

**THE WORKS OF ALEXANDRE  
DUMAS IN THIRTY VOLUMES:  
THE PAGE OF THE DUKE OF  
SAVOY. VOLUME TWO**

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**ALEXANDRE DUMAS**

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DUMAS IN THIRTY VOLUMES:  
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E. J. P. ANCHET

*Damas*

THE WORKS OF  
ALEXANDRE DUMAS

IN THIRTY VOLUMES



THE PAGE OF THE  
DUKE OF SAVOY

VOLUME TWO



ILLUSTRATED WITH DRAWINGS ON WOOD BY  
EMINENT FRENCH AND AMERICAN ARTISTS



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# THE PAGE OF THE DUKE OF SAVOY

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## THIRD PART

### I

#### DOUBLE ADVANTAGE OF SPEAKING THE PICARD DIALECT

**U**NTIL now we have been entirely occupied with the besieged; it is time we spent a while under the tents of the besiegers, were it only to pay them a visit.

At the moment Coligny and that group of officers at present called the staff was making the tour of the walls in order to see what means of defence the city had, another group, not less important, was riding round it on the outside, in order to discover the best method of attack.

This group was composed of Emmanuel Philibert, Count Egmont, Count Horn, Count Schwartzburg, Count Mansfeld, and Dukes Eric and Ernest of Brunswick.

Among the other officers that formed a group behind the first, was our old friend Scianca-Ferro, troubling himself, as usual, about nothing except the life and honor of his beloved Emmanuel.

By the express order of Emmanuel, Leona had remained at Cambrai with the rest of the household of the duke.

The conclusion drawn from the examination was that the city, protected by miserable walls, and without either sufficient artillery or a sufficient garrison, could not hold out more than five or six days; such was the announcement made to Philip II., who had also remained at Cambrai, not by superior orders, but in obedience to the supreme dictates of prudence.

Six or seven leagues, for that matter, were all that sep-

arated the two cities; and if Emmanuel chose the abode of royalty for Leona, it was because, as he was obliged to communicate personally from time to time with Philip II. at Cambrai, the generalissimo of the Spanish army calculated that each of his journeys would give him an opportunity of seeing Leona.

Leona, on her side, had consented to this separation, first and above all, because in the life of devotion, love, and self-denial she had adopted, a wish of Emmanuel became for her a command; and next, because a distance of six or seven leagues, though it created a real absence, had no effect at all in parting her from her lover, since the young girl, whenever she had the slightest grounds for anxiety, could in an hour and a half be at the camp of Emmanuel Philibert, thanks to the freedom of action the ignorance of every one, except Scianca-Ferro, as to her sex gave her.

Moreover, whatever might be Emmanuel's joy at the renewal of hostilities—a renewal to which he had at least as much contributed by his attempts on Metz and Bordeaux as the admiral had by his attempt on Blois—he seemed to have grown ten years older. A young captain of hardly thirty-one years, he found himself at the head of an army charged with the invasion of France, commanding all those old leaders of Charles V. and staking his own fortune behind the fortune of Spain.

In fact, on the result of the campaign now undertaken would depend his future, not only as a great general, but as a sovereign prince; it was Piedmont which he was coming to conquer anew in France. Emmanuel Philibert, though he was commander-in-chief of the Spanish armies, was always, in truth, only a species of royal *condottiere*; now a man is really something in the balance of destiny only when he has the right of having men killed on his own account.

Nevertheless, he had not to complain; Philip II., obedient, at least in this, to the advice given him by his father Charles V. on descending from the throne, with regard to matters of peace and war, had bestowed full power on the

Duke of Savoy, and placed under his orders all that long list of princes and captains named by us when describing topographically the places occupied by each of them around the city.

All these thoughts, among which that of the responsibility weighing upon him was not the least, rendered Emmanuel Philibert as grave and as full of care as an old man.

He saw clearly that on the success of the siege of Saint-Quentin depended the success of the campaign. Saint-Quentin taken, there were only thirty leagues between that city and Paris, and Ham, La Fère and Soissons to be captured on the way; only it was necessary to carry Saint-Quentin speedily, in order not to give France time to collect one of those armies that almost always spring up from the earth for her, in virtue of a kind of enchantment, and which, as by a miracle, make of their breast a wall of flesh, to take the place of the walls of stone destroyed by the enemy.

And so we have seen with what persistent rapidity Emmanuel Philibert pressed forward the siege, and what a strict surveillance he had established around the city.

His first idea was that the weak side of Saint-Quentin was the *Porte d'Isle*, and that it would be there where, on the least opportunity offered by the imprudence of the besieged, he would carry the place.

Consequently, leaving all the other chiefs to pitch their tents in front of the *Rémicourt* wall, which, in case of a regular siege, offered the most favorable chance for a successful attack, as we have said already, he had his erected between a mill standing on the top of a little hill and the *Somme*.

From there he watched the river, over which he threw a bridge, and all that vast space extending from the *Somme* to the old causeway of *Vermand*—a space afterward to be filled by the camp of the English army, as soon as it joined the Spanish and Flemish army.

We have seen how the attempt to carry the faubourg by a surprise failed.