

LITERATURE.

A FATHER'S FAREWELL.

Lines addressed to my son, who after an absence of many years sojourned for a few days at his paternal home, previous to his departure for Australia, there to join the home of a beloved sister.

AND we have met once more, my fair-haired boy!

First of my hopes, whose young existence brought
The new-born feeling of parental joy.

And o'er my spirit its enchantment wrought.
Whose infant smile once played around my heart,

Shielding its influence, as the ivy weaves
Its pliant tendrils, circling every part

Of the rude forest oak, to which it cleaves.

How art thou changed! The wiles of infancy
Have vanished, all—and I gaze on thee now

In manhood's prime, and watch thy speaking eye,
Which still is blue and soft, whilst on thy brow

I mark the trace of thoughts beyond thy years,
Pure as the gentle source from which they rise.

Yet fraught with buoyant hopes, as fancy rears
Her temple bright, with thousand glittering dyes.

And I myself am changed—how unlike thee,
Whose path as yet is strewn with vernal dowers,

That bloom in youthful fragrance, and whose view
Looks onward to a spring of happier hours.

For me, the winter of my days is near,
And cutting frost, and years of untold grief

Have chilled my breast with many a deep drawn sigh,
And left me but life's "scar and yellow leaf."

And now thy presence amply would repay
Long years of absence—mourned, alas! in vain;

(Years that have passed with leaden wing away—
Years that I would not dare to live again)

But that the cup, that proudly mantles o'er
With sparkling joys, that thou art here to share,

Is dashed away, and shall be filled no more,
Save with the bitter dregs of mute despair.

And wherefore? Is it not that some brief days
Shall see the wandering o'er the pathless deep,

Severed once more from eyes, whose silent gaze
Shall traverse the dark waters but to weep!

Yes, we have met—but shall we meet again?
Perchance that he, whose tears are falling fast,

Whose trembling hand has traced this mournful strain,
Ere that thy term of absence shall be past,

May rest beneath the turf—almost forgot
By all save thee; for thoughts shall then arise

Of tender recollections, and the spot
Be hallowed in thy heart's best memories.

Then shalt thou stand beneath Australia's sky,
And pointing o'er the dark and gloomy wave,

Shall turn to Albion's shore thy sorrowing eye,
As though it rested on his silent grave.

Yet must we part—thy fate has willed it so,
And I must bend beneath the stern decree,

And curb the words of bitterness that flow
Unto my tongue, to speak mine agony.

Yes, I am dumb—though deep within my breast
Struggles a tide of feelings, that would burst

The narrow boundary, and unrepressed
Sweep o'er my spirit with a force accurst.

It is not that a selfish nature pleads
Within my breast, or that I seek to mar

Thy cherished hope of future good, that leads
To brighter prospects in a land afar.

Far otherwise; for thus, then, I resign
My heart's fond wishes, and its hopes suppress,

Content thy home be distant far from mine,
So that thy years be crowned with happiness!

Fair be the breeze that wafts thy bark away—
Hushed be the storm—the jarring whirlwinds cease—

And the blue rippling waves around thee play,
In sportive murmurs, soothing thee to peace:

And, as along the gallant vessel glides,
May Albion's guardian sailor, whose name she bears,

Watch o'er her safety, and with favouring tides
Convey thee to the home a sister shares.

Farewell! Yet think upon thy father land,
Where all shall cherish thee, and prayers ascend,

And fervent lips, and the uplifted hand
Invoke a blessing from the Wanderer's Friend.

Oh, yes! let memory dwell upon thy home—
Its name still hallowed in thy gentle breast,

For whereso'er thy devious steps shall roam,
Here beat the hearts shall ever love thee best.

* The Saint George.

Histoire des Pasteurs du Desert. PAR NAP. PEYRAT. Paris: 1842. 2 vols., 8vo.

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(Concluded.)

It might have been expected that the government of any Christian prince, on hearing of this inhuman massacre, would have ordered the wretched Montrevel for immediate trial, and would have endeavoured to atone by a milder policy for the heinous crime of its unworthy officer; and that the Roman Catholics in general would have been eager to express the horror naturally excited by such an action. Strange to say, all their chroniclers have apologised for this savage proceeding, which they consider to have been provoked by the extreme temerity of the Protestants; and the ministers, with Madame de Maintenon, are said to have concealed the fact from Louis, who, probably, was not anxious to know more than they told him. His government became more cruel than before, and sanctioned fresh barbarities which were recommended by Julien and Montrevel, though their advice was founded upon facts from which any impartial mind would have drawn a very different conclusion. Julien and the priests agreed in representing, that, of the whole population, old and young, an incalculable majority were Huguenots at heart, notwithstanding the forced "conversion" which many of them had undergone;

and that the Cerenols entered into the revolt of the Camisards either by acquiescence or by positive co-operation. The task, then, which the crown had imposed upon itself, was neither more nor less than to remove the Protestant religion from an extensive province, peculiarly defensible and difficult of access. The best way, if practicable, was to remove the obnoxious faith from the minds of the people. But, as men, women, and children, were all equally resolved to hold fast to it, and as the government could not dream, at any hazard, of receding from its determination, the question now was, what was the next best way of extirpating Protestantism? This question is discussed by the Vicar-General of Uzès, Monsire Poncet de la Rivière.

Various expedients are proposed. To put them to the sword? it is contrary to religion and policy. To hang the hostages? the innocent would suffer for the guilty—it would only exasperate the evil. Carrying off (*l'enlèvement*) is the mildest remedy; for three reasons:—First, because it avoids bloodshed and tedious legal procedure. Second, because it anticipates the intention of the Protestants to rise. Third, because it makes the priests secure in their parishes. The persons to be carried off are: first, the relatives of the rebels; second the principal persons of each place; third, the young people.

This was the scheme which Montrevel undertook to carry into effect, while the season still left the regular troops at his disposal.

In the first place, in order to starve the Camisards, he ordered the country people to bring in their corn to the towns of Alais, Anduze, or Florac. On the 10th of April he shut the gates of Nismes, called out the troops, ordered all the newly-converted to keep their houses, and made a general search for bibles and fire-arms (both classes of weapons being equally obnoxious), and he proceeded to strike a blow against the rich canton called La Vaufrage, the garden and the granary of Cavalier. The marines and the miquelets carried off 1500 persons from the twenty-four parishes of the plain, among whom were the inhabitants of three entire villages. From Mialet, the very head quarters of the insurrection, where Roland had all his magazines, Julien carried off 590 persons, and was allowed to pillage the whole parish. In other instances the convoys were not brought off without fighting, or not brought off at all. The unhappy prisoners were sent to Montpellier whence they were transferred to Roussillon: the old men and the women were detained there in prison, and the able-bodied were sent to the galleys or transported to America. The parishes not affected by the "deportation" were obliged to make themselves responsible for large sums, in case of the slightest disorder being committed. These severities failed to reduce the Camisards, whose magazines had long before been abundantly supplied; and when the peasants had yielded their houses and fields, they shouldered the axe or reaping hook, their only remaining property, and set off for the camp of the "Children of God," who were neither slow nor scrupulous in taking vengeance for their wrongs.

They had a new and disagreeable enemy to contend with in the Roman Catholic population of the villages near the sources of the Cèze, who had taken arms under an inkeeper named Chabert, a man ruined by the Camisards. Those of Saint Florentias were distinguished for their ferocity, and the name of Florentias was given in consequence to the whole of what M. Peyrat styles "the vagabond gangs which, rather rapacious than warlike, lived on murder and pillage," and who, infesting the territories which Cavalier and Joani were wont to command, formed to those chiefs an object of continual pursuit and attack. One day, at the village of Pradel, the Florentins came out to greet an officer of splendid appearance, who arrived at the head of his soldiers, wrapped in a mantle of scarlet, and arrayed in a vast peruke, and a large hat shaded with plumes. This was Joani, who replied to their congratulations with a volley of shot, which killed a score of them, after which he cut the rest to pieces. Cavalier took thirty or forty of them by similar stratagem, but had himself soon after a narrow escape from the regular troops, who surprised him near midnight, encamped in a meadow, near the little town of Collet de Deze, which lies almost surrounded by an amphitheatre of hills, whose sides are built up in terraces for the growth of the very poor grapes of the country. The Camisards instantly took to the hill, and maintained so hot a fire from the lower terraces, that the soldiers were glad to abandon the pursuit.

On Sunday, the 29th of April, after spending the day in religious exercises, Cavalier with 1500 men took up his quarters for the night at a farm house called the Tour de Bellot, near Alais, built on the ruins of an ancient castle, of which the keep was yet standing, though uninhabited. The insurgents after partaking of a meal which had been prepared for them by their purveyor, dispersed themselves throughout the buildings (which were enclosed by a dry stone wall), and went to sleep. At this moment the purveyor, a miller of the country, who bore a great reputation for piety, and had two sons in the force, was tempted to go to Alais, where he sold to Montrevel, for fifty louis d'or, the blood of his own sons and his Protestant brethren. Brigadier Planque set out about ten o'clock with 3000 or 4000 men, and his troops, in two divisions, invested the farm-yard. They surprised and slew the first videttes, but the sentinels then fired and gave the alarm. The Camisards instantly took arms, and Cavalier with 400 men rushed out of the building; and, by hard fighting—the combat being so desperate that (as he afterwards declared) "heaven and earth seemed on fire"—he kept the way clear till 400 or 500 more had made their way out; but the enemy pouring in on all sides, he retired behind a ravine, probably an ancient fosse of the castle. After rallying his men he repassed the ravine to make a last effort in favour of his companions who were left behind. To the "qui vive" of the enemy he replied "Montrevel," delivering a murderous fire, and the two divisions of the royal troops mistook each other for enemies, and entered into a murderous conflict in the dark. He rushed upon them thus confused, and a scene ensued of inconceivable bloodshed and uproar. At last a gleam of moonlight, or the dawn, enabled the combatants to recognise each other, and Cavalier, finding it impossible to succour his men in the tower, retreated with his main body while it was yet dark, passed the Gardon (defeating the dragoons who guarded it), and gained the woods. The unfortunate men who were left behind made a gallant resistance, and showering down stones and tiles when their bullets were exhausted, held out till eight o'clock in the morning, when the buildings were set on fire, and they perished

in the flames "singing psalms (says M. Peyrat) to the last." The traitorous purveyor was seized and put to death by the Camisards; his two sons spurned him from them; and looked on without emotion.

Montrevel now called upon the "newly converted" to take arms against the fanatics; and, as they remained passive, he applied his cruel system of deportation to the suspected persons of twenty-two parishes in the diocese of Nismes. He also took into the king's service, at the expense of the Protestants, the predatory bands of Florentins, now extremely numerous. Some bold fellows were placed at the head, and, in particular, one Lefevre. This man, defending a house against the Camisards, was informed that unless he yielded, his mother and brothers would instantly be put to death before his eyes. "I know neither mother nor brothers," said he, "when the king's service is concerned," and the Camisards, in admiration, released his kinsfolk and withdrew. Lefevre was a light-hearted, jovial fellow, who put his victims to death with all the pleasantry imaginable; and his hundred men marched to the sound of the violin, instead of the trumpet. Over all the bands was placed a leader of a higher order: La Fayette, a man of birth and military rank, who, having made a vow of solitude, lived in the desert, until the Camisards burnt his lonely hermitage, and called forth the old soldier to combat. The warlike hermit proclaimed a regular crusade against the enemies of God. Armed only with horse-pistols and a mace, he rode upon a pony at the head of five-and-twenty horsemen. The Catholic bands whom he commanded wore a white cross on their hats, and were commonly known as the chevaliers or cadets of the Cross, or the "White Camisards," in contradistinction to the Protestants, who were henceforth called the "Black Camisards."

In order to open the crusade with éclat, and to animate the Roman Catholic population with religious zeal, a bull was obtained from the Vatican, proclaiming a holy war. Hear the mild language of the common father of Christendom:—

Clement XI., the servant of servants—health and apostolic benediction. We cannot express the grief with which we have been penetrated on learning from the ambassador of the Most Christian King that the heretics of the Cevennes, sprung from the execrable race of the ancient Albigeois, have taken arms against the Church and their sovereign. For this reason, with the design of averting, as far as in us lies, the advances of heresy, so dangerous and ever re-appearing, to which it seemed that the piety of Louis the Great had given the death-blow in his states, we have thought it our duty to conform to the conduct of our predecessors in similar cases. To this end, and in order to induce and engage the faithful to exterminate the cursed race of these heretics and wicked persons, the enemies in all ages of God and of Caesar;—by virtue of the power to bind and to unloose, granted by the Saviour of mankind to the Prince of the Apostles and to his successors, we declare and grant of our full power and authority, the absolute and general remission of their sins, to all those who, having engaged in the holy militia which is to be formed, and destined to the extirpation of these heretics and rebels against God and the king, may have the misfortune to be killed in battle.

This manifesto had but little effect, as all the able-bodied men of the province were already engaged in the struggle. The hermit confined himself chiefly to the plain, and the neighbourhood of the large towns whence he made forays upon the Protestant villages, massacring the women and children, and carrying off the flocks and herds, but carefully abstaining from any encounter with the insurgents. The latter, in their turn, raised a corps of irregular cavalry, commanded by Catinat, who bought or stole 200 active horses from the famous breeding-grounds in the islands of the Rhone, and with his wild horsemen cut up the Florentins, and spread alarm along the banks of the Rhone.

The royal troops went through the townships, assessing the damage done by the destruction of churches (for the churches, though spared at first, were now always destroyed, because Montrevel turned them into fortresses), and carrying off the disaffected population. A detachment proceeding upon this service, learnt one day that Cavalier was in the neighbourhood. His sentinel was surprised, but refused to discover the situation of the camp. A woman who was carrying provisions thither, imitated his generous silence, and they both died for their fidelity. The dragoons, however, on entering a defile, discovered Cavalier's men gaily taking their mid-day repast on the grass, their hats crowned with sprigs of boxwood; while fifteen women, who had probably brought them food, were washing their linen in a rivulet close by. They started to their feet on seeing the royal troops, and received the charge of the cavalry; but the force opposed to them was overwhelming, and Cavalier was glad to escape with the loss of seventy-two men. The women were slaughtered in the stream.

Montrevel had fixed his head-quarters at Alais, under the pretext of placing himself in the seat of war; but the frivolous old courtier, in reality, made this move for the purpose of devoting his whole time to a lady of that town, for which he embellished hotels and gardens, while her husband was at Paris.

Hostilities consequently languished on the side of the king's troops; and as the peasantry were engaged in getting in their crops, there was a tacit suspension of arms during the summer heats, after which Montrevel tried to starve the insurgents, by destroying the mills, and by renewing his order to bring the corn into the towns; but Roland forbade the country people to obey him, and filled his own magazines, labouring at the same time to cut off the supplies of Alais; and with such success, that the people were for six months without a grain of salt, and Montrevel was obliged to call in his outposts to restrain them.

The marshal went by the name of "Marshal Short-life" among the insurgents, who were excessively anxious to justify the appellation. They had also an ardent desire to rid themselves of their old enemy, Bâville; and a party of them, duly posted in ambush, one morning, in a vineyard between Nismes and Montpellier, saw his carriage within a few paces of them, and were just preparing to attack him, when a peasant who had escaped out of their hands, started into the road and gave the alarm, and they had the mortification to see the intendant, escort and all, wheel round, and disappear again in a whirlwind of dust, in the direction of Nismes.

In August, operations of more importance succeeded, and there was great loss of life on both sides.

On Sunday, the 26th of that month, Roland had summoned the neighbourhood to meet for public worship in a hollow near An-

duze. He knew that the garrison of that town were aware of the intended meeting, but the Spirit had said to him, "Fear not, my son," and upon this assurance he proceeded. At three o'clock in the afternoon, before prayers were over, the alarm was given by the sentinels upon the heights; there was some agitation in the assembly, and a few of the women stole away in the direction of their homes. Roland silenced the people, telling them that the approach of the soldiers ought not to cause interruption in the service of the Almighty—but after pronouncing the blessing, he sent out some parties to reconnoitre. They were just in time to rescue the fugitive women from the enemy, who occupied the only issue from the hollow. To extricate his defenceless congregation he ranged the women and children in order, set the men in flank, armed only with branches of trees, which they carried like guns; distributed his Camisards in the van and in the rear, and marched boldly on with drums beating, and singing the psalm of battles. The royal troops, seeing the approach of this large and imposing column, retreated on either hand out of gunshot; they afterwards attacked the rear-guard, but Roland faced about and made head against them till night saved his whole party, who gave thanks to God for their deliverance.

After a time, Montrevel, piqued by a taunt of his mistress at a convivial meeting, fairly roused himself and held a council, which was attended by the generals and governors of towns, the bishops, and Bâville himself. It might have been supposed, that the failure of the carrying-off system would have taught them the inefficacy of mere violence. Yet the council was told to choose between two proposals still more brutal: the extermination of the Protestants in the districts devoted to the Camisards, or the destruction of their villages. The military men were keen for a massacre, and M. Peyrat states that the bishops entirely agreed with them; and Bâville, to prevent it, was obliged to urge upon them the second scheme, which he had hitherto combated. The plan he now proposed was to enclose the inhabitants in the most central towns, and to destroy all the rest—township, castle, hamlet, and homestead. The insurgents, he said, deprived of the population which fed, and the villages which received them, would be driven into the plain, where they would meet with the king's soldiers, and with death.

He was reminded of the difficulty of laying waste so large an extent of country, and razing to the ground so many scattered villages, under the rains of autumn, the early snow, and the fire of the rebels: it was also remarked, that much discontent would be caused by the destruction of the castles and monasteries. Bâville replied, that the king would provide for the inmates of the castles and religious houses, and that, at all events, the extermination of the population was a greater evil. Julien ardently desired to combine the two plans: to execute a general massacre of the whole people, the men, the women, and, above all, the little children; "the whole mass," he said, "is corrupted; we must cut off two or three members, in order to save the rest from the gangrene." Bâville observed, that "though the disease ought undoubtedly to be eradicated, yet it would not do absolutely to kill the patient;" and his scheme, the least atrocious of these hellish counsels, was adopted by the cabinet of Versailles, and forthwith carried into effect.

Enormous stores of provisions were collected at Florac; all the blacksmiths were employed in the fabrication of hatchets, pickaxes, levers, and other instruments of demolition, and a proclamation was issued by Montrevel, ordering the inhabitants of the various parishes to repair, within three days, with their cattle and goods to the towns indicated by him. The gentry were permitted to reside in any Roman Catholic town, and the Roman Catholics of the country were ordered to repair to the towns, where they were to be billeted upon the inhabitants, and to receive, like soldiers, five sous a day. This proclamation caused utter consternation, and obedience was yielded to a certain extent; but while the women and children, and the old men, repaired in great misery to the towns of refuge, the able-bodied betook themselves to the camp of the insurgents.

The devoted country was now parcelled out among the various bodies of troops. The 29th of September was fixed for beginning the work of desolation, which Montrevel proposed to superintend in person; but on the morning of that day, just as he was mounting his horse to repair to the scene of action, he was recalled in haste to the plain. Cavalier and his force had burst upon the low country, and were destroying every accessible place with fire and sword. An express, sent by the commandant of Calvisson, was thrown alive, horse and all, into the flames which were devouring Aiguevives, and an English squadron appeared off the coast, with money and ammunition intended for the Camisards. These supplies had been obtained by the Protestant exiles; but their agents had been arrested within sight of the Cevennes before they could communicate with Roland; and the insurgents, though in possession of the coast, could not understand, and did not reply to the signals of the ships, which consequently stood out to sea again, and disappeared. At the same time, Labourlie's long meditated insurrection broke out prematurely in the Rouergue, from a want of concert, and the hasty temper of some of the chiefs; owing to these faults it was crushed at the very outset, and Labourlie fled from France.

Cavalier continued his foray upon the plain, and Montrevel was obliged to recall Julien to resist him. As soon as Julien left the mountains, Roland and the other chiefs attacked the towns of refuge, and the strongholds of the Florentins, and Julien was forced to return, in order to protect the work of demolition. This process was, indeed, for the moment, scarcely less harassing to the destroyers, than to those who suffered by their cruelty. It has been imagined that the destruction of the city of Lyons in modern times—that most foolishly mad of all the revolutionary extravagances—was wholly new and unparalleled in its nature; but we find, that for this, as for most of the crimes of the same period, the older French history affords a precedent. It was autumn, and the cold rains fell in torrents among the mountains; and after laboring all day with the pick-axe, the wearied soldiers were happy if they could find straw to sleep on, in some deserted barn. They were miserably fed; many fell sick under their privations and fatigues, many deserted, and, on the representation of Julien, fire was employed to expedite the process of devastation. Cavalier became more adventurous and successful than ever; but notwithstanding his gallant exploits, Julien carried on the work, and by the 14th of December, 400 villages were reduced to ashes, and an extensive territory had become a wilderness, in which, at intervals, might be

seen a few towns of refuge, crowded with the people and their cattle.

"At length," said Julien, in announcing his triumph to the minister, "at length, thank God, I have the honor and the pleasure to inform you that I have entirely finished the long and laborious task which had been intrusted to me; but" (since human felicity is never complete—

Medio de fonte leporum
Sargit amari aliquid quod in ipsis floribus argat.)

"I do not foresee any speedy termination of all these disorders and troubles. I really fear that this great chastisement which I have just applied to a vast extent of country will make more noise in the world than it will bring advantage to the king's service. However, I wish with all my heart that I may be mistaken. My health is very much deranged, and has need of some repose, for no one can suffer more than we have suffered."

It is fair to add, that the king received high credit, for singular magnanimity, in adopting a measure so lenient as the devastation.

With the completion of this grievous crime ended the year 1703, leaving the Camisards victorious and full of hope. Every form of coercion had been exhausted upon them; slaughter, in hot blood and in cold blood; pillage, the galleys, the scaffold, carryings off, the burning of villages, and, finally, the great devastation, had all been thrown away. There was but one form of severity remaining—an universal massacre.

Of the troops which had arrived with Montrevel, one-third had perished in battle, another had gone on foreign service, the remainder were in Languedoc, discouraged by a war without results and without glory. In the winter they received considerable reinforcements, one of the new battalions having for its colonel the famous Bonneval, who afterwards became a convert to Islamism, and, under the name of Achmet, died at Constantinople, a pacha of three tails, and commandant of the Turkish artillery. The colors received a solemn benediction from Bishop Fléchier, and Montrevel declared that he would now very soon destroy the rebels, and restore the country to its former tranquility.

As soon as the devastation was completed, Montrevel had extended his lines from the Rhone to the Herault, in the form of a crescent, embracing the southern side of the Cevennes. It was expected that the half-starved insurgents would be driven into this net, like wild beasts, by the snows of winter: but as they were, on the contrary, safe in their caverns, and supported by their magazines, Planque was sent to force them down into the plain; in the hills, however, he saw no vestige of them. The country people, pent up in the towns, were insufficiently fed, either from accident or design; and those who went out to seek for food among the ruined villages were hunted over the snow like wild beasts, and shot in great numbers, or were barbarously massacred in the towns upon their return. The States of Languedoc, servile as they were, could not refrain from complaining of this frightful state of things, and especially from denouncing the outrages of the Hermit and his men, who murdered and pillaged both parties alike. But the bishops stood up for "brother Gabriel;" he was fighting, they said, for the Church, his murders were but reprisals; the Catholics were not to let their throats be cut like lambs. Each party vied with the other in cruelty. Lefevre was one day so furiously attacked by a Camisard chief, that his men were glad to abandon their booty, and to take refuge in the little town of Vic. The Camisard, after taunting Lefevre with the rapidity of his pace, which he said was too fast for his fiddle, endeavoured to storm the walls, but failed, and lost some men in the attempt. To avenge his comrades, he cut off with his hatchet the arms and legs of five cadets of the Cross, and hung the men, thus mutilated, to the branches of a tree. He threatened the leader with the same treatment. The latter did not venture to go out to save his unfortunate companions; but after the departure of the enemy, he consoled himself by killing some of the inhabitants of Vic, who were suspected of having called them in.

In the townships where the people of the two religions dwelt together, the Hermit and his four lieutenants usually formed themselves into a tribunal which strongly reminds us of the horrid scenes at the Abbaye of St. Germain, at the Revolution. The inhabitants were brought one by one before the fierce solitary, who demanded of them, as a proof of their orthodoxy, the *Pater*, the *Ave*, the *Confiteor*—this was his shibboleth. If they did not recite these Latin prayers, or if they made any slip, the grisly judge consigned them, as Protestants, to his assassins, who massacred them before his eyes. A worthy predecessor of the revolutionary murderers.

M. Peyrat admits that the Camisards employed a similar test. If, after the Lord's prayer, the person under examination had the misfortune to pass at once, according to custom, to the Angelic salutation, he was poignarded immediately.

As the mutual hatred and the massacres increased, the king's troops seemed almost to disappear from the scene, leaving the White Camisards under the Hermit, and the Black Camisards under Cavalier, to cut each other's throats; and Montrevel, Bâville, and the bishops, after all their experience, stood perfectly aghast at the frenzy of hatred with which the people flew upon each other.

In the midst of this tempest, the zealous Bishop Fléchier laments the condition to which the country was reduced, but apparently without perceiving the real cause of all this misery.

"We are in town," he writes, "where we have no rest, no pleasure—not even any consolation. When the Catholics are the stronger, the others are in terror of having their throats cut; when the fanatics are in great numbers near us, the Catholics fear in their turn. I have to encourage sometimes the one party, sometimes the other. We are almost in a state of blockade, and one cannot go fifty paces out of the town without the risk of being killed. From my windows I have seen our country-houses burnt with impunity. Scarcely a day passes but I learn, on awaking, some misfortune that has happened during the night. My room is often full of people who have been ruined, of poor women whose husbands have just been killed, of fugitives curés who come to represent the miseries of their parishes. The exercise of our religion is almost abolished in three or four dioceses. More than 4000 Catholics have been murdered in the country, eighty priests massacred, upwards of 200 churches burnt."

And all because the king and the priests would force their religion upon the province.

Notwithstanding all this misery, the admirable arrangements of Roland kept his men together and in good condition in their caverns, and the spring found them full of life and strength, and keener than ever for revenge, and they were as-

sured that they might expect an auxiliary corps in the spring. The Marquis de Miréumont, a leader of the exiled Protestants, was, in fact, forming an emigrant corps at the Hague, with which he intended to pass through Germany, and to enter France from the Alps of Savoy, but unhappily the marplot Labourlie appeared upon the scene to thwart him, representing that an expedition comprehending members of both faiths, and led by himself, Labourlie, would rally all creeds and all classes, and produce an insurrection at once national and universal. His representations had considerable weight, for we find Lord Godolphin writing to Mr. Hill, the English minister at Tunis,* that all the provinces of France were as much disposed to rebel as the Cevennes, if they had mountains equally strong. The quarrels and intrigues of the exiles perplexed the designs of the allies, yet it was intended that while Marlborough opened the campaign in May, the auxiliary force should make its way to the Alps, where a division of Vaudois, awaited it, ready to enter France. Roland with a view to favour this diversion, excited an insurrection in the Vivarias, but the people had no knowledge of the officer whom he sent to them, and their rising was in consequence but partial, and was easily put down by Julien.

About this time, Cavalier and Roland gained their last and most brilliant triumphs. The first, placing himself in ambush at Martignargues, cut up a force under Lajoignière, who left 450 men dead upon the spot. The Marquis de Lalande was decoryed by Roland into the defile of Salindres, between the Gardon and a precipitous mountain, where he suddenly found himself charged in front and in rear, and crushed by a storm of enormous stones, which rolled down upon him from the mountain. The whole army would have perished, like the Bavarians in the Tyrol of modern times, had they not found one path which Roland had not been able to occupy. By this way a remnant escaped.

These disasters ruined the tottering credit of Montrevel; he was recalled, to the great joy of the Camisards, and Marshal Villars was appointed to succeed him. But before quitting the province he turned the scale completely in his own favour, by disposing of his forces through the country in such a way, that the insurgents must encounter each division in succession, and under great disadvantages of ground. Accordingly, on the 16th of April, 1704, Cavalier was beaten with enormous loss, in a series of actions (of which the most important took place at Nages,) though the military skill which he displayed in meeting each successive attack by some rapid and ingenious movement, extorted the admiration of Villars himself, when he surveyed the ground soon after. In one of those conflicts Cavalier was saved by the courage of his little brother, a boy only ten years of age, who placed his pony across a narrow bridge, over which the Camisards were flying, and levelling his pistol compelled them to stand their ground. Roland's turn came next, and in the space of two days the Camisards were defeated in four battles, and lost half their men, half their horses, many of their caverns, and a large portion of their ammunition and provision; and, worst of all, lost their energy and confidence.

Roland, indeed, was undaunted as ever, and speedily set about repairing his losses. He called for recruits, gave orders for the seizure of horses, sought for other caverns, and prepared new magazines. But the spell was broken, the flame of enthusiasm burnt less intensely, the peasantry were discouraged by the absence of the expected aid from foreign powers, and by the lukewarmness of their brethren in the towns; and in their dejection they listened more readily to the gentry, who never sympathised in the rebellion, and now urged them to lay down their arms.

Villars was determined, at any cost, to enforce submission to the royal authority, yet felt a natural and generous pity for the brave and honest men who had sacrificed so much for conscience, and had been so unworthily treated; the country people on the other hand perceived that they had now for the first time to deal with a man of a human heart, and who regarded them as reasonable beings; kindness penetrated where fire and sword could make no impression, and by his gallant bearing and eloquent yet polite addresses he rapidly acquired their confidence. The Protestants, one and all, had hitherto been identified with the insurrection, and had been treated with the utmost harshness. Villars, through the Baron d'Aigalliers (a benevolent Protestant, who was anxious to prevent the further effusion of blood) showed some trust in the Protestants of the towns, and detached them from the Camisards. He then opened negotiations with Cavalier, the chief who lay nearest to him. Roland on this occasion finessed too much, for instead of entering into communication with Cavalier, and putting him upon his guard, he affected to be ignorant of the negotiation, intending to take advantage of it if it should turn out well, but otherwise to disavow Cavalier. The latter, after his victory at Martignargues, had ordered a gentleman to be shot for advising him to submit, but circumstances were now altered, and he lent an ear to the overtures of Villars. Cavalier was, it is true, a military genius, and full of enthusiasm and natural eloquence, but he was, after all, an uneducated lad, a simple peasant. Is it wonderful that he yielded to the seductions of so skilful a diplomatist as Villars? The release of his father and his brother, who were prisoners, a good deal of flattery—a public entry into Nismes to treat on terms of equality with Villars in person (who wondered at the slight frame and boyish appearance of so formidable a chief) and the youthful commander was gained. Cavalier himself, as colonel of the royal army, was to maintain in foreign service the honor of the crown—a regiment of his faithful Camisards was to bear him company; the Protestants, it is said (for there is some difference on the point) were to be allowed to assemble for divine worship, though not to be allowed to rebuild their temples; those who were undergoing punishment were to be set free, and the exiles allowed to return. But the insurgents were instantly to submit, while for the observance of all these terms the royal faith was to be the only security. The sagacious and steady Roland could estimate better than Cavalier the value of this pledge. He was determined to obtain the guarantee of England and Holland for any terms that might be agreed on, and though he had consented to a suspension of hostilities, he absolutely refused to ratify the convention, or to lay down his arms without some security for the free exercise of his religion. Cavalier was spurned as a traitor, and when he presented himself to Villars in pursuance of his agreement, he could bring with him no more than forty of his own band.

* See Mr. Hill's Correspondence lately published.