



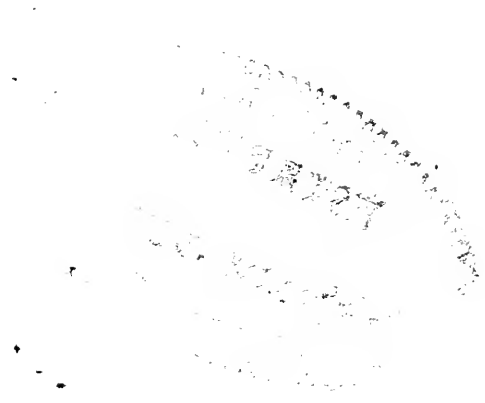
25—6

\*\*\*\*\*  
\* THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, \*  
\* Princeton, N. J. \*  
\* — \*  
\* From the PUBLISHER. \*  
\*\*\*\*\*

BX 9454 .R5 1839

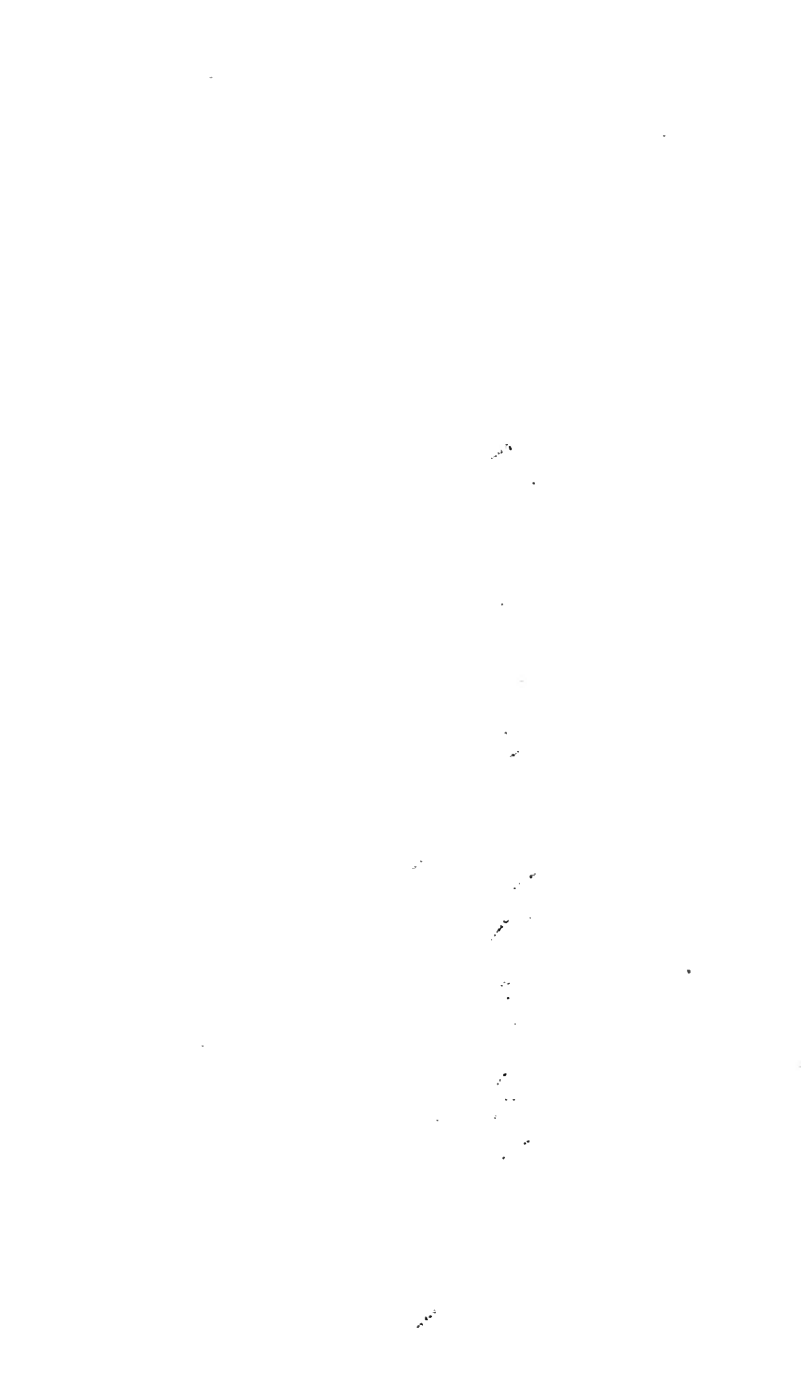
The revocation of the Edict  
of Nantes and its

---





1870



THE REVOCATION  
OF THE  
EDICT OF NANTES,  
AND ITS CONSEQUENCES  
TO THE  
Protestant Churches of France and Italy;  
CONTAINING  
MEMOIRS  
OF SOME OF THE  
SUFFERERS IN THE PERSECUTION  
ATTENDING THAT EVENT.

PHILADELPHIA:  
PRESBYTERIAN BOARD OF PUBLICATION.  
WILLIAM S. MARTIEN, PUBLISHING AGENT.  
1839.





## C O N T E N T S.

	Page
Introduction . . . . .	5
M. Chandion, the repentant Convert . . . . .	13
M. de Chevenix, the persecuted Invalid . . . . .	17
M. D'Algue, and the Assemblies of the Faithful in the Mountains of Cevennes . . . . .	23
M. Fulcrand Rei, the devoted Pastor . . . . .	35
Jean Migault, the Reader of Moullé . . . . .	50
M. Le Fevre, the Prisoner of the Galleys. . . . .	117
M. de Marolles, the Exile arrested in his Flight . . .	139
The Martyrs of Toulouse . . . . .	168
The Church in the Wilderness ; or, the Waldenses of the Piemont Valleys . . . . .	180
Appendix . . . . .	202



## INTRODUCTION.

FROM an early period of the Reformation, the Protestants of France, although embracing many of the nobility, were assailed by the most relentless persecutions. The church of Rome has ever been the enemy of light, and has never hesitated, where it possessed the power, to employ force and violence to prevent its diffusion. The Reformed Church in France was particularly exposed to the malignant persecutions of a corrupt government, instigated by the sanguinary suggestions of the Roman Pontiffs and troops of Jesuits. An exemption from these troubles, was secured by the celebrated Edict drawn up at Nantes, by which Henry IV. guaranteed to his Protestant subjects, the possession of religious liberty and the secure enjoyment of civil rights and privileges. This delivered them from all further molestation during the period of that monarch's reign.

At a subsequent period, however, the persecuting spirit of the Church of Rome, which had been temporarily held in check, again burst forth with additional violence. Stratagem having failed to induce the Protestants to put themselves under the

Papal yoke, every measure, which malice and cruelty could suggest, was resorted to for their extirpation. Lewis the XIV., prevailed on by the importunities of the Bishops and Jesuits, in disregard of all laws human and divine, revoked the *Edict of Nantes*, by which act the Protestants were deprived of the liberty of worshipping God, agreeably to the dictates of their consciences, and were exposed without shelter to the sanguinary assaults of their enemies. The Roman pontiff applauded the measure which was to bring ruin upon so many thousands. An attempt being made to force the consciences of the Protestants, they emigrated in vast numbers to other parts of Europe, in which they might enjoy the sacred privileges which had been denied them in their own country. This proved highly detrimental to the real prosperity of France, as it deprived it of many of its most useful citizens. Where flight was impossible the unhappy Protestants were subjected to the most cruel and murderous persecutions.

Living, as we do, in peace and security, so far removed from times when the fury of religious persecution desolated the land, we can scarcely imagine the distress and alarm of the Protestants, when this unrighteous decree was passed. Not only was the exercise of their religion, in public and in private, forbidden, but they were interdicted from following any trade or profession, by

which they might procure the means of living for themselves and their families, and from holding any office whatever, which might give them weight and influence in society. It was soon found that flight to a foreign land was the only earthly refuge for the sufferers. But here, again, difficulties beset them wherever they turned. By a most perverse cruelty, while they were deprived of the means of living in their own country, they were not permitted to seek an alleviation of their misery, by retiring to a foreign land. The greatest advantage the most fortunate could hope to obtain, was the mournful privilege of becoming fugitives and exiles.

Though multitudes were unable to succeed in removing themselves and their families from their native country, many overcame every obstacle. Various parts of the continent were open to them, and England and America offered them a shelter from the fury of the oppressor. Half a million of the most virtuous and industrious subjects of the king of France withdrew to other countries, which they enriched by the arts and manufactures they carried with them.

Of the miseries occasioned by the proceedings against the members of the reformed church, we can form very little idea from a cursory view of the subject. All the ministers were commanded to leave the kingdom within fifteen days after the

publication of the decree, unless they would abjure their religion, and conform to the Roman Catholic mode of worship.

With regard to the children of the reformed, all private schools for their instruction were to be suppressed; and it was commanded, that those who should hereafter be born, should be baptized by the *curés* of the parishes in which their parents resided, and should afterward be educated in the Roman Catholic faith.

To such Protestants as were out of the kingdom at the time the decree was passed, the king allowed a delay of four months, to give them time to return and resume possession of their property. If they did not return within that time, the whole was to be confiscated. At the same time, it was forbidden to any of the reformed to leave the country, except the ministers, with their wives, and such of their children as were under seven years of age.

The situation of these ministers was most distressing. Unless they abjured their faith, they had to choose between exile or the galleys. If they resolved to leave the country, they must separate themselves from all who were dearest to them, except their wives, and children of the specified age. All above this age, together with friends, relatives, and servants, were forbidden to be included in their passports. Even when they

arrived at the coast with the scanty train permitted, they were often obliged to submit to further delays, while their oppressors demanded proof that the persons they brought with them were really their wives and their children, and that the children were really under the age of seven. Far from all who knew them, it was often impossible to bring the proof required; and, in default of it, many were arrested and committed to prison. Some found it impossible, with their utmost efforts, to arrange their affairs, and reach the coast in fifteen days, and these were seized and imprisoned, on the ground of having exceeded the time allowed for their departure.

They were often required to establish their right to every species of property they carried with them, whether books, money, or other things, and to prove that they did not belong in any way to the churches they had served, as every thing of this sort reverted to the crown. Thus, not only was the time consumed by vexatious delays, but the little they had been able to save from the wreck of their property, was often wrested from them under false pretences; and they were left to proceed, with their wives and their little ones, to a foreign land, with all the miseries of penury added to their other distresses.

There were multitudes who found it impossible to secure any thing. In the distracted state of the

country, it was, in many instances, perfectly useless to attempt to collect debts, or to convert houses or land into money in the few days allowed them to prepare for flight; and this was the only time in which they could do it, as, after that period, whatever property remained, was seized by the commissioners and confiscated without mercy.

This cruel injustice, with regard to property, had been experienced by others besides the ministers, even before the Edict of Revocation was published. Previous to that final step, the severe measures adopted by the government had excited so much alarm, that many were induced to leave the country. Brevets were obtained from the king, granting them permission to retire to foreign countries with their families, and to dispose of their property in any way they might think best. On the faith of these brevets they acted, leaving estates, &c. in the hands of others, and expecting to have rents and the proceeds of whatever they ordered to be sold, sent out to them. But a great proportion of these shared the same fate as the exiled pastors, and all they had left in France was lost. Other decrees, still more oppressive than the Edict of Revocation, followed, and continued in force for more than half a century.

That which above all affected the sincere and pious among the ministers, and at first decided them to remain in France at every risk, was the



consideration, that if they went into exile, they would be as shepherds abandoning their flocks to the wolf, at the very moment when their assistance was most peculiarly necessary to them. They said within themselves, "Jesus Christ, the good Shepherd of his people, will one day expect at our hand, an account of the flocks confided to our care. How shall we appear before him, to render up our accounts with joy, if we desert them in the hour of need?" They determined to remain, and by every possible means seek to console and strengthen their persecuted people; pouring the wine and oil of heavenly comfort into the wounded hearts of the sufferers, strengthening the weak, confirming the feeble, and striving to build up all in the most holy faith, which the adversaries were attempting by every means to undermine. The fierce storm of persecution was abroad in the land, and the Romish church was set forth as the only covert from the tempest. Prosperity was to be the lot of those who entered her portals; adversity, severe and pitiless, was decreed to those who refused her offers. Too many felt themselves unable to remain firm in this day of trial, not having sought, with sufficient ardour, the aid of him who "giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not;" and who suffereth no temptation to befall his children, "but will also, with the temptation, make a way for them to escape." Yet there was a blessed num-

ber, strong in faith, who walked manfully on in the path allotted to them. Multitudes bore testimony to the truth of their religion, resisting unto death every attempt to turn them aside from the true faith. Many were the martyred saints who expired during this period on the scaffold and at the stake, and many more in hidden dungeons, where the wrath of man worketh in secret, that which no earthly eye may behold, but which He who seeth from his throne in heaven, and from whom no secrets are hid, will one day reveal to an assembled world. In that day, how shall the persecutors tremble! and oh! how many unrecorded victims of their fury shall then be seen, "clothed in white robes, and having palms in their hands," ascribing honour and praise unto Him who hath brought them through great tribulations to their glorious place of rest! Even among those who had fallen into the snares of their oppressors, and had been prevailed on to sign a paper, by which they abjured their religion, great numbers afterwards sincerely and bitterly repented their conduct, and sought the earliest opportunity to confess their fault to their brethren. Many had the courage to declare openly to their enemies that they had signed against their consciences, that they repented it as a crime, and that they were resolved to live and die in their first faith.

## M. CHANDION.

## THE REPENTANT CONVERT.

AMONG the penitents was M. Chandion, or Changuinon, an elder of the church of Vassi de Champagne for thirty years. This venerable old man, repenting of his sinful compliance, resolved to join the party of the exiles; and with that intention, set out with his son, with M. Chemet, his brother-in-law, and several others, to quit the kingdom. After proceeding some time in safety, they were at length overtaken and arrested. The younger Chandion eluded the vigilance of his guards, and escaped. The father was conducted to the prison of Sedan, and underwent the usual examination. When interrogated as to the design of the journey in which he had been overtaken, he replied courageously, that it was to go into a Protestant country, if God had permitted it, to weep there, in the midst

of his brethren, over the great fault of which he had been guilty, in signing the abjuration of his faith; adding, that he would declare before God and men, that he had given his signature against his conscience, that he now retracted it, and was ready to suffer all which the law could inflict on him.

The second day of his imprisonment, he was conducted to another place of confinement, where he found M. Chemet with the rest of the unfortunate party. They were all tried a few days after, and the men were condemned to the galleys for life; the women and children to be shut up in convents. From Sedan they were transferred to Metz, where they were to join the chain of condemned criminals, and pass on with them to their destined place of punishment. Thus, in addition to the severe judgment passed upon them, they had to endure the society of the most depraved and abandoned persons, who were receiving, as the due reward of iniquity, the same punishment as these pious and inoffensive men.

When the chain of the condemned was drawn out for examination, and these two excellent old men were brought forward to be

attached to it, the Procurer General, who was present, touched with compassion at their situation, called for pen and paper, that he might write immediately to Louvois, the powerful minister of Louis XIV., protesting that they were not in a state to serve in the galleys. It is not known what reply came from the court, but its import may be guessed, since they had the cruelty to compel M. Chandion and M. Chemet to set out for Marseilles, attached to the chain, with fifty others, of whom sixteen were, like themselves, condemned for their religion. God strengthened their aged limbs to bear their chains to Marseilles; but scarcely were they arrived, when, exhausted with fatigue, they were seized with mortal sickness, and in a few days breathed their last.

Thus were these venerable men enabled to bear testimony to the truth as it is in Jesus, and then permitted to escape from the stormy wind and the tempest. While "the blast of the terrible ones" still raged around their brethren, they entered at once into the peaceful haven, "wherein goeth no galley with oars, neither doth gallant ships pass thereby." There "the wicked cease from troubling, and

the weary are at rest," waiting for the full fruition of the blessedness of the redeemed, in that day when a voice shall be heard, "as the voice of a great multitude, and as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thundering, saying, Alleluia! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth. Let us be glad and rejoice, and give power to him; for the marriage of the Lamb is come." Rev. xix. 6, 7.

## M. DE CHEVENIX,

## THE PERSECUTED INVALID.

THE most striking proofs of penitence were often exhibited in the sick chambers of the new Catholics, as they were called. From their dying beds, they often made the most affecting protestations to the Catholic priests, who came to offer them the sacraments of the church, and (if possible) to compel them to receive them.

In these awful moments, on the point of appearing before the Judge of quick and dead, those who until then had concealed their opinions, often felt themselves obliged to raise the mask, and confess their real sentiments, giving glory to God, and testifying their faith in Jesus, as the only Saviour.

Alarmed at these instances of defection in their forced converts, their persecutors now obtained a law, decreeing, that those who

relapsed into the Protestant faith, should be condemned to the *amende honorable*, and to banishment with confiscation of property. For the sick who should refuse the sacraments, and declare they desired to die in the Protestant religion, in case they recovered from their sickness, they were to be subjected to the same law, with this addition, that banishment should be exchanged for labour in the galleys, for the men, and confinement in cloisters, for the women. If they died in these dispositions, the same decree ordained, that their bodies should be drawn on a hurdle, and then thrown on the highway, and their property confiscated.

Among the penitents whose names have descended to us, and whose dying confessions have not been without their earthly record, is M. de Chevenix, a venerable man, fourscore years of age, one of the oldest counsellors of the parliament of Metz. When the soldiers of the king had invested the town, and pursued their barbarous system of conversion, by means of every cruelty they could devise, the aged senator, overcome by their persecutions, had, with many others, signed the abjuration,



in order to be relieved from the presence of their oppressors. A short time after, he fell sick, and during his illness, which lasted about two months, he gave many proofs of his repentance for that act of sinful weakness. As soon as this was known, a number of priests hastened to the chamber of the sick man, to set before him the danger of relapsing into his former heresy, and, if possible, to confirm him in the Romish faith. Even the bishop laboured to secure the constancy of the new convert. Nor was it priests alone who came to disturb the quiet and repose so necessary to an invalid. The governor and the principal members of the council, likewise gathered around his bed, harassing him with arguments, and pressing on him the superstitions of their church. But his hour of weakness was past. Though he had fallen, he was strengthened to rise again, so that the enemy could not finally triumph over him. He was enabled to resist all their arguments and all their entreaties, with the greatest firmness. A short time before his death, the *curé* of the place came to offer him the sacraments, as a final trial of his faith. He thanked him mildly, but said, he

was not disposed to receive them. The priest withdrew, but it was to carry the complaint of his contumacy to the proper court. Life was now rapidly waning, and the sick man expired before any further measures could be taken. It was too late to inflict personal suffering on the relapsed heretic, but there was still time to expose his lifeless remains to the indignities decreed by the new law. The Senechal commanded, that the dead body should be carried to prison, and condemned it to be drawn on the hurdle, and afterwards thrown on the highway. To prevent a circumstance so distressing to the feelings of his surviving friends, an appeal was made from the decree of the Senechal, to the parliament of Metz. The senators, though Catholics, were struck with horror, at the idea of confirming such a sentence against the body of one of their colleagues. They addressed themselves without delay to the court, to obtain permission to reverse the decree; but they received immediately an order from the king, commanding them to execute it in its fullest rigour. They were then obliged to confirm the sentence of the Senechal, and to deliver

the body to the executioner, to perform the rest of the revolting decree.

Contrary to the hopes and wishes of the Catholic party, this severity against so respected and important an inhabitant of the place, instead of intimidating the Protestants, tended to rouse their spirits, and determine them to declare their sentiments with more boldness. As the body was drawn through the streets, many testified their indignation at the sight. "Behold a man of God!" exclaimed some. "He is in his car of triumph," said others. The melancholy spectacle passed on, and others were heard to say, "His body is in the hand of the executioner, but his soul is with his God." Others said, "His body is defiled with dust, but his soul is washed in the blood of Jesus Christ." The soldiers who accompanied the executioner to support him in his duty, in vain endeavoured to keep the people silent: the powerful feeling which had been excited, could not be suppressed in an instant. When the executioner had performed his part, and ended by throwing the lifeless body on the highway, the people of Metz had the courage to carry it away, and inter it

honourably. It was not the Protestants only, who testified their abhorrence of this act; even the Catholic inhabitants were incensed at this treatment of one of the most respected of their citizens. They wrapped the body in a cloth, and bore it into a garden where a grave was prepared to receive it. Many persons attended to assist in performing the last offices; and it is said more than four hundred women were present. While the body was lowered into the grave, they sung, with a loud voice, the 79th Psalm, where the prophet deploras the ruin of Jerusalem in such affecting strains, saying, amongst other things peculiarly appropriate to the present case, "The dead bodies of thy servants have they given to be meat unto the fowls of heaven, the flesh of thy saints unto the beasts of the earth."

Instances without number might be adduced of far severer treatment than that of M. Chevenix; but desirous to place these narratives in the hands of young people, we do not wish to shock their feelings, by a detail of many of the horrible excesses of this persecution.

## M. D'ALGUE,

AND THE ASSEMBLIES OF THE FAITHFUL IN THE  
MOUNTAINS OF CEVENNES.

AMONG the severe decrees contained in the Edict of Revocation, was an order for the immediate demolition of all the Protestant churches. This order was so zealously discharged, that it is said, in a few days, there was only one left standing in the whole kingdom. At the same time, the reformed were forbidden to celebrate their worship in any private house, or in any place whatever.

It was however impossible to persuade those who had found delight in the ordinances of God, “to forsake the assembling of themselves together;” and hence arose what the French writers term, “the preaching in the desert.” Scarcely were the churches thrown down, and the ministers chased from the kingdom, when their deserted flocks thought of supplying the loss of public worship by private services.

For this end, little companies met together in remote and secret places, amid the stillness and darkness of the night. And oftentimes did they realize that blessed promise of the Saviour, "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them."

Though their regular pastors were driven into exile, their God, in whom they trusted, did not forsake them, but raised them up "judges, as at the first, and counsellors, as at the beginning."

"What, when a Paul has run his course,  
Or when Apollos dies,  
Shall we be left without resource?  
Has Israel no supplies?

Yes, while the dear Redeemer lives,  
We have a boundless store,  
And shall be fed with what he gives,  
Who lives for evermore."

In the absence of their stated pastors, pious and faithful men were raised up to comfort and instruct the persecuted brethren. Gradually their little companies increased, and became large assemblies. Consoled and edified

by the discourses of the new ministers, the people gladly received them in the place of those whom the tyranny of their oppressors had torn from them. Elders were also appointed, to watch over the conduct of the members, and to give them notice of the time and place for assembling. So closely were they watched by their enemies, that it was often impossible to hold their meetings a second time in the same place, notwithstanding all the precautions they took.

At these assemblies they sung praises to God, and offered up the most fervent prayers. There too they heard, with a delight and interest which we can scarcely conceive, portions of the sacred Scriptures. That forbidden book could only be read by stealth and in secret. So cautious were the Catholics to deprive the Protestants of this precious treasure, that there was nothing they made more accurate search after, when they entered the houses of the reformed, than Bibles and Testaments. These, with all their religious books they could discover, were committed to the flames.

To these persecuted ones, literally “wan-

dering in deserts and caves," like those of whom the Holy Spirit has declared, "the world was not worthy," how inexpressibly consoling it must have been, to hear again those blessed promises which abound in the written word! How delightful, once more with their brethren, to return thanks unto the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who kept them by his power, "through faith unto salvation, ready to be revealed in the last time," "wherein they greatly rejoiced, though now, for a season, they were in heaviness, through manifold temptations!"

With what energy and unction did the ministers set before their hearers the great truths of the gospel! How strongly did they enforce obedience to its commands! How affectionately did they apply all its consoling promises! In these assemblies also they celebrated the ordinance of the Lord's Supper with the most devout feelings; and while they partook of the symbolic pledges of his love, they felt their faith strengthened; and they often separated, encouraging each other to devote themselves wholly to the cause of Christ, and to suffer all things cheerfully for his sake. Thus



mutually comforted and edified, they “thanked God, and took courage.”

It has been often remarked, that in seasons of especial grief, the greatest consolations are vouchsafed. It was in the midst of the overwhelming distresses of the children of Israel, that the light shone miraculously on them in Goshen, when darkness covered the land of their Egyptian oppressors. It was to the disconsolate Hagar, cast out of the house of her master, and on the point of perishing with her child in the wilderness, that an angel was sent to comfort and strengthen her. It was in a season of the most profound affliction, that the first promises of the gospel were verified to the disciples of Christ. The same has been experienced by the children of God in every age. It was even thus with the members of the Gallic churches, in their fiery trial; and they found Him in whom they trusted, a very present help in time of trouble. Many enjoyed such strong spiritual consolation, and were so lifted above all the sorrows of time, that their souls were absorbed with holy joy. Their seasons of devotional exercise often proved to them means of deepest consolation;

and the feelings of some were so highly raised, that they believed they heard heavenly voices around them, chanting the praises of God; and that, in their hidden and lonely retreats, angel visitants, though unseen, were near, to strengthen their faith and administer to their comfort in the hour of extremity. And in the latter case, who shall presume to call them mistaken, or to say that they carried their faith to an unwarrantable extent? Are we not assured, that the angels of heaven are “ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to the heirs of salvation?”

The secret assemblies to which we have alluded, first took place amid the mountains of Cevennes and in Lower Languedoc. (See Appendix, Note 1.) Sometimes they were held in caves, formed by the excavations in the extensive stone quarries of the district; sometimes in lonely houses in desert places; sometimes in the open air, in the most retired situations. Often it happened, that the large barns used by the Catholic clergy for the reception of their tithes, standing at a distance from inhabited buildings, offered a convenient rendezvous. In these wild retreats, they met

by the light of glimmering lamps for their holy purposes. On one occasion, more than two thousand persons were assembled. The minister, a powerful and energetic preacher, exhorted the congregation to guard against every temptation to join the Catholic party, and never to allow themselves to be led away by the example of those who, to escape persecution, consented to attend mass. While the preacher pressed on his hearers all the arguments for constancy, M. Arnaud Marchand, of St. Hyppolite, suddenly rose, and stretching forth his hand towards heaven, solemnly vowed that he would never more attend mass. Such a protest, in the midst of such a scene, had a powerful effect on the minds of others; and, indeed, the greater part of this large assembly followed his example, and took on them this vow of constancy.

Whatever hardships were connected with attendance on these nightly meetings, often in the most inconvenient places and in the most inclement weather, happy did the Protestants esteem themselves, if they could repair to the place of rendezvous and return undiscovered. Often they were detected by the watchfulness

of their enemies, and too often they were betrayed by false friends.

One assembly, in which an excellent minister, M. d'Algue, had presided, was discovered by one of these pretended friends. They had taken the precaution to place sentinels at all the avenues, to secure themselves against surprise while they were engaged in the exercises of piety. One of those to whom they had confided this office, quitted his post, and hastened to St. Etienne, to give some of the king's troops information of the assembly. An officer and twenty men put themselves under the guidance of the faithless sentinel, who conducted them, but too surely, to the place of meeting. They found the assembly engaged in celebrating the Lord's Supper. In the midst of this peaceful scene of christian communion, the soldiers rushed in with fury, making a discharge which at once threw many to the ground. Then drawing their swords, they struck indiscriminately at all they met, whether men, women or children, killing some, and wounding great numbers. They afterwards pursued all who had fled on their approach, to hide themselves among the

rocks, and treated such as they could find in a similar manner. Among those who had taken flight, there were many who, finding they were pursued by the soldiers, threw themselves into the river which crossed their way, hoping to find the fording place, and pass in safety. But as it was night the greater part were unable to discover the ford, and were carried away by the current and drowned. M. d'Algue, their pastor, favoured by the darkness escaped on this occasion, but was taken some time after, together with his friend, the Sieur Roques, one of the elders of the church of Caderles. They had both remained firm to their religion, and had been compelled to seek concealment, by wandering about in the forests for eighteen or twenty months. They were at length arrested, and brought to trial. The crimes of which they were accused were, the having kept themselves concealed for a long time, that they might not be obliged to change their religion; the having assisted at many Protestant assemblies, and performed in them the functions of ministers or readers. They pleaded guilty to all these charges; and when they were asked if

they were not aware that they had acted contrary to the orders of the king, they replied, that they had disobeyed these orders because they were contrary to the commands of God, and they ought rather to obey God than man. They were condemned to be hung. A free pardon was offered them, if they would consent to sign the abjuration; but they were not men to purchase their lives by such means.

Contrary to the usual custom, they were conducted to punishment separately, and both met their death with the firmness of devoted martyrs. In going to the place of execution, they were again solicited to unite themselves to the Catholic church, and thus escape the fearful punishment which awaited them; but they both replied, they thanked God that he had given them grace to die for his cause.

The executioner of Nismes, who performed the fatal office for so many of the followers of Jesus, was, it is said, at length conscience-struck at the enormity of his guilt, and fell into a sickness which proved mortal. During his illness, his place was supplied in a way scarcely credible. His daughter, attired as a man, took the office on herself, and after her

father's death she assisted the new executioner. She was in attendance with him on the scaffold of M. d'Algue. Possessed, as she was, by the very spirit of bloodshed and violence, the firmness of the sufferer, instead of commanding her respect, roused her to such excess of anger, that she struck him with her clenched fist several times on the face, with inconceivable fury. The patient sufferer bore this indignity without uttering a complaint. He listened calmly at the foot of the scaffold, while his condemnation was read aloud, and afterwards mounted the ladder with a cheerful air. He then prayed for a blessing on those who had caused his death, and exhorted his persecutors to repent, and be converted, and no longer to war against God.

Such was the closing act of the life of M. d'Algue. Perhaps there is scarcely one among the accounts of the martyrdoms at Nismes, more simply touching than this, from the peculiar meekness and holy patience of the victim.

“ Then was the evil day of tyranny.

As yet the Church, the holy spouse of God,

In members few, had wandered in her weeds  
Of mourning, persecuted, scorned, reproached;  
And buffeted, and killed; in members few,  
Tho' seeming many whiles; then fewest oft  
When seeming most. She still had hung her harp  
Upon the willow tree, and sighed, and wept  
From age to age. - - - - -  
Troubled on every side, but not distressed;  
Weeping, but yet despairing not; cast down,  
But not destroyed: for she upon the palms  
Of God was graven, and precious in his sight."

POLLOK.



## M. FULCRAND REI.

## THE DEVOTED PASTOR.

AMONG the ministers who sacrificed their lives on the altar of their faith, was M. Fulcrand Rei, a young man twenty-four years of age, student of theology at Nismes. From his birth, his parents had devoted him to the ministry, and by the good providence of God he was especially prepared, at an early age, to enter on the holy office, and peculiarly fitted for the discharge of its duties in these troublous times, when a double portion of faith, zeal, and unbending constancy was necessary for those who became the ambassadors of Christ to the people. With a heart deeply affected by the desolate state of the churches, he gave himself up unreservedly to the cause of the Redeemer. His first aim was to collect together some of the remnants of the scattered flocks that were now wandering as sheep

without a shepherd. With this view, he went first into Upper Languedoc and Guienne, where his person was not known, and where he therefore might be better able to labour in his office, undiscovered by the enemies of the Protestant church. But he found the minds of the people in these districts so filled with alarm and consternation, that in most instances they dared not listen to his exhortations, or even provide him with a place of retreat. He succeeded, however, in gathering together two or three small assemblies, assisted by two Protestant gentlemen, who were themselves fugitives, seeking concealment from their adversaries, having refused to bow the knee to the idol of Catholic worship. Finding himself unable to do more in that quarter, he returned to the neighbourhood of Nismes, hoping there to reap a richer harvest; nor was he altogether disappointed. He was favourably received by his brethren, and had established several assemblies, when he was betrayed by the treachery of a man who had obtained his confidence. But his work was not yet finished, and the God whom he served protected him in the midst of his enemies, and enabled him

to retire with safety into Languedoc. Here and in Albigeois he resided some time, until new dangers compelled him to return into his native province. Arrived once more in the vicinity of Nismes, it was impossible for him to resume his pastoral labours among his former friends, as it was necessary for him to keep himself as closely concealed as possible, in order that he might escape the observation of his enemies. But to a truly devoted mind, means of usefulness will occur, in situations apparently the most unfavourable.

M. Rei was enabled, from his obscure retreat to pour consolation into the hearts of his suffering brethren confined in the prisons of the district, by the letters he addressed to them, tending powerfully to strengthen their faith, and confirm them in the resolution to suffer every evil their persecutors could inflict, rather than desert the holy cause in which they were engaged. While thus occupied with the talent at that time committed to his care, a way unexpectedly opened for more extensive usefulness. He received an invitation to go into the Cevennes, where a large body of the faithful sighed after the word of

God. He obeyed this call with joy and thankfulness, though fully aware of the dangers he encountered in accepting so prominent a station among the persecuted. Impressed with a sense of the perils which awaited him, he would not expose either himself or his father to the anguish of a personal adieu, but addressed a farewell letter to him before he left Nismes, entreating him to prepare himself for the early martyrdom of his son; telling him that his conscience inspired him to go and sacrifice himself for God, and for the interest of the church. He expressed his entire resignation to the will of his heavenly Master, in whatever way he might see fit to dispose of him; and he exhorted his father not to murmur, in case he should hear that he was arrested, but to endure patiently all the sufferings it should please God to send him. Arrived in the Cevennes, he preached the gospel with truth and fervour. To those who were faithful in the midst of so many trials, he addressed the word of consolation. Those who had fallen into the snares of the enemy, he exhorted to retrace their steps, and to return to their allegiance, as faithful followers

of Jesus Christ. Those who were wavering, he sought to confirm in the right path, by the most powerful and affecting arguments.

While he thus laboured with the zeal of an apostle, the enemies of the good cause to which he was devoted watched for his destruction, and, a second time, a treacherous friend was found to betray his place of retreat. He was at Anduze, concealed in the house of a tanner in the suburbs. To this house the officers of government were conducted by the traitor, and M. Rei was seized, and dragged before a magistrate with great violence. From thence he was committed to prison, loaded with irons, and kept constantly within sight of the dragoons, lest some means of effecting his escape should be devised. From the prison of Anduze he was transferred to that of Alez, from Alez to Nismes, and from Nismes to Beaucaire. Every where he was exposed to the persecutions of the monks and others, who undertook to labour for the conversion of the heretics. They tried every means to shake his constancy, but in vain. When interrogated by his judges, with regard to the accusations brought against him, he replied fear-

lessly, that he had preached often, and in every place where he had found the faithful assembled. But when they wished to carry their inquiries further, and to induce him to discover the names of those who attended the assemblies in which he had presided, he gave no answer, and nothing could draw any further information from his lips.

Fearful of unnerving his mind by interviews with those to whom he was bound by the dearest and tenderest ties, he begged, as an especial favour of the officer who conducted him to Nismes, that he might not be permitted to see his father, or any of his relations there; but that they might simply be informed, that he was entirely resigned to the will of God, and that the most cruel punishments could not shake his constancy.

It was determined that he should be executed at Beaucaire, rather than at Nismes, because of the great number of Protestants in Nismes, whose faith, it was feared, might be strengthened by such an example of firmness as the young pastor exhibited; while their feelings could not fail to be deeply affected by witnessing the death of this devoted servant

of God, cut off in the midst of his days, by the hand of the cruel oppressor. Such a sight was certainly no argument in favour of that church under whose sanction the deed was done.

Beaucaire, four leagues from Nismes, had long been the residence of Catholics, wholly devoted to the superstitions of the Romish church, and the light of the reformation had never penetrated there. To this place, therefore, M. Rei was transferred for the final punishment. Here, as at other places, he had to listen to the arguments of the monks and other persons, who came to persuade him to change his religion. The intendant, Baviile, one of his judges, touched, it should seem, with unwonted compassion, came to speak to him. He took him aside, and conjured him to have pity on himself. He threatened him with death if he persevered in his faith, and promised him life, if he would abandon his religion. But neither threats nor promises had power to shake his resolution.

When he was brought out for the final examination before the judges, the intendant made a last effort to prevail with him to

change his opinion. "M. Rei," said he "there is yet time to save yourself."—"Yes, my lord," replied M. Rei, "and I will employ for my *salvation* the time that remains to me."—"It is only necessary to change," continued the intendant, "and you shall live."—"It is indeed necessary to change," replied M. Rei; "but it is in going from earth to heaven, where a life of happiness awaits me, which I shall soon possess." The intendant assured him that he might depend on his words, and that he would really grant him his life, if he would change his religion. "Do not promise me this miserable life," said he; "I am entirely weaned from it. Death is better than life for me. If I had feared death," he continued, "I should not have been here. God has given me a knowledge of his truth, and he will grant me grace to profess it constantly unto death. For all the treasures in the world, I would not renounce those which God has prepared for me in paradise."

After this, he was again examined on the charges brought against him. The intendant asked if he had preached: "Yes, my lord,"



was the reply. He was then asked where he had preached: he answered, "I have preached in all places where I have found the assemblies of the faithful." He was asked if he knew the king had forbidden it: "The King of kings," said he, "had commanded me to do it; and it is right to obey God rather than man."

Again they attempted to discover in what places the assemblies at which he had presided were held, and what were the names of the persons who attended. But on this subject his lips were firmly closed, and nothing could induce him to expose his brethren to danger.

Finding him immovable, they proceeded to pass the sentence. He was condemned to be hung; but first the torture was to be applied, to make him discover his accomplices. The commissary, whose office it was to read the decree of the court to the prisoner, desirous, if possible, to save a man whose heroic conduct excited interest in every breast, entreated him once more to think of himself. "I have thought," replied he, "and my resolution is taken. It is no longer a question of deliberation. I am quite ready to die, if God has

so ordained it. All the promises which may be made to me can never shake my constancy."

The commissary, convinced of the firmness of his prisoner, at length read the paper of condemnation. He heard it without change of countenance, or any appearance of fear or sorrow: on the contrary, he testified his joy that God had given him grace to suffer for his name, and expressed his thankfulness that he had been condemned to a milder punishment than he had anticipated. "They treat me," he said, "more mildly than my Saviour was treated. I had prepared myself to be broken on the wheel, or burnt alive." Then raising his eyes to heaven, he exclaimed: "I return thee thanks, Lord of heaven and earth, for the many benefits thou hast bestowed upon me. I thank thee that thou hast counted me worthy to suffer for thy name, and to die for thee; and I thank thee also, that thou hast called me to suffer a death so mild, after having disposed me to endure the most cruel death for love of thee."

Though the torture was applied with the utmost severity, he endured it with so much firmness, that he did not allow a single com-

plaint to escape him. During this punishment, nothing was extorted from him to the disadvantage of his brethren. He made no reply to the questions which were put to him, except that he had said all, and had nothing more to confess. When he was released from the torture, he said to those around him, "I have scarcely suffered. I believe that you have suffered more than I have. I protest to you, I have scarcely felt any pain." It was proposed to him to take some food; he did not object: he even ate tranquilly, although he knew he had only a few hours to live. During his repast, he said to those about him, "Others eat to live, and I eat to die. This is the last repast I shall take on earth; but in heaven there is a banquet prepared, to which I am invited, and angels will this night conduct me to it. Glorified spirits will soon carry me away to participate with them in the joys of paradise."

From this time the monks constantly attended him, persecuting him with their persuasions and arguments; but he confounded them all by his answers. In the midst of these distractions, he evidently sought to raise

his soul continually to God. Sometimes he gave utterance to fervent prayer, or chanted portions of the Psalms. The constancy and the devotion displayed in these last hours of his life, touched the hearts of all his attendants; even the monks could not restrain their tears.

In the evening, when they were about to conduct him to the place of punishment, two monks presented themselves to accompany him, and told him they were come to comfort him. "I have no need of you," he replied: "I have a more faithful comforter within me." One of them said, "But do you not wish that we should accompany you?" "No," replied the martyr; "I have the company of angels, who are about my person, and who have promised that they will be with me to my latest breath." But the monks were not to be prevented from attending him: they walked on either side of him, and were witnesses of the constancy with which he went to martyrdom. His countenance was radiant with joy, and he gave striking proofs of the faith and hope, which filled his heart. The streets through which he passed were crowded with people, and among them he perceived many persons

of his acquaintance who had abjured the Protestant religion. He saluted them; and seeing the tears flow from their eyes, he said, "Weep not for me, weep for yourselves: I shall very soon be delivered from the sufferings of this world, but I leave you behind. Repent, and God will have mercy on you."

He was led out of the town by the gate of Beauregarde. It was from this gate that he discovered the scaffold which was prepared for him. He had no sooner seen it, than he exclaimed with holy transport, "Courage! Courage! This is the place which I have so long desired, and for which God himself has prepared me. I see the heavens open to receive me, and angels prepare to bear me away."

As he approached nearer, he began to sing a Psalm, but silence was imposed on him. Having reached the foot of the scaffold, he exclaimed, "O, how favourable is this ladder to me; it will serve me as a step to mount to heaven!" After this, he knelt down, and continued a long time in prayer, making use of many parts of the fifty-first Psalm, which he pronounced aloud, and with much fervour.

Having concluded his prayer, he mounted the ladder with firmness and composure. Seeing one of the monks ascending after him, he gently repulsed him saying, "I have already said, and I tell you again, that I have no need of your assistance: I have received enough from my God to enable me to take the last step in my career."

He would have addressed the people, but as soon as he opened his mouth, a number of kettle drums were struck to prevent his voice from being heard. Perceiving that it would be in vain to speak, he resigned himself into the hands of the executioner, with the same firmness as he had evinced from the first. Soon the last act of the tragedy was finished, and the lifeless body was all that remained on earth of M. Fulcrand Rei. Even the darkened inhabitants of Beaucaire testified emotion at his death, and many exclaimed aloud, that he had died a true martyr.

"Ye who your Lord's commission bear,  
His way of mercy to prepare—  
Angels He calls ye—be your strife  
To lead on earth an angel's life.  
Think not of rest; though dreams be sweet,

Start up and ply your heavenward feet.  
Is not God's oath upon your head,  
Ne'er to shrink back on slothful bed?  
Never again your loins untie,  
Nor let your torches waste and die,  
Till when the shadows thickest fall,  
Ye hear your Master's midnight call?"—KEBLE.

## JEAN MIGAULT,\*

## THE READER OF MOULLÉ.

AT the village of Moullé, a few leagues from Niort, in the department of the Deux Sèvres, lived Jean Migault. He had married, at the age of eighteen, an amiable and pious woman, and at five-and-thirty he saw himself the father of eleven children. To support this numerous family, together with his mother-in-law, who resided with them, all his exertions were necessary. He inherited a very small patrimony, and he had been appointed to succeed his father as reader in the Protestant church of the place. With this he combined the office of public notary, and

\* The circumstances here detailed, are drawn from "A Narrative of the Sufferings of a French Protestant Family, written by John Migault, the Father. Translated, and now first published from the original Manuscript.—London, 1824."



he undertook the tuition of a number of pupils, twelve of whom boarded at his house. All these various functions he seems to have discharged faithfully; and he records, with thankfulness, the peace and prosperity which attended him in these years of busy occupation.

“Domestic happiness, the only bliss  
Of Paradise that has survived the fall,”

was his in a high degree; and the pious gratitude with which Jean Migault and his wife received their every comfort, as immediate gifts from their Heavenly Father, communicated to all an inexpressible sweetness.

While months and years were thus passing happily away in the village of Moullé, a dark cloud was rising in the distance, which gradually extended itself, and at last burst on the Protestants of France, in a fearful storm of persecution. Jean Migault and his wife were not unobservant spectators of the coming danger. They foresaw that some terrible crisis drew near, though, like the prophet's servant on Mount Carmel, they could discern the symptoms of its approach only as a cloud no bigger than a man's hand. The Protestants

were still living under the protection of that act of toleration so celebrated as the edict of Nantes; but the power of the Jesuits, their unwearied enemies, was daily gaining ground in the court of Louis XIV. Every year they succeeded in curtailing the privileges of the Protestant church.

As the year 1685 approached, their acts became more and more oppressive; and many, alarmed by the signs of the times, already retired to foreign countries. The reader of Moullé and his family, although anxious observers of these things, placing their humble trust in Him, who had hitherto provided for them, still pursued their occupations, and waited in patience the result of these oppressions. They little imagined how fearful the termination would be.

First came a decree, in 1681, depriving Protestants of all civil employments whatever, and including many other severities for those who continued firm in the faith of the Reformed church. By this stroke Migault's income was greatly lessened; in the first place, by the loss of his office as notary, and next, by the secession of many of his friends and

neighbours to the Catholic church. These timid Protestants, when distress and persecution arose because of the word, fell away, and as they were fearful of risking their characters among their newly-acquired brethren, by leaving their children under the care of a Protestant, Migault's school was so much diminished, as to leave him little chance of providing for his family from that source. At this juncture, the members of the consistory invited him to establish himself at Mougou, and offered him a salary of sixty francs a year, if he would exercise the functions of reader and secretary to the church there. It was not until after much deliberation, that this offer was accepted by the Migaults, whose hearts were filled with mournful presages of the fate which awaited them at Mougou. Thither they removed in February, 1681. They were no sooner arrived, than they met with immediate opposition and unkindness from the Catholic minister resident there. It is probable the circumstance of Migault's coming to officiate in the Protestant church, excited that determined enmity in the heart of the *curé*, which he afterwards found too many

occasions to display. He began by forbidding Migault to take up his residence at Mougou, and threatening him with the severest consequences if he settled himself any where within the limits of his territory. Not conceiving it would be in the power of this stern bigot to execute his threats, he was not intimidated, and he fixed himself in his new residence as quietly as he could, with his wife and his mother-in-law, his eleven children, and his twelve scholars.

There this truly respectable family resumed their wonted employments, and were permitted to remain four or five months undisturbed by their enemies. At the end of that period, the peaceable inhabitants of Mougou were alarmed by the arrival of one of those regiments of cavalry, which had filled so many of the Protestant towns and villages with consternation and distress. The first movement of these dragoons, when they entered any place, was to quarter themselves at the houses of the Protestants, where they exhibited the most rapacious conduct, rarely quitting them until the owners were entirely ruined, unless they avoided this extremity by

renouncing their faith. The moment they professed themselves Catholics, their persecutors left them, and repaired to the house of the nearest heretic, to assist such of their comrades as were already stationed there, in completing either the conversion or the ruin of this family also.

Every day, numbers of these forced converts were seen hastening to attend mass. Such was the terror occasioned by the arrival of the dragoons, in consequence of the cruelties of which they had been guilty, that it is said, a single soldier has been known to determine all the first families in a place to abjure their religion, by merely riding into the town with some scraps of paper in his hand, which he pretended were quarter-master's billets. This readiness to change in the many, aggravated tenfold the sufferings of the few who remained firm and unshaken. In general, the soldiers did not quit a parish while there was a single Protestant remaining, or any property belonging to them which could be converted into money. The mode of carrying on these executions was extremely systematic. They began by demanding of their

involuntary hosts sums of the following amount:—for a superior officer fifteen francs a day, for a lieutenant nine francs, for a private soldier three francs, and thirty sols for the lowest individual in any way attached to the regiment. If these demands were not promptly complied with, they seized and sold furniture, cattle, or whatever they could most readily find to answer their purpose. Many of the Catholics acquired riches by these sales; for the officer who sold the goods, seldom paid any regard to the real value of the article, but took whatever price was offered, and if one thing did not bring him enough money, directly sold more to make up the deficiency. Thus cruelly oppressed and despoiled, those who would not apostatize, were generally compelled, in the end, to fly, in order to save their lives, or to avoid imprisonment. Often they effected their escape in the night with their wives and children, and then had no resource but to wander in the woods, without food, and almost without clothing. There might be seen also women, separated from their husbands, accompanied by their little ones, driven wild with terror and distress,

and still flying, when they were no longer pursued by their enemies.

The persecution had raged for some time in the neighbourhood, and warned by what was passing around him, Migault had prudently dismissed his pupils, and sent his own children into more secure asylums. They were now twelve in number. Jean and Louis, under the care of their grandmother, repaired to the Chateau of Grand Breuil, belonging to Madame de la Bessière. Ann, Pierre, and Elizabeth, were concealed at M. Magnen's, in the Chateau of Gascongnoles. Jacques was with a third friend; Charles and Gabriel with a fourth; Jeanne and Marie with a fifth, and Philémon with a sixth. One only remained near the parents: this was an infant, seventeen days old, named René. He was under the care of a trusty nurse, who it was intended should have the care of him till his second year. The nurse and her husband, though Catholics, were the faithful friends of their Protestant employers. Events soon occurred, which proved the wisdom of these measures. On the 22d of August, as the Protestant inhabitants of the place were returning from

church, they were alarmed by the appearance of a troop of cavalry, commanded by M. de la Brique. This officer, advancing at a gallop, quickly posted his troop in the church-yard, and filled the most courageous of the people with terror, by his fierce and threatening demeanour, combined with the knowledge they all had of the severities exercised by this very troop in other places.

Scarcely had the trembling Migaults reached their habitation, when a quarter-master rode up, and without alighting, demanded in an imperious tone, whether they intended to turn Catholics. They were well aware that their only means to secure themselves from the oppressions of the soldiery, was to answer in the affirmative; but endued with strength from on high to withstand the temptation under which so many sunk, they joined in solemnly assuring him that nothing could induce them to change their religion. On receiving this answer, he withdrew immediately, but with an air little calculated to quiet their fears. Left alone for a few moments, they had no resource but silently to commend themselves in prayer to Him in



whose holy cause they were sufferers, and who hath most consolingly declared, "There is no man who hath left house, or parents, or brethren, or wife, or children, for the kingdom of God's sake, who shall not receive manifold more in this present time, and, in the world to come, life everlasting." His Holy Spirit was present to comfort and support these humble Christians in their hour of trial. Scarcely had the quarter-master retired, when he was succeeded by the commanding officer, M. de la Brique, who sternly demanded what sum they would give him per day, during his stay in the place; giving them to understand, that according to their liberality towards himself, he should fix the number of soldiers to be quartered on them. He was told, that they had really no money at all to offer him. Perfectly unmoved by this declaration, he proceeded to examine every part of the house, and afterwards the stables; and then withdrew, leaving them uncertain what punishment he would deem due to them for refusing to give him what they did not possess.

They were not left long in suspense. Two

soldiers soon presented themselves with their billets; and having lodged their horses in the stable, commanded their host to prepare a dinner for them. They gave detailed orders for their meal, which, without exaggeration, would have been sufficient for twenty persons. While the food was preparing, two more arrived, and having placed their horses in the stable, joined their comrades in the house. These were quickly followed by a fifth. The presence of five rapacious and insolent soldiers, might have been thought enough for a single family to endure; but scarcely were these all arrived, when they were followed by four others, who, under pretext that the hay they had found in the stable was not of the best quality, began to use the most abusive language to their host, and to give utterance to the grossest imprecations, and the most impious blasphemies.

All the company then began to demand, with loud threats, a supply of different articles, which it was impossible to obtain in that little town. Migault represented to them, that the only means of procuring these things was by sending to Niort; and in their eager-

ness to get what they had asked for, they gave him permission to go out and seek for a messenger. On leaving his house, his first care was to repair to that of two Catholic ladies, which was contiguous to his own, and which even had a communication with it, by means of a concealed door. These benevolent women, uninfluenced by their differences in religion, were his warm and devoted friends, as they had soon occasion to prove themselves. To these ladies he addressed himself, begging they would point out some person whom he might send on his errand to Niort. While he was still speaking with them, six soldiers rode up to the door, and demanded a direction to Migault's house. The ladies pointed out the house, and then returning to their poor friend, earnestly recommended him to fly, as the only means of safety. They told him that the arrival of this additional number of soldiers to be quartered at his house, was a proof that his enemies were resolved on his ruin; and indeed they knew but too certainly that the *curé* was determined to leave no means untried to accomplish it. They said it would be the height of imprudence to return to his house, and

could benefit nobody; and that, if he would consent to conceal himself, they would promise not to abandon his wife, and they would even venture to assure him, that before the end of the day they would find means to withdraw her likewise from the power of their enemies. This they would undertake to do, whatever might be the consequence of their interference to themselves. Poor Migault lifted up his heart to God, and implored him, in his mercy, to grant him wisdom to direct his steps aright. All the perils of a return to his dwelling presented themselves forcibly to his mind, and he resolved to follow the advice of these excellent women, as the only probable way of extricating either himself or his wife from their distressing situation. One of these kind-hearted friends conducted him, by a back street, into a garden surrounded by high walls. There she left him, locking the door after her. It was then between three and four o'clock in the afternoon, and he remained in the garden until eight in the evening, tortured with a thousand fears for his wife. He fancied that he even heard her calling on his name for assistance, and gently

reproaching him for having abandoned her at the time when she most needed his support. In truth, her sufferings, during the hours he remained in the garden, were still greater than his imagination had depicted; so great indeed, that when he came to hear the circumstances, he could only attribute it to a particular interference of a merciful Providence that her life was preserved. She was at the time in a delicate state of health, having never recovered her strength since the birth of her infant, and therefore was the more especially unfit to endure hardship. But nothing moved these men to pity. As soon as they suspected that Migault had made his escape, they resolved to wreak their vengeance on his wife. Weak and exhausted as she was, she had dragged herself, at their command, to another apartment to fetch them more wine. One of the soldiers now went in search of her, and striking her with violence, brought her back into the dining-room: then, with the most barbarous irony, he told her that in her weak state it must be desirable to keep her as warm as possible, and he compelled her to sit in the chimney-corner, while his companions made

a large fire. They even amused themselves with feeding the fire, by throwing on it articles of furniture they found in the room. Meanwhile the heat was so great, that those who detained the poor victim so close to it were obliged to relieve each other every few minutes. But "this admirable woman," says her husband, "knowing in whom she had believed, did not for a single instant lose her tranquillity of soul. She resigned into the hands of her Saviour all which could disquiet or torment her." Her persecutors tried to induce her to renounce the Protestant faith, but she repulsed all their importunities with firmness, until overcome by the distressing effects of their cruelty, she fainted, and became insensible to their outrages.

The benevolent Catholic ladies were not unmindful of their promise to Migault. They were present at this scene, and sought in vain to soften the ferocious men by whom they saw their poor neighbour surrounded. They threw themselves at the feet of the officer, entreating him to release her from her tormentors. Their intercession was in vain; the officer was as inexorable as the men: but that

gracious God who is ever ready to aid his children in the midst of their greatest perils, had provided a deliverer for her. A few days before, some business had called away the *curé* who was so much the enemy of the Migaults, to a distance, and his place was supplied for a short time by the vicar, who was an excellent man, and one who had often testified his regard for these good Protestants. He was in the midst of a numerous circle of his friends, when some one told him of the cruelties exercised by the soldiers, and he hastened to the house, to exert his influence for the relief of the poor sufferer. He succeeded in rescuing Madame Migault from the hands of her persecutors, but not until he had first engaged to return her to them, unless he could induce her to embrace the Catholic religion by his milder arguments. Her charitable neighbours heard this engagement made on the part of the minister, and were resolved to leave him no opportunity to fulfil it. They immediately led their poor friend, more dead than alive, into another apartment; and when the vicar would have followed, they told him, that in the state of health in which she was, it was

absolutely necessary to leave her alone with them for a few moments of repose. As soon as they had dismissed the friendly vicar, they hurried the poor invalid through the secret door, into their own dwelling; and then, assisting her to ascend to the garret, concealed her under a heap of linen which happened to be there. Having arranged their plan as speedily as possible, they returned through the secret door to the house of Migault, and presented themselves calmly before the vicar, who immediately demanded, "Where is my prisoner?" "She is no longer in the power of these monsters in human form," they replied. "Ah, well," said the liberal-minded minister, "may the All-powerful grant to her and her husband his merciful protection:" and without staying to speak again to the soldiers, he left the house.

It would be difficult to describe the rage of the disappointed soldiers, when their victim was escaped. They examined every corner of the house, and even proceeded to that of the charitable ladies. The very garret in which Madame Migault was hidden, was submitted to their search: but here the protecting



care of that gracious God in whom she trusted, was especially manifested; the heap of linen was the only thing in the room they did not examine. After this vain attempt at discovery, the soldiers returned to Migault's house, to console themselves for their loss, by drinking the wine, and seizing on every thing they wished. The ladies hastened to inform Migault of the safety of his wife, and directing him to take the most hidden road to the neighbouring forest, promised to bring her at nightfall, to meet him at a particular spot.

The meeting was happily effected; as the soldiers, instead of watching the roads, remained at the house, making merry over the wine. The fugitives made their way as rapidly as they could, to the Chateau of Gasconolles, on the road to Niort, where they had been advised to take refuge. They were hospitably received by the owner, and prevailed on to retire to rest; but so great was the agitation of their minds, that they could not close their eyes. Every noise seemed to them like the trampling of steeds, and every voice like the menaces of soldiers, seeking their destruction. Unable to feel any confi-

dence of safety while they were so near Mougou, they parted from their generous entertainer, and proceeded two leagues further to Niort. Here they took up their abode at the house of another friend, carefully confining themselves to their room, lest their retreat should be discovered. The soldiers, however, had a wide field before them, and having obtained all the pillage they could in one quarter, they soon passed on to another, but not without leaving mournful traces of their visits. It might almost be said of them, "The land was as the garden of Eden before them, and behind them a desolate wilderness."

After some time had passed, the persecuted Protestants, finding all was quiet, ventured to steal forth from their hiding-places. In order to ascertain how far it might be safe for the family, but especially for Migault himself, to return to Mougou, his courageous and devoted wife went alone to the chateau of Gasconolles. Here she heard of the destruction of part of their furniture, and the sale of the rest. She afterwards went to her deserted home, accompanied by three of her children, and endeavoured to purchase back such portions

of her household goods as the little money she had to offer would procure. Very little could be obtained; for those who had purchased the articles at the sale, for a twentieth part of their value, would not now dispose of them, except at a price she was unable to give. Nothing remained for them to do, but to commit their cause to Him who judgeth righteously, and acquiesce submissively in what he permits, as well as what he ordains, assured that he can bring good out of evil, and will cause all things to work together for good to those who fear his name.

Bereft of occupation, and not knowing how to provide for his family, Migault set out with two of his sons, without any determined object in view. They went first to Grand Breuil, and from thence to Rochelle. At this port they found many Protestant families from their own neighbourhood, whom the terrors of the persecution had driven from their homes, and who were waiting to embark for Holland, England, Ireland, and a few for Carolina. These respectable and unoffending people seemed filled with consternation, and it was affecting to witness the deplorable cir-

cumstances under which they were quitting their native country.

In 1681, the government put forth a declaration, permitting children to renounce their religion at the age of seven years, and under the sanction of this decree, great numbers of children were seized by the agents of the Roman Catholic church to make them abjure. The dread of having their children torn from them, determined numbers of families in Poitou, Saintonge, and the neighbouring provinces, to emigrate, so early as 1681, and thus escape the horrors which awaited those who remained in the kingdom. Poor Migault also meditated the departure of himself and those dearest to him; but he knew not how to carry his plans into effect, with his family scattered over so wide a space of country. For the present it seemed impossible, and he finally determined to retrace his steps to Grand Breuil, with his two dear boys, not venturing as yet to be seen at his old post. At Grand Breuil he remained during the vintage; and then, finding that the cavalry had retired to a considerable distance from Mougou, he repaired thither, flattering himself with the hope

that they might not be molested again. He now ventured to assemble around him again the whole of his beloved family. Whatever other possessions the marauders had been permitted to tear from him, these, his dearest earthly treasures, were still preserved; and with hearts full of gratitude, parents and children found themselves once more gathered together under that lowly roof, beneath which they had heretofore enjoyed so much domestic happiness. Some of their pupils likewise returned; the school was again in active operation, and they were all busily occupied, and thankfully enjoying this return to the peaceful duties of their station. But scarcely had they tasted the cup of joy, when it was again dashed from their lips. Only two weeks after they had returned to their dwelling and resumed their occupations, a body of troops entered the adjoining parish of Thorigné. It was chiefly inhabited by Protestants, who had been enabled to stand firm in the day of trial, during the first visit of the military to that quarter. Very few had been induced to renounce their creed; and the *curé*, a severe and bigoted man, was so incensed by the constancy they

exhibited, that he now instigated the soldiers to acts of wanton cruelty, compared with which their former conduct was mild and harmless. But the good protestants of Thorigné were still enabled to stand their ground. He in whose gracious keeping they confided, and for whose sake they were willing to bear all manner of evil, gave them a spirit of patient endurance, honourable to the cause they had espoused, and calculated to strengthen the faith of those weaker brethren, who might have been ready to yield when the enemy approached their borders. They could say with the Psalmist, "My soul is continually in my hand, yet do I not forget thy law. The wicked have laid a snare for me, yet I erred not from thy precepts. I have inclined my heart to perform thy statutes always, even unto the end."

Very few instances of apostasy occurred notwithstanding the severe measures adopted; and the forest was crowded a second time with fugitives, who sought a temporary shelter from the fury of their enemies. The Migaults trembled at what was passing around them, and determined once more to quit Mougou,

and place themselves and their whole family under the protection of Madame de la Bessière, who had generously offered them her chateau as an asylum. On the last day of October, they decided to hold themselves in readiness to set out in the course of the following night. Migault went into the country to borrow a horse, on which they might carry three of the younger children, who were unable to walk so far, and his wife packed up their scanty wardrobe, and made every preparation for their departure. "It is indeed a true aphorism," Migault remarks at this part of his narrative: "It is indeed a true aphorism, that though man proposes, it is God who disposes. He was pleased to frustrate our project; and I hope we were preserved from all impious and unavailing complaints."

The *curé* still bent on accomplishing the ruin of his poor neighbours, advised the commander of the troops in Thorigné to march suddenly to Mougou, in order that he might entrap the three Protestant families residing there, without giving them time to make their escape. Madame Migault was, with three of her younger children, awaiting her husband's

return, when she saw the soldiers enter at both their gates. Taken thus by surprise, she had only time to seize two of the children, and escape through the private door, to which she had before been indebted for her safety. The kind ladies who had befriended her in the former case, were not wanting in care and attention now. They secreted her and her two children in a corn-loft. The soldiers, attended by the *curé*, searched for the Migaults in their own dwelling, and in the house of their friends, without being able to discover them. For some hours, Madame Migault remained concealed in the loft, with her two children, a prey to the most distressing anxiety, and unable to ascertain the fate of her husband and the rest of her family. The dear little boy she had left in the house, she could hear crying, as in great distress, and calling on her for help. By and by his cries ceased; and she afterwards found that, terrified by the harsh treatment of the depredators, he stole away into the garden, and endeavoured to hide himself in an alley of evergreens, where he was observed by a poor woman, who compassionately took him to her own home for



security. The mother of Madame Migault was also in the house when the cavalry were seen to approach. She sought refuge in a neighbouring dwelling, and happily succeeded in gathering round her four of the children, who were wandering in the streets.

The soldiers seized on the packages of clothing, and sold or bartered what they did not want: they did the same by the beds, &c.; and afterwards, with the assistance of a carpenter, whom the *curé* had summoned to help them, they destroyed every piece of furniture which had not been sold, broke down the closets, and demolished all the windows and doors, leaving the house a ruin. Madame Migault was within hearing of this work of destruction, being only separated from it by a wall. The silence that followed, indicated that her riotous assailants had departed.

In the course of the night, she ventured to quit her place of concealment, and sought refuge, for a short time, with the worthy woman who nursed her youngest child, then only twelve weeks old. This dear infant she found in a state which, under other circumstances, would have absorbed all her feelings, and

induced her to devote her whole time to the little sufferer:—it was evidently almost at its last gasp. It was heart-breaking to turn away from her dying infant, and not catch its last sigh, and imprint the latest kiss on its cold lips and pallid cheek: but the afflicted mother did not forget that she had eleven other children, who claimed a parent's care, and whose lives she might, under God, be the means of preserving. She felt it was not in her power to do any thing to prolong his fleeting life, which was ebbing fast away. She could only commit him, with Christian submission, to the keeping of that gracious Saviour who invites these little ones to come unto him, and who has given to the bereaved and mourning parent the consoling assurance, that there is place for them in the kingdom of heaven.

With an agonized heart, she forced herself from her dying babe, confiding him to the tender care of his sympathizing nurse, and hastened to the house of M. Champion, the Protestant minister, hoping she might there hear tidings of her husband. He, on his part, was ignorant of this second occupation of his house, until late in the evening; when, returning

homeward with the horse which he had gone a considerable distance to borrow, he was met by an acquaintance, who warned him not to approach his house, as the soldiers were there and searching for him. He dismounted from the horse, and requesting his informant to leave it at M. Champion's, he proceeded on foot, accompanied by his faithful companion, Dillot, who had resolved to assist them in their endeavours to escape to the chateau of Grand Breuil. Favoured by the darkness of the evening, they stole unobserved to the house of the nurse. From her, Migault learned that his wife was just gone from thence to M. Champion's. He too could only gaze for a few minutes on his suffering child, and kiss the dying infant for the last time, ere he hastened to join his afflicted wife, at the house of the minister. The poor babe expired in the course of the night, but they never looked on it again.\* They felt the necessity of remov-

\* They were not acquainted with its death till four days after. Judge of their feelings, when they were told that the *curé* had done all he could to prevail on the husband of the nurse, (a Papist,) not only to refuse a grave to the innocent child, but even to throw its lifeless body

ing immediately from the neighbourhood. Dillot and another person went in search of the children, and returned with the two eldest, and the little boy who had been exposed to the rage of the soldiers. They set out with this division of their family, as speedily as they could, intending to travel through the night. The mother was mounted on the borrowed horse, carrying the little Elizabeth in her arms; and Peter and Mary were in panniers, placed across the back of the animal: the two eldest walked with their father. At midnight, they reached a farmhouse belonging to an acquaintance, where they rested a few minutes, and then continued their march, till they reached the chateau of Grand Breuil.

To this hospitable retreat Dillot subsequently succeeded in conducting all the children,

to the dogs. Such savage barbarity is scarcely credible; but when the heart is once resigned to malevolent passions, it is impossible to say where it will stop. The man withstood the instances of the *curé*, and consigned the body of his little charge to the Protestant minister, by whom it was interred in the burying-ground belonging to his church.

one after another, and their grandmother; so that they once more saw themselves assembled under one roof. The soldiers were still actively engaged, and the reports which the inmates of the chateau received from the fugitives, dispersed over the country, were not such as to encourage any attempt to return to Mougou.

With regard to Migault's private affairs, speaking of those who had wronged him, by unjustly detaining his property, he says: "I forbear to mention their names, for I should be sorry if my children bore them enmity. The dishonest detention of my furniture and apparel added very little to their wealth, while it added nothing to their happiness. I freely forgive them. They could not deprive us of the true riches. We staked our souls upon God's eternal truth, and felt assured, that what he has promised he is willing to perform. He whose tender mercies are over all his works, who feeds the ravens, and in whom every believer may find a supply of all his wants, did not desert us in our time of need. When we quitted Mougou, doubtless we were considered miserable outcasts, with scanty rai-

ment, and without the means of procuring food: yet there was no cold against which we were not able to guard, and we felt no hunger which we could not satisfy. Madame de la Bessière was no sooner informed that we had made her chateau our place of refuge, than she sent the keys, and insisted on our eating her corn, drinking her wine, and burning her wood. This exemplary Christian was thus the means of preserving our lives, with all their comforts." Such is the meek and thankful spirit exhibited by the narrator of these trying scenes in his eventful life.

The persecution continued to rage during the whole of November; and it was not until near the close of December that they could, with any hope of safety, think of returning to Mougou. There was still danger in doing so; but they felt the impropriety of trespassing on the generosity of Madame de la Bessière any longer than was absolutely necessary. After some consideration, they finally decided to accept an invitation to Mauzé, and relinquish their home at Mougou altogether. They were induced to take this step by the earnest importunities of two of their friends, whose sons had

been under Migault's care, and who were again to become his pupils. The plan succeeded beyond their most sanguine expectations. No sooner were they established there, than many of their former boarders, whom they had been obliged to dismiss, returned to them, and they had, beside, many applications from day-scholars. They had now full employment, and ample earnings for the support of their family: "and it pleased heaven," the narrator adds, "to give us the hearts of all the inhabitants." Thus they once more lifted up their heads in hope, and went on their way rejoicing. But another trial, of a different nature from any of the foregoing, awaited the reader of Moullé.

Little more than a year had elapsed from the time of his settling at Mauzé when his beloved wife was taken from him by a fever, after a few days' illness. "On Sunday, the 28th of February," writes the afflicted husband, "this dear saint resigned her happy spirit into the hands of her Saviour." He then expresses his thankfulness for the blessings which were permitted to cheer the closing scenes of her life, and acknowledges the

cause he has for gratitude, when he remembers how peacefully her last days were passed, as well as for the mercy shown to her, in that she was taken thus early from the evil to come. Many trials and afflictions awaited her surviving family, from which she was spared. A darker cloud than any they had before experienced, began now to lower around them. Migault pursues his history in a mournful strain: "The renewal of my troubles followed closely the death of my wife. I never enjoyed a day's peace in France afterwards."

Only twelve days after this event, a law was published, prohibiting all Protestant schoolmasters from receiving boarders at their houses. Under other circumstances, intelligence like this would have been painfully felt. It was, in fact, a death blow to Migault's prosperity; but his mind was so absorbed by grief for the heavy loss he had recently sustained, that he heard of this decree with perfect indifference. Guided by the advice of his friend, the Protestant minister, who kindly came to counsel him in this difficulty, he placed his boarders at different hotels, and waited to receive directions from the parents,



as to the plan it was their wish that he should adopt. In a few days they came to visit their children, and were so well pleased with his arrangements, that they requested him to continue their education in the same manner as if they were boarders. Other embarrassments afterwards arose, which served to make his path thorny and difficult, and must have been the more painful to him to bear, now that he could no longer take sweet counsel with her who had been the sympathizing sharer of his joys and his sorrows in past years.

She seems, by her firmness of character, to have been peculiarly fitted to strengthen his hands in the day of calamity. "She was indeed my help-meet upon all occasions," he says; "but especially while the fiercest persecutions raged around us. 'This is grievous to be borne,' she would say; 'yet why should we sorrow as those without hope? Depend upon it, the shield of the Almighty is spread over us, and nothing can happen but what in mercy is designed for our benefit: though we perceive it not now, yet we shall hereafter. We love God, and God will not abandon us.' "

A few months more elapsed, and the inhabitants of Mauzé heard the unwelcome tidings, that troops were in full march for the province of Poitou, destined to complete the ruin of those Protestant families who had not fled the country or abjured, during the former persecution. Nearly every Protestant church, throughout the kingdom, was now either destroyed or interdicted, under various pretexts.

The church of Mauzé was for a season singularly protected from the storm. Her Serene Highness, the Duchess of Lunenburg and Zell, herself a pious Protestant, was the means of shielding this place from the ravages which laid waste so many other Protestant districts. Her excellent brother, M. d'Olbreuze, resided in the neighbourhood, and with him and the Protestant minister of Mauzé, M. de la Forest, she kept up a regular correspondence. Warned by these friends, of the evils which threatened them from time to time, she made every effort to avert the blow, using all her influence with the court of France for this purpose, and even interceding with the king himself, on behalf of those whose cause she so warmly espoused. Mauzé, thus

favoured, became the centre of attraction to the Protestants of Poitou and the neighbouring provinces; a desired haven into which they crowded, in order that they might enjoy the public exercise of their religion, denied them in so many other places. On Saturday evening, the town became crowded to excess. The private houses of the Protestants, the hotels, and even the town-hall, were often filled with persons who flocked in, from various places, to pass the Sabbath with those of their brethren who were assembled there. But, notwithstanding the powerful interference of the duchess, they were visited by many vexatious and harassing circumstances, against which they struggled, until the fatal decree of revocation fell on their devoted heads, and left the Protestants of France without resource. Migault had foreseen this stroke, and had been induced to make every preparation in his power for the event, by dismissing his pupils, and sending away his children and his mother-in-law to the houses of different friends; so that when the cavalry entered Mauzé, on the 23d of September, 1685, he was without any of his family near him. Two

or three persons, who were making their escape from some neighbouring place, were in conversation with him, when the approach of the soldiers gave them warning to fly, and they all left the house as speedily as they could. Migault and one of the party descended into the moat which surrounded the town, (then dry,) and took the road to Amilly, meeting on their way terrified women and helpless children, who, like themselves, were seeking safety in flight. Late in the evening, they reached the chateau de Marsay, where they were received and sheltered for two days. From thence they proceeded to the house of M. de Puyarnault, near St. Jean d'Angely, where Migault had been kindly allowed to send three of his children. But here the fugitives remained only a few days. The government had begun to station soldiers in the houses of gentlemen suspected of favouring the flight of the Protestants, and M. de Puyarnault was daily expecting to have them quartered on him. He was advised to prepare for their arrival, by removing all valuable property from under his roof, as no dependence could be placed on persons who usually

acted more like freebooters and banditti than regular troops. Under these circumstances, Migault felt it prudent to remove his children from a retreat which no longer promised safety. Jane, eighteen years of age, and Peter nine, he could make the companions of his melancholy march; but what could he do with Mary, a delicate little girl of seven, who was unable to encounter the perils of their flight?

He decided, as his only remaining resource, to send her, by the common carrier, (a Papist,) to M. de l'Aleigne's, where she might be under the care of her grandmother, who had been received there. Having adopted this plan, which, perilous as it was, seemed the only one left him to pursue, he set out with Jane and Peter, and went first to the house of M. d'Olbreuze. He did not venture to remain more than a few hours there, believing that his presence would endanger the lives of four of his children, who were already sheltered under that friendly roof. Taking leave of these, he set out again with Jane and Peter, and the next morning reached the house of a friend, to whose care he thought they might safely be confided. Here he left them,

and then went forth again to hide his own head where he could. The whole month of October he wandered up and down the province, concealing himself during the day, and taking care never to remain more than forty-eight hours in a place. So completely were the paths of the Protestants beset with snares, that it seems wonderful any should have escaped. The cavalry were spread about every where; and the hospitable and tender-hearted among the Catholics, who were thought likely to receive the persecuted, were daily subject to domiciliary visits. It was become very dangerous to give even temporary shelter to the fugitives, so that their nearest relatives often scarcely dared to do it. At length, after a month of painful wanderings, Migault returned, in the night, to the hospitable mansion of M. d'Olbreuze, and for eight days remained hidden in his grounds. After this comparatively long rest, he renewed his lonely wanderings, seeking, from time to time, temporary rest at the houses of various friends, where he gained ready admittance, provided he came by night only, and was careful not to be seen by any one but the inhabitants of the

dwelling. Thus the month of November passed wearily away; and in the beginning of December, it appeared necessary to remove Jane and Peter from the asylum he had found for them in October. The afflicted father conducted them, first, to his often-visited place of refuge, the house of M. d'Olbreuze, where they lodged one night, and then accompanied them to the chateau of M. de Marsay, which had received him in his first flight from Mauzé. In two days, however, these children were returned on his hands, at M. d'Olbreuze's, to which place he had gone back, after leaving them at the chateau de Marsay. Poor man! his heart seems to have been at this time sinking within him, under the pressure of accumulated sufferings. Indeed, his situation, as he himself describes it, was truly pitiable: "Hunted for three months, from place to place, like a noxious animal, by cavalry, priests, and lay Papists, at enmity with me, and agitated the whole time with distressing anxiety for my poor children." He was now in the utmost perplexity, not knowing where to hide his own head, or

where to find a place for these two dear members of his family.

In this emergency, a Roman Catholic friend took Jane under his protection for eight days; and when he durst keep her no longer, he complied with her father's earnest entreaties, that he would conduct her to some relatives, who resided at Croizette, near Niort. Here she continued a fortnight, and would have remained longer, had not some person given information to the captain of a troop of cavalry in the neighbourhood, that she was concealed in the house. Two dragoons were instantly despatched to search for her, which they did with great insolence, ransacking every place, destroying furniture, and treating the owners of the house with violence. The terrified girl fled at their approach, and concealing herself in a neighbouring wood, remained there in safety during the night; but when day dawned, fancying her hiding-place insecure, she stole back to the court-yard, and concealed herself in a heap of straw. In the morning the soldiers renewed their search, and the poor girl was discovered, and dragged, with brutal harshness before the Catholic minister of the parish.



She had the firmness to withstand all the menaces and arguments which were used to induce her to apostatize from her faith. The act of abjuration was placed before her to sign, and violence was added to threats to force her to comply, but in vain. He who maketh his strength often appear the most manifest in the weakest of his creatures, gave this young girl firmness and energy suited to her trial. She remained inflexible; and when the priest, who, was resolved to make it appear that he had converted her, wrote under the pretended act, that she did not sign it because she could not write, she undauntedly protested against the falsehood, and declared that she knew very well how to write, but refused to do so because she was firmly resolved never to renounce her creed, or sign her name to an act of abjuration. How she was set at liberty does not appear; but two days after, a benevolent man had the kindness to conduct her to her father, at M. d'Olbreuze's. This good man's house seems, as Migault observes, to have been their headquarters; nor was this the only party that found refuge there. All who asked, received aid as long as it was possible to give it. Fugi-

tives from different provinces were received there: they needed but to plead their misery to gain admittance. It was enough that they were objects of tyranny and oppression, to insure them every hospitable attention. Not only the chateau, but the corn-lofts, barns, and out-houses, were filled by persons of all ranks, from Saintonge, Aunis, and Poitou, who were generously supplied with every thing necessary to their support and comfort. M. and Madame de l'Aleigne manifested the same courageous and munificent hospitality. Their mansion became likewise the refuge of the distressed, and was crowded with Protestants of every age and degree. These benevolent persons were threatened with visits from the military, but they still persevered in their plans. Their high station, and their connexion with the Duchess of Brunswick, preserved them awhile from the threatened interruption. Of all the residences of the Protestant nobility in Aunis, Poitou, and Saintonge, the houses of M. d'Olbreuze and M. de l'Aleigne alone remained unpillaged. At length the blow came, and no obnoxious person was any longer left unmolested. The

nobles friendly to the Protestant cause, were forced to fly, or risk imprisonment by *lettres du petit-catchet*. In November, M. de l'Aleigne was consigned, by one of these instruments, to the common gaol at Loches; and in December, M. d'Olbreuze was compelled, by a command from the king, to repair to Paris, and remain in attendance at court, until further orders. Still Migault and three of his children were suffered to remain at the chateau with Madame d'Olbreuze, where they passed for domestics. But now an order was issued, forbidding all Protestants to have any but Roman Catholic servants; and Madame d'Olbreuze and Madame de l'Aleigne were reluctantly obliged to submit to this regulation. Poor Migault knew not where to fly. In addition to his troubles, Jane was returned to him from Croizette; John, the second son, had been driven from his retreat, by the same decree which rendered it impossible for the others to remain at Madame d'Olbreuze's, and the mother-in-law and little Mary had, of course, been obliged at the same time, to quit Madame de l'Aleigne's.

He had now seven of his children unpro-

vided for, and himself again without a hiding-place. He acknowledges, with shame and self-reproach, the afflicting state of despondency into which he was thrown by these distressing circumstances. After many difficulties, in seeking such temporary shelter as he could obtain for those so dear to him, a ray of hope again dawned upon him, and he thought he saw means by which he might send his two sons, John and Philemon, out of the country, embarking them at Rochelle, for Holland.

For this purpose, he went to Rochelle. There he was arrested, taken before the governor, and after a severe examination, was drawn into the sinful act of compliance he had so long withstood, and signed the act of abjuration. We know not what arts of refined cruelty were exercised, to urge this firm and sincere Protestant into the snare in which so many had been entangled; for, at this part of his narrative, four pages in the original manuscript are torn out, leaving one of the most interesting scenes of his life a blank. It only appears that he signed the formal-renunciation of his faith, and was then set at liberty. But

the freedom thus gained was felt to be dearly earned. Oppressed with the anguish of a wounded spirit, he went forth to encounter the ills of life, with feelings such as had never before weighed down his heart. The state of his mind, under these circumstances, is best described in his own words, as he addresses them to his children, commencing with a prayer to that gracious God, against whom he had so deeply sinned: "Notwithstanding the heinousness of our transgressions, thou hast promised, O Heavenly Father, to have mercy upon us, and abundantly to pardon. I indulge the humble and confident hope, that thou despisest not my broken and contrite heart. Thou wilt thoroughly wash me from my iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin.

"Upon leaving the prison, I was conducted by an officer to the convent of Oratory; and there it was I basely put my hand to a paper which they presented for my signature. I did not read it, but could entertain no doubt of its purport. The fears for my own safety, and apprehensions about my family, that agitated my mind, suggested plausible reasons why I might innocently sign: but no sooner

did my guards disappear, and I regain my liberty, than I despised the sophistry by which I had been betrayed, and contemplated my sin in all its blackness and deformity. One of my friends, whom I met on quitting the town, observing the distraction of my mind, persuaded me to accompany him to his house. He endeavoured to allay the agitation of my spirits, pointing out those passages of scripture from which I might derive comfort. I left him the same afternoon, intending, by walking all night, to arrive at Mauzé, the next morning.

“I can but faintly describe the shame and sorrow I endured while at Mauzé. I endeavoured to pray, but could not give utterance to the feelings by which I was oppressed. It pleased God to hide the light of his countenance, and I seemed abandoned to my own reflections, which had nigh driven me to despair. The congratulations of my friends, on my release from prison, increased the poignancy of my remorse: their kind expressions were so many blows upon my heart: they produced the effect of the keenest reproaches; and it appeared to me that no criminal

was ever before tormented by so many accusers.

“I could not avoid calling upon Madame d’Olbreuze, my kind benefactress; but it was long before I summoned sufficient resolution. That lady, I knew, received with tenderness many persons in my unhappy predicament; yet there was no one of whom this faithful disciple of Christ entertained a more favourable opinion, and who had so bitterly disappointed her expectations. At length, I solicited permission to pay my respects, and it was immediately granted.

“On entering the room, I found Madame d’Olbreuze surrounded by several unmarried ladies, who some weeks before had placed themselves under her protection. Oh! my children, guard against the first approaches of sin; and may you never have cause to stand abashed and confounded in the presence of your fellow-mortals, in the same manner as your poor father did upon this distressing occasion. For a considerable time I was motionless; my heart beat violently, and I was happily relieved by a flood of tears. Nothing could be more kind and considerate than the

language of this little company of Christians. They dilated indeed upon the enormity of my sin, but encouraged me to hope for pardon: they adduced the instances of Peter who denied, and of the disciples who abandoned the Saviour; my repentance appeared as deep as theirs, and they doubted not my forgiveness was as complete.

“I hope always to retain a grateful recollection of the behaviour of these ladies. One of them composed a prayer suited to my case, a copy of which I have preserved. I distributed this prayer among many Protestants, who were deploring the same guilt as myself, and there is reason to believe it was eminently blessed.

“I was rescued, by the tender mercy of my God, from the frightful dangers into which my folly had precipitated me; and was consoled for all my sufferings, when I found that nine of you, my dear children, remained faithful to his word, and appeared devoted to his service.”

After these events, nearly a year seems to have elapsed, marked by many distressing circumstances: not the least afflicting, was the



bad conduct of John Migault, the second son, who was a source of great uneasiness to his father. The rest of his children seem to have been particularly dutiful, and well conducted. During this period, Migault had the comfort of hearing that three of his sons, James, Gabriel, and Philemon, had been able to follow in the train of families of their friends, and make their escape from a country where nothing but sorrow and oppression seemed to await them. James was at Amsterdam, Gabriel and Philemon in Germany; the former with M. de la Forest, the latter with M. and Madame d'Olbreuze, who had obtained the king's permission to quit the kingdom, and generously offered to take Philemon with them, and make his welfare their peculiar care.

John, the sad source of anguish to his father, had also left the kingdom, and was gone to the West Indies; and his neglect of his only parent, to whom he had not once written since his departure, seemed to weigh heavily on his father's heart. Still his cares were sensibly lessened, by the knowledge that four of his children were beyond the reach of perse-

cution; and he now began, once more, to devise plans for removing the rest of his family to Holland. Towards the close of 1687, after many disappointments, he found means to engage a passage for himself and his children, in a vessel about to sail from Rochelle. His family, however, was then at Grand Breuil, where it appears the benevolent Madame de la Bessiere still ventured to receive them. The perplexity he now had to encounter, arose from the difficulty there was in conveying his family to Rochelle without observation. After hiring one carriage, in readiness for the nocturnal journey, and paying the voiturier a high price in advance, the man failed him, and never made his appearance. After much trouble, he succeeded in engaging another conveyance, at an enormous price; and in the middle of a bitterly cold December night, he commenced his perilous journey with his children. In quitting Grand Breuil, they had the affliction of parting from their excellent grandmother, who though full of grief at the thought of being separated from these, the dearest objects on earth, had not courage, at her age, to emigrate with them, as

Migault had earnestly entreated her to do. After a night of dangers, they reached d'Am-pierre, where they lodged. The next day they providentially found an asylum at La Bugaudière, two miles from Rochelle, in the house of a remote relative, who, unknown to them, had removed to that place some time before. He generously received the youthful party, and retained them under his protection till the middle of January, when the wind, which had been all this time unfavourable, changed to a good quarter, and the 16th of the month was fixed as the day of embarkation.

The place appointed for rendezvous, was a small house on the beach, near the noble mansion of Pampin, and a league distant from Rochelle. Here the captain agreed to take in the passengers under shelter of the darkness. It was not without danger and difficulty that the various parties found their way to the spot during the night. A few, indeed, lost their way, and did not arrive till too late; but seventy-five people were assembled, awaiting with impatience the moment of embarkation. The generous-minded man who had been the principal means of making all these arrange-

ments for the poor fugitives, came to meet them, and superintend the midnight embarkation. He suggested, that they should agree to enter the boat in rotation, according to the lot drawn by each family, and then it might be regularly filled, without being over laden, and no confusion would arise to embarrass their movements, or retard their departure.

Hitherto all had gone on favourably. Migault and his children, with some others, waited in the house, and the rest of the emigrants on the beach, for the arrival of the boat; when suddenly loud cries were heard. At first the sounds were thought to proceed from the sailors, for whose presence they were so anxious; and then they were filled with consternation, under the apprehension that it was the military coming down on them. Incredible as it may appear under such appalling circumstances, it afterwards proved to be a mere idle frolic, played off by some who were waiting to embark. The cries were meant to imitate soldiers seizing on objects of pursuit; and the name of the generous superintendent of the embarkation was repeatedly vociferated. The penalty of death had, by a recent

decree, been fixed as the punishment of those who aided the escape of the Protestants: this good man, therefore, might well partake in the panic which began to spread: hastening to the house, he exclaimed, "The guards are on the beach, save yourselves," and then fled. Some followed him in his flight, but the greater proportion remained behind; for the authors of the frolic, seeing the mischief they had done, hastened to assure those who had taken the alarm, that it was unfounded. They succeeded in quieting the fears of those around them: but, in the darkness of the night, it was impossible to trace the steps of their benefactor and those who had followed him. In about a quarter of an hour the arrival of the boat was announced: every one hastened to embark; and their kind superintendent not being there to regulate their plans, the greatest confusion prevailed. Through the obscurity of the night, Migault and his party, including a Mademoiselle de Choisy, whom he had under his care, lost their way, and did not reach the boat until it was just putting to sea, with thirty-five persons in it. The remainder were therefore obliged to wait

for another trip. Oppressed with anxiety, fatigue, and cold, they kept a painful watch, during the long interval which elapsed before the boat returned; and when it came, it brought no hope for Migault's party; for, instead of touching at the same part of the shore as before, it was taken to a creek, a hundred and fifty yards distant from the rock on which they had remained stationed from the time it went off with the first party. The moment the cries of the sailors were heard, every person hastened to the spot whence the voices proceeded. The most active and least encumbered, especially those who had none but themselves to care for, gained the boat first; and when twenty-five had entered, the mariners pushed off, declaring they would take no more, as they were nearly swamped by their load the first time, but they would return a third time and take the remainder. Alas! it soon became evident to those now left behind, that their passage was lost. Day dawned before the boat could well have reached the vessel, and the dispirited group discerned two launches belonging to the guard-boats of Rochelle, which had been established since the

revocation, to frustrate if possible, all plans for emigration in that port. The kind friend to whom the refugees were so much indebted, had employed persons to inspect a long line of coast, and observe if any part was left unguarded. That part appointed for the place of embarkation was alone found free; and had the return of the boat for the second party been deferred one half hour, that too would have been blocked up. Thus was a merciful providence manifested in favour of those who escaped during that eventful night, from a land where persecution had left them no resting-place. How keenly the disappointment was felt by those who failed in the attempt, and with what christian patience it was borne, Migault's own words will show: "Our situation," he observes, "was become very awful. As we saw guards at sea, so we might reasonably expect to meet with guards on land. The trepidation that seized the whole party was excessive. We knew the unbending severity of the governor of Rochelle, and many fancied themselves already in his power. My danger was, beyond all comparison, the most imminent. My companions were unmarried,

and could easily disperse, or conceal themselves, according to circumstances: but I had six children, whom I could not abandon, and three of them incapable of walking. The house of our benevolent host, at La Bugaudière, was the only one I could venture to enter, and it could be reached only by passing under the walls of Rochelle. Nor was I by any means certain that my horse was now in a condition to travel; the poor animal having remained the whole of this dreadful night on the shingles, apparently without sense or motion. I believe I may say, that at no period of my life was my faith in more active exercise. Many precious promises presented themselves to my mind; some of which, though they then appeared familiar to my memory, had not before formed the subject of my contemplation. One passage wonderfully supported me: 'The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.' I so meditated on these words, that my fears were completely overcome. I shall certainly be delivered I said, and it matters not therefore, in what way. My Heavenly Father knows the mode which is best suited to



my individual case. Whether I escape from the hands of the governor of Rochelle, or fall into his power, I shall be equally delivered in God's good time. I will not agitate myself with sinful fears: while I employ every faculty of body and mind to avoid molestation, I will cast all my cares upon God."\*

\* The simplicity with which Migault tells the story of his life, and makes confession of his errors, is touchingly exhibited in a little anecdote he introduces at this part of his history, and on which he comments with equal piety and good sense.

"I do not wish to pass unnoticed a little anecdote that you have heard me relate. When we were leaving La Bugaudière, little Oliver, in his insinuating and affectionate manner, asked: 'Where are we going papa?' My heart was full, and to avoid the necessity of any explanation, I said: "We are going to our house at Moullé, my child.' In the morning, the little fellow finding himself on the beach, surrounded by the sea and rocks, said: 'Are we in our house, papa?' 'Yes,' I hastily answered. 'Then our house has tumbled down papa?' I attach no other importance to this anecdote than the evil effects which the untruths I unguardedly uttered might produce on my children, if I did not solemnly express sorrow for having departed, upon this occasion, from those rigid and universal rules of veracity that ought to govern every head of a family. The world are not generally aware how imperceptibly the character of a child is formed. The

Migault was told, that among those who had obtained seats in the first boat, was Madame de Choisy. Mademoiselle de Choisy, therefore, who had been separated from her mother during the confusion occasioned by the false alarm before mentioned, now believed that they were parted without any hope of meeting again, and was in a state of the greatest distress. The good Migault could only promise to take charge of her, and lend her what help he could. The mournful party now turned away from the beach, accompanied by the faithful Dillot, who was always in attendance on them, and gave them all the assistance in his power. They were soon met by a person, who came in search of Mademoiselle de Choisy. Her mother had not embarked, but was in vain seeking for her

minute incidents that constitute the history of infancy, may be pregnant with important consequences on the future life : and if we could always trace effects to their causes, I doubt not, it would be found that the moral turpitude of mankind frequently grows out of such aberrations from truth, as in the instance under review, on the part of parents, whom children have been accustomed to venerate, and by whose example they have regulated their own conduct.”

daughter, and almost distracted with the idea that, in the confusion, she might have gone on board and sailed, not only without her mother, but without any other protector. Nor was this fear unreasonable; for as the embarkations always took place in the night, such circumstances were often occurring. Wives were separated from husbands, and parents from children, frequently to meet no more; those who were left behind too often falling into the hands of their enemies, and either losing their lives, or languishing for years in prison.

Migault resigned the charge of this young lady, and proceeded with his own children to La Bugaudière, where they were again hospitably received. They felt very thankful, that though they had failed to effect their much desired departure, they had been permitted to return to their hiding-place without any discovery of their frustrated plans. The whole party were so happy as to retire from the place of rendezvous without attracting any attention.

The next day Migault went to Rochelle, and found Mademoiselle de Choisy safely returned to her mother. He records the fol-

lowing pleasing notice of the evening he passed at Madame de Choisy's, with several, who, like himself, had been obliged to return disappointed from the water-side. "We spent a delightful evening. Of course every one talked of his own particular adventure. I may safely assert, that there was not that evening, throughout France, a happier fire-side. Certainly it could not have been found in the king's palace, nor in the houses of those who were accessory to this horrible persecution. No one appeared mortified or disappointed; on the contrary, it was universally felt, that there was abundant cause for thankfulness and praise. Every heart seemed turned unto God, as the heart of one man. We could not, indeed, deny the dangers incurred, and the sufferings endured; but the remembrance of them only increased our gratitude and love to Him to whom alone we owed our deliverance. The evening was employed in serious conversation and fervent prayer. We considered that the Almighty had given us an earnest of his special providence; and feeling that he was on our side, and that we ought not, therefore, to fear what man can do unto us, we determined

to persevere in our efforts to abandon our unhappy country.”

Disappointment received in this spirit must have been a blessing. No affliction “for the present seemeth joyous, but grievous; nevertheless, afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness, to them which are exercised thereby.”

It was not until April, that Migault’s unwearied endeavours to escape, with his family, were crowned with success. He then, through the same kind friend who had assisted him before, found means to make the needful arrangements, and once more prepared to depart. One child, his beloved and excellent Jane, he was under the necessity of leaving behind, though with a strong confidence that she would be soon permitted to follow them. The rest assembled, with him and other emigrants, at their former rendezvous, the chateau of Pampin. They had been obliged to come in two parties, and an intelligent lad had undertaken to be the guide of Anne Migault, (the eldest daughter,) and the children left under her charge. He conducted them safely to a place near the house, where

they waited till Migault and the rest of the party arrived. Then, instead of parting from them, the young guide besought them to allow him to bear them company to a foreign shore. "I entreat you, sir," he said, "to take me along with you. If you will pay my passage, I shall be no further charge. I have long been agitated by the desire to escape into any country, where I may worship God in spirit and in truth; but I did not dare to inform my father and mother of the wish. Oh! do, pray sir, take me with you. It is promised, 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all other things shall be given.' Now, sir, I am not afraid but that the Almighty will provide for me, because it is in search of his kingdom and righteousness I am going abroad. I wish to sit under the ministry of such men as M. Perault."

The earnest entreaties of this poor lad were not poured into ears unheeding of such pleadings; and he was promised, that if the boat which was to convey them to the vessel was sufficiently large to admit him in addition, his wish should be granted.

The whole of the company soon arrived,

and in good time effected their embarkation, without interruption. This happy deliverance occurred on Easter Monday, 1688; a day of rejoicing indeed to these poor afflicted people. Their passage was long and tempestuous; and it was not until the nineteenth day after they sailed, that the vessel reached Brille, in Holland. From thence they went to Rotterdam; and the next day, being Sunday, they all repaired, with hearts overflowing with gratitude, to the French church in that place. There they united in offering up devout praises for their deliverance, and listened, with elevated and solemn feelings, to the word of instruction, preached by M. Jurieu.

The Wednesday following, they again attended divine service; and after hearing an appropriate discourse from M. Gilbert, those among them who had been induced to sign acts of abjuration, made public confession of their sin in this matter, in the presence of that God against whom they had so deeply sinned, and before the whole church.

Thus was the era of their deliverance fitly marked, by a spirit of prayer and praise—a spirit of humble contrition and rejoicing grati-

tude, to Him who had delivered them from going down to the pit, and who had truly "brought them out of the miry clay," and "set their feet upon a rock, and put a new song into their mouth, even praises unto our God."

In a few weeks Migault was settled at Amsterdam. His beloved Jane had joined the party after a prosperous voyage, and many favourable circumstances marked his lot. The good man thus closes his narrative: "I have now been seventeen months in Holland, surrounded by the major part of my family, and in the enjoyment of every spiritual blessing. I might safely add, that every temporal blessing was also vouchsafed to me, if your brother were reclaimed, and your grandmother under our roof. Gabriel pursues his vocation with industry and profit; and the amiable character of Philemon, has obtained the approbation, and secured the patronage of M. and Madame d'Olbreuze. Oh! my beloved children, join me in endless praises to the gracious Being who has thus crowned us with loving kindness and tender mercy. The love of God is, you know, generally the theme of our conver-



sation, and I wish it to be one of the prominent subjects of my narrative. It is the best and most important, concerning which the thoughts of an intellectual creature can be exercised. Other gifts and graces, whether intellectual or moral, come indeed from heaven, but they often leave us upon earth. Love alone elevates us thither, and is able to unite us to God.”

Such are the annals of one persecuted family. They contain none of those details of horrible and excessive cruelty, in which the records of a persecuting age abound: but persecution, under its mildest aspect, is sufficiently revolting. This simple narrative of the sufferings of one individual and his family, which enables us to trace their steps from day to day, and to watch the progress of their sorrows, will, perhaps, give us a more lively sense of the troubles of the persecuted, than many of the more appalling, but less detailed histories of the times. The original manuscript of Migault's memoir, was found, a few years ago, in the possession of a poor inhabitant of Spitalfields, a lineal descendant of the writer. This man, in the course of conversa-

tion with a member of the Spitalfields Benevolent Society, happened to mention that his family had been compelled to emigrate to a foreign country, by the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and produced this manuscript as a proof of the correctness of his statement. A circumstance which has been so often feigned, to give additional interest to some fictitious narrative, has, in this case, really occurred; and a manuscript which had rested a century in the recesses of the family cabinet, has been at length brought to light by some passing event, and presented to the notice of the public.

M. LE FEVRE,

## THE PRISONER OF THE GALLEYS.

WE have spoken of the frequent condemnation of the Protestants to the galleys. This was a most afflicting lot, in which much was added to the usual miseries of captivity. The blasphemies of the degraded beings by whom these good men were surrounded, was far from being the lightest of the evils they had to endure. The prophet Ezekiel's magnificent description of the navy of Tyre, comes before us in fearful contrast to the horrors of these galley-fleets, as described by an eye-witness. (See Appendix, Note 2.) The "benches of ivory from the isles of Chittim," the "sails of fine linen with brodered work from Egypt," and all the luxurious appointments of Tyre, in her glory, were not there; but it might be truly said of them, as of Tyre, in the day of her calamity: "All they that handle the oar shall cry bitterly;"—"they shall make them-

selves bald, and gird themselves with sackcloth, and weep with bitterness of heart, and bitter wailing." Ezek. xxvii. 31, &c.

One of the most touching details of the sufferings of those who have been condemned to the galleys, is to be found in the memoirs drawn up of the life and death of M. Le Fevre. A counsellor by profession, well connected, and possessed of almost every thing which could make life pleasant to him, he was arrested in his thirty-seventh year, on account of his religion; and bore, for sixteen years, the hard yoke of a cruel bondage, with unrepinning submission to the will of God; taking joyfully his sufferings, and after the manner of the apostle, "rejoicing in hope, patient in tribulation, continuing instant in prayer." It is from his letters to various friends that the materials of this narrative will be chiefly drawn. It appears that he was born at Chatel Chinon, in Nivernois, of honourable parents, and one of the most considerable families in that province. The pious and affectionate strain in which he speaks of his departed parents, interests us in his favour. It is thus he writes to one of his friends:

“The great God hath been mindful of his promises in favour of the children of those that fear him. My father and mother were of the number; and having walked before him in Christian simplicity, died both in a good old age, in communion with the true church. My mother, God took to himself by times; but I know her piety was exemplary, and her life edifying. You know what was the probity, the zeal, and the patience of my deceased father. I cannot mention him without emotion; but his memory is too dear to me to pass it over in silence. You visited him on his death-bed, or rather on his *bed of life*; and I remember that, on coming away, you gave this testimony: ‘I came to edify and comfort a sick person, but he has edified and comforted me.’ Such you saw him then, and such he was through the whole course of his sickness, which was very long, and very severe. Resigned, patient, and always willing to give up his soul into the hands of his God. He was naturally hasty and passionate; but the grace of God raised him so much above himself, that it made him the most patient man in the world, in the most intense and violent pains.

I praise God, the God of my fathers, for the spirit of meekness wherewith he endued his servant, and for the internal piety with which he inspired him: and as long as I live, I shall bless the Lord God of the spirits of all flesh, who granted me the favour to be present when he took the soul of his servant to himself, and when he put these words into my mouth, ‘Lord Jesus receive his spirit into thy hands!’ May the blessed Jesus put them again into my heart and mouth, at the last moment of my life; and say himself unto my soul, ‘Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord: I am thy Saviour.’”

M. Le Fevre, after studying at Geneva and at Orleans, where he took his degree, repaired to Paris. The testimonials he brought with him recommended him to the notice of the advocate-general, who admitted him as one of the advocates of the court of parliament. But scarcely was he entered on a career so favourable to his wishes, when the Edict of Nantes was revoked. He was compelled to seek safety by flight; but in vain. Arrested and tried at Besançon, he was condemned to the galleys. From Besançon he was conducted,

first, to Dijon, where he arrived May 30, 1686. From the prisons of Dijon he wrote to a friend, describing the hardships of his journey to this new house of bondage, and the sufferings it subsequently occasioned. "I am," he says, "as it were, impotent. I suffer great pains all over my body; and if it had not been for the comfort that the Lord sent me at Ausonne, they would not have brought me alive to Dijon. My irons were taken off at Ausonne, and I was set on horseback; whereas I was before in the waggon, in a distressing posture, and pressed on all sides. But whatever happens to us, we put our trust in God; we hope in him only. I have had some fits of ague, more violent than ever; but God will not forsake me." He was advised to present a petition to the intendant, in order that, if possible, some relief might be obtained for him, when he should be attached to the chain, to proceed with other prisoners to the galley-station. But he declined doing so, observing, that if he should be favoured more than others, which he believed would not be the case, it would be cowardice in him to shrink back from the burden which others

were bearing. "We do not fear," he said, "all the preparations they threaten us with, and which we cannot avoid, without a miracle: we wait for it all. The sight of a passionate deputy, and a troop of inhuman guards, will be nothing frightful to us. That which troubles me most, is the blasphemies of the wicked wretches with whom we shall be coupled."

We may here observe, that the convicts in France then, as in the present day, were conducted to their place of destination, not only manacled and coupled together, as in England, but beside this, a chain passing through a ring on the fetters of each prisoner, linked the first couple to the second, and so on in succession, thus uniting the whole party, however numerous, and rendering escape on the road impossible: hence the use of the phrase, "the chain," to express the body of prisoners sent off to the galleys. M. Le Fevre was detained about two months at Dijon, and then conducted, with his companions in misery, to Chalons, where the chain that came from Paris also arrived about the same time; and to this was attached the devoted M. de Marolles,



whose sufferings occupy the next chapter. He was, at that time, ill with fever; and the sickness of this good man seems to have been far more afflicting to M. Le Fevre than his own sufferings. He writes to a friend: "If it were not for the sickness of the illustrious M. de Marolles, which continues still, I would tell you, my dear friend, nothing but matters of rejoicing: but my heart is wounded. I hope, with the assistance of heaven, that the fever of that servant of the Lord Jesus will abate by rest."

When they finally arrived at Marseilles, both de Marolles and Le Fevre were found unable to work, and were removed to the hospital of the galley; from whence the following letter, descriptive of their afflictions and their abounding consolation, under all, was written by M. Le Fevre, on the 20th of August, 1786.

"It seemed to me as if my flesh was grown suddenly old. I found myself in the pains of death: the guard thought me *dead*, and as *such*, one took one thing, and another took another thing from me; and had it not been for the little stop we made at Avignon, I could expect

nothing short of a cruel death. With long entreaties, M. de St. P—— suffered me to take a litter, on paying for the guard. Money was a great assistance to me: I have dispersed it. But wherefore all those cares and expenses, to come to a place that may be called the abode of misery; where I am mixed with a very great number of galley-slaves? I have been forty-eight hours without being able to eat or drink what they give here, or capable of closing the eye to sleep. At last, commending my soul to God, in that condition I saw Mr. J.\* coming to me, who told me that I was recommended to him by his friend G. After that visit, the fever left me. My life is not precious to me; I could leave it with delight, if it were God's will; but the Lord appears to work miracles to preserve me. Farewell, my dear: greet the brethren, and pray for me. They continue controversies with me, and to speak of my changing my religion. How long, Lord!"

While he was in that hospital, with M. de Marolles, he was very ill. "I fall," said he, "from one relapse to another, and have found

\* Supposed to be a physician.

myself at death's door. The physician of the hospital took great care of me, and he wondered to see me not complaining, and 'that the pains I endured did not make me sigh.' I could not walk these two days, and find myself very weak; yet do not believe for all that, that our condition is so unhappy as the people of the world think it: no, doubtless, were it only for the testimony of a good conscience, we are happy; and nothing can take our joy from us in our sufferings. The Divine Comforter, who puts us all in heart, comes to our assistance: sometimes he hides himself, because we are people of little faith; but God pities our necessities: he supports us, and takes us by the hand; and in that state death is no longer a king of terrors to us. We are assured by him that loved us, that we shall receive mercy, and die the death of the righteous. What a comfort! What a solid happiness is this!"

In a letter of the 17th of September, 1686, he says: "They sent me and M. de Marolles to the galleys, without any regard that we are languishing and sick. M. de Marolles began to walk, but *I* cannot stand. He was declared

invalid, and put into the St. John, so that he is exempted from rowing; and I expect only what it shall please God to send me. I went on board yesterday, where I was immediately loaded with chains. To all this I oppose the will of God. If poverty, sickness, pains, and captivity, are the means he will make use of, why should I refuse them? I shall die contentedly when it may please God to call me. In these hard extremes, though God should slay me, yet will I hope in him, and praise him all the days of my life. I am reduced to lie on a board that is but a little more than two feet wide. I have nothing to cover me; but the galley-slaves, my neighbours, have stripped themselves for me: and if the lice and bugs did not disturb me, I have found myself disposed for sleep. While I was on board the Grand Reale, I was entered among the rest; for, in the galley, all the slaves are entered down, from whencesoever they come. She never goes to sea, nor moves out of the harbour. When she has many slaves on board, they are all sorted, from time to time, except those they have a respect for; and they are brought into a spacious place, where the inten-

dant, the commissary-general, and the captains of the galleys meet; and they make choice of the lustiest and most vigorous of those that are able to row, and the rest are sent back to the Grand Reale until further orders. Choice being made of those that are in health, they are divided on the armed galleys. Each captain takes his share. My bad looks were of use to me: I was not chosen on that occasion. There was but one captain that put a little jest upon me; for, turning towards me, he asked the Sieur Bonvalet which was the advocate, for he wanted one. I answered him with such a sorrowful and languishing tone, that I was the advocate, that he turned away from me.”

Before he was removed from the galley to the dungeon, he found means to send the following letter to his pastor:

“My design was, dear pastor, to give you an exact relation of what happened to me; but *certain reasons* hindered me. I shall tell you, in short, my condition. I told you before, that I was watched, and shut up, and had seen no one. I was then put on board a galley. I was loaded with irons and chains.

I lay on the boards, though it was very cold. They hindered me from covering myself. They railed at me, and lifted up their cudgels against me. A fever seized me, and all my body was full of pains. In that condition my soul, raising itself above visible things, sought its God, and its only hope. The comforts that our Lord Jesus Christ gave us increased proportionably to the number of the evils that we endured for his sake. He encouraged me in all my fears, and said unto me, 'I am thy salvation.' On board one galley, I witnessed the assistance of men: on board the other, I experienced the help of God. What shall I say to you? That holy and divine Spirit was himself my comforter. Who else could make me despise the things I feared most? The faithfulness of my God is great! He is near those that wait on him, to support, maintain, and defend them. He leads us through darkness to his marvellous light; and among the dread of the galleys, he makes us taste ineffable delights. I might truly say, (with the apostle,) 'When I am weak, then am I strong.' I shall only add, that I am weakness itself. I have fightings without and fears within. My

heart is often troubled: my soul trembles, and finds itself fainting; and if God comforts me, it is because he is my refuge, and that divers persons, that are acceptable to him, pray for my preservation in faith and love. I conjure you then, by the love you have for me, to pray without ceasing; and not only for me alone, but for my dear fellow-sufferers also. Here are divers witnesses, who preserve their faith and hope inviolably, and that are resolved to suffer all, yea, death itself, if it please the Lord, 'for the word of God, and the testimony of Jesus.' We endeavour to attain the mark of our high calling. The race is difficult; the way is rough; but we cast our eyes on the Lord Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith. We place all our confidence in him that raised the dead, and who 'calls the things that are not, as though they were.' "

His trials were then only beginning. From the galley-hospital he was removed to a dungeon in the Fort St. John, which he describes as a vault of an irregular figure, which had formerly been a stable; but, being too damp, was found unhealthy for horses: it was therefore abandoned for that purpose, and consider-

ed a suitable receptacle for such unfortunate inmates of the galleys as were no longer able to labour at the oar. The manger and rack still remained to show its original destination; and the light was admitted only through a grating in the door. As he entered this place, they searched him, and took away the only books he had been able to retain till that time. At first, he rested for some nights in the manger, and afterwards, for a month, on a short and narrow chest, which was rendered yet more inconvenient by having a seat of straw placed at each end, so that he could not lie in an easy posture. Nevertheless, he says he slept quietly enough; only that the cold sometimes awakened him, as he had no other covering than the prison-garments they had given him in the galley. No fire was allowed him. "This hard entertainment," he observes, "caused me a defluxion on the teeth, great pain, rheumatism, and at length continual fever. But God made use of these means to wean my heart from the world, and to teach me to persevere in a faithful resignation to his will." Though of a tender constitution, his life seems to have been preserved almost mira-



culously under so many privations and sufferings. At this period he was not permitted to see any of his friends; but he still, at times, found opportunity to communicate with them by letter, and likewise to hold similar intercourse with his honoured fellow-sufferer, M. de Marolles. This was very difficult, as all who assisted the prisoners in such intercourse were liable to the severest punishments, and might even be condemned to death for it. He was sometimes obliged to keep his letters a year before he could send them. Though he still possessed his soul in patience, there were seasons when he was led to look on death as his best friend, and to consider that the happiness of his life consisted in losing it. To a beloved relative he writes: "Be sensible of my misery, but be yet more sensible of the glory and happiness to which that misery tends. Death is nothing: Jesus Christ hath conquered it for me; and when the time shall come, he will give me sufficient strength to pull off the mask that it wears in great afflictions. The fear of living a long time is greater than that of dying soon. In the mean

time, it is more honourable to endure the most wretched life than to desire death.”

At times he wrote as if he believed himself dying; and, under this apprehension, asked pardon of all those whom he had offended through weakness, inadvertence, or otherwise; adding, “I freely forgive those who have offended me in any way whatsoever. No! it is not likely I can live much longer, unless the Lord move the hearts of those who give orders for my sustenance. They try always to weary out my patience; and there is reason to believe that the money given for me is not employed for my relief. I do not know what is done with it. That which is certain is, that when I entered into my dungeon, the major told me that the king would not maintain me, and that I ought to give orders for my expenses.\* I did it, and agreed with a tavern-keeper for ten-pence a day, which lasted but three months, because the host that served me

\* For this purpose he was permitted to send bills of exchange to his relations, drawn by himself; but he was not allowed to accompany them with a single line of information respecting his health or condition in any particular.

cheated me of provisions; and the major favoured him, though he seemed not to approve of his conduct when complaint was made to him. He had also promised that I should be provided with a matrass and covering, mine being rotten, and my covering all rags; but his promise was of no avail. In the mean time, how great soever my anguish was, I esteemed it more expedient to suffer life than to desire death: unless it be desired as St. Paul did, to live with Christ, to possess the fulness of that holiness and charity, that is only to be found in heaven. God will be glorified by my sufferings; the longer they last, and the more difficult to be supported, the more glory the Lord will have of them. They deny me all manner of commerce with the living, and also with the dead; but the Lord, who is my God and my deliverer, has relieved me. He has had pity on my weakness, and given me patience that I never durst have hoped for. Glory be given to him for it now and evermore! It is glorious to suffer for his cause. I do not refuse the honour he does me on that account; but I entreat him

by the bowels of his mercy, to work in me more powerfully, both to will and to do according to his good pleasure.”

Years passed away, and Le Fevre was still the solitary tenant of the dungeon at Marseilles. While the companions of his youth and manhood, and those who had entered with him on an honourable career, were pursuing their course, amid the active scenes of life, surrounded by social and domestic comforts, he sat alone in his cell, unseen by all, by many unremembered; but surely not forgotten by Him “who heareth the prayer of the destitute,” and suffereth the sighing of the prisoner to come up before him.

The trial of the sufferer’s faith and patience was, indeed, prolonged; but still he was supported under it. His weakness was strengthened; his sorrows were mitigated; his spirit was cheered by the presence of that gracious Saviour, who saith to his children, “I will never leave nor forsake you; and none shall pluck you out of my hand.” Of a truth he is their Lord, and their Shepherd, in every scene of calamity, as well as in the dark valley of the shadow of death; and they are enabled

to say, "I will fear no evil: thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."

"That field of promise how it flings abroad  
It's odour o'er the Christian's thorny road!  
The soul, reposing on assured relief,  
Feels herself happy amidst all her grief;  
Forgets her labour as she toils along,  
Weeps tears of joy, and bursts into a song."

Many of those who were dwelling at ease and in prosperity, but whose hearts were not right before God, might well have envied Le Fevre in his afflictions. It is thus he writes to a relative, in 1695: "I enter into the tenth year of my sufferings; and by God's grace I have neither lost faith nor patience, at least not totally. Ah! my dear kinswoman, the Lord hath heard your prayer, and those of the Moseses and Samuels who intercede for me. If I were but disburdened of sin, and if I could disengage myself from the thoughts of the world, I should be too happy. I should be incomparably more happy than I was in the world, though, when I left it, I had almost all I could desire in it. But I confess, with grief and confusion, that I am a man of little faith, and a sinner. I have desired my visi-

ble and temporal liberty with too much fervency. I expect all from the grace of my God: I hope all from my Saviour, Jesus Christ, who will subject my flesh to himself, and who will heal the diseases of my soul. My comfort is, that this Great Physician has undertaken my cure, and that he will never forsake me. He sought me when I did not seek him, he has engaged me in the defence of his truth, in spite of my resistance and my fear. Will he forsake me, then, when I seek him—when I am afraid of nothing more than that I should fear something else more than him? No! because *that seeking* after him, *that desire, that filial fear* are earnestness of his love, and assurances of his protection. What has he not done, and what does he not do for me? and where can I find one like him in heaven or earth? He opens the ear of my soul, to cause me to hear his voice; and he takes me by the hand when he seeth me stagger. He raiseth me up when I am fallen: he supports me, in my weaknesses and defects, from all the power of those who would devour me. His design, doubtless, is to lead me into that city whereof ‘glorious things are spo-

ken.' As for the rest, God is always in my heart, though he does not always make himself to be equally felt there. I shall rest with confidence, provided he assists me; for, without his assistance, I fall away like water. God is stronger than all, and no one can take me out of his hand. The tender care that his adorable providence has been pleased to take of me, strengthens me in the midst of my fears."

After the period at which the above letter was written, six years more were added to his captivity; and then his spirit was freed from every fetter, to enter into the mansion prepared for him, where the oppressor can never enter.

From the scanty records of his last days, we find that some alleviations were allowed him in his extremity. He was permitted the privilege of sometimes seeing a benevolent Protestant lady, (Lady Salincroffe,) in the presence of witnesses. To see and converse with one who had so much in common with him, was an unspeakable consolation; though their intercourse was fettered by the presence of men who watched the utterance of every

word. In all her visits Lady Salincroffe found the sufferer like the first martyr, Stephen, full of faith and of the Holy Ghost, and all zeal and charity for his persecutors. She saw him for the last time, two days before his death. He then appeared very weak, but in the same truly Christian frame of spirit.

A Protestant gentleman, writing of this event, says: "We are sorry we could not collect what he had to say in his sickness. He is dead: that is to say, he has conquered, by the grace of God; and there remains nothing for him but to triumph with his Saviour, and to possess that kingdom and crown which he purchased for his confessors and martyrs."

Such are the prison annals of M. Le Fevre. Are not his sufferings recorded on high? When the books shall be opened, and the judgment set, this patient sufferer will assuredly be of the number to whom the Judge shall say, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit a kingdom prepared for you from the foundations of the world."



## M. DE MAROLLES,

## THE EXILE ARRESTED IN HIS FLIGHT.

ONE of the many instances in which the Protestants were prevented from obeying the exhortation of the apostle, "When they persecute you in one city flee unto another," occurred in the case of M. Louis de Marolles. He was of an ancient family, and held the office of king's counsellor, and receiver of consignments in the distant province where he was settled with his wife and four children. When the Decree of Revocation sounded its fearful note of warning through the land, M. de Marolles proposed to escape with his family to another country. They had nearly reached the limits of the kingdom, and would soon have passed the Rhine, and been in safety, among the Protestants of Germany, when they were overtaken, arrested, and conveyed to one of the prisons at Strasbourg, on the 2d

of December, 1685. His wife and children were afterwards set at liberty, and allowed to proceed on their journey; but he was tried, and condemned to the galleys, by the following decree:

“We adjudge, that the said de Marolles is declared, proved, and convicted of having been apprehended endeavouring to go out of the kingdom, with his family, contrary to his majesty’s edicts and declarations; for reparation whereof, we have condemned, and do condemn the said de Marolles, prisoner, to serve the king for ever, on board the galleys; and his personal goods and chattels forfeited to the king, by this our judgment and decree.”

For this crime of endeavouring to escape to a country where he might serve his God according to the dictates of an enlightened conscience, he was torn from his beloved family, and condemned to hopeless slavery, and untold hardships. His health sunk under his accumulated sufferings, even before he reached the galley at Marseilles, which was to be his mournful abiding-place, as long as he had strength to move the oar; but so debilitated was he found to be, that he was speedily

removed, as disabled, and consigned to a dungeon, where the remainder of his days were passed.

The case of this excellent and respectable man seems to have excited much sensation, both at Paris and the places he passed through. Such scenes, afterwards, became too common to awaken much interest. "This famous gallerien," says his biographer, "whose case had excited so much emotion in Paris, drew a great concourse of people at his departure. Every one seemed touched with the scene; and an ancient Catholic merchant, breaking through the throng, came and embraced him, encouraging him, and offering him his purse. This man's heart was indeed touched; for he hath since given glory to God, and retired with his family to London, there to make profession of the truth."

His departure for Marseilles did not immediately follow his condemnation. He was detained many weeks in the prison of Les Tournelles, where those persons who are condemned to the galleys wait, till the whole of the convicts are ready to set out. During this

period he wrote the following letter to his sister-in-law:

“I have been two full months, with seven miserable wretches, condemned either to the galleys or to be broken alive on the wheel, in a dungeon so dark that I could not well discern their faces. They have all of them been troubled with rheums and fluxes, which God has preserved me from, though I am old, and they are all of them young. The 11th of the month, I was taken out of the dungeon, and brought to the criminal court to be judged. The president of the house, who was at the head of my judges, ordered me to sit down upon the prisoners’ stool, and take my oath to speak the truth. I answered to all he desired to know of me; after which, he gave me an exhortation, and bid me think seriously with myself, that it was not they that should judge me, but that the declaration of the king did especially mention my condemnation. I returned him thanks for his goodness, and told him that my resolution was fixed long ago and that I resigned myself to the court, and was ready to suffer the penalties to which

they might think fit to condemn me; and that, however great they might be, they would be less uneasy to me than to act against the light of my conscience, and live like a hypocrite. They ordered me, thereupon, to withdraw, and I was conveyed back to my dungeon. I expected to be conducted in the afternoon to Les Tournelles, but they deferred my judgment till the Tuesday following. The 14th of May, they put manacles on my hands, and so conducted me in a coach to Les Tournelles. The governor, knowing who I was, and being informed of my crime, caused me to be treated with as much gentleness as can be expected in that place. They were contented to put a fetter on one foot. But, the next morning, he came to tell me he had just received orders, which afflicted him very much; which was, that the king had commanded that the chain should be put on my neck. I thanked him for the kindness he expressed towards me, and told him that I was ready to pay a respectful obedience to the orders of his majesty. I laid aside my hat; they took the chain from off my foot, and put another about my neck, which doth not, I believe, weigh less than

thirty pounds. Thus you see, my dear sister, the state and condition which the wise providence of God hath chosen and allotted for me, out of a thousand others in which he might have placed me. I expect, from his mercy, strength and constancy, to suffer all for his glory. Do not afflict yourself at my condition, my dear sister; it is more happy than you think. Weep not for me. Keep your tears for so many miserable wretches who live not so contentedly as I do. Grant me the assistance of your prayers. I assure you I do not forget you in mine.”

He remained in this prison till the month of July was far advanced, and wrote from thence several letters, and, among them, one to the celebrated Protestant minister, M. Jurieu. After alluding to his imprisonment, he observes: “The satisfaction with which God enables me to regard my sufferings, confirms my belief that he will give me grace to continue faithful to him, even unto death. I am certain that the light afflictions with which he is pleased to visit me, will produce in me, according to his divine promises, an eternal weight of exceeding great glory. I comfort

myself, because the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the future glory which is to be revealed in us. I rejoice that our Saviour has pronounced those blessed 'who suffer for righteousness' sake.' Thus, sir, I make all my happiness and glory to consist in this, that my Redeemer doth not count me unworthy to suffer for his name sake. I fix my confidence upon the eternal Rock. I put all my trust in him. I expect help and succour from him alone. Fixed upon so solid a foundation, I persuade myself that nothing shall be able to move me. This, sir, is my usual occupation, as much as the infamous place in which I am confined will permit. I call it infamous, because there is not an honest or a virtuous word to be heard here. It resounds with nothing but filthy communications and execrable blasphemies. They make such noise and tumult all day, and for the greater part of the night, that heretofore I could scarcely find a favourable opportunity to lift up my heart to God. I was so overwhelmed with drowsiness, that I often fell asleep before I had made an end of prayer. When I awoke, about three or four o'clock in

the morning, I endeavoured to keep myself awake, that I might, while the place was free from noise, pay my homage to God with some attention. I have had more liberty these ten or twelve days; for when it is fine weather, they suffer the chain to go out, and abide in the court all day, excepting six of us, who are kept locked up. I spend one part of this time in reading, meditation, and prayer; and I likewise take the liberty to sing psalms, as I have done in all the places of my imprisonment, without ever having been complained of for it. We lie, fifty-three of us, in a place which is not above thirty feet in length, and nine in breadth. There lies, at the right side of me, a sick peasant, with his head at my feet. There is scarcely one among us who does not envy the condition of dogs and horses. This makes us all desire that the chain may quickly depart. They conceal the time of departure from us; but, as far as we can judge, it will take place next Saturday. We were, yesterday, ninety-five condemned persons; but two died that day, and one to-day. We have still fifteen or sixteen sick. I have had five fits of tertian fever; but I thank God I am



completely recovered, and fit to undertake the journey to Marseilles. We shall take in some of our brethren at Burgogne, who are condemned to the chain for the same cause that I am, who have the honour to be the first condemned by the parliament of Paris.”

To another minister he writes: “ I can truly and sincerely say, sir, that the prisons and dark dungeons, in which I have been confined for above these six months, and the chain which I now carry about my neck, have been so far from shaking the holy resolution which God has put into my heart, that it has only strengthened and confirmed it. I have sought God, in my affliction, in quite a different method than ever I did in my prosperity; and I may say, that he has suffered himself to be found of me. He has very delightfully communicated himself to me, by the sweetness of his consolations. The evils with which I am threatened do not at all terrify me. If they are violent, I am not in a condition to bear up long against them; and so, then, death will put a happy period thereto. If they are moderate, I shall have reason to bless our God for it, who will continue his favour and good-

ness towards me. These considerations make me look on the future with firmness and assurance.”

Passing by the details of his melancholy journey, we will present our readers with extracts from letters, written on board the galleys, which exhibit his Christian fortitude and patience, under his severe trials, and may well make us blush, who bear our lighter ills with so different a spirit. His very weak state of health caused him to be removed, with M. Le Fevre, to the hospital, by which his sufferings were greatly mitigated for a time. From the hospital he writes thus to his afflicted wife, on the 15th of September:

“The miserable journey which I have made has taught me what it is to suffer: let us, therefore content ourselves, my dear child, since that is past and gone, and I am in a place of rest. I live very contentedly, in the company of M. Le Fevre, who is a famous martyr, and was an advocate at Chatel Chinon, in Nivernois. We are always together; our beds join one another. Fresh supplies are daily offered to M. Le Fevre and myself. A banker has offered us money, if we have occasion for it.

M. La F. has likewise written to me twice, to offer me money; but, I thank God, we do not yet want it. M. P. has my little treasure in his hand. He has provided me a steward at the hospital, to buy me whatsoever I want, who reckons with M. P. for his expenses. Thus you see, my love, I have nothing else to do but to pray to God, and be cheerful. Let this comfort you, and give you reason not to trouble yourself at my condition; it is rendered easy, by the grace of God.”

A few days later he wrote to one his of sons: “It is designed next week, to embark one hundred and fifty galley-slaves for America. I was ranked in this number; but one of my friends told the intendant that I was recovered from three fits of sickness, which I have had since my departure from La Tournelle. The favour which he grants me is, that he reserves me for a second embarkation, which is to be made towards the middle of November. The advantage which I shall gain by this delay is, that he who spoke to the intendant for me, has the direction of the vessel in which I shall make the voyage. Fear not; this is not able to shake my constancy: God, by his grace,

has fixed it upon too solid a foundation. It is no matter to me whether I die by sea or by land, in Europe or America. I have fully resigned myself to the will of God. I am persuaded that all states and conditions in which it shall please him to place me, are those states in which he judges I shall glorify him better than in an infinite number of others which he might allot me. You must not be afflicted; this was decreed in heaven before it was appointed on earth; and we must all be persuaded that it is for our good God is pleased so to order it."

In a cheerful letter, addressed to his wife, he gives a sprightly description of his little plans for the management of his prison affairs, and details to her the particulars of his "fine galley-slave habit." He adds, with touching simplicity, "My clothes of liberty are not lost; and if it should please the king to show me favour, I should have them again. We have the most honest patron of all the galleys. He treats me with all manner of civility and respect. He will put me into what part of the galley I please; and he has promised that, when it is cold, he will let me lie in his cabin.

Let all these succours, which God affords me, comfort and rejoice thee. I am already as used to the place where I am, as if I had been there all my life time.”

He had now been removed from the hospital back to the galley; but it does not appear that he was compelled to labour. In the following month, he wrote to his wife, from the galley *La Fiere*: “ You must not disturb and disquiet yourself for me. I am at present in perfect health; but, in order fully to persuade you that I conceal nothing of my condition from you, I will give you to understand, that M. Le Fevre and myself are no longer set loose from the chain, either by day or night; and that we are not allowed the liberty of going on shore, nor suffered to receive letters, nor to write any which are not seen. Wherefore, if you do not meet with any more trifles in mine, by which I have endeavoured to divert thee from thy trouble, be not afflicted, and do not impute any thing to me on that account. I have changed my galley thrice in one week; from *La Grande St. Jean*, I have been removed to *La Petite*, and from thence to *La Grande Royale*, whence I was con-

ducted, with several other galley-slaves, to the *Parc*, a place where they divide them: lastly, I was put on board an armed galley, which is called *La Fiere*.”

From this time his sufferings seem to have increased; but he still endeavoured to give his friends as favourable an impression of his situation as he could do, consistently with truth; speaking but little of his sorrows, and magnifying his mercies. Finding that some distressing reports of his condition had reached his wife, he wrote to her as follows:

“ All that of which you have sent me word is false, except two things; namely, that for above three months I have been confined to the chain day and night, and that I have only been freed from it to be conveyed to the Bishop of Marseilles.\* I assure you, that I have not as yet received orders from any one, to employ myself in work. I sat very quietly in my place, and saw it done, before the short days; and it is at present done almost every day, before I am removed from my place. Praise God, therefore, with me, for this mer-

\* He had many interviews with the bishop, who sought to convert him to the Romish faith by his arguments.

ciful treatment which he affords me; and beseech him, that as long as he shall see fit to continue my sufferings, my condition may not become worse. I assure you I have not so much reason to complain as you imagine; and the time slips away very quickly. The week is no sooner begun, than I find myself at the end of it. When I am up, after having presented my petitions to God, I read, six, seven, or eight chapters of Holy Scriptures, and make such reflections and observations thereon as I am able. I draw from this divine source all the consolations of which I stand in need. God himself does most plentifully furnish me with them; and with his precious balm of Gilead, he gently anoints and soothes all the wounds which my sufferings may make in my heart."

In another letter he says: "My paper is full, and I find I have yet a long story to tell you. I am lodged in one of the extremities of the galley, which is called the prow, or beak, in a little cabin, about seven or eight feet square. The ceiling is so low that I cannot stand upright in it. We generally lie four of us therein; two galleriens and two

slaves. Twice or thrice a week I commonly boil the pot, in which is put five quarters of a pound of mutton. This does not make a full pound of our country weight. There is very little beef here, and scarcely any veal. The other gallerien and I eat together, though I alone pay for it; but he does me service enough for it other ways. Bread is dear, but I sometimes eat of the king's bread. As for the other food, that which the king allows is a good half porringer full of beans, dressed in oil, for the whole day. I eat none of it; so my usual food is bread, with which I have of late eaten a few dried raisins, a pound of which cost me eighteen deniers. The wines here are so gross that they produce much disease. I lie upon a galley matrass, which they call *strapontin*. It is made of three or four old coats. I had it from a gallerien belonging to the bench, who went off with the first embarkation for America. They have lent me a quilt, which, together with my great-coat, serve me for a coverlet. I have bought coals, which are very dear, and I make a little fire in our apartment. Our officers come to warm themselves, and talk with me at my fire: I



mean those who have the command of the galleriens, and I have always received civility enough from them. The second embarkment for America is made up, but I believe the vessel is yet in port. The beginning of last month, there arrived here a chain of one hundred and fifty men, without reckoning thirty-three who died by the way. M. Garnier is one of the number, with a nephew of M. Varnier, doctor of physic, and M. Changuinon, of Vassi, and his brother-in-law, who went by the name of Chemet. There were seven or eight Protestants. The above-named four are in the hospital." The death of the two latter sufferers, soon after their arrival at Marseilles, has been recorded in a former chapter.

M. de Marolles goes on to say, that he beguiles the hours of captivity, by turning his attention to geometry and algebra, which were his favourite studies in the days of prosperity. He even expresses the pleasure he has felt in being told that there is a good algebraist in Marseilles; and adds, "if that is the case, we may teach each other something." Thus did this good man avail himself, with a thankful heart, of all the alleviations placed

within his reach; while, at the same time, he resigned himself wholly to the will of his Heavenly Father, persuaded that he would order all things well. How different is this to the way in which we are, too many of us, prone to receive our afflictions; crying out, with Jonah, when our gourds are smitten, "Take my life from me, I beseech thee; for it is better for me to die than to live!" or, at the best, sullenly resigning ourselves to evils, which we know it is impossible for us to prevent. How unlike this to the spirit of cheerful submission, which kisses the rod, and takes joyfully the appointed trial; saying, "Shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil?" "It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good." Does not the example of this patient sufferer in the galleys of Marseilles, rise up to reprove us, if we thus "despise the chastening of the Lord, or faint when we are rebuked of him?"

In another letter to Madame de Marolles, he speaks of the comfort he had received, from the tidings of her safe arrival in the country to which she had fled with her children; observing that he daily pours out his

soul before God, to thank him for all the mercies and favours he has bestowed upon them all. A little further, after having exhorted her to offer up their bodies and souls to God, as a reasonable service, and a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable, he adds, "This is what I daily study to do. I can truly tell you, that there pass but few nights but I water my couch with my tears. I do not say this, my beloved, to afflict thee; I do, on the contrary, imagine that this news may afford thee matter of joy, and a holy occasion to join with me in blessing God for it. For these tears are not the effect of worldly sorrow, which bringeth forth nothing else but death. They proceed from the grace of God, and some of them from that godly sorrow, which bringeth forth a repentance unto salvation, not to be repented of: others, from the joy which I feel, when I consider, with admiration, how great are the mercies and favours which God hath bestowed upon you all, and upon myself. I likewise reflect, with extreme satisfaction, upon the sacrifice which thou hast offered up to God, of the goods which he had given to thee and me. Thou mightest have enjoyed them, if thy

heart had been turned and inclined that way; but thou hast made thee a treasure of them in heaven, where rust and thieves spoil not. Thou hast esteemed the precious liberty of serving God, of much greater worth than the riches of this world. Thou hast, like Mary, chosen the good part, which shall not be taken from thee. With all the powers and faculties of my soul, I praise God, who hath given me a truly Christian wife, who will do her endeavours, in my absence, to train up our children as Christians.”

His continued indisposition, and absolute inability to work, occasioned his removal from the galley, early in the following year, to the dungeon where the remaining five years of his life were passed. Here he was so strictly guarded that it was not without extreme difficulty he was able to keep up any intercourse with those beloved beings after whom his heart yearned. But a way was found, from time to time, to exchange letters with his wife, as well as M. Le Fevre, and some others of his fellow-sufferers:—and thus was the long course of his solitary captivity cheered, as much as earthly solace could cheer;

and what was far, far better for the mourner, the never failing fountain of everlasting consolation was still nigh at hand, and he was permitted to drink freely of its refreshing streams. This his own words testify, in letters which he wrote from his dark prison-house, and which, while they express the most affectionate and tender feelings for his afflicted wife, clearly evince that he himself was lifted above his troubles, by the abundant grace vouchsafed to him in his extremity. After gently chiding her for troubling herself at his condition, to such a degree as to impair her health, he says: "It is not above two hours ago that I received a letter, which gives me more sorrow than joy. I received it when I was offering up my evening sacrifice to God on the Sabbath-day. Thou believest that I hide the condition and place in which I am from thee; but I have much more reason to believe that thou dost conceal thine from me. That which grieves me most is, that you make me an occasion of your indisposition. If it is I that put the sword into your heart, then do I very innocently stab myself. My spirit, my beloved, is too deeply engaged to

thine, not to be sensibly affected with the evils which thou sufferest. Be not disturbed at this new cross which God lays upon me by thy means. Do not fear it will injure my health: I will bear it with the submission which I owe to my God and Father, who is full of tenderness and compassion toward me. Imitate me in that, my dear and well-beloved widow and not in the many failings which you have known in me. Love me always tenderly, as thou hast done; but let this love be always regulated by divine love; that which I have for thee is never separated from it. Although I daily pour out my soul in praise to God, for the singular favour he hath done me, in uniting me to so Christian a wife, yet I have always feared you did not receive with submission enough, the affliction with which it has pleased God to prove us. Let us imitate Eli, and say with him, in all our sufferings, 'It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good.' What reason have you to fear, lest evil should befall me? Dost thou question the omnipotence of God? Oughtest thou to imagine that God will desert me at last, after so many years miraculous preser-

vation? Even though I should lose my life to preserve my fidelity to my Saviour, remember he has said, ‘Whosoever will save his life, shall lose it; but whosoever will lose his life for my sake, shall save it.’

“I must now satisfy thy curiosity. I have many things to tell that I cannot mention without disguise, and without a borrowed name. May the Lord, who favours us in so eminent a manner, grant, if it be his pleasure, that no inconvenience may happen thereupon. But I desire of thee, beforehand, that thou wilt not make it a subject of affliction; but take occasion thereby to bless the Lord. The place in which I am, served formerly for a lodging for soldiers; but, since that, they have converted it into a dungeon. They have made so much alteration in it, that there is not, at present, sufficient light to hinder me from bruising myself against the walls. After I had been here three weeks, I was assailed by so many inconveniences, that I thought I could not live under them four months to an end; yet it will be five years, the 11th of next February, that God has preserved me herein.

“About the 15th of October, in the first year, I was afflicted with a painful defluxion, which fell to the elbow of my right arm, and shoulder. I could not undress myself. I spent the night sometimes upon my bed, sometimes walking backwards and forwards, in my usual darkness. I set myself to reflect upon the occasion of my disease, and concluded that it proceeded from the cold and moisture of the winter; and that, to remedy it, I must drink my wine unmixed with water, which I did for two days following. Perceiving my pains increase, I took the contrary course, and drank water. Finding myself well after it, I have continued it ever since. The defluxion I am speaking of continued near a year. The Lord has tried me with several other inconveniences, but he has delivered me out of them all. I forgot, my love, to give thee a complete description of *my* little *sanctuary*; that is *ten* of my feet in *length and twelve in breadth*. I lie upon one of the hospital quilts, with a straw bed under it; and, in this respect, I am much better than in the galley. This is the fourth winter that I have spent almost without fire.



The first of these winters, I had none. The second, they began to give me some on the 28th of January, and took it away from me before the end of February. The third, they gave me some for about fifteen days. This winter I have seen none. The major might give me some, if he would, for he has money of mine. I have sensibly felt cold, nakedness, and hunger; but all this, I thank God, is passed and gone. I have lived on five sols a day, which is the subsistence the king has appointed me. At first, I was fed by an ordinary, who treated me very well for my five sols. But another, who succeeded him, fed me for five months, and cut me off, daily, three sols in my food. The major, at length, undertook to feed me in his turn, which he did at first very well; but, at length, he left off to do well. He opens my dungeon but once a day; and hath caused my dinner, several times, to be brought at nine, ten, and eleven o'clock at night; and I did not receive any bread from him, once, for the space of three days, and at other times, twice in twenty-four hours. Perhaps it was by this sparing manner of being fed, that the sovereign Physician of my body

and soul preserved my health. Beware, therefore, of falling into regret, whereas you ought to bless God for his merciful conduct towards me. I have just told you that I have suffered nakedness. I have been almost a year without shirts. My clothes are more torn and ragged than those of the beggars that stand at the church doors. I have gone barefoot till the 15th of December: I say barefoot, for I have had stockings which have no feet, and a pair of old shoes, unsowed on both sides and bored through the soles. An intendant, who came into this city three years ago, and saw me in this *magnificent dress*; and though he promised me much, yet he left me ten months in this condition, at the end of which, God raised me up succour which there was no room to expect. He put it into the heart of a very charitable and pious person, the almoner of the citadel to visit me. This was no doubt, done by permission of the king's lieutenant, who is likewise very charitable; and having seen me in the miserable condition I was, he went out immediately to fetch me some of his linen; but I hindered him. But at length he did so well solicit for me, that he

procured me a whole galley-slave's suit; and obliged the major to give me a pair of shoes, &c., out of my own money. So that, by the interposition of this good person, I am better clothed than I have been in all my captivity. He procured for me also a most notable advantage, which is, that for this last year and a half, the king's lieutenant gives me, every day, a lampful of oil, which affords me light for six, seven or eight hours. This gives me an opportunity of reading the Holy Scriptures more than I did before; for they gave me but a little candle for a liard a day. I have been troubled with oppression of the lungs, and also with giddiness, and have fallen down so as to hurt my head. The giddiness I imputed to going too long without food. But I am just now, by the goodness of God, in more perfect health than for these forty years. I speak, my dear, sincerely, as in the presence of God. Within these three months they have given me three little loaves a day, and some soup; since which time my head is almost settled, and I sleep much better, and my giddiness is almost over. After the comfortable news I tell you, think no more but to

rejoice at it, and to praise God for it; and labour after thine own health, as that will contribute to mine. This I conjure you in the name of God; and let not your suspicions any more trouble the rest and satisfaction I find in his favour.”

A letter, dated on the 24th of March, 1692, nearly three months before his death, appears to be the last written by him. From that time he seems to have declined, more and more, in health, as far as the secrets of his prison-house have been disclosed; and, on the 17th of June following, resigned his spirit into the hands of his Maker. In the letter to which we have referred, he repeats his exhortations to his beloved wife, not to disquiet herself about him; but to hope always in the goodness of God, who had delivered him out of so many troubles, and will still deliver. “God,” he says, “hath filled my heart with joy. I possess my soul in patience. Thus he makes the days of my affliction pass speedily away. With the bread and water of affliction, with which he tries me, he affords me continually delicious repasts.”

Such were the notes of thanksgiving that

issued from the cell of the captive, at the moment when, worn down by suffering, his steps were rapidly approaching the borders of the grave. To such a man, under such circumstances, death was, indeed, no king of terrors, but a welcome messenger of mercy. It came to him in his low dungeon, where he chanted the praises of his God, as the angel who visited Paul and Silas in their bonds, to open the prison-door, and unloose the fetters the hand of oppression had fastened on him. But it needed not for him, as for the apostolic sufferers, that the jailor should have compassion on him, washing his wounds: they were all healed. There was henceforth, for him, no pain, nor sickness, nor sorrow. He who, as seen in the apocalyptic vision, "holdeth the seven stars in his hand, and walketh in the midst of the seven golden candlesticks," hath before hand pronounced the sentence of such a devoted and persevering martyr: "Fear none of those things which thou shalt suffer. Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."—Rev. ii. 10.

## THE MARTYRS OF TOULOUSE.

THE fatal effects of the Decree of Revocation did not terminate with the reign of the monarch under whose sanction it had been promulgated. After a long career, darkly clouded at its close, Louis XIV. died, in 1715. Thirty years of persecution had then passed over the heads of the Protestants of France, and they were still left as a prey to the destroyer. Many instances of martyrdom occurred long after that period, especially in the southern provinces. One of these appalling events took place at Toulouse, in 1762. The circumstances attending it are related by an eye-witness, in a letter written to a friend, a day or two after the execution. The victims were men who excited particular interest, from their character and from their station in life. They were four in number: M. Rochette, a devoted young minister, and three young

men of rank, the Messieurs Grenier, who were brothers, and particular friends of the clergyman. They had all been detained in prison several months; and, on the 17th of February, they were tried before the two chambers of the parliament of Toulouse, and condemned to death:—the minister to be hung, and the three brothers to be beheaded. Two days after, the cruel sentence was executed; and these men were added to the number of those who have not counted their lives dear, when the cause of their Redeemer required the sacrifice:

“The thousands that, uncheer’d by praise,  
 Have made one offering of their days,  
 For truth—for heaven—for freedom’s sake,  
 Resigned, the bitter cup to take,  
 And silently, in fearless faith,  
 Bowing their noble souls in death.”

“Yesterday,” says the writer to whom we have alluded, “the prisoners were executed. All the martyrs behaved with invincible constancy and firmness of mind, attended with a certain cheerfulness and serenity, calculated to excite the highest admiration. They finished their days like true saints and Christian heroes.

As soon as they heard their sentence read, they beheld each other steadfastly, and said, ‘Let us then die, since things are so; and let us pray God to accept the sacrifice of our lives, that we are now to make, for *Him* and for the *truth*.’ Upon which, M. Rochette prayed aloud, in a most pathetic manner. They then embraced two fellow-prisoners, who were condemned to the galleys; and affectionately congratulated another, who had been set at liberty. In all their conduct, they seemed full of the Spirit of God. Monsieur Billos, one of the secretaries, who was present at the first scene of their trial, never speaks of it without shedding tears. The martyrs were next committed to the care of the four principal *curés*, whom the attorney-general sent to attempt their conversion. But the expostulations of these ecclesiastics produced as little effect as those of the Abbé Couterai, who had been in prison every day, during three months; and had been often empowered, by the magistrates, to offer them their lives and their liberty, on condition of their embracing the Romish religion: an offer which they rejected without hesitation. M. Rochette begged of these



ecclesiastics, that they would put an end to their useless importunities, and not continue to trouble him and his friends in their last moments, but suffer them to die in peace; expressing, at the same time, his grateful sense of their well-meant zeal. One of the *curés* threatened him and his companions with damnation: upon which, the worthy minister, with his usual serenity, replied, ‘that they were going to appear before a more equitable Judge, who shed his blood for their salvation: at the same time exhorting his fellow-martyrs to fortitude and perseverance. When the *curés* interrupted him with accusations of heresy, and with pompous discourses about the power of granting remission of sins, which was lodged in the church, he told them that the Protestant religion acknowledged no such power, nor looked for the pardon of sins from any other source but the mercy of God, in Jesus Christ.

“ Being, about two o’clock, delivered from the importunity of the priests, the pious martyrs spent these precious moments in prayer and praise to God, who enabled them to behold death without terror; and encouraged

each other to persevere unto the end. So calm and undisturbed was the state of their minds, that they did not shed a single tear. This was not the case with the spectators of this moving scene: while these good men thanked the sentinels and keepers of the prison for the kind treatment they had experienced from them, and asked pardon if they had given them any offence, the latter burst into tears. The minister, perceiving one of the soldiers weeping more bitterly than the rest, addressed him thus: ‘My good friend, are you not ready and willing to die for your king? Why then do you pity me, who am going to death for God?’

“The priests returned about one o’clock in the afternoon, and were entreated to retire, but to no purpose. One of them said, ‘It is from a concern for your salvation that we come here.’ Upon which, the youngest of the three brothers replied, ‘If you were at Geneva, at the point of death from disease, (for there nobody is put to death on account of religion,) would you choose to be teased and importuned, in your last moments, by four or five Protestant ministers, under the pretence

of zeal for your salvation? Do, therefore, as you would be done unto.’ This mild remonstrance was insufficient to put an end to the vain attempts of these blind zealots, who, each furnished with a crucifix, which they presented, from time to time, to the prisoners, continued to perplex them in the most offensive manner.

“‘Speak,’ said one of the noblemen, ‘of Him who died for our sins, and rose again for our justification, and we will listen to you; but do not trouble us with your vain superstitions.’

“About two o’clock, the martyrs were led out of the prison, and placed in a wagon with the four *curés*, and thus they were conducted to the gate of the cathedral. Here the minister was desired to step out of the wagon, and to ask pardon of God, the king, and the law, in that he had wickedly persevered in performing the functions of his religion, in opposition to the royal edicts. This he twice refused to do. He was told that this was no more than a formality. To which he answered, ‘that he neither would acknowledge, or submit to, any formality that was contrary

to the dictates of his conscience.' At length, however, being obliged, by force and violent treatment, to leave the wagon, he fell on his knees, and expressed himself thus: 'I humbly ask of Almighty God the pardon of all my sins, in the full persuasion of obtaining the remission of them, through the blood of Christ. With respect to the king, I have no pardon to ask of him, having never offended him. I always honoured and loved him, as the father of my country. I always have been to him a good and faithful subject; and, of this, my judges themselves appeared to be fully convinced. I always recommended to my flock, patience, obedience, and submission. If I have acted in opposition to the laws that prohibited our religious assemblies, I did this in obedience to the laws of Him who is the King of kings. With respect to public justice, I have nothing to say, but this, that I never offended it; and I most earnestly pray that God will vouchsafe to pardon my judges.'

“This was the only confession that the officers of justice, after much importunity, could obtain from M. Rochette. No such acknowledgment was required of the three noblemen

who suffered with him, as, by the laws of France, it is never demanded of such as are beheaded. They were, however, conducted with M. Rochette to the place of execution. The place usually appointed for the execution of criminals was not chosen upon this occasion; one less spacious was appointed, that this glorious instance of martyrdom might have the fewer spectators. All the streets which led to it were lined with soldiers, and that on account of the pretended apprehension of a rescue. But this they could only fear from the Roman Catholics, (on whom the shedding, thus deliberately, the blood of the innocent, seemed to make a living impression,) for the small number of Protestant families in this city, filled with consternation at this unrighteous sentence, had shut themselves up in their houses, where they were wholly employed in sending up their prayers and lamentations to Heaven, while this terrible scene was transacting.

“In the streets which led to the place of execution, the windows were hired at very high prices. Wherever the martyrs passed, they were attended with the tears and lamen-

tations of the spectators. One would have thought, by the expressions of sorrow, that Toulouse was, all on a sudden, become a Protestant city.

“The *curé* of Faur could not bear the affecting spectacle: yielding to the power of sympathy, and perhaps of conscience, he fainted away; and one of his vicars was sent to supply his place.

“The circumstance that was most affecting, and which made every eye melt with tears, was the inexpressible serenity that appeared in the countenance of the clergyman. His graceful mien, the resignation and fortitude he evinced, his blooming youth, in short, every thing in his conduct, character, and appearance, interested all ranks of people in his favour, and rendered his fate the subject of universal grief. This grief was augmented by one particular circumstance; it being generally known that M. Rochette might have saved his life by an untruth; but refused to retain it at so dear a rate. For, as his being a minister was the crime he stood charged with, and as there were no complaints made against him, no advertisements describing his person,

nor any witness to prove his pastoral character, he had only to deny his being a minister, and his life would have been saved. But he chose rather to lose his life than to deny his profession.

“ He was executed the first of the four; and, in the face of death, he exhorted his companions, and sang those sublime verses of the 118th Psalm:

‘ This is the day which the Lord hath made;  
We will rejoice and be glad in it.  
God is the Lord who hath showed us light:  
Bind the sacrifice with cords, even to the horns of the altar.  
Thou art my God, and I will praise thee;  
Thou art my God, and I will exalt thee.  
O, give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good;  
For his mercy endureth for ever.’

“ When the executioner, among others, conjured him to die a Roman Catholic, the minister answered him in this gentle manner: ‘ Judge, friend, which is the best religion, that which persecutes, or that which is persecuted.’ He added, that his grandfather and one of his uncles had died for the pure religion of the gospel, and that he should be the third martyr of his family.

“Two of the three gentlemen who suffered with him, beheld him tied to the gibbet with wonderful intrepidity; but the third covered his eyes with his hand, that he might not witness so horrible a spectacle.

“The commissioners of the parliament, and the deputies of the courts of justice, discovered, by their pensive looks and downcast eyes, how deeply they were affected on the occasion. The three brothers tenderly embraced each other, and mutually recommended their departing souls to the Father of spirits. Their heads were struck off at three blows. When the scene was finished, the spectators returned to their homes in solemn silence, scarcely able to persuade themselves that the world could present such a spectacle of magnanimity, and such an instance of cruelty as they had just witnessed.”

Such is the affecting narrative of the last scene in the lives of these devoted men, heroes of the faith, and true soldiers of Christ, who fainted not in the day of battle. Blessed is that church, however persecuted, which has such faithful and devoted ministers; and highly honoured the land, whose nobles are filled



with such a spirit: their record is on high,  
though their names may be unknown on earth.

“The kings of old have shrine and tomb,  
In many a minster’s haughty gloom;  
And green, along the ocean’s side,  
The mounds arise where heroes died:  
But show me, on thy flowery breast,  
Earth, where thy hidden martyrs rest!

The still, sad glory of their name  
Hallows no mountain into fame;  
No, not a tree the record bears,  
Of their deep thoughts and lonely prayers.  
So let it be! like him whose clay  
Deep buried by his Maker lay,  
They sleep in secret; but their sod,  
Unknown to man, is marked of God.”

## THE CHURCH IN THE WILDERNESS;

OR THE

WALDENSES OF THE PIEMONT VALLEYS.

AMONG the sufferers in this cause, were multitudes of the Waldenses, or Vaudois. (See Appendix, Note 3.) These interesting people were the descendants of that apostolic church, planted in the Piemontese Alps, at an early period of the Christian era, and preserved, through the dark ages, uncontaminated by the errors of the church of Rome. She could not, with any justice, term them *pretendu réformé*, for they were not, like other Protestants, dissenters from her communion, who sought to reform that which had been so wofully marred by her idolatry and superstition; they were the remains of a pure, evan-

gelical church, which existed long before the church of Rome was in being.\*

Buried in the seclusion of their own remote valleys, and hemmed in by almost inaccessible mountains, they were long little known to the rest of Europe. A lowly and unambitious race, they lived in almost patriarchal habits of pastoral simplicity, content to feed their flocks and herds, and occupy themselves in the humblest callings: yet, ever and anon, a voice was heard from amid their Alpine recesses, protesting against the enormities of the church of Rome, and avowing the determination of the mountaineers to remain firm in the faith which their ancestors had professed from time immemorial.

Their firmness did not fail to bring down on them the wrath and indignation of the power they had so courageously opposed.

\* "Long before the church of Rome, (that new sect, as Claude, Bishop of Turin, in 840, called it,) stretched forth its arms to stifle, in its Antœan embrace, the independent flocks of the Great Shepherd, the ancestors of the Waldenses were worshipping God in the hill countries of Piemont, as their posterity now worship him."—GILLY.—(See Appendix, Note 4.)

Many edicts were issued, aiming at the overthrow and complete destruction of the Waldenses. So cruel were the persecutions excited against them, by their enemies of the Latin church, that it has been forcibly said, "the lintels of the Vatican were sprinkled with the blood of the Waldenses." They were afflicted and oppressed, chased from one retreat to another, and harassed by a succession of tyrannical laws, all intended to trample them in the dust. But this daughter of the primitive church, though her head was bowed down, and she was tossed with tempests, was not thus to be destroyed by her adversaries. This "little lamp, kept alive, and shining through the middle ages," as Gilly beautifully expresses it, was not to be extinguished by the blast of persecution. Again and again were the Waldenses enabled to withstand the most formidable attacks of their enemies, and after much suffering, and loss of life and property, permitted to come forth, once more, from their rocky fastnesses, and return to their homes in the valleys. No less than sixty-eight severe enactments were put in force against them, between the years 1561 and

1686. Extermination was the aim of the oppressors, and they did indeed cruelly waste and destroy life and property; but a little remnant still remained, which their utmost efforts could not subdue. "Blind must he be," observes Mr. Gilly, "who does not discern the finger of God in the preservation of the Vaudois. There is nothing like it in the history of man. The tempest of persecution has raged against them for seven hundred years, and yet it has not swept them away; but there they are, in the land of their forefathers, because the Most High gave unto the men of the valley stout hearts and a resolute spirit; because he made them patient of hunger, and thirst, and nakedness, and all manner of affliction. How could a handful of mountaineers escape from the vengeance that threatened their total overthrow, and achieved the downfall of their brethren in other parts? Because it was the will of God that they should be left as a remnant;—because it was written in the counsels of heaven, that they should continue a miracle of Divine grace and providence." Such were the inhabitants of the hill country of Piemont.

Deep hid within the Alpine vale,  
 Their flocks Waldensian shepherds fed;  
 Or breasting many a stormy gale,  
 Along the mountain-heights they sped:  
 Fearless, where all would fear beside,  
 Scaled the steep cliff, or stemmed the tide;  
 Seeking, on high, the eagle's nest,  
 Or the wild chamois' place of rest.

Men of the valleys—far away,  
 In sheep-cotes and in vineyards found;  
 Though left 'mid savage wilds to stray,  
 How were your days with blessings crowned!  
 What joy your lowly spirits filled!  
 For He whose word the tempest stilled,  
 Poured peace upon the shepherd's breast,  
 And gave unto the weary rest.

The erring world in darkness slept,  
 And bade the light no longer shine;  
 But still your fathers' faith ye kept,  
 And light was on your mountain shrine,  
 Still burnt the lamp's undying flame,  
 Though fierce and fearful tempests came;  
 The angel of the Lord was nigh,  
 Tempering each blast that hurried by.

Sons of the valley—sainted band,  
 When men to Baal bowed the knee,  
 Ye 'gainst the mighty made a stand,  
 Unquailing met the stern decree,  
 The banner of the cross unfurled,  
 And bore it 'mid the opposing world

Faithful among the faithless found;  
Your home a spot of hallowed ground.

Thus, at a period when the fatal influence of the church of Rome seemed fast spreading over the whole of Christendom, and the kings of the earth drank freely of the cup of her abominations, there was a simple and obscure people for whom she mingled her spiced wine in vain. They turned away from her temptations to drink the pure water of truth, at that fountain-head, from whence it had flowed down to their fathers, from the apostolic age.

Some mournful and desponding servant of the Lord, who saw himself surrounded by multitudes, led astray by the pomp and glare of Roman Catholic worship, and the sophistry of her priests, might, perhaps, have been ready to say with the prophet, "I only am left of those who follow thee in the faith of their fathers."

What would have been the joy of such a one, could he have been transported to these valleys, and there beheld, in the annual synod of the Waldensian pastors, a strong evidence that there were still many who were firm in their allegiance to a purer faith! How would

his heart have glowed within him, could he have united in the prayers of these apostolic men, and sat among them, while they took counsel together! These assemblies were usually held in autumn; but in times of persecution they were deferred till the depth of winter, in order that the snows, rendering their retreats almost inaccessible, might secure them from the observation of their watchful enemies. Here they not only appointed to their stations those who were to labour in the seclusion of their native valley, but also selected those whose office it was to go into other countries, to visit their brethren, scattered up and down in various lands, who were unable to obtain pastors from any other quarter.

It was in the midst of the most imposing scenes of nature that the Waldensian pastors met for these holy purposes. In the place of splendid edifices and the magnificent works of man, they had the eternal hills around them, and scenes of grandeur and sublimity beyond the reach of art. Unmindful of the evils which surrounded them, and braving persecution, reproach, and death, they sent out from



these synods, messengers whose feet were “beautiful upon the mountains,” to preach the glad tidings of the Gospel, and publish peace in distant lands. And these missionaries went forth to do their Master’s work, as sheep in the midst of wolves, not knowing what might befall them; but sure that, in all places, the promise of the Good Shepherd of Israel would be verified: “Lo, I am with you to the end of the world.”

Thus was the torch of truth, kindled at the mountain-altar of the Vaudois, carried into every part of Europe; and, long before the light of the Reformation arose, here and there the rays of this church of the wilderness were secretly gladdening the dark places of the earth. When the Reformation burst forth, like a glorious sun, the scattered beams of this primitive lamp were scarcely discernible; and all united in hailing the dawn of that day of fresh illumination. The light spread; and, by and by, it was forgotten that, in the midst of contumely and reproach, the fathers of the Alpine church had watched by the altar, through the night of superstition. It was forgotten that, while others, like the church of

Ephesus, had fallen and left their first love, they had laboured and not fainted, been tried and found faithful unto death; and therefore their candlestick was not removed out of its place. It was forgotten that, in their firm adherence to the faith of their fathers, they had left behind them a wonderful and deeply interesting proof, that a church, uncorrupted by the errors of papacy, has ever continued to exist in Europe, from the time the light of gospel truth first shone upon it. This proof, the Roman Catholics would gladly take from us, if they could; but we will not relinquish that which, more than any other argument, overthrows their claim to the universality of their church in past ages. Surely, every Protestant owes a debt to the Vaudois: a debt, which he who has neither silver nor gold may repay, by fervent prayer for the still oppressed and feeble remnant of this church; and which he who has wealth and influence, may discharge, in many ways, by pleading their cause, and contributing, so far as in him lies, towards the supply of their necessities, temporal and spiritual.\*

\* Their countryman, Count del Pozzo, has pleaded their

“Remember,” said the late moderator, Peyrani, to some English visiters, “Remember that you are indebted to us for your emancipation from papal thralldom. We led the way. We stood in the front rank; and against us the first thunderbolts of Rome were fulminated. The baying of the blood-hounds of the inquisition was heard in our valleys, before you knew its name. They hunted down some of our ancestors, and pursued others from glen to glen, and over rock and mountain, till they obliged them to take refuge in foreign countries. A few of these wanderers penetrated as far as Languedoc; and from them was derived the Albigenses, or heretics of Albi. The province of Guienne afforded shelter to the persecuted Albigenses. Guienne was then in your possession. From an English province, our doctrines found

cause in a work entitled, “The complete Emancipation of the Protestant Vaudois advocated.” In this work he states, that no Protestants now exist in Europe, in so degraded a condition as the Vaudois.

For a fuller detail of the present depressed state of the Vaudois, and their many claims on us, see Mr. Gilly’s admirable work, “Waldensian Researches.” Published 1831.

their way into England; and your Wickliffe preached nothing more than what had been advanced by the ministers of our valleys, four hundred years before.”

Such are the peculiar claims of the Waldenses to our notice.

We have now to turn to a period in their history, when a war of extermination against the peaceful inhabitants of the valleys was resolved on by the great ones of the earth.

Louis XIV. stimulated by those who swayed his counsels, having driven into exile, as we have seen, many of the most faithful of his subjects, by the decree of revocation, at length determined to send the emissaries of persecution into the valleys of Piemont. The valleys of Pragela and Perosa were the more especial objects of attack. Victor Amadeus, duke of Savoy, who was their lawful ruler, was stimulated, not to say compelled, to assist in their destruction. He was, at first, unwilling to fall into the plans of the king of France. But when the French minister hinted that his royal master, if opposed by the duke, would undertake to carry the measure into effect, with an army of fourteen thousand men, and

would afterwards retain the valleys, inhabited by these heretics, as a recompense for his trouble, he was afraid to oppose the wishes of so powerful a neighbour any longer. He therefore issued an edict, by which the Vaudois were commanded, under pain of death, to raze their churches, conform to the Catholic faith, and submit their children to the Romish priests for baptism. Distressed and alarmed at so cruel a decree, which included a multitude of untold grievances, these poor people tried, by earnest supplications, to ward off the blow; and finding such means unavailing, they prepared to defend themselves by force of arms. For awhile the men of the valleys made a successful stand against their adversaries; and after having gained great advantages, they were prevailed on to lay down their arms, in the hope that their enemies, having seen their strength and firmness, might now be willing to come to terms with them. In this they were bitterly disappointed. No sooner had they submitted themselves, than they saw what cause they had to repent their ill-founded confidence. Fourteen thousand of their people were made prisoners; and, of

these, eleven thousand perished in thirteen different prisons: only three thousand obtained their liberty, and these were driven into banishment, and their property confiscated. How unjustly they were thus visited by their rulers, appears by the remonstrances they subsequently made to the duke of Savoy, through his minister, the marquis of Parelle.

“The subjects of the Valley,” say they, “have been in possession of their estates from time immemorial; having received them, by inheritance, from their ancestors.

“They have at all times paid the imposts and subsidies which it has been his royal highness’s pleasure to require.

“They have, in all commotions of the estate, rigidly obeyed his royal highness’s orders.

“At the time when the last persecution was instituted against his faithful subjects, there was not one criminal process throughout the valleys. Each Vaudois was dwelling peaceably in his own home, rendering to God the worship which is his due, and unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar’s.

They add, that notwithstanding their fide-

lity, this people have found themselves, after much suffering and imprisonment, "scattered wanderers through the world."

This despoiled and afflicted remnant of a once numerous people, driven into other countries, still hovered on the borders of their native land, anxious to return to the homes which had been brightened by domestic blessings, to the vineyards they had planted, the flocks they had fed, and above all, to those sacred scenes where they and their fathers had served the Lord, in the exercise of that pure faith, on account of which they were now driven into exile.

"Your excellency," they say, in addressing the minister of the duke of Savoy, "will not deem it strange that we should have had at heart, a desire to return to our native land. Alas! the birds, who have no reason, return, in their season, to their nests and dwelling-places, nor does any one hinder them; but this liberty is now refused to men, created in the image of God."

The opportunity so ardently desired presented itself at no distant period. The prince of Orange, a firm friend to the Vaudois, as the

leader of the Protestant cause, was become, by the revolution of 1688, king of England; and a war soon broke out between him and his Catholic majesty of France. This was considered very favourable to the Vaudois, by diverting the attention of Louis XIV. from their affairs, and giving him full occupation in matters more nearly affecting the interests of his own kingdom. They resolved to take advantage of the want of vigilance which these circumstances occasioned; and after many difficulties, a body of about eight hundred men set forth, under an able leader, and actually forced their way through mountain defiles, over almost inaccessible alps, and in the face of their enemies, resumed the possession of those beloved valleys, from which they had been so unjustly driven two years before.

The story of their trials, under Victor Amadeus; their perilous adventures, and hair-breadth escapes; their wonderful exploits, and almost miraculous preservation, has been chronicled by their leader, Henri Arnaud. We refer our readers, for many interesting particulars, to this narrative, translated by Hugh Dyke Acland, Esq. and entitled, "The



glorious Recovery of their Valleys, by the Vaudois.”

There are many things connected with this daring enterprise which we cannot justify. While we feel intense interest in the struggles of this oppressed people, and earnestly desire their deliverance from the cruel bondage to which they were subject, we are compelled to admit that they, too, in these latter days, exhibit proofs that they have fallen from their first estate.

In fact, though the Vaudois are still a deeply interesting people, they are not what they once were. Their light burns more dimly than it once did. In too many cases their fruitful field is become a wilderness, on which the refreshing dews and fertilizing rain no longer descend, as in other days, when it blossomed and brought forth fruit in abundance. But are we, therefore, to turn coldly away from this long-honoured church? No, rather let us unite in the prayer, that as the former rain was poured freely on her, so may the latter rain descend, and make her desert as the garden of Eden. “Ask ye of the Lord rain, in the time of the latter rain; so the

Lord shall make bright clouds, and give them showers of rain, to every one grass in the field." Zech. x. 1.

It may be truly said, that the whole of the country where these poor people dwelt has been marked by the footsteps of the oppressor; and many a spot still bears record of harrowing tales of cruelty and desolation. In the chain of mountains which rises behind the valley of Pragela, separating it from that of St. Martin, one lofty and picturesque peak towers above the rest. It is called the Col Albergian, or Albergo; and derives its name from one of those fearful scenes in the Waldensian history, to which we cannot turn without horror. Four hundred and thirty-two years have passed away, since the inhabitants of that secluded valley saw the solemn rejoicings of the day on which they met to commemorate the nativity of their Lord and Saviour, broken in upon by an attack from their relentless adversaries of the Romish church. Surprised and overwhelmed by numbers, they were compelled to fly from their dwellings, and take refuge in caves and mountain-hollows. Ill defended from the severities of the

season, and scarcely finding even a partial shelter from the piercing winter-blast, the sufferings of that night can be but imperfectly imagined. When day dawned, eighty infants, and many of their mothers, were found dead among the rocks; and many others so benumbed with cold, that they never recovered the use of their limbs. When their oppressors heard the tale of anguish, no compunctious visitings seem to have been awakened in their hearts; but, turning the fatal catastrophe into an unfeeling jest, they called the mountain the *Albergo*, or lodging-house of the heretics.

Truly, the dark places of the earth are full of cruelty; and the heart is constrained to inquire, when shall the light be shed abroad without a cloud? When will the oppressor cease in the land, and all rest in one fold, under one Shepherd? Well may we plead for the hastening of that glorious day! Well may we pray, "thy kingdom come!"

If we are asked to what end these records of other times are presented to the notice of the youthful reader, we would say, in reply, that such narratives appear to us to be fraught with instruction. Perhaps there is no part of

our literature, with the exception of that which is especially characterised as sacred, more valuable than history and biography. So competent a judge of the matter as Lord Bacon observes, when speaking of the comparative merits of different kinds of knowledge, that "history makes men wise." But we do not read it to the purposes of wisdom, if we gather nothing from it but the barren knowledge of facts. Showing, as it does, what man is, under the varied circumstances of life, and exhibiting, moreover, the operations of His hand, who, unseen, directeth the movements of the world, it is meet that we should dwell thoughtfully on its pages. Herein we may often trace undoubted evidence, that although, for a time, violence and wrath may obtain the mastery, the Most High does indeed "rule in the kingdom of men." To our limited views, man, for a season, may seem to prevail; but He who formed the earth, seeth "the end from the beginning, and, from ancient times, the things that are not yet done." While the workers of iniquity believe their success is sure, and confidently cry, "Ah! ah! so would we have it;" a voice they heed not, is saying, "*My counsel shall stand, and I will do all*

my pleasure." "I have spoken it, I will also bring it to pass; I have purposed it, I will also do it." "I am God, and there is none else; I am God, and there is none like me." Isa. xlvi. 9, 10, 11.

Not the least important feature in the narrative before us, is the timely and almost miraculous assistance, often afforded to the sufferers in the season of extremity. What ground does it give for strong confidence and abiding faith in the Good Shepherd of his people, who hath thus manifested himself to be a very present help in trouble! In the midst of spiritual famine, he feedeth them with the bread of life, and prepares a table for them in the presence of their enemies. Though he may seem to leave them awhile to stray in the wilderness, through paths they have not known, yet, in the end, they will clearly discern, that he has led them "by a right way, to a city of habitation."

The conduct of many of the subjects of these memoirs, their patience under persecution, their faith, and meekness, and charity, make them ensamples to the flock of Christ, in every age. Whatever our appointed lot, as believers, in the present day may be, may we

partake of the same spirit, and be made willing, if needs be, like them, to suffer the loss of all things, so that we may “win Christ, and be found in him; “counting all things but loss, for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus, our Lord.”

While the annals of past days lead us to contemplate the sufferings and privations of others, may ardent feelings of gratitude be kindled in our breasts for benefits, which are now become so common, that we almost forget they are such as our forefathers would have considered it a signal mercy to enjoy. The unrestrained study of the Bible, intercourse with our fellow-christians, and the unfettered exercise of religious worship in public and private, are among the many high privileges which should daily fill us with thankfulness, and make this the inquiry of every heart, “What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits?”

It is but too much the order of the present day, to talk of our troubles and perplexities; and they are manifold: but it were surely right that we should sometimes turn away from these, and count our blessings. Were this more our practice, our spirits would

oftener be in unison with the Psalmist's; and we too should be enabled to say, "Return unto thy rest, O my soul! for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee."

Religious persecution is a fearful and distressing theme, and so many evils are connected with it, that we may well pray to be preserved from a repetition of its trials. Painful indeed is the consideration, that such scenes as we have described, should ever be exhibited among professing Christians. "How long, O Lord!" must be the cry of every heart, duly penetrated with this mournful subject. "When shall all bitterness and wrath, and clamour, and evil speaking, be put away, with all malice?" and Christian brethren, "be kind to one another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God, for Christ's sake, hath forgiven us?" When shall the blessed day arrive, when the promises shall be fulfilled:—"I will turn to the people a pure language, that they may all call upon the name of the Lord, to serve him with one consent," Zeph. iii. 9. and "I will give them one heart and one way," Jer. xxxii. 39. "and there shall be one fold, and one shepherd." John, x. 16.

## APPENDIX.

### NOTE 1.

#### *The War of the Cevennes.*

AFTER suffering deeply from the persecuting spirit of their powerful enemies for a long period, the people of the Cevennes were roused to stand up in their own defence. Their reasons for so doing are set forth in a paper published by their party, entitled, “The Manifesto of the Cevennois; showing the true Reasons which have constrained the Inhabitants of the Cevennes to take up Arms.” This paper was addressed to the Dauphin. After alluding to the miseries they had endured by persecutions of every kind, they proceed to say, “After they had done us all these mischiefs, the Edict of Nantes was repealed. In the execution of the Revocation of this Edict, they demolished our churches, and banished our ministers out of the kingdom for ever, continuing to us a thousand mischiefs, under divers pretexts. All these dreadful forms of persecution astonished the Cevennois,



who had none to comfort them. Fear caused some of them to hide themselves in woods and dens; and others endeavoured to flee out of the kingdom, that they might set their lives and consciences at liberty, according to the precept of the gospel; ‘if they persecute you in one city, flee unto another.’ But the passages were so well guarded to hinder the flight of these poor people, that the greater part of them were taken and sent to the galleys. They that fled from the city, were also taken and locked up in prisons, which were soon filled with these poor persecuted Protestants. All these cruel usages gave us cause enough to think of our defence. Nevertheless, we have borne all these terrible sufferings with patience, that we might not kindle a civil war in the kingdom, and shed the blood of our countrymen, in hope that God would touch the hearts of our enemies, and make them sensible of the injustice of such inhuman persecutions.” They go on to state that they kept themselves in retirement, withdrawing into woods and mountains, concealing themselves in dens and caves, and assembling in numbers only for the purposes of worship and religious instruction; and then unarmed, and with the utmost quietness and order. “In these assemblies,” they say, “we read the word of God, we sung psalms, and we prayed for the king and the king-

dom ; nothing could be more just, nor more innocent. But the priests and friars having notice of it, caused yet more dragoons and other troops to be sent into the Cevennes, which they placed in ambuscade, in the places through which those that were of the assemblies were to pass on their return. They seized them, and cast them into prison ; condemned some of both sexes to be hanged, and others to be carried away, the men to the galleys, the women to the nunneries. And if they happened to find the place where they were assembled, they fired upon them without mercy, and without distinction of sex or age." It was after the occurrence of a scene of this sort, that the first rising of the Protestants in the Cevennes took place, twenty years subsequent to the commencement of the persecution.

We pretend not to justify much that occurred among the Protestants of the Cevennes, and other parts of France, at this period of their history. The details of those events serve to show how bitter and evil a thing religious persecution is, by manifesting some of its worst fruits, both in the oppressors and the oppressed.

The excess of persecution can never be admitted as a sufficient plea for the deviation of the persecuted from the paths of uprightness. The promise is, " God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be

tempted above that ye are able; but will, with the temptation, also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it." 1 Cor. x. 13.

Nothing can justify the doing evil that good may come; nevertheless, the baneful effects of persecution, furnish a strong reason why the Christian should guard against the recurrence of such calamitous events, by exercising a watchful care over religious privileges and securing their continuance, as far as human wisdom and foresight, combined with a thankful and prayerful spirit may do it.

#### NOTE 2.

##### *Galley-Slaves.*

The circumstances of a gallerien's life, are more fully detailed in the following statement of M. Bion, who appears to have been a chaplain to some of the galleys, at the time of the persecution, and afterwards a convert to the Protestant faith :

“ A galley is a long, flat, single-decked vessel, with oars; and though it has two masts, yet it is so built as to be unfit to stand against a rough sea; and therefore the sails are, for the most part, useless. There are five slaves to every oar. One of them is a Turk, who is set at the end to work it

with more strength. There are in all three hundred slaves, and one hundred and fifty men, either officers, soldiers, seamen, or servants. There is, at the stern of the galley, a chamber, shaped on the outside like a cradle, belonging to the captain, and solely his at night, but in the day-time, common to the officers and chaplain. All the rest of the crew, (the under officers excepted, who retire under shelter elsewhere,) are exposed above deck, to the scorching sun by day, and the damps and inclemencies of the night. There is indeed a canvass suspended by a cable, from head to stern, that affords some little shelter: but the misfortune is, this is only in fair weather; in the least gale or storm it is taken down, for fear of oversetting the galley.

“ In the two winters of 1703 and 1704, on the coasts of Monaca and Antibes, these poor creatures, after hard rowing, could not enjoy the benefit of the night, which put an end to the labours of the day, but were exposed to the wind and snow, and all the inconveniences of the season. The only comfort they asked for, was the liberty of smoking; but this was forbidden, on pain of the bastinado. Instead of a bed, they are allowed only a board a foot and a half broad; and those who have the unfortunate honour of lying near the

officers, do not presume to stir so much as a hand, lest their chains should rattle and awake them.

“It is difficult to give an account of the labours the slaves undergo at sea, especially during a long campaign. The fatigue of tugging at the oar is extraordinary. They must rise to draw the stroke, and fall back again. In all seasons, through the continual and violent motion of their bodies, the perspiration trickles down their harassed limbs; and lest they should fail, as they often do from faintness, there is a gang-board which runs through the middle of the ship, on which are posted three *comités*, (officers somewhat like a boatswain,) who, whenever they think an oar does not keep time with the rest, unmercifully exercise their power on the man they suspect. The wand with which they strike being long, it is often felt by two or three others, innocent even of being suspected.

“To support their strength during the campaign, every morning each man has his proportion of biscuit, and pretty good; at ten, a porringer of soup, made with oil and peas, or beans, the pulse being often so stale and musty as to be unfit for eating. I call it soup, according to their phrase, though it does not deserve the name, sometimes being little more than water, with a few peas or beans swim-

ming at top. When on duty they have a pitcher of wine, about two-thirds of an English pint, morning and evening.

“ When the badness of the weather prevents the galleys from putting to sea, such slaves as have trades, work in the galley, or learn to knit coarse stockings. The *comité*, for whose profit they work, pays them about half the usual price, not in money, but food. The poor men who have no trades, clean their comrades' clothes, &c. who, in return, give them some small share of the scanty pittance they earn by working. One may easily imagine that such ill-treatment occasions frequent sickness, and especially with those who, before they were condemned for their heretical opinions, never experienced any hardships; in that case this is their treatment.

“ There is, in the hold, a close, dark room, the air being admitted only by the scuttle, about two feet square, which is the only passage to it. At each end of the room there is a sort of scaffold, on which the sick are laid promiscuously, without beds or any thing under them. If this is full, and there are any more sick, they are stretched all along the cables; as I saw in 1703, when, being on the coast of Italy in the winter time, we had above three score sick men in this horrid place, dreadfully annoyed with vermin. When the duties

of my function called me among them, I was soon covered, it being impossible to preserve myself from the swarms. I was obliged, notwithstanding, to make considerable stay in this gloomy abode, to confess such as were ready to expire. The place was so low, that I was obliged to stretch myself by their sides, and often when I was confessing one, another expired just by me.

“There are in the galley several sorts of people, under the name of slaves, besides seamen and soldiers; viz. *Turks*, *criminals*, and *Protestants*. The king buys the *Turks* to manage the stroke of the oars. They are generally strong men, and the least unfortunate of the whole crew; not being chained, but wearing a ring on their foot, as a badge of slavery. When they arrive at any port, they have the liberty to trade; and some of them are worth three or four hundred pounds. They frequently send their money to their wives and children; and, to the shame of Christians be it spoken, there is more charity among them than among many who profess a purer faith. The *Protestants* now in the galleys have been condemned thither at several times. The first were put in after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. The term fixed for the choice of either abjuring their religion or leaving the kingdom, was a fortnight, and that on pain of being condemned to the galleys;

but this liberty, by many base artifices, was rendered useless; for there were often secret orders, by the contrivance of the clergy, to prevent their embarking, and to hinder the selling of their substance. Their debtors were absolved by their confessors, when they denied their debt; and children were forced from their mothers' arms, in hopes that the tenderness of the parent might prevail over the zeal of the Christian. Protestants of all ages and sexes used to flee through deserts and unfrequented ways, committing their lives to the mercy of the seas, and running innumerable hazards to escape idolatry or martyrdom. Some happily escaped, in spite of the vigilance of the dragoons and bailiffs; but many fell into their hands, whereby the prisons were filled with Protestants; and, what was barbarous to the last degree, when there, they were obliged, on pain of the bastinado, to bow before the host, and to hear mass.

“Monsieur Sabatier, whose charity and zeal those of the primitive Christians, having a little equal money, distributed it to his brethren and fellow-sufferers in the galleys; but the Protestants being watched more narrowly than the rest, he could not do it so secretly but he was discovered, and brought before M. Monmort, intendant of the galleys at Marseilles. Being questioned, he did not deny the fact. M. Monmort not only promised



him pardon, but a reward, if he would declare who it was that had given him the money. M. Sabatier modestly replied, that he should be guilty of ingratitude before God and man, if he should bring them into trouble, who had been so charitable; that his person was at their disposal; but he desired to be excused as to the secret expected from him. The intendant replied, he had a way to make him tell, and that immediately: whereupon he sent for some Turks, who, at his command, stripped Sabatier stark naked, and beat him with ropes' ends and cudgels, during three days, at sundry times. At last, seeing that he was ready to expire, he commanded him to a dungeon.

“In the year 1703, several Protestants, out of Languedoc and the Cevennes, were put on board our galley. They were narrowly watched; and I was greatly surprised, on Sunday morning, after saying mass on the bancasse, (a table placed so that all the galley may see the priest when he elevates the host,) to hear the *comité* say, he was going to give the Hugonots the bastinado, because they did not kneel, nor show any respect to the mysteries of the mass. The very name of bastinado terrified me; and I begged the *comité* to forbear till the next Sunday, and that, in the mean time, I would endeavour to convince them of what *I then* thought their duty and *my own*. Accor-

dingly, I used all the means I could possibly think of to that effect; sometimes making use of fair means, giving them victuals, and doing them kind offices; sometimes using threats, and representing the torments that were designed for them if they persisted: often urging the *king's command*, and quoting the passage of St. Paul, that 'he who resists the power, resists God.' I had not, *even at that time*, any desire to *oblige* them to do any thing against their consciences; but what I did chiefly arose from a motive of pity and tenderness. I could not but admire, at once, both the modesty of their answers, and the greatness of their courage: 'The king,' said they, 'is, indeed, master of our persons, but not of our consciences.' But at last the dreadful day came, and the *comité* narrowly observed them, to see the fruit of my labours. There were only *two* out of *twenty* that bowed the knee to Baal: the rest nobly refused it; and accordingly were, by the captain's command, punished in the following manner.

“In order for punishment, every man's chains are taken off, and he is stripped naked, and stretched upon the coursier, (the great gun,) and there so held that he cannot stir; during which time a horrid silence reigns throughout the galley. The victim thus prepared, a Turk is chosen to be the

executioner, who, with a tough cudgel, or knotty rope's end, unmercifully strikes the sufferer; and that too, the more willingly, because he thinks it is acceptable to Mahomet. But the most barbarous of all is, that after the skin is flayed off, the only balsam applied to their wounds is a mixture of salt and vinegar; after which, they are thrown into the hospital I have described. I went thither, after the execution, and could not refrain from tears at the sight of so much barbarity. They quickly perceived it; and, though scarcely able to speak, thanked me for the compassion I had expressed, and the kindness I had always shown them. I went with the design of administering comfort to them, but was glad to find they were less moved than I was myself. It was wonderful to see with what true Christian patience they bore all their torments; in the extremities of their pain, never expressing any thing like rage, but imploring the continued assistance of Almighty God."

### NOTE 3.

#### *Origin of the term Vaudois.*

"The terms, Vaudois, in French; Vallenses, in Latin; Valdesi or Vallesi, in Italian; and Wal-

denses in English ecclesiastical history, signify nothing more or less than “men of the valleys;” and as the valleys of Piemont have had the honour of producing a race of people, who have remained true to the faith introduced by the first missionaries who preached Christianity in those regions, the synonyms Vaudois, Valdesi, and Waldenses, have been adopted as the distinguishing names of a religious community, faithful to the primitive creed, and free from the corruptions of the church of Rome.”—*Gilly's Waldensian Researches*.

## NOTE 4.

*Antiquity of the Moravian Church.*

“The Waldenses of Piemont are not to be regarded as successors of certain reformers, who first stood up in France and Italy, at a time when the corruption of the Roman church and priesthood became intolerable; but, as a race of simple mountaineers, who, from generation to generation, have continued steadily in the faith preached to their forefathers, when the territories, of which these valleys form a part, were first

christianized. Ample proof will be given as I proceed.”—*Waldensian Researches*, p. 8.

It would be out of place here to enter into the detail of these proofs, for which, and much interesting matter beside, we refer the reader to Mr. Gilly’s work.

THE END.

THE INFORMATION CONTAINED IN THIS VOLUME  
HAS BEEN CHIEFLY DRAWN FROM THE FOLLOW-  
ING WORKS.

History of the Edict of Nantes; printed in French, by authority of the States of Holland, and translated into English, A. D. 1694.

Voltaire's Siècle de Louis XIV.

Anquetil's Histoire de France.

Eclaircissemens Historique, sur les Causes de la Revocation de l'Edit de Nantes. Tirés des différentes Archives du Gouvernement.

History of the Cevennes.

Burnet's History of his own times.

Narrative of the Sufferings of the French Protestants on board the Galleys, after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. By Rev. J. Bion, sometime Priest in the parish of Ursy, in Burgundy, and Chaplain to a Galley in the French Service.

Martin's History of the Sufferings and Martyrdom of Louis de Marolles.

L'Histoire apologetique. By one of the exiled Pastors.

Journal de Jean Migault: ou Malheurs d'une Famille Protestante, du Poitou, a l'Epoque de la Revocation de l'Edit de Nantes.

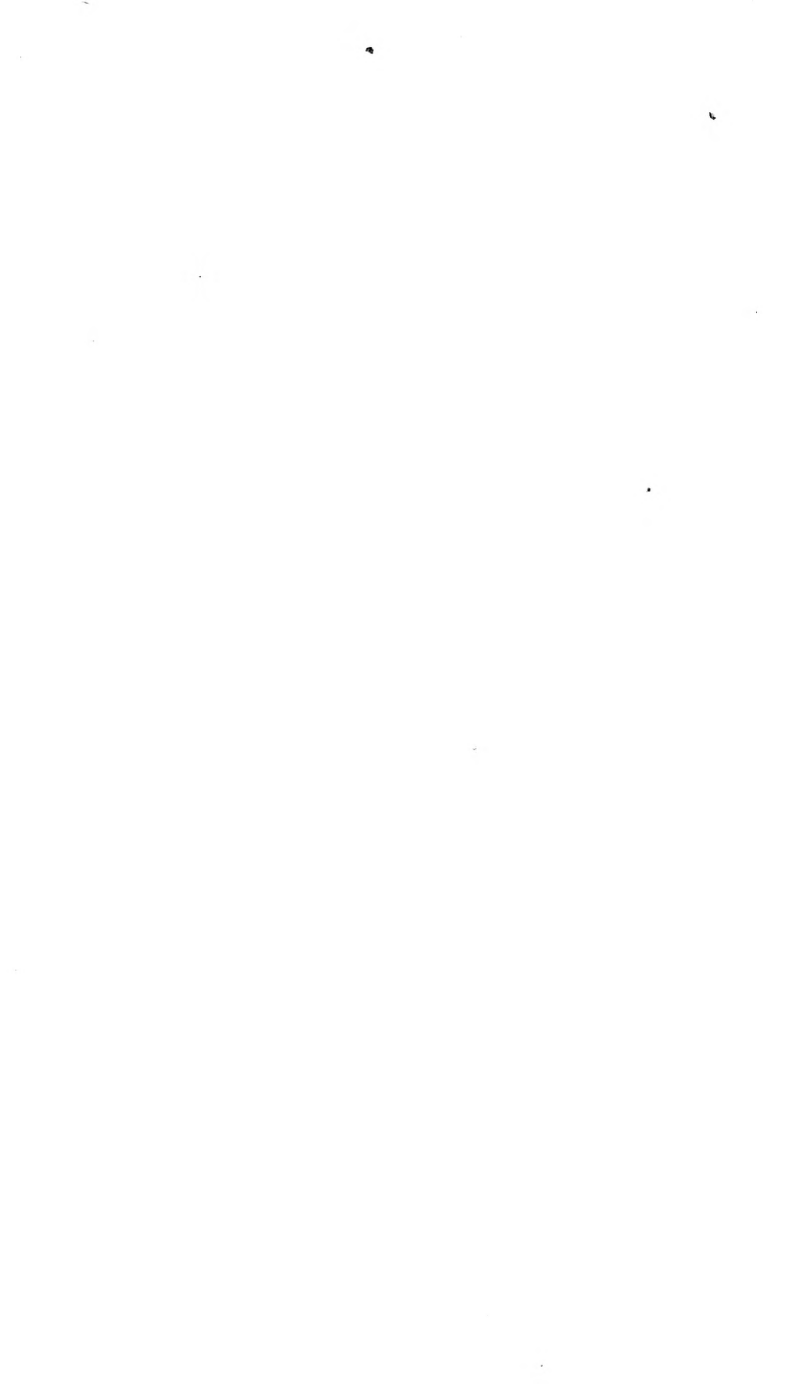
Gilly's Waldensian Researches.

Acland's translation of Arnaud's Glorious Recovery of their Valleys, by the Vaudois.










# Date Due

<del>SEP 20 1954</del>			
			



BW5846 .W27

The revocation of the Edict of Nantes,

Princeton Theological Seminary-Speer Library



1 1012 00038 0669