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A N
A C C O U N T
O F T H E
T O R M E N T S
W H I C H T H E
French Protestants
Endure Aboard the
G A L L E Y S.

By *JOHN BION*, sometime Priest and
Curate of the Parish of *Ursy* in the Pro-
vince of *Burgundy*, and Chaplain to the
Superbe Galley in the *French* Service.

L O N D O N,
Printed for *J. Downing* in *Bartholomew-Close*,
1712.

THE

PREFACE.

AS I purposed in this Work, only to make the Sufferings of the Protestants condemned to the Gallies for the sake of Religion, known to the World; People will be apt to think, that when I speak in general of the different sorts of Forçats or Slaves, which are on them, I go besides the Rules I prescribed to my self. But, if it be considered, that it is no little Torment to the Protestants to be amongst Malefactors, and lewd and profligate Villans, whose continual Blasphemies and Cur-sings have no paralel but among the damned in Hell, it will not be thought besides my purpose to have given to the World a particular account of the various sorts of those Men who live in the Gallies.

Besides there is a block, which those, who never saw the Gallies but in the Port at Marsellies, will infallibly stumble at, if not removed, and is this; That whereas the Galley-Slaves during the time they are in that wretched condition, whilst at Sea and tugging at the Oar, they are allowed to keep Shop about the Port, and there to work and sell all manner of Commodities;

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And sometimes have leave to walk in the Town, giving only one penny to the Algoufin, as much to the Turk with whom each of them must then be coupled, and five pence to the Per-tuisenier, or Partizan-bearer who guards them; And there are some besides that even have their Wives at Marseilles, and all are permitted to hear from their Friends and receive Money from their Relations; Yet all such Comforts and Favours, as well as all manner of Correspondence with Friends are utterly denyed the Protestant.

I have not descended to particulars in what relateth to the Usefulness of Gallies in Sea-fights, for the keeping of the Coasts, or Convoying of Merchant-Ships when there is danger of their being taken or set upon by the Brigantines, which the Duke of Savoy keeps commonly for that purpose during the War, in Villa Franca, St. Hospitio and Oneglia. Nor do I take notice in this Work, how the Gallies in an Engagement, wherein there are Men of War, serve to keep off, and sink with their Cannon-shot out of the Courfier (a Gun so called) the Fireships the Enemy sendeth to set the Ship on Fire; and to Tow away such as are disabled in the fight. I might also have observed, how in every Galley there are five Guns upon the Fore-deck, viz. four six or eight Pounders, and a fifth called the Courfier,

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Courfier, which carryeth a six and thirty Pound Ball; As also that when an Enemies Ship is becalmed, a Gally, which with her Gears can do what she pleaseth, may attack that Ship Fore or Aft to avoid her Broadfides, and ply her with Courfier: So that some times if she happeneth to give her a Shot which cometh between Wind and Water, she forceth her to surrender; Which however happeneth seldom enough; for a Ship needs but a little Wind to make nothing of overthrowing five or six Gallies.

Neither did I think fit to give here an Account of the number of Gallies in France, which is twenty four at Marseilles, and six upon the Ocean; Nor to speak of the six small Rooms in every Galley under the Deck, wherein Ammunition and Provisions are kept, and which they call Gavon, the Scandclat, the Campaign, the Paillot, the Tavern, and the Fore-room. All these particulars would have carried me too far out of my way and besides my purpose, which is only to give a plain and faithful Account without amplifying, of the Sufferings of the Protestant Galley-slaves.

If there be any thing omitted in this Relation, it will not be found as to any material Point: And as my sole aim in it hath been to work a Fellow-feeling in other Mens Hearts, I

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I shan't find my self at all disappointed, although their Curiosity should not be fully satisfied. The Lord in his Mercy pour out his Blessings upon this Work, and favourably hear our Prayers and Supplications, which we shall never cease to make unto his Divine Majesty, for the Deliverance of our poor distressed Brethren.

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OF THE
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French Galleys.

THE dismal Accounts handed down to us by Historians, of the Torments inflicted on Christians by the Heathen Emperors in the first Ages of the Church, might justly be suspected, if the woful Experience of our own, did not put the Truth of them out of Dispute. For tho' it be not easie to conceive how Men can put off all that is tender, and generous in their Natures, and degenerate into the ferity of Brutes; Yet it is but looking on the World round us, and we shall be convinc'd that they can even out-do their fellow Animals in cruelty to one another; nay, we may see many professing Christianity, under the specious pretence of Zeal for its Interest, commit such barbarities as exceed, at least equal, the Rage of the Persecutors of the Primitive Christians. History abounds in Instances that shew the Nature of a Spirit of Persecution, and how boundless is its Rage
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and Fury; but the sad Effects it hath of late Years produc'd in *France*, as they are still fresh, and but too obvious, are scarce to be parallel'd in any Age or Nation. All the World knows the Protestants there lived under the Protection of the Edict of *Nants*, a Treaty as full, and solemn as any ever was. It was at first religiously observed, but in time several Breaches were made in it; many of its Branches were by degrees lopt off, till at last under the present King, at the continual teizing, and sollicitation of the Jesuits, those restless, busy Insects, it was perfidiously broke, or as they please to term it, Revok'd.

But Religion, and its Propagation, must be the Cloak under which those Crafty Silver-Smiths intend to play their Game, and therefore having first confidently taught that the King hath a despotick Power over their Consciences, as well as Estates, and consequently his Will the Rule of their Religion, they, by several Arts and Methods, but chiefly by dreadful Punishments, force weak People to play the Hypocrites, and embrace a Religion which in their Hearts they detest. Such who are too good Christians to prostitute their Consciences to vile worldly Interests, are deny'd the Benefit of retiring into Foreign Countries; and punish'd, if discovered, often with Death, or reserv'd for more cruel usage, and condemn'd to spin out their wretched lives in the Gallies.

Of these last I design to give the publick an Account, as being of all Men the most miserable; The Barbarities committed in those horrid Machines exceeding all that can possibly be imagin'd; the Ingenuity of the famous *Sicilian* Tyrants in inventing Torments, deserves no longer to be proverbial, being far excell'd in this pernicious Art by the Modern Enemies of Religion and Liberty.

I shall endeavour to satisfy the Curiosity of those who desire to be inform'd of the Treatment the Slaves (and particularly the Protestants) in the Gallies meet with; and to convince such as are loth to harbour any hard Thoughts of the *French* Court, and justify its Proceedings by pretending, that what they suffer is not on the account of Religion, but a just lawful Punishment for Rebellion, and Disobedience.

My being several Campaigns Chaplain aboard one of the Gallies called *La Superbe*, gave me sufficient Opportunity of informing my-self of the Truth of the following Relation; and I hope my Integrity will not be called in Question by any body that hears, that during my stay in that Service I never receiv'd the least disgust, or met with any Disobligation. However the Certificates I have from Monsieur de *Montolieu*, Chief Flag-Officer of the *French* Gallies, and Monsieur *D'Autigny*, Captain of the aforesaid Galley, whose Chaplain I was, a Reward also for my Services confer'd on me by the *French* King, in the Year 1704, at the Recommendation of Monsieur de *Pontchartrin*; With the several good Offices done me by the General, and other Officers who knew me; These will, I hope, Skreen me from the Suspicions, or Calumny of such who through Malice, or perhaps Interest, might be inclin'd to misrepresent me.

Neither shall a blind Zeal for the Protestant Religion, which I have lately embrac'd, hurry me beyond the strict bounds of Truth, or make me represent things in any Colours but their own. I should be an unworthy Professor of that Holy Religion, if on any consideration I should in the least deviate from the strictest Truth; To which end I shall relate nothing by hearsay, but like the Apostle, confine my self to those things my Eyes have seen.

But before I proceed to shew the Sufferings and Misery the Wretches in the Gallies labour under, I shall give a short description of that Vessel.

A Galley is a long flat one Deckt Vessel; And tho' it hath two Masts, yet they generally make use of Oars, because they are built so as not to be able to endure a rough Sea, and therefore their Sails for the most part are useless, unless in Cruising, when they are out of Sight of Land; for then, for fear of being surpris'd by ill Weather they make the best of their way. There are five Slaves to every Oar, one of them a *Turk*, who being generally stronger than Christians, are set at the upper end to work it with more strength: There are in all three Hundred Slaves, and an Hundred and Fifty Men, either Officers, Soldiers, Seamen, or Servants.

There is at the Stern of the Galley, a Chamber shaped on the out side like a Cradle, belonging to the Captain, and solely his at Night, or in foul Weather, but in the day time common to the Officers, and Chaplain; all the rest of the Crew (the under Officers excepted, who retire to other convenient Places) is expos'd above Deck to the scorching heat of the Sun by Day, and the damps, and inclemencies of the Night. There is indeed a kind of a Tent suspended by a Cable, from Head to Stern, that affords some little shelter; but the misfortune is, that this is only when they can best be without it, that is, in fair Weather; for in the least Wind, or Storm, 'tis taken down, the Galley not being able to endure it for fear of over-setting. In the two Winters in *Anno 1703, 1704*, that we kept the Coasts of *Monaco, Nice, and Antibes*; those poor Creatures after hard rowing, could not enjoy the usual benefit of the Night, which puts an end to the Fatigues and Labours of
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the Day, but were expos'd to the Winds, Snow, Hail, and all other inconveniencies of that Season. The only comfort they wish'd for was the liberty of Smoaking; But that, on pain of the Bastinado, the usual Punishment of the place, is forbid.

When we consider that the Vessel being but small for the number, the Men consequently crowded, the continual Sweat that streams down from their Bodies, whilst rowing, and the scanty allowance of Linnen, one may easily imagine that this breeds abundance of Vermin; So that in spite of all the care that can be taken, the Gallies swarm with Lice, &c. which nesting in the plates and lappets of their Clothes, relieve by Night the Executioners who beat and torment them by Day.

Their whole yearly allowante for Clothes is two Shirts made of the coarsest Canvass, and a little Jerkin of red Serge, slit on each side up to their Arm-holes; The Sleeves are also open, and come not down so low as their Elbows, and every three Years a kind of a coarse Frock, and a little Cap to cover their Heads, which they are obliged to keep close shaved as a mark of Infamy. Instead of a Bed, they are allowed, sick or well, only a Board a Foot and an half broad; And those who have the unfortunate Honour of lying near the Officers, dare not presume (though tormented with Vermin) to stir so much as a Hand for their Ease; For fear their Chains should rattle, and awake any of them, which would draw on them a Punishment more severe than the biting of those Insects. 'Tis hard to give an exact Description of the Pains and Labours the Slaves undergo at Sea, especially during a long Campaign. The fatigue of tugging at the Oar is extraordinary, they must rise to draw their stroke, and fall back again; Infomuch, that in all Seasons, through

the continual and violent motion of their Bodies, the Sweat trickles down their harrassed Limbs; And for fear they should fail (as they often do through faintness) there is a Gangboard (which runs through the middle of the Ship) on which are posted three *Comites* (an Officer somewhat like a Boatswain in her Majesties Ships) who, whenever they find, or think that an Oar does not keep touch with the rest, without ever examining whether it proceeds from Weakness or Laziness, they unmercifully exercise a tough Wand on the Man they suspect; Which being long, is often felt by two or three of their innocent Neighbours, who being naked when they Row, each blow imprints evident Marks of the Inhumanity of the Executioner: And that which adds to their Misery is, that they are not allowed the least sign of Discontent, or Complaint, that small, and last Comfort of the Miserable; But must on the contrary, endeavour with all their Might to exert the little Vigour that remains, and try by their Submission to pacifie the rage of those relentless *Tigres*, whose strokes are commonly ushered in, and followed by a volley of Oaths, and horrid Imprecations.

No sooner are they arrived in any Port, but their work (instead of being at an end) is increas'd, several laborious things, previous to casting Anchor being expected from them; Which in a Galley is harder than in a Ship. And as the *Comite* his chief Skill is seen in dextrously casting Anchor, and that they think blows are the Life and Soul of all work, nothing is heard for some time but Cries, and Lamentations; And as the poor Slaves Arms are busie in the execution of his Commands, his are as briskly exercised in lashing them.

To support their strength under all these Hardships, during the Campaign, every Morning at
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eight of the Clock, they give each Man his proportion of Bisket, of which indeed they have enough, and pretty good; At Ten a Poringer of Soupe made with Oil, Pease, or Beans, often rotten, and commonly musty. I call it Soupe according to their use, though it be nothing but a little hot Water with about a dozen Pease, or Beans floating on the top; And when on Duty, a *Pichione* of Wine, (a Measure containing about two thirds of an *English* Pint) Morning, and Evening. When at Anchor in any Port, all who have any Money are allowed to buy Meat; and the Turk that commands the Oar, and is not chain'd, is commonly the Person employ'd for this purpose, as also to see it dress'd in the Cook-room. But I have often seen the Captain's Cook, a brutal, passionate Man, take the poor Mens Pot, under pretence that it troubled him, and either break, or throw it over-board; Whilst the poor Wretches were fainting for want of that little Refreshment, without daring so much as to murmur or complain. This indeed is not usual, but where the Cook happens to be a Villain, of which sort of Men there is plenty in the Gallies.

The Officers Table is well furnish'd both for Plenty and Delicacy; But this gives the Slaves only a more exquisite sense of their Misery, and seems to brave their Poverty and Hunger. Whilst we spent the Carnival of 1704 in the Port of *Monaco*, our Officer frequently treated the Prince of that Place aboard the Galley; Their Entertainments were splendid, Musick and all things that could promote Mirth were procur'd: But who can express the Affliction of those poor Creatures, who had only a prospect of Pleasure, and whilst others revelled at their Ease, were sinking under a load of Chains, pinch'd with Hunger in their Stomachs, and no-
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thing to support their dejected Spirits; Nay, and what is worse, they are forced to add to the Pomp and Honour done to great Men who visit their Officers, but in such a manner as moves the Compassion of all who are not us'd to such dismal Solemnities. When a Person of Quality comes on Board, the *Comite* gives twice notice with his Whistle: The first time they are all attentive; And the second, the Slaves are obliged to salute (as they call it) three times; Not with a chearful Huzza, as in an English Man of War, but by howling in a pitious Tone, making a lamentable, complaining Outcry.

When the badness of the Weather hinders the Gallies from putting to Sea, such as have Trades work in the Galley, such as have none learn to knit coarse Stockings; The *Comite*, for whose Profit they work, gives them Yarn, and pays them about half the usual Price; And this not in Money, but some little Victuals, or Wine, which they are obliged to take out of the Ship's Celler (of which the *Comite* is the keeper) though it be generally bad, and dash'd with Water; For though they had as much Gold as they could carry, they durst not, on pain of a Bastinado, send for any Wine from the Shore. The most moving spectacle of all is, to see the poor Souls that have no Trade; They clean their Comrades Clothes, and destroy the Vermin that torments their Neighbours; Who in return give them some small share of that scanty pittance they purchase by working.

One may imagine that such ill Treatment, Diet, and Infection must needs occasion frequent Sickness: In that case their Usage is thus; There is in the Hold a close dark Room, the Air being admitted only by the Scuttle about two Foot square, which is the only passage into it. At each end of the said Room

Room there is a sort of a Scaffold call'd *Taular*, on which the Sick are laid promiscuously without Beds, or any thing under them; When these are full, if there be any more they are stretch'd all along the Cables, as I saw in the Year 1703, when being on the Coast of *Italy* in Winter time, we had above threescore sick Men: In this horrid place all kind of Vermin rule with an arbitrary sway, gnawing the poor sick Creatures without disturbance. When the Duties of my Function call'd me in amongst them, to Confess, advice, or administer some Comfort, which was constantly twice a Day, I was in an instant cover'd all over with them, it being impossible to preserve ones self from their Swarms; The only way was to go in a night Gown, which I stript off when I came out, and by that means rid my self of them by putting on my Clothes; But when I was in, methought I walked, in a literal Sense, in the shades of Death: I was obliged notwithstanding to make considerable stays in this gloomy Mansion, to Confess such who were ready to expire; and the whole space between the Ceiling and the *Taular* being but three Foot, I was obliged to lie down and stretch my self along their sides, to hear their Confessions; and often when I was Confessing one, another expir'd just by my side. Though this Relation may fall into the Hands of some nice Persons, yet I cannot omit one aggravating Circumstance; Which is, that they are deprived of all convenience of doing the necessities of Nature, except a little Pail always so nasty, that they are but little better for it, and are besides so weak that they are not able to go to it; The Stench consequently is most intolerable, insomuch that no Slave, though never so weak, but will rather chuse to tug at his Oar, and expire under his Chain, than retire to this loath-

loathsome Hospital. There is a Chirurgeon to take care of the Sick. At the first setting out of the Galley, the King lays in Drugs for the use of the Crew, which are always very good, and therefore the Chirurgeon makes Money of them in the several Places we arrive at, so that the Persons they are intended for, have the least benefit of them.

During Sickness, the King orders each Man in the Room we have described, a Pound of fresh Bread, and the same quantity of fresh Meat, and two Ounces of Rice a Day. This is the Steward's Province, and he discharges his Office in such a manner that five or six Campaigns make his Fortune: We have frequently had in our Galley three-score and ten sick Men, and the quantity of Flesh allowed for that number never exceeded twenty Pound weight, and that bad Meat too; though (as I have observed) the King's allowance is one Pound for every Man) the rest going into his own Pocket. Once out of curiosity I tasted it, and found it little better than hot Water. I complain'd to the Chirurgeon and Steward, but being great together, and *Commensales*, they connive at one another: I complain'd to the Officers also, but for what reason I can only guess, they did not regard me, and I have too much respect for the Captain, to say that he had any Reason or Interest to wink at so great a piece of Injustice; Though he could by his own Authority do these Wretches justice, who often refused that Water, made only more loathsome by the little quantity of Meat put into it, and the little care used about it. I enquired of other Chaplains, whether the same was practised aboard their Gallies, they frankly confest it was, but durst own no more.

After the Campaign of 1704, I having occasion to go to *Versailles*, I thought my self oblig'd when there, to give an account to Monsieur de *Pontcharrin*, one of the King's Ministers, whose peculiar Province the Sea Affairs are. I offer'd him a short Memorial, and some Advices which I thought most proper to prevent the like Abuses for the future; And he was pleas'd to be so well satisfied, and found them so agreeable to some Intimations given him before, that he regarded my Advice, and offer'd me his Interest. The King was pleas'd to order me a Gratuity; and I left the Warrant with Monsieur *Thome* Treasurer-General of the Gallies; living at the *Marias du Temple*; to serve as an Acquittance for the several Payments he has made me.

This is a brief Account of the Galley, and the Government thereof. I now proceed to shew what sort of People are condemned there.

There are in a Galley five several sorts of People, under the Notion of Slaves, besides Seamen and Soldiers, *viz.* *Turks*, such as are called * *Deserters*, *Criminals*, and *Protestants*. The King buys the *Turks* to manage the stroke of the Oars, as I have already shewn; and they are called *Vogueavants*, and they together with such as are on the Seats called *Banc du quartier*, *de la Conille*, & *les espalliers*, have the same Allowance with the Soldiers. They are generally lusty strong Men, and the least unfortunate of the whole Crew; being not chain'd, but only wear a Ring on their Foot, as a Badge of Slavery. When they arrive at any Port they have liberty

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* *Faussoniers*.

to Trade, and some of them are worth three or four Hundred Pounds; They frequently send their Money to their Wives and Families, and to the shame of Christians be it spoken, there is a great deal more Charity amongst them than is to be found amongst us. I had taken one called *Tripoli* for my Servant, and he was a most religious Observer of his Law; during the *Romadam* (a Fast kept by them the first Moon of the Year) he did never Eat, nor Drank from Sun rising to Sun setting in spite of all the Toil and Fatigue of the Oar, nor did he ever seem uneasy, tho' ready to faint through Weakness. I could never so much as perswade him to take a little Wine, tho' I have often urged him meerly out of Compassion. The Officers made use of no other Servants, and they are so trusty that they are never found out in any Theft, or Roguery. If any by chance do commit a Fault, all the *Turks* importune their respective Masters, to intercede for him with the Captain. If any be Sick, they are all busie about him, to do him all the kind Offices in their Power; they club to buy him Meat, or to purchase any thing that may refresh him, or do him good. In short, in the Gallies, one would think that the *Turks* and the Christians had made an exchange of Principles, and that the latter had abjured the Precepts of their Saviour, and that the others had taken them up; And accordingly preach up Christ to a *Turk* in the Gallies, and his Answer presently is, that he had rather be transformed into a Dog, than be of a Religion that Countenances so much Barbarity, and suffers so many Crimes.

I cannot omit one remarkable Instance of their Constancy, and firm Adherence to their Religion.

One

One of them who spoke *French* fell Sick, I found him stretch'd on the Cable in the place I have already described, I had done him some Services, and seeing me do the Duties of my Function to some of his Neighbours, he called me to him, bid me farewell, telling me that he found he could not possibly live four Hours longer. I ventured to talk to him of God, our Saviour Christ, the Principles of his Religion, and told him that through him alone he was to expect Salvation; I found what I said made some Impression, whereupon I embrac'd him, and told him I would answer for his Soul, if he would renounce *Mabomet*, who was but an Impostor, and Believe in Jesus Christ, the only Redeemer and Saviour of Mankind, whose excellent Doctrine he had heard me so often Preach. He told me then he would do what I thought fit. I answered, that all that I desired was his Consent to receive Baptism, without which, I told him, he could expect no Salvation. I explain'd in a few Words the Nature and Design of it; and having induc'd him to consent, I went for some Water, and secretly told the Captain what had happened; But unluckily another *Turk*, a Friend of his, who also understood *French*, and had understood all that had past; whilst I was away, said something to my Profelyte in his own Language, so that by the time I came back he had quite alter'd his Resolution in such wise, that I could by no means perswade him to perform the Promise he had made me. Nay, his Friend threw himself over him, and exhorted him to continue true to the Prophet *Mabomet*, in spite of the *Comite* who was present, and threatned severely to beat him if he desisted not; He prevailed in despight of all, for the poor

Wretch dyed in my Presence in his Error. Had I understood Religion as well as I do now, I should not in that Extremity have insisted so much on the absolute Necessity of Baptism, but having given him a general Notion of the Principles of Christian Religion, I should have admonish'd him to Repentance, and to implore the Divine Mercy for Pardon of his Sins through the Merits of Christ, and so in saving his Soul from Death, I should have hid a multitude of my own Sins. The Reader, I hope, will excuse my former Error.

Tho', as appears from what hath been said, the *Turks* on the Gallies are treated somewhat better than the Christians; and tho' they be in no wise molested on the score of Religion (for whilst Mafs is a saying, they are put into the *Caique*, or Long-boat, where they divert themselves by smoaking, and talking) yet there is not one of them but would give all the World to be at his Liberty, for the very name of a Galley is terrible to them; because, notwithstanding their Treatment is pretty Easy, yet they are Slaves during Life, unless when they are very Old, and Unserviceable, they meet with Friends who are willing to lay out a large Sum of Money for their Ransom; Which shews how little those Persons are acquainted with the Affairs of that Nature, who say that there are in the Gallies Men who would not accept of their Freedom tho' it were offered them; And 'tis just like talking of a Battle which one never saw, unless at a great Distance, or knows nothing of but by Hearsay.

Those who are called *Faussoniers* are generally poor Peasants who are found out to buy Salt in
such

such Provinces where it is Cheap; such as is the Country of *Burgundy*, or the Country of *Dombe*. In *France* what they call a pint of Salt, weighing four Pound, costs 3 s. 6 d. and there are some poor Peasants, and their whole Families, who for want of Salt eat no Soupe sometimes in a whole Week, tho' it be their common Nourishment; a Man in that starving languishing Condition, Ventures to go abroad to buy Salt in the Provinces where it is three parts in four Cheaper, and if discovered, he is certainly sent to the Gallies. 'Tis a very Melancholy Sight to see a Wife and Children lament their Father whom they see loaden with Chains, and irrecoverably Lost, and that for no other Crime but endeavouring to procure Subsistence for those to whom he gave Birth. These indeed are condemned only for a time, perhaps five, six, or eight Years, but the Misfortune is, that having served out their Time, if they out live it, they are still unjustly detained; for Pennance or Masses avail nothing in this Purgatory, Indulgences are here excluded, especially if the Man be unfortunately Strong and Robust, let his Sentence be what it will. The King's Orders are, that when the time of the Sentence is expired, they should be set at Liberty, and sent home; but in this, as in many other Cases, his Orders are not duly put in Execution; which indeed does not excuse him, since a good Prince is obliged to have an Eye on the Administration of his Ministers and Officers.

As for Deserters, their Sentence runs during Life; Formerly they us'd to cut off their Nose, and Ears, but because they stunk, and commonly infected the whole Crew, they only now give them a little slit. Tho' these are inexcusable,
because

because Desertion is upon several accounts Dangerous, and Base; yet it moves ones Pity to see young Men, who often happen to descend from good Families, condemn'd to so wretched and so miserable a Life.

Such who are condemned for Crimes are generally *Felons*, *Sharpers*, *Rookes*, or *Highwaymen*; and the most notorious Villains are least daunted, and take heart soonest. They presently strike up a Friendship with those of their own Gang; they tell over their old Rogueries, and boast of their Crimes, and the greatest Villain passies for the greatest Hero. The Misery they have reduc'd themselves to, is so far from working any Amendment, that it makes them more desperate and wicked; Insomuch, that if any Stranger chances to come Aboard, tho' it were but an Handkerchief, or some such Trifle, they will certainly steal it if they can. Their common Employment is to forge Titles, to ingrave false Seals, and counterfeit Hand-writing, and these they sell to others as bad as themselves, that often come in sometime after to bear them Company: But tho' they feel no remorse, yet they feel the *Comite* who with a Rope's-end often visits their Shoulders; but then instead of Complaining, they vomit out Oaths and Blasphemies enough to make a Man's Hair stand an end. There was one, who shewing me the mark the Rope had made about his Neck, brag'd, that though he had escap'd the Gallows, he was not thereby grown a Coward; but that as soon as ever he had been at Liberty, he had rob'd the first Person he met with; and that having been taken and brought before a Judge who knew him not, he had been only condemned to the Gallies, where,
he

he thank'd God, he was sure of Bread and good Company the remainder of his Days. 'Tis certain, that how terrible and hard soever the Usage of such may be in the Gallies, yet it is too mild for them; for in spight of all the Misery they endure, they are guilty of Crimes too abominable to be here related; over which we shall draw a Vail, and go on to the Protestants who are there purely because they chose rather to *obey God than Man*, and were not willing to exchange their Souls for the Gain of the World. It is not the least aggravating Circumstance of their Misery, to be condemned to such hellish Company, for they who have so great a value for the Truth of Religion, as to prefer it to their worldly Interest, must be supposed to be indued with too much Vertue not to be in Pain, and under Concern for the open breach of its Rules, and unworthiness of its Professors.

The Protestants now on the Gallies have been condemned thither at several times; The first were put in after the Revocation of the Edict of *Nants*; The term prefix'd for the fatal choice of either abjuring their Religion, or leaving the Kingdom was a Fortnight, and that upon pain of being condemned to the Gallies: But this Liberty by many base Artifices and unjust Methods was rendred Useless, and of none Effect; for there were often secret Orders by the Contrivance of the Clergy, to prevent their Embarking, and hinder the selling of their Substance; their Debtors were Absolved by their Confessors when they deny'd a Debt; Children were forced from their Fathers and Mothers Arms, in hopes that the Tenderness of the Parent might prevail over the Zeal of the Christian. They indeed were not
Massacred

Massacred as in *Herod's* Time, but the Blood of their Fathers was mingled with their Tears: For many Ministers who had Zeal and Constancy enough to brave the severest Punishments, were Broken alive upon Wheels without Mercy, whenever surprized in discharging the Duties of their Function. The Registers and Courts of Justice where the Sentences were pronounced against them, are Recorded, and the Executioners of them are lasting Monuments of the bloody Temper and Fury of Popery.

The Laity were forbid, on pain of the Gallies, to leave the Kingdom on any Pretence whatsoever; But what Posterity will scarce believe, the Protestants of all Sexes, Ages, and Conditions us'd to fly through Deserts, and wild impracticable ways; committing their Lives to the Mercy of the Seas, and running innumerable Hazards, to avoid either Idolatry or Martyrdom. Some escaped very happily in spite of the Vigilance of the Dragoons and Bailiffs, but a great many fell into their Hands; whereby the Prisons were fill'd with Confessors. But the saddest Spectacle of all, was to see two hundred Men at a time chain'd together going to the Gallies, and above one hundred of that Number Protestants; And what was barbarous and unjust to the last degree was, that they were obliged, when there, on pain of *Bastinado*, to bow before the Host, and to hear Mass; and yet that was the only Crime for which they had been condemned thither. For suppose they were in the wrong, in obstinately refusing to change their Religion, the Gallies were the Punishment; why then were they repur'd to do that which had been the cause of their Condemnation? Especially since
there

there is a Law in *France*, that positively forbids a double Punishment for one and the same Fault, *viz.* (*Non bis punitur in idem.*) But in *France*, properly speaking, there is no Law, where the King's Commands are absolute and peremptory: And I have seen a general Bastinado on that account, which I shall describe in its proper place. 'Tis certain that though there was at first a very great number of Protestants condemned to the Gallies, the Bastinado and other Torments hath destroy'd above three parts of four, and the most of those who are still alive are in Dungeons; As Messieurs *Banfillion*, *De Serres*, and *Sabatier*, who are confin'd to a Dungeon at *Chasteau D'If* (a Fort built upon a Rock in the Sea, three Miles from *Marseilles*): But the generous constancy of this last, about eight or ten Months ago, deserves a place in this History, and challenges the admiration of all true Protestants.

Mon sieur *Sabatier*, whose Charity and Zeal equals that of the Primitive Christians; Having a little Money, distributed it to his Brethren and Fellow-Sufferers in the Gallies; But the Protestants being watch'd more narrowly than the rest, he could not do it so secretly, but he was discovered and brought before Monsieur *de Monmort*, Intendant of the Gallies at *Marseilles*. Being ask'd, he did not deny the Fact; Monsieur *Monmort* not only promised him his Pardon, but a Reward if he would declare who it was that had given him that Money. Monsieur *Sabatier* modestly answer'd, That he should be guilty of Ingratitude before God and Man, if by any Confession he should bring them into Trouble who had been so charitable to him; That his Person was at his disposal, but he desir'd to be

D excus'd

excus'd as to the Secret expected from him. The Intendant reply'd, He had a way to make him tell, and that immediately: Whereupon he sent for some *Turks*, who at his command strip'd *Sabatier* stark naked, and beat him with Ropes ends and Cudgels during three Days, at several times; And seeing this did not prevail over this generous Confessor, he himself (which never happen'd to an Intendant before) turn'd Executioner, striking him with his Cane, and telling the Bystanders, *See what a Devil of a Religion this is.* These were his own Expressions, as is credibly reported by Persons that were present; And indeed, the Gazetts, and publick Letters gave us an account of the same. At last seeing he was ready to expire, he commanded him into a Dungeon, where, maugre all Torments, Providence hath preserved him to this Day.

But though most of the Protestants of the first date are destroy'd, yet the Wars in the *Cevennes* have furnish'd them with more than enough to fill the vacant Places. These Wars may be properly call'd a second Persecution, because the Cruelty and inveterate Malice of a Popish Priest was the occasion, and first cause of them.

One of the most bitter and passionate Enemies of the Protestants was the Abbot *du Chelas*, whose Benefice was in the *Cevennes*; He kept an exact account of the Protestants in his District, and whenever he mist them at Mass, he us'd to send for them under some Pretence or other to his House, and us'd to make his Servants tye them (whether Men, Women or Maidens) to a Tree, strip'd down to their Waste, and then with Horse-whips, scourged them till the Blood gush'd out. This the Pa-
pists

pists themselves do not deny, who own that this *Du Chelas* was an ill Man, and yet this his proceeding against the Protestants being meritorious at Court, he had encouragement to hope for a Reward: But at last his Protestant Neighbours perceiving that there was no hopes of pacifying this Monster by submission and fair means, grew desperate, and one Night invested his House. He leap'd out of his Window into his Garden, but not being able to get out he begg'd Quarter; But as he had never granted any, they serv'd him as he had serv'd them, by killing him; And because they were sure of being pursu'd they kept the Country, and by degrees their numbers increas'd; Whereupon all that were tormented for not going to Mass made a body and joined them. They had good success for some time, but at last they fell a Sacrifice into the Hands of their Enemies; And not only they, but the Inhabitants of the neighbouring Countries, as the *Viverrois*, and *Languedoc*. And upon the bare suspicion of being in their Interest, those with whom any Arms were found, those who refused to frequent the Mass were either hang'd, or broken on the Wheel; And that Insurrection was made use of as a pretence to send to the Gallies several rich Protestant Merchants. There is since that time a Gentleman, Monsieur *Salgas* by name, who before the repealing of the Edict of *Nants*, enjoy'd a plentiful Estate in the *Cevennes*; In order to keep it, he abjar'd his Religion, and promised to go to Mass; But his Spouse, a worthy Lady, with whom I have often convers'd at *Geneva*, where she now lives, refused, and generously rejected all proposals on that Subject.

Seeing they threatned her with a Cloister, she endeavour'd to gain time; But at last her Husband told her, that there was a positive Order from Court to confine her if she did not comply and go to Mass. This couragious Lady, who deserves to be a Pattern of Piety and Zeal to Posterity, having by Prayer, and other Acts of Devotion implored the divine Assistance, resolves to quit her Country, her Husband, Children, and Estate, and all that is dear and precious here below: She took her opportunity one Day when her Husband was gone a Hunting, without communicating any thing of her design to any body, but to such who were instrumental in her Escape; And She retired to *Geneva*, where she might have liberty to make an open Profession of her Religion, and bemoan the misfortune of her Family.

Sometime after the Wars of the *Cevennes* broke out, Monsieur *de Salgas* was accused of assisting the *Camisars* with Provision; And in spite of his Hypocrisy and pretended Zeal for his new Religion, he was sent to the Gallies. But here we must admire the Wisdom of Providence, very remarkable in this Dispensation; for this has prov'd the means to open his own Eyes, and to let him see his Error; As appears from the Penitential Letters he writes to his Friends, his Christian-like Behaviour under his Sufferings, his Exhortations to his Fellow-sufferers, and the noble and pious Example he shews them. He hath had frequent offers made him, of being restored to his Estate on the same Conditions he had preserv'd it before, but he hath hitherto been proof against all their Attempts. He was some Years ago put into the Hospital-General for the Gallies

Gallies at *Marseilles*. This is a kind of Manufactory, where their treatment is somewhat easier than in the Gallies; But at the Siege of *Toulon*, he, and all his Brethren, were taken out of that Hospital and reduc'd to their old Station and former miserable Condition; And besides was plunderd of a dozen or fourteen *Louis d'Or*, which he had procur'd, to purchase such Necessaries as might keep up, and support his Spirits under the Hardships he endured. This account came to *Geneva* to his Lady while I was there, who is, as one may easily imagine, under an unexpressible Concern for the Miseries her Husband groans under.

But it is time to bring this sad Relation to a conclusion, in order whereunto, I shall, according to my promise, give an account of the General Bastinado at which I was present, and it was not the least means of my Conversion. God grant it may be effectual to my Salvation.

In the Year one thousand seven hundred and three, several Protestants out of *Languedoc* and the *Cevennes* were put on Board our Galley; They were narrowly watch'd and observ'd, and I was mightily surpris'd on *Sunday* Morning, after saying Mass on the *Bancasse*, a Table so placed, that all the Galley may see the Priest when he elevates the Host, to hear the *Comite* say, he was going to give the Huguenots the Bastinado because they did not kneel, nor shew any respect to the Misteries of the Mass; And that he was a going to acquaint the Captain therewith. The very name of Bastinado terrify'd me, and tho' I had never seen this dreadful Execution, I beg'd the *Comite* to forbear till the next *Sunday*, that in the mean time I would endeavour to convince them of what I then thought their Duty, and mine own. Accordingly I used all the
means

means I could possibly think of to that effect, sometimes making use of fair means, giving them Vi-
 ctuals, and doing them other good Offices; Some-
 times using Threats, and representing the Tor-
 ments that were design'd them, and often urging
 the King's Command; And quoting the passage of
St. Paul, that *he who resists the higher power, resists
 God*. I had not at that time any design to oblige
 them to do any thing against their Consciences; I
 must confess that what I did at that time, chiefly
 proceeded from a motive of Pity and Tenderness:
 This was the Cause of my Zeal, which had been
 more fatal to them, had not God endued them
 with Resolution and Vertue sufficient to bear up a-
 gainst my Arguments, and the terrible Execution
 they had in view. I could not but admire at once
 both the Modesty of their Answers, and greatness
 of their Courage; *The King*, say they, *is indeed
 Master of our Bodies, but not of our Consciences*; But at
 last the dreadful Day being come, the *Comite* nar-
 rowly observ'd them to see the fruit of my La-
 bours; There were only two out of twenty that
 bowed their Knee to *Baal*, the rest generously re-
 fus'd it, and were accordingly by the Captain's
 Command, served in the manner following.

Here, like another *Aneas*, with regret calling
 to mind the miseries and ruin of his own Country,
 the very Memory whereof struck his Soul with hor-
 rour, I may truly say, *Infandum Regina jubes reno-
 vare dolorem*.

In order to the Execution, every Man's Chains
 were taken off, and they were put into the hands
 of four *Turks* who stript them stark naked, and
 stretching them upon the *Coursier*, (that great Gun
 we have described in the Preface) there they are so
 held that they cannot so much as stir, during which
 time

time there is a horrid silence throughout the whole Galley; And 'tis so cruel a Scene that the most profligate obdurate wretches cannot bear the sight, but are forc'd to turn away their Eyes. The Victim thus prepar'd, the *Turk* pitch'd upon to be the Executioner, with a tough Cudgel, or knotty Ropes-end, unmercifully beats the poor Wretch, and that too the more willingly, because he thinks that it is acceptable to his Prophet *Mahomet*; But the most barbarous of all is, that after the Skin is flead off their Bones, the only Balsam they apply to their Wounds, is a mixture of Vinegar and Salt; After this, they are thrown into the Hospital already described. I went thither after the Execution, and could not refrain from Tears at the sight of so much barbarity; They quickly perceived it, and tho' scarce able to speak through pain and weakness, they thank'd me for the Compassion I express, and the kindness I had always shewn them. I went with a design to administer some Comfort, but I was glad to find them less moved than I was my self. It was wonderful to see with what true Christian Patience and Constancy they bore their Torments; In the extremity of their Pain never expressing any thing like Rage, but calling upon Almighty God, and imploring his Assistance. I visited them day by day, and as often as I did, my Conscience upbraided me for persisting so long in a Religion, whose Capital Errors I long before perceiv'd, and above all that, inspir'd so much cruelty; A Temper directly opposite to the Spirit of Christianity: At last their Wounds, like so many Mouths preaching to me, made me sensible of my Error, and experimentally taught me the Excellency of the Protestant Religion.

But it is high time to conclude, and draw a Curtain over this horrid Scene, which presents us with none but ghastly Sights, and Transactions full of Barbarity and Injustice, but which all shew how false it is, what they pretend in *France* for detaining the Protestants in the Gallies, viz. that they do not suffer there upon a Religious, but a Civil account, being condemned for Rebellion and Disobedience; The Punishments inflicted on them when they refuse to adore the Host, the Rewards and Advantages offer'd them on their compliance in that particular, are a sufficient Argument against them, there being no such Offers made to such who are condemned for Crimes. It shews the World also the almost incredible barbarity used against the *French* Protestants, and at the same time sets off in a most glorious manner their Vertue, Constancy, and Zeal for their holy Religion.

F I N I S.