THE HISTORY OF NICOLAS MUSS: AN EPISODE OF THE MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649604463

The History of Nicolas Muss: An Episode of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew by Charles Du Bois-Melly

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd. Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

CHARLES DU BOIS-MELLY

THE HISTORY OF NICOLAS MUSS: AN EPISODE OF THE MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW



Library
of the
University of Wisconsin

THE

HISTORY OF NICOLAS MUSS

AN EPISODE OF THE
MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW

CHARLES DU BOIS-MELLY ...

NEW YORK
HARPER & BROTHERS, FRANKLIN SQUARE
1888

Copyright, 1888, by Harper & Brothers.

All rights reserved,

Here is, as he related it, THE HISTORY OF NICOLAS MUSS,

Household Servitor of M. l'Amiral,

how with a comrade true, a valiant Swiss, he did adventure his life during the Matins of Paris, how through God's succor had deliverance therefrom, and how also he protected the young damsel afterwards his spouse.

17 KID 97

THE HISTORY OF THE REÎTRE NICOLAS MUSS.

On a certain winter evening of the year 1611 we sat together, good comrades all, in the lodgment of Master Nicolas Muss, yelept the Reitre; for we who are still termed "Francillons" in Geneva, being newly-made citizens, did frequently repair after supper to that honest innkeeper to hold discourse of politics, and to revive old times over the tankard. Now on that evening it chanced that some one did recall the Matins of Paris, and the desolation of the churches when the first breath of that tempest swept across the provinces. "Know ye nought but hearsay?" our host demanded, approaching, goblet in hand, to the table where "'Sdeath, comrades! closely did I keep vigil, feast, and octave of the Saint-Barthélemy of that year 1572, and if it please ye to hearken to my story, ready am I to tell it."

On this we filled the goodman's glass; then

the old Reitre, baving deeply quaffed, began to speak:

Twenty years old was I, and had left but three months before, for some annoy of youth, my academy of Louisburg in Wittemberg, where I had post of Public Reader. And not long after, I did enroll myself among Mansfield's Black Reitres; 'twas when the relief was summoned into Lorraine at the beginning of the third war.*

Ye know full well how after Jarnac and Roche-la-Belle came the rude day of Montcontour,† where we were worsted, each one hotly rushing into the fray without waiting signal. M. de Châtillon did receive there a hurt in the cheek from a pistol-butt, his Arabian escaping from his control during the charge, and carrying him into the thick of the arquebusiers. We yellow-scarves‡ did rescue him but hardly; and mayhap he did observe me at his stirrup, making good play with my poniard, while the Swiss of Pfeiffer and of Cléry tickled ribs with their halberds about us. Be that as it may; the next day, as we were marching from Parthenay

^{† 1569. †} October 3, 1569.

[‡] Les écharpes jaunes; the badge worn by the German soldiers fighting in the Protestant cause.