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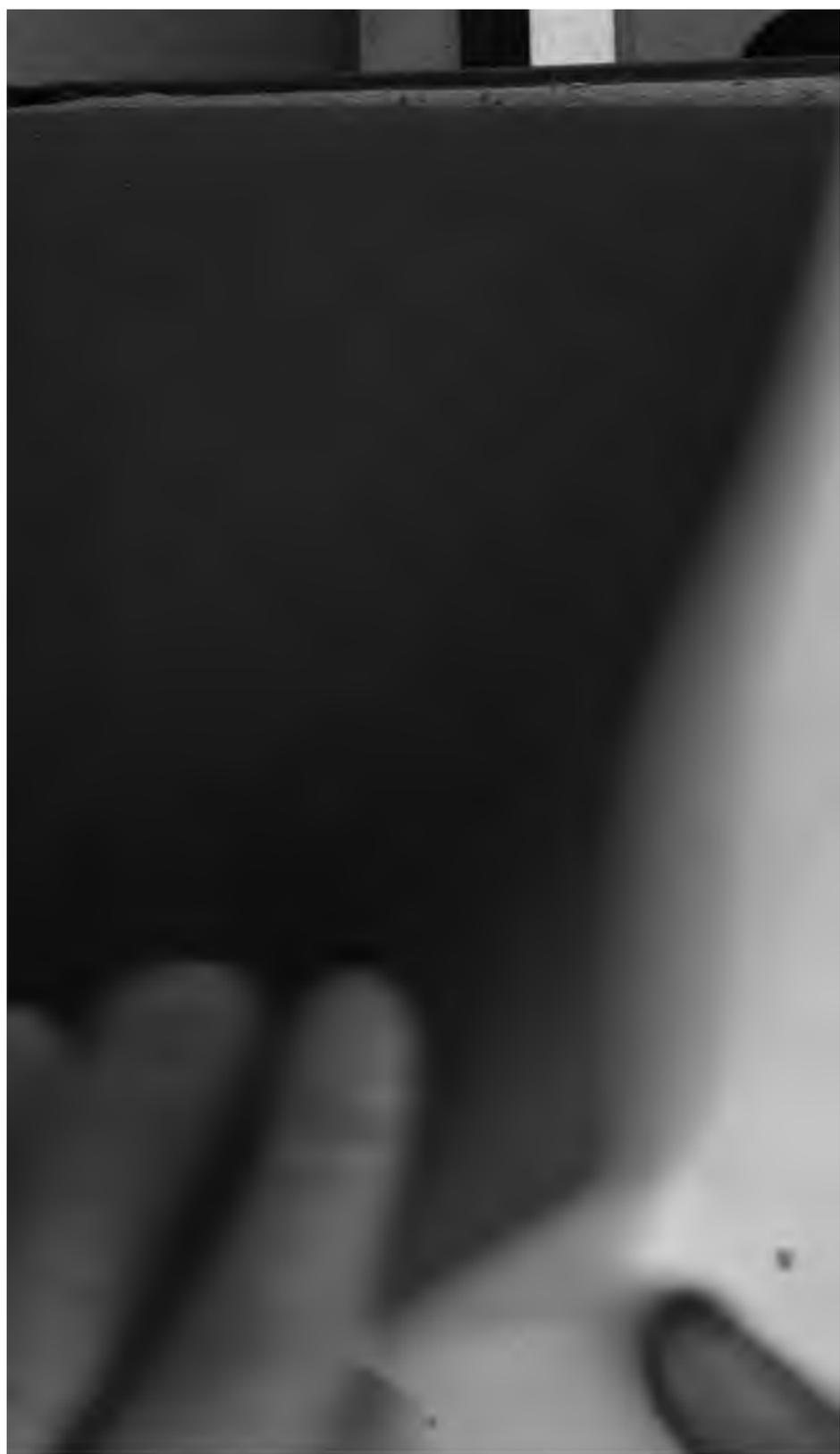
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THE REVOLT  
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PROTESTANTS OF THE CEVENNES.



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THE REVOLT  
OF THE  
PROTESTANTS OF THE CEVENNES,  
WITH  
SOME ACCOUNT OF THE HUGUENOTS IN  
THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

BY MRS. BRAY,  
AUTHOR OF THE "GOOD ST. LOUIS AND HIS TIMES," "THE WHITE HOODS,"  
"BORDERS OF THE TAMAR AND THE TAVY,"  
"TRIALS OF THE HEART," "LIFE OF STOTHARD," ETC.

"To arms! be champion of our church!  
Or let the church, our mother, breathe her curse,  
A mother's curse, on her revolting sons."

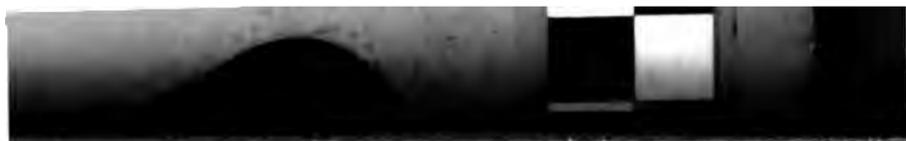
SHAKESPEARE



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1870.

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## PREFACE.

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OF the Revolt of the Cevennes little is known in this country, and no regular narrative of it exists in English literature. It has been but slightly noticed, sometimes only in a few lines, by our historians; yet it was characterised by many remarkable events, by stirring adventures, long and patient endurance, and heroic resistance, well deserving a more ample record.

Many years since Monsieur Peyrat, a native of the Cevennes, travelled through the country for the purpose of gathering whatever particulars of the insurrection tradition had preserved, and of examining the documents relating to it in the public and private libraries of Languedoc. He visited not only the mountainous districts, but the battle-fields, the caves, and every spot consecrated



in the eyes of the natives by the heroism of their fathers. Full of information derived from all these sources, Peyrat became to the Cevenols what Joinville was to the Good Saint Louis. His *Histoire des Pasteurs du Désert*, the fruit of his researches, is elaborately and ably written, but so lengthened by the expansion of detail, and by frequent discussion, that probably few English readers would attempt the perusal of his volumes.

Peyrat has been the authority followed by the present writer from the beginning to the end of all that relates to the Cevennes. Indeed, portions of her narrative are freely and briefly translated from his pages. But while she has thus adopted Peyrat as the basis of her work, she has availed herself of other sources of information, which are specified in a subsequent place.

As an Introduction, she has given a short consecutive notice of the Edict of Nantes; not merely on account of the great interest which the subject possesses in itself, but chiefly because she felt it to be necessary as an opening to her narrative. That Edict was granted by Henry IV. for protection to

the Protestants of his realm, and produced the happiest effects ; but from the day of his death it ceased to be respected by his successors ; yet not till the reign of Louis XIV. was the spirit of persecution let loose by its formal repeal. The South of France then became the scene of the horrors of the dragonnade which, commencing in Provence and Languedoc, at length ascended to the wild and mountainous region of the Cevennes.

There, a primitive, industrious, and religious people were driven to such extremities, that after many fruitless petitions for liberty of conscience, they flew to arms. In the struggle which ensued, as, indeed, to some extent, even before, their places of worship, their towns, villages, and humble homes were burnt, their families murdered, or sent to the galleys and prisons, without pity for sex, age, or condition. But their patience in suffering, the enthusiasm of their prophets,—as they called their pastors,—and the prowess of their chiefs, particularly Cavalier and Roland, can only be appreciated by those who are acquainted with the details of their story.

Labour and care have not been wanting on the

part of the writer of the following pages to insure completeness and accuracy. It is for her readers to judge whether or not she has succeeded in so presenting her materials as to awaken in them the same lively interest in the subject as she has herself experienced.

A. E. B.

BROMPTON,  
21st March, 1870.

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*The Authorities consulted for the present Work  
were principally these :*

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THE REVOLT  
OF THE  
PROTESTANTS OF THE CEVENNES.

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INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER.

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PART I.

THE long struggle of the religious wars in France between the Catholic League and the Protestants, was at length terminated for some years by the accession of Henry IV. Though entitled to the throne by birth, he won it by the gallant contest he sustained with so much courage and vigour. Nobly was he supported by many of the bravest and best in the land. Among these were the admirable Plessis de Mornay, and Rosny, better known as Duke de Sully, alike distinguished as a soldier and a statesman.

Henry had often said that he must gain a brilliant victory to secure the crown ; and three were vouchsafed to him. The first at Coutras ; the second at Arques, where with only three thousand men, he waited the approach of the Duke de Mayenne with thirty thousand. Attacks and repulses, for a time, kept the day in doubtful balance, but at last De

Mayenne was routed ; and very soon after, with reinforcements from England and Champagne, Henry stood at the head of an army of twenty thousand. Then came the third and greatest victory of all, that of Ivry. Before the action commenced Henry rode amongst his men and cheered them by his ever memorable address—" Keep your ranks, if you can ; but if your standards are lost, and you are in disorder, look out for my white plume, it will lead you to honour and victory." And when the foe was routed, and the men followed up their success with too much heat of blood, Henry's kindly nature made him more disposed to save the vanquished than to triumph over them. "Spare the French," he said to his troops ; "they are our brothers ; spare my people."

" Now, God be praised ! the day is ours ; Mayenne hath turned his rein ;

D'Aumale hath cried for quarter, the Flemish Count is slain ;  
 Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale ;  
 The field is heaped with bleeding steeds and flags and cloven mail.  
 And then we thought on vengeance, and, all along our van,  
 'Remember St. Bartholomew,' was passed from man to man.  
 But outspake gentle Henry, 'No Frenchman is my foe ;  
 Down, down with every foreigner, but let your brethren go !'  
 O ! was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in war,  
 As our sovereign lord, King Henry, the soldier of Navarre !"

Though Henry was thus victorious, yet the satisfaction was very far from universal : the majority of the realm was Catholic, and discontent and murmurings like the distant mutterings of a coming storm, threatened that no peace could be permanent unless the king abjured. He refused at first

with dignity and spirit; but at length he was prevailed with, and principally by Sully, who persuaded him that it was the only course he could follow to keep the crown securely on his head, and to stop the still bleeding wounds of civil strife. Henry, though distinguished by many noble qualities of mind and heart, it must be confessed cared little about the difference of creeds, and when we recollect what had been his training, we can hardly feel surprised by it. Taken from the care of his mother, Jeanne D'Albret, a woman zealous in the reformed faith, and consigned, at ten years old, to that of Catherine de Medici, to conduct his education, whilst only for short periods and at long intervals, he was allowed to see his mother, can it be matter of surprise that tares sprang up with the good seed sown by her in his childhood?

The court of Catherine, with all its examples of fraud, falsehood, superstition, cruelty, and licentiousness, could be no desirable school for youth. One of that execrable woman's arts was to surround herself with a bevy of beautiful girls, in her pay, and whose duty it was to corrupt the young nobles, gain their confidence, and, if required, to betray their affairs to herself. When Henry was only nineteen years old, she forced upon him her own daughter, Margaret, as a wife, and immorality and misery on both sides followed the match. It is evident that in his youth Henry received no fixed principles of morality or religion—there was no De Mornay among his Huguenot instructors, no Fenelon among the Catho-

lices around him, from whom he could learn what was pure in practice or Christian in faith.

With a view to end in peace the civil strife, on the morning of the 25th July, 1593, in the church of the Abbey of St. Denis, Henry abjured his old faith and accepted that of Rome.

We are not writing a life of Henry; there is no need therefore to enter into the particulars of the many troubles and contests which disturbed the early part of his reign. Be it enough to say, that after the regaining of Amiens, which the Spaniards had taken by a stratagem, the Pope saw plainly that the sword of Henry was more to be feared than the scourge of Rome, and that Philip II. brooded and plotted against him to very little purpose. Under these circumstances pacific measures seemed best; and at length came a peace between France and Spain, principally brought about by the Pope himself; this was the famous peace of Vervins made in 1598; and at the same time Henry took into serious consideration the still more celebrated peace—for such it might be truly called—the Edict of Nantes.

The government was now settled, and Henry's old friends could no longer be neglected. Time had in some measure softened the asperity of party spirit; neither Leaguers nor Huguenots were anxious for renewal of strife; and things seemed in a fair way for the still small voice of Christian charity being heard. Exiled friends returned home; family quarrels were made up; trade began to revive; public amusements

were resumed, and those who had promoted the horrors of a civil war, were held as the common enemy of the people. Henry, of great natural sagacity, in the midst of all his thoughtless pleasantries, had foreseen this, and said that the day would come when his enemies would be considered those of his country, that the anger which the malcontents stirred up against him, would be turned upon themselves: and so it was.

All this promised well for an object which he had long and earnestly desired—safety of the Huguenots. Accordingly he and Sully laid their heads together, and prepared an Edict, such as should be clear and irrevocable, for their advantage. To spare tedious details, let it be briefly stated, that Henry's first and most prudent measure was so to frame it, as to prevent, if possible, all opposition on the part of the Pope; therefore the first clause ran thus—that the Roman Catholic worship should be allowed where it had hitherto been excluded—namely at Bearne in Navarre, at Nismes, Montauban, and at Rochelle, that stronghold of the Huguenots. That in order to preserve peace throughout the kingdom, all those who professed “the so-called Reformed Religion,” should henceforth, as subjects of the realm, enjoy with perfect equality all the rights, privileges, and benefits enjoyed by those of the Roman Catholic faith.

The “so-called Reformed” were to be undisturbed in their ecclesiastical organization, and to be allowed to meet for the purpose of worshipping God in their

own way, under certain restrictions—but here it may be observed that the Roman Catholics were subject to no restrictions, therefore it at once destroyed the equality of the Edict—no assembly of Protestants was to be held within five leagues of the city of Paris, but in other large cities where the Reformed had hitherto assembled they were to be undisturbed, and exempt from observing the Romish saints' days. That parents were not henceforth to have their children taken from them for the purpose of instruction in the faith of Rome, but were to be permitted to educate them without molestation themselves, and to provide for them by will at their deaths. That every community of the Reformed should have a burial-ground, and their ministers be held exempt from city-guard, watch, &c. That a new chamber called "the chamber of Edict," should be established in the Parliament of Paris, to determine all judicial processes in which Protestants were concerned ; and as the king "had greatly benefited by the wisdom, abilities, and courage of his Huguenot subjects, still to secure their services, henceforth all men of the so-called Reformed faith, alike with those of the Catholic, should be eligible for all the offices of state, even the highest in the land."

This Edict was signed by Henry at Nantes, in the month of April, 1598 ; but it did not give universal satisfaction ; and it had still to be registered by the Parliament. Clement VIII. shook his head at it ; and dipped his pen in Roman gall, for he wrote to Henry with his own hand, and told him—"that an

Edict which allowed liberty of conscience to all was the most accursed ordinance that had ever been made." The cardinal legate, the bishops, the clergy, all plied the Parliament with petitions conjuring that august body to refuse to register an Edict which henceforth gave heretics equal rights with the orthodox ; and the Parliament did refuse, and stoutly also, to register.

But they had a ruler to deal with as stout and far more reasonable than themselves. Anxious to do an act of justice, and fearless of consequences, Henry went to the chamber of delegates in person, and with a firm and dignified deportment thus addressed them. "I have made peace with the common enemy ; I mean to make peace with those who should be friends at home ; my determination is sufficient for you. I am your king now ; and speak as a king ; and I will be obeyed." The leaders of the Catholic faction were struck dumb by the resolute deportment of their sovereign ; the Edict of Nantes was registered, and the Protestants were safe.

Great were the benefits which resulted from Henry's termination of the religious wars. The clause which admitted Rosny into power, proved a blessing throughout the length and breadth of the land. His sound judgment, his unshaken integrity, the vast extent of the reforms he brought about, soon restored public credit, and all was well. His maxim was that in a state, as with an individual, the first step to wealth is economy, encouragement to industry the next, and then, though he thought

it desirable to be prepared for war—he wished not needlessly to seek it. On these principles he acted ; and in a few years, France became a new and prosperous country.

The soil was cultivated ; corn and wine and oil were in abundance ; vineyards sprang up where thorns and thistles, manured by the blood of Catholic and Huguenot, had heretofore covered many a field. The artisan and the labourer won their bread without fear of the soldiers plundering their homes, or the priests denouncing their souls to eternal fires. Public works of every kind were taken in hand ; bridges were built, roads made, and free communication established between the great ports of the kingdom. Skilful persons, invited by royal patronage, came over in vast numbers from Flanders and Italy, and brought with them their useful and ingenious arts and manufactures. The nobles repaired their old châteaux knocked about in the civil wars. Hospitals for the sick were founded ; and poverty and distress so much decreased, that one of the cardinal legates, whilst driving through Paris with Henry, struck by the marvellous improvements he witnessed, asked him how it all came to pass. "Because," replied Henry, "a father long absent has at last come home to live among his children, and he takes care of them."

In a mere introductory chapter we cannot dwell on many points of deep interest in Henry's career, nor on those circumstances which were certainly most disastrous. Amongst the latter we must con-

sider his marriage with the Italian Marie de Medici. It took place after his divorce from Margaret, and was brought about by the agency of the Catholic powers and by Sully: the result was unhappiness to Henry, and, after his death, misery to the realm. Marie was sour-tempered, narrow-minded, and bigoted; a very tool of the Medici family and the Jesuits. The latter had been banished by the Parliament, after a youth named Chatel, educated by them, made an attempt on the king's life; but Henry had the weakness to recall them at a subsequent period.

At length, after sixteen years of unexampled prosperity for France, during which the Catholics and Huguenots kept the peace with each other by the firm hand that held the reins to compel them to run the race of life evenly together, all was destroyed by the dastardly act of Francis Ravailac, who plunged a knife into the noblest heart that ever beat for the welfare of his country. Henry IV., in accordance with the strange but strong presentiment he had of his approaching fate, was assassinated on the 14th May, 1610.

Even at this distance of time one cannot think of his death without sorrow and indignation. We do not by any means defend his immoralities, though we make allowance for a prince bred in the court of Catherine de Medici, and living for so many years in the thoughtless licence of a camp. But whilst we condemn his faults, let us not forget his many noble qualities; his gallant bearing, his love of his friends, his generosity, and utter incapability of resentment

against those who had most deeply injured him and even sought his life. There is no character in French history who personally seems so familiar to us. Henry's fine open countenance, his tall manly form, his gaiety of heart that charmed and cheered all around him ; his good-humoured smile and ringing laugh, and his moments of deep feeling, all are vividly impressed upon us ; and he comes before our imagination as an old favourite friend comes before our memory, so completely do we realise him. With Henri Martin's masterly sketch of this celebrated prince, as a ruler and a man, we close our brief notice of him.

“The peace of Vervins and the Edict of Nantes were but a preface ; the book itself, which he laid open, was, by his death, for ever closed. All the preceding glory of that great king would have been surpassed by the magnificent results prepared by his policy to be realised by his arms ; but Henry cut off, all his great projects died with him, and the hand of a wretched assassin threw back for generations the destinies of France and of the whole of Europe.”

Calamitous indeed for France was the loss of Henry. His heir, Louis XIII., was but a child of nine years old ; the regent, his mother, weak in intellect, obstinate, and entirely governed by a worthless Florentine adventurer—Concini, and his more able but no less worthless wife, Leonora Galagai. Thus ruled, it was not long before it became apparent that the edifice of the state, raised by the combined wisdom and efforts of Henry and Sully, would soon be levelled with the ground, and the

kingdom once more be plunged into disorder and misery.

The council was nothing but a disturbed assembly—every one seeking what he could get for himself. Not one salutary measure was resolved upon ; and Sully, who never forbore his exertions as long as he could retain the slightest power, was so discountenanced by the Queen Regent, and so beset by the crew of courtiers, cheats, and domineering nobles, to whom his honesty was a perpetual check, that he was borne down, says Henri Martin, “by the whole weight of the avalanche of iniquity.” He threw up his post in the government, but was recalled to give assistance when it fell into inextricable disorder ; and was again so thwarted and opposed, that, finding he could do nothing to save his country, he retired altogether, feeling that—

“ When vice prevails, and impious men bear sway,  
The post of honour is the private station.”

All the public works, such as forming the great canal of the south, making roads, building bridges, &c., by which so much employment had been found for the labourer and benefit designed for all classes, were stopped, and new and most oppressive taxes were laid on to augment the pensions of courtiers and to create places wherewith to satisfy the craving extravagance of princes, greedy foreigners, and gambling nobles.

We pass in silence a considerable period that, given at large, would be filled with little more than the details of fraud and folly. A change of govern-

ment followed Concini's fall ; but, before we come to that, we must say a few words respecting the young king, who reigned but did not rule in France.

As Louis XIII. advanced in growth and age, he became more and more unlike his father. He was hard-hearted, obstinate, deceitful, suspicious, and gloomy. One of his amusements was that of snaring birds, in which he had been rendered skilful by a young page named De Luynes, who became his confidential companion and friend. The page was older and possessed far more ability than his royal master; and by artifice, flattery, and cunning, so won his favour, that in the course of time he became a duke. At the period of which we speak he was jealous of the queen-mother's favourite, Concini, and determined to overthrow him. For this purpose he artfully excited the jealousy of the young king against him ; and this to such a degree that Louis consented to the murder of the Florentine, and even assisted in contriving how it should be brought about. It was effected in open day. On the morning of the 24th May, 1617, when Concini entered the Louvre to pay his daily visit to the queen-mother, all being previously arranged, he was shot dead by Vitri, the captain of the guard. Louis, who looked out of a window above, shouted out as soon as it was done—"Thank you, thank you ; now I am a king." The death of Concini's wretched wife followed hard upon her husband's fate. She was condemned by the Parliament of Paris to be burnt for sorcery. Her reply before her judges, who accused her of having be-

witched the queen, was striking;—she said “that the only witchcraft she had used, in regard to Marie de Medici, was that influence which a strong mind gains over a weak one.”

After many struggles for power between the queen, her son, and De Luynes, Richelieu, then Bishop of Luçon, a man of the greatest ability, acquired, as the adviser of the queen, a certain influence in the state, and by degrees (but not entirely till after the death of De Luynes) became paramount, and power once in his hands, he held it with an iron grasp. So able a minister had not been at the head of affairs since the days of Sully; but he had none of the noble and disinterested qualities which distinguished that great statesman.

When Richelieu first came into power he was so much occupied with rendering France formidable to her foreign enemies and in raising the lofty fabric of his own fortunes, that the domestic policy of the kingdom was entirely neglected; and, fortunately for the Huguenots, for a considerable period, he was too much engaged to turn his attention with any severity against them. On the death of Henry, the Edict of Nantes, though not formally repealed by the Queen Regent, was so little observed, that the Protestants were everywhere shamefully oppressed, and France appeared to be retrograding into its old state of civil strife and barbarism.

It was the constant assertion of “the so-called Reformed,” that their church was based on the pure uncorrupted doctrines of Christianity. In France

they referred to times as remote as Charlemagne, when nearly all the West rejected the worship of images; and the celebrated bishop, Claude, protested with great warmth against such idolatry, and promulgated doctrines founded on the pure spirit of the Gospel. These spread far and wide; and the dogmas of those long after called Protestants were very much the same; for in nothing essential did either Wicliffe, Luther, or Huss, or any of the great reformers, differ from them.

For generations these doctrines were received and perpetuated in the valleys of Piedmont, Dauphiné, Provence, and Languedoc. The inhabitants of those provinces were first disturbed in their possession of God's pure Word by Innocent III. He sent a commission with the same powers as those afterwards assumed by the Inquisition, to pass the mountains and seek out and destroy in their peaceful valleys and homes, both pastors and people, as heretics and enemies to God in Heaven and to the Pope, his vicerent on earth. So commenced the well-known wars of the Albigenses, and all those troubles which culminated in the other religious struggles, massacres, and persecutions in France. The strong arm of Henry IV., as we have seen, aided by his abjuration, winning over the Catholics, had put an end to the deadly strife, and soon after he gave rest to his old friends and supporters by the Edict for which they blessed him.

But during the minority of his successor, the conduct of the Regent and her favourites gave rise to

mistrust and discontent in that large and important body of the people—the Protestants. Among their leaders the proud and ambitious Duke de Bouillon and the vehement Duke de Rohan became restless and even seditious; and, it must be allowed, the “Reformed” committed an act of great imprudence and audacity by presenting to the youthful king a petition that he would reform his council. This, as it might have been expected, was totally unheeded; and such was the state of alarm into which this portentous silence threw the petitioners that, governed by their fears, and stirred on by the fanatic zealots in some of their towns, they had the temerity to take up arms.

This false step, combined with the divisions of the Court and the quarrels among the Catholics, so shook the nation that the celebrated Nuncio Cardinal Bentivoglio declared that whilst he was in France, he found nothing around him but storms and tempests. It was not very long before the death of the king's favourite, De Luynes, that, alarmed by the restless and injudicious movement of the Protestants, Louis and his favourite led an army against them, and took several of their towns; but failed, however, before Montauban, and soon after attempted in vain to take Rochelle. At last, when both parties wished for rest, the king consented to a peace with the Duke de Rohan, which proved to be of very short continuance; yet, though the Huguenots were hated and threatened by the sovereign, nothing successful was carried on against them till Richelieu took the lead.

Richelieu's policy had two determined points, to which he soon devoted his energetic mind. The first was to curb the power of the great rivals of France—Austria and Spain—the one aiming at absolute sovereignty in Germany; the other entertaining the like design on Italy. His second point was to humble, but not to extirpate the Huguenots; for, like Colbert in a subsequent reign, he knew too well the value of those who were generally the most industrious classes of the realm. Certain, however, it is, that with some few exceptions, such as we find in that truly noble Christian, Plessis de Mornay, the persecution they had suffered since the death of Henry, had caused a fear of a second Bartholomew massacre; and in a great measure had embittered not only their feelings, but their religious opinions.

To the assumptions of the Romish Church they opposed a detestation of the hierarchy; to the splendour of its service, a baldness in their own worship; and to its superstitions, a contempt and ferocity that often led to brawls and the shedding of blood, even in times of comparative tranquillity.\* To the laxity of morals so prevalent in the court and the age, and even among the men of the Vatican, they opposed a stern rigidity in which there was no charity, no allowance for human frailty; whilst, like the fanatic Scotch Covenanters, the most rigid among them disclaimed the relaxations and amenities of social life, and too frequently made religion a stern and harsh task-master, instead of a gentle and loving ruler of the

\* Many instances of this are to be found in "Sully's Memoirs."

heart of man. True it is, that not all the leaders of the Reformed were of this description ; but far too many of their pastors were such, and often stirred up the people to discontent and violence.

Richelieu, at the first, considered that the best policy would be to conciliate the Huguenots without giving them power in the State ; but Rome knew no conciliation with children so rebellious, and took such offence at the gentle measures proposed, that Richelieu himself lost favour with the Pope, and the Holy See began to treat him as a heretic. This obliged him to change his policy, though he did so step by step, and with a view to conceal as much as possible his ultimate design. The Reformed, however, were too watchful and too wary to be deceived. By Richelieu's change of measures several of their cautionary towns were taken from them, and Catholic magistrates and officials introduced into their remaining cities, and above all the port of that Rochelle, which was to them of the utmost importance, was, as it were, blocked up by the Catholic fort, St. Louis, and a strong garrison placed in the Isle of Oleron to overawe them.

It was not altogether without cause for alarm that Richelieu had recourse to these strong measures. In every part of France he saw the warlike spirit of the Protestants rising with increasing strength, and energetically called up by the Duke de Rohan ; who, at this period, scarcely concealed his ultimate purpose to subvert the ruling power of France, and raise up a republic on the ruins of the throne. We pass in silence all preliminary circumstances. Richelieu felt

convinced that measures the most severe had become necessary to quell at once a power that was so threatening. He resolved, therefore, to strike the decisive blow at the head of the danger, the stronghold of the Calvinists. For this purpose he planned and conducted that siege, the most remarkable perhaps in modern history, the particulars of which, though of the deepest interest, have been little noticed by English writers. Believing they will be read with no common feeling of sympathy, and considering that they form an important link in the chain of events we are about to narrate, we shall venture to give, somewhat in detail, an account of the ever memorable siege of Rochelle.

The English had always professed sympathy with the Protestants of France ; and it was hoped that by the marriage of Charles I. with the Princess Henrietta Maria, the youngest daughter of the great Henry IV., a kindly feeling would spring up, and the safety of the Reformed be secured from any ill designs of a Catholic faction. The famous Duke of Buckingham, whose influence was no less with Charles than it had been with his father, James, did all he could to keep the two kingdoms, thus knit together by a nuptial bond, at peace.

It must be confessed, if contemporary writers speak truth, that his principal motive for a peaceful understanding arose from the violent passion he had conceived for the beautiful Anne of Austria, the wife of Louis XIII. But Louis liked not the gallantry of the handsome duke, became jealous, and refused, on

some occasion, to receive him as ambassador at the court of France. Upon which, Buckingham is said passionately to have exclaimed: "If he will not receive me as an ambassador who would come in peace—for I will see that fair queen again, in spite of them all—I will enter France as the general of an armed force that brings war in its train." Whether this is false or true, certain it is that Buckingham entered warmly into the interests of the Rochellois, who were just then on the eve of a serious strife with the Catholic powers.

The Duke de Soubise, brother to the Duke de Rohan, was at the time an exile in London, and through him Buckingham opened a correspondence with Rohan, and promised on the part of the English government more assistance than it was possible the country could at that period afford. For a while, this correspondence was carried on with great secrecy, but Richelieu, with his army of spies, was not easily to be deceived. He detected the movement, and determined to be forearmed as well as forewarned, and that at any cost the rebel spirit must be subdued.

After many fruitless negotiations and changes of measures on both sides, war between France and England was at length commenced. The chief object of complaint on the part of England was that the French had attacked and made prizes of some English vessels on the coast of France, whilst the Huguenots complained that they were cruelly oppressed in every way: the privileges derived from the Edict of Nantes denied them, their cautionary

towns taken away, and their stronghold of Rochelle already besieged.

The English, greatly moved by the sufferings of their brothers in religion, and true to the cause of the Reformed Church, at length determined to assist them; and, at an immense charge, sent a powerful armament of upwards of one hundred men of war and transports, under the command of the Duke of Buckingham, on an expedition upon which the lives and fortunes of thousands depended. He gladly assumed the command, and without interruption came before Rochelle on the 20th of July, 1627.

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PART II.

Just at this crisis, Richelieu's plans were seriously embarrassed by events alike unforeseen and menacing. The king fell dangerously ill; the agitation of the Protestants in Languedoc threatened serious consequences; the Dukes of Savoy and Lorraine were preparing to arm against France; and, most pressing of all, Buckingham was before Rochelle. Richelieu's anxiety was extreme; for did the English capture the Fort St. Louis, before it was reinforced, Rochelle must be rescued. To add to the vexation of the minister, the danger arose from the folly of the governor, Monsieur Toiras, who, more heedful of his own interest than that of his master, stripped Fort St. Louis in order to reinforce St. Martin, the principal place.

of his own government. Fortunately for Richelieu's plans, Buckingham had other projects, and let the favourable opportunity slip by; and in great public, as well as in private, concerns the fair occasion once lost, too often never more returns. Buckingham thought, not so much of defending the oppressed Reformers, as of seizing the Isles of Ré and Oleron, to make them like a new Calais, and a desirable shelter for English privateers.

Before, however, anything hostile was commenced, the Duke de Soubise and an English secretary, who were in the fleet, landed, and expected to be received into Rochelle with open arms; when, to their surprise, they found the gates closed against them. The truth was, that up to this point, by the admirable tact of Richelieu, the Rochellois, fearing to drive him to extremities against them, had not yet determined upon accepting aid from England; they hoped, even to the last moment, that some amicable measures could be brought about, and that such hopes would be rendered abortive did they too hastily become the ally of England, now the avowed enemy of France.

But the mother of the Duke de Soubise, the aged and heroic Duchess de Rohan knew the temper of the Catholics better than her fellow Protestants; she could not hope as they did; and in order to give admission to her son, she caused one of the gates to be opened, and herself led him in by the hand. The English secretary was conducted to the town council, and those who formed it assured him that they could

not act without the consent of the other Protestant communities of France, to whom they had already made known "the good and holy intentions of his Britannic Majesty."

Notwithstanding this plain assurance that the Rochellois were awaiting the advice they might receive from their brethren in the south, Soubise had the folly or the stupidity to inform Buckingham that he would find an immediate conjunction in arms with the men of Rochelle. Buckingham had already changed his plans, and made a direct descent on the Isle of Ré, as having a better harbour for his vessels. It had, however, another property, far better for the enemy than for the duke—a stronghold well appointed with all the munitions of war, and three thousand men to maintain it.

The strife that followed was deadly. Toiras fell upon the English as they landed with unmitigable fury. The chivalrous Buckingham, careless of his own life, led on the men in spite of all opposition, and fought that day with a courage the most intrepid. The cannon and the musketry of Toiras felled or drove back the British host as they struggled to advance; and the sea, as if in combination for their destruction, with its tempestuous waves, swept off the fugitives and the wounded, whose blood mingled with the angry waters in their retreat to the ships. Still British valour would not yield; the struggle and the cannonade was kept up from the vessels that neared as close as possible to the shore. Toiras could not boast a scathless

victory; five hundred of his men were left lifeless by the conflict; but double the number proved to be the loss of the British; this, however, was but the beginning of disaster.

Buckingham amazed, but not confounded, by the terrible discomfiture of his enterprise, the dead floating around his vessel, the wounded dying within it, from a feeling of compassion, for four successive days gave rest to the whole armament. This was considered his great error, as it afforded time for Toiras to strengthen his position, and with an augmented force to provide for the defence of the citadel. Buckingham, undaunted, once more landed on the hostile shore of Ré; when a second error proved the total ruin of his enterprise. Leaving, as he passed along, the fort called De la Prée unassailed, which, ill provided for defence, must have yielded, he marched direct on St. Martin, and entered on the siege of the citadel. He was met by a stubborn resistance.

Richelieu, to whom the king, during his serious illness, had deputed full powers at this crisis, felt his anxiety greatly relieved by learning the ill-success of Buckingham's rash attack on the French shores; whilst Fort St. Louis was still in safety. Richelieu's exertions at this period became almost superhuman. His well-chosen agents were sent on the instant in all directions to collect as fast as it was possible all the shipping that could be procured and armed. Seven of the very largest ships and a vast number of a smaller bulk were at once

transported from various harbours to oppose the English fleet.

Great were the difficulties that presented themselves, but Richelieu's determination overcame them all. The king's exchequer was empty: on the instant the minister devoted his own wealth, his credit, and his influence to the service of the Catholic cause, for such was it deemed. With that eagle eye which looks on the outspread horizon, and on the smallest object beneath it, with equal clearness, Richelieu saw at once the danger that loomed in the distance, and that which was at hand. This "double faculty," says the French historian, "though contradictory in appearance, constituted the true genius of his policy."\* He saw the English fleet still masters of the sea, and the strong city of Rochelle still guarded by towers, and walls bristling with cannon; and all within devoted to their defence with an unconquerable spirit. All hope entertained by the Huguenots of an amicable arrangement had ceased; Louis some time since had issued a declaration treating the Rochellois as unpardonable rebels. Richelieu saw at once that the strife of arms would prove vain against such defences and defenders. He decided that nothing but a blockade could subdue them.

A powerful force, under the command of the Duke d'Angoulême, one of the illegitimate brothers of the king, was without loss of time encamped before Rochelle. Immediately on seeing this, the citizens

\* Henri Martin, "Histoire de France," vol. xi. p. 266.

sent a deputation to the king, offering to cause the English fleet to retire from the coast, on condition that Fort St. Louis should be destroyed, and their old privileges and those granted by the Edict of Nantes, with their municipal rights, restored and secured to them. These terms were rejected with disdain ; and shortly after the Catholic royalists and the burgher Huguenots commenced hostilities in good earnest.

The latter, except when Plessis de Mornay was at their head, were seldom governed by calm and dispassioned counsels. In the present instance, they published a manifesto calculated to exasperate the government. They boldly stated that their city had been a voluntary and conditional gift to the crown of France in the time of Charles V., and that Louis XI. had gone down upon his knees before the mayor when he took the oath to preserve those conditions and all the privileges annexed to them. This manifesto, though perfectly true, like many other unwelcome truths, gave the highest offence, and served but to sharpen to a keener edge the sword already drawn against the proud and daring citizens.

In the meanwhile, Buckingham's fears for the ultimate success of his expedition became greater than his hopes, and once more he entertained a project of forming a peace between France and England. Tallemant des Réaux asserts in his memoirs, that for this purpose Buckingham sent as an envoy one of his own relatives, who was conducted to the king by a gentleman of the garrison

of St. Martin, and that, before he set out on this pacific mission, the Duke conducted him into his cabin, showed him the portrait of the Queen of France, and confided to him his great admiration for the beautiful original, and begged him to deliver a message of the most perfect devotion on his (the Duke's) part to her Majesty. It is to be concluded that this was only one of those displays of chivalrous feeling towards beauty and royalty so in character with Buckingham's spirit for gallantry and romance. It was necessary to make the envoy the bearer of some decisive terms to the king; so Buckingham demanded, as the Rochellois had already done, the destruction of Fort Louis.

Richelieu advised no concessions; and therefore the English envoy was not even admitted into the presence of the king. Only a verbal reply was given, "that the king would receive no offer of terms, whilst the stranger retained a foot on France, or a boat near its shores." In a few days after both Louis and his active minister, having placed the regency in the hands of the Queen-Mother, Marie de Medici, left Paris, and repaired at once to the camp before Rochelle.

It was time to make an effort to relieve St. Martin, for the sufferings of the garrison besieged by the English had become great. A soldier, named La Pierre, had the courage to swim at the risk of his life from the Isle of Ré with despatches from the governor, and succeeded in gaining the land where the royal army was stationed. In these Toiras informed

the king that unless he were immediately relieved, famine would compel him to surrender. By a most daring act on the part of the French sailors he was relieved. A squadron of thirty-five small vessels, armed with men who declared that in spite of the English fleet they would succour their countrymen or perish in the attempt, made its way through all obstructions, and brought to St. Martin's provisions in abundance, and a reinforcement of 400 troops.

Buckingham now became disheartened, and would at once have raised the siege, had he not daily expected the coming of no less than six thousand men to his assistance ; and to this the Rochellois added their earnest entreaty that he would not abandon them in their distress. But his hopes proved vain ; it was the French who were reinforced and not the English. Rashness, and the suggestions of despair, prompted Buckingham to an act that did more honour to his courage as a man than to his judgment as a commander of an army already weakened and diminished by disaster and sickness.

In person, the heroic Duke led on his followers to attempt carrying St. Martin by storm. They were repulsed with fearful carnage ; and the end of all was defeat so complete that, besides those killed in the action, or drowned in their retreat to the ships, horses, baggage, cannon, standards, all became spoils of the victor. No less than twenty-four flags were sent to Paris and suspended on the walls of the church of Notre Dame. It was said by the memoir-writers of the court of Queen Anne, that her wishes had been with

Buckingham and Rochelle, and that she was sadly mortified by seeing in Paris these trophies of her unfortunate and chivalrous knight's defeat. He was now banished from her court, indeed; as immediately after this last failure, he spread his sails for England, with the wounded and dispirited remnant of his forces; there to receive, notwithstanding all his ardour and his prowess, not merely a cold welcome, but an expression of exasperated indignation both from the parliament and the people. He found no support, no consolation, but from the unwavering regard of his friend and sovereign, Charles.

Richelieu was now front to front with Rochelle, like a lion before his prey; "but that prey was in an attitude for a terrible struggle."\* The population of the city, thirty thousand strong, was governed by a mayor, and a council of burghers. These were said to be of a race at once intrepid and ferocious; men habituated to fatigue and endurance; stern, fanatic, unbending in their religious character, and, in consequence of the persecutions they had undergone in the strife of arms for the last sixty years, constantly in a state of vigilant inquietude to guard the stormy liberties of their city and their faith.

Richelieu, never deterred from an enterprise by difficulty or opposition, turned aside from all other objects which at that moment threatened and embarrassed the state, and fixed his resolute grasp on

\* "Histoire de France," vol. xi, p. 271, Henri Martin.

the enemy before him, determined never to lose it, till that enemy was at his last gasp. Soon did he feel convinced how insufficient was the Duke d'Angoulême for the trust that had been committed to him. He had suffered the corn and the barley, the fruit of the summer harvest, to be gathered into Rochelle without opposition, and the fortifications to be strengthened and repaired. The active Cardinal soon found that all rested with himself; he must undertake the work, and resort to the tedium of a blockade; for the defences of the city were most formidable, and the inhabitants fully prepared to guard them.

But the greatest of all the difficulties he had now to encounter was found in the royal and Catholic army encamped before the city. He had been compelled to place several of the chief nobles of the realm in command; and some of these very men, jealous of his power, hating his pride, and above all the superiority by which he rose above them and ruled both king and kingdom, desired beyond all things else to bring about his fall. Richelieu saw through their devices; and sensible that the conquest of Rochelle would secure to him that power threatened by so many enemies, he determined at any cost to succeed. Genius, judgment, perseverance, and an inflexible resolution, had opened before him a path to glory, from which no consideration could tempt him to turn aside. He knew well that the spirit of hatred against himself burnt with a fiercer flame in the breasts of those around him, than did their love.

for the Catholic cause; and that on his account they desired its failure in this expedition. "We shall but swell the pride of the cardinal," said Bassompierre to his friends, "if we are mad enough to take Rochelle." Yet he who spoke thus did his duty as a good captain when it came to the point.

Richelieu at this crisis was careful to surround himself with the most substantial support. He gained at once the good will of the peasantry and farmers by an ordinance forbidding the troops, on pain of death, to take the sheep or the oxen, or the smallest thing from the inhabitants of the surrounding country without immediate payment. At the same time he attached the soldiers to himself by attending to their wants in the camp. The season was advanced; it was November; he caused winter clothing of the best description to be bought for the men. He no longer suffered the pay of the army to pass through the hands of their officers: but appointed a regular commissary under his own direction, who was to give to every man his weekly pay; and the most careful provision was made for the wounded and the sick. Such was the regularity introduced, that not the slightest want of discipline was experienced during the whole siege. Richelieu compared his camp in regularity and obedience to the order of a convent, and as he was attended by his favourite Father Joseph (an ecclesiastic who obeyed his slightest word in all things), and a train of Capucin

friars, who catechised and confessed the soldiers, it was not without reason that he made the comparison.

Whilst the economy of the camp was thus regulated, the dangers which threatened from without were not overlooked. To dwell on a particular account of fortifications would be needless; but the description, though brief, of the marvellous work of the master spirit of the age of which we write, must be given, and as nearly as possible in the order of its great historian.\*

Lines of circumvallation of three leagues in extent, flanked by eleven forts and eighteen redoubts, were formed to prevent all issue from Rochelle on the land side. The conduct of these works was confided to the Duke d'Angoulême and Marshals Bassompierre and De Schomberg, and the army was divided between the three generals. As there was really no cause to fear an attack on the land side, the circumvallation was of secondary moment, and far less important than to afford security from being attacked from the sea; and to achieve this security was the work undertaken by the Cardinal.

The first plan suggested by an ingenious Italian engineer was rejected as insufficient; when Métézeau, engineer to the king, and Tiriot, master mason of Paris, proposed to throw across the harbour (as from side to side of a canal) a dyke of one thousand six hundred and forty yards in length, open in the middle for the flow of the tide. The dyke was to be

\* Henri Martin.

constructed of hard stones, placed shelving, in order to break the violence of the waves, and at a sufficient distance from the ramparts of Rochelle not to fear the cannon from its walls.

The Cardinal was struck with the grandeur of this design; the King and the council of war also applauded it, and the work was commenced, at both extremities, at the end of November. More than once the fury of the ocean destroyed in an hour the labour of a week; and the toil of the first three months was lost by the fault of the marshal of the camp, Marillac, who caused the stones of the dyke to be placed straight instead of slanting. The patience of man at length overcame his own errors and the impetuosity of the stormy ocean. The men, liberally paid, toiled with ardour at this undertaking, worthy the greatest days of ancient Rome; and the gigantic work advanced by degrees towards perfection, in despite of adverse winds and seas, and their auxiliaries, the English.\*

It was at this time that the Spaniards carried on an intrigue with England and France; double dealing with both, but really wishing well to the Huguenot heretics; simply because, whilst France was engaged with a domestic enemy, they could the more easily carry on their plans of aggression on Italy. So, to amuse the French king, they gave him vague promises of assistance against the Rochellois,

\* "At low water the remains of the famous dyke thrown out into the sea by order of Richelieu are still distinctly visible."—*Murray's Hand-Book of France.*

but it never came. Well might Richelieu feel the greatness of the responsibility that rested upon him; for his own sovereign, always of a moody, melancholy and capricious temper, tired by being held four months stationary to look at the walls of Rochelle and the great dyke forming for their subjection, and ill from the exhalations of the salt marshes in the neighbourhood, determined to depart for the capital, and quarrelled with Richelieu who endeavoured to detain him.

The anxiety of the cardinal was extreme; to depart with the king was to lose Rochelle; to remain was to expose himself to all the dark designs of his enemies, to injure him with a weak and capricious master, when from absence he could no longer defend himself or his measures. But Richelieu had staked his influence, his power, his all, on the reduction of Rochelle; he determined therefore to run all hazards and remain.

Louis, notwithstanding the dislike he felt for his minister, before whose superiority he quailed, was overcome by that ascendancy which a resolute determination always gives to the actions of a brave man, devoted to what he believes to be a just cause; and in quitting the cardinal, he delegated to him the command of the whole armament. The marshals were to receive their orders from him alone, and to obey him implicitly. "It was a singular spectacle," says Henri Martin, "to see a general in a *red hat* with his *état major* in the mitre and the robes."

But Richelieu knew how to render formidable that which to appearance had in it so much of the grotesque. He now united in his own person the functions of general, admiral, engineer, commissary, intendant, and was responsible for them all. But the mind of Richelieu was remarkable in this—that in all his undertakings, he combined with his natural ardour for enterprise, a habit of steady investigation of the means and resources he could command, so as never, if possible, to risk that which if lost would prove fatal to his success. His energetic character, and his spirit-stirring eloquence were irresistible; others caught the flame, and burnt with a zeal that resembled his own. His great qualities enabled him to stem the assaults of envy, so eager to oppose his course, as the sturdy swimmer beats aside the waves that would overwhelm him. At length, he rose triumphant; the young in the career of arms, the nobles and the common soldiers caught the spirit of their great leader, and vowed to conquer or to die before Rochelle.

Whilst the siege was going on, France became agitated by the many factions of the court, and by the incompetent meddling of the queen-mother; whose narrow understanding and bad passions had troubled the waters of the state ever since she had been near the head of the spring. Some foreign matters, connected with the intrigues of Spain, so much alarmed Richelieu, that he feared the result would be serious did he much longer absent himself from the council of Paris.

Governed by these apprehensions, he was desirous to bring the siege to a conclusion as soon as possible; and made a rash attempt to take the town by surprise on the 12th of March, but he was foiled by the ever wakeful vigilance of the Rochellois. Richelieu seeing how serious the state of things was becoming for the safety of the realm, sent a despatch by one in whom he could confide, to beg the king to come to him without delay, that they might consult together on the threatening state of affairs, both foreign and domestic. No sooner did the enemies of the cardinal about the court and the queen-mother hear this, than they made every attempt to detain Louis in Paris; but he resisted, and set forth to join the cardinal and the army, after having refused the mediation of Hollaud and Denmark between himself, England and Rochelle.

Louis found an army of twenty-five thousand men before the beleaguered city, and everything in readiness to strike the decisive blow. On the 25th day of April a herald was sent to summon the city to surrender in the name of the king. The inhabitants refused to receive him; they said that they had signed an engagement with the King of England not to listen to any treaty without his consent, and that his Britannic Majesty had promised them powerful and speedy assistance. No doubt they had been stimulated to give this decisive answer by him who was now at the head of their affairs.

It was in the early part of March of that same year, 1628, that the Burgher council of Rochelle

elected for their mayor the mariner—Guiton; a man of little education but strong natural sense and the most heroic spirit, wholly disinterested, and alike incapable of pity and of fear. On entering the chamber to take his seat as the head of the assembly, with a calm but stern determination, he threw down a poignard on the council table, saying, "That poignard was destined to pierce the heart of the first man who should speak of surrender."\* He then laid before them his plan of defence, and bade none fear, but place their trust in God, and they would find His the arm of strength, that would never fail them in a good cause.

It was proposed by the royalists to cut the trench and prepare for an assault; but on further consideration the place was deemed too strong for such a mode of attack, the city being protected on two sides by a marsh or swamp, on another by the port, and inaccessible in all but a third of its circumference. Bastions and ditches too, filled with water from the sea, afforded complete protection to the formidable walls. After due deliberation, and every possible plan being proposed and rejected, it was found that there was nothing to be done but by blockade, a blockade which would insure the entrance of a conqueror that no walls could resist—"lean Famine," and her train of misery and death.

In the interval, as soon as England could raise the means in fulfilment of the promise given, several

\* Henri Martin, vol. xi. p. 278.

ships of war and smaller vessels laden with provisions and carrying troops, under the command of the Earl of Denbigh, brother-in-law to Buckingham, were despatched for the rescue of Rochelle. It was too late: to his amazement Denbigh found the dyke completed, and the entrance to the bay or road, where his ships could anchor, barred by nearly thirty powerful vessels, and by an almost countless number of small armed barks, the whole being protected by batteries stationed on the two promontories that overlooked the dyke, and bristling with cannon. Many other forts and defences had been constructed by order of Richelieu; and to secure the whole, twenty-four vessels chained together and disposed in the form of a half-moon battery, were so placed as to render the landing of the English succours impracticable. On the side next to Rochelle a second floating stockade was placed in the dyke itself. It consisted of thirty-seven vessels chained together and fully armed; it was therefore impossible that the Rochellois could attempt to communicate with the armament which lay off the shore in the hope to relieve them. Lord Denbigh could do nothing; for eight days he patiently maintained his hopeless watch, and then set sail for England.

As the white sails of the English faded in the distance, the exultation of the Catholic camp became boundless; and the failure on the part of Charles and his brave seamen to relieve Rochelle produced such an effect throughout France, that the clergy of Fontenai in Poitou voted a subsidy of three

millions to the king to carry on the siege. The Count de Soissons (little heeding the example of his aged mother, the Duchess de Rohan, still immured within the walls of the beleaguered city for her faith and her noble trust in God) came to the king and craved a coward's pardon for his offences! and the Duke de la Tremouille, hitherto one of the devoted leaders of the Protestants, abjured, joined the camp, and received from the hands of Richelieu the completion of his conversion by a command in the cavalry!

All was now so well arranged, so strong, that it was evident the Rochellois could do nothing, and the capitulation of the city was daily expected as a thing of course.

Little did the king, little did Richelieu, or any of the warlike men around them, know the people they would subdue. The stern and energetic resolution of their chief, Guiton; seconded by the magnanimity of the old Duchess of Rohan, and the almost inspired eloquence of their minister Salbert, raised such a feeling of enthusiastic devotion, that all within the walls of Rochelle felt resolved as one man—never to yield; to preserve their faith and their liberties unbroken; or to die in their defence.

All the fearful sufferings of the past religious wars, and with aggravated misery, were revived in this devoted place. At a meeting of the council a young Rochellois proposed to save the city by a deed which (certain to involve his own death) he deemed patriotic. It was to act the part of Poltrot

—to stab Richelieu. But Guiton, whose true heroism abhorred an act of baseness, started from his seat, and with a look and voice of stern reproof, exclaimed—"If God will save us, it will not be by the crime of an assassin."\*

It was the end of June, and now commenced the most frightful sufferings of the people. By far the greater number of the inhabitants were reduced to live on herbs and on the small shell fish collected on the sands at low water; but the king's troops deprived them even of this little aid; and the wretched had recourse to the most detestable expedients and revolting aliments, to sustain life.

Several times, in order to lessen the numbers, many of the old and the helpless were sent beyond the walls: few passed in safety. Unlike the kindly nature of his father—Henry IV.—who when he laid siege to Paris, not only let the helpless pass, but fed them on their way with care, Louis with brutal ferocity drove back the fugitive wretches towards the city that had cast them out; and if, in despair, any of these starving creatures endeavoured to pass the post of the besiegers, they were hanged on the spot without mercy. Guiton, incensed by acts so heartless and cruel, closed the gates on his own people, and on pain of instant death forbade any to pass beyond them. Gaunt famine and wild despair now did their work. Death was in every house of the rich, in every hovel of the poor; and the brain of many became

\* Poltrot stabbed a Duke de Guise. See Henri Martin, vol. xi. p. 284.

frenzied from sights and sounds and feelings of suffering beyond the endurance of humanity. At length a party was formed desirous to obtain peace on any terms. But Guiton would not yield; the poignard was still on the council table; and his hand was still firm to use it. "Death; but no surrender," was his rejoinder to all who spoke on the hopeless state of the city.

From the lofty battlemented walls, day by day, hour by hour, did the wretched and even the dying look out towards the sea in order to descry in the far horizon the sail of some vessel that might be the precursor of the fleet still expected from England. At that time, the hope was not altogether groundless; for the expectation of many was that if the royal army could not be driven from before Rochelle, by the bringing up of a strong naval armament near the entrance, or, as it was termed, the road of the harbour, some negotiations between the kings of France and England might be set on foot, so as to obtain terms of tolerable accommodation for the Protestant subjects of the Catholic prince. There was the more reason to expect this result, as both Louis and his nobles were heartily tired of waiting the issue of a tedious blockade.

Charles, and at length the Parliament, had consented to make the attempt; and Buckingham was once more appointed to the command. All was in readiness when the knife of Felton—fatal to the brave and unfortunate commander—delayed the sailing of the expedition; and not till the 17th of

September did Lord Lindsay, who was appointed to succeed Buckingham, leave the shores of England with a powerful force to steer direct for Rochelle.

Not long however before the time just named, the extremity of famine and misery, too shocking to dwell upon in detail, led to a proposal of terms between the Rochellois and the besiegers. But at that moment Guiton had the important information conveyed to him that the fleet from England had spread sail for his relief. This was enough, and once more he became inexorable, and would listen to no terms, but those of security for the religion, the liberties, and the privileges of Rochelle and the observance of the edict of Nantes; an edict so long enjoyed in peace during the late King Henry's reign. To these terms Louis gave an absolute refusal.

Guiton next attempted to destroy the works of the stockade, and failed. The dead and the dying were around him. "Look, Guiton," said one of his friends, "look upon yonder brave man," pointing as he spoke to one at the last gasp—"look, he is dying from famine."

Guiton did look on death in this most terrible form, but with an unchanged countenance replied,—"Are you surprised at that? You and I must both come to it." Some one hurriedly came into the chamber of council, and told him that soon all that would remain of Rochelle would be the senseless walls and towers, for all within them were dying hourly from the last extremity of famine. Guiton's undaunted spirit never failed; he replied calmly—

“Is it this you come to tell me? while there is one man left to close the gates, it is enough.” The council—rather the few left to form the council—was struck with admiration at the heroism of such unshaken self-devotion; but they trembled when with a firm voice he added—“that he was ready, if it became necessary, to draw lots with any one who desired it, to decide which should devour the other to stop the pangs of famine.”

There was a stern, almost a savage grandeur about Guiton, which made some of the French writers treat him as a pirate or corsair; but he never had been such; he was a mariner, a devoted Huguenot, and a sombre enthusiast. The ascendancy which he gained over all who came near him in this time of dire distress was marvellous. The very dying strove to obey him to the last; and though all desired peace with the king on any terms, not one acted in opposition to Guiton, when his purpose in this extremity was determined.

“Alas, poor city!  
 Almost afraid to know itself! It cannot  
 Be call'd our mother; but our grave.  
 Where sighs and groans and shrieks that rend the air  
 Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow seems  
 A common ecstasy; the dead man's knell  
 Is there scarce ask'd for who, and good men's lives  
 Dying, or ere they sicken.”

At length the English fleet, consisting of many fine ships of war and floating petards, appeared on the 30th of September before the mouth of the canal that led to the harbour of Rochelle, across

which was the dyke, and hostilities commenced with great vigour. The French ships under the command of Admiral de Valencai, filled the canal. The dyke was reinforced by a double range of gigantic *chevaux de frise* planted in the sea ; and the floating stockade and defences of every kind and description were filled with thousands of troops and volunteers ; the latter having come from all parts of France to assist in this great enterprise. Louis took his station on one of the batteries, and the cardinal stood prepared to meet the enemy at the end of the vast dyke. In the very centre as it were of this striking spectacle at the furthest termination of the Bay, stood the city, from the towers and ramparts of which the surviving inhabitants looked on in an agony of "silent expectation, how the God of battles would decide their fate."

The English fought as they always did, bravely, obstinately. But from the very beginning of the battle they found how impossible it was for the ships of heavy burthen to enter the canal, too shallow for their draught. They opened, therefore, a furious cannonade against the batteries and the French vessels ; and after a severe struggle, nothing whatever effectual could be accomplished towards the relief of Rochelle. The elements seemed also to take part against the sufferers, for on the 5th of October the heavens became dark with gloom as the driving clouds and the rising billows ushered in a tempest of the most violent description. The winds wild and contrary, combined with the angry waves to drive

the English from the shores, and compelled them to seek safety in the road of the Isle D'Aix.

Nothing could be done for Rochelle except possibly by negotiation. Promptly, earnestly was the attempt made by the admiral of the English fleet. But Richelieu saw that all was over; he replied with his accustomed cool courtesy, always more ceremoniously displayed when about to disappoint a friend or a foe, that much as he was honoured by the presence of Lord Lindsay, as an envoy on the part of his Britannic Majesty, his own master the King of France could not admit any mediation of a stranger Prince between himself and his rebellious subjects. All was ended indeed!

The unhappy city, after a siege of ten months, encountered with an almost unparalleled spirit of valour and endurance, fell at last, vanquished by famine, at the foot of a heartless and bigoted conqueror.

Although the city numbered more than thirty thousand inhabitants at the commencement of the siege, there were only found on the surrender one hundred and thirty-six men capable of bearing arms; and even these were weak and sinking. Guiton held out to the last, and in the very hour of surrender attempted to make terms, with a pride equal to that of the cardinal. He demanded, not solicited, the continuation of the liberties of Rochelle, and the power to hold an assembly of Protestants, as of old.

To this really great man (so much does the fearless

consciousness of a true cause command respect) Richelieu answered almost with deference. He told Guiton that he had done enough to show true courage; for he had not left in his city food sufficient for even three days; and therefore the king could grant nothing but an armistice; and the liberty of Protestant worship subject to conditions; with the abolition of all municipal independent rights, and that even these terms could be granted only in the form of a pardon. He added that those Protestants who had fled to England and Holland were to be included in the pardon, on condition of a prompt return to France and to the duties of their several callings. This last was a far-sighted clause; and in due time brought back to the service of the king many excellent mariners.

On the following day, a deputation from the conquered citizens waited upon the king; and some of the deputies were in so exhausted a state that they dropped down in his presence before their mission could be accomplished. On the 30th of October the French guards took possession of the place. The common soldiers, more touched with pity than their heartless king, or the proud cardinal, were seized with horror as they entered the streets on finding themselves assailed with the cries of misery from a few living skeletons, who tore rather than received from the hands of their victors the rations that were suspended from their bandeliers.

The streets, the houses, every place, every corner, they found filled with the unburied dead! It was

averred by more than one eye-witness of these fearful scenes, that several of the bodies were found withered, as if famine had wasted the living, before death came to their relief. The disclosure of the means that some of the starving had been compelled to adopt in order to sustain life, was most revolting. In one instance a mother had eaten her dead child—a child that had died in her arms!

In another a father had saved the life of a son with his own blood!

On the 30th of October Richelieu entered the city. He was preceded (the best act of the day) by a number of sumpter mules laden with bread and food. Although he was himself very ill, from the combined effects of his anxiety and his almost super-human exertions, with his accustomed pride—

“ Ever ranking himself with princes,”

he made his entry as a victorious general, mounted on a noble charger, and the heralds and trumpets going before him. Guiton, who for so many months had kept the cardinal and all his powers in check, by the command of his haughty victor was once more brought before him. Richelieu surveyed that indomitable adversary with an eye of curiosity and interest. He paused as if in doubt how to address him. At length he asked the subdued defender of the city, what he thought of the Kings of France and England. “ I think,” replied the veteran, “ that it is better to have for a master the king who took

Rochelle, than the king who did not know how to defend it."

On the 1st of November, 1628, Richelieu threw aside his military for his priestly character ; and in the full robes of a cardinal celebrated mass in the church of St. Margaret. Thence he carried the keys of the city, and with all the customary honours presented them to the king. Louis immediately after made his entry within the captured walls. Richelieu walked alone before him, in order that all who looked on "might see that he was the second person in the realm of France." On the following day appeared the royal declaration of the terms awarded to Rochelle. They were severe and stringent ; and may be thus summed up.

The city was deprived of all its municipal rights. No citizen was to have defensive arms in his possession. Every Protestant who was a stranger to the place was forbidden to reside therein. An officer was appointed to see all the walls and fortifications razed to the ground, except the walls towards the harbour. The next step was to award their fate to the leaders of the revolt. The Counts Soubise, De Laval, and others, who had declined the armistice, followed Lindsay to England. But the old Duchess de Rohan and her daughter, who both refused to be named in the capitulation, and had shared in the sufferings of the siege with unshaken faith and firmness, Louis (incapable of feeling what was truly noble in friend or foe) condemned as prisoners to the castle of Niort. Neither of these ladies was in a

state to bear the restraints of imprisonment; the duchess being more than eighty years old, and her daughter far advanced in age, feeble, and suffering.

Guiton, always proud and fearless, refused to make any personal concessions. He was at first sent into a guarded exile with ten other Huguenots of note. But Richelieu, with that appreciation which genius possesses of merit in almost all its forms, knew too well the value of such a master spirit to suffer him to live in unemployed obscurity. He determined to secure his services for the state. Speedily, therefore, was he recalled, and placed in a position of authority in a ship of war. He rose in the service; and though Guiton never abjured his faith, he was found true as a subject of the king and excellent as a naval commander. Before we bid adieu to him, it is well to state that the French historian—Henri Martin—tells us, “that in the year 1841 the municipal council of Rochelle voted a statue to Guiton; but the then French Government refused to authorise it!”

Thus ended, in the fall of Rochelle, the power and the last stronghold of the Protestants of France. The cardinal had effected his purpose—to deprive them of strength as a body, which he deemed dangerous to the state. But he had no desire to extirpate so large, so energetic, and useful a portion of the subjects of the realm; he therefore relaxed in hostile measures towards them. Satisfied with what he had accomplished, and proud

of his own work, he put a finish to it by a pardoning edict called that of Grace, and did not repeal the Edict of Nantes.

On the death of Louis XIII., the regency was committed to his widowed queen, Anne of Austria, during the minority of her son, then a child, who in after years became so celebrated as Louis XIV. Cardinal Mazarin was the prime minister. During the regency, and a considerable portion of the time when Louis himself held the reins of government, the turmoil and confusion into which the state was thrown by the wars of the Fronde, the restless intrigues of the Cardinal de Retz, the civil strife of Guienne, the contentious and ambitious spirit of the great and haughty Condé, and the multitude of foreign wars, though altogether disastrous for France, proved favourable to the Protestants. There was not leisure to think about religious quarrels.

A Huguenot nobleman, like the Duke de Bouillon, or a Huguenot town might sometimes join with a party hostile to the Court, but these were matters of state policy not of church contention. The Protestants, therefore, as a body, were not persecuted, and their peaceful habits, their industry and exemplary morality benefited the whole kingdom. The very commerce of all France was principally centred in this large and influential portion of the people. When that great minister of finance, Colbert, came into power, he knew so well their vast importance to the state, that he not only pro-

tected, but encouraged them by every means in his power.

But before we proceed to the worst act of Louis' domestic policy—the repeal of the Edict of Nantes—it will be right to give some slight notice of the persons who advocated, and the circumstances which led to it. The advocates were considered to be Michel le Tellier, then chancellor of France, his son, the Marquis de Louvois, the minister of war, Père la Chaise, confessor to the king, Bossuet, Bishop of Meaux, and Madame de Maintenon. It was not a sudden act; the storm had been long gathering and threatening by edicts and ordinances, most oppressive and injurious both to the civil and religious liberty of the Protestants. In 1681 everything indicated an approaching catastrophe for those unoffending people, and Louis was not slow to complete their destruction; more especially as he hoped, by the extirpation of what he called heresy, to atone for his own sins and offences; and Le Tellier, the bitterest enemy of the Reformed, advised him for his soul's sake not to delay resorting to the strongest measures.

“The king,” wrote Madame de Maintenon,\* “has a plan to work out the entire conversion of the heretics; he holds frequent conferences on the subject with Monsieur le Tellier and Monsieur de Châteauneuf,” (the secretary charged with the affairs of the Reformed) “in which they will persuade me that

\* “Letters of Madame de Maintenon,” 13th August, 1684.

I shall not be one too many. De Châteauneuf has proposed measures not altogether desirable ; things must not be precipitated. Monsieur de Louvois wishes for gentleness, which does not agree with his natural disposition, and his haste to conclude matters."

As for the gentleness of Louvois, it was nothing more, as the event proved, than a hypocritical pretence of moderation. Passionate and malicious, his spirit delighted in falsehood and cruelty ; his conduct in the Palatinate had been fiendlike, and towards the Huguenots it was no less diabolical. The first dragonnade against those unhappy people had been checked by the powerful interference of Colbert, who obtained "*un arrêt du conseil*" in May, 1681, to stop the murderous violence of the troops in the south of France. But, alas! this gleam of hope and mercy passed away with himself, for when he died in 1683, broken-hearted by the ingratitude of the king he had so well served, there was not left one who dared to raise a hand to stay the uplifted sword of persecution. It was evident from all this that long before the Edict of Nantes was formally repealed, it was totally disregarded. Still it was a part and parcel of the laws of France ; and as Louis was getting on in years and might die, and the dauphin was well known to have no fancy for hunting Huguenots, and delighted most in chasing wolves and killing weasels, if the heretics were to be destroyed, the work must be done in Louis' time, and not left to the uncertainty of a future reign.

Another supporter of the renewed persecution was

Père la Chaise, a weak easy man, indolent and bigoted, not naturally cruel, like Louvois, but always going with the stream, being carried on by the will of any one, if it was strongly put forth, and however opposite it might be to his own.

Le Tellier, laid on a bed of sickness and fast sinking into the grave, in those awful moments of expiring life, as chancellor of France, on the 22nd October, 1685, placed the seal on the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, that was so soon to plunge thousands into death and misery; and declared as he did so, that now he could with joy sing the *Nunc Dimittis*, since the great object for which he lived was accomplished. He died soon after.

It has been asserted, but without any positive proof, that Bossuet gave his voice in favour of the repeal. Historical evidence may be wanting; but who can read the funeral oration pronounced by Bossuet on Michel le Tellier and for a moment doubt that, if he did not actually unite in the proposal, he fully approved the measure when it had passed. "The eagle of Meaux," as he was called, after lauding Le Tellier for placing the seal, as the completion of the business, pronounces it "the triumph of his faith," and then bursts forth in admiration of Louis for the part he took in a measure which he declared to be the greatest of his reign, and one that "would astonish the very universe." It shall not be said that we exaggerate, for we will give, in his own words, the eulogium which the Bishop passed on an act of intolerance marked by a

cruelty and bloodshed, which, in one sense, exceeded that of St. Bartholomew. The massacre of the Huguenots on that day, under Charles IX. and Catherine de Medicis, dreadful indeed, was yet of comparatively limited duration. But the misery, the horrors, the sacrifice of human life, resulting from the repeal of the Edict of Nantes became the curse of years; the indelible blot on the character and reign of a Prince calling himself Christian. It is thus lauded by Bossuet:

“L’univers étonné de voir, dans un événement si nouveau, la marque, la plus assurée, comme le plus bel usage de l’autorité, et le mérite du Prince plus reconnu et plus révééré que son autorité même. Touchés de tant des merveilles, épanchons nos cœurs sur la piété de Louis: poussons jusqu’au ciel nos acclamations, et disons à ce nouveau Constantin, à ce nouveau Théodose, à ce nouveau Marcien, à ce nouveau Charlemagne, ce que les six cent trente Pères dirent autrefois dans le Concile de Chalcédoine: vous avez affermi la Foi, vous avez exterminé les Hérétiques: c’est le digne ouvrage de votre règne, c’en est le propre caractère. Par vous l’hérésie n’est plus: Dieu seul a pu faire cette merveille. Roi du ciel, conservez le Roi de la Terre: c’est le vœu des Églises; c’est le vœu des Évêques.”\*

The Revocation of the Edict of Nantes having become law by the registration of the Parliament of Paris, all restraint against persecuting the Hugue-

\* Oraison Funèbre de M. le Tellier. Bossuet’s Sermons, vol. xvii. p. 83.

nots was removed. The bridle thus taken off, and cruelty rushing forth in full career, seems to realise that grand but fearful scene in the Revelation of St. John,—Death on the Pale Horse set free on a course of destruction.

It is not, however, the purpose of these pages to give any lengthened narrative of the terrible results of the second dragonnade, which followed hard upon the repeal of that protective edict. Well might Henry say, as he did, even prophetically, on the morning of his death, that "what he was would never be known till he was gone; when they would find his worth by comparison with his successors."

Though we pass in silence much of fearful interest, yet we must give a few leading events in order that it may be clearly understood what were the degrees of persecution that led at last to the heroic stand of the Cevennes. The cruelty of Louvois' plan was most zealously carried out by the superintendents and subalterns of the provinces and towns, and by the murderous ferocity of the dragoons. He stated that he had selected them because they could act either on their horses or on foot. Such was the impunity with which these demons in the form of men did their work, that not one man was punished for any of the murders or atrocities committed or commanded. When the king by chance heard that any of his orders had been exceeded, he forbore all chastisement for fear religious persons should suppose that he disapproved anything done with a view to forward con-

version. Louis, therefore, "must not be acquitted by the historian from the part he took in this terrible responsibility."\*

The success of these horrors at first surpassed the hopes of Louvois. At the sight of murder, torture, and every possible form of cruelty, consternation alone deprived many of their senses; and in less than six weeks sixty thousand of the persecuted in the southern provinces abjured; and when it was remarked at Court that they could not be sincere, Madame de Maintenon wrote to one of her friends, "that the children would be Catholics, though their parents might be hypocrites." Nor did she forget how to turn to account the less spiritual advantages resulting from the king's piety. Amongst her letters there is one to her brother, Monsieur d'Aubigny, in which she advises him to take care of the eight hundred thousand francs that the king had given him, "for estates in Poitou would soon be got almost for nothing, by the distress of the Protestants compelling them to sell their lands."

Louvois, still fearful that there was not severity enough already exercised over the unfortunate heretics, wrote to the superintendents of the provinces to inform them that "his majesty insisted the most strict measures should be taken with those who refused to belong to his majesty's religion; and those, who, from false notions of glory, still held out, should

\* Henri Martin, vol. xiv. p. 42.

be treated with the last extremity of severity; and that the troops should be allowed to live without restraint" (*fort licencieusement*). With these instructions, the dragonnade in a short time extended all over France. When the great harvest of the south was reaped, then the gleaning commenced elsewhere, even to Rochelle, which, time-honoured, had been the refuge of the Huguenots. The burning of towns, and villages, and houses, the laying waste fields and vineyards, were but minor miseries when compared with the reckless sacrifice of human life. Did the Huguenots refuse conversion, and gather in bodies for emigration, escape, or defence, they were attacked by an overwhelming force of the dragoons, and cut to pieces, men, women, and children, without distinction.

These merciless attacks were often led on by the fanatical priests; and the gibbet and the wheel were used without stint with all who were resolute adherents to their faith. The most loathsome dungeons, the dens of mediæval cruelty still found within the stubborn walls of the old châteaux, were chosen as appropriate prisons for such heretics as it was deemed expedient to reserve for some public and exemplary punishment.

But we must pause, and see how contemporary persons of no ordinary mind or rank thought of these deeds of tyrannical butchery.

St. Simon, in one of those characteristic sketches which renders his *Mémoires* so vivid and interesting, says, "The profound ignorance in which the king

had been educated and kept all his life rendered him from the first an easy prey to the Jesuits. He became even more so with years, when he grew devout, for he was devout with the grossest ignorance. Religion became his weak point. In this state it was easy to persuade him that a decisive and tremendous blow struck against the Protestants would give his name more grandeur than any of his ancestors had acquired, besides strengthening his power and increasing his authority. Madame de Maintenon was one of those who did most to make him believe this." \* \* \* \* "The revocation of the Edict of Nantes, without the slightest pretext or necessity, and the various proscriptions that followed it, were the fruits of a frightful plot, in which the new wife" (Madame de Maintenon) "was one of the chief conspirators, and which depopulated a quarter of the realm ; ruined its commerce, weakened it in every direction, gave it up for a time to the public and avowed pillage of the Dragoons, authorised torments and punishments by which so many innocent people of both sexes were killed by thousands, ruined a numerous class, tore in pieces a world of families, armed relatives against relatives, so as to seize their property and leave them to die of hunger ; banished our manufactures to foreign lands, made those lands flourish and overflow at the expense of France, and enabled them to build new cities. Gave to the world a spectacle of a prodigious population proscribed, stripped, fugitive, wandering without crime, and seeking shelter far from its country ; sent to the

galleys nobles, rich old men, people much esteemed for their piety, learning, and virtue ; people well appointed, weak, delicate, and solely on account of religion ; in fact, to keep up the measure of horror, filled all the realm with perjury and sacrilege."

"In the midst of the echoed cries of these unfortunate victims of error, whilst so many others sacrificed their conscience to their wealth and their repose, and purchased both by simulated abjuration, from which, without a pause, they were dragged to adore what they did not believe, and to receive the divine body of the Saint of Saints, whilst remaining persuaded that they were only eating bread which they ought to abhor. Such was the general abomination born of flattery and cruelty. From torture to abjuration, and from that to the communion, there was only twenty-four hours' distance, and executioners were the conductors of the converts and their witnesses. Those who in the end appeared to be reconciled more at leisure did not fail by their flight or their behaviour to contradict their pretended conversions."

"The king," continues St. Simon, "received from all parts of his realm, more especially from the south, full details of these persecutions and conversions. It was by thousands that those who were converted had been led to receive the Holy Sacrament."

St. Simon goes on to tell us that the king considered he had renewed by his piety the days of the Apostles ; and the bishops—Bossuet, as we have seen, at their head—wrote panegyrics upon him ;

and never had the monarch believed himself to be so great in the eyes of his subjects, or so acceptable in the sight of God for the reparation of his sins and of the scandals of his life, as in this crusade against the Protestants.

But there was another side to the picture ; some few good and honest Catholic bishops who cared not for court favour, groaned in spirit to see such severities exercised towards error, and desired rather to lead men to the truth by the cords of gentleness and love than to goad them to conversion. To these good men the king paid no attention. "Even the Court of Rome," says St. Simon, "which formerly had not been ashamed to extol the St. Bartholomew massacre, and to thank God for it, by public processions, and to employ the greatest masters to paint this execrable action in the Vatican, would not give the slightest approbation to this fresh onslaught on the Protestants."\* This forbearance offended the piety of Louis ; and he so teased and even threatened the pope, in order to compel him to celebrate his successful persecution, that at last his holiness, to be rid of his importunity, did consent to hold a jubilee in commemoration of it.

Even the usually amiable and gentle Madame de Sévigné—probably not knowing to the full extent the crimes and murders that had been the result of the king's pious zeal to atone for his sins—speaks of the repeal of the Edict of Nantes in these words—

\* "Memoirs of the Duke de St. Simon," vol. iii. p. 261.

“It is the grandest and most beautiful measure that has ever been imagined or executed ;” and again, in another of her letters,\*—“Every one is now a missionary ; every one thinks he has a mission, and particularly the magistrates and governors of provinces, upheld by the dragoons. This is the greatest and most noble action that has ever been conceived or performed.”

Such a state of things could not last ; patience must at length be worn out, and oppression call forth the spirit of the oppressed for resistance. At the very moment when Louis was inhaling “the perfume of the incense” prepared for him by his bigots and his flatterers, and was assuring the pope that he had now crushed heresy throughout the realm of France, and that only a few insignificant Huguenots remained, those Huguenots recovered from the panic and stupor into which they had been thrown by the first outbreak of the persecution. The newly converted, so much the boast of Louis, revoked their conversion by hundreds and thousands, and refused to attend mass, or to let their children be taught in the Catholic schools ; and all the horrors of a third persecution were set on foot by a fresh edict of 1686.

New scenes of terror, and, if possible, on a greater scale than the former, were enacted ; but we need not dwell on the wars of the Vaudois ; or on the noble resistance made by this portion of the

\* To Monsieur de Moulceau, November 24th, 1685.

aggrieved people. Their sufferings excited the compassion of a French general named Catinet, who was sent to subdue them. From a motive of humanity he endeavoured to lead them to submit their religious opinions to the authority of the king ; but he could not prevail. They declared their resolution was taken to die in the defence of their faith.

The brave inhabitants of the valleys of St. Martin and of La Pérouse were at length overpowered by the large and disciplined force brought against them ; and were treated by their victors with fearful barbarities ; whilst the Piedmontese, after having been deluded by false promises of mercy made to the mountaineers who guarded the entrance to the valley of La Luzerne, unhappily laid down their arms. No sooner had they done so, than the soldiers rushed in, and near to La Tour three thousand of the aged and helpless, men, women, and even infants, were murdered in cold blood.

The Alpine regions were ranged in every quarter to search out in the depths of their recesses all who had escaped the slaughter and sought for shelter amid caves and precipices. Ten thousand prisoners were sent to the most miserable dungeons or to the galleys, or to death. Only a handful of the most resolute escaped amid the inaccessible fastnesses of their native rocks. At length, protected by the intervention of some of the Protestant powers, and, above all, by the Swiss, for a time these persecuted people obtained permission to emigrate ; but this permission was soon recalled. "Not to dwell," says

Henri Martin, "on the confusion caused by these changes of the government, now persecuting, then relenting, it is enough to say that Louis' plan to extirpate heresy lasted for no less a period than ten years, to the harassment and misery of all France."

In what way these monstrous acts of intolerance at last called up the spirit of the brave inhabitants of the Cevennes we now proceed to show.

## CHAPTER I.

**The Cevennes—Nature of the Country—The Inhabitants—Their Character, Habits, Amusements—Dwellings—Their Pastors—Call themselves the Children of God—Hysterical Hallucinations—Their Prophets—Midnight Meetings—Baville, Intendant of Languedoc—Abbé du Cheyla, Inspector to suppress Heresy—Effects of the Persecution—The Pastor Claude Brousson—His Career, Sufferings, and Death.**

WESTWARD of the river Rhone lies the country of the Cevennes. To the north are the mountains of Auvergne, and to south the marshes and shores of the Mediterranean.

The Upper Cevennes appear as a confused mass of mountains; their sides deeply torn by the winter torrents, and surmounted by volcanic craters and granite peaks, naked and spearlike. Three vast platforms are found amidst these heights; the highest and largest, covered by a thick forest; the second affords pasture for sheep and goats; and the lowest produces grain. In the winter the summits and peaks are assaulted by the fury of whirlwinds bringing with them hail and snow. In the summer storms of thunder and lightning visit these lofty regions with unmitigated violence; whilst the torrents, swollen by the sudden rains, often rush down, sweeping all before them.

Amongst these wild and awful scenes of nature in

the gorges of the mountains, suspended over torrents or perched on the summits of rocks, only accessible by the steepest paths, sometimes winding, and, such as it would seem to the traveller, no foot but that of the goat or the patient mule could surmount, were found—at the time of which we write—scattered in all directions, four or five hundred villages, and many detached cottages, sheep-cots and huts, inhabited by the natives of the Upper Cevennes. A French writer thus speaks of these localities :—“Les pics décharnés, les crêtes hérissées, les horribles précipices offrent à l’œil dans le lointain l’image d’un monde tombant en ruine et périsant de vétusté.”\*

Such scenes as these were the birthplace of a race of people, simple in their habits and lives, brave and devoted to God in all the sincerity of the pure and primitive faith of their forefathers, which they averred with great probability was derived from the teaching of the immediate successors of the Apostles in the earliest times of Christianity. These romantic regions were also the stormy cradles of the “Pastors of the Desert,” as well as of their simple flocks. In many respects the Cevenols resembled the natives of La Vendée. Their manners were patriarchal, and the union between them and their ministers was that of kindness and earnest instruction on that of the teacher, and affection and reverence on that of the taught. Their labours, like their prayers, were often in common ;

\* Gilbert de Voisins, in Peyrat.

they had no lasting discords among themselves, for their pastors were their lawyers and peacemakers. Perfectly innocent were their manly and hardy amusements, and they formed no bad training for the desultory and daring warfare in which they were unhappily too long engaged.

They were accustomed from childhood to scale heights with fearless agility, to search for a missing goat through paths and over precipices that none but the mountain-born could tread without destruction. Athletic sports were their delight ; wrestling, running, managing the quarter-staff, and especially on occasions of festivity, when a sheep was the prize awarded to the victor in the mock combat or the race. Through the teaching of their pastors they were not ignorant of their Bible, and they all joined in psalmody, the hymns of Marot being their favourites.

Like most religionists in mountainous countries, their enthusiasm often led to what was visionary and fanatical. Many of them were afflicted by what is called "Hysterical Hallucination," a strange kind of ecstasy, by which those who were under its influence spoke of the dreams of their fancy as prophetic, and from there being many so possessed, the Cevenols called themselves "Les Enfants de Dieu."

Their historian says, that this ecstasy manifested itself by sudden convulsions, a heaving of the chest, a rising of the skin, a more than natural fire in the eyes, and often a fainting fit, and when re-

covered from the swoon, they spoke with supernatural fluency, sometimes exhorting, at others commanding, and almost always prophesying. This account reminds us of those contagious symptoms of an hysterical nature, so minutely described as taking place among the crowds who listened to the fearfully stirring eloquence of Wesley when he first began to preach.

Most of these prophets were young persons, some were children, and even infants ; one, a baby at the breast, was declared to have spoken "the wonders of the Lord." So great was the credulity and fanaticism which prevailed during the persecution, when the people were obliged to attend prayer-meetings at midnight, and found difficulty in tracing the way to the general rendezvous, that some averred a bright star, detached from the heavens, glided before them to give light to their path, and was carried, like a lanthorn, by the hand of an invisible agent, and on such nights the sound of harps and melodies of ineffable sweetness were heard on the solitary heights, celebrating the coming deliverance of the children of God.

It was considered rare for an old person to have the spirit of prophecy ; it visited principally the young, the indigent, and the unfortunate ; rich persons and menial servants were said never to possess it. It would be of little interest to give in detail all the miracles and marvels declared to have been effected by the inspiration of these deluded fanatics ; the disease of the hysteric hallucination became

contagious, and so rapidly did it increase, that in one year, says Peyrat, there were in Languedoc no less than a thousand prophets; no town, hamlet, or mansion but had its inspired orator. Such was the melancholy state into which fear and superstition reduced a peaceful and simple-minded people, the consequence of that long-continued and atrocious system of persecution imposed upon them by the Grand Monarque.

It was about the year 1689, when Baville, Intendant of Languedoc, and an Abbé du Cheyla, inspector of the catholic missions for the conversion of Huguenots in the south, being in full power, determined by any means, no matter how murderous, to extirpate heresy and heretics; little thinking how surely their deeds must call up a spirit of resentment, which would at last show itself in open revolt. In the cities, plains, mountains, and throughout the provinces, the cruelty of these men was unsparing. From time to time they seized in towns, in the houses of gentlemen, in cottages, those who preached, and sent them to the gibbet, and sent those who listened to the galleys.

Wanting prudence in their measures, as well as mercy in their hearts, in 1689 Baville and his party put to death the most celebrated minister of the Cevennes, Claude Brousson, whose fate roused all the south to a fury of indignation. Brousson was a remarkable man in every way, and affords so fair an example of the best amongst the so-called prophets of the desert, untouched by fanaticism or

hallucination, that it may be of interest to give a brief sketch of his career.

He was a native of Nismes, an advocate by profession, who to great learning, both profane and sacred, united a most christian spirit of meekness in things temporal, while he was manly and fearless in things eternal ; having God in all his thoughts, and the good of man in all his actions. When the persecution of the Huguenots first commenced in Languedoc, Brousson did not hesitate to take upon himself, both legally and theologically, the perilous defence of the churches before the assembled Parliament, and ended with an appeal in support of their rights, so solemn and eloquent that many of the Catholic bishops became alarmed ; and the Archbishop of Toulouse went so far as to advise the arrest of the bold advocate, observing that it was of no use to destroy heresy in the church, if it sprung up again in the Parliament.

Soon after, seeing how serious the persecution was becoming, Brousson united himself to the committee of the sixteen directors of the reformed churches of the south. Always modest and desirous of peace, he drew up for them a spirited but most respectful address to Louis XIV., showing their loyalty to be unshaken towards his sacred person, but that the followers of the Reformed Faith could not obey the edicts of his Majesty by renouncing it in opposition to their own conscience, and if their lives were to be the sacrifice of their fidelity, they were ready to resign them in such a cause.

It was in vain ; Louis, the edicts, and the dragoons, seconded by the musket, the wheel and the gibbet, continued to enforce their arguments of conversion. Brousson, who spared no efforts as long as there remained but a shade of hope that reason and moderation might at last prevail in behalf of the Huguenots, finding how fruitless were his toils, retired to Lausanne, where his wife and his little son then resided, and resumed his functions as an advocate. His abilities, his independence, and his worth were too prominent to allow him long to remain in obscurity. He was deputed by the Protestant cantons of Switzerland on a mission to the Prince of Orange respecting a league of evangelical union for the safety of the Reformed Faith in every country where it was professed ; a project which failed at the time, but was afterwards realised in the league of Augsburg. He returned home sadly disappointed with the result of his journey.

Long and earnestly did the mind of Brousson dwell on the subject he had so much at heart ; his enthusiasm was awakened, and he took a resolution alike devotional and patriotic, but most disastrous for himself ; and though some months passed away before he put it into practice, never, as he declared, was it for a moment absent from his thoughts. By day he pondered over it, and the visions of the night presented to him nothing but the scenes of spiritual desolation in the Cevennes. The pastors, all save a few who lingered in woods and caves, had been driven away by bigotry and violence ; the flocks

were without the shepherds, a prey to the wolves. In his own exile he seemed to hear the cry of his countrymen, "Will you not come to console us? Will you suffer us to perish without the comfort of God's word?"

This was enough; he would return to the desert, and, renouncing all earthly pursuits, devote himself to the ministry of the Protestant church and to the consolation of its desolate followers. Yet home ties were strong in his heart; his wife and his little son, how could he part from them? It was a terrible wrench of the most sacred bonds; they were fondly linked in love, and his wife, whose courage was far less than her tenderness, hung upon the support of his affection. But God called, and he obeyed—one last embrace; one farewell prayer that Providence would watch over the widow and the fatherless (for such he felt they would be when he was gone), and he tore himself away. Anxious that his motives should not be misunderstood, he wrote to explain them to Baille in his capacity of Intendant of Languedoc, the very man who so soon after became his deadly foe.

On arriving in the Cevennes, Brousson obtained ordination at the hands of Vivens and Gabriel, two fugitive pastors. For nearly a year he lived in a cavern amongst rocks and precipices, enduring every hardship and never shrinking from toil. He travelled everywhere throughout the province, preached regularly three times a week, sometimes every day; and, in defiance of edicts and in the face of danger

and death, performed the rites of baptism, marriage, and burial of the dead ; visiting the sick, the forlorn, and the dying, wherever the prayer of Christian comfort could be offered up.

Baville, fearing the effect of the preacher's eloquence in Languedoc, set a price upon his head — five hundred louis d'or to whomsoever should capture him alive or dead. A serious offence was laid to his charge : that he was considered to have been connected with certain persons in a plan for insurrection, that was to be assisted by the Duke de Schomberg. Brousson protested against such suspicions as calumnies wholly void of foundation. Again he wrote to Baville, "My design is not to cause troubles : I do harm to no one. I hold the assembly of my congregations without arms ; I travel without arms ; and, like a lamb, unprotected."\*

It was about this period that one of his most beloved friends, Vivens, a fearless prophet of the desert, as he was called, was cruelly put to death by the order of Baville. Brousson was warned that he would be the next sacrificed ; but he went on his way, sorrowing indeed, yet never turning aside from what he believed to be his appointed work. He said that, in the midst of murders and horrors, the hand of Providence was over him as a shield ; and that he seemed spared for the consolation of God's people. It appears marvellous how he could accomplish it ; but in the midst of all these toils and dangers, he wrote in his cavern many excellent reli-

\* Peyrat, vol. 1, p. 224.

gious works, and the most celebrated of all his productions—"The Mystic Manna of the Desert." Much of his teaching was by parables and symbols, as best suited for the instruction of his simple-minded auditors; his favourite symbols were the lamb and the dove; the emblems of his heavenly Master. At times, when so closely watched that he could not hope to reach those he wished to address, without falling into the hands of his enemies, he dictated short instructive sentences, and these were cut in wood and even in stone, and conveyed from one to another, and carefully concealed.

But Brousson was not destined to remain for more than a year where he first commenced his ministry. Once more was he driven by persecution to take shelter in Switzerland. Whilst there and somewhat recruited in strength and spirits, the report of the sufferings of Languedoc again reached him. Touched to the heart by what he heard, again did he bid farewell to his wife and son; he could not restrain his tears; they mingled with his parting benediction: nor did he attempt to conceal from them the presentiment he felt, that his journey would end his toilsome pilgrimage, and win for him his crown. This occurred in the spring of 1698.

By order of the Intendant, the soldiers, like savage animals in the ancient arena, were let loose to prey upon and destroy the miserable Cevenols; and finding that Brousson was returned and once more engaged in preaching, Baviile set a still higher price upon the pastor's head. He was sought after and

actively pursued ; but again escaped, with a purpose to take shelter in the mountains. At one moment he was so hotly pressed that he rushed into the house of a person friendly to the persecuted, where there was only one place that gave a chance for safety. At the side of a well, and near the bottom, was an excavation, large enough to afford a hiding hole for a man, and thither he was let down. But even thither he was pursued by an archer, who suspected that there might be a hiding-place of this nature. The pursuer, however, from passing suddenly from the light of day to the obscurity of the pit, did not descry the niche nor its tenant. The archer reascended, and Brousson was safe. But he was not destined long to escape the determined malice of his enemies.

After resuming his labours, similar to those already described, and with undiminished ardour, he proposed to terminate his present mission in Poitou ; but the hour of his martyrdom approached. Baviile, knowing the fearless energy of his character, and how his preaching kept alive the spirit of the Huguenots, was resolved to stop his career. He beset his path with spies and seeming friends, ready to betray him on the first opportunity. On his way to Pau, Brousson had to deliver a letter of recommendation addressed to a young Huguenot lady. By mistake he gave it to one of the same name who was an apostate ; and within an hour after was betrayed to the consul. Finding his error as soon as he had committed it, he fled ; but was followed and seized at Oléron as he entered an auberge. At once he

avowed who he was ; and held forth his hands cheerfully to receive the chains that bound them. He was carried to the Castle of Pau.

That castle, during the reign of the excellent Jeanne D'Albret, the mother of Henry IV., was the stronghold of the Reformers. But now, how changed ! it was used as a prison. Yet, as if the manes of the heroic Jeanne still lingered within the fortress, inspiring a spirit of pity into the heart of De Pinon, the governor and keeper of the Huguenot prisoners within its walls, he treated them with kindness and humanity. When the man who had secured Brousson came before this governor and demanded the payment of the sum set by Baille on the pastor's head, "Miserable wretch !" exclaimed De Pinon, "do you not blush to meet the eye of men, when you traffic in their blood ? Retire ! I cannot bear the sight of you."

Baille, being informed of the arrest of the eloquent preacher, ordered him to be removed from Pau to Montpellier, where he was residing as intendant of Languedoc. Pinon was much affected on bidding adieu to Brousson, and recommended the military, who formed his escort, to show their prisoner every possible indulgence. He was conducted without chains, and but negligently guarded. On passing down the canal of the south, the boat in which they glided along was stopped for awhile, and the archers were sleeping. Brousson could have escaped ; and there was no one in that vicinity who would have done other than bid him God speed ; in

a few hours he could have reached the Pyrenees in safety. But he had given his word to the indulgent archers that he would not attempt an escape ; and not to save his life would he have broken it. Moreover, he would have deemed it derogatory to fly from his fate, appointed, as he believed it to be, by God.

On arriving at Montpellier he was imprisoned in the citadel ; and on the 4th of November was brought before the Intendant and other officials for trial. The hall was filled with the Catholic clergy, military men, and men of the law, all anxious to see the once-famous advocate, who, from conscientious motives, had left all—fame, fortune, with the home ties of peace and love—to become the wandering, the zealous, the fearless pastor of the desert. He now stood before them to meet death as his reward. Brousson, so gifted with eloquence, refused to plead in his own defence ; to do so he held as unworthy the cause for which he was arraigned. He spoke but little in reply to the questions put to him, and that little with perfect calmness and simplicity. He repeated what he had before said to Baviile, that he did no harm to man ; his religion was that of the Reformed church ; he feared God, and, as a minister of His word, had returned to France to console his unfortunate brothers in the faith. Baviile, not knowing what to say, put to him the stupid question, "What were the motives of his conduct in the Cevennes ?" Brousson replied, "To preach the Gospel after the example of the Apostles."

His judges, without even a shadow of evidence to support a mere suspicion, chose to consider that because his beloved friend, the late energetic pastor Vivens, had suffered a cruel death for being a partisan in an abortive plot to bring the Duke de Schomberg to the aid of the Huguenots, he (Brousson) must have been concerned in the same. With one voice he was condemned on the assumption of a guilty connivance. His sentence was that he should suffer torture upon the rack; then that he should be broken alive on the wheel, and finally, to cover his memory with disgrace, that he should be hanged on a gibbet. Baviile was bad enough; but the sentence of this tribunal of blood appeared even to him so monstrous that he reversed the latter part of it, and ordered that after seeing the instrument of torture, the victim was to be hanged before he was broken on the wheel. Brousson received his sentence with perfect equanimity, and retired for the night to prayer and calm sleep. On the following day, he walked between two soldiers to the place of execution. Many a faithful Cevenol had already perished on that spot. A large body of military and a vast concourse of people surrounded the scaffold. Brousson would have addressed them; but the few words he spoke were rendered inaudible by the roll of the drums.

He was then executed as directed by Baviile, and immediately after the body was broken on the wheel. Such was the calm heroism with which this pastor of the desert met his fate, that the very executioner

was unable to do his part with his customary indifference. "I have," he said, "executed above two hundred condemned persons; but none ever made me tremble as did Monsieur de Brousson." And when, according to the sentence, the victim was led to see the rack, before he was conducted to the scaffold, such of his judges as were with him were more pale and trembling than he was. He did look upon it, then raised his eyes to heaven in prayer to God. "I could," said the commissioner who stood by his side in those awful moments, "I could have fled away rather than have put to death such an honest man. I could, if I dared, speak much about him—certainly, he died like a saint."\*

\* Peyrat, vol. 1. p. 254.

## CHAPTER II.

The Spring of 1702—Durand Fage—Nocturnal Meeting—The Prophetess exhorts the People to resistance—Stephen Goute—His Fanaticism—Du Cheyla denounced by the Prophets—His Character, Power, and Cruelties—The Mountain of Bourgès sacred to Prayer—The Meeting—Solemnity of the Occasion—Pierre Séguier—“The Danton of the Desert”—His Character and Influence—Exhorts the People to arm—The young Shepherd of Anduze—Joins the Confederacy—Meeting at the Three Beech Trees—Forest of Atefage cradle of the Insurrection—The Camisards—Wherefore so called—The Twenty-fourth of February—The Night of Vengeance—The Prisoners delivered—Du Cheyla killed—His Funeral—Séguier shelters in the Mountains—Comes forth, pursued, taken, tried, and put to death.

IT was in the spring of 1702, when a young man, named Durand Fage, attended, armed, one of the nocturnal assemblies for worship near Nismes. “My son,” exclaimed a prophetess who was present, “that sword which you bear shall destroy the enemies of the truth.” She then continued to address him in like manner and with great energy, till her enthusiasm became contagious, and at length a hundred voices echoed her exhortation to go forth and do battle with the enemies of God.\*

At another meeting a Cevenol called Stephen Goute, who had just escaped from a dungeon to which he had been committed by Baville, suddenly

\* Peyrat, vol. 1, p. 235.

appeared, and declared that the angel of God had delivered him as he did St. Peter ; for he had passed through his guards and the iron gates of the prison unharmed. "Arm, arm !" he exclaimed, in the fervour of his fanaticism ; "God will restore to France the true church, by a thousand of his people, and by the arms of the faithful." Many were the prophets who took up the like strain ; it spread through the mountains with the rapidity of lightning, and the Cevenols by hundreds were ready for the contest.

It was time to draw the sword in self-defence, for the persecution had recommenced with tenfold violence. Several of the religious assemblies of the desert were surprised by the soldiers, and all who attended them were massacred. The spirit of vengeance could no longer be restrained, and manifested itself in a frightful manner, as the event we have now to relate will show,

The Abbé du Cheyla, or the arch-priest, as he is called by Peyrat, lived in a noble mansion, "au pont de Montvert," whose original proprietor had been killed during the dragonnade of 1685. His commission was to look after, and direct the conversion of Huguenots ; and for upwards of fifteen years he had committed in that office every sort of crime that can render accursed a man who abuses irresponsible power. He was the tyrant of the mountains, and in himself, says Henri Martin, "perpétuait les dragonnades." He made his house a den of torture ; restoring the atrocious inventions of the Middle Ages ; without having for so doing the miserable excuse of

a severe fanaticism ; and he mixed (no uncommon thing in a tyrant of his class) licentiousness with ferocity. He tore Huguenot children from their mothers ; confined them in convents, where, as a strange kind of expiation for the heresy of their parents, he made them undergo such penances as in some cases ended their lives.

Even the dying he worried ; threatened them with eternal death, and that their bodies should find a grave in a ditch, or be cast out to the dogs and the vultures. To prevent shelter being afforded to those whom he hunted for heresy, he caused an edict of *léze Majesté* to be proclaimed against all who received a Huguenot within their doors. No day passed without his committing some act of cruelty ; but his most inveterate hatred he exercised on the prophets of the desert. One of these he caused to be burnt alive ; many he hanged ; and one, whom he sentenced to be broken on the wheel, disappeared (no doubt by the connivance of his gaoler) the night before he was to suffer. The tyrant must have felt a pleasure, such as we ascribe to fiends, in applying torture, as he caused some of his wretched prisoners to be tied with their heads and backs bent, or in attitudes, if possible, more painful than if stretched on the ordinary rack. Such was the Abbé du Cheyla, the priest appointed to teach true religion in the south.

In the summer of 1702 several Cevenols, of both sexes, who had suffered from this man's severity, formed themselves into a company, and, under the guidance of a muleteer of Cannes, set forth on a

project of emigration to Geneva. Amongst them were two girls, of parents above the order of peasantry. Unhappily, though this band of pilgrims pursued their way by an unfrequented route, they were suspected, and fell into the hands of the military, who were laid in ambush to surprise them. They were carried at once to Du Cheyla. The two girls he sent to a convent, the rest of the women to the prison of Mente, and the men he detained in his own dungeons at Pont de Montvert. Many of the friends of these captives, in the hope to save them, hastened to throw themselves at the feet of the arch-priest, but found him inexorable. The only reply he gave was that the male prisoners were destined for the galleys, and their guide for the gibbet. The suppliants departed in despair; and the report they made of the fate of their relatives spread rapidly through the Cevennes.

A few days after a prayer-meeting was announced to be held on Sunday, the 23rd of the month, on the lofty mountain of Bourgès. By its grandeur and its towering height, that mountain had impressed so many of the susceptible prophets with devotional ideas, that it became a favourite place for prayer. It was often wrapt in clouds, and looked dark and solemn in the fury of the tempest; or in calmer seasons was lighted with the roseate tints of the first beams of the morning sun. The time appointed for the meeting was night, and nothing less than a sense of deep devotion to God, and fear of the tyranny of man, could have brought together such an

assembly at such an hour and in such a place. Several determined men and resolute women stood around silent, with anxious looks, expecting the prophet who on that night was to be their preacher. At length he appeared.

He was about fifty years old ; tall, large in person, with long thin features; the eyes dark, and deep set, beneath eyebrows thick and black, like his long and bushy hair. The expression of his countenance was wild and severe; altogether there was about him "that air of savage mystery" which fanaticism and reverie so frequently gave to the prophets of the desert. This was Pierre Séguier, or as he is called by the historian, Peyrat, "the Danton of the Desert."

There are men formed for revolutionary times; the moral tempest is their element; the destruction of those they hate their function; and the power which they gain over others to make them obey their behests, arises from strength of intellect and an unbending will. Séguier was such a man. Lost to all sense of mercy as of fear, exasperated by the persecution of his countrymen, he breathed nothing but vengeance, and entertained the plan of destroying, if possible, all the Catholic priests, losing in his reckless indignation even the wish to discriminate between those who persecuted and those who did not.\*

On the night in question, Pierre Séguier commenced his discourse by deploring the fate destined

\* Peyrat, vol. i. p. 301.

for the prisoners at Pont de Montvert. "But," he exclaimed, with the utmost energy, "the Lord has directed me to take up arms to deliver our captive brothers, and to destroy the priest of Moloch, who holds them in his prisons." Another prophet, Salomon Condere, started up and declared that by a vision he had received the same command. A third followed—Abraham Mazel—in the same lofty strain. All present caught the enthusiasm; and, with one applauding voice, their limbs trembling with eagerness, to press forward for the accomplishment of their purpose, to give freedom to their brethren, and to wreak vengeance on their persecutor.

There was one present, a youth of seventeen, the eldest of three sons of a shepherd of Anduze, who had been impressed by the preaching of Brousson, when, little more than eleven years old, his mother took him to hear the prophet. He was a fair youth, not tall, slight, graceful yet robust, of handsome features and a pleasing expression of countenance, in the bloom of health, with bright blue eyes and hair of light brown, that fell in abundant tresses over his shoulders. Altogether, he was such as we may fancy him to have been, who, armed with the shepherd's sling, in the cause of the Lord overcame the giant Philistine. This youth, born in the year of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and who seemed destined to live to avenge that act of tyranny, was Jean Cavalier.

He was not slow to add his voice to the general call for vengeance. On the breaking up of the

meeting, Séguier, Abraham, and Salomon took the most active steps to add to their numbers all who, like themselves, longed for the call to arms. Séguier gave the rendezvous, at nightfall on the morrow, in the forest of Altezaze, on the southern side of the mountain of Bourgès, where three gigantic beech-trees reared their heads above every other denizen of the forest.

At the place, and at the hour named, fifty armed confederates assembled, ready to obey and eager to follow, even to the death, their stern and resolute leader. The three beech trees\* overshadowed the spot, which has been termed the savage cradle of the insurrection of the Canisards.† It was so, indeed; for there all was arranged; and from that spot Pierre Séguier, on the same night, the 24th of July, led on his chosen band towards the Pont de Montvert. Their purpose, as they viewed it, was to fulfill the behest of God. Whilst they descended, they sang one of the hymns of Marot, and the solemn strain mingled with the sighing of the night winds and the rush of the mountain torrents.

On that night, within the Abbey of Pont de Montvert (for by that name so goodly a priest as Du Cheyla deemed himself to be, he had chosen to call his mansion) there was mirth and carousing. A dozen of Catholic priests, all under Du Cheyla's con-

\* We are told by M. Peyrat, that of these only one now remains, in the last stage of "hoar antiquity."

† So called from the white shirt or frock that they adopted, to know each other in the obscurity of their night attacks upon the foe; or in wandering through the darkness of forests and of subterranean caves.

trol and in absolute obedience to him, were his boon companions; and besides these he had varlets for his service, and soldiers for his protection. Altogether the arch-priest had formed around him a little court after his own fashion, and greatly prided himself in it. On the night in question he was in high spirits, courteous and pleasant, congratulating himself and his clerical fellow-labourers on having done so much work, and so easily, in the destruction of heretics, when a servant suddenly rushed in, and disturbed the conviviality, by announcing that he had heard in the distance, as if descending from the heights, the psalmody of the Cevenols. He anxiously listened, and, as it approached nearer and nearer, so did the strains become louder and louder, as of many voices.

At first, Du Cheyla treated the warning lightly; but finding it true, he desired some of his military to go forth and rid him of those singing mountaineers, whilst he opened a window above and cried out:—"Retire, you canaille; retire, you evil Huguenots! Begone with you instantly!" They replied by demanding, "The prisoners! the prisoners!" Du Cheyla then ordered the guard to fire upon the intruders from above, for as they had completely invested the house, no one could pass out without being struck down on the instant. The guard fired; one of the prophets was killed and others wounded. This made the besiegers furious; and seizing the trunk of a tree which was lying against the wall, they used it as a bat-

tering ram, forced the door, and gained entrance. All rushed to the dungeons ; broke into them, and found the prisoners. The sight of these unfortunate beings filled their deliverers with horror. Some could not stand from the tortures they had suffered, and many were chained. Exasperated by the cruelties exercised on their brothers, thus brought to light, with one impulse the Cevenols sought for the arch-priest. In their haste and fury they mistook one of his chaplains for himself and despatched him. Cheyla heard their cries, their terrible denunciations, and knew that he was lost. He gave absolution to those about him, whilst from the head of a flight of stairs they endeavoured to drive back the assailants who demanded his life. One of the Cevenols was severely wounded, but cried aloud, " Children of God, use not your arms, they do but retard our work ; burn, burn, under his own roof, the priest and the satellites of Baal ! "

These words were not spoken to deaf ears ; every thing that came in the way was seized for fuel, the beds of the soldiers, the seats from the chapel, the very chairs and tables, and the heap was soon in flames. Du Cheyla and some of his people had taken refuge in a vaulted apartment under the roof. They tied the sheets of their beds together for a cord, and the first who descended into the garden was the arch-priest. He fell, broke his thigh, and crawled to hide himself in the hedge of the enclosure. Some who descended after him plunged into the river Tarn, and crossed under the fire of their

pursuers. The woodwork of the mansion being old the fire spread with such fury that the roof speedily fell in, and the glare of the flames served as a thousand torches to light the insurgents to their prey. He was torn from his hiding place, "Kill him! kill him! shoot him! strangle the accursed persecutor!" The wretch piteously prayed for his life—only to spare his life.

Séguier rushed upon him. "Aye, you are a prisoner now," he exclaimed, "you, the slayer of the children of God! Ask not for life; no mercy! the Lord commands death." And as he thus spoke he struck the first blow. Every one who stood around now rushed upon the prostrate victim, each dealing a deadly blow. "There," said one, "take that for my father who expired upon the wheel!" Another followed, "And that for my brother whom you sent to the galleys!" "And that for my mother killed by you with grief!" "And that for my sister, my friends perishing in exile, in prison, in torture!" and so they continued, till the wretched man expired. He received fifty-two wounds, twenty-five of which were mortal. His intendant, his cook, and many of his soldiers were despatched on the spot. The rescued prisoners implored and obtained mercy for one domestic and one soldier who had treated them with kindness.

The act of vengeance accomplished, Séguier and his comrades threw themselves on their knees beside the bodies of the massacred, and a strange spectacle it was thus to see bloodshed combined with a service

to God, as they poured out their hearts in thankfulness for their success. All the live-long night they sang psalms, the wild harmony of which mingled with the roar of the flames and the rush of the rising storm. At the break of day Séguier directed a retreat, and still singing a psalm of triumph, the Camisards retraced their steps to the shelter of their caves and rocky fastnesses.\*

The death of Du Cheyla caused great consternation amongst the priests. His body was found the next morning in the garden, and having been carefully removed and dressed in full pontificals, was displayed to the mob to be venerated as that of a martyr. After which, attended by a vast concourse of clergy, magistrates, and people, it was borne to the church built by Urban V., at a place called St. Germain's, where the arch-priest had erected a tomb for himself. In the funeral oration pronounced in his honour, he was described as a martyr who had destroyed heretics with marvellous resolution and success. Before, however, the laudatory preacher got to a close, a cry without of "The insurgents—the insurgents are upon us!" startled orator, priests, mayor, and burgesses, and they one and all took to their heels, and left the corpse "alone with his glory."

Pierre Séguier retired to the mountain D'Ou, where near the summit, and concealed by the woods, he could wander and look down with impunity upon his enemies, who thronged in the valley beneath.

\* Peyrat, vol. i. p. 298.

In those woods did he pass the night succeeding the arch-priest's murder, and, on the following day (July 26th), to use the expression of the Cevenol historian, "he came out of his forests as the storm does from the cloud." Soon after, he went towards the south, and once more attended by his band of Camisards, exercised with appalling cruelty what he called the Judgment of God. We will not follow him through scenes so fearful, in which many of his victims were the unoffending and helpless Catholics. But fanaticism, like madness, strikes at friend as well as foe, innocent or guilty, without distinction.

Baville received such intelligence that, as intendant of the south, he was called upon for immediate exertion to protect the priests and the country. But in doing this he acted unwisely, and, without sufficient enquiry, suspected persons, wholly innocent, to be in league with the insurgents. Many of these hastened from all parts to throw themselves at his feet, and protest their loyalty. A strong body of military, headed by an experienced officer, a Captain Poul, set out to track the movements of the merciless prophet. He received information that Séguier was encamped at Fontmorte, an elevated plain among the mountains, and thither he directed his course.

Seeing the approach of the enemy, Séguier calmly awaited him at the head of a small band of men. The contest was severe, but the superiority both of numbers and discipline was with the regular troops, and at length seized by a panic the Camisards fled.

In vain did their chief endeavour to rally them : he was left with only two, the most devoted of his men. Poul took him with his own hand. He was at once conducted to Florac in chains. During the route Poul addressed his captive with courtesy.

“Unfortunate man ! now you are mine ; after the crimes you have committed how do you expect to be treated ?”

“As I should treat you if you were in my place, and I had made you prisoner,” replied the undaunted prophet.

He was brought to trial, and appeared before his judges with a calm and proud demeanour ; when questioned, giving many of his answers by passages from Holy Writ.

“Your name ?” demanded the chief magistrate.

“Pierre Séguier.”

“Wherefore are you considered spiritual ?”

“Because the spirit of God is within me.”

“Your home ?”

“The desert—and soon in heaven,” he replied, looking upwards.

“Ask pardon of the king.”

“I have no other king than the eternal.”

“Do you not feel remorse for your crimes ?”

“My soul,” answered the fanatic, “is as a garden filled with shades and fountains.”

Judgment was then passed upon him. First his right hand was to be cut off, and after he was to be burnt alive at Pont Montvert. Of the two Camisards who had been faithful to him to the last, one was to

be broken alive on the wheel, and the other hanged. On the 12th of August, with an unchanged demeanour, Séguier approached the pile destined for his execution. He looked steadily upon it, and then addressed the people who thronged to witness his death. "My brothers, wait and hope in the eternal. Our Carmels, now desolate, shall again blossom in the solitudes of Lebanon, even as the rose!" He died with unshaken firmness.

Great as may be the respect we entertain for the grandeur of the religious trust evinced by Pierre Séguier, it is overpowered by the disgust we feel for his unsparing cruelty, and the blood of the innocent shed by him at the suggestion of his fanaticism.

### CHAPTER III.

The Camisards discouraged—Some fly to Geneva ; others deterred by the Warning of a Young Cevenol—Jean Cavalier—His Birth, Childhood—Persecuted—Returns—Advises against Emigration—Arrival of Laporte—Reprobates Flight—Offers to become Chief of the War—Chosen—Cavalier raises a Band of young Troops—Chosen their Captain—His first Exploit—The Prior of St. Martin—Castanet—Ravanel and Catinat—Their Characters and Enterprises—Roland sent by Laporte to forward the Revolt in the Plain—His Address to the People—The Children of God formed into Classes—Their Rank, Order, and Occupations.

AFTER the death of Séguier, the Camisards were so greatly discouraged that many even of their leaders fled to Geneva, and others, who were disposed to emigrate into England, or to still more distant countries, were deterred from their purpose by one already mentioned, but of whom we must now speak more at large.

Jean Cavalier was born at Ribaute (a town in the neighbourhood of Anduze), in the year 1685. His father was a peasant, very poor and honest, and Jean, the eldest of his three sons, was at first placed with a shepherd, but afterwards apprenticed to a baker at Anduze. As we have stated, his mother took him, when yet a child, to hear the preaching of Brousson, which even at that early age deeply im-

pressed him. During his shepherd life (according to tradition) he would spend hours on the banks of the Gardon, watching the manœuvres of the soldiers, who, at that time, were stationed in the country, in order to frighten the Protestants into conversion. Possibly it was from observing the movements of these men, that little Jean acquired a love of the military profession, and learnt the first rudiments of the art of war, which many years after he exercised with so much ability and success.

Be this as it may, the persecution he suffered from the priest of Ribaute (in consequence of his retaining and even repeating the precepts of Brousson) compelled him to fly, and in 1701 he made his way to Geneva, where he remained for a year employed in a baker's house. It was whilst there that he fancied himself possessed by the Holy Spirit, and commanded to return to Languedoc. "My master," he said, on parting from his employer, "in a short time you will hear something spoken of me." Jean Cavalier was then only seventeen years old. Arrived at Ribaute, he joined the confederacy, when they met at the three beech trees; and was likewise present at the death of the detestable Du Cheyla, an event which determined the insurrection of the Cevenols.

Such was the young, the handsome, and the spirited Cavalier, when he prevailed with many, instead of taking to a cowardly flight from the land of their birth, to have recourse to arms and join their brothers in the defence of their lives and their

faith. "And who is your commander?" said one from the Lower Cevennes, who had recently enrolled himself in the cause of the persecuted. "No one yet," replied Cavalier. "That will never do," said the new comer; "a chief you must have, or confusion and disorder will be your destruction."

Two days after this brief discourse, there arrived another individual who afterwards became very celebrated, Laporte; he came with a few others to unite himself to the little band which Cavalier was anxiously gathering round him. He too reprobated emigration. "What, my brothers," he exclaimed—"what have we to do that we should seek the stranger? Have we not a country of our own? the country of our forefathers; it is our home, and it should be our tomb. Our land you say is a land of servitude and of death. Well, then, set it free. Deliver our brothers from oppression, extirpate the priests of Baal, and build up again the temple of the Lord. Say not what can we do? our numbers are few—we have no arms. Have we not our hatchets? they will soon procure for us better arms. The God of armies is our strength. We can raise the psalm of battle: and from the Lozère to the sea shall the voice of Israel be heard. My brothers, one object alone is worthy of us; to live or to die the liberators of our country and the avengers of the eternal. You have, you say, no chief—I will be your chief."

These words reanimated the drooping spirits of the Cevenols; the irresolute became firm, and with one voice they cried, "Be our chief; it is the will of the

eternal." Laporte was instantly chosen, and assumed the title of "colonel of the children of God."

Hé was a man of middle age, of humble origin, but endowed by nature with good sense, of strong passions and of great energy. His zeal for religion was little governed by moderation; and his chief delight was "in the singing of psalms with a thundering voice." He was a perfect type of a class of men in rustic life, who, like the peasantry of La Vendée in later years, are bold and manly in revolutionary times; and who when they rise into authority consider themselves as invested with a "popular royalty" that entitles them to the respect and obedience of those around them. One of Laporte's first exploits was determined, but neither cruel nor bloody—his men wanted arms; and he surprised a vast number of Catholic villages and small towns, disarmed the affrighted inhabitants, and handed over the muskets and ammunition he thus acquired to his own people.\*

Cavalier was also active. One day, descending from the heights of Anduze to visit his native town, he asked many of his old acquaintance with whom he met, "Can you rest here in peace, when your brothers are fighting and dying in the cause of the Lord?" Moved by the energy with which he advocated the cause he had so much at heart, several young men consented to follow him for life or death. That very night, in conducting them to the mountains, he passed near the residence of the Prior of St. Martin de Durfort. It was well known that a stock of arms

\* Peyrat, vol. i. p. 306.

had been deposited in his house, and these young insurgents were resolved to have them. But the prior was no persecutor, he was therefore 'safe. "You shall touch nothing but the arms," said Cavalier to his companions, as he knocked on the door. Some one questioned from within "What was wanted at that hour of the night?" "The viaticum for a dying person," was the reply. On hearing this the prior looked out from his window above; and seeing some twenty young men, who seemed full of life and vigour, and by their laughing and spirits to entertain no thoughts of death, he became greatly alarmed. Cavalier hastened to reassure him, and asked for nothing but the arms in his charge. These were surrendered, and the young Camisards, enjoying the success of their first exploit, parted from the good priest in peace, and Cavalier was formally elected the chief of his new comrades.

Another dauntless spirit sprang up at this time, who was of a fiercer nature than the fair-haired boy of Anduze. André Castanet in his childhood had tended the goats, and learnt to tread the slippery mountain paths as fearlessly as his flock. When older grown he was of the same trade as his father, a carder of wool, and so earnest in his religious opinions, that to avoid persecution he fled for a time, but returned in 1700; believing himself alike inspired to preach and to destroy the enemies of his faith. He possessed a courage that despised all dangers; indeed, he rejoiced in them. The ferocity of his nature was well denoted by his exterior—dark

complexioned, hard featured, black-haired, with fiery eyes and limbs ill-formed but massive; he is described by a contemporary as having, to a fanciful imagination, "the figure of a bear." He considered himself a great theologian; and to complete his pretensions, wore such a wig as the learned doctors of his day usually adopted.\*

Another Cevenol, named Ravel, who had been a soldier, joined the insurrection at this time, and soon became one of the leaders of it. This man, dark and fierce, was compared to a bull-dog, always bristling and growling. His face, seamed with sabre-cuts, was marked by the ruffianly expression commonly ascribed to a bandit. He lived principally on brandy and tobacco; and his only occupations were fighting and singing psalms. He had a great friend, in his own way, named Catinat, of whom we shall hear more hereafter. These men were equals in dauntless courage; but in other warlike points they differed. Ravel was skilful in a retreat, but even then furious as a wild boar in turning upon and menacing his pursuers. Catinat was most able in attack and had the rush and the spring of a tiger. These friends were seldom apart; they were brothers in arms, in enterprise, and suffered alike in the reverses of their fortunes; and even in the close of their career.† Catinat commenced his by an act of vengeance; for he waylaid and killed the Baron de Saint Comes, who had been a cruel per-

\* Peyrat, vol. i. p. 332.

† Peyrat, vol. i. p. 371.

secutor of the Reformed faith. This deed of blood, to say the least of it, was most unwise ; as, in his efforts to find out the guilty, Baviile wreaked his fury on many innocent Protestants of the plain ; inflicting on them the most barbarous chastisements. Exasperated by this, Laporte sent a nephew of his, named Roland, to stir up the people of the plains to join the revolt.

Roland was animated, intelligent, of a manly person, and possessed a rude eloquence, at once religious and warlike, that had wondrous power in moving the passions of those he addressed. " My brothers," exclaimed this young prophet, for he was held to be such, " we are in arms for the cause of God, and the deliverance of our Israel—follow us to the mountains ? no country can be better adapted for war—the summits for our camps, their gorges for ambush—our woods to rally in, or for safety in defeat, paths to defy pursuit, which can only be trodden by the foot of the mountaineer. Fear not for shelter ; during the winter months you will find the cabins of the shepherd, the grottos, the caves open to you. All our people are brothers ; they will share with you their bread, their milk, the flesh of their flocks, and the chestnuts of our forests. What can you fear ? And did not God nourish his people in the desert ? Did he not send the raven to feed his prophet, and will he not again work miracles ? Has not His holy spirit descended amongst his afflicted children ? He consoles ; He strengthens us ; He calls us to arms ; and will He not in time of need

cause His angel to go before us? For myself, I have taken up arms in His cause; and I will do my duty." \*

These and similar speeches, from the warmth of their delivery and the sincerity of their purpose, produced so great an effect, that the wavering became firm and the timid brave. In a short time Roland traversed the province from the Upper Cevennes to the sea shore. The people hastened to his nocturnal meetings, and many of the better classes struck with the natural dignity of his deportment, and touched by the strain of his warlike and scriptural addresses, joined him. Some, in the enthusiasm which he called forth, offered him what they deemed the best of their wealth, a noble band of their sons who were old enough to bear arms. But Roland would not at once allow them to form into a brigade; he bade them wait, that the rising of the people might be simultaneous.† The chieftains formed themselves into three divisions—Laporte led the survivors of Séguier's Camisards, Roland and Castanet headed the new recruits, whose numbers did not at first exceed fifty. One of the chroniclers of the Cevenols asserts that the celebrated Roman triumvirate did not make more stir in Italy than these three chiefs of the Camisards.‡

At this period, the children of God classed themselves, according to what they considered the measure of inspiration vouchsafed to particular persons.

\* Peyrat, vol. i. p. 314, and *passim*.

† *Ibid.* vol. i. p. 314.

‡ Brueys.

First in rank were those who had the *gifts*, or supreme inspiration—Roland was of this class. Next the prophets, or regular preachers. Thirdly, those who being filled with the *Holy Spirit*, considered they were directed by Him what to do or to speak; and fourthly, those who had the spirit of admonition or warning. As a whole these fanatics deemed themselves to be a corporate body of saints; and though thus classed as above, all of them, as the occasion required, became preachers. Roland had exalted ideas of the rank in which he stood, and called himself “the General of the troops of the French Protestants assembled in the Cevennes.” He had a regular staff of officers under him. There were brigadier-generals of each legion or regiment, and they formed his council of war. These had subordinates, and all were alike invested with the power of life or death over their troops, whose sense of duty was so strong they never murmured against it. The brigadiers and officers to their military united religious functions, and performed the ceremonies of baptism, marriage, and burial of the dead. But in all other relations, save those named, the Cevenols lived in perfect equality and called themselves brothers.

Roland actively prepared for the safety and maintenance of his army in the winter months. He selected places of retreat, such as large caves, grottos, &c., in the mountains. The largest and most concealed he appropriated as store-houses for grain, casks of wine, food of various kinds, and for gun-

powder, which he taught the Cevenols to make for themselves, when they could not obtain a supply by purchase or conquest. He chose also places wherein to secure the booty that might be gained in battle. Every man had his appointed place and work. Some were purveyors; others bakers, tailors, shoemakers; so as to find, if possible, all within themselves, and to avoid intercourse with the towns for supplies. A windmill was constructed on the heights, and watermills in the ravines; so that, says Peyrat, "the winds and the torrents of their native mountains were to give aid for their support."

In each cavern their provident chief placed a trustworthy person who understood his duty; and a body guard to protect him. One of the most retired caverns was chosen for the hospital to receive the wounded and the sick; the drugs for medicines were carefully stored; and places considered as peculiarly safe were selected for the old, the women, and the children. The prayer-meetings and preachings were never forgotten; they were numerous attended, and held wherever for the time being it seemed most likely that the enemy could be avoided; and every man who came to them was ordered to be armed. And all this prudent and extensive preparation for a dangerous and difficult resistance, to be carried on against experienced French marshals and regular trained troops, was the work of Roland, a young mountaineer, not twenty-five years old.

Many of the assemblies for prayer were held at the three beech trees, with that touching solemnity which danger and the hour of night added to their interest. The light of the moon sometimes guided the steps of the worshippers to the forest, whose deep obscurity was their protection; and where, not unfrequently, the murmurs of the rising winds, the precursors of the storm, and the rush of the foaming torrents, accompanied their supplications, and psalms of praise.

## CHAPTER IV.

State of the Contest—Object of the Camisards—Laporte—The Prayer-meeting disturbed—The Attack of the Royalists—Laporte killed—Renewal of the War—Cavalier's Descent on the Plains of Nismes—The Count de Broglie convokes the People of Nismes—Their Disaffection—Its Results—Baville's Severity—The Preacher Stephen broken on the Wheel—Cavalier exasperated—His Acts of Vengeance—His Stratagem to gain access to the Castle of Servas—His Disguise—Enters the Castle—Gives the Signal—The Garrison overcome—Put to the Sword—The Castle destroyed—Camisards retire to the Mountains—Baville alarmed—Sends to Paris for Reinforcements.

As the war proceeded, the Camisards fought in the hope, that by a decisive victory, they might be enabled to demand terms such as would secure to them the undisturbed possession of their faith and their homes. Their ranks were daily augmented by numbers of determined men, anxious to do battle in the cause of God ; and formidable indeed was the contest. In all their struggles, their trials, and their sufferings, the Cevenols showed a resolution and a courage that nothing could subdue ; and it must ever be borne in mind that fierce, and even cruel as these defenders of their religion became in the course of the struggle, they were in the first instance goaded by persecution, and driven even to frenzy, by the monstrous acts of severity so ruthlessly

inflicted upon the most innocent of their people. With a few rare and honourable exceptions, the Catholic priests had acted against them, as spies and informers, with the bitterest rancour. By their means many had been condemned to the galleys, the gibbet, and the wheel. Exasperated by such barbarities their passions gained the mastery; and they retaliated without remorse.

Laporte, chosen to head the band which had been Séguier's, seemed to have succeeded to his unsparing spirit as well as to his power; but his fearful and cruel career, though victorious, was but short. On the 22nd of October a prayer-meeting was appointed to be held by the children of God at a retired and elevated spot, in the road to Témelas. Poul, the royalist captain, received information of their purpose, and so disposed his troops that it was impossible they could return from the meeting without an encounter. The Camisards, though surprised, met the foe with their accustomed spirit; but their muskets, which had been laid aside during divine service, were wet from a shower of rain, and would not fire. They were soon overpowered. According to some historians, Laporte endeavoured to escape amongst the surrounding rocks; and, whilst leaping from one to another, was killed by a musket ball. Poul caused the head of the vanquished chief to be cut off and sent to the Count de Broglie, who exposed it on the Bridge of Anduze. But the tradition of the Cevennes contradicts this account altogether. It avers that Laporte, though grievously

wounded, escaped, and was found by some of his brothers in arms, and carried into the hospital cave of the mountains. In a month after he was so far recovered as to be able to return to his troop, and lead them to a religious assembly in the desert, where all present offered up their thanks for his miraculous escape from death. But Laporte, always enthusiastic, whether in battle or in prayer, gave way to such transports of thankfulness, and sung the praises of God with such vehemence, that his wounds opened afresh, fever came on, and he died raving of battle.\*

Deeply was his loss deplored by the army of the desert; they buried him in some obscure spot, the solitude of which preserved his remains from being disturbed by the enemy, who so much dreaded his prowess that they ascribed the success of his enterprises to magical agency.

With the death of Laporte Baviile fancied that the insurrection would die also; but he was mistaken. It was organised anew, if possible with greater spirit, and certainly with no less ferocity than before. The storm rolled on from the Lozère to the sea. In the Upper Cevennes, whatever might be connected with Catholic worship—churches, oratories, images, crosses—were destroyed. This outbreak was described by the Romanists as a river that had burst its bounds, and overwhelmed everything. Cavalier came down from the mountains, and was bold enough to rush upon the very plains of Nismes, as if he came (says

\* Peyrat, vol. i. p. 325.

Peyrat) "to explore the land he was so soon to cover with battle and blood." In this descent (we are not told wherefore) he took vengeance on the Curé of Caissargues; and by a strange transition from slaying to religion, in a few days after preached at Aiguevivrés. The Catholics now knew what they had to fear in a youth whose very name had become terrible.

The lieutenant-general of Languedoc, the Count de Broglie, in all haste, convoked the inhabitants in the great church of Nismes, and demanded to have given up to him all whom they knew to be the guilty, meaning those who in any way favoured the Camisards. He was astonished, when a burst of voices came upon him like a thunder-clap—"All, we all are guilty." Not daring to punish a whole disaffected city, De Broglie seized the most notorious malcontents and delivered them up to the tender mercy of Baille. Four were sentenced to death; and there being no gibbet ready, they were executed on the branches of an almond tree, that stood in front of the church door. Twelve were sent to the galleys; several whipped; and the city was heavily fined. But Baille's resentment did not stop here; he had in his dungeons the young prophet of Gevaudan, named Stephen, who had never taken up arms, and whose sole offence was an eloquent preaching in furtherance of the insurrection. He was compared to a "fiery courser that bounded over the plains, and could neither be restrained by precipitous rocks, or roaring torrents; but who found at last a man capable of

restraining him." The man who thus conquered the fiery spirit of Stephen was Baviile : for, on his being brought before him for trial, he caused the unfortunate preacher to be broken alive on the wheel.

This act of cruelty still more exasperated Cavalier, who continued his course of vengeance with fearful success ; till at length an apostate Huguenot colonel, named Montarnaud and a Captain de Bimard pledged themselves to undertake the perilous enterprise of capturing the young chief by surprising him in the woods where he was encamped. A shepherd was compelled to act as a guide to the spot. Drawing near to the camp without opposition, the numerous band of royalists fancied their task would be an easy one ; but they found a most unexpected welcome—the loudest chorus of sacred and exultant harmony, instantly followed by so fierce a discharge of musketry from the skilfully disposed brigades under the command of Ravel, Catinat and Cavalier, that most of the troops of Bimard were killed, and Montarnaud with his men turned and fled as fast as they could run. The first act of the Camisards was to kneel and return thanks to the God of battles for their easy victory ; their next was to seize the arms of the dead and to plunder and strip their bodies. The booty they carried off was considerable.

This engagement gave encouragement to an enterprise alike hazardous and daring. To the east of the Bois de Bouquet, on the summit of a vast height arose the strong castle of Servas ; occupied by a garrison, whose doom was pronounced by Cavalier ;

for that garrison more than once had sent forth wolves in the form of men to massacre the harmless men and women assembled for worship in the desert. But how was his purpose to be effected? He had neither cannon to storm a fort, nor scaling ladders for a nocturnal surprise. But a strong will, an indomitable courage, and a fertile brain, were the characteristics of the young chief. He was seldom frustrated in an object he had in view; and fortune now favoured him in the most remarkable manner.

He met and completely defeated a detachment of the Catholic army passing into Italy, and ever ready at expedient resolved to turn his success to account. He dressed himself in the rich uniform of the slain commander, in which he found the official papers with the order of the march to be observed by the troops. He next caused several men of his brigade to put on the clothes of the dead; and selecting six of the most savage looking fellows amongst his Camisards, one of whom was wounded and the others stained with blood, caused them to be bound with cords, as if they were prisoners, and gave them in charge to his disguised brigade. Then placing himself at the head of this goodly troop, he went direct to the place appointed in the instructions, enquired for the consul, and presenting himself and his men, said, "Monsieur, I have encountered some of the Camisards, and as you see made six prisoners. It will be proper for security to send them up to the castle yonder. Will you inform the commander to that

effect? I act under the orders of the Count de Broglie and Monsieur de Baviile." On hearing these grand names, the simple consul bowed profoundly and set off for the castle. Soon after Cavalier beheld the commander and his body guard issuing from it. The Cevenol chief saluted him; and declaring himself to be the nephew of the Count de Broglie, presented his instructions. These the commander received with deferential respect from the hands of a nephew of so great a man, read them over hastily, and looking at the ferocious Camisards, congratulated him on his victory, promising to keep those savage fellows in security, and observing it was too late for journeying, begged his newly arrived visitor to do him the honour to pass the night at the castle.

Cavalier purposely demurred; but at last condescended to accept the invitation. Whilst supper was preparing the commander conducted his guest to the platform of the fortress, and expatiated on the solidity of the walls. "The Huguenot, Rohan," he said, "in former wars attacked this castle, and after twelve days was obliged to raise the seige. You see how safe your prisoners will be here." Supper was ready, the officers of the garrison were introduced, and nothing could exceed the respect shown by all to the nephew of the Count de Broglie. They took their seats at the table; the wine was excellent; and during supper the young men with military frankness recounted their adventures in the wars in which they had served. Mirth, jest, and laughter kept pace with the flowing cups.

In the meanwhile the disguised brigade of Camisards, left by their chief outside the walls under pretext of procuring provisions at the little town hard by, returned, and glided, one by one, into the fortress with their arms ready for use. Cavalier contrived (we are not told how) to ascertain when a sufficient number was within the walls; he then gave the signal. The commander and all forming the garrison were instantly seized, disarmed, and every one put to the sword! "And thus," said Cavalier (who himself recorded this ferocious act of slaughter), "thus were avenged the cruelties of these men on our people."

He lost not a moment, seized the munitions of war, the provisions, everything that could be hastily collected and carried off, and then set fire to the castle. At the distance of a league, on their way to deposit their booty in the caverns of the mountains, the Camisards were suddenly startled by an explosion which made the very earth tremble. It was occasioned by the fire reaching the gunpowder in the vaults of the castle. It blew the building into the air.\*

However cruel the garrison might have been, there is something in this act of cold-blooded and treacherous retaliation which shocks the feelings, and greatly lessens that respect which the bravery and devotion of Cavalier to the faith and the cause of his country would otherwise command.

At this period the Camisards were decidedly

\* Peyrat, vol. i. p. 345.

the most victorious, and Baille became seriously alarmed. He sent to Paris with all despatch and demanded more troops from the government. "It would have cost him much," (says the great French historian,) "to acknowledge that to no good purpose did all the cruelties practised and the sage combinations formed against the Protestants lead; but whilst Baille and the magistrates and the priests felt thus alarmed, Chamillart" (the prime minister) "and his patroness, Madame de Maintenon, understood each other; and for several months concealed from the king what was passing in Languedoc: and thus the infallible, omnipotent, omnipresent monarch had arrived at that pass not to know that a civil war was devouring a portion of his kingdom."\* But it became necessary at last to break this silence, when the war descended from the mountains to the plains of Nismes, and extended from Mende to the sea, and when the lieutenant-general of Languedoc, the Count de Broglie, was beaten by the Camisards on the banks of the Vistre.

\* Henri Martin, vol. xiv. p. 401.

## CHAPTER V.

The Christmas of 1702—Observed by Roland in the Mountains—The Ceremonial of the Pastors, the Prophets, and the Camisards—Cavalier celebrates the Day on the Banks of the Gardon—Royal Army approach—Attack the Assembly—Defeated by Cavalier—His Name becomes a Terror to his Foes—Baville loses Favour with the King—Madame de Maintenon interferes in his favour—Marshal Julien appointed to lead the Reinforcements to subdue the Cevennes—Roland prepares to meet them—De Labourdie an Agitator—His Character, and Plans to form a Revolution—His League to advance his Scheme—Encounter between the Royalists and Catinat—His Victory—Poul, the Royalist, killed.

THE Christmas of 1702 drew nigh. It was one of the four great festivals of the children of God. The observation of it in the Upper Cevennes was that year held, under the direction of Roland, at a spot deemed secure from the interruption of the foe.

There the mountains rose in solemn grandeur; their granite peaks covered with the winter snows. In several hollows of their fractured sides, and beneath overhanging crags, were situated those caverns of deepened gloom used for military stores, and appropriated for the helpless and the sick. Somewhat lower a natural platform afforded space for the meetings for counsel or prayers. Within a short distance, in part surrounding it, stood a chestnut forest, that in the summer months was delightful for its shade, and

in the autumn gave an ample supply of nutritious food. But now, in bleak December, with leafless boughs springing from trunks of enormous growth, these majestic natives of the mountains wore a sombre character, as the wind in melancholy cadence moaned and howled among them. When the winter snows threw their mantle over these elevated regions, and every rivulet was bound in icy chains, and the drippings from the rocks, frozen in their fall resembled clustering diamonds; the larger torrents alone resisted the severity of the season, and with their tumultuous rush seemed to defy the tyrant of the year.

What scenes were these for men like Roland to assemble in for the purpose of religious commemoration! They could not be other than impressive. Many of the so-called prophets were preachers exalted in their feelings and in the expression of them. From the grandeur of God's works, their minds became raised to the contemplation of his power and the adoration of his goodness. The very hour in which, generally at least, it was customary with them to hold their devotional meetings, must have added to the solemnity—Night was the usual time. Night with its silence, and its obscurity, an obscurity sometimes partially dispelled, by glimpses of the moon, or when the purity and brightness of countless stars sparkled in the regions of space. What a time was this for the psalmody of the children of God, to ascend to the heavens in thankfulness and praise!

On a platform at the base of a precipitous rock, and within the cavity of a natural arch, Roland prepared the elements for the service of the nativity. After preaching he descended and, attended by two of his principal officers, advanced with a slow step to the natural slab of rock which served as the altar of the desert. There himself and these first communicated, whilst the Camisards were engaged in prayer. After this, the latter advanced two and two, bare-headed, with a contrite demeanour, their muskets placed near them and ready for any sudden call to arms. Two peasants, one standing on either side of Roland, held the sacred bread and the cup.

The most remarkable part of the service was, that a third prophet, stationed near the altar-table and supposed to be in an ecstasy, fixed his eyes on the two suppliant communicants and seemed to be engaged in penetrating the secrets of their hearts. It was believed by these strange worshippers that it was according to the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, that this man forbade or admitted them to receive the elements. To the repulsed he said, "Go, my brother, go and pray; you are not worthy?" The rejected would then retire apart, prostrating themselves on the earth and with sighs and tears deploring their unworthiness. Before the conclusion of the service, however, having evinced their penitence, they were generally admitted to the sacred rite.

Cavalier celebrated his Christmas at Cauvi on the right bank of the Gardon. Before the prayers were

ended the videttes, stationed for fear of a surprise, suddenly gave the alarm; the Catholic army was approaching! Captain D'Aiguines, commander of Alais, with his garrison, six hundred men of the trading class and fifty mounted gentlemen. The militia formed in the centre, and the gentlemen the advanced guard, which was led by a veteran officer, St. Sebastien, whose determination was to fall on Cavalier, and destroy him and all who were with him. To assist this purpose they brought with them a mule laden with halters to hang those who might escape being killed in the contest.

Cavalier lost not a moment in sending off from the meeting all who were townspeople; and kept with him none but his Camisards, few in number, but brave to the death. For a few minutes he was buried in profound thought; at length he decided on a retreat to the woods; when a shepherd informed him that there was a small hillock (Mamelon) in the road that must be passed by the enemy; the border or edge (rebord) of which would conceal the small number of his Camisards and protect them from the fire of musketry and the charge of horses. Cavalier sent off a Cevenol, Esperèndieu, to examine the spot; his report was favourable. Cavalier determined that he would himself occupy the hillock. "We trembled" (he said, in the account he wrote of the action), "for great was the danger that threatened our little band; but our trust was in the Lord of Hosts. The commandant of Alais came right upon us; but he did exactly contrary to what

a good general would have done : for instead of his infantry, he sent forward his cavalry against us. The fifty mounted gentlemen, in order to give proof of their courage and their loyalty, wishing, unaided, to chastise the insurrection, came on. Ill betide them ! But our Camisards opened upon them a deadly fire ; they were dismounted, wounded, many killed ; and in the tumult the rest turned their backs and fled.\* From the children of God burst forth the psalm of battle, as they rushed down from the hillock and bounded after the flying horsemen ; these communicated their panic to the militia, who became disordered, fled, and the rout was complete. The commandant of Alais would have barred the way against the fugitives had it been possible, but he was himself dragged on by them, their flight being accelerated by the discharge of musketry that accompanied the psalmody of the victors, whilst they followed on the traces of their enemy. "Victory ! victory !" Thus sang the children of God as, throwing aside their habits that encumbered them in order to run lighter, they harassed the royalists till they were close upon entering with them the city of Alais. The commandant in haste shut and barred the gates, and was content for the present to have left only one hundred dead upon the field. The Camisards had a goodly spoil, arms, ammunition, accoutrements, some horses, and the mule with the halters, seized as an especial trophy. The victory was much famed, as well it might be, for a handful of Camisards had

\* Cavalier in Peyrat, vol. i. p. 351, *et seq.*

killed and put to flight six hundred militia and fifty cavalry. This success gave such encouragement to the insurgents that they followed it up and speedily with more daring enterprises, principally led by the young Cevenol chief, who always victorious, his very name, like that of Cœur-de-lion in Palestine, became one of terror, with which mothers frightened refractory children to their rest.

The panic spread, the Catholic nobles deserted their chateaux, and sought safety in fortified towns; the priests fled in all directions, leaving their flocks to the wolves, as they styled the heretics. De Broglie declared himself powerless. Poul could do nothing. Baille was inexorable, and wanting troops equal to the task of meeting the terrible young Cevenol chief, he set the axe, the gibbet, and the wheel to work more vigorously than before, whenever he had the good luck to catch a Camisard, or a Protestant suspected of favouring the insurgents. Bishops, nobles, magistrates, priests, all looked with impatience for the promised reinforcement from Paris.

Baille, however, had a fresh trouble to encounter, for he now perceived the first threatening clouds of the tempest gathering and moving towards him from Versailles. Baille experienced the fate of all despots; when fortune favoured him, he was lauded as the preserver of the south, but since Roland and Cavalier had got the upper hand, he was accused of having by his excessive severity driven the Cevenols to desperation, to the ruin of Languedoc. These

complaints, warmly seconded by the wiser and more moderate Catholics, found their way to the king. Baille declared that he had done what he considered would be agreeable to his royal master ; quite forgetful that those who served Louis the most effectually according to his own wishes, like the unfortunate Colbert, were always repaid by jealousy and ingratitude.

Baille thought he was a lost man ; when a hand was unexpectedly held out to snatch him from destruction. The fair hand thus extended was that of Madame de Maintenon, who having joined with Chamillart for some months in concealing from Louis the terrible work going on under the severe rule of Baille, could not now sacrifice the last without betraying herself and her favourite minister. She therefore sheltered the superintendent from the pitiless storm which threatened to fall upon him, and told the king in plain terms, that more troops and a better general than the Count de Broglie were required to quell the insurrection.

An experienced officer, Brigadier Julien, was therefore appointed to march without delay for the south with a strong reinforcement. Roland was not slow to perceive that these troops would at once attempt to subdue the Camisards, and, with his accustomed energy he set about being prepared for the occasion, by augmenting the forces of the Reformed, and, above all, by endeavouring to extend the insurrection to the people of Rouergue

and Vivarias. They were ripe for revolt, and he sent preachers among them to fan the fire already kindled into a flame.

At this time, also, there started up an agitator in Rouergue of a character so remarkable that he claims a passing notice. This was a Monsieur de Labourdie, a *ci-devant* abbé of good family, still a Catholic, but so much disaffected that he was impatient to organise a revolution, to stir up the people by his so called patriotic harangues, and to get up a civil war after his own fashion. As if anticipating the state of things in France before the close of the eighteenth century, he averred there was a general discontent throughout the kingdom, subdued for the time, but every now and then showing itself in murmurs and menaces. The nobles, he said, complained that their position was abased; commercial men of approaching ruin, brought on by the persecution of the Huguenots; the poor of misery and want of employment and of food; the Protestants of persecution, and the Catholics of war. All ranks considered themselves oppressed by a monarchy, whose glory was passed away; and the weight of whose sceptre became more oppressive with the advancing age of the feeble hand that bore it.\*

Thus he considered that all was ripe for revolution; and that it wanted only a bold man to take the lead when the nation would hail him as its preserver. Labourdie fancied himself to be that

\* Peyrat, vol. i. p. 360, *et seq.*

happy individual, and seriously thought of upsetting the throne of France, in furtherance of which object he proposed to join the Camisards. Such was the vain-glorious estimation in which he held himself and his plans. Nor was it altogether without effect that he exerted his various powers of oratory, temerity, pretension, secret intrigue, and his efforts for open revolt, in Rouergue and Vivarias. He gained popularity, and so far succeeded amongst the suffering and oppressed, that many of opposite creeds agreed to form a league of fraternity without reference to religion; and the Catholics went so far as to promise to give up the most cruel of their priests to the justice of the Protestants, while these promised not to resume their worship in a public manner till the day of triumph common to them all. Labourdie possessed himself of a strong fortified mansion, flanked by towers, and entered into an alliance with Roland for life or death.

The opening of the spring of 1703 was marked by renewed hostilities. The Count de Broglie and his dragoons set forth on an enterprise against Catinat and his men. A furious encounter ensued, when Captain Poul, who was with the cavalry, was killed, like Goliath, by a stone from the sling of a youth. His dragoon, seeing him fall, and not supposing the blow was mortal, called out—"To your horse, captain, to your horse!" But finding their leader in the agonies of death, a panic seized them and they fled. Catinat instantly sprang from his

horse, and, with one blow of his sword, severed the head from the body of his prostrate foe, remounted, still bearing the bloody trophy in his hand, dashed after the fugitives, and exclaimed—"Voilà ton Poul (ton coq), nous l'avons plumé, tu n'as qu'à le manger." The terrified royalists never drew bridle till they reached shelter above the Vistre, and Broglie locked, barred, and bolted himself up in the Castle of Bernis.

## CHAPTER VI.

Cavalier disguised as a Merchant enters Nismes—Report of Poul's Death—Consternation of the People—Cavalier leaves the City in company with the Royal Troops—Julien arrives in Languedoc—His Character and Career—Meeting of the Council—Julien's advice to extirpate the People of the Cevennes—Baville opposes Julien—Plan formed to seize Cavalier—His wonderful Tact—Escapes his Enemies—Their vain Pursuit—Cavalier passes the Gardon—Roland's daring Enterprise—The Marshal Montrevel sent to the South—Cavalier at the head of Eight Hundred Men—The Count de Roure captured by the Camisards—Cavalier's chivalrous Conduct—Protects De Roure—The Count's purpose towards Cavalier—Cavalier in Danger—Encounters Lagorce—Defeats him—Julien attacks—The Camisards fly from Panic—Cavalier deserted, shelters in the Woods.

AND where was Cavalier whilst all this was going on? Engaged in an enterprise so hazardous, that none but a daring and confident spirit, like his, would have attempted it. Finding that his troops wanted certain munitions of war, he determined to go himself and purchase them in Nismes. For this purpose he carefully disguised himself as a merchant, mounted a mule, with a valise *en croupe*, pursued his journey alone, and entered the city, without molestation.

But when he arrived there, he found the whole population in the most excited state. They were

assembled in crowds on the Esplanade, where they had heard the musketry in the brief, but deadly action that cost Poul his life. Nor were their fears allayed by the fugitives from that encounter rushing in at full gallop, some without their helmets or arms, in the utmost disorder, exclaiming, "All is lost—Poul is killed; the Camisards are coming down upon Nismes; all is lost!"

The disguised merchant mingled with the crowd, and learnt what had chanced, and the victory of his comrades. The city gates were instantly shut, and there was Cavalier, like a bird caught in a net—no escape. The Catholic citizens flew to arms, fearing that the Protestant portion of the inhabitants would rise and give up the city to the children of God the moment they approached the walls. Certainly there was ground for fear, and had Catinat or Ravelin appeared in those moments of distraction, with Cavalier in the city to head the Protestants and to open the gates, at once Nismes must have yielded.

For that night, however, all was safe; and early on the morrow, the governor, Monsieur de Sandri-court, received a letter from the Count de Broglie, begging him to come with the troops of the garrison, for his protection at the Castle of Bernis. The summons was instantly obeyed; and Cavalier, who felt how perilous was his position, profited by the opening of the gates, mounted his mule, his valise still *en croupe*, but now filled with gunpowder, and departed. With the utmost coolness he rode for half-an-hour by the side of the royalist soldiers;

chatted with them familiarly, and even talked about the Camisards.

"You are very imprudent, monsieur," they said to him, "to travel alone. If you should meet any of those fellows on your way, they will be sure to take from you the mule, and your valise, and perhaps your life."

"I have confidence in God," he replied, "and those who do no ill, need fear none."

Soon after Cavalier bade adieu to his hazardous escort, and struck into a road which he hoped would lead him to join Ravel and Catinat at Bouquet.

Before he could do so, those active leaders had continued their victorious course by burning a Catholic town (they seemed from habit to have grown indifferent to such barbarities towards the helpless and the poor); and finished by defeating the Chevalier de Saint Chaptès and the militia under his command. No commander, at this period, could resist the Camisards. Such successes threw the Catholics of the province into a state of consternation; and not till the middle of January did the new general, Julien, arrive with his troops at Nismes for their defence.

Julien, a native of Holland, was an apostate soldier of fortune; in early youth he had been page to the Prince of Orange, afterwards William III. of England. He had borne arms in Ireland, Germany, and Italy. In the last named, discontented with the Duke of Savoy, he turned to the Church of Rome, and offered his services to Louis XIV., who accepted

them, and gave him a pension with the rank of Brigadier-General. Like most apostates, his bitterness was inveterate against those who remained true to the faith he had deserted, and therefore, it is to be presumed, his patron, Chamillart, selected him, in quality of field-marshal, to extirpate the children of God; and sent him for that purpose into Languedoc.

Julien was a striking type of the mercenary soldier: brave, indefatigable, skilful in sacking a town, merciless, cruel, without respect for laws human or divine; but for his own interest, faithful to the prince, who, for the time, was his master. Louis, becoming more especially devout as approaching age and weakness rendered him more superstitious and bigoted, caused Julien to affect great devotion; but when far away from the court, and invested with almost irresponsible power, if fame did him no injury, he gave free course to the propensities of his nature, in licentious indulgences of every kind; and even in blasphemy over his cups.

Julien's powers were not confined to his own troops; he was to assist De Broglie; to be a member of the council, and a spy on Baviile; and to make a true report of every thing to the government. On being consulted in council as to the best method of restoring peace to the south, he replied, "There is nothing to be done, but to kill every man who bears arms. No doubt the Cevenols would speedily supply the place of those so got rid of, it becomes necessary therefore to put all the Protestants in these

provinces to the sword, and to burn the villages. The insurrection thus dealt with cannot revive ; it must of itself perish, without the loss of one Catholic life."

This advice for a general massacre shocked even Baviile ; he observed,—“ Certainly nothing could be more easy than wholesale slaughter of unarmed men and women ; but to put such a plan in execution would render one of the most beautiful cantons of Languedoc a desert. Our object should be,” he added, “ not to extirpate, but to make the population keep within bounds, and constrain them to become faithful subjects. But whilst we do this, we must take care to preserve for the king a flourishing province.” \*

From what motive Baviile, hitherto so merciless, became thus suddenly inspired with a spirit of humanity, it is difficult to conjecture ; unless it might be that jealous of the power and offended by the supervision of Julien, he felt disposed to strengthen himself by turning to the merciful party, to which many Catholics were now joined. It was not at this period large ; but composed of several nobles and thinking persons of the better order, who considered that bloodshed had done little towards quelling the insurrection ; and that mild measures would make more converts than the arguments of guns and swords ; and who earnestly desired to see peace and brotherly love restored between men, even of opposite creeds.

One there was, however, doomed by the royalist

\* Peyrat, vol. i. p. 378.

leaders for destruction, and for whom not even Baille, in his humour of mercy, dared plead. The victim to be sacrificed on the altar of vengeance to appease the wrath of the discomfited Count de Broglie was Cavalier. A plan was accordingly arranged to capture him and his small band of Camisards. To take him alive, lead him in triumph, and break him on the wheel, would be far more gratifying than to shoot him down at once.

In forming this plan they paid him the compliment of thinking the following warlike array necessary. The Count Tournon with 800 men was to be posted at Uzès; Julien with his two battalions of 1600 at Anduze; and Broglie with his dragoons and the whole of the militia at St. Amboise. The day fixed for this formidable array to set forth, was the 20th January, 1703. They knew that the Cevenol chief was in the occupation of the woods and the adjoining hamlets; and contrived therefore so to dispose their several forces as to surround him, and render his escape impossible. The plan was not ill-conceived, and seemed likely to be successful.

But whilst they went about their work with every precaution, sending forward small detachments to make stealthy advances; and believing that they must surround him, Cavalier's perfect acquaintance with the intricate windings of the woods and paths, impracticable to any but a Cevenol amongst rocks and precipices, enabled him to glide away at intervals and retire towards Céze, before it was deemed possible he could have moved a foot from the

mountains. In his retreat he burnt two Catholic villages, behind where Broglie was stationed. Broglie made a precipitate retrograde movement, and Julien and Tournon hastened towards the burning places. By this bold manœuvre, Cavalier saved his stores, which escaped being discovered by the Catholic generals in consequence of their hasty pursuit, running after a shadow, for such they said had Cavalier been to them in their mighty enterprise—again having escaped their toils by an unsuspected path.

It is impossible to forbear a smile when we find that for forty days this mighty force under such leaders beat the bush over the whole range of country between the Céze and the Gardon, whilst the famous Flécher invoked in their behalf all the saints in Heaven to assist their enterprise; and with a confidence to which the saints by no means responded. Whilst the search was going on, Flécher said, "Now they are looking after the Camisards. God will bless those who fight for religion." But he was mistaken; both enterprises and sermons proved vain; though the generals learnt at last that Cavalier was in the woods of Verfeuil between Lussan and Bagnols. Thither they flew now certain to catch him; but again and again they ransacked every covert, explored every cavern, nook, hole, or corner, and found—nothing. At last Baviile, who had joined the search in order to show his zeal at Versailles, worn out and disappointed, returned in no very pacific humour from the chase. This result seemed

to justify Julien's opinion, that nothing was to be done but to cut up root and branch ; for as to capturing that " Baker's boy," now grown up into such a redoubtable chief, it was impossible ; it seemed as if the very earth opened to hide him.

Whilst this search after him was going on, that active and determined spirit, with a handful of followers, repassed the Gardon at Alais ; and unexpectedly meeting a royalist convoy guarding several mules laden with food, attacked it, killed nearly every man, and conveyed both mules and baggage to the strong places of the Cevenols, near Bouquet.

Roland also was not slack in his operations ; he attacked the garrison in the Chateau de Felix with success ; and after his victory, having cut off the heads of some of the slain, he had the audacity to plant them on the bridge of Anduze, where three months before Broglie had planted the head of Laporte. He next proceeded to affix the following edict on the gates of a walled town hard by : — " We, Count and Seigneur Roland, Generalissimo of the Protestants of France, command that you the inhabitants of this town, within three days, dismiss from among you all priests, on the penalty, if we are disobeyed, of both them and yourselves being burnt alive."

This strange edict seemed to be obeyed to the letter, for when Catinat some days after forced the gates, and entered, he found not a priest in the whole place, and was content with taking vengeance

on the Catholic banners and images of the church, and laying on the inhabitants the impost of providing that day a good dinner for his Camisards. In this month of January, 1703, so formidable were the chiefs felt to be, that all their doings, together with the defeat of De Broglie, were duly reported to Versailles in the despatches of Julien. Madame de Maintenon and Chamillart, greatly perplexed and alarmed, laid the blame of the ill success of the Catholics at the door of Baviile.

Fortunately for him, he was, in one sense, a man after Louis' own heart. "This prince," says Peyrat, "liked to employ the sons of lawyers of plebeian origin (légistes roturiers) in his affairs; supporters of the old system of the monarchy, he preferred such to the real noblesse." Baviile was one of these inconsiderable personages; and with the support of Père La Chaise, he got off pretty well; but as it was necessary to find a scapegoat for the sins of mismanagement, Broglie was chosen, and over his head broke the storm of the king's wrath. He was at once superseded, and the Marshal de Montrevel, with large reinforcements, sent to the south.

But the Cevenol chiefs were not to be overcome so easily as it was expected, by numbers or generals. Cavalier, at the head of 800 men, with 30 mules laden with necessaries, was to proceed at once for the purpose of stopping the advance of this new army into the Cevennes. A mountaineer, named St. Jean, was to be his guide in passing through cantons little known to him. It was in the early part of February that

he set out; the mountains and the valleys were covered with snow, when Cavalier, burning with military ardour, and elated by the success of his people, marched rapidly towards the Ardèche without interruption.

But the young Count de Roure, one of the three lieutenant-generals of Languedoc, and governor of St. Esprit, learning that the purpose of Cavalier was to pass the Ardèche, determined to prevent him. Before, however, he could do so (we are not told by what chance) the young count fell into the hands of a knot of Camisards, and was at once carried to their chief. Cavalier recognised De Roure, received him with courtesy, and inquired what might be the object of a nobleman, holding his position, journeying alone. The count excused himself by saying that in going from his own chateau to his charge as governor of St. Esprit, he had taken the wrong road and lost his way. He was completely in the power of Cavalier, to whom personally, as well as to his cause, such a prisoner, if retained, would have been of the utmost importance. Though fanaticism, and the excited passions of the contest had too often led Cavalier to commit acts of cruelty painful to relate, yet there was in his nature much generosity and disinterestedness, much, in short, of the true spirit of chivalry, and he showed it on this occasion in the most remarkable manner. The road through which the young count would have to pass on his return was beset with Camisards. Cavalier knew how dangerous it would be for him, and offered him

an escort, which he declined ; Cavalier then insisted on himself conducting the count till he saw him out of danger. This he did ; and after the two young men had parted with mutual expressions of good will, the chief returned to his troops, and led them to Barjac, where they arrived in safety.

The Catholics were now bent on preventing Cavalier from passing the Ardèche. A Colonel de Jauriac with 250 men was stationed so as to guard the ferry, and, singularly enough, the Count de Roure was posted not far from Jauriac, in order to delay the approach of the chief till such time as Julien, who was expected, could bring up his forces. Though not so stated, from what followed it is not improbable that De Roure's motive for stationing himself where we have mentioned was a generous rather than a hostile one.

Possibly touched by the chivalrous conduct of Cavalier towards himself, he wished to save him from destruction—for every one believed that the Camisard chief must be overpowered by the immense force coming against him. De Roure sent therefore a messenger of peace to Cavalier, who inquired for what object the chief and his people had recourse to arms and employed them so obstinately. Cavalier's reply was expressed with great feeling. "It is only for our own defence. We have been driven to it by the cruel persecution of more than twenty years, a persecution always increasing. We have never been left in peace in our homes to serve God as we desire to serve Him. We are forced to attend

mass and to prostrate ourselves before idols of wood and stone. We prefer, to such idolatry, dying with our arms in our hands. Nevertheless we are ready to throw them down, or to employ them in the service of the king, would he but grant us liberty of conscience,—would he but restore to us our parents, our brothers, and our friends, who groan in the iron bonds of slavery—would he but henceforth spare the sufferings of the Protestants, and cease to award ignominious deaths and cruel punishments.”

The Count de Roure had no power to promise concession to any one of Cavalier's demands, and so therefore ended this attempt at negotiation. Both these leaders were young, and had hearts capable of being warmed by the kindly affections of youth. Neither of them had known the chill of prejudice or of age—the conference ended with a saddened feeling. De Roure, however reluctantly, was obliged to fulfil the duty which was assigned to him. At the head of several nobles and the militia he waited, in order to intercept Cavalier's advance to the ferry, whilst Julien with 1800 men took his station, so as to prevent the chief's retreat; and thus, as he expressed it, would “the boy general” be caught between two fires.

He was mistaken. Cavalier did not rashly advance to the ferry; and not apprehending an attack, he stationed his men for the night at Vagnes. Julien soon learnt this; and wishing for the glory of an unassisted conquest, set off with six hundred picked

men to extirpate the chief and the children of God. He consigned the advanced guard to the command of a recent convert to Rome, the Baron de Lagorce. Cavalier was in the utmost danger of being overwhelmed, for at this moment he had with him but a small detachment of his followers. He learnt his danger, and had only just time to rush precipitately from the town, and to place himself in ambush at the entry of a wood in the vicinity. Lagorce boasted that he should at once secure the Camisard chief by a surprise. Before, however, he could execute it, he was himself surprised, for as he passed on his way he fell into the ambush of Cavalier; and though de Roure flew to his succour, it was too late, he was mortally wounded. The Camisards had exhausted their powder, and Cavalier ordered a charge with the bayonet, which was executed so impetuously that the royalists could not sustain it. They fled in all directions, leaving the Baron weltering in his blood on the snow. De Roure was compelled to draw off from the field, and saved but a small number of his men. He frankly admitted that his defeat at Vagnes was complete.\*

Soon after this victory Cavalier made an attempt to gain the ferry, but the weather was fearful. Many of the paths over which he had to advance were impracticable on account of the snow, and the muskets of his people were so injured by damp that they could not be fired. There was nothing to be

\* Peyrat, vol. i. p. 386.

done under such circumstances but to retreat to the mountains; and this he did without delay.

The defeat of the Count de Roure incensed the royalists. Again was the destruction of the Camisard chief determined upon, and to ensure it a force under several commanders, and four times as numerous as Cavalier's legion, was to go forth against him. Julien placed all his men in ambush in the forest of Vagnes, with the exception of the grenadiers; and with these he advanced for a desperate encounter. Cavalier mounted, at the head of his Camisards, prepared to meet them. "Children of God," he said, "fear not. March, and death to the Apostate," alluding to Julien's change of faith. They received the fire of the enemy without flinching; but their own muskets wet from the snow, could not return it. On they rushed with the bayonet, but all their efforts were ineffectual; they were repulsed and fled. Cavalier leapt from his horse, and by the most courageous example, as well as the most animating words, endeavoured to check the panic of his discomfited followers. Catinat, De Ravanel, de Rastelet, and L'Esperéndieu, with like energy, seconded their chief; but in vain! Authority, discipline, all was lost in fear; they could not be rallied, but fled like a flock of sheep before the wolf into the depths of their forests and passes.

Cavalier, abandoned by his people, and surrounded on every side by foes, as a last resource, plunged into the woods. He was followed by two of Julien's grenadiers. On seeing these in pursuit, he turned

and faced them. The first he dispatched by a blow on the head, and the other, either wounded or affrighted, fled. Cavalier escaped unscathed, but sorely grieved by the loss of nearly two hundred of his men, with all his sumpter mules and horses. Julien made some prisoners; but finding, according to his own account, that they were too resolute to ask for quarter, and that they embarrassed his proceedings, he caused them all to be put to the sword. In his despatch to the Count de Roure, he requested him to order the vessels and boats on the river to be sunk; to send his troops to occupy the bridge in the Ardèche and over the Céze, as he (Julien) was about to follow the fugitive Camisards; and that some of his soldiers had already pursued them as they would wild beasts in the chase, by their footprints in the snow. He added that many were killed, but he had reserved about twenty of the most daring of the Camisards for the gibbets of Alais.

## CHAPTER VII.

**Ravanel and Catinat rally their Men—Cavalier in the Forest—Meets some of his Camisards—They join him—Their extreme Peril—Beset with the Enemy—Take shelter in a Cavern for the Night—The Cold bitter—No Food—Fall of Snow—Julien in pursuit—Cavalier and Followers—Their Sufferings—Their Footprints in the Snow endanger them—Discover a Torrent—Follow the Stream of its falling Waters—Find Food in a poor Man's Cottage—Perils and Adventures of Cavalier and his Men—He sinks down exhausted—Takes Shelter in the Cabin of a poor Woman—She saves his Life—Goes to Vézénore—Lacombe receives him—Boland and Cavalier meet—Their Joy—Damped by hearing that Rastelet, a Cevenol Chief, has been taken and put to Death.**

NOTWITHSTANDING all the disasters we have recounted, the indomitable spirits of men such as Ravanel and Catinat, enabled them to rally among the fugitives enough to form a small brigade; and with that they set forth to seek Cavalier in the forests. Not finding him, they feared that he was numbered with the dead; and hearing that a strong body of royalists was employed in searching out Camisards, they marched all night in order to put the Céze between themselves and Julien.

The river, from the recent storms, had become a torrent, which they had to pass by swimming. Esperëndieu was drowned. Still they struggled on through innumerable perils; sometimes compelled to fight their way past the outposts of the enemy

with no weapon but the bayonet ; and often saving themselves by sheer audacity. Roland, the generalissimo, as he called himself, of the Protestants of France, became greatly distressed by his anxiety for Cavalier. Where was he ? Where that flower of the chivalry of the Cevennes ? Who had seen him ? Some said that he was slain ; others, that he was a prisoner ; all feared that he was lost for ever to their cause. But we must leave them to trace Cavalier's steps, since his encounter with the two grenadiers.

Wandering in the forest, to which he had fled, he there met three or four of his fugitive followers. Great was their joy on meeting, but short-lived ; for they heard strange voices ; they listened ; and soon ascertained that a troop of the enemy was approaching ; not a moment was to be lost. Hastily examining some bushes in front of a precipitous rock, they found an opening, and within, a cavern of considerable depth, the entrance to which was concealed by some bushes ; they hurried into it. The enemy did not come up immediately, and during the short interval a snow-storm fell in such abundant flakes, that the footprints of the fugitives were effaced on the path over which they had so recently passed. Presently Julien and a strong body of soldiers marched rapidly past the face of the very rock within which they had found shelter. Night came on, and with it cold and hunger. Weary were the hours which they passed in darkness and anxious suspense, yet thankful that, so far, their lives were safe. It seemed as if the day would never break to cheer

them with a gleam of its reviving influence. At length a grey dull light broke in the east, and enabled them to look out from their hiding-place; when, to their horror, they beheld, at no great distance, the very field of the contest which had been so disastrous to them on the previous day; and several of the militia stripping and burying the dead!

This was warning enough; without loss of a moment they fled in an opposite direction, and soon came in sight of a farm-house. Cavalier said that he would go forward and endeavour to obtain a guide to put them in the road to Barjac. He found only a woman and two boys at the farm; and asked her to let the eldest act as a guide. She refused, looked at him, and whispered something to the lad. Convinced that there was treachery, the chief rushed back to his companions in the forest, and as he did so, saw the boy who had been sent out returning with a party of the militia.

Well knowing that his steps must now be tracked in the snow, he gave himself up for lost, and told his followers that their only hope was in God. "Brothers," he said, "if such is the will of the Lord, let us resign ourselves to death; but consoled and supported in our dying hour by the justice of our cause. We took up arms to free ourselves from a slavery contrary to all the principles of justice and religion between man and man. We have fought for the truth of the gospel and for God." Thus did this young warrior and prophet prepare his companions

for a death that seemed inevitable. But God, in whom those wanderers placed their trust, did not forsake them.

They moved on a little way, when all at once they perceived a torrent, whose rush they had before heard, but believed it to be more distant. By the side of the stream that received the falling waters there was a path, free from snow on account of its constant humidity. Walking rapidly, one after another on this path, and sometimes in the water, they found themselves descending for a considerable distance, and still following the stream that proved to be their best guide, were finally conducted by it out of the forest. On they went, still trusting in God, who had so mercifully delivered them in their extremity. At the distance of less than a league, they discovered a profound fissure ; and, as it often happened in those hollows of volcanic formation, in the Cevennes, the depths within were concealed by the bushes and vegetation growing without. Here they entered, to wait till night came on, and would render it safe for them to issue forth in search of food.

They had not long been in their present shelter, when they saw several of the militia looking about for traces of their footsteps ; some at no great distance, others on the rocks above their heads. They waited with what patience they could, till nightfall enabled them to quit their retreat. Half dead with cold and hunger, and not knowing where to direct their steps, they walked towards the south, when a

brilliant light in the distance attracted their attention ; it was the beacon of Hope ! It burnt in a solitary house, the sole inhabitant of which was an old man, who did not venture to open his doors, till Cavalier, in an authoritative voice demanded admission for an officer of the royal army. The poor old peasant did his best to supply a supper for his famished guests—six eggs, some bread and chestnuts, with no large portion of sour wine, were all he could produce ; but this seemed to the fugitives abundant and delicious fare ; and the chief paid for it in coin. As a further service, he made their host act as a guide to St. Jean-des-Agnels, near the Céze, where Cavalier visited the father of Rastelet, but of the son he learnt no tidings.

On the next day the wanderers passed the Céze, with the water nearly up to their chins ; and contrived to rally some thirty Camisards. With these Cavalier marched in a new route ; though scarcely able to direct the journey. He had lost his chausses in the snow, and his feet, torn by the stones and the frozen paths, were bleeding at every step. His whole frame exhausted by suffering and exertion, he sank at length down in the road, when only half a league from Bouquet, where he could be certain to find security and many devoted friends.

Leaving the men he had collected (except two or three who refused to quit him) to pursue their way, he took shelter in the cabin of an old woman of the Reformed faith. With joy she welcomed the prophet of the desert, and bestowed on him all her simple

kindness and care; whilst he, with thankfulness, resigned himself to repose for the night. But who shall speak the dismay of the poor hostess when, on opening her door early in the morning, she found posted before it a soldier of the pursuing enemy. From him she learnt that the commander of a detachment had been employed all the previous day in the search after the Camisards and their chief, and in order to prevent any one of them taking shelter in the cottages of the poor, he had posted a soldier before every door in that district. The old woman shut hers, and instantly awakened Cavalier, who, on learning his danger, gave himself up for lost.

Before he could resolve what to do, the commander arrived; his purpose was to question the inmates of the cottages. "Do you receive rebels here?" he said, in an authoritative tone, to the poor woman.

"Oh, heavens! no," she replied, trembling in every limb.

"Is it the fear of the soldiers, then, that makes you tremble thus?"

"No, it is the fever."

"Poor woman!" and the commander rode on, and left the cottage and the village without having discovered one Camisard, though some few were concealed in it. Cavalier soon after departed, full of gratitude to God and to his aged protector, who at the risk of her own life, had saved his.

He did not stop at Bouquet, where he had so many faithful friends, but directed his steps to Vézénore, and to the dwelling of his old master, the honest

Lacombe, whose shepherd he had been in his childhood. Thence he sent a messenger to Roland, begging him to hasten and meet him at Cardet. The summons was speedily obeyed, "The joy that we experienced," said Cavalier, "was indescribable. We returned thanks to God, as if he had given me back from the tomb."

Yet was the joy clouded by the death of Esperéndieu, and the absence of Rastelet, a daring Cevenol chief. His fate soon became known to them. He had been taken prisoner by Julien. Baille had been his judge; and notwithstanding his recent boasted return to merciful measures, he ordered the unfortunate Rastelet to be broken alive on the wheel at Alais; an order executed with insult as well as cruelty.

## CHAPTER VIII.

Cavalier goes to Vivarais—Joani's Attack on Genouillac—Sufferings of the Inhabitants—The beautiful little Town a Ruin—State of the Cevennes becomes known to foreign Lands—Great anxiety of the Exiles to afford Assistance—The Cevennes' Address to Foreign Protestant Powers—Marshal Montrevel arrives in the South—Some Account of him and his Troops—The Marshal received with Honours by Baviile—His new Regulations—Spirit of the Children of God—Undaunted by Difficulty—Roland determines to change his Plan of Operations—Approved by Cavalier—Julien wearied by a vain Pursuit of the Chiefs—Cavalier falls sick of the Small-pox—Nursed by the Girl of his Heart—Recovers—Melancholy Consequences of Fanaticism—Story of the young Count de Cabiron.

ON bidding adieu to Roland, Cavalier departed for Vivarais, with a view to augment his forces; and Joani, a brave Cevenol, in order to protect him from interruption, endeavoured to draw the attention of the Catholic generals upon himself, by commencing a series of daring actions. Amongst these was his attack on Genouillac.

The small town was situated at the base of a lofty mountain to the east of La Lozère, in a charming valley, watered by a meandering stream, in the midst of chestnut forests, groves and fields of verdure where the flocks ranged undisturbed, and the children played around them. The whole scene so calm, so

lovely in its solitude, shut out from the heats of summer and the storms of winter, seemed the very place to afford repose to the weary and safety to the persecuted. Far from the tumult of the world, and the rage of human passions, the very spirit of peace appeared to reign within its precincts of beauty.

But even here, at last, fanaticism broke in with the disorders of civil strife. Joani, in wrath, destroyed all the insignia of the Catholic church in Genouillac; and Broglie lost no time in making reprisals by sending his company of militia to live as they pleased upon the unfortunate Protestant inhabitants, and to kill them at discretion. Then Joani took his turn, and retaliated upon the militia with fire and sword; and, last, though not least, Julien, losing all trace of Cavalier, turned his arms on Joani, drove him back to the mountains, and entering the town, with wanton barbarity massacred eight women and the wounded Camisards. Thus was the ill-starred Genouillac equally misused by Protestant and Catholic in turns; so that after murder, pillage, and fire, little remained but the tumbling walls, that might be termed the skeleton of the town so lately beautiful.

The fame of these transactions reached foreign lands; and more especially stirred with warm and patriotic emotions those unfortunate persons who had been driven from their country (and some grown old in exile) by the wicked and suicidal act of the bigot Louis XIV. in the Revocation

of the Edict of Nantes. The Cevenols were not slow to vindicate the course they had pursued. One of their addresses to foreign states concluded with these emphatic words—"Ours is not a rebellion of subjects against their prince, it is a right of nature. We follow but the dictates of conscience. We arm ourselves but to resist force. Did we do less, we should be the accomplices of our own misfortunes, traitors to our country. We see what are the formidable preparations of war coming against us. We are menaced by the Marshal de Montrevel and his numerous troops. But up to the present time our intrepidity has disconcerted our enemies; we are not to be frightened by numbers. We will meet them. Yet will we harm no persons if they do not harm us. But just reprisals will we ever make upon our persecutors, and in this we are sanctioned by the law and the word of God, and the practice of all nations. And never will we lay down our arms till we may openly profess our religion of the Reformed Church."

The Montrevel alluded to in this address did not arrive in Languedoc till the middle of February, when Broglie departed for Versailles. We must say a few words about him.

Nicholas Augustus Montrevel was of a noble family, and received his baton as marshal, and at the same time the government of Languedoc in January, 1703. Though personally brave, he was by no means possessed of abilities sufficient for becoming a great general or legislator. His

manners were courteous; he loved pomp and vain glory; qualities which pleased his royal master; and so did his lively, flattering, shallow discourse; for Louis could never forgive those who outshone him in conversation. The caustic Duke de St. Simon said of Montrevel, in one of his graphic sketches, that "though he was without sense, he possessed a magnificent fatuity; a youthful gallantry even in age; a speech musical and empty, with the demi-god airs of the theatre and the fable."

Montrevel brought with him a formidable force; twenty large pieces of cannon, five thousand balls, four thousand muskets, fifty thousand pounds of powder, and ten thousand men, drawn from the armies of Germany and Italy. Roussillon sent six hundred Spanish recruits, called *miquelets*, under the command of Monsieur de Palmerolles. These Pyrenean warriors surprised the countries through which they passed with their picturesque costume; they marched without drums or swords, having at their head only a man, who sounded a slow note with a conch shell, like a triton. Their dress consisted of a red frock, and large trowsers like those of sailors; they had a grey uppercoat, shoes made of rope, called *espartilles*; a red bonnet, decorated at the point by a bunch of white ribbon; their hats fastened to their girdles; and for arms, two pistols on one side, with a long dagger on the other, and a light carbine on the shoulder.\* To

\* Peyrat, vol. i. p. 406.

this formidable array of Montrevel we must add the troops that came with Julien, the thirty-two companies of fusiliers of the province, and the dragoons of Lower Languedoc, to which the Marquis de Tornac was appointed colonel.\*

Thus the royal and Catholic army of the Cevennes comprehended Montrevel, a marshal of France; three lieutenant-generals, De Peyre, Du Roure, De Calvisson; three camp marshals, Julien, Tournon, Gévaudan; three brigadiers, Parat, Planque, Lajonquière; three regiments of dragoons, Petit Languedoc, Saint Sernin et Fimarcon; Jacques de Casagnat, Marquis de Fimarcon, who came from Italy; twenty-five battalions drawn from the various regiments and fusiliers of the province. All these, with the militia, formed an effective force of no less than *sixty thousand men*, intended to crush at once the insurgents of the Cevennes.†

Montrevel was received with high honours by Baviile, and escorted by a regiment of cavalry from St. Esprit to Nismes, and when there arrived was feasted with regal luxury. Being desirous to become acquainted with the country, Baviile conducted him through the principal towns of the Cevennes, where he was welcomed and feasted as before. The Intendant made him acquainted with all that he knew concerning the Camisards; their strongholds in the mountains; their usual mode of attack and defence; and specified the towns that were considered favourable to them: and, what was most remarkable

\* Peyrat, vol. i. p. 406.

† Peyrat, *ibid.*

up to a certain point, he induced the marshal to adopt his plans. To which the newly arrived added one or two of his own that were most barbarous. By an immediate ordinance, he placed the priests, the monks, and the churches, under the protection of the *newly converted*; who were to be personally responsible for them; but the burning of a church, or a convent, or the murder of a priest, a monk, or even of a common soldier, was to carry with it the destruction of the town where it occurred.

There was at this time an erroneous opinion in Paris, that a strong party, of a much higher order than the peasant Cevenols, desired to see Protestantism re-established in France, as in the days of Henry IV., and Montrevel, fancying that the rich portion of the inhabitants of the Cevennes must belong to it, resolved to seize their persons, and to keep them as hostages for the loyalty of the population. But this project he could not put in force without laying it before the court of Versailles for approval. He had been fascinated by the feasts and the politeness of the Intendant, and in his epistle to the king, he told his majesty how much that able man Monsieur de Baviile had been calumniated; for he was a subject most devoted to the sacred person of his master. Greatly pleased, Louis not only took Baviile again into favour, but recompensed his past disgrace by giving him a pension of six thousand livres in addition to all his great emoluments. "It was thus," says Peyrat, "that he was drawn out of the pit;" but we

shall see presently what was his gratitude towards the vain and imprudent marshal.

Neither Montrevel, nor his ordinances, nor his thundering cannon, nor his combined force of sixty thousand men could affright the children of God. "They were like the rocks," says a contemporary writer,\* "against which the winds beat in vain." True it was that against Montrevel and his mighty force the Cevenol chiefs could not number more than three thousand Camisards; but they were confident, being convinced that by far the greater part of the inhabitants of the country were on their side, and that Baviile was hated and only obeyed from terror. They said that they knew the paths of the mountains better than could Montrevel's men; their steps among them were surer, their fusils lighter, their aim more deadly. They had also right and hope on their side. The insurrection would spread even among the Catholics; it would attract the attention of the princes of the north. And what if they should be betrayed by earthly kings? Did they not place their trust in an almighty king? His angel would guard their camps, would watch over their rocky citadels. In their ranks would be the armies of heaven, the Eternal Himself their chief. What then could Montrevel do against such men? crush them? perhaps, make them fear?—Never! † Roland, whose enthusiastic spirit nothing could daunt, nevertheless mingled with it a prudence and

\* Louvreleuil.

† Peyrat, vol. i. p. 140.

caution too much disregarded by many of the chiefs. He said that God would never bless the cause of those who neglected to use with discretion the means that He placed within their power. Seeing how impossible it must be that the comparatively small force of the Camisards could cope with such an overwhelming army, he determined to alter his mode of warfare.

Instead of marching in large bodies, which the enemy might crush at one blow, he resolved to distribute his people into a multitude of small platoons, that could glide unperceived between the posts of the royal army. Thus they would cause more annoyance, would risk less themselves, would, as it were, multiply their number by the extension and suddenness of their sallies, and so would attain their end, which was to protract the struggle to an extraordinary length, seeing that their eventual triumph must depend on the succours which the future only could bring them, through the reverses which Louis might sustain. Thus organised, in a short time, the children of God, supposed by the enemy to have been subdued at Vagnas, reappeared in a multitude of small platoons, the tumult of which so astonished Montrevel, that it caused him to believe the Camisards were twenty thousand strong!—a hundred persons, thirty Catholic churches, a hundred and forty houses, portions of towns, and small towns entirely disappeared, as if under a whirlwind.\*

\* Peyrat, vol. i. ; and Henri Martin, *passim*.

Of Roland's new mode of warfare we must, for the present, only say that it was most successful. True it is that, often vexed and exasperated, Montrevel and his army were led to the commission of fearful massacres and horrors; and these were generally retaliated in a spirit of vengeance no less dreadful on the part of the Camisards.

Cavalier concurred in Roland's plan of warfare, and carried on enterprises and sudden retreats with such success, that Julien became wearied and declared that he must discontinue his pursuit of the young chief. His expression was, that he "might as well try to catch a shadow." But Cavalier soon after, when on the eve of a most hazardous expedition, was suddenly arrested by an enemy more threatening than Julien—the small-pox. So severe was the attack, that he was compelled to leave his brigade to the charge of Roland, whilst he sought shelter in a small farmhouse belonging to a husbandman named Chanurel, whose daughter the young chief loved, with every hope that her father's consent to a marriage would soon be won. Under such tender care he speedily recovered. During his friend's illness Roland continued his course for a time—a course most fatal to his enemies, and his valour and his actions were said to be worthy of the greatest captains.

It is melancholy to think how the cruelties of Montrevel and Julien exasperated the Covenols into deeds of almost equal cruelty. In former instances self-preservation, or a purpose of retaliation

had been the principal motives with the leaders of the insurrection; but now, on several occasions, neither the innocent nor the helpless were spared. It seemed as if the spirit of revenge had hardened hearts, not naturally devoid of mercy, into a contempt for human life, which was chary of it, neither in themselves nor in others. It is one of the evils of war, that the practice of it produces an indifference to bloodshed, which, at the call of fanaticism, sometimes becomes brutal. The following is a most distressing example :

After attending on Montrevel at Nismes, two of the young nobles (the Baron de Cadorne and Monsieur de Cabiron) were returning to their homes at Valfrancesque, mounted, and followed by two valets on foot, when they were stopped at the bridge of Salindres by a brigade of Roland. "They believed at first," says the priest who records the circumstances,\* "that their lives were like the leaves in the last days of autumn, when a bitter wind agitates the trees." They made no resistance, and their servants were allowed to pass on. There was a pause before the Camisards proceeded to any further violence. Unhappily, they had with them one of their fanatics, possessed by the ecstasy of an imaginary prophetic spirit. This man was now called upon to decide the fate of the young nobles. He ordered the Baron de Cadorne to be set free, saying, "His hour is not yet come." But Monsieur de Cabiron was the son of a

\* The priest of St. Germain. See Peyrat, vol. i. p. 422.

newly-converted, who had been a deadly enemy. Him, the prophet considered, "as a flower blown in the field, which ought to be cut down by the sickle of the mower:" his doom was death.

The baron, hearing this sentence passed on his unoffending friend, threw himself at the feet of the fanatical judge, and pleaded for mercy. The calm and beautiful expression in the countenance of the young nobleman and the earnest eloquence with which his friend declared that his death would break the heart of his mother, so touched the bosoms of men too commonly steeled against pity, that they showed the utmost reluctance to take the life of the denounced.

The prophet seeing their relenting spirit, rushed forward, like one of the infuriated priests of old, commanding a sacrifice to the infernal gods, and exclaimed, "The Holy Spirit condemns this youth to death to expiate the sins of those young men who have borne arms against the children of God."

This fearful announcement being considered the award of inspiration, those feelings of pity which, for a moment, had overcome the purpose of the Camisards to shed blood, were cast aside, and once more their bosoms were as stone. De Cadorne could do no more. With all the warmth of youthful affection he bade farewell to the victim; he could not bear to witness the sacrifice, but withdrew mournfully, and went on his way to tell the sad tale, to break to the mother the news that her beloved son had fallen by the hand of murder!

The body was found on the following day, lying in the road, where it had been deprived of life. It was carefully removed, and interred at St. Jean de Gard. What an instance was this act of the abuse of that Revealed Word which speaks peace and goodwill to all mankind! How dreadful the fanaticism of that prophet of the desert! but even his enemies said, that had Cavalier been present, he would have overruled its fearful effects.

## CHAPTER IX.

The Palm Sunday Meeting—Its Calamity detailed—Fearful Cruelty of Montrevel at the Mill of Nismes—Heroism of a young Man to save the Life of a Girl—Condemned by Montrevel for the gallant Act—Led to the Death—Saved by the interference of the Nuns of Mercy—Montrevel in his frantic Fury threatens Nismes—Julien joins him—They become Monsters in Deeds of Blood—Fearful Scene at the Tower of Bellot—Camisards betrayed by a Traitor—Consequences of that Act of Treachery—Midnight Attack by the Royalist Troops—Brave Resistance of the Camisards—Their great Loss—The Tower and all in it burnt to the Ground—A Body, supposed to be that of Cavalier, found among the Dead—The Head cut off and sent to his Mother in Prison—Her Grief—The Traitor seized by the Camisards, tried, and executed.

MONTREVEL, who feared that his military reputation would suffer by the continuance of an insurrection that, crushed in one place, constantly sprang up in another, seemed never to be weakened by defeat, and never to be defeated by numbers, was so exasperated, that he became almost frantic in cruelty.

On Palm Sunday two or three hundred of the inhabitants of Nismes, old men, women, and children, were assembled at the mill of a man named Mercier, situated on the canal of Gau, near the gate of the Carmelites. Their psalmody discovered their retreat to the civil officers, who lost not a moment in making it known to Montrevel. He was at table,

and probably somewhat heated with wine: he rose up, headed a vast number of his men, and invested the mill. The soldiers broke open the doors; and, sword in hand, fell upon the people, at that instant engaged in prayer. No doubt the massacre would have been general, but to kill with the sword occupies time, and Montrevel felt impatient; he issued, therefore, the monstrous order to give the mill and all within it to the flames.

As the fires of this fearful sacrifice rose to heaven, the cries for mercy were piercing, but they were in vain. From the blazing walls some of these wretched beings contrived to escape, wounded, bleeding, scorched, filling the air with their screams of frantic agony. But not even these were allowed to pass; the soldiers drove them back, at the point of the bayonet, into the burning fiery furnace. Nearly all perished in the funeral pile. One young girl, by the assistance of a laquais of Montrevel, escaped unhurt. Montrevel, that demon in human form, no sooner learnt the circumstance, and saw the young creature pouring out her feelings of thankfulness, than he ordered her to be dragged to the gibbet, and her preserver to share her fate. The pitiless order was obeyed; but on the noble-spirited laquais being hurried to execution, he was providentially met by some of the sisters of mercy. Well did they deserve that name; and fearlessly did they practise the duty of Christian charity. At the risk of their own lives (since to stand between Montrevel and an object of his fury was as dangerous

as to snatch the prey from the grasp of the tiger), they sought the tyrant, and, on their knees, implored him to spare his servant. Obdurate though he was, like the unjust judge in the parable, they wearied him with importunity, till, to be rid of them, he ordered the laquais to be set free. Yet, prompted by his malice, he soon after drove the young man, penniless, not only from Nismes, but from Languedoc.

The sisters of mercy were more fortunate in being spared than several other Catholics, who, in Christian charity, gave shelter to a few of the victims that escaped death, though not injury, from the flames. These Catholics, in the frenzy of his resentment, Montrevel sent to the gibbet. It is asserted, by more than one writer of the period, that he laid his hand on his sword, and swore to destroy Nismes; but Monsieur de Sandricourt, then governor, calmed his fury, and by so doing preserved the city from being stained with the blood of all the Protestants within it.

This barbarous massacre at the mill was concealed from Louis, and severely censured by Madame de Maintenon and Chamillart; but Montrevel and Julien, far from being discouraged, expressed an opinion that it would be desirable for the Government to set aside the regular trials before Baille, and to give them full authority to rid Languedoc, by military execution, of all the Protestants and those newly converted to the Catholic faith, as they felt assured that all these—women as well as men—were in their hearts friendly to the Camisards. Many most false and exaggerated

statements were also despatched to Paris ; so that the Government at last gave in to the opinions of these military commanders, and sanctioned the devastating system which Julien was so eager to adopt. We sicken over the horrors that followed this unlimited power placed in the hands of men so merciless, so ferocious, so truly, as they were called, "gluttons in blood."

These measures, however, did not intimidate ; they rather called up anew the spirit of the Camisards. Cavalier, Roland, Abraham, Salomon, and others, became more determined than ever, and took a terrible vengeance on several strongholds and even towns of the enemy, who, in requital, formed a dangerous snare for their destruction.

There was a deserted farm-house, called Bellot, near Alais, that had been constructed on the ruins of a feudal castle ; from an old tower of which it took its name. In former religious wars it had been peopled by many a gallant band ; but of late it was abandoned to the birds of the air, and never occupied except by a wandering shepherd and his flocks. A stone wall, with doors that could be secured, surrounded it. In this place, after a day's active service, a considerable body of the Camisards took shelter for the night. They filled the grange, the tower, and every available nook for repose. A miller of Alais whose name was Guignon, had been trusted on account of his seeming piety and zeal, to act as purveyor for the party, and they partook of the refreshment he had procured for them. After supper he

left them for Alais. As two of this man's sons were enrolled among the Camisards, Cavalier considered them good hostages for the fidelity of the father. It seems, however, that this wretch, previous to the time of which we are speaking, had agreed with Montrevel, for the sum of fifty louis d'ors, to betray the Camisards and their chief, on the first opportunity when they could be surprised with advantage; and on the night in question Guignon kept his engagement, and took his reward.

At ten o'clock a royal commander, named Planque, who had more than once been beaten by Cavalier, with his lieutenant, Tournaud, and three thousand men, formed into three divisions, set off at a gallop for the Tour de Bellot. They surprised and killed the videttes; and a Cevenol, named Montbonneux, who was officer of the night-watch, surrounded by the foe, could do no more than fire and fly precipitately towards his sleeping comrades. The alarm given, Cavalier, Abraham, and Salomon started up, and with the cry, "To arms, to arms; the foe is upon us," aroused the sleepers, who, about four hundred in number, with haste and distraction seized their arms, and (before they could call up their companions in the tower) rushed out and beyond the walls, to support Montbonneux and his party.

Scarcely had they done so, when Planque arrived at the spot where the sheep were usually folded, and filled it with men. Some hundreds of the Camisards were still within the walls of the old building; their doom seemed inevitable. Cavalier saw their danger;

and with that impetuosity which always rendered him formidable in the field, followed by the most resolute of his troops, he repulsed the advance of the enemy's column, and kept the way free for a large body of his Camisards to rush from the walls. But these were too few to stem the overwhelming numbers, which, like a torrent, poured down upon them; whilst every moment increased the danger by the reinforcement of Planque's second division.

Cavalier could do no more; retire he must. Favoured by the obscurity of the night, and followed by his devoted band, he plunged into what had once been the foss of the ancient castle; its deep shadows covered his retreat; and so he passed on, ascended the bank on the opposite side, and, by this circuitous move, was enabled to join those Camisards who had already escaped from the walls at the beginning of the attack. He led them to make a last effort to save their comrades still within the tower. But in the confusion arising from the darkness of the night and the fury of the onset, the soldiers of Montrevel and the Camisards mingled pell-mell; and many of the royalists were shot by their own people. The contest was described, by one who survived to record it, as a tempest that swept all before it. The shoutings of the combatants, the groans of the dying, and the incessant discharge of musketry, were truly appalling. Nor was the scene less terrible, when suddenly the dense clouds parted and the moon silvery and clear looked down with its tranquil light upon the dreadful carnage made by the

passions of men. So bright was it, that many of the opponents knew each other. Cavalier was recognised by the enemy as he still pressed on at the head of his people with almost supernatural energy. It seemed as if he bore "a charmed life," for, though every moment on the brink of death, he escaped unharmed.

All his efforts proved vain; his comrades within the tower were surrounded and hemmed in: they must be left to their fate. All he could do was by a rapid retreat to save the men of his own band. This was rendered more easy by the gathering clouds once more obscuring the light of the moon, so that before the dawn of day he hoped to be enabled to elude the pursuit of the enemy, and to guide his people into the mountain-paths without obstruction.

Cavalier departed, Planque and Tournaud had the field to themselves, and proceeded to finish the night's work by a deed more worthy the warfare of a set of savages in the wilds of Africa than of Europeans and Christians. The Camisards shut up in the tower of the old château, profiting by every loophole and crumbling rampart, held out with indomitable pertinacity. When their ammunition was spent, they threw down pieces of stone, or anything they could snatch up, upon their adversaries—yield they would not. Planque, incensed by their gallant resistance, brought up against them a small cannon (Coulevrines), but even before this arrived, he considered his task accomplished. The discharge of the grenades set fire to a portion of the building

where the Camisards had assembled to make their last stand—it was indeed their last: as, with one voice, they raised a psalm to the glory of God, and perished in the flames. This did not occur till eight o'clock in the morning, so long had they resisted their barbarous foes.

The victory was dearly bought, for no less than twelve hundred of Planque's men were killed or wounded; the Camisards lost altogether about two hundred and forty-four in the sheep-fold, and one hundred and eighteen who perished near the ravine. On searching among the dead, a body was found supposed to be that of Cavalier. The head was cut off: but some doubt arose on the subject of its identity. In order to settle the point, the victors had the barbarity to carry it to the mother of Cavalier, then, as an obstinate Protestant, confined in the prison of Alais. The unhappy mother, horror-struck at the sight, was also deceived, and with a grief the most heartrending wept over and kissed what she believed to be the head of her son. The head, however, was that of a Cevenol who bore so strong a likeness to Cavalier as often to have been mistaken for him.

That unconquered chief was still living and wielding the sword of vengeance on his dastardly foes. In a fierce encounter he overthrew a body of dragoons, passed a river, and retired to the woods of Saint Bénézet. There he was joined by Ravel, Catinat, and several of the prophets and chiefs. One of their first endeavours, in which they succeeded, was to

seize the miller who had betrayed them, and by that treacherous act had caused the dreadful catastrophe at the tower of Bellot. On this occasion, says Peyrat, "they displayed an austere virtue and a Roman sublimity."

Guignon was tried and condemned to death. On learning the sentence the children of God, according to their custom, threw themselves on their knees fully armed, as their prophets offered up a prayer for Divine Mercy on the guilty man, in which all present earnestly joined.

Guignon seemed penitent; he asked the forgiveness of the Camisards, and expressed a wish once more to embrace his sons. But the young men, with angry looks, refused to receive the farewell of their traitorous father; and witnessed his death with calm and mournful composure. It took place near Ribaute. The punishment so speedily followed the commission of the crime, that it was commonly said, "the blood of Guignon fell on the yet burning ruins of the tower of Bellot."\*

\* Peyrat, vol. i. p. 452.

## CHAPTER X.

Montrevel reports to Versailles the Insurrection as ended, and Cavalier slain—Louis rejoices—Cavalier sends to his Mother in Prison—Calls up his People to avenge the Cruelty at the Tower of Bellot—Camisards advance to the Gates of Alais—Carry Fire and Sword around Anduze and Nismes—Montrevel sanctions the Cruelties of the Troops called Florentines—Lefèvre stormed in his Castle by the Camisards—His Heroism, and that of the Besieger—Montrevel allows an old Hermit to form a Band of Soldiers to march against the Cevenols—Monstrous abuse of Power in the Royalist Deputies and Marshals—Montrevel in Love—Engaged by his Passion, gives some Rest to the Persecution—His Character as described by St. Simon—Castanet's Wedding in the Mountains—The Bride demands the Lives of some Captives—They are pardoned by Castanet—State of the Country.

MONTREVEL did not fail to trumpet forth with a note loud enough to reach Versailles, that Cavalier was killed and the insurrection extinguished with the flames of the tower of Bellot; and Louis, no doubt arrayed in his best periwig and robes of state, returned thanks for the victory which had massacred so many of his own subjects in his own kingdom, at one blow.

But all this was rather too hasty; Cavalier was neither dead nor sleeping: his first care was to convey intelligence to his mother that she might dry her tears, and that her son would make Montrevel dearly

pay for having caused her to shed them. His next was to call up his people filled with the strong spirit of retaliation for their brothers so cruelly slain. The note of alarm was not sounded in vain, the Camisards rose to a man and soon thundered at the gates of Alais, insulted the garrison, and defied them to battle. With rapid movements they next carried fire and sword around Anduze, and Saint Hippolyte, and even to Nismes.

Montrevel, struck with terror, had recourse not only to the most cruel, but the most foolish means of showing his wrath ; for he seized a multitude of the newly converted and several good Catholics on mere suspicion of favouring the insurrection (a certain way to provoke many to join it), and without distinction of sex or age, sent old men and women to prison, and the able-bodied to the galleys or to America. He also formed into a regiment a vast number of the Catholics of St. Florent, who soon became distinguished by their eagerness for pillage, cruelty, and bloodshed. As these Florentines had always been spared by the Camisards, there was no excuse for their zeal in rapine and slaughter.

In the midst of scenes such as we have had to notice, it is a relief every now and then to meet with an act of true magnanimity. The following has in it the very spirit of a generous foe both in royalist and Camisard. One of the latter (his name has not been preserved) with a band of his men, attacked a Monsieur Lefèvre, who, with a strong body of Catholics, was in his own fortified château.

The Camisards having made themselves masters of the ground floor of the building, seized the mother and brother of the proprietor and summoned him to surrender, threatening, unless he did so at once, to kill both before his eyes. They held their muskets levelled at the proposed victims. Lefèvre was at the moment on the landing at the head of the great stairs. "I know neither mother nor brother," he replied, "when opposed to my duty to the king." Struck with this instance of heroism, which in an ancient Roman would have been honoured with the civic crown, the Camisard leader instantly freed and restored to him both the prisoners, and retired with his men without offering further injury.

This Monsieur Lefèvre was of a gay as well as heroic spirit. On some occasion he was called upon to head a hundred men, suddenly raised as a body of militia. They had no trumpeter; so he seized his violin and marched them forward to the notes of an instrument always used at wedding festivities in Languedoc.

So desirous was Montrevel to enlist persons of every age and description, that he suffered an old gentleman who had retired from the world as a hermit, to head a band of two hundred vagabonds; and to distinguish them by a white cross worn in their caps. Probably after the example of the bishops who went to war in the middle ages, and considered it unlawful for ecclesiastics to shed blood, but not to break heads, and so armed themselves with a heavy mace—this hermit provided himself with

a stout bludgeon, and laid about him with good success.\*

By a monstrous abuse of power, Montrevel and Baville levied fines on certain Protestants who were living at peace on the king's side as good subjects, in order to make them support the hermit and his troop.

It was at this time that Clement the XIth issued his bull, calling on all faithful Catholics to make head against the heretics of the Cevennes, and pardoning all the sins "absolute and general" of those who did so, and promising paradise to all who died whilst engaged in the crusade.† The thunder thus issuing from the Vatican to roll over the mountains and valleys of Languedoc would possibly have had immediate and very terrible effects for the Cevenols; had not a little god who in heathen days had an altar reared to him in Rome as well as in all other cities in Italy, been more peremptory than the Pope's mandate from the ancient capital.

This little divinity laid a snare for no less a person than the formidable Count de Montrevel. According to the Duke de St. Simon, Montrevel was neither young in years nor attractive in person. He was short, fat, and a thorough-paced gallant in the immoralities rendered fashionable by the example of the court of France and the king.

\* We see in the Bayeux Tapestry Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, armed with a heavy mace.

† Dated "Rome, May 1st, 1703, being the first year of our Pontificate."

But Montrevel's money, rank, and fondness for magnificence, his train of followers, brilliant balls, and delicate suppers, his airs of greatness and his talent for saying soft things with a soft voice—not to speak of a trick he had of sending persons to prison if they angered him—gained for him many a conquest amongst the simple-minded dames of the south. One of these was a young, very pretty married lady, whose husband was absent, and whose heart was said to be won as Jupiter won Danæe, by a shower of gold.

She had so enthralled the courtly count, that finding it would be more convenient to reside in the town where this charmer lived, than to send his billets d'amour across the country, where they not unfrequently fell into the hands of, and much amused the Camisards—he actually removed to Alais. There for some time giving himself up to the fascinations of beauty, he afforded a respite to the harassed Cevenols; and hostilities languished till the close of the autumn. One of the chiefs was also smitten by Cupid's "golden shaft," but his was an innocent as well as a tender passion, and in spite of all difficulties he celebrated his marriage among his brethren with true Cevenol hilarity, in the mountain district of Aigoal. The chief was Castanet. His bride, Mariette, young and pretty, was by his followers called the Princess of Aigoal. In the midst of the marriage fête, one of his brigades stopped in a defile twenty-five of the enemy, who were of the town of Fraisonet, made them prisoners and brought them before

their chief in the forest. The bride no sooner heard whence they came, than she was strongly moved with a spirit of vengeance; her brother had been murdered by some persons of Fraissonet, and she demanded the lives of these captives in atonement for his death. But Castanet, of a far better nature than his young wife, told her that he would not stain the purity of the marriage garment with blood; and turning to the men, said good humouredly,—“If I had fallen into your hands, you would have cut me to pieces, but I will show you a better example. I give you freedom and your lives, and with this, I leave you in possession of your merchandise, your horses and mules also, which I might fairly retain according to the rights of war. I grant you all this, on condition that you never do any injury to the inhabitants of Massavaque, my native place. Go in peace.”\*

These liberated captives proved themselves deserving of Castanet's clemency by the anxiety they evinced to make their fellow townsmen observe the condition annexed to their own release. It is painful to add that they were severely handled by Julien for acting as honourable men.

From this time it appeared as if a kind of insanity, developing itself in acts of cruelty, had seized on all who had power in Languedoc. The Camisards rushed into all the horrors of the deadly strife, burning towns, churches, convents, and even villages, as if desirous to emulate the royalists by fire and

\* Peyrat, vol. i. p. 461.

slaughter in requital for their wrongs. It seemed as if the war would never end, whilst there was one man left capable of bearing arms to inflict death on his fellow men. The laws of civil communities intended to afford protection to life and property, were utterly disregarded; the rich were no more able to obtain legal redress than the poor. Private malice was as dark in its exercise as the motive which inspired it; the victim had no chance of defence or escape. Catholic or Protestant, innocent or guilty, there was no distinction when an enemy wielding power was bent on the destruction of the hated individual. The following is a remarkable instance.

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## CHAPTER XI.

The melancholy Story of the Baron de Salgas—Advised to leave the Cevennes—Refuses to quit his native Land—Abjures—His Wife's conscientious Misery—Her adventurous Escape to Geneva—The Baron reproved for his Abjuration—Carried off to a Prayer Meeting by the Camisards—Returns Home—Writes to Baille—Summoned by Montrevel—Attends at Nismes—Marked for Vengeance—Seized by Order of Montrevel—Brought before Baille—Examined—Condemned—Sent to the Gallies—A Bishop's heartless Curiosity to see De Salgas ply the Oar—Too feeble to satisfy it—Conjectured Cause of the Hatred of his Enemies—Cruelty towards his Vassal and Servant—The former, Jaques Pointier, broken on the Wheel—The Servant hanged—Recovered and finally saved—Conclusion of the Story of De Salgas.

THE Baron de Salgas was a Protestant of an ancient family, long settled in the Cevennes. Of a tall person, and a countenance remarkable for its majestic expression; of frank manners, and an uncompromising love of justice, combined with great kindness of disposition, he wanted but something more of energy to complete a character of a high order. Altogether he was happily formed to live in times of peace in the midst of a rural population who looked up to him as to a common father and a venerated prince.

But when religious strife arose, he was not the man to brave or to control the storm, and

he knew not where to seek shelter from its desolating course. When the repeal of the Edict of Nantes plunged so many thousands of the highest and the humblest into one general ruin, he was urged by his brother, the Baron de Recoules, to follow him into Prussia, where he would be sure to find safety at Berlin. But De Salgas could not tear himself away from his native mountains; neither would he abjure the faith of his fathers, in which he was born and bred. His heart was sorely torn by the love of his country, and the still higher love of God.

This state of indecision so much alarmed his friend, the Duke de Noailles, a Catholic, who was warmly attached to him, that he literally caused the baron to be forced to a neighbouring church, and when there, prevailed with him to utter a formula of words accompanied by certain gestures, which denoted his having abjured his old faith, and embraced that of Rome. In the bosom of his family, however, De Salgas remained a Protestant. Amongst his apologists his conduct was excused on the score of necessity; seeing that if he had acted otherwise, his property would have been confiscated, and his wife and children left to starve. This was the argument of temporising friends; but it could never hold good with those who looked beyond immediate consequences to the higher duty to God, on fidelity to whom all moral and minor duties, between man and man, must depend. The Baron de Salgas was also a man of rank and ability, who filled one of those prominent places in society, in which the example and influ-

ence of the individual become a strong stimulant to himself to do what is right, or if he fails, an excuse with others for doing what is wrong.

The line of conduct he pursued satisfied neither Catholic nor Protestant; and certainly by such hypocrisy and mistrust of God, he brought upon himself ruin. His insincerity was suspected by the priests, who, though they dared not at once attack a nobleman of his importance, nevertheless, whispered that the baron was a dangerous man. To himself this double dealing was not a thing of indifference (for he felt the unavailing sting of remorse); whilst to his affectionate wife, his conduct was a subject of the deepest sorrow. She was a woman of good sense and many accomplishments, and of strong religious convictions. Her father and brother had abjured, and now so had her husband; but nothing could shake her fidelity; all attempts to bring about her conversion were resolutely rejected. But the falling off of those so dear to her, seemed to have affected her reason; a morbid view of her own duties, and "a mysterious melancholy," filled her soul with gloomy forebodings, and she sighed to be among strangers, where the worship of the reformed church was unopposed.

In this disordered state of mind, she took the resolution to abandon her husband and children and fly to Geneva. Most earnestly did she intreat the baron to bear her company. With good ground he objected to her plan, which he considered hazardous, if not ruinous. He showed her that it was almost impos-

sible to move a family of children, of whom the youngest was still in arms. In short, to remain where they were he deemed, after all, the best chance for safety. But she would not change her purpose, having persuaded herself that in thus tearing asunder all the dearest ties that can twine round the heart of woman, she was obeying the call of God. The baroness was obliged to depart in secret, for fear of being prevented by the Catholic authorities.

Tradition has preserved many stories concerning the manner of her flight. One says that she fled without the knowledge of her husband, having selected the fleetest horse in his stables, and caused the shoes to be reversed that the steps of the animal might not be traced; and so made her way unattended to Geneva. Another story asserts that the baron concurred in her flight, but would not, for the sake of his own and his children's safety, appear to know it. The baroness found in her exile both security and welcome, and endeavoured by the most moving letters to prevail with her husband to leave his native mountains, and, with their children to come to her at Geneva; but all her solicitations proved vain.

The persecution of the Cevennes being renewed with great severity, and consequently the insurgents taking up arms with renewed hatred, many of the chief nobles of Gévaudan, alarmed by the state of hostility in every quarter, took shelter in their castles, and prepared for self-defence. The Baron de Salgas, at peace with both parties, doing those beneficent

acts which endeared him to all around him, and swayed also by an indolent temperament, remained quiet in his own home, whilst the most exterminating war was raging in every direction. He delighted in the chase, and still hunted in the forests without fear of the Camisards, with whom indeed he was a favourite, for his kindly deeds had often been extended to them, and they knew that he held, though in secret, religious opinions the same as their own.

It happened that Castanet was his vassal ; but his courage had been so exemplary that De Salgas looked upon and treated him as his equal, and never assumed over him any of the rights of a feudal lord. As some acknowledgment for such honourable distinction, Castanet placed the château and the property of the baron under the protection of his Camisards. As a further proof of the interest he took in the welfare of his lord, in his capacity of a prophet of the desert he preached to him long discourses on the danger to which he exposed his soul by apostasy ; imploring him to trust in God rather than in man, to come forth and join the insurgents of the Cevennes, and, if called upon, to perish with them.

To enforce this advice with something more than a fanatical sermon, Castanet sent a stout brigade, headed by a zealous lieutenant, with an order to seize the baron, and bring him as an honourable captive, to attend a psalmody meeting of the children of God, at Vébron. The service ended, De Salgas thought he might remain without harm for

a couple of hours with friends so sincere. They conducted him home without interruption; but when left to his own calmer thoughts, within the walls of his chateau, fearing that if any traitor among his own vassals gave an account to Baviile of what had happened, it might be misunderstood, decided, as the safest course, to write himself, and tell the intendant the circumstances of his involuntary visit to the prayer-meeting at Vébron. Baviile replied, "You really ought to have a guard. Beware, however, and be better advised for the future."

One month after, when Montrevel summoned the attendance of the nobles at Nismes, De Salgas obeyed, and was greeted by the marshal with a sarcastic allusion to the favour in which he had been held by the Camisards. The baron replied, with some spirit, that his zeal was not the less in the service of the king; that loyalty in his family was hereditary—two of his brothers had lost their lives in the service of his majesty; that the Duke de Noailles was his friend, and Baviile ought to know that a De Salgas was a man of honour.

Montrevel appeared satisfied; but from that hour, the baron was marked for his victim. After more than one attempt to ensnare him, at the end of a few weeks, when he was setting out for the chase, De Salgas saw a company of royal troops coming towards his chateau, commanded by a major-general, named De Préfosse. He invited them to partake of that hospitality which he was so well known to extend to rich or poor. He seated Préfosse at his own table,

and the wine cups flowed with the cordiality of a friendly repast, when, in the midst of it, the unsuspecting host was seized by order of the commander, bound and conducted to the fort of St. Hippolyte ; his purse, that contained gold necessary for his support, was taken from him, and, without knowing for what offence, he remained a prisoner.

On the 14th of May he was brought before Montrevel and Baviile, and underwent his first examination. A man of so much importance, both in station and worth, was not to be treated like one of less note, who could be despatched without ceremony. He was remanded, and such was the interest his rank and his many noble qualities excited, that all Languedoc awaited in trembling anxiety the result of his detention : which was considered to be infamous. Montrevel, finding he might get into difficulty unless he could make out a strong case, suborned no less than twenty witnesses, who asserted the most improbable falsehoods against the prisoner. With an affectation of dread lest an attempt should be made to set so dangerous a character free, Montrevel removed the poor baron to Alais, set a double guard over him, allowed no one to see him ; nor was he suffered to eat, except in the presence of the governor of the fortress.

To colour this iniquitous imprisonment, Montrevel spread a report that De Salgas was found to be the head of the insurrection, that it was he who planned the murder of the arch-priest, Du Cheyla, and several of the massacres of the royalists ; that he melted

down the silver images and chalices of the Catholic worship ; and that when Roland was wounded and sick, under pretext of a hunting party, De Salgas had ridden to the woods, and headed the Camisards in his own person.

Though he had much of that timidity and love of peace which so often accompanies indolence, the baron no sooner heard these monstrous falsehoods alleged against him, than he suddenly became an altered man ; all fear forsook him, and all his better qualities were called forth with a courage, a firmness, and an eloquence that surprised even his iniquitous judges, and made them tremble for themselves. Nothing was, or could be, really proved against him, except his own statement of having been carried off to the prayer-meeting at Vebron.

The Camisards did not forget him in his adversity, or that they had unfortunately helped to bring it upon him. Finding their several attempts to set him free ineffectual, they addressed a letter to Montrevel, which ran thus : " Beware what you do to the Baron de Salgas ; he is our brother ; if he dies, we will burn the harvest, and everything we can find." These threats were considered to have saved the baron from the scaffold. Montrevel was frightened, and under a pretext of mercy in sparing his life, the unhappy man was sentenced to the galleys for the rest of his days ; himself and his descendants were to be degraded from nobility ; his chateau to be levelled to the ground ; and his property confiscated. Some powerful friend (probably the Duke de Noailles) in-

terfered to preserve the manor, the chateau, and a portion of the property for the support of the helpless children, who for a short period were placed under the care of relatives, but soon after sent to their mother at Geneva.

The Camisards determined to rescue the baron from the dragoons who were to form his escort to the galleys at Marseilles. But a spy of Montrevel detected their purpose, and in order to render it abortive, the tyrant caused the escort to conduct their prisoner by an unusual and circuitous route, and thus, though his proposed deliverers had assembled in a large body, their purpose was defeated.

De Salgas, according to the sentence, was chained to the oar in company with thieves, murderers, and the lowest and vilest of mankind. It was soon found that he was too weak to ply the labouring oar; so he was placed in a position where the work was easier. The Bishops of Montpellier and of Lodève being one day at Cette, from a motive of barbarous curiosity, came to see the illustrious victim in his chains, and requested the captain of the galley to set the vessel in motion, as they entertained a wish to see the baron at the oar. At the third stroke the unhappy captive was so exhausted, that the captain, more alive to pity than those who ought to have imitated on earth God's mercy in heaven, told the bishops that to gratify their curiosity any further, would endanger the life of the baron, and therefore he turned the galley back to the shore.

It was admitted, even at the time, that the real cause of De Salgas' condemnation to the galleys was not known; the forced attendance at the prayer-meeting was a mere pretext to conceal motives of the deepest malice. It was known that the baron was hated by that triumvirate in evil—Baville, Julien, and Montrevel. Some conjectured, and with great probability, that the frankness with which he had publicly spoken his mind on the impolicy as well as cruelty of their measures, and averred extreme cases must be unsanctioned by the king, was the real offence. A man of De Salgas' rank and influence was not to be left at liberty to convey his opinions to Versailles. These men were possessed of power, and thus they abused it. With Montrevel, who was a man of violent passions, the impulse to do evil was exercised as if to give vent to the fire that burnt within his own bosom, without regard to others, friend or foe.

The sentence which he had been instrumental in procuring against the baron was in every way unjust. De Salgas had abjured; he was therefore a member of the Church of Rome, and was entitled to the protection of the edicts and the laws. No real crime, no act of treason, had been proved against him: his offence (the carrying away by the Camisards) being involuntary, he was entitled to an acquittal. But of what value were laws against one who set himself above them, and was irresponsible? Who could dare call him to account? who could be safe in Languedoc?

Montrevel, not satisfied with the monstrous cruelty exercised on De Salgas, caused some of his most faithful vassals to be seized; one of whom, on a false charge of being concerned in a massacre, was broken on the wheel; another hanged. The first, named Jaques Pointier, was attended in prison by a Roman Catholic priest, who said that he came to strengthen him against the pains of death.

"Retire," exclaimed Pointier, "it is not in man that I put my trust in my misery; I trust in God alone," and, looking up to heaven, he added, "It is to thee, my Saviour, the Saviour of the world, to whom I have recourse. Look with pity on me in this my hour of suffering!"

The priest, very differently from the usual manner of dealing with one considered to be a heretic, addressed the prisoner in the true spirit of Christian charity, and finding that he would not abjure the faith in which he had lived and meant to die, offered his services for those who would so soon be the widow and fatherless of the condemned. The offer was gratefully accepted.

"You know," the prisoner remarked to the priest, "that our Lord said the good which is done to the least who are mine, I will consider as done to me."

With thankfulness the poor man then dictated a kind of will, which this true comforter of his affliction wrote for him. He bequeathed to his wife and children his blessing, and recommended them to God's care. He begged certain persons to whom he had lent some money to pay it to his family or

into the hands of the priest, for the benefit of his bereaved children, and lastly he gave to the poor a certain quantity of corn that was due to him. This little testament he signed with his fettered hand.

He suffered with Christian fortitude; and the priest used his influence to procure the fulfilment of the dying man's bequests. Had there been many such Roman Catholic ecclesiastics or rulers no blood would have been spilt for difference of creed; the spirit of charity would have formed a kindly bond between all who looked to the same merciful Redeemer in the brotherhood of peace and love.

The fate of the vassal condemned to the gibbet was remarkable. Trusting to the promise of an order of monks—the White Penitents—to take charge of his funeral, about which he seemed exceedingly concerned, he confessed that he died a true Catholic. He was suspended in the usual manner to the fatal tree. The executioner, thinking he had made all sure, left the man hanging, and went about his own affairs. After he was gone, one of the penitents mounted the ladder, and, assisted by another of the brotherhood, cut the rope, placed the body, according to promise, in a coffin, and covered it with a mortuary cloth. They then marched on to the burial, singing a hymn for the dead.

The coffin was no sooner placed in the pit, than the mortuary cloth being, we must conclude, removed, the supposed defunct opened his eyes, and sighed. He was instantly carried to the monastery of the Cordeliers, bled, put to bed, plied with cor-

dials, and recovered. The monks pronounced the whole affair to be a miracle of the blessed Virgin, and gave the name of Jean Sauvé to the restored. The news of the miracle spread far and wide, and the provost, notwithstanding the respect paid by the church to the Virgin Mary, and to her miracles, demanded the culprit, that he might this time be hanged properly.

But whilst he was calling out a band of archers to seize the victim, one of the good fathers, thinking it quite enough for any man to be hanged once in his life, contrived the escape of the poor fellow, who at last managed to reach his native town in safety. Long after, when the civil wars had ceased, and people had leisure enough to know if their heads were still on their shoulders, this unlucky and at last lucky youth obtained a pardon, for having committed no offence—unless fidelity to his master was such—and returning to his Huguenot faith and the girl of his heart, he found that she, poor thing! had also been imprisoned on account of her faith, at the very time when he was hanged, and in order to bring about her conversion, had been smartly whipped by the same executioner.

The Baron de Salgas, it is right to state, was not the only unoffending nobleman sent to the galleys at the instigation of Montrevel's malice. Aurez, the mayor of Vébron, suffered the same fate; and, though the Dowager Duchess of Orleans implored Louis XIV. to grant the baron a release, it was not till the death of that stern bigot, when the

Regent, Duke of Orleans, threw open the doors of the Bastile to many of the victims who had so long groaned under the late king's tyranny, that the chains of the galleys were also loosened and many of their noble prisoners were set free.

De Salgas was one of these. Old, broken-hearted, with ruined health and lost vigour, he had not resolution enough to return to his former home. He took the road so often trodden by the exiles of Languedoc, joined his wife and children at Geneva, and in a few months after, worn out with grief and suffering, died in their arms in the summer of 1717.

We are told by Peyrat that the chateau of De Salgas still exists. It was long deserted. The restorations of the buildings were the work of the Marquis de Bernis, who revived the ancient spirit of hospitality within their walls. The last descendant of De Salgas bequeathed to the family of the marquis the portraits of the unfortunate baron and baroness which are still carefully preserved. The one portrays a man of majestic deportment, with a countenance remarkable for goodness and sweetness of expression. That of the baroness depicts much beauty of feature, but of a loveliness marked by deep melancholy.

## CHAPTER XII.

The Hermit in Arms—Falls upon the Plain—Roland determines to raise a Regiment of Cavalry—The Marquis de Miremont, on behalf of the Exiles, applies to Queen Anne and to Holland to send aid to the Cevennes—Anne's Government cool—Roland supposed to be noble—Anne sends an Envoy to him—Her Advice and promised Aid—Some of the Camisards quarrel with the civil Authorities of Mende—They hang Catinat in Effigy—Castanet challenges the Foe to a Combat of Thirty—Royalists refuse—Same Challenge on the part of Cavalier accepted by an Officer of the Château de Vic—Cavalier Victor—Salomon resigns his Military Command—Devotes himself to Preaching—Montrevel forms a Plan to entrap Cavalier—Executes it, but fails—Death of Cavalier's Mother—His Father and second Brother Prisoners—Cavalier's indignant Letter to Montrevel—His little Brother remains with him—Scene of Fanaticism—Claris demands the Ordeal of Fire—Undergoes it unharmed—Lasalle engages to assassinate Cavalier—Discovered—Tried and put to Death.

THE hermit, who had taken up arms, and was commonly known for having the command of four or five brigades, chiefly composed of Florentines, commenced a new crusade of the most fearful nature. Careful to avoid a rencontre with Cavalier, he fell upon the plains in the towns and villages, principally inhabited by Protestants; murdered many, and carried off an immense booty, as a spoil from their property.

It was in order to crush these Florentines that

Roland resolved to form a body of cavalry. He was assisted in his object by Catinat, who obtained from the meadows of Carmargues (islands formed by an arm of the Rhone) a fine race of horses, swift and untiring as the Arab steeds, which, it was said, were, at a remote period, the progenitors of this beautiful breed. Catinat had the command of a troop mounted on these rapid coursers: and took such severe reprisals on the Florentines, that his name soon became celebrated as one of the most formidable of the chiefs. In his numerous encounters, though sometimes worsted, he was never subdued.

At length, in the name of all the exiles from Languedoc, a Cevenol brigadier, Belcastel, and the Marquis de Miremont, a man of great courage, solicited Anne, queen of England, and Hensius, grand pensioner of Holland, to favour the insurrection, to lend some shipping in order to transport certain regiments of the Protestant refugees to Languedoc, with a view to assist their persecuted brothers in the faith. The application, however, did not at first meet the ready attention that was expected; and all that Miremont could obtain was a promise from Anne to authorise an envoy to the Cevennes.

The marquis was disappointed that the English queen or her government evinced so little interest in his mission. They seemed to hold the Cevenols somewhat in contempt. It was from this cause, we may conclude, therefore, that he would not contradict a report which had gained ground—no one knew how—and which ascribed to Roland the dignity of

aristocratic birth. Possibly some friend to the insurrection, knowing how ordinary minds are dazzled by rank and title, might have set the report going, in order to give importance to the leader of the Camisards in the eyes of the queen; for he was described as one who had originally been in the service of the French king, till the persecution awakened his compassion, and so, after abjuring the Catholic faith, he became a leader of the revolt.

The Marquis so far countenanced this tale, that whilst at court, he wrote a letter for Queen Anne, and addressed it "Au Comte Roland." This was forthwith entrusted to a young and intelligent Cevenol, David Flottard of Vigan. He departed from London, charged also with a verbal communication to the supposed Count. In one month he found his way to the camp of Saint Felix, near Durfort. What his ideas might have been of the Count Roland, we are not told; but he found him in his mountain palace—a deep cavern among the rocks, surrounded by a bodyguard, who possessed fine horses, magnificent arms, and the chief himself (for like many a higher born hero he had a passion for dress) attired in a velvet mantle, and wearing, like the chivalrous Henry 4th, a large shadowy hat, from which depended a long plume.

Roland rose, and with a dignity becoming a General-in-chief, received the envoy of Queen Anne, as one friendly power receives another's. He then said that he could not act alone, and forthwith

summoned the attendance of Castanet, Salomon, Joani, and Cavalier, as soon as the latter could be found. The letter of Miremont written on the part of the Queen was then read. It stated that, touched by the melancholy condition of the Protestants in the Cevennes, her Majesty had resolved to send to their assistance the French Refugees, under the command of the Marquis de Miremont. In the interval she counselled them to observe great prudence, as much as possible to avoid combats and battles, and to keep in their mountains.

Great was the joy of the chiefs on receiving this intelligence. They returned by the same envoy a reply, expressing their gratitude to the queen, the protectress of Protestantism ; and accompanied it by a clear statement of their position and their wants. The envoy directed them to hold themselves in readiness for the landing of the promised succours on the coast of Languedoc. Expecting that this would be in a short time, the children of God, in obedience to the advice of the queen, did little more than protect themselves from the incursions of the Florentines. Just at this period Montrevel seemed also to countenance their inertness, for he was engaged in adorning a mansion and making gardens and fountains for his young mistress at Alais ; and his generals, overcome and rendered indolent by the excessive heat, described as being that year almost intolerable, were glad to be at rest ; so they hung up their swords and pistols, like soldiers wearied with

victory, though they had achieved none that was decisive.

The Camisards rested from their warlike strife, but not from labour: they took up the sickle, and Joani, with a dozen of his boldest men, mowed the corn to the very gates of Genouillac, from which town Montrevel had withdrawn the garrison of his troops at the request of the inhabitants, who found them so oppressive, that they undertook to guard their own walls. After the harvest, thus quietly gathered in, Joani (who lacked the prudence of the other chiefs), with his companions, had the audacity to walk into the town of Genouillac, no one interrupting them. But when about to quit it, a rencontre took place, and one of the sentinels was killed; this led to distressing consequences, and a renewal of hostilities. The promised succours also not arriving from England so soon as they were expected, it became evident how impossible it would be for any length of time to keep the Camisards quiet in their mountains; more especially as some of the insurgents had of late become at daggers drawn with the civil authorities of Mende. In requital the magistrates had condemned to death Castanet and his troops; but as the sentence could only reach them in effigy, it had no other effect than that of amusing the little boys and idlers of the town with a sight in the market-place, somewhat similar to the Guy Fawkes of our own land—grotesque figures stuffed with straw, though not consumed by fire and faggot, but under the designation

of Monsieur Castanet and his Camisards, hanged on gibbets.

Castanet was possessed by a spirit of ancient chivalry, and he had probably read of the famous battle fought at the half-way oak between the towns of Josselin and Ploermel in Brittany, where thirty Bretons and thirty English met to decide a quarrel between their chiefs, Beaumanoir and Sir Thomas Dagworth. Be this as it may, Castanet presented himself before Meyrueis, then occupied by a royalist regiment, and offered the colonel a combat of an equal number of men on both sides: the fight to take place in the open plain. The offer was disdainfully refused. But a captain of Château de Vic was of a bolder spirit; and on a similar challenge being sent to him by Cavalier, accepted it, saying, "I have but thirty soldiers in all, yet I will adventure them against thirty rebels." \*

The combat took place before the Château de Vic. The brave captain fell at the first onset; he was replaced by his lieutenant, who, seeing ten of his people already fallen, fled from the contest, and took shelter in a sheepfold hard by, where he defended himself to the last, and finally escaped being made a prisoner. Cavalier retired victor, but with the loss of twenty Camisards, in a combat fought for no object save that of victory. In this and so many other instances it is shocking to see how war deadens the feelings to a sense of the value and the sacredness of human life. So lost do men of arms too often be-

\* Peyrat, vol. i. p. 495.

come to the great principle that nothing but dire necessity in a cause just in the sight of God, can ever sanction shedding the blood of man in battle.

Soon after this affray, Salomon announced that he had received an intimation from the Holy Spirit that religious and military functions were incompatible; therefore, with great solemnity, he gave up his command; and henceforth proposed to follow on a mule the movements of the troops; and to compose sermons for their benefit in the woods as he passed on. His place in the army was supplied by a youth, Andrew Noguien, of whom only one action, but that a brave one, is recorded—he rescued a large body of Protestant men and women from the hands of the soldiers conducting them to prison. Soon after he was killed.

On the 1st of September Roland and Cavalier, supported by their troops, met for a conference in a valley near Hippolyte, where on the same day they surprised a strong body of the enemy; a battle ensued, many were slain, but the victory remained with the indomitable chiefs. Julian, furious at their success, for two days and nights endeavoured to pursue, in the hope to surprise them, but in vain; the Camisards were once more safe in their mountain holds.

Montrevel, despairing to overcome by force a leader possessed of the courage and the military talents of Cavalier, determined to entrap him by means of his most praiseworthy affections. It was known how much he was attached to his mother, who had carefully trained him in the faith of the reformed church.

Montrevel freed her from the prisons of Alais, and sent her to her home in peace, certain that the filial piety of her gallant son would soon bring him to her side. Before, however, she could hope to see him, the unfortunate woman, worn out by persecution and imprisonment, sank under her suffering. At the risk of life, Cavalier came; but only in time to see the mother so beloved in the pains of death. With the tenderest affection he endeavoured to console her last moments with the blessed hope afforded by the love of the Redeemer—she died in his arms. He had been watched by the spies of Montrevel, who duly informed their master of what had occurred. Not a moment was to be lost. Expecting to find the son still by the side of his mother, a troop, already prepared, was dispatched to seize him. Cavalier received warning of their approach only just in time to escape from the house before they arrived. His perfect knowledge of the locality enabled him to elude the search they made after him, and to lie concealed till the immediate danger was overpast.

Finding that the expected prey was gone, the officer in command seized on the father of Cavalier, and on the old man's second son; and, with a contempt for the common feelings of humanity, to satisfy their spite, they also seized on the corpse, which, as it could not be buried by the family, was, according to the letter of the law, by order of Montrevel, dragged on a hurdle and given to the dogs.\*

No language could express the grief of Cavalier

\* Peyrat, vol. i. p. 501.

when informed of this barbarous insult, but his sorrow aroused in him the most burning indignation. In the bitterness of his feelings, he vowed vengeance on the oppressor. Without a pause he wrote with his own hand a letter to Montrevel, in which he bestowed on him every injurious epithet his rage could suggest, and summoned the tyrant to set his father and brother at liberty, or with ten thousand Camisards he would besiege him and burn him in his luxurious dwelling at Alais; and, as a Cevenol prophet, blending religion with all he said or did, ended with justifying the insurrection by examples from holy writ.

Montrevel deigned no other answer than that of sending two hundred dragoons to burn to the ground the dwelling of this "beggar," as he called him, "this baker's boy of Anduze, who set himself up for a general." By sending so large a number of men to perform this pitiful act of resentment, the marshal showed that he was quite prepared to find that "the Baker's boy" would prove as formidable against the force of dragoons as he had been against the tactics of so many royalist generals.

His mother dead, his father and next brother prisoners, there remained to Cavalier only his little brother, a child of ten years old, who possessed much intelligence and so great a spirit, that he had already acted as his brother's *aide-de-camp*, always keeping by his side as he rode on a small but fleet steed taken from the meadows of the Camargue. The boy evinced a capacity and a courage truly wonderful

at his tender age; but the scenes to which it might be said he was born—so marked by examples of courage, endurance, and energetic devotion—had prematurely ripened the faculties of a naturally gifted boy, as the atmosphere of the hothouse forces the growth of the young plant.

In the course of our narrative we have had occasion to notice the strange hallucination of some of the Cevenol prophets, which led to a wild and most extravagant fanaticism. Powerfully did it possess the imagination of some of these men, and no doubt the brain became affected by the visions of a fantastic realm which were considered as of Divine inspiration. All this is clear; but there is some cause for thinking that with this, in certain instances, a good deal of trick was combined, possibly with the intention to keep up the spirit of the Camisards, and secure their obedience to the chiefs by making them believe that these self-constituted rulers acted by divine revelation through the medium of their prophets. No means could have been found more powerful to make the Cevenols bear with patience and hope the hardships, the reverses, and the deaths to which they were so long exposed.

Be this as it may, it is impossible we can consider what we are about to relate other than a concerted trick, or a most coloured, exaggerated account of the circumstances. They were so remarkable that, with abbreviation, we must give the story as it is recorded by Fage d'Aubais, who says that he and others were eye-witnesses; and some have also recorded the scenes

he describes. Cavalier convoked an assembly at a place between Quissac and Sommières. Those of both sexes who attended could not altogether have been less than five or six hundred, many having come from distant towns and villages to assist in prayer and praise. The day was Sunday, the hour about three in the afternoon. At the conclusion of the sermon a brother named Claris drew upon himself the attention of all present. He was about thirty years of age, and was considered to have received frequent revelations. His principal duty was to distribute food among the Camisards, and, as he knew the country well, he sometimes acted as a guide to the movements of the brigades.

On this particular Sunday he was seized by the Spirit in the midst of the assembly, and his agitations were so violent, that every one was disturbed by them. At length he spoke concerning the dangers to which an assembly of the faithful was usually exposed, adding, however, that God more especially watched over and protected all there present. The excitement of Claris became stronger, when, as he declared, he no longer spoke himself, but the Spirit within him found a tongue, and uttered these words :

“My son, there are in this assembly two men who are only here to betray you ; they have been sent by the enemy to report what they may observe ; but I tell you that, unless they repent, they shall be discovered, and you shall lay your hands upon them.”

On hearing this, Cavalier ordered those who were armed to form a circle, so that no one could escape.

Claris, still in an ecstasy, rose up, walked, sobbed, closed his eyes, raised his arms, and rushing up to a man, denounced him as a traitor, and laid his hands upon him. Another man pressed through the crowd, cast himself at the feet of Cavalier, and, in a voice of great trepidation, asked pardon of him, and also most solemnly of God, whilst his companion, who had been denounced by Claris, did the same, both acknowledging themselves to be traitors, but pleading their penury as the temptation by which they had been seduced. Cavalier caused them to be bound and guarded; nevertheless many persons present suspected, as they well might, some connivance between the excited prophet and these men, and, on expressing their suspicions, a murmur arose throughout the assembly.

Claris was not slow to understand it, and at once had recourse to a bold measure, in order to reassure all present; he exclaimed, "The Spirit thus speaks by the voice of his prophet: O! men of little faith! is it you who doubt my power?—you for whom I have wrought so many miracles, to save you? I will now make known to you my power in its full strength, and the truth of my servant. I will that at this moment a fire be kindled, and that you, my son Claris, be placed in the midst of the flames. Fear not; they shall have no power over you. I will be with you; I will preserve you."

On hearing this, the people who had murmured cried aloud, in terror, "O! Lord, we repent our unbelief. O! Lord, spare us the dreadful witness of fire. You know our hearts; we cry for pardon and mercy."

Claris, however, would not be appeased, and, if possible, with greater agitation than before, insisted on the ordeal of fire. Cavalier, who seemed to doubt the divine nature of the affair, was in no haste to comply ; but at last he was obliged to yield to the vehemence of the fanatic, and to order that wood should be procured without delay. "I was one of the men," says Fage d'Aubais, "who went forth to collect a quantity of dried branches of pine and other trees ; and with these a pile was speedily raised, so that all the assembly might witness what passed. I know not if it was not Claris himself who set fire to it."

The wood caught, the flames ascended, and Claris (who on that day had put on a new white Camisole which his wife had brought to him) walked into the midst of the burning pile. He held himself upright, clasped his hands, and raised them above his head, always in "ecstasy," and always speaking as if by inspiration. The armed troop and the whole assembly made a ring about the fire. Some threw themselves on their knees in tears and with sighs, overwhelmed by their emotion ; others sang psalms ; and many called aloud for grace and mercy. Above all, the wife of Claris wept loudly, and called on God. "I stood by her side," said Aubais, "and his father and brother, with their friends, were also present, and looked on one so dear to them in the midst of the flames that rose above his head and burnt around him. Nor did Claris leave the station he had thus taken till the flames subsided, and the wood was reduced to ashes. The

Spirit, as he declared, was with him during the whole of the ordeal, which lasted about a quarter of an hour," when, like the Three Children in Holy Writ, he quitted "the burning fiery furnace" unharmed. He still spoke with a strong convulsion of the chest, accompanied by sobs. What had passed was, of course, attributed to miracle; nor could those present find terms adequate to express the astonishment and the awe inspired by such a scene.

All joined in congratulations to Claris; whilst his clothes, and more especially his white Camisole, were examined with wonder, for they were perfectly uninjured, and not a hair of his head was even singed. His family and his wife embraced him with ardour, blessing God for his deliverance. The truth of the prophet being thus, as it was considered, miraculously established, Cavalier offered up a prayer of thankfulness, and administered the Eucharist to many who were present, and the service of the day concluded, as usual, with preaching and psalmody. The traitors discovered in the manner related were dismissed in peace, for Cavalier pitied their indigence and accepted their excuse.

But not so easily, a few days after, did a new traitor escape punishment. In September, 1703, whilst a brigade of the Camisards were stationed in a wood near Nismes, several prophets concurred in declaring that a man in the troop, seduced by his wife, had engaged, for a considerable reward, to assassinate Cavalier. The name of the traitor was Lasalle, originally a papist, but for some time past a

Protestant, and as such favoured and trusted by the chief, whom he was now said to be about to destroy. Ravel and Fage d'Aubais made known to Cavalier the danger in which he stood, and that the warning had been communicated by the Holy Spirit. They found the chief sad and thoughtful ; for he, too, was under the influence of a superstitious dread.

He confessed that a dream had presented to his sleeping fancy Lasalle at his side, armed with a pistol, and thrice, as it seemed, this man attempted to shoot him, and each time failed. Distressed by the treachery of one to whom he had been more especially kind, he nevertheless wished to save him. But Ravel and some other of the chiefs caused the suspected man to be secured as a prisoner, and though he cried for mercy, he did not deny his murderous intentions. Lasalle begged earnestly to be conducted to Cavalier, who refused to see him. His trial was summary ; he was condemned to suffer death, but on this occasion execution was to be done by the sword, for fear the report of musketry might draw the attention of the enemy to the spot.

The condemnation of this miscreant was a great grief to Cavalier, who, being of a warm heart, felt that bitterness which envenoms the arrow of disappointment when it is aimed by falsehood and ingratitude. Anxious above all else that his late favourite should be exhorted to prepare for death, Cavalier directed one of the prophets to attend him ; but the chief kept aloof from the last fearful scene. He caused, however, all the troops, except those engaged in

carrying out the sentence, to prostrate themselves in prayer for God's pardon to the criminal ; and even to the last he would have saved him, but was overruled by those who declared that a traitor so false and dangerous did but suffer in accordance with the Divine command.

“ What scenes ! what a people ! ” says their ardent historian Peyrat. “ What fanaticism ! marked, in its feelings of pity, as well as in those of its ferocity, with a grandeur that reminds us of the heroic ages of antiquity.”

## CHAPTER XIII.

Montrevel escorts his Lady Love by night to Alais—Mistakes Royalist Troops for Camisards—A Combat ensues—Some Lives lost—Julien and Baviile plot to undermine Montrevel in his Authority—Montrevel reproached by his Lady for not taking the Field—Determines to arm and out—The Meeting of September, 1703—Julien's Plan to destroy the People of the Cevennes—Opposed by Baviile—Scene in the Council—Decision to devastate the Cevennes—The unoffending to be ordered to remove to Towns of Refuge—Alarming Edicts issued—The dreadful Sufferings of those turned out of their Homes—Count Cæsar de Peyré—His Influence, how gained, with Louis—Montrevel decides to take the Lead in the Destruction of the Habitations of the Cevennes—Sets out—How interrupted and compelled to fly to the Plain.

THE war, which had languished during the summer, was renewed with the fall of the leaf; it was not, however, without reluctance that Montrevel tore himself away from the life of luxurious ease in which he had of late indulged at Mende. But some stirring menaces from the court, the murmurs of the army, and even the advice of his mistress, prevailed with him once more to take the field. Before he did so, he resolved to escort his favourite lady with a stout company of soldiers across the Cevennes to Alais, and, for greater safety, the journey was to be made by night.

By some strange mishap amid the obscurity of the

hour and the difficulty of the roads, a detachment of royalists was mistaken for a party of Camisards. Tarnaud, their commander, called aloud the "*Qui vive!*"—" *Vive qui pourra!*" most imprudently replied the Miquelet guide of Montrevel's men, and without a pause each party fired. Tarnaud fell, and a young nobleman, whose horse was killed under him, was grievously wounded. The action would have continued, but the guide sounding his conch shell, the signal was recognised ; too late, however, to prevent mischief, for many bit the dust.

Tarnaud's detachment belonged to Julien, a personal enemy of Montrevel, who had combined with Baille for his annoyance. The offence of Montrevel was one for which certainly he was not answerable—that of having been sent by Louis to supersede both those important personages in the military command of Languedoc. They were not, however, without a hope of regaining their former position, and exercising the functions belonging to it under the favour of Broglie, whose peace had been made at Versailles. Indeed for some time past they had carried on an intrigue to undermine Montrevel in the estimation of the government ; and though the storm had not yet burst over his head, it had lowered and muttered in the distance in a very threatening manner. His lady, who was somewhat tired of her ancient lover, one day in the presence of many at his table, asked him sarcastically, if he ever intended to quit Alais (where he was residing), or if he had become afraid of the fanatics.

"I fear nothing, Sylvia," he replied, probably alluding to a popular song of the period;—"I fear nothing but thy beautiful eyes."

The attack, though made in the familiarity of table-talk, deeply offended the amorous commander; he was effectually roused by it from indolent indulgence, and most serious was the consequence of his waking up for the Cevenols. He immediately summoned the intendant, the generals, the governors, and the bishops to a meeting at Alais, for the purpose of considering the most prompt means of crushing the insurrection. The meeting took place in the September of 1703. We give the result of a long, verbose, tedious debate.

Julien's original plan was renewed—namely to exterminate the Protestants; to destroy their towns, and likewise all persons friendly to the Camisards. The bishops said—that military men not being restrained, as they were, by any particular conscientious scruples, were better judges than the hierarchy what was needful to be done; and therefore they gave their consent to the plan as a measure of necessity. With such miserable sophistry did these who called themselves men of God, agree to a design the most alien to the mind of God.

But Baviile, from no tenderness of conscience, but impelled by his hatred of Julien, defended the cause of common humanity with much zeal, and saved the bishops the trouble of becoming advocates for mercy. He brought forward a scheme of his own, which he deemed to be one of great clemency. The Upper

Cevennes, he said, L'Aigoul and L'Esperon, had been the cradle, and, protected by its savage fortresses, was still the haunt, of the insurgents. The peaceable portion of the inhabitants, still true to the king, were also numerous in that quarter. It was necessary to drive the latter into towns that were more central, and then to destroy the villages, châteaux, and even the sheep-cotes where they had dwelt. "By so doing," he argued, "you will deprive the rebels of those who now supply them with the necessaries of life, and winter and famine will compel them to come down into the plain, where they will meet our soldiers and their own deaths."

Whatever the reader may think of Baviille's boasted plan for clemency, the bishops made no objection to it, except the difficulty attending its execution. "It will be almost impossible," said one of their number, "to devastate and lay even with the ground four hundred and sixty-six villages, scattered in the intricate gorges, and on the mountain summits of Gévaudan. All our troops would not be sufficient for the work, especially in the midst of the rains and the snows which fall so early in the autumn; and no doubt their toil will be interrupted by the fire of the insurgents, who will protect their own homes, and those of their friends. Consider this, too—when you have displaced so vast a population how are you to provide for them? When you have moved them, where can you lodge them with their property and their flocks? Is it not to be feared that the male portion of these peaceable Protestants,

who now do not oppose the edicts of the king, may be so angered, as at a time of conscription, that they may be tempted to join the rebel ranks of men who are in arms for the same faith, and that these may fall upon the plain with fire and sword? And moreover, the destruction of the châteaux will deeply offend both the Catholic nobles and the clergy."

The debate continued. Baviile maintaining that the greatest evil would be to exterminate all the people, those not in arms, as well as those who were,—for be it ever remembered that the beginning of the revolt arose from the people of the Cevennes resisting the determination of the government that there should be no meetings, no public worship of the Protestants.

Julien, on the contrary, maintained the necessity of one grand exterminating sweep. "It would be useless," he said, "only to kill the Camisards. All the Protestants, the women as well as the men, and even the children, were corrupt. We must bleed largely," he added; "we must cut off two or three limbs to save the rest of the body from gangrene."

"Very true," replied Baviile, with bitter irony; "we must cure the evil, but not absolutely kill the patient."\*

The court refused to sanction Julien's plan; so it was finally decided to follow Baviile's advice, and only to carry devastation into the mountains of the Cevennes. Vast preparations were made for the work;

\* Peyrat, vol. ii. p. 5 *et seq.*

and an ordinance to the effect that the king forbade certain parishes named to supply food, arms, or succours of any description to the insurgents; and that the peaceable inhabitants of the said parishes were instantly to abandon their homes, and with their property, families, and cattle, to repair to certain towns named in the ordinance, where his majesty would kindly supply them with house-room and sustenance, as their old habitations were to be immediately razed to the ground. Furthermore, if this decree should be disobeyed by any, the troops were instructed to seize their goods, and to treat them as rebels. Then followed a list of the sanctuary towns where these unhappy people were to seek refuge. A second ordinance commanded those inhabitants of the condemned parishes who might happen to be absent, to return within eight days and submit to the orders given, on pain of being sent to the galleys for life.

These edicts or ordinances greatly alarmed the inhabitants of the Upper Cevennes; and a fear, soon magnified into a belief, prevailed that they were to be removed from their homes in order to be massacred in a body, as at Paris on the day of St. Bartholomew. After a pause, however, the greater number of the terror-stricken people obeyed. Pitiabie was the sight of feeble old men and women and helpless children in a state of heart-rending distress, leaving their homes, the scenes of their industry, and their domestic cares and affections, never to behold them more. Very different was it with the younger and

the single men of the population. Even as it had been foreseen, they seized their muskets and made at once for the camp of the children of God ; and nothing dismayed by the threats of the ordinance, resolved to defend the lowly roofs that had witnessed their birth and sheltered their families, to the last.

The regiments, with Julien at their head, to be employed on this mission of destruction, formed altogether an enormous force, and among their many commanders was a certain Marquis de Canillac, young and voluptuous, and of the company of the Duke of Orleans. Also the famous Count Cæsar de Peyré, a man advanced in life, of a gigantic stature, whose temper was in harmony with his ogre person and visage. He was called by his vassals, the king of the mountains.

His feudal oppressions were at one period represented to Louis XIV., who, determined to have no tyrants in Languedoc, except those who were such as his deputies, threatened Monsieur de Peyré with a removal to the Bastile. But the giant knew the king's weak point, and how to make him powerless as a dwarf by his side. In plain speech he offered him a near relative for the royal harem—the beautiful, but most childish and silly Marie Angélique de Scorailles. She was sent to court, charmed the foolish king, and was at once installed into her discreditable honours as Duchesse de Fontange ; and so she ruled for a while, a new sorrow for Louis's gentle wife, a fresh subject for the

rage of Madame de Montespan, for the longer prayers of Madame de Maintenon, and for the shake of the head and the ready absolution of the easy Père La Chaise. The poor girl who caused all this stir did not long survive. She played the duchess, with extravagance enough for all the duchesses in France, only for twelve months, and died soon after giving birth to her son. During her short reign she saved from the king's wrath her uncle, the formidable châtelain, who had procured for her the distinction of an empty title, a ruined innocence, and an early grave. To return to the subject.

As a great deal of the success of the Camisards under difficult circumstances had arisen from their perfect knowledge of the passes, valleys, and woods, it did at last occur to Julien that before his troops commenced the work of demolition it would be as well to learn something of the intricate geography of the mountains, for fear his people, whilst employed in their task, might be shot down from behind a rock, or from an ambush in a wood. Great pains, therefore, were taken to know all about caves and hollows and tracks. But as dragoons were found to be not the best of map makers, a plan of the geography of the mountains proceeded in a manner by no means satisfactory.

But Montrevel was not to be disappointed in the heroic scheme of destroying the hearths of domestic comfort of so many of his inoffensive fellow creatures. And as great men are often selected to take the initiative in a public work—such as laying the first

stone of a church or an hospital, even so did Montrevel name himself to strike the first blow of destruction at the town of St. Julien D'Aspaon. The 29th of September was fixed upon for the ceremony.

But great events, though decided upon by great men, are quite as liable to be disconcerted as those of a more humble grade. The 29th of September came in all the glories of a fine autumn morning. Montrevel, in full costume, mounted on his charger, heading his troop, all, like himself, armed, but the men with pick-axes, set forth to achieve a victory over chateaux of stone, houses of brick, villages and cottages. He rode slowly, when suddenly was he stopped on the way, and a letter put into his hands of such an alarming description as compelled him to a precipitate move towards the plain, instead of the mountains; but what occurred demands a short preface.

## CHAPTER. XIV.

Cavalier rushes down upon the Plain—Carries there a War of devastation—Vengeance denounced on their Foes by the Prophets—Reflections on the Consequences of the repeal of the Edict of Nantes—Queen Anne's Promise to the Marquis de Miremont—The Refugees embark in English and Dutch Vessels—Sir Cloudeley Shovel Admiral—Peytard and Jonquet on their way to give notice to the Cevennes, discovered and put to Death—Sir Cloudeley Shovel arrives in the Gulf—The Expedition fails from Cavalier not knowing the Signals—The Ships return to England—Labourdie's Plan to unite Catholics and Protestants to end the War—Fails from Imprudence—Cavalier attempts to surprise Sommieres—Joani Castanet and Roland—Their perilous Enterprises—Details of the Devastation of the Cevennes—Cavalier descends to the Vaunage—The Meeting at Narges—Attacked by the Royalists—The Assembly saved by the Vigour and Courage of Cavalier—The young Heroine Lucrece—Camisards return thanks for the Victory.

WHILST Julien, Montrevel, and the rest of the council, had been arranging how best to carry out their plans of destruction in the mountains, there was one man who ruled amid their rocky and lofty fortresses, who feared not the threatenings of an enemy so atrocious—that man was Cavalier. With the eagle glance and the quick apprehension which accompanies military genius, he saw that in moments of extreme peril, daring and determination are of more certain avail than timid counsels.

Instead, therefore, of waiting for the enemy, as he was expected to do, in order to defend the villages and hamlets, or somewhat lower in the Cevennes to dispute town by town, in the attempts that would be made to conquer them, he left the mountains, and heading his gallant Camisards, rushed down upon the plain, and carried there the war, which obliged Montrevel and his army to abandon their attack on the hearths of the Cevenols in order to defend their own.

This masterly stroke of the young general, not yet twenty years old, took the older and regular generals by surprise ; they were astounded, and asked among themselves where could the baker's boy of Anduze have learnt the art of war ?

Without a pause, Cavalier, with his accustomed impetuosity, and animated by that spirit of vengeance which glowed in the breast of every Cevenol, as well as in his own, led on his hosts to acts of the most critical daring, and with complete success. The cry of the Camisards, "Revenge for the ruin of Gévaudan," resounded from troop to troop, from man to man. Their sudden attack on the plain fell as the avalanche down their native mountains, sweeping all before them. The inhabitants of many of the Catholic towns, paralysed with affright, made but a feeble resistance as the terrible cries, "Kill, kill, fire, vengeance!" met the ear, awfully mingled with religious denunciations, from several of the wildest fanatics who accompanied the Camisards.

"O thou Eternal ! aid us to destroy, to sweep from

the face of the earth those idolaters, those worshippers of wood and stone." In this frenzy of excited passions, driven to recklessness by the persecutions they had so long endured, did the Camisards become as determined in purpose, as strong in courage, and, alas! as terrible in cruelty as any of their enemies had ever been. The towns of Saint-Ceries, Potelières, Saturargues (all Catholic) they destroyed by fire; some few of the inhabitants hardly escaped with life. After one of these fearful acts of vengeance, one of the prophets stood looking on the rising flames, and, as if he could command the very elements to obey the curses he denounced, exclaimed, "To the fire, to the fire, Babylon! Where is the God of this idolatrous church? If he exists, let him snatch his temple from the burning and his people from the death."

Masterly and praiseworthy as was Cavalier's rush down upon the plain to save the devastation of the Upper Cevennes, the cruelty with which the Camisards consummated the enterprise can never be defended nor excused. On looking back to the most striking events in history, how powerfully do they impress us in reference to God's providence. Recent events are often obscured by prejudice and passion, as objects are rendered indistinct by the mists of the early morning. But in the light of the more perfect day, they come before us clear and distinct in colour and in form. Even so, after nearly two centuries have passed away, and we look dispassionately on the events we have endeavoured to narrate, we can

hardly do other than believe that the acts of merciless vengeance inflicted by the Camisards were permitted, as a severe retribution for all the murders and horrors which followed as the consequence of the repeal of the Edict of Nantes. The justice of God neither slumbers nor sleeps.

The reader's attention must now be called to the promise made by Queen Anne, that the Marquis de Miremont should head the Protestant exiles, and that with him she would send succours to enable the Cevenols to maintain their gallant struggle.

Neither Anne nor the Marquis failed in their promise. Some few ships, bearing a goodly company of refugees, eager to take up arms, with money, ammunition, and stores, the queen entrusted to the care of Sir Cloudesley Shovel, then, for rank and experience, the first admiral in the British navy. Some few vessels also from the grand pensionary of Holland assisted the object, and sailed with Sir Cloudesley.

Two refugee captains, Peytard and Jonquet, took a most active part in obtaining funds for the exiles. Unfortunately, in raising and transmitting these contributions, they were obliged to employ agents in most of the continental Protestant States. Where many assistants are required, fidelity can hardly be hoped for in all, more especially where spies, with promises and gold to corrupt, are on the alert to detect and betray. How it happened we do not know, but certain it is that Chamillart received informa-

tion of the aid expected from England, and that whilst Sir Cloudesley Shovel was sailing towards the coast of France, Peytard and Jonquet were to make their way overland in order to apprise the Cevenols when and where to look out for reinforcements on the coast, and so to meet them on their landing without delay. For this purpose certain signals would be made by the ships as soon as they appeared off the shore. Learning all this, Chamillart lost no time in communicating with Baville. It followed of course that the plan was disconcerted, and the unfortunate gentlemen arrested before they reached the Cevennes. Peytard perished miserably, though with unalterable firmness, on the wheel; whilst Jonquet saved himself by making some confessions respecting his confederates, who, happily for themselves, had not yet set out on their dangerous overland journey, and ultimately escaped destruction.

Sir Cloudesley Shovel arrived safe in a gulf of the Mediterranean, and immediately detached two vessels from the combined fleet of England and Holland with the succours for the children of God. As the evening drew on, and these vessels advanced within two leagues of Maguelonne, Captain Harris, who commanded the English ship, commenced making the preconcerted signals, and continued them all night long. But though the very existence of the Cevenols seemed at this crisis to depend upon the aid so long hoped for, nothing could be more perverse than the circumstances which had occurred to thwart their expectations. Cavalier, ever on the alert, thinking

that about this time the succours must arrive, yet, in consequence of the seizure of the two envoys, knowing nothing certain, had taken his station on a part of the shore so solitary and neglected, that no one was there to watch or intercept his movements; and not far off, only waiting his orders, he had encamped about 300 Camisards, to be in readiness to assist in the expected landing of the exiles.

Ignorant of what it was of such vital consequence should have been known to him, he saw the nocturnal signals burning bright over the sea, but fancying they were only the lights from the barks of the fishermen in the gulf, he made no answer. Nothing could have been more disastrous; for had the vessels sent forward their boats, laden with their freight of men, horses, and cargo, to land on that lonely shore, they could at once have been conducted to the mountainous retreats of the Cevenols, without even one hostile dragoon being aware of their arrival. The next morning a Count de Roannais, who was commander of the royal galleys at Cette, seeing ships in the offing that appeared to be moving in an uncertain manner, rowed out to reconnoitre; but soon rowed back again, fancying they were vessels with no hostile purpose, but merely embarrassed by a strong southeasterly wind.

Sir Cloudesley Shovel finding that the signals, which had been made all through the night, received no answer, concluded (too hastily) that something disastrous had occurred to render the projected enterprise of the Protestants impossible; and the

part of the Mediterranean where his ships were lying being too shallow for men-of-war, he felt some alarm for their safety. Without more delay, therefore, he hoisted sail, and put out to sea with all speed; and thus were the succours, so much needed, entirely lost to the Cevenols.

Everything at this time turned against them; misfortunes came "not singly, but in battalions." A Protestant gentleman of wealth and station, named Labourlie, having amassed a vast quantity of military stores at his château of Vercillas, organized a plan for a general and simultaneous rising of the Protestants and Catholics, to free Languedoc from the oppression, both civil and religious, under which the province groaned. He was very sanguine; and on the successful issue which he so confidently anticipated, he proposed to insist on terms which should give the unfettered exercise of their religious rites to the reformed churches, and then all parties were to return in peaceful obedience to the throne. Many Catholic nobles and burghers, seeing there was no longer safety for their lives and property in such a state of disorganization, and having remonstrated with Montrevel about his violent measures, became angry and impatient (more especially as he had treated their advice with contempt), and at last decided to unite with Labourlie, and for common safety to have recourse to arms.

This plan was principally marred by the headlong misconduct of Catinat. That deference for their own religious opinions, so strongly claimed by the Cami-

sard chiefs for themselves, should have taught them to observe the like toleration towards those of an opposite Church. This, however, was overlooked, and Catinat rushed down from his rocks and woods, and, not content with encountering the enemy's militia and dragoons, attacked with fury some Catholic towns that ought to have been spared; calling aloud, "Death to the priests!" and destroying the churches, crosses, and images of their worship. Such violence gave just offence to the new allies, who declared that they would rather endure the misery arising from the present state of things, than, in order to amend it, join in a league with those who showed no respect for the altars of their Church. Labourlie's plan utterly failed; he saved himself by escaping, for the time being, to Geneva, and Catinat was severely punished by the losses of his men, and one of his bravest captains taken prisoner and broken alive on the wheel.

Before Catinat's rashness brought on these disastrous consequences, Cavalier had been engaged in his avenging course in the plain. Yet it appeared that in the midst of his career, the young general deeply felt the miseries he occasioned. For a time a profound melancholy seemed to possess him; he was filled with horror at the sight of what he deemed a cruel necessity, and cast the responsibility of such scenes on the heads of the authors of the persecution.

Often after one of the massacres—for such they were—he would make his people fall on their knees,

and even in the midst of it would prostrate himself, still armed, to ask pardon of God, crying aloud, "O Lord, turn away the king from following the counsels of the wicked;" and then, moved by what he believed to be the sanctity of the cause he had espoused, he would address those around him, "O my brothers, let us sacrifice our lives and all that we possess for the restoration of our holy temples. The Eternal, who has so far supported us, will be our deliverer; He will render us invincible."\*

About this time, Cavalier attempted to surprise Sommieres, a place of which an old historian† affords an interesting account. He describes it as situated in a mountainous region, fertile in fruits and flowers. The Vidourle, flowing from the Cevennes, passing the walls of the city, and making its way to the sea at Aiguemorte; a noble castle of feudal times rising on the summit of the adjacent mountain, that overlooked the town, and formidable in its towers and defences; whilst the immediate vicinity was truly delightful, being covered with vines and laurels.

In 1573, when the earlier religious wars were at their height, a Marshal Damville laid siege to this formidable castle, which was bravely defended by a Huguenot captain. The Cevenols of that period understood signals better than did the Camisards; for during a night of anxious alarm a beacon-fire was seen blazing from a tower of the fortress. This was understood by an expected reinforcement of

\* Peyrat, vol. ii. p. 27.

† Recueil de Chroniques.

troops, who were on the look-out at a distance. It brought two hundred men to the castle, each wearing a skull-cap of metal, to which was affixed sentences such as these — "Advance to Sommieres," "Honour to Jesus Christ," "We must strive if we would drink the waters of life." One hundred and thirty years after this, it was, as they believed, to drink of those living waters that the children of the desert, like their forefathers, were striving in arms.

It was late in the evening when, after destroying the bridge of Bourguet, Cavalier stood without the gates of the city of Sommieres. The garrison discharged their cannon from the ancient château; but the balls passed over the heads of the Camisards, whilst the report reverberating amidst the mountains broke the silence of night, like peals of the loudest thunder. These sounds were heard as far as Montpellier, and a messenger was instantly despatched to warn the Marshal of the danger. Cavalier, however, entered the town, when a new foe started up, who gave him two hours of stout fighting; for the Cordeliers defended their monastery with great vigour. The nuns, whose convent was adjacent, failed not to scream heartily in their cells, though the chivalry of the young chief induced him to forbid their being in any way disturbed. Knowing that the report of the cannonade would bring the royalist troops upon him, and that his own band was small, after setting fire to the city gates, Cavalier ordered a retreat.

In the meanwhile Joani, Castanet, and Roland made themselves both seen and felt, to the sorrow of the brigades called Florentines, and Julien was busied in the perilous work of destruction in the Cevennes. The mansions of the better sorts—some of very ancient construction—and the hamlets were often wide apart. Time was lost in searching amongst the mountains for a village or a hut, that possibly was only accessible to the goatherd or his flocks; the work to be done was most laborious. The parish of Saint Germain alone was nine leagues in circumference, and contained one hundred and eleven villages, and two hundred and fifteen families, nine of the latter being Catholic.\* These, not excepting many of the Catholics, had been compelled to leave their homes and suffer the pain attendant on their retreat to the towns of refuge; there most of them fared badly from want, hardship, and neglect.

Deeply did they regret the cabins in which they had been born, where they lived laboriously, and reared up their children in godliness and industry—those humble homes they were never more to revisit, they were destined to be levelled in one common destruction. Such was the power of habit, and the love of home, that even with the poorest of the mountaineers, not a palace in the towns of refuge would have compensated for the loss of the cottage of their fathers, or the patch of ground that was their garden. A striking instance of this was seen in a

\* Peyrat.

young man, who so dearly loved his village, that he could not resist the desire he felt to look upon it once more. He returned for the purpose; and was shot on the threshold of the cabin that had been his birthplace.

It was hoped by the Cevenols, those in arms and those who were not, that Cavalier's furious descent upon the plain would put a stop to the plan of carrying desolation into the Cevennes; but though it gave the royalist troops other work for a time, no sooner could a strong body of them be spared, than they were led up to the mountains to finish their task. But how did the soldiers fare, employed in a labour so ignoble? It was autumn. The rain froze as it fell, and came down in torrents like a stream of broken glass. The men, scattered amidst the vast mountain elevations, and badly supplied with food, often had nothing but dry bread and cold water, with the impossibility of descending in search of better fare. If they made the attempt, the paths, difficult to trace and not at all known to them, became labyrinths, in which many perished. They had no regular place for shelter, so that, after a hard day's toil, they were frequently obliged to rest on wet straw, with not a single necessary to recruit their strength for the next day's labour. Some fell sick and died; a vast number deserted, and Julien saw with dismay, by the diminishing number of his men, that the plan was abortive.

All at once a happy thought, as he considered it, struck him—but he dared not act upon it unsus-

ported. He, therefore, informed Montrevel that seeing the devastation, by the slow process of the pick-axe, would be interminable, *fire* must be employed : fire was rapid and sure. Montrevel consented. In a very short time the Upper Cevennes appeared as if a Vesuvius had suddenly burst its confines ; and the mountains, after the slumber of untold ages, were to become again volcanic. Mansions, farms, villages, chalets, sheep-cots, all were seen blazing far and wide ; they were as hundreds of beacon-fires to spread alarm throughout mountain and valley. It was a very tempest of fire, whose flames, exhausting the materials that fed them, sank down at last, and left nothing but ashes and ruin.

There, where so late had lived linked together in the bonds of social neighbourhood and domestic affection, the young, the old, the unoffending, was now found but a dreary solitude ; a solitude yet to be broken by the most memorable instance of exasperated human passions. Those Cevenols who hitherto, from a sense of the divinity of royalty, had served the king humbly and faithfully, and forborne to take up arms, were now so struck with horror at this burning cruelty, that they met together at an appointed spot, where the fires were still smouldering, to concert measures for a deep and deadly requital of injuries so wholly unprovoked and undeserved. As they looked on the ashes of the humble homes of their countrymen, they bound themselves by a solemn oath to be avenged, and at once joined the insurrection of the Camisards.

Meanwhile Cavalier had not slumbered. No sooner had he learnt that Julien was returned to his devastating work in the mountains, than he appeared in arms before Uzés. He seized the sentinels and defied the garrison, challenging them to come forth to battle. But the fame of the energetic chief caused his very shadow to be feared by the royalists.

He passed on uninterrupted, and on the 25th of October came before Lussan, a town situated on a steep elevation, whose rocks were as walls for safety. The inhabitants were terribly alarmed when they learnt that Cavalier, with three hundred of his men, all mounted, accompanied by a famous propheticess, called, on account of her height, "the great Mary," were at their gates. The daring young chief sent an envoy to demand a dinner for his whole band; but the governor having found means to despatch a messenger to a Colonel Vergetot, who, with his regiment, was not far off, begging him to come to his assistance, they refused the demand for food, and prepared for resistance. Cavalier also prepared for a combat, and was joined by Ravanel. Soon there was no lack of blows, but, by far outnumbered, the Camisards were at last obliged to retreat. Louvreleuil, however, says, in his Memoirs, that Cavalier maintained the combat with Vergetot for five hours without final success; "but that he left the colonel perched on the top of a rock, forced to be contented with his incomplete victory." He adds, that no doubt the Cevenol chief would have

returned to chastise the people of Lussan ; but his Camisards had expended all their powder, "and their stomachs were as empty as their muskets." On, therefore, they marched, and obtained food at Seynes, and powder at Bouquet.

Soon after Cavalier descended to the Vaunage, where, on the 13th of November, a thousand persons of that "little Canaan," as it was called, came to join a prayer meeting to be held by the children of God in the small town of Nages. During the sermon of one of the prophets, the vedettes suddenly announced the approach of the royal troops,—the Marquis de Fimarcon, at the head of a strong body of infantry and dragoons from Nismes ; the preacher stopped, the service ceased.

Cavalier would not abandon to the mercy of the soldiers the people whose only purpose had been prayer and praise ; yet how to protect them ? He had with him but a small band of Camisards, with which it seemed impossible to guard such an assembly. But, with God's help, what is there impossible to the intrepid and the brave ? Never was Cavalier's self-devotion, his calmness, or his ready resource in moments of peril more exemplified than on this occasion. "We will save the helpless crowd," he exclaimed, as, distracted by terror, they gave themselves up for lost. Without a pause, he posted his small band around the unarmed multitude, and so left them, sprang on his horse, and rode forth alone to reconnoitre the advancing foe.

Having satisfied himself, he was returning by an

obscure road overshadowed with trees, when from a wood of olives there suddenly sprang out a mounted cornet and two dragoons. "You are Cavalier!" exclaimed the cornet, as he rushed upon him at full gallop; "yield, and I will give you good quarter."—"I want none," replied the chief, whose first thoughts were that he had no chance for life. But his courage rose with the occasion, and a ready spirit never forsook him. He seized the light fusil that he always carried when he rode forth alone, and with the butt-end knocked the cornet off his horse; the dragoons fired, missed, and rushed upon him with their sabres in their hands. Cavalier, nothing disconcerted, had already drawn a pistol from his holster, and shot the foremost man dead; the other he put to flight, struck the spurs up to the rowel-head into his horse's sides, overtook the dragoon, and made him bite the dust.\*

After this marvellous escape, a happy presage of what followed, Cavalier rejoined his people. They were posted on a semicircular hillock traversed by walls. The multitude were covered by the lines of the Camisards which bristled on its crest.†

The royal infantry commenced the attack; their fire greatly frightened the women, who, at first, with cries and screams, disordered the ranks of their defenders; but soon they gained courage, and by their

\* "Cavalier's Memoirs," Peyrat, vol. ii. p. 35.

† In Peyrat the passage runs thus: "Postées sur un monticule semi-circulaire et coupé de murs." The other passage thus: "Les lignes Camisardes qui en hérissaient la crête."

exclamations and psalmody cheered their people. The struggle was fierce and deadly; but the assailants being unable to penetrate the mass of the Camisards, fixed like a tower on the summit, after several repulses retreated covered with blood and completely discomfited. Cavalier saw the movement, gave the word, rushed down from the hillock, fell upon the enemy, and drove them from wall to wall. The women joined the pursuit, mixed with the combatants, and hurled stones against them without fear. A last sheltering parapet protected Fimarcon and his men, when a girl only eighteen years old, armed with a sabre that she had snatched from a slain dragoon, headed the children of God, climbed the wall, and expelled the royalists, crying aloud as she rushed forward, like the Scotch covenanters—"Kill, kill,—for ever live the sword of the Lord and Gideon —for ever live the sword of the Eternal!"

Cavalier followed the fugitives as far as Boissières; his victory was complete, but some ten or twelve of his Camisards imprudently continued the pursuit till they nearly reached Bizac. There Fimarcon, reinforced by the garrison of Calvisson, turned upon them, so that this handful of brave Camisards found themselves surrounded—they must have been cut to pieces, had not Cavalier come to the rescue and saved them. So few were the numbers, opposed to the royalist force, that the children of God considered their victory as miraculous; that the Lord of Hosts had fought for their deliverance.

Cavalier returned to Nages, where he finished the

divine service that had been so interrupted, and solemnly offered thanks to the Almighty disposer of events for his success. Warmly did he commend the courage of the women ; and more especially the conduct of the young heroine, Lucrece De Vivaraise.\* We cannot follow in succession all the daring acts, combats, and victories which at this period crowned the efforts of Cavalier, Roland, Catinat, Joani, Abraham, and Castanet, and must turn, therefore, to a very different, though a painful subject of our narrative.

\* She was the daughter of the traitor Guignon, who had betrayed the Camisards at Bellot.

## CHAPTER XV.

Disorganised State of Languedoc—Madame de Miramand—Her amiable Character—Kind to Catholics and Protestants—Beloved by the Camisards for her Charity—She is attacked by Banditti near Amboise — Her Coachman murdered — Other Man-servant escapes—The Nurse and Madame de Miramand murdered—Her Maid wounded, escapes, gives the Alarm—The Body of the Lady found—Her Funeral—Cavalier devotes himself to avenge her Death—Seizes the Murderers—Tries, condemns, and executes three of them—Frees the one who would have saved the Lady—Writes to Montrevel—Offers to send the Bodies of the Criminals to him—Offer declined—Cavalier exposes them with an Inscription.

ONE of the evils arising from the disorganised state of Languedoc, was that it became infested with banditti to a most formidable extent; and some of these, in order to turn public attention from their haunts, assumed the dress, and called themselves by the name of Camisards. An event, the work of ruffians of this description, spread sorrow and consternation throughout the south.

A lady named Madame de Miramand, daughter to the Baron de Meyrarques of Uzès, and by her marriage daughter-in-law to the Baron de Florac, of St. Amboise, was in early youth a Protestant; but

by the conversion of her parents became a Catholic. This lady retained much regard for her original faith; and forming her practice from the love and charity exemplified in the gospel, she was alike good to Protestant and Catholic. In the midst of scenes of strife and carnage, she remained calm and tender hearted; consoling and succouring all who were unfortunate; and so much relief had she afforded to the Protestant prisoners, that she was almost worshipped by the Camisards. Several times in passing from her married home at St. Amboise to her native town at Uzés, she was met by Cavalier and his band, who, anxious for the safety of this young and beautiful creature,—for such she was—with the true spirit of ancient chivalry, insisted on escorting her through the unfrequented part of her route, as the Florentines had become quite as dangerous to travellers as the banditti.

On the 22nd of November, 1703, she departed from Amboise in a wheeled carriage, with an old family coachman, a laquais, her waiting maid, and a nurse she was taking home for her only and darling infant girl. When she arrived near Vendras, about a league from Amboise, the carriage was stopped by three or four men of very evil aspect. They at once seized and bound the old coachman and the laquais, and made the lady and her female attendants get out of the carriage.

Madame de Miramand, on her knees, implored the villains not to injure any one, and offered all she had

with her if they would spare her peoples' life and her own. One of the ruffians, affecting the Camisard prophet, said that the Holy Spirit directed him to take the lives of the two men, and they could not be spared, but for herself she had nothing to fear. With the most fervent entreaty she pleaded for her servants, again offering gold, and the diamonds on her person, as their ransom. The ruffians were inexorable. Finding that all her entreaty proved vain, at last she implored the villains not to kill her servants before her eyes. In this they promised to content her. Two of the Banditti dragged the condemned into the wood of Bouquet, whilst a third remained to guard the women. After they were gone Madame de Miramand again implored the man to spare her life and that of her female attendants. He assured her that he would gladly do so, if his companions would consent. She drew from her finger a diamond ring, and gave it to him in token of thankfulness.

The coachman was murdered in the wood, but by an accident the laquais, after he was unbound, escaped, and rushed for St. Amboise, to carry there the dreadful news; and, if possible, to obtain assistance for his mistress.

Early the next morning, a figure more resembling a spectre than a living woman, presented herself before the gates of the town; she was recognised by the sentinel, and admitted. The few words she spoke, and the wounds she showed on her person, filled every bosom with rage and grief. She was

the lady's maid of Madame de Miramand. Her wounds were dressed, and restoratives given her. At length she was sufficiently recovered to tell her tale of horror.

After the murder of the coachman, the women, still bound, were compelled to walk into the wood, as the high road would have been too perilous for the purpose of the villains. Madame de Miramand was so overcome that she was obliged to lean for support on the shoulder of the man who conducted her. Arrived at an open space the captives were commanded to sit down. The unfortunate lady, seeing their intention was murder, in the most energetic manner and with a touching eloquence that would "have softened the heart of a very demon," implored the men to spare their lives. "Have pity on us—show us mercy—spare our lives; what benefit can it be to you to deprive us of life—you will spare us?"

"No," replied one of the brutal wretches; "you shall die by my hand—no more parley." There was no hope; Madame de Miramand fell on her knees, prayed fervently; prayed, even as did her Heavenly Redeemer, for her murderers. The man who had threatened her, and who seemed to take the lead, then drew forth a pistol, took his aim, fired, and she fell; but did not instantly expire. The nurse was laid low by the next discharge; but finding he was short of powder, the villain would not spend it on another charge. He struck the waiting maid, therefore, a blow or two with a bayonet in the

breast; she fell, closed her eyes, and had resolution enough to remain motionless on the ground. The men concluded she was dead: they were too much alarmed to linger over their work; for knowing that the laquais had escaped, they feared he might bring upon them an immediate pursuit of the officers of justice. Hastily, therefore, they got together their booty and departed.

After they were gone, the wounded servant dragged herself to the side of her dying mistress. The spark of life had nearly fled. She spoke but a few words, sent a fond farewell to her husband, begging him to bestow the tenderest care on her child; prayed to God for mercy on her soul, and expired. The poor girl kissed the lips of her beloved mistress, and then managed to drag herself out of the wood into the public road. The cold was favourable to her, for it stopped the bleeding of her wounds; and by early morning she contrived to reach the gates of St. Amboise. On hearing this dreadful narrative, the husband and father of the murdered lady immediately sought for the body; but it was not found till the third day after her death. The interest in her fate was universal, so greatly was she beloved by all parties, Protestant and Catholic; and in her the poor and the distressed deplored the loss of their benefactress and tenderest friend. Many were the tales of superstition to which her melancholy fate gave birth. It was asserted that the wolves, which abounded in the wood where she lay, left her remains untouched—that her countenance was unchanged,

and wore a lovely and heavenly expression, as if she were but sleeping; that her clothes were without soil, and the most precious diamonds still in her ears.

The funeral obsequies were conducted with extraordinary splendour, mingled with grief and awe. The father and husband were the chief mourners. A vast number of the poor, clothed by their charity in black, and bearing wax tapers, walked before the corpse; the nobles and clergy followed: and the vaulted roof of the ancient church resounded with the solemn chaunt for the dead, as the body was lowered into the vault that contained the ashes of a long and noble ancestry of the deceased. Madame de Miramand, who was thus loved in life and honoured in death, had only attained her 20th year.

Her blood did not sink into the ground. She had a speedy and terrible avenger. Cavalier learnt the circumstances of her death, and that her murderers, pretending to be Camisards, had cast the atrocious crime on his people. All his anxiety, all his efforts for the cause he had espoused, were for the time forgotten, or made subordinate to the one great purpose of his soul—to avenge the death of Madame de Miramand—that guardian angel, as he considered her, of the afflicted, that friend of his suffering people in the prisons of the foe.

His measures were vigorous and unremitting. He obtained information of the haunts of the Banditti, selected a band of his bravest Camisards, who sur-

prised and seized the robbers in their den. They brought them before Cavalier, who was then stationed at a small village near Alais. With all the calm demeanour of a civil magistrate, the chief examined the men, and dispensed the justice due to their crimes. Three of the villains he condemned to death, and one he spared; that one was the man who received the ring from Madame de Miramand, and would have saved her life, had his comrades suffered him to do so. Cavalier sentenced the three murderers to be shot; he was obeyed on the instant. "I would," he said, "have made them suffer a more cruel death if I had possessed one of the executioners who surround Monsieur de Baviile."

This remarkable man, wishing to show respect for the laws, considered that he ought to explain what had been his motive for thus interfering with the regular course of the law in regard to criminals. Forgetting the strife of arms existing between Montrevel and himself, he wrote to the marshal with his own hand, stating that his sentiments of reverence and gratitude for Madame de Miramand had prompted him to assume the functions of a civil magistrate when her murderers were within his power. At the same time, he offered to send the bodies of the villains to Montrevel, if he desired to dispose of them.

In return, Montrevel conveyed his approval of the summary judgment awarded by the Camisard chief, but declined the offer of the bodies. In consequence

of this, Cavalier caused them to be exposed to the public gaze, with this inscription :

“The murderers of Madame de Miramand, put to death by the award of Jean Cavalier.”\*

\* Peyrat, vol. 2, p. 47.

## CHAPTER XVI

Cavalier about to be married—Prevented by the Father of his Betrothed—Castanet's Wife carried off by a Royalist Captain—The Husband's Reprisals—The Lady restored to him—Cavalier rushes again into Battle—Massacre of Protestants at Uzés—Lasalette captures some Hunters, brings them before Roland—That Chief's Severity—An Abbé and young Nobleman condemned to die—Saved by the Intercession of Lasalette—A Major of Royalist Militia executed—Cavalier pardons a former Friend who proposed to assassinate him—1703, Julian finished the Execution of his Plan to devastate the Homes of the Cevennes—His Letter to Chamillart stating what he had done—Believes it to be un-availing.

IN the midst of so much that is dark and lowering, it is pleasing to be visited by a gleam of light ; and such now shone on Cavalier, though it was but of short duration. The sufferings of his country, his religious feelings, and even his fanaticism, had called into exercise the remarkable abilities with which he was gifted as a military commander. But the scenes, familiar to the fiery soldier, had not (as we have seen by his remorse for their fatal effects) hardened his character so much as might have been expected, nor checked the flow of those domestic affections which he so strongly evinced at the death-bed scene of his mother. He was also fondly attached to his little brother—that child of ten years old who, as we before

mentioned, rode by his side as his *aide-de-camp* in the battle-field. But Cavalier had another attachment, and that of the most tender kind ; he loved Elizabeth Chanurel, of Cardet, and now he hoped to consecrate his love by marriage.

All was prepared ; and the ceremonial was to be conducted with the solemnity which the children of God always observed on occasions of moment. A general assembly was summoned, and the joy seemed universal. Roland, who was considered as king of the Cevennes, and fancied, by virtue of his victories, that he was entitled to the possession of Lower Languedoc, declared that now was the time, and he would bestow that goodly heritage on "his brave lieutenant, Cavalier." The young chief, however, cared little for worldly possessions ; but he longed to taste something of home peace in a marriage of affection : it was not, however, to be his portion. The old farmer Mazac, the father of the girl, by no means entertained the ambitious views which a union with so gallant a soldier would have inspired in almost any other father of the Cevennes. He wished to see how the war would end before he gave his daughter to the hero of it ; so he forbade the marriage, and disappointed the hopes of two hearts knit by true sympathy. Possibly, also, he feared that some such adventure might befall his child, as the wife of Castanet had experienced.

That pretty damsel had been seized by a royalist captain—who considered a young heretic fair spoil—and carried off without ceremony. No doubt Cas-

tanet considered himself entitled to reprisals. So he contrived to carry off a young Catholic lady from a neighbouring town, the grief of whose parents was so excessive, that Montrevel was obliged to consent to negotiation and exchange. Castanet's spouse was restored to him; and the young lady, who had been honourably kept as a hostage, was given back to her family in perfect safety.

His marriage prevented, Cavalier plunged again into war, to drown in its alarms the softer sorrows of disappointed love. A frightful massacre of Protestants—old men, women, and even children—had been made by the royalist dragoons in the vicinity of Uzés; and Cavalier, just in that humour for fighting which anger arising from disappointment is so apt to render reckless, flew to avenge it in the most unsparing manner. A fierce encounter with the murderers took place. Cavalier's victory was complete; and he put every man to the sword, giving no quarter; whilst Roland pursued five hundred Florentines, whose burnings and massacres had been frightful.

At this time a Camisard captain, named Lasalette, pursued some hunters of Alais, mistaking them for Florentines, and brought them as prisoners before Roland. Some of them were known to that stern chief as enemies, and three he condemned to death, bidding them kneel and pray, for their hour was come. Two of the wildest-looking and most ferocious of the Camisards, each with an enormous sword suspended at his girdle, came forward (they bore the

title of Exterminators), and, by order of their chief, took their stations, one on either side of the condemned. These unlucky persons were an Abbé, more famous for following hawk and hound than for an acquaintance with his breviary ; a very fair young man, the son of a nobleman ; and a royalist major of militia.

Lasalette interceded to save the Abbé. "My brother," addressing Roland, "this good Abbé is harmless ; he never meddles with public affairs ; he has done us many friendly offices, and yielded himself prisoner on my assurance that I would obtain his pardon. You must spare him."

"And that youth, I conclude," replied Roland, "you mean to tell me, is without malice. I have nothing to charge against him, except that I think him very daring to follow the chase on my land, without my leave. He cannot be ignorant that this part of the Cevennes belongs to me, by right of conquest. Now let me hear the names and quality of all who were present with him."

He listened in silence as they were repeated ; and no one else was marked for chastisement. But his hatred to a priest was so great, that again did he burst forth in fury against the poor Abbé, vowing that an idolator, as he called him, should not be spared. But Lasalette came again between the lion and his wrath, and pleaded so effectually for mercy, that at length Roland bade the good man rise, and fear not. The poor Abbé, who had expected nothing less than death, poured out his gratitude in the

warmest expressions of thankfulness, and begged to be allowed to present his weapons and accoutrements for the chase to the generous intercessor who had saved his life.

But there was one present who had nothing to hope from a Cevenol chief; that was the unfortunate major of militia. Roland looked at him, raised his hand, and made a sign. The Exterminators came forward, and the foremost struck off the royalist's head with one blow of the massive sword that he wielded with the same ease that he would a walking staff in his hand. The head, before many hours had passed, was nailed to a tree in the woods where the late possessor of it had been hunting.

The young nobleman, shocked at the sight of murder, and scarcely knowing what he did, threw himself, in tears, at the feet of Roland, and begged for mercy. "Rise, child," said the chief; "rise, and do not wander again from your father's château. Return to the care of your mother."

These circumstances are sufficient to show how daring and confident success had made the Camisards. On one occasion Cavalier compelled a certain number of Catholics to join with him and the Protestants in returning thanks to God for one of his victories.

Another occasion exhibited a memorable trait in his character, which, in its entire freedom from all feeling of resentment, reminds us of the great Henry IV. One of the prophets declared that it had been divinely revealed to him that there was a traitor in the camp who had undertaken to poison his chief. Whether re-

vealed by Heaven or not, Cavalier found the warning to be true. The villain was detected, confessed his deadly purpose, and was pardoned, for no one could prevail with Cavalier to condemn him. He said that the young man had been his friend in early life ; a companion also of the apostolic and unfortunate Brousson ; he could not find it in his heart to sentence him to death. But he talked earnestly to the criminal, and then bade him go in peace, and ask of God pardon, and a better spirit.

In one of Cavalier's sharp and successful conflicts, he had forced the governor of a Catholic town to seek shelter in a strong old château, where he could not follow him, having no cannon to enable him to attack a fortress. He was obliged to retreat, and saw that his movement was observed by some one looking at him through a telescope from the top of a tower of the château. The person who so observed him was a captain of Hainault, and he asked the governor "What he thought of that young Cavalier?"

"I think," he answered, with strong emotion, "that he is a scholar, very likely soon to be our master."

At the close of 1703 Julien finished the execution of that plan which he so much piqued himself on having carried out with success—a success that gave twenty leagues of country and four hundred villages to devastation ; and nothing was now left of those poor villages but so many heaps of smouldering ashes. True it was that here and there, from distance and difficulty of access, a few cottages, and possibly a village, had escaped, and still remained, like to an oasis

in the desert, to afford a place of refuge for the scattered and wretched people: some dared all dangers to find it.

Julien evidently thought himself obliged to make a communication of what he had done to the higher powers; so he thus announced the mournful glory he had achieved in a letter to the minister Chamillart; we must give it in full.

“At last, thanks to God, I have at this moment the honour and pleasure to inform you that I have entirely finished the long and laborious work which you confided to me. But I do not yet see that all these disorders and troubles are near their termination. I truly fear, Monsieur, that this great chastisement, which I have extended over so vast an extent of country, will make more noise and talk in the world than it will carry with it any real service to the king. I wish, nevertheless, with all my heart, I may be deceived. My health I find much deranged, and I want repose. One cannot suffer more, when one has suffered all we can.”

To benefit his health, much affected by the icy blasts of Gévaudan, Julien obtained the command of the district of Uzès, the climate of which was mild and rendered healthful by the Rhone. Julien received the compliments of Montrevel and Baviile, and even of the scheming and deceitful Duke de Maine, the son of Louis and Madame de Montespan, and the favourite protégé of Madame de Maintenon. The compliments of ladies and courtiers followed, as in a chorus, all in the same strain: and thus was

accomplished and lauded that devastation which even the very conductor of it pronounced useless: But the king, the great Louis, desired that the Upper Cevennes should be uninhabitable as well as uninhabited, as an everlasting mark of the anger he felt for the revolt of the people; and "that his majesty refused to remove or to entirely exterminate the whole of the population was celebrated as an act of magnanimity worthy the Saviour of the world." \*

\* Peyrat, vol. ii. p. 59.

## CHAPTER XVII.

Close of 1703, Camisards victorious—General Lalande sent with Troops to Languedoc—Those driven from their Homes neglected, starved, become desperate—Many shot—Planquet pursues them to the Mountains—The Hermit's atrocious Conduct even to the Catholics—Montrevel and Baille alarmed, feel powerless to end the Misery around them—Fléchier's Letter on the Sufferings of the Province—The Prophetess called the Great Mary seized by Julien—Put to Death—Cavalier resolves to save the Remnant of the persecuted of Lascours—Attacked by the Royalists and Lajonquière—The Contest—Cavalier's wonderful Victory—Offers Terms to the vanquished Officers of the Royal Troops—They refuse and suffer—This great Battle called that of Cannes—The Marquis de Lalande—St. Simon's notice of him—His whimsical Treatment of the Ladies of Languedoc—Roland lays a Snare for him—He falls into it—Romantic Scene of the Engagement—The Marquis in Peril—His Defeat fearful—Escapes with loss of nearly all his Troops.

THE close of the year 1703 left the Camisards elated by their victories. But with Montrevel, Julien, Baille, and a Marshal Planquet, it was otherwise. They had recourse to every possible means of severity to overcome the indomitable energy of the Cevenol chiefs; but in vain. At length Louis answered their demand for reinforcements by sending several thousand troops into Languedoc, and a new general, named Lalande. With such a force, Montrevel promised to put down the insurrection at once, and restore peace to the provinces. The promise was

much easier given than fulfilled; for the war, with all its horrors, commenced anew, and became, if possible, more than ever doubtful in the result.

It was about this time that the unfortunate people, who had been driven from their homes with a promise of support in the towns of refuge, were so neglected and starved that hundreds fled to seek relief in the towns recently gained by the Camisards. They were pursued by Planquet, a vast number, taken as prisoners, were driven into a church, and there shot by his orders. The first victim was a woman, who had two young children clinging to her. They threw themselves on her bosom as she expired; and then, says the chronicler of these terrible acts, they "flew upon the soldiers, like young lions torn from their dam." Another child of ten years old, the son of a Camisard, who had been thrice wounded, called aloud whilst dying on his father, "O my father, why do you not come to save me?" Thirty-one persons, mostly women and children, were thus shot, as a chastisement for running away from misery and famine.

The ferocious Marshal Planquet chased a number of like wretched beings amongst the snows of the mountains, as if he had been hunting the chamois from rock to rock; and he made it his boast, that before the end of February 1704, he had succeeded in shooting altogether about six hundred unarmed men and women. To have done with this revolting subject, it must at once be stated that the royalists under the new general followed up the chase of more than one

hundred of those poor Cevenols who had returned to their ruined hearths at St. Privat; some were shot, but those who escaped fled for refuge to caves and lonely spots, where they died of wounds, cold, and famine.

The misery of Languedoc became so intolerable that a general murmur arose; and the Catholics were as loud in their complaints as the Protestants. But at a general meeting the famous preacher, Fléchier (who had blessed the standards of the lately arrived reinforcements), defended warmly the severity of the rulers, and even the deeds of the "ferocious hermit," as he was called.

"Brother Gabriel," he said, "fights for the church; his murders are only reprisals; the Catholics are not to allow themselves to be slaughtered like sheep."

"Without doubt," replied one of the Catholic nobles of the Cevennes, who was present; "but the cruelties of the rebels cannot authorise those who call themselves the champions of the church to do the same; they have not even the excuse of fanaticism; and those very champions pillage and murder indiscriminately friends and foes. The war has degenerated into one of ferocious banditti."

Well might the Catholics complain; for the hermit and his lieutenants set up a tribunal of their own, and caused to be dragged before them the most peaceable inhabitants of town and village. The hermit examined them himself. If any one, being Catholic, could say, without demur, the *Paternoster*, the *Ave*, or the *Confiteor* in Latin he was dismissed; but if any luckless wight paused or blundered, he

pronounced that individual to be Protestant, and a murder before his eyes ended the business—"till such were the atrocities of this old man, he was seated in his tribunal surrounded by corpses."\*

Into such a state of monstrous disorganisation had the provinces in the south fallen, that Monsieur de Sandricourt, the least arbitrary of all the governors, felt that he was powerless; and Montrevel, and even the preaching Fléchier, had no restraining authority over the people. Cavalier's least order was obeyed by those over whom he ruled; whilst Montrevel was defied or laughed at by many of his inferiors. In short, a furor of hatred, that no pen could describe, seized on all parties, religious, civil, or military. The hermit massacred the Protestants; Cavalier retaliated on the hermit. "Camisard white, and Camisard black," says Peyrat; "for all was murder and extermination. Languedoc had become as one immense wound, flowing with blood."

Then was it seen how frightful a thing it was to provoke popular fanaticism. Montrevel and Baviile resembled those pilots, who, having the helm in their hands, can no longer guide the vessel, when opposed by crossing currents amidst rocks and sands. In vain did they issue orders and edicts; in vain did the bishops preach and excommunicate; and Fléchier rail and lament, like the prophet Jeremiah over Israel, the misery of the people. "We are," he wrote, "in a city where we

\* Peyrat, vol. ii. p. 69.

find no rest, no pleasures, no consolations. When the Catholics are in strength, the other party fear being murdered ; when the fanatics are strong, the Catholics in their turn fear. I have to re-assure every one. We are here as if in a blockade. We dare not go fifty paces beyond our gates without the fear of being slain ; we are not allowed to go abroad, even to take the air. From my windows I look out upon the country, and see houses set on fire with impunity. There does not pass a day but I apprehend some calamity will happen before night. My chamber is often filled with those who are ruined ; women whose husbands have been killed, priests who have been driven from their flocks, and come to me with their tale of misery. All is horror ; all awakens pity. ' I am a bereaved father,' ' I am a persecuted pastor.' I listen. I must comfort the one ; I must think what can be done to soften the sufferings of the other. I must hear all, aid all, act for all. Our religious rites are almost abolished throughout the province. More than four thousand Catholics have lost their lives in war ; twenty-four priests have been slain ; and above two hundred churches burnt to the ground."

So lamented Fléchier ; but he never once considered that those who sow the seed of evil must reap the harvest ; that he himself had advocated and stirred on the persecution of a quiet and industrious people in their mountain homes, for no offence but serving God in the faith to which they were born and bred. This maddened them. Was it, then, a matter for wonder that at last they retaliated ?

The winter passed away, as we have related, and the Camisards came forth with the spring of 1704, fresh, joyous, and triumphant. Their thanks were due to Roland for the foresight and care with which he had selected caverns fitted by nature, in the most inaccessible parts of the mountains, to hold stores of every description, and so well filled them that, during the severe frosts and snows, the Camisards had not suffered. Strong in health, eager in hope, they now welcomed the sun and verdure of the season, and prepared once more to seize their arms, and do battle for the honour of God and liberty of conscience.

Montrevel and Baviile fell out anew, and cast on each other the reproach of having failed to subdue the insurrection. With no little art Baviile made his complaints reach as far as Versailles, and Julien did not contradict them; for at that moment he was much elated by two of his own achievements. One was that he had captured the famous prophetess, called "the great Mary," the giantess of Languedoc. Her prowess harmonised with her person; she had enrolled herself in the ranks of the Camisards, and marched, fought, preached, and issued her orders for life or death, with an energy the most remarkable, and being believed to be imbued with the Divine Spirit, she was obeyed and held in awe by every man in the Cevennes. Cavalier had in vain tried to set her free. After detaining the unfortunate woman for some time in prison, and finding that her spirit was as unyielding as that of any one of the chiefs, Julien sent her to

the gibbet, and a Cevenol captain taken with her, to be broken alive on the wheel.

At this period it was fondly hoped by the Protestants (disappointed by Sir Cloudesley Shovel's retreat) that Queen Anne would yet do something for them; or at least would aid the exiles, who were most desirous to get to the assistance of their brethren in the south. But it must be confessed that Anne was cold in their cause. It was strongly suspected that she had a secret leaning towards Louis, which arose from the protection he afforded to the dethroned part of her family; and also that a princely and aristocratic pride made her look with a degree of contempt on an insurrection of peasant mountaineers whose principal general had been a baker's boy at Anduze! Be this as it may, she gave no effectual assistance.

The spring of 1704, though opening with promise, was marked by calamity for Languedoc. On drove "the iron car of war," with such fury that peace seemed for ever to have fled from the devoted land. A dreadful pillage and slaughter was effected at Lascours, under the direction of a royalist officer called Lajonquière. At the time Cavalier had with him but a small body of men; yet he burnt with a desire to avenge the cruel wrong. Being on his way to Bouquet, he passed a spot where he found several of the weeping refugees from Lascours. He was moved by the sight of their distress. "My brethren," he said, addressing his small band of Camisards, "we will go no further. With God's assistance we will

put an end to these cruelties and disorders. Once more let us combat for our liberty and our faith. But before we lead on, let us implore the God of armies to support us in our cause."

The children of the desert at once prostrated themselves, whilst Cavalier offered up his usual prayer before a battle. Without delay the resolute chief led his men to re-cross the river Droude, a tributary of the Gardon. He embarked them at Devois-de-Martignarques, the name of which seems to imply that the desert destined so soon to be a scene of slaughter, had been in far distant times devoted by the Romans to the god of war—*Deivus Martis Ager*, the solitary field of Mars.

Cavalier found that the foe was approaching in power. He was speedily joined by other chiefs, yet their combined forces were far from strong. The order of the battle Cavalier thus arranged. A ravine covered the front, he formed the centre, Ravanel the right wing, Catinat the left. Both these were concealed by a wood, in which the desolate people who had escaped from Lascours held themselves in prayer while the battle raged. Cavalier, with his small brigade, could alone be seen, and proudly awaited the enemy. An avant-garde, who approached to examine his position, returned with a report so favourable to the royalists, that their general, Lajonquière, exclaimed:—"Courage, my followers; here are the miscreants that we have so long searched after." And he immediately disposed his troops for an attack. The grenadiers commenced the action; but at the

flash of their muskets the Camisards, with wonderful agility, threw themselves down like reeds bending before the wind that ushers in the storm, and the balls passed over their heads. Thinking the men had fallen by the fire of his troops, Lajonquière ordered them at once to pass the ravine and rush upon the insurgents with the bayonet. But in an instant Cavalier gave the word. Up started the Camisards, and to the amazement of the dragoons, overthrew every one passing the ravine—men, horses, and all.

Their surprise and terror were redoubled when from the woods, which they supposed to be unoccupied, burst forth a fire from the right wing of Ravel and the left of Catinat, which prostrated all before them. The dragoons, astounded, cut up, many killed or wounded, were without order and almost without their senses. All who could fly turned their backs, and in their flight disordered their own centre, commanded by their general, and pushed on in a body towards the Gardon.

In the endeavour to rally the infantry the officers dismounted, but in vain. Cavalier, Ravel, Catinat, with one voice, burst forth with the psalm of battle, rushed from the wood, passed the ravine, and like the lightning flash from the cloud, charged with such impetuosity, that although what remained of the grenadiers resisted bravely, it was useless. The marines, who were with the troops, showed the white feather—they proved nothing better than a tumultuous mob flying and crying aloud, "We are lost!—we are lost!" They dispersed like a flock of sheep

pursued by a dog, and Catinat followed and cut them up as they fled.

Lajonquière, drawn on by the fugitives, was obliged to jump off his horse, climb over a wall, catch a horse that he found without a rider on the other side, and was soon lost sight of in the midst of his flying dragoons. Still were the children of God surrounded by two or three hundred royalists, who fell at last before their incessant fire. Fearful was the heap of the slain. There remained living only about twenty of the officers, who had disdained to fly. The Camisards saw who they were by their scarfs, their plumes, and the gold on their dresses. Cavalier ordered the firing to cease. With that calm and dignified deportment (as one of his adverse Catholic historians remarked) by which, on grave and solemn occasions, he was always distinguished, he advanced to the captives—"Surrender, gentlemen, I beg you to surrender, you shall have honourable quarter. My father is a prisoner at Nismes. You shall use your influence with Marshal Montrevel to give him liberty. Let me entreat you to surrender." But the unfortunate gentlemen, indignant at the thought of surrendering to the peasant general, refused, and accompanied the refusal with angry looks and haughty and insulting language. Cavalier made a sign to his people, and the captives were numbered with the dead.

In this action—called the battle of Cannes—the royalists lost, besides several noblemen who were captains, 450 men, and, from the position that Cavalier

had taken, the Camisards lost no more than twenty. A large booty fell into the hands of the victors, which on the next day they carried on mules to Bouquet; amongst the spoil was the charger abandoned by Lajonquière, which Cavalier retained for himself. The effect of this victory in Languedoc was prodigious. The bishops were in consternation, the Catholic laity paralysed; the Protestants exultant; all was dismay and confusion with the governors and marshals; they knew not what to do for the best, but directed the Marquis de Lalande, as one of the most unpitying commanders, to track Cavalier with the most active pursuit, and bring him dead or alive to Nismes.

We must pause to say a few words about Lalande before he sets off. According to contemporaries (and more especially the Duke de St. Simon), the marquis was about fifty years old when sent to the Cevennes, and was one of the greatest coxcombs of his day in dress, manners, and discourse; and made romantic pretensions to love and gallantry. The ladies of Alais, however, had no great fancy for the bizarre ugliness of his person, or the whimsical conceit of his deportment. To render them propitious, he probably imagined that, like raw recruits, these country dames must be governed by strict discipline, for he had recourse to a very novel mode of courtship to gain their favour; that of making himself terrible. If the ladies possessed property, he set his men to foray on their lands, march off their cattle or sheep; and if they were proprietors of farms, sometimes he

went so far as to burn down the buildings upon them.

Most singular of all, he frequently visited the ladies who were the sufferers, soon after these transactions. On such occasions his visits were made without ceremony; he would enter their apartments, throw himself into an easy chair, with a leg placed on either arm of it, take off his wig, draw a silk cap out of his pocket, and put it on; and so would indulge in a respite from his toils. As he was particularly fond of hearing himself talk, he usually entertained the ladies as Othello did Desdemona, with an account of his own exploits, and what he had seen and heard in his military travels. The poor ladies, often trembling, were obliged to listen and admire, lest in return for their indifference he might take it into his head, as a further mark of attention, to burn their harvest, or to cut down their olive trees and vines; which, nevertheless, he now and then did when simply out of humour with them. The marquis was considered to sympathise with no one, except the Bishop of Alais, and both of them were good friends with the Hermit and the Florentine bands.

But with all his cunning—and the Marquis de Lalande piqued himself on that quality so useful at a French court—he was not cunning enough to detect a snare which Roland spread for him. Two clever Camisards, disguised as peasants of the king's party, persuaded the marquis that Roland was about, for a particular purpose, to possess himself of the Bridge of

Salindres on the Gardon ; that he would have to pass a narrow and winding defile, which led to the banks of the river, at some short distance from the bridge ; that any one in possession of this intricate defile could stop the passage of a whole army and have them at advantage, since to the right arose a lofty mountain, steep and bare, and to the left a mountain torrent rushed down tumbling and boiling into a deep abyss below.

The marquis made up his mind that he would take possession of the defile, stop the progress of Roland, and destroy him and his men at once. Roland, duly informed how completely Lalande had fallen into the snare, prepared to act accordingly. He separated his troops into three divisions ; the first he posted on the summit of the mountains among the rocks ; the second at the Bridge of Salindres ; and the third he carefully concealed at the entrance of the gorge or defile.

Lalande approached. Roland allowed him and his men to enter without the least obstruction ; and then shut him in. The chief gave the signal, when in a moment Lalande was attacked both in front and rear, whilst a very tempest of broken rocks was hurled down upon him from above, as if the heavens rained stones ; and the balls from the muskets poured in like hail ; whilst the rebound of the falling rocks, the discharge of the musketry, and the roar of the torrent, redoubled by the echoes of the mountains, caused such a confusion of sound that no orders of the marquis could be heard, and the senses of the soldiers became disordered by terror and surprise.

The gorge into which he had been entrapped must have been the tomb of the marquis and every man with him, could Roland have occupied a steep path, which descended to the side of the river towards a mill on the Gardon. Lalande discovered this, the only possible chance of avoiding destruction. With the utmost precipitation he threw himself with the wreck of his band into it, and so escaped ; but he and his men were pursued, as they passed the river under a murderous fire, and so closely pressed, that the marquis had not time to recover his hat, with its large white plume, (though he saved his wig, much burnt in the contest,) which had been blown off his head, and seized by the Camisards as trophies of victory.

That night, the valley, so lately the scene of a tumultuous and bloody strife, was left in peace, whilst the stillness that reigned around was only broken by the rush of the torrent, and the hymn of thankfulness and triumph of the children of God.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

Cavalier and Roland—Their Success causes Consternation—The King resolves to send the First Marshal in France to cope with them—Montrevel recalled—His plan to entrap Cavalier before he goes—Cavalier's Plan to surprise him—An immense Ambuscade planned by the Royalists—Cavalier falls into it—Extricated by a rapid Movement—His extreme Peril—Tears off his rich Dress—Puts on the Frock of a Camisard—Cuts his way through all Opposition—Makes for the Bridge of Rosni—His Followers rush on to save themselves—Cavalier's little Brother stops them at the Bridge, and saves Cavalier's Life—Marshal Villars' admiration of Cavalier's Manœuvre—Several Prophetesses found among the Dead after the Action.

THE last victories of the Camisards caused the utmost consternation, and a cry of alarm arose throughout Languedoc, which found its echo at Versailles. It was as a knell to the rule of Montrevel, his recall being decided upon by the king himself. Marshal after marshal had he sent to the south, with many thousand troops, to crush the revolt, but hitherto in vain. Roland and Cavalier defied them all; and the war seemed more likely than ever to prosper with the insurgents.

Under these circumstances, the king resolved that the first marshal in France, the victor in many of her severest battles, in wars carried on against princes and potentates, should be dispatched to end the

rebellion. A set of mountain fanatics had dared resist the will of the great Louis, and refused to fall down and worship the golden image, in the idols of Rome, which "he had set up."

It became publicly known that Montrevel was recalled, and Marshal Villars was to succeed him. Without loss of time, Cavalier and his co-mates in arms formed a plan to surprise the crestfallen governor on his return, and to make him their prisoner before he could reach Nismes. But Montrevel had active spies of his own. He learnt the purpose of his exasperated foes, and proposed to deal with them by a coup-de-main, which should cover his exit with the glory he had hitherto failed to acquire.

All was carefully arranged between the Camisard chiefs; and according to such arrangement Cavalier was to unite his 900 infantry and 300 cavalry with Roland's force. Never before had he headed a division so numerous, so well appointed, with spirits so raised by recent success, and hearts so full of hopeful devotion to the good cause. Before he reached his destination some minor encounters took place, in one of which the wife of a notary (whose husband had killed several Camisards and was slain in requital) was brought bound before Cavalier. On her knees she implored him to show mercy to herself and her children, pleading the greatness of their distress. Her plea was not made in vain, Cavalier dismissed her, abundantly relieved.

Montrevel caused the steps of this redoubted chief

to be carefully watched; and finding that he proposed to lay wait for him on his return to Nismes, he caused a rumour to be widely circulated as to the road he intended to take; and the insufficient manner in which his coach would be guarded. Whilst these false reports were spreading far and near, he arranged very secretly with the royalist generals that a force of infantry and dragoons, ably commanded, and amounting in all to about six thousand men, should be stationed so as to surprise Cavalier before he could intercept the retreat of the ex-governor; in short, that an ambuscade should be laid for the chief, from which it would be impossible for him to escape.

The day for Montrevel's departure was publicly announced. All was in readiness, and on the morning of the 16th of April, 1704, he got into his coach slightly attended. But no sooner was he beyond sight of the town he had left (Sommières) than he alighted, mounted a horse, and joined a body of 800 men prepared to accompany him. He altered his course, turned to the south, and followed the heights towards Langlade, whence there already came the report of a quick fire of musketry.

The Camisards had pursued their plan; and certain that Montrevel and his escort must pass nigh the spot, they made a halt in a verdant bottom amongst the hills to wait for his approach. Two mounted vedettes were on the look out; the rest had thrown themselves down amongst the corn and the olive trees, the infantry sleeping with their mus-

kets by their sides ; the cavalry with the bridles of their horses passed over their arms, or fastened to their belts. Cavalier was also sleeping, little dreaming into what a vast ambuscade he was about to fall, and that he was surrounded on every side by some thousands of the royalist troops. He awoke at the cry of the vedettes : " To arms ! to arms ! " This was occasioned by the sudden burst upon them of a body of men under a Marshal Grandval, crying as they came on : " Kill, kill the Camisards ! "

In a moment Cavalier sprang on his horse, Catinat called up his cavalry, Roland arranged his infantry in battle order. " They came down upon us," said Cavalier, " like lions, and we received them like men." Grandval was, at first, repulsed ; he fled, but it was only to join another battalion, to aid in the overwhelming charge. Catinat rushed forward with 300 horse, but he was repulsed.

In the midst of this fearful *mêlée* several of the fanatics prostrated themselves and sang the psalm of war, whilst from an adjacent eminence, a prophet, Daniel Gui, with five or six prophetesses, raised their eyes and hands to heaven, calling on the Lord of battles to give strength to the arms of their defenders, and shouting aloud, " Let the son of Satan fall before them."

Montrevel's plan had, as it were, caught the insurgents in a net. At first the combatants on either side seemed to be equal in numbers ; in a moment, however, the eager glance of Cavalier detected some movement which led him to believe

that troops of the enemy were stationed behind the hills. Soon was he convinced that it was so, and that he had fallen into an immense ambush.

Without giving the dragoons time to surround him, he ordered his column to execute a rapid wheeling movement; which was accomplished under a hot fire, and in face of a charge of bayonets. Having thus disengaged himself, he took up a position behind a ravine, where Grandval did not follow him, probably waiting for Montrevel's support.

With a force six to one against him, his retreat cut off by the enemy occupying every hill, every pass, and not an opening for escape, Cavalier had but one course left, hopeless though it seemed, and that was to cut his way through. Instantly he tore off his magnificent dress, his scarf, and all his insignia of command, and put on the simple coat of one of his Camisards. This done, he turned to the west, towards Nages; there the hills were covered with royalist troops, and bristling with the arms of Montrevel's division.

"Children," said Cavalier, to his followers, "we are taken and broken on the wheel if we want spirit now. We have but one way left for safety—we must pass through the body of these men. Close your ranks and follow me."\* He rushed impetuously forward; but the shock of his attack could not break the deep masses of the enemy. They mixed, royalist and Camisard; they crossed their weapons; they struggled man to man; they tore each other by

\* Peyrat, vol. ii. p. 101.

the hair. Cavalier was recognised; a trooper seized his horse by the bridle; but a Camisard, with one blow, struck off his hand, and set the animal free. Another dragoon, close at the back of the chief, rushed upon and seized him; Cavalier shot him dead.

By the fiercest struggle, he cut a passage through the first line, followed by his Camisards, who were streaming with blood. But now a second rank surrounded and barred his way; it seemed as if he had but a choice by which of his foes he should fall. The only possible issue now left was by the bridge of Rosni; but that was occupied by a squadron of dragoons. Cavalier directed the attack to be there made.

The wreck of Catinat's cavalry and Roland's brigade poured down upon the bridge, forced a passage, and, anxious only to save themselves, would have rushed on, leaving their brave chief to certain death; when his life was saved through what indeed may be considered a marvellous Providence—by that child, of ten years old, who, mounted on his white pony, had ridden, as his aide-de-camp, by his brother's side. On the morning of that memorable day, with boyish vanity, he bound up his sleeves with red ribbands, and put on his sword a knot of the same, as if preparing for a fête, declaring that he would follow to the rough work of the coming contest. By the press of the assailants, so eager to save themselves, he was carried on to the bridge, where, seeing that Catinat's fugitive cavalry

were about to rush forward without pausing for their chief, the heroic boy drew his horse across the bridge, stationed himself there, and seizing his pistol presented it to the fugitives:—"Children of God!" he said, "whither are you flying! Man the side of the river—charge the enemy, and protect my brother's retreat." The Camisards obeyed the boy, and Cavalier was saved.

The bridge passed, the combat recommenced in the plain. Cavalier disputed it foot by foot, and, ably availing himself of several deep pits and some thickly-grown groves of trees, he so far managed his retreat with success. Still there was a defile to be got through that led to a bridge over which he must pass—that defile was guarded, and became the scene of a fierce combat and a deadly carnage. Grandval pursued Catinat and his few surviving cavalry to the woods of Cannes, where, concealed from the enemy, they found shelter for the night.

The battle, which had commenced early in the morning, did not end till the close of the evening. It extended from Langlade to the little town of Nages. The harvest of death had been great. A thousand bodies strewed the field, of which five hundred were Camisards. Amongst these were three of the Cevenol prophetesses; one robed in white and two in black, veiled with crape. They were found by the side of their slain people.

Thus ended the most celebrated of all the Camisard battles, that in which Cavalier, who had two horses killed under him during the action, displayed

an undaunted courage, an eagle glance, and the genius for command worthy of any general in ancient or modern times. On learning the circumstances of Cavalier's masterly manœuvres in extricating his columns from the ambushade, Marshal Villars exclaimed — "TRULY, IT WAS WORTHY OF CÆSAR." \*

\* "Memoirs of Marshal Villars," quoted by Peyrat.

## CHAPTER XIX.

Louis cool to Montrevel on his Victory—Lalande learns that Cavalier is about to visit Kuzet—Follows him—The Combat—The several Camisard Chiefs defeated in various Engagements—Their moral Energy for a time gone—Cavalier in the Woods of St. Bénézet—His Oration for the Slain—Roland's Energy unchanged—Calls up his People—D'Aigalliers' Plan for Peace—Sees Marshal Villars at Paris—He approves it—Some account of Villars—He goes to Languedoc—Meets D'Aigalliers and Julien—Their Discussion—The former collects a Band of Protestant Volunteers for the King's service at Uzès—The Bishop and his Palace—Villars his Guest—D'Aigalliers sets off to propose Terms for Peace with Cavalier—Baville and Lalande wish to be first in the matter—Employ Lacombe as their Agent—He finds Cavalier in the Mountains—Lalande writes to him—They hold a Meeting—Terms proposed—Lacombe persuades Cavalier to submit—D'Aigalliers arrives also—Cavalier writes a Letter of submission to Villars—Roland enters into fresh Hostilities—Cavalier treated with Honour by the Royal Garrison—Interview between him and Villars arranged.

IN the last engagement Montrevel had shown that his plan was formed with judgment, and had been carried out with spirit, though it must be admitted that a victory of six thousand regular troops over twelve hundred Camisards was not much to boast of. Nevertheless, it was represented at Versailles as an astonishing success. The laurels of the victor, however, were somewhat nipped by the frosty manner in which the king remarked—"If Montrevel had only

begun as he has ended!" Consequently, his conduct was more blamed than praised at court. As to Cavalier, although the last battle, called that of Nages, had covered him with glory for the manner in which he saved the remnant of his army by his wonderful retreat, yet good fortune from that time seems to have forsaken him. We will not follow at large the defeats of the Camisards, a few particulars will suffice to show what they were.

The Marquis de Lalande having learnt by his spies that Cavalier with four hundred men was about to appear at Euzet, determined, if possible, to be there before him, and, with more than double the number of troops, to overwhelm him. Cavalier was returning with his lieutenant to the town after having visited the sick and wounded in one of the caverns in the neighbourhood, when he learnt his danger and the strong force waiting to oppose him. Without the delay of an instant, he called up his men and formed them into battle order. Scarcely had he done so, when Lalande rushed upon him, and for two hours he sustained an unequal contest with indomitable resolution.

Though not entirely overwhelmed, one hundred and seventy Camisards perished, and thirteen women, prophetesses, who, attired as men, had followed their brethren for the purpose of attending the wounded. On the arm of one a gold bracelet bore the name of Susanne Delorme. It was reported that this was the young creature recently betrothed to Cavalier, who had decorated herself with ornaments befitting

the rank she expected to hold when she became the wife of a Cevenol general. We are not told whether she was really his affianced or not.

Cavalier was obliged to retreat from Euzet with as many of his men as had survived the contest. After his departure the cruelties exercised by Lalande on the inhabitants of the small town, and the murder of all the wounded that he found in the caverns, are too horrible for circumstantial repetition. They resemble what we are told of the monstrous acts of cruelty in warfare amongst savages. These aroused the vindictive feelings of the Camisards, but their efforts to renew the war with success proved vain; their reverses were terrible. Roland lost nearly all that remained of his brigade; Catinat's cavalry was destroyed; Salomon was defeated at Pont-de-Montvert; and Cavalier saved but a few of his devoted band. For a time, with the loss of hope, the moral energies of the Camisard chiefs were lost also; they seemed as if felled by a thunder-stroke.

They drew round Cavalier in the woods of Saint Bénézet, whence they issued their commands for the observance of prayer-meetings, fasts, and a general system of expiations to appease the wrath of Heaven. Cavalier pronounced a funeral oration on his companions in arms who had died in the battle-field; he spoke in praise of the piety of the soldiers, but in terms of reprobation of their officers. "Yes!" he exclaimed, "the Holy Spirit has revealed to me their sins and disobedience. They have angered the Eternal, and for their chastisement He has delivered

them up to the children of Satan. For myself, I shall remain with you but three days longer. I stay now to console you, but shall leave you at the time I have stated."

Such was the menace of Cavalier to his devoted and affectionate companions. It was evident that, for a time, the reverses and losses he had sustained raised in him a degree of fanaticism that clouded his reason in a manner it had never done before. Roland, who listened in silence, was of a very different nature. He was not to be depressed by disasters, and declaring that the ill-fortune of the war was not irreparable, endeavoured to act accordingly.

His energy once more aroused, he called on the Camisards to shake off their stupor, to raise recruits, to obtain horses, whilst he sought for other caverns in the place of those discovered and sacked by the enemy. By immense exertions he procured anew arms, ammunition, food, everything which his personal labour, his tact, and his eloquence could obtain for the renewal of the strife. He considered the short interval before the new marshal could arrive as most favourable for his purpose; but he found it easier to prevail with his people to supply his physical requirements than to call up in them the moral energy which would enable them to use those supplies to the best advantage.

It seemed that the melancholy discourse of Cavalier had given rise to a belief that the brigade of that chief, so greatly lessened by recent disasters, was to be dissolved, and this was most discouraging

to the Camisards. We must, however, leave them for a time to speak of a subject which promised fair not only to restore peace to the Cevennes, but to the whole of Languedoc.

There was a gentleman of Uzès, a man of station and ability, named Rossel Baron d'Aigalliers, whose parents, on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, though faithful in their hearts as Protestants, feeling unequal to the sacrifice of leaving their long-loved home and country, purchased the hope of living in peace by a pretended conversion. Age and infirmity seemed to their son to be an apology for their defection; but he could not follow their example, and therefore he exiled himself, obtained employment under the Prince of Orange, and followed him to England when he became William III. At the peace, his father being dead, he returned to comfort his aged mother, who implored him to stay and close her eyes. He did not dissemble his religious sentiments; and in consequence became a subject of hatred with Baviile. Still was he true in loyalty and duty to the king; he preferred to him only his duty to God.

Nearly heart-broken by witnessing the cruelties exercised towards his countrymen of the reformed faith, he dwelt much on the misery of the times, and believing that however vigorous might be the resistance of the reformers who had taken up arms, they must finally succumb before the power and arms of the king, he formed a plan for a general pacification, that was highly visionary, and seemed, to his sanguine imagination, easy to be carried out.

It was to prevail with the government to pardon all the Cevenols who laid down their arms, to grant the free exercise of their religion to the Protestants, and to trust the peaceable among them with arms, which, in gratitude for such indulgence, they would faithfully employ for the service of the king, and put down the insurrection by persuasion or force. This plan was, in fact, very much like restoring the Edict of Nantes to an oppressed and harassed people.

Possessed with this project, and full of zeal to carry it out, D'Aigalliers (in spite of Baviile, whom he dared not ask for a passport,) contrived to make his way to Paris. There he sought and obtained an interview with Chamillart and Marshal Villars, and so far influenced the latter in favour of his plan, that the marshal, who was about to set forwards on his journey to Languedoc, appointed the young baron to wait for him at Lyons, and thence to proceed with him to Nismes.

Louis Hector Marquis de Villars and a marshal of France, was a very different man to Montrevel, or any who had preceded him in command. He was a native of Dauphiné. Of a tall, majestic figure—handsome features, and more especially noted for the expressive glance of his fine dark eyes, his presence gained for him good will and respect before he spoke a word. In character he partook largely of the warmth of his native province; of great vivacity and an ardent imagination, he expressed his thoughts strongly and with much figure of speech: he was a

man of whom it was said that in him "romance and heroism were equally blended." His intrepid spirit as a soldier, with his great military talents, animated by that warlike ardour which he might be said to inherit from the school of the celebrated Condé, soon rendered him distinguished, and preferments and employments were showered upon him. At the peace of Ryswick, he was sent ambassador to Vienna, and at the war of the Succession he commanded the armies of the Rhine. Two great victories, those of Friedling and Hochstat, ended those campaigns, and Villars was rewarded with a baton as the first marshal of France.\*

He quitted Paris, strongly prepossessed by D'Aigalliers in favour of the children of God ; and with that admiration for Cavalier (so strongly expressed in his own memoirs) which one man of genius feels for another, whose abilities he is able to appreciate in a manner almost incomprehensible to a cold, dull, or more ordinary mind. From the first he was of opinion that Cavalier "must be won."

As arranged, the young baron met the marshal at Lyons ; and they embarked together on the Rhône. In descending the river, Villars listened with avidity to D'Aigalliers' history of the cause, rise, and progress of the revolt of the Cevennes, but made no other observation than this — "I have two ears ; always one for each party."

Julien, who was in Vivarais, paid his respects and escorted the marquis as far as Valence. He also

\* "Dictionnaire Historique Moreri."

entered on the subject of the war. " Marshal, if my counsels had been followed up, there would not at this time have been one Camisard in Languedoc. Instead of only four hundred villages, they ought to have destroyed all those of the Upper Cevennes, and have shot every peasant they found in them."

D'Aigalliers, on hearing this, indignantly remarked, " Such a cruel devastation would only have irritated, it would not have cured the evil."

" In what way then would you have dealt with it ?" rejoined Julien with vehemence.

" I would have armed the Protestants" (meaning those who had obeyed the edicts and had never taken up arms).

" You would not find four among them well disposed," answered Julien.

" If monsieur will permit," continued the young baron, turning to Villars, " I will myself undertake to find not four only, but a thousand."

Villars listened in silence to this dialogue ; and though the baron feared what had been said by Julien might prejudice him, and shake his purpose for dealing gently with the Cevenols, yet he was reassured when the marshal told him that he was mistaken ; and that his opinion was unchanged as to the folly of extreme measures being pursued to induce men to return to the path of duty. The public voice soon confirmed him in his views for moderation ; as before he gained the end of his journey, the strongest representations were made to him, even by the

Catholics, that the evil never would be cured by way of arms, for that persecution did but drive to frenzy.

Great, therefore, was the surprise of Villars on finding the bishops, those who ought to be the true ambassadors of Him who came into the world to bring peace and good will towards men, angered and adverse to his intentions of clemency and moderation. Baviile was of the bishops' party, and said sarcastically to the marshal, "that having the Baron D'Aigalliers for his minister, he could not fail of success."

Baviile's dislike of the young baron arose from his own arbitrary will being opposed by such a patriotic disinterested spirit, and from that inherent antipathy which a bad disposition feels for a good one. Wise and good as Villars was, he paused before he determined on his course of action, in consequence of the opposition of the bishops.

D'Aigalliers saw how it was; and with a truly generous purpose determined, if he could, to win over Baviile; he begged him, therefore, to throw aside all recollection of any misunderstanding between themselves, and to unite with him in the endeavour to bring about a pacification, so as to terminate the miseries of the bleeding land.

Touched by the eloquence of the young baron, or perhaps by a fear of being considered the opponent of measures so desirable, Baviile consented, and D'Aigalliers ran with the good news to the marshal, who allowed him at once to arm fifty Protestants,

and to present them to him on the following morning before he continued his journey to Nîmes.

The baron immediately enrolled twenty-four gentlemen Protestants, and made up the rest from amongst the most respectable burgesses. At the time appointed he brought them, the number complete, into the court of the bishop's palace at Uzès, where Villars was staying as his reverence's guest.

It was a sumptuous dwelling decorated with statues, pictures, gardens, fountains, &c., for the reverend prelate delighted in the fine arts, and surrounded himself with artists, musicians, and singers; and with the select society of the glowing beauties of the south, those Languedocian damsels who had been noticed by Racine. At his banquets, for he was most hospitable, the bishop's guests quaffed the finest wines, and all was rich and rare around him.\*

In rising from table, said D'Aigalliers, if he fancied there was any one he heard anything about not so good a christian as himself in his diocese, he would request Baviile to send the backslider into exile without further trouble.

This worthy prelate, not having been acquainted with the peace-making project of D'Aigalliers, on pulling off his night-cap and looking out of the window in the morning, was surprised to find the court of his palace filled with men commanded by the young baron in person. The prelate stepped out upon his balcony, and when the recruits, eager to

\* Peyrat, vol. ii. p. 130.

show their loyalty, and not taking the most prudent way to do so, shouted aloud, "We will serve the king with more zeal than the Catholics," the bishop knew at once what a set of Protestant heretics they were, and was so overcome, either by his emotions, or an empty stomach, for he had not breakfasted, that he was near tumbling into the court below.

Villars and Baviile received these volunteers in the most gracious manner, the marshal telling them that the king accepted their service; and immediately ordering a royal brigadier present to see that they had proper arms supplied them. But the bishop, angry that the guest he had treated with such splendid hospitality should defy his opinions and those of his brothers in holiness, by recommending peace with the Protestants when they were advocates for war, endeavoured to oppose the marshal's purpose. It proved vain, however, and D'Aigalliers, with a commission as a royalist officer, on the 4th of May, 1704, set off with fifty volunteers to seek the Camisard chief in the hope to bring him into a proper temper for a peaceful submission and negotiation.

But neither Baviile nor Lalande liked the idea of the Protestant baron having the honour to be the means of putting down the insurrection; so they determined to outwit his purpose and be the first to send their own plan and by their own agent to Cavalier. For this object they chose Monsieur Lacombe of Vézenobre, a respectable landed proprietor, whose flocks Cavalier had kept in his boyhood; and whom, notwithstanding the celebrity the

shepherd had gained as a general, he always treated with reverential deference as his old master.

Great as was the desolation of Languedoc, and great as were the losses sustained by the children of God, Roland did not despair. With the most fervid eloquence he addressed the Cevenols, and so obtained new recruits, whilst such of his old companions as were cured of their wounds hastened to join the brigade. He had learnt something of what was going on, and that negotiations were not to be addressed to him, but to Cavalier; a chief younger and more flexible than himself. It was his original design (but his agents were unable to carry it out) to gain time by amusing Villars with the semblance of being willing to negotiate, till he had filled his ranks and completed his preparations.

Lacombe, knowing well Cavalier's haunts in the mountains, went direct to Cardet, where he found him at his proposed father-in-law's, Charunel. He at once presented himself as an envoy of the marshal. But the moment he mentioned proposals of accommodation, Cavalier, still smarting under the recollection of his late disasters, exclaimed, "We will not put down our arms till we have freedom for our religion restored to us."

But after this first burst of angry feeling, Lacombe, to whom, as we but now stated, he always paid respectful attention, succeeded in calming his displeasure; his resentment abated, and before the close of the interview he was given to understand that some desirable arrangement favourable to the

Cevennes was not impossible. Still more to win Cavalier over, his late bitter enemy, the Marquis de Lalande, wrote to him with his own hand, using the most flattering expressions, requesting a personal interview, and promising that if this was granted he would procure for him one with Marshal Villars, without delay.

This letter, artfully designed to gratify the pride of the young chief, certainly produced that effect, more especially when he found that he would have to treat personally with the famous marshal who represented the king. Cavalier answered the letter, and trusted his reply to be delivered by Catinat, who, dressed in a most magnificent style, set off as the envoy of the Camisard general. Lalande was at Alais, and at table when he arrived. Catinat, unused to ceremonies, rushed into his presence without due announcement, and Lalande seeing the strange dress and figure of a man with a most wild and ferocious countenance, abruptly demanded who he was and what he wanted.

Drawing himself up with a haughty air, he replied, "I am Catinat, the Brigadier of the Cavalry of the Camisards."

"What! you, Catinat!" cried Lalande, with a surprised and menacing look, "You, who have killed so many in the lands of Beaucaire!"

"Yes, I am that man. I did what I believed to be my duty."

"You are very bold to dare appear before me."

"I am here relying on the good faith always

shown to an envoy ; persuaded that you are honest, and on the word of my brother-in-arms, Cavalier, that you would do me no injury. I bring you a letter from him."

He delivered it ; and the result was that by agreement, two days after, Lalande, attended by ten officers and thirty dragoons, was to meet Cavalier, attended by a like number of Camisards, at the bridge d'Avéne near Alais.

"But he will not come without his troop," observed Catinat, reconsidering the arrangement.

"No matter," said Lalande ; "I shall have but thirty dragoons, and I will trust to him, as he is willing to trust in me."

On Monday, the 12th of May, Lalande departed, taking with him the military party above named, and also Lacombe ; and in order to further the conciliatory object he had in view, he brought with him Cavalier's second brother, whom he had just freed from the prison of Alais, where he had been so long confined. The place of conference was about half a league from that town.

Cavalier appeared, escorted by three hundred of his foot soldiers, and fifty of his cavalry.

The hour of meeting was exactly kept. The two commanders halted their men, and then, dismounting, advanced, attended by some of their officers.

"Monsieur," said Cavalier, "make your dragoons draw further back ; for should they show the least hostile sign, I will not answer for my Camisards."

"Monsieur," replied Lalande, "my dragoons wil]

not move, I can assure you ; only satisfy your Camisards to such effect."

The generals then saluted each other with the courteous formalities customary on such meetings. The marquis immediately after made a sign to his people to bring forward Cavalier's brother. "The king gives him to you," he said, as he put the young man's hand into that of the chief. The brothers had not met till now since the death of their mother ; they were deeply affected, wept and embraced, thanked the general, and retired apart till their feelings became calmed.

Lalande for a while did not disturb them, but at length expressed an earnest wish to speak to Cavalier confidentially ; and in order not to be interrupted, led him on to the bridge close by, where they remained in long and deep conference.

"The king," said the marquis, "in his clemency wishes to end this unhappy war between his subjects ; a war excited by his enemies ; and which must bring ruin on his kingdom. What are your pretensions and demands ?"

"They consist of three points," replied Cavalier : "liberty of conscience ; the deliverance of our brothers from the bondage of the prisons and the galleys ; and, if we are refused our first demand, then the liberty to leave France in peace and safety."

"How many of your people would you desire to leave France ?"

"Ten thousand of both sexes and all ages."

"Ten thousand ! impossible ! two might be granted."

"I demand a passport for ten thousand," repeated Cavalier, "with the expressed condition that we be allowed three months to dispose of our property, and to make our preparations; and should it not please the king to let us go, then that he restore to us our edicts."

Lalande replied that he would speak to Marshal Villars, as he should be sorry if negotiations so begun should not come to a desirable conclusion. In the meanwhile," he added, "in what can I serve you? Here is a purse of which I beg your acceptance."

Cavalier refused the bribe, and said, with a proud air, that he wanted edicts and not money.

After this repulse, Lalande asked him to show him his Camisards, who, like the royalist dragoons, were so stationed as to be unable to hear the conversation of their principal. They had endeavoured to guess the meaning of it by the gestures of both parties. The Catholics observed the proud and resolute demeanour of Cavalier, who in everything assumed an equality with the marquis, covering and uncovering as he did; and sometimes replied to his politeness by only raising his hat.

When Lalande advanced towards the Camisards, they ranged themselves as if for battle, and saluted him. He threw down a purse containing a hundred louis-d'ors. "There," he said, "is somewhat for you to drink to the health of the king." Accustomed to treat with soldiers like his dragoons, who fought for pay and plunder, and not from principle, little did the marquis know what the men were he had to deal with. Without so much as looking upon the offered

bounty, the Camisards exclaimed, as with one voice :  
" We want not money but liberty of conscience."

" It is not in my power to give it to you," replied Lalande ; " but you will do well to submit to the orders of the king."

" We are ready to obey his orders, will he but grant to us our just demands. But if he will not, we will die with our arms in our hands," replied their spokesman.

Lacombe took up the purse and kept it.

At length it was agreed that the marquis should report the conference and the demands made, to Marshal Villars ; and that during the interval of a reply coming from the court, there should be a suspension of arms. All this was done without delay.

Immediately after the meeting, Cavalier addressed his brigade : " Children, if you have relatives or friends in prison, give me their names. I promise you they shall be speedily set free."

The Camisards asked him, " What had been resolved during his conference with Lalande ?"

From Cavalier's own account, it does not appear that what had passed concerning the children of God was a matter for secrecy ; but he could not have told all, as in reply to his people his words seemed to slip from him unawares, when he said evasively, " I can so little tell what passed, that if I fancied my hat knew it, I would throw it into the fire." " It is evident," says Peyrat, " there was a mystery about him, and that he did not avow all that had taken place even in his memoirs." It was commonly be-

lieved, though never acknowledged, that during the conference with Lalande, the most flattering personal offers were first made to Cavalier : freedom for him in his religion ; high and honourable military command ; a royal regiment, of which he was to be the colonel ; and a prospect of employment where his great abilities as a general would lead to elevated rank and enduring fame. "Cavalier could not be bribed by gold," says Peyrat, "but he was flattered by the glory of becoming the pacificator of his country, after having been its heroic defender."

According to this historian, he was told that the benedictions of the people would be his for having secured for them liberty and repose ; yet in order to do this with most advantage for his country, he must not presume to treat with the king ; he must first submit himself entirely to his clemency. Thus artfully worked upon, the young chief was seduced. "He came to the conference with Lalande to represent the rights of the children of God ; and left it moulded to suit the purpose of Villars to detach him from their cause, by visions of his own glory."

Full of hopes, which most probably were not unmingled with some feelings of self-reproach, Cavalier that evening accompanied Lacombe to Vézenobre. The latter had been instructed by Baviile and Lalande to keep up as much as possible the prospect of a glorious settlement, with which to dazzle the imagination of the young and ardent chief. Lacombe, who really believed the plan proposed was for the ultimate benefit of all parties concerned,

performed well the task entrusted to him. He both lectured and advised Cavalier, and earnestly pressed upon him the necessity of his writing a letter of submission to Marshal Villars, as he had by no means expressly declared that he would submit himself to the king. Cavalier was overcome by the arguments of his old master, and wrote as advised; but from what happened so soon after, it seems doubtful whether this, his first letter, was forwarded or not.

On the following day Cavalier assembled his Camisards in an old church of the Reformers, which had not yet been destroyed, in the neighbourhood of Vézenobre. There he preached to them, and offered up a prayer so touching that his congregation was dissolved in tears; and from what he said they hailed the dawn of a day that would restore to them unclouded the free exercise of their religion in peace and safety; and for this hope they considered themselves beholden to him.

Thus, by the agency of Lacombe, did Baviile deprive d'Aigalliers of the honour of the enterprize which he had originated at Paris with Villars, to bring about the submission of Cavalier and his Camisards. The young baron had set out on the 5th of May with his volunteers, but he had been a whole week engaged in searching for the man he most wanted to find; and did not succeed till the evening of the day of Cavalier's meeting with Lalande. A rendezvous at St. Jean de Ceirargues was then arranged for the 13th of the month, when they again met, embraced, and hailed the occasion with

heartfelt joy. The little troop of the fifty Protestants and Cavalier's brigade, embraced also, and talked, and sang psalms together, as if they had been known to each other all their lives, whilst the young baron and Cavalier conversed apart, and freely spoke their sentiments on the present crisis. D'Aigalliers expressed himself satisfied, and thought that Cavalier would do right to submit for the sake of the good cause; and added that he considered it better for the Cevenols to remain in France than to emigrate, provided the king would, as he hoped, grant liberty of conscience.

Cavalier replied—"Although I am aware that the Catholics have not been accustomed to keep promises made to those of our religion, yet in this instance I am willing to risk my life for the benefit of my brethren and for the peace of the province. I hope, in trusting to the king's clemency—and for the king I have never ceased to pray to God—that no harm can result from it."

D'Aigalliers, whose nature was as generous as it was guileless, agreed with this hope, and declared his willingness to share the fortunes of his brother-Protestants; and, moreover, that Lalande might not claim the full honour of having brought about Cavalier's submission to the king, he offered to carry a letter to Marshal Villars, in which Cavalier should himself express his readiness to make such submission. This was at once penned, and, bidding adieu, the young baron immediately departed for Nismes, and delivered the following:—

“ To his Excellency, Marshal Villars, &c.

“ MONSEIGNEUR,—Although I did myself the honour of writing to you yesterday, I cannot refrain from again approaching your Excellency, in order very humbly to implore you to grant me the favour of your protection for myself and my troop, who burn with an ardent zeal to repair the fault we have committed in taking arms ; not, however, against the king, as our enemies would impute to us, but for the defence of our lives against our persecutors, who attacked them with an animosity so great that we could not believe it was done by the order of his majesty. We know it is written in St. Paul that subjects ought to submit to their sovereigns. If, in spite of these protestations the king demands our blood, we shall be ready at once to place our persons at the disposal either of his justice or his mercy. We shall esteem ourselves very happy, sir, if his majesty, touched by our repentance after the example of the God of Mercy (whose living image he is on earth), will grant us his gracious pardon or receive us into his service. We hope, by our fidelity and zeal, to acquire the honour of your protection, and that under so illustrious and beneficent a general as yourself, sir, we shall have the glory of shedding our blood for the interest of the king. It is for this that I also desire that your Excellency may be pleased to permit me, with the most profound respect and perfect submission, to subscribe myself, your very humble and obedient servant,

“ CAVALIER.”

Villars was sensibly touched by this letter, and expressed his thanks to D'Aigalliers for the pains he had taken to procure it; but Lalande was furious; and being next day at the marshal's when Baviile was present, he declared that the young baron's interference had ruined the negotiation so well begun by Lacombe. He spoke with such bitterness that Baviile, who delighted in contradiction, said it was not true; and advised that D'Aigalliers should return and engage Cavalier to come in person and confer with the marshal at Nismes. Lalande again flew out, and declared he felt certain Cavalier would not come. But Villars adopted Baviile's advice, and begged the baron to return and bring Cavalier back with him. And thus, says Peyrat, "the Camisard chief, acting under this continued fascination, descended from branch to branch till he dropt into the throat of the dragon."

In the interval, Roland, in order to avoid being acquainted with the negotiations of his lieutenant (as he always called Cavalier), which he proposed to cut short with the sword, went to his mountains in the Upper Cevennes, where he remained for some little time under arms. But his fiery and resolute spirit, chafed by the suspicion that these pending negotiations were but snares on the part of the king, and urged on by the murmurs of those around him, entered on fresh enterprizes and a renewal of strife and blood. We forbear to give the details of these fierce engagements; in all of them the royalists had the worst of it. Whilst Joani and a Camisard leader named Saint

Paul were active and successful, several officers, some of high rank in the royal army, were killed without mercy, and an advocate of St. Jean, who had bitterly persecuted the children of God, on being captured by the Camisards was literally torn to pieces. These victories and the large booty that accompanied them, had a marvellous effect in raising the spirits and giving fresh vigour to the movements of the insurgents.

Whilst Roland was thus engaged in a renewal of the quarrel, Cavalier, under the influence of "his fatal enchantment," went from town to town in a sort of continued triumph; the people running out to welcome him as the glorious pacificator of Languedoc. By the express command of Villars, the officers of the royal garrisons feasted him and his men, and after these feasts for the body, Cavalier took especial care to afford them the banquet of the soul, by prayers, preaching, and psalmody, as in the days of liberty of conscience. The enthusiasm of the people encouraged the fanaticism of the Camisards, and Cavalier was considered to be in one continued ecstasy for several days, during which he declared it had been revealed to him that he was to see the king. This impression, strong on his own mind, very likely arose from the vast hopes and promises held out to him in his confidential interview with Lalande, whose object had been to dazzle and seduce the dreaded chief, so as to win him over for the service of the state.

In the midst of these prospects for peace, great was the vexation both of Villars and Cavalier, that

Roland had opened the strife anew ; more especially as the royalists complained of it with bitterness. Cavalier did his best to assure them that there had been no opportunity to apprise Roland how favourable were the marshal's views towards the Protestants, and therefore the Camisards had acted unadvisedly, in ignorance of the circumstances, D'Aigalliers was also greatly vexed : and, in order to hasten a peace and so to put an end to all these hostile feelings, he proceeded to arrange a personal and solemn meeting between Marshal Villars and Cavalier, and this was gladly agreed upon by both parties, and hostages for the safety of the latter were to be placed in his hands.

## CHAPTER XX.

Cavalier's public Entry into Nismes—His Attendants—Hostages given to him May 16, 1704—Sensation in the City—Villars—Sandri-court—Baville and Lalande prepare to meet him—In the Garden of the Recollets—Cavalier arrives—Particulars of the Conference—Cavalier promises to send his Demands in writing—Cavalier and Catinat—Eager Curiosity of the Inhabitants—Catinat amuses the People of Nismes with his Horsemanship—Cavalier receives at his Hotel the Ladies of the City—Leaves it—On his way to St. Césaire meets five hundred Persons waiting to see him—Arrives at St. Dionese—Assembles his Troop for Evening Prayer—Prays for the King and for Baville—Villars favourably impressed by his interview with the Cevenol Chief.

CAVALIER could not resist the temptation of making a public entrance into Nismes, where he was to hold a conference with the greatest Marshal of France, the representative of the august Louis XIV. No doubt he was touched with inward satisfaction at the marks of distinction showered upon him; he felt them as the honourable reward of his heroic exertions in a cause he deemed sacred.

On the morning of the 16th May, 1704, he commenced his march, attended by D'Aigalliers, Lacombe, his own brigade of infantry, and fifty cavalry. On the road he met Lalande, who, by order of Villars, presented to him the hostages; they were a captain of infantry and thirty dragoons. These

Cavalier placed in the hands of Ravel, who took up a position with his troop at Saint Césaire. The Camisards were ranged on the heights surrounding the village just named, as far as Jeu-de-Mail and the Fountain of Diana. Eighteen cavalry, commanded by Catinat, alone escorted the young chief. As they drew nigh the city, Lalande, for fear it might seem that he followed the triumph of the Camisard leader, went before him, in order, as he said, to give an account of his mission, respecting the hostages, to Villars.

Great was the sensation when Cavalier appeared, splendidly dressed and mounted, accompanied by the suite we have described: He went direct to the Convent of the Recollets, in the garden of which, enclosed by walls and overshadowed by lofty trees, he was to meet Marshal Villars. That general, with Sandricourt, Bavière, and Lalande, had been some time expecting him; and whilst they were waiting, Sandricourt, a narrow-minded and ostentatious man, ridiculed Villars on his being about to treat with one whom he called the lowest of the people, and who was only known by his crimes and his revolt against his king; that such a man should presume to treat for peace with his sovereign and that a conference should be held between him and the first marshal in France for such a purpose, would, he said, be a surprising record in history. Villars answered with magnanimity, "that such a remark was true, if applied only to what was adventitious, but it could have no weight when it referred to the gallant leader

of a great revolt—that Cavalier was no common man; that it was more worthy of a king to show mercy than severity to his own subjects; and that for a general it was as glorious to end a civil war by pacification as it was to conquer the external enemies of a state.”

Scarcely had Villars thus silenced Sandricourt's contemptible remark, when the shouts of the multitude without the garden walls announced the arrival of the chief and his suite; he had been delayed on his way by the crowds, of all classes and degrees, eager to see the famous captain of the desert. On his right rode Catinat, whose splendid dress, tall person and martial air, and the fiery animal that he managed with perfect ease, attracted much attention. On his left rode Daniel Gui, his faithful friend and prophet, plainly and modestly attired. Behind him came one on whom all eyes were bent; nor could there have been an object of greater interest in the whole cavalcade. It was the little brother of Cavalier; that child whose heroism had saved that brother's life at a moment of imminent danger. He was gaily attired in a military costume, smiling and looking proudly around him, and still, as aide-de-camp, mounted on a small but spirited animal of the Carmague. Then followed D'Aigalliers and Lacombe, the envoys employed in bringing about the negotiation for a peace. The cavalry led and closed the march, keeping the way clear through the crowd.

Arrived without the walls of the garden, Cavalier

remarked that the guards of the marshal were drawn up in a line on one side of the gates ; he caused his own, with Catinat at their head, to be drawn up in the same order on the other. He then dismounted, closely followed by his little brother, Daniel Gui, D'Aigalliers, Lacombe, and six Camisards. These he placed opposite to some soldiers of Villars who were in the garden, in all things assuming an exact equality ; for he knew how much the observance of ceremony would help to support the dignity of a negotiation with an envoy from the court of France. The lieutenant of the guard conducted him to the marshal, who, with Baille, advanced some steps to receive him.

Cavalier was richly dressed, in scarlet, decorated with gold lace ; his long cravat was of the finest fabric, and his shadowy hat surmounted by a white plume, which he always wore, not improbably in imitation of the king he most admired, Henry IV., and for the re-establishment of whose Edict he had risked his life in so many perilous fields. His pale brown hair fell in abundant tresses over his shoulders ; his handsome features and his clear grey eye, with the composed gravity of his countenance, excited universal admiration. As he advanced, Baille and his party appeared struck by the slight figure of the Cevenol chief, who looked as if he had scarcely passed the age of boyhood.

Villars addressed him with a gracious compliment, to which Cavalier most respectfully replied. "The king," said the marshal, "is desirous to stop the

effusion of his subjects' blood, even that of rebel subjects; and his majesty has ordered me to overcome them by gentle measures. I would know, therefore, from the mouth of the chief of the malcontents, by what means it will be most likely to lead them back to their duty."

We have seen that Cavalier, acting under the advice of Lacombe and D'Aigalliers, in what might be considered a confidential letter to Villars, had been induced to acknowledge his past career as a fault, and to throw himself on the mercy of the king; but now that he was holding a public conference, he assumed the tone of an authorised plenipotentiary of the children of God. He replied—"I can, Marshal, do no more than repeat the demands already made."

On hearing this spoken with a firm voice and elevated mien, Baviile exclaimed,—“The king is gracious to treat at all with rebels.”

“If that is what you have to say to me,” Cavalier replied calmly, “it is not worth the trouble of my being present to hear it. I will retire.” Then fixing his eyes sternly on Baviile, who seemed to shrink before his gaze, he added,—“Monsieur Baviile, if we have had recourse to arms, it was you who forced us to take them up—your tyranny, your cruelty——”

Villars interposed. To Baviile he said aloud, “It is the intention of his majesty to lead back his people by gentleness;” and turning to Cavalier, “It is with me, monsieur, that you have to confer.”

But Baille could not brook the cool manner and the just reproach of Cavalier, so publicly expressed ; and he passionately exclaimed—" You may think yourself happy that the king will pardon you at all ; you must not pretend to make conditions."

" It was not for myself alone that I took up arms," Cavalier proudly replied ; " it was for my friends, my countrymen, who confided their lives and their interests to me. I am engaged to them by my oath and by my honour. Things have gone too far to draw back ; we have but to obtain our demands, or to die with our arms in our hands."

Baille was about to burst out anew with violence, but Villars interposed, and told Cavalier it was with him alone he had to treat ; and again asked what were his demands.

They were repeated.

" You insist then on liberty of conscience ; the king grants it to you. You may assemble where you will for prayer ; but you will not be permitted to rebuild your churches. Consider—after having borne arms against his majesty, this grace must be sufficient. If you refuse it, the king will know how to force you back to your duty."

The marshal for some time continued his discourse in a strain intended to be at once conciliatory and threatening ; he ended by saying—" Will you serve the king ? To do so will be better, more honourable than to leave France."

" I will serve the king with all my heart," replied Cavalier, " if he will but grant us our just rights,

and his majesty will find none of his subjects more faithful to him than ourselves."

"Well, then, write your demands, and send them to me."

"Your Excellency shall have them to-morrow, and I promise, as far as any of my people are concerned, that hostilities shall not be renewed till the answer comes from the king."

It was then arranged that Cavalier and his troop should occupy the town of Calvisson till the royal pleasure was known. The marshal bade a generous adieu to the Cevenol chief, and retired with Baviile, Sandricourt, and Lalande, the last of whom it was observed familiarly held his hand, during the conference, on the shoulder of the Camisard chief.

Cavalier called for Catinat and his horse; but neither could for a time be found. Catinat had become weary of his post at the garden door during the conference of two long hours, so he had moved off to the hotel of the Golden Cup; and there his splendid but somewhat fantastic dress, his whimsical deportment, and his jumping on his horse to show how easily he could manage so wild and capricious an animal, had collected around him a vast and admiring crowd. For their amusement he led them on to the Boulevards, where there was greater space to show off his horsemanship.

Whilst he was so engaged, Cavalier remained in company with Lacombe, D'Aigalliers, his suite, and several of the principal persons of Nismes, who had got into the garden of the Recollets, to satisfy their

curiosity and to exchange courtesies with the famous general of the Cevennes. To the gentlemen who addressed him with any questions relating to the insurrection, Cavalier answered with the utmost frankness. He assured them that he had never wilfully rebelled against the king. But Baviile, Montrevel, and others, had not only denied liberty of conscience to his countrymen, but had exercised over them a tyranny, and a cruelty not to be endured; and therefore they had taken up arms.

Whilst he thus spoke (and every word that fell from his lips was listened to with profound attention) it was observed that he took from his pocket a most magnificent gold snuff-box, and offered a pinch to whomsoever he might be talking with at the moment; and that this afforded the opportunity of displaying a precious emerald ring which decorated his slender and well formed hand. It was also noticed that his inquiries if Catinat might yet be found were accompanied by looking repeatedly at his richly-chased gold watch. That fondness for a little display, common with the young, was by no means wanting in Cavalier.

At last Catinat appeared with the chief's horse, and held the bridle as the latter sprang on the animal's back. With gracious words and a dignified air, as if he had studied at Versailles instead of watching sheep in the mountains of the Cevennes, Cavalier gracefully waved his hat and its white plume, in acknowledgment of the acclamations of the people, as he rode to his hotel. In the afternoon he walked on the

csplanade, preceded by two Camisards, bearing drawn swords to clear the way before him, so great was the pressure of the crowd.

He next visited the mother of his favourite prophet Daniel, whose father, a gardener, was a prisoner, for conscience sake, at the Isle St. Marguerite, and his brother in the prisons of Nismes.

In the same afternoon, with that refinement which belongs to a gentleman of Nature's school—for such he really was—Cavalier received at his hotel many of the highest born ladies of the place, who thought themselves happy (says an eye witness of the scene) in being permitted to converse with him; and even if they could but touch the cloak he wore.

Soon after he left Nismes, and on his road, in concert with his troop, he sang the 133rd Psalm, and so continued singing as far as St. Césaire, where he was surprised by finding more than 500 persons of Nismes and its neighbourhood waiting to see him, and anxious to afford him refreshment or to aid him in any manner he might require. He thanked and was most gracious to all, but assured them he had no needs unsupplied; and in order to show the perfect confidence he placed in Marshal Villars, he sent back the hostages with due respect, before he proceeded to pass the night at Saint Dionese.

Having supped, he called his men around him, and made an eloquent prayer for the king, Marshal Villars, and even for Lalande and Baville, his worst enemies; beseeching God to turn their hearts, and to terminate in charity and brotherly love the wars

of religious difference. So ended the day of triumph for the shepherd youth of the Gardon, after the meeting at the Recollets; and truly he seemed likely to become the pacificator of the Cevennes.

Villars had been so much struck by the military genius, the good sense, the disinterested spirit, and the youth of Cavalier, that he felt for him admiration and esteem; and repeatedly declared that he ought to be won for the service of the king. By his express orders, every thing was prepared for the entertainment of the chief and his brigade with the utmost liberality at Calvisson, then the largest city of the Vaunage. The finest house was chosen for him, whilst Catinat with his cavalry, and Ravelin with his infantry, were well lodged and cared for, their numbers being altogether not less than 700 men.

## CHAPTER XXI.

Cavalier sends the Paper promised to Villars—Forwarded to Louis—Goes to report the Terms proposed to Roland—Escort of Royalists go with him—Meets Lefèvre on his way—Cavalier preaches at Lidignan—Goes to the Camp of St. Felix—Roland purposely absent—Cavalier writes to him—Roland doubts the Sincerity of Villars—Cavalier goes with D'Aigalliers to Calvisson—Touched by Remorse for having offered Terms without Roland—Sumptuously lodged—Loses confidence in Villars—Becomes suspicious—His preaching gathers Crowds around him—Cavalier displeased with Catinat—The Catholic Priests angry with Villars for his Concessions—His indignant Reply—His prudent Conduct with the Camisards—Answer comes from Louis—A Colonel's Commission and Pension awarded to Cavalier—The Petition of the Cevennes Members of the Reformed Church returned, with what granted and what refused—Cavalier demurs to sign the Treaty—Prevailed with by Villars, and signs it.

It was from Saint Dionesé that Cavalier was to send the written demands on the part of the Protestants of the Cevennes to Marshal Villars, that he might forward them to Louis, and obtain his approval or rejection of the clauses they contained.

This Cavalier did without delay; and beginning now to think seriously of Roland, in order to communicate to him the particulars of the conference lately held at the Recollets, and the terms proposed, on the 17th May, 1704, he set out to seek

him at the camp St. Felix, where he was usually stationed.

Under pretext of doing him honour and procuring for him necessaries on the road, but in reality to observe and report his conduct to the marshal, Cavalier was attended by a royalist, Captain Montgros, and his troop of soldiers. At St. Mament they halted and dined; when Cavalier, hearing that the gallant Lefèvre was in the neighbourhood, expressed a wish to see him. Accordingly, that gay young captain came with a party of his men to wait upon him; playing as he entered the town a sprightly air on his favourite instrument, the violin. Though rivals in war, the two young leaders respected each other's prowess, so they met with warm expressions of regard, embraced and cemented their cordiality by some flowing cups of wine. The next day Cavalier reached Lidignan, and there he preached to a large number of persons who had assembled from curiosity to see him. He next went direct to the camp at St. Felix. Roland was not there; it seemed that he had purposely avoided meeting his lieutenant (as he still called the young chief), in order to escape pledging himself to the terms of any treaty; so that if he disapproved them hereafter, he might the more easily withdraw from their ratification. Cavalier, however, wrote to him, giving the particulars of the treaty at large; and sent the letter without delay to his brother chief. An answer was returned by his messenger to the effect, that as in the terms proposed Cavalier had expressly demanded permission to re-

build the Protestant churches, and to have repossession of the cautionary towns, Roland would consent to them, and would communicate them to the chiefs of Gévaudan. And to show how sincerely he acted, he ordered a suspension of all hostilities. But whilst he did this, he expressed in strong terms his doubts that the treaty would be granted, or that any trustworthy peace, or any promises made by the Court, would be kept with the children of God; and, for himself, he declared that rather than fall in to the snares of Villars, he would die with his sword in his hand.

On receiving this answer, without further pains to see his brother chief, Cavalier returned, and went direct to Calvisson. He was there welcomed by D'Aigalliers, and took possession of the splendid mansion set apart for him. An immense crowd had gathered to witness his arrival; and, having collected his men together in the most public place of the town, he prayed and sang a hymn with them before he retired.

Now, whether he was touched by remorse for having entered so far into a negotiation without previously consulting Roland, or whether the mistrust of that far-seeing and resolute chief had filled him with doubts of the same nature, no one ever knew; but he seemed an altered man, pensive and thoughtful; and, strange to say, notwithstanding the character for probity which Villars so fully deserved, and his marked kindness to Cavalier, he seemed to have lost confidence in the worthy marshal. He placed

videttes and Camisards, in no small numbers, near and around his house ; had thirty men to sleep in his ante-chamber, and would not walk out without being attended by two Camisards, each bearing a musket, with their naked swords hanging at their belts.

D'Aigalliers and a commissioner named Vincel were sent to him and directed to place in his hands, as hostages, a Captain Capon and two lieutenants, Viala and Despuech, with six dragoons. But even this did not satisfy the doubts and the gloomy spirit which seemed to possess Cavalier. He took into his head some absurd suspicions of poison, and caused the bread prepared for his Camisards to be tasted in his presence before it was dispensed to them. They, however, felt no misgivings ; and well might they be satisfied, for they were plentifully supplied with wine and good cheer.

Cavalier never failed to gather them around him for evening prayer ; he also preached to them, and often far into the night. Sometimes he would preach in the ruins of a church, where the inhabitants of the city and the people of the neighbourhood flocked in crowds to hear him, rejoiced to be enabled to attend the worship of the Reformed Church, without the fear of Baille's spies and Louis's dragoons. So vast were the crowds, who, as they declared, were "athirst for the waters of life," that the ruined building was found too small to hold them ; and the prophets of the desert came forward and harangued them in the open fields without the city walls. On one occasion a storm of thunder and

lightning, so violent as to be rare even in that country of storms, overtook them; and still the prophets and their flocks encountered the terror of the elements, but would not disperse. In this manner from four to five thousand persons singing, praying, prostrating themselves, bathed in tears, with the enthusiasm of devotion, gave themselves up to the unreserved indulgence of all the rites and services of the Reformed church. By night as by day it was the same, and for "the eight days that Cavalier was in Calvisson nothing was heard but praying, preaching, and psalmody."\*

Whilst in this town Cavalier wrote to Villars, and trusted his letter to Catinat, to bear it to the marshal at Nismes. The inhabitants of that city were startled when they saw Catinat followed by two Camisards ride full gallop along their streets, and with that wild and ferocious manner so common to the rude commander of cavalry, heard him boast, as he alighted from his horse, to those who stood around him, that he was the man who had killed with his own hand two hundred Catholics!

A procession of the *Fête Dieu* chanced to be passing at the time, when the priest and those with him felt greatly alarmed at the presence of such atrocious-looking strangers. But Catinat, who knew there was a suspension of hostilities, in order to reassure the priest took off his hat. On repeating the circumstance to Cavalier, he was severely reprimanded for so marked a concession to the ceremonial of the

\* Peyrat, vol. ii. p. 158.

Roman Catholic worship, and this was the origin of the quarrel between him and his colonel of cavalry. Even as it might have been expected, an evil spirit started up in opposition to the toleration so much advocated by Villars. The Catholic priests took high offence; for the prayer-meetings of Cavalier were more numerous attended than the Mass; and they scrupled not to load the marshal with abuse, and even threatenings for his indulgent policy. Villars, indignant at their mischievous want of Christian charity, complained of their folly to Baille; "as if," he wrote, "the prayers of the Camisards could cut the skins of the priests as well as offend their ears." \* \* \* \* "I wish," he added, with soldier-like frankness, "I could only learn which among the whole race of them had sent me those threatening letters, that I might give him the bastinado he so well deserves; for I consider it a shameful impolicy in the very men who first caused all these disorders to complain of the only means that can be employed to overcome them."

Baille was quite as angry with Villars as were the priests; but he dared do no more than grumble, and drop hints about the indifference of military men to heresy: for Villars was a really great man, who, he well knew, settled affairs after his own fashion, and seldom allowed of remonstrance.

Villars, on his part, was not unacquainted with the bigotry that prevailed at court, so he took good care when he wrote to Chamillart about Cavalier's submission to be silent respecting the prayer-meet-

ings and preachings, and their vast congregations, but dwelt with much tact on the ability and courage of the young chief, strongly recommending pardon and peace both for him and the provinces. His advice went so far as to propose that the Camisards should be enrolled and, under their gallant leader, he doubted not they would be found most valuable as an army for the state. He called them in his letter *unfortunates*, not *rebels*; and wrote, "these unfortunates possess the valour inherent in our nation; they have but too well proved it, by an astonishing contempt of death." \* \* \* \* "It is certain that they run to meet the sentence of it singing psalms and praising God; and, in their battles, if they are defeated, instead of demanding quarter (a thing which has never yet happened), they thank those who give them to the sword; and no torture has ever yet prevailed with them to reveal a secret. These are the men who await but his majesty's answer to become enrolled in his service."

At length, on the 22nd May, 1704, the answer came; the Chevalier de Saint Pierre was the bearer of it. Villars himself delivered it to Cavalier. In his way to do so at Calvisson, he met more than a thousand persons of Nismes who had been to the preaching, and these he gently reprov'd for attending the sermons of the prophets.

First, for Cavalier, Louis awarded a colonel's commission in the royal army, with a pension of one thousand two hundred livres. Secondly, a captain's commission for the little brother, the brave child.

Thirdly, Louis admitted into his service a regiment of the Camisards, to be selected by Cavalier, with power to choose the officers for the same; the whole to be employed with the French army in Spain and Portugal.

It was then, no doubt, that Villars returned to Cavalier the terms agreed upon at Nismes, and by him reduced to writing at Saint Dionise, which he had demanded on the part of the children of God, and which had been forwarded to Versailles for the king's consideration. We give them, and their final result.

The very humble Petition of the Members of the Reformed Church of Languedoc to His Majesty the King.

1. May it please the king to grant to us liberty of conscience in all this province; and to hold religious meetings in those places which may be judged most convenient, except in fortified places and walled towns.—Granted, on condition that the petitioners do not build churches.

2. That all the Protestants detained in prisons or in the galleys for the cause of their religion since the revocation of the Edict of Nantes shall be set at liberty within six weeks from the date of this petition.—Granted.

3. That it shall be lawful for all who have quitted the kingdom to return in freedom and safety, and that they shall have their privileges and their property restored to them.—Granted, on condition they

engage themselves by oath to be faithful to the king.

4. That the Parliament of Languedoc, in the chamber formally composed of an equal number of Catholics and Protestants, be established on its ancient footing and principles.—The king will take this into consideration.

5. That the province be exempt from capitation for the space of ten years.—Refused.

6. That the cities of Montpellier, Perpignan, Cette, and Aiguemortes be granted to the Reformers as cities of safety.—Refused.

7. That such of the inhabitants of the Cevennes, whose houses were burnt and destroyed during the war, shall be exempt from all imposts for the term of seven years.—Granted.

8. May it please his majesty to permit Jean Cavalier to choose two thousand men of his own brigade, as well as those who may be freed from the prisons and the galleys to form a regiment of dragoons for the service of his majesty, which shall go immediately to serve in Portugal, under the orders of his majesty.—Granted. If all the Camisards put down their arms, the king will allow them to live quietly in the free exercise of their religion.

The following and concluding paragraph was, as it will be seen both from the wording and the date appended to the petition, by Marshal Villars.

“ In virtue of the full power which we have received from the king, we have consented to the above

articles of the Reformed. Given at Nismes, the 17th May, 1704."

Seeing that the principal articles of the petition were refused (the rebuilding the churches and the possession of the cautionary towns) Cavalier paused and begged the marshal, who pressed upon him to conclude them, that he would dispense with his signature.

"Wherefore do you now pause, when all is as you would desire it to be?" said Villars.

"Monseigneur," Cavalier replied, "my brother, Roland, and the children of God, and even my own brigade, however much they may be devoted to me, would never pardon me did I give my assent to such a peace as this, which can neither be solid nor durable since our cities of safety are refused to us."

"The word of the king," Villars answered, sternly, "is of more surety than the possession of twenty cautionary towns. Know that, after your revolt, you may esteem yourself happy in his majesty's clemency in having deigned to grant any one of your demands."

Cavalier was silenced, and feeling that he was at the mercy of the marshal and had compromised Roland, he signed. His name was written under that of Villars, and Daniel Billards under that of Baville. "These four names remain," says Peyrat, "as one of the glories of the Camisards, and of the most remarkable events in the history of France."

## CHAPTER XXII.

Cavalier censured for signing the Treaty—Reflections on the circumstance—Villars presses Cavalier to seek Roland and obtain his consent to the Terms—Roland refuses—Insists on the Restoration of the Edict of Nantes complete—Roland sends to Ravel to recal the Camisards to the Camp—Cavalier arrives at Nismes—Eagerness of the Crowd to welcome him—Salomon deputed by Roland addresses Villars, who refuses his Demands—Ravel's insurrectionary Movement—Meets Cavalier and insults him—Vincel, the Royalist, interposes—Catinat comes on the scene—Also insults Cavalier—Seize their Pistols—Bloodshed prevented by Daniel and Salomon—Cavalier sends to Villars—His Camisards desert him—He warns them of Danger—His parting Address—Some of the Men return to him—Villars fears for Cavalier's Life—Sends D'Aigallier to seek him—Finds him in the Mountains, distressed in mind—Persuades him to return to Villars at Nismes.

CAVALIER has been severely censured, both by French and English writers, for having signed the articles we have just given ; but, we think, without due consideration of the circumstances. In 1702, when not eighteen years old, he joined the insurrection of his countrymen, in support of what he believed to be a sacred cause. We have seen how, for the two following years, he gave himself up to it, with an ability, a heroism, a devotion, which, his age considered, has hardly a parallel in history. He said himself that in his negotiations with Villars, he had

no one to advise with.\* He believed that the terms granted would not only stop present bloodshed, and the wretched sufferings of the Cevennes, but would lead to other and greater indulgences from the government. He might have been dazzled and tempted, and no doubt he was so, by the sensation his presence occasioned, the interest he inspired, and the honours heaped upon him, with the offers of rank and distinction in a profession for which he was so peculiarly endowed; but there was nothing in his acceptance of those offers which showed the reckless ambition and decided selfishness which has been ascribed to him. Had he deserved such censure, he would not have felt the sorrow and regret which he evinced, as we shall have occasion to show, on his meeting with Roland.

Roland had strictly observed the suspension of hostilities, till the answer came from the court; and Villars, anxious to end the war, and well knowing that chief's consent to the treaty, would be followed by all the Camisards laying down their arms, pressed Cavalier to lose no time in seeking him, in order to obtain his signature to the terms.

Cavalier found him near Anduze, and after commencing his mission by saying that he came to give him an account of what had passed at Nismes, he followed it up by an offer from Villars to Roland, of a

\* "J'étais un enfant, Je n'avais personne pour me conseiller." Peyrat says that history "ne peut être sévère envers un berger qui à dix-huit ans, fut un héros, et qui ne trahit son devoir que par une illusion d'humanité et de la gloire."

pension with the brevet rank of a colonel in the service of the king, requiring, as a preliminary step, his consent to the treaty.

Roland refused to ratify it. Cavalier endeavoured by every argument that reason, entreaty, the hopes of the Protestants, or confidence in Villars could suggest, to induce him to sign the terms. Roland remained inflexible, and became so irritated, that he even used menacing language in his denial. "You are mad," he said; "you forget that I am your chief, your superior; you have betrayed your brothers; you ought to die with shame. I will have no more to do with you; you have become nothing more than the vile tool of Marshal Villars. Go and tell him that I am resolved to die, or to keep my sword in my hand until the full and entire re-establishment of the Edict of Nantes."

Cavalier again and again attempted to reason with Roland, till the altercation became so warm that the chiefs seized their pistols, and it was only by the intervention of two other chiefs that bloodshed was prevented. These used their utmost endeavours to calm the excited passions of Roland, and so far succeeded, that at length he gave consent to their proposal, namely, that Salomon should accompany Cavalier, see Villars, and endeavour to arrange on a more satisfactory foundation than this treaty terms for a peace. In order to avert any misconception, Roland wrote a letter to the marshal, and desired Salomon to put it into his hands. He then appointed twenty-five Camisards to bear them company. But

notwithstanding this, so great was his anger, and so little reliance did he place on Villars, that he dispatched a swift messenger to Ravel, denouncing Cavalier as a traitor to the cause, and desiring him to bring back all the Camisards under his command to the camp at St. Felix.

On the 27th of May, Cavalier, Salomon, and their escort arrived at Nismes. As before, the crowd gathered round the young chief, pressing even upon his horse's sides to get near him to kiss his hand, or touch his cloak, as they blessed and called him the deliverer of Languedoc. Villars, Sandricourt, Baviile, and Lalande once more met him, now accompanied by Salomon, in the garden of the Recollets. In a few brief sentences, he expressed his regret for the failure of his mission; but added, that he left it to the prophet, as the envoy of Roland, to speak the rest.

Salomon pleaded warmly the cause of the children of the desert. "Monseigneur," he said, addressing Villars, "we cannot put down our arms till the full and free exercise of our religion is not only granted but secured to us."

On this being spoken in a resolute manner, the debate was resumed with ardour on the part of Salomon, and angry dissatisfaction on that of Villars; whilst Cavalier, whose signature had pledged him to the terms of Nismes, stood silent and melancholy. At last, the marshal, after three long hours talking, having exhausted his anger and his patience, broke up the stormy meeting, without any amicable result.

Cavalier and Salomon remounted, followed by their

guards with drawn swords, to clear them a way through the crowd ; the former went to Calvisson, but the prophet on the next day returned to the Upper Cevennes, having before he started conveyed Roland's letter, as he was directed, to Marshal Villars.

The letter, like the writer of it, was firm and uncompromising, expressing the utmost willingness to serve the king, but absolutely requiring on his (Roland's) part, and that of all the Protestants of France, the re-establishment of the Edict of Nantes, before he did so.

During his absence to seek that fiery chief in the mountains, Cavalier had left the whole of the Camisard troops he more especially called his own, under the command of Ravanel, who, having received by the swift envoy Roland's angry message, scrupled not to tell them that they had been betrayed by their leader ; that Cavalier had consented that they should be denied their churches, and the free exercise of their religion : and that they were to be sent on ship-board, in order that they might perish on the high seas.

At this exaggerated statement, the men became alarmed, and remained under arms all night, so that when Cavalier arrived in the morning he found Calvisson transformed into a camp, and Ravanel, surrounded by his officers and men, full of tumult and wrath, to meet him. He justly blamed his lieutenant for such a state of disorder ; but Ravanel insolently demanded what were the terms he had been making to betray his people. Cavalier did not deign

to give any explanation, for he too was angered. At length he said, when closely pressed on the subject, "We are going to serve in Portugal."

A fearful explosion instantly broke forth, with cries of "traitor! base villain! you have sold us! Is it for such a peace as this that we have shed our blood in so many battles, and suffered the loss of all?"

Vincel, the royalist commissioner, who happened to be present, rushed forward and interfered, remonstrated with Ravanel and asked him what he had to complain of. "We desire to possess liberty of conscience, or to die with our swords in our hands."

"You should say this to Marshal Villars," answered Vincel.

"To hear you," observed Cavalier, "any one would suppose that you were the master of my troops."

"And so I am," rejoined Ravanel passionately, "as I will show you. You may make your own peace as you please; but my men shall not lay down their arms, until they have their churches."

Cavalier and Vincel endeavoured to address the men, but they exclaimed—"No peace, no peace without our churches." And turning to the royalist in their blind fury, they would have fallen upon him and torn him to pieces—but Cavalier drew his sword. "Retire," he said, "retire; before I permit you to do the slightest injury to this gentleman you shall kill me."

His voice, his look, his manner were determined;

the men became as if spell-bound by one they had so long obeyed—they were over-awed, not a Camisard moved or spoke.

“Ravel is a villain,” said Cavalier to Vincel as he retired; “but go and tell Marshal Villars that I shall know how to bring back my troops to their duty.”

Catinat, whose name Cavalier had omitted in giving in the list of the officers he was to select for his regiment to serve the king, had become as violent as Roland himself in his opposition to the peace, and had roused a large body of Camisards to become dissatisfied also. Cavalier was going out of Calvisson, attended only by a few of his troop and his favourite prophet Daniel, when he met Catinat, who thus addressed him—“Where are you going, traitor?”

Cavalier raised his riding rod; Catinat seized his pistols; they drove their horses furiously against each other—but Daniel and another Cevenol chief, called Moses, interfered, when at the moment, unfortunately, Ravel and his brigade came up. Cavalier, touched at the sight of his old followers and his former friend, reproached him, but “more in sorrow than in anger,” and made advances towards a reconciliation. But Ravel, drawing the brigade around him, answered Cavalier with sarcasm and insult. The passions of both were now roused, and in a transport of fury the chiefs seized their pistols; a bloody conclusion was alone prevented by the interference of Daniel and Moses.

“What!” said the latter; “would you turn upon

our brother Cavalier as if he were a robber? You must forgive him—if he has done wrong in the past; he will amend it in the future—all may yet be well.”

But the conciliatory voice of the prophet could not satisfy the angry comrades around him. With difficulty could Cavalier dismount and get them to halt, so as to give him time to go into a house in the village, where the disturbance had chanced, to write a letter. Having finished his epistle, he remounted. Moses, who wished to continue the war, and, if possible, to preserve for their cause so able a chief, during his short absence made an eloquent prayer, in which he recommended faithfulness to God, and clemency to Cavalier. But the men had imbibed so strong a prejudice against their late leader that they would not be appeased.

Cavalier, deeply wounded by the disaffection of his troop, made a last appeal to recal them to a sense of duty; he even spoke to them of their danger, and warned them that their conduct on that day might be the means of bringing upon them the dragoons. He then bade them adieu; but turning again, ere he rode on, with a voice and manner agitated by contending passions, he said,—“Let those who love me follow me.” These words, spoken with feeling by the chief so long followed and so dearly loved, touched the heart of the Camisards, and several detached themselves from the disaffected troop and joined him.

But Ravanel, and even Salomon, waved their swords at parting, and cried,—“Live the sword of

the Eternal—Live the cause of the Eternal," and so led on the brigade to take part in the unhappy war, the renewal of which was soon after decided upon by the inflexible Roland.

Accompanied by his brother, Daniel, and about forty Camisards who remained faithful to him, Cavalier retired disconsolate. His feelings wounded by unjust suspicions; he knew not where to turn or whither to go. He dared not seek the children of God, so prejudiced were they against him; nor go to Calvisson, nor to Villars. He wrote to the marshal, however, relating the circumstances which had occurred; his fruitless attempts and his despair. Again did he solemnly protest that he was faithful to his engagement, and willing to go wherever the king might command him.

Before, however, his messenger could reach Villars, the commissioner Vincel had arrived at Nismes. Villars was at table with Baviile and D'Aigalliers. Vincel, pale, affrighted, almost breathless, begged a private audience. From him the marshal heard with dismay what had occurred; sent for D'Aigalliers, and in a manner which showed how deep was his concern, begged his advice and assistance—he feared for Cavalier's life. The young baron offered to go immediately to ascertain whether he had been killed by the violence of the enraged Camisards, and, if living, to seek him out.

D'Aigalliers lost not a moment, mounted his horse, and not finding the chief in Calvisson, fearlessly made his way to the Cevennes. In his

despair Cavalier had taken shelter in the only family where he could be sure to find friends—that of his proposed father-in-law at Cardet. There D'Aigalliers found him absorbed in grief; he looked up as the baron entered, and said—"I augur well from your coming; do not leave me, I entreat you, in my misery—help me with your advice?"

"I came expressly for that purpose," replied the baron; and then endeavoured to console the young chief by persuading him to return to the marshal. Cavalier expressed his fears that he should be ill received, and even considered as a traitor. The baron assured him that, on the contrary, his return to Villars would be the proof of his fidelity, and Vincel had already done him justice.

Governed by this advice Cavalier, accompanied by his brother and Daniel, and escorted by D'Aigalliers with about thirty Camisards who would not desert their chief, set off and took the road for Nismes, without interruption.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

Renewed Revolt of some of the Camisards—Injures their Cause—Villars meets Cavalier and D'Aigalliers—Roland proposes a new Treaty—Villars rejects the Terms—D'Aigalliers and Cavalier go to seek Roland in the Camp to prevail with him to give consent for Terms of Peace—D'Aigalliers beset by the Camisards—His manly Conduct—Returns—Villars grants a Respite to Hostilities at Roland's request—Roland breaks his Engagement with Villars—Cavalier received with Honour at Alais—His interview with the Bishop François de Saulx—Goes to Nismes with Villars—The Protestants welcome him—Prayer Meetings and Preachings—His Troops placed on an Island in the Rhone—Villars determines to send Cavalier from Languedoc—His Kindness and Bounty on parting—Cavalier's melancholy Farewell to his native Land.

EVEN as Cavalier had feared, the renewed revolt of so large a portion of the Camisards produced the most injurious effects for their cause ; one of them was that it so entirely contradicted the statement which Villars had studiously made in their favour to the king, who now felt himself obliged to issue fresh edicts, and those of a threatening nature. Soon after he left Nismes with a body of five or six hundred men, and still blending clemency with menace, he caused to be pulled down the gibbets and the scaffolds hitherto employed against the insurgents and the Protestants, who might have preached or attended prayer meetings in Languedoc,

At St. Genies, he met D'Aigalliers accompanied by the unhappy Cavalier ; whom he received kindly and kept near his own person, in order to employ him in the attempt to bring about the submission of the Cevennes.

During a lengthened progress that Villars made in the provinces, he addressed large assemblies of the Protestants in a strain at once merciful and fervid, recommending submission to the king as the most certain method to obtain a happy and a lasting peace. So much were those he addressed convinced by his manly bearing and his eloquence, that Alais, Anduze, Saint Jean, and Saint Hyppolite, and all the towns on the eastern side of the Gardon, responded to his appeal by submission. Their deputies met at Durfort, the central point of the Lower Cevennes, and determined to wait on Roland in order to procure his assent to the treaty of Nismes. They requested D'Aigalliers to accompany them, and he did so.

On the 3rd of June, the deputies repaired to the camp of St. Felix, where they found Roland and Ravel. As the General of the insurrection, they treated the former with much respect, and begged him to give his consent to the terms ; at the same time they added (as they had been instructed to do) that his refusal would oblige them to arm against him as the enemy of a peace so necessary and so desired ; and that if he obstinately persisted in the war, no one in future would supply him with provisions of any kind.

Roland's indomitable spirit fired at this. He replied haughtily—"Return to Durfort; and if you dare appear again before me with such a mission as this, I will order you to be shot."

"And as for our provisions," added Ravanel, ironically, "do not you trouble yourselves; if you will not supply us, we will help ourselves."

The deputation, disappointed and alarmed by the determined ferocity of Roland, returned to those who sent them, foreseeing only the most disastrous consequences from the obstinacy of the Camisard chief. But scarcely had D'Aigalliers rested after his return from Anduze, than he received an invitation from Roland, who said that he would meet him at three quarters of a league off on the mountains. Accordingly he went, but Roland had little more to say than to apologise for the violence of his conduct to the deputies of Durfort. The subject was earnestly resumed about a treaty; and the Cevenol chief, though not without reluctance, consented to a fresh negotiation with Villars.

The marshal willingly entered upon it, and sent as hostages Moubel, captain of a regiment of marines, and Maisonblanche, an officer of Froulai. Roland deputed his lieutenant Maille, and his secretary Malpach, to represent his interests at the conference, with two Camisard brigadiers. To be near the place of meeting, he advanced with Ravanel, Saint Paul, and the hostages, within a short distance of Anduze.

Maille and Malpach conferred with Villars and

Baville; and concluded a treaty, wanting only the confirmatory signature of Roland. We give the items of it as briefly as possible.

1. That Cavalier and Roland should each have a regiment assigned to him to serve out of the kingdom, and a minister for an almoner.

2. That all the prisoners for religion be set free.

3. That the Protestants should be permitted to sell their property and leave France if they pleased.

4. That the Camisards who wished to remain in their homes should surrender their arms.

5. That exiles might return to their country.

6. That no one should be molested on account of his religion.

7. That all indemnities should be paid by the provinces at large.

8. That the amnesty should be held general and without reserve.

These articles, really, differed in nothing essential from those agreed to by Cavalier at Nismes; and as there was not a word in them about building churches and holding cautionary towns, Villars offered no objections; and desired D'Aigalliers to take them at once to the Cevenol chief for his signature. D'Aigalliers departed, accompanied by some gentlemen of Alais, Roland's deputies, and Cavalier, hoping that the presence of the latter might influence such of his old confederates as had hitherto held out, to approve the terms. But his unexpected appearance among them had a contrary effect; they

reproached him in the bitterest manner, as false and traitorous.

This was an inauspicious beginning; but Roland, who knew well Cavalier's worth, and wished, if possible, to regain him as a leader, consented to renew his friendship, and they embraced. Ravanel, however, loaded him with invectives, exclaiming, "that he would hear nothing that vile agent of Marshal Villars had to say; that he would never surrender till the Edict of Nantes was fully restored; that the Holy Spirit commanded him not to be seduced, and not to trust to promises made by the enemy." He then retired, murmuring, to the camp on the mountains of Luziers. Cavalier made no reply to the insulting terms cast upon him, but preached a sermon on peace and brotherly love, that much interested the negotiators. It seemed by what followed that this outbreak on the part of Ravanel was preconcerted between him and Roland for the purpose of trammelling the proceedings. D'Aigalliers then requested him to sign the terms to which his deputies had assented. Roland replied that he could not, as he must first submit them to the prophets, and his own brigade.

After having so spoken, he immediately departed; this was unsatisfactory. D'Aigalliers was therefore compelled to follow Roland to the camp of Luziers. He went forward with his companions, and, in order to reach it, they had to climb a narrow, difficult, and dangerous path on the steepest side of the mountain. On the right arose peaked summits, and on the left

the torrent of the Gardon plunged into an abyss below. D'Aigalliers saw the camp above him, and several men advancing from it. He fancied that he was about to be received with military honours, when suddenly they rushed upon and seized him. Roland was advancing; him they pushed back, and seizing the Cevenol negotiators, pushed them after him into the camp, still holding the baron prisoner. Cavalier and the gentlemen of Anduze were following up the path, and these they pelted with stones until they were obliged to save their lives by a precipitate retreat.

D'Aigalliers was still secured by these ferocious men, who raised a fearful tumult around him. He stood firm though menaced by one Camisard holding a musket pointed at his breast, and two others, one on either side, with pistols at his ears. "Fire!" he exclaimed, "fire!—I am content to die for the service of my prince, my religion, my country, and yourselves; for am I not endeavouring to render you happy by procuring for you the protection of the king?"

This calm courage in the face of danger produced the not unusual effect of disarming the madness of passion. "Retire!" the assailants said, "retire; we will not injure you."

"I will not retire," said D'Aigalliers, "I will justify Roland by my own death; I will prove to you that the terms I have advised both Cavalier and Roland to accept are for the benefit of the country, for the benefit of our religion, even for your

own benefit." The most violent altercation ensued; when D'Aigalliers, irritated past endurance, said, "Let the man who desires a continuance of the war come forward, and I will fight him for life or death."

"We all desire to have war," exclaimed the Camisards as with one voice, and again they turned their muskets on the baron. Malpach and Maille then rushed forward and saved him. D'Aigalliers turned to depart, saying, as he did so, "Fearful will be the calamities which, by this day's conduct, you will bring on your country and yourselves."

"Go, monsieur, and God bless you," said Claris—(the fanatic who had stood the test of the fire, as formerly related)—"go; we know that your intentions are good, and that you have been deceived. Go and labour for the service of your country, and God will bless you."

On this stormy scene Peyrat has some very pertinent remarks; he says, that "the disappearance of Ravanel, the refusal of Roland to sign the treaty, the violence of the guard towards him, and the not suffering D'Aigalliers to reach the camp, the pistols at the head, and the pacifying speech of Claris, were all evidently a continued dramatic scene of Roland to deceive Villars."\*

Catinat did not appear in it; and how was he employed? In the plain recruiting the Camisard forces; procuring horses, and making every possible prepa-

\* Peyrat, vol. ii. p. 184.

ration for continuing the war. But Roland was not yet ready for a renewal of the contest, so he sent Maille to request Marshal Villars to grant a prolongation of the truce till the 8th of June, with a hope, as he stated, that in the interval he should be able to prevail with his brigade to consent to the terms proposed. If they would not do so, he engaged that at the expiration of the date named, he would come with one hundred Camisards and surrender himself.

Villars, though greatly irritated by the violence used towards the baron, yet believing that Roland would show the same respect for his engagement as Cavalier had done, granted his request.

The 8th of June came, and Villars neither heard from nor saw Roland and his hundred men; but he soon learnt that the Camisards were already in arms; and once more therefore the Catholic royalists assumed the offensive.

The marshal himself, with Lalande, and a Captain Menon, marched with a large body of men to chastise the insurgents. They separated that they might the more easily surround them; and whilst investing a village where the Camisards were taking refreshment, some of Menon's soldiers killed two women. D'Aigalliers, on learning the circumstances, demanded justice on the men whom he termed murderers; but he did not obtain it, and said, with a heart torn by grief, "Justice seems to have abandoned our unhappy country: they make war on women and children!"

Menon received information that Roland was to pass the night at the Château de Prades, and arranged to surprise him. But a sentinel, who observed the men stealthily advancing, fired, and cried, "Fly, fly! the royalists are upon us." Roland, in no force for resistance, started from his bed, rushed out, and saved himself, leaving behind him his clothes and his purse, with a good sum of louis-d'or.

Villars having learnt that Cavalier was rambling about near Nismes, went to seek him, and with him Baille, D'Aigalliers, Daniel, and Saint Paul (the last two being Camisard chiefs who had submitted), passed on to Alais. There Cavalier's father was still in prison on account of his religion. Villars set him free, and restored him to his gallant son. Cavalier was deeply affected by the meeting; and, to complete the joy of the occasion, the marshal gave up to him his second brother and some of his friends, who had been detained as hostages.

Cavalier was received with great honour at Alais, and the marshal, who entertained for him a sincere regard, presented him to the famous Bishop François de Saulz, who, notwithstanding the severity said to be natural to him, received the young chief with a regard that was almost paternal. "God be praised," he exclaimed, on kindly taking his hand, "You were a lost sheep; but now you are found; you will soon, I hope, enter into the bosom of the church, as a child returns to rest on that of its mother. You are, I see, very young, and know not yet

what is necessary for your salvation ; but I will instruct you."

With that the good bishop led the way to his library, and producing Bibles and Testaments in Greek and Latin, and books of the fathers, entered upon a learned discourse on the peculiar tenets of the Church of Rome, which somewhat puzzled the young general, to whom the arranging of a brigade for a charge, or a movement for a retreat, was far more familiar than the history of the popes, and the decisions of councils on articles of faith. Cavalier listened with due respect ; but all that he could answer was, that he considered his own church of earlier foundation than that of Rome, he believed only one Mediator, and not at all in the mediation of the saints ; and, thanking the bishop for showing him books he could not read and preaching to him doctrines he could not understand, he took his leave saying that he felt that he was not learned enough to carry on a dispute with such a great expositor of the faith.

The next person who sought an interview with Cavalier was of the other sex, and one certainly having no pretensions to holiness. It was the Sylvia of the banished Montrevel. She warmly complimented the Cevenol chief on his many victories over her late ancient admirer, but reproached him with having sometimes amused his Camisards with the intercepted loving billets that passed between herself and Montrevel.

When Cavalier reappeared at Nismes in the suit

of Marshal Villars, the people were as eager as ever to see him, and gathered in crowds for that purpose. The marshal's beautiful young wife was in the city (for he was said to be too jealous to go anywhere without her), and he presented to her the young chief. "Monsieur Cavalier," she said, "I much wished to see you here; for in any other place I should have been afraid to meet you." She then conducted him into her own apartment, and asked him to preach. He declined, however, to satisfy her curiosity; but, like her husband, she felt the peculiar charm which Cavalier's native simplicity, his unshaken firmness in his religious opinions, and his heroic courage, had given to his character, and acknowledged him to be a more remarkable man, young as he was, than any she had ever seen at the Court of France.

He was lodged at Nismes, in the house of a rich silk-merchant, and, apparently to do him honour, but really with a view for his protection, Villars caused a guard to be placed at his doors. Whenever he walked out four of the royal troops were ordered to attend him, and one of his own men, armed with a fusil, went before him to clear the way, so great was the throng wherever he appeared. The Protestants were never weary of crowding around to bless him, as the restorer of their liberty of conscience with the hope of peace, certain that without the great abilities Cavalier had shown in his unconquerable resistance, the government would never have granted what it had for their relief. He still prayed and

preached to his Camisards and to all who desired to attend his meetings Villars allowed free access.

Cavalier's handsome face and well-formed though somewhat small person, his extreme youth, his achievements, good sense, and pleasing manners, impressed every one in his favour; he was daily invited and feasted by nobles and civilians, and to such as were of the Reformed Church he would say, "My brothers, every one will have liberty of conscience to pray to God in his own home; twice in every year there will be a general assembly of the Protestants. Those who are in prison will be restored to freedom; and, in due time, if we are only patient, we shall have permission to rebuild our churches; but we must be patient."

Some time before this, the troops who remained faithful to him had been placed apart in a small island (Vallabr eque on the Rh one) most probably with a view to keep them from being tempted to disaffection by the active agents of Roland. They were sent under the command of the little brother, now a royal captain, and an elderly brigadier, who had the real command. They were well paid and fed, and in all respects treated as soldiers of the king.

Villars soon found that in consequence of the determined opposition of Roland, Cavalier could be of no further use to him in forwarding his object for a complete pacification of the Cevennes; he judged it better, therefore to remove him from Languedoc before his troop could be tampered with for renewed

revolt. In consequence of the defection by so many having joined Ravanel, the regiment could not be made up to its full number ; it was therefore decided, that the Camisards should not be sent to Portugal.

Villars parted from Cavalier with marks of sincere regret ; and, to set him and his party at ease on their way to Paris, he treated them with much liberality. To Cavalier, as colonel, he presented fifty louis-d'or ; thirty to Daniel, as lieutenant-colonel ; ten to the little brother, as captain ; with one to each soldier.

The new colonel was conducted by guards and civilians, with all honour, to embark on a branch of the Rhône, which for some distance was to carry him and his people on their journey. The Camisards sang a hymn, probably one of farewell to their native land. A government official, who was to act as an escort on the way, somewhat abruptly begged the colonel to silence their singing.

“ Whether on the water, or in the desert, to praise God seems to me the same,” replied Cavalier, mournfully, as he bade adieu to Languedoc for ever.\*

\* Peyrat, vol. ii.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

De Vassiniac conducts Cavalier on his Journey—Arrives in Dauphiné—Entertained by the Bishop of Valence—Delivers a Letter to the Lady Abbess of a Convent—She invites him to Supper—The Nuns present—Cavalier struck by the Melancholy of one of the Novices—She relates her Story—His Sympathy—De Vassiniac takes leave at Lyons—Cavalier writes to Chamillart—Says he must see the King—His request granted—Guide sent to conduct him to Paris—Interview with Louis XIV.—Doubts the good Faith of the King—Returns to Macon—Warned of Treachery and Plans to imprison him—Ordered to move towards Neuf Brissac—Lalande to be governor—Arrives at Onanne—Cavalier addresses his Camisards—Determines to escape beyond the Frontier—Arrive at Lausanne—Return Thanks for Safety—Remarks on Cavalier's Interview with the King.

MONSIEUR DE VASSINIAC, the person appointed to escort Cavalier till he left Languedoc, although he had stopped the psalmody on the Rhône, paid every respect to his charge, and listened with interest to the accounts he gave of the Cevenol war. On leaving the boats, Cavalier mounted the fine charger he had won at the battle of Cannes. His lieutenant-colonel, Daniel, and his secretary, rode one on either side of him. The Camisards followed; and though their love of psalmody frequently tempted them to "intone a hymn," on the road, yet a word from their commander, who knew it was offensive to Vassiniac, silenced them.

As he passed on, the population of the Catholic cantons came forth to gaze on the chief who had been so formidable an opponent; and every one was astonished to find, instead of a ferocious-looking, powerful man like a brigand, a slight made, fair-haired youth, with a melancholy expression of countenance, not twenty years old. The rich châtelains were also curious, and invited him to their tables with the highest marks of respect. His last night in Languedoc was passed at St. Esprit.

On the morrow he left that town and his native province, as he declared, with feelings of the deepest regret. On the opposite side the river he entered Dauphiné, where he was welcomed with ardour by the warm-hearted natives; and so provident had Villars been for his comfort, that wherever he made a halt for the night he found everything prepared for himself and his people.

The Bishop of Valence invited Cavalier and De Vassiniac to supper, and during the evening he asked the colonel what were the doctrines of the Church of Rome which were so repugnant to him.

“Transubstantiation, purgatory, intercession of the saints, and the papal indulgences.”

The Bishop then commenced a learned discourse, and cited St. Jerome and St. Ambrose as his authorities for the tenets he propounded. Cavalier replied, with great simplicity, that he had no learning except in the Scriptures, which he considered as the only reliable foundation of true faith.

The bishop was too good-natured to take offence,

and ended the discourse by filling his cup with some excellent Rhône wine, and drinking it off to the health and conversion of "the heroic Cevenol." Whether Louis XIV. would have approved this wine-cup theology in one of his own bishops seems doubtful, but all present were perfectly satisfied with its orthodoxy. Cavalier mentioned, ere he said good-night, that he was charged with a letter to the bishop's sister, an abbess in a convent of Valence. The good-humoured prelate bade him deliver it in person, and on the next morning he did so. The lady abbess was struck by the good looks and courteous demeanour of the stranger, and invited him that evening to a collation, at which she ordered the whole community to be present, in the refectory.

The nuns, and more especially the novices, were not a little alarmed at the thought of being in the presence of the Cevenol chief, whose very fame had frightened them all, and who had made such havoc with the monasteries. To their imaginations he was as a giant in stature, and an ogre in ugliness. But no sooner did he appear, and salute them with the utmost respect, in the gentle accents of a musical voice, than they were so charmed, they could not conceal their delight, and thanked the indulgent abbess for the sight of such a celebrated young warrior.

To Cavalier his visit to the convent was no small delight. Amongst the novices he was more especially struck by the expression of profound melancholy in the countenance of one, a fair young

girl, who sighed deeply as she fixed her eyes upon him, as if asking his assistance. He spoke to her, and found that she was a Protestant orphan of a noble house of Languedoc, left to the care of her brother, who, himself an apostate from motives of interest, disguised under the flimsy veil of religion, had condemned her to the cell. The poor girl fancied that nothing could resist the power of Cavalier, and implored him to see her brother, and procure her liberty. Cavalier listened to her tale, but told her, with sincere regret, that he had no power to afford her more than sympathy. He promised, however, that he would endeavour to call the attention of the kind-hearted lady abbess to the hardship of her case.

At Lyons Vassiniac's charge ended. He bade adieu to the ex-chief, and a new escort conducted him to Macon, where he was for the present to remain. Whilst there, Cavalier addressed a letter to Chamillart, on a matter so singular, that it was evident he did so without having advised with Marshal Villars. He told the minister that he had important revelations to make to the king in person, and to him alone. Various motives have been ascribed to Cavalier for this singular communication. Some have fancied it was to ascertain if Villars had been sincere with him ; Peyrat conjectures it was simply to gratify the pride of a youthful chief, humbly born and bred, but whose natural abilities and prowess had raised him to such honour and distinction. Something of this might have in-

fluenced him; but we cannot help thinking the principal motive was that which he states in his *Memoirs*—the desire he felt to make fully known to Louis the cruelties which the députies of the king had inflicted on the children of the desert.

Chamillart requested to know the secret that made Cavalier so desirous to communicate with the king in person. He refused to satisfy the minister. Still anxious for those of the Reformed Church, he wrote entreating Villars to set free all of that faith confined in the prisons of Languedoc, and recommended his aged father to the care of the marshal, stating that he had suffered much before he was set at liberty from the cruelty of Baville. At length the expected letter came from Chamillart.

“ TO COLONEL CAVALIER.

“The king consents that you may come to Versailles. The bearer of this will be your escort. In the first instance, he will conduct you to me, that I may speak with you before you are admitted to the presence of his majesty. And *that no one may know the secret of your journey, is the order of the king, &c.*

“ CHAMILLART.”

Cavalier departed from Macon with the bearer of the letter, Monsieur de Lavallée. His journey to Paris, however, was no secret, for the report of it and of his fame had travelled there before him. He still

rode the fine horse won in battle, and the Parisians followed him in crowds from street to street, and not daring to cheer him in the usual manner of welcoming a hero, they ran after him in mute but expressive wonder, and pressed even upon the horse's sides to get near him. His admiring chronicler says : "The angry passions called forth by superstition were forgotten, and the sympathy of the people was shown for misfortune, courage, and glory, and in this they harmonised with the highest in virtue and intellect throughout France." \*

"And what have you to reveal to the king?" said Chamillart, shortly, to Cavalier, on his coming to Versailles.

"Sir, something which I will confide to the king alone."

"His majesty is at mass."

"I will wait his return."

Louis returned to the council chamber. "Sire, this is Colonel Cavalier, the chief of the rebels of the Cevennes, come to implore your majesty's pardon."

Cavalier bowed, but was silent.

"What have you to communicate to me?" asked the king.

"Sire," replied Cavalier, "that we did not take up arms from any other motive than to defend our lives against those who, for the last twenty years, have persecuted our people in the most cruel manner, and contrary to the instructions of your majesty."

\* Peyrat.

Having thus broken the ice, Cavalier plunged at once into the depth of the troubled waters. In a clear and rapid manner he gave a statement of all the miseries of the persecution, sparing no one in the recital, and with great tact intermingling the warmest protestations of love and fidelity to Louis; and summed up all with a firm avowal that the Protestants could not, contrary to the convictions of their conscience, embrace the religion of the Church of Rome. "This, sire, was our crime."

Seeing that the king was patiently attentive, he continued—"It was with the deepest sorrow that we were forced to do that which was contrary to our duty to the greatest and best of kings. But my unfortunate countrymen assure your majesty in my person, that they are ready to spend the last drop of their blood in your service, if in your royal clemency you will deign to pardon that which has passed, and to confirm to them the promises made by Marshal Villars."

"Do not speak of that," said the king, interrupting him with passion; "I forbid your saying one word to me on that subject, on pain of arousing my utmost indignation. For the rest, let the rebels submit, and I shall consider what it may be proper to do with the prisoners, and those at the galleys. Did the Duke of Savoy ever send you money or arms?"

"No, sire, we received help from no one."

Louis then, with great passion, reproached Cavalier with killing the priests, burning the churches, destroying the crosses, images, &c., &c.

Cavalier, though with profound respect towards the King, burst out in his turn ; and spoke vehemently of the cruelties of Montrevel, and particularly of the barbarous massacre at the mill near Nismes.

Louis paused, looked surprised, and it soon appeared that he had been kept in ignorance of that barbarity. "What is this?" he said, turning to Chamillart.

"Sire," replied the minister, confusedly, "it was only a mob of vagabonds that Montrevel punished."

"Sire, I have spoken the truth," said Cavalier, firmly ; "the whole city of Nismes can witness to it. If I have deceived your majesty, I give myself up to your just indignation. I do not deny that we burnt some villages, but it was by reprisals ; and for the churches, it was those which had been made as fortresses against us ; it was in our own defence."

Cavalier's clear and fearless statements, his respectful but manly bearing, were not without effect. The king, convinced of his truth, paused, considered, and at last said—"Colonel Cavalier, will you become a sincere Catholic ?"

"Sire, my life is in your hands ; I am ready to devote it to your majesty's service—but for my religion no consideration would induce me to change it."

"Well, then," replied the king with an air of disappointment, "go, and be wiser in time to come ; it will be better for you if you are so."

Cavalier followed Chamillart from the presence ;

and no sooner were they alone, than the minister took the late chief severely to task for his having betrayed (as he called it) the cruelty of Baville and Montrevel to the king; and asked him how it was possible he could refuse the honour offered him of becoming the king's convert! His scolding finished, Chamillart knew too well the value of the man he was tutoring to think of letting him go; and having been told how strong were Cavalier's domestic affections, he offered him a pension of fifteen hundred louis-d'or for his father, as many more, in addition to what he was already to receive, for himself, and the baton of a marshal, if he would but turn from his faith. He asked, too, (one cannot suppress a smile at the absurdity of the question) was it possible he could think that the religion of the king could be wrong! Would God have blessed him as he had done, if it had been so?

"Sir," replied Cavalier, "the Mahometans possess a very large part of the earth. I do not pretend to judge the designs or the will of God."

"You are, I see," answered Chamillart curtly, "an obstinate Protestant." And he bade him adieu, not however before telling Lavallée to show the new Colonel all the curiosities of Versailles—a place at that moment particularly brilliant, for the court was *en fête* to celebrate the birth of a son of the Duke and Duchess of Burgundy.

Cavalier saw the royal family, the lords and ladies in full dress, diamonds, and periwigs, high heeled shoes, and all their glory. He saw the foun-

tains play and the courtiers gamble, and the favourite dames promenading and exchanging tender glances with the court gallants. He saw Madame de Maintenon going to prayers, or to sit over her tambour frame, whilst the king and Chamillart settled their affairs, which she was supposed not to hear, nor had she any need to hear them, having previously settled with the minister, according to her pleasure, how they were to go.

It must be remembered that the honour accorded to Cavalier of a private meeting with the sovereign, was, by his majesty's order, to be kept a profound secret. He was supposed to have been allowed to come to Versailles only to see the place and the fête. A few days after, finding that he could not be won over to the religion of the king, Chamillart paid him the first portion of his pension, and still under the charge of Lavallée, sent him back to his regiment at Macon in Burgundy. The men there were well treated, sang psalms and preached as usual, and were contented.

But not so Cavalier—he was thoughtful and melancholy, for he doubted the good faith of Louis towards the Protestants ; seeing how strong were his prejudices against them. To add to his uneasiness, a thousand reports became current respecting the intentions of the government towards himself ; one was that he was to be committed to the *Oubliettes* of the Bastille. A Swiss warned him to save himself whilst he could, as he was to be imprisoned for life in a lonely fortress at Neuf Brissac, on the

Rhine, for his enemies were bent on his destruction. A letter from Paris was to the same effect. Such warnings, repeated from various sources, and all with apparent sincerity, made a deep impression on the mind of a man so young and inexperienced, who knew little beyond the people of the mountains where he was born and the cause for which they fought. To confirm his uneasiness, no encouragement came from the government; he felt that he had been beguiled by promises, and that he was neglected, thrown aside when no longer wanted, and what followed was sufficient to call forth his most serious suspicions.

At the end of the month of August, he was ordered to move towards Neuf Brissac—the very fortress pointed out as so dangerous to him. Its situation at an equal distance from the Cevennes and from Holland, made it appear the more likely to have been chosen as a place for perpetual imprisonment. What added the greatest weight to these suspicions, was that the command of the fortress to which Cavalier was to be conducted, had been assigned to the Marquis de Lalande, that Lalande whose cruelties in the Cevennes had been so fearful.

But Cavalier had no intention of giving him the trouble of becoming his gaoler. His resolution was taken to save himself and his people by a retreat; and he had shown in how masterly a manner he could conduct one. With quiet submission to the orders sent from the government, he marched on towards Neuf Brissac. But when arrived at Onanne,

a village only three leagues distant from the frontier, and in a country every way favourable for escape, he called his Camisards around him ; and in a few plain words told them the danger in which himself and they all stood, and his plan for saving them. His word was a law to them all. With one voice they bade him go where he pleased—they would never desert him. This was sufficient.

At nine o'clock that night, he led them forward without the ceremony of taking leave of King Louis, —we do not follow them step by step in their journeying—and on the 1st of September they arrived safe at Lausanne in Switzerland. The first act of Cavalier was to lead them to the Protestant church, there to return thanks to God for their preservation.

“It was thus,” says Peyrat, “that at nineteen years old, Cavalier left France for ever ; having, though yet but little more than a boy, acquired a name which, in spite of his leaving his country, has thrown the reflection of an immortal glory on the humblest homes of the Cevennes.”

We must here pause to offer a few remarks on those writers who have doubted the correctness of Cavalier's account of his interview with the king. Voltaire was the first who did so.\* He asserts that the king only saw Cavalier on the staircase at Versailles, and treated him with contempt, while St. Simon denies that the king ever saw him at all.

\* Voltaire's "Siècle de Louis XIV.," vol. xx. p. 279.

But Voltaire wrote fifty years after the event which he narrates, whilst St. Simon was a contemporary and a courtier. The testimony of the latter may therefore fairly be considered stronger than that of the former. Now Voltaire states that the meeting was a public one. If so, it is not likely to have escaped the notice of a man in the position of St. Simon. It seems, therefore, more probable that the interview never took place at all, than that it occurred in the manner related by Voltaire.

But Cavalier expressly states in his account that the meeting was a *secret* one; and Chamillart's letter expressly said that by the king's own order the journey for the purpose of holding the interview was to be kept *secret*. If so, it is not unreasonable to suppose that it was arranged without the knowledge of St. Simon, who was one of those very courtiers from whom it would be desirable that the affair should be concealed; although it might afterwards have oozed out and obtained a place in history, even without Cavalier's own revelation, more especially as Chamillart was employed as the agent in the meeting.

Thus the fact that St. Simon denies the occurrence of the interview tends indirectly to strengthen the credibility of Cavalier's narrative. That an incident related by him is one of which he might have some reason to be vain, is not an argument which should be allowed any weight in the case against his veracity.

## CHAPTER XXV.

**State of the Cevennes after Cavalier's Departure—Roland still resists—Sends to the Marquis de Miremont—Camisards prepare for a new Revolt—Discovered—Ships with the promised Aid wrecked—Villars still patient—Roland's Terms refused—War renewed—Ronald repulsed—Villars applies to a Lady to endeavour to bring Roland to Terms—Roland obdurate—He and his Lieutenants betrayed—Surprised at night in the Château Castlenau—They escape—Pursued—Resist—Roland killed—His Lieutenants broken on the Wheel—His Remains burnt—Villars' Settlement of the Cantons—Quits Languedoc, 1705—Convention with the Province—Louis' Ingratitude to D'Aigalliers—His pitiable Fate and Death—Fate of Castanet, Catinat, Ravel, and Joani—Abraham Mazel and his Companions committed to Prison—Their marvellous Escape—Abraham captured—His Death.**

WITH Cavalier's departure from his native land the interest attached to his remarkable career departs also; for his future did not altogether harmonise with his past; it certainly somewhat disappoints our anticipations of him. We shall, however, have to speak more on this subject hereafter — at present our task is confined to a few brief notices of his former companions in arms and the state of the Cevennes after he left it.

Roland, who saw how much the submission of Cavalier would dishearten those who were still more anxious to continue the strife than to accept what

they deemed half measures and an unsatisfactory peace, announced to the Marquis de Miremont, who was in Holland, that he, Roland, was unshaken, and would accept no pacification unless the Edict of Nantes in its entirety was restored to the South of France. Cavalier he denounced as one unworthy to support the cause of God; and earnestly entreated the marquis and Labourlie, who was also an emigrant, to solicit assistance from the Protestant states. The latter did so, and so far succeeded, that he obtained from the grand pensionary of Holland a few vessels to convey a considerable body of emigrants to be landed on the coast of Languedoc.

The Camisards, apprised of these succours, in order to be ready to join them as soon as they disembarked, came down in vast numbers from their mountains, disguised as harvest men, to work in the plains of Nismes and Montpellier. But the whole plan failed; a tempest wrecked or dispersed every vessel with Labourlie's reinforcements, and the luckless harvest-men were discovered, imprisoned and chastised.

Roland was soon apprised of these disasters; he saw that the elements of nature and the powers of man were combined against him; but still he remained inflexible; he would not submit, though he acknowledged that he felt an unmistakable presentiment that he was destined to be the sacrifice of his cause.

Villars still showed great patience and earnest good will to end the strife amicably. He saw to

what dangers the obstinate resolution of the chief would lead ; and once more pressed upon him the acceptance of those very favourable terms which he had before offered. But Roland would insist on the permission to rebuild the Reformed Churches, and to hold in possession the cautionary towns.

Villars assured him that the king would never consent to it. The war, therefore, was renewed with much violence, though with little or no success—but the last enterprise of Roland demands a notice. It was an attack upon the Miquelets or auxiliary Spanish troops. He was repulsed, though without much loss. This occurred near the Pont-de-Montvert, which only two years before had seen the birth of the insurrection, and was now to witness its death.

Villars hoped that this repulse must cause Roland to sue for peace, but it did not. The marshal lost patience ; and with deep regret he was compelled to have recourse to severe measures in order to crush a revolt which seemed to have the head of the fabled Hydra ; and was no sooner cut off in one place than it sprang up in another. Generous as he was, he was tormented both by Catholics and Protestants ; priests and prophets alike inveighed against him, the one for granting too much, the other for not granting enough. At length Villars bethought him of a negotiator who possibly might be able to prevail with the terrible chief, and lead him, lion like though he was, by the gentle chains of Love into the bower of peace.

In the mountains of Lasalle may still be seen an old château called Cornelli. In feudal times it was the dwelling place of a noble Neapolitan family, who were proscribed for their attachment to the house of Anjou.\* The last owner of the château left an orphan daughter the heir to his ancient mansion and his land.

She was beautiful, imaginative, and enthusiastic in her devotion to the Reformed Faith ; and admiring the constancy of Roland, a man nearly double her own age, she entertained a romantic passion for the inflexible chief. With a sort of worship, as if he were a Being of a higher sphere, she left her home and all her possessions to seek him in the desert. He received and lodged her in the old château of Durfort, which this monarch of the mountains (when not in camp or moving about with the Camisards) called his home. The breath of slander never for a moment vented the slightest censure on this singular connection of two persons opposite in sex, and still more so in age, rank, and social habits.

Roland honoured and protected the maiden with the affectionate care of a father, and she loved and revered him with the submissive duty of a child. Wherever he went she followed ; in camp or field she would not desert him. Once (we are not told the particulars) she fell into the hands of Montrevel, who did her no further injury than that of shutting her up in a convent and ordering her to be converted. But when Villars came into power, and was made

\* Peyrat, vol. ii. p. 222.

acquainted with her story, he ordered her liberation.

This was the heroine to whom the marshal now offered a considerable sum would she attempt to soften the obduracy of Roland. Mademoiselle de Cornelli—such was her name—declined the bribe, saying that all attempts to induce the chief to surrender until he obtained the restoration of the Edict of Nantes would be in vain; and she added, with modest firmness, that her conscience would not allow her to resist the Holy Spirit. She promised, however, to communicate to Roland the amicable wishes of the Marshal. She found him inflexible as to submission, and the only answer he gave was—"that he would not put himself into the lion's mouth."

But the hour which his presentiment had declared would be fatal to him fast approached. A young Camisard, traitorous and ungrateful (for Roland had been kind to him and treated him as his most confidential agent), sought the marshal and Baviile, and offered for one hundred louis-d'or to betray the Cevenol chief into their hands. The obstinacy of Roland must be condemned, but we cannot do other than regret that so fine a character as Villars should have concurred in procuring the arrest of his enemy by a means so treacherous.

The betrayer said that on the evening of the 13th August (1704) Roland and eight of his lieutenants would arrive at Château Castlenau, near Uzès, there to pass the night. Arrangements were instantly made, and Lacostebadie, commander of a royal

infantry regiment, and fifty dragoons, were appointed to surprise and seize the redoubted chief.

Roland and his lieutenants supped cheerfully together, after a day of much fatigue. All save one named Grimand (who, as the watch, was stationed at the top of a tower,) slept soundly. No danger seemed likely to disturb their repose—when the silence of the night was suddenly broken by the trampling of horse. Grimand listened—descended, and instantly gave the alarm—“The enemy—the enemy are upon us.”

All started from their sleep. Three of the Camisards who were the first aroused, managed to seize the swiftest horses in the stables, and fled by the great gates ere the dragoons rode up and were in possession of them. Roland and the five remaining lieutenants rushed out, half naked, jumped on their horses, but without bridle or saddle, and with difficulty escaped by a postern gate. But their horses became unmanageable; a struggle with their riders commenced; they wheeled about, wanting to return to the stable, for they too had experienced a hard day's work. The riders were obliged to abandon them, and to take shelter in the hollow of an obscure road,—and there they were discovered by the dragoons sent in pursuit of them.

“Yield yourselves, yield—lay down your arms, yield,” exclaimed the officer in command.

Roland, who, though his flight had been hasty, had secured his pistols in his belt and his blunderbuss (espingole) in his hand, placed his back against the

enormous trunk of an old olive tree, and made the most determined stand. Thrice he fired, and thrice the discharge proved mortal to a foe. He then snatched a pistol from his belt, but ere he could fire it the officer of dragoons, who had ordered him to be taken alive, seeing his companions fall around, lost patience, seized his carbine, and Roland fell.

His lieutenants—Grimand, Guerin, Maille, Raspel, and Contarel, instead of making the slightest effort at defence or escape, threw themselves by the body of their fallen chief, and lost in their sorrow to every sense of their own danger, suffered themselves to be taken like sheep for the slaughter. Lacostebadie hurried back to the Castle, with a view to arrest Mademoiselle de Cornelli, but she was nowhere to be found. It was conjectured that, favoured by the obscurity of night, she had mounted a horse, and fled to some friendly shelter.

The lieutenants, the troops, and the body of Roland thrown across the saddle of the dragoon who had shot him, were all carried in triumph to Uzès. As the *cortège* passed on, they pointed to the remains of the chief, who looked terrible even in death, and cried aloud—"Behold Roland—behold the famous Camisard!"

Villars, on receiving the news of his death, instantly set off with a detachment for Uzès. On the following day, he brought the corpse of Roland, laid on a covered car, into Nismes, with the five lieutenants in chains. Baille received them at his residence, and immediately proceeded to the trial of

the living and the dead. The next day the body of Roland fastened by the neck to a car drawn by oxen was dragged through Nismes; where thousands came to look upon the deceased chief, and satisfy the same kind of curiosity with which they had so recently looked on the triumphant entry of his brother in arms, Cavalier.

Fléchier, the Catholic preacher, and several of the clergy were also desirous to behold in death the face of one, who in life had been to them so formidable as the champion of the Reformed Faith. On the evening of that memorable day, with a satisfaction they did not attempt to conceal, those men of God, assisted at the execution of the five unfortunate lieutenants for whom they should have been among the first to ask mercy. They died with a courage and a constancy that astonished all who witnessed the tortures they endured, for they were broken alive on the wheel; whilst the body of Roland was consumed on a funeral pile, and his ashes thrown to the winds. With Roland died the Revolt of the Cevennes; for though several attempts were made by some of the most obdurate surviving chiefs to renew the strife, they were speedily suppressed.

Villars quitted Languedoc in January, 1705. It is pleasing to relate that, before he bade adieu for ever, he visited the Cantons in person; disarmed those who submitted and spoke peace to all; and in order to encourage the people whose homes had been burnt by the barbarity of Baviile and Julien, he employed many of his own men to assist in rebuild-

ing from their ruins the cottages of the poor, and generally remitted the taxes for three years to come. He was received with distinction at Versailles; created a duke with the collar of the Holy Ghost. This great general and good man lived long to enjoy the dignity he so well deserved.\*

The fate of the young Baron d'Aigalliers was pitiable. He was thanked by Louis for his efforts to bring about a peace, and offered military rank if he would only (to oblige the king!) turn Catholic. "I thank your majesty," he replied, "for the care you would take of my soul; but I should be unworthy the least favour if I obtained it by becoming a hypocrite."

To this Louis answered with his customary argument, a shrug of the shoulders; and when, from respect to the sovereign, the baron, on taking leave, asked him for his blessing, the king laughed in his face, and sent him away with little courtesy. But though thus treated, neither did the king nor his ministers disdain to employ him in the perplexing business of settling the Cevennes.

\* He died in the eighty-first year of his age, in 1732. He condemned from the first the system of persecution for making converts to the Catholic church. In the memoirs of his life, he spoke of the war of the Camisards as most ably maintained, and with admiration of the young general, Jean Cavalier. Villars died with the feelings of the soldier to the last. The priest who attended his death-bed told him that God had granted him more time to prepare for death than He had to Marshal Berwick, then just killed in battle. "Is it so?" replied Villars, "I always said he was more fortunate than myself."— "Memoir of Marshal Villars," *Dictionnaire Historique*.

Before Villars quitted Languedoc, he consulted D'Aigalliers, and proposed to the government that a convention should be entered into with all who laid down their arms, though they might refuse to adopt the king's religion (for the faith professed by Louis was held infallible); and that if they felt desirous to emigrate, permission should be granted, provided they removed to the territory of a prince in alliance with France. The Protestants at first demurred, as they wished to be free to go where they pleased; but D'Aigalliers satisfied them that there was no hardship in the measure, and they consented. Louis, by the advice of Villars, did the same; all difficulty was removed, and Chamillart on the part of the Catholics, and D'Aigalliers on that of the Protestants, signed this document. D'Aigalliers felt that he had rendered an important service to the Cevenols, for many desired emigration. But little did he think that he was himself to be compelled not only to conduct the first band of exiles, but to share their banishment. The fact was that his punishment was due, not to having given offence by refusing to be the king's convert, but to his having, like Cavalier, exposed to Louis the intolerable cruelty and despotism of Baville, Montrevel, and others.

From the first, Villars had represented to the king in the strongest terms the services of the baron, so that a pension of twelve hundred livres yearly was granted him. But Louis was offended, and the minister insisted on his expulsion. Before setting off, he paid a farewell visit to his native town of

Uzès, removed thence, and carried with him his aged mother, Cavalier's second brother, and thirty Camisards, who were to share his exile. "I leave," he said, with much emotion, "I leave my country, which I feel has treated me with great ingratitude for having laboured to procure its peace. But I am ready to depart."

He went to Geneva with the exiles, and there, to relieve the melancholy hours of his banishment, he wrote a history of the insurrection of the Cevennes, which has been described as "a precious memorial, austere and impassioned as the writer." He was shamefully treated, for his pension was never paid, and the rents from his estates were detained from him. Reduced, by this conduct on the part of the government, to indigence, he considered that he had a right to return, and live on his barony. But his services being no longer needed, vengeance overtook him, with safety to those who inflicted it. By order of the minister he was seized at Lyons and sent to the strong castle of Loches—a prison house, whence there was no escape but that afforded by the great deliverer, Death.

But D'Aigalliers was young and brave, and had no intention, if he could avoid it, of ending his days in the gloom of a prison. He broke a bar of iron from the window of his cell, and with it knocked down the first sentinel who opposed him; he was about to pass the outer walls of the castle, when another of the guards saw him, aimed, and shot him dead on the spot. Such was the recompense for the great services

which the unfortunate young baron had rendered to his country and to that ingrate, Louis XIV.

Though by the clemency of Villars, Castanet, Catinat, and others had been allowed to exile themselves to Geneva, they did not rest there in peace. After a time, they returned to the Cevennes, and entered on fresh attempts at revolt, in order to obtain the full restoration of the Edict of Nantes. They failed; Castanet was soon taken, and brought before Baviile, who condemned him to the wheel. He suffered with unshaken constancy. In his last moments, two ecclesiastics of rank troubled him by efforts for his conversion. Impatient at their threatenings of eternal misery, in the midst of his agony he exclaimed, in fury, "Go, go to the abyss whence you came up. What have you to do with me? Away, cursed tempters!" And when they still troubled him, he cried aloud, "Executioner, finish your work!" He did so; and thus perished Castanet at Nismes, with a firmness that struck awe even into the hearts of his enemies.\*

Various plots for the renewal of the insurrection were discovered, in one of these Catinat and Ravanel were deeply involved. Baviile was their judge, and awarded a fearful sentence to both. It commenced

\* Baviile wished to send the widow of Castanet to the gibbet—but her life was saved by her condition. She was sent as a prisoner to the Gitadel, and was there delivered of a daughter, who survived to regain, many years after, the estate of her father. She married a Monsieur De Malaval, and by that union the posterity of Castanet still exists in Massavaque—his birth-place—for whose preservation he felt so much anxiety during the war.

with torture, to draw from them the names of the accomplices who had furnished them with arms. Catinat was a man of an iron frame; he bore the first part of the suffering bravely; but when it came to that of the bones (said to be the most exquisite of all torture) his constancy gave way, and he betrayed the names of some who had assisted him. Whilst this fiend-like punishment was going on, the scaffold and the pile of faggots were raised to conclude the scene. Baviile, however, interposed; he considered that it was too late to finish with the victims that night; so, with their bones partly crushed (the very thought is sickening) they were taken back to their cells.

At ten o'clock the following day they were conducted to the place of execution. A double row of guards surrounded the scaffold. An iron chain was fastened round the neck of Catinat and Ravanel, and so they were bound to the stake and to each other back to back in chairs. Though in such a state of suffering from the torture of the previous day, no sooner did Ravanel see the torch set to the pile than he commenced singing a hymn of death with a strong, though broken voice. "He died," said a priest who looked on, "with a ferocious constancy."

There was something singularly touching in the fate of these chiefs; they were alike in that spirit which had rendered them terrible in battle, and unsparing in victory. They had shared the same dangers in the same bloody conflicts; they were associates in the last attempt to call up the revolt

anew; they underwent the same torture, and perished at the same stake.

The fate of the rest of the insurgents was calamitous. Joani, after an obstinate resistance was taken prisoner, and mounted behind the dragoon who had captured him. On crossing a bridge of the Tarn he slid off the horse, and bounding over the wall of the bridge, plunged into the river. Though an excellent swimmer, he did not swim far; being fired upon, he was wounded and drowned.

But the most remarkable of the adventures of the Cevenol chiefs, were those of Abraham Mazel, and seventeen of his brothers in adversity.

When that worthy ancestor of the reigning king, Louis IX., thought it a sacred duty to free Jerusalem, and to convert infidels by sword and lance, it was necessary to appoint a place for the embarkation of his crusaders. No place seemed so convenient as Aigues Morte; he therefore purchased it, and there built a strong castle, and made a port of no great extent for the boats and small craft, to communicate by a canal with the harbour on the sea. The castle was one of great strength and gloom, and the most formidable portion, a tower called *Tour de Constance*, which served as a citadel, and in the time of Louis XIV. as a prison, still exists; it is ninety feet in height, and more than sixty in diameter, surmounted by a turreted lighthouse.

Abraham Mazel, with seventeen of his Camisards, had been condemned to death, but some powerful influence in their behalf prevailed with Baille to

commute the sentence for perpetual confinement in the tower of Constance. The companions of Abraham, on entering, expressed their horror at such a fate, but he bade them not despair, saying, "I will find a way to lead you out of this living tomb." The tower had three large ranges or stories. In the upper chamber of these, for six months, did Abraham and some of his brethren work incessantly during the silence of the night. They got from the side of a loophole a large stone and a bar of iron, and widened the hole. How all this was done we are not told; we must, therefore, conclude that the stone was replaced during the hours of the day, to prevent detection. Each prisoner had a truckle bed against the wall, and each had a blanket. These blankets they contrived to cut up and bind together, so as to make a strong rope; and this was fastened on the iron bar across the widened opening.

The intrepid Abraham, who had projected the plan, took advantage of the first dark night, and was the first to make the descent of eighty feet to the ground. He did it in safety. Sixteen followed; the last, however, in some way deranged the apparatus, and man and rope came down together; he was unhurt. It is necessary to observe that the prisoners had been considered so secure that the watch was not closely kept. Abraham and his companions avoided the sentinel, and got over the double range of the enclosure walls, crossed the marshes, then dry by the summer heats, and managed to reach the Upper Cevennes in perfect safety. It is grievous to add

that some time after, the fanaticism of Abraham induced him to make another fruitless attempt to call up the Camisards; he was taken, and, by order of Lalande, broken alive on the wheel. This was the last terrible suffering of a Cevenol chief.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

Brief Notice of the close of the Reign of Louis—Its Calamities, public and private—The Cevennes—Rise and progress of the Insurrection—Cavalier's military Genius—Conclusion of his Career—Goes to Holland—Marries there—Goes to London to recruit his Regiment—Interview with Queen Anne—Government decides to send Troops with the Allies of England to Spain—Cavalier's Regiment goes with them—Battle of Almanza—Cavalier wounded—Saved from among the Dead—His last Day of Battle—Returns to England—Made Major-General and Governor of Jersey—Writes his Memoirs—Peyrat's Opinion of them—Removed to be Governor of the Isle of Wight—Dies at Chelsea—His Funeral—Certificate of his Burial—Remarks on his Character and Genius—On Roland and the other Chiefs—On the nature, spirit, and conduct of the War of the Cevennes—Conclusion.

To close the story of the Cevennes without some slight notice of the royal persecutor, the author of all the misery we have had to narrate, would not be doing justice to the subject.

Although in private life the law of charity forbids us to judge another, and requires us to cover rather than expose our brother's fault, it is not so in history. We do not read its pages aright, unless we strive to trace in the lives of nations and their rulers the course of God's Providence ; His rewards, His chastisements, His guiding hand, and His retributive justice. In considering the events of the

latter part of the reign of Louis XIV., it is no want of charity to see in the calamities with which he was overwhelmed, the righteous awards of a power greater than man's, and the dispensations of a wisdom which it would be profane to confound with accident or fortune. Certainly they should be regarded as an awful warning to princes, while we can trace in them a purpose of mercy to the ruler and the man, who was their immediate subject.

Louis was characterised by vanity, bigotry, and despotism. He sought to gratify his ambition by conquest; and thought to make amends for his immoralities by employing proscription, confiscations, governors and dragoons, the galleys, the gibbet, the axe, and the wheel, as instruments of conversion to the church of Rome. He carried desolation without remorse into the Vivarais and Dauphiné. For nearly ten years he drove on a cruel war by fire and sword, till the palatinate was utterly ravaged and destroyed, towns, castles, villages, cottages, burnt to ashes, and the lives of many hundred thousands of human beings sacrificed! We need say no more than our narrative has already stated of the suffering of Languedoc and the Cevennes. And all this was accomplished with no real advantage to his own people of the Catholic faith. The finances of the realm were drained, commerce ruined, and the most quiet and laborious part of the population that escaped death, or the galleys, carried into exile their arts and manufactures to enrich foreign lands.\*

\* "Histoire de France," Henri Martin, vols. xiii. and xiv. Sa.

These were some of the most important acts of Louis, hailed the Great, by the voice of self-interested statesmen, courtiers, and mistresses. But he was not allowed to die in his glory; a change came, and a mighty one. To the English reader we need only mention the name of John, Duke of Marlborough, in order to show what humiliation was awarded him. The defeat of Hochstadt, where the whole of Louis' infantry, some thousands in number, and four regiments of his merciless dragoons, surrendered without striking a blow; the lost battles of Malplaquet (we do not follow these events in regular dates), the triumph of Blenheim for the English, the retreat of the French hosts at Ramillies, and the defeats at Turin, succeeded one after the other to crush the pride and despotism of Louis as one thunder-stroke succeeds another, until amid the pitiless pelting of the storm, the lightning blasts the loftiest tree, and leaves it a witness of the wrath of Him that rules the tempest! These were troubles; but there were more than these in store for him, troubles that came home to the heart of the father, and the man.

The winter of 1708, that commenced in December and continued through January, 1709, was the severest of any on record in Europe. By a frost, that set in unusually early, all the rivers in France became frozen, and even the sea near the shores a mass of solid ice. All the vines and fruit-trees pe-  
Simon's "Memoirs." Smile's "Huguenots." Peyrat's "Histoire des Pasteurs du Désert."

ished, and the walnuts, the chesnuts, and the olives, that form the principal articles of food to the poor of the south, were destroyed. The grain sown in the autumn rotted in the ground; the cattle died for want of food; the birds, in some places, dropped dead from the leafless boughs—"the famine was sore in the land." All was want, misery, and death. "No trade throve," said an eloquent writer, "but the making of coffins." Louis' domestic sorrows completed the train of woe.

The eldest surviving offspring of his marriage was the dauphin, called Monseigneur. He had attained his fiftieth year, when, in April, 1711, he sickened of the small-pox and died. He was one of the dullest of human beings; indolent, easy, with no turn for persecution, he never contradicted his father in politics but once, when he would not join with the king and his minister in advocating the repeal of the Edict of Nantes. Louis, who cared nothing for him when he was alive, was grieved by his death.

The dauphin's eldest son, the Duke de Bourgoyne, twenty-nine years old, succeeded as dauphin; but he was not destined to be long so called. His young duchess, described by St. Simon as the most charming woman of her time, sickened of what seems, by his account, to have been scarlet fever; and her husband, who was fondly attached to her, hung over her dying bed, caught the fever, and survived her only a few days; he died in January, 1712. He had been so carefully educated by the wise and excellent Fénelon, Bishop of Cambray, and was natu-

rally so good, that his death was truly a national loss.

The death of the young pair was ascribed to poison administered by the Duke of Orléans, who, though certainly bad enough not to be scrupulous, does not appear to have been in any way guilty of that crime. The eldest son of the deceased, the Duke de Bretagne, five years old, became dauphin; in less than a month he sickened and died of what was said to be measles. The next child, the Duke d'Anjou, two years old, sickened also, and for a time was not expected to survive; he recovered, however, and lived to mount the throne as Louis XV. "Thus," says St. Simon, "three dauphins died in less than one year; the father, mother, and eldest son in twenty-four hours."

The next royal death was that of Louis's grandson, the Duke de Berri, who was the third son of the first-named dauphin; he was so ignorant as not to be able to read without difficulty, but he was amiable and timid, and Louis deplored him as the last prop to which he hoped to cling for the support of his declining age. Louis' last days were also troubled by the two most violent factions in the state, both anxious to secure the regency as soon as the breath might be out of his body. One was the Orléans faction, the other that of the Duke de Maine, the king's natural son, who was patronised by Madame de Maintenon. The latter parties allowed him no peace till he consented to make a codicil to his will according to their wishes; which, as soon as the

king died, was set aside by the Duke of Orléans, as worthless. Such were the closing scenes of the old, suffering, and broken-hearted Louis XIV. He expired in great pain, deserted in his last hours by those he most regarded, on the morning of September 1st, 1715.

To return to the Cevennes.

The circumstances of the origin, rise, and progress of the insurrection, certainly present us with scenes of a truly wonderful character. In defiance of the winter's ice and snows, in the midst of want of food, shelter, and sufferings of every description, the heroic Cevenols fought for what they believed to be the cause of God. Never at any time had they numbered more than three thousand Camisards in arms; and those kept their ground against all the armies sent against them, which at the last numbered no less than sixty thousand men, and never were entirely subdued. Amongst the chiefs or leaders, Cavalier, as has been seen, was the most remarkable, not for intrepid courage, as in that particular Roland and even Catinat were his equals, but for his genius in the field.

We have already stated that on leaving France in consequence of his not ill-grounded suspicions that Louis did not mean to keep faith with him, he went to Switzerland, where he offered to enrol his regiment of Camisards in the service of Victor Amadeus, an ally of the Grand Pensioner of Holland. Soon after he was sent to that country, and whilst there married the eldest daughter of a Madame Du-

noyer, a lady of Nismes. By this union he became the grandson-in-law of a distinguished Calvinistic preacher, Samuel Petit.\*

Not very long after his marriage he was called upon to exert himself in the element for which he was most fitted—that of war; where he soon rendered himself conspicuous. To enlarge his regiment he came to London, where so many of the French Protestant emigrants were in exile, and was most successful in raising recruits among them.

His fame had long preceded him, and Queen Anne honoured him with an interview, and treated him with marked attention; till, unfortunately, she asked him if he believed that during his ministration in the Cevennes he had really been inspired by the Holy Spirit: on replying that he did so, the good queen, who seems to have made no allowance for the fanaticism which characterised the war of the Cevenols, immediately turned her back upon him. So the story goes; but there is another version of it, which runs thus:—It was the common belief of the Camisards that the spirit of inspiration quitted their prophets when they left Languedoc, and that when Cavalier was admitted to the presence of the queen, she asked him, if God continued to visit him with inspirations; and he, deeply affected by the question, bowed his head, wept, but made no reply.†

\* Samuel Petit, though a Calvinist, was the nephew of Father Coton, Catholic confessor to Henry IV., and nephew also to Père La Chaise, confessor to Louis XIV.

† Peyrat, vol. ii. p. 539.

Although not twenty-two years old, Cavalier was soon engaged in active service and in command. The government of Queen Anne decided to unite with the powers then in alliance with England to land troops in Spain in order to snatch the crown from the head of Philip V. and place it on that of Charles III. The command of the expedition was given to the Earl of Peterborough, who was appointed Joint-Admiral with Sir Cloudesley Shovel. The fleet sailed from England in May, 1705. It is quite foreign to these pages to follow up the vicissitudes which attended the fortunes of the allies further than to say that Cavalier, at the head of his regiment, was engaged in the strife, and that the French were amongst his antagonists.

In the course of the contest a furious battle was fought near the Moorish town of Almanza, when Cavalier and his Camisards came face to face with a French regiment that had opposed him in the war of the Cevennes. The men recognised each other; and in the bitterness of feeling entertained on both sides they did not fire, but rushed on each other with the more deadly weapon—the bayonet. Cavalier's regiment consisted of seven hundred men; the French had the advantage of numbers, but not in valour; the slaughter was so fearful that not more than three hundred of Cavalier's regiment survived the battle. He was severely wounded, and lay for some time among the dead; but an English officer seeing that life was not extinct, contrived his rescue and escape. "Marshal Berwick" (says the

author of the Huguenots) "though familiar with fierce encounters, never spoke of this tragical event without deep emotion." \* It was Cavalier's last and most terrible day of battle. His favourite lieutenant-colonel, Daniel, and eighteen of his officers, with more than half his men, were killed; and the rest, for the greater part, prisoners or wounded. The battle of Almanza was lost to the allies; the leaders capitulated. Soon after the Duke of Savoy and Prince Eugene attempted to invade the south of France by the maritime Alps. Cavalier embarked with the remnant of his regiment to join them, in the hope that the Cevenols would also take part in the enterprise. It failed altogether, and seeing he could be of no service to his countrymen, Cavalier returned to England.

His fame was in no manner lessened by failure or defeat; his intrepidity and conduct in the field were highly commended. On his return to England, however, his reward was a pension so small that it barely supported his necessities, and did not save him from debt. Long and earnestly did he solicit active employment. At length he was raised to the rank of major-general, and appointed governor of Jersey. It is not at all improbable that he was chosen for that honourable appointment, on account of the vast number of Protestants who had fled to the island from the persecution of Louis XIV.

During his hours of peaceful retirement, he amused

\* "The Huguenots," by S. Smiles, p. 224.

himself by writing his memoirs. It seems that there was another work said to have been dictated by him to an amanuensis; but Peyrat speaks of the memoirs (to which he refers) as written by Cavalier's own hand; and says that, in giving an account of the wars of the Cevennes, his meaning is often so obscure that it seems as if the enterprises in which he was engaged had left only an uncertain and confused recollection in his mind, like the fantastic images of a dream, and that he spoke very little of Roland, Castanet and his brother chiefs. The fact was, that Cavalier was a better soldier than a scholar—he had neither education nor opportunity of self-instruction sufficient to make him an author; he threw together the principal events of his life as they occurred to him, without that order so necessary to the clearness of a regular narrative. But this, however, arose from no want of natural ability. Marshal Villars spoke of the good sense of his conversation; and his addresses to his followers, when he spoke from the feelings inspired by the occasion, were really eloquent.

After his appointment at Jersey his life became too quietly uniform to afford any animating scenes for the biographer. He must have heard, that the war, after many wild and ill-concerted enterprises to renew it, was brought to an end in 1710 by the pacification of Languedoc. We do not know for what reason Cavalier was removed from Jersey and appointed Governor of the Isle of Wight.\* But he

\* Peyrat, vol. ii. p. 379.

did not remain there till his death ; an event which occurred in May, 1740, when he was in the 56th year of his age. He died at Chelsea, and there, in the churchyard of St. Luke's, his remains were consigned to their rest.\*

It would have been interesting to know something more than we do of the last days of such a man as Cavalier, but no particulars have come down to us. His character and his career seem unique in the long and painful history of the religious wars in France. That a simple peasant boy, whose employment was watching sheep and baking bread, should have achieved what he did before he was twenty years old, was truly marvellous. His education was nothing more, we may be certain, than being able to read and write ; probably he had been taught by his mother, who by her appreciation of Claude Brousson, seems to have been superior to the women of her station in the Cevennes. By taking her son, when but a child, to hear him preach, she fostered his religious impressions, and they grew with his growth and strengthened with his strength.

\* Mr. Smiles, in "The Huguenots," (p. 224), says that Cavalier's "remains were conveyed to Dublin for interment in the French refugee cemetery." If so, they must have been removed from their original resting place. The present incumbent of St. Luke, the Rev. G. Blunt, has obliged the writer of these pages with the Certificate of Cavalier's burial. Here is a copy of it :—

" St. Luke, Chelsea.  
Burial, A. D. 1740.  
May 18. Brigadier John Cavallier.  
Sloane Elamere, Rector."

In religious training there is a softening and humanising power that when deeply felt gives a refinement even to the humblest, though secular education may be wanting. The truly religious can never be classed with the wholly ignorant and the vulgar. This was most conspicuous in Cavalier. In the midst of his hard work, his arduous position, and the rough association of his companions, we find in him a chivalrous bearing and a generosity little seen in any other of the chiefs; whilst his manner of avenging the murder of Madame de Miramand, and the respect he felt for the laws, prompting him to write even to his greatest enemy in order to justify himself on that occasion, has in it something of Roman grandeur. His reverence for his mother, his anxiety for his father, his love for his little brother, and his deference for his old master, Lacombe, display a deep-rooted affectionateness, as noble as it was amiable. We never find him forgetful of the sick, the wounded, or the friend.

Roland and the other chiefs, as we before observed, were his equals in courage; but except in one or two instances, when exasperated beyond human patience, by the cruelty of the persecution, by the insult offered to his mother's remains, and the murders of the wretched inhabitants of Lascours, we never see in him that ferocity which became at last so fearful, so un pitying in the Camisard chiefs. Roland's character was marked by a dark, gloomy, unsparing, enthusiasm; Cavalier's by a hopeful but somewhat melancholy spirit. The one was obstinate and im-

practicable ; the other, though firm on just occasions, was amenable to reason, resolute on principle, but never obstinate through temper.

Roland organised and directed an insurrection with great ability, perseverance, and activity ; he took his standing point on the restoration of the Edict of Nantes, full and perfect ; he would accept no less ; all minor concessions he treated with contempt. Cavalier never consented, even when tempted by the dazzling offers of the king, to renounce the faith in which he was born and bred ; but he was content to receive permission for its exercise in private and in peace, hoping and believing that with time the indulgence for public worship and rebuilding the churches would follow.

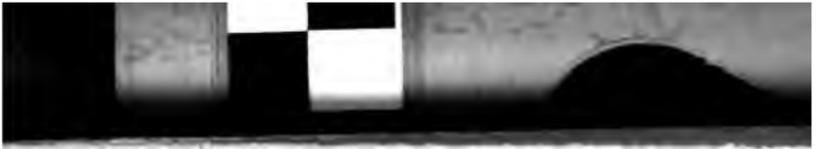
Roland, by his obstinate refusal of the terms that Cavalier accepted, kept alive the false hopes and the insurrection of his countrymen, which only led to a renewal of severe measures, whereby at the last, his own life, and the lives of many thousands were sacrificed.

Cavalier, by receiving the concessions offered (and great they were, when it is remembered that they carried with them the cessation of the horrors of the persecution), opened the way for a gradual amelioration in the condition of all who professed the reformed faith throughout Languedoc. Surely, then, it is unjust to charge the memory of such a man, as some have done, with unfaithfulness to his cause or desertion of his brethren ; or to assert that

he was led away by the vain glory of the promises made to him by Marshal Villars, acting as the wily agent of Louis XIV. That Villars sincerely desired peace, and on the most merciful and generous terms that he could prevail with the king to grant, was apparent in every step he made towards the pacification; there was no chicane throughout the whole of the transaction, nor did he resort to any measures of severity until the renewal of the strife, through the obstinacy of Roland, compelled him.

The circumstances attending the commencement of the revolt were altogether different from these. At that period, the people of the Cevennes were goaded into it by the most barbarous persecution. Yet even then, such was the sense of duty entertained by these mountaineers, throughout all their sufferings they retained, to a certain degree, their loyalty to the king. They never questioned his authority in anything save in a matter of conscience between themselves and their God; they never raised a cry against the throne as it was made in the terrible revolution of more modern times in France. In their petitions, in their negotiations, even in the battle field, there was but one single-minded aim—to obtain the royal permission to rebuild their churches, and to exercise the rites of the reformed faith; and not to be forced by fire and sword to attend the mass.

It was at all times the same; in defeat, in imprisonment, even in death, they still preserved, though embittered, a sense of loyalty. Probably no words



could be found better to express their general feeling than those of Saurins' terse and sublime apostrophe to Louis XIV. : "Thou dreaded prince, whom of old I honoured as my king, and whom I yet honour, as the scourge of God."

THE END.



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