months elapsed. Tidings of the danger that overhung the young students of Lausanne reached Beza and Calvin, and called forth their warm sympathy. The oest efforts of Beza and Viret were put forth in their behalf. . . . The Parliament of Paris decreed that the death of the 'Five' by fire should take place on the 16th of May, 1553, and the King refused to interpose his pardon. Their mission to France, however, had not been in vain. . . . The memory of their joyful constancy on their way to the place of execution—which rather resembled a triumphal than an ignominious procession—and in the flames, was embalmed in the heart of many a spectator." We read that after mutual embraces and farewells, their last words, as their naked bodies, smeared with grease and sulphur, hung side by side over the flames, were "Be of good courage, brethren, be of good courage!"

port at which they might land. But God watched over the devoted band. Wind and waves cast them on shore at Hennebon, where the town officers were themselves of "the brethren," and the half-famished refugees received a loving welcome.

The first Huguenot church was founded in Paris in 1555, and was rapidly followed by others at Meaux, Blois, Tours, Poitiers, Bourges, Pau, and many other places. The infant churches were protected by the breaking out of war between France and Spain, which turned the thoughts of the persecutors in another direction. Under cover of the war, Protestantism made rapid progress. The very judges were infected, and could not be relied upon to condemn heretics that were brought before them.

This was the state of affairs when the French troops sustained a crushing defeat at St. Quentin from the Spaniards, on the 10th of August, 1557. It was easy to persuade the ignorant populace that the calamities of the State were a mark of the displeasure of God—"not because of the ignorance or immorality of the people, or the bad doctrine and worse lives of its spiritual leaders, or the barbarous cruelty, the shameless impurity, and unexampled bad faith, of the Court, but because of the existence of heretics, who denied the authority of the Pope, and refused to bow down and worship the transubstantiated wafer." Accordingly, persecution increased. Scarcely a month after the battle at St. Quentin, a Huguenot *prêche* was dispersed and every member arrested, at Paris. Several martyrdoms followed. The slanders which the heathen had poured on the early Church of Christ were revived by the semi-heathens of this later age. The Huguenots were accused of eating children, and of celebrating midnight orgies of the most shocking kind. In vain was it shown that these accusations were merely old calumnies in a new dress; and in vain did the Protestant cantons of Switzerland intercede with the King for mercy to his helpless victims. They were frigidly requested to attend to their own affairs.

Notwithstanding all this, the proscribed doctrines grew and flourished in a style unaccountable to the persecutors. The oppressed Church was openly joined by D'Andelot, the brother of Admiral Coligny; by the Prince of Condé; and by the King of Navarre, the husband of Jeanne d'Albret. Strange to say, Jeanne, the daughter of Queen Marguerite, and afterwards the chief heroine of the French Reformation, was longer in giving in her open adhesion to the cause than was her light-principled and rather hare-brained lord. For some months, events seemed to favour the Huguenots. The treaty of peace, concluded between France and Spain in the spring of 1550, contained no stipulation referring to religion, beyond one clause which bound both monarchs to use their



utmost energies in securing the assembling of a general council.

It must have seemed a hopeful sign that there was even a dissension between the Parliament of Paris and the Sorbonne, so long banded together against the infant Church. The Sorbonne accused the Parliament of being altogether given up to heresy. A host of ecclesiastics crowded round the inert King, vehemently exhorting him to attend the sitting of Parliament, and impress upon that assemblage the absolute necessity of suppressing heresy. So violent were they that Henri "thought himself consigned to perdition if he refused to go." He did as he was told: he even stated his intention, when the approaching marriages of his sister and daughter were over, to undertake a crusade against the Huguenots, in those southern valleys where "the soil had been watered by Albigensian blood" ages before, and "in which the seed sown by the Reformers, three hundred years later, sprang up most rapidly and bore the most abundant harvest."

But as men of the world usually do, he reckoned without God. Ten days after the marriage festivities, and one month after his visit to Parliament—July 10, 1559—the corpse of Henri II. lay in State in his palace-hall. This was Catherine de Medici's hour of triumph. The sceptre of her dead husband passed into her hands, and the down-trodden woman, whom the Huguenots had regarded with a mixture of hope and compassion, proved herself the most terrible and relentless tyrant with whom they had as yet had to deal. The reign of Henri II., at its close, left two women facing each other, each of whom was a fair embodiment of the feelings and opinions of her party. Catherine de Medici, plausible, affable, soft and gentle in outward seeming, while war was in her heart to the bitter end—true daughter of Rome—was contrasted with Jeanne d'Albret, blunt and straightforward, transparent, shrewd, and true to the heart's core.

For the remainder of the history, which is no longer that of the *rise* of the Huguenots, we must refer the reader to Professor Baird's interesting volumes. His style is clear and pleasant. Some readers may think it a little heavy, but this is mainly due to his stern rejection of everything but fact. Undoubtedly, his work does not woo the reader from page to page like the fascinating volumes of D'Aubigné; but as the Professor sarcastically alludes to that charming writer's "characteristic embellishment," he would probably consider this less of a censure than of a compliment. Accuracy is evidently the main point at which the Professor has aimed: and surely for the absence of this precious quality no charm can compensate. At the same time it must be owned that, in a few instances, a slight change of expression or a little explanation would have been

advisable. When the Professor quotes the remark of the Venetian Ambassador (vol. i. page 7) that "whereas England had once been . . . dependent upon the Church . . . France had always been a sovereign state," it strikes an English ear that a word of correction might not be out of place. Surely England never was dependent upon the Church—that is, the Pope—in any other sense than that in which France might be termed a province of England during the short period when our Henry V. and VI. nominally reigned over it. Again, on page 17, the Professor speaks of "the province of Guienne recovered from the English." It is difficult to *recover* a thing which one never had. Guienne had never been in possession of the King of France (except as Lord Paramount, which he had always been) saving for those few years when a sovereign Duchess of Guienne had been queen-consort of France; and until she ceased to bear that title it did not become an English province. Our author also tells us that the portraits of Marguerite, Queen of Navarre, "convey no impression of beauty." Of that one which is best known, and has been most frequently engraved, this is true enough; but that was taken at the close of her life, and some of the Professor's readers who remember the two youthful portraits engraved in Miss Freer's "Life," will find it difficult to ratify this conclusion. It is also questionable how far the epithet "queen-mother" can be justified, when applied to one who never bore the queenly title; but Professor Baird is by no means the only offender in this respect. Nor do we think it an undoubted advantage that reprints of American works in England should always be careful to reproduce American orthographic peculiarities. It may be very reasonable that Americans should spell after their own fashion in America: but when their books come out in English dress, we think that such words as "neighbor," "behavior," and "forever," might wisely be presented in English dress also. Yet these are, after all, small blemishes, and mere spots in the sun, when compared with the earnest straining after accuracy, the close study of original authorities, the discrimination of character, and above all, the true ring of unwavering and uncompromising Protestantism, which characterize this "History of the Rise of the Huguenots." In these days of rebuke and blasphemy, we heartily welcome a trumpet which gives so decided a sound. Professor Baird has produced a book of sterling worth, both as a contribution to historical literature, and as specially interesting to the Church of Christ.

EMILY S. HOLT.