

The Rebellion in the Cevennes, an Historical Novel. Vol. I.

Ludwig Tieck



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Title: The Rebellion in the Cevennes, an Historical Novel
Vol. I.

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Release Date: March 22, 2010 [EBook #31738]

Language: English

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THE
REBELLION IN THE CEVENNES,

AN HISTORICAL NOVEL

IN TWO VOLUMES.

BY LUDWIG TIECK.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN BY

MADAME BURETTE.



VOL. I.



**LONDON:
D. NUTT, FLEET STREET.**

**DUBLIN: J. CUMMING.--EDINBURGH: BELL AND
BRADFUTE.**

1845.

PREFACE.

A predilection for the productions of TIECK and a desire to introduce this remarkable work of the great German Poet to a larger circle of the reading world: were the chief inducements, on the part of the translator, for causing it to appear in an English form. As far as regards the manner in which the translation itself has been executed, the writer will be allowed to affirm, that the original has been, in every sense, as closely adhered to, as the idiom of the English language would admit of; to say, however, whether those efforts have been attended with any corresponding success, must be humbly left to the judgment of the discerning critic.

HISTORICAL NOTICE
OF THE

"REBELLION IN THE CEVENNES."

From the German of the CONVERSATIONS LEXICON, 9th edit.
Brockhaus.

As far back as the twelfth century, religious sects were formed in this district (the Cevennes) under the names of "The Poor of Lyons," "The Albigenses," "Waldenses," &c. Notwithstanding the crusades and inquisitions raised against them by the popes for centuries, numerous remnants had preserved themselves, who, when the Reformation found a footing, obtained a signal increase, and finally, through the edict of Nantes, were protected from further persecutions. But when Louis XIV., 1685, revoked the edict and purposed to reconduct all his subjects by force into the bosom of the Catholic Church, then began a series of the most cruel persecutions against the Protestant inhabitants of the districts bordering on the Cevennes, especially after the peace of Ryswick, 1697. Missionaries were accompanied by dragoons in order to support by force of arms the preachings of the monks, (hence these conversions called *dragoonings*) and the tax collectors were directed to require all, especially those, suspected of protestantism, to pay up their taxes. The most savage cruelties, in which children were torn from their parents, in order to bring them up in the Catholic faith, men, who were gone to their houses of prayer, sent to the galleys, and women thrown into prisons, their priests hanged, the churches destroyed, at length produced despair. Those, who did not emigrate, fled into the retired mountain districts.

Prophets and prophetesses arose, promising victory to the peasantry, and esteeming him a martyr, who fell into the hands of the dragoons. A remarkable fanaticism took possession of the Protestant people, which, in many, even in children, shewed itself in the most fantastic trances of a really epidemic nature. See Bruyes "Histoire du fanatisme de notre temps" (Utrecht, 1757). The struggle began first with the murder of the tax-gatherers; the assassination of the Abbé du Chaila, 1703, who was at the head of those dragoonings, at length gave the signal for a general rising. The revolted peasants were called "Camisards," either from the provincial word Camise (shirt) in derision of their poverty, or, because they wore a shirt in their surprises by which they might recognise one another, or from the word "Camisade" (nightly surprise). Their numbers and their fanaticism

continued to increase, Louis's power was rendered the less effective in putting an end to this insurrection, as the chain of mountains presented sufficient places of refuge, and his troops were every moment in danger of being cut off and surprised, or of being destroyed by cold and hunger. The boldness of the Camisards increased daily, especially as they placed at their head intrepid leaders, among whom Cavalier¹ particularly distinguished himself. The state of affairs became most critical, for Louis XIV., when the Spanish war of succession required him to extend his forces on all sides, and Marlborough and the Duke of Savoy, through promises and small succours, fired still more the Camisards. On the other hand, Pope Clement XI. in 1703, proclaimed a plenary summons to a crusade against them, which was put in execution. Notwithstanding this, they almost totally defeated the troops of the Marshal Montrevel sent against them with 20,000 men, in 1703, and the horrible cruelty of the latter only excited still more their fanaticism. Recompensing evil with evil, they strangled eighty-four priests in the diocese of Nismes and burned two hundred churches, after 40,000 of their own party had been put to the wheel, burnt, and hanged. At length, in order to give to the perilous state of affairs another turn, Louis recalled Marshal Montrevel, 1704, and sent Marshal Villars. One of the chiefs of the Camisards meditated an alliance with the Duke of Savoy in Dauphiné. The whole country from the coast to the highest crest of the mountains was more or less in their hands and with the inhabitants of Nismes, Montpellier, Orange, Uzes, &c., &c., they maintained communications, which secured to them bread, arms, and other necessaries. A quantity of bells had been melted down by them to serve for cannons, and Cavalier acquitted himself like a skilful general. The Catholic peasantry ventured neither to cultivate the land, nor to carry necessaries of life into the towns. Thus stood affairs, when Villars on the 21st of April, arrived in Nismes. He too was incapable, of subduing the insurgents by force of arms. He therefore decided on trying the effect of milder measures, and proclaimed a general amnesty for all, who would lay down their arms, and set at liberty himself such prisoners as swore fealty. In fact he disarmed in this manner several communities. On the other side he menaced with the harshest punishment, and to give weight to it, moveable columns were formed, which marched from a given point in every direction, upon which again detachments were ordered to remain as a reserve, to succour those who might make head against the enemy in the open field. Those, who were made prisoners with arms in their hands, were either killed on the spot, or hanged, or broken on the wheel in Alais, Nismes, and St. Hippolyte. Villars succeeded so far, that already on the 10th of May, Cavalier gave up the cause of the Camisards as lost, and concluded a treaty, wherein he promised to surrender with his party on condition that they should obtain liberty

of conscience and the right to assemble privately without the towns for the service of God, that the prisoners should be set free, the emigrated recalled, and the confiscated estates and privileges restored. On the 22nd the confirmation of the treaty arrived from Paris, and at the same time permission for Cavalier to form a regiment in the King's pay. In the mean while, however, the affair rapidly took another turn, particularly in consequence of the activity of Dutch emissaries, who, brought money and weapons, and promised the support of their republic. Cavalier had gone to Anglade to superintend the organization of his regiment, when the wild peasantry, excited by his lieutenant and inspired by their prophets, set out and marched into the neighbouring woods, declaring firmly, the King should restore the edict of Nantes, without which there was no security for them. At length, however, Villars succeeded by his personal influence and by cutting off from them all means of subsistence, to bring them under subjection. Many of them fled and entered into the Piedmontese service, where they formed a regiment that took part in the Spanish war, and later under Cavalier's command, was destroyed at the battle of Almanza, which Berwick gave to the Count of Stahremberg on the 25th of April, 1707. The whole insurrection, however, was not, quelled by that subjugation. There were still multitudes, among which one particularly distinguished itself, led on by a certain Roland; but Villars sought only to become possessed of the leaders. Roland, when taken prisoner, was shot by a dragoon, whereupon the remaining leaders surrendered, and cards of security were given to them, and their adherents by the Marshal, which secured them from every persecution. Yet, before Villars had fully stilled the rebellion, he was replaced by the Marshal of Berwick, who fell upon the chief leaders of the Camisards in Montpellier, caused them to be burnt and broken on the wheel, and the country cruelly laid waste. Driven to extremity by this, the Camisards rose once again with more enthusiastic inspiration. They were, however, too weak to finish this warfare successfully. Thus they died, some with arms in their hands, some as emigrants, others submitted in order to preserve their faith, even under the greatest oppression, or were forcibly constrained to become Catholics. Thus ended this insurrection with the total devastation of the province and the annihilation, or exile of a large portion of its inhabitants. Since then, in the South of France, merely a war of opinion, lay smouldering, which after the restoration of the Bourbons in the year 1815, gave rise to frightful scenes in Nismes, and at other places. Only when in March 1819, a great number of the inhabitants of the Cevennes threatened the town of Nismes--"Thirty thousand men are ready to descend from their mountains, with the weapons of despair, if the salvation of their brethren demand it,"--the persecutions of the Protestants were put a stop to. See "Histoire des Camisards,"

(2 vols, London, 1744) Court de Gebelin, "Le Patriote français et impartial," (2 vols, Villefranche 1753) by the same "Histoire des troubles des Cevennes, ou de la guerre des Camisards," (3 vols, Villefranche, 1760, new edition 1820) Schulz, "Geschichte der Camisarden" (Weimar 1790), and Tieck's novel, "Der Aufruhr in den Cevennen" (Berlin 1826).

[Footnote 1](#) Jean Cavalier, principal leader of the Camisards in the war of the Cevennes, born 1679 in the village of Rebaute, near Anduse, was the son of a peasant, he lived at Geneva, and was employed in agriculture, when the persecutions of the reformed inhabitants of the Cevennes under Louis XIV. reached their highest pitch, and caused the breaking out of the troubles, enflaming his enthusiasm for his faith, and inducing him to return home. He was twenty-four years old, when he placed himself at the head of armed multitudes, whom he knew how to discipline with great art, and to rule over with transcendent talent, leading them, with courage, circumspection and success against the royal army. The confirmation of the treaty, which he, despairing of the ultimate success of his cause, had concluded with Marshal Villars, Louis XIV. sent to him accompanied with the commission of colonel, and the grant of an annual pension of 1200 livres, permitting him at the same time to raise a regiment of his own in the king's pay. Called to Versailles by the Minister Chamillard, he saw that he was watched there with distrust, and he fled secretly to England by way of Holland, entering there into military service. In the Spanish war then raging, he commanded a regiment formed of refugee Camisards in the service of Piedmont and distinguished himself particularly in the battle of Almanza, in New Castile, on the 25th of April, 1707, where he was severely wounded. At a later period he became Major-general and Governor of Jersey; and died, 1740, at Chelsea.

THE
REBELLION IN THE CEVENNES.



CHAPTER I.

"Is Edmond not yet come home?" asked his father of the servant, as he walked up and down the great hall of his country mansion.

"No, my Lord," answered the old man, "and it were well that he returned before evening; for a storm is gathering over the mountains, which bodes us no good."

At this moment a little girl entered with her toys, and sat down at the large hall table. "The storm is raging again so fearfully up in the mountains," said she carressingly, "that I will stay near you, dear papa, I cannot bear such weather, why should there be such noise and thunder in the world?"

"Aye, truly," rejoined Frantz, the old domestic, "and all the misery that has oppressed us for so many years past and to which we see no end!"

"He only knows, who has thus afflicted us," replied the father, sighing; "and he will accomplish his own wise purpose."

"Papa!" exclaimed the child, looking up from her play, "our good Eustace, the charcoalburner, who used to bring me such pretty little stones from the wood, and who lately brought the large wild bird, which he said, was a thrush; the black good man is now become a satan too."

"What art thou chattering there about!" said her father angrily; "who told you this?"

"Martha, my nurse," replied the child; "for he is now in rebellion against his God and his king, until they take him prisoner and burn, or otherwise put him to death, for he will no longer be a Christian; Martha said so this morning, while she was dressing me, and she intends going to the town next week to see the other satans put to death; pray, allow her to go, dear papa? she thinks it will more particularly confirm and strengthen her in her faith, for she too has gone a little astray, and has almost fallen into evil ways. The evil one is very powerful in the neighbourhood, particularly up yonder in the mountains, he is quite at home there; we are much better down here. Papa, the figs are becoming ripe

already in the garden."

"Thou chatterer!" said her father, in a tone of displeasure, "I shall take care that you are not so much alone with the old woman."

"It is true enough," interrupted the domestic, "Eustace is up in the mountains with Roland, and has joined the Camisards, his wife and children sit mourning in their desolate home; they are destitute of food, and dread being arrested and, perhaps, condemned on his account."

"I believe," said the Lord of Beauvais, "that you have already relieved them, my good Frantz, if not, do it now; give them what necessaries they may require, but do it prudently, that we may not be called upon to answer for it; for in this general affliction of want and confusion, every thing is suspicious. A man may do as he pleases provided he becomes not a tyrant, and places himself on a level with the executioner."

"Like our Marshal," exclaimed the old man impetuously, "like our Intendant; like the lords there in Nismes, who in the name of God sacrifice their brethren. I have sent some relief to these poor people already, and will provide them with more; it is only a drop of water in the sea, but still in this distress it will comfort a few poor creatures."

The servant retired, and as her father turned a mournful glance towards the mountains, his little daughter approached him smilingly, kissed his hand, and said: "Papa, pray let not you and Frantz become wicked and rebels, for then brother Edmond and I would go to heaven quite alone, and I should not like that; I can never agree with Edmond, he is so terribly pious, you are much better, though your faith may not be of the best kind."

"You say truly, *terribly* pious;" said the old man, "Oh heaven, when will it please thee to deliver us from these afflictions?"

"There comes Edmond along the garden," said the child, "it will be better not to say anything to him about the wicked Eustace, for we shall have noise and disputes again; he does not like such things at all."

Edmond entered, bowed, put his gun in the corner, and laid aside his pouch. A large dog came bounding up to the little girl, who played with him, and held up some pieces of broken bread.

"Where have you been this morning, my son?" inquired his father.

"At the Intendant's, at the Lord of Basville's," replied Edmond without raising his eyes. "Yonder in Alais, where he will stop for a few days in consequence of the trial of the rebels. He commends himself to you, but he is rather surprised that you should have refused the appointment offered, and thinks that the Marshal would understand it still less."

"The Marshal, my son," began the father, not without emotion, "there are many things that he cannot understand. I thank my God that I retired to this solitude more than ten years ago, for were I still in office, my conscience would compel me to resign it now, and that perhaps would be still more incomprehensible to these two valiant gentlemen. I neither envy nor admire their patriotism and God preserve our family from the fate of rendering such services to the king. Therefore, my dear, my beloved son, I once more give you a paternal warning to abandon these men, it would send me to the grave to see you act like them. What do they require of us? no open, direct service, no assistance which becomes citizens, and which all honorable men are ready to render: but we are required to turn spies and betray our fellow-subjects and our countrymen, to give them up to the rack and to the stake, and to rejoice in the inhumanity which depopulates the land, and congratulate ourselves at having incurred the hatred of God and of all mankind, and if we enquire into this too closely, we are looked upon as traitors to our king and country."

"Is it ever permitted to a subject to enquire?" hastily rejoined Edmond, "I am aware of your sentiments, my father, and I regret them; but ought the subject to enquire into this? May I be allowed to ask where is the submission, where are the ties that bind him to the state, where the holiness, the sublimity, the piety, the honor by which we are men and citizens, and upon which our virtue and existence repose; if I am permitted to say: here I renounce my obedience to you, this you dare not command, though you were my king; though my country, even heaven itself should speak to me through your revered lips."

"You are right, my son," replied the old man, "and because you ask this, you will ever be in the right; the ruler should with humble piety and with godly fear keep within these limits, respect the conscience of his subjects, keep inviolate the promises, the oaths which his noble predecessors made, and which he has repeated after them, and not hurl with his own hand the burning brand into his granaries, by raising up extortioners, judges, and persecutors!--And woe to

those, who thus abuse the weakness of his age, his pliable conscience and their own influence; and woe to him who is appointed to fill these offices to slaughter good and pious men; but tenfold woe to the upright man, who from ambition, or a mistaken sense of duty, advances and sets fire to the stake, and extends the rack still more horribly."

"It grieves me, my father," said Edmond, suppressing his anger, "I am overwhelmed with inexpressible anguish at being compelled to feel myself so immeasurably distant from you in all that is dearest, holiest, most natural and nearest to my heart! From the moment that I was capable of thinking and feeling, our ancient and holy religion has been to me the most sacred, the most sublime, in her alone my heart lives, all my wishes and aspirations are brightly reflected in this clear crystal; this which love itself has proclaimed, this which is itself love, eternal, invisible, to us lost creatures become visible by descending in the form of a child, as our brother and nearest neighbour, and then suffering so painful a death for our wanderings and in this most devoted sacrifice thinking only of us, and of all our infirmities and corruptions in life and in death:--ought I ever to forget this, can I disdain it; my heart which this love consumes with gratitude; ought it to suffer this transcendent miracle of love to be annihilated, to be trampled in the dust, and all that is most holy reduced with scornful impiety to ruins, in order to associate it with all that is most contemptible?"

"Who requires that, my son?" exclaimed the old man; "even Turks and Heathens would and could not demand it, still less our brethren, who only desire to approach in plainness and simplicity that incomprehensible being, who, notwithstanding his immensity, so intimately and so closely connects himself with all our hearts in love and simplicity."

"In this portrait," said the son, "it would indeed be impossible to recognise those, who murder our priests, set fire to our sanctuaries, rob the peasant, and if they are victorious, which God forbid, would extend their heresy with fire and sword over the land."

"You see it thus, my son," said the old man, "because you will see it so; we misunderstand each other in this affair, for you resist conviction, and certainly as long as you are governed by this feeling, you will never possess that dispassionate clearness of mind, which according to my judgment, is necessary to render us susceptible of religion; and this alone is the true spirit of christianity, for which, it is true, you struggle with enthusiasm, but you cannot

live in true devoted love."

The son rose indignantly from his seat, and walked hastily up and down the saloon, then he seized his father's hand, looked at him earnestly, and said: "Enthusiasm? with this word then, with this vague sound you have satisfied yourself, and responded to my sorrowing spirit. This is it exactly what the world desires, what the despairing one means whose heart is dead. Is it not so, the martyrs and heroes of the christian church were merely enthusiasts then?--and those who joyfully shed their blood and endured martyrdom for Him, to whom they could not offer too great a sacrifice of love and suffering, were fanatics too, because they were deficient in understanding and composure? All these miracles of love are merely the crude wanderings of delirious passion, which those celestial spirits have contemplated from on high, not with emotion and joy, but only with compassionate smiles, and those who expired in ecstasy are immediately greeted with grave looks and admonishing reproof! Oh, rather than discipline my throbbing heart to such presumption and vile incredulity, I would tear it palpitating from my breast, trample it under foot and throw it to the dogs for food."

"We will drop the subject," said the father, half angry, half moved, while he took a large book from the mantel-piece.

"I blame not your sentiments, far be it from me to censure what is sacred, but you do not know what it is, you have yet to learn that greatness and truth lie only on the verge, on the transition-point of this feeling; as we have beheld them in their ecstasy, we must draw back with timidity and reverence; but should the lying spirit entice us in our spiritual revellings to higher enthusiasm and visions, we sink under mental voluptuousness, and delusive images, fearful fancies take prisoners soul and heart, love dies within us; and you will be obliged to go through this sad probation, my son, and God knows if the issue does not leave you a seared, an empty heart, or perhaps a hypocrite, for thy path through life will not be smooth and easy."

With these words, the Lord of Beauvais sat down to read, his son took his hand and said in a gentle tone, "No, no, my father, let us go on with this subject, which once for all occupies my whole life. Is it possible that this reading, this reasoning of Plato can interest you at this moment? Am I permitted to feel as you do, am I not obliged to blindly obey, if moreover, this obedience accord with my sentiments?"

"St! st!" exclaimed the little girl playfully, and the dog ran barking towards the door, and could only be silenced by his master's whistling to him. "Is it not true," said Eveline, "that Hector is entirely of the true faith, for he might be so easily set upon the Camisards?"

"Silly child!" exclaimed Edmond reddening with anger, the father shook his head at her, but she continued: "Edmond said even now that he would give his heart to Hector to eat, therefore I may well consider him a very peculiar sort of dog." "Come Hector, they always do us injustice;" thus saying, she took the dog by the collar and both went into the garden.

"I understand you not, my father," commenced Edmond after a pause, "you are religious, you visit the church with devotion, I must consider you attached to it, however often a suspicion to the contrary may occur to me, and yet can you contemplate it with composure, that destruction threatens this our church, and does she not in the most gracious manner fulfil all the desires and yearnings of our hearts? I feel ever incensed, when many priests urge so strenuously the necessity of good works, virtue and morality; Heathens can teach us that, and our very reason exacts it from us; however much these must be respected, it is the progressive development and formation of the miraculous that I perceive in history which always so powerfully affect my heart. In the distance lies the first miracle dark and indistinct; but veiled entirely in love. The gift of prophecy was not withdrawn after the apostles; saints and martyrs followed in the steps of the departed, and fulfilled that which the former predicted, the mystery of love is interminable, and can only be explained by a new mystery. That the explanation of the holy sacrament should be sanctioned by decrees of the church, disturbs me not, while to the worldly only it appears a mere temporal event; for in the insignificant germ lie already concealed the blossom and sweetness of the fruit, which become ripe only by that which we call time. Thus it happened that at a later period the forebodings of the soul were fulfilled, and she, who had given birth to the Saviour was worshipped as heavenly; festivals were celebrated in her honour. Thus the prophetic song from the mouth of one prophet descends through all ages, and is never silent, even to futurity. Festival follows festival, temples and images follow statues, posterity will turn with deep emotion to the love of the present, as we enraptured trace the past, only through this mutability, through this re-echoing of the Eternal Word is the truth made manifest to me, through this alone am I convinced that it went forth in former times, by this means, that it apparently changes, as the leaf into the blossom, the flower into the fruit, and the fruit yields again the seed of the flower, it is a permanent, an

eternal truth; through this endless, this inexhaustible abundance, resembling an ocean of love, by anticipating each individual sense, by quenching every desire, by satisfying the hungry: by this only it becomes something simple, authentic and independent, and I abhor the interpretations of those innovators, who would treat these miraculous events as a tale, who venture to call our mass with its symbols, lights, temples, pomp, and music idolatry, and by thus warring against the most sacred things, according to the feelings of my heart, they war against God himself, and they must be rooted out and destroyed like noxious, venomous reptiles."

"I understand you, my son, and would willingly believe you in the right, for in fact you have only been declaring my own sentiments on this subject. If such are your feelings and this be your faith, there should be no further strife not only between us, but any one else. If you feel that Christianity in its various forms, rejects no want, no desire, that it is permitted to every mind to worship according to its own light, but in the spirit of truth, the Eternal Being, then those meek hearts, that shrink affrighted from this parade and song, from this splendour of the temple and from the artificial culture of religious mystery, will not be excluded from the community. Those, who like the disciple John and the apostles of Jesus, visit the wilderness of Jordan, and there in the dreariness of the mountains and in holy solitude willingly listen to the Eternal Word, and are anxious to erect there their church like the hut at Bethlehem, lest their fervid imaginations might be overwhelmed with the splendour and sculptured beauty of the statues, and thereby forget their salvation and their God. These people here are likewise true Christians, my son, whatever our priests may say to you about it, and the Father will not reject them. There arose long since in our Cevennes, and in the valleys of the Albigenes, a simple faith, a peaceful retreat, far from the pomp and ambiguity of the episcopal and popish church. It may be, that for the good of mankind, for religion, education, and liberty, it was expedient in those earlier ages, that the Bishop of Rome should declare himself the head-shepherd and lay the foundation of a spiritual kingdom; but, that the christian church in later times has declined on that account, admits of no doubt. The bishops and priests were now no longer simple teachers of the word and imitators of the apostles, but they became the head-servants of their spiritual master, who in the disputes of the times was compelled to think first of himself and of his own power, while he assigned to religion that only which was not detrimental to it; therefore it resulted, that when the quiet inhabitants of Alby assembled in their wooded valleys, resolving to free themselves from the abuses, the arbitrary dogmas, as well as from the corruptions of the priests, they were

persecuted as heretics, who sought to overturn the papal chair, and therefore Christianity itself. Had there been then, as there was formerly, a free independent church of bishops, these enlightened minds would have found protection and peace, they would have been allowed to assemble in their houses of prayer with their priests, and serve God in what manner they thought it their duty to do, instead of which, crusades were preached against them and their innocent blood, which has been so inhumanly shed, still cries up to heaven. Even if the papal hierarchy and Christianity had not been one and the same thing, there would still have arisen in our mountains great preachers and reformers of the church. When the papal authority began to totter, such teachers as these spread themselves among our mountains and Calvin's disciples found minds, which had been long prepared to receive his doctrines. This form of faith is here as natural and holy as yours may be in other parts, and he only could resolve on extirpating them by persecution, who misunderstands the beautiful and tolerating spirit of Christianity, indeed it appears to me, that he must be entirely inimical to this religion of love. Since Luther and Calvin, a civil war has raged through every province for nearly a century; dearly was this cherished liberty to be paid for, of which the popes and bishops have so unjustly robbed mankind. A light shone in the midst of this gloom, our fourth Henry stepped forward and extended the olive-branch of peace over all his dominions. By the edict of Nantes liberty of conscience was ensured by a royal oath, and by the unanimous consent of the parliament, and confirmed by all the states and provinces: his successor renewed this oath, and our ruler, Louis XIV, could not be recognised king, before he agreed to reign over Evangelical as well as Roman Catholic subjects: thus was the oath which he took for himself and his posterity ratified to us; he has reigned many years with happiness and renown, but now in his old age, surrounded by ambitious and superstitious minds, now that his bright star has long set, now that his country is impoverished and exhausted; that his armies are defeated; that enemies threaten his frontiers, and even his very capital,--now that Germany, England, and Holland, here in the neighbourhood, Savoy, menace us with the most dire misfortune,--now his conscience awakes, he thinks to be able to conquer heaven and fortune, by suffering Catholic subjects only to call him king. He sends with inconceivable blindness--converting ministers into these mountains; and threats, compulsion, massacre and pillage are the exhortations employed towards this unfortunate people; now we have witnessed these horrors in our very neighbourhood; however zealous you may be for your party, my son, I know that your humane heart has been agonised more than once by these proceedings. Suddenly--could he do it, ask yourself if he might? the king revokes that edict and voluntarily absolves himself from his oath, without at the

same time consulting that of his predecessors, of the parliament, and of all the states in the kingdom; he himself destroys, in his religious madness, that which binds him to the citizen, that attaches the subject to him, the sacred palladium, the undefilable is profaned and annihilated, and the wretched inhabitants are yielded a prey to wrath, to murder, and to the fearful frenzy of the bloodthirsty; the peaceful weaver, the shepherd, the honest labourer, who was but yesterday a devout Christian, a respected citizen, a good subject, is through the revocation of the edict, without any fault of his own, now a rebel, an outlaw, for whom the wheel and the stake are prepared; against whom all, even the most savage and disgraceful cruelty is permitted; his temples are closed and demolished; his priests are exiled and murdered; he is ignorant of his offence, he only feels his misfortune: in the deepest recesses of the soul that spirit is aroused which remembers its eternal and imperishable rights, and again war and murder rage; fury excites fury, life becomes cheap, martyrdom a pleasure; and if there be evil foes, they look with a scornful and fiendish laugh from the summits of the mountains down on this hideous massacre, where the very last traces of love, godly fear, and humility are covered with reeking blood. Do you mean that it is thus I must be a Christian, in order to justify the cruelty of my party; or to be a good subject, must I lend a hand to these executioners of the Marshal? In this case, indeed, is our respect for the king, as well as our worship of God infinitely different."

Edmond had listened to this long harangue of his father, without testifying any signs of impatience; at length said he, sighing deeply: "We are standing then on two opposite shores, a wide stream between us; I understand your meaning so little, that I even shrink with fear from it, for according to that, our holy religion may vanish in the empty folly of every fool, who has the arrogance to set himself up for a teacher, and just enough ability to mislead the ignorant, novelty-hunting populace; thus then might indeed the sacred edifice of the state with its, by heaven itself, consecrated representative sink into the dust, if every malcontent is permitted to dispute with him those rights by which the king is king, and if he finds an opportunity to rob him of them. Then come chaos and anarchy bringing in their train the hellish fiends of murder, vengeance, fire, and sword, in order to destroy and slay the friends of the throne, the nobles and the priests. Oh! my father, to this only then their doctrine tends. Can my king be no more to me my visible god on earth, to whom I blindly and unreservedly submitted my whole heart with all its impulses, can I no longer believe, that to him alone belongs all responsibility? In this case I can neither act, nor think. Must my church, for which innumerable miracles, and thousands of the sublimest spirits speak and

confirm it, yield to contemptible communities of yesterday, out of whatever corner they creep, who seek with gross deception and delirious ravings to cover and decorate their pitiful wretchedness;--no, I would just as soon fly to the unenlightened heathens of the North Pole, and attach myself to their absurd faith."

"Miracles!" exclaimed the old Lord, "and what then do you call miracles? the dull eye cannot discern them, just because they are too great and too mighty. That these poor people, who were perfectly content if they only had their hardly-earned dry bread, and who in the recesses of their mountains revered every commander as a deity;--that these should venture to defy the Intendant, the Marshal with his armies, and even the king himself;--that these poor, common men were enabled to sacrifice their wives, their children, and their lives, and die martyrs for their doctrine: Is this then no miracle? A miserable band without education, without arms, without having ever seen service, led by young men, who scarcely know what a sword is, should defeat regular troops and experienced commanders in more than one battle; and, sometimes too, one against four: Is that no miracle? How, if these rebels, for such they are in reality, should desire to found the truth of their doctrine upon this, what have you to oppose against them?"

"Rather mention too," said Edmond, with bitterness, "their prophets, their ecstasies, their absurd convulsive contortions, which the young learn from the old and deceive and grossly lie with the name of God on their lips."

"My son," said his father, sighing, while he gazed with emotion on the dark eyes of his son. "In all unrestrained passions man is transformed into an inexplicable but fearful miracle, then becomes realised and identified with him, what the wildest fancy itself cannot imagine more irrational. Let every man beware of this state, still less let him seek it, as you do, Edmond; your fire will consume you. Go not yonder so often to the lady of Castelnau: this will nourish your enthusiasm and destroy you." Edmond quitted the hall abruptly without saying a word. The old man looked after him, sighed and said to himself, "Ardent love and bigotry encouraged by an enthusiastic woman what may they not effect in our times in this poor youth; who knows the misery that is still before me!"

"For God's sake, my Lord," exclaimed old Frantz, rushing in, "what is the matter with our son; there he is running up the vineyard without a hat, and the

storm is fast gathering. Oh, if you had but not scolded him! He will never indeed give up the lady!"

"How do you know," asked the father, "that the conversation related to her?"

"He ran by me," replied Frantz, "and looked at me with that very peculiar, fierce expression, which he only has, if any one speaks of the Lady Christine; then only he stamps his feet; he has thrown down the apple-tree there, and kicked back his own Hector that was running after him, which he never does at any other time; some harm will yet befall our Edmond."

"May God watch over him," said his father; at that moment a flash of lightning darted from the dark stormy clouds, and cast a singular light round the vineyards, so violent a clap of thunder immediately succeeded, that the whole of the great building rocked and creaked. Hector crouched down by Frantz, and the little Eveline ran into the hall with her fair locks fluttering behind her, immediately after her entrance, the rain began to descend in torrents, the herds were seen everywhere hastily crowding together; the shepherds hallooed to their flocks, the dogs barked, and in the intervals of the roaring of the tempest the rustling of the trees was heard; the streams dashed loudly down the hills and the rain pelted heavily on the roof of the house. Martha began to chaunt aloud from the upper story; soon after the trampling of horses and hasty footsteps were heard. The door opened and three men entered, the foremost of them, who had alighted from his horse, turned to the proprietor of the house with these words: "Necessity requires no bidding! the proverb, my Lord Counsellor of Parliament is quite right, for otherwise I had not ventured to renew a former acquaintance so unceremoniously: I am the vicar of St. Sulpice, there beyond St. Hippolite, and take the liberty to beg the shelter of your roof for a short time in this remote place, against the violence of the storm."

"You are welcome, my friend," said the Counsellor of Parliament, "as well as the other gentlemen; you shall have a fire to warm and dry yourselves, and you will do well to remain here this evening, for the storm will certainly last until night, as is usually the case in this neighbourhood."

Frantz and another domestic had already lighted a fire in the large chimney, and the strangers approached the friendly flames in order to dry their garments, while the vicar begged the servant to take care of his nag.

The other two strangers had made their request and testified their respect for the Counsellor of Parliament only by a silent bow, during which the little fair girl took advantage of the momentary confusion, to approach the guests and examine them with curiosity. One of these appeared to be a huntsman, for he wore a green dress and carried a couteau-de-chasse and a rifle, the latter, which was loaded, he very carefully placed on the mantel-piece. During these various proceedings, Eveline had already in her way formed an acquaintance with the third stranger, who seemed to be her favorite, for she gave him her handkerchief to wipe the rain from his face, and offered him some fruit, which he smilingly declined, and after looking at him for some time, she said, "Where have you left your hat?" "The storm without has carried it off from me," said the young stranger, "and blew it far, far away, so that I could not catch it again."

"It must have been drole enough," said Eveline, laughing, "you after the hat, the storm after you, and the rain after the storm, you could not overtake your hat, but the rain and storm overtook you."

The Lord of Beauvais drew near, and said, "You entertain this stranger already?" "Does he not look good and kind;" exclaimed the child, "just like the schoolmaster in the village, who teaches me to read, but who is obliged to limp already with his young, thin legs."

"Behave politely, my child," said the Counsellor kindly, and he put aside her fair locks from her forehead. He examined his guest while he was paying the usual compliments. The young stranger appeared to be about sixteen, or seventeen years of age, he was something below the middle height, his figure was delicately formed, but as the child had said, the expression of his countenance was amiability itself. A slight tinge of red coloured his thin cheeks; his eyes were of the lightest blue, and had acquired by a mark on the right eyelid, a very peculiar expression; short, fair hair lay thick and smooth, over his dazzlingly pure white forehead: his voice had something effeminate in it from its high pitch, and from his whole bearing and bashfulness of manner, one might have easily taken him for a maiden in disguise.

"I came over to day from Pont-du-gard, and intended to proceed to Montpellier, when this storm overtook me fortunately just in front of your door, my Lord Counsellor," said the vicar approaching again. "I must confess, I should not have thought, that there could be such a building as this aqueduct, if my own eyes had not convinced me of it. I doubt that the Colosseum at Rome, or the

stupendous church of St. Peter could have produced so great an impression on my mind, as these majestic, vaulted arches, and these pillars one over the other, which so boldly and so easily unite two distant mountains."

"Whoever has not yet seen this work of antiquity," said the Counsellor, "may well consider every report of it exaggerated, and, perhaps, reverend sir, you will not believe either, that it increases in grandeur the oftener one looks at it; the eye cannot familiarize itself with its magnificence, although its first sight is so highly satisfactory, and in this contemplation of the sublime, the most pleasing emotions take possession of us. Thus must it ever be with all that is truly great," "Those heathenish Romans," said the priest, "have done much in this respect, they must ever be our teachers; but on my way here, before the commencement of the storm, I heard a great deal of firing."

"The Camisards and the royal troops are at it again," said the huntsman. "But to day, it is said, that the Huguenots have entirely lost the game." "How so?" demanded the Counsellor.

"I heard on the other side of the water,--thank God, that I am on this!--that they had taken prisoner Catinat and Cavalier, and therefore it is probably all over with the war. What a pity, say I, if they massacre Cavalier, as they have so many others."

"Why a pity?" exclaimed the priest hastily, "what else then does the rebel deserve? perhaps you are also a follower of the new doctrine?" "No, reverend sir," said the huntsman, "I was one of the every first that was converted by these gentlemen dragoons. They came in the name of the king, and--of him whose bread I eat, whose song I sing--they were not particularly gentle; thirty in the village were massacred: 'Dog,' said they, 'the pure faith, or die!' why so harsh? said I, I am not at all prejudiced against the creed, only you might have enforced it with a little more gentleness. When I saw the execrable manœuvre, my resolution was quickly formed, and I am now in the service of a right zealous catholic master, the Intendant of Basville. I only mean that it is a pity for Cavalier for he is a good fellow, and has already puzzled many a brave officer."

"That is very true," said the priest a little softened, "he is the only one among the rebels, who understands how to conduct the affair; fearless as a lion, generous, ever self-possessed, knowing how to occupy the best positions, and humane to his prisoners, he is born to be a hero and a leader, and still more to be

admired, for from a swineherd he rose to greatness. It is through him that I have lost my vicarage and that I am now making a tour here in Camargue, Nismes, and Montpellier in order to obtain another appointment."

"How is that sir?" enquired the Counsellor, "mind your own business! as the saying is, but we do not always follow this wise maxim," replied the former, "for hot blood and passion, but to often master our reason. You know that some time since a sort of crusade was preached against the Camisards in the Cevennes; the young men in Nismes and in the surrounding country have enlisted as volunteers and lie in wait for the rebels wherever they can; the hermit of the Cevennes, an old captain, has taken the field with a troop of rash, desperate fellows and fights like a Samson; but it is reported that he is very impartial, for, when an opportunity offers, he treats friends and foes alike, and has already plundered many an old Catholic, or stretched him in the trenches. Now, if such things occur, when all the energies are excited in the *mélée*, it is not so much to be wondered at, though they may happen a little too frequently; verily he has more deliberately counted over his rosary than he can now the number of murders he commits. It is curious enough, that a hermit, who had intended to renounce the world so entirely, should embark again in such adventures; his old military ardour is probably aroused within him. I too, retired in my solitary village in the mountains, when I heard of these proceedings was fired, or inspired with them, and formed the resolution of also rendering my poor services to God and the king, my parishoners would not hear of it: by Jove! they have no heroism in them, they have an antipathy to wounds and death, or they have secret dealings with the Camisards, as I have always suspected that satan's brood of it, for much as I have loudly and zealously harangued them in the pulpit, they almost invariably slept during my sermon: that they were thus insensible to my loud exhortations, is alone a proof, that they must have been possessed by the devil. In pursuance of my design, I assembled some people together, two Spanish deserters, three Savoyards, five fellows who had escaped from prison, and two prodigiously bold tinkers. It was at the time, when Cavalier had so incomprehensively taken the town of Sauve in the middle of the mountains and laid it under contribution. We marched directly against them, passing St. Hipolite, for I received intelligence that this rebel commander had abandoned his corps with a small troop. We met him just as we issued from a narrow defile in the mountains, I called to him to surrender; he resisted, bang! I shot a fellow dead, who was standing by him, I fell upon them with sword and gun and broke their ranks--sir, it was an epoch in my life, it was as if three regiments were in my body--shots were fired, I looked back,---there lay my whole army cut down

behind me by a few villains--my courage failed, I rode off as fast as my horse would carry me, it was the same hungarian horse, my good sir, now, in your stable,--I am saved.

"Cavalier, as I understand, was a reasonable man, but the knave, who is called after the late Marshal Catinat, stirred up the others; they march into my village, persuade my penitents to join them, set fire to my house and even to my dear dilapidated church, and have sworn to hew me into ten thousand pieces, if I ever shew myself there again. Now as I have suffered all this for the sake of my country, it is but just that reparation should be made to me for the loss I have sustained, and I am shortly to receive a better living with a good Catholic Christian community herein the neighbourhood of Nismes. Thus was my chivalrous expedition terminated; but I have sworn, that wherever I see but one, or more of these murderous dogs--were there a hundred, to make them feel my vengeance."

The Counsellor turned with indignation from the priest and his countenance brightened as Edmond, in a different dress, entered the hall. "This is witch's weather," said he, and kissed his father's hand, which the latter held out to him kindly. He then mingled with the company and soon entered into conversation with the loquacious priest.

"As I was saying," recommenced the latter in his clamorous manner, "these numskulls have something quite peculiar and incomprehensible in them. Even the children, urchins of three years old, pretend to exhort and preach atonement, they can speak as familiarly of every sin, as if they had long ago gone through the whole catalogue of them, this is a well known fact; moreover, it frequently happens, that these devil's nurslings even prophecy, and most of them speak in good and distinct French about what probably they have never heard in their lives--this may be explained by all who like explanations, some say, that they are in a fit, others that they are possessed with the devil, those of their own party take it for inspiration. Above there in Alais, some hundreds of them assemble, great and small, old and young, prophecying among one another, that the walls of their prison might be broken down. The medical college of Montpellier has transferred itself thither, each doctor has taken with him his hat and cloak; I believe they have also carried with them the antique mantle of Rabelais, in order to be quite perfect in their art. I hear they have now observed, discoursed, disputed, calculated, speculated, deduced, and what is the result? that we are as wise as before. These learned gentlemen declare, that it cannot be taken for

divine inspiration because it is opposed to the king and the clergy; and still less can they be possessed by the devil, in as much as they speak and sing only spiritual things and do not as yet know the ways of that gentleman, neither, say they, could it proceed from fits, or any other bodily infirmity, but it was to them something quite unheard of and new; it may well be termed new, and, therefore, must appropriately be called fanaticism and the people denominated fanatics." "There may be many things," interrupted the huntsman hastily, "that are inexplicable; with your reverence's permission, my opinion is, that they are all bewitched; for, if you have no objection, that is the easiest explanation of the matter; therefore, there is no such great injustice in burning them--always excepting Mr. Cavalier, for whom I should be very sorry--and the reason which might tolerate such proceedings is, that they may not by degrees infect the whole community, for it is very evident that the evil is spreading daily and is communicated from one to the other. Witchcraft is just as much something corporeal as well as spiritual, something visible as well as invisible, and not only men, but also houses, mountains and rivers may be enchanted; I have experienced this myself in the course of my life."

"And how?" enquired the Counsellor. "Do you not know the wide-spreading ash, which stands in the field between the castle of Castelnau and the town of Alais? at no great distance from that is the large, old olive-tree, which, they say, is three, or four hundred years old, but it is so far certain, that both the trees, particularly the ash, may be seen at the distance of many miles from the plain as well as from the mountains."

"I know both these trees very well," said Edmond.

"Now," continued the huntsman, "under the ash it is not safe. While I was yet a boy in the service of the father of the present lady of Castelnau, who almost always resided at Alais, for the castle was thought to be too lonely for her, I went out as I often did, to shoot hares: It was towards evening and a storm like that of to-day overtook me, I sought shelter under the great ash to escape getting wet through, but scarcely had I leaned against the trunk, gracious sir, than I was seized with indescribable agitation and fear, my heart began to beat, a tremor came over me, I was terrified--I was compelled to quit my shelter--I was wet through--I returned, and again the same sensations under the tree; it was not permitted to me to remain there, I was obliged to go into the open space while the rain was falling as if heaven and earth would come together. The next morning it was bright midday and summer weather, said I to myself, dolt! wert

thou frightened because it was dark, perhaps thou wert terrified at the claps of thunder; wilt thou become a noble huntsman if thou hast such little heart,--so I went half laughing under the tree, I fancied myself sleeping under its shade,--but no such thing! I was seized with greater terror and agitation than ever, my teeth chattered and an icy coldness chilled me, I fled from the spot.--I mentioned the circumstance to an old forester: 'Fool!' said he, 'have not the huntsmen told you that the tree permits no one to stand under it?' It is an old story. He could not tell me the reason of this, but warned me not to play any tricks with it. However, I did not follow his advice, but returned to it with a young lad. To him it was productive of evil, for he became sick unto death with the fright; since that time, I avoid the tree and so does every one who knows it. It must have been bewitched some time or other."

"Heaven only knows, what may be the meaning of all this," began the priest, "we live at least in times when events occur, which formerly would have been deemed impossible. Now there is something incomprehensible in these prophecying children. It was said, some years ago, that here, and there, in the Cevennes, in Dauphiné, and in the neighbouring Beauvarais that such things were practised, and people travelled to hear and see them. At present whole villages are full of them, they are to be seen in the market-places, in the public houses and like the diseases, incidental to childhood formerly, it seems that all children must undergo the gift of prophecy. Government has thus sharply reprimanded them, by making the parents responsible, thrown those into prison and sending the fathers to the galleys, for it was conjectured that from these alone proceeded the delusion. A peasant, one of my parishoners, came to me, saying 'for God's sake sir, help me! my little girl, six years old, began yesterday to prophecy, I am a dead man if the thing becomes known; my wife and I are certainly of the true faith as you can testify, but now they will arrest us as rebels, as they have done to so many others.'

"Only use the whip," said I, "let the girl hunger and she will soon forget to prophecy. 'All that has been tried, reverend sir,' groaned the old man, 'and more than my conscience will justify; the child is ill from my ill-treatment, for as soon as she begins to prophecy, or to sing psalms, which she has never heard from me, I have chastised her severely; I have not given her a morsel of bread for three days, yet she does not give up, but goes on still worse. Come, I pray, to my house and see yourself; if she is possessed by a devil, you can conjure, is it any thing else, you can exhort.' I had never seen such prophecying creatures, I went therefore out of curiosity with the old man. As we entered the house, the child

was sitting at a spinning wheel, she was pale and thin, and seemed half silly, she complained of hunger and pain. I can see nothing in the child, said I, 'oh, if she was always reasonable like that,' exclaimed the peasant. Presently the worm was seized with a sobbing in the throat: 'there we have the gift,' said the old man, 'the disorder is breaking out now--exorcise, reverend sir!' as the little creature was thus struggling, her body dilated, she fell on the ground, her bosom throbbed and heaved, and suddenly we heard as it were quite a strange tone, which did not belong to the child. 'I tell thee, my child, if thy parents repent and follow the spirit, all will be right and good, and thou shalt partake of liberty and of my word.' I was terrified, especially as the devil spoke as pure French as the child of persons of rank; I sprinkled her with holy water, I vehemently conjured that the devil, if it was one, might come out of her; all in vain, the little thing cried out, 'I tell you, the idolaters shall not prevail against you, and this evil one shall find the reward of his misdeeds,' thereby meaning myself: the unfortunate child, because I was so zealous in my calling; then followed exhortation and singing, and pure fear of God and admonition to repentance. I could scarcely do it better myself: she then arose and seemed just as miserable and foolish as before. I cannot help you, said I to my penitent, you see that the word of God and holy water have no effect on her; hunger and chastisement just as little, nor has your persuasion, nor the fear of rendering you unhappy had any weight with her, leave it to herself. In short, the child ate and drank again, and became more zealous than ever in preaching repentance; so that at length the father was converted, or, at least, he ran to the mountains to the Camisards, and said: 'if he were to be punished, or executed, he should at least know wherefore.' Thus you see, I lost many penitents the preceding year, for when they have drawn suspicion on themselves, they prefer becoming rebels to avoid suffering anxiety, ill-treatment, and even death without a cause, as one may say. The case of the shepherd from my adjoining village is still more singular. He was a wild, reckless fellow, and as strong in the right faith as need be wished; he had already delivered more than one Camisard and suspected person up to the executioner. He came running to me one morning at a very early hour, crying out, 'Help, help, reverend sir!' 'what is the matter now,' said I, 'have the Camisards set fire to your house, as they have always threatened to do, on account of your zeal?' 'Ah, much worse, much worse,' cried the knave, wringing his brown, bony hands. 'Speak out shepherd,' said I, 'Do you know,' he began, 'my son, the tall Michael,--who does not know the lanky looby--he is known to almost all the mountaineers, it is indeed the cross of your house, that the idiot is so useless: he will neither work, nor mind the herds; he is so stupid, that he is scarcely considered a member of the church, yet he often enough disturbs the congregation; he is only fit to carry

burdens, and prefers living with the dogs, which he frequents as if they were his equals: Is he departed this transitory life? rejoice, for you have one burden less.' 'It is not that indeed,' exclaimed the old man, incensed, 'Oh, I should not grieve for that: But think, who in the world would have supposed that the long broomstick would have become a prophet?' 'How?' cried I, my mouth and eyes wide open with amazement; 'so, a blockhead, who is good for nothing else in the world, may become one of their prophets?' I went therefore with the old man, but the affair turned out still more strangely. As we entered the house, the thin, bony man was just in the act of prophesying, speaking in a pure dialect about the deliverance of France, of liberty, of faith, of better times, encouraging them to fight. I tried to pray, and to exorcise, but the father seized his great shepherd's stick, brandished it over him, so that he would have killed him, had I not stopped his arm. We then listened for a short time, and what ensued? suddenly something gurgled in the old man's throat, he groaned, turned up his eyes, fell against the wall and then on the ground, and after a few mighty heavings of the breast, he too began; he sang psalms, exhorted to repentance, prophesied the fall of Babel; nothing could equal it: as the old one sang, the young one twittered; I thought I was bewitched, my priestly vestments fell from my hands, I could only listen to those two possessed ones, who were howling out pure piety, and texts from the Bible, and as I gazed at the astounding wonder with agitation and fear, I felt a shock through all my limbs, and sir, as true as heaven is above us, a desire arose within me to be seized with similar fits, and to take a part in this unhappy affair. I rushed out into the open, blessed air of heaven. I thought on all dignitaries, of my bishop, of the great church and organ of Montpellier, of the letter which I possessed from the murdered Abbot of Chably, of our illustrious Marshal of Montrevel, of his dress-uniform, and of such things,--and God be praised, the trembling left my body, and I am now a reasonable man and a christian priest again. Ever since that time, I look upon the whole affair with terror. Be it witchcraft, that they are possessed with devils, bodily and infectious diseases, or the unknown, new fanaticism of the learned doctors, I have at least discovered that mankind is easily entrapped, and that the Spaniard is right with his proverb: 'No man can say of this water I will not drink.' The two shepherd knaves have now also run into the wilds after Cavalier, and have become great heroes of the faith."

The old Counsellor had gone out frequently during these details to give orders to the domestics, who had in the mean while laid the table and prepared the evening repast. "My unknown friends," said the old gentleman affably, "with whose company chance and the bad weather have so unexpectedly honoured me,

and who are to me,--with the exception of the reverend priest,--total strangers, let us all sociably and without ceremony take our places at this table, eat and drink, and afterwards enjoy a refreshing sleep under my roof." Edmond looked up, and could scarcely believe at first that his father was in earnest; the priest cast an expressive glance at the huntsman and one of still deeper meaning at the young man, and smiled as if to hint, that he at all events should withdraw from this distinguished circle, among which he himself only had any claim to remain; but the little Eveline hung on the young man's arm and drew him by her side to the table where he immediately sat down with her the first without waiting for farther bidding. "Quite right," said the Counsellor, "No ceremony if you wish to please me! here are no invited guests, we meet together as if we were on board a ship or in a wood. I must render you all this hospitality without distinction." Edmond blushing, placed himself at the head of the table by his father, the priest seated himself opposite to him, by the side of the latter sat the huntsman, who left a large space between himself and his neighbour, and then came Eveline and her playfellow as he almost appeared. "Quite patriarchal," said the priest, "those men there, my worthy sir, will not forget to publish throughout the country, your philanthropy and contempt of prejudices."

At this moment the veil of clouds in the horizon burst asunder, the sun in its descent suddenly threw a purple glow over the lowering sky, a red fire spread itself over the mountain-vineyards, tree and bush, and vinetendril sparkled in the fiery ray, beyond the woods shone brilliantly, and as the eye glanced upwards, the summits of the distant Cevennes were seen glowing in the rosy light; on the left, the waterfall rushed like blood from the steep rock, and the whole hall, the table, and the guests, all was as if bathed in blood, so that the lights just then burned darkly and the fire in the chimney emitted a blue flame. The rain had ceased, a holy silence reigned throughout all nature, not a leaf rustled, the red brook only flowed splashingly along, and the glowing waterfall murmured its melody. The old Counsellor's eyes were cast upwards as if in fervent prayer, and a tear glistened in his full eye; the fair young man laid down his knife and fork and folded his hands; the huntsman glanced timidly from under his heavy eyebrows; the priest tried to assume a sanctified look; the child playfully clapped her hands, and Edmond was lost in silent reflection.

Just as quickly as it was withdrawn, the curtain fell again over the horizon and extinguished its light, upon which the Counsellor said, "was not this like an emblem of our country and of our misfortunes? as necessity unites us all and brings us together, and as the misery that oppresses us, if I may so express

myself, becomes as it were sanctified and endeared to us? all our countrymen pass through this baptism of blood, may heaven have pity on us." Edmond cast an expressive look on his father and then glanced furtively at the huntsman and the young stranger, as if to intimate, that such thoughts should not have been expressed in their presence; the old man smiled kindly on his son, but did not even try to conceal his feelings.--

"Papa," cried Eveline, "it was as if the sky wished to play at hide and seek with us, just as little Dorothea with her plump, rosy cheeks smiles upon me and then, whisk! creeps under the cloth again."

"It was like a bleeding world crying for succour," exclaimed the fair-haired young man. Edmond cast a sidelong glance at him, and said, "It is perhaps the extinction of the nefarious revolt!"

"May be so," replied the youth, and raised his blue, child-like eyes to Edmond, "but I think that everything rests in the hands of the Supreme Being."

"Most assuredly," said Edmond sharply, "and the evil would have ceased long since if so much disaffection, secret abettance, and malicious joy at the misfortunes of the king had not reigned among the common people."

"Every reasonable person must own however," said the young man with a melancholy smile, "that the evil did not originate with the people; they were quiet, and although others may suffer, their miseries are beyond expression."

The priest left off eating with astonishment, that the little unseemly man should have the last word with the master of the house opposite to him; he rolled his eyes up and down as if seeking for some astounding words of reproof; the little girl pressed the hands of her new friend for engaging in dispute with Edmond, and the latter as his father already began to testify his uneasiness at his son's violence, turned away with an expression of profound contempt, saying, "I know not with whom I speak, but I think I have some knowledge of you; are you not the son of the late Huguenot sexton of Besere close by?"

"No, gracious sir," answered the young man perfectly unembarrassed, "I have not the honour of being known to you; I am now come to this neighbourhood for the first time, to make some purchases, my name is Montan, or simply William, as I am called by the neighbours and by my father, who is owner of the mill in the deep valley beyond Saumière."

"Therefore a praiseworthy miller's lad!" said the priest. "It was not sung to you in your cradle that you should ever sit at table in such company as this." "No, indeed," said the miller with emotion; "when I stood before the house, I thought not to find a reception as from the venerable patriarchs we read of in the Holy Scriptures, I did not expect to be introduced to a nobleman, who, to my mind and imagination, presents the most sublime picture of Abraham and Jacob." He wiped his eyes, and as they were about to rise from table, he lifted his glass, and said, "pray allow me first, honoured sirs, to empty this glass in token of my most heartfelt gratitude, and to the unalloyed happiness of our respected host, and the endless prosperity of his noble house." He drank, and the old Lord bowed not without emotion, while Edmond and the priest looked at each other long and enquiringly. The huntsman scraped and smiled, and the priest in his astonishment forgot to drink.

They rose from table, and Eveline seated herself again by the side of her favorite in a corner of the room, and said to him, "That is the right way, he is too haughty if one allows him to go on."

Her father approached them, "my child, it is now quite time for you to retire to bed." "Indeed papa," answered she kissing his hand, "I should like to remain longer here, but there must be order, as you always say; I am obedient and will be your comfort, shall I not? it would indeed be very wicked, and I should vex you, if I turned a prophet like so many other children in this country." "God bless you, my love," said the old man resting his hand upon her head; "go to bed, and you, my friend, sit down here and rest yourself some time longer," said he, pressing the young miller's hand; when Eveline perceived her father's kindness towards him, she quickly returned, and throwing herself on the neck of the young man, kissed him repeatedly, then drawing back a little, she curtsied gracefully, and in a lady-like manner, and waving her hand, said: "Au revoir," and followed the domestic who consigned her to her maid.

"As you are from Saumière," said the priest, turning to the miller, "You are surely acquainted with the hermit, who is now the leader of a troop against the Camisards?" "Oh, I know him very well," replied the youth, "his cell is in a rocky valley, which is separated from our mill only by a stony fence; we often visited him on holidays, when the valley was passable on our side; he is a tall, athletic man, with a grizly beard and large, grey eyes; he seemed peaceable and quiet until the war made him a soldier again. Unheard of cruelties are asserted to have been committed by him; he is said not to know what compassion is, and

must take pleasure in murder; but now his trade is over." "Is he dead?" enquired the Counsellor. "No, not exactly that," continued the young man, "but I heard a report on the Vidourla, that he was totally defeated yesterday by Cavalier, and that, if he consults his own advantage, he will creep into a cell, for the common people will not surely trust to him again, when they perceive that he does not understand his business."

"He has been a captain, however," said the huntsman.

"The combat against the rebels," said the priest, "is a difficult affair, for *that* courage and the ordinary discipline of a soldier do not suffice; our Marshal Montrevel would perhaps prefer fighting against Eugene and Marlborough than with these rag-o-muffins."

More wood was now piled on the fire. The father sat down, while Edmond paced up and down the hall in visible inquietude, the priest drew his chair towards the Counsellor, and said: "You are suffering from the gout in your left foot, my lord."

"Why do you conclude so?" asked the old gentleman, "the leg does not appear to me swoln, although you have guessed rightly."

"The swelling," continued the priest, "is certainly almost imperceptible; but you often step lighter and more gently with this foot, probably without being conscious of it, perhaps this joint is a little contracted in proportion to the right, and therefore has not the strength of the latter."

"That is very critically observed," said the Counsellor.

"My honoured sir," continued the priest, "it is incredible how consistent and reasonable nature is in all her productions. To analyse her in her minutest parts is instructive, however ridiculous it may appear to the unpractised. More than a century ago, the Neapolitan, De la Porte, wrote an excellent book on physiognomy comparing the human and the brutal together; in the earlier ages people tried to read on the countenance the virtues, vices, and qualities of the disposition: Believe me, if I could devote my leisure hours to this subject, I am confident I should carry it so far as to be able to discover from a shoe, or a boot, that had been worn for a time, many faults or peculiarities of its possessor."

"Really?" said the old Lord smiling, "They betray themselves by the

garments, when closely examined; the hasty, or irresolute gait, the shuffling of the feet, the gliding step of ladies, are certainly very expressive; a certain nonchalant manner of walking, a haughty tread of the heel, an affected, frivolous sliding on tip toe, the indecisive tottering footstep, by which the shoe loses its shape, excepting the qualities which however demonstrate themselves by the high, or low instep, or by the flatness of the foot. But now for the legs; if these were exhibited in their natural state, it would be scarcely possible to mistake the rank, profession, and way of life; then there are tailor's and baker's legs, which it is impossible not to recognise, foot and cavalry soldier's legs, weaver's and joiner's legs, and so on."

"These are very interesting observations," said the Counsellor, "would you, for instance, venture to declare the former manner of life of my Frantz by his legs?"

"By my legs?" exclaimed the old servant, who was still busied in clearing away. "Here they are, reverend sir."

"Stoop a little--now go yonder--come back again--stand perfectly upright--my Lord Counsellor, I could swear that your Frantz has been in his youth, nay at a later period of life, a mariner."

The servant looked at the priest astounded, and the Lord of Beauvais said: "You have hit it, my reverend friend; but from what do you draw your conclusion?"

"No mariner," said the priest "ever loses entirely the straggling and somewhat stooping gait which he has acquired on shipboard, he sinks his loins in walking, and a slight limp remains for the rest of his life."

When the other servant approached, the priest immediately cried out, "Give yourself no further trouble, one can see at the distance of a gun-shot, that the good man has been a tailor in his youth, and that he certainly pursues the same occupation now, for the bent shins clearly demonstrate it." "You follow the chase," turning to the huntsman who was standing; "it must be so, although I should rather have taken you for a soldier, and from the eye, for a smuggler; by the bye, what is the matter with your right knee? it certainly is not from attending mass, from whence then does this slight protuberance proceed? perhaps you have acquired the strange habit of falling on your right knee when you shoot?"

"Reverend sir," exclaimed the huntsman, "you must be a bit of a wizard yourself, for you have hit the mark. From my youth upwards I have never been able to shoot but in a kneeling position; should a hare run by under my nose, I cannot hit it standing, I must first throw myself down; but I have always been much ridiculed by my companions for it."

"For the rest," resumed the priest, "you have mountain-legs, and you must have been born in the Cevennes, or the Pyrenees, your eye too is characteristic of the mountaineer who is far-sighted."

"Just so," said the huntsman, "I come from Lozère, the wildest part of the mountains."

"Well, my young friend," said the connoisseur in legs, turning to the young lad,--"You pretend to be a miller and want miller's legs, how does that happen? observe, that from carrying sacks, the miller's back is early bent and becomes broad and round, but the principal weight presses upon the calves of the legs, the sinews of the hams become disproportionately strong; but with you these are precisely the weakest parts, the ancles too are not large enough: here, *summa summarum* fails the miller's character, for my science cannot deceive."

"In this I cannot assist you, sir," said the young man petulantly, "for I am what I am, and will remain so."

"For my part," quickly rejoined the critic, "I desire not to press too closely on your miller's honour, you may probably be a spoilt, effeminate mother's darling, who would not suffer you to be too heavily laden, your hair and whole countenance have a mealy character, your voice too sounds like the wheat-bell and the mill-hopper, but when I look at your knees, they seem to me to be those of a baker, which are turned in from shoving the bread into the oven and taking it out again; during this process he is obliged to keep in a stooping position and rests upon his knees; but I discover the strangest contradiction in your thighs, for they are those of a horseman and of one who rides much, your eye too betrays a martial spirit, it darts here and there and is never quiet as a miller's ought to be, who is attentive to his business; in short, you are to me in your legs and in your whole person a very puzzling youth."

The young man reddened with resentment and the Counsellor endeavoured to turn the entire affair into merriment and laughter,--when the whole party was suddenly alarmed by a violent knocking at the front door of the house, that aroused even Edmond from his reverie. "For God's sake let me in," roared a voice loudly from without, "open to me in the name of heaven!"

At a sign from the Counsellor, who quickly recovered from his surprise, the servants rushed forward, the company looked at one another in silence, the bolts were withdrawn, and the tread of heavy footsteps was heard approaching the hall; the doors were thrown open, and lighted by the servants, a tall, powerfully-built figure with grey hair and moustaches of the same hue entered, he held in his hand a massive staff, that without exaggeration might be termed a club; a

long, broad sword trailed clanging after him, and four pistols were stuck, in a black leather girdle. On his entrance he approached the host, and said in a deep, sonorous voice, "Pardon me, my lord, the alarm I must have caused you, I was benighted, pursued and in danger, therefore I ventured, certainly rather unceremoniously, to claim the shelter of your house."

"Oh heavens, it is the terrible hermit!" exclaimed the miller in a hoarse voice, "I am he, indeed," replied the gigantic figure, "but why terrible, my young simpleton? I may surely be permitted to show my face every where, presumptuous fellow; and I have shown it before other physiognomies than yours.--Your pardon! Sir Baron, if I give way to my displeasure at the presumption of this hireling. Yes, reverend sir, I am he, who under the name of the hermit is not unknown in this part of the country; in this character I wished to do homage to my God, but an envious fate thwarts me. To-day my troop has been entirely dispersed, and I have only saved my own life through the greatest exertions, for I was pursued even in the darkness of the night; my enemies cannot be far off, my life is forfeited, if you refuse me your protection."

"All I possess," said the Counsellor, "is at your service, my house, my servants and myself will protect you as far as we are able, independently of the claims of humanity; my duty to my king and country demand this."

"You are an honourable man," replied the giant, "such as I had every reason to expect."--At his invitation, he sat down by the side of the master of the house to partake of the wine and refreshments, which the servants placed before him. "I hope," said he, "that the storm and sudden fall of night have prevented them from tracing my route, but every moment of this day has been a perilous one to me. Yonder, on the right at Nages, the body of Camisards has been totally defeated; as I passed the Vidourla to give the rout to my enemies, I met a flying detachment of them, who, instead of showing any fear, assembled together, and fell upon me like so many devils; their number was not great, but it seemed as if they were aided by magic, a panic seized my people; they crowded together, they reached the Vidourla, the furious foes behind them. At that moment the storm burst forth, the waters rushed down from the mountains and swelled the rapid mountain-stream to a fearful height, it overflowed its banks, and I saw the dead, the wounded, and the living ingulphed in the waters; I swang myself upon a tree, and from that to a barren rock; more than a hundred muskets were levelled at me, my double-barrelled gun aided me as much as possible, but my sword was useless, the storm threatened to hurl me down, I tried to ascend in

spite of the wind and the rushing waters, the rock, from incessant washing, had become slippery as ice, but at length I succeeded in gaining a footing in the midst of the rolling floods, I crept up higher, my steps illumined by the dazzling lightning, and the flashing from the enemy's guns, while the balls wizzed round me: Thus I arrived at a vineyard: I was compelled to scale the wall, on the other side I found two daring fellows, who had climbed over there before me, they fell beneath my sword, I entered a wood, and soon found myself standing upon a level rock, but without track or foot-path, neither road nor bridge was to be seen, precipices yawned below me; must I go back, or down! I slid down, the darkness prevented me from distinguishing anything; after repeated falls, I felt some shrubs under me, a huge shepherd's dog of the most ferocious species attempted to drag me down, there was no herdsman to be seen, or within call, I was compelled to wrestle with the fierce animal; night had now entirely closed in, I thought I heard the sound of bells, I groped my way towards the place from whence the sounds proceeded; soon afterwards I heard men's voices; are they friends or foes? while I was advancing with cocked pistols and drawn sword,--'Who's there?' suddenly grated upon my ears; I discovered they were the Camisards; as I gave no answer, they fired, and by the flashing I perceived distinctly ten of my foes standing at the opening of a ravine; no choice was left me, I advanced, the first fell, shot by my pistol, a second was cut down by my sword, the obscurity of the ravine favoured me, nothing remained but to fly, as quick as age and exhaustion would permit, they shouted and fired after me; at length I perceived I had attained a high road, the flashing from the fire-aims discovered to me a porch, something appeared in the distance like barns and buildings, I ran in that direction, and at last I reached the door of your house."

"Sir captain," said the Counsellor, "repose is necessary to your old age after this exertion and fatigue, lie down, and the safety, which my house is capable of affording, I again assure you, shall be faithfully granted to you."

"May heaven reward you," said the captain; "I look upon this untoward adventure as a hint of fate, warning me to lay down my arms, I shall do so, and return to a cell, or a cloister. Had Cavalier been with the troop, I should not have escaped him, for he possesses the utmost presence of mind, he is the boldest and indeed the most soldierly among the rebels."

"It is said that he is taken prisoner," observed the huntsman.

"The war is over then," exclaimed the hermit, "for, without him, they can

undertake nothing; this powerful man is alone the soul of their venturous enterprise. The others understand well enough how to kill and to die, but not how to conduct the war. I wish he had died; for should he be taken prisoner, his fate will be one worthy of commiseration."

During this discourse, the priest, who had until then considered himself of so much importance, now felt lost and dwindled to nothing by the side of the so far greater adventurer. He would willingly have testified his veneration for him by an embrace, or, at least, by a grasping of the hand, but he dared not venture to approach one, whose wrath was so easily excited by any degree of familiarity. The tall man paced up and down the hall, examining all present with a scrutinising look: "Two servants, perhaps, moreover a valet and a huntsman," he muttered to himself, but loud enough to be heard, "will not indeed be capable of offering much resistance, the house is by no means fortified in case of an attack, then the young lord here, a sort of sportsman, the black one also in case of necessity to engage the enemy, but that chicken-hearted one, (looking penetratingly at the young miller) that downy-faced fellow is quite useless. May God forbid, we should be put to so severe a test." He now, as well as the others, paid their parting compliments to the Counsellor, as they were retiring for the night; they were lighted to their apartments by the domestics, and Edmond alone remained in the hall with his father. The rain had ceased, but the night was dark and the sky was covered with lowering clouds. The father and son walked up and down for some time in silence; at length the Counsellor said: "will you not retire to rest my son?" "I am still too much agitated and did you not hear, that our last guest feared we should perhaps have to receive another unexpected visit?"--Silence ensued, but Edmond after a pause recommenced: "Forgive me, my father, if I confess, that I have not understood you to-day, that I have not recognised in you the same person as formerly. That you received these people and sheltered them from the storm, was natural enough, but how it could be conformable to your disposition, (or what shall I call it) to suffer them to eat at your table without distinction, I cannot explain to myself. Often already have our people entertained menials; and what countenance shall I assume when this squinting huntsman shall wait upon me again at the table of the Lord of Basville, I know not; and what will the Intendant and the Marshal, who certainly must hear of it, think, or say? How shall I explain it to myself, that you received that miller's boy not only with kindness and condescension, but yet with hearty familiarity? who is even too low to be your menial, that you allow my sister, who is always too forward to play and romp with him?"

"My son," said the old man with some emotion, "it seems indeed, that, the older I become, the less capable do I feel of justifying myself to you: I might say, accustom yourself to my ways, as I must through affection bear with yours, though I misunderstand them so often. You must certainly excuse me, as you did not explain yourself before, our conversation to-day had made so deep an impression on me, indeed, such as I have not experienced for a long time. In my emotion I forgot to attend to the usual etiquette of life, and as I could not avoid entertaining the priest at our own table, I added the two other poor fellows, but as to that miller, who has more particularly drawn upon himself your hatred and contempt, his child-like countenance and frank, open manners, in my opinion, did more honour to my table, than your Marshal Montrevel could ever do. Accident, the weather brought us together; the times are also so changed that we do not yet know, but we ourselves may be compelled to sue for refuge among the most miserable. But as you so despise that youth, I still less comprehend that you should honour him so highly as to argue with him, nay, to seek yourself for a dispute; for the future interfere not with my ways."

They sat down and as Edmond was silent, the Counsellor said, after a pause: "What do you think then of this priest and his manners? such as these, you see, are appointed to direct and instruct the people, the unfortunate people! these became combatants and murderers like this colossus. That my house is compelled to shelter such, that is it indeed which humbles me. All champions for a good cause may not be individually good," said Edmond.

"Retire to rest now, my son," said the Counsellor kindly, "I shall sit up some time longer, I am too disturbed to be able to sleep, I shall read yet a little while, rest will then ensue with cooler blood." Edmond embraced his father, and then retired to his chamber. The old man gazed sorrowfully after him, and thought upon his son's future destiny; he sunk into a deep and melancholy reverie, no where did hope, or comfort seem to await him. He took up his book in order to calm the perturbation of his spirit, he tried to collect himself; he reflected upon the wonderful disposition of the mind, to divert itself by that which is most profound, in order to escape from its own appropriate feelings, and to be itself again in the inward sanctuary of the spirit. Thus without reading Plato, which he had laid open before him, he became more and more absorbed in a contemplative investigation on the double nature of the soul and of the mind, that reflects on itself and comprehends its nature and property, which, in thought, at the same time, views, and proving it, ponders upon this thought, being at once actor and spectator, and being only at this moment truly conscious

of itself. He did not know how long he might have indulged in these reflections; when raising his eyes, he was surprised to see his son by his side. "You are still here, Edmond?" said he wondering. "No, my father," whispered the son, "I have reposed quite two hours, but just now when I awoke, I heard under the window a whispering and a movement as of many men, I approached, but could distinguish nothing, however, it seemed to me, as if people were gathering round our house, I have loaded in haste all our fire-arms, and quietly awakened the domestics. The strangers are still asleep, but they must now assist in our defence."

"If it be so, and that you have not been mistaken," said the father, "promise me only not to be too eager; let us be quiet and collected, for thereby one may be often enabled to prevent the worst, but I well know, by experience, that from the love of danger and fiery courage, which as easily defeat their object as cowardice, misfortune and destruction may be drawn down upon us. We must not venture alone, you must not forget your little sister. Now do I wish, that I had been a soldier, that I might meet this invasion with serenity, should it come to this, but we shall do what honour demands of us; but more than the danger itself do I fear your hastiness." In the mean while a murmur and the approach of footsteps were heard nearer; several voices were distinguished, a noise proceeded from the road and garden, so that it appeared, that they were taking possession of all the outlets. Immediately afterwards a knocking was heard at the door. The servants drew near, but at a mute signal from their master they remained tranquil; immediately the tumult became louder and several voices raised an unintelligible cry, Edmond grew warm, his father looked at him significantly; but soon, however, the name of the hermit resounded clearly and distinctly from out of the confused murmur. "They demand him," cried Edmond; "They are the Camisards!" The cry was repeated, they knocked louder, they became even noisy, the screams of women and the cries of children were now also heard; the Counsellor caused all the weapons to be brought forward, he was hastily distributing them to the servants, when trembling and ghastly pale the tall figure of the hermit, half dressed, tottered in, followed by the priest, bewildered and terrified; both seized the hand of their host, and while they were firing without, the knocking at the door and demands for the hermit became more violent. "Oh, heaven! compassion!" exclaimed the latter, "thou hast heard my oath, that I would in future refrain from blood, but it is too late, I am a victim to their vengeance!" With these words the tremendous figure fell senseless to the ground in utter despair! the child rushed into the hall with her maid; terrified and crying aloud she threw herself into her father's arms; the latter tried to comfort her, but one could see in his pale countenance, that he himself entertained but

little hope. "I will protect you as long as I can," cried he, "but the multitude appears too great to allow of my defending the house." Fire! fire! cried a hundred voices from without at the same time, and lighted fire brands were seen through the windows! at that moment the door was shaken, by large trees, which were thrown against it like battering rams. "Oh heavens!" cried the priest, while his teeth chattered, "had I but the tenth part of my former courage,--but I am not at all prepared for this, I have slept a little already, which has completely relaxed my spirit." He took off his hat, "how impolite I am!" sighed he, but it was almost laughable, even in that moment, that under this he still wore his night-cap, without being aware of it, and in wandering about in every corner of the hall, he carried his hat in his hand. The huntsman now stole in, took his loaded gun from the shelf, and placed himself quietly by the chimney; "whither are you going" exclaimed Edmond, "out with the rifle, you must all defend yourselves!" "Impossible," stammered the man, "give up the old villain, otherwise the whole house is lost, I know the Camisards." "Scoundrel!" thundered the young man--"where is the miller? Still in bed? all of you, you miserable varlets, shall defend this place with me, nay, even that weak, effeminate boy shall make common cause with us."

"The hermit was praying on the ground, all were shouting confusedly in the hall, but no word was heard distinctly; all was confounded with the storm, which every moment became more violent without. The window-frames were demolished, the door cracked and appeared to give way, when, with an apparent air of indifference, the young miller entered, carelessly tying his neckerchief and said: 'Let me out by the back-door, I will speak to the enraged multitude,--quick, give me the key!' These last words were uttered in a tone of command. The old Lord looked at him, took the key from the wall, and opened the door to him himself, the youth went round to the other side of the house. Edmond posted himself with a loaded gun opposite the door, in order to fire among the assailants, in case they succeeded in forcing an entrance. Suddenly a tremendous shout was raised, which seemed like acclamations of joy and was reiterated by the crowds surrounding the house. Then all was still; and after a while a deep voice exclaimed: 'He must come out the assassin, on this spot he shall be torn to pieces!' 'Merciful God,' cried the hermit from the ground, where he still lay, 'that is the terrible Catinat, who knows no compassion!'--after a few words exchanged among them, the high and almost hoarse voice of the youth was heard. 'Silence all,' cried he vehemently: nothing more could be distinguished, for a confused murmur arose. The child glancing from under her dishevelled fair long tresses, said: 'Observe, my little David will yet save that great Goliath there.' The crowds

without drew themselves up and marched away, the youth returned again by the garden-door, much heated and nearly breathless; he approached, the hermit still lying prostrate, fixed his eyes upon him, then caught him by the breast and said, 'rise up, God has again spared you to-day, you are safe, return to the town or to your own house.' He then turned to the huntsman, whispered something in his ear, whereupon the latter suddenly fell terrified upon his knees and exclaimed, 'Mercy!' 'Be silent!' said the young miller hastily. The priest looked as if he could have embraced the knees of the wonderful youth, who now turned to the master of the house, and said, in gentle tones: 'my honoured host, I consider myself fortunate in having been able to protect you; there were certainly a few Camisards, but the crowd was principally composed of a number of drunken millers-men from my part of the country, who had met with some other rough, intoxicated fellows. It was lucky, that I was known to some of them, in consequence of which, the small number of Camisards also suffered themselves to be pacified. It seems that they assembled more for pleasure than for any wicked purpose. Receive my thanks for your noble hospitality, worthy and honoured man.' He bowed, the old Lord seemed as if he wished to embrace him, but the opportunity was lost in irresolution and the stranger was already at the door.

"Farewell David!" exclaimed the child. He looked back once more with a serious and enquiring expression, raised his hand and eyes as if invoking a blessing, and then quitted the hall.

Those who remained behind, looked at one another as if they had witnessed the performance of a miracle. The first light of morning already dawned, and the dense multitude was seen retreating over the mountains, Edmond was standing in deep thought, and the old Lord, after having unlocked his gun, gave it to the servant, to carry away. The hermit drew near abashed, as if he felt considerably diminished in size since the day before. "I leave your house, my Lord," said he, in a voice scarcely audible, and with a heart greatly depressed; "I had almost drawn upon your honoured head the malediction attending my own errors, but the Lord has averted it." He took the road to Nismes; the huntsman had already slipped away.

"My Lord Counsellor of Parliament," cried the priest, "you have not seen us to-day in the most favourable light, now that all has passed off happily; I am a man again; courage revives once more within me, I could now show you that I am no coward, if a few of these villains would but return. Receive my thanks,

honoured sir, and you too my young--but what do I see?" Now, for the first time, he perceived that he was politely taking leave with his hat in his hand, and his night-cap still on his head;--abashed he pulled it off, and thrust it into his pocket?--"This is the worst of all," said he, his whole face reddening; "One may thus see to what a sensible man may be reduced in these troublous times." He again made a hasty bow and retreated.

"Who was this youth?" asked the old Lord. "Probably one of those infamous rebels," replied Edmond in great wrath; "I had rendered perhaps a service to God and the king, if I had sent this ball after him!" "Father," said the child, "believe me, he was the angel Gabriel, and brother Edmond will yet be converted, and love him as I do." "Go to bed again, my little one," said her father, "you require rest, poor child!"

"That was no good night," said Eveline, "so now good morning, father! it grows so beautifully bright!" she retired with the female attendants, and Edmond and his father alone remained behind in the saloon. They were both silent for a long time, at length Edmond took his gun, and said, "what do you think of all this, and especially of this mysterious fellow, who can demean himself so innocently, and with so much *naïveté*?"

"I must not express my thoughts," answered his father, "perhaps they would sound too romantic. You will leave us again, my son? and probably will not come back to dinner?"

"You know," replied Edmond, "my passion for hunting and the delight I take in mountains and forests; nature elevates us above our suffering; she strengthens our feelings; she inspires and gives us that noble vigour, which becomes but too often enervated in society, and in every day life. This will be a glorious day after the storm; I will forget all that I have experienced here."

"Let us but bring to nature a pious and purified spirit," said his father, "and she becomes to us the holiest of temples, psalms and songs of praise will then re-echo our holy inspirations; but her gloomy rocks and waterfalls, her desolate solitude with black masses of clouds brooding above, her wild echo can also excite still more the uneasy, agitated mind, and arouse more powerfully the turbulent spirit, for she answers only as she is questioned."

"I will therefore speak to her in my way," replied Edmond, half petulantly,

"woods and mountains will perhaps understand me better than men." He bowed and went through the garden, and descended the vineyards already glittering, with the first rays of morning.

"He is going there again to Alais," said his father sighing, "and his wild enthusiasm for nature gives place to a well-lighted saloon, card-playing, witticisms, and frivolous conversations. Woe to me that I must thus recognise in him the characteristics of my youth, disfigured and exaggerated!"

CHAPTER II.

The candles were already lighted, when Edmond stood before a large house, undecided if he should enter or not; "she has company again, the same as ever," said he to himself; "and how shall I in my dusty shooting-dress present myself among well-dressed ladies? However, she is kind and indulgent, I am at a distance from home, the strangers too are already accustomed to this in me." He ascended and laid down his gun and pouch in the anti-chamber, the servant ushered him in, and he found only a small circle, the young lady's two old aunts and a few younger ladies of the town of Nismes, established at two card tables and entertained, as usual, by an old Captain. They were relating to one another the defeat of the Camisards on the preceding day, and how they had assembled again, and how their leaders had escaped.

"Where is the Lady Christine?" asked Edmond of the Lady de Courtenai.

"My niece," replied the lady, "is within there, indisposed as she says: her capricious fits have returned again, and no one can make anything of her; perhaps you may be able to enliven her, or perhaps she is sad, because the Marshal is not yet come."

Edward passed into the adjoining room, the door of which stood open, it was lighted up, and there, on a sofa with tearfraught eyes sat the Lady Christine; her lute lay negligently on her arm, as if she would have played, but she was so deeply plunged in thought, that she started up terrified, when Edmond greeted her and inquired after her health. "Lady, dearest," he exclaimed, "what is the matter with you? I have never yet seen you thus!"

"Not thus?" said Christine, looking wildly, and with a smile of bitterness, "and why not, it is thus indeed I should ever be! Only you do not know, nor understand me; you will not understand me!"

Edmond drew back bewildered; "how shall I interpret these words?"

"As you will, or rather as you can."

"Explain yourself," said the young man; "you have been weeping, you appear

ill."

"All this is of great importance, is it not?" said she with a passionate movement.

"How have I offended you?" asked Edmond with sympathy, "it almost appears as if I had: are you mortified by me? I do not know myself guilty in anything; what is it then in the name of all the saints?"

"That you are a man!" said Christine, while her pale cheeks glowed with the deepest crimson.

"Well! really," said Edmond, "this transgression is so new, that I know not how to answer. Is this the amiable Christine of Castelnau, who thus greets her friend, who"--

"Amiable!" cried she passionately--"what do you call thus, ye friends? the bad, the wretched, the worthless of this world, with which we cover our naked misery as with torn purple rags from the worn out, faded wardrobes of former times, when there were yet clothes, and ornament and men?--or has the world been always thus miserable?"--she threw the lute from her as if it terrified her. "This is also one of the deplorable customs, that we should warble and play, and make grimaces, though our hearts were to break, in case a particle of heart throb yet within us."

"You are ill," exclaimed Edmond, "so ill, that I shall run immediately to our friend Vila;" "Stop," said Christine, and while they were still disputing, an equipage quickly rattled up; all arose in the first room, it was the Marshal of Montrevel, who in his dress-uniform stepped lightly and gracefully out of the carriage and bounded up the stairs, and while the folding doors were thrown open, and the ladies and gentlemen in the room formed a respectful line, he greeted them all with the most polite condescension, "Good evening ladies," said he kindly, "I rejoice to see you all well; Captain, Mr. Counsellor, your servant; ah, my young friend," turning to Edmond, "you are here very often; but where is our amiable hostess?"

"She too is not far," said Christine, coming forward.

"And well?" asked the Marshal; "certainly this charming serenity, this grace, these divine talents, how could it be otherwise?--I hope ladies that you will not

disturb yourselves; let us all sit down and play, or converse as best it may seem."

He laid aside his sword and plumed hat, and with obliging promptitude placed an armchair near the fire-place for the lady Christine; he took a footstool and sat on it at her feet, Edmond leaned over the back of her chair and the rest of the company resumed their play. "At your feet, loveliest of women," began the Marshal, "must I find again the peace and tranquillity, which deserted me to-day: yes, this day is one of the most unfortunate of my life!" "Have the Camisards penetrated into Nismes?" asked Christine.

"They will never do that," replied the Marshal smiling, "means have been taken to prevent it; these miserable men will soon have sung their last song. Yesterday they were as good as annihilated, and we should have given them the rout here near Nages, if treachery and wickedness had not, as usual, rendered our best efforts abortive."

"Certainly," said Edmond, "if the people were unanimous in their exertions to extirpate them, the best part would have been achieved."

"Young man," rejoined the Marshal, "I will annihilate them even without the assistance of the people, for these associations composed of citizens, and peasants to oppose them, are more injurious than useful, these men understand neither service nor war, they rather call forth the vigour and insolence of the rebels, the soldier alone can put them down. How unfortunate has it turned out with the good hermit of Saumière! he is said to have been completely defeated, and at last drowned."

Edmond related what he knew of the affair, and the Marshal said smilingly; "I can easily imagine the anxiety of the old boy; but to continue: an old Camisard, a squinting, bald-headed man passed over to us, he was well acquainted with all the secret passes of the mountains; I think his name is Favart; he promised to deliver into our hands the leader Cavalier, and his principal troop, together with the infamous Catinat; we find the matter as he has announced it; the Lord of Basville had through kindness for the wretched man, taken him into his service as gamekeeper; and whether it is, that he has not been able to conquer his old attachment to the rebels, or that he himself did not know all precisely: the rebel leaders with a numerous troop have escaped us again, and Cavalier has, as I have just learned from a courier, defeated a considerable body of our people in the mountains not far from St. Hypolite."

"I know Favart," said Christine, "he was in our service for a long while; a wild but otherwise good man; I am only surprised that he could have again abandoned his sect. But is this the misfortune that you bewail so much, Marshal?" "No, beautiful lady," said the Lord of Montrevel, "such things which are mere trifles to a real soldier cannot disconcert me, I should blush for myself, if the common accidents of the field or of life could ruffle my temper."

"Your beloved then is become faithless? console yourself, there still remain enough for you," said the young lady drily.

"Ah, sly one!" said the Marshal, holding up his finger threateningly; "yes, enchantress, if you feel and return my flame, if you only believe in it, then would I consider this gloomy day as the happiest of my life, and to me all the rest of womankind on earth would be as nothing." He declined all the refreshments presented to him by the servants: "This is a fast day for me," he continued, "and I have not yet been permitted to dine to-day."

"You are too severe," said Christine, "too orthodox, too devout; moreover, I do not recollect that this is a fast day."

"It is not that," said the general solemnly; "for, at times, one may break this fast without any great qualms of conscience; but there are things which are not really connected with the church or her ordinances, but which lie in nature, and on that account are more deeply engraven on our hearts; things which many philosophers, as well as ecclesiastics censure as prejudice and superstition, and which nevertheless have, through the implicit faith of millions, been transmitted to us from the remotest times, and from that very circumstance possess, yes, I may so express myself, a revered, a holy authority. These signs and tokens of a dark futurity, the immediate voice, as it were, of fate, speaks so much the more thrillingly to us as they appear to the dull eye only ridiculous or, at least, insignificant, and as every man has his protecting genius, so has he also all the signs, which are peculiarly suited to him, and which are of the highest importance, if he attends to them and knows how to apply to himself their signification."

"Excellent!" exclaimed the Lady, "now I listen to you willingly, for if the hero is at the same time a philosopher, I like him all the better for it."

"Most bewitching of your sex!" said Montrevel while he attempted to kiss her

hand, which she hastily snatched from his lips. "Being then of this belief," said the Marshal, "you may judge of my horror as I sat to-day at table,--the Lord of Basville to whom, on account of his station, this attention is due, sat near me, my aide-de-camp and a few officers,--dinner is announced, the plates are changed,--but, my sight becomes again obscured when I think of it."--

"For heaven's sake," said Edmond, "what is it? assuredly some dreadful wickedness of the rebels, fire-brands and murder, or poison."--"No, young man," continued the Marshal, somewhat tranquillized, "against such things I am secure,--my Fleury, the luckless man, my valet, who in other respects is cleverness and dexterity itself, this man at a sign from me (for he only waits upon me and therefore the affair is the more incomprehensible) was handing the salt, and while I was taking it, he entirely upset the saltcellar before me; a mist came over my eyes, I was compelled to go to bed, having discharged my valet, and come here to find consolation and tranquillity."

Edmond, who turned away with the greater shame and vexation, the more he had been excited by the narrative; could not sustain the fiery regards of the Marshal, who, in seeking to arouse sympathy, fixed his eyes steadfastly upon him and Christine. The latter very unceremoniously burst into a loud and hearty fit of laughter, while she looked at Edmond almost maliciously.

"Well, really! madam," began the Marshal, "this treatment is the more unexpected, as I am unaccustomed to it from you; if such things can make you merry, you think too slightly of the happiness, or unhappiness of your friend."

"Not so indeed," said Christine, "besides I am not particularly merry, I think the tale very edifying and dare be sworn, that the woman and children, whom early this morning you so serenely caused to be shot, also upset the saltcellar in their hut yesterday evening, but you are now free from all these accidents, is it not so Marshal?"

"Is it permitted to ask," said Edmond modestly, "what the affair is?"

"Early this morning," said the Marshal more composedly, "I was compelled to sacrifice a few of these unhappy people to the law, for they would have sent provisions to the rebels in the mountains."

"The investigation was somewhat precipitate," said Christine, "not much regard was paid to the denial of the persons arrested; it is true there was some

probability, for the mother had a son among the rebels, who may have often enough suffered hunger. She was a woman of forty years of age with two children, one twelve and the other eight years old. They were led through this street."

"But not the children?" said Edmond turning pale.

The Marshal shrugged up his shoulders and answered lightly, "we must enforce with severity our self-appointed laws, in order to terrify; they could not themselves shew why they were on the by-road; for that they still would have gathered fruit is incredible."

"This mother," interrupted the lady, "with her younger children were seeking for some beans, they were found in the fields by a party of soldiers, terror prevented them from replying quickly to their questions,--and this noble marshal, this gay, gallant, amiable man, this *bel esprit*, who writes verses, beats his enemies and makes netting, this tender-hearted man who sheds tears if I suffer from headache, this hateful monster caused mother and children to be shot, while he blows a feather from his uniform with infinite grace!"

"Lady!" screamed the Marshal starting up, Edmond stepped back, the footstool was upset and the whole company rose from their card-tables at this sudden uproar.

"Is it not true," said Christine passionately while she stood in the middle of the room, "that such conduct is great, heroic and noble? have our enlightened times come, that we should experience such things? oh, monster! dare you mention the words friendship and love? have you the arrogance to wish to pass for estimable and benevolent? yes, you are also a contemptible creature like your despicable associates, yet you must have felt, seen, or in your dreams at least experienced what a dark destiny poverty, sorrow, necessity, and holy compassion is, these destitute parents, these hungry children; the mother, who with scanty and meagre food entered her hut, how their eyes sought hers imploringly; how her glance of consolation shone in the eyes of her children; how the small supply spread a heaven of tranquil abundance and mutual love! Had you but the eye of an imprisoned swallow; had you only understood your dog when he begs some crumbs from you: you would have trampled your cross of honour under foot rather than have done that deed. Man only can sink so low; the beast which tears itself is gentle and innocent; a spark of ancient heaven

shines still brighter in its savage state than in our more degenerate nature. There are tales for children in which a timid girl is made to kiss a scaly dragon in order to disenchant him; but I could caress the tiger, extend my hand and offer my lips to the hideous hyena, rather than pollute myself by being friendly towards you, for I should fear from a woman to be transformed into a dragon. And yet,--as they passed here, exchanging farewell glances, these children, who yet knew nothing of life, and were slaughtered at this tender age--it was indeed as if the last judgment with all its terrors burst upon my heart; behold, I could have kissed the dust from your and your executioner's shoes in the public streets, only to have saved them! I flew to you, I found you not. Yes, most assuredly, all that was felt in those bitter moments by these wretched creatures is now changed for them into peace and blessedness; yes, they have forgotten this life and you, if we do not madly pray to a tyrant instead of to the God of goodness."

"You are mad yourself, miserable woman," exclaimed the Marshal vehemently, "to forget yourself thus--by heaven! you should be shut up in a madhouse. But, by my honour, you shall never see me again."

"Never! never!" cried Christine, with flashing eyes, "Oh, already this is happiness and gain! no, great hero, never, or if you should feel a desire to come, a large vessel filled with salt shall be upset at your feet, as people strew salt over the places where the cursed have dwelt."

The Marshal trembled so violently with rage, that he was not able to gird on his sword; he took it under his arm and left the house without uttering a single word. The captain had already slipped away, when the conversation took this unexpected turn; the aunts curtesied, mutually embarrassed, and retired also, as their niece paid no attention to them; the latter made a sign to the servants to withdraw, and released and exhausted, she fell prostrate on the ground, while tears burst from her eyes so unrestrainedly, as if she would thus weeping pass away and expire.

Edmond, much embarrassed, drew near, she saw him not, he spoke a few words, but she heard him not. "Dearest," he exclaimed at length, "you kill me, you kill yourself! these powerful shocks will destroy your constitution." "And were it not as well?" said she in a feeble voice, without restraining her tears, "look on me, here on the ground, weep with me; all good men should now perish." "Rise, lady," said Edmond, while he assisted her, "if I must not believe that your reason has deserted you."

"It has certainly suffered," said she somewhat tranquillised, while she stood by him, and continued, "otherwise would I have seen and endured these things as others do: it is even so, I have had a glance of the sorrows of the world and of the enormity of mankind and can never more jest and smile with them as formerly, I am awakened from the mock existence and therefore you consider me mad; but you, Edmond, you, among so many, should have known me better!"

"I am yet as in a dream," said Edmond, "how could you thus give way to your grief, how so rudely wound the feelings of the Marshal, even though you were in the right? I no longer recognise you, although I am acquainted with you for more than a year. You were never thus."

"Always Edmond," sobbed she, "never otherwise, only that my grief has burst out too violently. Why do you not understand me? Is your heart incased in some hard metal that no feeling can penetrate it? Do not believe that, on that account, I have neglected my mass or vesper to implore the God of mercy to enlighten these wretches and to succour these poor persecuted creatures, and that he may also strengthen myself? Mark me, Edmond, although I do not belong to the community of Huguenots, but if all these murderers were extirpated in a second by one tremendous blow, our church should institute a festival of thanksgiving that this stigma was removed from her, and her holy banner would be no more dishonoured."

"I understand you now," said Edmond.--They had stepped into the antechamber, "by heaven, I shall soon give up all society and rather hold communion with stones than with men." He took his gun indignantly from the wall, "How wild, Edmond, how obstinate," said she softly, "is it then not permitted that men should understand, in love at least, their confused Babilonean language? disembodied spirits only love--and you say indeed that I have a place in your heart!"

"Love!" exclaimed Edmond, "accursed word! execrable equivocation and madness of mankind! this old misunderstanding, love, this detestable riddle of the sphynx, that no one has unriddled and for which thousands have bled--damnation!" He gnashed his teeth and dashed his gun on the ground, so that it went off and the shot passed through the ceiling. The women and servants of the Lady Christine hastened towards her; he looked at her, she was not injured and smiled at him sorrowfully as he rushed out of the door and to his parting salute only answered by a strange shake of the head, so that her dark tresses were

loosened and shaded her face. She pressed them to her weeping eyes and went silently to the garden and out into the fresh night air.

CHAPTER III.

The Lord of Beauvais was walking up and down in his garden conversing on various subjects with his friend; as often as they passed the little open summer house, Eveline called out to them and directed their attention to the building, which she was trying to imitate with cards. The Counsellor of Parliament was violently struggling with his feelings, and his friend was trying in vain to tranquillise him.

"I have never yet seen you so obstinate," said the latter, at length, almost impatiently; "what is it then at last, Edmond is a young man like many others, let him exhaust his ardour, at a later period he will afford you satisfaction, for do we not recognise in him strength, character, and a noble heart, and these must certainly produce something good hereafter."

"It is only towards you that I am so communicative," answered the father, "I control my impatience in the presence of others and especially before my son, but much as I must love him, I cannot participate in your hopes. Were he only hasty and inconsiderate, all might be well for I have been so too, I would even look favourably upon his extravagant, overstrained religious zeal and all connected with it; for early in life my own heart singularly experienced these feelings; if with all this deep-rooted self will, this violent excess in every thing, he would only add an inclination to activity, if he would but instruct himself, if he would occupy himself in any way. I feel too well that he presents but a disfigured resemblance of a part of my own youth, but inwardly he is most unlike me, and in some measure inimically opposed to me; thus unhappily is the neglected education of his childhood avenged. You know well my old friend how much and almost how culpably he was beloved by my deceased wife, how extravagantly she admired every idea, impulse and peculiarity of the child, and that Abbé his tutor also, who only excited his imagination and nourished it with legends and miracles; his youthful mind was thus dazzled and rendered incapable of discerning truth and reality, it accustomed him to indulge freely in all the emotions of his heart and to consider them unerring and most exalted. Imperceptibly a contempt for all, who did not coincide with him, crept into his mind, he looked upon them as cold and perverse, and in his zealous hatred, he believed himself infinitely superior to them. I was too weak, too irresolute to

remedy the evil while it was yet time, I flattered myself, that it would not take root so easily, and when at last my suffering wife, whose feelings I ever feared to distress, died in giving birth to my youngest child, it was too late."

"All that may be true," rejoined his friend, "but not so bad however as you consider it, stupidity and madness are alone incurable; a vein of good runs through all really excitable natures, and the life of these irritable and violent men is spent in continual struggles between good and evil, so that the best part may be extracted and shine forth glorified."

"You speak," said the Counsellor, "like a physician and chemist, you deny that the soul can appropriate to itself immutable perversities which afterwards constitute its life."

"So long as a man is young," rejoined the former, "I despair of nothing and still less of your son, for he has never given himself up to dissipation. This only and bad company ruin a man entirely, and the exhaustion is not confined to the body, it also causes vacuity of mind, it closes up every avenue to the heart, so that, finally, neither reason nor understanding, nor any feeling for morality or honour remains. Those are such as are incurable. You reproach yourself for the indulgent education you have given him, it is not in that alone, however, my old friend, that you have neglected it; you complain of your son's want of activity, but you have yourself excluded him from every means of exercising it. When he had grown up, he was destined to follow your profession; he had, however, an antipathy to become a lawyer, and then declared he would rather be shorn and become a monk. I cannot censure him for this, forgive me, if I am too frank. He desired to go to sea, you were inflexibly opposed to it: then he wished to try his fortune in the army, our efforts to win your approbation to this were equally ineffectual. I pity the young man; it is terrible for a hair-brained fellow to be irrecoverably destined to sit behind a table, poring over acts and processes. If you have been too indulgent formerly, you are now a great deal too severe towards him."

"You do me wrong, infatuated man," exclaimed the Counsellor vehemently; "it was not exacting too much to require of him to pursue my profession, in which I have been so useful myself, it is an honourable and benevolent one to mankind and corresponds with the noble freedom of our sentiments; sufficient time remained to stroll about, to read, to make verses and to indulge his passion for the chase. I was then convinced that naval and military service were only

chosen by him, that he might escape from my paternal eye. I could not persuade myself that he chose them as his profession with foresight and reasonable will. It grieved me to lose him entirely; only too often ill-advised youths seek these pretexts to sink into a busy idleness: for what is the soldier in peace? At that time we had no war. I agree with you in what you say about the dissipated life of our young men; but, perhaps, you will laugh, when I assert that this passion for hunting is equally insupportable to me. As soon as I perceived this rising within him, I considered him as almost lost, for all young people, that I have ever yet seen, entirely devoted to this occupation, are idlers, who cannot again settle to any business; this seeming occupation with its exertions and sacrifices teaches them to despise time, they dream away their lives until the hour, that calls them up again to follow the hare and the woodcock. And besides the penchant he has to rove about the mountains, he frequently does not return for three or four days together, he then walks about the house without rest or quiet, opens a dozen books, begins a letter, or a stanza, scolds the servants and then rushes out again; and thus passes day after day, and week after week."

The doctor looked at him, smiled, and then, after a pause, said: "Let him alone, he will soon become tame, I have no fears on that account, and why do you make yourself uneasy, my good friend? you are quite rich enough; and even if he earns nothing, if he only learns to take care of his fortune, to enjoy with moderation his income and to do good to others, for it often occurs that useful occupations are perilous undertakings. I understand perfectly all that you represent to me, and am only surprised that you do not understand it yourself. Give him the lady of Castelnau, and both will become reasonable, you will be a grandfather and obtain another toy to amuse you."

"Never!" exclaimed the Counsellor of Parliament with the utmost vehemence, "shall that take place as long as I live; it is she, who bewilders him, who torments him, and yet nourishes all his prejudices. Never speak to me of that again."

"You do the girl injustice," said the doctor, "strange she is, indeed, but good, and out of the two excentricities a tolerable understanding would arise." At this moment the garden-gate was closed violently, Edmond entered, and the conversation ended. They saluted one another, and seated themselves in the summerhouse with the little girl. "Brother," cried Eveline, "it is all your fault, that my beautiful house is knocked down. He causes nothing but misfortune." Edmond was in a kindly mood, and said: "build it up again, my sister, and you

will have so much the more to do."--"Yes," answered she, "if I were allowed to be as idle as you, it would matter very little, but I have yet to sew to-day, and then to write and cipher, but you have nothing to care for, and that is why you give so much trouble to people."

"What have I done besides upsetting your splendid card-house?" asked Edmond.

"Look papa," cried the child, "he has already forgotten that he shot dead his lady love; Oh, he will kill us all soon, and when he has done that, he will be satisfied."

Edmond frowned; the father reprimanded the child's rudeness and the doctor gave a different turn to the conversation. "Now, dear Edmond," said he, addressing the young man, "what do you say to the news, that the Camisards, in spite of their late defeat, still hold out against the king's troops, that they are masters of the plain, that an English fleet will land in Getta, that a battle is said to have been lost in Germany, and that, if only the half of all this be true, we are thinking how we shall make friends with the rebels, that they may not put an end to us."

"Do not jest," said Edmond, "our country has never yet been in such danger, so long however as such gentle proceedings are used towards these rebels, we are really standing on a precipice, if the foreign foe should succeed in landing even a small army and ally itself with them."

"Do you call their treatment mild?" asked the Counsellor.

"I do not speak," continued the son, "of the executions, the ill-treatment and all these cruelties against individuals, they are severe enough; that even women and children are not spared is enough to inspire all mankind with horror. I mean the dreadful manner in which the war is carried on, so that already a royal army has been destroyed without being able to arrive at the root of the evil itself. Their warfare consists in skirmishes, in the mountains where the strange soldier is almost always more easily entrapped; the rebels are succoured by the mountaineers, who provide them with troops and provisions, by the war these rude men learn to make war, and although they cannot succeed in repeating these attacks in full force, and from all points, at the same time, with military skill and discipline, yet it is evident that the evil will rage still longer and perhaps they

may finally conquer."

"You appear to have changed your mind about your Marshal," said the Lord of Beauvais.

"My Marshal?" resumed the son, "he is the King's-marshal, and under this title he serves as a representative of his majesty to us all, although the better part of the people desire that it should not be so."

"Would to heaven," said the doctor, "that he only belonged to one of us; I at least would make a vigorous attack upon him with pills and rhubarb, so that he would soon make room for us; he is the only man against whom I have ever before felt a grudge. Has he not in the space of eight months sentenced to death more men than all the doctors in the province would have been able to do. All those yonder in the mountains, Cavalier and Roland included, he considers merely as his future patients, and like an ignorant empiric he invariably prescribes one and the same remedy for the most opposite constitutions. Yesterday, he again caused twelve prophets to be hanged, who all affirmed, with their latest breath, that a term would be soon put to his power. What is your opinion, Ned, about this gift of prophecy, of these ecstasies and convulsions?"

"It will not be believed in foreign lands," said the latter, "that such things are practised, that many reasonable men speak of them as of a mystery, and that our calender dates 1703."

"Let it date!" said Vila, "it seems then, my child, that you understand the affair, inform me a little on the subject, for I do not understand it at all, or, at least, I cannot express in appropriate words that which has from time to time passed through my mind."

"What is there to understand in it?" said the young man impetuously, "the grossest and most absurd deception that has ever ventured to present itself to the mind."

"Not though in the sense in which you take it," said the doctor, "I have observed many in the prisons, they are very unlike one another and merit truly a serious consideration. I have never yet been in any of their assemblies in the open air; or in barns; but I am resolved to assist at their service yonder there at St. Hilaire, and if you give me a kind word Ned, you shall have permission to accompany me. I have brought some peasants clothing in my carriage, so that no

one may recognise us."

"I will accompany you, my good sir," said Edmond, "to make you ashamed of having considered these people of any kind of importance. We shall then be able to be more of one mind concerning this ridiculous deception."

"You shall not go my son," said the father, "what can this curiosity avail? I do not understand you, my friend; are not these unfortunate men miserable enough? must idle curiosity and petulant caprice also make a mockery of them? and what, if the oppressed should be betrayed, or arrested, as it has already so frequently happened, and all massacred without distinction, who then will have been the dupe to have slyly insinuated himself among them? or should they recognise or entertain suspicions of you?"

"Does not the old patron himself talk already like a Camisard?" said the doctor, laughing, "in short, do you not verily believe that the prophets would recognise and denounce us as godless people to the multitude? but tranquillise yourself, my cautious friend, a troop of the rebels is here in the neighbourhood, on that account the soldiers dare not trust themselves in the mountains, knowing that they have these good friends in their rear. I wish, for once, however, to be in the right, and you Edmond shall learn something; these are indeed a very singular sort of schools, and information is fetched with difficulty and in small quantities from over the mountains and rocks; all men cannot be wholesale dealers like you. In reality, however, it is my son who has persuaded me to this, and made me promise to bring you, Edmond, too."

"Your son?" exclaimed Edmond, with great vivacity, "the friend of my childhood, is he here again?"

"And you mention this to us now for the first time?" said the Lord of Beauvais.

"You learn it now quite time enough," replied the doctor in his phlegmatical humour; "yes, indeed, the vagabond is returned after many years, he has had some experience, the hair-brained fellow. He has studied in foreign universities, has seen Holland, England, and Scotland, has wandered among the various tribes of India and now he is at length returned suddenly and to my great satisfaction just as mad and wild as ever, but well informed. He has heard wonders related of our prophets in this country. He has seen many plants and animals of this species

in Asia, and seems as if fallen from the clouds, that, as he turned his back upon them, a much more extraordinary plant should have shot up in his own country close on the threshold of his native home, than any he had observed in tropical climates, nor has he left me a moments peace, until I promised to set out with him accompanied by you too. 'But why did he not come here immediately with you?' cried Edmond.

"His mother, his cousins, his acquaintances," answered Vila, "The whole town of St. Hypolite would not let him go so quickly, he is obliged to narrate until his throat is dry, he now waits to embrace you in the little inn in the wood, and will then set out with you on your chivalrous expedition.--Now my old friend, make no objections, grant this pleasure to the young people."

"Well, be mad then," said the Counsellor of Parliament, "but there is something in my breast that disapproves of this step. May heaven guide you my son!"--They took leave, the carriage drew up, they ascended into it in order to get over the first few miles.

Scarcely had they departed, when the servant entered hastily from the garden. "A brilliant equipage is advancing on the road from Nismes, I think a visit is intended for you, my Lord."

The Counsellor of Parliament hurried into the hall. "How," exclaimed he astonished, "it is the Intendant himself, the Lord of Basville."--The carriage stopped and a tall grave looking man, advanced in years, descended and approached the master of the house with solemn steps. They saluted each other and after a short pause the intendant began: "You are doubtlessly surprised, my Lord Counsellor, to see me here, but a matter of importance has led me to you, it appeared to me more courteous to visit you myself than to request your presence at Nismes, where, perhaps our conversation would not have been permitted to go on so uninterruptedly and familiarly." The Counsellor, astonished at this prelude to the conference, begged that he would immediately disclose what had procured him the honour of a visit.

"You are slandered sir," said the Intendant, as he looked at him fixedly; "I am not so fortunate as to be one of your friends, yet I assert boldly and safely that they are abominable calumnies which are brought against you, but which, when all the circumstances are joined together, might obtain a semblance of veracity with some credulous people." "Who dares attack my name?" said the Counsellor

of Parliament.

"Many, very many," said the Intendant in a forcible tone, "and among these are men of importance and respectability. I told you several months ago, that you would repent refusing your son so resolutely and inexorably permission to organise also a troop of volunteers to fight against the rebels and to hunt them out of their hiding-places."

"I do not yet repent of it in the least, my Lord Intendant," replied the Counsellor. "Permit me to differ with you on this subject."

"Had we," continued the Intendant, "obtained the assistance of citizens, peasants, and principally of the nobles of the land, upon which we ought to have been permitted to reckon with certainty, our king would not have been compelled to send an army and a Marshal, who have produced the war they should have quelled, for it was the peasantry themselves who annihilated the villains; and like many other worthy men, you have not offered your assistance, you preferred living in disunion with your son, who is a spirited young man, and an enthusiast in the right cause. This might be taken by all for paternal love and fatherly authority, which certainly are never to be suppressed, but permit me," continued he in a more rapid tone, as he perceived the Counsellor's impatience-- "this, joined to the opinions to which you have more than once given utterance in the presence of strangers, furnished matter for various conversations in the country; and what took place some days ago, misleads even those who honour you; and this is what I came here to charge you with."

"I see, with emotion, that I am esteemed, speak out," said the Lord of Beauvais.

"You have," pursued the Intendant with the utmost coolness, "given refuge to rebels; you have received fugitive Camisards; these villains have shouted a vivat to you here in front of your house; you have permitted this rabble to eat at your table; you have yourself opposed violent resistance, when attempts were made to take them prisoners; and your son's affianced bride has insulted the Marshal in public company."

"My lord!" exclaimed the old man entirely beside himself; however, he said composedly, "the web of these lies is too gross not to be immediately recognized as falsehood. She, whom you designate as my son's bride, will never be such

with my consent, I know her not, and cannot love her; my house was open to some unfortunate travellers, and one of this party whom I protected, and who announced himself by the name of the Hermit, had nearly drawn destruction upon myself and family."

He then related to him the occurrences of that evening, precisely as he had experienced them and concluded thus: "You now perceive, my Lord Intendant, how falsely people have judged me in this."

"I believe you," said the grave-looking man, "but you have forgotten the saying that walls have ears, it is known how you have spoken sometimes of the Marshal and of his love-intrigues, which he certainly takes too little trouble to conceal, in which injurious expressions you have gone so far as to call him hangman. My severity and inflexibility, for which I am responsible to my God and to my conscience, you call blood-thirstiness. You cannot deny that you have sheltered suspected persons with hospitality, that until now you did not live at variance with your son; that you have refused to allow him to serve his country although he is of age; if the Lady of Castelnau insults our Marshal in the presence of your son, while he keeps silence, one must believe that he has an understanding with her on that subject, and if this should be the case, suspicion further concludes, that you must be quite reconciled and of one mind; therefore, say the malicious, that you must render assistance every way to the rebels privately as well as openly, and that we shall be more reproached for neglect, if we suffer it, than praised for our forbearance; and this admits of no doubt."

"I desire examination, the strictest examination," exclaimed the Counsellor of Parliament. "You know," said the Intendant rising, "that in this perilous confusion there is no time for it; umbrage and suspicion serve as proofs, the most trifling circumstances, if they cannot be refuted, condemn; the martial-law, which the king has caused to be proclaimed to us, must unfortunately take this cursory method, for the welfare of the country and the preservation of millions demand it."

"Then I am condemned without being judged? judged without having been heard? they commence with the punishment and will be at leisure afterwards to enquire into the case," said the Counsellor of Parliament with bitterness.

"Do not be angry, my worthy sir," said the Lord of Basville. "There is no question of all this yet, the proofs of it must be much more positive; but you

cannot yourself deny, that one may be allowed to look upon you with suspicion, when so much is alleged, against you."

"And what then is required of me?" said the Counsellor.

"Nothing, unreasonable," replied the man of gravity, "nothing, to which you can in justice offer any opposition. Yesterday I published a new manifesto of his Majesty, wherein, nobles and citizens are summoned, urgently, entreatingly, and commandingly, to stand up unanimously for their country and religion. Three hundred young men have presented themselves; let your son be free as his years demand, permit him thus to testify his attachment to his king, for it is scarcely six weeks since, when in my apartment, in presence of the Lord Marshal, he complained with tears in his eyes, that your excessive parental affection lays a heavy restraint upon him, and prevents him from showing his zeal. You prevent him now again by your fatherly authority; now, certainly, these indications joined to your indifference would with myself weigh heavier in the scale. Your answer, my Lord Counsellor of Parliament!" "My son," said the father with constrained displeasure, "is free; he may serve the king according to his wish if he sets his happiness upon it."

The Intendant bowed in silence, refused all refreshment and the afflicted father followed the carriage with tearful eyes, as it rolled away.--"Is it then, come to this?" exclaimed he, "you have now Edmond, what you wished, I could not say no. You will now spare the roe and the deer, and keep your balls for the chace after your brethren!--Oh what folly to have allowed him to go with that thoughtless old man, under these circumstances; if these blood-thirsty men knew that!--Aye, we think to steer the bark of life with foresight and wisdom, and should the tempest have but a moment's intermission, at the first calm we let go our oars and dreaming we are wrecked on a rock."

Eveline entered from the garden, the old man embraced her tenderly and sighed: "Soon, perhaps, thou wilt be my only child!"

"Have they taken Edmond away from you?" asked the child.

"They have indeed, my dear little one," replied the father.

"They will soon restore him to you again," said Eveline coaxingly, "we can make better use of him, for others do not know at all what to do with him."

All this moment firing was heard in the distance, and the old man concealed himself with his child in the most retired room of the house.

He was soon recalled to the saloon, and was not a little surprised to see his friend, the doctor, standing before him, and in reality clothed in the dress of a peasant, so that at first he did not recognize him. "Be not uneasy," said he, "nothing unfortunate has happened to us, but something very ridiculous to me; only think, scarcely had I disguised myself in this merry-andrew fashion, and advanced afoot towards the mountains, than a servant, whether luckily, or unluckily, stepped up to me, recognized me again and requested my attendance at the Marquis of Valmont's, who is suddenly taken dangerously ill, the carriage was waiting ready, I threw myself into it, made them drive as fast as the horses could run, and here, just before your door, it occurs to me for the first time, that in the dark and hurry, I left all my unfortunate wardrobe at the inn in the wood, sword, wig, and every thing. Assist me quickly with some of your clothes, or I shall not be able to attend the Marquis."

"And the two foolish youths," said the Counsellor, "they are now alone, without your counsel and prudence. Why did I suffer myself to be infected with your frivolity?"

"Make no objections, my good friend," exclaimed the former, "all these are trifles compared to my misery!--He quickly tore off his clothes;--Bring! give!"

The domestic who was summoned thither assisted him, "My clothes are too long, and perhaps too narrow for you," said the Counsellor. "Never mind," cried the eager doctor, I shall perhaps the more easily impose on the invalid; the black coat, the neckcloth, the waistcoat descends to the knee, no harm in that; now for the wig!

"You know, extraordinary man," said the Lord of Beauvais, "that I have given up that ornament here in this retirement more than ten years ago.--There is not one in the house."

"No wig!" exclaimed Vila, and with horror let fall the black coat, through one of the sleeves of which he had thrust his arm.--"Not a single wig! man! now I begin to believe that you have renounced all faith, what is to be done?"

The Counsellor and the servant endeavoured to quiet the provoked friend, but he scarcely even heard their words. "A doctor to go to his patient without a wig!" repeated he angrily, "it would cause an uproar in the whole province, it would be reported in Paris, a scandalous article would be inserted in the 'Mercure de France,' ah the infidel! it would be even better to have no bread, no catechism in the house than to want the necessary headgear, and the Marquis will not suffer himself to be cured by me in this bald-headed condition, and his fever will have still less respect for me."

But all his complaints were fruitless, he was forced to depart in this strange costume, and could not in the least understand the Counsellor's indifference to his embarrassment, "I should have expected more friendship from the old heathen," muttered he to himself, "and all that the Camisards have done, is nothing in comparison to my going without sword and chapeau bas, dressed in black with ruffles and all the appurtenances; but to advance to the bed of so distinguished a patient, without a wig is nothing less than if I had lived among canibals." Thus did he try by exaggerations to console himself for his plight.

CHAPTER VI.

A large company was invited at the Marshal's at Nismes. The Intendant, the Lord of Basville, sat by the side of the Lord of Montrevel, many officers and respectable inhabitants of the town surrounded the table, and at the head the beautiful Lady of Andreux added lustre to the assembly, who with her husband was present to do honour to this banquet. Some of her female relatives, distinguished ladies of Nismes, sat between the gentlemen, and all seemed as merry as if they were not pondering on the common oppression of the country. The Intendant of the province alone preserved his serious demeanour and joined not in the repeated laughter of the others; he was deeply engaged in earnest conversation with Colonel Julien, who also seemed to be totally regardless of the lively mood of the company. An important advantage had been obtained the day before over the rebels, and all were flattering themselves, that in a short time they would see these unhappy insurrections brought to an end. The Marshal was in higher spirits than people had been used to see him for a long time; his sallies were laughed at and the homage which he conspicuously addressed to the Lady of Andreux, was gratefully received by her and returned with pointed elegance.

"Colonel Julien related to the Intendant the wonderful manner in which he had effected his escape from the recesses of the mountains of the Cevennes, three months previously. He was in command of a small expedition and thought to have entirely defeated the rebels in a hot encounter, when he perceived himself on all sides suddenly surrounded towards evening. 'Around us,' said he, 'were steep, barren mountains, while we were preparing for a retreat, all the heights were suddenly occupied by multitudes of people, before and behind us were swarms of dark figures, we could not long remain doubtful of our position; for suddenly large stones rolled down on our troop, which in their heavy descent crushed our people murderously. Here there was no rallying to be thought of, therefore we retreated almost flying towards a mill near a mountain stream. I was convinced I should find this pass also occupied, and gave myself up for lost. The rocks crushed my soldiers right and left, resistance being impossible. Now sprung from the other side, like chamois, more than a hundred down from the steep heights, and in this disorder, where we could not hold our footing, a bloody fight ensued; I had been already wounded three times, and my fighting men were rapidly decreasing, darkness came on, when, in a moment, while the Camisards

burst into their howling hymns, a panic seized the rest of my troop, and they all rushed towards the opening of the valley. The victorious band pursued them from the other side, new foes beset them. Bleeding, I leaned solitarily against a rock and saw through the twilight my company hewn down, the former could not perceive me, however, firmly they had sworn my death. I dragged myself sideways towards the little bridge that leads to the mill on the other side, certain of meeting death; but I found it undefended. A fault that I should not have expected from the rebels, for they were headed by Cavalier, as I heard in the midst of the cries and hubbub. All this misfortune, however, happened to me only in consequence of false informers, who brought me lying accounts; men, that I had long known, and whose fidelity seemed to me to have been tried; but they merely played this part, the better to deceive me, for they belonged to the Camisards.'

"The worst of this is," said the Intendant, "that we dare trust no one, not a single one. The most sincere, the most zealous patriots in appearance, betray us. We are reproached for severity and harshness, but I fear we are yet too mild and compassionate, for these faithless rebels deserve no quarter; they can only be subdued by continued, inexorable severity."

"They should be wholly extirpated," interrupted the Marshal, who in the middle of his own lively conversation had only listened to the last words.

Julien looked gravely at the Intendant, while he sighed: "You really believe then that these unfortunate men are no longer deserving of human consideration." "Hardly so indeed," said the Lord of Basville, "for through their own cruelty and disgraceful conduct of every kind, they have rendered themselves unworthy of any sympathy. But go on Colonel: how were you saved in this pressing position?"

"With scarcely strength sufficient to advance a single step, I dragged myself across the river, through the copse and over a meadow towards the mill, for no choice was left me. It was now become quite dark, and yet I would have willingly avoided this mill, for the people there were more than merely suspicious. Two of the sons had gone over to the rebels some time before, and it had been my intention after my victory to take all these people from their houses along with me, and to have them interrogated in prison. A dog announced my arrival; this was the last thing I was conscious of, for I fell fainting before the door of the house. When I recovered from my insensibility, I found myself

undressed upon a bed, my wounds bound up, and many strange faces gathered round me, which, by the glimmering light of a lamp caused me a most disagreeable impression. An old man with white hair, who seemed to have the most authority, was the only one in whom I could have any confidence; the more horrible among them, were some women, particularly an elderly one, whom I took for the old man's wife. 'Your wounds are not mortal,' said the old miller, 'you will soon recover, be tranquil on this point.'--May I in reality have no cause for uneasiness? rejoined I. Am I with loyal subjects of the king?--'By heaven, we are such!' exclaimed the aged man with tears in his eyes, 'we have already made many sacrifices to him, and we will protect you, although you seem to know us well, nor are you either unknown to us. My two sons have both suffered martyrdom--but the king commanded it should be so, and God permitted it, we dispute no more with him.' Hereupon the women, particularly the old ones, set up a terrific howling; some young fellows gazed at me with cruel, sanguinary looks; I was prepared for all. 'Peace,' cried the old man, 'this man has not come under my roof as a foe, but as one requiring assistance, who injures a hair of his head, will have to answer for it to me!--We found you lifeless at our door, we recognized you on the spot,' continued he turning to me; 'we need only to have left you without assistance, and *we* did not murder you; but I have staunched the blood, you may return to-morrow to the town, and I will take care that you shall be conveyed with all speed to the nearest village in an easy manner, for when our companions arrive in a mass, as it may happen to-morrow, I might not be able to protect you any longer.' And so it happened. During the night some rebels, who were seeking after me, were sent away even in the twilight of morning; I was placed comfortably in a small vehicle and conveyed to the opening of the valley from whence I could be carried in safety to the town."

"We may well be astonished at this false virtue," said the Intendant, "but we must refuse it our consideration, for that will not be necessary, if these unfortunate men remain faithful to the king and obey his mandates."

The company was still sitting at desert and sipping choice wines, when, suddenly, a great uproar was raised in the house, several men's footsteps were heard hastening up the steps, the doors burst open and in rushed the clergyman of St. Sulpice, pale, and trembling, followed by a few citizens, and among these a young man who seemed quite beside himself, "What is the matter?" demanded the Marshal in an authoritative tone, and the Intendant arose and addressed himself to the young citizen. "Now Clement," said he, "recollect yourself, what has happened to you?" "Is not this the leader of the city militia at Nismes?"

asked the Marshal with contempt.

"Even so," replied the Lord of Basville, "he led the troop of volunteers." "He seems to have lost the power of speech in his expedition," said the Lord of Montrevel, laughing.

"They are behind us--they will be here directly," stammered out young Clement.

"Who?" enquired the Marshal, who had resumed his seat.

"Cavalier and the Camisards!" cried the young man.

"Not so bad, not quite so bad as that," rejoined the priest, who seemed more composed. "But our troop is totally defeated and the rebels have been all along in our rear, and they have the insolence to appear on the plain of Nismes, as if they were going to threaten the town itself."

"Thus it is," said the Marshal cuttingly, "when citizens meddle with affairs to which they are not equal; give the young man a glass of wine to revive him." Casting at the same time a side glance at the Intendant, "Sit down reverend priest," he continued, "you appear more composed, give us a little more circumstantial account."

"According to the order of the gracious Lord Marshal," said the priest, bowing profoundly, "We set fire yesterday to the village, which had furnished provisions to the rebels, when they had quartered themselves there; we then set out five hundred men strong, and three hundred soldiers marched at the same time, with a hundred dragoons on the other side of the river. The wretched, burned out creatures ran howling into the wood and we pursued our way whilst we saw about a hundred rebels flying before us. Behind the wood we joined the royal troops and surrounded the vineyards on three sides near Nages. Some Camisards showed themselves sideways, who, however, after a few shots disappeared, We now advanced on the right, the soldiers on the left, in between the mountains; we fell among the brambles, and--as if fire was vomited forth from all sides, balls flew in among us without our being able to see any one, we hesitate, we halt. Now the villains in the mountains spring to their feet yelling and psalm-singing bellow down upon us, together with hissing balls; we defend ourselves and put our hopes in the royal troops, but the superiority is too great, our people fall, we are compelled to retreat. Difficult enough it was to retire

from the mountains, the greater part of our men remain lying there: arriving on the plain, there we beheld the military also beaten and taking flight."

"Defeated!" screamed the Marshal.

"They are most likely following us," replied the priest.

"The volunteers," said the Intendant, "have apparently not been properly supported, as it has often happened already, and how shall the citizen bear up if the soldier takes flight?"

The Marshal, his face crimsoned, would have retorted angrily, when some officers, covered in dust and bewildered, entered hastily. "The rebels, Lord Marshal," said a young captain, "are seen before the gates of Nismes; Cavalier has played us a fine trick this time; our informers enticed us among the vineyards, the volunteers did not unite with us as had been agreed upon and we are entirely routed. Cavalier knows how to dispose of his men like an old soldier.

"Lord Marshal," exclaimed a veteran colonel entering the room, "the foe is without! and the fearful Catinat has, through retribution, as he calls it, reduced three catholic villages to ashes, and with his own hands set fire to the churches."

Some prisoners were brought in, among whom there was a child of twelve years of age. "What means this lad?" exclaimed the Marshal.

"He is a brother of Cavalier," replied the old colonel, "we had already made this dangerous leader prisoner, we had taken possession of a bridge and he could not rejoin his people, when this brat, this boy here, rallied the rebels, harangued them, brandished his sword in his outstretched hand, fell upon us, retook the bridge, made his brother free, but became himself our prisoner."

"Satan's brood!" growled the Marshal, "away with them all to prison, and we, gentlemen, to our posts!" all hastened out, the guests had already retired without taking leave: the boy looked boldly and smilingly round the saloon, and carelessly followed his guard; no one remained behind but Colonel Julien and the Intendant, who took their hats and sticks to go to their respective houses. "This cannot continue," said the Lord of Basville, "the king sacrifices his army fruitlessly and the rebellion becomes more obstinate and stronger."

"Things will change," said the Colonel, "I have the surest intelligence from

Paris;--but you testify too openly your contempt of him; he also knows what you report concerning him at court."

"Can I do otherwise," said the Intendant, "if I am a faithful servant to the king? you have witnessed all, and must acknowledge in your heart, that but for this Marshal, this rebellion would never have become a war; he nourishes it, he is rejoicing at the idea of becoming important through it, he squanders all his time with women and is brave as a soldier only through pityful vanity, and he piques himself in gaining the affections of silly women."

"If we now obtain a better general," said Julien, "it is to be hoped, that this system of overreached severity and cruelty would be given up and trial made of gentle means."

"No good subject of the king can counsel that," said the Intendant taking a hasty leave of the Colonel.

The streets were in an uproar and every one was hastening to make resistance against the rebels, who appeared more dangerous than ever.

CHAPTER VII.

Some days had elapsed and the Counsellor of Parliament had not seen his son. Franz, the old domestic, had in the mean while set out on a journey, and Joseph, as well as the female servants had not ventured to disturb Edmond. The father was deeply concerned, for his son had never before so pointedly avoided him. His grief lay principally in the feeling, that he could not simply take the shortest and most natural way, with all a father's authority, to force an entrance into his room, which was always locked, and to question him about his condition. He learned from Joseph, that his son always locked himself in, that he was heard to sigh, nay, to weep, and that at night he would steal out to wander about on the mountains, and then would as secretly return in the morning, and avoid every body, in order to go and shut himself up again as before. He seemed also to observe a rigid fast, for he took no food and sent away every thing that was offered to him. "I no longer understand him," said the old man to himself, as he was left once more alone; "his high-wrought feelings destroy him, and I, his father, must see him go to ruin without being able to do anything to save him. At length the dark spirits are roused, that I have so long heard in their slumbers; they have now assuredly taken possession of his soul."

It was late, and the night was still and dark; he dismissed the servants, in order to be able to converse uninterruptedly with his son, for it appeared to him an indispensable duty to make himself acquainted with his condition, the uncertainty of which weighed more painfully on his heart than the conviction of an actual misfortune would have done. He took therefore the master-key, in order to ascend the great staircase, when he heard the door of his son's room opened; he stood still, and a ghastly pale figure in a dusky green coarse doublet, descended towards him, his gun was slung over his shoulder, his hair in wild disorder, his eyes dim, "Oh heaven!" exclaimed the father, "I think I see a spirit, and it is you my son!"--He tottered, and trembling was compelled to sit down on the stairs. "Is it you in reality?"--"It is myself," answered Edmond in a hollow voice. "How?" said the old man, "thus, in this figure? thus ill? in this dress? you look though as like a Camisard, as if you were one of them."--"It is so too," answered the son, "I am now going up into the mountains to them."

The father started up violently, he seized his son powerfully in his arms, and

thus carried him with supernatural strength into the saloon; he placed him in an armchair, took the candle, looked at him scrutinizingly and examined his whole figure, seized him by the breast and cried out vehemently: "Wouldst thou act thus to me, unnatural son?"--

"Yes," answered Edmond coldly, "I cannot do otherwise, I must!--leave me! I thought, however, for once that I should win your approbation."

"As a rebel?" cried the Counsellor of Parliament in a vehement voice, "as a murderer? that I must see die under martyrdom at the gallows? to outrage my grey hair? one whom the father must deliver up into the hands of the executioner?"

The son looked at him fixedly, but coldly and collectedly; the father was deeply affected at it, but, at this ghastly look, had lost the strength which supernatural terror had lent him for a moment, and weeping aloud, he fell upon his son, who threw his arms round him, embraced him, and by his caresses sought to console the afflicted old man, "Oh, my son!" began the father, after a long pause, often interrupted by sobs, "for many years I have not experienced these tokens of affection in you, and now in this terrible moment, in which my whole life vanishes as in a dream, in which you have so violently torn my heart!--I cannot recover myself, I cannot question you, and what shall I experience if my entreaties, my love, if nothing will break your stubborn, enigmatical will? Oh, God of love! is there, in all the feelings thou hast created, one more fervid than that of a father to a child? and do we know the tremendous affliction we implore, when we entreat heaven for children?"

They remained long clasped in each other's arms, at length Edmond said: "Let me depart with your blessing, my father."

"That I cannot give to your dreadful designs," replied the Counsellor; "It is so fearful, that I must still look upon you and myself as two spectres."

Both were silent for a long time. At last the father said: "I will not entreat of you to go to rest, for I greatly fear that you will not obey me, it is fruitless also that I should seek for repose in sleep, for slumber would flee from my shaken brain; what I may learn to-morrow, I may as well hear to-day; if I can conceive, if I can comprehend that which is incomprehensible, perhaps, it would terrify me less, perhaps, I shall yield to grief and sorrow, and necessity, as to the storm, or

the earthquake; but from this spectral terror, from this almost mask-like enigma, which threatens to drive me mad, deliver me at least from this by speech and narration."

"Can it be expressed, my father?" began Edmond, "will you comprehend what I myself cannot understand with my common knowledge? We should not indeed comprehend, if this hall round us were suddenly turned into Hesperian gardens, but we should enjoy the fruit, we should live and exist in the miracle, even though by that means we should forget that yet some other knowledge were wanting."

"Has that delirium also taken possession of you," cried the old man, "in its peculiar way and wrapped you in the folds of its dark vestments? now I would have sworn that you were free from that! and yet I should have done wrong, for all fanaticism is but the twinborn of the apparently most improbable and inimical."

"You speak what your mind prompts," said the son, "and I understand you perfectly, but you do not understand me."

"Well, Edmond, you may be right, only speak, relate to me, perhaps I may be able to approach nearer to your soul."

"How much I hated these Huguenots," began Edmond, "how much I abhorred their war against the king, their fanaticism and prophets, that I despised the gross deception of those people, I need not tell you, for my irritated feelings made you unhappy and it seems that I am destined to cause your misery, I may place myself now as then on whatever side I like.--"

He stopped for a short time and then returned; "with these sentiments I dressed myself in the peasant's clothes, which were so hateful to me, our friend quitted me, as you know, and I went with his son up into the mountains. Florentine jested about our expedition, I was much vexed at and ashamed of my purpose. When we advanced farther into the mountains, some figures glided before us on the solitary footpath, we followed the direction they took, and arrived with them in about half an hour at a lonely barn. They knocked; it was opened to us. I cannot describe the feeling with which I entered into this rustic assembly. It was a loathing of mind and body. Some were kneeling, others were standing praying, I approached the latter and tried to imitate them. Everything

went on quietly, all eyes were bent on the ground, a few old women only muttered their psalms between their teeth. All at once a boy about eight years old fell down as if in convulsions. My repugnance was at its highest pitch, for now I saw before me the deformed spectacle, the relation of which had for many years previously excited my liveliest indignation. The child's breast heaved, he leaped up, and threw himself down again, and I thought to have distinctly perceived the voluntary exertion. All the faithful, hoping and comforted, turned upon him their eyes. Never in my life had I more self-possession, never was I so rock-firm in my conviction; my thoughts became more and more irritated, I only wished myself back again, in order to give free vent to my hatred. Suddenly the child exclaimed in a hoarse voice: 'verily I bless ye, ye shall be blessed!'--Now in the stream which flowed incessantly, came innumerable prayers and exhortations as well as passages from the holy scriptures and their explanation, all in reference to existing circumstances. I was still more astounded, when the boy cried out: 'Beware my brethren; for two traitors have made their way into the assembly, who intend you evil.' I looked up, young Vila turned pale, he was standing at the door, and slipped out, when it was opened to new comers. 'One is escaped,' groaned the child as he still lay with his eyes and senses closed, 'but the second mocker is still present, he knows not that I, the Lord, have led him hither, that he may become one of mine.' I was terrified, my inmost soul was moved and emotions rose in my heart, which I had never experienced before. They began to sing psalms, and however discordant they may have sounded, they made no unpleasant impression on me, my mind followed the glorious words? the misfortune of these desolate creatures, their contrition before the Lord, the fearful haughtiness of their adversaries, vibrated and shrieked heartrendingly in this unharmonious lamentation; it appeared to me absurd that until now harmony had been necessary to me when I wished to raise my heart in prayer. Does not the universal lament of creation strike on his ear? Do not praise and thanksgivings with tears and cries of sorrow rise equally to his throne? To this feeling were added many more, and weak, poor and unintelligible did the whole course of my past life appear to me. Do these statues, lights and temples then make any difference, said I to myself, with all this pomp of riches and splendour? will the Lord who walked bound as a slave among us, and suffered himself to be illtreated, will he not be mocked through it? Do not these wretched beings represent him anew before our eyes? can I not in each one of these persecuted ones greet himself? feed, clothe, and protect him?--Then I felt as if all the sorrow and strife, which these mountains have endured for years were piercing in countless multitudes through my own wounded breast. Another boy now fell down and cried, 'go out into the wood, Elias, Marion, and some of the

faithful are approaching, they have strayed; induce them to come with psalms, for to-day, you have no persecution to fear.' Some went out from the assembly, and sang with loud voices, and soon afterwards returned with a great number of enthusiasts, among whom a tall man advanced, who was respectfully saluted by all. 'Triumph!' said the child aloud, still prostrate on the ground, 'the disbeliever is overcome, he will enter into the kingdom of the Lord.' Then I felt the blow of a great hammer suddenly against my breast. I struggled with this feeling, and conquered it. The humble divine worship of this poor pitiable congregation was continued with psalms, and calmly uttered inspired discourses. Marion spoke the word of life, which penetrated through all my faculties; in what dreadful error I had been wandering until then! All contingencies vanished, it was granted to me to look upon the Lord, and the strength of his miracles in their simple glory, and to behold his meek and lowly form. If until then my soul had been only overshadowed by pomp, legends, false emotions and artificial elevations; as splendid hanging of silk and gold only confine the pure rays of celestial light, and give but a false brilliancy to its glory. My heart was contrite and as a wound of sorrow and emotion; my spirit was like that of a child. The Most High stood by my side, and stretched out his bleeding hand to me, which had been now again pierced by us miserable wretches. The glance from his tearful eyes went to my soul, then I was filled with wrathful melancholy and joyful sorrow, and in this emotion, I was smitten again when the assembly dispersed. What is nature? this question I had often asked myself when I rambled with enthusiasm through wooded mountains and verdant valleys magically lighted and covered with the breath of morning, embalmed by the fresh zephyrs, and filled with all the lovely presentiments which inspire us with such pleasing dreams. Oh, my father! now I understand the deep wailings in the woods and in the mountains, in the gurgling stream, the word of the Eternal himself and his almighty compassion on us unhappy, lost creatures, was murmured to me from every wave and from every bough. With a million of tongues the countless foliage reproached my negligent tardiness. My eye pierced through the past and future, my thoughts were adoration, my feelings holy devotion.

"I plunged into the thickest woods and gave a free course to my flowing tears, I now received the third summons and I no longer resisted it. In the solitude of night, my whole being was absorbed in prayer and thanksgiving, wonderously the strongest words poured forth without the slightest exertion, as tears flow without design, as wave follows wave down the stream, as the wind puts in motion the numberless foliage of the forest, thus led by a higher and invisible spirit, my speech was changed into prophecy. A new being arose within me, I no

longer recognised that of yesterday. In the mirror of my inmost soul another eye, different from my own, met mine, nevertheless this was really myself. Now resting, now walking, I found myself in the twilight of morning in the district of Sauve among the recesses of the mountains. You know, my father, the lofty situation of the dreary landscape there, no tree, no shrub, scarcely a solitary blade of grass upon the barren, white chalky waste, and as far as the eye extends, trunks of trees, heaps of lime stones in all shapes, like men, animals and horses, dazzling and fatiguing the sight, spread about, and at intervals rolling stones, and a little lower down, the small, gloomy, solitary town. Here I threw myself down again and gazed upon the waste ruin around, and upon the dark blue sky above me, strange how my spirit wandered there! I cannot explain by any human language, how instantaneously my heart was impressed with every feeling of belief, with every noble thought, how creation, nature, and the strangest mystery, man with his wonderful energies and his common dependance on the elements, how vain, how contradictory and ridiculous all this appeared to me now. I could not collect myself, I was compelled incessantly to follow this train of thought and to find relief in loud laughter. Then there was no God, no spirit, nothing but puerility, madness, and deformity, in all that creeps, swims, and flies, especially in this ball that thinks, reflects, and weeps, and underneath devours and masticates. Oh, let me be silent and not again discover the maddening images that took possession of my mind, annihilation, dead, cold non-existence appeared to me alone desirable and noble. I was utterly undone, and painful was my return to life, but I at length found it with the help of the compassionate one." The father seized his son's hand, "Mark my child," said he mildly, "as soon as all these wonderous sensations shall in wild controversy have traversed your soul, you will assuredly be yourself again and return to us entirely. Your lacerated heart will resume its tranquility and repose after these commotions, and then will your understanding and free will abandon your fearful purpose."

"Never! my father," exclaimed the youth with sudden vehemence, "this was my temptation in the wilderness, which the All Merciful shortened to a few hours, and then opened his paternal arms to me again. It might have lasted for weeks and months, had he not been willing to shew compassion to my weakness. You believe me not, you doubt, but what will you say if I give you the most undeniable proofs, that this my enlightening is no false, or artificial one, if you will even be compelled to own to me, that I not only know myself by this, but also all that is unconnected with me."

"What do you mean by that?" demanded the old man bewildered, "I do not

understand you, my son."

"When I resumed my human feelings and had refreshed myself, I wandered again to the green wood that extends towards Florac, there, where the rocks assume a grand character as far as the mountains of Lozere. The place pleased me and I passed the night in the open air.

"What did you do on this second night of my absence? where did Franz remain? do you think that I do not know all?" The father looked at him with fear.

"What do you know?" asked he stammering. "When I again turned my thoughts on the Saviour," said the son, "and endeavoured to account for my bewilderment, in order to assist my researches, I felt compelled to think on you, on my sister and on our house, thus will it assuredly be after death, the soul will still cast lingering looks after its cherished old nature and be unable for a length of time to comprehend its new thoughts and strange existence. Suddenly, when my ardent desire was accomplished; I saw you; all was still in the house, you went with Franz more quietly than usual and with great caution into the library, the window shutters and doors were closed, there was only one taper burning. With the help of Franz you removed the folios, and at the same time drew back the first bolt of the by chest, the pressure of a spring you opened the pannel, which slid back into the wall and threw light into the little enclosed recess. I saw several small chests standing there, jewels of costly value were in them, that I never knew of and which you never mentioned to me, but Franz seemed to know all. You opened the cases, arranged them and added some others to them. Franz wept and said: 'So now my wish will be at length accomplished of living at Geneva in future and openly acknowledging the faith that I have been compelled to deny here.' This also was new and unexpected to me. Then you embraced the old servant heartily, kissed him on the mouth and said with emotion: 'You are now no longer my servant, but my friend, my most confidential friend, for to you I confide my entire welfare, my property, and my children. God protect you on your way there and back, give these letters into the right hands at the same time with this little treasure; steal as you can over the frontiers, then we are safe, and return directly with favourable answers.' That very night, he accomplished fifteen leagues."

The old man trembled violently; he examined his son doubtingly, his face was pale. "Where have you seen all this?" demanded he at length. "Yonder in the mountains of Lozere, fourteen leagues from here." There was a pause. "I must

believe you," said the father. "Be it a miracle, delirium, an undiscovered strength of nature; I see, but I understand it not. All is in reality as you have said, but your manner is terrible to me. Do you not then believe, that as you have fallen, in so unusually strange a manner, into this disposition, conviction, and miraculous gift, there may be also means, which heaven, if you in faith and humility call upon God will open to reconduct you into the ordinary walk of mankind, far from these fearful rocks upon which you must inevitably founder."

"You understand me not, I tell you once more," cried the youth, "although I quite understand your meaning. You do not trust the token that I have given you. Yet," added, he smiling, "you are not quite so hardened just now, better thoughts steal over your soul, though also from the region of unbelief."

"And what is it?" asked the father, "you will otherwise make me believe that you are able to penetrate into all the hidden depths of the heart."

"You were thinking just now," said Edmond:--

"Let him take his course, the evil must now have reached its height, perhaps God wills that he should find at length by this more than wonderful means, his salvation, and that he may learn later to cool by reason and true christian humility, the fanaticism, that now transform him into a lunatic. Thus do you think of me, thus do you deny the spirit." "My son," said the old man with uplifted looks, "is it a good spirit that prompts you? is it not perhaps the wild wandering of nature herself in you that transports you beyond her own limits?"

The son cast again that terrifying look on his father, which rendered him mute.

"You are free," said the old man, "affection alone, not force should retain you. Go then and follow the dictates of your own heart. My prayers shall accompany you, and, may be, they will have the power to mitigate, or ward off the worst."

"Surely you are not opposed to my taking to my poor brethren my small fortune," said Edmond perfectly tranquillised, "they are more in need of it than we."

"Take also this purse from me," said the father, "I desire not to know to what purpose you destine it, but the unfortunate men yonder are in want of it."

"Franz is coming!" exclaimed Edmond; "Where?" enquired the Counsellor:-- "He is still far behind the mountains, I see him only with my inward eyes. The over-cautious old man! he has hidden the letter in his boot, there he is leaning against an old tree, and is pulling it out. I could read the letter to you if I liked, but I perceive that it contains good news for you, let that suffice. Permit me now to go, before the old man returns to oppress my heart anew with his lamentations, or to excite my anger."

Father and son long held each other closely embraced; the old Lord seemed overpowered with grief and tears; Edmond gently disengaged himself from his paternal arms, returned once more and kissed his father. With hasty steps he traversed the garden and ascended the vineyard; there he stood still once more, and from thence waved a handkerchief downwards in salutation, while Franz issued from the wood on the opposite side and held up the letters exultingly in the distance.

CHAPTER VIII.

The mountains and the country around were by this time filled with new tidings that contained representations of the most horrible cruelties, said to have been practised by the Camisards. Even their best friends and such as willingly lent them their aid, became displeased, and many of the rebels themselves ventured not to extenuate the barbarity, which these had permitted themselves to exercise against catholic priests, landholders, nay even towards secret protestants. It appeared as if the weakest party desired, in defying despair to outdo the harshness of their foes; but this alienated many hearts from them and withheld the help that otherwise would have been openly lent to them.

A serene summer morning shed its light over the mountains, when Edmond with hasty steps took his way towards the secret wilds, where there was neither track nor footpath, and which was only known to him from representation. He felt as if his wonderful gift of inward sight was conducting him in the direct way, for he discovered the most secret directing signs by which the rebels alone could find a clue to the hiding-places, without straying among the windings of the rocks, or being stopped by the appearance of unexpected precipices. He left the fortress of St. Hyppolite on one side and came in a short time after having climbed steep mountains, into another rocky district, to which only small stony paths led, and which far around was torn asunder by spacious crevices and caverns. Here did the Camisards keep their severely wounded that had been able to escape from the fight; if this was impossible, they shot them themselves, in order to deliver them from the cruel ingenuity of the executioner. In these caves, Roland also concealed his provision of arms and ammunition, if he should have a superfluity of them, and also a supply of food and wine, likewise medicines, and that which was necessary for the care of the sick. Government had already offered a large reward for the discovery of this important place of refuge, but until now in vain, for only the most trustworthy among the rebels were acquainted with this district, who naturally would not betray it and they took care, that only those among the country-people, whose integrity could be depended upon, should be admitted. As Edmond went along the narrow way which lay on the right under a steep mountain, whilst on the left, at the distance of a few paces, yawned a giddy abyss; he was just reflecting how easily and safely this pass might be defended, when he suddenly heard a large figure with a

hairy face and wild, savage expression, call out, requesting to speak with him. Edmond was going to explain to him for what purpose he had come there, when the hairy figure without replying took up his gun and was in the act of firing at him, a cracked voice from behind a projection of the rock, cried out: "For God's sake stop, brother Mazel!" at the same moment two naked brown arms fell on the breast of the armed man and dashed the gun on the ground. "He is no spy, he cannot be such!" exclaimed the half-naked man, "it is the young Lord of Beauvais."

As Edmond looked round he saw Eustace, the charcoal-burner whom he knew very well, standing before him.

"How came you to this secret place?" said the invalid, who was taken care of here.

Edmond now saw several strange faces which gathered round to examine him with looks of curiosity. The young man experienced a singular sensation on beholding these ragged, wretched looking figures, and on finding himself compelled to tell them wherefore he was come, and that he intended to live among them as a brother, and to fight for their abused rights. Eustace clapped his hands in the greatest amazement, and cried out: "I should have sooner expected the day of judgment! you cannot conceive how haughty and indignant this noble gentleman was, when I once attempted to speak and jest with his little lady sister! Yes, Abraham, that is a sign from God, to strengthen us in our good cause. If such a gentleman to whom nothing is wanting, to whom God has plentifully given whatever human wealth can procure, brought up and learned in their religion, if he should come over to us, and be willing to undergo the severity of the weather, storms, hunger, nakedness, and for the sake of God, perhaps, a disgraceful death: what are we then to do, whom they have plundered, ill used, whose children they have slaughtered, whose priests they have murdered; indeed these are signs which precede judgment?" In the same moment he began to scream out a psalm; but Mazel said: "Cease now, good brother, for we do not at all know yet, if brother Roland will accept him, he must first be brought before him; we have lately been several times too much deceived and the thing may be only a snare this time also, but Roland and Cavalier know directly what they are about, no one can deceive these."

Edmond looked at him with the utmost contempt and exclaimed: "Conduct me to the wood, to Lord Roland!"--

"Brother Roland, if you please," replied the stout Mazel, "among us there are no Lords; God is our Lord.--Stephen! Favart!" Cried he, in a commanding tone, and out of the cliffs sprang forward a fair-haired young man, and behind him stole forth another, whom Edmond immediately recognised for the old huntsman, that he had met about twelve days before at his father's house. "Conduct the young man to brother Roland," said Mazel to both of them, and Edmond accompanied them in silence, still deeper into the solitude of the mountains. Favart glanced sideways at the new comrade, while they walked on together, at length he said: "Lately, but for that young lad, things would have turned out badly enough."

"Who was he?" asked Edmond.

"I do not know," replied the huntsman, "I should like very much to know who he is; he knew me, although I did not know him. I had abandoned the brethren for sixteen months, now I am again returned to them, principally because the young lad said in my ear that I was an apostate and a traitor to God; now, I know too, how the Lord of Basville, the Intendant thinks, and all the other godless men. They are blood-thirsty men."

Young Stephen drew out a little flute and blew upon it a spiritual song, which sounded pleasingly far through the mountains. "Leave off that godless blowing," said Favart. "Why godless?" asked Edmond. "It is only a worldly little pipe," said the squinting huntsman, "all these things proceed from the wicked enemy, to ensnare our souls and hearts through sensual pleasure; in simplicity we should think on the Lord and our lips alone should laud and praise him, but not artificially and seducingly, for it is not seemly to make jubilee in our sorrow."

"You are too severe," said Stephen, "the birds in the woods praise the Lord and artificially too, in their way."

"They have no reason, no soul," said Favart, "they are poor beasts, even if it were the nightingale herself; it is still no praise to the Lord, they do but call their mates, or brood in their nests, their godliness is all a lie."

"As you will," said Stephen, at the same time replacing his flute. They came to a number of trees hewn down, and placed so as to form a sort of fence, from out of which a voice exclaimed: "Who goes there?" "Zion!" replied the two guides; and some large birch-trees were pushed backwards, and made way on

the narrow path. They passed through. "Where is Roland?" demanded they of the sentinels. "Up there," replied the latter, "under the great Apostle chesnut tree."

"We shall soon be there," said Stephen. They already heard a noise in the distance, talking, singing, and also clattering of iron; and now, when they had reached the summit of the wooded mountain plain, Edmond perceived many men in various groups, all brown and burnt by the sun, the greatest part of them in ragged doublets; some appeared to be praying, a few were reading, others were reposing on the grass, several were whetting their jagged swords or cleaning their guns, others were mending their vestments; many sang psalms. A tall wild-looking man advanced towards them, he walked up and down agitatedly with his hands behind his back, huge whiskers descended on either side of his face, his hair was tightly drawn up to the top of his head; "Good day brethren," cried he, in a discordant voice, which Edmond immediately recognised for the same he had heard in the distance on the eventful night. "The hero Catinat!" exclaimed Favart, shaking the gigantic man heartily by the hand, "how fares it with you?" "I am accused brother," said the former, "and Roland will hold no intercourse with me until all his officers, Cavalier and the rest, have spoken respecting me."

"Where is Roland?" enquired Edmond, hastily. "It is he yonder, who sits with his bared neck under the chesnut tree," said Catinat.

Edmond perceived a man of slight figure and middle age, leaning against the trunk of the tree, who was looking quietly on the ground and smoking a short clay tobacco pipe; he had taken off a red silk neckerchief which lay by his side, and had loosened his waistcoat, so that his whole breast was laid bare, his head was uncovered, his face was only shaded by large whiskers. He calmly raised his light brown eyes, as the three presented themselves before him, and Stephen explained in a few words Edmond's request. "Indeed!" said Roland, still continuing to smoke and quickly turning his searching glance from Edmond; "have a little patience, until I give you my answer, we do nothing without higher counsel, and I have not been thus blessed. Are any of our prophets here?" asked he in a loud voice, looking round the circle.

"No, brother Roland," resounded from all sides; "Be patient, some of them will shortly be here, for I do not know you, but nothing can be concealed from them."

Edmond felt hurt, his heart was ready to overflow; he related in a few words his wonderful transformation and how the spirit had led him into the mountains; "Yes, I myself, unworthy as I may be," concluded he, with deep emotion, his narration, "I have been blessed with this wonderful gift of fore-knowledge."

"Indeed!" said Roland in a drawling tone, while he rather winked than looked at the youth with his half closed eyes, in which was reflected either his contempt, or perhaps his envy, the latter was what Edmond conceived it to indicate. He raised his foot, and knocked the ashes out of the top of his tobacco pipe; "Go and walk up and down for a short time, I have some reflections to make; as soon as one of our prophets arrives, you shall obtain your answer."

Edmond turned away much annoyed, and cast his eyes over the interminable mountains; to the immense chain of the Cevennes are joined the blue summits of the Pyrenees, and on the other side were to be seen craggy cliffs and masses of rocks, which give so striking a feature to the right bank of the Rhone. What was Edmond's surprise, when among the fraternity he recognized two noblemen, whom he had formerly met many times at Nismes, and who had sunk into universal contempt on account of their frivolity and bad conduct. Cesar and Mark Anthony were merely what is usually termed in ordinary life boon companions; they had been finally compelled, in consequence of their debts to make their escape, and had, apparently, from absolute necessity alone, sought the society of these religious mountaineers. However much they tried to imitate the looks and demeanour of the rest, there still lay concealed even in the very manner that they greeted Edmond, something of that reckless insolence and licentious freedom, which all well-principled young men had excluded from their society many years before.

When Edmond had taken a survey of the surrounding country and of his future companions, Roland again called out in a loud voice, as he stood up:

"Is no prophet yet arrived?" "Yes," said Favart, "here is brother Duplant." At the same moment a pale, haggard little man stepped up, who trembled in every joint as from cold and whose prominent eyes added to his appearance of illness. "What do you wish brother?" asked he of the leader in an almost whining tone.

"Come forward brother," said Roland in a full, sonorous voice; "here is a new brother, who presents, himself to us from out of the valley, a rich distinguished man and a catholic; what does the spirit say to you about it?"

Duplant opened his light-blue eyes still wider, gazed on Edmond with a feeble, death-like look, then gathered himself up, shook his head violently, fell down, and while his breast and the lower part of his body heaved convulsively, a deep, and to him, unusual voice proceeded from him, resounding loudly: "I tell thee brother, this is a choice instrument, he will serve the Lord faithfully; his father in his heart is in our mountains, rejoice all that he is come among us. Amen!"

Roland immediately embraced the youth, then extended his hand to him; "In the name of God then!" said he solemnly, "My vocation must be true," answered Edmond, "for you have given a reception such as might well have frightened back an ordinary enthusiast."

"We cannot do otherwise brother," said Roland, "we are too often put to the test by spies in various forms; therefore, the Lord, decides among us, He, who cannot be deceived."

"It is good for me to be among you and to look upon the faces of all these, honoured men: but where is Cavalier, the hero, whose name resounds throughout the whole country? my soul burns to know him and to fold him in my arms."

"Yonder he comes with his troop in wonderful array."

A multitude of Camisards, clad in pillaged uniforms, marched up the mountain shouting with joy, at their head rode their commander, mounted on a little horse, one feather in his large hat, a richly embroidered uniform hung wide and loosely on his little thin body. He sprang from his horse, and while Edmond was making his way up to him, impressed with the almost ludicrous appearance of the unbecoming attire, the so justly renowned Cavalier advanced towards him, and Edmond, in terror and in deep confusion, stepped back, for the young hero was no other than that miller-lad, whom he had a short time before in his father's house treated with so much contempt, nay even with cutting bitterness.

CHAPTER IX.

The young commander first cast a lengthened look of astonishment on Edmond, then approached nearer and kindly offered him his hand. "You are one of us," exclaimed he, "the Lord had so ordained, accept the assurance of my brotherly love."--

Edmond seized the hand of the young man, held it long between his own, and then said with great emotion: "What have I not to thank you for at a time, when I neither knew, nor loved you; you it was who saved our house, myself, my sister and my beloved father! The veil has fallen from my eyes, and I shall now honour and love you, and all these heroes of the faith, as brothers."

A circle had been formed and Roland now stepped with solemn demeanour into the middle of it. "We are assembled," commenced he, greatly affected, "in order to pass judgment upon a friend, who is to me one of the dearest among the most valiant of the fraternity, and in the work of the Lord a distinguished zealot. Here stands Catinat, the man at whose name all our foes tremble. You are all here present, Cavalier, thou Ravanel, Castanet, Duplant, and Salomon, Clary, Abraham Mazel is also arrived here. I have often spoken on this point already, my dear friends, and wished to make known to you my opinion, and my sentiments, that in this war, in which we are fighting for the Lord, we should refrain from shedding blood as much as possible. No, my beloved friends, we will not therein follow the example of our adversaries, that we may excel them in their emulation for murder, incendiarism and all their works of darkness. Let the enemy, who comes armed against us, be given up to the sword, the villain, who betrays us and belies the Lord, let him fall a sacrifice to his own malice, but the harmless labourer, the helpless priest, the defenceless woman, the child under age, let them be spared, what have they done to us? what can they accomplish against us? we have certainly always struggled to put our enemies to shame and to convince them by Christian charity, that our course is a just one; but here, Catinat has again acted in opposition to my express command, in his expedition he has set fire to three churches with his own hands, he has massacred two priests, his troop according to his orders has reduced villages to ashes, and women and children have been murdered and burned in the most terrible manner. Their lamentations, the cries of the orphans, the wailings of the

parents rise up to heaven, and arouse and call upon the enduring goodness of the Lord to thrust and to fling us in his wrath far away from him, like useless vessels. If we ourselves act in this manner, wherefore should we complain, when the enemies open wide the jaws of cruelty and show less compassion than the wolf in the wilderness, or the beast of prey of the mountains, then, with justice, their stakes blaze threateningly to meet us! why are we angered, when their barbarous executioners, with greedy looks, grin up towards our mountains, and in malicious joy whet their instruments of death? then fight brute against brute, and devil against Belzebub! By what then shall the good cause be recognised? I will also remind you, my beloved brethren, that these deeds alienate the best people in the country from us; not only the Catholic, but such as are in their hearts our brothers, will desert us, as well as those newly converted ones, who would willingly help us. Have you then forgotten, how pious men of foreign lands, priests and leaders of armies, have warned us not to stain our hands with innocent blood, and our holy cause with firebrands and cruelty? all pious minds in distant lands who turn looks of love upon us will be mistaken, and will surely think, that innate cruelty and savage nature must be alleged for these proceedings, and not our conscience and the cause of the Lord that we fight for. It is misfortune enough, that we should be compelled to stand in arms against our lawful king, who wanted to rob us of our God; let this misfortune suffice, let us do no more than our conscience demands. Finally, I will remind you, that by your unanimous consent I am your leader since the glorious death of my uncle, my command must be held inviolable, and therefore, he whom I send out and who wilfully and maliciously transgresses my orders, must be considered a rebel to me, yourselves, and your holy undertaking. You know, that a like fault would be punished with death yonder among the royal party; far be it from me to wish to punish so severely a brother and hero of the faith on account of his disobedience to me, a weak and miserable instrument of the Lord, but I propose depriving him of his command, because none should command who cannot also obey. Now take counsel among yourselves, my valiant and enlightened friends, whether you will confirm my sentence? once more I repeat my fear, that by these transgressions of individuals, our great cause will go to ruin."

Roland retired from the circle and all were silent. "We will hear what Catinat says for himself," said the broad, stout Mazel, and Ravanel, a little swarthy man with dark looks and wild appearance advanced towards the gigantic man and cried: "speak brother, you know how I love you, I am yours, unto death, and do not believe that you can ever be in the wrong, for in your fist is the sword of the Lord!"

Catinat shook him by the hand, then raised his eyes and glanced with a calm and penetrating look round the circle, and said: "My valiant brethren, my fault is evident and undeniable, it consists in transgression against subordination, and as I have been as good a soldier as brother Roland, I know well that nothing can be said to extenuate it. If you speak in accordance with the letter of the law, I am then condemned, and I will lay down my command as obediently as I accepted it from Roland. But I again ask you here openly, as I have already expressed my opinion privately on this point, can we, the immediate instruments of the Most High, penetrated with his spirit, measure commands and quietly follow them? shall we, are we permitted to pursue this war as with men like ourselves, and may we obstinately withdraw the holy zeal, when the spirit descends upon us, and rules the sword in our hand, and hurls the burning brand into the idolatrous temples? Where then is truth, confidence, and faith, if I am not allowed to do what the Lord himself designs to exact from me. No my friends, my inspired brethren! let other self-sufficient, self-willed men then, who fight without heaven be your soldiers, I can never be such. Roland and Cavalier pardon the prisoners we make, send them back comforted, refresh and succour their wounded, and hope by their well-meaning kindness to arouse the hearts of the villains, that they may feel humane and brotherly towards us. But no such thing! they mock at this our weakness and call it folly, nay, they publicly term it cowardice and say, that we dare not act otherwise, for we are only rebels and outlaws. Assuredly we are a reproach to men, and when they catch, or wound us, they show us less compassion than they would testify to a dog, even if it had torn their dearest child to pieces. Is it then necessary to remind you of the barbarities they have practised upon our brethren, who have struggled and died for the faith? I will only recall to your recollection the holy father Brusson, who gloriously won the crown of martyrdom at Montpellier, the pious man, who preached the gospel to us poor abandoned flocks in the wilderness, and then took leave of us, drew no sword, lighted no torch, lived and died in the spirit of peace, and who only came once more to take a last farewell of the old mountains, and of the brethren, whom the faith had collected around him as his own children, with the gospel in his pocket, and with the bread of tears he wished to return to the strange land, which had become to him as his native country; and when they caught him, of what avail was his quiet, peaceable spirit to him? Under martyrdom, at which the imagination shudders, he was forced to resign his soul into the hands of the Creator. Need I remind you of the noble spirit of Seguier, how heroically he died and only scorned the cruel ingenuity of the executioner? But how then do you forget the wholly innocent people, who often assembled in the fields to worship God in secret and were put down by the faithful, as they call themselves, or, as it

often happened, massacred, women and children not excepted? And you no longer remember, how parents who were suspected had their children torn from them to be brought up as Catholics, how the mothers never saw them more and how those under age, who then remained faithful to the Gospel, were ill-used, suffered martyrdom, or were doomed to languish in a dungeon? All then has escaped your recollection, what those priests of the pulpit and the altar have uttered against us, and the ban and the curse, and that we are no men and unworthy of commiseration, when we were still constrained to attend their mass? and is it even permitted that gentleness, virtue, consideration, humanity and pity, should be observed towards these bloodhounds? No, verily, we are ruined if we do not pay them in their own coin, return evil for evil, blood for blood, death for death, rage and fury for their inflexibility and severity. As they have been mild and compassionate towards us, let us respond to it; let the Christianity that they preach, fall burning down upon their own heads, let us dive into their hearts and entrails, to see where they have concealed pity and the feelings of humanity. Wherever our name resounds, they must turn pale, and when we set all against all, we shall then be able to know whether we lose, or win, we shall extirpate them, or they us; and if we cease to exist, so may the wasted wilderness, the depopulated land, the ruined palaces, and burnt-down temples and horror and desolation, announce to the after-world what we have suffered and done. What are a priest, country or king in comparison to my faith, in comparison to the fire that kindles through all my veins and burns in every fibre? Do you think you are permitted to reason and be men of the ordinary world? This is precisely what makes our adversaries strong and prepares so many defeats for us, because we still turn our looks back upon the world and its wisdom. Here stand our prophets, arrest then the spirit, exorcise it when it rushes through your souls like a hurricane, like a flash of lightening and burst forth from their consecrated mouths the words of the Eternal on the wings of the spirit. You know that this miraculous gift is denied to me, to Roland and to many, as in our Duplant, Cavalier, or Salomon, when all recollection vanishes and every ordinary human feeling becomes extinct, in the same manner does it happen to me, when we at length fight in the tumult, or pass by triumphantly the churches of our foes: from every dumb brick their scorn grins at me, from every beam the blood of our martyrs so arrogantly shed cries out to me; then, when the malignant followers of their priests sneak up to me with feigned supplications, then indeed, something roars within me for revenge, like a lion if he has once tasted blood, the sword and dagger pierce through their breasts as they kneel before me, my whole heart bounds, when the laughing flames rise up triumphantly through the edifice, when in the blaze the beams are consumed and fall down and bury

women and children in the red glow. This then is no human fancy that gladdened me, but the true spirit of the Almighty that impels me onward, and the bishop, the king himself, even our prophets may advance threateningly and imploringly towards me in vain in these highly consecrated moments, nay should an angel descend from heaven and call out to me to desist, I would not listen to it. Thus I am brethren, and I neither can nor will be otherwise, this I swear here, by the Eternal God!"

With these last words, he lifted his ponderous sword towards heaven, and then struck it so forcibly against the rocky ground, that it clattered loudly, Ravanel exclaimed as if possessed: "An Elias! an Elias!" and threw himself upon the breast of the ferocious man; the rest were silent, and Roland again came forward with a calm countenance, and as if embarrassed. "What is your decision my brethren?" demanded he with a deep sigh.

"The decision is difficult," said Constant, a robust, fair young man. "Let our prophets decide." The deadly pale Duplant immediately came forward, gave a hollow sigh and fell down; on the other side appeared Salomon, a diminutive man, he folded his hands, knelt and threw himself upon the rock. Duplant cried with that peculiarly deep voice: "I tell you the Hero Catinat has only fulfilled my orders!"--scarcely however had he uttered these words, than Salomon already groaned forth; "Follow my servant Roland, for he is my chosen instrument, you know that the blood of the innocent is an abomination to me."

The circle now drew closer together, and in the greatest excitement the pale and swarthy faces were looking over one another's heads, and between the shoulders of the foremost. Every eye was glowing, and Ravanel exclaimed: "To me also was given the gift of prophecy, listen to me, brethren, for perhaps the Spirit may now come over me." "Stop!" screamed out Abraham Mazel, "I am one of the oldest here, I have a right to speak before any of you, through me I can boast that this holy war arose, but here, I think prophecy cannot avail." He had with these words taken fast hold of the little thing, Ravanel, by the shoulders, but the latter darted like lightning out of his grasp, threw himself down by the side of Duplant, who still lay in ecstasy, and cried: "this is our greatest prophet, for thou hast only two degrees, and him must we follow."

"Is not Salomon," said Roland earnestly, "as almighty as he? Here the word of the Lord contradicts itself: how shall we interpret it?"

"Not certainly," interrupted Edmond, who could no longer restrain himself, "As wild passion demands, where doubt exists, mildness and compassion are the designs of the Lord." He had not yet finished these words, when he felt the stroke of a sword between his neck and shoulders, which the wrathful Ravanel aimed at him. The youth tottered backwards and Cavalier received him in his arms. "How?" exclaimed several voices, "one brother against another?" many swords were bared, a wild shout flew over the mountains and all was confusion. "The spirit moves me: he is a traitor!" said Ravanel. "stop! peace!" cried Roland's powerful voice in the midst, "brother Duplant has just now prophesied that he means us fairly, and that he is inspired with the faith!"

Ravanel turned surlily away and spoke to Duplant, who had in the mean while awakened.

A tall, slight man, whose clear brown eyes sparkled brightly, had in the interim been busied with Edmond: he had quickly torn off his clothes, examined and bound up the wound, which did not appear to be dangerous, and had supported him nearly fainting from loss of blood, between his knees. Cavalier with his kindly, childlike eyes was bending over him, and the youth fancied that he was again in his father's house, and that the strange guest was come to seek a reconciliation with him. "You are my angel," said he in a feeble voice, "you are indeed Gabriel, as my sister there has just said: take then also Christine as well as my father under your protection, pious boy, we shall all see one another cheerfully and happily again, but shine less brightly." Then he lost all consciousness.

"He is dying! brother Clary!" exclaimed Cavalier. "No," replied he, who had bound up his wound, "he will soon revive again; yet Ravanel does him injustice, for I know by my spirit that this youth is religious, and will follow our cause with zeal; but the wrathful fire of these fierce heroes will ruin us all."

Roland in the meanwhile was going through the assembled groups with commanding grace, seeking to appease these excited minds. All were standing in order, as his glance had commanded; Ravanel alone, conscious of guilt had retired. Cavalier now stepped in among them, and in his own amiable manner, said, "Brethren, the tie that binds the whole world, the source of all miracles, the strength of the weak, the immediate presence of our most holy father, is love, love alone. I am apprehensive, that we, the oppressed, whose unity is so necessary, may in this manner be divided, should we forget that we are brethren?"

Does not something more exalted than an oath bind us to a holy work? Ravanel has without doubt grossly sinned against our new brother, but the pious youth will forgive the enthusiast and Roland and Catinat as brethren must also shake hands. Forgive the impetuous man, brother Roland, and pardon him ye remaining friends, who censure his conduct; on his side, he will promise you to regulate his mind, to restrain himself, and, except in cases of the greatest emergency, to refrain from giving way to the impulse of his feelings. When you are once more united, I have something to report to you that is well worth consideration."

Catinat went slowly up to Roland; the latter wiped a tear from his eye, extended his arms, embraced him and cried: "Welcome to me my brother! thou wouldst dwell entirely in my soul, if thou couldst mix a few drops of the mind's tranquility with thy burning zeal." Catinat promised to restrain himself and peace was again restored.

"My friends," commenced Cavalier anew, "As I a short time since descended into the plains and valley of Nage, it appeared to me singularly enigmatical, that in so many places I met with coldness, disapprobation, and a strange backwardness in the best and most faithful. Unheard of and wilful barbarities were spoken of, said to have been practised by our party. I enquired who were the leaders, but they could not name them to me. Our most devoted friends told me, however, that this was not the right manner, or the way to fight through our, besides this, perilous cause. I shuddered when forced to listen to these accounts. Our enemies have hardly acted towards us with so much cruelty. I could not avoid shedding tears at the barbarous manner in which the Marchioness of Miramon has been murdered. You all know that she was a secret friend to our cause, and that we have enjoyed many succours from her kindness. This lady frequently travelled, often met with our people who were all acquainted with her, and who besides never wilfully injured the peaceable and defenceless inhabitants, but let them pass freely. Now she intended to quit Usez, in order to visit her husband at St. Ambroise. She was advised to take with her an escort, or at least armed servants, but confiding in our friendship, she refused both. She had already nearly reached the place of destination, when her carriage was surrounded by dark-looking men; she and her maids were bound, and neither entreaties, nor tears, nor the costly jewels that she carried with her, nor promise of much gold could save these hapless beings from the most disgraceful death. I contradicted all the exasperated people, that no troop of our party could have done this, but only a few believed me. Fortunately I have discovered who these

wretches are, who also call themselves Camisards and dishonour our cause; it is a band of highwaymen and incendiaries who have come from Provence. Advance friend Degran, and relate to the brethren how you came up with the villains, and how you escaped from them."

A ragged, half-starved looking man with a long beard came forward, whom some recognised and others examined with surprise. What a change a period of a few weeks had effected in him! He began in a feeble voice: "It may now be about a month ago, that I was sent by brother Cavalier with three of my comrades against Montpellier to watch the enemy, to purchase ammunition and to summon the attendance of some young men in the mountains. In order to avoid observation, we set out in the evening twilight, and just as a storm overtook us in the wood, we were suddenly surrounded by a number of black-looking men, and commanded to offer no resistance, the attempt too would have been vain among such a multitude, the tallest of them advanced towards us and said: 'I see then before me, some of the brave and valiant Camisards! You are welcome!' We could not make out who they were, they had not the appearance of the militia of the country, and were even more fearful than the madcaps, whom the fierce hermit formerly headed. After we had examined one another closer, he, who seemed to be the leader said: 'What a miserable perilous life such brave fellows lead, and none to acknowledge their value; and the sacrifice they make. You are forbidden to plunder, what do you gain by all your exertions? as we are told, you are not allowed under penalty of death to plunder even the demolished churches, and carry off the gold and silver vessels; no, you suffer all to melt in the flames. We think differently, we are not, it is true, your companions in faith, but you must make common cause with us. Behold our party consists of fifty, all united together by solemn oaths, you can never escape from us again, if you will not join us, you must die, you know the country and the inhabitants, name to us then the rich catholics, that we may direct our visits thither, and you shall have a fair portion of the booty which falls to us.'--What could we do? we were compelled to conduct them about, as they kept strict watch over us. I cannot bear to think on the horrors we were forced to witness; but one, more frightful than the rest, was committed against one of my comrades, who attempted to escape from them, for our consciences tortured us day and night. The horrible ill-treatment which had preceded the murder of our brother, bound us still more firmly to these highwaymen. The country was soon filled with rumours respecting these black Camisards, as they were called. Under this mask they were, however, by no means scrupulous about plundering merely their brothers in the faith, but they also attacked the houses of the newly

converted, and whose families were known as zealous reformers. One evening when they surrounded a country house and had dispatched me to inspect the place more closely, we were surprised and compelled to make a hasty retreat, and I availed myself of the opportunity to escape into a garden, and from thence into the wood. They have now however a long list of wealthy people, whom they intend to rob and murder; the Lord of Beauvais stands at the head of it, and as his house is rather retired, it is almost impossible for them not to succeed."

"Enough, my friend," cried Cavalier, "now Catinat will you accompany me in order to catch these assassins? This time, I will take only fifty men with me, and shall return shortly to receive your orders, brother Roland."

He made a sign, quickly mounted a little horse, and those, who were already acquainted with his will, followed him accompanied by Catinat. The man, who had escaped from the robbers, was also of the party in order to trace the villains. Edmond in the mean while had been removed. He lay in a hut formed of plaited branches upon a couch of moss, Abraham Mazel had followed to take care of him. The other leaders had also retired deeper into the wood with their troops. Roland, now nearly alone, walked up and down on the mountain plain, gave out orders, appointed new posts, and dispatched a troop under Valmal to procure provisions. Soon afterwards, Roland received intelligence through the centinels of the outposts, that they perceived in the direction of Rouergue a great number of men that, from their appearance, might be taken for the country militia. "These," said Roland, "will not be so unwise as to attack us in this strong place." A messenger came to announce that the approaching people had raised a great cry, and were not marching but advancing without order, and in tumultuous crowds. The noise was now heard ascending nearer from the rear of the mountain. "They are peasants," exclaimed Roland, as he came down from the eminence which he had ascended. "What can they want? Wherefore this commotion?" the procession drew near; men, women, even children and old men in the midst of them, all fluried, most of them in tears, each one would speak first, each presenting a hand to the commander. Those who were the most exhausted, laid themselves down on the ground, the younger men placed themselves in order, some had old fowling pieces, others sides, many were armed with short or long swords, several carried hatchets and axes. The fighting men amounted at least to two hundred in number, and when the tumult at length subsided, and Roland again asked from whence they came and what they required, one of the oldest among the armed men stepped forward and said, "Roland, you must know me and my father yonder, as well as many here from

the commune of Melière, we, who have often lent you our help, all in secret attached to you, and who have daily put up our prayers for you to heaven. You also know our persecutors; why need I name them to you. But our calamity is still new to you, and truly one must live in our days to deem it possible. It is now some months ago, that the Intendant and the Marshal caused whole communities to be carried off from the middle of the Cevennes, as well as from Mialet; women, children, and fathers were thrown into their prisons, merely because they were suspected by them. Out of one-and-twenty parishes, three hundred young men were seized from the district of Nismes alone, besides whole families and are shut up in the dungeons and fortresses of the level country and of the mountains. The inhuman Intendant trusts no one, and how can the subject be tranquil and faithful to the king, when the tyrant in his cold-blooded intrigues only meditates how to make the people wretched? The terrible man has been heard to say with his own lips, that the best and the safest method would be to extirpate from the face of the earth all who are converted, as well as the rebels. The Marshal himself, it is said, is shocked at these ideas, God and the king have not so far forgotten us ever to permit such infamy. But since the day before yesterday----Yes, weep, mourn, ye unfortunate, banished, houseless people!" And as in chorus there arose a sobbing and lamentation, but the speaker continued thus, "Early the day before yesterday, as we were going forth to our field labours, we heard the beating of drums, we took it for the usual marching of the royal troops through the country, but they soon drew near, we ascended the mountain and saw that the extensive mountain district, valley, and ravine, as far as the eye could reach, were surrounded. They did not leave us long in suspense, we were summoned to the square of our large village. Thence they published to our magistrates and to us, that in Nismes a decree had been pronounced to entirely depopulate our district, and many others, two-and-thirty parishes, including more than eighty villages and farms, to send the inhabitants to the open country, to other provinces, to islands, and to pull down and set fire to all the houses, stables, and farms without exception. Four regiments are encamped in the district to accomplish this devilish work. All uttered screams and lamentations, but they were disregarded, like ill-fated cattle, destined for slaughter, the wretched creatures suffered themselves, to be driven forth; and from the neighbouring mountain we already beheld the houses demolished; the axes resounded, the cattle lowed, and the mountains groaningly repeated the melancholy echo. As it proceeded too slowly for the monsters, we soon saw flames too flaring up; like greedy jaws, like thirsty tongues, did the fire lick up our beloved old dwellings and swallowed them in flames. The trees before the houses were consumed with them. Yes, Roland, the district, the dear villages, the

hospitable houses, which so often and so amicably received you and yours, these are in a brief space reduced to a desert, and in future I shall not be able perhaps to find a trace of where I lived with my parents, where I sat with them before the door, and played in the spring, where I became acquainted with my wife, where she bore me her first son. The stork will never again familiarly and confidently take up his lodging on the roof of my barn, no swallow will again announce to me there the warmth of spring, and twitter with her young before my window. Oh! and my own children. Man indeed has no childhood, when he is deprived of his country. The poor women! how well known to us, how dear was each bush and running brook. Now we know, for the first time, how we loved our old cottages and the seats inherited from our great grandfathers. All that we there in devotion, thought, and prayed, all the delightful Easter and Whitsuntide festivals, the pleasing solitude of the long winter evenings, and the exemplary conversations of the old men, all, all is vanished in this hideous fire."

"No more! no more!" shrieked the women, and the children wept aloud.

"All this," continued the speaker, "happened to us, dear Roland, on your account alone, for they know well, the persecutors! that we have in our hearts been with you, so many of your bravest men are from among us. They extirpate us, especially because our valleys and mountains border on the district of Vivares, and through our country Catinat and Cavalier attempted to penetrate. Friend, brother! here we are now, and assuredly many more active men from other districts will run to you, for they will not suffer what will be required of them. Come, lead us on, thrust us into the thicket of the fight, when thousands stand close in front of their cannons, and with swords, sicles, hatchets, and cudgels we will fall upon them, nay without weapons, with these hands, with these teeth we will tear them to pieces! Life and pleasure now consist only in death and destruction; if they only feel how we hate and abhor them, if but one and then another, and a third be made to acknowledge to us, struggling in agonising death, and with closing eyes, that this happens to them for their evil doings." All the men pressed forward brandishing their weapons and gnashing their teeth. A smothered cry of rage suddenly burst from every lip. "Controul yourselves my friends," said Roland, "As well as you can; you, Bertrand, with your horrifying account have filled my soul with sorrow, for your woe concerns us altogether and your loss admits of no restitution. Repose and refresh yourselves here with all that I can offer you; then follow my counsel, and let the old men, women, and children return peaceably, for here there is neither shelter nor help for them. God will ordain, that all shall turn for the best, that the proprietors find their own again and that your cottages shall rise once more from their ruins. Only do not despair, bear your calamity with pain and sorrow, but do not despair, for that belies God, opposes itself to him, nay, mocks his inscrutable decrees, and in its hellish dictates, would even annihilate him. Do not give yourselves up to this feeling, which is unworthy of men. We have all indeed been long since innured to misery by the hand of the Lord. Shew now that you are obedient, well conducted children, who though he may look upon you with a severe and reproving countenance, will not mistake the father."

All shewed themselves more quiet and the younger men exclaimed, "Give us weapons! weapons! Roland!" "Those that I have left," replied the latter, "you shall have; such as cannot obtain any, must wait for the first combat, and take them from the enemy, for it has been arranged thus from the beginning. The troops must bring us arms up into the mountains, and a gun which oneself has

wrested from a strange foe is quite a different arm to what one buys. Pooh! who would give money for iron and arms, as long as the Marshal will still so kindly give himself the trouble to send out his people in heat and rain, that they may laboriously enough provide us very conveniently with arms, which he himself with his Intendant and his baton will have reason to fear. Thus thinks a true Camisard. Clothing also shall they deliver up to you, shoes and boots, but you must learn to be courteous and assist them, my countrymen, a little to undress. With a hundred such valets, Cavalier was here a short time since; they were all most gallantly equipped without being indebted a single denier to draper, or tailor."

Bertrand, who was resting upon his fowling piece, and whose tears still trickled down his cheeks, and over his weapon, could not avoid laughing aloud, and the younger lads joined him. "Yes," cried young François, "we will peel them like red and yellow apples, only serve us up a dish of them soon."

"Shake them bravely out of their uniforms, the season for nut shaking is near."

"I will shake them out," cried François "so that they shall fall rattling at my feet and each one shall shew himself so hollow and worm-eaten, that I would not seek for his kernel!"--The mother rose from the ground and embraced her young son, who had just entered into manhood. "I, and several of us," said another lad, "have already served many a time under you, Roland; but then we returned afterwards to our village."

"This is the best method to carry on the war," replied Roland, "for we thus sometimes save provisions, and our troops remain fresh and ready for battle. I know you well Adam, and also that little shoemaker Anton yonder."

Anton came forward; "Yes, dear brother, I am so glad that he shoes, which I made for you hold out still."--He fell down and wished to embrace his knees, but Roland raised him up. "Look Roland; I love and honour you so much, that I should like to be your footstool upon which your tired legs might repose. I formerly fought bravely, but now, it shall go on quite differently. It shall be stab on stab, and my awl and thong shall be drawn through their hearts and entrails, so that the soul shall pipe like an imprisoned rat."

All appeared seated at the frugal meal more comforted and quiet; at least the

distorted and despairing faces with which they had at first appeared before the commander, were no longer to be seen.

CHAPTER X.

Edmond had again returned to consciousness, and on opening his eyes, he saw Mazel by his couch and the swarthy Eustace, who although wounded himself, had stayed to serve him and was kneeling by his bed. He could not for a long time recall to his recollection how he had come there, and the fierce looking men, with the view from the hut over the mountains and woods, threw him into a strange reverie. However, he was soon enabled to connect one idea with another, and to reassemble all his faculties. His imagination was still busied with Cavalier, he fancied he could follow and see him, now, as a shadow, then, brighter again, yet it seemed as if his feverish state presented him figuring to himself, in real colours and contour, the portrait of his friends and the place in which he was. Eustace kissed his hands and bathed them with tears. "Oh, my dear young master!" cried he then sobbing, "that you should now come among us, and have been obliged to experience anything so bad from our wildest prophet! yes, brother Ravel, is the worst, should I have said in my stupidity, the most godless: may heaven forgive me my sins. No, all of us and himself too must often pray, that the Lord may moderate his ardent zeal, for he is almost always in anger, and only too frequently as if raving. Are you better now, gracious sir?" Edmond pressed his hand and said, "I feel that the wound is not of much consequence, it was the loss of blood alone made me faint; but brother Eustace, as I am now a brother to you all, leave off that empty mode of the men of the world, and call me thou, as it is customary among you."

"As thou wilt!" exclaimed the former greatly affected: "but I am as if in heaven, that thou brother, that thou, who wast so proud shouldst thus converse with me. They always deny miracles, and yet this is truly one."

"Leave him to repose, brother Eustace," said Mazel, "do not excite and tease him any more in order that he may be soon restored." "Relate to me," said Edmond, "brother Abraham, that my imagination may be directed to a fixed point, which otherwise in its diseased state is wandering lost and bewildered. Do I remember rightly, that thou saidst to-day in that extraordinary dispute, which my soul cannot even yet understand, thou hadst given rise to the present war. Or was it not so? tell me something about it, for although I have grown up in this neighbourhood, I know but little connected with these affairs."

Mazel replied: "It is true brother Edmond, it is also not true, as one may consider the matter, and thus it is perhaps with most things in the world. I was a lad of about twenty years of age, when, suddenly they abolished our reformed religion, it went to the hearts of all throughout the whole country. I was then only a forest-ranger in the service of the Lord of Mende, on the banks of the Rhone. About this time they began to emigrate from the country. Nobles, merchants, peasants, and citizens went away (for that was yet permitted) towards Switzerland, Holland, England and Germany, where they were well received, for the poorer ones were industrious mechanics, had knowledge of manufactures, and carried many arts and advantages to other lands. I had no inclination to go with them. Gracious heaven! home is sweet, where man is born, air and water seem good to him, where my language is understood, there is my heart. Added to this, I loved a maiden; and besides, they intended to make me a royal ranger. The thing pleased me, and with love, domestic joy and happiness in my native land; I bound up the mouth of conscience so close, that like a dancing bear, it could not bite around it. The extensive emigration, the fortune that they carried away with them, caused a great sensation, this they had never suspected and probably thought all were quiet cattle like myself, and just as willing to let themselves be bound to the manger. Now under pain of being sent to the gallies, every body was prohibited to quit the country; Ah! that gave a shock, and completely so, when they did it in reality, and, as an example, several old noblemen were chained to the oar. The anguish was great in the land. All were forced to attend mass; the dragoons were sent out; the people tortured; the children shut up. The most enthusiastic went out together into the woods and caverns, and prayed there and preached to one another. Whomsoever they found thus employed, was without further ceremony broken alive on the wheel; hanging was a favour. Our Intendant thought to crush the affair with prompt violence, and appalling horror, that old and young needed only to be quickly reminded of their religion. People often think in reality, because they are themselves convinced of the matter, and that it is only carelessness in others: they wish to recall them to themselves, and often in the midst of their barbarity, they do not mean so badly towards them."

"Thou art right Mazel," interrupted Edmond, "I myself was of this belief a short time ago." "But now," continued the old man in his relation, "all our souls acquired an entirely different colour, they were clad in new vestments, for we had not thought of it thus, and we came to our recollection, but in a very different manner. Were I in the wood and my dog only whined, it seemed precisely to me as if it were my conscience. Yes, I was struck, I sought for, but could not find the hidden jewel. My wife then consoled me once more, and

thought that all would certainly come round again.--Now it was strange enough, that a pious society had already long since arisen in Dauphiné. An aged man lived there upon a high mountain in the middle of a wood. He had a glass-manufactory in that solitude. Now we have all experienced that mountain and valley, the air that one breathes there, the murmurings, the singular voices, the cry and the echo, make a man bolder, fresher, and also more imaginative; he no longer fears his brethren in the cities, he prizes not so highly the stone-houses and the smooth streets, and all the singing of bells. The man Du Serre had visions and revelations. He did not, however, go about preaching. He, as well as myself, was wanting in that gift, but he was endowed with that of foresight. Can one learn that from another? we must believe it, and our times confirm it. But how? there lies the riddle! Should it be called an art? by no means! The enemies call it imposture, that is impious. Well, this glass-manufacturer kept fifteen young men in his house, and his wife as many young girls, they almost all experienced the enlightening, and the greater part of them the gift of preaching. Thus then did they go out into the world. The fame of beautiful Isabelle was soon spread abroad. She seduced every-body to apostacy, as the others termed it. Still more efficaciously did a youth, named Gabriel Astier, teach and convert. A part of Dauphiné and our neighbourhood of Vivarès soon became one flame of religion. The children then already began to prophecy. But the poor creatures, without weapons of defence in their too zealous faith, were surprised by the soldiers, and the greatest number massacred. Our Basville and his son-in-law, the Marshal Broglio, bore the fame of having massacred them all. Gabriel also, who had become a soldier in Montpellier, was recognized and executed, and the lovely Isabelle from fear, in the dungeon of Grenoble, retracted from her faith, and thus all had the appearance of tranquillity. Sparks of the faith, however, and of the force of miracles had been scattered and lost in the Cevennes. For the spirit possesses the property of fire, which, out of a little spark, by which a small beetle cannot warm itself, grows, in a few hours, into a brand that lays woods in ashes, and mocks all human efforts to extinguish it. What may not lie in one single word? Oh thou mournful sound, like the twittering of the swallow, thou appearest to die away in the wilderness, the spirit conducts thee through the world, and puts thee on a coat of mail that armies grow out of the ground, and horses and riders, and thousands sent by kings with the thunder of artillery, were not able to make the little world as quiet and small as it lay formerly in the solitary cottage. Praised be the Lord!"

He prayed inwardly, and then continued: "In the meantime, people became older and wiser but certainly more obstinate, I already began to think no more of

my former faith, nor had the new one either much effect on my heart. I was an ass between two hayricks, and ate of neither.

"A man of the name of Beoussan, a man of God, lived first at Nismes, and afterwards at Toulouse. He was a reformer and a lawyer, who always, and when the people were poor, gratuitously took up the cause of his companions of the faith: His was a spirit full of gentleness and goodness. He went into foreign countries, became a priest in Switzerland, preached there and in Holland, and edified thousands. Him did the spirit and his native land lead back into our country and then the Lord conducted me to him in the wilderness. My wife was dead at that time, and lonely and childless, as I then was, my whole heart that had lain so long untilled, was again enabled to bear genuine fruit. It was, as if I began from that time to imbibe again a portion of heavenly comfort in my cottage. Thus things went on. I was no longer in ignorance, but I was not yet happy. This would not last, hail-showers sometimes destroyed my seed, and when I often lay in wait with the best dispositions, and with an open and acute mind, loaded and ready to shoot, there came no game, no animal sprang up in the wilderness of my heart. Ah, we totter on thus pitiably for years, and time passes as a dream and intoxication. I glanced round me, I had become old. How! thought I, when the Lord looks down, he will see furrows on thy old skin and thou art still neither hot, nor cold. Than came the late Mr. Beoussan, the holy master, among us. An impulse of the spirit, as he said, led him to us. He was well and comfortable at home, but, pious bird of the forest! he wished to visit once more his beloved mountains, dells, the clear brooks, and to pour so thrillingly, fully, and affectionately into our hearts the tones of the sweet nightingale, that burst from his breast, that he must die from the effort.--Amen!--"

He stopped again, and Edmond said: "I often saw this pious Beoussan at Nismes, before he was executed. It is not yet five years since he sealed his doctrine with an ignominious death."

"Then," pursued Abraham Mazel, "All the former restrictions were renewed with greater severity. We could not speak, scarcely think without being betrayed. A year had now elapsed, when an assembly of religious people in Alais was surprised by Basville, they were all dragged to prison, and all, without further enquiries, were sentenced to martyrdom. This took place in October. I had also been present, and only escaped through a miracle. I had already seen some of the prophecying children here and there, without profit, my heart became rather

colder at the sight, because the little worms did not please me in that state. Now, after my day's work was finished, I sat in solitude, tired and exhausted from riding, and looked round at the green meadows, the sky and the mountains. I tried, in my inmost soul, to unravel the mystery, why all should be thus and not otherwise, how God and man, virtue and sin, in and through one another, and how in this entwined knot, now and then the rays of eternity shine down into this temporal world, and how, in one short moment, we feel and experience within us the whole unfathomable eternity, and many thousand thoughts and feelings, of which the smallest in the tittle of time, is allowed no place. Also why we were so miserable, and what was the end of the Lord in this. Behold, my friend, there descended a vast stream of thoughts from heaven, (I saw, but knew not one word, one letter of it) and alighted as with large eagle's wings upon my brain and roared and murmured there, and the marrow of my back became cold as ice, and my inmost soul was congealed and frozen, and my teeth chattered with fear. How the breath lost itself in my breast, and now it was, as if little cooing doves were flying through the immeasurable space of my soul. A gentle heat came over me and my heart sprung open as the rose out of its bud on a spring morning, and the Lord was within me. Then I fell down and my prayer was prophecy. Oh, how could I have thought that his presence was so sweet, who, with his glory, almost broke down the wall of the narrow dwelling. Thanks be to him for ever and ever, Amen!"

"His wonders are immeasurable and unspeakable," said Edmond.

"Many," said Abraham in continuation, "whose faith was suspected, were imprisoned throughout the whole country. They were most severely treated by the Abbé Chaila who resided in the Château Pont Mont-de-Verd. Parents, husbands and betrothed mourned for those that had been carried off. It would have been sinful to place my light under a bushel. I summoned together a little community of zealous souls in the forest, there they witnessed my inspiration, and their courage was raised. It was in the middle of summer, and I prophesied to them that they should release the prisoners. The following night we assembled together, and Pervier, a young man, whose bride was languishing in the prisons, undertook the command. They advanced in front of the dwelling; the Abbé's servants fired from the windows and killed three of our friends. We now ceased to sing psalms, and stormed the castle with trees and firebrands. The gates gave way, we entered, and encountered the Abbé in his chamber. He suffered his dungeon to be opened, we then assured him that he should receive no injury. The prisoners came forth; weeping, joy, sobbing, and singing filled the house. Then

they shewed their wounds, the marks of the torture, dimmed eyes and sunken cheeks. A shout for murder resounded around. But Pervier and I appeased the maddened people by word and deed. The Abbé heard the noise, was terrified at our movements, and to save himself, he sprang from a high window into the road, and lay dashed to pieces on the ground. His attendants and many of us ran up to him. 'The Lord has judged him for his cruelties,' exclaimed several voices; they lay down by his side to look into his dying eyes. Many, in spite of their emotion, could not conceal their malicious joy, and thus in reality, our first act was the beginning of the war, a story, which, in order to defame us, they have entirely altered."

"It is believed," said Edmond, "that you criminally and wantonly murdered him."

"Had it depended upon the will of one that was among us," continued Mazel, "that, and much more would have happened. A stout, fierce man was of our party, who very unwillingly submitted to the commands of the moderate Pervier; you know him by his fame, Esprit Segulier. In him already burned the fire, which now shines forth in Catinat and Ravanel, and even then many were of opinion, that this was the true religion, and that the zeal of Elias and not the gentleness of St. John should save us. We all retired quietly, cheerfully, and happily. Not one of us had been discovered. Then Segulier assembled a troop as fierce as himself, and while the soldiers were seeking for us, returned to Pont-de-Verd, burnt the castle, slaughtered all the priests that he found there, and cut down all whom they encountered. But misfortune overtook them. They were defeated; when they sought for the leader, he himself issued from a cottage, and declared his name. 'Wretch!' exclaimed the commander, what treatment dost thou deserve for thy deeds?' 'That which I would give thee, wert thou my prisoner,' replied the enthusiast, 'and verily, such as thy friends would not rejoice over.' He remained firm to the last. He was burnt alive. A proclamation was then issued, offering pardon to all that knew anything of the affair of the Abbé, as well as to such as had been, up to that period, Huguenots in secret. Innocent beings! poor deluded ones! they presented themselves, and were all hanged before their doors, even those, who had never been at Pont-de-Verd. Their anger was now no longer to be restrained, the young men rebelled, I led them to Pervier, arms were sought for, those who had none, took hatchet and sicle; a regiment advanced to oppose us on the left of Karnaulè. As soon as we began to sing, the troops became intimidated; we rushed upon them, their balls were of no effect, we hewed them down, five only escaped, to tell the news of their defeat. Broglio himself then advanced

upon us, but he was driven back! A christian festival of thanksgiving was held in the forest, and the Lord prophesied out of me to the edification of all warriors. In our next combat Pervier was wounded, and appointed La Porte our leader; but he did not feel that he was ordained to suffer martyrdom, and soon went with his young wife to Geneva. Then the bold La Porte fought the fearful battle before La Salle, of which thou must have heard. He soon afterwards died gloriously of his wounds, for they all opened afresh, when he was nearly cured, he sang psalms at divine service, with so much ardour, that twenty wounded arteries bled at once, and thus his soul, in red streams, and while he was still singing, hastened up to heaven. To him succeeded his nephew, our brother Roland, in command."

The latter advanced at that moment and affectionately enquired after Edmond's health, and then charged Mazel to place sentinels round about, for that Lord Flotard was coming and had private matters to discuss with him, which no one was permitted to hear. Abraham retired, and immediately from the opposite wood issued a richly dressed man, towards whom Roland politely advanced, and both then hastened to a distance, where they walked up and down on the skirt of the wood engaged in earnest conversation.

"Canst thou hear what they say?" asked Edmond of the aged Eustace.

"No, brother," replied the latter, "how is that possible, since they are so far from us, that I can scarcely distinguish them?"

But Edmond, when he turned his thoughts on Roland, could, to his great surprise, understand all clearly and distinctly, so that not one word of the conversation escaped him.

"I thank you sir," said Roland, "these sums come just in right time, and will help to supply the unfortunate soldiers with those necessaries that they have been so long compelled to forego." "And you remain obstinate," demanded the former, "and will not accept anything for yourself and the other leaders?"

"Do not mention that," said Roland, "you ought to know us at last. We have not undertaken this holy war for robbery and gain: we are all willing to remain poor. But the succours, where do they tarry? we do what we can with short means, but a great calamity may annihilate us at once, and then all assistance from without will come too late, even now, a small one would be very acceptable. But already I forbode the future, they will let us languish and perish,

and then lament that they did not lend us assistance sooner. It is ever thus, when one trusts to foreign aid."

"Therefore a sum: could--in all cases"--observed the stranger.

"No," cried Roland with great vehemence; "Oh sir, do you think then that I anticipate a happy result? I will live and die in this struggle, end as it may. When I had the courage to take up the sword, I at the same time threw away the scabbard too. I have devoted myself to ruin. My name may be stained, the better part of mankind shall feel that I was not debased, that, notwithstanding all, I was a good subject."

"A good subject?" said the stranger inquiringly, "I understand the strangeness of these words. You think that I, a rebel, an outlaw, who even accepts sums of money from foreign lands, may be purchased at a cheap rate by the enemies of my king, and that I should maliciously rejoice at every calamity that befell my sovereign. But it is not thus, no Frenchman sinks so low. Let the king give us liberty of conscience, and lame, starved, and bleeding at every pore, we will still fight for him against England and Germany. And never would I, and my friends lend our aid to bring our country under a foreign yoke; even should he persist to act thus cruelly towards us: do not calculate upon that. But I will fight for my cause in an honourable manner, as long as breath is in me. Weak as we may be, we occupy a whole army, and with it lend efficient succour to foreign countries. Do you not think, that with these sentiments, I may call myself a good subject, though certain of my ultimate ruin, by acting thus, I spare my king and country? I fall in the fight here, or imprisonment, ignominy and martyrdom await me, no spark of commiseration lights me on. I do not kindle the fiery zeal and wrath of my people, in order, to break blindly into the land, to hazard all on a dangerous game, by which the infuriated often win, I rather restrain them. For myself I do nothing, for my party and my religion everything. Could I but avoid involving these unfortunate men in my ruin! But the king and fate have ordained it so."

"I am further to enquire," said Flotard anew, "whether experienced officers should not be brought into the mountains as leaders?"

"I oppose that," said Roland gravely, "not on my own account. I know not how we carry on the war, but still this little mountain-spot occupies a great number of disciplined troops. We have done more than we ever dared to think of, even in our dreams. And all those poor enthusiastic men, who never enquire

how numerous the foe may be, rush with songs of praise upon the bayonet, and into the flames of the stake; they would follow no foreign leader, who did not share with them the same faith, and the same distress, for as I have already said, it is not their wish to be rioters and rebels, and thus follow a foreign standard, though with greater safety. They fight and conquer only under their own known country-people, who pray and sing with them, whose origin they know, and whose prophecies impel them to rush fearlessly into the most palpable danger."

"They laugh at those prophets in foreign countries," said Flotard, "What is your opinion of them?" "I know not what to say to it," answered Roland; I frequently see the miracle before my eyes, that these men know things which no one can learn by natural means; but again it often strikes me, that blind passion alone speaks out of them, and that they voluntarily excite themselves to this state. The prophets sometimes contradict one another. They direct our proceedings, and it occurs occasionally that my regulations deviate from their wishes, but I have sometimes had reason to repent of this.--Come now to the magazines, and we shall consider what may be most necessary to us.

Roland called out, and accompanied by a few followers, they both penetrated into the darkness of the forest.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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