

THE

HUGUENOT

GALLEY-SLAVES.

A STORY FOR THE YOUNG.

BY THE

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# THE HUGUENOT GALLEY-SLAVES.

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## CHAPTER I.

### INTRODUCTORY.

HENRY IV., king of France, had, in the year 1598, by the publication of the Edict of Nantes, secured to his Protestant subjects not only the free exercise of their religious worship, but had also granted to them, in common with the Roman Catholics, the power of holding offices and dignities of state. But Louis XIV., his grandson, having resolutely determined to subvert Protestantism in France, began, so early as the year 1660, to violate the privileges of the Huguenots; and from that time he continued to make greater inroads upon their religious liberty, till, in 1685, he revoked the edict which had secured it. The reformed clergy were, in consequence immediately banished; and those provinces through which the mountains of the Cevennes extend, and where dwelt the greater number of the professors of the reformed faith, (departments of Gard, Lozère, and Ardèche,) became the scene of the most savage barbarity and horrible outrage. Dragoons and other soldiers were sent into these provinces in order to compel the infortunate inhabitants to

renounce their faith. The persecution was so oppressive that numbers were induced to yield an early submission in order to escape its violence. About five hundred thousand, abandoning the greatest part of their property, sought refuge in the neighbouring Protestant countries, while those who remained, after having for seventeen years patiently endured the most inhuman treatment, at length determined to resist their enemies, and took up arms in their own defence.

In the year 1700, the duke of F— obtained permission to march to P—, at the head of several regiments, in order to compel the Huguenots who lived in the royal towns of this province to embrace the Roman faith. He accordingly entered the town of B—, accompanied by four Jesuits, and escorted by a regiment of dragoons, whom he quartered on the citizens, and whose inhuman conduct proved more effectual in inducing the Huguenots to forsake their religion than were all the exhortations of the Jesuits. The most barbarous means were adopted to drive the unhappy citizens to mass, and to persuade them to abjure the Protestant faith. For this purpose a formulary was drawn up, filled with imprecations against the opinions of the Huguenots: this all the inhabitants of B— were constrained to sign and confirm by oath.

At that time, there lived in the town a worthy citizen, to whom I shall give the name of Mantel. Engaged in trade, he conscientiously fulfilled the duties of his calling. As

the father of a family, he educated his children in the fear of God, instructing them in the principles of true religion, whilst, as indeed the circumstances of the times demanded, he sought to guard them against the errors of Popery. Two and twenty dragoons were quartered by the duke in the house of this honest man : nor was this all ; he himself was arrested, and thrown into prison, without regard to law or justice. His eldest son had happily previously effected his escape ; but two others and a daughter, still in early childhood, were torn from their home, and placed in a convent. And then the unfortunate mother of this once happy family was left alone, surrounded by two and twenty ruffians, who, having first treated her with the utmost barbarity, and destroyed everything in the house, so that nothing remained but the bare walls, afterwards dragged her into the presence of the duke, where, by the basest usage and most terrible threats, she was at length compelled to sign the formulary. The poor woman, weeping bitterly, solemnly protested against this proceeding, and, though obliged to put her name to the document, yet she determined publicly to state her objection. When, therefore, the duke placed the formulary before her, she did indeed sign her name, as she was commanded, but added these words, "The duke of F— has compelled me to sign." The duke insisted upon her scratching out this bold declaration, but she steadily refused ; and at length one of the Jesuits took

a pen and effaced the offending sentence. But we must leave this unhappy mother, and follow the fugitive son, the narrative of whose escape we shall give in his own words.

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## CHAPTER II.

### THE FLIGHT.

I FLED from my father's house before the dragoons entered. It was in October, 1700, that I left my home, being at that time about sixteen years of age; young indeed to be exposed to such perils. With scarcely sufficient prudence and experience to extricate myself from them, could I hope to elude the vigilance of the soldiers, who occupied all parts of the town? Nevertheless, by God's goodness, I was enabled to effect my escape. Accompanied by a young friend I fled at night, without being observed, and, pursuing our journey through a forest, we found ourselves the next morning at M—, a small town which lies about three leagues distant from B—. From thence we resolved, in spite of any obstacles which might arise, to continue our journey to Holland. We solemnly committed ourselves to the protection of God, resigning ourselves to his will in all the dangers which might await us; and determining, by his grace, not to look back, as did Lot's wife, but steadfastly to abide in the profession of the true faith, though we should be sentenced on account of it to death or hard labour in the galleys.

Having thus called upon God for his grace and assistance, we set off cheerfully on the road to Paris. Our purse was not particularly well stocked, our whole property consisting only of ten pistoles, (about 20s.). Of this small sum we endeavoured to spend as little as possible; and when we were obliged to purchase refreshments, we always turned into the poorest-looking inn we could find. We met with no accident, thank God, till we arrived at Paris, Nov. 10, 1700, where, according to the plan we had proposed to follow on our departure from B—, we sought an acquaintance, from whom we hoped to learn the easiest and safest way of reaching the frontier; and we were so happy as to obtain from a Protestant friend a written direction as far as Mezières, an out-post on the Méuse, forming the boundary of the Spanish Netherlands, and joining the Forest of Ardennes. This friend assured us we had nothing to fear till we came to this town, and that we might, on quitting it, go through the Forest of Ardennes to Charleroi, which is only six miles distant from Mezières. Could we only succeed in reaching Charleroi, which was occupied by a Dutch garrison, we should be beyond the French frontier, and consequently in perfect security, But he cautioned us, above all things, to be upon our guard in passing through Mezières; because in that town all strangers were subject to a strict examination, and if any were found without a passport, they were immediately thrown into

prison. We accordingly set off upon our journey from Paris to Mezières.

In the interior, travellers are allowed to pass without being questioned by the police; it is only in the frontier towns that they are strictly watched. We therefore proceeded quietly on our way till, about five o'clock one afternoon, we came to the top of a hill, from whence we saw before us, about a quarter of a mile from the place where we stood, the town of Mezières, and the gate by which we must enter. It may be easily imagined what were our feelings as the danger we were about to incur was so suddenly brought before our eyes. We sat down upon the hill, and considered how we might best obtain admission into the town. We perceived that from the gate was thrown a bridge over the Méuse, and that upon this bridge many of the citizens were walking, enjoying the fine weather.

The thought immediately suggested itself, "Let us mingle with the crowd, and walk up and down upon the bridge, so that, when the citizens return into the town, we may pass through the gate with the rest without exciting observation." We immediately rose, took out the clothes that were in our knapsacks, dressed ourselves in them, and stuffed the knapsacks into the pockets of our coats; then rubbing our shoes, and smoothing our hair, that we might not have the appearance of travellers, we went down the hill, and, arriving at the bridge, we walked up and down

with the citizens till the sound of the trumpet gave notice that the gates were about to be closed. The citizens hastened into the town, and we followed in the throng, happily without being observed by the sentinel. We were truly glad to have escaped this danger, imagining it was the only one we had to fear. Truly, as will be seen in the sequel, we had reckoned without our host.

We could not possibly leave Mezières that night, as the gate on the opposite side of the town was locked; we were therefore obliged to seek a lodging. We entered the first inn we saw; here we were received by the good woman of the house, her husband being absent. We ordered supper, and about nine o'clock, just as we were sitting down to partake of it, the landlord returned. His wife informed him that, during his absence, she had admitted two young strangers. He asked her, loud enough for us to hear, whether we were provided with a passport from the governor: to which she replied, that she had not inquired. "What, foolish woman!" he continued, "do you wish to ruin us? You know the strict orders we have received not to let any one remain in our house without permission. I must go directly with the strangers to the governor."

Great was our uneasiness at hearing these words. Our landlord presently entered the apartment and inquired, with much civility, whether we had seen the governor. We replied in the negative, adding, that we had not

considered it necessary, since we only intended remaining one night in the town. Upon which he told us, that if the governor knew of our being in his house without permission, he would be fined to the amount of a thousand dollars; "but," said he, "have you a passport, that you venture thus into a frontier town?" In this perplexity, alas! we were tempted to be unfaithful to the truth, and replied to his question, apparently with perfect confidence, that we had a passport. "That makes the case different," returned our host; "I have then nothing to apprehend from receiving you into my house without permission. Nevertheless, you must accompany me to the governor, in order that he may examine your passport." We objected, declaring that we were weary with our journey, and that if he would wait till the next morning, we would then willingly follow him. To this he was persuaded to agree; and, having had our supper, we lay down on the comfortable beds prepared for us; but we could not sleep, so wholly were our minds occupied with the perils which surrounded us.

How many plans did we form during this long night for escaping from the vigilance of the governor, while our consciences smote us for our past dissimulation; and, since no human help was nigh, we could finally only commit ourselves, in this overwhelming trouble, to Almighty God, imploring his assistance, and praying him, if it was his will to try us, that he would grant us courage and

steadfastness to make a worthy confession of evangelical faith. As soon as it was day, we rose and went into the kitchen. While we were dressing, a means of escape had occurred to us, namely, to leave the house, if possible, unperceived by the host, and before he had time to observe us more closely. He slept in a room adjoining the kitchen, and hearing us there, inquired what we wanted so early in the morning.

We replied that we wished to have breakfast before we went to the governor's, in order that we might continue our journey as soon as we had spoken to the governor. He approved our plan, and desired the servant to prepare our breakfast while he rose and dressed himself.

The maid had forgotten to shut the kitchen door, which opened into the street: observing this, we went out, the host suspecting nothing. But no sooner were we in the street, than asking a little boy which was the way to the gate that led to Charleville, we proceeded towards it, thus escaping the fatal inn without taking leave of its inmates. The gate was not very distant, and, passing through it without inquiry, we went on to Charleville, a little town within reach of gunshot from Mezières, and which has neither gates nor a garrison. Here we made a hearty breakfast, and then continuing our journey, we left Charleville, and entered the Forest of Ardennes.

There had been a hard frost in the night,

and the trees were covered with icicles. When we had proceeded some way through the wood, we arrived at a place where a great many roads met, and we were wholly at a loss which way to take. Whilst we were considering, a peasant came up to us, and we immediately requested him to show us the road to Charleroi. He answered, at the same time shrugging his shoulders significantly, that he saw we must be strangers, by our proposing to go to Charleroi through the forest, a thing impossible for any one not perfectly acquainted with the road, since there were so many paths crossing each other throughout, and not a village or even a cottage near; and that if we attempted to find our way, we should only get deeper into the wood, and probably either fall a prey to the wolves which abound there, or perish with cold and hunger. We offered the peasant a louis d'or, if he would guide us through the forest to Charleroi. "No," said he; "not if you would give me a hundred louis d'ors. I feel assured you are Huguenots, and have fled from your homes; and to render you such a service, would be to fasten the halter on my own neck. But I will give you this advice: leave the Forest of Ardennes, and take the road to your right; this will lead you to a village where you may find a lodging for the night, and to-morrow you can proceed on your journey. Still keeping to the right, and leaving Rocroy to the left, you will come to

the small town of Couvé; through this you must pass, and, when you leave it, turn to a road to the left, which will lead you to Charleroi. The distance is certainly greater than by the Forest of Ardennes, but it is much safer." We thanked the honest man, and followed his directions.

We arrived at the village he mentioned, where we remained the night. Early the next morning, we proceeded on our journey, leaving Rocroy to the left. But the peasant, probably from ignorance, had omitted to warn us that this road led through a narrow pass guarded by a French sentinel, who was under strict orders to arrest all persons travelling without a passport, and to carry them prisoners to Rocroy.

Like wandering sheep, we strayed into the lion's den. Nevertheless, by the good providence of God, we escaped the impending danger; for as we entered the narrow pass, there fell so heavy a shower of rain, that the sentinel ran for shelter into the guard house, and we thus passed by without exciting his observation. We shortly after arrived at Couvé, where we might have remained in perfect security, had we known that this little town was beyond the French frontier. It belonged to the prince of Liege; and it was within gunshot of that place, which was manned by a Dutch garrison, and the governor was accustomed to grant an escort to all fugitives, who wished to go to Charleroi.

But of this we were not aware, and God allowed us to remain in ignorance, in order to try our faith by the experience of the greatest misery.

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### CHAPTER III.

#### THE IMPRISONMENT.

HAVING eluded the vigilance of the sentinel at the entrance to Couvé, we proceeded immediately to the inn, in order to dry our clothes, which were thoroughly soaked by the rain, and to obtain some refreshment. Here a very trying circumstance was the cause of all our subsequent misfortunes. Having ordered some beer, it was brought to us in a can, and on our requesting the landlord to fetch glasses, he remarked that he perceived that we were Frenchmen, or we should have been contented to have drunk from the can, according to the customs of the country.

There were several persons in the room when the landlord spoke; and, among others, an inhabitant of the town, and a ranger in the service of the prince of Liege. This latter took upon himself to examine us, and sitting down beside us, he began by saying, "I will lay a wager that you have no rosary with you." My companion happened at the time to be grating snuff, and thoughtlessly replied, holding up his grater, "Here is my rosary." This confirmed the ranger in

his opinion that we were Protestants, and he immediately formed the resolution of betraying us. Meanwhile, suspecting nothing, we left Couvé; and, following the directions of the peasant, took the road to the left. But we had not walked far, before we perceived a man on horseback (whom, from his appearance, we judged to be an officer) coming to meet us; and alarmed lest he might prove an enemy, we retraced our steps, and turned down the road that led to Marienburg.

Marienburg is a very small town, and has only one gate. We ought to have pursued our journey to Charleroi, but as the evening was far advanced, we thought it better to remain for the night at an inn opposite the gate, where we found a comfortable lodging, and hoped to obtain some hours' repose. But we had not been there more than half an hour when a man entered the room, and inquired, with much civility, whence we came, and whither we were going: supposing him to be the landlord, we replied that we came from Paris, and were on our road to Philippeville. "I must inform the governor of your arrival," he continued. We tried to put him off as we had done the landlord at Mezières, but to no purpose; for he commanded us in a haughty tone to follow him immediately. Notwithstanding this unexpected misfortune, we were not discouraged, and rose to accompany him with apparent indifference; I saying to my companion, in our own language, which the stranger did not understand, that

as the night was so dark, we might possibly escape in our way to the governor's. But this we soon found would be impossible; for in the court stood eight soldiers with fixed bayonets, and at their head the treacherous ranger from Couvé, who was the cause of our arrest. We proceeded to the governor's house, and were conducted into his presence. He demanded of us from whence we were come, and what was our destination. To the first question we answered truly; but to the second we replied that we were barbers, and were on our road to Philippeville; from thence it was our intention to visit Maubeuge, Valenciennes, Cambray, and other places, and then to return to our native town. The governor, in order to convince himself of the truth of our statement, desired one of his servants, a barber by trade, to examine what proficiency we had made in the art. He happily turned to my companion, who had learned the business, and his answers appeared to satisfy the governor, who further inquired, "What religion do you profess?" To this we openly replied that we were attached to the reformed religion; for on this most solemn subject we should have been ashamed to be unfaithful to the truth. Would to God that we had answered with equal sincerity the other questions which the governor put to us; for, as I have learned by painful experience, in order to keep the conscience clear, and maintain a firm confidence in God—in order to avoid stumbling on a

slippery path, one must carefully shun the ways of falsehood. But, alas! how prone is the human heart to depart from uprightness! How easily is it led into a snare; led away by fear or numberless other motives, to deny the truth, even when it has the clearest apprehension of that which is right, and the sincerest desire to practise it! And having once been led into sin, it falls naturally from one transgression to another, till it is brought into bondage, and finds it impossible to escape. I look back with deep and painful repentance, upon these deviations from the path of rectitude.

When the governor charged us with an intention of quitting the kingdom, we denied most strongly having ever formed such a resolution.

The examination lasted an hour, after which the governor commanded the major of the garrison to see us safely lodged in the public prison. On the way thither, the major, M. de la Salle, asked me whether it was true that I was a native of B—; and when I positively declared that this was the case, he continued, “I myself was born there, and formerly lived about a mile from that town. What is your name?” “Mantel,” I replied. “Indeed!” he exclaimed, “your father, then, is one of my earliest friends. Be comforted, my children; I shall do all in my power to deliver you from your unfortunate situation, and I trust in two or three days to be able to restore you to liberty.” While he spoke, we

arrived at the prison; at the sight of its gloomy walls we were overwhelmed with anguish. "Alas!" we asked with tears, "what crime have we committed, that we should be treated as criminals worthy of the severest punishment?" "My children," answered the major compassionately, "I must obey orders; but, if it be possible, I will prevent your remaining all night in this detestable place." He left us, and went directly to the governor, whom he informed, that having searched our persons, and found us in possession of nothing but a five dollar piece, he was fully convinced that we had never meditated an escape from France, and that he thought it was but just to set us at liberty. Unfortunately, the post for Paris had been despatched that evening, and by it the governor had written to inform the court of our arrest. It was therefore no longer in his power to dismiss us; but, at the major's earnest entreaty, he permitted us to leave the dungeon, and take up our abode in the jailer's house; our kind benefactor pledging his word that we should not escape.

In about half an hour, the major returned to the prison, accompanied by a corporal and private of the guard, and informed us that he had obtained permission for us to lodge in an apartment in the jailer's house; to whose care he entrusted the money we had previously given up to him, saying that, so long as it lasted, it was to be used for our support. The kindness of the major softened, in some

degree, the sad intelligence he brought us from the governor, as to the possibility of our release. Shortly afterwards, a very favourable representation of our case was sent to the court at Paris, but our confession of the Protestant faith so irritated M. de la Brillière, the minister of state, that he thought no other part of the letter worthy of his attention; and he despatched immediate orders to the governor of Marienburg, that being convicted of having passed the boundary without a passport, we should without further delay be sentenced to the galleys; but that, before the sentence was carried into execution, the priest at Marienburg was to do all in his power to persuade us to enter the Romish church; and that if he succeeded in converting us to the true faith, we might obtain a free pardon, be set at liberty, and sent back to B—. The major himself read this letter to us, remarking, when he had concluded it, “Do not expect me to advise you as to your future conduct; your consciences alone must decide. All I can say is this: in renouncing the Protestant doctrines, you will open the doors of your prison; and to abide in them, will inevitably lead you to the galleys.” We answered him thus: “We have placed our whole confidence in God, and we humbly submit ourselves to his good pleasure. Human help we do not expect; but by the grace of Him, upon whom we continually call for support, we will never deny the reformed faith, or renounce the divine principles of our

holy religion. Do not suppose our decision proceeds from obstinacy or self-will. We thank God it is from knowledge, and a firm conviction of the truth of those tenets which our parents have taken so much pains to teach us, and, on the contrary, of the errors of the Romish church, that we now remain constant in our adherence to the Protestant faith." We then warmly thanked the major for the exertions he had made in our behalf, assuring him that, though we had no means of openly testifying our gratitude, he would be daily remembered in our prayers. Our kind friend embraced us with fatherly affection, declaring he felt as deeply on the subject as ourselves; and hurried away to conceal his emotion. I truly believe he was in heart a Protestant, and only externally conformed to the rites of the Roman Catholic church.

Meanwhile our money was nearly spent, and we received daily from the jailer only a pound and a half of bread; but as we were alternately furnished with provisions by the governor and our friend the major, and, by the kindness of the chief ecclesiastic, as well as the monks, were also liberally supplied, we were even able to contribute to the maintenance of the jailer and his family. The confessor visited us almost daily, and put into our hands a Romish catechism, which we compared with the catechism of Drelincourt which we had with us. The priest gave us permission to dispute with him, either from

tradition, or from the Holy Scriptures; but, when we chose the latter, he was not well pleased, and dropped the subject after two or three conversations. Finding that all his endeavours to win us, by the prospect of temporal advantage, were fruitless, this priest declared, both to the governor and to the recorder, that he could give no hope of our conversion, for that we obstinately rendered all arguments unavailing. It was then resolved to pronounce our sentence. The recorder and his clerk came to the prison, and commenced a judicial examination. Two days afterwards, we heard our sentence, which ran thus: "That having been convicted of endeavouring to escape the kingdom contrary to the command of the king, of passing the boundary without a passport, and, above all, of being, according to our own confession, Protestants, we were sentenced to hard labour in the galleys for life." The recorder asked whether we would appeal to the high court at Tournay. We replied, that since all men were against us, we desired to appeal from this unjust sentence to the judgment-seat of God. "I beg of you," he continued, "not to ascribe to me the extreme severity of your punishment. No, believe me, it is by command of the king that you are condemned; but, since you will not appeal for yourselves, my duty requires that I should do so in your names, to the parliament. Prepare yourselves, therefore, to go to Tournay." "We are prepared for everything," was our reply.

## CHAPTER IV.

## THE SECOND IMPRISONMENT.

WE were not again permitted to quit our prison till we commenced our journey to Tournay. We made it on foot, guarded by four constables, our arms bound with a cord, by which also we were fastened together; and, in this disgraceful manner, we passed through Philippeville, Maubeuge, and Valenciennes. In the evening, when we had finished our day's march, we were thrown into a loathsome prison, where we were obliged to lie upon the hard ground, without even a little straw to cover us, bread and water being the only food allowed us. Thus were we treated like the vilest criminals, worthy of the most ignominious punishments. When we arrived at Tournay, we were placed in the parliament prison. We had not a farthing of money left, and being given daily only a pound and a half of bread, and no longer supplied by the bounty of charitable persons, we expected to be almost starved to death.

To increase our distress, the priest prevailed upon the parliament to delay our trial till he should, as he said, succeed in converting us to the true faith; but (whether from indolence, or from the hope of overcoming our resolution, by making us suffer the pangs of hunger, I know not) he never visited us more than once a week, and sometimes only once

in the fortnight ; and then spoke so little upon the subject of religion, that we had no opportunity of defending ourselves, and on one occasion, when we endeavoured to express our opinions, he interrupted us, saying, " Another time ;" and immediately left the prison. Meanwhile we became so thin and weak, that we could scarcely hold ourselves upright. A little damp straw, full of vermin was our only couch, and yet on this we were glad to rest ; happily, it was near the door, or we should never have been able to reach our food, which was thrown to us as if we had been dogs. In this extreme misery, we sold our coats and waistcoats to the turnkey for a little bread ; and indeed, shortly after, all our clothes, excepting those we had on our backs ; but, alas ! these soon became old and tattered. No one visited us but the priest, whose only question was, whether we were not weary of enduring so much misery : he added that no mercy would be shown to us, because our freedom only depended upon ourselves ; in order to obtain it, we had only to renounce the errors of Calvin. His language at last growing harsh and offensive, we gave him no further reply.

We had been about six weeks in this distressing situation, when, early one morning, the turnkey threw a broom into the dungeon, and bid us immediately make haste to sweep it clean ; for that they were going to bring two young noblemen to bear us company. We asked of what crime they were accused.

“Of being Huguenots, like yourselves,” he answered. In a quarter of an hour, the doors of our prison were again thrown open, and the jailer entered, followed by several soldiers, who conducted two young gentlemen richly apparelled; and having seen them safely lodged, and the doors locked, the whole party retired. As soon as they were gone, we went up to salute our companions. We had immediately recognized in them two of our former school-fellows, the sons of respectable citizens in B—. I shall speak of the one as Salmon, and of the other as Roubert; but the former gave himself out as being the chevalier de Salmon, and the other called himself the marquis de Roubert, hoping that, if they assumed these titles, they would be able the more easily to effect their escape from France.

They were astonished beyond measure when we addressed them by their names; for, emaciated as we were by suffering, they did not recognize us; nor was their surprise diminished when we made ourselves known to them. They told us that our relations and friends had long mourned our loss; for (not having heard of us for the last six months or more) they supposed we had either fallen a prey to sickness, or had been murdered on our journey. The fact was, that during our captivity, we were not allowed to write to any one. After this explanation, we heartily embraced, and bewailed together our sad fate. Our fellow-prisoners inquired if we had any-

thing for them to eat, as they were very hungry: we gave them our portion of bread. They exclaimed; "Is this the way they mean to treat us likewise? And will not even money purchase a little food?" "Oh yes," we replied, "if you are supplied with money, you will do well enough; but our misfortune is, that for the last three months we have had none at all." "Oh," said they, "if money will purchase what we want, we have plenty;" and with that, they pulled out of their pockets and shoes, where they had concealed it, gold to the amount of four hundred louis d'ors. We felt unspeakable pleasure at the sight of this treasure; for now we might hope for some relief from the intolerable pangs of hunger, which we daily suffered for want of sufficient food. They put into my hand a five dollar piece, begging me to order a good supply of provisions immediately. I was not slow to obey, and my loud calls soon summoned the turnkey. I gave him the five dollar piece, desiring him to bring us something to eat as soon as possible. "Very well, gentlemen," he replied; "what will you have? some soup and boiled meat?" "Yes, yes," I said; "and plenty of bread and beer." "I will return with your dinner in an hour," he answered, as he left the prison. "An hour!" I exclaimed. "Oh what a long time to wait!" The strangers could not help laughing at my impatience; but they had made a hearty meal not many hours before, and had not experienced the pangs of hunger.

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At last the turnkey returned, bringing with him so abundant a supply of provisions, that I really believe a dozen hungry men would have found enough to satisfy their appetites. As for my companion and me, we ate so heartily, that, reduced as we were by long fasting, a severe fit of indigestion was the consequence of our imprudence. After our repast, our friends inquired by what unfortunate circumstances we were reduced to so miserable a condition; upon which we gave an exact account of all that had befallen us since our departure from B—. When we had concluded, they replied by lamenting their own weakness, confessing that they had not the courage to adopt so decided a line of conduct as we had done; but that they had resolved rather to renounce their religion than submit to the disgrace of being sentenced to the galleys. “What!” I exclaimed; “would you set us such an example? Better, far better for us had we never seen you, than that we should have to witness your departure from the faith! a step so opposed to the education you have received, and to the knowledge of those truths in which you have been instructed! Do you not fear the righteous judgment of God? Saith he not that those who know his will and do it not, shall be beaten with many more stripes than those who know it not? Can there be a more awful warning?” They answered, “We cannot possibly submit to becoming slaves at the galleys. You are very happy in having firm-

ness to endure this ignominious punishment, and we commend your constancy ; but let us say no more upon the subject : our resolution is taken, and we shall not change it." We could only lament their weakness, and pray that God in his mercy, would deliver them from their errors.

Two days after this conversation, they were summoned before the parliament, shortly examined, and finally asked whether they would consent to embrace the Roman Catholic religion. They replied, that it was their earnest desire so to do. "Well," returned the president, "you shall have the necessary instruction previous to the public abjuration of your Protestant errors, and we will then immediately proceed to your liberation." They were, in the mean time, sent back to prison, where they arrived in high spirits ; but we could not sympathize in their joy, feeling the greatest detestation of their apostasy. In the course of a few hours after their examination before the parliament, they were visited by the priest, who bestowed on them the highest praises for their conduct, and put into their hands a catechism, which he desired them to learn, as their deliverance depended on their making themselves thoroughly acquainted with it. The young men studied accordingly day and night ; but, on the third evening, all their hopes of freedom were unfortunately dispelled by the arrival of two messengers, who came to conduct them before the parliament, whither they were

taken with their hands bound like criminals. The president addressed them thus: "Gentlemen, it is now three days since we promised to set you at liberty, on condition of your renouncing the Protestant faith. We do not wish to deceive you, and, therefore, think it right to tell you that it is no longer in our power to fulfil that promise. We have received a letter from the court, in which we have positive orders to proceed against you, according to the severity of that law which prohibits any French subject from quitting the kingdom. By command of the king, you are sentenced to the galleys. You may now, gentlemen, renounce your religion, if you please: such a noble step would be commendable in the highest degree; but, we repeat, it will not now procure your freedom." They answered, that in this case, they would prefer adhering to the reformed doctrines. "Excellent Catholics!" exclaimed the president, and remanded them to prison. They were now as much bowed down with shame and grief, as they had been formerly elated by hope, and they constantly lamented with tears their sad destiny. In less than a week, their sentence was read to them, which declared that they were condemned for life to labour at the galleys.

The day after this sentence had been passed against them, they were conducted by four constables, on foot, to Lisle. The people thronged the streets to see them pass, believing that they belonged to one of the first

families in France, as they had assumed the titles of nobility. At Lisle, they were visited by the Jesuits, who at last persuaded them openly to profess the Catholic religion, by promising to use every means in their power to obtain their liberty, which, after many fruitless exertions, they did actually accomplish, through the influence of madame de Maintenon; who not only procured them this favour, but further got them commissions in one of the French regiments, and we afterwards heard that they both perished in a battle against the Huguenots. I have already related what assistance they had given us in our great distress for food. Knowing that they had plenty of money, and fearing we should again suffer from hunger, I was inclined to ask them to lend me three or four louis d'ors, which I promised them should be paid back to them from B—; but my request was in vain. Little touched by our misery, they would only leave us half a louis d'or, and this I returned to them shortly after, when we met in the prison at Lisle, a few days before they were set at liberty. In the mean time, we lived as frugally as possible, and never tasted anything but bread.

I have mentioned that the parliamentary confessor occasionally visited us, not for the purpose of convincing us of our errors by sound and rational arguments, but to see whether continued privation would not reduce us to submission. About this time, the bishop of Tournay, hearing of our condition,

sent his chaplain to instruct us. He was a good old man, but little acquainted with controversy. He told us that he came by order of the bishop to convert us to the Christian faith. We replied, that we were already Christians by baptism, and by our belief in the gospel of Christ. "What!" he exclaimed with surprise, "are you Christians?" Supposing he had made some mistake, he asked our names, and looked at his tablets to ascertain that we were the persons to whom he had been sent. We told him our Christian and surnames. "You are certainly the persons I was desired to visit," he replied. "Let me hear you repeat the articles of your faith." We answered him by saying the Apostles' Creed. "Do you believe in that?" he inquired; and when we assured him that we firmly believed in the doctrines it contains, he declared, with some displeasure, that the bishop must have wished to make a fool of him, (it was the 1st of April, 1701;) and adding that a man of his age and character ought not to have been so trifled with, he nastily left us. The next morning the bishop sent his grand vicar, Mr. Regnier, a very intelligent, kind-hearted man, and who was better acquainted with theology than the good old chaplain. Finding us well grounded in the articles of the Protestant faith, and firmly persuaded of the errors of the Romish church, he was the more desirous of effecting our conversion. He visited us daily, and though we never could agree on the subject of religion,

since he held fast by tradition, and we by the Holy Scriptures, yet he took every opportunity of showing us kindness. Seeing that we were greatly in want of clothes, he left a supply for us at the prison, particularly desiring we should not be told whence it came; and in Passion week, having, with the bishop's permission, given each of the prisoners six groshen, he presented us, in the prelate's name, with four louis d'ors. We at first refused to accept them; but, on his representing to us that the bishop would impute our reluctance to pride, we accepted his kindness with gratitude: indeed we found his present most useful, for we were greatly distressed for want of money to purchase the necessaries of life.

The confessor of the parliament was displeased at the grand vicar's exertions in our behalf. He disputed his right to visit the prison, saying it did not belong to the jurisdiction of the bishop. By the prelate's influence we were, therefore, transferred to the state prison; and here we were far more comfortable than before. Many respectable Protestant citizens at Tournay obtained permission to see us, and, by large presents of money, induced the jailer to allow us to pass a few hours every morning in the court before the house. Here our faithful friends often visited us, supported us with their counsel, and exhorted us to remain steadfast in the faith. The grand vicar found them with us several times, and, far from being

displeased, begged them to remain and listen to our conversation. The argument which followed often lasted for a couple of hours, and, at its conclusion, the vicar would send for wine, and insist upon our drinking each other's health before we parted. At last, finding that we could not agree upon the subject in dispute, he proposed a compromise. "You are at liberty," said he, "to reject the invocation of the virgin, the worship of images, the adoration of the saints, purgatory, indulgences, and pilgrimages, if you will believe in transubstantiation and the sacrifice of the mass, and agree to renounce the errors of Calvin." We assured him that our consciences would never allow us to renounce any of the doctrines of the Protestant faith. From that time his visits became less frequent, and they soon ceased altogether. But we had reason to believe that his kind feeling toward us continued; for a few days afterwards a member of parliament called at the prison, and, informing us that we had been particularly recommended to his attention, added that he came to make himself exactly acquainted with all the particulars of our case. We could only suppose that our kind friend, the grand vicar, had spoken to this gentleman; for we knew no one else from whom the recommendation could be likely to proceed. The member remained an hour with us, and asked many questions as to which road we had taken from B—, and what had befallen us on our journey. We

gave him an accurate account of all that had happened since we quitted our homes. He listened attentively till we mentioned our unfortunate visit to Couvé, and then interrupted us, by asking whether we could prove our having been in an inn in that town. We answered that nothing could be more easy than to do so. "Well then, my young friends," he continued, "if this be the case, I can encourage you to hope that your affairs may yet have a happy termination. I will send a lawyer to-morrow morning, who will draw up a petition, which you must sign: and I trust you will experience the advantage of following my advice." He left us; and the very next morning a lawyer brought the petition for our signatures. The petition was as follows: "That though we were Protestants, we had not made ourselves obnoxious to those punishments denounced in the royal edict against fugitives, because we could prove that we never had any intention of escaping from France. It was evident that after we had quitted the kingdom we had voluntarily returned to it, since we had been in Couvé, a city belonging to the Prince of Liège, and defended by a Dutch garrison. We had clearly only intended to pass through this city, taking this road by Rocroy to Marienburg. If we had really wished to leave France, we should have put ourselves under the protection of the governor of Couvé, who, without difficulty, could

have sent us through the bishopric of Liège to Charleroi."

As this petition was founded upon falsehood, how could we expect a blessing to accompany it? and it was the merited punishment of our dishonesty that the newly-awakened light of hope was once more extinguished. Two days afterwards, we were summoned before the parliament. The president told us he had read our petition, and saw that we wished to prove that we had passed through Couvé. "But," continued he, "can you also prove that, at the time you were in Couvé, you knew that this city lay beyond the frontier of France?" We had not expected to be asked this question; but we answered confidently, against our consciences, that we were perfectly acquainted with the fact. "How could you know it?" he returned. "You are young, and, it is probable, have never before been away from your homes, which are more than two hundred miles distant from Couvé." I knew not what reply to make; but my companion, Daniel le Gras, assured him that he was quite aware of it before his departure from B—, adding "that he had served as a surgeon in one of the regiments from Picardy; that at the time of the peace of Ryswick he was quartered at Rocroy; from thence his regiment removed to Strasburg; and that it was in the latter city that he himself became a convert to the reformed religion. How easy

would it have been for him, at that time, to have escaped from France, and to have taken refuge in Holland or Germany!" "If you are out of the service," remarked the president, "you must be in possession of a letter of discharge." Happily, Daniel had it with him, and he presented it to the president, who caused it to be read aloud. The clerk of the court then fastened it to the petition, and we were sent back to the prison.

Here I must observe that Daniel le Gras had really been a surgeon in the regiment of Picardy, and after the peace of Ryswick, had joined the Reformed Church of Strasburg. But he had never been at Rocroy, and had merely invented this part of his story in his own defence, leaving it to the parliament to find out whether this regiment had been quartered at Rocroy or not. Thus when we are tempted to leave the paths of uprightness, we become more and more entangled in the snare, like a man who, falling into a miry pit, sinks deeper and deeper in spite of all his efforts to get out. The falsehood was, however, not detected by the member of parliament who had so kindly interested himself on our behalf, and who had secured many votes in our favour; indeed most of the deputies exerted themselves to obtain our freedom. Two hours after our return to prison, the jailer hastened in to wish us joy of our approaching deliverance; for one of the ecclesiastics had told him that he had himself seen the decree which declared us completely in-

nocent of the charge laid against us, namely of wishing to quit the kingdom. All our friends in the town visited us, and made us many hearty congratulations on our good prospects; and we ourselves waited with much impatience for the happy moment that was to set us at liberty. But, alas, how soon were all our fair hopes blasted! The parliament had indeed pronounced us innocent; but, as we were looked upon as prisoners of state, we could not be dismissed without the permission of the court. The attorney-general wrote word, therefore, to the minister, M de la Brillière, that we had satisfactorily proved our innocence, and that the parliament awaited his orders. The minister replied that they ought to examine the case more fully to ensure there being no deception. Not choosing to contradict their former statement, the parliament replied that the proofs were sufficient and incontestable. A fortnight passed ere any further communication was received from court. At length the expected letter arrived, and we were no longer in suspense as to our future fate. We were once more summoned before the parliament, and asked by the president whether we could read; and upon our answering in the affirmative, "Then read this letter," he replied, "which we have received from the marquis de la Brillière." It was as follows:—

"GENTLEMEN,

"John Mantel and Daniel le Gras have

confessed that they passed the frontier without a passport; they are, therefore, sentenced to the galleys by the express command of the king.

I am gentlemen, etc. etc.,

“MARQUIS DE LA BRILLIÈRE.”

“You see,” added the president, “that this sentence proceeds not from us, but from the court. We are innocent of it, and pity you most sincerely. We commend you to the mercy of God and the king.”



## CHAPTER V.

### THE THIRD CAPTIVITY.

WHILE the traveller, at every stage of his journey, meets with an inn, which offers him refreshments and repose, we, during our wearisome and tedious march, found no lodging better than a gloomy prison, and each dungeon we visited appeared more loathsome than the last.

Three days after we had received our final sentence we were sent on foot to Lisle, a distance of five miles, under the custody of four constables, and, encumbered as we were with chains, we arrived in the evening, almost exhausted with fatigue. We were conducted to Peter's tower, set apart, on account of its great strength, for the reception of the worst criminals. The jailer examined us closely, and two Jesuits, who were present,

took away our books, which were never restored to us. The prison at Lisle is large and spacious, but not a ray of light enters to cheer its unhappy inmates, so that they are only conscious of returning day from the visits of their jailer, who, every morning, brings in their scanty supply of bread and water; their only bed consists of a little straw, half eaten by the rats and mice, who attack also the food, and devour it with impunity, the light not being sufficient to allow them to be seen by the prisoners, who thus are unable to chase them away. In this dreadful abode were we placed; our companions thirty profligates, who were condemned to suffer the just punishment of their crimes. I could not distinguish any of them, but I heard their names called over by the jailer. A few days after our arrival at Lisle, the jailer offered myself and my companion a room, where we could be provided with a good bed and every other convenience, on condition that we should pay him two louis d'ors a month. We had very little money left, yet I offered him a louis d'or and a half if he would agree to board us till we were sent to the galleys: this he refused, but he found reason afterwards to repent his decision. About nine o'clock one morning, we heard our prison door open, and ourselves called by name. I thought our jailer had changed his mind and intended to remove us to a better room, but we were as happily astonished as a fisherman when he thinks he has caught a ground-

ling, and finds a carp in his net ; for our jailer informed us that baron von Lamberti, chief justice of Flanders and governor of Lisle, wished to speak to us. We followed to an apartment, where we found the baron, who received us with kindness. He held in his hand a letter from his brother, a worthy Protestant nobleman, who lived only three miles from B—, my native place, and who, at my father's request, had written to recommend us to the protection of the baron. "I am sincerely grieved," said he to me, "that it is not in my power to procure your pardon. In behalf of any other criminal, I have sufficient influence at court to obtain my request ; but no one will venture to speak in favour of a Protestant. All that I can do therefore, is to alleviate, in some degree, your sufferings, and to keep you here as long as I please, even though the rest of the convicts must shortly be sent to the galleys. Turning to the jailer, he asked whether there was a good room vacant ; two or three were mentioned, but not thinking any sufficiently comfortable, he continued, "Well, then, it is my desire that you should at once remove them to the almonry, and see that they are allowed everything which can contribute to their comfort, and help them to recover their strength." "Sir," interrupted the jailer, "that room is set apart for those prisoners who are allowed certain privileges not permitted to the others." "Well then," answered the baron, "let these gentlemen be admitted to a share in those

privileges. It is the duty of you and your assistants to see that they do not escape; and I repeat, that they are to be allowed every convenience, but do not take any money from them; I wish all their expenses to be put down to my account. You will find," he added, addressing me, "this apartment more commodious than any in the prison." He also desired the jailer to make me superintendent of the room and distributor of the alms. We thanked him sincerely for his kindness; and, having promised often to inquire after our welfare, he dismissed us.

The room in which we were now placed was large and comfortable: it contained six beds, and was occupied by twelve prisoners, including ourselves. They were often persons of high rank, and never belonging to the lower classes. A few young boys, imprisoned for small frauds or other petty delinquencies, were employed to make our beds, sweep the room, cook our dinners, and do other menial offices: they slept on some straw at one end of the apartment. The office I was appointed to fill was a very laborious one, namely, to distribute all the alms given to the prisoners; they amounted generally to a considerable sum, which was brought daily to me to be divided. The poor-box hung from one of the windows of the building, in order that the passers-by might be induced to contribute. This box, of which I kept the key, was opened every evening, and the distribution made among those in my apartment,

if they stood in need of such assistance, a also among the other criminals. The jailer always gave me a list of their names: during the time I was at Lisle, their number amounted to between five and six hundred.

With all my exertions, I could not check one abuse, which had become too deeply rooted to be easily removed. It was this: the jailer, who daily received a certain sum from the poor-box to purchase food for the other prisoners, instead of spending it all for this purpose, generally furnished them with an ill-cooked mess of meat boiled with a little salt, the very smell of which was quite sufficient to make one ill; thus the poor people were deprived of the greatest part of those gifts bestowed for their relief. After we had spent six weeks in this apartment, the baron von Lamberti brought us information that the next day was fixed for the departure of the convicts to Dunkirk; "at which place," continued he, "there are at present stationed six royal galleys. I will, however, exempt you from accompanying them by representing you as ill, and not able to walk. You must take to your beds, and remain there till the party has set out." We did so, and found it much to our advantage that we were permitted to remain three months longer in the prison at Lisle.

## CHAPTER VI.

## THE GALLEYS AT DUNKIRK.

IN January, 1702, we received another visit from the chief justice, who told us that a party of criminals was to set off the next morning for Dunkirk, that he left us at liberty to accompany them, or to remain longer in our present abode; but he added, that this would be the last opportunity we should have of going to Dunkirk, as the next convoy would be to Marseilles, distant more than three hundred miles from Lisle, a journey which would be both difficult and painful for us to perform, travelling as we should be obliged to do on foot, and encumbered by heavy chains. Besides, he himself intended leaving Lisle in March, so that he could no longer be of any assistance to us. "I strongly advise you, therefore," said he, "to set off tomorrow for Dunkirk with the other convicts. It is only twelve miles from this place; the party will be under my command till they reach that city, and I will permit you to travel in a wagon, in order that you may have as comfortable a journey as possible." We gratefully accepted his proposal, and the next morning, according to his promise, he sent a wagon, which conveyed us to Dunkirk, while the other prisoners, thirty in number, were chained together, and compelled to make the journey on foot. In the evening after our day's march, the head constable in

vited us to supper, and we were provided with a comfortable lodging for the night, so that the people of Ypres, Furnes, and other towns through which we passed, imagined us to be persons of high rank; but, alas, all this consideration was like the smoke which soon vanishes away.

On the third day after our departure from Lisle, we arrived at Dunkirk, and were divided among the different galleys at that time stationed there. A common sized galley is about one hundred and fifty feet long, and forty feet wide; it has fifty benches of oars, twenty-five on each side; these benches are ten feet long, and are four feet distant from each other. On each bench sit five rowers, and their work, particularly if they are made to row long at a time, is exceedingly difficult and fatiguing. The galley to which we were sent previously to our being assigned to our particular masters, was fastened to another which bore the name of the Palm-tree, and the master of this galley was more like a demon than a human creature in his conduct. In general, the galleys were cleaned only once a-week, but he chose to have his cleaned every day, whilst he stood by, loading the unhappy slaves with the most terrible menaces, and often striking them fearfully. My fellow-rowers often said to me, "Pray God that, in the division about to take place, you may not be appointed to the Palm-tree." When the day came, we drew lots for the places we were to occupy; and

the master to whom my lot assigned me desired me to follow him. I obeyed, and, not knowing he was to be my future master, ventured to ask to what galley I was appointed. He answered, "To the Palm-tree;" upon hearing which, I broke out into loud lamentations. "Why," asked my conductor, "do you think yourself more unfortunate than your companions?" "Ah, sir!" I replied, "because I am condemned to a galley, which is said to resemble the place of torment itself, and the master of which is more wicked than the evil spirit." Little did I know whom I was addressing: he looked at me with a stern and gloomy expression of countenance. "If," said he, "I knew who had told you this, and had them in my power, I would make them soon repent it."

The jailer had fastened round my waist an iron ring to which was attached an unusually heavy chain: he had done this, thinking it was necessary to secure me fast on account of my youth and activity. My master, perhaps in order to prove to me that he was not so cruel as he had been represented, had my chain exchanged for a lighter one, which he chose himself: indeed I have to thank him for many indulgences during the period I remained under his command. It is true that he exercised some severity in performing the duties of his office; but, when not engaged in his business, his conduct was respectable, and his manners courteous. There were five Protestants in his galley,

who never experienced ill treatment at his hands ; on the contrary, he took every opportunity of showing them kindness.

An expedition against the English and Dutch ships was undertaken every year, by these six galleys, manned by three hundred men. The prisoners, continually employed at the oars, were often, on these occasions, in great peril of their lives. I shall only mention an instance, which occurred in 1707. One fine morning that we were in the harbour at Dunkirk, the commander of the galleys, M. de Langeron, assembled the pilots of the different vessels, to a consultation upon the state of the weather—"Was there any reason to expect a change?" They declared with one voice, that the east wind promised a continuance of the fine season. We were obliged to be sure of a calm sea before we ventured out, for the galleys were not constructed in such a manner as to enable them to weather the storm. The pilot of our galley had not expressed his opinion ; his name was Peter Bart, a fisherman of Dunkirk, and well acquainted with the coast. He was a natural brother of the celebrated northern admiral John Bart, but a notorious drunkard ; nevertheless, he was a very experienced seaman, and an attentive observer of the changes of the weather. He was, however, in little credit with his fellow steersmen, on account of his drunken habits, for he was generally in a state of intoxication ; his language was coarse and familiar. The com-

mander turning to him, asked what he thought of the weather. "Wilt thou go to sea?" he replied; "I promise thee it will be boiled enough by to-morrow morning." They only laughed at him; and though he earnestly begged to be left on shore, the commander would not grant his request. Our galleys, together with those under the command of M. de Fontete, put to sea: the water was so unruffled, and the day so calm, that a lighted candle might have been placed at the mast head. The next morning, we came to the roads of Ambleteuse, a little village lying between Calais and Boulogne; beyond this was a bay, sheltered from the east, and north-east winds, by a mountain on each side of it. I know not what induced our commander to anchor in the bay. M. de Fontete was much more prudent, for he remained in the roads. When Peter Bart saw us prepare to cast anchor, he called out in a tone of despair, that we must not run into the bay; and on our asking the reason, added, that at daybreak next morning, a terrible storm would arise from the south-west, and that we should not be able to leave the bay, the entrance being exactly open to the wind from that quarter, but that our galleys would be driven upon the rocks, and so split to pieces, that all on board must perish. His words were disregarded, and, the anchors being cast a little before day, we lay down to obtain a short interval of repose, Peter Bart continuing to groan and weep, like one who expects inevi-

table death. At length daylight appeared; the wind blew from the south-west, but so gently that no notice was taken of it; but scarcely had the morning rays gilded the horizon, when its increased violence drew the attention of the most incredulous, to the oft-repeated warnings of the pilot. We received orders to quit the bay; but before we could accomplish our purpose, the tempest raged with such fury, that instead of weighing anchor, we were obliged to throw out two more, in order to stand against the violence of the winds and waves; while every moment the foaming deep discovered to us new rocks, which threatened our vessels with destruction: and, what made the danger more imminent was, that the anchors we had cast from the fore part of the galley would not fix, so that we were driven against the rocks. We attempted to row toward the anchors, but the moment we let down our oars, they were carried away by the violence of the waves. The alarm now became so general, that nothing was to be heard but loud lamentations, and cries for deliverance. The priest on board administered the holy sacrament, and gave absolution to those who declared themselves truly penitent for their past sins, there being neither time nor opportunity for confession. The slaves who were condemned for their crimes to labour at the oars, far from showing any signs of contrition, called out loudly to their commander and officers, "A little patience, gentlemen! we shall soon

be together as equals, and drink from the same glass ;” so true is it that the impenitent heart will not always be softened, even by the view of approaching death. In this emergency, when destruction appeared inevitable, our commander perceived Peter Bart, who was standing apart from the rest, and looked much cast down ; “ Ah, Peter !” said he to him : “ had I believed you, we should not now be in danger ; but do you know any means whereby we may escape ?” “ What use is there,” answered Peter, “ in my giving you advice, since you do not listen to a word I say. Yes ; I do know a way, by which, with God’s assistance, we may be saved from shipwreck ; but I fairly tell you, that were it not that I love my own life too well, you might drown like so many pigs for all the help I would give you.” His rudeness passed unnoticed, since he had kindled a ray of hope in every bosom ; and Peter went on : “ I further declare, that if I undertake the business, I will not be opposed in any of my arrangements, which may at first sight appear useless, and even ridiculous : they must be obeyed, or we shall all perish.” The commander instantly desired that implicit obedience should be paid to Peter’s orders, under pain of death. The pilot then demanded the commander’s purse. “ Here it is,” said the latter ; “ do what you please with it.” When Peter had taken four louis d’ors out of the purse, he returned it to its owner, and then asked, whether there were four men present, who would under-

take a dangerous service, promising the reward of a louis d'or to each, if they succeeded. Twenty men instantly came forward, of whom, however, he selected only four, noted for their courage. These he placed in the boat belonging to the galley, and giving them an anchor, the rope of which was fastened to the vessel, he desired them to cast it at the hinder part. We all wondered at this plan, for we could not imagine of what use the anchor could be at the hinder part of the galley, since it was the fore part we wished to be secured. The commander himself was anxious to know what this anchor was expected to effect; but Peter only answered him with, "You will see time enough, if it please God." After great pains and much risk, the mariners were at length successful in their enterprise, and fixed the anchor on the rock. When Peter saw this accomplished, he seized the commander's hand, exclaiming, "Praised be God, we are safe!"

However, none of us could guess what plan he had in view. Peter now lowered the yard, fastened the sail-cloth to it, rolled it up, and wound it round with reeds, which, when the ropes were cut, would, of course, break and leave the sail to spread itself at liberty. He then had the sail raised again, and desired four sailors to be ready to cut the cables the moment he should give the word of command. The rope attached to the anchor at the stern of the vessel was tightened, and a sailor stationed with an axe to cut it

when the order should be given. After all these preparations, he commanded the men at the fore part to cut the ropes of the anchors. As soon as this part of the galley was free, it turned round; Peter's skill allowed it, however, only to turn so far as necessary, in order to get wind for the sail. As soon as it was raised, the rushes were torn in pieces, the sail spread filled with wind; at the same time the anchor at the stern was loosened, Peter seized the helm, and ran the galley with the utmost rapidity out of the unlucky bay. His skill had thus rescued us from imminent danger, and we found ourselves once more on the open sea.

We now sailed for Dunkirk, and soon entered the roads. Here we cast two anchors, lent us by M. de Fontete, being obliged to wait six hours for the tide. During this interval, we appeared hovering between life and death. The waves, mountain high, rolled over the vessel, covering us with spray; and had not the doors and other openings of the deck been carefully secured, the hold would have been under water, and the galley must have sunk. The inhabitants of the city, who saw our danger from the shore, joined in prayer for our deliverance; and public masses were offered for us in all the churches of Dunkirk. This was the only assistance they could offer us in our desperate condition. At length, the returning tide permitted us to make a final effort for our preservation in endeavouring to enter the harbour; but this at-

tempt was also accompanied by great danger, because the vessel must necessarily turn short round between two points of the dyke which inclose the harbour, and the length of the ship would render this particularly difficult; and, besides, the front of the dyke was so swollen by the violence of the sea, that it was only at intervals, when the waves divided for a moment, that we could clearly distinguish the entrance. What was to be done? We called Peter Bart, who was quietly asleep on a bench, regardless of the waves, which rolled continually over his head. The commander asked him whether he thought it possible to enter the harbour. "Certainly," replied he; "I will take you in with full sails." "What!" returned the commander, "with full sails; then we must all be lost." "Fear nothing," said Peter: "all will yet be well." We were by this time more dead than alive, shivering with cold and wet; for we were up to our knees in water, and almost famished with hunger: we had not tasted food for nearly three days, not venturing to open the door of the store-room, lest we should let in the water and sink the vessel; and now we were in apprehension of being dashed in pieces against the entrance of the dyke. But Peter laughed at what he called womanish fears, adding, however, that he could not insure the prow from being broken; for the wind was so strong that it would not be possible to prevent the galley from running against the fish market, which joined the har-

hour. The cables were cut, and our pilot guided the helm with such skill, that he turned round into the entrance of the dyke without injury to the vessel; and then spreading sail, it ran, as he had foretold, against the fish market with such rapidity, that two or three hundred sailors, who had been sent to our assistance, and who stood upon the dyke, could not hold us in with their ropes, which broke like thread from the violence of the wind.

This disastrous voyage thus happily ended, our commander much wished to retain Peter Bart in his vessel, promising him double wages if he would continue in his service. But nothing could induce the pilot to remain. "I should be a fool to stay with you," said he, "were you to pay me a thousand livres a month." And with that he took his leave.

On another occasion, in September, 1708, our vessels engaged in combat with an English frigate, and I received three wounds, which, for three days were without surgical care. In this miserable condition, I returned to Dunkirk, where, with the rest of the wounded, I was conveyed to the hospital. Here the slaves were separated from the other mariners, and placed in two large rooms, each containing forty beds. About one o'clock in the afternoon, the head naval surgeon, accompanied by all the surgeons belonging to the ships and galleys which were at that time in the harbour, came to dress our wounds. I was particularly recommended to his care,

and how that happened, I must go back a little in my history to explain.

Ever since my arrival in the galleys, in the year 1702, I had, by the exertions of my relations, been recommended to the protection of a rich banker, who had a house at Dunkirk, where he lived during the greater part of the year. M. P— had received letters on the subject from Bordeaux, Bergerac, and Amsterdam; and being himself a native of B—, and in heart a Protestant, (though he externally conformed to the rites of the Romish church,) and further, having received letters in my favour from persons whose friendship he valued, he thought it worth while to take some trouble to show me kindness, and, indeed, if possible to procure my freedom. He spoke in my behalf to M. de Langeron, with whom he was intimately acquainted; and by his intercession I was allowed many indulgences. Wishing still further to serve me, he obtained permission, one day, from M. de Langeron to take me home with him on the following morning. It was soon after my arrival at Dunkirk, on Christmas day, and during the hour of Divine service, while his wife was at church, that, with the consent of our commander, I accompanied M. P— to his house. He took me into his study, and, having first assured me how anxious he was to show me all the kindness in his power, he added that he had contrived a means of procuring my freedom, if I would consent to his plan. I thanked him for his

kindness, and said I would willingly do what he desired if it were not against my conscience. "Conscience," he returned, "must indeed have a share in the business, but so small, that you need feel no compunction; and even if you disapprove the proceeding, you may give it up when you get to Holland. Now observe," continued he, "I am a Protestant, like yourself; but my circumstances demand that I should represent myself to be a Catholic; nor can I believe this to be a sin, if I do not in heart turn away from the true faith. This, then, is to be the means whereby I hope to maintain your liberty: M. de Ponchartrain, minister of marine, is my friend, and will not refuse any request I make to him. If you will agree to subscribe a paper containing a promise that, if you are set at liberty, you will live and die a good Catholic, even should you eventually settle out of France, I will engage, on my part, that, without being compelled to make a public abjuration, or taking any steps which might excite the suspicion of your brethren, you shall be free before a fortnight has elapsed; and further, I pledge myself to get you to Holland without your incurring the smallest danger." "Sir," I replied, "I have been greatly deceived in supposing you to be a Protestant, nor can I express the indignation I feel at your proposal. You must pardon me if I say that, whatever you may call yourself, you are not worthy of the name of Protestant. What, sir! do you suppose the Almighty to be unmindful

of your conduct? And do you not feel that the promise you make me, and which is to be concealed from men, even could it be annulled by an earthly judge, would only so much the more offend against his Divine Majesty? Sir, be not deceived: your own conscience must condemn you; for you know assuredly that if our outward behaviour agree not with the conviction of our hearts, this conviction will only add to our sin." He tried to overcome my scruples, alleging that the gospel did not require so much strictness. But I resisted his arguments as contrary to my conscience, adding that those who had recommended me to his favour would, by no means, wish me to purchase freedom by any departure from the Protestant faith. "No, indeed," answered he, "nor can I wish to press you any further upon the subject." He then embraced me with tearful eyes, and prayed God to preserve me in a determination so worthy of a professor of the true religion of Christ. "From henceforth," he continued, "I shall love you, not only on account of the many letters of recommendation I have received in your behalf, but also from my own observation of your worth; and you may be well assured that I shall take every opportunity of serving you." From this time M. P— often visited me at the galleys, and on all occasions showed me uniform kindness. As soon as he had heard that our galley had been engaged with the English frigate, and had, on the 17th of September, 1708, lost many of her crew, he

ran directly down to the harbour to make inquiries after me; and being told that I had been wounded, and was already taken to the hospital, he immediately went to the head surgeon, with whom he was acquainted, and commended me as earnestly to his attention as if I had been his son. I must add that, under God, I owe to this surgeon the preservation of my life, and I must always feel the sincerest gratitude to him. The third part of the wounded men died in the hospital; of these many were not nearly so severely hurt as myself. My wounds were cured in less than two months; but I remained another month in the hospital to recruit my strength. They took as much care of me as if I had been a prince; and in three months, I was as strong and as fat as a monk. But on account of the lameness which had settled in my arm, I was removed from the oars, where I had laboured for seven years, and appointed to the store room. Soon afterwards, I obtained the office of clerk to the commander, and my situation became wonderfully improved. Indeed, I now wanted nothing but freedom; I was no longer encumbered by a chain, either day or night, and wore only a ring round my foot. I was allowed to sleep in a comfortable bed, while the rest of my companions laboured at the oars. Thus I remained till the year 1712.

## CHAPTER VII.

## THE JOURNEY TO MARSEILLES.

IN the year 1712, the court of France having agreed to give up the city of Dunkirk, with its fortifications and harbour, to the English government, the slaves in the galleys, at that time stationed there, were transferred to Marseilles. We began our journey on the 1st of October, and went by Havre de Grace to Paris. We had been at Havre for a fortnight, when, one evening, as we were eating our scanty meal, about nine o'clock, and our guards were also gone to supper, I felt some one touch me on the shoulder, and turning round, I saw a young lady, the daughter of the principal banker in the city. She held in her hand a volume of sermons which I had lent her a few days before: these she returned, saying hastily, "Here is your book. May God be with you in all your troubles. To night at twelve o'clock you will leave this place. Four wagons are ordered to convey you away, and the white gate will be left open for you to pass through. You will be taken to a prison in Paris, and from thence you will be sent to Marseilles. May you continue firm in all the trials of your faith." We remained quietly eating our suppers, making no remark on what had passed: but when we had finished our meal, instead of lying down to sleep upon our mattresses, we began to put our few things together in readi-

ness to set off. While we were thus employed, our overseer came in as usual, to spend an hour with us, which he passed in talking and smoking his pipe. When he saw that we were packing up our things instead of preparing our beds, he asked, with some surprise, what we were going to do. "We are getting ready for our journey," I replied. "You are a fool," he answered; "what do you mean by such nonsense?" "I tell you," I continued, "that at twelve o'clock this very night, four wagons will be at the entrance of the arsenal; they will convey us through the white gate; we shall go to Paris, and from thence to Marseilles." "I repeat that you are a fool," answered the overseer, "and that there is not the smallest truth in what you say. I saw the commandant at eight o'clock this evening, and he only gave the usual orders." "Very well, sir," I replied, "you will soon hear." Scarcely had we finished the conversation, when a servant belonging to the commandant entered, and told the overseer that his master wished to speak to him directly. He returned shortly after in the greatest astonishment. "Tell me," he exclaimed, "whether you are sorcerers or prophets. I believe, however, that God is with you, for you are too honest and pious to have dealings with Satan." "No, indeed, we are neither prophets nor sorcerers; the matter is simple enough." "I do not understand it at all," returned the overseer; "for the commandant has just assured me that no one

in the city knows of our intended departure besides himself; I must, then, believe that God is especially with you." "I trust so," I replied; and we all immediately prepared for our journey. The mystery was easily explained. The daughter of the banker was engaged to be married to the secretary of the commandant, and from him she had learned the secret. As we proceeded on the road to Paris, we were met by numbers of Protestants, who, regardless of the blows liberally bestowed by the rude constables in order to disperse them, pressed forward to embrace us, and encourage us by words of comfort. The red dresses worn by the Protestants, of whom there were twenty-two, made them easily distinguishable from the other prisoners; and these worthy people, among whom were many of the higher classes, addressed us with, "Take comfort, confessors of the truth; suffer boldly in so noble a cause. We shall not cease to pray for you, that God would show you his mercy, and support you in all your afflictions."

We passed through Charenton, the Isle of France, Burgundy, and Maçon, to Lyons, travelling at the rate of three or four miles a day. This was a long walk for persons encumbered by heavy fetters, and suffering numberless privations. Our food was of the poorest kind; our only couch, a dirty stable. During the day, we often walked up to our knees in mud, while the tempest was beating upon our heads, and the rain drenching us to

the skin ; add to which the filth and vermin, the necessary consequence of our misery. We embarked at Lyons, and went up the Rhone till we came to the bridge "den Heiligen Geist ;" from thence we went by land to Avignon, and then on to Marseilles, where we arrived on the 7th of January, 1713. The Protestants were all in perfect health, but many of the other prisoners had died on the road ; most of them were ill, and not a few expired in the hospital at Marseilles, soon after our arrival.

Thus ended our journey from Dunkirk to Marseilles ; during which, especially after I left Paris, I suffered more than I had done during the twelve previous years of my captivity and labour at the oars. We were placed in the principal galley at Marseilles ; here we found many fellow-sufferers for the faith. The Protestants, at this time, in the vessel, were forty in number. Our brethren received us with open arms, and hailed our arrival with mingled emotions of pain and pleasure ; pleasure to see us in good health, and steadfast in the will of the Most High ; pain, on account of the trials we had endured ; and we united in praise to Him who had enabled us to withstand such long and dangerous temptations.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## THE DELIVERANCE.

AFTER the peace of Ryswick, the popish missionaries were very anxious that the Protestant slaves should be compelled to uncover their heads and prostrate themselves on the earth, during the celebration of mass, in the same manner as did the Catholics; and by their persuasions, M. de Bonbelle was induced to inflict the punishment of the lash on all who refused to comply with this order. M. de Bonbelle went daily from vessel to vessel to see that this decree was enforced, admonishing the sufferers to obedience with such blasphemous expressions as these, "Down, dog, on your knees, when mass is read, and, in this position, worship either God or the devil; it is the same to us." Of those, upon whom this punishment was inflicted, not one yielded to temptation; all remained firm, and praised God amidst their sufferings. The ambassadors of the Protestant powers, being informed of these atrocities, made, however, such strong representations to the king on the subject, that orders were soon afterwards sent, forbidding personal violence to be used for enforcing the submission of the Protestant slaves. When the peace of Utrecht was concluded without any stipulation in our behalf, the marquis de Rochemore, a French nobleman, who had taken refuge in Switzerland, determined to make a last effort to suc-

cour his persecuted countrymen. He went from Utrecht into Sweden, to king Charles XII.; from thence to the kings of Denmark and Prussia; in short, to all the Protestant princes in Europe, and obtained from them letters of introduction to the queen of England, in which they entreated her to interpose for our deliverance. He gave these letters to the queen, and when, after a fortnight had elapsed, he requested her answer, she said to him, "I pray you, M. de Rochegude, send word to the poor galley-slaves, that they shall soon be set at liberty." The marquis lost no time in conveying this welcome intelligence to us, through the Geneva post; and it in some degree revived our hopes. We had long ceased to expect human help, and we thanked God for this fresh proof of his mercy. A short time afterwards, the commandant at Marseilles received orders from the government to send a list of the Protestant prisoners at that time in Marseilles. He did so; and, in the end of May, received another communication from the court, desiring him to set at liberty a certain number of Protestants. The rest (for there were about three hundred of us) were not dismissed till the year following.

The commandant having informed the popish missionaries that orders had been given to dismiss the Protestant slaves, they declared, with indignation, that the king must have been grossly deceived, and that it would be an eternal disgrace to the Romish Church, if the heretics were to be set at liber-

ty. They requested the commandant, therefore, to delay the execution of the decree for a fortnight; during which time, they proposed sending an express to the court, in order, if possible, to persuade the government to countermand it. Their request was granted, and the king's letter was kept a profound secret; but nevertheless, a report, to the effect that some of the Protestants were to be freed from their long captivity reached our ears, and we even learned by degrees, the names of those who were mentioned in the list. My name was the last in the catalogue, and for three days I remained in uncertainty whether I was put down at all. At last, I was relieved from this anxiety, though we were all under much apprehension on hearing of the proceedings of the popish missionaries. The courier returned to Marseilles, bringing no answer, good or bad, from the court; the missionaries, however, obtained another week's delay, hoping that an express they had despatched immediately after the first might bring an answer more favourable to their designs; but the second messenger returning also without any communication from the government, they no longer had any pretext for opposing our freedom. But, by their malicious suggestions, the commandant was induced to impose this condition, namely, that we should immediately embark on board some vessel, and leave the kingdom at our own expense. It was difficult for us to promise obedience, for there

was no ship in the harbour about to sail for Holland or England, and we could not afford to hire one for ourselves.

At last, the pilot of a galley, Jovas by name, told one of our brethren, that he would take us from Marseilles to Villefranche, a seaport in the county of Nice, which belongs to the king of Sardinia, and from thence we might go through Piedmont to Geneva. He had a tartane of his own, that is, one of those boats so called, which were usually employed upon the Mediterranean. We agreed to give this man six livres each, out of which he was to supply us with provisions. This was a liberal payment for a short voyage of twenty-five miles. Thus, notwithstanding the opposition of the missionaries, we left Marseilles on the 17th of June, 1713.

The sea was very rough, although we had a favourable wind, and the boat was so tossed by the waves, that we expected every moment to be upset, and all suffered terribly from sea-sickness. Jovas landed at Villefranche; he said he had business in Nice, and also wished to attend mass. I asked permission to accompany him into the town; he willingly consented, and we set out together, with some of my brethren. At the entrance of the town, our captain said he would go to mass, and we had better wait for him at the nearest inn. We turned into one of the principal streets, and (it being Sunday, and all the shops and houses shut) we met scarcely any one. We had not gone far, however,

before we saw a man coming towards us. At first, we hardly observed him, but as he approached us, he greeted us with great civility, and said he hoped we should not be displeased if he took the liberty of inquiring whence we came. We told him from Marseilles. He hesitated, not liking to ask us whether we were from the galleys; it being considered a great affront to say that a man has been at the galleys, unless, indeed, it be on account of his religion. "I pray you, gentlemen," he continued, "tell me whether you left Marseilles by order of the king." "Yes, sir," we replied, "we come from the French galleys." "God be praised," he exclaimed, "you are among the number of those lately dismissed on account of their religion?" And upon our answering in the affirmative, the man was almost beside himself for joy, and requested us to follow him to his house; we did so without much consideration, though Jovas, who was still with us, was not without some anxiety as to the result, knowing it not to be always very safe to trust to the Italians. The stranger conducted us to his mansion, which was more like the palace of a nobleman than the dwelling of a merchant. As we entered, he embraced us with tears of joy; he called for his wife and children. "Come," cried he, "welcome our brethren, who at last have been delivered from their heavy afflictions in the galleys;" after which signor Bonijoli, for this was the merchant's name, begged us to unite

with him in prayer. We knelt down together; signor Bonijoli offered up a fervent thanksgiving for our deliverance; we all wept, and Jovas, who knelt down with us, assured us afterwards, that he felt as if he were transported to paradise. When the prayer was concluded, breakfast was brought, and after much pious conversation on the mighty power of God, who had granted us grace to abide firm in the faith, and to be more than conquerors over our enemies, signor Bonijoli asked us how many we were in number. We told him, "Six and thirty." "This agrees with my letter," he answered, "for I must tell you that one of my correspondents at Marseilles told me what day you were to be discharged from the galleys, and requested me to show you any kindness in my power, should you pass through Nice. But where are the rest?" "At Villefranche," we replied. Signor Bonijoli immediately sent to invite them to Nice, and, on their arrival, received them with the greatest hospitality, boarding them at the best hotels, and desiring that they should be entertained in the most liberal manner at his own expense. We who had first made his acquaintance, remained in his house, and during our month's residence at Nice, we had to thank him for daily proofs of friendship. Jovas, at the end of this period, returned to Marseilles, promising that he would advise our brethren, who were to follow in two other vessels, to go also by Villefranche. After his departure,

signor Bonijoli hastened to make arrangements for our journey; he hired thirty-six mules and a guide, at his own expense, to take us as far as Turin. We left Nice in the beginning of July. We had several very aged persons in our party, which rather retarded our progress; for, by reason of their infirmities, they could scarcely sit upright on their mules. Our road led us over mountains; amongst others, the Col di Tenda: and although at the foot of this mountain we suffered extreme heat, yet, when we reached the summit, the cold was so intense, that we were obliged to alight from our mules, and walk, to warm ourselves. We descended on the other side into the plain of Piedmont, a rich and beautiful country, and arrived in safety at Turin. Signor Bonijoli had written letters of introduction to the Protestants of Turin, many of whom were engaged in different trades, and professed the same faith as the inhabitants of the Waldensian valleys. These received us with brotherly affection, and entertained us for three days; after which, having provided beasts for us to continue our journey, they requested the king to give us a passport, which should enable us to travel in security through his dominions to Geneva. Victor Amadeus having expressed a wish to see us, six of us were presented to him, in the presence of the English and Dutch ambassadors; he received us very graciously, conversed with us for half an hour, asking us several questions, such as, "How long